

JESSICA

by

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A man's hand holds a -

SNAP SHOT

of a fresh faced beauty, JESSICA. She smiles at the camera. Her arms are wrapped around JERRY'S shoulders. The sun glares onto his twisted face.

The spinning ceiling fan is in the background.

The hand puts the picture against a small alarm clock on the nightstand. The time reads 11:58. Next to the alarm clock is a pack of cigarettes and an ashtray.

JERRY

lies in bed. A thin blanket covers his shoulders. His eyes are open and he stares at us.

THE CLOCK

turns 12 and the alarm sounds. Jerry listens to it.

JERRY'S EAR

Female lips come close to Jerry's ear.

JESSICA

(whispers)

Wake up, sleepy head.

She kisses his cheek.

JERRY

I'm up! I'm up!

He slaps the snooze button and sits up.

Jessica, in a plain white dress and silver strappy heels, sits next to him. He kisses her cheek and feels her hair.

JERRY

God, you're beautiful.

JESSICA

Go on. You're going to be late.

JERRY

No, I'm not.

JESSICA

I bet you are.

He walks to the bathroom and turns on the water.

JESSICA

(shouting)

You really don't have time  
to shower!

JERRY'S BARE BEDROOM

A mattress is pushed against the wall. Jessica sits on a  
dirty sheet.

Jessica strolls to a tall dresser, which is between the  
bathroom and closet doors.

THE TOP OF THE DRESSER

The tattered wood has nicks and the corners are splintered.  
There's a pile of loose change. Also, some crumpled  
receipts and maybe twenty bucks in folded bills.

A shiny black pocket knife, a cell phone and a full key  
ring are near a worn black leather wallet. The bottom half  
is covered by the wallet, but the top half shows the  
printed photograph of Jessica, in the white dress. She's  
posed against a tree.

Jessica runs her left hand over the wood. She wears a small  
diamond engagement ring.

JESSICA

You know you're running late.

JERRY (O/S)

I am not!

JESSICA

I bet someone's going to call  
soon and see where you are.

The cell phone rings. Jessica leans against the bathroom door.

JESSICA

Told you. Can I get it?

JERRY

No!

JESSICA

Oh. They're probably thinking we're not gonna go.

The water shuts off. When the curtain opens, Jessica moves in front of the closed closet door.

JERRY (O/S)

We are going.

Jerry comes out in a towel. He uses a smaller one on his shaggy hair.

JERRY

Can you please move?

JESSICA

Sorry.

She moves to the side. Jerry opens the closet door, revealing faded jeans and t-shirts. A dry cleaned suit is in the front. Jerry grabs the dry cleaning and a pair of black dress shoes from the floor.

JESSICA

Are you sure you wanna go through with this?

JERRY

Of course I do.

JESSICA

I mean, I'll understand.

He throws the dry cleaning on the bed, the shoes on the floor and then grabs Jessica's shoulders.

JERRY

Listen, there's nothing in the world that would keep me from going today.

JESSICA

Good.

JERRY

Now just stand there and look pretty.

He laughs.

JESSICA

Hey!

JERRY

I'm kidding.

He digs through the second drawer and pulls out a pair of boxers and a pair of black dress socks.

Jessica stays by the open window. The breeze blows through her hair and the sun shines on her face.

Jerry admires her from the dresser.

JERRY

You look like an angel.

She smiles. He puts on the boxers and slacks and then sits on the bed. Jessica sits next to him.

JESSICA

You're actually wearing that old suit?

JERRY

What? You love this suit.

JESSICA

I was just kidding. I love you in that suit. It makes you look hot.

JERRY

I know.

He chuckles as he ties the shoe laces.

JESSICA

Someone called while you were  
in the shower.

JERRY

I know.

JESSICA

Don't you want to know who?

JERRY

It's probably just Andrew. It's  
not important.

With the shoes tied and the black tie in his hand, he runs  
to the bathroom.

JESSICA

Do you need help?

JERRY (O/S)

No. I can do it.

JESSICA

You could never tie that thing  
right.

JERRY (O/S)

Well, it's time for me to learn.

BATHROOM

Jerry stands in front of the busy counter. The tie looks  
perfect. Jessica leans against the doorframe.

JESSICA

You look so handsome, Jerry.  
Even with the messy hair.

JERRY

Oh yeah. I should probably  
do that, huh?

JESSICA

You don't have to.

JERRY

I think I will.

He fixes his hair.

JESSICA

You know it's bad luck to see me on our wedding day.

JERRY

When have I ever believed in superstitions?

JESSICA

I'm just saying. My parents believed it and they're still together.

JERRY

That'll be us one day.

JESSICA

I know.

Jessica lies on the bed and picks up the picture.

JESSICA

I can't believe you still have this. It's what, a year old?

JERRY (O/S)

So? I fell in love with you that day. I'll always keep it.

JESSICA

And do you still love me today?

JERRY (O/S)

Of course. I'm marrying you, ain't I?

JESSICA

I know.

JERRY (O/S)

So why do you ask?

JESSICA

I like hearing it.

JERRY

(comes out of the  
bathroom)

You know I love you, baby.  
How do I look?

JESSICA

Great. I love your hair.

She watches as he puts on his jacket.

JERRY

You ready?

JESSICA

I've been ready.

He grabs his wallet and keys off the dresser. When he turns around, she's in the bedroom doorway.

He stuffs the wallet and keys in his pocket and walks to Jessica. She smiles.

JERRY

I love you, Jessica.

He walks through her. She disappears into a wispy cloud of smoke. A few seconds later, a screen door slams.

THE TOP OF THE DRESSER

The breeze blows the clipping, revealing the text. FUNERAL SERVICES FOR JESSICA HANES WILL BE HELD AT ONE PM AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH...

FADE OUT.