

BASTARD SAINT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

HAPPY FAMILIES and COUPLES bask in the glow of Christmas lights and shimmering decorations while bouncing around from store to store. A childlike excitement in the air.

A line of EAGER CHILDREN wait with their EXHAUSTED PARENTS, leading to a...

NORTH POLE DISPLAY

Where a MALL SANTA sits front and center: this is MALCOLM CONWAY (38). Thin frame hidden under an extra-baggy red suit, there's a deep sadness in his eyes as he gazes off at all the HAPPY FAMILIES and CHILDREN.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

I never celebrated Christmas when I was a kid. My mother died at childbirth and my father was an evil, joyless fuck who always said Christmas was for pussies. My therapist said that he probably blamed me for what happened to her. I guess I could understand why.

CORY (10, shy and melancholy) is nudged by his MOTHER (middle-aged, thick makeup failing to hide the bruise around her eye).

With his head down, Cory slowly makes his way to Malcolm.

MALCOLM (V.O.)

When I grew up, I made it a point to enjoy Christmas. Been doing this mall Santa shit for about ten years. And I always liked it. But this year was different.

Cory sits on Malcolm's lap. In full character, Malcolm greets the shy child.

MALCOLM

Ho-ho-ho, Merry Christmas! What's your name, little boy?

Cory keeps his eyes to the floor.

CORY

Cory.

MALCOLM
And what would you like for
Christmas, Cory?

Cory hands Malcolm an enveloped stamped and addressed to
"SANTA". He then looks up into Malcolm's eyes, dead serious.

CORY
I want you to kill my Dad.

And just like that, Cory hops off his lap.

Disturbed, Malcolm watches Cory return to his mother. He then
looks down at the envelope.

INT. MALCOLM'S CHILDHOOD HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

MALCOLM'S FATHER (mid 30s, a drunken slob) devours a TV
dinner while watching Jerry Springer, his gut hanging out of
his stained wife-beater.

SUPER:

25 YEARS EARLIER

YOUNG MALCOLM (13) quietly shuffles in the door with a
bloodied nose and tears in his eyes. He tries to sneak past
his father, head down.

But his father looks up. Narrows his eyes at Young Malcolm.

MALCOLM'S FATHER
What the fuck happened?

Young Malcolm stops. Unable to look him in the eye.

YOUNG MALCOLM
I got in a fight.

MALCOLM'S FATHER
Yeah? With who?

YOUNG MALCOLM
Troy.

MALCOLM'S FATHER
Same kid who's been picking on you?

Young Malcolm nods sheepishly, feeling his father's mean,
judgmental gaze.

MALCOLM'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 What the fuck did I tell you to do
 next time he picked on you?

YOUNG MALCOLM
 He's bigger than me.

Malcolm's Father throws his TV dinner to the floor and jumps
 to his feet. Squaring up with his frightened son.

MALCOLM'S FATHER
 Look at me!

Young Malcolm slowly looks up at his father.

WHAP! His father smacks him across the face.

MALCOLM'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 You go out there and you kick his
 fucking ass.

Tears stream down Young Malcolm's face.

YOUNG MALCOLM
 I can't--

WHAP! Another slap bloodies Young Malcolm's lip.

MALCOLM'S FATHER
 You either go back out there and
 handle your shit... or don't bother
 coming back home. Because what he
 did to you, kiddo? It ain't gonna
 be nothing compared to what I do
 you. Understand?

Young Malcolm's expression darkens. Pure rage in his eyes as
 he stares up at his father.

MALCOLM'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 Now get out there.

Young Malcolm nods. Then turns and heads back out the door, a
 dark and menacing expression on his face...

MALCOLM (V.O.)
 My father had a way of taking
 things too far...

INT. MALCOLM'S CHILDHOOD HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Malcolm's Father lies asleep...

Young Malcolm stands at the foot of the bed, just staring at his sleeping father in the dark.

Malcolm's Father rustles awake. Sees Young Malcolm.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
So, my defense was to take things
much, much further.

Malcolm's Father flicks on the light--

Young Malcolm has TROY'S SEVERED HEAD on the foot of the bed.

Malcolm's Father just stares at Young Malcolm, who stares back with a psychotic gaze.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Young Malcolm sits at a table, wearing a faraway look. A DETECTIVE sits across from him.

YOUNG MALCOLM
He told me to do it.

DETECTIVE
Who did?

YOUNG MALCOLM
(delayed)
My Dad. He said if I didn't, he'd
hurt me again.

DETECTIVE eyes a bruise on Young Malcolm's wrist.

DETECTIVE
Does your father hurt you a lot,
Malcolm?

Tears fill Young Malcolm's eyes.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
They placed most of the blame on my
father. He did 20 years hard time.
As if he didn't already resent me.
As for me, I was institutionalized
up until I was 18. I'm still
required to speak with a therapist
weekly.

SERIES OF STILL PHOTOS

Chronicling adult Malcolm's life years later: He poses with his WIFE, all smiles. Wedding photos. Vacations.

Then photos of his WIFE pregnant. Holding a newborn CHILD.
Then the CHILD getting older, reaching about five years old.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
I legally changed my name. And,
somehow, I was eventually able to
live some semblance of a normal
life...

EXT. MALCOLM'S PRESENT DAY HOME - DAY

Malcolm (now an adult) exits his car, smile on his face as he heads to the front door of his townhouse unit.

INT. MALCOLM'S PRESENT DAY HOME/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm immediately freezes upon entry. Sheer horror frozen on his face--

MALCOLM (V.O.)
Until my father was released from
prison...

Blood everywhere, the remains of his WIFE and CHILD merely a lifeless heap on the floor.

MALCOLM'S FATHER (O.S.)
Hey, kiddo.

Malcolm turns. Faces his father, now greying with wrinkles.

MALCOLM FATHER
You took my family away from me.
Now I take away yours.

Malcolm's Father points a gun at him... stays locked in...

But a single tear trickles down his cheek. And he instead turns the gun on himself -- POP! Blows his own brains out right in front of a shell-shocked Malcolm.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
I never got my revenge.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Malcolm, still in his Santa suit sans the beard and hat, sits at the bar with a pint, reading over the letter from little Cory, written in pencil on lined paper.

CLOSE-UP on certain excerpts: **"He punches me..."; "He said he was going to kill my Mom"; "Sometimes, me and Mom hide in the closet and cry together"**.

Malcolm then looks at the return address on the envelope. And ponders to himself while sipping his beer.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
 Maybe making a little boy's wish
 come true would be the next best
 thing.

INT. TRAILER HOME/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cory and his MOTHER sit around a sad-looking Christmas tree straight out of the Charlie Brown Christmas episode. Only a few small wrapped boxes under the tree.

CORY
 Where's Dad?

MOTHER
 He probably got drunk again
 somewhere. Let's just open these up
 before he gets home, huh?

Cory nods, looks over the few boxes. Until spotting a box with a tag that reads **"FROM SANTA"**. His Mother seems confused.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 I don't remember that one.

She curiously looks over his shoulder as he tears the wrapping paper off, finally getting the box opened.

Mother's eyes widen in shock... she SHRIEKS in horror, jumping back!

INSIDE THE BOX: A MAN'S SEVERED HEAD. Cory's father.

His mother SCREAMING in the background, Cory just oddly tilts his head and stares at his father's severed head in fascination... until cracking a grin.

INT. CAR (PARKED) - TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm sits behind the wheel, looking to the TRAILER HOME.

In the backseat: a large garbage bag with a man's foot sticking out. The rest of Cory's father.

MALCOLM (V.O.)
Merry Christmas, Cory.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

And Malcolm drives off.

FADE OUT:

THE END