

Important

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ALEX GOODSMAN, 52, stands alone, in the darkness, his breathing slow and deliberate. He starts unbuttoning his pajama top while staring at the military dress uniform hanging in front of him. Pausing midway, his heavy eyes drift, taking in an empty pill bottle and half a bottle of vodka on a table.

ALEX

It's not that important. No time.

INT. OFFICE

Unsteady footsteps traverse the shadows until he emerges at his computer desk. Vodka sloshes as his harshly dropped bottle fights for balance.

With a click, a computer screen lights up, and Alex flops into the chair in front of it. 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 rocker chick appears in a Zoom video chat window, strumming her bass guitar.

ROCKER

That's some cheap booze ya got there, mate. I like schnapps. Do ya like schnapps, mate?

ALEX

What? Who are you?

ROCKER

I'm just a gal with a cloudy mind.

ALEX

What's with the costume?

ROCKER

Hey, unlike you macho heroes, I gotta work for the nookie!

ALEX

Look, I'm not joking around. Just stop bothering me.

ROCKER

You do what you gotta do, but you don't want that to be your last drink, mate. How about a nice Scotch whiskey?

ROCKER (CONT'D)

Just ride it out, and stop worrying about other people. You're not dying for them, hombre. You'll like oblivion, trust me!

ALEX

No, I need to write this note. I need this to have some meaning.

ROCKER

What meaning?

(plays guitar)

The only thing with meaning is the music. Just enjoy the song, dude.

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

ALEX

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

Alex continues to write.

ON THE SCREEN

I keep thinking of that explosion. Why did I survive? Any one of them would have done something with their life. I let them down. Knowing how worthless I am to everyone is painful.

A window with a loud and aggressive dead soldier wearing a World War 2 combat medic helmet pops up.

MEDIC

Hey soldier, you think you know about pain?

ALEX

Again? C'mon, just go away.

MEDIC

Look, they can handle it. What they can't handle is having to bury your sorry ass.

(MORE)

MEDIC (CONT'D)  
It's bad enough you risked your  
life so a bunch of fat cats can  
line their pockets.

Alex slams his hand on his desk in anger.

MEDIC (CONT'D)  
You can sulk and throw your little  
tantrums all you want. Congrats,  
you've earned it!

ALEX  
It's been far worse than that.

MEDIC  
Meanwhile we had to handle our  
faces made pretty with bullets,  
shrapnel, tank shells, and, have ya  
seen what a flamethrower does for  
your complexion?

ALEX  
Not funny.

MEDIC  
You wanna know what's not funny,  
chuckle head? I got castrated by a  
sniper while saving people like  
you, only so you can go ahead and  
suck down some pills? Not cool!

ALEX  
Hey, I tried! I just can't get  
their faces out of my head.

Alex points at his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You can stop the bleeding, but you  
can't stop the misery. You can't  
fix this!

Alex switches back to the window with his note. The combat  
medic disconnects in the background.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I have to write to my family.  
That's what's important.

He continues to write.

ON THE SCREEN

Patricia, my brilliant, and beautiful wife. I'm sorry for all the complaints and arguments. It was just mood swings. I don't deserve you and I can't keep putting you through this.

Another window intrudes and Alex watches a dead man wearing a white barrister's wig and spectacles clear his throat.

LAWYER

Sorry to disturb you, but...

ALEX

I just need to finish. I'm so tired.

LAWYER

Sir, perhaps you need your Last Will and Testament drafted?

ALEX

This is more important.

LAWYER

Well, can I interest you in supplementary life insurance then? I'm afraid your insurance policy will not cover suicide after a recent executive order and we don't want your claim of worthlessness is becoming a self-fulfilling prophecy, now do we?

ALEX

Either way, my wife will be fine. Once I'm out of the picture, she'll move on. Let me finish, please!

LAWYER

About that... Well, you haven't exactly been earning medals in bed, my dear soldier. I'm afraid she already has moved on.

ALEX

It's for the better. Hopefully she deserves to find someone who will be there for her and our daughter.

LAWYER

Well, she's been looking. Where is it now...

The lawyer squints his eyes to the side and types.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

There it is. She's had this online dating profile up for months now, without much luck I'm afraid.

ALEX

Hey, I really don't need to hear this.

LAWYER

You know, if you want to forgo this whole suicide thing, I can help you with a divorce from...ehh...

The lawyer adjusts his glasses.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

FilthyMilfy is it? I don't suppose you have a prenup?

ALEX

Go away!

The lawyer disconnects.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's not important. Abigail. My little girl. I'll need to write something for her.

ALEX leans his head back, peeking through nearly closed eyelids, as he types ever so slowly.

ON THE SCREEN

Abigail... my little Abby. I'm sorry I've failed you, and you'll have to grow up without a father. You'll be better off. Treat your mother right, work hard in school, and Daddy will be watching over you.

A dead little girl connects.

ABIGAIL

Daddy?

ALEX

No, it can't be...

ABIGAIL

I did as you said, Daddy. I did all I could for Mommy! And I worked really hard in school!

ALEX  
Abby, what happened?

ABIGAIL  
There was a boy at school with a  
gun. I was brave, Daddy, just like  
you. I helped my friends escape.

ALEX  
But... but...

ABIGAIL  
He shot me. I saw Mommy crying, but  
I couldn't stay awake.

Alex breaks down, tears flowing from his eyes. He cries  
soften as his head lowers to the desk.

ALEX  
It can't be true.

An elbow hits the desk's surface as he pushes himself back up  
while shaking his head. Abigail is gone.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
She's still alive.

Alex moves the mouse cursor toward the send button, and  
clicks it. He sees a blue screen with an error on it. He  
finally loses consciousness and his head thumps onto the  
desk.

FADE OUT.