

THE NEIGHBOR

By

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"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

Exodus 20:17

FADE IN:

INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

PATRICK, (34) a handsome man sits at the head of the table with his plate of food in front of him, and a glass of red wine.

With a calm demeanor, you can still tell by the look in his brown eyes, something is bothering him.

To the left of him is his attractive brown skin wife DANIELLE (34).

To his right is MICHAEL (34). Brown skin, on the husky side. They have a plate of food, and a glass of red wine.

MICHAEL
That was a good sermon.

DANIELLE
You did a wonderful job.

She leans over trying to kiss him, and he moves his head.

DANIELLE CONT'D
What's wrong?

PATRICK
Let's stop with the games.

DANIELLE
What?

PATRICK
Are you truly comfortable with the fact, you're sitting at the table with your husband, and the man you committed adultery with?

Michael and Danielle are silent.

PATRICK CONT'D
(Takes a sip)
Don't get silent now.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
I think I should leave.

PATRICK
Why? You've made yourself welcomed
to my wife.

DANIELLE
Patrick---

PATRICK
Don't try to explain.

MICHAEL
Listen. I'm sure---

PATRICK
Your sins will take their toll when
the time comes. As far as my
marriage.
(Takes a sip)
Bright and early, we can have it
taken care of.

DANIELLE
(Confused)
That easy?

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

MICHAEL
And that's it?

PATRICK
That's it. I wish you two the best.

Patrick raises his glass.

Danielle and Michael look at each other confused, before
raising their glasses.

PATRICK CONT'D
To moving on.

They all take a nice size sip from their glass.

DANIELLE
I'm so glad you're understanding. I
was---

Danielle and Michael feel dizzy trying to stand, quickly
falling back down.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick smiles, taking another sip from his glass.

Danielle and Michael drop their heads to the table.

PATRICK

Hm. Roofies work quicker than I
thought.

He leans over giving Danielle a kiss.

INT. OLD ABANDON CHURCH - NIGHT

The side wall of the church is missing.

Patrick has his black truck with tinted windows, pulled all
the way in.

Michael is naked and gagged tied to a chair, with rope
around his torso.

His arms are pulled back with rope around his wrist,
connecting to the back axles of Patrick's truck.

There's rope on the legs of the chair, connecting around the
legs of the pews to each side of him.

The rope around his torso is wrapped around the bottom of
the large cross in front of him.

Danielle is on her knees with her head between Michael's
legs, being held down by the rope going around her neck,
which goes around Michael's legs, tied tight at the bottom
of the chair.

Her arms are pulled around the chair with ropes on her
wrist, also connecting to the back axles of Patrick's truck.

Patrick gets out the truck wearing black leather gloves,
taking a sip from the whiskey bottle in his hand, making his
way towards them.

Patrick extends the bottle to Micheal, and he turns his
head.

PATRICK

Are you sure? This is last one,
before you face the Lord.

Patrick takes a sip, playing in Danielle's hair.

Danielle's muffled screams are heard.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK CONT'D

You almost sound the same as you did in the video.

He takes Michael's gag out.

MICHAEL

How---

PATRICK

How do I know about the movie? I'm guessing my wife loved it so much, she forgot to take it out. Our daughter saw her mother committing adultery.

MICHAEL

(Reasoning)

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

PATRICK

She broke our vows to God! She shouldn't have married me, if she knew she was still a whore!

He places the gag back in Michael's mouth.

He takes a sip, staggering back to the truck getting in.

He starts it up, slowly driving forward.

Muffled screams are heard from the two.

Patrick speeds up a little, and their arms come from the sockets.

Patrick gets out the truck with a combat knife, making his way to them, placing the knife to Michael's throat.

PATRICK

Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's wife.

He slits Michael's throat.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick's house is in your typical urban neighborhood, with very few houses on the street.

FRED, (10) dressed in some shorts and a wife beater, needing

(CONTINUED)

his French braids redone, stands on Patrick's porch ringing the doorbell, getting no response.

Sighing shaking his head, he walks down the steps prepared to get on his bike and head home.

He looks in the backyard, seeing the lights on in the garage from the slits.

He slowly makes his way to the back.

Not able to see anything from the slits, he makes his way to the side where the door is.

He kneels down looking through the keyhole.

FRED'S POV

Patrick has on leather gloves.

Danielle and Michael are on the floor, on top of plastic.

He begins cutting flesh from Michael's back.

He stares at the flesh for a second, before placing it in his mouth.

Fred shrieks, falling back covering his mouth.

The sound of footsteps are heard approaching.

Patrick opens the door, getting a quick glimpse of Fred, before he gets up running to the front of the house.

Patrick cracks a sly smile chewing on the flesh, closing the door.

INT. FRED'S GRANDMOTHER HOUSE - THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred comes running in the house hysterical, breathing heavy.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER (54) comes rushing down the stairs.

She grabs him in a hug, trying to calm him down.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

(Concerned)

What's wrong with you? Where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

FRED
(Hysterical)
He was...he was eating dad! He was
eating dad!

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
What are you talking about?

FRED
We have to call the police! Call
the police, he's eating dad!

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
What---

FRED
Deacon Graves! Deacon Graves, is
eating dad!

He tries to break free, and she holds him tighter.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
Calm down. I'll call the police.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick stands on the porch with his daughter BRIDGETTE
(10).

THOMPSON, (36) a detective. You can tell the stress on his
brown skin, has taking a toll on him.

Fred and his grandmother are standing in the street.

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

PATRICK
The reason for this, is because of
what?

THOMPSON
Anonymous tip.

BRIDGETTE
(Hugs Patrick tight)
Daddy, I'm scared.

PATRICK
It'll be over in a minute.

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON
Listen to your daddy.

PATRICK
Don't act like you have my daughter
in your best interest.

RONALD, (36) African-American, another detective, comes up
to Thompson.

RONALD
It's all clear.

THOMPSON
(To Ronald)
Thank you.
(To Patrick)
You can go back to what you were
doing, Mr. Graves.

Patrick laughs, looking at Fred and his grandmother.

PATRICK
I can go back to what I was doing?
I had to get my daughter out of
bed, but you can calmly say go back
to what I was doing?

THOMPSON
I apologize for the false alarm.

PATRICK
There's no need for empty
apologizes. You should've known a
man of God could never commit
murder.

Patrick walks back in the house with Bridgette.

Thompson walks over to Fred and his grandmother.

THOMPSON
Sorry ma'am. It looks like this was
a false alarm.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
(Upset)
This wasn't a false alarm! Look at
this boy.
(points at Fred)

THOMPSON

Are you sure, you saw what you saw?

Fred is silent.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

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

Fred and his Grandmother walk off.

Thompson sighs, shaking his head.

FADE TO BLACK:

THREE WEEKS LATER

INT. THE CHURCH BACK ROOM - MORNING

Patrick stands fixing his tie.

TERRY, (34) walks in the room dressed in a black suit,
complimenting his dark skin.

TERRY

You ready?

PATRICK

I'll be out in a minute. Can you do
me a favor?

TERRY

What's that?

PATRICK

Can you check on Bridgette? She
hasn't adjusted with the loss of
her mother.

TERRY

I can do that. How are you handling
the situation?

Patrick turns around.

PATRICK

The Lord called her home. I won't
doubt his judgment.

TERRY

Amen. I'll go see what she's doing.

Terry walks out the room.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
(Rubs his stomach)
She's in a better place.

INT. THE CHURCH - MORNING

The church is fairly large, and everything is brand new.
The church is filled with people listening to the choir.
Bridgette is sitting in the front.

Terry comes from the back making his way to her, taking a seat.

TERRY
How are you Bridgette?

BRIDGETTE
I'm okay.

TERRY
Your father wanted me to check on you.

BRIDGETTE
Daddy told me to stay strong.

TERRY
I'm proud of you, Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE
Thank you.

Patrick comes from the back, walking to the pulpit.

The choir stops singing, and the music slowly desists.

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

The room claps.

PATRICK CONT'D
As you all know. My wife is no longer with us. But the good book teaches us, there's no need to mourn. Our loved ones are in the arms of the Lord, so we should carry on happy. Can I hear a Amen?

(CONTINUED)

The room says amen.

PATRICK CONT'D

I want you all to tell me what makes you blessed, and the demon you want off your back? It doesn't matter who starts.

GREG GREEN, (31) brown skin, baby face, is dressed sophisticated, standing up.

PATRICK CONT'D

Brother Green. Tell the congregation what you're blessed with.

GREG

I'm blessed for another day with my family. When I say family, I mean everyone in the room today. I'm also blessed to get my writing career off the ground.

PATRICK

Amen! What's the demon you want off your back?

GREG

It caused me to lose the two important women in my life. The one found on every corner, in every liquor store! The liquid demon in a bottle, which is nothing but the Devil's saliva!

PATRICK

I know what you mean! Before I became a deacon! I shared many nights with the same bottle you're talking about! Then the Lord blessed me with a lovely wife and daughter, letting me know there's something more. What motivates you from converting back?

GREG

I know if I go back, I'll ruin the chances of reclaiming my wife and daughter.

PATRICK

Keep up the good work, brother Green. The congregation and I will pray for you.

(CONTINUED)

The room claps.

Greg takes his seat.

PATRICK CONT'D
Would anyone else like to share?

BRADLEY SUMMERS, (40) you can tell he's had a rough life from his appearance, and sadness in his blue eyes.

He stands up.

PATRICK CONT'D
What are you blessed with this morning, brother Summers?

BRADLEY
As you all know. 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 motivates you from using?

BRADLEY
Looking at the junkies in my neighborhood, reminding me of myself. Instead of using, I help those in need at the clinic.

PATRICK
And the Lord will bless you. I wish you were around when I was trying to help my friend kick the habit. You keep doing what you do, and your blessings shall continue.

The room claps, as Bradley takes his seat.

PATRICK CONT'D
Let's keep it going! Anybody else wants to share?

ERIC HEAP, (21) a young pretty boy, with baby blue eyes, stands up.

PATRICK CONT'D
Brother Heap. What are you sharing with us this morning?

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.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

If you were great. What happened?

ERIC

The Lord didn't take kindly to my
ways. I broke into a house, and the
lady welcomed me with the barrel of
a shotgun.

PATRICK

Be thankful you're alive.

ERIC

She said I should earn whatever I
want.

PATRICK

I stole a few things in my day.
When my mother caught me, she tried
to tear the skin from my back.

(Laughs)

That's when I realized, that wasn't
the profession for me.

The room breaks out laughing.

PATRICK CONT'D

What motivates you?

ERIC

I watch those reality shows. Let's
just say, I'm not prison built,
looking the way I do.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Keep thinking that way, and the
Lord will make sure you don't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
become someone's girlfriend in
jail.

The room breaks out laughing.

Eric takes his seat.

Patrick comes from the pulpit, walking around the room.

PATRICK CONT'D
I feel the love embracing us. Let's
keep the positive energy going, as
the Lord looks down on us.

ASHLEY TURNER, (22) a very attractive black woman, with
light brown eyes, stands up.

PATRICK CONT'D
Ms. Turner, I know you can't have a
demon on your back. Why are you
blessed this morning?

ASHLEY
I'm blessed the disease I
contracted wasn't as bad as it
could've been.

PATRICK
(Shocked)
Ms. Turner, I'm surprised.

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

PATRICK
Your own flesh is your demon?

ASHLEY
Yes. I knew I was wrong, because
some of the men were happily
married. Every time it was over, I
would be satisfied physically.
Mentally, I would break down
crying.

PATRICK
I can speak for myself, if not
everybody. We all know that feeling
in the house of the Lord. When your
body craves a person you don't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
love, but you have to find out if
what you're looking at is as good
as it looks. What do you do to
resist the temptation of your
flesh?

ASHLEY
Luckily the disease was curable.
That was my wake up call.

PATRICK
Ms. Turner, be happy it wasn't
worse. Keep your body to yourself,
because it's your temple of beauty.
Keep those words in mind, and the
Lord will continue to bless you.

The room claps as she takes her seat.

He wipes the sweat from his brow, making his way back to the
pulpit.

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.

EXT. THE CHURCH - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

The church looks fairly decent, resting not far from a
liquor store.

Patrick stands by the door shaking hands.

Fred's grandmother walks up in front of him.

He extends his hand, and she ignores the gesture.

Patrick pulls his hand back.

PATRICK
You haven't been attending church
lately? Is there a problem?

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
You know what the problem is.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

If I knew what the problem was, I
wouldn't have asked.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

I know the truth.

PATRICK

Let's take a walk, sister.

The two start walking towards the corner.

PATRICK CONT'D

Tell me what the problem is?

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

How long are you going to keep up
this charade?

PATRICK

I'm listening.

FRED GRANDMOTHER

Fred saw what you did.

PATRICK

And what was that?

FRED GRANDMOTHER

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

PATRICK

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

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

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 sister.

(Serious, patting her
shoulder)

You'll pay him a visit before your
time.

He looks back seeing Terry coming out the church.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK CONT'D
Have a blessed day.

He walks off making his way to Terry.

The two shake hands.

TERRY
That was a great sermon.

PATRICK
I deliver the message 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 that it did.

TERRY
Are you making Sunday dinner?

PATRICK
I think I'll take her out for
dinner.

TERRY
(Laughs)
I heard pleasing kids is a handful.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
Just wait till you have your own.

TERRY
Whenever I'm blessed with a wife to
start a family.

PATRICK
The Lord will send you the right
woman.

TERRY
As you say. I'll leave it in the
Lord's hands.

PATRICK
You do that. Enjoy your dinner, and
I'll see you next Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick makes his way to the driver side door of his truck getting in.

Bridgette looks sad, writing in her diary.

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.

PATRICK
Come here baby.

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 do you wanna eat at?

BRIDGETTE

You don't feel like cooking tonight?

PATRICK

It's not that. There's nothing at home to make special for my princess.

BRIDGETTE

Can we have steak?

PATRICK

My angel can have anything she wants.

He starts the truck pulling off.

INT. FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fred's room looks like the typical room for a boy, with sports posters on the wall, bobble-heads on his dresser and clothes on the floor.

Fred is tossing and turning in bed.

He wakes up screaming, covered in sweat.

His grandmother comes rushing into the room holding him tight, until he realizes he's not dreaming.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

What's wrong?

FRED

(Scared)

It was him. It was...he---

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

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

FRED

He's coming for me, grandma.

She holds him close against her chest, rubbing his back.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

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

(CONTINUED)

FRED

I'm scared.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

You should only fear God. Nothing else should matter.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Her room is well-organized, with her personal bible resting on the nightstand by the bed.

Bridgette lies under the covers, while Patrick sits beside her.

PATRICK

Did you enjoy dinner, princess?

BRIDGETTE

I sure did. How was your dinner?

PATRICK

I'm happy as long as you're happy.

BRIDGETTE

Are you sure he'll stop picking on me?

PATRICK

(Crosses his heart)

Cross my heart, and hope to die.

BRIDGETTE

I love you, daddy.

PATRICK

Daddy loves you, too.

He stands up making his way out the room.

Patrick makes his way downstairs heading towards the kitchen, making his way to the basement door, opening it.

He comes down the steps turning the lights on, making his way into another room turning the lights on, revealing the laundry room.

He walks over to a shelf, pushing it to the side.

Behind it is a sliding door.

He pulls his keys out flipping through them until he finds

(CONTINUED)

the key he needs, placing it in the door unlocking it, sliding the door open.

He flips the switch turning the lights on.

On a table against the wall is two jars with Michael and Danielle's head preserved inside them, along with the butcher knife he used to carve the flesh from their bodies.

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

PATRICK

Your worthless son is bothering my princess.

He focuses on the jar with Danielle's head.

PATRICK CONT'D

(Disgusted)

...You.

INT. THE CHURCH - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Danielle and Patrick are standing at the altar, dressed in all-white. The smiles on their faces express pure love.

PREACHER

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

Patrick leans in giving her a kiss.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Patrick's truck slowly pulls into the filthy alley coming to a stop.

He gets out, still wearing the gloves, going to the back opening the hatch.

One at a time, he takes Michael and Danielle's body wrapped in plastic out.

Unwrapping them from the plastic, he leaves their decapitated mutilated bodies behind a dumpster.

Before walking away, he takes the ring from Danielle's hand.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick has tears coming down his face.

PATRICK
(Sobbing)
How could you?

He picks up the jar staring at it, before kissing the glass where her lips are in a provocative way.

He pulls the jar 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, walking out.

INT. THE LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON

Bridgette sits 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 today?

BRIDGETTE
Get away from me.

FRED
Did I hurt the cannibal's 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.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE
My daddy is going to get you.

FRED
I'm so scared. Is---

Patrick places a hand on Fred's shoulder.

Fred turns his head looking up at him.

PATRICK
The person I needed to talk to.

BRIDGETTE
Hi daddy.

PATRICK
How's everything going?

BRIDGETTE
Fred is bothering me.

PATRICK
Is that right?
(To Fred)
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, as Patrick leans 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.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK CONT'D

You have two choices. You can live a happy life, leaving my daughter alone. Or you can join your worthless father in my basement. Make your choice.

Bridgette comes back taking her seat.

PATRICK CONT'D

(Smiles, to Bridgette)
What kind of cake did you get?

BRIDGETTE

Chocolate for me. Lemon for you, because I know it's your favorite.

PATRICK

Yes it is.
(Turns looking at Fred)
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

I told you my daddy would get you.

Fred takes off.

Bridgette laughs, eating a piece of her cake.

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

JOHN, (33) sits on his porch next door smoking a cigarette. His demeanor is calm, as his brown eyes scan over the neighborhood.

The school bus pulls up, and Bridgette gets off.

Patrick comes out the house, and 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

On my way to work.

JOHN

Get that money.

PATRICK

I have to. My princess has to get everything she needs.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Did you hear about the rapist
beating up that old woman?

PATRICK

I saw it on the news.

JOHN

That's crazy. What man would do
something like that to a old woman?

PATRICK

It's sickening.

JOHN

You know, one of his victims was
found by those apartments, close by
your church?

PATRICK

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

JOHN

A rapist on the loose isn't good.

PATRICK

I agree.

JOHN

(Takes a pull)

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. He's my special little
man.

PATRICK

You two should come by the church
one Sunday.

JOHN

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

(CONTINUED)

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. THE RESTAURANT - THE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Everyone is hard at work preparing different meals.

Patrick is chopping up some onions and peppers, before
slicing up some meat.

He pauses, walking over to another chef.

PATRICK

I'll be back. I need some fresh
air.

Patrick makes his way out the back door.

He pulls his cellphone out calling Bradley, pacing back and
forth in the alley.

PATRICK

How's everything going Brother
Summers?

(Listens)

Do you know anything about the
woman raped in your area?

(Listens)

It's a sad thing.

(Listens)

That's right. What are you doing
for the evening?

(Listens)

I was thinking about coming over
for a discussion.

(Laughs)

You have a date for the night, and
you think she's the one? Maybe the
Lord has blessed you.

(Listens)

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

(CONTINUED)

He hangs up suspicious, before going back into the restaurant.

He walks back into the kitchen, and a CHEF (26) Caucasian comes up to him.

CHEF
Terry is here.

Patrick makes his way to the front of the restaurant.

The layout of the place is elegant.

Patrick comes from the back, walking over to Terry.

The two shake hands.

PATRICK
What brings you down here?

TERRY
I had a craving for some good food.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
You came to add more work.

TERRY
(Laughs)
That too. What's today's special?

PATRICK
The best meal you'll ever have.

TERRY
You never let me down.

PATRICK
Do you want regular or non-alcohol wine?

TERRY
Brother Graves, you know I only do non-alcohol.

PATRICK
I'll be right out with it. I have something to talk about.

TERRY
What's on your mind?

PATRICK

The woman who was found raped by
brother Bradley's apartment.

TERRY

It's a sin.

PATRICK

I know. We'll talk when I bring the
food out.

Patrick walks off.

INT. BRADLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is a complete mess.

Porn is playing on the television.

Bradley has no shirt on, sitting on top of a Caucasian
PROSTITUTE, (24)

You can see the old track marks on his body.

He slaps her hard across the face, taking a sip from the
beer he has on the table.

BRADLEY

You like this, don't you whore?!
Answer me!

The Prostitute is crying.

PROSTITUTE

(Begging)

Please---

He punches her in the face, knocking her unconscious.

BRADLEY

Please what, whore?! You're just
like the rest! Quick to turn me
down because of my looks!

He leans down licking 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.

(CONTINUED)

Aggravated, he places the needle down answering the phone.

BRADLEY CONT'D

Hello?

PATRICK (O.S.)

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

His eyes widen, looking down at her.

BRADLEY

(Nervous)

Do we have to do this now? I was in the middle of something?

PATRICK (O.S.)

You know the Lord waits for no man. And no man should make the Lord wait for his word.

BRADLEY

You're absolutely right. ...How far away are you?

EXT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT -SAME NIGHT

The apartment building looks like a lot of drug trafficking goes on, along with prostitution.

Patrick sits on the steps of an abandoned house, across the street from the building.

He's dressed in a all-black jogging suit with the hood over his head, wearing a pair of black leather gloves.

PATRICK

You have some time.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

Let me wrap this up, and I'll be ready by the time you get here.

Patrick hangs up, placing the phone in his pocket.

He goes in the pocket on the hood pulling out a bottle of chloroform, and a handkerchief.

Bradley comes out the apartment holding the Prostitute up with a hood over her head, making their way to the alley.

(CONTINUED)

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

Bradley and the Prostitute make their way through the homeless people, going deeper into the alley where it's darker.

Bradley gets to a isolated corner, throwing the Prostitute to the ground.

She sits up vomiting.

PROSTITUTE
(Begging)
Please, don't do this.

He looks down at her smiling, unbuttoning his pants.

BRADLEY
By the time this is over. You'll
thank me for what I'm about to do.

She tries to stand to her feet, but she's still stunned from the beating.

Patrick comes up behind Bradley placing a hand on his shoulder.

Bradley turns around startled.

BRADLEY
(Stun)
Deacon Graves? What are you doing
here?

PATRICK
I told you I was close by. What are
you doing?

BRADLEY
Well---

PROSTITUTE
(Begging)
Help me.

PATRICK
What's the problem with her?

BRADLEY
I saw her from my window, and it
looked like she needed help. I
figured since I'm a good Christian,
I should help.

PATRICK
(Points at Bradley's pants)
That explains why your pants are
halfway down?

Bradley looks down, quickly fastening 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 the Prostitute, she better stay quiet.

Patrick goes in his pocket pulling out the handkerchief.

BRADLEY
It's a good thing you came. I'm
sure---

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

He lets him go, and then focuses his attention on the Prostitute.

PROSTITUTE
Thank you.

PATRICK
Let this be a lesson and a
blessing.

Patrick picks Bradley up, carrying him back to his truck.

The Prostitute takes off running.

INT. THE ABANDON BUILDING - NIGHT

Bradley is in his boxers, tied down to a table.

An oil drum is burning a nice fire beside him.

Patrick stares at him, before slapping him hard across the face to wake him up.

(CONTINUED)

BRADLEY

(Dazed)

Where...where am I?

He begins struggling to break free.

PATRICK

You're awake.

BRADLEY

What is this?

PATRICK

When you made your confession in church, it put a smile on my face.

BRADLEY

Why am I here like this?

PATRICK

Because even with that righteous confession. I knew you were full of it.

BRADLEY

What are you talking about?

PATRICK

The things you do with your spare time.

BRADLEY

I have no idea what you're talking about.

PATRICK

Twenty-one-year-old woman found brutally beaten and raped. Twenty-three-year-old woman, brutally beaten and raped, not far from your apartment. And the one that really disgusts me. An elderly woman found beaten, raped and robbed.

BRADLEY

Whoever did those things, needs punishment.

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

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
(Holds the needle up)
Look what I found in your pocket.
Why would a drug-free man have
this?

Patrick places the needle on Bradley's neck.

BRADLEY
(Nervous)
Let---

PATRICK
You wanna explain your actions?

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

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

BRADLEY
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, don't
place that in my body.

PATRICK
Did you show mercy on the women you
raped?

BRADLEY
(Sobbing)
I'm begging you.

Patrick takes the needle from his neck.

PATRICK
I won't do this to you.

BRADLEY
(Relieved)
Thank you, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

I wouldn't do that. And this is heroin, so I know your body will absorb this. You need to feel what those women felt.

Patrick tosses the needle to the side, pulling out a belt, wrapping it around Bradley's left calf.

PATRICK CONT'D

You do unto others, as you would want them to do to you. You took those women state of mind, and self-confidence.

(Tightens the belt)

And once you destroy a person's mind. They 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? Since you're a former junkie. I'm sure you used up a few of them.

Patrick pulls out a stainless steel butterfly knife.

BRADLEY

(Scared)

What are you about to do?

PATRICK

We're about to find out how many good veins you have.

BRADLEY

(Terrified)

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

PATRICK

You should do that before you reach God.

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

He tightens the belt again, before picking up the knife placing it on the outer part of the vein dragging it down one side, and up the other.

He reaches in pulling out veins and muscles.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK CONT'D

(Examining)

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

Patrick continues slicing his body up.

FADE OUT:

EXT. THE ALLEY - MORNING

The police have the alley by the apartment taped off.

Thompson rubs his chin, looking at Bradley's mutilated body
propped up against the wall.

Ronald comes up next to Thompson.

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 did this. It seems
personal.

Thompson walks over to the body kneeling down, taking a
closer look.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

There's a plastic container sitting on the counter, filled
with cut up organs and noodles.

Patrick stands by the counter smiling, tapping his fingers
on the container.

Bridgette comes into the kitchen.

BRIDGETTE

Good morning, daddy.

He turns around with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

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 realizes he has the container on the counter.

PATRICK

I can make you some, if that's what you want.

BRIDGETTE

What's wrong with that?

Patrick taps his fingers on the lid of the container.

PATRICK

I let it sit out, and it spoiled.

BRIDGETTE

Oh.

PATRICK

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

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Thompson sits behind his desk doing paperwork.

Ronald comes into the room.

THOMPSON

What's the latest?

RONALD

The latest, is our victim was Bradley Summers. He helped down at the clinic. Church going man, so forth and so on.

THOMPSON

Innocent man murdered?

(CONTINUED)

RONALD

I wouldn't go that far. A woman he was about to rape filed a report. He could possibly be the rapist we were looking for.

THOMPSON

Well, let's find out who put him outta commission.

RONALD

Do you wanna know the church he attended?

THOMPSON

(Curious)

Which one?

RONALD

The church the boy accused the good deacon of murder.

THOMPSON

Are you serious?

RONALD

I'll start the car.

Ronald walks out the room.

Thompson shakes his head.

THOMPSON

(Sighs)

This shit.

INT. THE CHURCH OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Terry sits behind the desk looking over paperwork.

Thompson comes into the room.

THOMPSON

I hope I'm not intruding?

Terry looks up at him.

TERRY

Not at all. Come have a seat.

Thompson walks to the desk taking a seat in the chair.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY CONT'D

How can I help you?

THOMPSON

A member who attended this church by the name of Bradley Summers, was found murdered this morning.

TERRY

(Shocked)

Oh my God. He's been clean from heroin, and a faithful church member. Who would do such a thing?

THOMPSON

That's what we're trying to find out.

Thompson looks at the picture of Patrick on the wall.

THOMPSON

What about the other guy who preaches here?

TERRY

Deacon Graves?

THOMPSON

Would you happen to know where he is?

TERRY

If he's not at work, I couldn't begin to tell you. He's always doing something with his daughter.

THOMPSON

I see.

TERRY

(Suspicious)

You don't think he has something to do with it, do you?

THOMPSON

Not at all. Just trying to see what people know, to possibly give us a lead. Thank you for your time.

Thompson stands up, extending his hand.

Terry stands up shaking his hand.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

I hope you find the person who did it.

Thompson makes his way out the room.

Terry stands rubbing his chin.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Patrick sits on the couch watching television, holding a bowl with the organs and noodles resting in spaghetti sauce.

REPORTER

(Into the camera)

In local news. The body of forty-one-year-old Bradley Summers, was found mutilated in the alleyway beside his apartment building. Police are saying the condition his body was in, is something you would only see in a horror movie. A woman came forth telling the police he had intentions of raping her. They're investigating if he was possibly the rapist on the loose.

Patrick turns the television off.

PATRICK

(Chewing)

I tell you one thing. He doesn't taste as bad as I thought he would.

He's ready for another fork full, when the doorbell rings.

He places the bowl to the side making his way over to the door opening it, and there stands John.

JOHN

How's it going?

PATRICK

I'm blessed to see another day.

JOHN

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

(CONTINUED)

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 looks over at the table with the bowl on it.

JOHN
Looks like I caught you eating.

PATRICK
A little spaghetti I threw
together.

JOHN
How is it?

PATRICK
It's pretty fair.

JOHN
You should let me try some.

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

JOHN
Who am I to argue with a chef?

PATRICK
Not trying to be rude or anything.

JOHN
I understand.

PATRICK
I'll cook you something.

JOHN
Not a problem. Take your time.

PATRICK
Let me go get the sugar for you.

Patrick walks off to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Did you hear the news?

PATRICK (O.S.)
I was just listening to it.

JOHN
Damn shame how he died.

PATRICK (O.S.)
People get the punishment they
deserve.

JOHN
That's true, 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 I ask you a question?

PATRICK
What is it?

JOHN
The Lord forgives you for your
sins, if you confess and mean it,
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
Why are you asking?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I'm curious to know if God forgives
murderers?

PATRICK

Is there something you need to
confess?

John takes the canister from his hand.

JOHN

Nothing I can think of. You know
it's people out here claiming
holier than thou, and be the main
ones sinning. Thanks for the sugar.

John walks out.

Patrick looks on suspicious.

INT. THE SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

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

Fred's grandmother comes down the aisle pushing her cart.

She stops beside him looking disgusted.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

Still doing the devil's work?

PATRICK

(He looks at her)
Excuse me?

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

Don't act surprised. I saw the
news.

PATRICK

First off. What are you talking
about?

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

Bradley Summers.

PATRICK

What about him?

(CONTINUED)

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

You had no right to judge and kill him.

PATRICK

You ever stop to think in that old brain of yours, he was a heroin addict? He probably had a debt he didn't pay, and his dealer finally caught him.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

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. I have to get home and feed my daughter.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

I feel sorry for that little girl. If she only knew what her twisted father was feeding her.

Patrick's look turns serious, stepping into her.

PATRICK

Don't you ever mention my daughter again.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

There's a reserved seat in hell for you.

PATRICK

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

He walks off with his cart.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick and Bridgette sit at the table eating spaghetti.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you for making the spaghetti.

Patrick doesn't respond.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE CONT'D

Daddy, are you okay?

PATRICK

I'm fine.

BRIDGETTE

What's wrong?

PATRICK

Daddy was thinking about something.

BRIDGETTE

What are you thinking about?

PATRICK

Nothing you should worry about. Eat your food.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy---

PATRICK

(Angry)

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.

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

Patrick takes a seat on the bed.

PATRICK

(Sorrow)

Daddy apologizes. I didn't---

She sits up with tears coming down her face.

BRIDGETTE

(Hurt)

You yelled at me. You never yell at me.

PATRICK

I apologize. Daddy has a lot on his mind. I didn't mean to take it out on you.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE
(Crying)
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?

PATRICK
May God strike me down if it's a
lie?

BRIDGETTE
Okay.

PATRICK
I tell you what. How about after
church tomorrow, we go to the park?

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?

She catches her breath from laughing.

BRIDGETTE
I love you, daddy.

PATRICK
And I'll always love you.

INT. THE CHURCH BATHROOM - MORNING

Patrick stands looking in the mirror with a flushed look.

He goes in his pocket pulling out his wallet opening it, taking out Danielle's blood stained wedding ring, placing it on the sink.

PATRICK
(Sadden)
How could you?

INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Bridgette is sitting on the bed looking at the television stunned.

On the television. Danielle is in a motel room with Michael, taking each others clothes off.

Patrick comes into the room.

PATRICK
Princess, I was thinking---

He freezes in his tracks, when he sees the screen.

Bridgette turns looking at him.

BRIDGETTE
Daddy---

PATRICK
Go to your room, now.

She gets up leaving the room.

Patrick walks over to the bed taking a seat.

He shakes his head watching.

PATRICK CONT'D
(Hurt)
I can't believe you.

COME BACK TO:

INT. THE CHURCH BATHROOM - MORNING

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

PATRICK

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

INT. THE CHURCH - MORNING - SAME DAY

The Church is full.

The choir is singing.

Patrick makes his way to the front.

The singing and music comes to a stop.

PATRICK

I'm sorry for the wait brothers and
sisters. I'm not feeling good
today. I'll say a few words, and
Brother Harris can take over from
there.

PERSON

What's wrong Deacon?

PATRICK

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

The room says amen.

PATRICK CONT'D

Today we're talking about the wolf
in sheep's clothing. We all know
about Brother Bradley who is no
longer with us.

The room agrees.

PATRICK CONT'D

While he was here with us, he was
an ideal good man. Drug-free,
helped down at the clinic. Faithful
church member. Behind closed doors,
he was taking what he wanted with
no remorse. While he was on his
spree, he would come in here

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK CONT'D (cont'd)
portraying a man of God. When he
left, 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 what
we thought he was. A man we could
put our trust in. What I'm saying
to you brothers and sisters. A
person can be in front you
portraying one thing, but it
doesn't mean that's who they're.
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 makes his way down from the pulpit.

As he makes his way towards the back, he notices Greg with
some children, with his arm wrapped around one of them
inappropriately.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Patrick sits on the couch with a sickening look.

Bridgette comes downstairs.

BRIDGETTE
You ready, daddy?

PATRICK
Yeah princess, I'm ready.

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

PATRICK
I promised you, so we're going.
I'll be okay.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE

Okay. I'll meet you outside.

She walks out the house.

Patrick pulls the ring out looking at it.

PATRICK

Why are you bothering me? Stop
bothering me, and rest in hell
where you belong.

Bridgette is next door playing with JAMES (10).

John sits on the porch smoking a cigarette.

James has a long scar on his head from the car accident,
with a speech problem.

Patrick comes out the house, and Bridgette runs over to him.

BRIDGETTE

Can James come with us to the park?

PATRICK

I don't know. We would 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.

Bridgette and James go back to playing.

JOHN

It's nice to see those two having
fun.

PATRICK

It's very interesting. Can James
come with us to the park?

JOHN

I'm not sure about that one.

PATRICK

He would be in good hands.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

You know how people are towards him. I don't believe you would 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 so they can play.

PATRICK

Sounds good to me.

JOHN

Cool.

John turns to look at James.

JOHN

Come on champ. It's time to head in.

JAMES

Daddy, I play with my friend.

JOHN

You can play with her when she comes back.

James turns to look at 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.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick makes his way over to Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE
I guess he couldn't come.

PATRICK
No baby. You have to play with him
when we get back.

BRIDGETTE
Okay.

PATRICK
You really like him, huh?

BRIDGETTE
He's my friend.

EXT. THE PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Patrick is pushing Bridgette on the swing.

He pauses stepping back, looking around the area.

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

Resting beside him are some open juices.

He pulls out a flask, 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 Green.

BRIDGETTE
Okay. I'll be over here playing.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

How are you on this fine day?

GREG

I'm doing just fine, enjoying the weather. Thinking about something's to put in my new book.

PATRICK

Is that right?

GREG

Yup.

PATRICK

There's no harm in that. What better place to think, than the playground?

GREG

I completely agree.

PATRICK

You mind if I come up and have a seat?

GREG

Come on up.

PATRICK

Thanks.

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

PATRICK CONT'D

Look at them over there. 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 now?

GREG

She'll be six next week.

PATRICK

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

(CONTINUED)

GREG

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

Patrick looks over at the juices.

PATRICK

(Wipes his forehead)

Bridgette has me out here working hard. You mind if I have one of your juices?

GREG

(Nervous)

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

PATRICK

(Takes a deep whiff)

It smells like someone's been drinking.

GREG

(Laughs nervously)

That might be me.

PATRICK

(Confused)

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

GREG

No, no, no. Not alcohol. It's the Listerine.

PATRICK

Listerine?

GREG

(Nervous laugh)

Have to keep the breath fresh.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

I know what you mean. Let me tell you something.

GREG

What?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

You know we're only human, right?

GREG

Yeah.

PATRICK

And 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 by the water to talk?.

GREG

Are you serious?

PATRICK

Yes. I try spending time with the congregation when I can. 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 Green, don't worry. As long as we don't get drunk, we'll be fine.

GREG

I guess we can do that. I need to hear someone's opinion anyway.

PATRICK

Good. I'll pick you up around ten. I should have everything done by then.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

You want me to get the drinks?

PATRICK

Yes.

GREG

Cool.

Patrick looks over at Bridgette.

PATRICK

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

GREG

You have a very 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.

(Shakes his head, sighing deep)

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

GREG

I feel the same way.

PATRICK

That's good brother Green. Pedophiles don't have a place in this world.

(Stands up stretching)

Ah, well. I'll see you tonight.

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

Greg pulls the flask out taking another sip.

EXT. BY THE WATER - NIGHT

The moon reflects off the calm waters.

Patrick and Greg stand by the water drinking and laughing.

(CONTINUED)

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

That's interesting, considering I read your first book, horror through a child's eyes. I mean, wow.

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

I must say, you're a very good writer. To be able to tell a story about a child being victimized by a pedophile, is amazing. Me personally, I wouldn't have been able to stomach it. How can a grown man be all over a child like that?

GREG

(Downs his cup)

I know what you mean.

PATRICK

What can a grown man possibly see in a child? 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 on that.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

(Downs his cup)

That's good. Pedophiles get something nice done to them in jail. I fully agree with what happens.

GREG

Why do you agree?

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 and needs counseling. Or maybe the person had the same scenario happen to them.

PATRICK

If it happened to that person. The logical way the person should think, is not do it to another child.

GREG

I was---

PATRICK

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

GREG

It's not that I'm offended. Maybe it's the drinks, making me think of the people who were trying to explain their story. I'm far from taking offense.

PATRICK

How about one more round? We need to change the topic.

Patrick takes his cup, walking over to the bottle by the rocks.

(CONTINUED)

He goes inside his coat pocket pulling out a sandwich bag filled with liquid nicotine.

He pours some into Greg's cup, before pouring the drink.

GREG

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

PATRICK

I hear you talking. Can I ask you another question?

GREG

Ask what you feel.

He walks back over to Greg.

PATRICK

Do you know your wife always talked with me?

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 know what she was telling me?

GREG

I hope nothing but good things.

PATRICK

It was good things. 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---

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---

PATRICK

You should be locked away or
killed. I tried to convince her to
have you arrested, but she felt so
ashamed of herself 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

(Ashamed)
...True.

PATRICK

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

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,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
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 for that. You've
chosen the path you wanted to take.
Once you start on that road,
there's no turning back.

GREG
I should---

PATRICK
I tell you what. Since you know
what you are, and what needs to be
done. We'll have this last drink.
Hopefully, when we're finished,
you'll see the light.

Greg turns around, and Patrick hands him his 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 kneels down.

PATRICK CONT'D
A real father loves his child, and
will give his life to make sure no
harm comes their way.

Patrick pulls out the black leather gloves placing them on,
before pulling out a knife.

He jams the knife into Greg's left eye.

EXT. BY THE WATER - MORNING

A couple is holding hands walking by the water, coming to a stop by the rocks.

The woman has a look of disgust on her face, smelling the air.

She lets her man hand go, and walks a little further down behind the rocks.

She lets off a blood-curdling scream, covering her mouth.

Her man quickly runs over to her.

He grabs her holding her tight.

Greg's dead body is resting on the rocks, with his eyes missing.

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

Thompson sits at 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
The victims name is Greg Green. He was found with his eyes missing.

THOMPSON
No shit?

RONALD
And he's also a member of the good deacon's church.

THOMPSON
I think we need to visit the good Deacon.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

BRIDGETTE
Homework is hard.

PATRICK
It can't be that hard.

BRIDGETTE
It is.

PATRICK
You wanna know a secret?

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 Deacon Graves. May I come in?

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

THOMPSON
I just wanna ask you a few questions, if you don't mind?

Bridgette walks over to Patrick, standing beside him.

THOMPSON CONT'D
(To Bridgette)
Hello, again.

BRIDGETTE
Are they trying to look around the house again?

PATRICK
Not this time.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE

What does he want?

PATRICK

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

She gets her homework, making her way upstairs.

PATRICK CONT'D

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

THOMPSON

Sorry. Can I come in, so I can ask you a few questions?

PATRICK

Come right in.

Patrick lets him come in.

THOMPSON

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

PATRICK

And who might that be?

THOMPSON

Greg Green.

PATRICK

(Disappointed)

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

THOMPSON

Someone took his eyes from him.

PATRICK

That's terrible.

THOMPSON

I would say so.

PATRICK

What do you wanna ask me?

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

Two people from your church murdered in less than a week. Your wife was found murdered, along with another man. You don't find it odd the people from your church are getting murdered?

PATRICK

Depending on how you live your life. The Lord punishes you the best way fit. As for my wife.

(Inhales deep, releasing sharp)

You have the audacity bringing up my wife, in a situation that is completely different? You're still searching for a way to blame murder on me?

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 others to follow in the Lord's footsteps.

THOMPSON

Sometimes you have to bang the right thing into a person's head, so they can get the point.

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.

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON
I think we're done here.

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

THOMPSON
I'll do that.

PATRICK
Please do.

Thompson walks out the house.

Patrick closes the door, making his way to Bridgette's room.

Bridgette lies on the bed doing her homework.

Patrick stands in the doorway.

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

BRIDGETTE
That's okay. I'll figure it out.

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

BRIDGETTE
Wait a second.

PATRICK
What is it?

BRIDGETTE
You never told me the secret.

Patrick walks over to the bed taking a seat.

PATRICK
Good memory.

BRIDGETTE
You told me 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 are easier than what you thought.

BRIDGETTE

Can I think this way about everything?

PATRICK

(Kisses her forehead)

You sure can. I have to get going.

He stands up making his way out the room, coming down the stairs over to the front door walking out.

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

He gets comfortable in his seat, before reaching over opening the glove compartment, and inside is a plastic ziplock bag with Greg's bloody eyes.

PATRICK

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. THE CHURCH - MORNING

The squad car 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Patrick is standing behind the pulpit smiling.

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

Patrick focuses his attention on Eric, sitting in the middle row.

Eric gets the plate, and some hundred dollar bills are resting on top.

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.

EXT. THE CHURCH - AFTERNOON

People are coming out the church.

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

Fred's Grandmother comes walking up.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
What brings you here?

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

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
What me and my grandson were telling 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.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
I have a lot I can speak on.

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

What do you have?

Patrick comes out the church smiling.

Fred's grandmother and Thompson turn looking at him.

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

Patrick gives Bridgette the keys, and she goes to the truck.

He follows behind Eric.

Thompson focuses his attention back to Fred's grandmother.

THOMPSON CONT'D

Can we discuss it at your house?

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

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.

PATRICK

That's always a good thing. Can I ask you something?

ERIC

Go right ahead.

PATRICK

We all know the Lord sees and knows all, right?

ERIC

Yeah.

PATRICK

My question is this. Do you think a person really respects the Lord, if they commit a sin in his house?

ERIC

Where are you going with this?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

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

ERIC

Wow. That's just wrong.

PATRICK

What I wanna ask you is this. Can we meet up Monday, get something to eat, and discuss that situation?

Eric looks at him strangely for a second, and then 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, brother Heap. I'll see you Monday night.

Patrick walks off.

Eric looks at him confused, as his bus pulls up.

Patrick gets ready to get in his truck, when Thompson walks over to him.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

You came to hear the good word?

THOMPSON

Hopefully, what I learned will benefit me.

PATRICK

I hope so.

THOMPSON

I was wondering if you could help me out?

PATRICK

My sermon wasn't enough help?

THOMPSON

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

PATRICK

There really isn't much to tell. He had a car wreck a couple of months ago that killed his wife, and caused his son some brain damage.

THOMPSON

That's terrible.

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 do you ask?

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.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
Isn't he nice?

THOMPSON
Don't let me hold you up. I know
you have to get home and fix
dinner.

PATRICK
I hope I've helped.

Thompson walks to the squad car.

Patrick stands by his truck watching the two.

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

He gets in the truck.

INT. FRED'S GRANDMOTHER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room has a southern comfort cozy feel.

Thompson and Ronald sit on the couch.

Fred's grandmother sits in her chair drinking tea.

THOMPSON
What do you have for us this time?

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
Information so you can catch that
madman, Patrick Graves.

THOMPSON
I'm listening.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
It's called common sense.

THOMPSON
(Sighs)
Ma'am, I'm sorry. We need facts.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
Come down here for a second, Fred!

Fred comes downstairs.

FRED

Yes?

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

Tell these people what you saw.

Fred gets scared, slowly backing away.

THOMPSON

It's okay, son. Say what you saw.

FRED

(Scared)

He...he was eating my daddy.

THOMPSON

Who was?

FRED

(Scared)

He...he---

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

Just say his name, Fred.

FRED

I can't. He'll---

THOMPSON

Was it the Deacon?

Fred runs upstairs.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

What else do you need?

THOMPSON

Sorry ma'am. That's not enough.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER

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 to give us, we
still came up with nothing.

FRED (O.S.)

He keeps my daddy in the basement.

(CONTINUED)

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.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
God is trying to help you through
my grandson.

THOMPSON
We'll be leaving now.

Thompson and Ronald make their way out the house.

The neighborhood is quiet.

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

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. THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is cheap.

PROSTITUTE 2 (24) with nice size breast and long brown hair
is riding Eric.

Their moaning calms down, as she rolls over to the side
breathing heavy.

ERIC
You want another glass?

(CONTINUED)

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 the glass from the floor, drinking what's left inside.

ERIC

(Smiling)

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

EXT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Patrick stands by his truck watching the bus pull up.

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

PATRICK

I'm glad you could make it.

ERIC

Anything 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

(Laughs)

I can't be choosy with someone's money.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

You're considerate, too. I like that brother Heap. Get in, so we can go eat.

Patrick gets in.

Eric walks over to the passenger door getting in.

They both get comfortable, putting their seat-belts on.

Patrick starts the truck up pulling off.

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 fact.

PATRICK

I know. Can you reach back there and hand me my CD case?

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.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK CONT'D

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

Patrick pulls up to a red light, and he leans Eric's seat
back.

He smiles turning the radio on, and some Gospel music plays,
as he waits for the light to turn green.

INT. THE BASEMENT OF AN ABANDON HOUSE - NIGHT

An oil drum burns a nice size fire.

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.

There's razor blades glued on his eyebrows, and fish hooks
go through his eyelids, with wires connecting to the other
side of the scale.

Patrick stands 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

(Upset)

Where am I? What is this?

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

PATRICK

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

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

Why are you doing this?

He tries to move out 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

(Angry)

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

You noticed you can't move from your seat. If you wanna get up, you have to tear your skin from your body. The buzzsaw I'm holding is for your thieving little fingers. But, none of that matters. What matters is getting free, before the wire around your neck cuts through your throat.

ERIC

(Angry)

I didn't steal shit! Are you out of your fucking mind?!

PATRICK

All of this language you're using. You need to ask yourself that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
question. Stealing from the house
of the Lord.

ERIC
(Angry)
All of this is over some punk ass
money?!

PATRICK
It's about you stealing from the
Lord.

ERIC
A true man of God knows, thou shall
not kill.

PATRICK
A true man of God also knows, thou
shall 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 starts slowly pouring it on the side of the scale which has the hooks connected to Eric's eyes.

Eric tries getting up from the chair, and you can hear his flesh ripping, as the hooks lift his eyelids up, cutting them off.

Patrick picks up the saw, starting it.

The skin is peeling from Eric's right forearm.

He cuts two of Eric's fingers off, right before Eric snatches his arm from the table.

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

PATRICK
You're almost free.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick starts slowly filling the other side of the scale with sand.

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

Blood comes from his mouth, as he slowly dies.

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 picks up a gas can he brought in, pouring it on Eric's body.

He removes the gag from Eric's mouth, and then grabs the scale, saw and gas can.

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 outside.

BRIDGETTE

Can we go get some ice cream?

PATRICK

You know you have to eat food before sweets.

BRIDGETTE

I know. It's better to get the answer out the way now.

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.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE

Can I go play with him?

PATRICK

Yeah. I need to talk to his daddy.

BRIDGETTE

Why do you need to talk to him?

PATRICK

It's like you said. It's better to get it out the way now.

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 about me?

JOHN

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

PATRICK

(Dry laugh)

That's real cute. I would've never thought you were the comedian type.

JOHN

(Scoffs)

You know now.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

What are you trying to say?

JOHN

I'm not trying to say anything. I'm telling you.

Patrick grabs John by his collar, holding him.

John looks at him smiling, taking a pull from his cigarette, blowing the smoke in his face.

JOHN CONT'D

Don't you need to drug me, before you try something?

Patrick looks at him confused.

John breaks the hold, grabbing Patrick by the shoulders, slamming him 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

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

PATRICK

What do you know about me?

JOHN

I know I could tell the police what happened the night your wife died.

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

(CONTINUED)

JOHN CONT'D

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

John gets off of 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. The only reason I won't, is because I could possibly lose my little man.

PATRICK

That's right. Especially, if I was to tell the police about the guns and drugs you keep in the basement.

JOHN

(Laughs)

I'm not worried about you. Look down.

Patrick looks down, seeing John holding a nine millimeter.

PATRICK

What does that supposed to mean?

JOHN

It means if you try to do anything to me or my son. 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 that ice cream.

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.

(CONTINUED)

Bridgette looks at James smiling.

BRIDGETTE
What kind of ice cream do you like?

JAMES
Chocolate.

BRIDGETTE
That's my favorite, too. I'll bring
you some back, okay?

JAMES
Okay.

They give each other a hug, and 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 ice cream,
daddy.

JOHN
She's a good friend, champ.

JAMES
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. THE LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Bridgette are standing at the counter.

PATRICK
Go get what you want.

Ashley comes into the store walking up to the counter.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Let me get a box of magnums, and
five energy drinks.

PATRICK

Sounds like you're about to have a
long night, Ms. Turner.

She turns to face him, shocked.

ASHLEY

Deacon Graves? I didn't notice you.

PATRICK

People never notice the Lord's
servants watching.

ASHLEY

(Nervous laugh)

It's not what you think.

PATRICK

It's okay.

ASHLEY

You never know if somebody might
poke a hole in a condom.

She puts her money in the slot, and gets her items.

PATRICK

That's a good brand.

She smiles, getting in his face.

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

Terry comes in the store, pausing when he sees the two.

ASHLEY

Only a special type of man can fit
these.

PATRICK

I know.

BRIDGETTE

I got what I want.

PATRICK

(To Bridgette)

Put it up on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

If you know what I mean. It means
you can fit these.

Terry walks over to the two.

TERRY

How's everything going?

PATRICK

Everything is great.

BRIDGETTE

Uncle Terry, how are you?

TERRY

I'm doing okay.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy is about to buy me all of
this.

TERRY

He is, is he?

PATRICK

I told you. Once you have kids,
you'll see what I go through.

TERRY

I can't wait.

PATRICK

(Hands Terry some money)
Can you pay for this, and take her
with you? I have to finish talking
to Ms. Turner.

TERRY

Not a problem.

PATRICK

Thanks. I'll be right outside.

BRIDGETTE

I'll be waiting for you.

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

Patrick focuses his attention back on Ashley.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
Back to these condoms.

ASHLEY
What about them?

PATRICK
Are you really planning on using
them?

ASHLEY
Why? Are you trying to help me use
them?

PATRICK
(Laughs)
Ms. Turner---

ASHLEY
Meet me at Two cups, press your
luck, and we can discuss the rest.

PATRICK
Ms. Turner.

She leans in giving him a kiss on the cheek.

ASHLEY
I'll be there at eight. Don't leave
me hanging.

She makes her way out the store, switching hard.

Patrick looks on with a slight smile.

INT. TWO CUPS, PRESS YOUR LUCK - NIGHT

Loud music plays in the packed bar.

Patrick and Ashley sit at the bar talking and laughing,
having drinks.

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

ASHLEY
Things change, like the women.

PATRICK
(Takes a sip)
Meaning?

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

(Places her hand on his thigh)
Women choose who they wanna take
home.

PATRICK

(Takes a sip)
You don't say?

ASHLEY

(Moves her hand higher)
Yep. Especially, if we think the
man we wanna take home is working
with something.

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 to move her hand up some more, and he grabs her
hand moving it back.

PATRICK

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

ASHLEY

Look at you.

PATRICK

Maybe you can look at me in a
different light after we leave.

ASHLEY

Talking like that, we should leave
now.

PATRICK

We will in due time. Tell me about
the disease you contracted.

She takes a sip from her glass, and sharply exhales.

ASHLEY

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

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
(Confused)
Getting ran?

ASHLEY
(Laughs)
You really need to catch up with
the new lingo. Getting ran means
one girl, and as many guys she
thinks she can take.

PATRICK
That's an orgy.

ASHLEY
These days it's called getting ran.

PATRICK
(Laughs)
Okay.

ASHLEY
I have to say. It wasn't as
exciting as I thought it would be.
After it was all said and done. 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
So, you had---

ASHLEY
Gonorrhoea.

PATRICK
I know that was painful.

ASHLEY
(Takes a sip)
Yep.

PATRICK
What kind of medication did they
give you?

ASHLEY
(Downs her glass)
Fuck all that. I'm trying to see if
I can handle this package.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
Somebody is determined.

ASHLEY
Like you said in church. We crave
what looks good, only so we can
find out if it's good.

PATRICK
You're something else.

ASHLEY
You'll find out what I am tonight.
I'm about to go to the bathroom.
You order us one more round.

She rubs her hand across his face seductively, before giving him a kiss on the cheek.

She walks off.

Patrick sits with a smirk going in his pocket, pulling out two roofies.

PATRICK
We'll find out something.

EXT. TWO CUPS, PRESS YOUR LUCK - NIGHT

Patrick is holding Ashley up.

ASHLEY
(Drunk)
I'm...I'm ready for you to open
this pussy up.

PATRICK
I'll open it up.

She tries to stand straight giving him a kiss, and he moves his head back.

ASHLEY
You promise?

PATRICK
I promise.

ASHLEY
Let's hurry up! I feel my pussy
dripping.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK
I'm glad to hear.

ASHLEY
Where's your car?

Patrick wraps his arm around her, pulling her close.

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

ASHLEY
Oh really?

He smiles, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

PATRICK
More than you know.

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.

When she's finished, she wipes her mouth leaning up against the truck.

ASHLEY
(Groggy)
I don't feel so hot.

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

She's breathing heavy, before passing out.

Patrick closes the door, making his way over to the driver side getting in.

He looks back seeing she's sleep.

PATRICK
Open her up.
(Laughs)
She might not enjoy how I do it.

He reaches over on the passenger seat floor grabbing a black plastic bag, pulling out a glue gun.

PATRICK CONT'D
This will be a fun night.

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 on a dirty mattress with ropes tied around her, in her bra and panties.

Her legs are pulled wide open.

There's a glue sheet on her face with holes in it, so she can see and breathe out her nose.

Hooks are in her face, which go through the sheet.

At the end of the hooks are wires, wrapping around the end of the baseball bat Patrick is holding.

He's standing to the side looking down at her.

She slowly wakes up, struggling to get free.

PATRICK

I'm glad you're awake. I hate getting off by myself.

She mumbles, trying to get free.

PATRICK CONT'D

Sorry about the fact you can't speak. I'm not into women talking, while I'm getting it on.

Patrick kneels down stroking her hair.

PATRICK CONT'D

Before we start, Ms. Turner, I have to ask one question. 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

I know what it is. You feel since you were hurt. Why not take it out on every man, so they can feel what you feel.

She slowly nods her head yes.

PATRICK CONT'D

I knew it. See the thing is, Ms. Turner. You remind me of my wife.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK CONT'D (cont'd)
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 were an
instinct she shouldn't have
followed through with. 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.

He raises the bat, bringing it down with all his might
between her legs.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. THE VACANT FIELD - MORNING

The field is wide, resting not far from a liquor store.

Thompson, Ronald and other officers stand with disgusted
looks, looking at Ashley's dead body.

Her skull is crushed in, along with the gruesome fashion of
how her face was ripped off, with bruises covering her body.

Thick dried up blood trails are coming from between her
legs.

RONALD
This is fucking ridiculous.

THOMPSON
How could---

RONALD
(Upset)
You know who did it! How long do
you want this shit to go on?!

(CONTINUED)

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

And what do you suggest?

RONALD

Let's go.

Ronald walks off.

Thompson takes a deep breath, before following behind him.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Patrick is hard at work slicing up meat, when Chef comes up
to him.

CHEF

Someone is up front to see you.

Patrick finishes what he's doing, before making his way to
the front.

He 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! I know you're behind
this! Killing the members of your
church, claiming you're a man of
God!

(CONTINUED)

Everyone in the restaurant looks on astonished.

PATRICK
You're still accusing---

Ronald punches him in the mouth.

RONALD
I'm letting you know! 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. I won't put
hands on my fellowman, when I have
the Lord on my side.

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

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

PATRICK
God will forgive and bless you.

RONALD
Fuck you!

Thompson pulls Ronald out the restaurant.

INT. FRED'S GRANDMOTHER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred sits on the couch watching television.

The doorbell rings.

He looks back preparing to stand up, when his grandmother
comes from the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER
I'll answer it.

She grabs the handle pausing, looking back at him.

FRED'S GRANDMOTHER CONT'D
I hope you're enjoying whatever it
is you're watching.

She opens the door, and a hammer comes at her head with full force.

She falls back to the floor unconscious, with blood pouring down her face.

Fred looks up scared, watching Patrick come into the house dressed in the all-black outfit, with the hood on his head.

Fred leaps from the couch, running towards the stairs.

Patrick closes the door, and is quickly after Fred.

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

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

PATRICK (O.S.)
It's time to join your father!

Fred digs through his closet pulling out a baseball bat, standing in front of the door ready to swing.

FRED
I knew you would come! Get the fuck
away from me!

PATRICK (O.S.)
You're using such foul language.
The Lord might forgive you for
that.

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, getting ready to grab the knob, and Patrick kicks the door in.

Fred stumbles back from the force.

(CONTINUED)

Fred gets back on his feet swinging the bat missing, and Patrick backhand's him into his desk hitting it hard, falling to the floor moaning in pain.

Patrick walks over to him kneeling down.

PATRICK

You wait till I come back.

Fred tries to get up, and Patrick punches him, knocking him unconscious.

He stands up walking out the room, making his way back downstairs.

Fred's grandmother is still on the floor unconscious, with blood covering her face.

Patrick walks over hammer in hand, kneeling down smiling.

PATRICK

I was told. Sometimes you have to
beat the word into a person's head,
for them to get the point.

He begins beating her in the head, and blood covers his face, which he licks off.

He stands up looking down at her smiling, before spitting on her.

PATRICK CONT'D

Join your son in hell.

He looks upstairs going in his pocket, pulling out a butterfly knife.

PATRICK CONT'D

It's time to remove the fiery
tongue from the serpent in my
garden.

He makes his way upstairs.

EXT. FRED'S GRANDMOTHER HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Terry pulls up in front of Fred's grandmother house, coming to a stop.

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

He knocks, and the door moves open.

(CONTINUED)

He looks confused walking in covering his mouth, seeing Fred's grandmother with her brains coming from her head.

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?

Fred barely opens his eyes trying to speak, and blood pours out.

TERRY CONT'D
Dear God. Who---

Fred grabs Terry by the collar trying to sit up and speak, as blood spills from his mouth.

TERRY CONT'D
I'll get you help. Just hold on.

Fred points to the crucifix Terry has around his neck, and then points at his mouth.

TERRY CONT'D
God didn't---

Fred shakes his head no, pointing over at the table where a flier to the church is.

TERRY CONT'D
It can't be true.

Fred shakes his head yes, before 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
(Frustrated)
No, no, no! Leave me alone! You all deserve to burn!

(CONTINUED)

He lets off a scream, dragging his fingers down his face.

Reaching over snatching the glove compartment open, out falls a plastic ziplock 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 veins
of a rapist, and the tongue from
Satan's mouth! 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!

He pulls out the butterfly knife opening it, placing it to his throat.

PATRICK CONT'D

I can't spill the blood of a
innocent man! Leave me alone! None
of you deserved to live! I cast the
first stone at you all, because I'm
not wrong!

His hand trembles, letting off a scream of frustration.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridgette is coming down the stairs, as Patrick comes in closing the door.

Blood covers his hands, standing with a blank stare.

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 makes her way over to the door.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE
Who is it?

TERRY (O.S.)
Uncle Terry.

She opens the door.

He walks in with blood on his clothes.

Bridgette closes the door.

BRIDGETTE
Uncle Terry, what happened to you?

TERRY
I have to talk to your daddy. Where
is he?

BRIDGETTE
He's in the basement.

TERRY
Can you get him, please?

BRIDGETTE
I'll be back.

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

Patrick stands by the sliding door with his head down, and
keys placed in the door.

He turns his head seeing Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE
Are you okay, daddy?

PATRICK
Yes sweetie, I'm fine.

She walks over to the door.

BRIDGETTE
What's in here?

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

BRIDGETTE

Why do you have blood on you?

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

Terry sits on the couch twiddling his thumbs.

Patrick and Bridgette come into the room.

PATRICK

How may I help you this evening?

Terry stands up looking at Patrick.

TERRY

All I need to know is the truth.

PATRICK

The truth about what?

TERRY

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

PATRICK

(To Bridgette)

Baby, head upstairs to your room. Daddy and your uncle have to talk.

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGETTE

But daddy, I need---

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

I have to go downstairs and get something from my box.

PATRICK

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

She walks off.

PATRICK

Before we start. Would you like something to drink?

TERRY

Did you kill them?

PATRICK

(Sarcastic laugh)

Did I kill them? Kill who?

TERRY

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

PATRICK

And 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 know you wouldn't kill anybody. Now...I'm not so sure.

PATRICK

Why is that?

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

How did you get the blood on your hands?

PATRICK

(Smiles)

Do you really wanna know?

INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Bridgette looks nervous sliding the door open.

She feels around 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.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

PATRICK

Do you remember my wedding day?

TERRY

Of course. 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. Hoping 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?

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

...You killed your wife?

PATRICK

...I shared her flesh between me and 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 didn't feed them to her. I ate certain parts for myself, because I wanted to ingest their sins. You and everyone else thought they were innocent. Brother Summers 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 Green. Brother Green molested children. Danielle and Michael speak for themselves.

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

Can I ask you something?

TERRY

What?

PATRICK

Would you watch over my little girl?

(CONTINUED)

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

You know our God is a forgiving God. You preach this all the time.

PATRICK

What was I thinking?

Patrick turns his back to Terry.

TERRY

It'll be okay. Just get your faith and relationship back with God.

PATRICK

I have one more question.

TERRY

I'm listening.

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.

(CONTINUED)

Patrick pulls him closer, holding him by the back of his head twisting the knife.

PATRICK

(Sorrow)

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

Terry continues choking, as 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 lies dead.

Patrick pulls the knife out, as a tear falls from his eye.

He stands up making his way to the basement.

INT. THE BACK ROOM - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Bridgette is sitting in front of the jar with Danielle's head in it, with her back turned to the door.

Patrick walks into the room.

PATRICK

Baby, I can explain.

BRIDGETTE

Can I ask you a question, daddy?

PATRICK

What is it baby?

BRIDGETTE

What's the real truth behind the
commandments?

PATRICK

What do you mean?

BRIDGETTE

As far as, honor thy mother and
father?

PATRICK

Honor your father and your mother,
so that you may live long in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK (cont'd)
land that the Lord your God is giving you. 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 to her 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?

EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Thompson, Ronald and other officers stand outside the house ready to bust in.

THOMPSON

When we get in, make sure the
little girl is safe, and take him
down.

One of the officers kicks the door in.

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

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.

Bridgette is sitting with her back turned to the door.

THOMPSON

Little girl?

INT. THE BACK ROOM

[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Å}INTOPREAMBLE] NIGHT
[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Å}INTOPREAMBLE] SAME NIGHT

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.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S ROOM

[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Ã}INTOPREAMBLE] NIGHT

[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Ã}INTOPREAMBLE] SAME NIGHT

Thompson gets ready to take 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 finds Thompson, standing behind him.

Thompson signals for him to stand back.

THOMPSON

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

Bridgette slowly turns around.

Thompson's mouth drops.

Her mouth is covered with blood, taking a bite out of Patrick's heart.

BRIDGETTE

I have my mommy with me forever.
And now.

(Takes a bite from the heart)

...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 sits on the porch smoking a cigarette, looking on shaking his head.

James is sitting beside him.

James gets up running towards the car.

JOHN
Get back here, James!

James gets to the car looking at Bridgette.

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 a while.

James looks up at John.

JAMES
I love Bridge, daddy.

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

The two start walk 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 to have 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 (O.S.)

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