

MISTY BLUE

Written by

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INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Close up on a pair of big beautiful hazelnut colored eyes. Nina Simone's *Spell on you* plays from an old radio that sits on the sink plugged into the wall. These eyes have seen the good, the bad, and the ugly that the world has to offer.

The eyes blink.

And we pull back to a busted lip as a hand rises and dabs at the cut with a piece of tissue.

MISTY

stares at herself in the mirror. She's the color of a coconut, mid-twenties, homely, but beautiful in that unrefined way that a woman of natural beauty carries herself.

She reaches down to the sink to take hold of the luscious RED lipstick and apply it to her lips in an almost mechanical gesture.

She puckers, smooches at her reflection and grabs hold of the blush brush-

QUICK CUT:

INT. BATHROOM - PAST

Close in on Misty being smacked across the face.

QUICK CUT BACK:

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING - PRESENT

Misty applies the blush to the segment of her face that was once bruised. She grabs the eyeshadow-

QUICK CUT:

INT. BATHROOM - PAST.

Close in on Misty holding an ice pack over her eye as she sits on the bathroom floor crying.

QUICK CUT BACK:

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING - PRESENT

Misty applies a touch of mascara and sprays on some perfume, each is a necessary cog in the greater machine of churning out a normal looking house wife into a stunning super model.

She sits on the toilet and opens up a brand new box of fishnet stockings. She places one foot into the nylon and rolls it up her leg, revealing bruises, large black and purple spots, where's she's been hit.

She stops mid-thigh, rubbing a bruise the size of Texas, lost in a place that only a woman that's been battered can go.

Then she continues to roll up her stockings.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Misty walks into the bedroom. It's dim, save for the light coming from the single lamp post on the side of the bed. Strewn across the bed is a red dress, a nice little number that Misty takes hold off and holds out in front of her admiring it's beauty.

She stares at the dress, transfixed, maybe even under a spell, while Nina Simone's velveteen voice echoes *I LOVE YOU* from the radio in the bathroom.

She closes her eyes and smells the cloth, taking in the memories of a life long ago.

Then she turns with dress in hand and walks into the bathroom to get dressed.

Through the cracked bathroom door we see her reflection in the mirror as we bear witness to more bruising over her body; black streaks across her ribs, purple blotches on her shoulders, she's the epitome of a human punching bag.

She opens the bathroom door ready to step out into the world, but then stops and turns to stare at herself in the mirror. She is a goddess. Light radiates from her face and is like the sun itself. A man would be crazy to lay hands on her, but someone has. She gives herself a smooch and then hits the light as she exits.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

PAUL, mid-twenties, a bit rugged and handsome, an All-American athlete in his day has just entered the apartment. The lights are out save for the hall light.

PAUL
 What the hell's going on? Misty,
 where are you?

From the bedroom.

MISTY
 I'm in here.

Paul turns and walks down the hall and into the bedroom
 where he finds candles covering the floor. The lights
 flicker as he steps further into the room.

PAUL
 I don't have time for these games,
 Misty, now where are you?

Misty slips out of the darkness from behind the door holding
 a glass of wine.

MISTY
 I'm here.

Paul turns and sees her standing at the door like a bold, red
 beacon of sexuality with lustful eyes.

PAUL
 What's for-

MISTY
 Dinner can wait. I thought we'd
 have a little dessert first.

She moves towards Paul like a woman on a mission, each step
 is precise and sensual as if she's stepping on hot coals just
 to get to him.

She dips her finger into the wine glass and then rubs it
 around Paul's lips.

He savors her sweet touch before sucking the wine off her
 fingertips.

The two kiss and it's full of so much passion that one can
 not image that this is the very same man that might have
 beaten her.

She pulls away, leading Paul to the bed as she sits the glass
 down on the night stand.

PAUL
 Is that the red dress I-

She puts her finger to his lips, hushing him as she takes hold of his tie and undoes it. Her hands are like mechanical grips as she works to unbutton his shirt, loosen his belt, and undo his pants.

She pulls his pants down and then rises to her feet.

Paul is as ready as any man as he rushes to kiss her, but she places a hand on his lips and steps back.

She bites her bottom lip and gives him her best tempting/good girl expression. It's enough to drive any man crazy, but Paul understands that waiting is only going to be so good.

Misty drops her dress and it falls to the floor as if she has shed a layer of skin. The fishnets hide her bruising well.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You look great. Always did love those legs.

Misty pushes him back on the bed and climbs on top of him. Paul goes for the bra, but she grabs his hands and pins him back to the bed.

MISTY

Not yet. You've been working hard you need to enjoy this.

Paul SIGHS but excepts Misty's recommendation. He's well aware of what she can do in the bed.

She grabs hold of Paul's undershirt and rips it apart, exposing his bare chest. Whatever's gotten into Misty Paul likes and he sees no reason to complain.

Misty mounts him, a bit straddling/dry humping his cock as she looks down into his smiling, almost orgasmic face.

The camera pans and we see a KNIFE--

Tucked under Misty's bra strap.

She raises her hands over her head as if she's about to commit to the final act of this deception.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Will it ever stop?

Pause. Deep breathing from Paul.

PAUL

Will what stop?

MISTY
The beatings.

PAUL
You just keep doing what you're
doin, baby, and you won't have to
worry about that.

MISTY
The beatings stop now.

PAUL
Sure, baby, whatever you say. Now
come on, wet daddy's whistle.

He SLAPS her ass hard.

MISTY
They stop now!

Misty removes the knife from her bra and plunges it down.

The scenes suddenly becomes slow as Paul looks up and see's
the sharp blade cutting through the air.

FLASH CUT

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Paul is yelling at Misty as she sits at a vanity getting
ready. She's wearing the red dress.

PAUL
You're not wearing that out with
your friends.

MISTY
Why not?

PAUL
Because it makes you look like a
whore. Now take it off.

MISTY
No.

Paul grabs Misty by the hair and slams her head into the
vanity mirror.

PAUL
Don't you ever tell me no.

FLASH CUT BACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Paul's eyes go wide as the knife plunges down in slow motion.

FLASH CUT

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - PAST

Paul walks into the bedroom carrying a plate of food. Misty is sitting on the floor near the bed with blood trickling down her forehead.

PAUL

And what the hell is this slop?

He drops the plate on the floor.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You expect me to eat this? Unlike you I don't eat slop. Now clean it up, you pig.

FLASH CUT BACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

As Misty drives the knife deep into Paul's chest we follow the motion and

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Misty opens the door to her hotel room and slips in. She treks across the room, stopping in front of the bed as she undoes her trench coat and lets it fall to the floor. She does have nice legs as she crawls onto the bed and lies out in her blood covered underwear.

She lights a cigarette and takes a long drag.

She blows the smoke into the air and we follow it up and

FADE OUT.

