

CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. MARY'S

by

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FADE IN:

REDNESS

The color of blood. A drop rolls down. Pull back to reveal, it is a red candle.

EXT. ST. MARY'S - NIGHT

The red candle sits in the middle of a wreath mounted on the side of the entrance doors to St. Mary's hospital. An identical candle sits on the opposite side of the doors.

St. Mary's is an old very rundown hospital. The building is decorated for Christmas.

It is a clear night. Snow covers the ground.

SANDRA (22) bundled up in warm clothes strides towards the entrance.

INT. ST. MARY'S - NIGHT

Sandra enters the lobby. Her footsteps on the stone floor echo. The lobby is cavernous. A few decorations do little to warm this cold hard place.

A fake life size Santa Claus sits in a chair by a sparsely decorated Christmas tree.

Silent night plays quietly in the background.

LOUISE (67) sits behind the front desk. Louise is short, skinny, very neat in a Christmas sweater. She peers at Sandra with lively eyes. A smile on her face.

LOUISE
Merry Christmas Sandra.

SANDRA
Merry Christmas to you too Louise.

Sandra gazes around the empty lobby.

SANDRA
Quiet night?

LOUISE
They're busy down in ER and we're very short staffed.

Louise rolls her eyes.

LOUISE

A lot of people called in sick...It's going to be a crazy night.

Sandra groans.

SANDRA

Oh, great. I was hoping for a peaceful evening.

LOUISE

No such luck. Christmas has always been the time of year people do dumb things and end up here. Too much partying, depression, fires. You name it.

SANDRA

Whatever happened to peaceful quiet time with your family?

LOUISE

Maybe it's just a myth.

Puzzled, Sandra peers at Louise.

SANDRA

What about you? Shouldn't you be home with your family?

Louise averts her eyes.

LOUISE

Donald and I never had any children...after he died, Christmas has never been the same.

SANDRA

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Louise puts on a happy face.

LOUISE

No biggie. I just as well sit here and cheer everyone else up as they come and go.

After an awkward moment, Sandra continues on towards the elevators. She pushes the down button.

Ping! The doors slide open.

Inside the elevator is DR. SNYDER. He's tall, slender, clean cut. He wears a lab coat with his name pinned on.

Sandra and Dr. Snyder smile, nod politely to each other. Sandra steps in.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Sandra stands in front of Doctor Snyder facing the door. She pulls the hood on her jacket off her head. Long black hair spills out.

Doctor Snyder stares at Sandra's hair. He carefully leans forward, smells her hair then reaches out with his hand. He touches her hair with his finger tip.

Sandra sneezes. He quickly retracts his hand.

DR. SNYDER

Bless you.

Sandra turns to him with a smile.

SANDRA

Thank you.

Ping! The doors open.

Three nurses, SHEILA (40) chubby with a friendly face stands outside the doors together with MARTHA (62) thin with a stern, almost mean face and JOANNEY (25) a shorthaired woman with a ring in her eyebrow, lip and nose.

Sandra steps out. Doctor Snyder follows. Sheila, Martha and Joanne smile politely at Dr. Snyder.

JOANNEY/SHEILA/MARTHA

Merry Christmas Doctor Snyder.

DR. SNYDER

Merry Christmas ladies.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sandra and Dr. Snyder walk down the dim lit empty corridor. Sandra is ahead of the doctor. Dr. Snyder checks her out.

Sandra stops at a door with a sign by it that reads "locker room, women". She inserts a card key then opens the door.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

A dim lit room with rows of old dented lockers. Sandra opens one of them. She takes her clothes off, hangs them inside the locker.

When down to only panties and bra, there's a strange noise at the door. Sounds like something scrapes against the door. Jiggles the door handle.

Sandra turns to the door, listens. She tip toes over to the door. Puts her ear against it.

Another sound. Scratchy. Creepy.

Sandra's brow furrows with concern.

SANDRA

Who's there?

Sandra continues to listen. There are sounds of footsteps that leave. Quietly she moves back to her locker, puts on colorful Christmas print scrubs.

She pads back over to the door. Puts her ear against it.

SANDRA

Anyone there?

After a moment she opens the door. Peeks out. The corridor appears empty. Sandra gets out.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sandra marches towards the elevators. A little quicker than what would be normal. She glances over her shoulder at the empty corridor.

At the elevators she pushes the up button.

She waits impatiently. Repeatedly checks behind her.

There's a sound down the corridor. A haunting faint sound. Almost like a child's voice.

She pushes the up button again. Again. Again...

SANDRA

Come on...

There's a creepy sound of a squeaky wheel further down the corridor. Sandra checks down the corridor. Still empty.

SANDRA
Anyone there?

She makes up her mind, heads to the stairwell, yanks the door open, dashes inside.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Sandra rushes up the stairs. Occasionally glances down behind her.

She comes to a landing. Turns to continue up when she sees SANTA CLAUS stand on the next landing.

Sandra stops dead in her tracks. Stares at Santa. Another nervous glance downstairs then back at Santa.

Santa wears the traditional red suit. His hat, beard and glasses obscures his facial features. He carries a burlap sack in his hand.

SANTA CLAUS
(creepy voice)
Ho ho ho...Merry Christmas.

Sandra gives him a forced smile.

SANDRA
...Merry Christmas.

She hesitates then takes a cautious step up.

When she reaches the landing, Santa stands in her way. He won't let her pass.

She takes a step to the side. Santa does the same. Blocks her way. Sandra's annoyed.

SANDRA
Would you please step aside? I'm already late and they really need help in ER tonight...I don't have time for games, alright!

Santa titters.

SANTA CLAUS
Sure you can pass. All you have to do is sit on Santa's lap. You can do that can't you?

SANDRA
In your dreams, moron.

Santa jiggles the burlap sack. Sounds of metal objects that move around inside.

SANTA CLAUS

Santa has lots of cool toys for nice girls.

Annoyed and frightened she tries to shove him aside.

Santa grabs a hold of her arms.

Sandra pulls away to get free. It doesn't work.

Santa pushes her up against the wall. Sandra screams. He kills her scream with a hard kiss.

Sandra knees him in the crotch. He buckles over.

She takes off up the stairs.

Santa is soon after her.

At the next landing, Sandra tries one of the doors. It's locked. She continues up, two steps at the time.

Santa gains on her.

On the next floor she pulls on the door. It opens. She hurries out.

INT. EMPTY WARD - NIGHT

Sandra stands in an empty pediatric ward. Plenty of children's motifs on the walls.

Christmas decorations are up, but the lights are off. The only light comes from dim emergency lights. All the fake Santa's, elves and toys look spooky.

A sign on the counter at the nurses station reads "We'll be closed over the Holidays. All patients will be moved to the orthopedic ward".

The door to the stairwell opens. It's Santa.

Sandra runs down the hallway, rounds a corner, trips on a big plastic Santa claus. She goes down, lands on it.

Its smiley face stares up at Sandra like a freakish clown.

SOMEONE'S P.O.V.

Sandra scrambles to her feet. Turns to run, but comes face to face with the "real" Santa.

Sandra gasps.

SANDRA

What do you want you fucking creep?
Leave me alone.

She attempts to leave. He grabs a hold of her.

SANTA CLAUS

I want you to sit on Santa's lap
and tell Santa if you've been
naughty or nice.

SANDRA

You're a fucking whack job!

SANTA CLAUS

Now that's a naughty thing to say
to Santa, don't you think?

Sandra struggles to pull free.

SANDRA

I don't believe in Santa, asshole!

SANTA CLAUS

Everyone believes in Santa! Just
think of all the fantastic toys
Santa can give you. Toys to play
with for hours on end.

Santa pulls out a big nasty cervical dilator from his sack.
It's an ancient tool. Looks brutal.

SANTA CLAUS

How about this nice little cervical
dilator?

Santa has a crazed grin on his face.

SANTA CLAUS

Could be yours for sitting on
Santa's lap.

Sandra stares at the tool in horror.

SANTA CLAUS

Whaddya say? Do we have deal?...
No?

He puts the tool back, pulls out an ancient wicked looking circumcision knife.

SANTA CLAUS

How about this circumcision knife?
One of my favorites.

Sandra pulls away.

Santa grabs a hold of her scrub shirt. Whips her around, gets a choke hold on her. He pokes the tip of the knife into her neck.

END SOMEONE'S P.O.V.

Sandra breathes hard.

SANTA CLAUS

Now be a good girl and take your
clothes off.

He pushes the knife in a little harder. A trickle of blood rolls down her neck.

SANTA CLAUS

Do it!

Sandra sweats. Breathes hard. She nods.

SANDRA

Okay...I'll do it.

With his arm still around her neck she pulls her scrub pants off.

Santa takes his knife, cuts her panties off. He drags her off to a chair where he sits down, pulls her down into his lap.

The knife is back at her neck. He pulls her scrub shirt up with his free hand.

SANTA CLAUS

Take your bra off.

Sandra does. Santa circles the tip of the knife around her nipples

SANTA CLAUS

Now that's better. Go on, tell
Santa what you want for Christmas.

Sandra hesitates.

SANDRA

I don't know. What do you want me
to say?

Santa buries his face in her hair. Inhales her scent.

SANTA CLAUS

Wiggle for me.

Sandra is confused. She wiggles her ass. Santa moans. Sandra
takes notice. She wiggles again. Santa moans.

SANTA CLAUS

Do that again.

(moaning)

Now tell me, have you been naughty
or nice?

Sandra plays along.

SANDRA

...Nice.

Santa nicks her breast with the knife.

SANTA CLAUS

Nice? Are you sure? All year you
haven't done anything naughty at
all?

SANDRA

Naughty. I meant naughty.

SANTA CLAUS

(titters)

Come on...tell Santa what the
naughtiest thing you did was.

She wiggles her ass. Feels something. Santa moans, groans.
Sandra moves in a more sexual way.

When Santa's distracted, Sandra jolts up in an attempt to
flee.

Santa grabs her tight. Pulls her back. They topple down onto
the floor. Roll around.

Sandra jams her knee into his crotch. Santa groans.

His knife slashes down. It comes back up dripping with blood.
Sandra screams. Tries to crawl away.

Santa's got a firm grip on her. He stabs her again. Again...

SANTA CLAUS
(angry)
Everyone loves fucking Santa!

LATER

SOMEONE'S P.O.V.

A dead naked Sandra is propped up against a wall. A Santa hat is on her head. She's bloody all over.

Written on the wall in blood behind her is "Ho ho ho. Merry Christmas, Santa".

INT. ST. MARY'S - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ping! The elevator doors slide open.

A GIRL (12) steps out. She's thin, pale with long stringy brown hair. She's got a bandage on her head. Numerous bruises on her arms. She pulls a red wagon behind her.

The wagon's wheels squeal. The sound echo between the cold hard walls.

She saunters down an empty--

CORRIDOR

At the end of the corridor a set of double doors open. An orderly walks out. The girl strolls through the doors. A sign above reads "Emergency Room".

INT. ST. MARY'S - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The emergency room is a busy mad-house as few hospital workers tend to too many patients.

Moans of pain, cries for drugs, wretched coughs all wafts through the area topped off with cheery Christmas music.

The Girl strolls through the ER. No one seems to take notice of her. A MAN (50) opens another set of double doors across the room. He hollers towards the waiting room.

The girl with the wagon crosses through the doors.

MAN
Bill Johnson.

In the waiting room a television on the wall is on.

ON TELEVISION

A FEMALE REPORTER dressed against the cold stands in front of a giant lit Christmas tree at an airport. Travelers are seen tired, angry and frustrated in the background.

FEMALE REPORTER

The good news is prayers are being answered today in Columbus. A break in the weather is allowing flights to take off and trains to run, so finally stranded holiday travelers are on their way home. That isn't to say the weather nightmare has ended for everyone. There was at least one fatality at an accident on I-seventy five that involved five vehicles.

Sickly coughs are heard (O.S.)

Martha sits behind the sign-in desk. A phone cradled in her neck as she types on a keyboard.

A YOUNG MAN (19) in scruffy clothing leans on her desk. He coughs without covering his mouth. Martha makes a face in disgust. She hands him a clip board.

MARTHA

Fill this out please.

The Young Man takes the clipboard. Takes a seat in the waiting room.

RALPH (50) tousled hair, a few days old stubble, a red face and dirty shabby clothing stumbles in through the doors. He is drunk, has his right hand wrapped in a towel. He weaves his way towards Martha.

Ralph leans on the counter. His head a little too close to Martha who gets a whiff of his breath. Backs away in disgust.

MARTHA

Can I help you?

Ralph shows her his right hand.

RALPH

I think I broke it.

She stares at his hand.

MARTHA

What happened?

Ralph takes the towel off. His hand looks rough. The knuckles are very swollen, very raw and bloody.

RALPH

I was doing some work at home. Hit myself with a fucking hammer.

Martha peers at him with suspicion.

MARTHA

Looks more like you hit something...

RALPH

No no. I was remodeling.

MARTHA

With a sledge hammer?

Martha hands him a clipboard along with a pen.

MARTHA

Fill this out please.

Ralph takes the clipboard.

RALPH

I can't write with my left hand.

MARTHA

You managed to hit your right hand with a hammer using your left hand. Surely you can fill out a simple piece of paper.

Ralph grunts. Stumbles over to the waiting room.

RALPH

(to himself)
Fucking bitch.

Sheila comes up to Martha.

SHEILA

Who's next?

Martha hands her a folder.

MARTHA

Gregory Sterling. Number eight.

Sheila takes the folder. She glances over into the waiting room. Sighs.

SHEILA

Keep 'em coming Martha. We wouldn't want a dull Christmas now, would we?

Martha shoots her a smile.

MARTHA

It's always like this at Christmas. Always has been, as long as I can remember.

Sheila flips through the folder. Her brow furrows.

SHEILA

What's wrong with him?

MARTHA

Severe headache. Some flushing.

SHEILA

Probably looked a little too deep into the punch bowl.

Sheila strides through the double doors to the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - ER EXAMINATION AREA - NIGHT

--where beds are lined up with curtains in between. A few workers hurry back and forth through the area.

Sheila stops at number eight.

GREGORY STERLING (42) lies on the bed covered with a thin blanket. His hands covers his crotch. Sheila notices.

SHEILA

Hi Gregory, I'm Sheila. What seems to be the problem?

Gregory's face is flushed. He hesitates.

GREGORY

...My problem...is...down there.

Sheila glances at his crotch. She already knows.

SHEILA

Having headaches?

He nods.

SHEILA
Your face is flushed. How's your
vision?

GREGORY
A little blurry.

SHEILA
Hearing?

GREGORY
I don't know. Maybe I got wax or
something.

Sheila puts on the blood pressure cuff. Takes his pressure.
She fixes her eyes on his.

SHEILA
What did you take? Viagra? Cialis?

Embarrassed, he hesitates.

GREGORY
Viagra.

SHEILA
How many?

GREGORY
Eight. Maybe ten. I don't know.

SHEILA
You don't know?

GREGORY
I had a few drinks.

SHEILA
When did you take them?

GREGORY
Last night.

Sheila is surprised.

SHEILA
As in yesterday?

Gregory nods.

SHEILA
You should've come in right away.

GREGORY

I was embarrassed...It hurts. Can you help me?

Sheila lifts the blanket to take a peek at his problem. She raises an eyebrow. Glances at Gregory.

SHEILA

Of course. Don't worry. We'll take care of your problem for you.

Sheila leaves. She continues into a--

INT. ST. MARY'S - SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT

--where Joanne puts some supplies on a cart. She seems troubled by something.

Sheila puts a syringe and other supplies on a tray.

SHEILA

Crazy night, huh?

JOANNEY

(distant)

Yeah...

SHEILA

Hey, what's the matter?

Joanne shrugs.

JOANNEY

I just have a hard time shaking the thoughts of that girl.

SHEILA

The gang rape one? Yeah, that was awful. I could easily pull the trigger on those fuckers. Or even better, cut their balls off...I wonder how she's doing?

JOANNEY

I just brought a patient up there. The cops were interviewing her. I overheard some of it.

SHEILA

Oh yeah, what did they say? Did she say who they were?

JOANNEY

She didn't seem to know them.
Someone else had set it up. One of
them had a tattoo on his cock. A
sword! Can you believe
it?...fucking sadists and
pedophiles.

Sheila is serious.

SHEILA

A sword?

INT. ST. MARY'S - LOBBY - NIGHT

Louise sits at the front desk with a mug of tea in front of
her. She scans the lobby. Empty.

She reaches into her purse, pulls out a half pint bottle of
gin that she dilutes the tea with then quickly puts back into
her purse. With a smile on her face, she raises the mug at
the fake Santa.

LOUISE

Merry Christmas Santa.

She takes a sip.

INT. ST. MARY'S - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Still chaos as Santa strolls in through the double doors.

A woman with long black hair, Goth clothing and jewelry
stands by Martha's counter. She's about 30, wears black
lipstick. Even though she reminds us of something from
Halloween, she's beautiful. Sexy even. This is MONA.

Mona has a wrapped present in her hands. It's wrapped in a
Goth style wrapping paper.

Martha notices Santa.

MARTHA

Santa. Excuse me, Santa.

Santa comes over to the counter.

MARTHA

Santa, would you mind showing Mona
here up to orthopedics? She's
bringing a present to her sister.

Santa gives Mona a once over. He likes what he sees.

SANTA CLAUS
Of course not. It would be my
pleasure.

Mona smiles.

MONA
Are you sure? Don't you have to
spread some cheer or something
around here?

Santa leans in out of earshot from Martha.

SANTA CLAUS
I'd rather give you something to
cheer about.

Mona gazes seductively into his eyes.

MONA
Cocky, aren't you?

Martha stares at the two.

MARTHA
So, you're taking her?

SANTA CLAUS
Of course.

Santa winks at Martha. Puts his arm out. Mona takes it. They stroll together out the double doors.

Ralph stumbles back to the counter. He slaps the clipboard down in front of Martha. Leans on the counter. His bloodshot eyes tries to focus on her.

RALPH
Here's your papers. Do I get to see
the doc now?

Martha takes the clipboard. Glares at him in disgust.

MARTHA
You have to take a seat and wait
for your turn just like everyone
else.

Ralph holds up his injured hand.

RALPH

I need to see the doc. This thing
fucking hurts.

Martha gestures to the other patients that sit in the waiting room.

MARTHA

You think those people came here
just to hang out?

Ralph glares at her, clenches his good fist. Raises it in a semi threatening manner.

Martha gives him an icy stare in return. Ralph returns to the waiting room as Joanne shows up at the counter.

JOANNEY

(to Martha)

We're heading down. You coming?

Martha turns to TREVOR (38) a chunky, chipper guy in Christmas scrubs. He whistles a Christmas tune while he makes copies of some papers.

MARTHA

Trevor, can you take over for a
bit? I need a break.

TREVOR

Of course Martha. You go right on
ahead. I'll handle this for you.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mona and Santa stroll down the corridor like a mismatched pair of lovers.

Further down the corridor at a corridor intersection, the Girl with the red wagon crosses Santa's and Mona's way.

MONA

So, where's the orthopedic ward?

SANTA CLAUS

It's on the fourth floor. The
elevators are just around the
corner.

Mona ponders for a bit. She points at the floor.

MONA

What's down there?

SANTA CLAUS
 Just service related stuff.
 Laundry, janitorial...morgue.

Mona's face lights up.

MONA
 Morgue?

SANTA CLAUS
 This *is* a hospital...

Mona stops, pulls herself closer to Santa.

MONA
 (seductive)
 I always wanted to see a morgue.

Santa pulls her in tighter.

SANTA CLAUS
 Oh yeah?

MONA
 I don't suppose big Santa claus
 happen to have a key in his sack
 does he?

Santa smiles, whips out a key card.

SANTA CLAUS
 Of course he does. It's his job to
 give people what they want. Fulfill
 their wishes...no mater how wicked.

Mona places her hand on Santa's crotch.

MONA
 Take me there. I'll make it worth
 your while.

SANTA CLAUS
 What about your sister?

MONA
 She'll envy me forever.

Santa pulls her around. They turn down a different corridor.

SANTA CLAUS
 We have to take the service
 elevator.

INT. ST. MARY'S - SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Santa and Mona enter the elevator. The doors slide shut.

The elevator is big. Two hospital beds could easily fit inside.

Santa smiles at Mona then pushes the last button on the panel. The elevator shakes to a start.

Mona plays with her fingers in Santa's beard.

MONA

So tell me Santa, what do you
really do here at the
hospital?...They don't hand out
keys to the morgue to just anyone.

SANTA CLAUS

I could tell you, but then I would
have to kill you.

MONA

You big tease. Tell me.

Santa leans in, whispers in her ear. Mona is surprised.

MONA

Serious?

Mona glances at Santa's sack.

MONA

Toys for little children?

Santa rattles the sack.

SANTA CLAUS

Santa's special toys...

MONA

You're such a tease... Can I see?

SANTA CLAUS

How about we play with them at the
morgue?

The doors slide open. Outside the elevator the lights are dim. Rusty pipes run along the ceiling. Mona grabs a hold of Santa's arm.

MONA

Ooooohhh. Creepy. I like it.

They step out into the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The elevator doors slide shut behind them. Mona glances over her shoulder.

MONA
No escape now.

SANTA CLAUS
This way.

They stroll down the corridor. Their footsteps echo. They pass a door with a sign "Laundry". A constant humming from equipment is heard.

MONA
No one else down here?

SANTA CLAUS
Not on Christmas Eve.

At the end of the corridor is a set of steel doors. A sign above reads "Morgue".

Santa takes his key card out. Swipes it through the lock.

Mona waits with anticipation.

Santa pulls the door open. It's pitch black inside. He holds the door open for her. She steps into the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE - NIGHT

Santa turns the lights on. They are in a small lobby type place. A cluttered desk is to the right. A set of double glass doors is straight ahead. Santa shuts the door behind them. Mona puts her present on the desk

SANTA CLAUS
(teasing)
You sure you want to do this?
There's still time to back out.

MONA
(winks at Santa)
Of course I want to. I love this
kind of stuff.

Santa strides over to the double glass doors. He holds one door open for her. He bows, gestures with his hand in a very old fashioned way.

SANTA CLAUS
Ladies first.

Mona enters into the --

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

It's a short corridor. To the right is a wide steel door. Across from it another set of double glass doors.

Mona is almost giddy with excitement. She presses her body tight against Santa, one leg raised around his thigh. She purrs. Points to the steel door.

MONA
What's in there?

SANTA CLAUS
It's the walk-in cooler.

MONA
Wow. Walk-in cooler.

She seems turned on. She turns to the other door.

MONA
Let me guess. That's the autopsy room.

Santa smiles. Squeezes her breasts.

SANTA CLAUS
Clever girl.

Mona gestures to the steel door.

MONA
Can we go inside?

Santa teases her.

SANTA CLAUS
Hmmm...I don't think we should.

MONA
Please. Pretty please.

Santa smiles. He is turned on as well.

SANTA CLAUS

You have to give Santa something first. You know...cookies and milk kind of thing.

Mona laughs. Squeezes his crotch. Kisses him.

MONA

How 'bout you get a taste of my cookie after you show me the cooler.

SANTA CLAUS

How 'bout a pre-taste? Just a couple of crumbs. I need something to keep me interested.

Mona pulls her dress up to her waist. Santa drops to his knees, sticks his head between her legs. It's Mona's turn to moan.

After a moment. Mona pushes his head away then lets the dress drop. Santa gets up.

MONA

Have you ever had sex at a morgue?

Santa flashes her a wicked smile.

SANTA CLAUS

Only at Christmas.

MONA

Did you wear this wicked outfit?

SANTA CLAUS

I like it on the kinky side.

MONA

You're my kind of guy. Now show me the cooler.

Santa flips the light switch then he opens the steel door. Inside are eight stretchers with bodies covered by sheets on them.

Wide eyed, Mona enters the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - COOLER - NIGHT

Mona enters. Santa is close behind.

MONA

Oh my God. They have bodies on them.

Mona pads up to one of the stretchers. Santa is right behind her. She grabs the sheet that covers the body. Slowly pulls the sheet off the corpse's head.

Santa suddenly grabs her waist. Tickles her.

SANTA CLAUS

Boo!

Mona yelps. Drops the sheet.

MONA

Ha, good one, Santa.

SANTA CLAUS

I wanted to see you scared.

MONA

Takes a little more than that to scare me.

Mona removes the sheet again. The body is a wrinkly old woman. She is pale. Looks like she sleeps. Mona is disappointed.

MONA

Kinda looks like she's sleeping...
I thought a dead body would be a little more grim, if you know what I mean.

She heads over to the next stretcher.

Mona glances at Santa to make sure he won't scare her again then she grabs the sheet, uncovers the body.

It's a middle-aged man. His body is gray'ish, bloated. He didn't die recently.

Mona makes a repulsed face. She covers her nose.

MONA

Eeeew. What happened to him.

SANTA CLAUS

Probably suicide. Lots of those around Christmas.

MONA

How can you tell?

SANTA CLAUS

Just a guess, but I don't see any physical signs of trauma. Probably pills and drinking. Most likely laid in his apartment for days before anyone found him.

MONA

You seem to know a lot about this.

Santa shrugs.

SANTA CLAUS

I see a lot of different people around Christmas...not everyone is happy.

Mona covers up the body then moves on to the next stretcher. She grabs the sheet, pulls it off.

It's a young woman. She is really messed up. Totally mangled, like she's been in a car accident. Face smashed in. An arm attached only by a tendon. Both legs cut off at the torso.

Mona gasps. Covers her mouth with her hand. She wasn't really ready for this.

MONA

Oh my god! What happened to her?

SANTA CLAUS

Car accident. Came in a couple of hours ago.

Santa sensually caresses the woman's body. His fingers glide over her breast down her smooth belly down between her legs.

SANTA CLAUS

Feel her. She's not even cold yet.

Mona reaches out, touches the body for a second then quickly retrieves her hand.

MONA

I think I've seen enough. I didn't realize there were going to be any bodies here. I assumed it would be empty.

She heads for the door. Santa follows her.

On the stretcher next to the mangled woman, there's a slight movement under the sheet.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mona hurries through with Santa behind her into the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE LOBBY - NIGHT

--where she grabs the door handle, yanks on it. It's locked. She turns to Santa. Waits for him.

Santa leans against the wall. Has no intention to leave.

MONA

C'mon. Let's go.

SANTA CLAUS

What about Santa? Didn't I hear you promising Santa a cookie?

She rolls her eyes.

MONA

I'm not exactly in the mood anymore. Alright?

SANTA CLAUS

Santa is...

MONA

Open the fucking door. Now!

SANTA CLAUS

Or what?...You'll Scream?

Mona scans the room for a way out. Realizes she's trapped. Becomes nervous.

MONA

Quit playing around okay. I'm not looking for chills anymore.

Santa rattles his sack. He sends her a sinister smile.

SANTA CLAUS

Thought you wanted to play with my toys? Come with me. Lets have some fun.

Santa digs into his sack, pulls out a medieval amputation knife. He steps towards Mona who stares in fear at the knife. Santa moves closer. Smiles. Wiggles the knife.

MONA

Hey...what are you doing? This isn't funny.

SANTA CLAUS

I'm not trying to be funny. I'm dead serious.

Mona makes a sudden dash to the desk where she grabs a scissor. She holds it in front of her like Santa does with his knife.

MONA

Don't come any closer asshole!

SANTA CLAUS

Feisty.
(adjusts his crotch)
I like that.

Mona's eyes dart back and forth. She rushes behind the desk. Keeps the desk between them.

Santa lunges at the desk. Mona jumps back. Holds the scissor out as a weapon.

MONA

I'm serious, fucker. You come any closer and I swear I'll kill your sorry ass.

SANTA CLAUS

I'm trembling in my big black Santa boots.

Santa runs around the desk. Swings the knife at her. Misses by an inch. Mona nicks him in the wrist with her scissor.

She sprints towards the double glass doors. Pushes through them into the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A quick look at the steel door. Mona knows she doesn't want to go there. She runs through the double doors into the autopsy room instead.

INT. ST. MARY'S AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. The only light comes through the double glass doors. It gets darker.

Mona stares at the doors. Santa's silhouette in the window blocks out the light.

SANTA CLAUS (O.S.)
Ho ho ho. Merry christmas...

He titters like a mad man.

Mona breathes hard. She moves further inside the big autopsy room.

There are three autopsy stations. Stainless steel counters and cupboards, autopsy tables with sinks and meat scales.

Mona scurries under one of the tables just as Santa enters the room. The door swings shut behind him. He stands silhouetted against the light. He has his knife in his hand.

SANTA CLAUS
Ho ho ho...is there a naughty little girl in this morgue?

He moves the knife left to right like a pendulum.

SANTA CLAUS
Santa thinks so. Santa was promised a cookie if he let the little girl into the cooler. Did he get it?...Nooo. Now Santa isn't very happy. Santa's angry and wants to hurt the little girl unless she changes her mind and wants to make Santa very very satisfied.

Mona stares at Santa in horror. She scans the room for ideas, but it's too dark.

Santa flicks on the light. Bright light floods the room.

Mona is very visible under the table.

SANTA CLAUS
Looky here. What have we got. It's the naughty little girl.

Santa moves slow in a very exaggerated way with his hands high as if he was to sneak up on someone to scare. He sings slow in rhythm with his movements.

SANTA CLAUS
Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa Claus right down the autopsy room.

Mona springs up from underneath the autopsy table. She's got the scissor in her hand. She quickly scans the room. She notices a bunch of autopsy tools on the wall above one of the counters.

She grabs a LONG KNIFE off the wall then wields both weapons in front of her.

SANTA CLAUS

(singing)

Vixen promised him pussy as
payment, for taking her to the
morgue.

Mona stares in horror at the lunatic that slowly comes closer and closer.

SANTA CLAUS

(singing)

He's balls are hurting, cock needs
squirting, nothing is merry and
bright, hang that knife back say
your prayers cause Santa needs to
cum tonight.

MONA

You're fucking insane.

Santa lunges towards Mona, tries to cut her with the knife. Mona does the same. Both miss.

Santa makes another attack. Mona jumps back, trips on a steel bucket. She goes down.

Santa is on her in no time. He grabs her wrists.

Mona fights back. Knees him in the crotch. Santa groans.

SANTA CLAUS

Is that the only move you bitches
know?

They roll around on the floor.

Mona manages to wriggle one arm free. She swings the long knife at Santa. It hits him in the shoulder. A big slice through the Santa suit. Blood pours out.

Mona stares at the wound she just created.

Santa's pissed. With a big growl he headbutts her in the face. She slumps down like rag-doll.

SANTA CLAUS

So much easier if they'd just play
along nicely.

Santa picks up her body, carries her to one of the autopsy tables. He admires her for a moment then reaches into his bag, pulls out duct tape then tapes her wrists and ankles to the table.

Mona's eyes flutter open. Her nose is broken. Her face bloody. Wide eyed she stares at Santa. In a panic she tries to get her arms and legs free.

MONA

Hey...what are you doing?

Santa rifles around in his bag. He pulls out a grotesque antique hand-cranked skull saw. A crazed smile on his face.

SANTA CLAUS

Lets play doctor!

INT. ST. MARY'S - LAUNDRY - NIGHT

A big laundry with very old washing machines, dryers and an evil looking mangler. In one corner under a dim lightbulb sit Martha, Sheila and Joanne.

JOANNEY

I'm glad I don't have to work down
here.

Sheila reaches into her purse. Pulls out a pint of Jack Daniels.

SHEILA

If I did, I would insist on a haz-
mat suit.

Sheila takes a swig, passes it on to Joanne who does the same then passes it on to Martha. Martha takes a big gulp.

MARTHA

Ahhh! That hit the spot.

She passes the bottle back to Sheila. The bottle continues around the circle.

MARTHA

(to Joanne)

Why did you decide to work on
Christmas?

JOANNEY

I needed the money. Damned therapy is expensive.

SHEILA

You got to go though. You can't get over something like that on your own.

JOANNEY

I know...How about you? Why are you not home with your families?

SHEILA

They all decided to be at my brother in-laws place this year and I can't stand him. Don't care if he's a born again Christian. I will never forgive him for what he did.

JOANNEY

I can understand that... What about you Martha?

Martha takes another gulp. Smiles mysteriously.

MARTHA

I always work on Christmas. Wouldn't miss it for the world.

SHEILA

Maybe this will be the year.

Curious, Joanne peers at them.

JOANNEY

Maybe this will be the year of what?

SHEILA

Go on Martha. Tell her.

Martha reaches into her purse. She pulls out a pretty metal cigarette case. She opens it. It's filled with neatly rolled joints. She holds it out.

Joanne and Sheila brighten up. Take one each.

SHEILA

Martha, Martha, Martha.

JOANNEY

Awesome. You're way cool for an...

MARTHA
What? Old lady?

A sheepish smile on Joanne's face.

JOANNEY
...Yeah.

SHEILA
Martha was a nurse in Vietnam.

MARTHA
Drugs were a necessity if you
wanted to stay sane.

A quiet moment as they reminisce their pasts.

MARTHA
I saw a lot of bad shit back then.
Amazing what war can do to good
young men...turn some into animals.

They smoke in quiet. Ponder. After a beat, Martha snaps to.

MARTHA
Anyway, the reason I always work on
Christmas eve is because of the St.
Mary's ghost.

Joanne laughs.

JOANNEY
Ghost?

Martha takes a long drag.

MARTHA
Oh yeah. I've never seen her
myself, but there are others who
swear they have.

SHEILA
I don't believe in ghosts myself,
but I've heard some people talk
about her.

JOANNEY
Tell me. I want to hear it.

FLASHBACK

INT. ST. MARY'S - EMERGENCY ENTRY - NIGHT

A set of double doors are open to the outside. An ambulance is parked outside. A medic pushes a stretcher into the emergency entry.

On the stretcher is a kid. Her face is covered by an oxygen mask. Her body by a blanket.

A NURSE and an ORDERLY take the stretcher. They quickly push it inside.

MARTHA (V.O.)

--that this little girl, Maria was taken into the hospital right before Christmas.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Nurse and the Orderly hurry with the stretcher.

MARTHA (V.O.)

The girl's mother said Maria had fallen from the window of their apartment when she was trying to catch her cat.

They push the stretcher through a set of doors marked "surgery".

INT. ST. MARY'S - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Doctors and nurses are geared up for surgery. The Nurse and Orderly carefully move the girl onto an operating table.

MARTHA (V.O.)

She was badly bruised up, second degree burns from being put in a tub with hot water and she had a skull fracture, but the doctors saved her life and she was--

INT. ST. MARY'S - ICU - NIGHT

Two NURSES push a bed with Maria on it into a room in the ICU. She's wired up to a heart and lung monitor. An IV is attached to her arm.

MARTHA (V.O.)
 --moved into the intensive care
 unit. The next day--

INT. ST. MARY'S - ICU - DAY

Maria lies in bed. A NURSE checks the monitors, the IV.

Maria's eyes flutter open. Maria and the nurse talk to each other (MOS).

MARTHA (V.O.)
 --when she woke up, she asked the
 nurse what had happened and the
 nurse told her she had fallen from
 the window while trying to get her
 cat.

The Nurse furrows her brow, is confused then concerned.

MARTHA (V.O.)
 But the girl told her that couldn't
 be true. They didn't even have a
 cat. She said her mother's
 boyfriend had been hitting her with
 a baseball bat. The Nurse told the
 Head Nurse what the girl had said
 and they called the police.

INT. ST. MARY'S - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Maria, the girl with the red wagon, sits on a bed. There are no flowers or stuffed animals. She's very sad.

MARTHA (V.O.)
 Her mother never came to visit her.
 She and her loser boyfriend were
 being questioned by the police
 about the incident. The police said
 they wanted to talk to Maria as
 soon as she got better--

INT. ST. MARY'S - CHILDREN'S WARD - NIGHT

The ward is decorated for Christmas. A television plays Silent Night in the day room.

MARIA meanders down the corridor. She pulls a red wagon. She's got bruises on her arms. A bandage on her head. She sings Silent Night.

MARTHA (V.O.)
 --but they never got a chance
 because--

Maria is at the end of the corridor when an ORDERLY steps out of the stairwell near the elevators. The orderly is a younger Ralph. His nervous eyes dart back and forth.

He wears a distinct watch with an ugly brown dial.

He scans the corridor. Spots Maria at the other end. He strides with purpose towards her.

Maria does not pay attention. Her eyes are on the floor.

When the Orderly reaches her he glances over his shoulder. Checks the corridor. It's empty. In one swift motion, he grabs her, hauls her into the fire escape.

MARTHA (V.O.)
 --someone killed her.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

Joanne's mesmerized.

JOANNEY
 Who killed her?

Martha shrugs.

MARTHA
 They never found out, but several people said they saw an orderly that night no one recognized. I think they suspected the mother's boyfriend had dressed up as an orderly and killed her, but they never had any proof.

JOANNEY
 So the girl, Maria, she haunts this place now?

MARTHA
 Only on Christmas eve.

SHEILA
 It's just a legend Joanne. Ghosts don't exist.
 (glances at her watch)
 We better head back.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Trevor sits behind the counter, a nervous smile on his face. Ralph stands on the other side of the counter. He's mad.

RALPH
Now listen to me dumbass. Get me in
to see the doc.

TREVOR
Sir, you--

Ralph leans in over the counter.

RALPH
(whispers)
Listen fucker. You get me in now or
I'll use my good fist to knock that
faggy smile off your face.

TREVOR
Yes, sir.

Trevor gets up. His hands tremble. He grabs a folder.

INT. ST. MARY'S - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ralph sits propped up in a bed. CURTIS (28) short, balding, muscular in purple Grinch scrubs examines Ralph's hand.

CURTIS
You really did a number on this
one. What did you hit?

RALPH
I didn't hit anything. I was
building something.

CURTIS feels Ralph's hand. The popping sounds of broken bones can be heard. Ralph winces.

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A woman about (50) haggard, drunk with a sheet around her yells (M.O.S) at Ralph. Ralph, in a drunken stupor sways on his feet. He yells something back at her then punches her in the face.

CURTIS (V.O.)
Your injuries are consistent with
hitting something...like punching a
wall or such.

The woman falls down. Ralph drops down on his knees. He
continues to punch her. Again, again, again...

END FLASHBACK

Ralph rolls his eyes.

RALPH
Okay okay. So I hit a fucking brick
wall. Big deal. What difference
does it make?

CURTIS
We're going to have to take some x-
rays. There are multiple fractures,
I'm sure.

Ralph stares at his busted hand with his bloodshot eyes.

RALPH
Then you'll put a cast on and I'm
outta here, right?

CURTIS
Depending on how bad it is. You
might need surgery.

RALPH
Surgery? Aw, fuck! I don't want no
surgery.

LATER

Ralph lies on the bed half asleep.

Maria passes the opening in the curtain around the bed. She
glances inside. Stops. Stares at Ralph.

She pads up to the bed, leaves the red wagon behind. She
stares down at Ralph. Her eyes narrow. After a moment she
turns, leaves.

Ralph snorts. Wakes with a jolt as CURTIS enters with x-rays
in his hand. CURTIS sticks the x-rays up on the lit panel.

Ralph's hand has numerous fractures.

RALPH

Aw, shit! That don't look too good.

CURTIS

Looks like you've got about six fractures.

RALPH

You gonna put a cast on it?

CURTIS

No, you need surgery on this one. You're going to have to spend the night here. There's no surgery here tonight. Emergencies only and this can wait until an orthopedic specialist can work on it. Probably Monday.

RALPH

Monday!

CURTIS

Sorry.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Santa stands by the autopsy table. His clothes are drenched in blood. He holds the skull saw in his hand. Blood and sinewy goo drips from it.

There are muffled sounds of two people talking in the lobby.

Santa's eyes go wide. With Mona's head in his hands he slides across the slippery floor towards the light switch by the door.

He flips the lights off just as two people enter the morgue corridor.

Santa moves near the doors. Stays out of sight. Listens in on the conversation.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ESTHER (60) short, heavy set pulls a bed with a sheet covered body on it while CARMEN (30) pushes. Carmen is a short Latin woman.

CARMEN

I've never been down here before.
It's creepy.

ESTHER

Nah, It's no big deal. The dead never bothers anybody. Only the living cause trouble.

Carmen crinkles her nose.

CARMEN

It smells bad. Like blood.

They stop outside the door to the cooler. Esther opens the door.

Part of Santa's face can be seen in the glass window of the door to the autopsy room behind them..

Esther pulls the bed into the cooler. Carmen stays in the corridor. She has one hand on her heart as she peeks in.

ESTHER

(smiling)

Silly girl. What are you afraid of?

Esther pulls the sheet off the body on the bed. It's an old man. Looks like he sleeps.

ESTHER

See. Looks like they're sleeping.

CARMEN

I know. I know.

Esther parks the bed next to the others. Her butt is close to one of the other beds. A hand moves slightly under the sheet. Esther heads out of the cooler. Shuts the door.

Carmen points to the doors to the autopsy room.

INT. ST. MARY'S AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

Santa quickly moves away from the window. He presses his body against the wall.

The long knife firmly in his hand.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

CARMEN

What's in there?

ESTHER

Autopsy room.

Carmen makes a face of repulsion.

CARMEN

I could never work there.

ESTHER

There are no bodies in there. No one's cutting anyone up on Christmas eve. Go ahead. Have a look.

Carmen hesitates then opens the door.

Inside is Mona's chopped up body on the autopsy table with her head sitting on her stomach staring at Carmen. The top of the head is gone.

The floor is red with blood. The walls splattered.

Carmen faints. Drops to the floor. The door swings shut.

Esther is stunned. She struggles to get down on her knees. Gently shakes Carmen's shoulders.

ESTHER

Carmen. Sweetie. Can you hear me?

After a moment Carmen's eyes flutter open.

CARMEN

What happened?

Esther feels Carmen's forehead.

ESTHER

You fainted.

Carmen is confused. She gazes at the door to the autopsy room. Fear hits her. She begins to shake. She screams.

ESTHER

Hey girl. What's the matter?
There's nothing in there.

Esther gets up. Waddles to the autopsy door. Opens it.

ESTHER

See. Nothing there.

Esther turns to look inside. She gasps at the sight.

Santa steps into the doorway.

SANTA CLAUS

Ho ho ho bitch! You shouldn't have opened that door.

He swings the long knife at her. Severs her arm. The arm lands on the floor. It still moves.

Esther stares in horror at her arm on the floor.

Carmen continues to scream.

Another swing with the knife. The sharp blade slices straight through Esther's neck. Her head stays on top of the neck. Her eyes move. Stares at Santa.

Santa reaches out with his hand. His middle finger extended, he pokes her between her eyes.

Esther's head rolls backwards. Lands with a thud on the floor in front of Carmen. Blood sprays out of Esther's neckstump like a pulsating geyser.

Carmen stares at Esther's head. Paralyzed with fear she stops screaming.

Esther's body stays erect. Her good arm holds the door open. Santa steps around her into the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

His bloody boots leave footprints as he moves towards Carmen.

Carmen turns to stare at the boots. They stop in front of her. One boot kicks Esther's head out of the way.

Carmen trembles as she gazes up at Santa.

SANTA CLAUS

Merry Christmas little girl. Wanna sit on Santa's lap?

Carmen shakes her head no.

SANTA CLAUS

Oh, c'mon. It's fun.

Carmen shakes her head.

Santa points into the autopsy room.

SANTA CLAUS

See that girl in there? You know what happened to her.

Carmen shakes her head.

SANTA CLAUS
 She didn't give Santa his cookie.
 Now, I'm sure you're a lot smarter
 than her, aren't you?

Carmen nods.

Santa grabs Carmen's hand. Pulls her up.

SANTA CLAUS
 Come with Santa.

He guides her past Esther in to the--

INT. ST. MARY'S AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

--where he sits down in a chair by one of the counters.
 Carmen stares at Mona's body and head.

SANTA CLAUS
 Take your pants off little girl
 then park it right here.

He pats his lap.

CARMEN
 (barely audible)
 ...no.

Santa casually points at her with the long knife. She takes
 her scrub pants off. He points at her panties with the knife.

SANTA CLAUS
 Those too. I want to feel some
 flesh.

Carmen glances around the room. She notices all the tools on
 the walls by each autopsy table. Especially another long
 knife just like Santa's.

Carmen breathes deeper, calmer. She concentrates.

SANTA CLAUS
 Come on now. You don't want to end
 up like her do you?

CARMEN
 No...I don't.

SANTA CLAUS
 Then take your fucking panties off.

Carmen dashes towards the nearest counter. Grabs one of the long knives.

Santa jumps up from his chair. Chases after her. Slips on the bloody floor. Goes down.

Carmen swings the knife at Santa. It slices him in the side. Santa screams.

SANTA CLAUS

You fuckin' whore. I'm gonna get you. I'm gonna get you good.

Carmen runs out of the autopsy room past Esther.

Santa scrambles to his feet.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Carmen hurries to the double doors into the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE LOBBY - NIGHT

Carmen pulls on the door handle to the door out. It's locked. She stares at the card key lock. In fear she stares back at the double glass doors to the corridor.

She makes up her mind. Sprints through the doors back into the-

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

--where she reaches into Esther's pocket. Pulls Esther's card key out just as Santa reaches the doorway.

Santa is now smeared in blood.

SANTA CLAUS

You are done now.

Carmen sprints back into the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE LOBBY - NIGHT

--where she slides the card through the lock.

Santa enters from the corridor. He ambles toward her.

Carmen pulls the door open. Santa slams the door shut before she gets a chance to leave.

He takes a choke hold around her neck.

She slices his arm with the knife. He lets go of her neck. She takes off. He follows her back into the--

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Carmen glances at Esther who still holds the door open to the gruesome autopsy room. She decides on the cooler. Opens the door. Dashes inside. Shuts the door behind.

Santa smiles. Strolls up to the steel door. He knocks.

SANTA CLAUS
Anybody home?

He titters.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE - COOLER - NIGHT

Carmen pulls sheet off the old woman then grabs the side bars on the stretcher. Removes it.

She hurries back to the door. Slides the bar through the door handle, braces it against the door frame. No one can open the door now.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Santa tries the door handle. It's locked. He cocks his head to the side, annoyed.

SANTA CLAUS
Now, how is Santa gonna give you
your present if you won't let him
in?

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE - COOLER - NIGHT

Carmen takes a step back from the door. Nervously, she turns to look at all the sheet covered bodies.

She's cold. Rubs her arms.

There are bangs on the door.

SANTA CLAUS (V.O.)
(faint)
Knock knock.
(MORE)

SANTA CLAUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Open the door or I'm gonna have to
turn the lights off. Is that what
you want?

Carmen scans the room. There's nothing there but the
stretchers and one bed.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A light switch. Santa's hand reaches for it.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MORGUE - COOLER - NIGHT

Carmen's eyes dart between the steel door and the covered
bodies. Then the room turns pitch black.

Carmen's nervous breathing is heard.

SANTA CLAUS (V.O.)
(muffled)
Suit yourself bitch. Have a nice
night.

It's quiet for a moment then the sound of someone's movement
on one of the beds.

Carmen screams.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - EXAMINATION AREA - NIGHT

Martha, Sheila and Joanne huddle in front of number eight.
The curtain is shut. They whisper to each other as other
workers scurry past.

MARTHA
Are you sure?

JOANNEY
Yes. I would never make up
something stupid like that.

MARTHA
(to Sheila)
And you're sure too?

SHEILA
No doubt.

MARTHA
Wait here.

Martha slinks in behind the curtain. She has a clipboard with her. Gregory gazes at her. He seems to be in great discomfort.

MARTHA

Hi Gregory. I'm Martha...How are you doing?

GREGORY

It hurts. I feel like I'm going to explode. You have to do something. Please. I can't take it anymore.

Martha grabs the blanket. Lifts it up.

MARTHA

Let me have a look.

Martha stares at his crotch.

MARTHA

Interesting tattoo. Was that your wife's idea?

GREGORY

I'm not married. Please, can't you fix it?

MARTHA

Of course, but before we do, I have to ask you a couple of questions. It's all routine.

GREGORY

Just get on with it. I'm dying here.

Martha turns to her clipboard. The paper is blank. She pretends to read from it.

MARTHA

Who were you with when this happened?

Gregory furrow his eyebrows.

GREGORY

I don't know her name. Why do you have to ask that?

MARTHA

They're all routine questions. We have to ask.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

That way the drug manufacturers can
keep statistics on their products.

Gregory swallows that lie.

MARTHA

So, you don't know her name. Did
you meet in a bar or club?

GREGORY

At a party.

Martha doodles something on her clipboard.

MARTHA

Who's party was it?

Gregory writhes in the bed.

GREGORY

Some guy's.

MARTHA

What's his name?

GREGORY

I don't know.

Martha gives him a stern look. Scribbles something.

MARTHA

And this girl
(quickly corrects herself)
woman, she was invited to...

GREGORY

To party. Okay? I don't know her.
Someone else set it up.

MARTHA

How old would you say she was?

Gregory hesitates. A nervous glance at Martha.

GREGORY

I don't know.

MARTHA

Was she young or old?

GREGORY

Why the hell would I have sex with
an old woman?

Martha glares at him.

MARTHA
Is she a prostitute?

GREGORY
How the fuck should I know? Come on, you have to help me here.

Martha gives him a steely look.

MARTHA
We will. I'll be right back.

Gregory is suddenly suspicious.

GREGORY
Hey, aren't you the lady from behind the counter?

Martha slides back out through the curtain to Joanne and Sheila who waits outside.

MARTHA
(whispers)
It's a sword all right.

SHEILA
I knew it.

Joanne is excited.

JOANNEY
(whispers)
What do we do now?

MARTHA
Give him what he deserves. Go set it up Sheila.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sheila hurries down the corridor. Her footstep echo. The lights flicker. Dim down.

SHEILA
They can't even get the lights to work in this place.

Maria appears out of nowhere in the corridor. Sheila stops. Stares at the girl and her wagon.

She laughs at herself then continues on.

SHEILA

Damn Martha. That was some strong stuff.

When she reaches the girl, Maria takes a side step to block Sheila's way. Sheila stops. She studies Maria, bends down to her level.

SHEILA

Are you lost?

Maria shakes her head no.

SHEILA

Which ward do you belong to?

Maria stares at Sheila. Sheila reaches out with her hand to caress Maria's cheek. Her hand goes right through Maria.

Sheila quickly retracts her hand. Her eyes wide. Mouth agape. She takes a step back.

SHEILA

...it can't be.

Maria nods.

SHEILA

Is your name Maria?

Maria nods.

SHEILA

What are you doing here?

Maria gestures for Sheila to follow her.

SHEILA

You want me to follow you?

Maria nods then turns to head back to the emergency room. Sheila glances over her shoulder. No one's around. She follows the girl.

INT. ST. MARY'S - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Maria leads Sheila to Ralph. She stops outside the curtain. Sheila glances around the area. No one seems to take any notice of them.

Maria points to the opening in the curtain.

SHEILA

You want me to look inside?

Maria nods. Sheila steps forward, peeks inside.

Ralph lies on the bed half asleep in a drunken stupor.

Sheila turns to Maria.

SHEILA

Who is he?

Maria touches the bandage on her head. Sheila is confused. Furrows her brow.

SHEILA

You know him?

Maria nods.

Curtis strolls up. He ignores Maria. Sheila notices. She looks at Maria.

CURTIS P.O.V.

Sheila by the curtain. No Maria.

END CURTIS P.O.V.

CURTIS

Crazy night, eh?

SHEILA

Yeah...totally.

(whispers)

Who's that guy in there?

Curtis leans in, whispers back.

CURTIS

Just another drunk. Says he hit a brick wall, but more likely a fight. Got six fractures. Why?

SHEILA

Nothing. Just curious. Looked familiar is all...I better head back.

Sheila heads down to a door with sign that reads "x-ray". Maria follows.

INT. ST. MARY'S - X-RAY ROOM - NIGHT

Sheila glances up and down the corridor then shuts the door.

SHEILA

That man...is he the man who killed
you?

Maria nods.

SHEILA

Are you sure?

Maria nods.

SHEILA

Wait here, okay.

Maria nods.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The waiting room is filled with sick people. The television
drones on.

Martha is back at the desk. She types on the computer.
Joanney plucks a file from the counter. Flips a couple of
pages as Sheila marches up to the counter.

SHEILA

I need to talk to you two.

MARTHA

Can't right now. Trevor's left for
the night.

SHEILA

It's important.

JOANNEY

Just tell us. No one's listening.

Sheila glances around the emergency room.

SHEILA

I need to tell you in private.

Martha peers up at Sheila.

MARTHA

What's the matter?

Sheila leans over the counter. Whispers.

SHEILA
It's about Maria.

MARTHA
Maria, who?

SHEILA
The ghost.

Martha shoots Sheila a mischievous smile.

MARTHA
Have you been smoking something?

SHEILA
I'm serious. The guy that killed
her is some asshole named Ralph.
He's in there right now. She showed
him to me.

MARTHA
The busted hand guy?

Sheila has Joanne's attention.

JOANNEY
Serious? Fuckin' A! I want to see
her.

MARTHA
(to Sheila)
Maybe you should lie down for a
minute. You know, get your head
cleared out.

SHEILA
Isn't she the reason you insist on
working every Christmas?

Martha gives Sheila a suspicious look. After a moment she
picks up the phone. Pushes a button.

MARTHA
Lester, can you fill in for me for
a few?...Thanks.

She hangs up the phone.

MARTHA
Okay...where is she?

INT. ST. MARY'S - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Outside the morgue.

The door to the morgue is pushed open. A bloody Santa stumbles out. He heads to the stairwell by the service elevator.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Santa marches down the corridor towards the locker rooms.

Ping! The elevator doors open.

Santa picks up his pace down to the men's locker room. Slides his key card. Yanks the door open just as someone rounds the corner from the elevators.

The door to the locker room slams shut behind Santa. Footsteps on the stone floor echo as they come closer.

INT. ST. MARY'S - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Trevor enters. He whistles a Christmas tune.

He opens his locker. Takes his clothes off.

The sound of water from one of the showers is heard.

Trevor grabs a towel, wraps it around his waist then grabs shampoo and soap. He heads into the--

SHOWER ROOM

The showers use shower curtains that don't go all the way down to the floor. There's about one foot of space between the floor and the shower curtain.

TREVOR

Ho ho ho. Merry Christmas.

When there's no answer, he shrugs. Continues to whistle. He's about to step into one of the showers when he notices the floor in the other shower. The water is pink. Water mixed with blood.

He stops whistling. Takes a step back. Crouches down to get a better look.

A mans feet and ankles are seen. Some more blood washes down the man's legs.

TREVOR
Are you okay in there?

Inside the--

SHOWER STALL

--is Dr. Snyder. He's tense, grimaces as he washes his bloody body. There are numerous slashes on his body. They continue to bleed.

DR. SNYDER
Yeah, I'm good. How about yourself?

SHOWER ROOM

Trevor stares at the bloody water.

TREVOR
I'm fine...noticed the water in your shower looked a little weird was all.

DR. SNYDER (O.S.)
Just got out of surgery. Was a big mess. You've heard about that accident on I-seventy five haven't you?

Trevor gets up. Seems relieved. He heads into his shower.

TREVOR (O.S.)
They said something about it on the news.

Trevor turns the water on.

TREVOR (O.S.)
Sounded pretty bad.

LATER

Trevor gets out of his shower. He's got the towel around his waist. He takes a peek towards Dr. Snyder's stall. There's still the same amount of water mixed with blood.

Trevor furrows his brow.

TREVOR
You sure you're okay?

DR. SNYDER (O.S.)
(exaggerated)
Oh yeah, I'm fine.

TREVOR

There sure seems to be a lot of
blood.

DR. SNYDER (O.S.)

The guy's aorta ruptured.
(laughs)
Big fuckin mess, but I took care of
it.

Trevor is suspicious.

TREVOR

I can imagine...Well, I'm heading
out. You have a Merry Christmas
now.

DR. SNYDER (O.S.)

Yeah, Merry Christmas to you too.

Trevor heads into the--

LOCKER ROOM

The sound of Dr. Snyder's shower is heard.

Trevor notices one of the locker doors have a small smear of
blood on it.

He glances over his shoulder towards the showers. Dr. Snyder
is still in the shower.

Trevor opens his locker. Reaches in. Sticks his hand inside
his jacket's inside breast pocket. He pulls out a key-chain
with numerous strange keys. Like those of a locksmith's
master key-chain.

Another glance over his shoulder towards the showers then he
picks one of the keys. Sticks it inside the blood smeared
locker's lock. Doesn't work. He tries another one. Success.

He opens the locker. Peers inside.

Inside is a pile of bloody Santa Claus clothes. Trevor is
confused. He reaches in. Picks the clothes up.

He stares at the drenched clothes in disgusted confusion.

TREVOR

What the...

He turns to glance at the showers.

Wham!

He's hit with Santa's fist right in his face.

Trevor slumps to the floor.

SANTA CLAUS/DR. SNYDER
You shouldn't be so goddamned nosy.

Wham!

Dr. Snyder kicks Trevor in the face

Trevor is out cold.

Dr. Snyder bends down. Grabs him by his arms, drags him back to the showers where he pulls Trevor's towel off then pulls him into the stall with the water on.

Dr. Snyder hurries back to his locker. Retrieves his knife then heads back to the shower.

Dr. Snyder slices Trevor's wrists "suicide style". Trevor's blood flows out of his wrists.

Dr. Snyder leaves the knife in the shower underneath the water flow.

DR. SNYDER
Sorry buddy. Nothing personal.

INT. ST. MARY'S - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ralph snores. Drool drips down his chin. Martha, Sheila and Joanne enter. Martha puts her finger to her mouth. They tip toe up to the bed.

Smooth and quiet, they move the bed out.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sheila, Martha and Joanne push the bed with Ralph on it down the corridor.

They stop in front of the x-ray room.

INT. ST. MARY'S - X-RAY ROOM

Maria stands in the corner of the darkened room as the door is opened by Sheila. Martha and Joanne push the bed inside.

Ralph is still asleep.

Martha and Joannee stare at Maria. Martha pads up to the girl. Studies her for a moment then reaches out to touch her. Martha's hand goes right through Maria.

Joannee gasps. Covers her mouth. Martha smiles in wonder.

MARTHA

You're real.

Ralph stirs on the bed, grunts, mumbles in his sleep.

RALPH

You call...the cops
...on...me...I'll fucking...kill
you.

Martha takes a pill bottle out of her scrub pocket. She shakes some out into her hand. Takes one, swallows it then holds her hand out to Sheila and Joannee.

MARTHA

(whispers)

Want some?

SHEILA

What are they?

MARTHA

When all hell brakes lose, they
help you stay sane.

Joannee and Sheila take one each. They turn to Martha.

JOANNEY

What do we do now?

SHEILA

We need to make sure it's really
him.

Martha shoves Ralph. He wakes with a start. With groggy eyes he stares at the three women then his eyes drift to Maria. He crinkles his brow in confusion.

RALPH

What's going on here? I already had
x-rays.

Martha gestures for Maria to come closer. Maria stops next to the bed.

MARTHA

Recognize this girl?

RALPH
No. Why would I?

MARTHA
Does the name Maria ring a bell?

Ralph stares at Maria and Martha with suspicion.

MARTHA
Remember beating the shit out of a
little kid with a baseball bat then
putting her in a tub with scolding
water?

Ralph stares at Maria. He's sober now.

RALPH
What the fuck are you talking
about?

MARTHA
You've never seen her before?

He hesitates.

RALPH
No. Never seen her.

He rubs his eyes. Gazes at Martha.

RALPH
What are you doing here? You're
that mean bitch from ER.

Sheila turns to Maria.

SHEILA
You're sure it's him? It's been
twenty five years.

Maria's eyes are fixed on Ralph. She nods.

RALPH
I have no idea who this kid is.
Never seen before in my life.

Maria turns to her wagon. She picks something up from it.

It's Ralph's old watch. The name Ralph Goodman is engraved on
the backside. Maria holds it out to him.

Stunned, Ralph stares at the watch then at Maria.

RALPH
...That can't be.

He reaches out to grab the watch, but his hand goes right through it.

Wide eyed, frightened he stares at his hand then at Maria.

SHEILA
Ladies, I think we have a match.

JOANNEY
Let's kill the fucker.

Joanney stomps towards Ralph. Martha holds her arm out to stop Joanney.

MARTHA
(to Maria)
What do you think we should do with him?

A tiny sinister smile grows on Maria's lips.

RALPH
(panicked)
What you gonna do? You can't hurt me! You're nurses. You're supposed to help people.

Ralph sits up. Swings his legs down. Sheila whips a syringe out of her scrub pocket, pulls the cap off.

Martha and Joanney shove him back in bed. Sheila stabs him in his arm with the needle. Ralph screams. Soon his eyes roll back. Eyelids fall down.

SHEILA
How you ladies want to do this?

JOANNEY
I want him to suffer.

Maria watches them as they ponder.

Martha giggles. Joanney and Sheila turns to Martha. Soon they giggle as well.

SHEILA
What? Tell us.

JOANNEY
You have an idea?

MARTHA

I love those pills. They're magic.
Makes me so creative.

JOANNEY

What is it?

Martha winks at Maria.

MARTHA

I say we give this bastard a bath.

They all peer skeptically at Martha.

JOANNEY

A bath?

SHEILA

I know he stinks, but...

Martha has a wicked smile on her face

MARTHA

Don't worry. This will be a very
special bath. Take him up to the
bathroom on the second floor.

SHEILA

They're closed for the holidays.

MARTHA

I know. That's why we're going
there. I have to get something from
my car. I'll meet you up there.

INT. ST. MARY'S - LOBBY - NIGHT

Louise sits at her front desk with a mug of tea to her mouth when the elevator bell pings. Startled, she puts the mug down, straightens up, shuffles papers around. Acts busy.

Dr. Snyder approaches her. He wears normal clothes under his white lab coat. He's got the goth-wrapped present in his hands. He whistles a cheery Christmas tune.

He takes Louise's hand. Kisses it like an old fashioned gentleman. Louise giggles.

DR. SNYDER

How's my favorite lady doing this
Christmas eve?

Louise squirms like a shy school girl.

LOUISE

Oh doctor...

Dr. Snyder spots her mug. Picks it up. Sniffs it. He winks at Louise.

DR. SNYDER

You wouldn't happen to have any more of that would you?

Louise pulls the gin bottle out of her purse.

LOUISE

Of course doctor Snyder. I always bring extra for you.

She hands the bottle to the doctor. He takes a big gulp. Almost empties the bottle then hands it back.

DR. SNYDER

Ahhh. Thank you Louise. You're a real life saver.

Louise giggles. Bats her eyes at him.

DR. SNYDER

Busy tonight?

LOUISE

No. Very quiet in fact. One of the nurses went out to her car just a minute ago, but other than that, I've been all alone here.

Dr. Snyder glances at the Christmas tree and the Santa Claus.

DR. SNYDER

At least you have Santa as company.

Louise notices the goth present.

LOUISE

Interesting wrapper.

DR. SNYDER

I ran into a weirdo woman dressed up like something from Halloween (shudders) and her boyfriend dressed up as Santa. They asked me if I could bring it to her sister up on orthopedics.

LOUISE

People sure are weird these days. I wonder what's inside.

She peers up at Snyder.

LOUISE

Maybe we can have a peek inside?

Snyder holds the present tight in his arm.

DR. SNYDER

Tsk. Tsk. Naughty. Naughty.

He checks his watch.

DR. SNYDER

Gotta go. Got places to be, people to heal.

He kisses her hand.

DR. SNYDER

Merry Christmas Louise.

LOUISE

Merry Christmas doctor.

Louise watches him leave with dreamy eyes.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CHILDREN'S WARD - NIGHT

Dented elevator doors with peeling paint.

Maria emerges through the closed doors.

Ping! The doors slide open.

Inside the elevator is Sheila and Joanne. They stand on either side of the bed where Ralph sleeps.

JOANNEY

Did you see that? That was cool.

SHEILA

This is shaping up to be the strangest Christmas ever.

They push the bed out into the darkened hospital ward.

SHEILA

The bathroom is this way.

They push the bed down the corridor.

Around the corner, unseen to them is Sandra's body propped up against the wall.

They stop by a wide door. Maria enters through the closed door. Joanne opens the door. They push the bed in.

INT. ST. MARY'S - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sheila flicks the light on. Ralph stirs. Joanne takes a few rolls of bandages out from a cupboard. She tosses two to Sheila.

JOANNEY

Let's tie him up before he wakes up.

Sheila uses the bandages to tie his hands together behind his back. His broken hand is very swollen, purple. Joanne ties his legs together.

The door opens. Martha enters. She's got a stylish bag slung over her shoulder. In her hands she's got a three gallon plastic tub. A big grin adorns her face.

MARTHA

Let's party!

Martha puts the tub on a counter. Sheila, Joanne and Maria stare at the plastic tub.

Martha whips out a bottle of Jack from her bag along with the pretty cigarette case. She puts the items on the counter.

MARTHA

Be my guests.

Sheila and Joanne go for the Jack. Martha lights up a joint. Takes a deep drag. She reaches into her bag. Pulls out a bag with different colored pills in it. She puts the bag on the counter.

SHEILA

Party favors?

MARTHA

You got it chica.

Joanne points at the tub.

JOANNEY

What's that?

Sheila picks up the tub. Studies the label.

Sodium Hydroxide.

SHEILA
Sodium Hydroxide?

MARTHA
Lye babe.

JOANNEY
Lye?

Ralph wakes up. Moans. He pulls against his restraints. He turns to the women.

SHEILA
Who the hell drives around with a tub of lye in their car?

Martha pops a couple of pills. Downs them with whiskey.

MARTHA
I was going to make lutefisk for Christmas just like my aunt Svea from Sweden taught me, but the idiots at the company I ordered the lye from didn't send me food grade lye. They send industrial grade.

JOANNEY
What's your plan Martha?

Martha turns to Ralph.

MARTHA
Let's give this dirty bastard a bath. Joanne, fill the tub...make it hot. Sheila, cut the clothes off this animal.

Ralph is nervous. Squirms on the bed.

RALPH
Hey, what are you nutcases doing? I don't need no fucking bath.

Sheila uses a bandage scissor to cut Ralph's clothes off.

JOANNEY
I'm kind of curious too. What exactly are we doing?

Martha takes a toke on the joint. Blows the smoke in Ralph's face. She gives him an evil smile.

MARTHA

Ever heard of tissue digestion?

Ralph's eyes widen.

RALPH

Tissue what?

Sheila stops the cutting.

SHEILA

Tissue digestion? Oh, Martha, Martha, Martha. You're truly wicked.

Joanney feels the water from the faucet. The water steams.

JOANNEY

What is it?

RALPH

I don't know what the hell that shit is, but you ain't gonna get away with this.

Martha takes a bandage roll, shoves it into Ralph's mouth.

MARTHA

Shut your trap bastard.

Sheila is finished with Ralph's clothes. Ralph lies naked on the bed. Martha sits down on the edge of the bed. The whiskey in one hand. The joint in the other.

MARTHA

Let me tell you what it is Ralfie.

Joanney turns off the water.

JOANNEY

Water's ready.

Martha gets up. Heads to a counter, pulls gloves out of a glove box. She hands a pair to Sheila and Joanney. They put them on. Martha puts on a pair as well.

Martha picks up the jug with lye.

MARTHA

Can we have some music please.
Something fitting with the season.

SHEILA

(sings)

Oh the weather outside is
frightful.

Joanney joins in.

Martha opens the jug. She takes a few dance steps. Joins in with the singing. All three women dance to the song.

Maria watches. A small smile on her lips. Ralph watches the bizarre women in horror.

JOANNEY, MARTHA, SHEILA

And since we've no place to go.

Martha sprinkles the lye flakes into the water in a festive manner to make it look like snow.

JOANNEY, MARTHA, SHEILA

Let it snow. Let it snow. Let it
snow.

Martha heads back to the bed. Sits down next to Ralph while Joanney and Sheila hums the rest of the song in the background.

MARTHA

I got this idea from my sister
Gunilla. She works at the
veterinary college. They get a lot
of big animals come through
there...you know, for teaching
purposes, research and so on.

Ralph crinkles his brow in confusion. Martha sucks on the joint. Takes another swig of the whiskey.

MARTHA

But the problem is, what to do with
the bodies. Most places uses
incinerators, but it pollutes and
can be costly and these
universities rather save money on
animal body disposal, if you know
what I mean.

Ralph squirms. Sheila and Joanney dance close together like a couple while they hum the song.

MARTHA

What to do? What to do? Voila,
enter tissue digestion. Clean
simple and eco friendly.

Martha gestures to the tub.

MARTHA

You take a huge vat of hot water.
Add lye then put the bodies in
these vats. You know what happens
next?

Ralph shakes his head no.

MARTHA

The bodies start to dissolve. Just
like that. Poof! All that's left is
sterile water and a very clean
skeleton which easily crumbles into
a powder and can be used as
fertilizer. How fucking green is
that?

Joanney and Sheila stop dancing and singing. Joanney grabs
the whiskey bottle from Martha, takes a swig then hands it to
Sheila who does the same.

JOANNEY

That's the best idea I've ever
heard of. I say, let's dissolve
this fucker.

Ralph panics. Tries to scream through the bandage gag. Martha
turns to Maria.

MARTHA

What you think girl? Does this
sound like a plan?

Maria's face breaks into a smile.

MARTHA

(to Sheila and Joanney)
Let's do it.

Joanney, Sheila and Martha grab a hold of Ralph. He thrashes
like a wild animal. They move him to the tub.

Ralph fights. The women drop him into the tub. Water splashes
everywhere. The nurses jump back.

Ralph produces a muffled scream.

Ralph's skin turns a blotchy red. The four females watch in
amazement.

Ralph thrashes about in the tub. His skin turns red. After a
moment his skin starts to come off in flakes.

Maria is slightly more transparent.

INT. ST. MARY'S - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Dr. Snyder stands in the elevator. He holds the goth present in his hand. He sings to himself.

DR. SNYDER

He's making a list, and checking it
twice; gonna find out Who's naughty
and nice. Santa Claus is coming to
town.

The doors slide open. He steps out.

INT. ST. MARY'S - ORTHOPEDIC WARD - NIGHT

A well lit happy place that bustles with activity. The ward is decorated for Christmas. All is Merry and Bright. Dr. Snyder strolls down the hallway. He sings to himself.

DR. SNYDER

He sees you when you're sleeping
He knows when you're awake
He knows if you've been bad or good
So be good for goodness sake!

A young pretty nurse passes the doctor. She smiles at him.

YOUNG NURSE

Merry Christmas doctor Snyder.

DR. SNYDER

Merry Christmas my dear.

Dr. Snyder continues to the nurses station. ROSA (55) a tall heavy woman sits behind the counter. Dr. Snyder shoots her a big smile, takes her hand, kisses it.

DR. SNYDER

Rosa, you look as lovely as a red
rose.

Rosa rolls her eyes in mock annoyance.

ROSA

Doctor, you must be drunk.

DR. SNYDER

I'm drunk with love for you. My
heart beats like the little drummer
boy's drumsticks.

Rosa blushes. Giggles like a school girl. Dr. Snyder puts the present on the counter.

DR. SNYDER

Santa and his weirdo girlfriend
gave me this to give to his
girlfriend's sister. I believe
she's here on your ward Rosa.

Rosa glances at the present.

ROSA

Must be the bizarre girl in number
six. She's one of those gothic
people. Strange tattoos all over
her body.

DR. SNYDER

Really?

Rosa leans forward. Whispers.

ROSA

She's got an arched medieval castle
door tattooed around her vagina. If
that's not weird, I don't know what
is.

DR. SNYDER

Wow. Insanity I say. People are
getting crazier every day.

He holds up the present.

DR. SNYDER

I better deliver this to her.

Dr. Snyder heads for room six.

INT. ST. MARY'S - ROOM 6 - NIGHT

MONIQUE (22) stringy matte black hair that frames her pretty
face lies in a bed. Her leg is in traction.

There's a knock at the door then Dr. Snyder enters the room.

DR. SNYDER

Ho ho ho. Merry Christmas.

He pads up to the bed.

DR. SNYDER

Are you Monique the unique?

Monique rolls her eyes.

MONIQUE

I guess.

Dr. Snyder hands her the present.

DR. SNYDER

I met Santa downstairs. He gave me this. Said he wanted me to give you this. It's from your sister Mona.

Monique is surprised.

MONIQUE

Oh...she's not coming?

Dr. Snyder shrugs apologetically.

DR. SNYDER

I think she had a date with Santa.

Disappointed she picks up the present.

MONIQUE

Ooohh. Heavy.

DR. SNYDER

I wonder what it is...Open it.

She shakes it. Something thuds around in the box.

MONIQUE

I want to be by myself when I open it.

Dr. Snyder sits down on the bed. Monique glares at him.

MONIQUE

Do you mind?

Dr. Snyder gazes at her very seriously.

DR. SNYDER

I understand you have some tattoos.

MONIQUE

So?

DR. SNYDER

I'm an expert on them. You know, some of them have high levels of heavy metals. Even lead.

MONIQUE

And?

Dr. Snyder is giddy, almost slips into his Santa act of insanity.

DR. SNYDER

Well, I could check your tattoos for you to see if you are in any of the risk groups.

He puts his hand on her thigh. Monique stares at him in disgust.

MONIQUE

Thanks, but no thanks and get your hand off me.

DR. SNYDER

Okay. I understand. Just let me know if you change your mind.

MONIQUE

I'd like to be alone now...alright.

He gets up. Smiles apologetically.

DR. SNYDER

Of course. Merry Christmas.

Dr. Snyder leaves. Monique tears at the wrapping paper. She's excited. With great anticipation she opens the box.

Inside is Mona's head.

Monique screams.

INT. ST. MARY'S - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ralph screams.

The water in the tub is pink. Sinewy stuff floats around.

Ralph thrashes his head from side to side.

The women are dazed, groggy. They watch Ralph.

Maria watches in awe. She's even more transparent now.

JOANNEY

Wow. Look at that.

SHEILA

Comes right off the bone...Martha
you're a genius.

Martha sucks on a joint.

MARTHA

I told you those pills were magic.

JOANNEY

Hey...we forgot about that Viagra
asshole.

SHEILA

Crap! We better get going on that
one too.

(to Martha)

Got any fitting ideas for that
bastard?

Martha shoots Sheila an evil smile.

MARTHA

Oh yeah.

INT. ST. MARY'S - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Still a busy place jammed with sick people.

LESTER (22) sits behind the front desk. A mop of unruly hair
on his head. A scraggly unruly beard on his face. He fiddles
with his iPhone.

The phones ring. Lester pays no attention.

Dr. Snyder skips into the room through the double doors. He
has a stupid grin on his face as he crosses to the counter.
He clears his throat. Lester glances at Dr. Snyder then turns
his attention back to the phone.

LESTER

What's up man?

DR. SNYDER

Texting your girlfriend?

LESTER

Yeah. She just sent me a picture.

Lester shows him the picture. A naked girl in the shower.

Dr. Snyder leans in to get a better view.

DR. SNYDER

Nice!

LESTER

You haven't seen Martha have you? I gotta go back to the kitchen soon.

Lester continues to text his girlfriend.

DR. SNYDER

Martha, Martha, Martha. No, I don't believe I have.

INT. ST. MARY'S - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Martha, Sheila and Joanne stand outside #8.

Sheila pulls the curtain aside. Gregory sees all three women. He covers up his crotch.

GREGORY

'Bout time someone's gonna give me some attention.

JOANNEY

You're going to get more attention than you ever dreamed of.

Sheila unlocks the breaks on the bed. Joanne grabs the end of the bed. Sheila takes the head.

Gregory's nervous. Eyes them with suspicion.

GREGORY

Where are we going? What's gonna happen now?

Martha shoots him a sinister smile.

MARTHA

Don't worry Gregory. You're in good hands.

They push the bed out of station eight into the main area and on through a set of double doors into--

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

--that's empty. Gregory lifts his head. Scans the corridor. He's nervous, sweats.

GREGORY

Hey. Where are we going?

Martha bore her eyes into his.

MARTHA

We're going to take care of your problem. No reason to worry.

GREGORY

What are you going to do?

JOANNEY

Don't worry dude. The surgery will fix you right up.

GREGORY

Surgery! What kind of surgery? Is that really necessary?

JOANNEY

Yes Gregory, in your case it's definitely necessary.

Gregory struggles to sit up in the bed. Martha shoves him back down.

GREGORY

Hey, let me go. I've changed my mind. I don't need help.

JOANNEY

Shut up asshole!

Gregory attempts to get out of the bed. Martha pulls a big syringe out of her pocket. She threatens him with it as if it were a gun.

FLASHBACK

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sheila, Joanne and Martha push the bed down the corridor. Gregory is groggy. Barely awake.

GREGORY

(slurs)

Where...we going? My cock...it hurts.

JOANNEY

Shut up! We're not interested in
your whining.

Dr. Snyder rounds the corner. There are faint blood stains on his coat from his injuries as Santa. He heads in the nurses direction.

The three nurses spots Dr. Snyder. They share a quick glance of concern.

Martha quickly pulls a syringe out of her pocket. She sticks it into Gregory's arm right through his shirt. He winces.

GREGORY

Ow! Did...you stick me?

Martha leans down. Whispers to him.

MARTHA

Be quiet or I'll stick you with
something big where you don't want
to be stuck with anything big.

When Dr. Snyder passes the three nurses and Gregory, he can't help but notice Gregory's "bulge". He stops. So do the nurses. He fixes his gaze on Gregory.

DR. SNYDER

Another one looking for a little
too much fun for Christmas?

He lifts up the blanket. Takes a peek underneath.

DR. SNYDER

Let me guess. Levitra? Viagra or
perhaps Cialis and a few drinks?

SHEILA

Viagra. Ten of them.

GREGORY

Are you the doc that's gonna fix
me? I don't want them to.

DR. SNYDER

No need to worry, they are
excellent nurses. Trust me. They
know what they're doing.

(to Martha)

Lester wants you to hurry back.
Said he has dishes to do.

He nods to the nurses.

DR. SNYDER
Merry Christmas ladies.

JOANNEY/SHEILA/MARTHA
Merry Christmas doctor Snyder.

He smiles at them then strolls away.

The nurses breathe a sigh of relief. They continue down the corridor.

JOANNEY
That was close.

SHEILA
Was that blood on his coat?

JOANNEY
I didn't notice.

MARTHA
I never really liked him. Ever since his wife died, he's been getting weirder every year.

SHEILA
I didn't know he used to be married.

MARTHA
She died ten years ago at Christmas.

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A naked woman MRS SNYDER (27) moves up and down in the lap of a man dressed up as Santa. His pants are down by his ankles. Santa grunts. Mrs. Snyder howls.

MRS. SNYDER
Give it to me Santa. Give it to me!

MARTHA (V.O.)
Someone dressed up as Santa claus broke into their house and killed her.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

A young Dr. Snyder with Christmas presents and flowers in his hands enters. A big smile adorns his face. He closes the door behind him.

The sound of Mrs. Snyder and Santa having sex is heard.

SHEILA (V.O.)
You're kidding?

Dr. Snyder's expression changes to confusion. Disbelief. He trudges towards the open bedroom. He stops in the doorway. Stares into the room where his wife has a wild ride on Santa's north pole.

Stunned. Unable to move, he stares at them. He drops the presents and the flowers.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is a bloody mess. Crazy with anger, Dr. Snyder chops his wife into pieces with an axe. Santa lies on the bed with a bullet hole in his head.

MARTHA (V.O.)
They say he came home and found her
chopped up in pieces.

JOANNEY (V.O.)
I can see how that could mess you
up.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

Gregory is heavily drugged. Confused.

GREGORY
You're...gonna chop me up?

Joanney rolls her eyes.

JOANNEY
Shut up asshole.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sheila, Joanne and Martha push the bed down the corridor. They stop by a set of double doors. Above the doors, a sign reads "SURGERY".

Sheila pushes a button on the wall. The doors open.

GREGORY'S P.O.V.

The "surgery" sign is very blurry. Distorted.

GREGORY

Where are we?

END GREGORY'S P.O.V.

They push the bed inside.

INT. ST. MARY'S - OPERATING ROOM 10 - NIGHT

A very old operating room. Not dirty, but very old design. Floor tiles, sinks, counters all from the 50's. Even all the equipment are old.

Sheila holds the door open as Joanne and Martha push the bed inside. They park it next to the operating table.

JOANNEY

(to Gregory)

C'mon mister pedophile rapist. Move over to the operating table.

Gregory is confused. Gets nervous.

GREGORY

What?...What did you call me?

MARTHA

You heard her. Move over.

Sheila grabs the sheet he lies on. She lifts it up. Gregory rolls over to the operating table like a piece of dead weight.

He tries to get up. Sheila shoves him down. Leans her body on him so he can't move.

GREGORY

Hey, bitch. Get off me.

SHEILA

Joanne, hand me the restraints.

Martha pushes the bed out of the way. Joannee finds some restraints in a drawer. She hands two to Martha. Keeps two to herself.

JOANNEY

Are we doing hands and feet?

MARTHA

Oh yeah! I'll do the feet. You do the hands.

They tie Gregory down to the operating table. When he's secured, Sheila gets off of him.

The three women leave the room.

Gregory stares after them.

GREGORY

Hey. What's happening?...Help!
Help!

After a moment the three nurses come back. They are dressed in full surgical attire. Including plastic face masks.

Joannee has a CD player with her. She puts it on a counter. Turns it on. Christmas music plays.

Joannee dances to the music for a moment.

JOANNEY

*Rocking around the Christmas Tree.
Let the Christmas Spirit ring.
Later we'll have some pumpkin pie
and we'll do some caroling.*

Gregory's stares at Joannee. He's nervous.

GREGORY

What are you doing? Let me out of here.

Sheila puts her hands on her hips. Tilts her head.

SHEILA

You know. I've had it with your constant yapping.

She looks at her coworkers.

SHEILA

What do you say ladies? Should we take care of his mouth first?

JOANNEY

I want to hear him scream.

MARTHA

I do too, Joanne, but it's too risky. Don't want everybody else to hear him.

GREGORY

My mouth? There's nothing wrong with my mouth. It's my cock that's the problem.

Sheila slaps his face. Smiles.

SHEILA

You got that right.

JOANNEY

Don't worry asshole. We will take care of that too.

Martha hands a jaw spreader to Sheila. Sheila takes it.

SHEILA

(to Gregory)

Open wide.

GREGORY'S P.O.V.

Very blurry vision of Sheila and the wicked looking jaw spreader.

END GREGORY'S P.O.V.

Joanne grabs Gregory's chin. Pulls his mouth open. Gregory's eyes go wide in horror.

Sheila shoves the spreader into his mouth. She screws it open to the point where his jaw makes creaky sounds.

GREGORY

Aaaaahhhhhhh!!!!!!

JOANNEY

Tell me fuck face, did that girl scream like that too?

INT. ST. MARY'S - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ralph is in the tub. Goopy water surrounds him.

INT. ST. MARY'S - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A YOUNG GIRL (13) lies in the bed. She's bruised up. She's deep a sleep.

Maria, almost transparent, stands by the bed. She takes the girl's hand holds it.

INT. ST. MARY'S - OPERATING ROOM 10 - NIGHT

Joanney spits in Gregory's face.

JOANNEY

I hate fucking pedophiles!

Sheila holds her hand out.

SHEILA

Plier.

Martha hands her a plier. Sheila sticks it into his mouth. Pulls his tongue out as far as she can.

SHEILA

Joanney, make the cut.

Joanney cuts Gregory's tongue off with a big scissor. Blood shoots out of his mouth.

Sheila drops the tongue into a red plastic bag then grabs the tongue stump with the plier.

Gregory gurgles. Blood sprays. Joanney sucks out the blood from his mouth with a suction hose.

SHEILA

Okay. One down. Lets tie this one up.

Sheila hands the plier to Joanney who continues to hold the stump with it. Martha hands Sheila a needle and thread. She sews Gregory's tongue up.

Gregory sweats profusely. Trembles in pain.

When Sheila is finished she hands the tools back to Martha. Sheila removes the jaw spreader.

SHEILA

Nice job ladies.

They all stare at Gregory with satisfaction.

JOANNEY

What's next?

MARTHA

Well, now when we've silenced the bastard, maybe we should take care of this problem?

She pulls the blanket off of Gregory. Joannee has a big scissor in her hand. The type they cut clothes with. She proceeds to cut off his pants and shirt while she sings and dances. Martha and Sheila joins in.

JOANNEY/SHEILA/MARTHA

*Oh, jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way, Oh, what fun it
is to ride. In a one horse open
sleigh, Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way, Oh, what fun it
is to ride, In a one horse open
sleigh.*

Gregory lies naked on the table.

Joannee cuts the air with the scissor in a threatening way while she stares at Gregory's crotch.

JOANNEY

What's up with the sword fuckface?
You think of your cock as a weapon?
Is that it?

Gregory shakes his head no.

JOANNEY

I say we cut this piece of
destruction off next.

SHEILA

Not so fast girlfriend. Lets think
about this.

Sheila dances around the operating table. She studies Gregory's naked body. She taps his hands.

SHEILA

I bet these hands have touched many
young girls.

MARTHA

That may be true Sheila, but before
those hands got anywhere near any
young girl to touch, he had to get
to the girls first.

JOANNEY

That's right and he probably got there by using his legs...or at least his feet.

Joanney taps his feet.

SHEILA

You're speaking my language girls.
Lets cut them.

Joanney turns up the volume on the CD player. Makes another dance move.

Sheila flicks her finger at Gregory's erection. He moans in pain. She winks at him.

SHEILA

Sorry, this thing will have to wait, but don't worry, you have my word that we will take care of it.

Sheila makes a dance move. Ends up by his feet at the end of the table.

SHEILA

Martha!... Saw please.

Gregory shakes violently. Tries to scream.

Martha hands Sheila a crude looking saw.

Sheila spots something. She bends down. Inspects his feet. She scrunches her face.

SHEILA

Eeeewww. Your feet are nasty! Talk about a bad case of Onychomycosis. Let me help you trim them up.

She raises the saw. Gregory freaks out.

LATER

Gregory lies on the table. He's out cold. Drenched in sweat. His ankles are sewn up. Feet gone.

Martha holds some wet cotton under his nose. Gregory wakes up with a start.

MARTHA

What a weenie. Can't handle a little bit of pain.

JOANNEY

What now?

The three women boogie around the operating table. Study Gregory. Ponder.

MARTHA

Time for the hands.

Sheila stops. Raises her hands.

SHEILA

No, we forgot something. What was the first thing he did before ever venturing into meeting any young girls. Think!

MARTHA

Ah...he probably watched some kiddie porn.

Sheila strolls up to Gregory's face. She leans in.

SHEILA

You like kiddie porn don't you?

He shakes his head no. She slaps him.

SHEILA

Don't lie to me you fucking kiddie fiddler...Martha, give him something to calm down. I don't want him to pass out this time. I want him awake.

Martha grabs a syringe from a cart. Fills it with a sedative from a bottle. She pushes the air out then sashays over to Gregory, injects the sedative.

Joanney grabs Gregory's head like a vise. Sheila holds her hand out. Martha hands her a roll of tape.

Sheila tapes his eyelids open.

Mele Kalikimaka starts to play on the CD player. The three nurses dance synchronized around the operating table like three hula dancers.

JOANNEY/SHEILA/MARTHA

Mele Kalikimaka is the thing to say. On a bright Hawaiian Christmas Day. That's the island greeting that we send to you. From the land where palm trees sway.

(MORE)

JOANNEY/SHEILA/MARTHA (CONT'D)

*Here we know that Christmas will be
green and bright. The sun to shine
by day and all the stars at night.
Mele Kalikimaka is Hawaii's way. To
say "Merry Christmas to you."*

GREGORY'S P.O.V.

A distorted, grotesque Sheila with a big smile on her face leans in. She has a wicked tool in her hand.

The tool comes closer and closer to his eyes. It grabs one eye. A gross sound of the eyeball being pulled out.

Gregory's vision changes to monocular vision. The tool comes closer. Grabs the eye. Pulls it out.

Blackness.

END GREGORY'S P.O.V.

Gregory's bloody eye sockets stare into nothing. Sheila rips the tape off. Closes the eyelids.

JOANNEY

I've never sewn anything...Can I
please?

Martha hands her the "sewing kit".

MARTHA

Knock yourself out girl.

Joanney has an evil smile on her face. She pulls out a string of black yarn from her scrub pocket.

JOANNEY

I just think this would look so
much cooler.

LATER

Gregory lies on the operating table. His eyes and mouth are sewn shut with black yarn. His feet are gone. The leg and wrist stumps sewn up.

The three women circle around him. Their eyes are on his flaming red erection.

SHEILA

Only one thing left...

Martha leans in, flicks it with her finger.

MARTHA

I bet you could guide Santa's sleigh with that thing.

They laugh.

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire begins to play on the CD player. The women look at each other.

JOANNEY

Too bad we don't have a fire.

MARTHA

We have a microwave...

Sheila lights up.

SHEILA

I love you Martha. You're always so full of great ideas.

Sheila holds her hand out. Martha hands her some vicious looking tools.

SNIP. SNIP.

Sheila plunks two bloody nads into a stainless steel tray.

Martha hands her the "sewing kit". She takes it.

Joanney steps forward. She has a long knife in her hand. It's like the long knives from the morgue.

JOANNEY

Step aside sister.

Sheila gives Joanney some room. Joanney takes up a ninja style stance then swings.

A blood spraying cock flies through the air. It lands with a plunk in the stainless steel tray. The nads and dick end up arranged as nature intended.

INT. ST. MARY'S - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ralph is in the tub. The water is pink, but clear. His head sits atop a clean skeleton.

INT. ST. MARY'S - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The young girl lies in the bed. Maria holds her hand.

The girl's eyes, flutter open. She gazes at Maria who's barely visible. Maria caresses her hand.

Maria smiles at the girl. The girl smiles back then Maria fades away.

INT. ST. MARY'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sheila, Joanne and Martha push Gregory in a wheelchair towards the elevators. He is covered by a blanket.

Sheila pushes the elevator button.

Ping! The door opens.

Martha pulls the blanket off. Gregory looks scary! His mouth and eyelids are sewn shut with thick black yarn. His wrists and ankles are bandaged, but bloody. He is naked. His crotch now looks plain. Like a doll's.

"Ho ho ho, Merry Christmas" is written in blood on his chest.

Joanne pushes the wheelchair into the elevator. Spins it around so he faces the door.

Joanne steps out of the elevator. The three women stare at the hideous Gregory.

MARTHA

Now that's what I call a badass
piece of work ladies.

JOANNEY

Awesome stress reliever. We should
do it again sometime.

SHEILA

I'm sure we will. There's no
shortage of rapists and pedophiles.

MARTHA

Merry Christmas fucker!

Martha pushes the elevator button. The doors slide shut.

INT. ST. MARY'S - LOBBY - NIGHT

Louise sits at her desk. Topsy.

There's a Ping from the elevators.

Louise sits up straight. Smile on her face. After a moment she gazes down the lobby towards the elevators. All quiet. She gets up. Sways a bit then heads towards the elevators.

LOUISE
Is there anyone there?

LATER

INT. ST. MARY'S LOBBY - DAY

The early morning sun peeks through the entrance doors.

The life sized Santa Claus by the Christmas tree is now without his clothes.

Louise packs up her stuff behind the front desk as Martha, Sheila and Joanne exits the elevator.

They all have big smiles.

JOANNEY
For some reason, I don't feel tired at all.

SHEILA
We did some good work tonight, that's why.

MARTHA
I agree. It was a good night for sure.

They pass Louise.

JOANNEY/SHEILA/MARTHA
Merry Christmas Louise.

LOUISE
Merry Christmas ladies.

MARTHA
How was your night?

LOUISE
I had a very quiet night. How about yours?

SHEILA
Crazy busy.

JOANNEY
But it was great.

LOUISE

See yo ladies back on Monday.

Joanney, Sheila and Martha exit the hospital through the entrance doors just as WILLIE MAE (65) enters. Willie Mae is a jolly large black woman.

WILLIE MAE

Merry Christmas ladies.

JOANNEY/SHEILA/MARTHA

Merry Christmas Willie Mae.

Willie Mae shuffles over to Louise. Her legs cross each other as if she needs to pee.

WILLIE MAE

(hushed)

Louise, I gotta go pee, but you go right ahead and leave. It'll be fine. I'll be right back.

LOUISE

That's fine. Well, you have a merry Christmas then Willie Mae.

Willie Mae is already on her way to the restroom.

WILLIE MAE

Merry Christmas to you too Louise.

When Willie Mae is gone, Louise shuffles over to a discrete door to the side of the lobby. A small sign by it reads "janitor".

Louise opens the door. Inside is a wheelchair with a Santa Claus in it. She wheels it out.

The Santa wears the traditional red suit. A Santa hat. A big wavy beard and sunglasses.

LOUISE

Did you miss me?

Louise removes the sunglasses. Gregory's sewn shut eyes are visible. His eyelids and mouth twitched. A muffled grunt of pain escapes his mouth.

Louise speaks in a happy overly caring voice. Almost as if Gregory was a pet.

LOUISE
We're going home now my dear.

She puts the sunglasses back on.

LOUISE
You just wait till we get home.
I'll take care of you. Make sure
your warm and well fed. Poor
thing...

She pushes the wheelchair towards the entrance.

FADE OUT:

THE END