

Important

written by

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FADE IN:

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.

Unsteady footsteps traverse the shadows until he emerges at his computer desk.

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

I find it a struggle to get through each day. My mind has been clouded in darkness for as long as I want to remember.

The ghastly visage of a seemingly dead rocker chick appears in a Zoom 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 don't know why I survived. My life has been so worthless. I just can't go on. To all those who knew me -- my family and friends -- please forgive me, for all the pain I caused.

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. 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

Sorry for all the complaints and arguments. It was just me and my mood swings. You were always right; I was wrong. My beautiful Patricia, I don't deserve you. I hope you find someone who can treat you the way I would have wanted.

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

And our child, Abigail... my little Abby. I'm sorry that you'll have to grow up without a father, but 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.