

DRESSED TO KILL

By

Jerry Akin

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A man sits at his dresser holding a photo of his wife. Tears stream down his eyes.

MAN (V.O.)  
Tonight would have been our tenth anniversary.

He continues to agonize over the photo as he runs his fingers through his hair. A stiff drink sits on the dresser next to him. He picks it up and stares at the glass for a moment.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We were young and madly in love. Soul mates. At least that's what everyone called us.

He takes a long swallow of the drink and slams the glass back down on the dresser. He winces, shakes his head, and looks back at the picture.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I don't know that I believe in soul mates, but God I loved that woman. More than anything. And now she's gone. Taken away from me by a drunk driver. The bastard.

The man puts the picture down and rubs his face hard with his hands. He drops his hands and stares up at the ceiling. He closes his eyes in agony.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We were coming home from her brother's wedding. She looked beautiful. When I wasn't out on the floor dancing with her, I was enjoying watching her mingle from afar. She was such a beautiful woman.

The man takes a deep breath and stands up. He paces around the room.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We had so many plans. So many dreams for our future. But they were snatched away from us. Every one of them. For years I've tried to forgive the driver who took her from me. He was sorry. He said it all the time. He did a year for manslaughter. But that didn't bring her back.

The man walks to the

## BATHROOM

He puts his hands on the counter and stares down into the sink.

MAN (V.O.)

Our "happy ever after" down the drain  
while that fucker serves one lousy  
year. I thought I had forgiven him.  
I haven't.

He looks up at the mirror and runs his hand along his face, observing and feeling the stubble.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Her life was taken by a drunk driver.  
Tonight, I'm going to take his.

He pulls out a razor and begins to shave.

## INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

He quickly walks out of the bathroom and heads for the closet. He picks out his whitest dress shirt.

MAN (V.O.)

I wake up at night, still hearing  
her horrible scream the split second  
before the wreck.

He buttons up his shirt and looks for a tie. He decides on one and starts putting it on.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She had a beautiful singing voice.  
I wish that's what I kept hearing.  
But it isn't. Just that blood-curling  
scream. Playing on a loop, over and  
over and over.

He pulls out a suit coat and throws it on.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know the guy didn't mean to kill  
her. But he did. He took the most  
wonderful person I ever knew out of  
this world, and tonight, I'm the  
swift hand of justice.

He quickly walks back into the

## BATHROOM

He grabs a comb and turns on the sink. He lets the water run over the teeth of the comb as he angrily stares into the bathroom mirror.

He brings the comb up to his head and slicks his hair back. He tosses the comb down on the counter and marches back into the

BEDROOM

He heads for the dresser and sits back down in the chair in front of it. He takes one more look at her photograph.

He opens the drawer and pulls out a revolver. He slings the chamber open and makes sure it's loaded. He closes it and stands back up.

MAN (V.O.)

Tonight would have been our tenth anniversary. But she's gone. I'll never hold her again. The judge gave that fucker one year. But I'm not letting him off that easily.

As he keeps looking into the mirror, he straightens his jacket and takes a breath. He sticks the barrel of the revolver in his mouth and pulls back the hammer.

FADE TO BLACK:

A gunshot blasts.

THE END