

Painted Vengeance

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FAMILY HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

A children's birthday party. Loud music blasts out across a huge yard that's filled with screaming kids.

A bouncy castle, magician and face painting booth all fighting for their attention.

The kids' parents form a circle, hugging the fence that encloses the yard. Watching, chatting with each other and sipping at alcoholic drinks.

SAM (30's) stands at his face painting booth. A long line of kids.

He finishes off one girl's face, a tiger. He's got skill and a well practised hand. Clearly something he's done for years, but obviously got the eye and talent of an artist.

EXT. FAMILY HOME - DAY

Sam wheels his face painting cart to the side of his work van. Sliding open the door he lifts it up inside, takes a huge amount of effort but he gets it done.

INT. SAM'S WORK VAN - DAY

Sam sits at the wheel, turning the key and the engine makes a terrible dying sound. It's done. He isn't going anywhere in this.

Sam puts his head in his hands.

SAM

I don't need this right now.

INT. BETH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

The sound of two children screaming, running and fighting echoes out all around.

BETH (30's), tries her best to run a bath, fill it with bubbles and floating toys.

BETH

(shouting)

Boys, bath time!

Her phone is ringing, left on the window ledge above her. She glances up at it.

BETH (CONT'D)

Shut up.

She stands up. Looking out towards the open door where the sound of the two children being wild continues at pace.

BETH (CONT'D)

Boys! Bath time!

She grabs her phone, the incoming caller I.D reads, 'asshole.' She rolls her eyes but takes the call.

BETH (CONT'D)

If you're calling me with some bullshit excuse I'm going to scream.

INT. SAM'S WORK VAN - DAY

Sam grips his phone tightly, through clenched teeth he tries to keep his cool.

SAM

I'm going to be late. The van...

BETH

(O.S)

You fucking asshole. You pick up YOUR kids at the time WE agreed to or I go back to court and tell them to pull your visitation rights. Understand?

SAM

The fucking van won't fucking start. I'm not a fucking machinic. I'll be there, you're just going to have to give me a little time.

BETH

(O.S)

Don't fucking swear at me.

SAM

Then let me explain...

BEEEEEP. The line goes dead. She hangs up.

Sam throws his phone against the dashboard in disgust.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Sam is dragging his heavy awkward to move cart behind him. Looks like one of the wheels is bent which is making an already hard task all that more unnecessarily impossible.

SAM
(muttering)
Fucking bullshit.

Three TEENS (18). DAVID, CHARLIE and TAYLOR are sitting up on a bench together, all taking it in turns to huffs on a brown paper bag.

Sam is going to have to walk past them. And Sam sees them before they see him.

SAM (CONT'D)
Just don't look at them.

He walks past, the three friends getting high. The heavy cart filled with glass paint jars, brushes and stencils is making enough noise to get their attention.

David is the first to stand.

DAVID
(pointing at the cart)
What the hell is that thing?

Sam keeps his head down, and tries to speed up.

CHARLIE
(laughing)
It's like one of those homeless shopping trolleys but it's filled with paint and brushes and shit.

TAYLOR
Paint stuff? What about paint thinner?

David grabs a hold of Taylor, lifting him up off the bench.

DAVID
(to Taylor)
You'll huff anything won't you.

Taylor gives a dumb sounding laugh in reply.

David then literally throws Taylor into the side of Sam's cart, knocking it over. Nearly all of his paint supplies spill out across the ground.

SAM

What the fuck are you doing?

Taylor is covered in paint, standing up laughing.

CHARLIE

What a fucking mess.

SAM

Are you fucking crazy?

DAVID

I asked what it was, you ignored me.

Sam tips the cart back up onto its wheels. He hurries to get everything that has fallen out back in.

SAM

So you fucking break it?

The three teens crowd around Sam, on his hands and knees restocking the trolley.

DAVID

So, what is it?

SAM

I do face painting for a living.

CHARLIE

For what? Like little kids?

SAM

Bingo. You're a fucking genius.

TAYLOR

Paint my face?

SAM

Fuck you.

DAVID

Pays good?

SAM

Leave me the fuck alone.

David kicks Sam in the side of the head. He falls onto his side. Charlie and Taylor then deliver hard, devastating kicks of their own, on the same spot. All on the side of Sam's head.

He's cut, bleeding and dazed.

DAVID

What the fuck is a fucking
children's entertainer dragging a
beat up old cart through a place
like, this late at night?

Sam grumbles and moans. He's hurt, can't get his words out.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think you're full of shit. I
think you stole this.

David starts searching the cart, finds a money box. He throws
it onto the ground and smashes it open. Taking all the money
for himself.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You steal it, I steal it. That's
how the world works.

Charlie helps himself to some of the paint brushes whilst
Taylor searches then finds some paint remover. Opening a cap
he stuffs it up his nose and breathes deep.

Sam struggles up onto his knees. But David delivers another
hard kick to his face. Sam collapses back down. Charlie and
David then stamp on his head.

Sam's out cold. Knocked out. He's definitely not getting back
up from this.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

David comes out to his waiting two friends. Passes out cigars
and bottles of alcohol.

DAVID

(laughing)

Easy money.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Sam, his face splashed with blood, bruised and swollen looks
up as a well dressed MAN, (50's) walks over towards him. His
footsteps echoing out around them. Polished, expensive shoes.

NATHAN, he holds onto a walking stick. Positions himself over
the top of Sam. Looking down at him with a smile. Dressed
like a nineteenth century aristocrat. With fire red hair and
a well groomed goatee.

NATHAN
Well, well, well.

Sam, barely able to open his eyes, looks up at Nathan. He coughs up some more blood.

SAM
Am I dead?

NATHAN
Not yet. But you're very close. You have a bleed on the brain. And if it's not treated soon you're going to die.

SAM
Shit.

NATHAN
And unless a miracle happens, no one is going to find you lying here until the morning.

SAM
So, I'm fucked?

Nathan slowly nods.

NATHAN
It would appear so.

SAM
Are you an angel?

Nathan laughs.

NATHAN
Quite the opposite.

SAM
Why are you here?

NATHAN
To ask you a question. And one question only.

SAM
Go on.

NATHAN
How much do you want revenge?

SAM
A lot.

Nathan smiles menacingly at him.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

David's bed is nothing more than a simple single mattress laid out on the floor.

The rest of the room is littered with porno magazines, drugs, booze and cigarettes.

Drunk, high, and exhausted David staggers over to his 'bed'. Flopping down onto it.

He closes his eyes, trying to get to sleep but is constantly disturbed by the sound of TAP, TAP, TAP. It's the sound of small stones being thrown at his window.

DAVID
What the fuck!

David rolls off his 'bed' but not before fetching a knife out from underneath his pillow.

DAVID (CONT'D)
This is fucking bullshit.

David goes to his bedroom window. Looking down he sees Sam, dressed in the same clothes as Nathan.

Now holding onto the handle of a brand new looking cart, filled with a whole new array of paints and paintbrushes. Looking like none of them has ever been used.

David takes a moment just to stare at him. Frowning, confused.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(softly)
What the fuck?

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

David comes out of his bedroom. In his drunk and high state, it's a struggle for him to put one foot in front of the other.

He heads for the staircase when suddenly Sam appears in front of him. Grabbing him by the throat he pins him up against the wall behind.

In his other hand, Sam holds onto a dripping wet paint brush.

SAM
So tell me, if you could be any
animal. What would you be?

David is shaken up, trying desperately to wrap his head
around what is going on, but failing.

DAVID
I...

SAM
I'd pick a rat, so a rat you shall
be.

Sam slaps the wet paint brush back and forth across David's
face.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sam pushes his new cart along, whistling a happy tune to
himself. No bent or rusty wheels, his new cart is a joy to
push around, as light as air.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

David's clothes are a heap on the floor. And out from in the
middle of them a large fat RAT crawls out.

INT. CHARLIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Charlie is sitting on the toilet, he too, like David is drunk
and high on drugs.

Smiling stupidly to himself as he uses the toilet. Standing
up he wipes and flushes.

Charlie then turns to the sink, and to his utter shock Sam is
standing there. Holding another dripping wet paintbrush.

CHARLIE
What the fuck?

SAM
(grinning)
You, you'd be a dog. Small, weak
and helpless.

Sam slaps the wet paint brush across Charlie's face. Knocking
him to the floor.

Sam then turns to the sink, it's now full with black paint. He dunks in his paintbrush and returns to Charlie who has been transformed into a small, yapping dog.

Charlie cowers in the corner. Sam continues to use the paint on him. Laughing maniacally.

INT. TAYLOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Taylor is slumped on the floor. A brown paper bag in his hand, still huffing on drugs.

TAYLOR
I don't feel too good.

Taylor drops down onto all fours and crawls towards a kitchen cupboard. He opens up the door and is shocked to see Sam inside it, yet again with his now trademark dripping wet paintbrush.

SAM
(grinning)
You, what kind of animal would you be?

TAYLOR
Oh, no way. I've over done it this time.

SAM
A slug!

Sam attacks with the paintbrush.

CUT TO:

INT. TAYLOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A green slug has replaced Taylor, sitting on top of his piled up clothes.

Sam climbs out of the cupboard, looking down at Taylor, he bursts out laughing. Then, turning on his heels he walks out, whistling his happy tune and almost skipping with delight.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END