GOD'S SPEAKER

by

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BLACK SCREEN:
"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife." Exodus 20:17

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - PATRICK

Thirty-five, thinly trimmed goatee, low fade, brown skin, wearing something casual sitting at the head of the table chewing his food irritated.

WIDER ANGLE--

The last meal painting is on the wall in the dining room where Patrick, Danielle and Michael are sitting at the table having dinner with a glass of wine.

MICHAEL YOUNG. He's a handsome dark skin man, thirty-five wearing something casual.

DANIELLE GRAVES thirty-five is to the right of Patrick. She's very attractive with long hair, and smooth skin, wearing something casual. Patrick takes a sip of his wine.

DANIELLE
Michael, are you sure you don't want a ride?

MICHAEL
Yeah, I'll be fine with Uber. But Patrick, let me tell you. When you preach the word Sunday, my soul feels closer to God.

DANIELLE
This is God's personal speaker.

MICHAEL
Very true.

Patrick sucks his teeth becoming more irritated. Danielle looks at him sensing something wrong.

DANIELLE
What's wrong?

PATRICK
Let's stop with the games.

DANIELLE
What games?

PATRICK
Are you comfortable sitting at the table with your husband and the man you've been committing adultery with for the last four months?
Michael and Danielle are silent taking a sip from their wine.

Patrick cracks a slight grin.

    PATRICK (CONT'D)
    Silence is not golden.

    MICHAEL
    (Clears throat)
    I should leave.

Patrick looks at him smiling.

    PATRICK
    Why? You already welcomed yourself inside my house and my wife.

    DANIELLE
    Patrick---

Patrick keeps his eyes on Michael, placing a hand in Danielle face.

    PATRICK
    Don't try explaining.

    MICHAEL
    Listen. I'm sure there's some misunderstanding here.

    PATRICK
    There's no misunderstanding. God will judge you for your sins. Now, as far as my marriage...
    (Sighs)
    Bright and early we can have it taken care of.

Both Michael and Danielle are lost for words.

    DANIELLE
    That easy?

    PATRICK
    I'm a man of God. I'll leave it in his hands.

Maintaining a straight face, he reaches over holding her hand.

    PATRICK (CONT'D)
    I wish you two the best.

Releasing her hand, he picks up his glass for a toast. Smiles of relief are on Danielle and Michael faces raising their glass.
PATRICK (CONT'D)
Cheers to moving on.

They all take a sip.

DANIELLE
I'm so glad this didn't turn chaotic. I was thinking...

A migraine sensation mixed with nausea hits Danielle and then Michael. They try standing, quickly sitting back down. Patrick takes another sip from his glass smiling. Within a matter of seconds, they drop their heads on the table.

PATRICK
(Smiling)
Hm. Roofies actually work.

Taking one last sip, he stands up stepping to Danielle leaning down kissing her cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - ONE HOUR LATER

Plastic covers the walls and floor. Michael and Danielle are sitting in chairs back to back, tied up and gagged. Patrick is standing to the side drinking Jack Daniel's from the bottle. He places the bottle to Michael lips, and he turns his head.

PATRICK
Are you sure?

Patrick laughs playing in Danielle's hair, listening to her muffled cries.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You almost sound like you did in the video.

He places the bottle down, taking Michael's gag out.

MICHAEL
How do you---

PATRICK
How do I know about the movie? I'm guessing my wife loved it so much, she forgot to take it out.
(Sighs)
Our daughter was the first to see her mother committing adultery.

MICHAEL
Why can't you understand she wasn't happy with you?
PATRICK
She broke our vows to God! Whores defile the word of GOD, and still expect blessings!

He places the gag back in Michael's mouth, picking up the bottle taking a sip, before pulling out a steak knife, placing it to Michael's throat.

PATRICK
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.

He slits Michael's throat with aggression.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick has a nice two-level brick house with the porch light on, in a fairly nice neighborhood. FRED YOUNG ten-years-old, wearing a T-shirt and shorts rides up on his bike, with his Afro blowing in the cool summer breeze. He gets off the bike walking up on the porch ringing the doorbell, getting no response.

Sighing, he makes his way to the side of the house seeing Patrick's all-black F-150 with tinted windows. He gets ready to walk away, but then he notices the garage door is slightly raised, and the light is on. Quietly, he makes his way towards the garage, getting down on his stomach looking in.

FRED'S POV

Danielle and Michael dead bodies are stretched out on the plastic. Patrick is sitting besides Michael's shirtless body, cutting flesh from his chest. He stares at the flesh smiling, placing it in his mouth chewing.

A sharp shriek comes from Fred inching away from the garage with fear written all over his face. The garage door comes up, and Patrick gets a good look at Fred before he gets up running to the front of the house. Patrick laughs low chewing on the flesh, closing the garage door.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - TWO HOURS LATER

Police cars block off the street. The people of the community are standing outside looking on, and faint talking is heard. Officers are coming in and out of Patrick's house and from the backyard.

Patrick is standing on the porch with his adorable daughter BRIDGETTE GRAVES, ten-years-old. THOMPSON WINTERS, mid-forties, brown skin, is standing on the steps in front of Patrick. You can tell from the exhaustion on his face he's ready to retire.
The reason for this is because of what?

We received an anonymous tip.

Bridgette clings to Patrick, worried he might go to jail.

Daddy, I'm scared.

He looks down at her smiling, patting her on the back.

It'll be over in a minute.

Thompson looks down at Bridgette smiling.

Listen to your daddy.

Patrick gets offended looking directly in Thompson eyes.

Don't pretend you're concerned how she feels.

RONALD GRIMES, late-thirties, brown skin comes out the house.

It's clear.

(To Ronald)

Thank you.

Ronald walks off.

You can go back to what you were doing, Mr. Graves.

Patrick laughs, looking across the street at a beige Cadillac.

I had to wake my daughter up for this nonsense, and you can calmly say go back to what I was doing?

I apologize for the false alarm.

You should've known a man of God could never commit murder.
Patrick walks in the house with Bridgette.

The people start clearing out. Officers get back in their squad cars driving off. Stepping out of the Cadillac is JANET YOUNG, late-fifties, brown hair, still looking good. Fred gets out on the passenger side, walking over standing beside her. Thompson makes his way over to them.

THOMPSON
False alarm.

JANET
False alarm?! Look at this boy.

She points at Fred. Fred is staring at the house in horror

THOMPSON
(To Fred)
Are you sure about what you saw?

Fred is silent with fear in his eyes.

JANET
The law can't take care of it, so it'll be up to the Lord.

Janet gets ready to get back in the car, and she notices Fred is still frozen staring at the house. She shakes him snapping him out of his trance. They both get in the car, and she pulls off. Thompson sighs, shaking his head.

FADE TO BLACK:

THREE WEEKS LATER

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - MORNING

The newly remolded expanded church is filled to capacity. The spirit of the Lord is inside everyone clapping and singing with the choir.

Bridgette is sitting up front singing and clapping with everyone else. Coming up taking a seat next to Bridgette is TERRY WRIGHT, thirty-five, brown skin. Terry is a good friend of the family.

TERRY
How are you Bridgette?

BRIDGETTE
I'm okay.

TERRY
Are you okay about the situation with your mother?
BRIDGETTE
Daddy told me to stay strong. She's either in the hands of the Lord or one day she'll come home.

TERRY
I'm proud of you, Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE
Thank you.

Patrick comes from the back radiating a holy aura making his way to the pulpit. The music is coming to an end, and the choir holds one last long note. You can tell the "Holy ghost" is circulating through each member who attended church today. Patrick looks over the mass proud of their devotion to the Lord.

PATRICK
Good morning brothers and sisters.
The Lord has blessed us with another beautiful day.

The room claps.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Today, I want you to tell me what the Lord has blessed you with. We're all blessed for another day, but I wanna know the blessing you're thankful for aside from seeing another day.

Standing to his feet well dressed, with his side burns lined up perfect on his brown skin is GREG GREENE, thirty-five.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What has the Lord blessed you with Brother Greene?

GREG
I'm blessed with a loving family here in the church, and my first novel which I hope will do well in stores.

The room claps.

PATRICK
Amen! What were your inspirations helping you move forward?

GREG
When the Lord set me free from the Devil's saliva, found on every corner in every liquor store!

The room is filled with a thunderous applaud, and Amen.
PATRICK
I've shared many of nights with the same bottle. And then the Lord blessed me with a lovely wife and daughter for my wake up call. What prevents your temptations?

GREG
It's either the bottle or my family. I realize now, my family should've never came second.

PATRICK
The congregation and I will pray for you.

The room is filled with applauds as Greg takes his seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Would anyone else like to share?

The Lord said come as you are, and BRADLEY HEWS, mid-forties has no problems with that, standing to his feet in his simple attire. From looking at the bags under his green eyes and wrinkles on his face, you can tell his life was hard.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What has the Lord blessed you with this morning, Brother Hews?

BRADLEY
Well, I've been clean from heroin for seventeen years. I'm blessed I haven't went back.

PATRICK
Amen, brother! Amen! What keeps you on the straight and narrow?

BRADLEY
The junkies in my neighborhood, and the ones I help down at the clinic. They remind of the shameful life I'm thankful I no longer live.

PATRICK
Keep helping those lost souls break free from the Devil's hold, and the Lord shall continue blessing you.

The room claps as Bradley takes his seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(Energetic)
Let's keep it going. Anybody else cares to share?

The pretty boy slicking his brown hair back wearing a maroon suit prepared to stand up is ERIC HEAP,
twenty-four-years-old.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What are you sharing with us this morning, Brother Heap?

ERIC
I'm blessed I'm not doing time behind bars.

PATRICK
(Shocked)
Why would you be doing time behind bars?

ERIC
I was breaking the commandment, thou shall not steal. I must say, and I'm not proud of this. I was great at my craft.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
If you were great, what happened?

ERIC
When I broke into this house, the lady greeted me with the barrel of her shotgun.

PATRICK
Be thankful you're alive.

ERIC
Trust me, I am. When she told me I should earn what I want, her words stuck with me.

PATRICK
I stole a few things in my day. When my mother caught me stealing, she tried to rip the skin from my back. That's all it took for me to realize that wasn't the profession for me.

The room breaks out laughing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Have you learned from your experience?

ERIC
Aside from possibly getting killed, and knowing I'm not built for prison? Yes, I learned.
PATRICK
(Laughs)
Yeah, I'm sure you'd hate ending up a man's girlfriend in jail.

The room breaks out laughing as Eric takes his seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Let's keep the positive energy going as the Lord looks down on us.

This seductive light skin woman with Grey eyes standing up wearing something more appropriate for the club instead of church is ASHLEY TURNER, early-twenties.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Sister Turner, what are you blessed with this morning?

ASHLEY
I'm blessed the medication cleared the disease I contracted.

A shocking gasp comes from Patrick and everyone in the church, because they just knew Ashley was a good girl.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
I was sleeping with any and everything to satisfy my sexual urges.

PATRICK
Your own flesh is your demon?

ASHLEY
Yes. Every time it was over, I would be satisfied physically. Mentally, I would break down crying.

PATRICK
Lust is one of the Devil's highly favorite methods to lure in the children of the lord.

ASHLEY
God doesn't have to tell me twice. After I finished my medication, I declared a vow of celibacy.

PATRICK
Your body is a temple of beauty God has blessed you with to share with the right man. Keep your temple clean until he comes.

The room claps as she takes her seat.
PATRICK (CONT'D)
I want you all to think about this. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Be happy with your blessings, and don't take them for granted.

The room applauds, and amen is heard throughout the room. Patrick comes down from the pulpit walking towards the back room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - HOURS LATER

The church is located on the busy main street in Detroit, Michigan known as Mack. The church has a Southern look with a full parking lot to the side of it, and a liquor store no more than a few steps away. Patrick is standing by the door shaking hands with the people coming out.

Janet is approaching Patrick with attitude in her walk, and anger on her face. Patrick turns facing her extending his hand. She stares at him sucking her teeth. Keeping a smile, he pulls his hand back.

PATRICK
Sister Young, you haven't been attending church lately? Is there a problem at home?

JANET
You know what the problem is.

PATRICK
If I knew, I wouldn't have asked.

JANET
I know the truth.

PATRICK
Let's walk, sister.

The two walk towards the parking lot.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What's your problem?

JANET
How long are you going to keep up this charade?

PATRICK
I'm listening.

JANET
Fred saw what you did.

PATRICK
And what was that?
JANET
You're a sick man, Patrick Graves.
The law can't prove what you did,
but you can't hide from the Lord.

Releasing a slight chuckle, Patrick turns facing her with ice in his eyes.

PATRICK
This is coming from a troubled ten-year-old child, who constantly stays in trouble?

JANET
And you call yourself a man of God? God looks at you ashamed.

PATRICK
God is the only judge, because he knows your death date. The way you talk. You'll pay him a visit before your time.

He looks back seeing Terry coming out the church.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Have a blessed day.

He walks off to Terry, and the two shake hands.

TERRY
That was a great sermon.

PATRICK
I deliver what the Lord puts into my heart, so I can give it to my family.

TERRY
I'm sure the message touched everyone in their own way.

PATRICK
Let's pray it did.

TERRY
Are you making Sunday dinner?

PATRICK
I think I'll take her out.

TERRY
(Laughs)
I heard pleasing kids is a handful.

PATRICK
Wait till you have your own.
TERRY
When the Lord blesses me with a wife, I will.

PATRICK
He will.

TERRY
Anything is possible when you leave your faith in the Lord.

PATRICK
Indeed it is. Well enjoy your dinner, and I'll see you next Sunday.

Patrick makes his way to the parking lot heading to his truck that's already running, walking up to the driver door getting in.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He looks over at Bridgette in her pink coat writing in her diary, appearing as if she's ready to cry.

PATRICK
What's wrong baby girl?

BRIDGETTE
...Nothing.

PATRICK
You know you can't hide things from daddy.

She sighs placing her diary on the floor.

BRIDGETTE
I was thinking about Fred. He said you killed mommy and his father.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(Laughs)
Isn't that funny?

BRIDGETTE
No, daddy. I hear this everyday at school, and I'm tired of it.

He leans over giving her a hug.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Don't let it bother you, sweetie. I'll make sure he never picks on you again.

BRIDGETTE
You promise?
PATRICK
I'd give my life.

BRIDGETTE
Thanks.

PATRICK
You're more than welcome. Where would you like to go for dinner?

BRIDGETTE
You don't feel like cooking?

PATRICK
I feel like treating my beautiful daughter to a dinner date.

BRIDGETTE
Can we have steak?

PATRICK
My angel can have anything she wants.

INT. FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT

The moonlight peeks through the slits on the blinds allowing us to see the bobble heads on the headboard of the bed Fred is tossing and turning on with a Du-rag covering his French Braids.

He wakes up screaming with sweat lacing his forehead. Janet rushes in sitting on the bed holding him tight, until he realizes he's not dreaming.

JANET
What's wrong?

FRED
He was chasing me. He was about to---

JANET
It was a dream. He can't hurt you.

She lets him go looking in his eyes, and you can see the terror.

FRED
He's coming for me.

She holds him close against her chest rubbing his back.

JANET
The Lord will protect you. He'll make sure no harm comes your way.

FRED
I'm scared.
JANET
God won't allow anything to happen to you.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. The sound of something being moved is heard, followed with the jingling of keys. The door comes open, and we see the outline of Patrick standing in the doorway. He flips the switch turning the lights on. The only things in the room are the two jars with Danielle and Michael decomposing heads, and the blood stained knife he used to carve the flesh from them sitting on a table up against the back wall.

He walks over to the jars and spits on the jar with Michael's head in it.

PATRICK
Your son is bothering my princess.

He focuses on the jar with Danielle's head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(Disgusted)
...You.

CUT TO:

INT. ALTER - MORNING - {FLASHBACK}

Danielle and Patrick are standing at the altar wearing all-white happy they're in love.

PREACHER
I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Patrick leans in giving her a kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT - {FLASHBACK}

There's complete silence. Patrick's headlights are shining on him as he dismembers Michael and Danielle bodies with an ax.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

Patrick has tears coming down his face.

PATRICK
...How could you?

He picks up the jar staring in love, kissing the glass where her lips are in a provocative manner, pulling away smiling.
PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll uphold our vows.

He places the jar down, and then walks back to the door turning the lights off.

INT. LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

Random talk is heard from the students in uniforms standing in line or sitting at their tables eating.

ANGLE ON--

Bridgette is sitting at a table by herself, noticing everyone who looks at her sneering. She sighs eating her food. Fred comes taking a seat across from her.

BRIDGETTE
Can I help you?

FRED
Who are you eating, now?

BRIDGETTE
Get away from me.

FRED
Did I hurt your feelings? You should take it as a compliment. The people you eat fill you out nice.

Patrick comes into the lunchroom.

BRIDGETTE
You're a pervert.

FRED
You're a nasty cannibal.

BRIDGETTE
My daddy is gonna get you.

FRED
I'm so scared. Is he...

Patrick places a hand on Fred's shoulder, causing him to slowly turn his head looking up at him. Patrick looks down at him smiling.

PATRICK
The person I needed to talk to.

BRIDGETTE
Hi daddy.

PATRICK
(To Bridgette)
How's everything going?
Bernard Mersier

17.

BRIDGETTE
Fred is bothering me.

PATRICK
Is that right? Fred, why are you bothering my angel?

Fred doesn't respond. Patrick pulls out a few dollars handing them to Bridgette.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Go over there and get your daddy some cake and something for yourself.

She walks off. Patrick takes a seat next to Fred.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What's your problem with my angel?

Fred is speechless, frozen with fear. Patrick gets closer to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You remember what you saw that night? Just nod your head if you do.

Fred slowly nods his head yes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You have two choices. You can live a happy life and leave my daughter alone. Or you can join your father in my basement.

Bridgette comes back taking her seat placing two pieces of cake down, one chocolate and the other is lemon.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Which one is mine?

BRIDGETTE
The lemon, because I know it's your favorite.

PATRICK
Fred, do you like lemon cake?

FRED
(Nervous)
Yes.

PATRICK
Good.

Patrick takes the lemon cake placing it in front of Fred.
BRIDGETTE
Why are you giving it to him?

PATRICK
Because Fred needs to start enjoy
the sweet pleasures of life.

Patrick stands up walking over to Bridgette, giving her a
kiss on the cheek.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Enjoy the rest of your day. I'll
see you when you get home.

Patrick walks off. Bridgette takes a piece of cake eating it
looking at Fred smiling.

BRIDGETTE
I told you my daddy would get you.

Fred takes off. Bridgette laughs eating another piece of
cake.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

JOHN MATHEWS, Patrick's next door neighbor, thirty-three,
brown skin, is standing on his porch wearing all-black
smoking a cigarette with a calm demeanor, scanning the
neighborhood.

The F-150 is parked in front of the house. The school bus
pulls up, and Bridgette gets off excited. Patrick comes from
the house in his chef uniform. Bridgette runs up to him.

PATRICK
How did the rest of your day go?

BRIDGETTE
It went great. He stopped bothering
me.

PATRICK
I told you I'd take care of it.

BRIDGETTE
I love you, daddy.

PATRICK
And daddy loves you. Go inside and
make you something to eat.

BRIDGETTE
Can we watch movies when you get
home?

PATRICK
It depends on the time.
BRIDGETTE

Okay.

She goes into the house. John comes from the porch walking over to Patrick.

JOHN

What's going on, neighbor?

Patrick turns looking at him.

PATRICK

I'm on my way to work. Hopefully, the new workers can keep up.

JOHN

When are you gonna make me something, top chef?

PATRICK

(Laughs)

I'll let you know.

JOHN

Right, right. Did you hear about the rapist beating up that old woman?

PATRICK

I saw it on the news.

JOHN

That's crazy. What type of man would do that?

PATRICK

It's sickening.

JOHN

One of his victims was found near those apartments close to your church.

PATRICK

I have a member of my church who lives over there.

JOHN

Well, I'll let you get to work. I have to tend to my little man.

PATRICK

How's your son? Is he recovering from the accident?

JOHN

He's good.
PATRICK
You two should stop in one Sunday.

JOHN
I'll think about it. You know people are cruel, despite they go to church?

PATRICK
You shouldn't let others stop you from hearing the word.

JOHN
I don't care what people think. I'm worried about what I'll do for them thinking it.

John walks back to his house. Patrick stares at him for a few seconds, before getting in his truck driving off.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Everyone is hard at work preparing different meals, and we can hear chatting and random orders being called out. Patrick walks through the kitchen looking over the meals the chef's are preparing, and despite he's satisfied with what he sees, he can't get John's words out of his head about a woman found raped in the area where Bradley lives. Unable to stop thinking about it, he makes his way to the back door walking out propping the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. /EXT. OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Pacing back and forth debating on seeking answers for what he's thinking, he gives in pulling out his cellphone calling Bradley.

PATRICK
How's everything going Brother Hews?

SPLIT SCREEN:

Bradley is sitting on the sofa wearing a dirty wife beater drinking a beer.

BRADLEY
Just fine.

PATRICK
Do you know anything about the woman found raped in your area?

BRADLEY
I heard about it on the news. It's some sick men out here.
PATRICK
Indeed. What are you doing for the evening?

BRADLEY
Nothing comes to mind.

PATRICK
I was thinking about coming over for a discussion.

His eyes widen taking a sip.

BRADLEY
Come to think of it, I just remembered I'm taking this lovely lady I met out to dinner.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
Maybe the Lord has blessed you with a good woman.

BRADLEY
I hope so. Sorry I can't talk with you tonight.

PATRICK
Not a problem. I'll see you in church Sunday.

The screen closes on Bradley side. Patrick hangs up suspicious, making his way back into the restaurant.

INT. BRADLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A Porno is playing on low on the television resting on top of some milk crates. Shirtless with sweat covering his body trailing over the old track marks, Bradley has PROSTITUTE #1 pinned down on the floor listening to her cries. He slaps her hard across the face, and then takes a sip from his beer he has on the cluttered table.

BRADLEY
(Drunk)
You like this, whore?!

PROSTITUTE #1
(Begging)
Please don't do...

He hits her with a stiff hard right knocking her out, followed by spitting on her.

BRADLEY
Please what, whore?

Leaning down with a sadistic smile, he licks the blood from her mouth.
BRADLEY (CONT'D)
It better feel as good as you taste.

He grabs a needle filled with heroin from the table ready to inject her, when his phone rings. Aggravated he places the needle down, pulling his phone out answering.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Hello?

PATRICK (V.O.)
I decided since I was in your neighborhood, we should have that discussion.

His eyes widen.

BRADLEY (Nervous)
I was getting ready for my date.

PATRICK (V.O.)
That's fine. But you know the Lord waits for no man, and no man should make the Lord wait for his word.

BRADLEY
You're absolutely right. Are you close by?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The building is raggedy with a lot of people coming in and out, staggering, and cussing loud. Patrick is sitting on the steps of an abandoned house across the street wearing a black bubble coat with the hood on his sweater underneath over his head.

PATRICK
You have some time.

BRADLEY (V.O.)
Let me cancel my plans with her, and I'll be ready when you get here.

Patrick hangs up placing the phone in his pocket. He then pulls out a bottle of chloroform and a handkerchief from his coat pocket.

Bradley comes from the apartment wearing his army jacket, holding Prostitute #1 up with her embroidery blue jean jacket over her head, making their way to the alley.

Patrick places some chloroform on the handkerchief making his way across the street. Bradley and Prostitute #1 walk
through the homeless people going deeper into the alley where it's darker. Stopping at an isolated corner, he throws her to the ground. She sits up vomiting.

PROSTITUTE #1
Please, don't do this.

Unbuttoning his pants, he looks down at her smiling.

BRADLEY
You'll thank me for what I'm about to do.

She tries standing up, but she's still stunned from the beating. Patrick comes up placing a hand on Bradley's shoulder, and he turns around startled.

BRADLEY
Deacon Graves? What are you doing here?

PATRICK
What are you doing?

BRADLEY
Well---

PROSTITUTE #1
Help me.

PATRICK
What's the problem with her?

BRADLEY
I saw her from my window. I figured since I'm a good Christian, I should help.

Patrick looks down noticing Bradley's pants unbuttoned.

PATRICK
That's why your pants are halfway down?

Bradley quickly fastens his pants, laughing nervously.

BRADLEY
I rushed out so fast I couldn't get my clothes together.

PATRICK
Let's get her to a hospital.

Bradley turns around lip syncing to Prostitute #1 she better stay quiet. Before Bradley can turn back around, Patrick places the handkerchief over Bradley's mouth and nose with a tight grip until he goes unconscious. He lets his body fall to the ground, and then focuses on Prostitute #1.
PROSTITUTE #1
Thank you.

PATRICK
Let this be a lesson and a blessing.

Prostitute #1 takes off running.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - NIGHT

Bradley is unconscious in his boxers with his arms raised up and legs spread with ropes on his wrist and ankles tied around spikes in the table he's tied down on.

Patrick stands beside the oil drum with a nice fire burning inside looking at Bradley shaking his head, before slapping him hard across the face.

BRADLEY
Where--where am I? What is this?

PATRICK
Brother Hews, your confession in church put a smile on my face.

He looks over at Patrick.

BRADLEY
Why am I here?!

PATRICK
You're here because your confession was full of it.

BRADLEY
What are you talking about?!

PATRICK
Are you proud of the things you do with your spare time?

BRADLEY
I have no idea what you're talking about.

PATRICK
The screams of those women you brutally beat and raped doesn't bother you?

BRADLEY
Wasn't me. Whoever did that to those women should be punished, but it wasn't me.

PATRICK
I'm glad you feel that way.
Patrick pulls the needle out Bradley was about to inject Prostitute #1 with.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Look what I found in your pocket. Why would a drug-free man have this?

He places the needle on Bradley's neck.

BRADLEY
Let me---

PATRICK
Explain your actions?

BRADLEY
The drugs took a toll on me. What woman would wanna be with me?

PATRICK
That means take what you want, because you self-abused yourself?

BRADLEY
I'll--I'll repent for what I've done.

PATRICK
Is repenting going to heal what you've done?

BRADLEY
I'll turn myself in. Please--please, don't place that in my body.

Placing his thumb on the plunger, he looks down at Bradley with a straight face.

PATRICK
Did you show mercy on the women you raped?

BRADLEY
I'm begging you.

He takes the needle from his neck.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
I wouldn't do that.

BRADLEY
Thank you.

PATRICK
You need to feel what those women felt.
Placing the needle to the side, he pulls a belt out wrapping it around Bradley's left leg tight.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You took those women state of mind. And once you destroy the mind, people never fully recover.

BRADLEY
I said I'll do anything!

PATRICK
Did you know there's over a million veins in the human body?

Patrick pulls out a stainless steel butterfly knife.

BRADLEY
What are you about to do?

PATRICK
We're about to find your functioning veins.

BRADLEY
It's not worth it! I'll change!

PATRICK
You should do that before you get to God.

Patrick places the knife down going in his pocket pulling out a gag, placing it in Bradley's mouth. He tightens the belt, picking up the knife placing the tip in dragging it straight down, reaching inside pulling out veins and muscle. Looking at what he pulled out, he doesn't seem satisfied.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
No good. I guess I'll keep going until I find the good ones.

Patrick continues slicing up his body.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

CLOSE UP - BRADLEY'S BODY

On top of cardboard boxes, mutilated to the point the very sight would make you hurl.

Thompson and Ronald stand to the side looking on disgusted, while other officers take pictures looking for clues.

RONALD
This is by far the sickest shit I've ever seen.
THOMPSON
No argument there.

RONALD
Who has the time or stomach to do this?

THOMPSON
Whoever it was, it seems personal.

Thompson walks over kneeling down, taking a closer look.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Patrick is standing by the counter smiling, tapping his fingers on the container filled with cut up organs and spaghetti noodles. Bridgette comes into the kitchen.

BRIDGETTE
Good morning, daddy.

He turns his attention to her.

PATRICK
Good morning, princess. You ready to go?

BRIDGETTE
Yeah.

She notices the container on the counter.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Are we having spaghetti tonight?

He looks at her confused for a split second, and then he remembers he has the container on the counter.

PATRICK
I can make you some.

BRIDGETTE
What's wrong with that?

Patrick taps his fingers on the lid.

PATRICK
It's spoiled.

BRIDGETTE
Oh.

PATRICK
Let's get going. I'll buy the stuff to make you some spaghetti.
INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Thompson is sitting behind his desk doing paperwork. Ronald comes in. Thompson looks up from his paperwork.

THOMPSON
What's the latest?

RONALD
The victim is Bradley Hews. He helped down at the clinic, church going man, so forth and so on.

THOMPSON
Innocent man murdered?

RONALD
I wouldn't go that far. After the news aired, a woman came in filing a report claiming he was about to rape her.

THOMPSON
Interesting.

RONALD
Guess what church he attended?

THOMPSON
Which one?

RONALD
The church the boy accused the good deacon of murder.

THOMPSON
Are you serious?

Ronald nods his head yes, walking out the room. Thompson shakes his head.

THOMPSON
This shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Stepping back in the early-eighties is what you would be doing when you walk into Patrick's living room with plastic on the furniture. Patrick is sitting on the couch watching a gospel program, holding a bowl with the organs and noodles drenched in spaghetti sauce. Enjoying what the preacher is talking about, Patrick gets a forkful of noodles and organs placing it in his mouth.

PATRICK
(Chewing)
Not bad.
He's ready for another forkful, and the doorbell rings. Sighing placing the bowl to the side, he gets up walking to the door opening it, and there stands John.

JOHN
How's it going?

PATRICK
I'm blessed for another day.

JOHN
That's good. Can I borrow some sugar? Little man wants some cereal, and he doesn't eat it without sugar.

PATRICK
Not a problem.

JOHN
Thanks. I hope I didn't disturb you?

PATRICK
It's fine.

Patrick steps to the side allowing John to come in. John sees the bowl.

JOHN
Looks like I caught you eating.

PATRICK
A little spaghetti I threw together.

JOHN
How is it?

PATRICK
It's pretty fair.

JOHN
Can I try some?

PATRICK
I don't think you'd like it. The noodles have a strange taste.

JOHN
Okay.

PATRICK
Let me go get the sugar for you.

Patrick walks off to the kitchen.
JOHN
Did you hear the news about the rapist?

PATRICK (O.S.)
Yeah.

JOHN
Damn shame how he died.

PATRICK (O.S.)
People get the punishment they deserve.

JOHN
I can understand that, but goddamn. They said he looked like something from a horror movie.

Patrick comes into the room holding a small canister.

PATRICK
You shouldn't use the Lord's name in vain.

JOHN
Did I do that?

PATRICK
You sure did.

JOHN
Can you answer something for me?

PATRICK
What?

JOHN
If you confess your sins...the Lord forgives you, right?

PATRICK
Our God is a forgiving God, as long as you devote your life to him.

JOHN
No matter the sin, he'll forgive you?

PATRICK
Is there something you need to confess?

John takes the canister from his hand.

JOHN
Nothing I can think of. Just asking because it's people out here (MORE)
JOHN (cont'd)
claiming they're hollier than thou,
and be the main ones sinning.
Thanks for the sugar.

John walks out. Patrick looks on suspicious.

INT. SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

Patrick has a buggy filled with various items standing in
the cereal aisle. Janet comes down the aisle pushing her
buggy stopping beside him.

JANET
You're still doing the devil's
work?

He looks at her confused.

PATRICK
Excuse me?

JANET
Don't act surprised. I saw the
news.

PATRICK
What are you talking about?

JANET
Bradley Hews.

PATRICK
What about him?

JANET
You killed him.

PATRICK
Do you ever use that old brain to
think? He was a heroin addict? He
probably had a debt he didn't pay,
and his dealer finally caught him.

JANET
I'm old, but I ain't crazy. Your
judgment is coming, Patrick Graves.

PATRICK
When you think you're tired of
hearing yourself talk, I'd like to
get back to shopping. My daughter
is getting out of school soon, and
I promised her spaghetti.

JANET
I feel sorry for her. She has no
idea what her twisted father feeds
her.
He steps into her, fed up with the words coming from her mouth.

PATRICK
Watch your words, Sister Young.

JANET
There's a reserved seat in hell for you.

PATRICK
I'll make sure I save a seat for you.

He walks off with his buggy.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick and Bridgette are sitting at the table eating spaghetti. Something is plaguing Patrick's mind, and you can see the annoyance on his face.

BRIDGETTE
Thanks for making the spaghetti.

Patrick doesn't respond.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Daddy, are you okay?

He lowers his head.

PATRICK
I'm fine.

BRIDGETTE
What's wrong?

PATRICK
I'm thinking about something.

BRIDGETTE
What are you thinking about?

PATRICK
Nothing you should worry about. Eat your food.

BRIDGETTE
Daddy...

He looks up with anger etching his face.

PATRICK
Just eat your food, and don't worry about it!

Bridgette's eyes water up leaving the table, running to her room. He sits for a few seconds, before getting up making
his way to her room walking in.

Her room is soft pink with matching blankets on her bed, and a picture of Jesus on her wall. She's lying on the bed with her face in the pillow crying. Patrick takes a seat on the bed.

PATRICK
(Sorrow)
Daddy apologizes. I didn't mean...

She sits up with tears coming down her face.

BRIDGETTE
You yelled at me. You never yell at me.

PATRICK
I apologize. Daddy has a lot on his mind, and I shouldn't have taken it out on you.

BRIDGETTE
You don't love me anymore.

PATRICK
I do love you.

BRIDGETTE
You don't yell at the people you love. That's what you told me.

Patrick wraps his arms around her holding her tight.

PATRICK
That's the truth. I promise you here and now, as God as my witness, I'll never yell at you again.

BRIDGETTE
You promise?

He lets her go looking in her red teary eyes smiling.

PATRICK
Let God take me now if I'm lying.

BRIDGETTE
Okay.

PATRICK
How about after church tomorrow we go to the park?

She cracks a smile wiping the tears from her face.

BRIDGETTE
You'll give me all the underdogs I want?
PATRICK
(Laughs)
Do you know how old your daddy is?

BRIDGETTE
(Laughs)
You'll be okay.

He pushes her down on the bed tickling her.

PATRICK
I'll be okay, huh? You think that's funny?

He stops tickling her. She sits up catching her breath from laughing.

BRIDGETTE
I love you, daddy.

PATRICK
And I'll always love you.

INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - MORNING

As Patrick stands looking in the mirror, his face is flushed with sickness thinking about Danielle. He goes in his pocket pulling out his wallet opening it, taking Danielle's blood stained ring out. Placing it on the sink, he stares at it ready to cry.

PATRICK
How could you?

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK BEDROOM - AFTERNOON {FLASHBACK}

CLOSE UP - THE TELEVISION

In the corner of the screen is the date 8/15/16 for the movie playing. Danielle is in a motel room with Michael taking each others clothes off. Bridgette is sitting on the bed in her pajamas stunned by what she sees. Patrick comes into the room.

PATRICK
Princess, I was thinking...

He pauses staring at the screen. Bridgette turns looking at him.

BRIDGETTE
Daddy---

PATRICK
Go to your room, now.
She gets up leaving the room. Patrick takes a seat on the bed, shaking his head watching.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
...I can't believe you.

COME BACK TO:

INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

He throws some water on his face, and then picks up the ring.

PATRICK
Give me the strength Lord to get this demon out my head.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The Church is full as usual, while the choir sings a song. Patrick makes his way to the pulpit. The singing and music stops.

PATRICK
I'm sorry for the wait, brothers and sisters. I'm not feeling good today, so I'll say a few words, and Brother Wright can takeover.

PERSON (O.S.)
What's wrong, Deacon?

PATRICK
The Devil is trying to stray me from the Lord's path. Nothing I can't get over.

The room says amen.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Today, we're talking about the wolf in sheep clothing. We all know about Brother Hews, God rest his soul.

The room agrees.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
While he was here with us, he was a man of God. He was drug free, helped at the clinic, and a faithful church member. Behind closed doors, he was doing the Devil's work. But...can we blame him?

The room is silent.
PATRICK (CONT'D)
I said can we blame him?!

The room is still silent.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
We can't blame him, and I'll tell you why. We looked at him as a man we could put our trust in. Brothers and sisters, just because a person portrays one thing, that doesn't mean that's who they are. The Devil you claim in others is usually the one you claim could never do wrong.

The room applauds, and amen is heard through the room. Patrick steps down from the pulpit. As he makes his way towards the back, he sees Greg sitting with his arm wrapped around a child inappropriately.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bridgette is next door playing with John's son JAMES MATHEWS ten-years-old.

James has a speech problem from the car accident.

John is sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette. Patrick comes out the house, and Bridgette runs over to him.

BRIDGETTE
Can James come with us to the park?

PATRICK
We'd have to ask his father.

BRIDGETTE
Let's go ask him.

The two walk over to John's house. John flicks his cigarette to the side, standing up coming down from the porch. Bridgette and James go back to playing.

JOHN
It's nice seeing those two having fun.

PATRICK
Yeah, it is. Can James come with us to the park?

JOHN
I'm not sure about that one.

PATRICK
He would be in good hands.
JOHN
You know how people are towards him. I don't believe you'd stand up for him like I would.

PATRICK
Nobody will mess with him to that point.

JOHN
(Scoffs)
You and I know that's a lie. I tell you what. Since she likes playing with him, and I know he likes playing with her. If you get back early, he can come back out.

PATRICK
I can roll with that.

JOHN
Cool.

John turns to James.

JOHN
Come on champ, it's time to head in.

James turns looking at John.

JAMES
Daddy, I play with my friend.

JOHN
You can play with her when she comes back.

James turns to Bridgette.

JAMES
Play later, friend?

BRIDGETTE
Yes, we can play later.

She gives him a hug and kiss on the cheek.

JAMES
Thanks friend.

BRIDGETTE
You're welcome, friend.

James makes his way over to John, and Patrick makes his way over to Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE
I guess he couldn't come.
PATRICK
Not this time.

BRIDGETTE
Okay.

PATRICK
You really like him, huh?

BRIDGETTE
He's my friend.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

There's a fair amount of children running around playing with their parents.

ANGLE ON--

Patrick is pushing Bridgette on the swing. He takes a step back looking around the area.

PATRICK'S POV

Greg is sitting on the bleachers wearing a trench coat with an orgasmic look, licking his lips. Resting beside him are some open juices. He pulls a flask out taking a deep swig.

Patrick gets ready to walk over to him, and Bridgette gets off the swing.

BRIDGETTE
Where are you going?

PATRICK
I'll be right back. I have to speak with Brother Greene.

BRIDGETTE
Okay. I'll be over here playing.

Greg gets ready to take another sip, and then he sees Patrick making his way towards him. He quickly places the flask back in his pocket as Patrick gets to the bleachers.

PATRICK
How are you on this fine day?

GREG
I'm doing fine, thinking about my new book.

PATRICK
Is that right?

GREG
Yup.
PATRICK
No harm in that. What better place to come and think?

GREG
I completely agree.

PATRICK
You mind if I come up?

GREG
Come on.

Patrick walks up the bleachers taking a seat next to Greg.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Look at them. They're so innocent.

GREG
Indeed they are. Hopefully after I get everything together, I can get my little girl back.

PATRICK
How old is she?

GREG
She'll be six next week.

PATRICK
Isn't that something? Watching your daughter grow from a beautiful baby girl, all the way into an amazing woman?

GREG
That's why I'm doing my best to get my daughter back.

Patrick looks at the juices.

PATRICK
You mind if I have a juice?

GREG
Somebody left these here. As you can see, they're already open.

PATRICK
(Deep whiff)
It smells like someone's been drinking.

GREG
(Nervous laugh)
That might be me.
PATRICK
I thought you put the bottle down?
Or the Devil's saliva as you called it.

GREG
No, it's not alcohol. It's the Listerine.

PATRICK
Listerine?

GREG
(Nervous laugh)
Breath gotta stay fresh.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
Can I tell you something?

GREG
What?

PATRICK
We're only human.

GREG
Yeah.

PATRICK
There's nothing wrong with having a drink here and there. Sometimes, I slip off and have a drink or two.

GREG
You do?

PATRICK
It's nothing wrong with drinking as long as you don't get drunk.

GREG
I see.

PATRICK
How about we grab some drinks and go down to the water?

GREG
Are you serious?

PATRICK
Since I read your first book, I'm interested in hearing what you have planned for the new one.

Greg is silent.
PATRICK (CONT'D)
Brother Greene, don't worry. As long as we don't get drunk we'll be fine.

GREG
We can do that.

PATRICK
Good. Meet me there around ten.

GREG
You want me to get the drinks?

PATRICK
Yes.

GREG
Cool.

Patrick looks over at Bridgette playing with the other kids.

PATRICK
She's the most beautiful little girl I've ever seen.

Greg looks at Bridgette.

GREG
You have a beautiful child.

Patrick turns to him.

PATRICK
Thank you. If I wasn't a man of God, and a pedophile did something to my little girl.

(Sighs)
I don't know if God would be able to forgive me.

GREG
I feel the same way.

PATRICK
Pedophiles don't have a place in this world.

Patrick stands up stretching.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Ah, well. I'll see you tonight.

Patrick walks off the bleachers making his way back to Bridgette. Greg pulls out the flask taking a sip with perverted intentions in his eyes watching the children play.
EXT. THE WATER - NIGHT

It's a cool breeze blowing as the moon reflects off the waves. Patrick and Greg are standing by the water drinking from big blue cups, laughing and talking. Patrick is wearing his black leather gloves.

Patrick
What made you decide to become a writer?

Greg
It was a childhood thing. I never took it serious until I had my daughter.

Patrick
Let me tell you right now, your book was amazing.

Greg
I put my all into that book.

Patrick
I can tell. It's full of in-depth details and passion. I had to read it twice.

Greg
Thank you.

Patrick
You're a very good writer. Writing a story about a child being victimized takes a strong stomach. How can a grown man be all over a child?

Greg downs his cup.

Greg
I know what you mean.

Patrick downs his cup.

Patrick
That's why when I was reading your book, and I say again, it's a very good book. Each page had me like, wow. You would think he's a pedophile how good it sounds.

There's a cold silence.

Greg
Well, I'm not. Just so we're clear.
PATRICK
I fully agree with what happens to pedophiles in jail.

GREG
Why?

PATRICK
Do you really think a man would love getting violated by a man?

GREG
No.

PATRICK
Then what makes you think a child would?

GREG
Maybe the person has a sickness. Or maybe the person had the same scenario happen to them.

PATRICK
Why would they do that to another child if it happened to them?

GREG
I was---

PATRICK
Brother Greene, you seem offended. What's the problem?

GREG
Maybe it's the drinks making me think of the people who were explaining their story. I'm far from taking offense.

PATRICK
We need to change the topic. Let's have one more round.

Patrick takes his cup, and then walks over to the Remy bottle by the rocks. He turns his back going inside his coat pocket pulling out a sandwich bag filled with liquid nicotine, pouring it all into Greg's cup, adding a splash of liquor.

GREG
I just want people to understand both sides of the story.

PATRICK
I hear you talking. Can I ask another question?
Ask what you feel.

Patrick walks back to him.

Patrick

GREG

Did you know me and your wife talked every Sunday?

GREG

I don't see what's wrong with that. What better person to confide in than the Deacon of your church?

PATRICK

Do you wanna know what she was telling me?

GREG

I hope nothing but good things.

PATRICK

Some of it was good. But that's neither here nor there.

GREG

Why is that?

PATRICK

Do you know who the most important woman in my life is?

GREG

Bridgette.

PATRICK

Who is the most important woman in your life?

GREG

I know where this is going. Just let me say---

PATRICK

How could you do that to your own child? As a man, you should feel disgusted you're aroused by a child. As a father, you should wanna kill yourself.

Greg lowers his head in shame.

GREG

You're right. I should be---

PATRICK

You should be locked away or killed. I tried convincing her to (MORE)
PATRICK (cont'd)
have you arrested, but she felt so ashamed for not stopping you.

GREG
I should've killed myself for thinking that was the right thing to do. See my father---

PATRICK
Your father did the same thing to you, over and over when you were a child. That's another reason why you were able to get in-depth with your writings.

GREG
...True.

PATRICK
(Sighs)
My daughter was out there today. Did you have her lined up as one of your victims?

Greg looks up looking in Patrick eyes with a straight face.

GREG
I swear on my life. I would never---

PATRICK
That's what all pedophiles say. They would never touch someone they know children. While on the inside, they can't wait to get that child alone to completely take advantage of them.

Greg turns his back ready to walk away.

GREG
I need to think about my life.

PATRICK
There's no need. You've chosen the path you wanted to take. Once you start on that road, there's no turning back.

GREG
I never should've started on that road.

PATRICK
Let's have this last drink. Hopefully when you get home you'll see the light.
Greg turns around and Patrick raises his cup, extending Greg's cup to him. Greg takes the cup.

GREG
What's the toast?

PATRICK
One of my favorite scriptures, from Mathew 5:29. And if thy right eye offends thee, pluck it out.

Greg downs his drink, instantly having problems grabbing at his throat vomiting, dropping down to one knee. Patrick looks at him as he falls flat to the ground breathing heavy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
A real father loves his child, and would give his life making sure no harm comes their way.

Patrick pulls out a different butterfly knife kneeling down turning Greg over raising the knife high bringing it down.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. THE WATER - MORNING
A HOMELESS MAN wearing tore up jeans, a dinghy old white coat with holes in it and a skull cap comes walking along the water with a garbage bag filled with cans. Walking up on the garbage can, a big smile spreads across his face opening it looking inside. He falls back in fear, scooting away from the can.

HOMELESS MAN
Holy shit!

He takes off running, leaving his cans.

INSERT INSIDE THE CAN

Inside the can we see Greg's folded up body with his eyes missing.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - MORNING
Thompson is sitting behind his desk looking over paperwork. Ronald comes in.

THOMPSON
What's going on?

RONALD
Dead body found by the water.

THOMPSON
Who is it?
RONALD
Greg Greene. He was found with his eyes missing.

THOMPSON
No shit.

RONALD
Autopsy report said he ingested a massive amount of liquid nicotine. Taking his eyes was a fuck you.

THOMPSON
Crazy shit.

RONALD
What's crazy is he's another member from the church.

THOMPSON
Let's go pay the deacon a visit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Bridgette are sitting on the floor doing her homework. Patrick has on his chef uniform.

BRIDGETTE
Homework is hard.

PATRICK
It can't be that hard.

BRIDGETTE
It is.

PATRICK
You wanna know a secret?

She looks at him smiling.

BRIDGETTE
What is it?

PATRICK
The secret is...

The doorbell rings. Patrick makes his way to the door opening it, and there stands Thompson.

THOMPSON
Good afternoon. May I come in?

PATRICK
You need to look around my house again because of a tip?
THOMPSON
I just wanna ask you a few questions.

Bridgette walks over to Patrick standing beside him.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Hello, again.

BRIDGETTE
Are they trying to look around the house?

PATRICK
Not this time.

BRIDGETTE
What does he want?

PATRICK
Get your homework and take it upstairs. I'll be up there in a minute.

She walks off getting her homework, making her way upstairs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Didn't I ask you to stop pretending you have my daughter in your best interest?

THOMPSON
Sorry. Can I come in?

Patrick lets him come in.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
I don't know if you heard. Another member from your church was found murdered.

PATRICK
And who might that be?

THOMPSON
Greg Greene.

PATRICK
Brother Greene? He was on his way to becoming a well-known author.

THOMPSON
Someone took his eyes from him.

PATRICK
That's terrible.

THOMPSON
I would say so.
PATRICK
What do you wanna ask me?

THOMPSON
Two people from your church
murdered in less than a week. Your
wife is still missing. You don't
find all of this odd?

PATRICK
Depending on how you live your
life, the Lord punishes you the
best way fit. The situation as far
as my wife...

(Inhales deep, releasing
sharp)
You have the audacity bringing up
my wife in situations that are
completely different? You're still
searching for a way to label me as
a murderer?

THOMPSON
No sir, I'm not.

PATRICK
Your question implied you are.
Judge not for you're not the Lord.

THOMPSON
You're a very religious man.

PATRICK
All I need is the Lord and my
daughter. I'm here to preach the
word for people to follow in the
Lord's footsteps.

THOMPSON
Sometimes you have to bang the
right thing into someone's head.

PATRICK
I'll keep that in mind.

THOMPSON
You do that.

PATRICK
If you don't have any more
questions, I'd like to get back to
helping my daughter.

THOMPSON
I think we're done here.
PATRICK
Good. If you feel you need to question me again, come to the church Sunday.

THOMPSON
I'll do that.

PATRICK
Please do.

Thompson walks out the house. Patrick closes the door, and then walks upstairs heading to Bridgette's room standing in the doorway looking at her on the bed doing her homework.

PATRICK
I wish I could stay and help, but I'm already running late.

She sits up looking at him.

BRIDGETTE
I'll figure it out.

PATRICK
Okay. I'll see you when I get home.

BRIDGETTE
Wait a second.

PATRICK
What?

BRIDGETTE
You never told me the secret.

Patrick walks over to the bed taking a seat.

PATRICK
Good memory.

BRIDGETTE
You told me to never forget what a person says, so they can't get over on you.

PATRICK
That's my girl. The secret to getting over things you think are hard is this. Figure out the outcome of what you believe is hard. Once you've done that. Figure out if what you think is hard worth overcoming. Add those two together, and you'll see things a lot easier.

BRIDGETTE
Can I think this way about everything?
He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

   PATRICK  
   You sure can. I have to get going.

He stands up making his way out the room. Coming down the stairs, he grabs his coat from off the couch making his way out the front door.

INT. /EXT. IN FRONT OF PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick comes down the steps placing his coat on, walking over to his truck getting in. He gets comfortable, and then reaches over opening the glove compartment. Inside is a Ziplock bag with Greg's bloody eyes.

   PATRICK  
   Maybe God will bless you with another pair to look at your soul.

He closes the compartment, and then starts the truck up pulling off.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

A Black Charger pulls up in front of the church. Thompson and Ronald get out.

   RONALD  
   You really think we'll find some answers here?

   THOMPSON  
   What better place to get answers than the house of the Lord?

The two walk into the church.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Thompson and Ronald come into the room, standing up against the back wall. The choir is singing a song. Patrick is standing behind the pulpit smiling. Ushers are standing at the end of the pews passing the collection plates down.

Eric is sitting in the middle row. When he gets the plate there's some hundred dollar bills marked with small red dots on the right corner resting on top of some singles. When he passes the plate to the next person, the hundreds are replaced with ones. Patrick continues smiling making his way from the pulpit, heading to the back room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - HOURS LATER

People are coming out the church. Thompson and Ronald are standing to the side waiting for Patrick to come out. Janet comes walking up.
JANET
What brings you here?

THOMPSON
Two people found murdered who attended this church. I'd say that's a good reason to come around.

JANET
But what my grandson and I were saying wasn't?

THOMPSON
Ma'am, unless you have something of value we can use this time. I need you to go about your day.

JANET
I have a lot I can speak on.

THOMPSON
What do you have?

Patrick comes out the church smiling. Janet and Thompson focus on him. Patrick looks at them, and then looks back seeing Eric coming out the church heading for the bus stop. Patrick gives Bridgette the keys, and she goes to the parking lot. Patrick follows behind Eric. Thompson focuses his attention back on Janet.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Can we discuss it at your house?

JANET
Not a problem. Just make sure you come.

She walks off making her way to her car.

PATRICK
Did you enjoy the sermon?

ERIC
I love hearing the word from you.

Janet walks pass, and Patrick looks at her with a straight face. She shakes her head heading to her car. Patrick turns his attention back to Eric.

PATRICK
Brother Heap...there's a serious issue going on in the church.

ERIC
What?
PATRICK
Last Sunday...I caught some of our younger members doing some grown up things in the back room.

ERIC
Wow.

PATRICK
Can we meet up Monday? I'll treat to dinner, and we can discuss the situation.

At first Eric is uncertain, and then he brushes it off.

ERIC
Yeah. Yeah, I can do that. Where do you wanna meet?

PATRICK
Meet me here around seven.

ERIC
I'll be here.

PATRICK
I appreciate it, brother Heap.

ERIC
Not a problem.

PATRICK
I truthfully believe we can deliver the word to change these young people.

ERIC
I hope we do.

PATRICK
Have faith. I'll see you Monday.

Patrick walks off. Eric looks at him confused as his bus pulls up. Patrick gets ready to get in his truck, when he notices Thompson walking towards him.

PATRICK
You came to hear the good word?

THOMPSON
I hope what I learned will benefit me.

PATRICK
Good.

THOMPSON
Can you help me out with something?
PATRICK

(Laughs)
My sermon wasn't enough?

THOMPSON

It was. Can you tell me what you know about your neighbor?

PATRICK

What can I say? He had a car wreck a couple of months ago that killed his wife, and caused his son some brain damage.

THOMPSON

Tragic.

PATRICK

Yep. He was driving, and a drunk driver sideswiped him.

THOMPSON

You don't say?

PATRICK

He mainly keeps to himself. I know he really doesn't care for the law. Why?

THOMPSON

We talked the day I left your house.

PATRICK

What did he have to say?

THOMPSON

He was telling me how the people of the community love you.

PATRICK

Isn't he nice?

THOMPSON

Don't let me hold you up. I know you have to get home.

PATRICK

I hope I've helped.

Thompson walks off. Patrick stands by his truck watching.

PATRICK

Keep coming around. I'll help you in more ways than you know.

He gets in the truck.
INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The layout of the room has an old-school Southern feel. Thompson and Ronald are sitting on the sofa, while Janet sits in a chair drinking tea.

THOMPSON
What do you have for us this time?

JANET
Information so you can catch that madman, Patrick Graves.

THOMPSON
I'm listening.

JANET
It's called common sense.

THOMPSON
(Sighs)
Ma'am, I'm sorry. We need facts.

JANET
Come down here for a second, Fred!

Fred comes downstairs walking in the living room.

FRED
Yes?

JANET
Tell these people what you saw.

Fred gets scared, slowly backing away.

THOMPSON
It's okay. Say what you saw.

FRED
He...he was eating my daddy.

THOMPSON
Who? Was it the deacon?

Fred runs upstairs.

JANET
What else do you need?

THOMPSON
That's not enough.

JANET
He can continue roaming the streets a free man?
THOMPSON
There's nothing we can do without evidence. You saw what happened when we searched his house. With every lead you tried giving us, we came up with nothing.

FRED (O.S.)
He keeps my daddy in the basement.

Thompson stands up walking towards the stairs.

THOMPSON
What was that?

Fred comes downstairs.

FRED
Look in the basement.

THOMPSON
When we went through his house we didn't find anything.

FRED
He's in the basement.

Fred goes back upstairs.

JANET
God is trying to help you through my grandson.

Thompson turns around sighing.

THOMPSON
We'll be leaving.

Ronald stands up, and the two make their way out the house.

EXT. /INT. IN FRONT OF JANET'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Janet's house is somewhat similar to Patrick's, but her neighborhood looks better. Thompson and Ronald walk down the steps making their way to the Charger.

RONALD
I think everybody in that church is crazy.

THOMPSON
That could be true. I'm starting to think the kid is telling the truth.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

PROSTITUTE #2, long brown hair with some nice size breast is riding Eric with some force as he holds her waist. Their moans calm down reaching an orgasm together. She rolls over
to the side breathing heavy covered with sweat.

ERIC
You want another glass?

PROSTITUTE #2
No thanks. I need to get back on my stroll.

ERIC
Suit yourself.

PROSTITUTE #2
I'm about to go freshen up. You can pay me when I leave.

ERIC
Not a problem.

She gets out the bed walking to the bathroom closing the door behind her. Eric picks up his cup resting beside the champagne bottle on the floor.

ERIC
The best champagne church money can buy. Thank you, Jesus.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Patrick is standing beside his truck watching the bus pull up. Eric gets off the bus wearing his Detroit coat making his way over to Patrick.

PATRICK
I'm glad you could make it.

ERIC
Anything I can do for the church.

PATRICK
That's what I like to hear. Where would you like to eat?

ERIC
Any place with a good burger.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
We might as well grab some fast food.

ERIC
I can't be choosy with your money.

PATRICK
You're considerate, too. Let's go get something to eat.
Patrick gets in. Eric walks over to the passenger door getting in. They both get comfortable putting their seat-belts on. Patrick pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE PATRICK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK
You know what I really like about you?

ERIC
What would that be?

PATRICK
The fact you admitted you were a thief.

ERIC
And why is that?

PATRICK
Well as I said, I was a thief myself. The only reason I got caught is because I forgot one thing.

ERIC
What was that?

PATRICK
The hand is always quicker than the eye.

ERIC
True facts.

PATRICK
I know. Can you hand me my CD case in the back?

Eric unfastens his seat-belt, turning to reach in the back for the CD case. When he faces Patrick, Patrick quickly punches him with a hard right, and then grabs him by the back of the head slamming his head against the dashboard until he goes unconscious.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
It seems you forgot you never take your eyes off the person you stole from.

Patrick pulls up to a red light stopping. He leans Eric's seat back, and then turns the radio on. Gospel music plays as he waits for the light to turn green.
INT. ABANDON HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

The oil drum is burning a nice size fire. You can hear the rats squeaking, running around through the room. Eric is in his boxers with his back, ass and thighs glued to a steel chair. There's rope around his body, forehead and legs of the chair, tied down to spikes in the floor so he can't move his body or head.

His forearms are glued down to a wooden table. Tight piano wire is around his neck, connecting to one side of a scale resting on a broken television, sitting on top of some stacked up wood. There's razor blades glued on his eyebrows. Wires are connected to the other side of the scale, and at the end of the wires on the opposite end are fish hooks, which are going through his eyelids.

Patrick is standing to the side with a buzzsaw in his hand, watching as Eric wakes up. He gets ready to move his head, and Patrick puts a hand on his shoulder stopping him.

PATRICK
Don't be so quick to move.

ERIC
What the fuck is this?!

He tries opening his eyes wider, and he shrieks in pain nicking his eyelids on the razor blades.

PATRICK
Oh, yeah. Don't try opening your eyes either.

ERIC
Why are you doing this?!

He tries getting up from the chair, and he moans in pain feeling his flesh tearing from his body.

PATRICK
Do you remember what you told the congregation when the woman had the shotgun to your face?

ERIC
What the fuck does that have to do with this?!

PATRICK
It has a lot to do with it. Do you remember what I said my mother did to me?

ERIC
She tried to tear the skin from your back, and the woman told me to earn what I want. What the fuck does any of this mean?!
PATRICK
I'm combining those scenarios into one.

ERIC
What?

PATRICK
If you want to get up, you have to tear your skin from your body. But that doesn't matter. What matters is getting free before the wire around your neck cuts through your throat.

ERIC
I didn't steal shit! Are you out of your fucking mind?!

PATRICK
You need to ask yourself that question, stealing from the house of the Lord.

ERIC
All of this is over some punk ass money?!

PATRICK
It's about you stealing from the Lord. I purposely set that marked money in the collection plate to see if you'd bite. The devil's workers easily fall for what they believe is easy, thinking they won't get caught.

ERIC
A true man of God knows thou shalt not kill.

PATRICK
A true man of God also knows thou shalt not steal. And I'm not killing you. If you don't save yourself in time, you'll be killing yourself.

ERIC
You sick---

PATRICK
Save your strength.

Patrick puts the saw down, and then places a gag in Eric's mouth. He grabs a small bag filled with sand, and slowly starts pouring it on the side of the scale which has the hooks connected to Eric's eyes.
Eric is trying to get up from the chair, and we can hear his flesh ripping as the hooks lift his eyelids up cutting them off. Eric is shaking frantically with blood pouring down his face, continuing trying to escape.

Placing the bag of sand down, Patrick picks up the saw starting it up placing it on the table, slowly moving it down to Eric's right hand. The skin is peeling from Eric's right forearm. Patrick cuts two of Eric's fingers off, just as he snatches his arm from the table. Patrick pulls the saw up turning it off, placing it down on the table.

PATRICK
You're almost free.

Picking up the sand, Patrick starts slowly filling the other side of the scale. Eric is desperately peeling his left arm from the table, as the wire gets tighter around his neck. Blood comes from his mouth as the wire cuts through his throat, and his body stops moving. Patrick looks at Eric's lifeless body with a smile.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Look at the bright side. At least you don't have to worry about getting raped in jail.

Patrick picks up Eric's fingers placing them in his pocket. He then picks up a gas can he brought in, drenching Eric's body with gasoline.

Once he's finished, He kicks the drum over watching Eric catch on fire, before making his way out.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Bridgette are playing a game of tag. He takes a break, trying to catch his breath.

BRIDGETTE
Can we go get some doughnuts?

He looks at her smiling.

PATRICK
Dinner before sweets.

BRIDGETTE
I know. I'm just getting it out the way.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
Look at my baby girl. You think just like your daddy.

John and James come out the house.
JAMES

Friend!

Bridgette looks at Patrick smiling.

BRIDGETTE
Can I play with him?

PATRICK
Yeah. I need to talk with his daddy.

BRIDGETTE
Why?

PATRICK
It's like you said. I'm getting it out the way.

Bridgette runs over to James, and the two begin playing. Patrick walks over to John. John places a cigarette in his mouth lighting it.

PATRICK
Those two sure do have fun together.

JOHN
(Exhales)
Yeah.

PATRICK
I would hate for them to end their beautiful friendship.

JOHN
Why would they do that?

PATRICK
What did you call yourself trying to tell the police?

JOHN
If I wanted to tell 'em something, I would've done it.

PATRICK
(Dry laugh)
I never knew you were a comedian.

JOHN
You know now.

PATRICK
What are you saying?

John faces him blowing smoke in his face.
JOHN
I'm not saying nothing, I'm telling you.

Patrick grabs John by his collar holding him. John looks at him smiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm not your wife or the nigga she was cheating on you with.

Patrick looks at him confused. John breaks the hold taking Patrick to the ground. James and Bridgette stop playing looking over at the two.

BRIDGETTE AND JAMES
Daddy?

Patrick looks over at Bridgette smiling.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
We're just playing.

JOHN
(Laughs)
Yeah, we're wrestling, champ.

The two go back to playing.

JOHN (CONT'D)
We all have secrets. Some secrets we have, we wish others didn't know.

PATRICK
What do you know about me?

JOHN
I could tell the police what happened the night your wife supposedly came up missing.

Patrick gets ready to speak, and John shakes his head no.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Just know, I know. And now you know, I know.

John gets off him, and then helps him to his feet.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Everybody has a Devil inside them. Some choose to have it out in the open, while others hide behind a mask. Know I can remove your mask. I won't risk it, because I could possibly lose my little man.
PATRICK
Storing drugs and guns in your basement can do that for you.

JOHN
(Laughs)
I'm not worried about you. Look down.

Patrick looks down seeing John holding a nine-millimeter.

PATRICK
What does that mean?

JOHN
It means if you try anything, the fire from these bullets will give you a taste of hell.

Patrick turns looking at Bridgette.

PATRICK
Come on princess, let's go get them doughnuts

BRIDGETTE
Can we get James some, too?

PATRICK
Yeah, we can do that.

Patrick walks towards his truck.

JOHN
Have a good day, neighbor.

Patrick looks back at him before getting in the truck.

Bridgette looks at James smiling.

BRIDGETTE
What kind of doughnuts do you like?

JAMES
Chocolate.

BRIDGETTE
Those are my favorite, too. I'll bring you some back, okay?

JAMES
Okay.

They give each other a hug, and then Bridgette goes to get in the truck. James runs back over to John. John lights another cigarette smiling, watching Patrick pull off.
JAMES
Friend is bringing me doughnuts, daddy.

JOHN
She's a good friend, champ.

JAMES
I love friend, daddy.

John looks at him smiling.

JOHN
You're something else, boy. Let's go in the house.

The two make their way back into the house.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

The store is filled with people coming from church. The workers are behind a bulletproof glass ringing people up. Patrick and Bridgette are standing at the counter.

PATRICK
Go get what you want.

Ashley comes into the store wearing some black leggings, black Ugg boots and a T-shirt walking up to the counter.

ASHLEY
Let me get a box of magnums.

PATRICK
Ms. Turner.

She turns facing him shocked.

ASHLEY
Deacon Graves? I didn't notice you.

PATRICK
People never notice the Lord servants watching.

ASHLEY
(Nervous laugh)
It's not what you think.

PATRICK
It's okay.

ASHLEY
People out here poke holes in condoms, so you gotta bring your own.

She puts her money in the slot, grabbing her condoms placing them in her pocket.
PATRICK
What happened to celibacy?

ASHLEY
I'm getting these for my friend.

PATRICK
It's okay. It takes time fighting the temptations of the flesh. It's always craving what it wants.

Bridgette comes from the back holding a pop, some chips and candy. Terry comes in the store walking over to them.

TERRY
How's everything going?

He looks at Terry smiling.

PATRICK
Wonderful.

BRIDGETTE
How are you, Uncle Terry?

TERRY
I'm doing okay.

Patrick hands Terry some money.

PATRICK
Can you pay for this, and take her with you? I have to finish talking to Ms. Turner.

TERRY
Sure.

PATRICK
Thanks. I'll be right outside.

Terry pays for her stuff, and then they walk out the store. Patrick focuses his attention back on Ashley.

PATRICK
So, what are we gonna do about the urges your flesh craves?

ASHLEY
Do you have something in mind?

PATRICK
(Laughs)
Ms. Turner---

ASHLEY
Meet me at Two cups press your luck. I'll be there at eight, so don't leave me hanging.
Turning to walk away, she puts some extra movement into making her ass jiggle, as Patrick looks on smiling.

INT. TWO CUPS PRESS YOUR LUCK - NIGHT

This is your typical hole in the wall bar everybody in the neighborhood attends with dim lights and loud music, packed wall to wall.

TWO SHOT - PATRICK AND ASHLEY

Sitting at the bar talking and laughing, having drinks.

   PATRICK
   How did you get here?

   ASHLEY
   Uber. Since you showed up, I won't need one home.

   PATRICK
   This is a pretty nice bar. I see things have changed.

   ASHLEY
   Things change like women change.

He takes a sip from his drink, looking at her smiling.

   PATRICK
   Meaning?

She places her hand on his thigh.

   ASHLEY
   Women choose who they wanna take home.

   PATRICK
   You don't say?

She moves her hand up higher.

   ASHLEY
   If we think the man we wanna take home is working with something, yeah.

   PATRICK
   Sometimes the package is more than what the woman can handle.

   ASHLEY
   I haven't met a package I can't handle.

She tries moving her hand up to his crotch, and he stops her.
PATRICK
This package is hard to get in the house unless you know how to maneuver it.

ASHLEY
Look at you.

PATRICK
You'll see me in a different light when we leave.

ASHLEY
Talking like that, we should leave now.

PATRICK
In due time. Tell me about the disease you contracted.

She takes a sip from her glass, sharply exhaling.

ASHLEY
I was drinking with this group of guys watching porn, and this girl was getting ran. So---

PATRICK
Getting ran?

ASHLEY
(Laughs)
Getting ran means one girl, and as many guys she thinks she can take.

PATRICK
That's a gangbang.

ASHLEY
These days it's called getting ran.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
Okay.

ASHLEY
A few days after the fact when I went to use the bathroom...I had this burning sensation while pissing, discharging this nasty fluid.

PATRICK
That sounds like---

ASHLEY
Gonorrhea.
PATRICK
Ouch.

ASHLEY
Yep.

She takes a sip from her glass, shaking her head.

PATRICK
What kind of medication did they give you?

She downs her glass.

ASHLEY
Fuck all that. I'm trying to see if I can handle this package.

PATRICK
Somebody is determined.

ASHLEY
We crave what looks good, only so we can find out if it is good.

PATRICK
You're something else.

ASHLEY
Order us another round.

Rubbing her hand across his face seductive, she gives him a kiss on the cheek before walking off. Patrick smirks going in his pocket, pulling out some roofies.

PATRICK
We'll find out something.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO CUPS PRESS YOUR LUCK - ONE HOUR LATER

Patrick comes out holding Ashley up, making their way through the crowded parking lot.

ASHLEY
I'm--I'm ready for you to open this pussy.

PATRICK
I'll open it.

Attempting to stand straight and give him a kiss, he moves his head back.

ASHLEY
You promise?
PATRICK
I promise.

ASHLEY
Let's hurry up! I feel my pussy dripping. Where's your car?

PATRICK
It's down the street. Now, I'm ready to as you say...open it up.

They continue walking a few streets down where Patrick has his truck parked on a dark street. When they get to the truck, she bends over throwing up.

ASHLEY
(Groggy)
I don't feel so hot.

Patrick holds her up opening the back door putting her inside closing the door, walking over to the driver door getting in.

EXT. /INT. INSIDE THE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He looks back seeing she's sleep.

PATRICK
Open her up.
(Laughs)
She probably won't enjoy how I do it.

Reaching into the plastic bag he has on the passenger seat, he pulls out a glue gun.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
This should be fun.

He starts the truck up driving off.

INT. AN ABANDON HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

The only source of light is coming from the LED lamp. Ashley is tied down on a dirty mattress wearing her bar and panties, with her legs spread open. A glue sheet is on her face with holes cut out so she can see and breathe out her nose.

Fish hooks are going through her flesh and the sheet with wires connected to them. The wires are wrapped around the bat Patrick is holding, standing to the side looking down at her. She slowly wakes up, struggling to get free.

PATRICK
It's about time you woke up. I hate getting off alone.

She mumbles, still trying to get free.
PATRICK (CONT'D)
I'm not into women talking while having sex, so that's one of the reasons why the sheet is on your face.

Patrick kneels down stroking her hair.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Before we start Ms. Turner, I have to ask. Why didn't you get the disease cleared due to your own careless acts?

You can see the tears in her eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Because a man burned you without warning, you want every man to feel what you're going through?

She slowly nods her head yes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
See the thing is, Ms. Turner. You remind me of my wife. She felt she had a sexual appetite that couldn't be satisfied.

Her muffled screams get louder.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
She sounded just like you do now before I killed her.

(Laughs)
Yes, I killed my wife. She had to learn the sins of her flesh. And now, I'm about to teach you the same.

He stands to his feet tapping the bat in the palm of his hand.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Don't worry, Ms. Turner. I'm about to do exactly what you wanted me to do. Open you up.

With a deranged look in his eyes, he raises the bat, bringing it down with all his might between her legs.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. VACANT FIELD - MORNING

Thompson, Ronald and other officers stand disgusted.
THOMPSON'S POV

Ashley's skull is crushed in, along with the gruesome fashion of how her face was ripped off, with bruises and thick dried up blood trails coming from between her legs.

RONALD
This is fucking ridiculous.

THOMPSON
How could---

RONALD
You know who did it! How long are we gonna let this shit go on?!

Thompson turns facing Ronald.

THOMPSON
As much as I agree with you, there's nothing we can do without concrete proof.

RONALD
If you put the heat on his ass making him slip up, we can get proof.

THOMPSON
You see---

RONALD
No. I see every time you approach him nothing produces.

THOMPSON
What do you suggest?

RONALD
Let's go.

Ronald walks off. Thompson takes a deep breath following behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - MORNING

Patrick is hard at work slicing up meat. CHEF #1 comes up to him.

CHEF #1
Someone wants to speak with you.

Patrick places the knife down, making his way to the front. The layout of the restaurant is fancy, letting us know people with class dine here. The place is filled with people enjoying their meals, and faint talking is heard.
Patrick gets to the front, walking over to Thompson and Ronald smiling.

PATRICK
Here we go again. What...

Ronald grabs him by the collar slamming him to the floor, getting on top of him.

RONALD
You sick fuck! Killing the members of your church, claiming you're a man of God!

Everyone in the restaurant looks on astonished.

PATRICK
You're still trying to accuse me of...

Ronald punches him in the mouth.

RONALD
You're going to hell for what you've done!

Ronald punches Patrick a few more times, before Thompson pulls him off, doing his best holding him back.

RONALD (CONT'D)
I know what you did! Confess you sick son of a bitch!

Patrick stands up wiping the blood from his mouth.

PATRICK
I forgive you. I'll let the Lord put his wrath on you.

RONALD
Fuck you! I know who you are, and what you've done!

Thompson pulls Ronald towards the door, while he tries breaking free.

PATRICK
God will forgive and bless you.

RONALD
Fuck you!

Thompson pulls Ronald out the restaurant.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred is sitting on the couch watching television. The doorbell rings. Looking back prepared to stand up, he sees Janet making her way to the door.
JANET
I'll answer it.

She grabs the handle pausing, looking back at him.

JANET
I hope you're enjoying whatever it is you're watching, because it's close to bedtime.

She opens the door without looking, and soon as she faces forward a hammer comes at her head full force connecting, knocking her to the floor unconscious.

Patrick drags her body into the house, closing the door. Fred leaps from the couch running upstairs, and Patrick is right behind him.

Fred runs in his room closing the door locking it, just as Patrick gets to the door. Fred searches frantically around his room for a weapon, while Patrick beats on the door.

PATRICK (O.S.)
It's time to join your father!

Digging through his closet he pulls out a baseball bat, standing up going to the door cocking the bat.

FRED
Get the fuck away from me!

PATRICK (O.S.)
The Lord might forgive you for that foul language.

FRED
You'll get a foul ass beating if you come in here!

Patrick stops beating on the door, and it goes silent.

Fred slowly lets his guard down reaching for the knob, and Patrick kicks the door in, forcing Fred a few steps back from the force.

Gaining his ground swinging the bat missing, allows Patrick to backhand him into the desk. He falls to the floor moaning in pain. Patrick walks over kneeling down.

PATRICK
You wait till I come back.

Fred tries getting up, and Patrick hits him dead in the mouth knocking him unconscious. He stands up walking out the room. Patrick is coming downstairs hammer in hand, walking over to Janet kneeling down.
PATRICK
I was told I'd have to beat the word into a person head for them to understand.

Patrick begins beating her in the head, and the blood that lands on his face, he licks it off. Standing up with a smile, he looks down spitting on her.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Join your son in hell.

Releasing a light chuckle, he goes in his pocket pulling out a butterfly knife.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
The tongue of Satan must be removed.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE - ONE HOUR LATER

Terry pulls up in his cream Monte Carlo in front of Janet's house coming to a stop. He gets out making his way to the door ringing the doorbell, getting no response. Ringing the doorbell one more time, he then decides to knock on the door, and it buds open.

Walking in, he covers his mouth when he sees Janet's dead body, face mangled, with her brains coming from her skull, and blood staining the floor.

TERRY
Jesus Christ.

Fred tumbles down the stairs crashing at the bottom not moving. Terry rushes over holding him, staring at his swollen face covered with blood.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Fred. Fred, wake up. Who did this?

Barely able to open his eyes he tries speaking, and blood comes spilling out.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Dear God. I'll get you help. Just hold on.

Fred points at his mouth, and then points over by the door where a hand fan with Patrick's face on it is crossed out taped on the wall.

TERRY (CONT'D)
It can't be true.

Fred shakes his head yes, closing his eyes.
TERRY (CONT'D)
Just hold on Fred. Help is on the way.

INT. PATRICK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Patrick sits shaking his head.

PATRICK
Leave me alone! You all deserve to burn!

Screaming, he drags his blood covered hands down his face. He reaches over snatching the glove compartment open and out falls a plastic Ziploc bag with Ashley's face on the sticky glue sheet, along with the bag holding Greg's eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
The face of a whore, and the eyes of a pedophile!

He sits back lifting his shirt, rubbing his stomach.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
The fingers of a thief! The organs of a rapist, and the tongue from Satan! The filthy flesh of a whore for a wife, and the bastard she cheated with! Burn in hell, and leave me alone! Burn forever for your sins!

Going in his pocket, he pulls out the butterfly knife opening it, placing it on his throat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I can't spill the blood of an innocent man! God wanted you dead for your sins, so I cast the first stone!

His hand trembles letting off a scream of frustration.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette comes down the stairs making her way towards the kitchen. Patrick comes in closing the door standing with a blank stare. She stares at him worried something is wrong.

BRIDGETTE
What's wrong, daddy?

Patrick pays her no attention making his way into the kitchen. Bridgette gets ready to follow him, and the doorbell rings. She walks to the door.
BRIDGETTE
Who is it?

TERRY (O.S.)
Uncle Terry.

She opens the door, and he walks in with blood on his hands and clothes. Bridgette closes the door.

BRIDGETTE
Uncle Terry, what happened?

TERRY
I need to talk to your father. Can you go get him?

BRIDGETTE
I'll be back.

She makes her way into the kitchen, heading down into the basement.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is standing in front of the sliding door with his head down and keys placed in the door. Bridgette walks up stopping a few steps back.

BRIDGETTE
Are you okay, daddy?

He turns looking at her.

PATRICK
Yes sweetie, I'm fine.

She walks over to him.

BRIDGETTE
What's in here?

PATRICK
This is my...never mind. What do you need?

BRIDGETTE
Why do you have blood on your hands?

He looks at the blood on his hands.

PATRICK
Daddy--daddy made a mess at work.

BRIDGETTE
Uncle Terry is upstairs.
PATRICK
Let's get upstairs.

BRIDGETTE
You didn't tell me what's in the room.

PATRICK
Pay the door no mind. Let's get upstairs and see what your uncle wants.

He rushes her away from the door, not realizing he left the keys in the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terry is sitting on the couch twiddling his thumbs. Patrick and Bridgette come into the room.

PATRICK
How may I help you?

Terry stands up.

TERRY
All I need is the truth.

PATRICK
What do you mean the truth?

TERRY
This isn't the time for games. I'm asking you man to man. Tell me the truth.

PATRICK
Bridgette, head upstairs to your room so your daddy and uncle can talk.

BRIDGETTE
But daddy, I need---

PATRICK
Just go. I'll talk to you when I'm done.

BRIDGETTE
I have to get something from my box downstairs.

PATRICK
Do what you have to do. Just let your uncle and I have this talk.

She walks off.
PATRICK (CONT'D)
Would you like something to drink?

TERRY
Did you kill them?

PATRICK
(Sarcastic laugh)
Kill who?

TERRY
It's mighty strange all the people who came forth with confessions ended up dead.

PATRICK
Why would you blame this on me?

TERRY
I never told you. ...The police came to the church.

Patrick gets a serious look on his face, taking a few steps towards Terry.

PATRICK
Why didn't you tell me?

TERRY
Because I knew you wouldn't kill anybody. Now...I'm not so sure.

PATRIC
Why?

TERRY
How did you get the blood on your hands?

PATRICK
(Smiles)
Do you really wanna know?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette stands in the doorway, feeling against the wall for a light switch turning the lights on. Her mouth drops seeing the heads. She walks over to the jar with Danielle's head in it, dropping down to her knees crying.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK
Do you remember my wedding day?
TERRY
You said it was the best decision you ever made.

PATRICK
I should've known it would turn into the worst decision I ever made.

TERRY
Patrick---

PATRICK
When you love someone, you go through the flames of hell and tears of sorrow. Praying in the end, you'll be able to bask in the glorious fruits of heaven.

TERRY
Everybody makes mistakes, Patrick. It's about if you can forgive---

PATRICK
Forgive and forget? Forgive the woman I stood with before God, saying I do? Forget the fact she cheated?

TERRY
...You killed your wife?

PATRICK
And I shared her flesh with Bridgette.

TERRY
You're sick. How could---

PATRICK
How could I feed her to my child? It was the only way her mother would always be with her. As for the others, I ate certain parts for myself so I could cleanse them from their sins. You and everybody else thought they were innocent. Brother Hews was a sadistic rapist. Sister Turner was spreading a disease, whoring with her body. Brother Heap stole from the house of the Lord. And let's not forget Brother Greene. Brother Greene molested children. Danielle and Michael are self-explanatory.

TERRY
You need help, Patrick.
PATRICK
I'm far from help. All I need is my daughter. Those people I killed needed help.

TERRY
You won't have your daughter when the police come for you. They'll take her away.

PATRICK
Would you watch over my little girl?

TERRY
You know I would.

PATRICK
When you start your family...would you send me pictures?

TERRY
Why does any of this matter?

PATRICK
If these are my last few moments of freedom, can you answer the questions?

TERRY
Yes.

PATRICK
Do you think the Lord will forgive me?

TERRY
Our God is a forgiving God. You preach this all the time.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
What was I thinking?

Patrick turns his back.

TERRY
Get your faith and relationship back with God.

Patrick goes in his pocket flicking the blade out on the butterfly knife, keeping it in his pocket.

PATRICK
Will you be able to forgive me?

TERRY
Forgive...
Bernard Mersier

82.

Patrick turns around plunging the knife deep into Terry's throat. Terry gasps choking on blood, as Patrick pulls him closer holding his head, twisting the knife.

PATRICK

(Sorrow)
Will you forgive me, for not allowing you to start your family?

Patrick slowly lays him down to the floor with the knife still in his throat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
If the Lord forgives me...save a place in heaven for me.

Terry is dead.

Patrick pulls the knife out standing to his feet, and a tear falls from his eye. He takes off running to the kitchen. He flies down the basement stairs heading to the back room, pausing seeing the door is open. Approaching the door looking in, he sees Bridgette sitting on the floor in front of the jar with Danielle's head, with her back to the door. Patrick walks into the room.

PATRICK
I can explain.

BRIDGETTE
Daddy.

PATRICK
Yes?

BRIDGETTE
What's the real truth behind the commandments?

PATRICK
What do you mean?

BRIDGETTE
As far as, honor thy mother and father?

PATRICK
It means you should always cherish your parents because without them, there would be no you. Why do you ask?

BRIDGETTE
...I was thinking about something.

PATRICK
Thinking about what?
BRIDGETTE
Would I be wrong for breaking a commandment?

PATRICK
Huh?

BRIDGETTE
You're the Deacon, daddy. Do you think you'll meet up with mommy in heaven?

PATRICK
That's up to God, princess. I have no say so in that.

BRIDGETTE
You had a say so in killing her?

Patrick walks over kneeling down.

PATRICK
Daddy knows what he did was wrong.

BRIDGETTE
You had to take things into your own hands, right?

PATRICK
Can we talk about this at another time? Right now, we have to get going.

BRIDGETTE
We can.

PATRICK
Thank you. Why did you ask if you would be wrong for breaking a commandment?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Red and blue lights flood the neighborhood. Officers are getting out their squad cars, setting up to move in Patrick's house.

Thompson and Ronald get out the charger heading to the porch where an officer with a small battering ram is ready to hit the door.

THOMPSON
When we get in make sure the little girl is safe, then take him down.

The officer hits the door hard knocking it in, and officers rush in. Thompson takes a deep breath drawing his gun
following. They pause staring at Terry's dead body.

THOMPSON
Everybody check the basement. I'll look upstairs.

Thompson makes his way upstairs, while everyone else goes to the basement. He carefully looks through every room, until he gets to Bridgette's closed bedroom door. He slowly opens the door seeing Bridgette sitting on the floor with her back turned to the door.

THOMPSON
Little girl?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Ronald and other Officers are looking at Patrick lying flat on his stomach, with blood spreading across the floor. Ronald walks over slowly turning him over.

RONALD
(Stun)
Shit.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Thompson takes a step towards Bridgette, and she stands to her feet.

BRIDGETTE
I'm happy.

RONALD (O.S.)
The little girl! Contain the little girl!

THOMPSON
Huh?

A loud squish sound is heard.

THOMPSON
Are you okay?

BRIDGETTE
(Chewing)
I have them both.

Ronald comes running up the stairs, and Thompson signals for him to stop.

THOMPSON
We're here to help you. Come with us, so we can help you.
Bridgette slowly turns around, and Thompson's mouth drops.

CLOSE UP - BRIDGETTE'S FACE

Her mouth is covered with blood, taking bites out of Patrick heart.

    BRIDGETTE
    I have my mommy with me forever.
    (Takes a bite)
    And I'll always have the love deep from my daddy's heart.

    THOMPSON
    Jesus Christ!

She takes another bite from the heart, chewing on the flesh with a blank stare.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Thompson is escorting Bridgette out the house. The people outside look on stunned. Thompson places Bridgette in the back of the Charger. She stares out the window with the same blank stare.

John is sitting on the porch smoking looking on shaking his head. James is sitting beside him. James gets up running towards the car. John flicks his cigarette, standing up.

    JOHN
    Get back here, James!

James gets to the car looking at Bridgette, and she looks at him with the blank stare for a moment, before smiling.

    JAMES
    Bridge is still my friend. I love you.

John comes over to James.

    JOHN
    Come on buddy, let's go. They have to take Bridgette away for awhile.

James looks up at John.

    JAMES
    I love Bridge, daddy.

    JOHN
    I know you do. Maybe when she gets better you can see her again.

The two start walking off. Bridgette beats on the window so she can get out. Thompson opens the door for her, and she gets out running over to James giving him a tight hug and kiss on the cheek.
BRIDGETTE
I love you, too. You'll always be
my friend, and in my heart.

Thompson comes over to Bridgette gently grabbing her by the
arm, taking her back to the car placing her in. James is
smiling rubbing his cheek.

JOHN
It feels good having a real friend,
doesn't it champ?

JAMES
I love Bridge, daddy.

JOHN
And she loves you, too.

The two make their way back to the house going inside,
closing the door.

Everyone continues looking on, as Thompson gets in the car
pulling off.

BRIDGETTE (V.O.)
To sin is a crime against God, and
only God can judge you for your
sins. No man can place judgment,
because man is not God.

END CREDITS