

GOD'S SPEAKER

By

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final draft

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

FADE IN:

INT. PATRICK DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - PATRICK FACE

Disgust dwells in his eyes. Irritation is the makeup applied on his brown flesh as he chews his food.

Patrick is in his mid-thirties, but he's a handsome man with a low fade and a thin cut goatee.

BACK TO THE SCENE

A painting of the last meal hangs on the wall in the dining room where Patrick, DANIELLE and MICHAEL are sitting at the table having dinner with a glass of wine.

Sitting to the left is MICHAEL YOUNG. He's a handsome dark skin man in his mid-thirties wearing something casual.

DANIELLE GRAVES is sitting to the right.

She's a very attractive brown skin woman in her mid-thirties.

Her hair is done, and she's wearing something casual.

Patrick takes a sip of his wine.

DANIELLE

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

MICHAEL

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, shaking his head.

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 of wine.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Silence is not golden.

MICHAEL  
(Clears throat)  
...Maybe I should leave.

Patrick looks over at him.

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's 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. My marriage...  
(Sighs)  
Bright and early we can have it taken care of.

Both Michael and Danielle are lost for words.

DANIELLE

...Just like that?

PATRICK

I'm a man of God. The Lord will clear  
the way for a better day.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Whatever I couldn't fulfill, I hope  
you find and keep it within Michael.

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)

A new beginning of happiness has  
formed, so cheers to moving on with a  
better life.

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 up, and quickly sit back down.

Patrick takes another sip from his glass smiling.

Within a matter of seconds, they drop their heads on the  
table.

PATRICK

Hm. Roofies actually work.

Taking one last sip, he leans over kissing Danielle on the  
cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GARAGE - ONE HOUR LATER

Plastic covers the entire garage from the floor to the

ceiling.

Michael and Danielle are sitting in chairs back to back, tied up and gagged.

Patrick is standing to the side drinking whiskey from the bottle.

Feeling Michael should have a sip, he walks over to him, placing the bottle to his lips.

Michael turns his head.

PATRICK

Are you sure? This is the last drink you'll have before facing the Lord.

Shrugging up his shoulders, Patrick begins playing in Danielle's hair listening to her muffled cries.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

This almost sounds exactly like the moans you were making in the video.

He places the bottle down, and then takes Michael's gag out.

MICHAEL

How do you---

PATRICK

How do I know about the movie? My wife loved it so much, she forgot to take it out.

(Sighs)

Our daughter was the first one 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, and then picks up the bottle, taking a sip.

Placing the bottle down, he pulls out a steak knife from behind his back, placing it on Michael's throat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's  
wife."

He cuts Michael's throat with aggression.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick has a nice single brick house with the porch light on in a fairly nice neighborhood.

FRED YOUNG, Michael's son comes riding down the street on his bike.

The ten-year-old is wearing a T-shirt and shorts with his Afro blowing in the cool summer breeze.

Stopping in front of Patrick's house, he gets off the bike and walks 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 POV

Danielle and Michael's dead bodies are stretched out on the plastic.

Patrick is sitting beside Michael's shirtless body cutting flesh from his chest.

PATRICK  
May your soul be cleansed before you  
reach God's gate. Your tainted flesh  
shall be baptized as I ingest your  
sins, so your soul can rest.

He stares at the flesh smiling before placing it in his mouth beginning to chew.

Euphoria outlines his body.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(Chewing)

Lord, I understand now. I shall be your right hand cleansing the world of sinners. Thank you for blessing me with your vision of the blueprint.

BACK TO THE SCENE

A sharp shriek comes from Fred as he inches away from the garage with fear written all over his face.

The garage door comes up.

Patrick gets a good look at Fred before he gets up running away.

Patrick laughs low, chewing on the flesh, closing the garage door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - TWO HOURS LATER

Police radios, and indistinct talk from the people standing outside is heard.

Police cars are blocking off the street.

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.

The beautiful ten-year-old with curly hair has a worried expression on her face, holding on to her father.

The dark skin short detective in his mid-forties standing on the steps in front of Patrick is THOMPSON WINTERS.

Exhaustion and a deep desire to hurry up and retire is the body language he's displaying.

PATRICK

What's the reason behind this again?

THOMPSON

We received an anonymous tip.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy, I'm scared.

He looks down at her smiling.

PATRICK

It'll be over in a minute.

Thompson looks down at Bridgette smiling.

THOMPSON

Listen to your daddy.

Patrick gets offended looking directly into Thompson's eyes.

PATRICK

Don't pretend as if you're concerned.

The aggravated detective coming out of the house with his face scrunched up is RONALD GRIMES, mid-thirties.

RONALD

It's clear.

Ronald walks off.

THOMPSON

You can resume what you were doing,  
Mr. Graves.

Patrick laughs looking across the street at a beige Cadillac.

PATRICK

Waking my daughter up for nonsense,  
just so you can easily say I can  
resume what I was doing is okay?

THOMPSON

I apologize for the false alarm.

PATRICK

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, Michael's



mother.

Janet is in her late-fifties with her brown hair styled, still looking good for her age.

Fred gets out on the passenger side walking over standing beside her.

Thompson makes his way over to them with disappointment on his face.

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 take one last glance at the house before getting in the car.

She pulls off.

Thompson sighs, shaking his head.

FADE TO BLACK:

THREE WEEKS LATER

INT. PATRICK DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick and Bridgette are sitting at the table having dinner. On the table rest Danielle's rump cooked medium rare, but

Bridgette believes it's roast.

There's also some sides on the table.

Bridgette cleans her plate, sitting back full.

Patrick is delighted that Bridgette enjoyed the flesh just as much as he did.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy, that was delicious. What kind of meat was that?

Patrick clears his throat.

PATRICK

Bison. I'll be sure to get some more since you like it.

BRIDGETTE

Please do. Do you want me to help you clean the table, and put up the food?

PATRICK

That's okay baby, I got it covered.

BRIDGETTE

Okay.

She gets up from her chair and walks over to him, standing by his side.

A deep pain is shown on her face.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Daddy?

He turns to look at her.

PATRICK

Yes, princess.

BRIDGETTE

Do you think mommy will come home?

He gives her a comforting smile, reaching out holding her hands.

PATRICK

All we can do is pray she comes home safe. We have to stay strong for each

other. Can you do that?

BRIDGETTE

I can do that.

PATRICK

That's my princess. And always remember no matter what...mommy will always be with us spiritually.

BRIDGETTE

Okay. I love you, daddy.

PATRICK

I love you, too. Go get yourself together for bed.

She gives him a hug and kiss on the cheek before walking off.

In Patrick's twisted mind, he finds some satisfaction knowing his daughter loves human flesh.

Patting himself on the back, he stands up stretching before making his way into the living room.

Stepping into the early-eighties is what you would be doing when you walk into the living room with plastic on the furniture and old-school paintings on the wall.

The only thing up to date is the flat screen television resting in front of the couch mounted on the wall.

Patrick comes into the room making his way to the couch, taking a seat, picking up the remote, turning the television on.

The news comes on the screen, but we can barely hear it.

He turns it up so he can hear.

REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION)

The police are still on the hunt for a serial rapist who just recently claimed his latest victim. A sixty-year-old woman was found brutally beaten, raped and robbed in an alley. Police are saying---

He turns the television off.

Patrick releases a low laugh, standing up leaving the room.

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - MORNING

The newly remodeled 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.

Coming up taking a seat next to Bridgette is TERRY WRIGHT.

The thirty-five-year-old brown skin handsome man wearing a nice suit 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.

TERRY

He told you the best thing you can do.

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.

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 applauds.

Patrick takes a deep sigh, lowering his head, stepping away from the pulpit for a hot second, and then he returns.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

As you all know, my wife is still

missing with no leads, but I have faith she'll return home safe. I'm leaving it in the Lord's hands, praying for a good outcome. Can I hear an amen?

The room claps, saying amen.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Thank you. Today brothers and sisters, 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 life.

Standing to his feet well dressed with his sideburns lined up perfect on his brown skin is GREG GREENE, mid-thirties.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What has the Lord blessed you with Brother Greene?

GREG

The Lord blessed me with a loving family here in the church. He also blessed me with the courage and talent to finish my novel, which I hope does well in the stores.

The room claps.

PATRICK

Amen! What were your inspirations helping you with your book?

GREG

When the Lord set me free from the Devil's saliva found on every corner in every liquor store, my vision became clear.

The room is filled with a thunderous applause, and Amen.

PATRICK

Me and the same bottle you're speaking on shared many nights together. Then the Lord blessed me with a lovely wife and daughter for my wake up call. What keeps you focused from temptation?

GREG

Knowing I'll lose everything I worked so hard to achieve. Knowing if I start drinking again it'll cancel any chance of rekindling with my wife and daughter.

PATRICK

The congregation and I will pray for you.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Would anyone else like to share?

The Lord said come as you are, and BRADLEY HEWS did just that.

His attire is simple, but it matches perfectly with his bum appearance.

From looking at the bags under his green eyes and wrinkles on his face, you can tell life was hard on the man in his mid-thirties.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What has the Lord blessed you with this morning, Brother Hews?

BRADLEY

Keeping me clean from heroin for seventeen years.

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 me 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 starts moving around, pleased from what he's heard so far.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(Energetic tone)  
Let's keep it going. Would anybody else like to share?

The twenty-four-year-old pretty boy slicking his brown hair back wearing a maroon suit prepared to stand up with a purpose in his blue eyes is ERIC HEAP.

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

ERIC  
Freedom instead of doing time behind bars.

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

ERIC  
Breaking the commandment, "thou shall not steal." And I'm not proud of this, but I was great at my craft.

PATRICK  
(Laughs)  
People that are great usually don't get caught, so what happened?

ERIC  
When I broke into the house, a lady greeted me with the barrel of her shotgun. She told me I should earn what I want. Believe me, those words stuck with me.

PATRICK  
Be thankful you still have your life.

ERIC  
Trust me, I am.

PATRICK  
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)  
Good.

The room breaks out laughing as Eric takes his seat.

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

The seductive light skin woman in her early-twenties with  
hazel eyes standing up wearing something more appropriate for  
the club instead of church is ASHLEY TURNER.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Sister Turner. What are you blessed  
with this morning?

ASHLEY  
The medication cleared up the disease  
I contracted.

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

PATRICK  
Your own flesh is your demon?

ASHLEY  
My flesh craved men, no matter if they  
were single or married. Every time it  
was over I was satisfied physically,  
but mentally I would break down  
crying.

PATRICK  
We all experienced that feeling in the  
house of the Lord. Craving a person



you don't love, but you have to find out if what you're craving is as good as it looks. How do you tame the cravings your flesh desires?

ASHLEY

One of my friend's just died from AIDS a couple of weeks ago. I told myself there's so much more to live for before possibly dying over a one night fling.

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 around.

The room claps as she takes her seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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. THE CHURCH - HOURS LATER

The church is located on a street called Mack in Detroit, Michigan.

The church has a Southern look.

The parking lot is full.

A liquor store is no more than a few steps away.

Patrick is standing by the door shaking hands with the people coming out.

Janet comes walking up with attitude in her walk, and anger on her face.

When Patrick turns towards her extending his hand, she stares at him sucking her teeth.

Keeping a smile, he pulls his hand back.

PATRICK  
Sister Young. Why haven't you been attending church? Are there any problems at home?

JANET  
The problem is you.

PATRICK  
Me?

JANET  
When do you plan on telling the truth?

The people standing around focus their attention on the conversation.

Patrick remains with the same church smile.

PATRICK  
Let's walk, sister.

The two begin walking towards the parking lot.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
How do you feel I'm your problem?

JANET  
How long are you gonna keep up this charade?

PATRICK  
Charade?

JANET  
Fred saw what you did.

PATRICK  
And what was that?

JANET  
Patrick Graves, you're a sick man. The law can't prove what you did, but you can't hide from the Lord.

Releasing a slight chuckle, Patrick stops walking causing her to stop.

The smile is erased, staring at her with ice in his eyes.

PATRICK

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

JANET

God looks down on you in shame. Parading yourself as a servant of God, while you work for the devil.

PATRICK

God is the only judge because he knows your death date. The way you talk sister...you'll end up paying him a visit before your time.

She's trying to hide it, but the fear can be seen in Janet's eyes.

He looks back seeing Terry coming out of the church.

Turning back to look at her, the ice is still in his eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Have a blessed day.

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

Janet stands shaking her head before walking off.

TERRY

That was a great sermon.

PATRICK

The Lord places the word in my heart, so I can give it to my family.

TERRY

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

PATRICK

Let's pray it did.

TERRY

Are you making Sunday dinner?

PATRICK

Nah, I think I'll take her out.

TERRY

(Laughs)  
I've been told trying to please  
children 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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATRICK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He gets in, closing the door.

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  
Fred. He said you killed mommy and his  
father.

PATRICK

(Laughs)  
That boy is funny, ain't he?

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

He leans over giving her a hug.

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

BRIDGETTE  
You promise?

PATRICK  
I'll 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.

CUT TO:

INT. FRED 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 with a Du-rag covering his French  
Braids.

He wakes up screaming with sweat lacing his face.

Janet rushes in sitting on the bed holding him tight until he realizes he's not dreaming.

JANET  
What's wrong?

FRED  
(Panicking)  
He--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.

We 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.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Patrick comes down into the basement where we see shelves filled with various things.

Continuing moving forward into the laundry room there's dirty clothes on the floor in a pile, and some bookshelves off to the side filled with books.

He walks over to the bookshelves and pauses.

Sighing deep, he pulls one of the shelves out the way.

Behind it there's a sliding door.

Placing his key in the door unlocking it, he calmly slides the door open.

Sticking his hand inside the room to the right, he flips the switch turning the lights on.

PATRICK POV

The only thing in the room is a table with Michael and Danielle's heads preserved in jars, along with the knife he used to cut the flesh from their bodies.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Patrick comes into the room, walking up to the jar with Michael's head in it.

Disgust outlines his face as he spits on it.

PATRICK

Your worthless son is bothering my princess. I guess I'll have to take care of him, too.

(Laughs)

You know...he really reminds me of you. Doing things believing you won't be punished.

He focuses on the jar with Danielle's head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(Disgusted tone)

...You.

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - THE ALTAR - MORNING

Danielle and Patrick are standing at the altar wearing all-white happily 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. FLASHBACK - THE WOODS - NIGHT

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. PRESENT DAY - THE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick has tears coming down his face.

PATRICK  
...How could you?

He picks up the jar staring in love before kissing the glass where her lips are in a provocative manner.

He pulls away smiling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Take pride in knowing Bridgette  
enjoyed your flesh the same as I did.

He places the jar down.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Well, I'll leave you lovebirds alone.  
I'm sure you need some more time to  
think about what you did.

He makes his way to the door, and turns the light off.

INT. THE LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

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

Bridgette is sitting at a table by herself, noticing everyone who looks at her sneers.

She sighs, eating her food.

Fred comes to the table taking a seat across from her.

She looks over at him annoyed.

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 nicely.

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  
How's everything going?

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, and hands them to Bridgette.

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

She gets up, and 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 moves in closer.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Do 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 leaving my daughter alone. Or you can join your father in my basement.

Bridgette comes back, placing a piece of chocolate and lemon cake down before taking her seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Which one is mine?

BRIDGETTE

Daddy, you know you love Lemon cake.

PATRICK

Fred, do you like lemon cake?

FRED

(Nervous tone)

Yes.

PATRICK

Good.

Patrick takes the lemon cake and places it in front of Fred.

BRIDGETTE

Why are you giving it to him?

PATRICK

Because Fred needs to start enjoying the sweet pleasures of life.

Patrick stands up and walks 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 eats a piece of cake, looking at Fred smiling.

BRIDGETTE  
 I told you my daddy would get you.

Fred takes off.

Bridgette laughs, eating another piece of cake.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - AFTERNOON

JOHN MATHEWS. Patrick's mid-thirties next door brown skin neighbor.

He's 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.

Bridgette gets off excited.

Patrick comes from the house in his chef uniform.

Bridgette runs up hugging 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 towards 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 being devoted church members.

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.

John walks back to his house.

Patrick stares at him for a few seconds before walking to his truck.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RESTAURANT KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Everyone is hard at work preparing different meals.

Chatting, random orders being called out, the sound of food being cooked and utensils being used is heard.

Patrick walks through the kitchen looking over the meals being prepared.

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.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE ALLEY - 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. There's some sick men out there.

PATRICK

Indeed. What are you doing for the evening?

BRADLEY

Nothing comes to mind.

PATRICK

I was thinking about coming over for a discussion.

Bradley taking a sip, Bradley almost chokes.

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

Sorry I can't talk with you tonight.

PATRICK

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

The screen closes on Bradley's side.

Patrick hangs up suspicious, making his way back into the restaurant.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Patrick comes back in and makes his way over to the sink washing his hands.

When he's finished, he moves over to the meat station, and CHEF #1 comes up to him.

CHEF #1

Excuse me, sir. Your friend Terry is here.

Chef #1 walks off.

Patrick makes his way to the front.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Talking can be heard circulating around the room.

The packed restaurant with waiters and waitresses moving around has a fancy decor and a bar off to the side.

The establishment is probably expensive to some, but for the people dining here it's nothing.

Patrick makes his way to the bar where Terry is sitting.

Terry stands up from his stool, and the two shake hands.

PATRICK

Brother Wright, what brings you down here?

TERRY

Craving some good food. What better place to come than here?

PATRICK

Just adding more work on me, huh?

TERRY

(Laughs)

Well, that too. What's today's special?

PATRICK

The best meal you'll ever have.

TERRY

As long as you're cooking it, I know it'll be good.

PATRICK

Like a divine meal straight from heaven. Let me start on it.

Patrick walks off.

Terry takes his seat smiling, patiently waiting for his food to get prepared.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bridgette comes into the white and blue bathroom with her head down wearing her pajamas.

It appears she just woke up from some good sleep.

As she approaches the toilet preparing to sit down, when she looks out the window she gets startled, stepping back.

BRIDGETTE POV

Next door in the window is John's ten-year-old son, JAMES.

The handsome young man with a low curly fade is wearing some pajamas waving at her.

Gathering herself, she laughs and waves back, and then James takes off running.

BACK TO THE SCENE



She releases a soft laugh, but then she becomes concerned, wondering why he ran off so fast.

She makes her way out of the bathroom, and heads downstairs to the front door.

She's hesitant to open the door.

Shrugging up her shoulders, she opens the door stepping outside.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Streetlights give some light in the neighborhood.

Bridgette stands on the porch for a second before making her way next door.

She walks up on John's porch ringing the doorbell.

She's standing there no longer than three seconds before John opens the door looking at her confused.

JOHN

What are you doing out this late?

BRIDGETTE

I was wondering---

Before she can finish, James comes running, moving past John, giving her a hug.

James has autism.

Adding on the car accident, it affects his speech.

Bridgette laughs, hugging him back.

JAMES

Hi, friend!

BRIDGETTE

Hi, friend. Are you okay?

He releases her, looking at her smiling.

JAMES

Yes! Are you?

BRIDGETTE

(Laughs)

Yes.

John places a hand on his shoulder smiling.

JOHN

(Laughs)

That's enough, champ. You gotta get to bed, and Bridgette has to go home.

JAMES

Goodnight, friend!

James takes off running.

Bridgette and John stand laughing.

JOHN

Is that why you came over here?

BRIDGETTE

Yes. He waved at me from the window and then he took off. I was seeing if he's okay.

JOHN

Yeah, he's okay. Sleepy, but he's okay.

BRIDGETTE

Okay.

JOHN

You're a good friend, Bridgette. I just wish other people would treat him like you.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you.

JOHN

Ah, well. You better get back home before your daddy pulls up and you get in trouble. I'll watch until you get in the house.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you. Goodnight.

Bridgette walks down the steps and makes her way home.

John being a man of his words stands watching her until she gets in before walking back in the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BRADLEY ROOM - NIGHT

A Porno is playing 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.

If it wasn't for the tears pouring down her face, you would see she's a beautiful slim half naked brunette with brown eyes and red skin from crying in fear.

He slaps her hard across the face, and then takes a sip from his beer he has on the cluttered table.

BRADLEY  
(Drunk tone)  
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)  
For your sake It better feel just as good as you taste.

He grabs a needle filled with heroin from the table ready to inject her, and then his phone rings.

Aggravated, he places the needle down, pulling his phone out, answering it.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

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

Bradley's eyes get wide.

BRADLEY  
 (Nervous tone)  
 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. How close are  
 you?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE 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 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, and then  
 makes his way across the street.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

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  
(Wheezing, gasping)  
Please---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.

He turns around startled.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Deacon Graves? What are you doing here?

PATRICK  
What are you doing?

BRADLEY  
Well---.

PROSTITUTE #1  
(Sobbing)  
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 are unbuttoned.

PATRICK

That's why your pants are halfway down?

Bradley quickly buttons 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.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED 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 on the table.

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

BRADLEY

(Half woke)

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 he is 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

(Begging)

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

PATRICK

Will repenting 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 this.

BRADLEY

(Breath of relief)

Thank you.

PATRICK

No, you need to feel what those women  
felt.

Placing the needle to the side, Patrick pulls a belt out wrapping it around Bradley's left calf tight.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You took their state of mind. And once  
you destroy the mind, people never  
truly 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  
(Scared tone)  
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 reach  
God.

Patrick places the knife down, and then goes in his pocket pulling out a gag, placing it in Bradley's mouth.

He tightens the belt again, and then picks up the knife, jamming it in Bradley's calf, dragging it down with no remorse.

He reaches inside pulling out the muscle dripping blood.

Looking at what he pulled out, he doesn't seem satisfied.

Bradley's muffled agonizing screams are heard.

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

Patrick continues slicing up his body.

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE APARTMENT ALLEY - MORNING

CLOSE UP - BRADLEY BODY

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

Thompson and Ronald are standing to the side looking disgusted.

Forensic officers are taking 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. PATRICK KITCHEN - MORNING

Patrick is standing by the counter smiling, tapping his fingers on the container filled with Bradley's 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. Are 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.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMPSON 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, and then walks out the room.

Thompson shakes his head, sighing.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
This shit.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Patrick is sitting on the couch watching the news holding a bowl with the organs and noodles drenched in spaghetti sauce.

REPORTER (ON THE TELEVISION)  
The serial rapist, now known as Bradley Hews was found murdered earlier today. The police are saying the condition his body was in is something you would only see in a horror movie.

Patrick places it on mute.

He 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, he places 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?  
I'm going grocery shopping later, but right now, the 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, I was just listening to it.

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 claiming  
they're holier than thou, and be the  
main ones sinning. Thanks for the

sugar.

John walks out.

Patrick stands looking suspicious, wondering why John posed that question.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

Indistinct talking can be heard.

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.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK 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  
Just 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 there for a few seconds before getting up making his  
way to her room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRIDGETTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her room is soft purple with matching blankets on her bed,  
and a picture of Jesus on the wall.

She's lying on the bed with her face in the pillow crying.

Patrick comes in, taking a seat on the bed.

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

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  
(Sniffles)  
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. THE 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 the wallet, he takes Danielle's blood stained ring out.

He places it on the sink, staring at it ready to cry.

PATRICK  
How could you?

CUT TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - PATRICK BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

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 other's clothes off.

BACK TO THE SCENE

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 as he watches.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(Weeping)

...I can't believe you.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - THE CHURCH BATHROOM

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

PATRICK

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The Church is full as usual, while the choir sings a song.

Patrick comes out making 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 take over.

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's 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.

Applauds and amen circulate through the room.

Patrick steps down from the pulpit.

As he makes his way towards the back, he sees Greg interacting with a child inappropriately.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Patrick is sitting on the couch with a sickening expression, holding his head looking like he's ready to hurl.

Bridgette comes down the stairs in her play clothes.

Patrick is doing his best to straighten up so she doesn't

notice he's not feeling good.

BRIDGETTE  
Are you ready to go, daddy?

PATRICK  
Yeah princess, I'm ready.

She can tell he's not feeling good.

BRIDGETTE  
Are you sure you're okay? We can stay home.

PATRICK  
No, I promised you we were going, so we're going. I'll be fine.

BRIDGETTE  
Okay. I'll meet you outside.

She walks out the house.

As Patrick sits moaning, he pulls his wallet out, opening it, taking the ring out.

PATRICK  
Why are you bothering me? Burn in hell, and leave me alone.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette is next door playing with James.

John is sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette.

Patrick comes out of the house.

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'll 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 (CONT'D)

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

James turns to look at John.

JAMES

Daddy, I'm playing 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 a kiss on the cheek.

JAMES

Thanks friend.

BRIDGETTE

You're welcome, friend.

James makes his way over to John.

Patrick makes his way over to Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

I guess he couldn't come.

PATRICK

Not this time.

BRIDGETTE

Okay.

PATRICK

You really like him, huh?

BRIDGETTE

He's my friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Laughter and talking can be heard from the parents and children.

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



Patrick is pushing Bridgette on the swing.

He takes a step back looking around the area.

PATRICK 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.

BACK TO THE SCENE

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 closer 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  
Do you mind if I come up?

GREG  
Come on.

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

PATRICK  
Look at them. They're so innocent.

GREG  
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  
Do you mind if I have one of your  
juices?

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 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  
There'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 stands up stretching.

PATRICK

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELLE ISLE - 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 seriously until I had my daughter.

PATRICK

Let me tell you right now. Your book was amazing.

GREG

I put my all into it.

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  
Then 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 cognac bottle by the rocks.

He turns his back, going inside his pocket, pulling out a sandwich bag filled with liquid nicotine.

He pours 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?

GREG

Ask what you feel.

Patrick walks back to him.

PATRICK

Did you know me and your wife talked every Sunday?

GREG

I don't see what's wrong with that. Confiding in your Deacon is always a plus.

PATRICK

Do you wanna know what she was telling me?

GREG

I would imagine 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. 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 have you arrested, but she felt so ashamed she didn't stop 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's 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 the child of someone they know. Deep down 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 are we toasting to?

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 heavily.

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.

He raises the knife high, and brings it down.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. BELLE ISLE - MORNING

A HOMELESS MAN wearing torn 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.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMPSON 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.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK 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  
Is he 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, and then makes 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, but 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 were murdered in less than a week. Your wife and Michael Young are 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 with my wife and Michael...  
(Inhales deep, releasing sharp)  
You have the audacity bringing this up, and these are completely different situations? 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.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thompson comes walking down the steps knowing Patrick has something to do with the murders, but he can't prove it.

John is next door sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette.

JOHN

Damn shame.

Thompson turns his attention to John.

THOMPSON  
Excuse me, sir?

JOHN  
(Exhales)  
I said it's a damn shame.

THOMPSON  
What is?

JOHN  
The way the people from the church are  
dying off.

Thompson makes his way over to John's porch.

THOMPSON  
What do you know about it?

JOHN  
I do watch the news.

THOMPSON  
How do you know they attended the  
church?

JOHN  
That was a stupid question, don't you  
think?

THOMPSON  
What meakes it a stupid question?

JOHN  
The Deacon is my neighbor. Need I say  
more.

THOMPSON  
(Embarrassed laugh)  
I guess it was stupid. Do you attend  
the church?

JOHN  
No sir, I don't.

THOMPSON  
Why not? Everybody needs some prayer  
in their life.

JOHN  
I'll pass.

THOMPSON  
Because?

John takes one more pull from his cigarette before placing it out on the porch.

JOHN  
Minus the fact people might try to pick on my son? Just because it's the house of God, doesn't mean the devil doesn't dwell in there.

THOMPSON  
Meaning?

JOHN  
You're the cop, figure it out.

THOMPSON  
Right. Well, thank you for the conversation.

John stands up laughing, walking to the door.

JOHN  
The law never lets me down, I swear.

THOMPSON  
What does that mean?

John laughs, walking in the house, closing the door.

Thompson stands baffled before turning around heading towards a black charger.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRIDGETTE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Patrick is sitting on the bed with Bridgette helping her with her homework.

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

BRIDGETTE  
I'll figure the rest 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  
Good memory.

BRIDGETTE  
You told me to never forget what a  
person said.

PATRICK  
That's my girl. The secret to getting  
over things you think are hard is  
this. If you let things hold you up,  
how will you prosper forward in life?

BRIDGETTE  
Should I think this way about  
everything?

He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

PATRICK  
Yes. 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,  
and then makes his way out the front door.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick comes down the steps placing his coat on, walking  
over to his truck.

He gets in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATRICK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He gets comfortable, and then reaches over, opening the glove compartment.

Inside is a Ziploc bag with Greg's bloody eyes.

One of the eyes has a knife wound.

PATRICK

Maybe God will bless you with another pair to view your soul.

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

EXT. THE CHURCH - MORNING

The 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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Thompson and Ronald come into the room and stand 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 as he makes his way from the pulpit heading to the back room.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHURCH - HOURS LATER

People are coming out of 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?

The two turn their attention to her.

THOMPSON

Two people who attended this church were murdered, and two are still missing. 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, I need you to go about your day.

JANET

I have a lot I can speak about.

THOMPSON

What do you have?

Patrick and Bridgette come out of the church smiling.

The three focus on him.

Patrick looks at them, and then looks back seeing Eric coming out of the church heading for the bus stop.

Patrick gives Bridgette the keys, and she goes to the parking lot.

Patrick follows behind Eric.

The three stare at him walking by.

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 and Eric are standing by the bus stop.

PATRICK  
Did you enjoy the sermon?

ERIC  
I love hearing the word from you.

As Janet walks past, 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  
What I'm asking brother Heap, is can  
we meet up on Monday for a discussion?  
My treat for dinner.

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 words to change these young  
people.

ERIC  
I hope we do.

PATRICK  
Have faith. I'll see you on 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 (CONT'D)  
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 (CONT'D)

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

He gets in the truck.

As Thompson makes his way back to the car, he sees Terry coming out of the church.

Feeling as if he can get some answers, he approaches him.

THOMPSON

Excuse me. Would you mind answering a few questions?

TERRY

No problem. Would you like to step inside the church with me?

THOMPSON

Lead the way.

Terry makes his way back inside the church.

Ronald prepares to go in with them, but Thompson signals for him to fall back before walking in the church.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

A few members are still clearing out along with the choir and band.

Terry is standing by the door as Thompson walks in.

TERRY

Would you like to go in the back for more privacy?

THOMPSON

This is fine, I just have a few questions.

TERRY

Fire away.

THOMPSON

What can you tell about the two deceased members who attended the church?

TERRY

(Somber sigh)

Brother Hews was a recovering addict. Everyone was impressed with his road to recovery.

(Sighs)

Hard to believe he was the rapist. There was so much potential in him,

and he just slipped into those sadistic acts.

THOMPSON

It was shocking to a lot of people. What about Greg?

TERRY

In my opinion, Brother Greene had a prosperous career ahead of him after reading his book. Did you get a chance to read it?

THOMPSON

Not yet.

TERRY

It's an interesting book. But Brother Greene was recovering from alcohol abuse, which is why he wrote his book. Well, it was that and so he could get back in touch with his wife and daughter.

THOMPSON

Touching tales. What about the Deacon?

TERRY

(Joyful laugh)

Me and Brother Graves have been friends since I can remember. Even with the disappearance of his wife, he still finds the strength to deliver an amazing sermon, and watch over Bridgette.

THOMPSON

An amazing man. Have you noticed him acting strange after his wife and Michael went missing, and the other members who were found dead?

Terry ponders on it for a second.

TERRY

Not to my knowledge. For each death he provided a moving speech. As for his wife. When he delivered the sermon about her, it was hard keeping it together, but he pulled through. I do believe since Michael's disappearance



that's the reason why his mother and young Fred stopped attending church.

THOMPSON

The loss or having no communication with a loved one can lead to isolation. But there's no particular reason why I was asking about Patrick. He's better than me handling all of the sorrow that's happened as of lately. Just asking around to see if anyone noticed him ready to crack, or needs someone to talk to.

TERRY

He's been the same old Patrick far as I know.

THOMPSON

If you notice anything odd about him, would you give me a call? My name is Detective Thompson Winters.

TERRY

Sure thing.

THOMPSON

Thank you for your time.

Thompson pats Terry on the arm, and then makes his way out the church.

Terry stands wondering about the questions Thompson asked him, praying he doesn't think Patrick has anything to do with the murders.

Not giving it any further thoughts, Terry makes his way towards the back of the church.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET 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  
So he can continue roaming the streets  
as 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 is sitting on the stairs.

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.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. JANET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Janet's house is somewhat similar to Patrick's, but her neighborhood looks better.

Thompson and Ronald are walking down the steps making their way to the charger.

RONALD  
I think everybody in that church is crazy.

THOMPSON

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

PROSTITUTE #2, a long haired blonde with some nice size  
breasts 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 heavily 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 wash up. You can pay  
me when I leave.

ERIC

Not a problem.

She gets out of 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 (CONT'D)

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

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 opening it. getting in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATRICK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

They both get comfortable putting their seat-belts on before  
Patrick pulls off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
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  
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.

He leans Eric's seat back, and then turns the radio on.

Gospel music plays as he waits for the light to turn green.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED 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 steel table.

Two small bags of sand are resting on the table.

Tight piano wire is around his neck, connecting to one side of a two-sided scale glued down 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 handsaw 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 to fully open 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 one of the bags, and then walks over to the scale.

He slowly starts pouring the sand on the scale side with the hooks connected to Eric's eyes.

While Eric tries to get up from the chair, 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.

Coming back to the table, Patrick picks up the saw.

Starting the saw up, he places it on the table.

Sparks are flying as he slowly moves it down towards Eric's fingers.

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 turns the saw off, and places it down on the table.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You're almost free.

Picking up the other bag, he moves back over to the scale.

He removes the old sand before slowly pouring the fresh bag of sand on the side with the piano wire connecting around his neck.

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, causing his body to shake.

Patrick looks at Eric's lifeless body smiling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

Patrick comes back to the table picking up Eric's fingers, placing them in his pocket.

He picks up a gas can he brought in and drenches Eric's body, making a trail close to the oil drum.

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

EXT. PATRICK 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 of 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  
of 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 (CONT'D)

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, and takes Patrick to the ground.

James and Bridgette stop playing looking over at the two.

BRIDGETTE  
Daddy.

JAMES  
Daddy.

The two look at their children.

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. Just 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 to look at Bridgette.

PATRICK

Come on princess, let's go get them doughnuts

BRIDGETTE

Can we get James some, too?

PATRICK

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 (CONT'D)

Friend is bringing me doughnuts, daddy.

JOHN

She's a good friend, champ.

JAMES

I love my friend, daddy.

John looks at him smiling.

JOHN

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

The two make their way back into the house.

INT. THE 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 to face 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, and then grabs her condoms, placing them in her pocket.

PATRICK

What happened to celibacy?

ASHLEY

I'm getting these for my friend.

PATRICK

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 into the store walking over to them.

TERRY

How's everything going?

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 (CONT'D)

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.

CUT TO:

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 the women.

He takes a sip from his drink.

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, and then sharply exhales.

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

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  
Gonorrhoea

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

Good memory.

ASHLEY

Order us another round.

Rubbing her hand across his face seductively, 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 - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

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

ASHLEY

(Groggy tone)

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  
(Breathing heavy)  
...I don't feel so hot.

Patrick holds her up, opening the back door, putting her inside, closing the door.

He walks over to the driver door, opening it, getting in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATRICK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He looks back seeing she's asleep.

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, and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. AN ABANDONED HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

The only source of light is coming from the LED lamp beside the bed.

Ashley is tied down on a dirty mattress wearing her bra and panties, with her legs spread open.

A glue sheet with extra glue applied 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 one thing. Why didn't you get the disease cleared due to your own careless acts?

We 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 thing.

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 raising the bat, he brings  
it down with all his might between her legs.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. VACANT FIELD - MORNING

CLOSE UP - ASHLEY BODY

Her dead body lies in the grass with her skull crushed in,  
along with the gruesome fashion of how her face was ripped  
off.

Bruises and thick dried up blood trails are coming from  
between her legs.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Thompson, Ronald and other officers stand disgusted.

RONALD

This is fucking ridiculous.

THOMPSON

Who could've done---?

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 every time we try to---

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. THE 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, and then makes his way to the front.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick gets to the front, walking over to Thompson and Ronald smiling.

PATRICK

Here we go again. What do you want with me---

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 watches the scene 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)

Confess you sick son of a bitch!

Patrick stands up wiping the blood from his mouth.

PATRICK

I forgive you. The Lord will 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 of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET LIVING ROOM - NIGHT



Fred is sitting on the couch watching television.

The doorbell rings.

Fred looks back prepared to stand up, but then he sees Janet making her way to the door.

JANET

I'll answer it.

She grabs the handle, and then pauses, looking back at Fred.

JANET (CONT'D)

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

She opens the door without looking, and as soon as she faces forward a hammer comes at her head with full force connecting, knocking her to the floor, leaving her dazed with blood coming down her forehead.

Patrick drags her body into the house, and then closes the door.

Fred leaps from the couch running upstairs, and Patrick is right behind him.

Fred runs in his room, closing the door and locking it, just as Patrick gets to the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRED BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fred searches frantically around his room for a weapon, while Patrick beats on the door.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Time to join your father!

Digging through his closet, he pulls out a baseball bat.

He goes back to the door, and cocks the bat back.

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.

It's silent.

Fred slowly lets his guard down, reaching for the knob.

Patrick kicks the door in, forcing Fred a few steps back from  
the force.

Gaining his ground, he swings the bat missing, allowing  
Patrick to backhand him into the desk.

He falls to the floor moaning in pain.

Patrick walks over to him, and kneels 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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JANET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is coming downstairs with the hammer in his hand.

He walks over to Janet and kneels down.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I was told to beat the word into a  
person's head for them to understand.

Patrick begins beating her in the head.

The blood that lands on his face, he licks it off.

Standing up with a smile, he looks down, and then spits 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 HOUSE - TWENTY MINUTES 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.

He rings the doorbell getting no response.

Ringng the doorbell one more time, still getting no response, he decides to knock on the door, and it budges open.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JANET LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walking in, he covers his mouth when he sees Janet's dead body.

Her face is mangled, and her brains coming from her skull as the blood stains 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 to speak, and blood comes spilling out.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Dear God. I'll get you some 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.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATRICK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is sitting 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 from my whore 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. PATRICK LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette comes downstairs making her way towards the kitchen.

Patrick comes in closing the door, standing with a blank stare.

Bridgette turns looking at him worried that something might be 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 over to the door.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

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

Can you go get your father?

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE 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 to look at her.

PATRICK  
Yes sweetie, I'm fine.

She walks over to him.

BRIDGETTE  
What's in the room I've never seen?

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, not realizing he left the keys in the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATRICK 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

Truth about what?

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 us have this talk.

She walks off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Would you like something to drink?

TERRY

Did you kill them?

PATRICK

(Sarcastic laugh)

Did I kill who?

TERRY

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

PATRICK

Are you trying to place the blame on me?

TERRY

I never told you, but...the police questioned me one Sunday.

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.

PATRICK

Why?

TERRY

How did you get the blood on your hands?

PATRICK

(Low evil laugh)

Do you really wanna know?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette is standing in the doorway, feeling against the wall for a light switch, which she finally finds, turning the lights on.

Her mouth drops when she sees the heads.

She walks over to the jar with Danielle's head in it.

She drops down to her knees crying.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATRICK 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 Danielle?

PATRICK

And I shared her flesh with Bridgette.

TERRY

You're sick. How could you---

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

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 you for---?

Patrick turns around plunging the knife deep into Terry's throat.

Terry gasps, choking on his blood as Patrick pulls him closer, holding his head, twisting the knife.

PATRICK  
(Sorrow tone)  
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.

A tear falls from his eye.

He takes off running to the kitchen.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

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 (CONT'D)  
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 in that.

BRIDGETTE

You had a say so in killing her?

Patrick walks over to her, and kneels 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 HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Red and blue lights flood the neighborhood.

Officers are getting out their squad cars, setting up to move into 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, and then take him down.

The officer hits the door hard, knocking it in.

Officers rush in.

Thompson takes a deep breath, drawing his gun, following behind them.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PATRICK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They pause, staring at Terry's dead body.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)  
Little girl?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ronald and other Officers are looking at Patrick lying flat on his stomach with blood spreading across the floor.

Ronald walks over to him, and slowly turns him over.

RONALD  
Shit.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRIDGETTE 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 (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

BRIDGETTE  
(Chewing)  
I have them both.

Ronald comes running up the stairs.

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 FACE

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

THOMPSON

Jesus Christ!

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

Thompson is escorting Bridgette out of the house.

The people outside look 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, and runs towards the car.

John flicks his cigarette, standing up.

JOHN

Get back here, James!

James gets to the car looking at Bridgette.

She looks at him with the same 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 a while.

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.

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, huh, 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.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS