

I AM GOD

By

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final draft

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FADE IN:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - FATHER MATHEW FACE

He's fairly handsome for his age. Salt and pepper hair. Baby blue eyes, and smooth milky skin.

He's looking into the camera unnerved, blessing himself, followed by a deep breath and a calm release.

FATHER MATHEW

My son. When our father created us in his image, he knew we would never be perfect. We know sins in his eyes are wrong, but sometimes we can't help ourselves. So I ask you, my son.

(Deep breath)

Do you have remorse for the sins you've committed?

The silence is almost eerie.

FATHER MATHEW

Did you hear me, my son? Do you---

BANG!!! The loud shotgun blast echoes throughout the booth as Father Mathew's head explodes, covering the walls with blood and brain fragments.

A person wearing black leather gloves tosses a newspaper on top of Father Mathew's dead body.

INSERT THE NEWSPAPER

The headline on the "Rapture exclusive reads Priest found not guilty of rape involving ten-year-old boy." There's a picture of Father Mathews on his knees praying in front of the courthouse with members of his congregation standing around for support.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP THE FLOOR

It's white with black diamond shape patterns.

The annoying sound of dripping water is heard.

Watery blood begins spreading across the floor, and the sound of someone exhaling sharply is heard.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
They say life is continuous energy.

BACK TO THE SCENE:

The upper torso of a woman with fair white skin and short black hair is slumped over the tub with a slit throat.

BRENDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I don't know if this is true. ...But  
the energy that resides inside of me  
whether it's good or bad. I'll  
continue expressing it with  
perfection.

Brendan's hand covered by a black leather glove reaches for her head, pulling it back, extinguishes his "Kool" with a clear filter tip out on in the stomp, grinding it in before removing the filter, lowering the head, leaving the butt to be seen sticking out the side of her throat.

He pats her on the head as if she's a good dog.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Forensic officers are taking pictures looking for clues.

One of the officers wearing latex gloves lifts her head removing the cigarette butt, placing it in an evidence bag.

Another officer wearing latex gloves sticks his hand in the bloody water draining the tub.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
The police are a joke. Colorful  
puppets who make you believe they  
serve and protect. They make you  
believe you're safe. They'll give you  
tons of excuses why they can't catch a  
psychopath, instead of saying they're  
fucking incompetent.

The officers in the room step back staring in horror inside the tub.

INSERT INSIDE THE TUB

The lower half of the woman is gone, and her innards are in the tub.

BRENDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A well deserved death, considering she helped the pedophile priest collect his victims. Some would say this is wrong because I'm not "God." Well, if "God" stood behind his words, I wouldn't have to deliver the wrath.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The only light seen is coming from the slits of the door at the end of the hallway Brendan is slowly approaching.

Opening the door, he steps into the bathroom and makes his way towards the medicine cabinet painted over with a picture of Jesus with his eyes closed crying.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
Followers of "God's word" will judge you, while desecrating the word. Irony, I would say. People still have no idea why Jesus wept. He wept for the mindless praising him, having no idea why. I don't believe in "God's word", so there's no need for his tears.

He opens the cabinet looking over the various mental medications.

BRENDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
If this "God" everyone believes in is real, why are people like me or far worse still alive? Is it because good can't exist without evil? If that's the case, what does that say about "God? I say people should believe and know one thing. Death is inevitable.

INT. {FLASHBACK} 1986 CHURCH - MORNING

We come in on YOUNG BRENDAN and his parents SOPHIA and DARWIN, a family dressed like they're from the 70's.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
This is the perfect family in

America's eyes seeing no flaws in our character. ...If people only looked behind the closed door.

CUT TO:

INT. BRENDAN PARENTS ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room decor is religious based.

With his arms and legs shackled around the metal bars of the old fashioned bed, Young Brendan lies in fear wearing nothing but his boxers.

We hear the door come open, and in walks Sophia and Darwin wearing white robes.

Sophia is holding a goblet walking towards Young Brendan, while Darwin remains at the end of the bed holding a pair of scissors.

Sophia places the goblet down on the nightstand, and then looks at Young Brendan smiling, placing a calm hand on his face stopping his movements, caressing him as if he's Darwin.

SOPHIA

Just relax, Brendan. We're embarking on something God wants. You believe and love our God, right?

Young Brendan slowly nods his head yes.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

That's my big boy. Now, remember. No matter how aggressive this can possibly get, this is for God so we'll be welcomed into his kingdom.

Darwin begins cutting his boxers and Young Brendan gets nervous, but Sophia gently cuffs his face, relaxing him.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

It's okay. This is part of God's plan. And even though I know this is your first time.

She reaches on the nightstand grabbing the goblet, caressing it in an orgasmic manner.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

When the time comes, we'll collect

the juices God has blessed us with  
inside of this goblet, which we'll  
drink from. Are you ready?

He's still unsure about what's going on, closing his eyes,  
nodding his head yes.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
You'll be reborn in his name. You'll  
be able to say you're a man in God's  
eyes.

She leans down, giving him a kiss on the forehead.

Move over towards the blowing drapes.

BRENDAN (V.O.)  
This went on for years. Countless  
threesomes or sometimes there were one  
on one sessions, all in the name of  
God. But when I began reading and  
understanding what was happening to  
me...I showed my parents the error of  
their ways.

INT. {FLASHBACK} 1996 THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

A large butcher knife rests inside the carved turkey on the  
table.

Sophia is standing over the sink wearing lingerie washing the  
dishes.

TEENAGE BRENDAN comes into the kitchen wearing all-black. His  
long black hair is wet and crinkled staring directly at his  
mother.

He stands there for a few seconds before making his way  
towards the table taking the butcher knife from the turkey,  
placing it in his back pocket, slowly moving towards Sophia.

TEENAGE BRENDAN  
Are we having our usual group session  
tonight or will it be me and you?

He's a few steps from being behind her, when she turns  
looking at him smiling, touching his face in a seductive  
manner.

SOPHIA  
You're old enough to make that

decision on your own

TEENAGE BRENDAN

Well if you don't mind, I'd like to try something new with you.

She leans in for a kiss and he turns his head.

SOPHIA

What's wrong

TEENAGE BRENDAN

Nothing. Just let me have control.

SOPHIA

I'll be submissive, master.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

Thank you. Turn around.

SOPHIA

Yes, master.

She turns around placing her hands on the counter, spreading her legs.

Teenage Brendan embraces her, clenching her throat with his left hand.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

There's no love deeper than what you can have for "God." But right now...you'll experience a love "God" himself couldn't fathom.

SOPHIA

Yes. Yes. Give it to me hard and deep. Make your mother---.

Her next words are replaced with a loud shriek of pain, but he quickly covers her mouth, continuing to force the knife in and out between her legs.

We see the blood spilling from between her thighs, listening to the knife cutting up her flesh.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

I don't know if this is pleasurable...but this is how I felt when my father raped me as a child. You two talked about "God" and how

what happened is something he would  
condone. I read no such thing.  
Therefore, your "God" doesn't exist.

Sophia's eyes roll in the back of her head, and the slight  
whimpers we heard go silent before he slings her to the  
floor.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRENDAN PARENTS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darwin is sitting at the edge of the bed naked, sweaty,  
watching a homemade video of him, Sophia and Young Brendan.

We see the bedroom door slowly open, and there stands Teenage  
Brendan with the bloody butcher knife in hand.

He slowly makes his way to the bed, and just when Darwin is  
about to climax, Teenage Brendan places the knife on his  
throat.

TEENAGE BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
You'll never get another orgasm at my  
expense.

Darwin's eyes are wide.

DARWIN  
Bren---.

Before he can finish his name, Teenage Brendan slits his  
throat.

Darwin grabs at his throat, falling onto the floor dying slow  
as Teenage Brendan focuses on the television.

DARWIN (ON THE TELEVISION)  
That's right, son. Punish her for not  
abiding "God's Word."

A single tear falls from Teenage Brendan's eye as he walks  
towards the television snatching it to the floor.

TEENAGE BRENDAN  
You two made me realize I am "God" and  
you defiled me

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:



BRENDAN (O.S.)

I called the police on myself. You're probably wondering why am I free? I had a good attorney with videos showing what I went through. I only spent a few months in an asylum before I was free. So now that we're all caught up...let's continue where I left off.

INT. {PRESENT TIME 2017} BRENDAN BASEMENT - NIGHT

Heavy metal music is heard playing as the light from the ceiling flickers on and off showing the grim basement.

Brendan is sitting at a desk naked with his back to us, appearing as if he's hard at work on something.

Calligraphy letters are tattooed big across his back reading "I live to kill" along with various other Demonic and sacrilegious images covering the rest of his body.

BRENDAN (V.O)

If people took responsibility for their actions or even thought about the consequences, maybe I wouldn't be doing this. People can't deny I am "God" because I can take and create life when I please.

He sits up straight, extending his arms stretching, cracking the knuckles on his massive hands.

Standing up from the desk, we see his hair is down to his chest as he walks to the other side of the room.

INSERT THE DESK

A switchblade rests on top of a large piece of human flesh he was carving words of hatred on.

BACK TO THE SCENE:

Moving over to where Brendan stepped off, we see WOMAN #2 trapped in a guillotine with her hands shackled to the floor and ball gag in her swollen mouth muffling her whimpers.

BRENDAN

Are you enjoying this as much as I am?  
I mean, this is your fantasy, correct?

Brendan kneels down, coming back up holding a jar with her teeth inside.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
This was in case you thought about  
biting me.

He places the jar down, and then caresses her face.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
You wanna go home?

She nods her head yes.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
I'll let you go home. All you have to  
do is one thing.

He steps off for a hot second, and when he returns he's holding a black nine-millimeter with demonic inscriptions on it.

Her low whimpers turn into screams.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
Calm down. Calm down or I'll put a  
fucking bullet in your head! Shut up!

She goes silent.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
That's a good girl. I said I'll let  
you go, and I will. All you have to do  
is finish your meal.

Stepping closer in her face, he places the barrel to the side of her head and with his other hand, he gets ready to remove the gag, and then he pauses.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
Do a good job, baby.

He removes the gag, and before she can get a word out, he inserts himself inside her mouth with force.

Not satisfied by her performance, he cocks the hammer.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)  
Bitch, you better get to work. Eat  
your meal!

Her cries mixed with noises from her giving him a blowjob are heard.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

That's right. Go faster. Go faster,  
baby. Come on. I know you can do it.  
Yes! Yes. you're almost free! I'm  
almost there! I'm almost...

He pulls the trigger blowing her brains out, as his moans  
calm down, staring at the blood dripping on the floor.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I told you I'll let you go home. Hell  
has a special place for whores.

Brendan walks away leaving us staring at the woman's brains  
falling from her skull.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS