

Important

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

ALEX GOODSMAN, 52, stands in front of a mirror in his MILITARY DRESS UNIFORM, within a bedside lamp's isle of light. He breathes slowly and deliberately as his heavy eyes rest on the collection of EMPTY PILL BOTTLES on his nightstand. He offers himself a salute.

ALEX  
Rangers lead the way, buddy.

Alex takes another swig from the BOTTLE OF VODKA in his other hand, but then stops abruptly, his tired eyes showing pain.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Shit! The note!

Unsteady footsteps traverse the shadows. A body flops into a chair. A bottle slams onto a desk. A laptop screen lights up with a double beep to reveal an impatient, sleepy Alex and a vodka bottle fighting to regain balance.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Why is this thing always so slow?

Alex drums his fingers as it finally finishes booting. He shakes his head, then a notification window appears.

ON THE SCREEN

Video chat reminder, 8:30pm

With a couple of clicks, Alex closes the window and opens a word processor. He forces himself upright and begins to type.

ON THE SCREEN

Every day has been a struggle. My mind is in a fog.  
Whatever I do, it all seems so meaningless. I'm so  
sorry, but I can't go on like this.

The ghastly visage of a seemingly dead college-age rocker appears in a video chat window, strumming his bass guitar.

ROCKER  
A little fogginess is okay, frat  
bro.

ALEX  
What is this?

ROCKER

Hey, that's some nasty stuff you're drinking. Have ya tried butterscotch schnapps? It's really good.

ALEX

But you're dead.

ROCKER

Far out, right?

Alex looks at the drugs.

ALEX

I must be hallucinating.

ROCKER

What's wrong with that?

ALEX

I didn't want to end up like you. I wanted my life to mean something.

ROCKER

Life never meant anything, dude. It's all a big party.

ALEX

That's because you never cared about anything. You just wanted to get high, and look how that turned out.

ROCKER

If you stopped caring, you wouldn't be so miserable. You'll see. You'll like oblivion!

ALEX

No, I need this to have some meaning.

Alex clicks on the window with his note and puts the rocker in the background.

ROCKER

What meaning?

(plays guitar)

Just enjoy your song, kemosabe!

The rocker's image fades to black and his window disappears.

ALEX  
I need to focus on what's  
important. The ones I hurt.

Alex continues to write.

ON THE SCREEN

The blast. Why did I survive? Any one of them would have  
done something with their life. I let them down. It  
hurts to be so worthless.

A window appears with a dead woman in desert fatigues, a  
matching helmet, and unflinching, harsh gaze. Alex's eyes  
meet hers and widen, his brow wrinkling.

SOLDIER  
Hurts? A little pain never hurt  
nobody, Corporal. What's wrong with  
you?

ALEX  
Mom? How is this happening? You  
also died!

SOLDIER  
That's pretty freakin' obvious,  
kid. Now are you going to tell me  
what all this is?

ALEX  
We didn't see the mine. My entire  
unit is gone and I barely felt it.

SOLDIER  
Those soldiers knew what they were  
signing up for. They don't need  
your sorry ass to join them.

Alex slams his hand on his desk in anger.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
You can sulk and throw your little  
tantrum, sure. Congrats, you've  
earned it!

Alex breaks apart, and tears flow.

ALEX  
I just want it mean something.  
When you didn't come home, Mom, it  
still meant something. You saved  
lives!

SOLDIER  
Honey, I lived my life. I wanted  
you to live yours.

ALEX  
But ... but I let down the ones  
depending on me.

SOLDIER  
And now you're letting everyone  
else down by going AWOL.

ALEX  
I tried! Can't get their faces out  
of my head.

Alex's tone frosts over.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You had it easy.

The soldier's resolve fades as her window disconnects. Alex  
clicks on the window with his note.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I need to focus on what's  
important.

He continues to write.

ON THE SCREEN

Ashley, my beautiful wife. I'm so sorry for -- my mood  
swings. I don't deserve you and I can't keep putting you  
through this.

Another window pops up, displaying Ashley, 40's with graying  
curly hair, her eyes averted.

Alex squints and chews his lip.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Ash? You're ... okay?

No response.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Ash?

The woman turns and yelps, smiling nervously with her hand to  
her chest as she waits for her breath.

ASHLEY  
Oh, Alex, I didn't think I'd  
actually find you online.

ALEX  
Yeah.

Alex yawns beneath heavy eyes, and relaxes.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
As long as you're okay.

ASHLEY:  
You don't look well, Alex. What's  
going on?

ALEX  
Everything will be fine.

ASHLEY  
What do you mean by that? Where are  
you?

ALEX  
Hey, can you put Gabby on?

ASHLEY  
You're making me really worried.  
You can talk to me.

ALEX  
You deserve better.

Alex's head nods down and up in microsleep. Ashley inhales sharply and calls 911 on her phone

ASHLEY  
I'm worried about my husband. Yes,  
hello?

Ashley glances into her camera then gets up.

ASHLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me? Yeah, he's  
connected from somewhere.

Ashley's voice fades. Alex leans his head back, peeking through nearly closed eyelids, as he types ever so slowly.

ON THE SCREEN

Gabriell- Gabby. I'm sorry You wont have a dad. treat  
mother right. Daddy will be watching

A mouse cursor clicks send. Alex notices a missing letter in his wife's name in the email address, just before the mail vanishes. A failure message soon appears in the inbox.

Alex's face lowers as he trembles and his eyes water.

An 8 year old girl's head peeks out from the corner of Ashley's window, her curious eyes searching.

GABRIELLE

Daddy?

Alex props himself up by the elbow, forcing a grin.

ALEX

Gabby.

GABRIELLE

Are you coming home soon?

ALEX

No. Wanted to see you.

GABRIELLE

Why are you so sleepy?

ALEX

I love you. Tell mommy I lo

Alex's head drops limply, and his body tilts to the side.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Little Gabrielle stands in front of a dark chat window on a computer. Frantic shouts echo in from the 911 call.

ASHLEY

I don't know where he might be.  
Please help!

Gabrielle shifts uncomfortably and addresses the dark chat window again.

GABRIELLE

Daddy?

Gabrielle swivels steps toward the door.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Mommy, what happened to Daddy?

After seconds of silence, Gabby turns back toward the chat window, meeting the eyes of her pale green-skinned dead father. She screams.

FADE OUT.