

GOD' S SPEAKER

By

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BLACK SCREEN:

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

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - PATRICK

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

WIDER ANGLE--

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

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

DANIELLE GRAVES thirty-five is to the right of Patrick.

She's very attractive, long hair, smooth skin, wearing something casual.

Patrick takes a sip of his wine.

DANIELLE

Michael, are you sure you don't want us to drop you off?

MICHAEL

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

DANIELLE

This is God's personal speaker.

MICHAEL

Very true.

Patrick sucks his teeth becoming more irritated.

Danielle looks at him sensing something wrong.

DANIELLE

What's wrong?

PATRICK

Let's stop with the games.

DANIELLE

What games?

PATRICK

Are you comfortable sitting at the table with your husband and the man you've been committing adultery with for the last four months?

Michael and Danielle are silent taking a sip from their wine.

Patrick cracks a slight grin.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Silence is not golden.

MICHAEL

(Clears throat)

I should leave.

Patrick looks at him smiling.

PATRICK

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

DANIELLE

Patrick---

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

PATRICK

Don't try explaining.

MICHAEL

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

PATRICK

There's no misunderstanding. God will judge you for your sins. Now, as far as my marriage...

(Sighs)

Bright and early we can have it taken care of.

Both Michael and Danielle are lost for words.

DANIELLE

That easy?

PATRICK

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

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I wish you two the best.

Releasing her hand, he picks up his glass for a toast.

Smiles of relief are on Danielle and Michael faces raising their glass.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Cheers to moving on.

They all take a sip.

DANIELLE

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

A migraine sensation mixed with nausea hits Danielle and then Michael. They try standing to their feet, quickly sitting back down.

Patrick takes another sip from his glass smiling.

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

PATRICK

(Smiling)

Hm. Roofies actually work.

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

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - ONE HOUR LATER

Plastic covers the walls and floor.

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

Patrick is standing to the side drinking Jack Daniel's from the bottle. He places the bottle to Michael lips, and he turns his head.

PATRICK

Are you sure?

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You almost sound like you did in the video.

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

MICHAEL

How do you---

PATRICK

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

(Sighs)

Our daughter was the first to see her mother committing adultery.

MICHAEL

Why can't you understand she wasn't happy with you?

PATRICK

She broke our vows to God! Whores defile the word of GOD, and still expect blessings!

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

PATRICK

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor wife.

He slits Michael's throat with aggression.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Patrick has a nice two-level brick house with the porch light on, in a fairly nice neighborhood.

FRED YOUNG ten-years-old, wearing a T-shirt and shorts rides up on his bike, with his Afro blowing in the cool summer breeze. He gets off the bike walking up on the porch ringing the doorbell, getting no response.

Sighing, he makes his way to the side of the house seeing Patrick's all-black F-150 with tinted windows.

He gets ready to walk away, but then he notices the garage door is slightly raised, and the light is on.

Quietly, he makes his way towards the garage, getting down on his stomach looking in.

FRED'S POV

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

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

He stares at the flesh smiling, placing it in his mouth chewing.

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

The garage door comes up, and Patrick gets a good look at Fred, before he gets up running to the front of the house.

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

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - TWO HOURS LATER

Police cars block off the street. The people of the community are standing outside looking on, and faint talking is heard.

Officers are coming in and out of Patrick's house and from the backyard.

Patrick is standing on the porch with his adorable daughter BRIDGETTE GRAVES, ten-years-old.

THOMPSON WINTERS, mid-forties, brown skin, is standing on the steps in front of Patrick. You can tell from the exhaustion on his face he's ready to retire.

PATRICK

The reason for this is because of what?

THOMPSON

We received an anonymous tip.

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

BRIDGETTE

Daddy, I'm scared.

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

PATRICK

It'll be over in a minute.

Thompson looks down at Bridgette smiling.

THOMPSON

Listen to your daddy.

Patrick gets offended looking directly in Thompson eyes.

PATRICK

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

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

RONALD

It's clear.

THOMPSON

(To Ronald)

Thank you.

Ronald walks off.

THOMPSON

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

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

PATRICK

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

THOMPSON

I apologize for the false alarm.

PATRICK

You should've known a man of God could never commit murder.

Patrick walks in the house with Bridgette.

The people start clearing out.

Officers get back in their squad cars driving off.

Stepping out of the Cadillac is JANET YOUNG, late-fifties, brown hair, still looking good.

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

Thompson makes his way over to them.

THOMPSON

False alarm.

JANET

False alarm?! Look at this boy.

She points at Fred.

Fred is staring at the house in horror

THOMPSON

(To Fred)

Are you sure about what you saw?

Fred is silent with fear in his eyes.

JANET

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

Janet gets ready to get back in the car, and she notices Fred is still froze staring at the house.

She shakes him snapping him out of his trance.

They both get in the car, and she pulls off.

Thompson sighs, shaking his head.

FADE TO BLACK:

THREE WEEKS LATER

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - MORNING

The newly remolded expanded church is filled to capacity.

The spirit of the Lord is inside everyone clapping and singing with the choir upfront on stage with the band.

Bridgette is sitting up front singing and clapping with everyone else.

Coming up taking a seat next to Bridgette is TERRY WRIGHT, thirty-five, brown skin. Terry is a good friend of the family.

TERRY

How are you Bridgette?

BRIDGETTE

I'm okay.

TERRY

Are you okay about the situation with your mother?

BRIDGETTE

Daddy told me to stay strong. She's either in the hands of the Lord or one day she'll come home.

TERRY

I'm proud of you, Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you.

Patrick comes from the back radiating a holy aura making his way to the pulpit.

The music is coming to an end, and the choir holds one last long note. You can tell the "Holy ghost" is circulating through each member who attended church today.

Patrick looks over the mass proud of their devotion to the Lord.

PATRICK

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

The room claps.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What has the Lord blessed you with Brother Greene?

GREG

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

The room claps.

PATRICK

Amen! What were your inspirations helping you move forward?

GREG

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

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

PATRICK

I've shared many of nights with the same bottle. And then the Lord blessed me with a lovely wife and daughter for my wake up call. What prevents your temptations, so you won't return to the bottle?

GREG

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

PATRICK

The congregation and I will pray for you.
The room is filled with applauds as Greg takes his seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Would anyone else like to share?

The Lord said come as you are, and BRADLEY HEWS, mid-forties has no problems with that, standing to his feet in his simple attire.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

BRADLEY

Well, I've been clean from heroin for seventeen years. I'm blessed I haven't had the urge to go back.

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

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

PATRICK

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

The room claps as Bradley takes his seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(Energetic)

Let's keep it going. Does anybody else want to share?

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What are you sharing with us this morning, Brother Heap?

ERIC

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

PATRICK

(Shocked)

Why would you be doing time behind bars?

ERIC

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

PATRICK

(Laughs)

If you were great, what happened?

ERIC

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

PATRICK

Be thankful you're alive.

ERIC

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

PATRICK

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

The room breaks out laughing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Have you learned from your experience?

ERIC

Aside from possibly getting killed, and knowing I'm not built for prison? Yes, I learned.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Yeah, I'm sure you would hate ending up as a man's girlfriend in jail.

The room breaks out laughing as Eric takes his seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Let's keep the positive energy going as the Lord looks down on us.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Sister Turner, what are you blessed with this morning?

ASHLEY

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

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

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I was sleeping with any and everything to satisfy my sexual urges.

PATRICK

Your own flesh is your demon?

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

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

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

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

The room claps as she takes her seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I want you all to think about this. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Be happy with your blessings, and don't take them for granted.

The room applauds, and amen is heard throughout the room.

Patrick comes down from the pulpit walking towards the back room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - HOURS LATER

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

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

Janet is approaching Patrick with attitude in her walk, and anger on her face.

Patrick turns facing her extending his hand.

She stares at him sucking her teeth.

Keeping a smile, he pulls his hand back.

PATRICK

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

JANET

You know what the problem is.

PATRICK

If I knew, I wouldn't have asked.

JANET

I know the truth.

PATRICK

Let's walk, sister.

The two walk towards the parking lot.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What's your problem?

JANET

How long are you going to keep up this charade?

PATRICK

I'm listening.

JANET

Fred saw what you did.

PATRICK

And what was that?

JANET

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

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

PATRICK

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

JANET

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

PATRICK

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

He looks back seeing Terry coming out the church.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Have a blessed day.

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

TERRY

That was a great sermon.

PATRICK

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

TERRY

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

PATRICK

Let's pray it did.

TERRY

Are you making Sunday dinner?

PATRICK

I think I'll take her out.

TERRY

(Laughs)

I heard pleasing kids is a handful.

PATRICK

Wait till you have your own.

TERRY

When the Lord blesses me with a wife, I will.

PATRICK

He will.

TERRY

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

PATRICK

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

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

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

PATRICK

What's wrong baby girl?

BRIDGETTE

(Sad)

...Nothing.

PATRICK

You know you can't hide things from daddy.

She sighs placing her diary on the floor.

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Isn't that funny?

BRIDGETTE

No, daddy. I have to hear this every day I go to school, and I'm tired of it.

He leans over giving her a hug.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

BRIDGETTE

You promise?

PATRICK

I'd give my life.

BRIDGETTE

Thanks.

PATRICK

You're more than welcome. Where would you

like to go for dinner?

BRIDGETTE

You don't feel like cooking?

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

Can we have steak?

PATRICK

My angel can have anything she wants.

INT. FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

He wakes up screaming with sweat lacing his forehead.

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

JANET

What's wrong?

FRED

(Scared)

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

JANET

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

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

FRED

He's coming for me.

She holds him close against her chest rubbing his back.

JANET

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

FRED

I'm scared.

JANET

God won't allow anything to happen to you.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark.

The sound of something being moved is heard, followed with
the jingling of keys.

The door comes open, and we see the outline of Patrick
standing in the doorway. He flips the switch turning the
lights on.

The only things in the room are the two jars with Danielle
and Michael decomposing heads, and the blood stained knife
he used to carve the flesh from them sitting on a table up
against the back wall.

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

PATRICK

Your son is bothering my princess.

He focuses on the jar with Danielle's head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(Disgusted)

...You.

CUT TO:

INT. ALTAR - MORNING - {FLASHBACK}

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

PREACHER

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

Patrick leans in giving her a kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT - {FLASHBACK}

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

COME BACK TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

Patrick has tears coming down his face.

PATRICK

...How could you?

He picks up the jar staring in love, kissing the glass
where her lips are in a provocative manner, pulling away
smiling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll uphold our vows.

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

INT. LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

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

ANGLE ON--

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

She sighs eating her food.

Fred comes taking a seat across from her.

BRIDGETTE

Can I help you?

FRED

Who are you eating, now?

BRIDGETTE

Get away from me.

FRED

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

Patrick comes into the lunchroom.

BRIDGETTE

You're a pervert.

FRED

You're a nasty cannibal.

BRIDGETTE

My daddy is going to get you.

FRED

I'm so scared. Is he..

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

Patrick looks down at him smiling.

PATRICK

The person I needed to talk to.

BRIDGETTE

Hi daddy.

PATRICK

(To Bridgette)

How's everything going?

BRIDGETTE

Fred is bothering me.

PATRICK

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

Fred doesn't respond.

Patrick pulls out a few dollars handing them to Bridgette.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Go over there and get your daddy some cake
and something for yourself.

She walks off.

Patrick takes a seat next to Fred.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What's your problem with my angel?

Fred is speechless, frozen with fear.

Patrick gets closer to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You remember what you saw that night? Just
nod your head if you do.

Fred slowly nods his head yes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You have two choices. You can live a happy
life and leave my daughter alone. Or you
can join your father in my basement.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Which one is mine?

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

Fred, do you like lemon cake?

FRED

(Nervous)

Yes.

PATRICK

Good.

Patrick takes the lemon cake placing it in front of Fred.

BRIDGETTE

Why are you giving it to him?

PATRICK

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

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Enjoy the rest of your day. I'll see you when you get home.

Patrick walks off.

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

BRIDGETTE

I told you my daddy would get you.

Fred takes off.

Bridgette laughs eating another piece of cake.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

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

The F-150 is parked in front of the house.

The school bus pulls up, and Bridgette gets off excited.

Patrick comes from the house in his chef uniform.

Bridgette runs up to him.

PATRICK

How did the rest of your day go?

BRIDGETTE

It went great. He stopped bothering me.

PATRICK

I told you I'd take care of it.

BRIDGETTE

I love you, daddy.

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

Can we watch movies when you get home?

PATRICK

It depends on the time.

BRIDGETTE

Okay.

She goes into the house.

John comes from the porch walking over to Patrick.

JOHN

What's going on, neighbor?

Patrick turns looking at him.

PATRICK

I'm on my way to work. Hopefully, the new

workers can keep up.

JOHN

When are you gonna make me something, top chef?

PATRICK

(Laughs)

I'll let you know.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

I saw it on the news.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

It's sickening.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

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

JOHN

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

PATRICK

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

JOHN

He's good.

PATRICK

You two should stop in one Sunday.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

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

JOHN

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

John walks back to his house.

Patrick stares at him for a few seconds, before getting in his truck driving off.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Everyone is hard at work preparing different meals, and we can hear chatting and random orders being called out.

Patrick walks through the kitchen looking over the meals the chef's are preparing, and despite he's satisfied with what he sees, he can't get John's words out his head about a woman found raped in the area where Bradley lives.

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

Pacing back and forth debating on seeking the 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

(Sinister smile)

I heard about it on the news. It's some sad men out here.

PATRICK

Indeed. What are you doing for the evening?

BRADLEY

Nothing comes to mind.

PATRICK

I was thinking about coming over for a discussion.

His eyes widen taking a sip.

BRADLEY

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

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Maybe the Lord has blessed you with a good woman.

BRADLEY

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

PATRICK

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

The screen closes on Bradley side.

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

INT. BRADLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A Porno is playing on low on the television resting on top
of some milk crates.

Shirtless with sweat covering his body trailing over the
old track marks, Bradley has PROSTITUTE #1 pinned down on
the floor listening to her cries.

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

BRADLEY

(Drunk)

You like this, whore?!

PROSTITUTE #1

(Begging)

Please don't do...

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

BRADLEY

Please what, whore?

Leaning down with a sadistic smile, he licks the blood from
her mouth.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

It better feel as good as you taste.

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

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

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Hello?

PATRICK (V.O.)

I decided since I was in your neighborhood, we should have that discussion.

His eyes widen.

BRADLEY

(Nervous)

I was getting ready for my date.

PATRICK (V.O.)

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

BRADLEY

You're absolutely right. Are you close by?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The building is raggedy with a lot of people coming in and out, staggering, and cussing loud.

Patrick is sitting on the steps of an abandoned house across the street wearing a black bubble coat with the hood on his sweater underneath over his head.

PATRICK

You have some time.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Let me cancel my plans with her, and I'll be ready when you get here.

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

Bradley comes from the apartment wearing his army jacket,

holding Prostitute #1 up with her embroidery blue jean jacket over her head, making their way to the alley.

Patrick places some chloroform on the handkerchief making his way across the street.

Bradley and Prostitute #1 walk through the homeless people going deeper into the alley where it's darker.

Stopping at an isolated corner, he throws her to the ground.

She sits up vomiting.

PROSTITUTE #1

(Begging)

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 to stand, but she's still stunned from the beating.

Patrick comes up placing a hand on Bradley's shoulder, and he turns around startled.

BRADLEY

Deacon Graves? What are you doing here?

PATRICK

What are you doing?

BRADLEY

Well---

PROSTITUTE #1

(Begging)

Help me.

PATRICK

What's the problem with her?

BRADLEY

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

Patrick looks down noticing Bradley's pants unbuttoned.

PATRICK

That's why your pants are halfway down?

Bradley quickly fastens his pants, laughing nervously.

BRADLEY

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

PATRICK

Let's get her to a hospital.

Bradley turns around lip syncing to Prostitute #1 she
better stay quiet.

Before Bradley can turn back around, Patrick places the
handkerchief over Bradley's mouth and nose with a tight
grip until he goes unconscious.

He lets his body fall to the ground, and then focuses on
Prostitute #1.

PROSTITUTE #1

(Grateful)

Thank you.

PATRICK

Let this be a lesson and a blessing.

Prostitute #1 takes off running.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING - NIGHT

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

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

BRADLEY

(Dazed)

Where--where am I?

He begins struggling to break free.

PATRICK

I'm glad you're awake.

He looks at Patrick confused.

BRADLEY

What is this?

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

Why am I here?!

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

What are you talking about?!

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

I have no idea what you're talking about.

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

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

PATRICK

I'm glad you feel that way.

Patrick pulls the needle out Bradley was about to inject
Prostitute #1 with.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Look what I found in your pocket. Why
would a drug-free man have this?

He places the needle on Bradley's neck.

BRADLEY

(Nervous)

Let me---

PATRICK

Explain your actions?

BRADLEY

(Self-pity)

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

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

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

PATRICK

Is repenting going to heal what you've
done?

BRADLEY

(Begging)

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

(Sobbing)

I'm begging you.

He takes the needle from his neck.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

I wouldn't do that.

BRADLEY

(Relieved)

Thank you.

PATRICK

You need to feel what those women felt.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You took those women state of mind. And once you destroy the mind, people never fully recover.

BRADLEY

(Pleading)

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)

What are you about to do?

PATRICK

We're about to find your functioning veins.

BRADLEY

(Terrified)

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

PATRICK

You should do that before you get to God.

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

He tightens the belt, picking up the knife placing the tip in dragging it straight down, reaching inside pulling out veins and muscle.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

No good. I guess I'll keep going until I find the good ones.

Patrick continues slicing up his body.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

CLOSE UP - BRADLEY'S BODY

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

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

RONALD

This is by far the sickest shit I've ever seen.

THOMPSON

No argument there.

RONALD

Who has the time or stomach to do this?

THOMPSON

Whoever it was, it seems personal.

Thompson walks over kneeling down, taking a closer look.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

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

Bridgette comes into the kitchen.

BRIDGETTE

Good morning, daddy.

He turns his attention to her, continuing to smile.

PATRICK

Good morning, princess. You ready to go?

BRIDGETTE

Yeah.

She notices the container on the counter.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Are we having spaghetti tonight?

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

PATRICK

I can make you some.

BRIDGETTE

What's wrong with that?

Patrick taps his fingers on the lid.

PATRICK

It's spoiled.

BRIDGETTE

Oh.

PATRICK

Let's get going. I'll buy the stuff to
make you some spaghetti.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Thompson is sitting behind his desk doing paperwork.

Ronald comes in.

Thompson looks up from his paperwork.

THOMPSON

What's the latest?

RONALD

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

THOMPSON

Innocent man murdered?

RONALD

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

THOMPSON

Interesting.

RONALD

Guess what church he attended?

THOMPSON

Which one?

RONALD

The church the boy accused the good deacon
of murder.

THOMPSON

Are you serious?

Ronald nods his head yes, walking out the room.

Thompson shakes his head.

THOMPSON

(Sighs)

This shit.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Stepping back in the early-eighties is what you would be
doing when you walk into Patrick's living room with plastic
on the furniture.

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

Enjoying what the preacher is talking about, Patrick gets a
forkful of noodles and organs placing it in his mouth.

PATRICK

(Chewing)

Not bad.

He's ready for another forkful, and the doorbell rings.

Sighing placing the bowl to the side, he gets up walking to
the door opening it, and there stands John.

JOHN

How's it going?

PATRICK

I'm blessed for another day.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

Not a problem.

JOHN

Thanks. I hope I didn't disturb you?

PATRICK

It's fine.

Patrick steps to the side allowing John to come in.

John sees the bowl.

JOHN

Looks like I caught you eating.

PATRICK

A little spaghetti I threw together.

JOHN

How is it?

PATRICK

It's pretty fair.

JOHN

Can I try some?

PATRICK

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

JOHN

Okay.

PATRICK

Let me go get the sugar for you.

Patrick walks off to the kitchen.

JOHN

Did you hear the news about the rapist?

PATRICK (O.S.)

Yeah.

JOHN

Damn shame how he died.

PATRICK (O.S.)

People get the punishment they deserve.

JOHN

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

Patrick comes into the room holding a small canister.

PATRICK

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

JOHN

Did I do that?

PATRICK

You sure did.

JOHN

Can you answer something for me?

PATRICK

What?

JOHN

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

PATRICK

Our God is a forgiving God, as long as you

devote your life to him.

JOHN

No matter the sin, he'll forgive you?

PATRICK

Is there something you need to confess?

John takes the canister from his hand.

JOHN

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

John walks out.

Patrick looks on suspicious.

INT. SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

Patrick has a buggy filled with various items standing in
the cereal aisle.

Janet comes down the aisle pushing her buggy stopping
beside him.

JANET

You're still doing the devil's work?

He looks at her confused.

PATRICK

Excuse me?

JANET

Don't act surprised. I saw the news.

PATRICK

What are you talking about?

JANET

Bradley Hews.

PATRICK

What about him?

JANET

You killed him.

PATRICK

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

JANET

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

PATRICK

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

JANET

I feel sorry for her. She has no idea what
her twisted father feeds her.

He steps into her, fed up with the words coming from her
mouth.

PATRICK

Watch your words, Sister Young.

JANET

There's a reserved seat in hell for you.

PATRICK

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

He walks off with his buggy.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick and Bridgette are sitting at the table eating spaghetti.

Something is plaguing Patrick's mind, and you can see the annoyance on his face.

BRIDGETTE

Thanks for making the spaghetti.

Patrick doesn't respond.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Daddy, are you okay?

He lowers his head.

PATRICK

I'm fine.

BRIDGETTE

What's wrong?

PATRICK

I'm thinking about something.

BRIDGETTE

What are you thinking about?

PATRICK

Nothing you should worry about. Eat your food.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy...

He looks up with anger etching his face.

PATRICK

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

Bridgette's eyes water up leaving the table, running to her room.

He sits for a few seconds, before getting up making his way

to her room walking in.

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

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

Patrick takes a seat on the bed.

PATRICK

(Sorrow)

Daddy apologizes. I didn't mean...

She sits up with tears coming down her face.

BRIDGETTE

You yelled at me. You never yell at me.

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

You don't love me anymore.

PATRICK

I do love you.

BRIDGETTE

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

Patrick wraps his arms around her holding her tight.

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

You promise?

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

PATRICK

Let God take me now if I'm lying.

BRIDGETTE

Okay.

PATRICK

How about after church tomorrow we go to
the park?

She cracks a smile wiping the tears from her face.

BRIDGETTE

You'll give me all the underdogs I want?

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Do you know how old your daddy is?

BRIDGETTE

(Laughs)

You'll be okay.

He pushes her down on the bed tickling her.

PATRICK

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

He stops tickling her.

She sits up catching her breath from laughing.

BRIDGETTE

I love you, daddy.

PATRICK

And I'll always love you.

INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - MORNING

As Patrick stands looking in the mirror, his face is
flushed with sickness thinking about Danielle.

He goes in his pocket pulling out his wallet opening it, taking Danielle's blood stained ring out.

Placing it on the sink, he stares at it ready to cry.

PATRICK

How could you?

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK BEDROOM - AFTERNOON {FLASHBACK}

CLOSE UP - THE TELEVISION

In the corner of the screen is the date 8/15/16 for the movie playing. Danielle is in a motel room with Michael taking each others clothes off.

Bridgette is sitting on the bed in her pajamas stunned by what she sees.

Patrick comes into the room.

PATRICK

Princess, I was thinking...

He freezes in his tracks.

Bridgette turns looking at him.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy---

PATRICK

Go to your room, now.

She gets up leaving the room.

Patrick takes a seat on the bed, shaking his head watching.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

...I can't believe you.

COME BACK TO:

INT. CHURCH BATHROOM - {PRESENT DAY}

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

PATRICK

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

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

Patrick makes his way to the pulpit.

The singing and music stops.

PATRICK

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

PERSON (O.S.)

What's wrong, Deacon?

PATRICK

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

The room says amen.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

The room agrees.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

The room is silent.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I said can we blame him?!

The room is still silent.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

The room applauds, and amen is heard through the room.

Patrick steps down from the pulpit.

As he makes his way towards the back, he sees Greg sitting with his arm wrapped around a child inappropriately.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

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

James has a speech problem from the car accident.

John is sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette.

Patrick comes out the house.

Bridgette runs over to him.

BRIDGETTE

Can James come with us to the park?

PATRICK

We'd have to ask his father.

BRIDGETTE

Let's go ask him.

The two walk over to John's house.

John flicks his cigarette to the side, standing up coming down from the porch.

Bridgette and James go back to playing.

JOHN

It's nice seeing those two having fun.

PATRICK

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

JOHN

I'm not sure about that one.

PATRICK

He would be in good hands.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

Nobody will mess with him to that point.

JOHN

(Scoffs)

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

PATRICK

I can roll with that.

JOHN

Cool.

John turns to James.

JOHN

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

James turns looking at John.

JAMES

Daddy, I play with my friend.

JOHN

You can play with her when she comes back.

James turns to Bridgette.

JAMES

Play later, friend?

BRIDGETTE

Yes, we can play later.

She gives him a hug and kiss on the cheek.

JAMES

Thanks friend.

BRIDGETTE

You're welcome, friend.

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

BRIDGETTE

I guess he couldn't come.

PATRICK

Not this time.

BRIDGETTE

Okay.

PATRICK

You really like him, huh?

BRIDGETTE

He's my friend.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

There's a fair amount of children running around playing

with their parents.

ANGLE ON--

Patrick is pushing Bridgette on the swing.

He pauses taking a step back looking around the area.

PATRICK'S POV

Greg is sitting on the bleachers wearing a trench coat with an orgasmic look, licking his lips.

Resting beside him are some open juices.

He pulls a flask out taking a deep swig.

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

BRIDGETTE

Where are you going?

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

Okay. I'll be over here playing.

Greg gets ready to take another sip, and then he sees Patrick making his way towards him.

He quickly places the flask back in his pocket as Patrick gets to the bleachers.

PATRICK

How are you on this fine day?

GREG

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

PATRICK

Is that right?

GREG

Yup.

PATRICK

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

GREG

I completely agree.

PATRICK

You mind if I come up?

GREG

Come on.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Look at them. They're so innocent.

GREG

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

PATRICK

How old is she?

GREG

She'll be six next week.

PATRICK

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

GREG

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

Patrick looks at the juices.

PATRICK

You mind if I have a juice?

GREG

(Nervous)

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

PATRICK

(Deep whiff)

It smells like someone's been drinking.

GREG

(Nervous laugh)

That might be me.

PATRICK

I thought you put the bottle down? Or the
Devil's saliva as you called it.

GREG

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

PATRICK

Listerine?

GREG

(Nervous laugh)

Breath gotta stay fresh.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Can I tell you something?

GREG

What?

PATRICK

We're only human.

GREG

Yeah.

PATRICK

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

GREG

You do?

PATRICK

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

GREG

I see.

PATRICK

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

GREG

Are you serious?

PATRICK

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

Greg is silent.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Brother Greene, don't worry. As long as we don't get drunk we'll be fine.

GREG

We can do that.

PATRICK

Good. Meet me there around ten.

GREG

You want me to get the drinks?

PATRICK

Yes.

GREG

Cool.

Patrick looks over at Bridgette playing with the other kids.

PATRICK

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

Greg looks at Bridgette.

GREG

You have a beautiful child.

Patrick turns to him.

PATRICK

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

(Sighs)

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

GREG

I feel the same way.

PATRICK

Pedophiles don't have a place in this world.

Patrick stands up stretching.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Ah, well. I'll see you tonight.

Patrick walks off the bleachers making his way back to Bridgette.

Greg pulls out the flask taking a sip with perverted intentions in his eyes watching the children play.

EXT. THE WATER - NIGHT

It's a cool breeze blowing as the moon reflects off the waves.

Patrick and Greg are standing by the water drinking from big blue cups, laughing and talking.

Patrick is wearing his black leather gloves.

PATRICK

What made you decide to become a writer?

GREG

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

PATRICK

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

GREG

I put my all into that book.

PATRICK

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

GREG

Thank you.

PATRICK

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

Greg downs his cup.

GREG

I know what you mean.

Patrick downs his cup.

PATRICK

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

There's a cold silence.

GREG

Well, I'm not. Just so we're clear.

PATRICK

I fully agree with what happens to
pedophiles in jail.

GREG

Why?

PATRICK

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

GREG

No.

PATRICK

Then what makes you think a child would?

GREG

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

PATRICK

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

GREG

I was---

PATRICK

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

GREG

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

PATRICK

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

Patrick takes his cup, and then walks over to the Remy bottle by the rocks.

He turns his back going inside his coat pocket pulling out a sandwich bag filled with liquid nicotine, pouring it all into Greg's cup, adding a splash of liquor.

GREG

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

PATRICK

I hear you talking. Can I ask another question?

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. What better person to confide in than the

Deacon of your church?

PATRICK

Do you wanna know what she was telling me?

GREG

I hope nothing but good things.

PATRICK

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

GREG

Why is that?

PATRICK

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

GREG

Bridgette.

PATRICK

Who is the most important woman in your life?

GREG

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

PATRICK

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

Greg lowers his head in shame.

GREG

You're right. I should be---

PATRICK

You should be locked away or killed. I tried convincing her to have you arrested, but she felt so ashamed for not stopping you.

GREG

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

PATRICK

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

GREG

...True.

PATRICK

(Sighs)

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

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

GREG

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

PATRICK

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

Greg turns his back ready to walk away.

GREG

I need to think about my life.

PATRICK

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

GREG

I never should've started on that road.

PATRICK

Let's have this last drink. Hopefully when you get home you'll see the light.

Greg turns around and Patrick raises his cup, extending Greg's cup to him.

Greg takes the cup.

GREG

What's the toast?

PATRICK

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

Greg downs his drink, instantly having problems grabbing at his throat vomiting, dropping down to one knee.

Patrick looks at him as he falls flat to the ground breathing heavy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

A real father loves his child, and would give his life making sure no harm comes their way.

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

SMASH CUT:

EXT. THE WATER - MORNING

A HOMELESS MAN wearing tore up jeans, a dinghy old white coat with holes in it and a skull cap comes walking along the water with a garbage bag filled with cans.

Walking up on the garbage can, a big smile spreads across his face opening it looking inside. He falls back in fear, scooting away from the can.

HOMELESS MAN

Holy shit!

He takes off running, leaving his cans.

INSERT INSIDE THE CAN

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

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Thompson is sitting behind his desk looking over some paperwork.

Ronald comes in.

THOMPSON

What's going on?

RONALD

Dead body found by the water.

THOMPSON

Who is it?

RONALD

Greg Greene. He was found with his eyes missing.

THOMPSON

No shit.

RONALD

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

THOMPSON

Crazy shit.

RONALD

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

THOMPSON

Let's go pay the deacon a visit.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Bridgette are sitting on the floor doing her
homework.

Patrick has on his chef uniform.

BRIDGETTE

Homework is hard.

PATRICK

It can't be that hard.

BRIDGETTE

It is.

PATRICK

You wanna know a secret?

She looks at him smiling.

BRIDGETTE

What is it?

PATRICK

The secret is...

The doorbell rings.

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

THOMPSON

Good afternoon. May I come in?

PATRICK

You need to look around my house again,
because of one of your tips?

THOMPSON

I just want to ask you a few questions.

Bridgette walks over to Patrick standing beside him.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Hello, again.

BRIDGETTE

Are they trying to look around the house?

PATRICK

Not this time.

BRIDGETTE

What does he want?

PATRICK

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

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Didn't I ask you to stop pretending you
have my daughter in your best interest?

THOMPSON

Sorry. Can I come in?

Patrick lets him come in.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

I don't know if you heard. Another member
from your church was found murdered.

PATRICK

And who might that be?

THOMPSON

Greg Greene.

PATRICK

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

THOMPSON

Someone took his eyes from him.

PATRICK

That's terrible.

THOMPSON

I would say so.

PATRICK

What do you want to ask me?

THOMPSON

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

PATRICK

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

(Inhales deep, releasing sharp)

You have the audacity bringing up my wife in situations that are completely different? You're still searching for a way to label me as murderer?

THOMPSON

No sir, I'm not.

PATRICK

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

THOMPSON

You're a very religious man.

PATRICK

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

THOMPSON

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

PATRICK

I'll keep that in mind.

THOMPSON

You do that.

PATRICK

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

THOMPSON

I think we're done here.

PATRICK

Good. If you feel you need to question me
again, come to the church Sunday.

THOMPSON

I'll do that.

PATRICK

Please do.

Thompson walks out the house.

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

PATRICK

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

She sits up looking at him.

BRIDGETTE

I'll figure it out.

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

Wait a second.

PATRICK

What?

BRIDGETTE

You never told me the secret.

Patrick walks over to the bed taking a seat.

PATRICK

Good memory.

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

Can I think this way about everything?

He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

PATRICK

You sure can. I have to get going.

He stands up making his way out the room.

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

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

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

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

PATRICK

(Smiles)

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

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

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

A Black Charger pulls up in front of the church.

Thompson and Ronald get out.

RONALD

You really think we'll find some answers here?

THOMPSON

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

The two walk into the church.

Thompson and Ronald come into the room, standing up against the back wall.

The choir is singing a song.

Patrick is standing behind the pulpit smiling.

Ushers are standing at the end of the pews passing the collection plates down.

Eric is sitting in the middle row.

When he gets the plate there's some hundred dollar bills marked with small red dots on the right corner resting on top of some singles.

When he passes the plate to the next person, the hundreds are replaced with ones.

Patrick continues smiling making his way from the pulpit, heading to the back room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - HOURS LATER

People are coming out the church.

Thompson and Ronald are standing to the side waiting for Patrick to come out.

Janet comes walking up.

JANET

What brings you here?

THOMPSON

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

JANET

But what my grandson and I were trying to tell you wasn't?

THOMPSON

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

JANET

I have a lot I can speak on.

THOMPSON

What do you have?

Patrick comes out the church smiling.

Janet and Thompson focus on him.

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

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

Patrick follows behind Eric.

Thompson focuses his attention back to Janet.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Can we discuss it at your house?

JANET

Not a problem. Just make sure you come.

She walks off making her way to her car.

PATRICK

Did you enjoy the sermon?

ERIC

I love hearing the word from you.

Janet walks pass, and Patrick looks at her with a straight face.

She shakes her head heading to her car.

Patrick turns his attention back to Eric.

PATRICK

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

ERIC

What?

PATRICK

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

ERIC

Wow.

PATRICK

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

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

ERIC

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

PATRICK

Meet me here around seven.

ERIC

I'll be here.

PATRICK

I appreciate it, brother Heap.

ERIC

Not a problem.

PATRICK

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

ERIC

I hope we do.

PATRICK

Have faith. I'll see you Monday.

Patrick walks off.

Eric looks at him confused as his bus pulls up.

Patrick gets ready to get in his truck, when he notices Thompson walking towards him.

PATRICK

You came to hear the good word?

THOMPSON

I hope what I learned will benefit me.

PATRICK

Good.

THOMPSON

Can you help me out with something?

PATRICK

(Laughs)

My sermon wasn't enough?

THOMPSON

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

PATRICK

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

THOMPSON

Tragic.

PATRICK

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

THOMPSON

You don't say?

PATRICK

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

THOMPSON

We talked the day I left your house.

PATRICK

What did he have to say?

THOMPSON

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

PATRICK

Isn't he nice?

THOMPSON

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

PATRICK

I hope I've helped.

Thompson walks off.

Patrick stands by his truck watching.

PATRICK

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

He gets in the truck.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The layout of the room has an old-school Southern feel.

Thompson and Ronald are sitting on the sofa, while Janet sits in a chair drinking tea.

THOMPSON

What do you have for us this time?

JANET

Information so you can catch that madman, Patrick Graves.

THOMPSON

I'm listening.

JANET

It's called common sense.

THOMPSON

(Sighs)

Ma'am, I'm sorry. We need facts.

JANET

Come down here for a second, Fred!

Fred comes downstairs walking in the living room.

FRED

Yes?

JANET

Tell these people what you saw.

Fred gets scared, slowly backing away.

THOMPSON

It's okay. Say what you saw.

FRED

He...he was eating my daddy.

THOMPSON

Who? Was it the deacon?

Fred runs upstairs.

JANET

What else do you need?

THOMPSON

That's not enough.

JANET

He can continue roaming the streets a free man?

THOMPSON

There's nothing we can do without evidence. You saw what happened when we searched his house. With every lead you tried giving us, we came up with nothing.

FRED (O.S.)

He keeps my daddy in the basement.

Thompson stands up walking towards the stairs.

THOMPSON

What was that?

Fred comes downstairs.

FRED

Look in the basement.

THOMPSON

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

FRED

He's in the basement.

Fred goes back upstairs.

JANET

God is trying to help you through my grandson.

Thompson turns around sighing.

THOMPSON

We'll be leaving.

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

Janet's house is somewhat similar to Patrick's, but her

neighborhood looks better.

Thompson and Ronald walk down the steps, making their way to the Charger.

RONALD

I think everybody in that church is crazy.

THOMPSON

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

PROSTITUTE #2, long brown hair with some nice size breast is riding Eric with some force as he holds her waist.

Their moans calm down reaching an orgasm together.

She rolls over to the side breathing heavy covered with sweat.

ERIC

You want another glass?

PROSTITUTE #2

No thanks. I need to get back on my stroll.

ERIC

Suit yourself.

PROSTITUTE #2

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

ERIC

Not a problem.

She gets out the bed walking to the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Eric picks up his cup resting beside the champagne bottle on the floor.

ERIC

(Smiling)

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Patrick is standing beside his truck watching the bus pull up.

Eric gets off the bus wearing his Detroit coat, making his way over to Patrick.

PATRICK

I'm glad you could make it.

ERIC

Anything I can do for the church.

PATRICK

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

ERIC

Any place with a good burger.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

We might as well grab some fast food.

ERIC

I can't be choosy with your money.

PATRICK

You're considerate, too. Let's go get something to eat.

Patrick gets in.

Eric walks over to the passenger door getting in.

They both get comfortable putting their seat-belts on.

Patrick pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INSIDE PATRICK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK

You know what I really like about you?

ERIC

What would that be?

PATRICK

The fact you admitted you were a thief.

ERIC

And why is that?

PATRICK

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

ERIC

What was that?

PATRICK

The hand is always quicker than the eye.

ERIC

True facts.

PATRICK

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

Eric unfastens his seat-belt, turning to reach in the back for the CD case.

When he faces Patrick, Patrick quickly punches him with a hard right, and then grabs him by the back of the head, slamming his head against the dashboard until he goes unconscious.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It seems you forgot, you never take your eyes off the person you stole from.

Patrick pulls up to a red light stopping.

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

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

INT. ABANDON HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

The oil drum is burning a nice size fire.

You can hear the rats squeaking, running around through the room...

Eric is in his boxers with his back, ass and thighs glued to a steel chair.

There's rope around his body, forehead and legs of the chair, tied down to spikes in the floor so he can't move his body or head.

His forearms are glued down to a wooden table.

Tight piano wire is around his neck, connecting to one side of a scale resting on a broken television, sitting on top of some stacked up wood.

There's razor blades glued on his eyebrows. Wires are connected to the other side of the scale, and at the end of the wires on the opposite end are fish hooks, which are going through his eyelids.

Patrick is standing to the side with a buzzsaw in his hand, watching as Eric wakes up.

He gets ready to move his head, and Patrick puts a hand on his shoulder stopping him.

PATRICK

Don't be so quick to move.

ERIC

Where am I?! What the fuck is this?!

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

PATRICK

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

ERIC

Why are you doing this?!

He tries to get 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 would bite. The devil's workers easily fall for what they believe is easy, thinking they won't get caught.

ERIC

A true man of God knows thou shalt not kill.

PATRICK

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

ERIC

You sick---

PATRICK

Save your strength.

Patrick puts the saw down, and then places a gag in Eric's mouth.

He grabs a small bag filled with sand, and slowly starts pouring it on the side of the scale which has the hooks connected to Eric's eyes.

Eric is trying to get up from the chair, and we can hear his flesh ripping as the hooks lift his eyelids up cutting

them off.

Eric is shaking frantically with blood pouring down his face, continuing trying to escape.

Placing the bag of sand down, Patrick picks up the saw starting it up placing it on the table, slowly moving it down to Eric's right hand.

The skin is peeling from Eric's right forearm.

Patrick cuts two of Eric's fingers off, just as he snatches his arm from the table.

Patrick pulls the saw up turning it off, placing it down on the table.

PATRICK

You're almost free.

Picking up the sand, Patrick starts slowly filling the other side of the scale.

Eric is desperately peeling his left arm from the table, as the wire gets tighter around his neck.

Blood comes from his mouth as the wire cuts through his throat, and his body stops moving.

Patrick looks at Eric's lifeless body with a smile.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

Patrick picks up Eric's fingers placing them in his pocket.

He then picks up a gas can he brought in, drenching Eric's body with gasoline.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Burn in hell.

He kicks the drum over watching Eric catch on fire, before making his way out.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

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

BRIDGETTE

Can we go get some doughnuts?

He looks at her smiling.

PATRICK

Dinner before sweets.

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Look at my baby girl. You think just like
your daddy.

John and James come out the house.

JAMES

Friend!

Bridgette looks at Patrick smiling.

BRIDGETTE

Can I play with him?

PATRICK

Yeah. I need to talk to his daddy.

BRIDGETTE

Why?

PATRICK

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

Bridgette runs over to James, and the two begin playing.

Patrick walks over to John.

John places a cigarette in his mouth lighting it.

PATRICK

Those two sure do have fun together.

JOHN

(Exhales)

Yeah.

PATRICK

I would hate for them to end their beautiful friendship.

JOHN

Why would they do that?

PATRICK

What did you call yourself trying to tell the police?

JOHN

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

PATRICK

(Dry laugh)

I never knew you were a comedian.

JOHN

You know now.

PATRICK

What are you trying to say?

John faces him blowing smoke in his face.

JOHN

I'm not trying to say nothing. I'm telling you.

Patrick grabs John by his collar holding him.

John looks at him smiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm not your wife or the nigga she was
cheating on you with.

Patrick looks at him confused.

John breaks the hold taking Patrick to the ground.

James and Bridgette stop playing, looking over at the two.

BRIDGETTE AND JAMES

Daddy?

Patrick looks over at Bridgette smiling.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

We're just playing.

JOHN

(Laughs)

Yeah, we're wrestling, champ.

The two go back to playing.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We all have secrets. Some secrets we have,
we wish others didn't know.

PATRICK

What do you know about me?

JOHN

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

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

Just know, I know. And now you know, I
know.

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

JOHN (CONT'D)

Everybody has a Devil inside them. Some choose to have it out in the open, while others hide behind a mask. Know I can remove your mask. I won't risk it, because I could possibly lose my little man.

PATRICK

Storing drugs and guns in your basement can do that for you.

JOHN

(Laughs)

I'm not worried about you. Look down.

Patrick looks down seeing John holding a nine-millimeter.

PATRICK

What does that mean?

JOHN

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

Patrick turns looking at Bridgette.

PATRICK

Come on princess, let's go get them doughnuts

BRIDGETTE

Can we get James some, too?

PATRICK

Yeah, we can do that.

Patrick walks towards his truck.

JOHN

Have a good day, neighbor.

Patrick looks back at him, before getting in the truck.
Bridgette looks at James smiling.

BRIDGETTE

What kind of doughnuts do you like?

JAMES

Chocolate.

BRIDGETTE

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

JAMES

Okay.

They give each other a hug, and then Bridgette goes to get
in the truck.

James runs back over to John.

John lights another cigarette smiling, watching Patrick
pull off.

JAMES

Friend is bringing me doughnuts, daddy.

JOHN

She's a good friend, champ.

JAMES

I love friend, daddy.

John looks at him smiling.

JOHN

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

The two make their way back into the house.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

The store is filled with people coming from church.

The workers are behind a bulletproof glass ringing people up.

Patrick and Bridgette are standing at the counter.

PATRICK

Go get what you want.

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

ASHLEY

Let me get a box of magnums.

PATRICK

Ms. Turner.

She turns facing him shocked.

ASHLEY

Deacon Graves? I didn't notice you.

PATRICK

People never notice the Lord servants watching.

ASHLEY

(Nervous laugh)

It's not what you think.

PATRICK

It's okay.

ASHLEY

People out here poke holes in condoms, so you gotta bring your own to make sure.

She puts her money in the slot, grabs her condoms and places them in her pocket.

PATRICK

What happened to celibacy?

ASHLEY

I'm getting these for my friend.

PATRICK

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

Bridgette comes from the back holding a pop, some chips and candy.

Terry comes in the store walking over to them.

TERRY

How's everything going?

He looks at Terry smiling.

PATRICK

Wonderful.

BRIDGETTE

How are you, Uncle Terry?

TERRY

I'm doing okay.

Patrick hands Terry some money.

PATRICK

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

TERRY

Sure.

PATRICK

Thanks. I'll be right outside.

Terry pays for her stuff, and then they walk out the store.

Patrick focuses his attention back on Ashley.

PATRICK

So, what are we going to do about the urges your flesh craves?

ASHLEY

Do you have something in mind?

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Ms. Turner---

ASHLEY

Meet me at Two cups press your luck. I'll be there at eight, so don't leave me hanging.

Turning to walk away, she puts some extra movement into making her ass jiggle, as Patrick looks on smiling.

INT. TWO CUPS PRESS YOUR LUCK - NIGHT

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

TWO SHOT - PATRICK AND ASHLEY

Sitting at the bar talking and laughing, having drinks.

PATRICK

How did you get here?

ASHLEY

Uber. Since you showed up, I don't think I'll need one home.

PATRICK

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

ASHLEY

Things change like women change.

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

PATRICK

Meaning?

She places her hand on his thigh.

ASHLEY

Women choose who they wanna take home.

PATRICK

You don't say?

She moves her hand up higher.

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

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

ASHLEY

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

She tries moving her hand up to his crotch, and he stops her.

PATRICK

This package is hard to get in the house unless you know how to maneuver it.

ASHLEY

Look at you.

PATRICK

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

ASHLEY

Talking like that, we should leave now.

PATRICK

In due time. Tell me about the disease you

contracted.

She takes a sip from her glass, sharply exhaling.

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

Getting ran?

ASHLEY

(Laughs)

Getting ran means one girl, and as many guys she thinks she can take.

PATRICK

That's a gangbang.

ASHLEY

These days it's called getting ran.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Okay.

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

That sounds like---

ASHLEY

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

You're something else.

ASHLEY

Order us another round.

Rubbing her hand across his face seductive, she gives him a kiss on the cheek before walking off.

Patrick smirks going in his pocket, pulling out some roofies.

PATRICK

We'll find out something.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO CUPS PRESS YOUR LUCK - ONE HOUR LATER

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

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

I'll open it.

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

ASHLEY

You promise?

PATRICK

I promise.

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

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

They continue walking a few streets down where Patrick has his truck parked on a dark street.

When they get to the truck, she bends over throwing up.

ASHLEY

(Groggy)

I don't feel so hot.

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

He looks back seeing she's sleep.

PATRICK

Open her up.

(Laughs)

She probably won't enjoy how I do it.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

This should be fun.

He starts the truck up driving off.

INT. AN ABANDON HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

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

A glue sheet is on her face with holes cut out so she can see and breathe out her nose.

Fish hooks are going through her flesh and the sheet with wires connected to them.

The wires are wrapped around the bat Patrick is holding, standing to the side looking down at her.

She slowly wakes up, struggling to get free.

PATRICK

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

She mumbles, still trying to get free.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm not into women talking while having sex, so that's one of the reasons why the sheet is on your face.

Patrick kneels down stroking her hair.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

You can see the tears in her eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Because a man burned you without warning, you want every man to feel what you're going through?

She slowly nods her head yes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

Her muffled screams get louder.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She sounded just like you do now before I killed her.

(Laughs)

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

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

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

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. VACANT FIELD - MORNING

Thompson, Ronald and other officers stand disgusted.

THOMPSON'S POV

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

RONALD

This is fucking ridiculous.

THOMPSON

How could---

RONALD

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

Thompson turns facing Ronald.

THOMPSON

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

RONALD

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

THOMPSON

You see---

RONALD

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

THOMPSON

What do you suggest?

RONALD

Let's go.

Ronald walks off.

Thompson takes a deep breath following behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - MORNING

Patrick is hard at work slicing up meat.

CHEF #1 comes up to him.

CHEF #1

Someone wants to speak with you.

Patrick places the knife down, making his way to the front.

The layout of the restaurant is fancy, letting us know people with class dine here. The place is filled with

people enjoying their meals, and faint talking is heard.

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

PATRICK

Here we go again. What...

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

RONALD

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

Everyone in the restaurant looks on astonished.

PATRICK

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

Ronald punches him in the mouth.

RONALD

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

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

RONALD (CONT'D)

I know what you did! Confess you sick son of a bitch!

Patrick stands up wiping the blood from his mouth.

PATRICK

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

RONALD

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

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

PATRICK

God will forgive and bless you.

RONALD

Fuck you!

Thompson pulls Ronald out the restaurant.

INT. JANET'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred is sitting on the couch watching television.

The doorbell rings.

Looking back prepared to stand up, he sees Janet making her way to the door.

JANET

I'll answer it.

She grabs the handle pausing, looking back at him.

JANET

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

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

Patrick drags her body into the house, closing the door.

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

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

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

PATRICK (O.S.)

It's time to join your father!

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

FRED

Get the fuck away from me!

PATRICK (O.S.)

The Lord might forgive you for that foul language.

FRED

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

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

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

Gaining his ground swinging the bat missing, that allows Patrick to backhand him into the desk hitting it hard, falling to the floor moaning in pain.

Patrick walks over kneeling down.

PATRICK

You wait till I come back.

Fred tries getting up, and Patrick hits him dead in the mouth knocking him unconscious.

He stands up walking out the room.

Patrick is coming downstairs hammer in hand, walking over to Janet kneeling down.

PATRICK

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

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

Standing up with a smile, he looks down spitting on her.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Join your son in hell.

Releasing a light chuckle, he goes in his pocket pulling

out a butterfly knife.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The tongue of Satan must be removed.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE - ONE HOUR LATER

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

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

Ringling the doorbell one more time, he then decides to knock on the door, and it budes open.

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

TERRY

Jesus Christ.

Fred tumbles down the stairs crashing at the bottom not moving.

Terry rushes over holding him, staring at his swollen face covered with blood.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Fred. Fred, wake up. Who did this?

Barely able to open his eyes trying to speak, and blood comes spilling out.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Dear God. I'll get you help. Just hold on.

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

TERRY (CONT'D)

It can't be true.

Fred shakes his head yes, closing his eyes.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Just hold on Fred. Help is on the way.

INT. PATRICK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Patrick sits shaking his head.

PATRICK

Leave me alone! You all deserve to burn!

Screaming, he drags his blood covered hands down his face.

He reaches over snatching the glove compartment open and out falls a plastic Ziploc bag with Ashley's face on the sticky glue sheet, along with the bag holding Greg's eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The face of a whore, and the eyes of a pedophile!

He sits back lifting his shirt, rubbing his stomach.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

His hand trembles letting off a scream of frustration.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette comes down the stairs making her way towards the kitchen.

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

She stares at him worried something is wrong.

BRIDGETTE

What's wrong, daddy?

Patrick pays her no attention, making his way into the kitchen.

Bridgette gets ready to follow him, and the doorbell rings.

She walks to the door.

BRIDGETTE

Who is it?

TERRY (O.S.)

Uncle Terry.

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

Bridgette closes the door.

BRIDGETTE

Uncle Terry, what happened?

TERRY

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

BRIDGETTE

I'll be back.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick is standing in front of the sliding door with his head down, keys placed in the door.

Bridgette walks up stopping a few steps back.

BRIDGETTE

Are you okay, daddy?

He turns looking at her.

PATRICK

Yes sweetie, I'm fine.

She walks over to him.

BRIDGETTE

What's in here?

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

Why do you have blood on your hands?

He looks at the blood on his hands.

PATRICK

Daddy--daddy made a mess at work.

BRIDGETTE

Uncle Terry is upstairs.

PATRICK

Let's get upstairs.

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

PATRICK

How may I help you?

Terry stands up.

TERRY

All I need is the truth.

PATRICK

What do you mean the truth?

TERRY

This isn't the time for games. I'm asking
you man to man. Tell me the truth, and we
can continue on with our lives.

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

But daddy, I need---

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

I have to get something from my box
downstairs.

PATRICK

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

She walks off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Would you like something to drink?

TERRY

Did you kill them?

PATRICK

(Sarcastic laugh)

Kill who?

TERRY

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

PATRICK

Why would you blame this on me?

TERRY

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

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

PATRICK

Why didn't you tell me?

TERRY

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

PATRICK

Why?

TERRY

How did you get the blood on your hands?

PATRICK

(Smiles)

Do you really wanna know?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette stands in the doorway, feeling against the wall for a light switch turning the lights on.

Her mouth drops seeing the heads.

She walks over to the jar with Danielle's head in it, dropping down to her knees crying.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK

Do you remember my wedding day?

TERRY

You said it was the best decision you ever made.

PATRICK

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

TERRY

Patrick---

PATRICK

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

TERRY

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

PATRICK

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

TERRY

...You killed your wife?

PATRICK

And I shared her flesh with Bridgette.

TERRY

You're sick. How could---

PATRICK

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

TERRY

You need help, Patrick.

PATRICK

I'm far from help. All I need is my daughter, because nothing else in this world matters. Those people I killed needed help.

TERRY

You won't have your daughter when the police come for you. They're going to 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...

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

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

PATRICK

(Sorrow)

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

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

If the Lord forgives me...save a place in
heaven for me.

Terry is dead.

Patrick pulls the knife out standing to his feet, and a
tear falls from his eye.

He takes off running to the kitchen.

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

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

Patrick walks into the room.

PATRICK

I can explain.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy.

PATRICK

Yes?

BRIDGETTE

What's the real truth behind the
commandments?

PATRICK

What do you mean?

BRIDGETTE

As far as, honor thy mother and father?

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

...I was thinking about something.

PATRICK

Thinking about what?

BRIDGETTE

Would I be wrong for breaking a commandment?

PATRICK

Huh?

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

You had a say so in killing her?

Patrick walks over kneeling down.

PATRICK

Daddy knows what he did was wrong.

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

We can.

PATRICK

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Red and blue lights flood the neighborhood.

Officers are getting out their squad cars, setting up to
move in Patrick's house.

Thompson and Ronald get out their squad car 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.

They pause staring at Terry's dead body.

THOMPSON

Everybody check the basement. I'll look
upstairs.

Thompson makes his way upstairs, while everyone else goes
to the basement.

He carefully looks through every room, until he gets to
Bridgette's closed bedroom door.

He slowly opens the door seeing Bridgette sitting on the
floor with her back turned to the door.

THOMPSON

Little girl?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

Ronald walks over to him, slowly turning him over.

RONALD

(Stun)

Shit.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thompson takes a step towards Bridgette, and she stands to her feet.

BRIDGETTE

I'm happy.

RONALD (O.S.)

The little girl! Contain the little girl!

THOMPSON

Huh?

A loud squish sound is heard.

THOMPSON

Are you okay?

BRIDGETTE

(Chewing)

I have them both.

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

THOMPSON

We're here to help you. Come with us, so
we can help you.

Bridgette slowly turns around, and Thompson's mouth drops.

CLOSE UP - BRIDGETTE'S FACE

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

BRIDGETTE

I have my mommy with me forever.

(Takes a bite)

And I'll always have the love deep from my
daddy's heart.

THOMPSON

Jesus Christ!

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

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Thompson is escorting Bridgette out the house.

The people outside look on stunned.

Thompson places Bridgette in the back of the squad car.

She stares out the window with the same blank stare.

John is sitting on the porch smoking looking on shaking his
head.

James is sitting beside him.

James gets up running towards the car.

John flicks his cigarette, standing up.

JOHN

Get back here, James!

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

JAMES

Bridge is still my friend. I love you.

John comes over to James.

JOHN

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

James looks up at John.

JAMES

I love Bridge, daddy.

JOHN

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

The two start walking off.

Bridgette beats on the window so she can get out.

Thompson opens the door for her, and she gets out running
over to James giving him a tight hug and kiss on the cheek.

BRIDGETTE

I love you, too. You'll always be my
friend, and in my heart.

Thompson comes over to Bridgette gently grabbing her by the
arm, taking her back to the car placing her in.

James is smiling rubbing his cheek.

JOHN

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

JAMES

I love Bridge, daddy.

JOHN

And she loves you, too.

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

closing the door.

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

BRIDGETTE (V.O.)

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

END CREDITS