

HERETIC

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

In a dimly-lit room a MAN, THE HERETIC, 30s, sits confined to a chair with his head lowered. Blood drips from open wounds on his face.

In front of him stands a large MASKED MAN, with a balaclava on who holds an extended telescopic baton. He wears black tactical gloves, blood oozes from them.

The Heretic spits blood, looks up at the Masked Man and laughs.

THE HERETIC
Zealots...soft as fucking tissue
paper...

The Masked Man moves to strike The Heretic, the door to the room opens.

THE PRIEST, 60s, smug-looking with wispy, white hair, enters the room and closes the door behind him. He sneers at The Heretic, waves a dismissive hand at the Masked Man.

THE PRIEST
Now, now. Even heathen unbelievers
deserve a modicum
of...decency...hospitality...

The Priest pulls a chair up in front of The Heretic, smirks.

The Masked Man backs away, into the shadows.

The Priest leans in closer to The Heretic.

THE PRIEST (CONT'D)
Your kind is a blight upon
humanity. A stain upon...an affront
to the glory of all that our god
has bestowed upon us...

The Heretic shakes his head, chuckles.

THE HERETIC
Your...god, priest. I don't suffer,
gladly, manmade fictions crafted by
ancient desert dwellers to comfort
children. Antiquated folklore
belongs in antiquity.

The Priest scoffs, leans back. He turns to the Masked Man and makes a drinking motion with his hand.

The Masked Man nods, exits the room.

The Priest rubs a cross around his neck, realizes what he does and pulls his hand away. He turns towards The Heretic.

THE HERETIC (CONT'D)

Easy to see why you sky fairy
believers have been the cause of so
many wars and strife throughout
human history. Violence is
ingrained in you and your ilk.

The Heretic spits.

THE PRIEST

Cleansing the Earth of infidel
defilers for the betterment of the
flock requires some...unfortunate
wet work...

The Heretic laughs, shakes his head.

THE HERETIC

Easy to see how Hiroshima and
Nagasaki happened. Where was your
cosmic super-friend then? Your
absent space daddy fucked off on
vacation? Left his special, little
creations all by their lonesome?

The Priest sneers.

THE PRIEST

Devotion to our almighty savior
ensures his love --

The Masked Man reenters with two bottles of water. He hands one to The Priest, gives The Heretic a swig of the other.

The Priest waves at the Masked Man.

THE PRIEST (CONT'D)

You may leave us after you recheck
our...guest's binds.

The Masked Man nods, checks The Heretic's limbs are secure, exits the room.

The Priest takes a large drink of water.

THE PRIEST (CONT'D)

Where were we? Ah yes, you, the unwashed, do not herald the favor of our lord because of moral turpitude. You spit in the eye of the creator and all of his glory.

The Heretic rolls his eyes, hard.

THE HERETIC

Seems like an awful lot of depravity taking place in your own house... Defilers of children, *en masse*. There's always an excuse for such behaviors though right? So-called evil forces at play. Lambs straying from the path of the infallible light. Got to have justifications for the multitude of holes in your belief system.

The Priest stands, hovers over The Heretic.

THE PRIEST

Dog! Who are you to comprehend the will of an entity so much greater than you?!

The Priest slaps The Heretic across the face, removes a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes the blood from his hands.

The Heretic grins.

THE HERETIC

There it is...there it fucking is... The true nature of man. So if your god actually winked humans into existence, in his own image no less, no surprise there. Like father, like son. Why is this being a male by the way? Nothing to do with the patriarchal nature of most societies throughout history right?

The Priest walks to his chair, sits.

THE PRIEST

You insufferable heretics lack...faith... Science cannot explain all we see --

THE HERETIC

-- Science is not meant to you daft twat! Science is merely man's understanding of its empirical world and educated guesses regarding unexplained phenomena, based on data, not antiquated folklore! Science is dynamic, ever-changing unlike religions that are stagnant and mired in the dumber ages of human history.

The Priest shifts in his seat, looks uncomfortable.

THE PRIEST

You all will be brought into the fold or will suffer eternal damnation!

The Heretic smirks, raises his head high.

THE HERETIC

Oh yes, because your supposed deity is such a kind, loving entity... What about all the other thousands of gods man has constructed in its brief existence on the planet? Did your god defeat them all in a cosmic cage match?!

The Priest clasps his cross, grits his teeth.

THE PRIEST

You can engage in all the heresy you want --

THE HERETIC

-- "Heresy"?! You have many factions within your own religion, which is one of many! So much for the alleged word of god if you and your fellow believers need multiple interpretations and revisions of your holy texts...

The Priest opens his mouth to speak, pauses.

THE HERETIC (CONT'D)

Yes? Spit it out already priest! Do thoughts of doubt cloud your mind to the point of speechlessness? Where is all the bravado and brazen conviction now?!

The Priest rocks in his chair.

The Heretic pulls against his bindings, snarls his words out.

THE HERETIC (CONT'D)

Broken. Pathetic. Where is your
omnipresent, omni prescient space
lord now to embolden your widely-
cast faith dispersions? Off
ignoring the pleas of your fellow
devotees as they project them into
the aether, to no one but the
energies of the cosmos! Speak, cur,
speak!

The Priest claps his hand over his mouth, whines.

The Heretic's eyes grow larger, turn black.

The Priest's eyes go wide, he whimpers. He attempts to stand
up, but something forces him back into his chair violently.

THE PRIEST

D-d-demon! God save me, I stand
meekly as your humble servant!

The Heretic snaps his bonds, with little effort. He stands.

THE HERETIC

Demon... How rich. Look at what
mankind has done in the name of
religious beliefs based on fear of
death and the unknown. That, that
is true demonry!

The Heretic moves to The Priest, grabs the arms of his chair
and lifts him into the air with ease.

The Priest weeps.

The Heretic laughs.

THE HERETIC (CONT'D)

Tears of the crocodile. I drink
them up gladly from your once
cherubic cheeks. I'm quite sure all
of the victims of religion-enabled
violence wept too...

THE PRIEST

P-p-please spare me!

The Heretic drops The Priest's chair to the ground. The
Priest groans from the impact.

THE HERETIC

Ah how the tune changes... Renounce
your god and you may go,
unencumbered...

THE PRIEST

I-I cannot!

THE HERETIC

Then you will fall and leave this
mortal coil. Is that not what you
had planned for me? That despite
all of your high and mighty, self-
serving righteousness?!

The Priest crawls towards The Heretic from the ruins of his
chair.

The Heretic waves a hand, The Priest rises into the air with
arms and legs stretched wide.

THE HERETIC (CONT'D)

Do not despair, lamb. Religions are
impediments to continued human
advancement. We shall remove them
and usher in a new age of
enlightenment.

The Priest wets himself, the urine stays within the vacuum he
floats in.

THE HERETIC (CONT'D)

Do you abnegate your beliefs of
your false god?!

The room's walls vibrate, the air around the two men ripples.

The Heretic's form grows larger, his voice booms.

THE HERETIC (CONT'D)

Answer cur!

THE PRIEST

I-I...

THE HERETIC

Spit it out zealot! You were so
quick with barbed tongue when you
believed yourself the one in
control!

THE PRIEST

I...I disavow myself of my
beliefs... I renounce...my god...

The Heretic grins, widely.

The Priest's body returns to the floor.

The Heretic's eyes return to normal -- his shape shrinks to normal size.

THE HERETIC

Excellent.

The Heretic moves to The Priest.

THE HERETIC (CONT'D)

There, there. You are free now.

The Priest looks up at The Heretic with sorrow, teary eyes.

The Heretic embraces The Priest, pats his head.

WHITE FLASH

EXT. EARTH'S EXOSPHERE - SAME TIME

A large, alien-looking spacecraft speeds away from the Earth -
- vanishes into a wormhole in a flash.

INT. SPACESHIP - LATER

Bio-containment pods fill a room lined with walls made up of
a shiny, blue-gray biological matter.

In front of one of the pods a three-armed, four-legged EXTRA-
TERRESTRIAL HUMANOID stands over an open pod that contains
The Priest, who lies in a comatose state.

The creature closes the pod, pressure seals activate and
create steam. The Extra-Terrestrial Humanoid utters a series
of clicks and hums as it speaks into a pod that suspends from
a long wire from the ceiling.

SUPER: "Reprogramming complete"

The alien being moves to the next pod, opens it.

INT. SPACESHIP CARGO HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

In a massive storage space hundreds of the bio-pods line the
walls.

A spider-like ROBOT hovers through the space, scans the
fronts of the pods with a green emitter light.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - SAME TIME

The spaceship drops out of faster-than-light travel in the upper atmosphere of a large, red planet with multiple moons that orbit it.

FADE OUT.