

HER FAVORITE COLOR

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

JOHNNY MILLER, 35, emotionally damaged, handsome, shirtless, ripped with six pack abs and pumped biceps, raises his fist up to his face.

FINN, 25, long greasy hair, lean and tattooed, stalks Johnny in a controlled rage. SLAMS his fist into Johnny's side.

Johnny staggers. Keeps his fist up to his face.

THUD. Finn connects another punch to Johnny's right side. Finn steps back.

Johnny taunts him.

JOHNNY

Thought you were gonna kick my
ass.

Finn bares his teeth -- a gold grille. Hits Johnny with two rights, one to the side, the second to the stomach.

Johnny gasps for air.

WILLARD (O.S.)

That's enough.

Finn lands another punch to Johnny's side.

Johnny goes down.

WILLARD, 24, dead serious, grabs Finn's arm.

WILLARD (CONT'D)

I said that's enough, Goddamnit.

Finn eyes Willard. Lowers his guard.

WILLARD (CONT'D)

Help him up.

Finn pulls Johnny up off the floor.

Johnny struggles for air. Spits.

A dress shirt hangs on a nail. Johnny takes it. Dresses.

Finn rubs his hand. Blows on his knuckles.

Willard gives Johnny a suit jacket. Johnny tries to put it on. A look of pain crosses his face.

Willard holds the jacket for Johnny.

WILLARD (CONT'D)

I say this every time ... but ...
you know how fucked up this is,
right?

Johnny opens his wallet. Takes out a wad of cash.

JOHNNY

What do you care?

Johnny hands the cash to Willard.

FINN

Yeah, what do we care?

Willard splits the cash with Finn.

JOHNNY

I'll be in touch.

Finn gets in Johnny's face.

FINN

Another twenty, and I'll rearrange
that pretty face for ya.

Willard gets between Johnny and Finn. Stares them down.

WILLARD

This ain't how I conduct business.
Both of you stand down or you can
take this weird ass shit somewhere
else.

Finn steps aside.

Johnny lumbers up the wooden staircase.

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Johnny climbs out of his car. Walks up the crowded drive.
Peers through a window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

PARTY-GOERS chat and drink in a small living room.

An ELDERLY MAN in a wheelchair sits alone in the corner.

JOHNNY

walks to the back of the house.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

RACHEL MILLER, 28, upbeat, fills a bowl with chips.

Music and laughter drift in from the next room.

The kitchen door opens. Johnny breezes inside.

Rachel lights up.

RACHEL

You made it.

JOHNNY

You knew I'd make it.

Rachel shoots him a look.

RACHEL

I doubt if you even knew you'd
make it.

JOHNNY

Touche'.

Rachel throws her arms around Johnny. Hugs him tight.

Johnny grimaces. Pulls away from the embrace. Stretches
his right side.

RACHEL

You okay?

JOHNNY

Yeah, yeah. Just pulled something.

Rachel eyes him up and down.

RACHEL

Wanna see dad ... I mean, before
he hits the booze?

JOHNNY

Is there a difference?

RACHEL

Not anymore.

JOHNNY

I'm gonna need a minute.

Johnny walks down a hallway toward

THE BATHROOM

Johnny slips in. Shuts the door. Locks it.

Johnny stands in front of the mirror. Raises his shirt --

A large dark purple bruise runs up his side.

MEMORY FLASH - IN THE MIRROR

MOM, 34, pretty despite a split lip and dark circles,
lifts her thin nightgown.

A large dark purple bruise covers her lower back.

YOUNG JOHNNY (O.S.)

Mom?

Mom spins around.

YOUNG JOHNNY, 8, stands in the doorway. His pants wet. A
pool of urine at his feet.

Mom drops her nightgown. Rushes to Young Johnny. Squats
down. Wipes his teary eyes.

MOM

Hey, hey... Honey, it's okay.

She pulls him close. Puts her hands on his shoulders.

MOM (CONT'D)

Johnny, look at me. Everything's
fine. I promise.

JOHNNY

But ...

He points to her side with the bruise.

MOM

Don't you know, purple's my
favorite color.

Young Johnny gazes into Mom's eyes.

KNOCK. KNOCK!

BACK TO PRESENT

Johnny admires his bruise in the mirror.

Runs his finger along the dark purple edges.

Another KNOCK at the door.

JOHNNY

Just a second.

Johnny lowers his shirt. Tucks it in. Splashes water on his face.

He turns to the door. Glances back into the mirror.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday, Mom.

Johnny opens the door -- steps out of the room.

IN THE MIRROR

Mom peers out with a wistful smile --

Then fades away.

FADE OUT.

THE END