

I AM GOD

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"God is parents in the eyes of a child."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

INT. CONFSSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

We come in on FATHER TAYLOR staring at us. He's fairly handsome for his age, disregarding the salt and pepper hair because his baby blue eyes and smooth milky skin go perfectly together.

He quickly blesses himself.

FATHER TAYLOR

My son. Although our father created us in his image, he knew we'd never be perfect. We know sinning is wrong, but sometimes we can't help ourselves. So I ask you, my son.

(Deep breath)

Do you believe you'll be forgiven your sins?

The silence is almost eerie.

FATHER TAYLOR (CONT'D)

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

BANG!!! The loud shotgun blast echoes throughout the booth.

Father Taylor's head explodes, covering the walls with blood and brain fragments.

BRENDAN, who isn't shown, is wearing black leather gloves, tossing a newspaper on top of Father Taylor's dead body.

INSERT THE NEWSPAPER

The headline reads "Priest found not guilty after being accused of molesting ten-year-old boy."

There's a picture of Father Taylor on his knees praying in front of the courthouse with members of his congregation standing around for support.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sound of a dripping faucet is heard as watery blood slowly spreads across the white floor.

Brendan is heard exhaling sharply.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

They say life is continuous energy. I don't know if it's true. But the energy residing inside of me, good or bad...I'll carry it on with perfection.

Following where the bloody water is coming from, we see the upper torso of a woman with fair white skin and short black hair slumped over the tub.

Brendan's hand covered by a black leather glove reaches for her head and pulls it back.

Her head is connected by a thin piece of flesh, one good slice away from decapitation.

Brendan places his cigarette with a clear filter tip out on the stomp grinding it in before removing the filter, lowering the head.

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE BATHROOM - AN HOUR LATER

The room is filled with police officers taking pictures and looking for clues.

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

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

BRENDAN (V.O.)

The law is a complete joke. Colorful puppets make you believe they serve and protect. They make you believe you're safe, while giving you tons of excuses why they can't catch a psychopath, instead of saying they're fucking incompetent.

The officers in the room step back staring at the horror inside the tub, seeing the lower half of the woman is gone, but her insides remain.

BRENDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A death well deserved considering she helped the pedophile priest abduct and indulged in sexual engagements with children. Some would say this is wrong because I'm not "God". Well, if "God" stood behind his words, I wouldn't deliver his wrath.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

Brendan slowly approaches the door, softly pushing it open revealing the bathroom.

Stepping into the all-white bathroom cleaned spotless, Brendan makes his way towards the medicine cabinet.

The mirror on the cabinet is painted over with a picture of Jesus with his eyes closed crying.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

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

He opens the cabinet looking over the various mental medications.

BRENDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If this "God" everyone believes in is real, why are people like me or far worse still alive? Is it because good can't exist without evil? If that's the case, what does that say about "God"?

(Looks through the medicines)

People should believe and know one

thing. Death is inevitable.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING - {FLASHBACK} 1986

The Catholic Church is packed with people embracing the song being sung by the choir.

Standing at the front pew dressed as a family from the 70's, clean cut with high standards are six-year-old YOUNG BRENDAN and his parents SOPHIA and DARWIN.

Their innocent baby blue eyes are radiating not just from the sun coming through the stained glass windows, but from the inner joy of hearing the Lord being praised.

BRENDAN (V.O.)
This is the perfect family in
America's eyes. ...If people only
looked behind the closed door.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BRENDAN'S PARENTS ROOM - AFTERNOON

The room decor is religious based as the wind gently blows the soft pink drapes, while the sun shines in the room.

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

We hear the door come open.

Sophia and Darwin walk in wearing white robes.

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

Sophia places the goblet down on the nightstand, and then looks at Young Brendan smiling.

Young Brendan struggles to get free.

Sophia places a soothing hand on his face stopping his movements, caressing him as if he's Darwin.

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

Young Brendan slowly nods his head yes.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

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

Darwin moves closer opening the scissors placing them on the bottom leg part of Young Brendan's boxers beginning to cut.

Young Brendan becomes nervous again, and Sophia gently cuffs his face, relaxing him.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

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

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

Darwin is finished cutting the boxers, removing them.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

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

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

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

You'll be reborn in his name. Then you can truly say you're a man in God's eyes.

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

Sophia and Darwin remove their robes revealing their naked bodies.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Enjoy yourself, Brendan. And keep one thing in mind. You can use your teeth on your mother. Pain and love go hand and hand.

Slowly moving towards the blowing drapes, we can hear moans coming from Sophia.

BRENDAN (V.O.)

This went on for years. Countless threesomes, sometimes there were one on one sessions, all in the name of God. That's until I began reading and understanding. After that...I showed my parents the error of their ways.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT - 1996

The kitchen is set basic with three chairs around a wooden table, where a large butcher knife rests inside the carved turkey on the table.

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

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

He stands there for a few seconds before making his way towards the table taking the butcher knife from the turkey.

Placing the knife in his back pocket, he slowly moves towards Sophia.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

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

He's a few steps from being behind her, when she turns around looking at him smiling.

She steps towards him, reaching out, touching his face in a seductive manner.

SOPHIA

You're old enough to make that
decision on your own.

Moistening his lips seductively, he steps into her.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

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

Turned on by what he said, she leans in for a kiss and he turns his head.

SOPHIA

What's wrong?

He gives her a kiss on the cheek.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

Nothing. Just let me do this.

She smiles, caressing his face.

SOPHIA

I'll be submissive, master.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

Thank you. Stand up against the sink.

SOPHIA

Yes, master.

She winks at him before placing her hands on the counter, spreading her legs.

Teenage Brendan slowly approaches, pressing hard against her making her moan, feeling his manhood against her ass, as he clenches her throat with his left hand.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

There's no love deeper than what "God" has for you. But right now...you'll experience a love "God" himself couldn't fathom. Are you ready?

She begins moaning as if he's penetrating her.

SOPHIA

Yes. Yes. Give it to me hard and deep.
Make mama---

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

Blood spills from between her thighs, hearing the knife cutting up her flesh.

TEENAGE BRENDAN

I don't know if this is pleasurable...but this is how I felt when my father raped me as a child. You two speak upon "God" and how what happened is something he would

condone. Your "God" doesn't exist.

Sophia's eyes roll in the back of her head, and the slight whimpers we heard go silent, hearing the knife snatched out as he slings her hard to the side.

Staring down at her dead body, he watches the blood forming under her with a slight smirk before looking up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRENDAN'S PARENTS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

He's moaning with intense eyes staring at the screen.

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

Darwin is so wrapped up masturbating, he doesn't hear Teenage Brendan walking up standing beside him.

Still focused on the screen appearing as if he's about to climax, Teenage Brendan clinches the knife tighter, aiming towards the side of Darwin's neck.

TEENAGE BRENDAN (CONT'D)

You'll never get another orgasm at my expense.

Darwin's eyes widen, stopping what he's doing, keeping his eyes locked on the screen.

DARWIN

Bren---

Before he can finish his name, Teenage Brendan grabs his head tight slamming the knife into his neck.

As Darwin chokes on his blood trying to speak, Teenage Brendan twists the knife.

Darwin takes his last breath as Teenage Brendan snatches the knife from his neck letting Darwin's dead body hit the floor.

Watching the blood spill from Darwin's mutilated neck, Teenage Brendan spits on him, and then tosses the knife focusing on the screen.

Tears form in his stone cold eyes watching what his parents made him do in the name of "God."

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

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

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

Teenage Brendan walks out the room.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

BRENDAN (V.O.)
I called the police on myself. You're probably wondering why am I free? Call it a skin privilege or a good attorney with videos showing what I went through. I only spent a few months in an asylum before I was free. Now that we're all caught up...let's continue where we left off.

INT. BRENDAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

The light from the ceiling flickers on and off showing the grim basement.

The light flickers on and off in the grim black basement, with various S&M instruments tainted with blood hanging on the walls.

Heavy metal music is playing faintly in the background.

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

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

BRENDAN (V.O)
If people took responsibility for
their actions or even

thought about the consequences, maybe I wouldn't be doing this. People can't deny I am "God" because I can take and create life when I please.

Sitting straight up, he extends his arms stretching, cracking the knuckles on his massive hands.

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

INSERT THE DESK

There's an open book with human flesh as the pages. A switchblade tainted with blood and a piece of flesh hanging from the tip rests beside the book.

Carved on the pages, we see some of Brendan's sadistic thoughts and pictures, giving us a more in-depth glance of how sick he really is.

Moving over to where Brendan stepped off, we see a woman trapped in a guillotine with her hands shackled to the floor.

Whimpers are coming from the beautiful woman who appears to be in her early-twenties with tears falling from her big green eyes.

A ball gag is in her swollen mouth as blood mixed with saliva drips from the sides.

BRENDAN

Are you enjoying this as much as I am?

Her whimpers intensify shaking her head no, causing Brendan to release a sadistic laugh.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Isn't this your fantasy?

Brendan reaches down and picks up a jar with her teeth inside.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

This was in case you thought about biting me.

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

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Do you wanna go home?

She nods her head yes, continuing whimpering.

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

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

Her low whimpers turn into loud muffled screams.

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

She goes silent.

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

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

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

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

Not satisfied by her performance, he cocks the hammer.

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

Her cries mixed with noises from her giving him a blowjob, and his moans are heard.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
That's right. Go faster. Go faster,
baby. Come on. I know you can do it.

His moans grow louder gripping her head, forcing himself inside her mouth.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Yes! Yes, you're almost free! I'm

almost there! I'm almost...

He holds her head tight forcing himself all the way in her mouth, and we can hear vomit spilling out as he reaches his climax, pulling the trigger blowing her brains out.

His moans slowly calm down, releasing her head.

While trying to catch his breath, he stares at the blood coming from her head onto the floor.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

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

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

BRENDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The only form of heaven you'll experience is the death I'll give you. Your hell is being allowed to live for your unpunished sins. Your "God" is nothing if he'll always forgive you with blessings.

FADE TO BLACK:

"There's always a lie mixed with the truth."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS