

Vengeance & Associates, Inc.  
by  
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EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

RONNIE, (30's), a mullet-headed redneck in a department store suit hustles down the marble steps next to MITCHELL, (50's), his handsome and impeccably dressed attorney.

RONNIE

(Jubilant)

I can't believe you got me off! I can not fuckin' believe you got me off!

MITCHELL

Money talks.

RONNIE

Lots of money talks real loud!! I can't believe this! I can't wait to call Riley! He's gonna jus' shit his pants when he...

MITCHELL

Already taken care of. I was hoping you might celebrate the occasion with us at a barbecue at my estate.

RONNIE

No way!

MITCHELL

Called him last night. He and some of your friends are already waiting for you.

RONNIE

(Hugging Mitch)

You are the best fuckin' lawyer...Jus' the best!

INT. MITCH'S MERCEDES - DAY

A nice one. Leather. Convertible. Ronnie is taking his shoes off.

MITCHELL

Called your brother, Samuel.

RONNIE

Really? Is he bringing Jeanne?

MITCHELL

I think so...That's his wife?

RONNIE  
 (Laughing)  
 No! That's his  
 daughter!...Mmmmm...Tasty!

MITCHELL  
 No more of that.

RONNIE  
 Yeah. I'm all fuckin'  
 rehabilitated. Right.

Ronnie sticks his bare feet out of the car and lights a  
 cigarette without asking permission.

RONNIE  
 The way I see it, the only trouble  
 I got is that I got fuckin'  
 caught...Fuckin' dogs, man. The  
 only reason they found her is cause  
 of them god damn fuckin' dogs.

MITCHELL  
 Didn't Riley send them in the other  
 direction, away from the shed?

RONNIE  
 (Laughing)  
 They were right on top of her, too!  
 Shit, she might even survived if he  
 hadn't...Oh well.

MITCHELL  
 Today is a new day. Let us rejoice  
 and be glad in it. Forget what is  
 behind, strain on towards what is  
 ahead.

RONNIE  
 A fuckin' men.

EXT. MITCH'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch's car pulls into the gates of a large, beautiful house.  
 A beat-up red pick up truck sticks out like sore thumb among  
 the many luxury cars parked around the driveway.

RONNIE  
 Whoo-ee! This one hell of a crib!  
 Check it out! That's Riley's old  
 Pick em-up. Used to call that the  
 Dixie Love Machine.

MITCHELL

Parties in back, down in the rec room.

RONNIE

Yeah? Pool tables and shit?

MITCHELL

Sure. Big Screen Plasma, Twelve Speaker surround. All the good stuff.

RONNIE

A bar?

MITCHELL

Sure...Some Jack, Johnnie, Grand Pappy and some other relatives you may not have met quite yet.

Ronnie and Mitchell arrive at a heavy steel door, which Mitchell quickly unlocks. The party music is full blast.

RONNIE

Heavy duty.

MITCHELL

Previous owner was a survivalist.

RONNIE

Survivin' in style.

Ronnie enters, followed by Mitch, who latches the door securely with several bolts.

It is pitch dark. The music is turned down. A crowd of beautiful PARTYGOERS whisper softly, giggling.

RONNIE

You shouldn't have gone through all this...

MITCHELL

Our guest has arrived.

In one swift move, Mitchell handcuffs Ronnie's hands behind him. Before Ronnie can react, the lights pop on and the partygoers yell:

PARTYGOERS

Surprise!

Ronnie is horrified. The rec room is a mix of party snacks and medieval torture devices. The air stinks of burned flesh.

Well dressed partygoers turn the music back on, softly. CHERYL, Mitchell's wife, approaches and kisses Mitch.

RONNIE

What the fuck...?

In the center of the dance floor, a brutalized figure is hung from the ceiling on two massive hooks, set just under the shoulder blades. Metal pokes out of his torn chest.

His eyes are burned out, his mouth seared shut.

His skin is ripped, torn, seeping blood through the cracks of blood that has already dried. Arms and legs are bound with barbed wire.

His hands and feet have been crushed beyond recognition.

In the space where his groin would be is nothing but a cauterized hole. Cheryl tickles what is left of a foot.

Riley convulses grotesquely.

CHERYL

Say hello to your buddy, Riley!

Ronnie's face turns white as RACHEL, a gorgeous Asian woman in a blood spattered dress, approaches.

RACHEL

(Whispering)

I don't think his ears are working any more. Remember the...

Rachel makes a hissing sound while pointing to her ear.

CHERYL

(Laughing)

Oh Yeah. Classic! Can I get you a drink Ronald? Bud, Jack Daniels? Maybe some gasoline? Cyanide? Arsenic? I got plenty!

Ronnie is panicking as 2 large male partygoers strap him violently to a chair in the middle of the room, directly below Riley, who is still dripping bodily fluids.

RONNIE

What the fuck? Mitch? Mitch!

Mitch is standing by the punch bowl talking to SIMON (30's).

They approach Ronnie.

MITCHELL

Ron, I'm sure you remember Simon  
from those hearings? He was  
Ashley's father.

SIMON

Hi, Ronnie. Glad you could make it.

RONNIE

Fuck.

Ronnie starts to scream and does not stop.

RONNIE

Nooo! You Can't do this to me!  
Noooo!

Mitchell turns to shake Simon's hand.

MITCHELL

Pleasure doing business.

The music turns up again to full blast. Rachel, smiling,  
hands Simon a glowing, red hot branding iron.

SIMON

Let's get this party started...

FADE TO BLACK