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Silent Night, Deadly Night Part 2

By Michael Hickey

You can leave now.

Now!

My name is Dr. Bloom.

You can call me Henry.

Or, if you would feel more comfortable, you can just call me Doc.

Fuck off, Doc.

I'm not one for games, Ricky.

I'm a professional.

My time is very valuable.

Oh, and mine isn't?

Your time is running out, son.

I'm your last chance.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

What makes you think you can bullshit your way into my head...

like every other

pencil-necked piece of shit?

I told you to get out!

Sit down, Ricky.

Let's get something straight.

I will ask the questions.

You will answer them.

You will talk.

I will listen.

But then you know that.

- I'm not the first psychiatrist you've seen. - No kiddin'.

Fine.

Then let's get started.

I need to ask you something.

Shoot. It's your dime.

It's my dime.

Who killed your parents?

You really want to know?

Who, Ricky?

Who did it?

Santa Claus.

It was Christmas eve.

I was just a baby,

and Billy was only seven.

But he knew

all about Santa Claus.

Mom, what time is it?

It's almost 4:

gonna be at Grandpa's pretty soon.

- What time does Santa Claus come?

- Not until everyone is asleep.

Can't I stay up

and see him?

I wouldn't if I were you.

It's naughty to stay up

past your bedtime.

What if we don't get home by my
bedtime? We will, hon. Don't worry.

Santa Claus is gonna bring you
a big surprise tonight.

You just wait and see.

It was night

by the time we reached that turnoff.

I don't know

what made him stop.

- What's that?

- Hmm?

Actually, I do know

what made him stop.

- There it is again. See? - There's
something up there, all right.

Do you see what I see?

Billy was there.

- You think we should wake up Billy?

- Billy told me everything.

- Santa Claus! - Looks like you
get to see him tonight after all.

- Need a ride, Santa Claus?

- No. Not exactly.

Jim, go!

Oh, yeah?

Gonna hit me?

Shoot.

Ho, ho, ho.

It was him,

jolly Saint Nick...

with a knife in his hand.

Where are you,

you little bastard?

Bastard.

He left us out there to die.

That was a long time ago.

How could you possibly
remember all that?

Because...

I was there.

You know, I don't like
your attitude, Bloom.

My attitude is not
the issue, Mr. Caldwell.

Oh, I forgot.

You in a hurry, Doc?

Am I wasting
your valuable time?

Tell me about your
stay at Saint Mary's orphanage.

I hated that fucking place.

It was
rough on both of us.

And Christmastime
was always the worst.

All right, now. Who's next?

We haven't seen
your drawing yet, have we?

It didn't exactly
bring out the best...

in Billy.

Billy. Billy.

Okay.

Come on up here. Put your drawing
on the board with the others.

You put it in place,
and I'll put the tape on it.

Sister, look.

Billy, take that down.

Explain this, William.

I'm sorry, Mother Superior.

Are you?

I don't think so.

But you will be. You will
learn what it is to be sorry.

- Now go to your room and stay there.

- Yes, Mother Superior.

Until I tell you
to come out.
You finally have what you've
been asking for, Mother Superior.
Proof.
Of what, Sister Margaret?
Of what I've been saying.
That it's all
still inside him.
Simply because something
unfortunate happened to his parents,
which he knows
nothing about,
is no reason to
allow him to run wild.
He must be taught.
Good day, Sister.
Good day, Mother Superior.
I think you've been locked
away up here long enough.
Why don't you come out and
help us build our snowman?
I can't.
Look, Billy, Mother Superior
only wants what's best for you.
And I think what's best for you is to come
out and play with the other children, okay?
Hmm? Okay.
Yes.
Filthy devil!
You'll pay for this.
Punishment.
You devil, take your punishment.
Devil!
How dare you! Please.
William!
Don't blame him. I told
him he could come out.
Stay out of this,
Sister Margaret.
William, come here.
Billy, what's wrong? Your brother's
a nutcase, that's what's wrong.
- No, he's not! Take it back!

- Boys.

What did you see upstairs,
William? Nothing, Mother Superior.

What they were doing was
something very, very naughty.
They thought they could do it
without being caught.

But when we do
something naughty,
we are always caught.
And then we are punished.

Punishment is absolute.

Punishment is good.

Yes, Mother Superior.

- You left your room, William.

- Yes, Mother Superior.

Very, very naughty.

She... was... naughty.

- Do you miss your brother?

- What do you think?

You felt sorry for him.

Why?

I feel sorry for you.

You do?

Yeah.

You're shrink number... 13.

Good.

That's my lucky number.

Do you dream, Ricky?

I don't sleep.

But Billy

had dreams... bad dreams.

Every day I'd hear about 'em.

But every night

he'd live 'em.

Please let me up.

Mother Superior had a thing
about discipline.

Sister Margaret.

What was naughty...

and what wasn't.

Let me out.

Leave him alone.

Let me out of here.

Let me up.
Let me up!
Let me out of here!
But on Christmas day...
it all went straight to hell.
No! No! No!
Oh, no! No!
Out of the way.
You will learn gratitude.
Say thank you to Santa Claus.
No. No!
Billy! Billy!
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to be naughty.
Don't punish me. Please.
William.
No one heard him screaming.
But I did.
New tape.
- What do you see out there?
- Bars.
- Let's jump ahead.
- Let's.
- Your brother eventually
left the orphanage. - Yeah.
- Left you alone.
- He didn't leave me.
He was 18.
Mother Superior got him a job...
at the local toy store.
That's very good.
Very realistic.
Isn't it, Mrs. Randall? He's
definitely fat and jolly.
Take a closer look at yourself
in the mirror, Billy.
Picture that.
Now just remember,
lots of "Ho, ho, ho. "
Try not to scare
the little bastards.
I guess they think
the old guy's scary.
- Silly, isn't it?

- Silly.

Stop it. Please, stop it.

Do you have any idea what you're
doing? You're being naughty.

I don't bring toys
to naughty children.

I punish them...
severely.

He sure knows how
to handle kids.

He's great, isn't he?

Mommy.

We wish you
a merry Christmas

We wish you
a merry Christmas

We wish you
a merry Christmas

And a happy new year

Good tidings for you

Wherever you are

We wish you
a merry Christmas

And a happy new year

Hey, Santa,

you'd better sober up.

You got a long night
ahead of you.

- Huh? - You remember what Santa
does on Christmas eve, don't you?

Yeah.

Yeah, I know what he does.

Santa's waiting
Christmas eve

is slowly fading

Can you hear him

in the night

Close the door

Turn out the light

Santa's watching

Santa's creeping

Now you're nodding

Now you're sleeping

Were you good

for Mom and Dad
Oh, stop it.
Come on. Come on.
Don't do that, Andy.
Andy. Uh-uh.
No. Don't do that.
Come on.
Let's go back now.
Andy, stop it!
Please, Andy. No!
No!
Naughty!
You bastard.
You're crazy.
Get the hell away from me!
Did you hear something?
I didn't hear anything, Mr. Simms.
Must have been your imagination.
Punishment is good!
I heard something, by God.
No.
Anybody in here?
Mr. Simms.
Mr. Simms!
Come out here and see this.
This is lovely.
Mr. Simms, are you
hiding in there?
Answer.
Operator.
Thank God.
No!
But it wasn't his fault.
It couldn't be.
Then whose fault was it?
It was that bitch Superior.
- She made him do it.
- Was Billy being naughty?
No.
They were naughty.
He punished the bad ones.
How did he know
who the bad ones were?
He didn't

have to look very far.
Oh, shit.
What?
Sorry, Tommy. I
gotta go upstairs for a minute.
What for? Um, the cat
wants to come inside.
How do you know? I heard her
collar jingling at the door.
Uh...
There you are, you bad kitty.
Punish!
What are you doing?
No! No!
Punish. Punish!
Holy shit.
Denise?
Are you okay?
If this is some kind
of joke, I'm gonna kill her.
Operator.
Operator!
Operator, I need the police.
Dial 911 for emergency...
Sir, is this a joke?
Punish.
Punish.
No!
But the others were innocent.
Oh, no. They deserved it.
But no one understood.
Not even the police.
Can you believe this?
It's Christmas eve, and we got
orders to bring in Santa Claus.
Hey, look.
What are you doing? What
do you think you're doing?
Hold it!
Stop right there!
Daddy.
Daddy?
Daddy
almost got his present early.

But Billy was miles away.
It was something to see.
Cops stopping every Santa
between here and the state line.
But that didn't matter
to Billy.
He knew the roads...
the shortcuts.
He knew exactly
where he was going.
And nothing was gonna stop him.
At least not for long.
Look at this hill.
Virgin, man.
The only kind
you'll ever get.
I'm going down first.
What's the matter?
You afraid?
Be quiet for a minute.
I feel like somebody's
watching me.
Like who?
Well, if it isn't
Bob and Mack.
Now why don't you guys just
get the fuck out of the way?
Glad to, little man.
But, uh, we're gonna
go sledding.
Oh, that's the plan.
Yeah.
All right.
All right. I'm sorry.
Now get out of here!
Come on. Go on. Get out of here.
Yeah.
All right.
All right. Let's go.
You go first.
Oh, okay.
- Hey, what if I hit a tree?
- Just go.
Yeah.

Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo!
Whoa!
All right.
Now watch this.
Aaah!
Oh, God!
Billy hated bullies.
But he was starting
to leave a bloody trail.
Three more murders.
I'm alerting my men
all night.
Kid may be nuts,
but he's not stupid.
There oughta be a way
we can predict his next move.
Oh, my Lord.
Sister Margaret had it
all figured out.
She always knew the score.
But Mother Superior
called the shots.
It's fairly obvious
where he was going.
Really? Well, maybe you were
just jerking off here then.
- Huh?
- If you say so.
You're good, Doc,
but I know all the moves.
I could squash you
like a bug.
- You don't scare me.
- Not yet.
I want those papers
folded and stacked.
And I want each one of you to write a nice
"thank you" to Santa for his visit later.
If any of you get wet or start
to feel cold, come back inside.
Wow.
Cut it out!
See who's coming?
Billy?

This is Officer Barnes. I'm
approaching the orphanage now.

Shit!

All right, hold it! Don't take
another step or I'll shoot!

- Billy.

- Get away from him!

Billy.

Oh, my God.

Children, inside!

Hurry!

Ricky!

Come away from there.

- One problem.

- It wasn't Billy.

It was old man Kelsey,
the janitor.

Poor, deaf son of a bitch.

Mother Superior

was pretty pissed off.

I guess the cop kind of

felt bad about it too.

I couldn't give a shit.

I knew Billy'd

take care of him.

He was dressed

as a Santa Claus.

I'm sorry for what happened, but
there is a killer on the way here.

Oh, the children.

No harm must come to the
children. Do you understand?

- That's why I'm here, Sister.

- I am Mother Superior.

And so far,

all you have done is harm.

I'm gonna check out the grounds. In the
meantime, make sure everyone stays inside.

Don't let anybody come in unless
you know exactly who it is.

No one is going to get in
that doesn't belong here.

Punish.

Poor things.

They're scared to death.

Hmm?

Oh, yes.

They need something
to keep their mind off it.

We're gonna sing.

Ready, Sister?

"Deck the Halls. "

Andrew, where do you think you're
going? Come on. We need altos.

- No! Don't!

- It's Santa.

- Chrissie, stay away!

- But Mother Superior...

- Chrissie.

- It's Santa Claus.

Stay away from him.

Come here.

Andrew,

come here.

There's no Santa Claus.

- Naughty.

- There is no Santa Claus.

Naughty. Naughty.

There is no Santa Claus!

Naughty!

You're safe now.

Santa Claus...

is gone.

Naughty.

Very naughty.

So,

this is me, huh?

They closed the orphanage
after that.

You bet.

But kindly Sister Mary
was able to find me a family.

The Rosenbergs.

They definitely did not
get involved with Christmas.

The sister gave them my...
background.

And they treated me okay.

I was finally able
to act like a kid.
Not some freak show
with a killer for a brother.
It wasn't bad.
Hell, what did I know?
I was 12 years old.
Martha? Martha. Oh, Jill. Hi.
How are you? Oh, good to see you.
Ricky, stay right there. Okay?
I'm so glad I ran into you.
- Mom.
- Just a second, honey.
- Mom.
- Ricky, darling, Mommy is talking.
- Mom, look.
- What is it, sweetheart?
I don't know what is wrong.
Oh, that's okay.
Oh!
Good afternoon,
Sisters. I'll be right with you.
Jill, hold this.
Oh, my God.
We have to go.
You've got to
understand the situation.
Understand? The boy... he
had some kind of a seizure.
This is not normal.
I was
afraid they'd send me back.
You didn't see it. You don't
know. You weren't there.
Yeah, but he's my son.
Crazy kid and all. I'd like
to know what's going on here!
If I may make a suggestion...
But Sister Mary straightened things out. And
pretty soon, the whole thing was forgotten.
Mother Superior
has assured me...
that his behavior will improve once
he has a stable family environment.

Morty, he needs us.
Come on, honey.
I'd like to spend
some time with him.
It was about five
years later that my stepdad died.
And guess what?
That hit me pretty hard.
The Rosenbergs had always
been good to me.
And I knew what
she was going through.
All alone.
After the funeral,
I needed some time.
I felt like running away.
I've never told anybody
this before.
Let it out.
Here it comes.
I used to walk for hours
on those back roads.
No one was close.
No one to lose.
You tend to get paranoid when
everyone around you gets dead.
That's life.
It doesn't really
work that way. Mm-hmm.
Is that cold?
Mmm.
You're gonna need
a new shirt.
Why?
What do you mean?
I mean, I see
something I like.
Eddie, you are such a pig.
Yeah.
That's what you like
about me, ain't it?
Say it.
Say what?
You know.

Tell me you want it.
Eddie. Look. If you
don't tell me you want it,
you can't have it.
I do want it.
But not right now.
You're always in such
a hurry with me.
Yeah, so what?
So maybe I'm tired of you
always grabbing at me.
With your friends,
it's real funny.
But not right now.
So leave me alone.
Come on.
Eddie!
This will be fun.
Eddie.
Ain't this exciting?
Goddamn it, Eddie. Stop it!
Naughty.
Fuck this.
I'm gettin' a beer.
Then I'll be back.
You're an asshole, Eddie!
Thank you.
Going too fast
for you, Doc?
"Red car. "
Good point.
You got any kids, Doc?
No, we were never
blessed with children.
Married, then, huh?
Yes, but my wife
has been dead many years.
Too bad.
How'd you meet her?
In college. And that's
none of your business.
My old lady couldn't afford
to send me to college.
So I got a job.

I was eighteen.
Washing dishes,
dumping trash.
That kind of shit.
At the Chez Ritz across
town. Rocco!
Rocco, whoa.
I think you'll enjoy this.
It sounded like some
squirrel getting its nuts squeezed.
Rocco, let's talk.
No.
Rocco, just between the two of us. No.
Rocco, come on. We go way back. No!
Monday... I swear
I'll pay it all on Monday.
You won't live until Monday.
Listen. I got a line
on something.
I can feel it.
It's gonna happen.
Hey, you know what?
What?
I hope you don't
pay on Monday.
'Cause I enjoy this too much.
What are you
looking at, kid?
Get out of my way.
Ooh.
You're really
asking for it.
Naughty!
What in the hell?
I see no mention of these
two incidents in my notes.
Oh, my God.
The state review board will
certainly find out my opinions on...
- Well, we've covered a lot of ground today.
- You didn't think...
I was gonna let him
get away with it?
- Much more than I had anticipated.

- Did you, Doc?
No way!
Too many people get away
with shit like that.
- Punishment.
- Discipline.
You're really starting
to get to me, Doc.
You're getting real close.
Then tell me
about Jennifer.
Eat shit.
Richard,
do you know why
you are here?
No, Doc.
Tell me.
No, you tell me.
I'm finished
talking, Henry.
Who is this?
Jennifer.
She's the only thing
I ever cared about.
One day...
we just bumped
into each other.
She was a knockout.
I never wanted to lose her.
That was my first time.
I thought...
it was Jennifer's too.
Chaos.
The motion picture
you've been waiting for.
More action, more violence,
more death and destruction than
any film ever seen before.
- You like this
stuff? - Chaos! - Huh?
This movie's supposed to be
scary. When's it start? Soon.
Let's go!
Start the movie!

Movie! Movie!
Oh, great. We have
to listen to that for two hours?
It's okay. It's starting.
- You got a problem, pal?
- See what I mean?
Yeah.
You know, I really
like you, Ricky.
You're... different.
I don't know what it is.
I just...
Yeah. I know.
Me too.
Go ahead, studly.
Kiss her! Ha!
I knew it. Faggot!
Well, we know
that's not true.
What did you say
this movie was about?
Oh, it's great. It's about this guy
who dresses up like Santa Claus...
and kills people.
What?
I'm holding you up,
asshole!
Punish.
Ricky, where are you...
Thirty-one
bucks. Merry Christmas.
Guess who?
Chip.
Yuck.
You haven't returned my
calls, babe. Imagine that.
You must be getting
pretty popular these days.
Go away.
I saw your dad at the club.
He said he hardly
sees you anymore.
Like he cares.
I'd like to see you again.

For your sake.
Oh. Lucky me.
What have I done
to deserve this treatment?
What haven't you done,
Chip?
Wait a minute.
Is this the same girl...
who pledged eternal love
in the back seat of my car?
If you ever tell anybody about
that, I will kill you! Don't worry.
That's our little secret.
Go away.
Hey, I'm tryin' to give
you another chance. Great.
You stood me up.
You cheated on me.
You ruined
my best sweater.
And I would rather die before
I'd go out with you again.
What are you tryin' to say?
Go away, Chip.
I have a date.
You mean Kong?
Is he housebroken?
This movie's so bogus.
It really is.
Watch this. The guy's gonna
go down into the basement...
without a flashlight.
Brilliant.
Never mind the fact that
everyone else in the movie's dead.
How stupid.
Next thing you know...
Shh. Naughty.
Meter's running, Chip.
Or are you using
a credit card?
Oh, Roxanne?
She's okay.
She keeps me in shape...

till you come back.
Right. Possible.
Well, she does get
impatient though.
Can't say I blame her.
Give me a break.
But I'll be home
all summer.
Call me sometime.
I'll be busy.
I'll be waiting.
Oh. You're back.
Let's get out of here.
No.
I'm beginning to like this picture.
So tomorrow after you go
shopping, would it be all right...
if I came and picked
you up on my bike? Sure.
Good. There's a certain
spot I'd like to show ya.
Where?
Well, it's kind of romantic.
It's, uh, up in the canyon.
You may like it.
Okay.
So!
This is what
you ended up with?
If I'd known you'd sink this
low, I never would've dumped ya.
Chip, you're a jerk. Why
don't you just leave us alone?
Come on.
Don't you miss me?
All those good times
we had together.
- Chip.
- Homecoming.
Chip!
The hayride.
That's enough.
Oh, it speaks.
I said, that's enough. Listen,

bud, that's what she said...
when I fucked her brains out in
the back seat of old red here.
Shut up!
Falling for me again, huh?
And you...
No!
What are you doing?
Are you out of your mind?
Very naughty.
- You killed him!
- Punishment is good.
- I hate you, Ricky.
- Punishment is absolute.
- I hate you!
- Punish!
Uh-oh!
Freeze, asshole!
Okay, pal.
You stand right there.
Right there!
Let's be real civilized
about this.
Okay.
That's fine.
Now, I don't wanna have
to hurt you.
All I'm gonna do
is slip these cuffs on.
And no funny stuff!
I know how to use this.
Hey, what the hell's
all that noise out there?
Motherfucker.
- Garbage day!
- Huh?
No!
Aaah!
- Excuse me, mister.
- That's okay.
Bingo!
Drop your weapon!
Drop it!
I repeat, drop it!

Now!
No! Don't do it!
- No! - It's not worth
it! - Don't be a fool!
- Don't do it!
- Don't kill yourself!
No more bullets.
Young and stupid.
That was my problem.
And it's a shame
they stopped me...
before I did
what I really had to do.
But, hey,
that's life.
Sorry things worked out
this way, Henry.
You only wanted to help.
I appreciate
the effort though.
But between
you and me, Doc,
I know who's to blame.
Hey, what the...
Oh, my God! He's loose!
We've got a problem, Sister. He
walked out of here six hours ago.
And it's Christmas eve.
The orphanage is closed,
Lieutenant.
Mother Superior
had a stroke.
She's retired
and lives alone.
Oh, my God.
Nah. He'd have
to find her first.
Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas!
Ho, ho, ho!
Give a dollar for the kiddies!
Ho, ho, ho... Well,
hello there, big fella.
How'd you like to give
a little somethin' to Santa?

Oh, ho!
Hello? Merry Christmas.
Who is this?
Santa's back!
Merry Christmas!
Live from downtown, it's
the annual Christmas parade,
featuring a selection of the
city's number one drill teams,
marching bands and cheerful floats from
all over the area. Shameful. Sacrilegious.
Why, they've
made a travesty of the sacraments.
Children should be in bed.
Mother Superior!
I've got a present
for you!
Oh, there you are!
That was close.
Come on!
Let me in.
I wanna talk about...
old times.
Oh, good.
I love a chase!
And, hey, kids,
here comes Santa Claus!
He's gonna find out who's been
naughty or nice.
Ohh!
Gotcha!
I'm really mad now!
Richard?
Richard!
You come and face me!
Oh! Richard,
I am not afraid of you!
You are weak,
just like your brother!
And like your brother,
you must be punished!
You're looking well.
I am your Mother Superior!
As I raised you

from a child,
I order you to
put that weapon down...
and take your punishment!
No more punishment.
You are being
very, very naughty!
Naughty this!
You two,
up the stairs!
This way, Lieutenant.
Mother Superior?
Mother Superior,
it's Sister Mary.
Please, dear God.
Mother Superior,
are you all right?
Boo!
He's gone, Sister.
It's over.