

GOD'S SPEAKER

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

FADE IN:

INT. 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.

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.

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  
Michael.

They try to stand 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 - MOMENTS 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 witnessed 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 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 heaven'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 the vision for your blueprint.

A sharp shriek comes from Fred, inching 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 runs away. Patrick laughs low, chewing on the flesh, closing the garage door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATRICK HOUSE - 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 return to 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

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 throat)  
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.

A deep pain is shown her face as she gets up from her chair walking over to him, standing by his side.

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. 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.

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.

As the music comes to an end, 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 before returning.

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 hands of the Lord 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.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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 face 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 family 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 ruin my chance of rekindling with my family.

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 for the man in his mid thirties.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

BRADLEY

Being 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 at the clinic. reminding 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.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(Energetic tone)

Let's keep it going. Does anybody else  
wanna share what they're blessed with?

The twenty-four-year-old pretty boy slicking his brown hair  
back wearing a maroon suit, standing 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." I'm not proud of this, but  
I was great at my craft.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

People that's great at what they do  
usually don't get caught, so what  
happened?

ERIC

Trying to rob this lady house and she  
greeted me with the barrel of a  
shotgun, telling me I should earn what  
I want.

PATRICK

Be thankful for 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.

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 control your  
desires?

ASHLEY

I had a friend who 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHURCH - AFTERNOON

The church has a Southern look with a full parking lot and a  
liquor store no more than a few steps away.

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

Janet 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.

He looks back and sees 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.

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 it  
to 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.

He gets in, closing the door, looking over at Bridgette  
writing in her diary, appearing as if she's ready to cry.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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 into his horror filled eyes.

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 pushes 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.

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 get punished.

He focuses on the jar with Danielle's head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(Disgusted tone)

...You.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. 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. THE WOODS - NIGHT FLASHBACK

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

END FLASHBACK:

INT. THE BACK ROOM - NIGHT {BACK TO PRESENT TIME}

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)  
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.

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 and places 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 - LATER

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 and Bridgette gets off excited. Patrick comes from the house in his chef uniform and

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

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 are 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.

Unable to stop thinking about it, he makes his way to the back door walking out, propping the door open.

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 takes a sip and 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.

He makes his way over to the sink washing his hands, and then moves over to the meat station. 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.

Talking circulates around the packed restaurant with waiters and waitresses moving around.

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.

PATRICK

Just adding more work on me, huh?

TERRY

(Laughs)

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.

She releases a soft laugh, she makes her way out of the  
bathroom, and heads downstairs to the front door.

She's hesitant to open the door, but she shrugs up her  
shoulders, opens the door and steps outside. Streetlights  
give some light in the neighborhood.

Bridgette stands on the porch for a second before making her  
way next door, walking 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, so adding on with 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 nice like you do.

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 - LATER

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.

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.

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 and 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 and 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 - MOMENTS LATER

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 tightly wrapping it around Bradley's left calf.

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 and pulls out the muscle. 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 ALLEY - MORNING

CLOSE UP BRADLEY BODY

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

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 - CONTINUOUS

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  
Not this kind, but 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 - CONTINUOUS

Thompson is sitting behind his desk doing paperwork, when 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 same 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 (CONT'D)  
(Sighs)  
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 and then stands 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.)  
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 - LATER

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.

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 and takes a seat on the bed.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(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 and starts 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 it, taking Danielle's blood stained ring out.

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

PATRICK  
How could you?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. 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.

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.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. THE CHURCH BATHROOM {BACK TO PRESENT TIME}

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

PATRICK  
 Lord, give me the strength 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 put your trust into.

Applauds and amen circulate through the room. Patrick steps down from the pulpit making his way towards the back, he sees Greg interacting with a child inappropriately.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK LIVING ROOM - LATER

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 and Bridgette runs over to him.

BRIDGETTE

Can James come with us to the park?

PATRICK

We'd have to ask his father.

BRIDGETTE

Let's go ask him.

The two walk over to John's house. John flicks his cigarette to the side, standing up coming down from the porch.

Bridgette and James go back to playing.

JOHN

It's nice seeing those two having fun.

PATRICK

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

JOHN

I'm not sure about that one.

PATRICK

He would be in good hands.

JOHN

You know how people are towards him. I don't believe you'd stand up for him like I would.

PATRICK

Nobody will mess with him to that point.

JOHN

(Scoffs)

You and I know that's a lie. I'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 and 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 - MOMENTS LATER

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

Patrick is pushing Bridgette on the swing and then he takes a step back looking around the area. PATRICK POV

Greg is sitting on the bleachers wearing a trench coat with some juices beside and an orgasmic look, licking his lips, pulling out a flask taking a sip.

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

Oh, their not mine, somebody left  
these here.

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  
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 - LATER

Thompson is sitting behind his desk looking over paperwork when 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 - MOMENTS LATER

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.

THOMPSON

I'll do that.

PATRICK

Please do.

Thompson walks out the house. 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 makes 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 - CONTINUOUS

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?

PATRICK  
(Kisses her forehead)  
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.

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

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

Inside is a Ziploc bag with Greg's bloody eyes. One of the eyes has a knife wound.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
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. Thompson and Ronald come into the room and stand up against the back wall.

The choir is singing a song, while Patrick stands 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 - LATER

People are coming out of the church. Thompson and Ronald are standing to the side waiting for Patrick, when Janet walks 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.

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. 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 - CONTINUOUS

PROSTITUTE #2, a long haired blond 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. 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 - MOMENTS LATER

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 side of the scale 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 - LATER

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

Patrick and Ashley are 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.

PATRICK  
(Takes a sip)  
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 - MOMENTS 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 up 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. 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 - LATER

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.

He kneels down stroking her hair.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Before we start Ms. Turner, I have to ask one thing. Why didn't you get that disease cleared?

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.

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 - AFTERNOON

Patrick is hard at work slicing up meat when 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.

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 and slams 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 knob, 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.

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. Patrick is coming down the stairs with the hammer in hand walking over to Janet, kneeling down.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I was told I'd have to beat the word  
into a person's head for them to  
understand.

He begins beating her in the head and the blood that lands on his face, he licks it off.

Standing up with a smile, he looks down, 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 - MOMENTS LATER

Terry pulls up in his cream Monte Carlo in front of Janet's house coming to a stop.

He gets out making his way to the door, ringing the doorbell getting no response.

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

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 spills 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, when 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  
I've never seen this room?

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 (CONT'D)  
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 and 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 is self-explanatory.

TERRY

You need help, Patrick.

PATRICK

All I need is my daughter. The 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 as he takes off running to the kitchen.

He flies down the basement stairs heading to the back room, pausing seeing the door is open.

Approaching the door looking in, he sees Bridgette sitting on the floor in front of the jar with Danielle's head with her back to the door.

Patrick walks into the room.

PATRICK (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 of 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.

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.

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