



GOD'S SPEAKER

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BLACK SCREEN:

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

Exodus 20:17

"Some people conjoin their relationships and God, and nothing should ever come between them. That's why when the bond is broken, most never recover from it."

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

**INT. PATRICK HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

A dimly lit dining room adorned with religious paintings on the walls.

A tense dinner unfolds at a polished wooden table.

PATRICK GRAVES, (30s), handsome, with a low fade and sharp goatee, chews his food with disgust and irritation on his face.

To his left sits MICHAEL YOUNG, (30s), dark-skinned, casually dressed, exuding charm.

To his right is DANIELLE GRAVES, (30s), petite, long hair, light-skinned and attractive, also in casual attire.

Each has a glass of red wine. CLOSE ON PATRICK'S FACE

His eyes burn with barely contained rage.

DANIELLE

Michael, are you sure you don't need a ride home?

MICHAEL

I'm good with Uber, thanks.

(To Patrick)

Man, when you preach on Sundays, it's like my soul's touching God.

DANIELLE

(Smiling)

This is God's personal speaker, right here.

Patrick sucks his teeth, shaking his head, as his fork

clatters against the plate.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, Patrick?

PATRICK  
Enough with the games.

DANIELLE  
Games? What're you talking about?

PATRICK  
Are you comfortable sitting here,  
eating with your husband and the man  
you've been sleeping with for four  
months?

Silence.

Michael and Danielle exchange a glance.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Silence isn't golden tonight. MICHAEL  
(Clears throat)  
Maybe I should go.

Patrick's gaze locks onto Michael, cold and unyielding.

PATRICK  
Why? You've already made yourself  
welcomed in my home, and in my wife.

DANIELLE  
Patrick—

Patrick raises a hand, silencing her, but his eyes never  
leave Michael.

PATRICK  
Don't. No explanations.

MICHAEL  
Look, there's gotta be a  
misunderstanding. I—

PATRICK  
No misunderstanding. God will judge  
your sins.  
(Sighs)  
And my marriage... Tomorrow, we'll  
handle the situation.

Danielle and Michael sit, stunned, wordless.

DANIELLE  
Just like that?

PATRICK  
I'm a man of God. The Lord paves the  
way for better days.

He turns, reaching for Danielle's hand, and his face is calm but resolute.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Whatever I couldn't give you, I hope  
that Michael can.

He releases her hand, picks up his glass, and raises it for a toast.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
To new beginnings and happiness.

They clink glasses.

Danielle and Michael's faces softening with relief.

They sip.

Within seconds, a wave of nausea hits Danielle and Michael.

They try to stand and stumble, collapsing, with their heads thudding onto the table.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Huh. Roofies really do work.

He takes a final sip.

CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONED DISTRIBUTION BUILDING - LATER**

Dust and cobwebs cover the entire room, with the light from the moon barely shining through the filthy windows.

Michael is tied naked to a chair, covered in sweat, with Danielle's head between his legs.

She's hog-tied and naked, with piano wire around her neck, which connects to the chair leg Michael is sitting on.

Danielle's arms and legs, along with Michael's arms are wrapped with rope, connecting to a nearby conveyor belt.

Patrick staggers up drunk, wearing all-black and leather gloves, taking a sip from the bottle of whiskey in his hand.

A smile creases the side of his face, extending the bottle to Michael.

Michael turns his head.

PATRICK

(Drunk)

Are you sure? This is the last drink  
you'll have before you face the Lord.

MICHAEL

You sick fuck!

PATRICK

(Laughs)

I'm sick? Let's see what my wife has  
to say.

He takes a sip from the bottle, and then begins playing in Danielle's hair.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hey honey, am I a sick fuck?

A muffled scream is heard.

He laughs, taking another sip.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You sounded just like that in the  
video you made.

MICHAEL

How do-

PATRICK

How do I know about the movie? I'm  
guessing my wife loved it so much, she  
forgot to take it out. But it wasn't  
me who discovered it, oh no. It was my  
angel who saw her mother committing  
adultery.

Danielle's cries grow louder.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Oh, don't cry honey.

MICHAEL

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

PATRICK

Oh, I understand. I'm just pissed she broke the vows we made to God!

MICHAEL

Sometimes people get married for the wrong reasons, and then they realize-

PATRICK

They're still a whore! That's some serious realization.

Patrick takes a sip, and staggers to the machine, turning it on.

MICHAEL

Patrick, wait. You don't have to do this.

PATRICK

And you didn't have to sleep with my wife.

MICHAEL

Patrick... you're a man of God.

He presses start on the machine, and the ropes begin pulling.

Michael screams in pain from his arms being pulled, and Danielle biting him.

Patrick staggers back to the two, and kneels down, cutting the piano wire from the chair.

Danielle lifts her head screaming, and you can see Michael's flesh clinched on her teeth, as their limbs tear from their bodies.

Patrick pulls the wire tight around her neck, placing his foot on the back of her head.

Michael's body twitches as blood sprays the room.

The wire cuts through Danielle's neck and you can hear the

gurgling of blood coming from her mouth.

Patrick has a sadistic look of satisfaction pushing his foot down harder, and the wire cuts through decapitating her.

He picks up her head and stares at it before putting it down, focusing on Michael, who's barely conscious.

PATRICK

Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's wife.

MICHAEL

Forgive-

He puts a finger on Michael's lips.

PATRICK

Hopefully... God will.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: God's speaker

THREE WEEKS LATER

FADE IN:

**EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON**

A cold silence covers the cemetery as the preacher speaks.

Patrick is standing with his arm wrapped around his daughter BRIDGETTE, (10), who has an adorable baby face, and long black hair.

The preacher finishes, and then everyone walks away.

TERRY, (30s), African-American, walks over to Patrick, and they shake hands.

TERRY

How are you doing?

PATRICK

I'm doing the best I can, trying to stay strong for Bridgette.

Terry looks at Bridgette.

TERRY  
How are you doing, little B?

BRIDGETTE  
My mommy's gone.

She buries her face into Patrick's stomach, crying.

PATRICK  
It'll be hard for her.

TERRY  
I can't imagine the pain you two are going through.

PATRICK  
When you have the Lord on your side, the pain will hit hard, but it'll slowly work itself out.

TERRY  
Amen. Will you be able to deliver the sermon Sunday?

PATRICK  
With the help of the Lord, I can do anything.

TERRY  
Amen. I'll see you on Sunday. Try to get little B to calm down.

PATRICK  
I'll do that.

Terry walks off.

Patrick kneels down, wiping the tears from Bridgette's face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
It'll be okay, baby. You still have your daddy, and I love you.

BRIDGETTE  
(Sniffles)  
I love you too, daddy. What are we going to do without mommy?

PATRICK  
If we stay strong for each other, we'll be fine.



BRIDGETTE

Are you sure?

PATRICK

I'm positive. Let's go home and get something to eat. I'm making a roast tonight.

BRIDGETTE

Okay.

They walk off.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Patrick is sitting on the couch, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, watching the news.

REPORTER

(Into the camera)

Police are still on the hunt for a serial rapist who has claimed his latest victim. A sixty-year-old woman was found brutally beaten, raped and robbed in an alley. Police are saying-

He turns the television off, stands up, and makes his way towards the kitchen.

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Bridgette is sitting at one end of the table eating her dinner, as Patrick takes a seat at the other end where his plate rests.

In the center of the table rests Danielle's rump, cooked to perfection, with sides around it, but Bridgette thinks it's roast.

PATRICK

I didn't get a chance to ask you earlier, but how was school?

BRIDGETTE

It was okay.

PATRICK

Did you have any problems?

BRIDGETTE

I did for a minute. I just said my  
mommy is in heaven with the angels.

PATRICK

Yes.

(Takes a bite)

Mommy is in heaven as we speak. And do  
you know what else?

BRIDGETTE

What?

PATRICK

Mommy will forever be with us.

BRIDGETTE

I like how that sounds.

PATRICK

I do, too.

**INT. CHURCH - VESTRY- MORNING**

Patrick is fixing his tie, when Terry enters.

TERRY

Are you ready?

PATRICK

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

TERRY

What?

PATRICK

Can you check on Bridgette? She's  
still having a hard time adjusting to  
her mother being gone.

TERRY

How are you dealing with Danielle's  
death?

Patrick turns around.

PATRICK

The good Lord takes those when it's  
time for them to join him in paradise.  
You can't question his actions.

TERRY

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

Terry walks out the room.

Patrick rubs his stomach, smiling.

PATRICK

Yes, indeed. She's in a better place.

**INT. CHURCH - NAVE - CONTINUOUS**

The church is rather big in size, packed with people listening to the song being played.

Bridgette is sitting in the front. Terry comes from the vestry, making his way over to her, taking a seat.

TERRY

How are you doing today, Bridgette?

BRIDGETTE

I'm okay.

TERRY

That's good. Your father wanted me to check on you.

BRIDGETTE

I'll be okay. Daddy told me to stay strong, so that's what I'm going to do.

TERRY

I'm proud of you Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you.

Patrick comes from the vestry, walking to the pulpit smiling.

The choir stops singing, and the music slowly desists.

PATRICK

Good morning brothers and sisters. The good Lord has blessed us with another beautiful day. How's everybody doing this morning?

The room claps, and some good words are heard.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

As you all know, I lost my wife. But as the good book teaches us, there's no need to mourn, as long as we know our loved ones are in the arms of the Lord. We should carry on with life happily, knowing our loved ones are in a better place. Can I hear an Amen?

The room says amen.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

That's how I'm able to stay strong for my daughter, and I thank the Lord for it. Now, today's lesson isn't coming out of the good book. It'll come from our inner souls. So, what makes you blessed, and what's the demon you want off your back? I have to fight the demon of depression every day, because my daughter has to wake up without her mother. Now, it doesn't matter who starts. Tell us why you're blessed, and the demon you're trying to shake off.

GREG GREEN, (30s), wearing a black suit that goes well with his brown skin and perfectly lined up sideburns stands up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Brother Green, tell the congregation what you're blessed with.

GREG

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

PATRICK

Amen! Tell us the demon you're trying to get off your back.

GREG

The demon that 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 your Deacon was a Deacon, me and the same bottle you're talking about shared many nights! It drove me to the point I was ready to end it all! And then, the Lord blessed me with a lovely wife and daughter, letting me know there's something more important than the bottle! What motivates you from converting back?

GREG

I tell myself if I go back, I'll lose it all. But what really keeps me on the straight and narrow, is if I go back, I'll never be able to reclaim my wife and daughter.

PATRICK

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

The room claps as Greg takes his seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Would anyone else care to share?

BRADLEY SUMMERS, (40s), Caucasian, stands up.

His attire is simple, but it matches perfectly with his bum appearance.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Brother Summers. What are you blessed with this morning?

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! And what motivates you to not use it again?

BRADLEY

Looking at the junkies in my neighborhood, that reminds me of how I was. So, instead of converting back to my old ways, I help those in need down at the clinic, so they can recover as I did.

PATRICK

And the Lord will bless you. I wish you were around when I was trying to help my friend kick the habit. His mother and I tried our best, but I guess it was his time. 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 brothers and sisters! Does anyone else want to come forth?

ERIC HEAP, (20s), Caucasian, stands to his feet.

He's a pretty boy with brown hair, wearing a maroon suit that stands out because of his blue eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Brother Heap. What do you have to share with us this morning?

ERIC

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

PATRICK

Oh, no. Why would you be doing time behind bars at such a young age?

ERIC

Because I was breaking the commandment, thou shall not steal. I must say, and I'm not proud to admit this. But, I was great at what I was doing.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

If you were great, what happened?

ERIC

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

PATRICK

Be thankful you're alive.

ERIC

Trust me, I am. And her words, 'I should earn whatever I want.', sticks with me as a reminder.

PATRICK

She's right, brother Heap. I used to steal back in my day. When I got caught, my mother tried to tear the skin from my back. That's when I realized, that wasn't the profession for me.

The room breaks out laughing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What motivates you to not steal, aside from her words.

ERIC

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

PATRICK

(Laughs)

You're so right, brother Heap. Keep thinking that way, and the Lord will make sure you don't become someone's girlfriend in jail.

The room breaks out laughing. Patrick comes from the pulpit, and begins walking around the room.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I feel the love embracing us, and the stress leaving the room with each confession. Let's keep the positive energy going as the Lord looks down on us, smiling.

ASHLEY TURNER, (20s), African-America, stands to her feet.

She's seductive and light skin with hazel eyes wearing something more appropriate for the club.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Ms. Turner, as innocent as you are, 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 have been.

The room gasps.

PATRICK

Ms. Turner, I'm surprised.

ASHLEY

No one should be, and there's no one to blame but myself. I was sleeping with any and everything, trying to satisfy my sexual urges.

PATRICK

So, your own flesh is your demon?

ASHLEY

Yes, it is. I knew what I was doing was wrong because some of the men had happy marriages that I destroyed. But every time it was over, I would be satisfied physically, while mentally, I would break down and cry.

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 love, but for some reason, 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

One of my friend's younger sisters was recently murdered by her boyfriend because she cheated on him. And a couple of weeks ago, one of my best friends died from AIDS. I took a look



at myself and said sex isn't worth dying for because I have too much living to do, instead of possibly dying from a one night fling.

Patrick blacks out, and when he comes back to reality, he notices everyone looking at him, confused.

PATRICK

Sorry brothers and sisters. Your Deacon had a flashback of how wild and crazy he used to be. But Ms. Turner, keep your body to yourself because it's your temple of beauty. Keep these words in mind, and the Lord will continue to bless you.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The choir will sing a song, and then we can carry on with the service. But, I want you to think about this as you listen to the song. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Be happy with your blessings, and don't take them for granted.

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

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON**

Patrick is standing by the door shaking with the people as they come out.

JANET YOUNG, (40s), Micheal's mother, African-American, walks up to Patrick.

She carries herself with grace, and it radiates from her fairly aged brown skin, and brown eyes.

He extends his hand, and she ignores the gesture.

PATRICK

(Pulls his hand back)

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

JANET  
You know what the problem is.

PATRICK  
(Laughs)  
If I knew what the problem was, I  
wouldn't have to ask.

JANET  
You may have these people fooled, but  
I know the truth.

The people standing around turn their attention to them,  
looking confused.

PATRICK  
(Light laugh)  
Let's take a walk sister.

The two walk off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Tell me what the problem is?

JANET  
How long are you going to keep up this  
charade?

PATRICK  
I'm listening.

JANET  
I find it odd that my son and your  
wife were found dead together, and the  
last person I'm sure both of them were  
with was you. And you're going to  
parade around as if you don't know  
anything?

PATRICK  
The news of their deaths shocked me  
just as much as it did everyone else.  
I'm sorry you feel I have something to  
do with it, but you're highly  
mistaken.

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

PATRICK

I'm a man of God, sister. If I had anything to do with their deaths, the Lord would've punished me for breaking his law.

JANET

God looks at you ashamed.

PATRICK

The only being who can pass judgment is God because he knows when it's your time to go. But the way you talk, sister, you'll probably pay him a visit before your time.

He looks back and sees Terry coming out of the church.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Have a blessed day, and enjoy your Sunday dinner.

He walks off, making his way to Terry, and 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 about to go home and make dinner?

PATRICK

I think I'll take her out for dinner. I haven't been shopping yet, and I hate making her leftovers.

TERRY

(Laughs)

Pleasing kids are a handful, from what I'm told.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Just wait till you have your own. You'll find it's hard, watching what they eat.

TERRY

When I'm blessed with a wife to start a family, I'll keep it in mind.

PATRICK

Hopefully, the Lord will send you the right woman.

TERRY

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

PATRICK

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

TERRY

You enjoy your dinner too, and have a blessed day.

Terry walks off.

Patrick makes his way to his black F-150, walking to the driver side, getting in

#### **INT. PATRICK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Bridgette has an expression of sorrow on her face as she writes in her diary.

PATRICK

What's wrong, baby girl?

BRIDGETTE

It's 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, and how he's always picking on me. He said you killed mommy and his daddy.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Isn't that funny?

BRIDGETTE

No, it's not funny, 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'll give my life to make sure.

He releases her, looking at her, smiling.

BRIDGETTE

Thanks, dad.

PATRICK

You're more than welcome, baby. Where do you wanna go to eat?

BRIDGETTE

Why aren't you cooking tonight?

PATRICK

There's nothing at home I can make special for my princess.

BRIDGETTE

Okay. Can we have steak?

PATRICK  
My angel can have anything she wants.

CUT TO:

**INT. JANET'S HOUSE - FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT**

FRED, (10), African-American with long French braids is asleep on his bed, tossing and turning before waking up screaming in fear.

Janet comes rushing into the room, and holds him tight, until he realizes he's not dreaming.

JANET  
Calm down. What's wrong?

FRED  
(Breathing heavily)  
It was him. It was...he-

JANET  
It was all a dream, baby. He can't hurt you.

FRED  
He's coming for me, grandma. He's going to kill me like he killed dad.

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

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

FRED  
I'm scared.

JANET  
You should only fear God. Nothing else should matter.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Her room is soft pink, and furnished for a little girl, with a taste of religious decor.

Bridgette is lying under the covers, and Patrick is sitting 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.  
Besides, you know daddy prefers his  
own cooking.

BRIDGETTE

(Laughs)

I do, too.

PATRICK

Thanks, sweetie.

BRIDGETTE

Are you sure he'll stop picking on me?

He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

PATRICK

(Crosses his heart)

Cross my heart, and hope to die.

BRIDGETTE

I love you, daddy.

PATRICK

Daddy loves you, too.

He tucks her in, and then turns the light off before making  
his way out the room.

#### **INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

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

#### **INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

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 and pauses before pushing the shelf  
to the side, and behind it is a sliding door.

He pulls his keys out, flipping through them, until he finds

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

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

He flips the switch, and there's air-fresheners hanging around the room, and wall plug-in air-fresheners.

Danielle's decomposing head is on a hook, and Michael's head is in a jar, preserved.

On a small table, there's some butcher knives with dried up blood on them.

He walks over to the jar and takes a seat before spitting on it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Your worthless son is bothering my princess. I see I'll have to take care of him, too.

(Laughs)

You know... he really does remind me of you.

He smiles and stands up, staring at Danielle's head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I don't know if I'm sad you're not here with us. Or if I love you're no longer here to cause pain.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**INT. CHURCH - MORNING**

Danielle and Patrick are standing at the altar wearing navy blue and white.

PREACHER

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

Patrick leans in, giving her a kiss.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE ABANDONED DISTRIBUTION BUILDING - NIGHT**

Patrick has his foot on the back of Danielle's head, as Michael screams are heard.



END FLASHBACK:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

Patrick has tears coming down his face.

PATRICK  
(Sobbing)  
How could you?

He lifts her head from the hook, and a disgusting sound is heard as the hook comes from her head.

He looks at her face for a second before kissing her lips.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I'll uphold our vows. Well, I'll leave  
you lovebirds alone. I'm sure you need  
more time to think about what you did.

He places the head back on the hook, laughing, walking over to the switch, turning the lights off, walking out of the room.

**INT. SCHOOL - LUNCHROOM - AFTERNOON**

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

She sighs, eating her food.

Fred comes and takes a seat across from her.

BRIDGETTE  
Can I help you?

FRED  
How do you feel comfortable knowing  
your daddy is a murderer?

BRIDGETTE  
Get away from me.

FRED  
Aw, did I hurt your feelings because  
you know you'll end up being just like  
him?

Patrick comes into the lunchroom, making his way over to Bridgette's table.

BRIDGETTE  
You ain't shit.

FRED  
Neither are you.

BRIDGETTE  
My daddy is going to get you.

FRED  
Oh, I'm so scared. Is-

Patrick places a hand on Fred's shoulder, and Fred turns his head, looking up at him.

PATRICK  
Just the person I needed to talk to.

BRIDGETTE  
Hi daddy.

PATRICK  
Hey baby, how's everything going?

BRIDGETTE  
Fred is bothering me again.

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

Fred doesn't respond, looking at Patrick in fear.

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 gets up and walks off.

Patrick takes a seat next to Fred.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
What's your problem with my angel?

Fred is speechless, as Patrick leans closer.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
Do you want to know what happened to

your father?

Fred slowly nods his head, no.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I didn't think so. Now, you have two choices. You can live a happy life, and leave my daughter alone. Or, I can put your head in a jar beside your father in my basement. The choice is yours.

Bridgette comes back, taking her seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What kind of cake did you get?

BRIDGETTE

I got chocolate for myself. And lemon for you because I know it's your favorite.

PATRICK

Yes, it is.

(To Fred)

Fred, do you like lemon cake?

FRED

(Nervous tone)

Yes.

PATRICK

Good.

Patrick takes the lemon cake, and places it in front of Fred.

BRIDGETTE

Why are you giving it to him?

PATRICK

I'm really not hungry, and I have to get going. But, Fred needs to enjoy the sweet pleasures of life.

Patrick winks at him, smiling before giving Bridgette a kiss on the cheek.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

Patrick gets up and 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 - LATER**

Patrick's multi-level house is in your typical urban environment.

Patrick's neighbor JOHN, (30s), African-American, is sitting on his porch smoking a cigarette.

The school bus pulls up, and Bridgette gets off.

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

BRIDGETTE

Daddy!

PATRICK

How did the rest of your day go princess?

BRIDGETTE

It went great. He didn't bother me anymore.

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

Okay. Can we watch movies when you get home?

PATRICK

If it's not too late, we sure can.

BRIDGETTE

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

She goes into the house.

John comes from the porch, walking over to Patrick.

JOHN

Hey neighbor, what's going on?

PATRICK

I'm on my way to make biscuits.

JOHN

I hear that. You need money to feed your little one.

PATRICK

Yes, my princess has to get everything she needs.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

Yeah, I saw it on the news a couple of days ago.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

Yes, it's rather sickening.

JOHN

You know, aside from her, his other victims were found by those apartments, not too far from your church?

PATRICK

I have a member of my church who lives over there. I wonder if he knows anything.

John takes a cigarette from his pocket, and places it in his mouth, lighting it.

JOHN

(Exhales)

It's not good having a rapist on the

loose.

PATRICK

I agree.

JOHN

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

PATRICK

How's your son by the way?

JOHN

He's my special little man.

PATRICK

You two should come by the church one  
Sunday.

JOHN

(Laughs)

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

PATRICK

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

JOHN

I'm not worried about what people  
think. They should be worried about  
what I'll do to them for thinking it.

Patrick has a blank stare.

PATRICK

Understandable. We all have different  
views about situations when it comes  
to our children.

JOHN

You're right, Deacon.

John walks back to the porch. Patrick stares at him for a few  
more seconds before walking off to his truck.

**INT. SEASONED RIGHT RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - LATER**

Everybody is hard at work preparing different meals.

Patrick is chopping up some onions and peppers before turning his attention to slice up some meat.

He pauses, placing the knife down, walking over to another chef.

PATRICK

Take over for me for a minute. I have to get some fresh air.

The chef goes to finish what Patrick was doing.

Patrick makes his way out the back door.

**EXT. SEASONED RIGHT RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Patrick is pacing, breathing heavily, shaking his head, pulling his cell phone out, going through his call log so he can call Bradley.

SPLIT SCREEN:

Bradley, glossy-eyed, sips a beer in a dirty wife-beater.

PATRICK

How are you holding up, Brother Hews?

BRADLEY

Fine.

PATRICK

Have you heard about the woman who was raped near your place?

BRADLEY

Sick stuff, man.

PATRICK

Do you have any plans tonight? I'm thinking about swinging by.

BRADLEY

(Chokes on beer)

Actually, I have a date tonight.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Maybe the Lord sent you a good woman.

BRADLEY

I'm sorry, I can't talk tonight.

PATRICK  
It's fine. I'll See you Sunday.

The split screen closes.

Patrick goes back inside.

**INT. SEASONED RIGHT RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Patrick goes over to the sink, and washes his hands.

A CHEF approaches.

CHEF  
Your friend Terry is here.

Patrick makes his way to the front.

**INT. SEASONED RIGHT RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

The restaurant hums with chatter and clinking glasses.

Patrick approaches the bar, and Terry stands up from his stool.

The two shake hands.

PATRICK  
Brother Harris, what brings you down here?

TERRY  
I had the craving for some good food,  
and what better place to come than  
here?

PATRICK  
(Laughs)  
You just came to add more work.

TERRY  
(Laughs)  
Well, that too. What's today's  
special?

PATRICK  
The best entrée you'll ever have.

TERRY  
As long as you're cooking it, I know  
it'll be good.



PATRICK

Like a divine meal straight from heaven. Do you want regular or non-alcohol wine?

TERRY

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

PATRICK

That's right. I'll be right out with it. I do have something I wanna talk about with you.

TERRY

What's on your mind?

PATRICK

I'll talk to you when I bring the food out.

Patrick walks off, and Terry takes a seat.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

A white-and-blue bathroom, softly lit.

Bridgette shuffles in wearing her pajamas, rubbing sleep from her eyes.

As she nears the toilet, she glances out the window and jumps.

BRIDGETTE POV

Next door, JAMES MATHEWS, (10), with a low curly fade, in pajamas, waves from his window, grinning.

Bridgette laughs, waving back.

James darts off.

She chuckles, exiting the bathroom.

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Coming downstairs, she walks to the front door, opens it, and steps outside.

**EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Streetlights cast a dim glow over the quiet neighborhood.

Bridgette steps onto the porch, hesitates, then walks next door.

She rings John's doorbell.

John opens it almost instantly.

JOHN  
Bridgette? It's late, kid.

BRIDGETTE  
I was wondering—

James barrels past John, hugging Bridgette tightly.

His speech is halting, a result of autism and the car accident.

JAMES  
Hi, friend!

BRIDGETTE  
(Laughs)  
Hi, friend! Are you okay?

JAMES  
Yes! Are you?

BRIDGETTE  
Yup.

John rests a hand on James' shoulder, chuckling.

JOHN  
Alright, champ, bedtime. Bridgette has to go home.

JAMES  
Goodnight, friend!

James dashes away.

Bridgette and John share a laugh.

JOHN  
That's why you came over?

BRIDGETTE

Yeah, he was waving from the bathroom window. I wanted to check on him.

JOHN

He's fine, just sleepy. You're a good friend, Bridgette. Not everyone's kind to him.

BRIDGETTE

Thanks, Mr. Mathews.

JOHN

Get home before your dad pulls up and grounds you. I'll watch till you're inside.

BRIDGETTE

Goodnight.

She makes her way back over to her house.

John pulls out a cigarette, placing it in his mouth, lighting it before walking back in the house.

**INT. APARTMENT - BRADLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The room is a complete mess.

A porno is playing on the television.

Bradley has no shirt on sitting on top of a Caucasian woman, (20s).

You can see the old track marks on his body as he slaps her hard across the face, and then he takes a sip from the beer he has on the table.

BRADLEY

(Drunk)

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

WOMAN

(Sobbing)

Please-

He punches her in the face, knocking her unconscious.

BRADLEY

Please what, whore?! You're just like

the rest! You're quick to turn me down because of my looks, but you'll fuck me if I pay you! But that's okay!

He leans down, licking the blood from her mouth, with a sadistic smile.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

You better feel as good as you taste.

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

An aggravated look comes to his face, placing the needle down, answering the phone.

BRADLEY

Hello?

PATRICK (V.O.)

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

His eyes get wide, looking down at the unconscious woman.

BRADLEY

(Nervous tone)

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

PATRICK (V.O.)

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

BRADLEY

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

INTERCUT WITH:

#### **EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

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

Patrick is sitting on the steps of an abandoned house across the street.

He's wearing an all-black jogging suit with the hood over his

head, wearing a pair of black leather gloves.

PATRICK

You have some time.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

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 hood pocket, pulling out a bottle of  
chloroform and a handkerchief.

Bradley comes out of the apartment holding the woman up with  
a hood over her head.

She's staggering side to side, while he guides her down the  
stairs heading to the alley.

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

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

Patrick is calmly following them.

Bradley gets to a dark isolated corner, and throws the woman  
to the ground.

She sits up, vomiting.

WOMAN

(Panting)

Please... don't do this.

He looks down at her smiling, unbuttoning his pants.

BRADLEY

Don't worry about it. By the time this  
is over, you'll thank me for what I'm  
about to do.

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

Patrick comes behind Bradley, and places a hand on his  
shoulder.

Bradley turns around startled, ready to attack.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

(Shocked)

Deacon Graves. What are you doing down here?

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

(Nervous tone)

I was just, uh... well-

WOMAN

(Whimpering)

Help me. Please... help me.

PATRICK

What's the problem with her?

BRADLEY

(Nervous tone)

I saw her walking down here, so I figured by being a good Christian, I should come help her.

PATRICK

So, that explains why your pants are halfway down?

Bradley looks down, and quickly fastens his pants.

BRADLEY

(Nervous laugh)

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

PATRICK

Let's help her up, and get her to a hospital.

Bradley turns around, preparing to help the woman to her feet.

Patrick goes in his pocket, and pulls out the handkerchief.

BRADLEY

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

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

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

WOMAN

Thank you.

PATRICK

Let this be a lesson and a blessing.

The woman takes off.

CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER**

Bradley is in his boxers hanging on the wall with his arms and legs spread out, and chains connected on his wrists and ankles.

Patrick is staring at him before he slaps him hard across the face to wake him up.

BRADLEY

(Groggy)

Where... Where am I? What's going on?

He begins struggling to break free from the chains.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this shit?!

PATRICK

It's about time you came back to the real world.

BRADLEY

What is this? What are you doing?

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

(Nervous tone)

Thank you. But if you're so proud, why am I here like this?

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

Huh?

PATRICK

Oh, it's true, you're drug-free. What bothers me is what 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, found brutally beaten and raped, in the same alley I found you in tonight. 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 woman with.

PATRICK

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

Patrick places the needle on Bradley's neck.

BRADLEY

Okay, okay-

PATRICK

Do you want to explain your actions?

BRADLEY

(Sobbing)

The drugs took a toll on me. What woman would think about being with me?

PATRICK

So, you'll take what you want, and that's the right thing to do?

He places his thumb on the plunger



BRADLEY

Please, don't do it. I'll... I'll come to church and repent for what I've done.

PATRICK

Is repenting going to heal what you've?

BRADLEY

I'll turn myself in. I'll check into a clinic. Anything! Just please, don't place that in my body.

PATRICK

Did you have these same thoughts while you were raping those women?

BRADLEY

I'm begging you.

Patrick takes the needle from his neck.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

I'm not gonna do that to you.

BRADLEY

Thank you, thank you.

PATRICK

No, I wouldn't do that. You need to feel what those women felt.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You do unto others, as you would want them to do to you. What you did to those women. Not only did you take what's precious from them. You took their state of mind, and self-confidence. And once you destroy a person's mind, they never fully recover.

BRADLEY

I said I'll do anything!

PATRICK

I know you will. That's why you're about to feel the pain of those women you beat and raped. 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, but there's some good ones left.

Patrick pulls out a stainless steel butterfly knife.

BRADLEY

What are you about to do?!

PATRICK

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

BRADLEY

It's not worth it! Please... I'll never do it again! I'll change!

PATRICK

Oh, I know you will. You should try working on that before you reach God.

Patrick places the knife on the outer part of the bulging vein, pressing down, causing Bradley to scream as he drags the knife up one side, and down the other.

He reaches inside, pulling out a chunk of muscle.

He examines the muscle and veins with a look of disappointment.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

Bradley continues screaming as Patrick slices his body up.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - MORNING**

The police have the alley taped off. THOMPSON, (40s), African-American is rubbing his chin, while looking at Bradley's body leaning up against the wall.

He's mutilated to the point you can see through his body from the gaping holes.

RONALD, (30s), African-American is standing beside Thompson,

looking at the body with disgust on his face.

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 like it was personal.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

There's a plastic container sitting on the counter filled with some of Bradley's organs chopped up, mixed with spaghetti noodles.

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

Bridgette comes into the kitchen.

BRIDGETTE

Good morning, daddy.

He turns around, looking at her smiling.

PATRICK

Good morning, princess. Are you ready to go?

BRIDGETTE

Yeah. I'm still kind of sleepy.

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 was thinking about it. Maybe not this kind, but I can make spaghetti if that's what you want.

BRIDGETTE

What's wrong with that?

Patrick taps his fingers on the lid.

PATRICK

I let it sit out too long, and it got bad.

BRIDGETTE

Oh.

PATRICK

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

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION - THOMPSON OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Thompson is sitting behind his desk doing paperwork, when Ronald enters the room.

THOMPSON

What's the latest?

RONALD

Our victim's name is Bradley Summers. He helped down at the clinic, church going man, so forth and so on.

THOMPSON

An innocent man, murdered?

RONALD

I wouldn't go that far. He's also the serial rapist we've been looking for. The autopsy report said he was still alive while he was being mutilated.

THOMPSON

Well, I'll be damned.

RONALD

The same thing I said. We have to find out who put our rapist out of commission.

THOMPSON

I guess we better start at the church. Find out if he had any enemies.

RONALD

Guess what church he went to.

THOMPSON

Don't tell me-

RONALD

That's the one.

THOMPSON

The same church where the grandmother said the deacon had something to do with her son getting killed?

RONALD

I'll start the car.

Ronald walks out of the room.

Thompson shakes his head.

THOMPSON

Here we go with this shit again.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Patrick is sitting on the couch watching television, holding a bowl with Bradley's organs and noodles, covered with spaghetti sauce.

REPORTER

(Into the camera)

Police are saying the body of forty-one-year-old Bradley Summers, who was also the serial rapist, 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.

Patrick turns the television off, smiling.

PATRICK

I'll 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, and makes his way over to the  
door, opening it, and there stands John.

JOHN

Hey neighbor, how's it going?

PATRICK

I'm blessed to see another day.

JOHN

That's good. Listen, can I borrow some  
sugar? I'm going grocery shopping  
later, but the little man wants some  
cereal, and he doesn't eat his cereal  
without sugar.

PATRICK

Not a problem.

JOHN

Thanks. I hope I didn't disturb you?

PATRICK

No, I was just watching the news  
before making some runs myself.

JOHN

Oh, okay.

PATRICK

Come on in so I can get that sugar for  
you.

Patrick steps to the side, allowing John to come in, and then  
he closes the door.

John looks over at the bowl.

JOHN

Looks like I caught you eating.

PATRICK

Yeah, it's some 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 are from out of the country,  
and they have a strange, bitter taste.

JOHN  
Who am I to argue with a top chef?

PATRICK  
I'm not trying to be rude or anything.

JOHN  
Oh, I understand.

PATRICK  
I'll cook you something and bring it  
over.

JOHN  
Not a problem. Take your time.

PATRICK  
Let me go get the sugar for you.

Patrick walks off to the kitchen.

JOHN  
Did you hear the news about the  
rapist?

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

JOHN  
It's a good thing he's gone, but  
goddamn.

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?

JOHN

The Lord forgives you for your sins, if you confess and mean it, correct?

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?

JOHN

I'm just wondering if God forgives murderers? That's breaking one of the commandments, right?

PATRICK

Is there something you need to confess?

John takes the canister from his hand.

JOHN

Nothing I can think of. You know its people out there claiming they're



holier than thou, and are the main ones sinning. Thanks for the sugar.

John walks out.

Patrick has a look of suspicion.

CUT TO:

**INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER**

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

Janet comes down the aisle pushing her cart, and a look of disgust comes to her face, stopping beside him.

JANET

You killed him too, didn't you?

Patrick looks at her, confused.

PATRICK

Excuse me?

JANET

Don't act surprised. You killed him, just like you killed your wife and my son.

PATRICK

First of all, I didn't kill anybody. Secondly, what are you talking about?

JANET

Bradley Summers. That's what I'm talking about.

PATRICK

Brother Summers? He was the rapist, right?

JANET

Regardless of what he was, it gives you no right to judge and kill him.

PATRICK

It's funny how you're putting this on me. Does your old brain realize there's people who don't like rapists? It could've been anyone he had

affiliations with. I mean, he was a heroin addict.

JANET

You think you're so slick. 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.

JANET

I feel sorry for that little girl, living with a twisted father.

Patrick gets a serious look on his face stepping into her.

PATRICK

I won't feed into your ignorance. But if you ever mention my daughter again, it'll be the last thing you'll ever say. Go home and pray about that. Better yet, pray your dead son made it through the pearly gates.

JANET

There's a reserved place in hell for you.

PATRICK

If that's so, I'll make sure to save a seat next to me for you.

He stares her down before pushing his cart off.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Patrick and Bridgette are sitting at the table, eating spaghetti.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you for making the spaghetti.

Patrick doesn't respond.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Daddy, are you okay?

PATRICK

Daddy's fine.

BRIDGETTE

Are you sure?

PATRICK

Yeah. Daddy was just thinking about something.

BRIDGETTE

What were you thinking about?

PATRICK

Nothing you should worry about. Eat your food.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy, it seems-

PATRICK

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

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

Taking a deep breath, he sighs, getting up from the table, making his way upstairs to her room.

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

Patrick walks in over to the bed, taking a seat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Daddy apologizes. I didn't-

BRIDGETTE

(Muffled crying)

You yelled at me. You never yell at me.

PATRICK

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

She sits up, looking at him with tears coming down her face.

BRIDGETTE

You don't love me anymore.

PATRICK

I'll always love you. Waking up to you  
is my true blessing.

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. You have my heart,  
and I promise here and now, as God as  
my witness, I'll never yell at you  
again.

BRIDGETTE

You promise?

PATRICK

(Kisses her forehead)  
May God strike me down if it's a lie?

BRIDGETTE

Okay.

PATRICK

I'll 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)  
You know your daddy is old. You can't  
have me out there trying to work me  
out.

BRIDGETTE

(Laughs)  
You'll be okay.

He pushes her down on the bed, and starts tickling her.

PATRICK

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

He stops, and she catches her breath from laughing as he looks at her, smiling.

BRIDGETTE

I love you, daddy.

PATRICK

And I'll always love you. Should we go get some ice cream?

BRIDGETTE

Are we getting chocolate?

PATRICK

Why, because it's your favorite?

BRIDGETTE

Yes.

PATRICK

Yeah, we can get chocolate. Let's go to the store.

**INT. CHURCH - BATHROOM - MORNING**

Patrick is looking in the mirror with a flushed look.

He goes in his pocket, pulling out his wallet, opening it.

He pulls out Danielle's blood stained wedding ring, placing it on the sink.

PATRICK

How could you?

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. CHURCH - NAVE - CONTINUOUS**

The Church is full.

The choir is singing, while music plays.

Patrick makes his way to the front with the same sickening expression.

The singing and music comes to a stop.

PATRICK

I'm sorry for the wait brothers and sisters. I'm not feeling too good today, so 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 make it hard for me. Nothing I can't get over.

The room says amen.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Today we're going to talk about the wolf in sheep's clothing. We all know about Brother Summers, 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 and was a faithful church member. Behind closed doors, he was taking what he wanted, with no remorse for his actions. And while he was on his spree, he would come in here portraying himself as a man of God, and then turn around and do 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)

No, 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, and he knew we would never suspect him of doing those things. What I'm saying to you, brothers and sisters, is that a person can be in front of you portraying one thing, but it doesn't mean they're what you see. The Devil you claim in others is usually the one you claim could never do wrong. Think about it.

The room applauds.

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, interacting with them in an inappropriate way.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Patrick is sitting on the couch with a sickening expression.

Bridgette comes downstairs.

BRIDGETTE

Are you ready to go, daddy?

PATRICK

Yeah princess, I'm ready.

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

No, I promised you we were going to the park, and we're going. I'll be okay.

BRIDGETTE

Okay. I'll meet you outside.

She walks out the house.

Patrick pulls the ring out, looking at it again.

PATRICK

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

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bridgette is next door playing with James.

John is sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette.

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

BRIDGETTE

Can James come with us to the park?

PATRICK

I don't know, sweetheart. We would  
have to ask his father.

BRIDGETTE

Come on, let's go ask him.

The two walk over to John house.

John flicks his cigarette to the side, and stands 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.

JOHN

Oh, I'm not worried, but it's like I  
told you. You know how people are  
towards him, and 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'll tell you what. Since she likes playing with him, and I know he likes playing with her. If you get back early, he can come back out so they can play.

PATRICK

It sounds good to me.

JOHN

Cool.

(Turns to look at James)

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

JAMES

Daddy, I'm playing 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 a kiss on the cheek.

JAMES

Thanks, friend.

BRIDGETTE

You're welcome, friend.

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

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

I guess he couldn't come.

PATRICK  
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.

PATRICK  
Okay. Come on, let's go.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - LATER**

Children's laughter fills the air.

Patrick is pushing Bridgette on a swing, and then stops and  
steps back, scanning the area.

PATRICK POV

Greg is wearing a trench coat, sitting on the bleachers with  
juice bottles beside him, licking his lips with an unsettling  
gaze.

He pulls out a flask and takes a sip.

Patrick starts toward Greg.

Bridgette hops 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 right here playing.

PATRICK  
You do that, baby.

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.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Brother Green. How are you doing on this fine day?

GREG

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

PATRICK

Is that right?

GREG

Yes, sir, it is.

PATRICK

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

GREG

I completely agree.

PATRICK

Do you mind if I come up and have a seat?

GREG

Sure, come on up.

PATRICK

Thanks.

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

PATRICK

Look at them over there. God's perfect gift to the world because 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?

GREG

That's why I'm doing my best to get mine back, so I can witness the event.

Patrick looks over at the juices beside Greg.

PATRICK

Bridgette has me out here working hard. Do you mind if I have one of your juices? I'm feeling a little parched.

Greg gets a nervous look on his face.

GREG

You wouldn't want one of these. I found them on the ground, and as you can see, they've already been open. I was picking them up so the playground wouldn't look nasty.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Keeping the community clean, huh?

GREG

You have to keep the area where you live clean.

Patrick takes a deep sniff.

PATRICK

It smells like someone's been drinking around here.

GREG

(Nervous laugh)

That might be me.

PATRICK

You've been drinking, brother Green? I thought you put the bottle down? Or

the devil's saliva as you called it.

GREG

No, no, no, not alcohol. It's  
Listerine.

PATRICK

Oh, Listerine.

GREG

(Nervous laugh)

You gotta keep your breath fresh.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

I know what you mean. But listen, I  
have to tell you something.

GREG

What would that be?

PATRICK

You know we're only human, right?

GREG

Yes.

PATRICK

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

GREG

Do you?

PATRICK

There's nothing wrong with drinking as  
long as you don't get drunk, as the  
good book says.

GREG

I see.

PATRICK

I'm telling you this because after I  
take Bridgette home, we should go down  
by the water, have a drink and talk?

GREG

Are you serious?

PATRICK

Yes. I try to spend 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

Uh-

PATRICK

Brother Green, don't worry. As I said, it's okay to have a drink, as long as we don't get drunk.

GREG

In that case, I guess we can do that. I need to hear someone's opinion on it anyway.

PATRICK

Good. Meet me down at the water around ten. I should have everything done by then.

GREG

I'll be there. Do you want me to get the drinks?

PATRICK

Yes.

GREG

Cool.

Patrick looks over at Bridgette running over to the slide.

PATRICK

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

GREG

You have a very beautiful child.

Patrick turns to look at him.

PATRICK

Thank you. You know... if I wasn't a man of God and someone such as a pedophile did something to my little girl... I don't know if God would be able to

forgive me for what I would do.

Greg takes a deep swallow, wiping his forehead.

GREG

I feel the same way.

PATRICK

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

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE WATER - NIGHT**

The moon is reflecting off the calm waters, while Patrick and Greg sit on the rocks laughing and drinking.

PATRICK

What made you decide to become a writer?

GREG

It was a childhood thing. I never took it seriously until I got married and had my daughter. From there, the ideas started flooding.

PATRICK

That's interesting, considering I read your first book. The way you described the horror through a child's eyes. I mean, wow. It was very interesting.

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 so good about a child being a victim of a pedophile is simply amazing. 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.

GREG

(Nervous laugh)

I know what you mean. When I was doing my research, reading about the horror those children went through. It made my skin crawl.

PATRICK

What can a person 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 actually a pedophile himself, how good it sounds.

There's a cold silence as Patrick stares at Greg.

GREG

Well I'm not, just so we're clear on that.

PATRICK

(Downs his cup)

That's good. Pedophile's get something real nice done to them in jail, and I fully agree with what happens to them.

GREG

Why do you agree?

PATRICK

Do you really think a man would like being violated in a sexual way by another man?

GREG

No.

PATRICK

So, why would 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 to not do it to another child.

GREG

I know what you mean. I was-

PATRICK

Brother Green, you seem mighty 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 why they did what they did. I'm far from taking offense, believe me.

PATRICK

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

Patrick takes his cup, and walks over to the bottle to pour another round.

He turns his back and goes inside his pocket, pulling out a sandwich bag that has a liquid cleaning product inside.

He pours it all into Greg's cup and adds some liquor.

GREG

It's not that it's touching. I just want people to understand from the other person's point of view.

PATRICK

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

GREG

Ask what you feel.

He walks back over to Greg handing him his cup.

PATRICK

Did 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

Good things, I hope.

PATRICK

There were some good things, but that's neither here nor there at the moment.

GREG

Why is that?

PATRICK

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

GREG

Bridgette?

PATRICK

Now, 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 that you're aroused by a child. As a father, you should want to kill yourself.

Greg lowers his head in shame.

GREG

You're right. I-

PATRICK

You should be locked away or killed.

GREG

She should have had me arrested,  
instead of leaving me. I should have  
killed myself for even beginning to  
think that was the right thing to do.  
My father-

PATRICK

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

GREG

...True.

PATRICK

(Sighs)

You should feel ashamed preying on  
children. My daughter was out there  
today. Were you looking at her as one  
of your victims?

GREG

I swear on my life, I would never-

PATRICK

That's what all pedophiles say. I  
wouldn't touch your child, while on  
the inside, they can't wait to get  
that child alone, to completely take  
advantage of them.

Greg turns his back ready to walk away.

GREG

I should go home and think about what  
I'm going to do with my life.

Patrick grabs him by the shoulder, making him turn back  
around.

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'll tell you what. Since you know what you are, and you know what you need to do. We'll have this last drink. Hopefully when we're finished, you'll see the light.

They raise their cups.

GREG

What are we toasting to?

PATRICK

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

They touch cups, and Greg downs his drink instantly having problems breathing, grabbing his throat, falling back on the rocks.

He begins foaming at the mouth, with blood mixed in it.

Patrick stands over him before kneeling down, looking in his eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

A real father loves his child and will give his life to make sure no harm comes their way. Nor would they harm their child in such ways as you did. I hope when you reach the depths of hell, they do the same to you for an eternity.

Patrick pulls out the same butterfly knife, and jams it into Greg's left eye.

#### **EXT. THE WATER - AFTERNOON**

A HOMELESS MAN, in tattered clothes and a skull cap, shuffles along the water with a garbage bag of cans.

He peers into a trash can, grinning, and then he recoils in horror.

HOMELESS MAN

Holy shit!

He drops the bag and flees.

INSERT INSIDE THE CAN

Greg's folded body, eyeless, stuffed inside.

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION - THOMPSON OFFICE - LATER**

Thompson is sitting at his desk looking over some paperwork, when Ronald comes in.

THOMPSON

What's going on?

RONALD

A dead body was found by the water.

THOMPSON

Who is it?

RONALD

The victim's name is Greg Green. He was found with his eyes missing.

THOMPSON

No shit.

RONALD

Oh, that's not the crazy part. He's also a member of the same church the other guy belonged to.

THOMPSON

Something's going on at that church. I think we need to visit the good Deacon.

RONALD

My thought's exactly.

CUT TO:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

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

BRIDGETTE

Daddy, sometimes homework can be hard.

PATRICK

It's not as hard as you think.

BRIDGETTE

Yes, it is.

PATRICK

You wanna know the secret to getting over things you think are hard?

BRIDGETTE

Are you going to tell me?

PATRICK

I sure am. The secret-

The doorbell rings.

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

THOMPSON

Good afternoon, Deacon Graves. May I come in?

PATRICK

What is it this time? 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, and stands beside him.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Hey little girl, how are you doing?

BRIDGETTE

Are they trying to look around the house again?

PATRICK

Not this time, baby.

BRIDGETTE

What does he want?

PATRICK

Get your homework and take it

upstairs. I'll be up there to finish helping you before I go to work.

She goes and gets her homework, and then makes her way upstairs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Why are you trying to act like you care about how my daughter feels, knowing that you don't?

THOMPSON

Sorry. She's a good kid, I can tell.

PATRICK

She is.

THOMPSON

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

PATRICK

Come right in.

Patrick lets him come in, but he doesn't close the door.

THOMPSON

I don't know if you heard, but another member of your church was found dead.

PATRICK

And who might that be?

THOMPSON

Greg Green.

PATRICK

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 is it that you want to ask me?

THOMPSON

Two members from your church were murdered in less than a week. Would you know if they had any enemies?

PATRICK

Depending on how you live your life, the Lord punishes you the best way fit.

THOMPSON

The Lord forgives his children if they confess their wrongs.

PATRICK

Forgiveness is only blessed upon you if you sincerely mean it.

THOMPSON

You're saying they deserved to die?

PATRICK

Judge not for you are not the lord. I'm not saying anything. In brother Summer's case, you know what he did to those women.

THOMPSON

You're a very religious man.

PATRICK

All I need is the Lord and my daughter. I can preach the word all day, but I can't make a person follow it.

THOMPSON

Sometimes you have to bang the right thing in 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.



THOMPSON

I think we're done here.

PATRICK

Good. If you have any more reasons why you think you should question me, come to the church on Sunday.

THOMPSON

I'll do that.

PATRICK

Please do.

Thompson walks out the house, and Patrick closes the door.

**EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Thompson walks down the steps with a suspicious look on his face.

John is sitting on the porch smoking a cigarette, shaking his head.

JOHN

Damn shame.

Thompson looks over at him.

THOMPSON

Excuse me, sir?

JOHN

(Exhales)

I said, it's a damn shame.

THOMPSON

What is?

JOHN

The way the people from the church are dying off.

THOMPSON

What do you know about it?

Thompson makes his way over to John's porch.

JOHN

I do watch the news.

THOMPSON

How do you know they went to the church?

JOHN

(Laughs)

That was a stupid question, don't you think?

THOMPSON

What makes it stupid?

JOHN

The Deacon is my next door neighbor. Need I say more?

THOMPSON

(Slight laugh)

I guess it was kind of stupid.

JOHN

Yes, it was.

THOMPSON

Do you go to his church?

JOHN

No, sir, I don't.

THOMPSON

Why not? Everybody needs some prayer in their life.

JOHN

I'm afraid I have to pass on the church.

THOMPSON

Because?

JOHN

Minus the fact people might pick on my son? Just because it's the house of God, doesn't mean the Devil isn't waiting for his next prey.

THOMPSON

What do you mean by that?

JOHN

You figure it out.

John flicks his cigarette to the side ready to go in the house.

THOMPSON  
Thank you for your time.

JOHN  
(Laughs)  
The law never ceases to amaze me.

THOMPSON  
Meaning?

John gets up, and opens the door to his house, walking in.

JOHN  
(Laughs)  
Have a nice day.

John closes the door.

Thompson stands looking confused for a moment before walking to the squad car, getting in.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bridgette is lying on the bed doing her homework, while 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 love you, and I'll see you when I get home tonight.

BRIDGETTE  
Wait, before you leave.

PATRICK  
What is it, baby?

BRIDGETTE  
You never told me the secret.

Patrick walks over to the bed, taking a seat.

PATRICK

You have a good memory like your daddy.

BRIDGETTE

You told me to never forget what a person says, that way they can't 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. Now, I have to get going.

He stands up, and makes his way out the room.

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

He comes down the stairs, and makes his way out the front door.

**EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

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

**INT. PATRICK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

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

The left eye has a deep gash in it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Maybe God will bless you with another

pair to look at your soul.

**EXT. 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 come for answers,  
than the house of the Lord?

The two walk into the church.

**INT. CHURCH - NAVE - CONTINUOUS**

Patrick is standing in front of the pulpit smiling, as the  
choir sings a song.

Thompson and Ronald come into the nave, and stand up against  
the back wall.

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 resting on top of the money is  
around four hundred-dollar bills, and 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 vestry.

**EXT. CHURCH - LATER**

People are coming out of the church.

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

Janet comes up, walking to them.

JANET

What brings you here?

THOMPSON

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

JANET

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

THOMPSON

Ma'am, unless you have something of value at the moment, I need you to go about your day.

JANET

Give you something of value? I have a lot of value.

THOMPSON

What do you have?

Patrick comes out of the church smiling. Janet, Ronald and Thompson turn their attention to him.

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

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

Patrick follows behind Eric. Thompson focuses his attention back to Janet.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Whatever you have, can we discuss it at your house?

JANET

Not a problem. Just make sure you come.

She walks off.

PATRICK

Did you enjoy the sermon, brother Heap?

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

So, 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?

PATRICK

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

ERIC

Wow. Now, that right there is wrong.

PATRICK

So, what I'm asking you is this.

ERIC

I'm listening.

PATRICK

When I get off work Monday, can you come by? We can go get something to eat, and talk about this situation with these young people.

Eric looks at him strangely for a second, and then brushes it off.

ERIC

Yeah. Yeah, I can do that. You want me to meet you at your house, or at the restaurant?

PATRICK

Meet me here around eight. When we meet up, you can pick the place we're eating at, and the tabs on me.

ERIC

I'll see you 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.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Ah, 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

I would figure what I preached about was helpful.



THOMPSON

(Laughs)

Yeah, 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 years 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.

PATRICK

Isn't he nice?

THOMPSON

Well, don't let me hold you up. I know you have to get home and fix dinner.

PATRICK

Yes, I do. I hope I've helped.

THOMPSON

Yes, sir, you did.

Thompson walks off.

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.

As Thompson walks to the car, he sees Terry coming out of the church.

Feeling as if he can get some answers, he approaches him.

THOMPSON

Excuse me. Would you mind answering a  
few questions?

TERRY

No problem. Would you like to step  
inside the church with me?

THOMPSON

Lead the way.

Terry makes his way back inside the church.

Ronald prepares to go in with them, but Thompson signals for him to fall back before walking into the church.

**INT. CHURCH - NAVE - CONTINUOUS**

A few members are still clearing out.

Terry is standing by the door as Thompson walks in.

TERRY

Would you like to go in the vestry for  
more privacy?

THOMPSON

This is fine. I just have a few  
questions.

TERRY

Fire away.

THOMPSON

What can you tell me about the two  
deceased members who attended the  
church?

TERRY

(Somber sigh)

Brother Hews was a recovering addict.

(Sighs)

Hard to believe he was the rapist.  
There was so much potential in him,  
and he just slipped into those  
sadistic acts.

THOMPSON

It was shocking to a lot of people.  
What about Greg?

TERRY

In my opinion, Brother Greene had a  
prosperous career ahead of him after  
reading his book. Did you get a chance  
to read it?

THOMPSON

Not yet.

TERRY

It's interesting. But Brother Greene  
was recovering from alcohol abuse,  
which is why he wrote his book.

THOMPSON

Touching tales. What about the Deacon?

TERRY

(Joyful laugh)

Brother Graves and I have been friends  
for a long time. Even with the death  
of his wife, he still finds the  
strength to deliver sermons and watch  
over Bridgette.

THOMPSON

An amazing man. Have you noticed him  
acting strange, lately?

Terry ponders on it for a second.

TERRY

Not to my knowledge. For each death,  
he provided a moving speech. I do  
believe since Michael's death, that's  
the reason why his mother and young  
Fred stopped attending.

THOMPSON

The loss of a loved one can lead to isolation. But there's no particular reason why I was asking about Patrick. He's better than me handling all of the sorrow that's happened lately. I'm just asking around to see if anyone noticed him ready to crack or needs someone to talk to.

TERRY

He's been the same old Patrick.

THOMPSON

If you notice anything odd about him, would you give me a call? My name is Detective Thompson Winters.

TERRY

Sure thing.

THOMPSON

Thank you for your time.

Thompson pats Terry on the arm, and then walks out.

Terry stands wondering about the questions Thompson asked him, praying Patrick doesn't have anything to do with the murders.

CUT TO:

**INT. JANET HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

An old-school Southern room is the layout.

Thompson and Ronald are sitting on the sofa, while Janet is sitting on her chair, sipping tea.

THOMPSON

What's the information you have?

JANET

Common sense to catch that madman, Patrick Graves.

THOMPSON

I need facts.

JANET

Fred, come here!

Fred enters, nervous.

JANET (CONT'D)  
Tell them what he told you.

Fred backs away, scared.

THOMPSON  
It's okay, kid. What did he tell you?

FRED  
He... he... he said-

THOMPSON  
He said, what?

Fred flees.

JANET  
What more do you need?

THOMPSON  
That's not enough.

JANET  
So he can roam the streets free?

THOMPSON  
Without evidence, yeah. We searched  
his house, followed your leads...  
nothing.

FRED (O.S.)  
He keeps my daddy in the basement.

Thompson gets up and moves toward the stairs.

Fred is sitting halfway up.

THOMPSON  
What's that?

FRED  
Look in the basement.

THOMPSON  
When we checked his house, we didn't  
find anything.

FRED  
He's there.

Fred retreats.

THOMPSON

(Sighs)

I think we'll be leaving.

Ronald gets up and follows him out.

**INT. JANET'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Janet's neighborhood is quiet.

Thompson and Ronald come from the porch, heading to their car.

RONALD

That church is full of crazies.

THOMPSON

Maybe. But I'm starting to believe the kid.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

WOMAN #2, (20s), Caucasian, slim, long-haired, is riding Eric with some force.

They climax, collapsing, sweating.

She rolls off.

Eric picks up his empty glass and a champagne bottle.

ERIC

Do you want another glass?

WOMAN #2

Nah, I gotta get back on my stroll.

ERIC

Cool. I'll pay you before you leave.

WOMAN #2

Okay.

She gets up, and heads to the bathroom.

Eric pours a glass, and takes a sip.

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

**EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

Patrick is leaning against his F-150, watching a bus pull up.  
Eric, in a Detroit coat, steps off, approaching.

PATRICK  
I'm glad you could make it.

ERIC  
Anything for the church.

PATRICK  
That's what I like to hear. Where do  
you wanna eat?

ERIC  
Anywhere with a good burger.

PATRICK  
(Laughs)  
We might as well get fast food.

ERIC  
I can't be choosy on your dime.

PATRICK  
And you're considerate. Come on, let's  
go.

They climb into the truck.

**INT. PATRICK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Once they buckle up, Patrick starts the truck up, and pulls  
off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You know what I like about you?

ERIC  
What's that?

PATRICK  
The fact that you admitted to being a  
thief.

ERIC  
Why is that?

PATRICK  
Like I said, I was a thief, too. But,  
I only got caught 'cause I forgot one  
thing.

ERIC  
What?

PATRICK  
The hand is quicker than the eye.

ERIC  
True.

PATRICK  
Can you grab my CD case from the back?

Eric unbuckles, and reaches back. When he faces forward,  
Patrick lands a brutal punch, and then grabs Eric's head,  
slamming it into the dashboard until he's unconscious.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
It seems you forgot, you never take  
your eyes off the person you stole  
from.

At a red light, Patrick reclines Eric's seat, and turns on  
some gospel music.

CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LATER**

A fire burns in an oil drum.

Rats are squeaking.

Eric, in his boxers, is glued to a steel chair.

His forearms are glued to the steel table in front of him.

Piano wire loops his neck, tied to one side of a two-sided  
scale on a broken TV atop stacked wood.

Razor blades are glued to his eyebrows, with fish hooks going  
through his eyelids, wired to the scale's other side.

Two sandbags rest on the table.



Patrick is standing to the side holding a circular saw.

Eric stirs.

Patrick stops him.

PATRICK

Don't be so quick to move.

ERIC

What the fuck?!

He opens his eyes wider, nicking his eyelids on the blades, wincing.

PATRICK

Careful with those eyes.

ERIC

Why are you doing this?!

He tries rising, groaning as his flesh tears.

PATRICK

Remember what you told the congregation about the lady who had the shotgun to your face?

Eric freezes, with terror dawning.

ERIC

What the fuck does that gotta do with anything?!

PATRICK

Everything. Remember what I said my mother did to me when she caught me stealing?

ERIC

She tried to tear the skin from your back, and the woman told me I should earn what I want! So, what?

PATRICK

Well, I'm blending those lessons.

ERIC

What?!

PATRICK

To get free, you'll have to rip your skin off. But that's secondary. Saving yourself before the wire cuts through your throat is what's important.

ERIC

I didn't steal shit! Are you fucking crazy?!

PATRICK

Are you crazy? Stealing from the house of God. The Devil's pawns always grab at easy bait, thinking they're slick.

ERIC

All this over is over some fucking punk ass money?!

PATRICK

It's about you stealing from the Lord.

ERIC

A true man of God knows, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

PATRICK

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

ERIC

You sick-

PATRICK

Save your strength.

Patrick sets the saw down, and grabs a sandbag.

He walks to the scale and starts pouring sand onto the scale's hook side, lifting Eric's eyelids, slicing them.

Eric thrashes, flesh tearing, blood streaming.

Patrick comes back and picks up the saw, starting it up.

Placing it on the table, sparks are flying as he drags it toward Eric's fingers.

Eric yanks his arm free, but not before losing two fingers.

Patrick stops the saw, and puts it down.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You're almost free.

He picks up the other bag of sand, and walks back to the scale, removing the old sand before adding the fresh sand on the other side of the scale.

Eric rips his left arm free as the wire tightens, cutting his throat.

Blood gushes.

His body slumps.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Whatever you steal from a person, it  
always comes back tenfold. Look at the  
bright side. At least you don't have  
to worry about being raped in jail.

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Now, you can burn in hell.

He pushes the drum over, and watches as Eric slowly catches on fire, along with some of the house before making his way out.

#### **EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Patrick and Bridgette are playing outside.

They take a break because Patrick is winded.

BRIDGETTE  
Can we go get some ice cream?

PATRICK  
You know you have to eat food before  
sweets.

BRIDGETTE  
I know. But it's better to get it out  
the way now, and get an answer.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

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

John and James come out of the house.

JAMES

Friend!

Bridgette looks at Patrick, smiling.

BRIDGETTE

Can I go play with him?

PATRICK

Yeah. I need to talk to his daddy anyway.

BRIDGETTE

Why do you need to talk to him?

PATRICK

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

Bridgette runs over to James and the two begin playing.

Patrick walks over to John as he places a cigarette in his mouth, lighting it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Those two sure do have fun together.

JOHN

(Exhales)

Yeah, they do.

PATRICK

I would hate for them to end a beautiful friendship.

JOHN

Why would they have to 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 really cute. I would've never thought you were the comedian type.

JOHN

(Scoffs)

I guess you know now.

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 or knock me out before you try something?

Patrick looks at him confused, and John breaks the hold, grabbing Patrick by shoulders, slamming him to the ground.

James and Bridgette stop playing looking over at the two.

BRIDGETTE

Daddy.

JAMES

Daddy.

Patrick and John look over at them, smiling.

PATRICK

Don't worry, we're just playing.

JOHN

(Laughs)

Yeah, we're just wrestling champ, it's cool.

The two look confused for a second, and then 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

You know nothing about me.

JOHN

I know if I wanted to, I could tell the police what happened the night before your wife and that dude she was cheating on you with was found dead.

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

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 of them. Some choose to have it out in the open, while others hide behind a mask. Just know I can remove your mask. But I know if I do, I'm risking losing my little man.

PATRICK

That's right. Especially if I was to tell the police what you keep in your basement.

JOHN

(Laughs)

I'm not worried about you. Look down.

Patrick looks down, and sees 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, whether it's telling the police or attempting to do something physical to me or my son. The fire from these bullets will give you a taste of what hell feels like.

Patrick turns to look at Bridgette.

John quickly puts the gun away.

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.

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, friend.

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  
My friend is bringing me ice cream,  
daddy.

JOHN  
You really like your friend, I see?

JAMES  
I love my friend, daddy.

John looks at him smiling.

JOHN

You're something else boy. Let's go in the house and wait for them to come back.

The two make their way back into the house.

**EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON**

Patrick and Bridgette make their way to the corner store.

**INT. INSIDE THE STORE - CONTINUOUS**

PATRICK

Go get what you want and I'll be up here at the counter.

Bridgette walks off.

Ashley comes into the store, walking up to the counter.

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

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

She turns around, 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 will 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.

ASHLEY  
Only a special type of man can fit these.

PATRICK  
I know.

BRIDGETTE  
I got what I want.

PATRICK  
Put it up on the counter.

ASHLEY  
If you know what I mean, then it means you can fit these.

Terry enters the store.

TERRY  
How's everything going?

PATRICK  
Everything is great.

BRIDGETTE  
Uncle Terry, how are you?

TERRY  
I'm doing okay, Bridgette?

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 then take  
her to the truck? 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 they walk out the store.

Patrick focuses his attention back on Ashley.

PATRICK

Back to these condoms you bought.

ASHLEY

What about them?

PATRICK

Are you really planning on using them  
for yourself?

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, pulling back  
smiling.

ASHLEY

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

She makes her way out the store switching hard, as Patrick looks on with a slight smile.

**INT. TWO CUPS, PRESS YOUR LUCK - NIGHT**

Smoke and loud music lace the air. Patrick and Ashley are sitting at the bar talking and laughing, having drinks.

PATRICK

This is a pretty nice bar. I see things have changed since I've been to the bar.

ASHLEY

Things change, like the women change.

PATRICK

Meaning?

She places a hand on his thigh.

ASHLEY

Women choose who they wanna take home.

PATRICK

(Takes a sip)

You don't say?

She moves her hand higher.

ASHLEY

Yep. Especially if they think the man they want to 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 use it.

ASHLEY

Look at you.

PATRICK

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

ASHLEY

Talk like that makes me say, let's leave now.

PATRICK

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

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

ASHLEY

I was with these guys one day, and we got really drunk watching porn. There was this girl on the screen getting ran, and-

PATRICK

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 pretty much a gangbang.

ASHLEY

These days it's called getting ran.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

Okay.

ASHLEY

(Laughs)

I have to say, it wasn't as exciting as I thought it would be. But anyway, after it was all said and done. A few days after the fact, when I went to use the bathroom, I had this burning feeling while peeing, and discharging

this nasty fluid.

PATRICK  
So, you had-

ASHLEY  
Gonorrhea.

PATRICK  
I know that was painful.

ASHLEY  
(Takes a sip)  
Yep.

PATRICK  
What kind of medication did they give you?

She picks up her glass, downing the rest.

ASHLEY  
Fuck all that. I'm trying to see if I can handle this package.

PATRICK  
You're really determined about that, I see.

ASHLEY  
It's as you said in church. Even though it might look good, you don't know if it's good for you. I'm the type that has to find out for myself.

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, and then she gets up, and walks off.

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

PATRICK  
We'll find out something.

**EXT. TWO CUPS, PRESS YOUR LUCK - LATER**

Patrick is holding Ashley up as she staggers.

ASHLEY

(Drunk)

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

PATRICK

Oh, you'll get busted open.

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

ASHLEY

You promise?

PATRICK

Oh, yes. I promise.

ASHLEY

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

PATRICK

I'm glad to hear.

ASHLEY

Where's your truck?

Patrick wraps his arm around her, pulling her close.

PATRICK

It's right around the corner. Now I'm ready to, as you say, bust you open.

ASHLEY

Oh, really?

He smiles, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

PATRICK

More than you know.

They continue walking to the side of the bar, 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 car.

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

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

She's breathing heavily before passing out.

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

**INT. PATRICK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

He looks back, and sees she's asleep.

PATRICK  
Bust her open.  
(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 large sticky glue sheet.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
This will be a fun night.

He starts the truck up, driving off.

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER**

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

Ashley is on a dirty mattress with ropes tied around her,  
in her bra and panties, with her legs pulled wide open.

The sticky glue sheet is on her face, with holes in it so she can see and breathe.

Hooks are in her face, which go through the sheet, and at the end of the hooks are wires, which are wrapped around the end of the baseball bat Patrick is holding.

He's standing to the side looking down at her, as she slowly wakes up, struggling to get free.

PATRICK  
I'm glad you're awake. I wouldn't want  
to get 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, when I'm  
as you young people say, getting it  
in.

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. She  
felt she had a sexual appetite that  
couldn't be satisfied. She thought her  
well from which true blessings came  
from needed something inside of it to  
calm her urges. So the well which was  
once a blessing, turned into the pits  
of hell's fire.

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 are 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.  
Bust it open.

He rises the bat high, and then brings it down with all his  
might, between her legs.

SMASH CUT:

**EXT. VACANT FIELD - MORNING**

The field is wide with uncut grass, resting not too far from  
a liquor store.

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

Her skull is crushed, her face is ripped off, and bruises  
cover her body.

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

RONALD

This is fucking ridiculous.

THOMPSON

How could-

RONALD

You know who's behind it, and we need  
to go arrest his sick ass. How long do  
you want this shit to go on?

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 and  
make 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. SEASONED RIGHT RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - LATER**

Patrick is hard at work slicing up meat, when Chef #2 comes up to him.

CHEF #2  
Excuse me, sir. Someone's up front to see you.

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

**INT. SEASONED RIGHT RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

He gets to the front, and walks over to Thompson and Ronald, smiling.

PATRICK  
Here we go again. What-

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

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

Everyone in the restaurant looks astonished.

PATRICK  
You're still accusing-

Ronald punches him in the mouth.

RONALD  
I'm not accusing you, 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 fellow-man, 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 Ronald tries to break free.

PATRICK

May God forgive and bless you.

RONALD

Fuck you!

Thompson pulls Ronald out of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

**INT. JANET'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Fred is sitting on the couch watching television.

The doorbell rings.

He looks back prepared to stand up, but then he sees Janet walking to the door.

JANET

I'll answer it.

She grabs the knob and then pauses, looking back at Fred.

JANET (CONT'D)

Enjoy whatever you're watching because it's close to bedtime.

She opens the door without looking, and as soon as she faces forward, a hammer comes at her head with full force

connecting, knocking her to the floor, leaving her dazed with blood coming down her face.

Patrick drags her body into the house, and then closes the door.

Fred leaps from the couch and runs upstairs, with Patrick behind him.

**INT. JANET'S HOUSE - FRED'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Fred runs into his room, and closes the door, locking it, just as Patrick gets to the door.

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

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

Digging through his closet, he pulls out a baseball bat.

He goes back to the door, and cocks the bat back.

FRED  
Get the fuck away from me!

PATRICK (O.S.)  
The Lord might forgive you for that  
foul language.

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

Patrick stops beating on the door.

It's silent.

Fred slowly lets his guard down, reaching for the knob.

Patrick kicks the door in, forcing Fred a few steps back from the force.

Gaining his ground, he swings and misses, allowing Patrick to backhand him into the desk.

He falls to the floor, moaning in pain.

Patrick walks over to him, and kneels down.

PATRICK  
You wait till I come back.

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

He stands up, and walks out of the room.

**INT. JANET'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Patrick comes down the stairs with the hammer, walking over to Janet, kneeling down.

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

He begins beating her in the head, and with each drop of blood that lands on his lips, he licks it off.

Standing up with a smile, he looks down, and then spits on her.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Join your son in hell.

Releasing a light chuckle, he goes into his pocket, and pulls out a butterfly knife.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
The tongue of Satan must be removed.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JANET HOUSE - LATER**

Terry pulls up in a cream Monte Carlo, and gets out, walking on the porch, ringing the doorbell.

No answer.

He knocks, and the door nudges open.

Walking in, he covers his mouth when he sees Janet's dead body. Her face is mangled, and her brains are coming from her skull as the blood stains the floor.

TERRY  
Jesus Christ.

Fred tumbles down the stairs, and crashes at the bottom.

Terry rushes over to him, and holds him, staring at his swollen, blood-covered face.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Fred. Fred, wake up. Who did this?

Barely able to open his eyes, he tries to speak, and blood spills out.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Dear God. I'll get you some help.

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

TERRY (CONT'D)

It can't be true.

Fred shakes his head, yes, closing his eyes.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Just hold on, Fred. Help is on the way.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Patrick is sitting, shaking his head.

PATRICK

No, no, no! Leave me alone! You all deserve to burn!

He lets off a scream, dragging his fingers down his face before reaching over, snatching the glove compartment open.

Out falls a plastic zip lock bag with Ashley's face on the sticky glue sheet, along with the bag with Greg's bloody eyes.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

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

He sits back, lifting his shirt, rubbing his stomach.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The fingers of a thief! The organs of

a rapist, Satan's tongue and the  
filthy flesh from my whore wife and  
the bastard she cheated with! Burn in  
hell, and leave me alone! Burn forever  
for your sins!

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I can't spill the blood of an 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.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BRIDGETTE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bridgette is sitting on her bed doing homework.

The front door is heard opening, and then closed.

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Patrick is standing in the living room with blood covering  
his hands, dazed.

Bridgette comes downstairs, stopping at the bottom looking at  
him.

BRIDGETTE  
Daddy, are you okay?

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

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

She walks over to the door.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

TERRY (O.S.)  
It's Uncle Terry.

She opens the door, looking at Terry with the same flushed

look.

He walks in, and Bridgette closes the door behind him.

BRIDGETTE  
Uncle Terry, what happened to you?

TERRY  
It's... 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 right back.

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

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Patrick is standing by the sliding door with his head down, and the key's placed in the door.

He turns his head, and sees Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)  
Are you okay daddy?

PATRICK  
(Clears his throat)  
Yes sweetie, I'm fine.

She walks over to the door.

BRIDGETTE  
What's in here?

PATRICK  
(Nervous tone)  
This is where daddy's... never mind.  
What do you need, baby?

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, and he wants to talk to you.

PATRICK

Let's get upstairs.

BRIDGETTE

But, 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.

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Brother Harris. How may I help you this evening?

Terry stands up, looking in Patrick's eyes.

TERRY

All I need to know is the truth.

PATRICK

You need to know 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.

BRIDGETTE

But daddy, I need-

PATRICK

Just go. Daddy will talk to you when I'm done.

BRIDGETTE

I have to go back 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 (CONT'D)

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 of the people who came forth with confessions, all ended up dead.

PATRICK

And why would you blame any of this on me?

TERRY

I never told you, but the police were asking questions about you.

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

PATRICK

And you didn't tell me because?

TERRY

Because I didn't want to think, yet alone believe you would have anything to do with killing anybody. But now...

now I'm not so sure.

PATRICK  
Why is that?

TERRY  
Why are your hands covered with blood?

A sinister smile comes to Patrick's face.

PATRICK  
Do you really wanna know?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Bridgette looks nervous, sliding the door open.

She covers her mouth from the smell, feeling around the wall for a light switch, turning the lights on.

Her mouth drops open seeing Michael's head in the jar on the floor.

She covers her mouth taking a step back, and then she looks up, and sees Danielle's head hanging on the hook.

She drops down to her knees, crying.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK HOUSE'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

PATRICK  
Do you remember when I got married?

TERRY  
You said she was the best thing that could ever happen to you.

PATRICK  
It was the best day of my life. I should've known it would turn into the worst decision I ever made.

TERRY  
Patrick-

PATRICK  
But 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 on me, making a mockery of it? Forgive and forget Terry? When God takes me from this earth, I'll forgive. But no matter if I end up in heaven or hell, I'll never forget.

TERRY

You killed your wife?

PATRICK

Not only did I kill her... I ate her, and I fed some of her to 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. Janet can finally be with her son. I would have killed Fred too, but I figured what I did to him is just as good. He won't have that smart mouth to torment anyone else with.

TERRY

You need help Patrick.

PATRICK

(Laughs)

I'm far from helping. All I need is my daughter because nothing else in this world matters. Those people I killed needed help, and I was the right person to give them what they needed.

TERRY

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

PATRICK

They probably will. Can I ask you three questions?

TERRY

What?

PATRICK

Would you watch over my little girl?

TERRY

You know I would.

PATRICK

When you start your family, would you send me pictures of them?

TERRY

Why does any of that matter at this moment?

PATRICK

If these are my last few minutes of freedom, can you answer the questions?

TERRY

Yes, I would.

PATRICK

Do you think the Lord will forgive me for what I've done?

TERRY

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

was no need to ask me that.

PATRICK

What was I thinking?

Patrick looks around before turning his back to Terry.

TERRY

It'll be okay. Just get your faith and relationship back with God. Maybe they'll let you go, after they figure out what's going on in your head.

PATRICK

I have one more question before they come and take me.

TERRY

I'm listening.

Patrick goes in his pocket, flicking the blade out on the butterfly knife.

PATRICK

Will you be able to forgive me?

TERRY

Forgive-

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

Terry gasps, choking on the blood coming from his mouth.

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

PATRICK

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, and makes his way to the basement.

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bridgette has her back turned to the door.

Patrick comes walking into the room.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Baby... I can explain.

BRIDGETTE

Can I ask you a question, daddy?

PATRICK

What is it, baby?

BRIDGETTE

You know how you always read the commandments to me?

PATRICK

Yes, what about them?

BRIDGETTE

Do you remember the one about, honor thy mother and father?

PATRICK

Honor your father and your mother, so that you may live long in the land that the Lord your God is giving you. Why do you ask?

BRIDGETTE

Because... I want to know if I'll be wrong after I ask one more question.

PATRICK

Will you be wrong for what, baby?

BRIDGETTE

Would I be wrong for breaking a commandment?

PATRICK

Huh?

BRIDGETTE

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

PATRICK

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

BRIDGETTE

You had a say so in killing her.

Patrick walks over to her, kneeling down.

PATRICK

Daddy knows what he did was wrong.

BRIDGETTE

But 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

Yes, we can.

PATRICK

Thank you. Now, why did you ask if you would be wrong for breaking a commandment?

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Red and blue lights flood the street.

Officers are prepared to storm the house.

Thompson and Ronald approach with an officer wielding a battering ram.

THOMPSON

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

The officer hits the door hard, knocking it in.

Officers rush in.

Thompson takes a deep breath and draws his gun, following behind them.

They pause, staring at Terry's dead body.



THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
Everybody check the basement. I'll  
look upstairs.

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

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

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

THOMPSON (CONT'D)  
Little girl?

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

Ronald walks over to him, and slowly turns him over.

RONALD  
Shit.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - BRIDGETTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

BRIDGETTE  
It's okay. I'm fully happy again.

RONALD (O.S.)  
The little girl! Contain the little  
girl!

THOMPSON  
Huh?

A loud squish sound is heard, followed by the sound of flesh being ripped.

THOMPSON  
Are you okay little girl?

BRIDGETTE  
(Chewing)  
I have them both.

Ronald finds Thompson, and stands behind him.

Thompson signals for him to stand back, as he walks towards Bridgette, and stops.

THOMPSON  
Listen, we're here to help you. Just  
turn around and come with us, so we  
can help you.

Bridgette slowly turns around, and when she faces Thompson, his 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... I'll always have the love deep  
from my daddy's heart.

THOMPSON  
Jesus Christ!

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

CUT TO:

**EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thompson is escorting Bridgette out the house, as the people outside look on stunned.

Thompson places Bridgette in the back of the squad car, and she stares out the window with the same blank stare.

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

James sitting beside him.

James gets up, and runs towards the squad 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 she smiles.

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 to walk off, and 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 a kiss on the cheek.

BRIDGETTE

I love you, too. You'll always be my friend, and be 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 and closing the door.

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

BRIDGETTE (V.O.)

To sin is a crime against God, but  
only God can judge you for your sins.  
No man can judge you, for only he  
above is the only person you should  
care about what you do.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

"No human has the right to judge the next because you're human like the person you're trying to judge. Before you talk about another person, you should look at yourself and ponder if you can walk in that person's shoes. No matter your religion. In the end, it all boils down to no human can judge another human for their actions because you're not their maker. They don't have to answer to you, nor do you have to answer to them."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: