

St. Nick

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - FRONT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A male figure - ST. NICK - stands silhouetted in the main entrance door way. He looks back at the destruction and fire behind him.

INSIDE BURNING BUILDING

Dead bodies scattered on the floor, among the aisles. CLOSE ON their bodies as they start to catch fire, guns of various types on the floor around them.

OUTSIDE PARKING LOT OF ROY'S HOBBIES

St. Nick stumbles out and away from the building. He falls to the ground. His red leather jacket smoldering, worn, full of bullet holes. His face and beard bloody, streaked with ash.

He rolls over and looks up. A MALE HAND reaches toward him.

ST. NICK

Am I dead?

GOD is leaning over St. Nick, hand extended.

GOD

Not yet, Nicholas. Not yet.

St. Nick grasps the extended hand.

INT. LARGE ROOM WITH A BANK OF MONITORS - TWO MONTHS EARLIER

CU on Monitors showing newscasts in different languages.

ANCHOR 1

Twenty seven people arrested in child pornography ring.

ANCHOR 2

Mother of two-year old found guilty of second degree murder after toddler was left alone for two days.

ANCHOR 3

Local priest found guilty of raping and killing eight year-old girl in 1975.

PULL BACK to reveal...

Two male figures stand in a large room, staring at the monitors. The only light in the room comes from the hundreds of monitors that fill an infinite wall. There is no furniture.

GOD is on the left. ST. NICK is on his right.

God is non-descript - neither old, nor young, white nor black. He's wearing a suit, open, crisp white shirt. Exudes calm and confidence.

St. Nick is wearing a 4th Century bishop's robe. In his early 50s. Average height and build. Long white hair and beard. Dark complexion.

GOD

Are you sure about this?

ST. NICK

I've had over a thousand years to think about it. I'm sure.

(pause)

The cries have gotten louder. I have to go down there. Do something.

God gestures to the monitors.

GOD

They made you the patron saint of children, then turned you into a slogan. A fat, jolly white man who gives out toys. They may not like the you who shows up.

ST. NICK

What are you afraid of?

GOD

They'll catch you, lock you up and try to kill you before you do what you're determined to do.

ST. NICK

Oh ye of little faith.

GOD

(smiles)

Faith, my friend may not be of much use to you...this time. They won't torture you, they'll just make you feel bad about yourself, and when you piss off the wrong people, then they'll try to kill you.

Nicholas stops pacing.

ST. NICK  
You may be right, but if I don't do  
this who will?

He gestures around the empty room.

GOD  
You don't think I'm doing enough?

ST. NICK  
You gave them free will. They're not  
doing enough.

God puts a hand on St. Nick's shoulder.

GOD  
Hmmm, good point. But you can't stay  
down there forever. There are limits  
to your immortality.

ST. NICK  
I know. As long as I can come back.

GOD  
That depends on you. But probably not  
as a saint. A believer maybe, but not  
as a saint.

ST. NICK  
I have one question.  
(Pause)  
How far can I take it?

GOD  
Vengeance is mine...

ST. NICK  
(looking directly at  
God)  
...saith the Lord.

GOD  
And now it's on you.

St. Nick looks back at the wall of monitors. They've been  
replaced with a view of EARTH.

ST. NICK  
Thank you.

God hands St. Nick a bag. It appears out of nowhere.

GOD

Take this.

St. Nick takes it without looking in it.

GOD (cont'd)

You're going to need a few things.  
You can't go dressed like that. You  
haven't been down there since you  
died. It's not the same.

ST. NICK

They're still people.

GOD

And there are more of them.

St. Nick picks up the bag. God takes him by the shoulders

GOD (cont'd)

Nicholas. You will be immortal. You  
will be stronger than any of them.  
But they can hurt you. You will feel  
pain.

ST. NICK

I understand.

God embraces him.

GOD

Peace be with you, my son, you're  
going to need it.

ST. NICK

Thank you.

St. Nick leaves with the bag as God watches him go.

GABRIEL steps from the shadows.

GABRIEL

He can't do this alone.

Gabriel is a bear of a being. Tall, stately and the girth of  
a defensive lineman.

GOD

Let's give him a chance first.

GABRIEL

He's not a fighter.

GOD  
He'll have to learn.

GABRIEL  
He doesn't even have a plan.

GOD  
He has a purpose. It's a start.

INT. COPTIC CHURCH - NIGHT

It's empty and dimly lit by candles burning near the altar and the street lamps shining through the stained glass.

CLOSE ON one of the stained glass depicting a younger St. Nicholas with three toddlers standing in a barrel. His arms are outstretched as if saving them.

The IMAGE OF ST. NICK begins to glow and gets brighter projecting a light on to the floor of the church.

It becomes brighter then dims as St. Nick appears before the altar. Christ on the cross in front of him. St. Nick is still wearing the bishop's robe and has a staff. The bag God gave him lands with a thud at his feet.

He looks around to be sure no one has seen him.

TWO YOUNG ALTAR BOYS come out of a side door, stop and stare.

ST. NICK  
Boys.

He turns and heads to the double front door, the staff in one hand, the bag in another. The two altar boys staring after him.

As St. Nick opens the doors...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - HALLOWEEN

Children of varying sizes are on the street. Older ones on their own. Younger ones with parents. It's a block with well-decorated homes.

ON THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH as St. Nick steps out from the shadows of its front entrance.

He scans the scene looking, listening. He HEARS a cacophony of voices in his head and on the street.

CHILD #1  
Look at all of this candy.

CHILD #2  
That house is lame. Let's go to the next one.

PARENT #1  
We're going home now.

CHILD #3  
I'm not ready to go home!

St. Nick walks down the steps of the church and stops when he reaches the sidewalk. A few kids and parents see him and stare.

A priest coming from the church isn't unusual. But someone dressed the way St Nick is stands out.

ST. NICK  
(to himself)  
Halloween.  
(looking up to the  
night sky)  
Good choice.

He wanders into the mix of parents and trick or treaters.

A YOUNG GIRL (7 years old) dressed like a Disney princess is walking with her MOM (30s). She stops and points at St. Nick.

YOUNG GIRL  
Look, mommy, it's Santa.

The Mom looks back as St. Nick keeps walking.

MOM  
No, honey, that's not. Let's go.

YOUNG GIRL  
But it is.

St. Nick turns to look at them as the Mom pulls the Young Girl along. The Young Girl looks back at St. Nick as he puts his finger to his lips.

As he turns away, he hears A YOUNG BOY WIMPERING.

He follows the sound to a nearby home.

THROUGH THE WINDOW he sees a DAD yelling at a BOY, about 8.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

The Young Boy is CRYING. He holds a piece of candy in his hand.

BOY  
I'm sorry, Daddy. I just wanted one  
piece of candy.

DAD  
Shut the fuck up. I told you to get  
rid of that shit before you got back  
in here.

The Boy cries even harder.

DAD (cont'd)  
I told you to shut up.

He raises an open hand, ready to hit the boy.

ST. NICK  
Stop.

The Dad turns to face St. Nick. Keeping his hand raised. The Boy stares at St. Nick, whimpering. Holding his hands to protect his face.

DAD  
Who the fuck are you? And what the  
hell are you doing in my house, old  
man?

He drops his hand and makes a step toward St. Nick. St. Nick puts up his staff to defend himself.

ST. NICK  
Don't hurt the boy and I'll leave.

The Dad snickers.

DAD  
What I do in my house is my business.  
Now get the fuck out of here before I  
throw your ass out.

ST. NICK  
What happens to that boy is my  
business.

DAD  
The hell it is.

The Dad charges St. Nick. St. Nick swings his staff, knocking the man to the ground. He swings again and finds his mark.

The Dad gets himself up and charges again. This time knocking St. Nick to the ground.

The Boy watches terrified.

St. Nick moves quickly and connects his staff with the Dad's gut, knocking him down and out of breath.

It's a temporary halt to a guy who is becoming more enraged. The Dad rises and charges St. Nick again. Barreling him to the ground.

The Dad lands a solid hit to St. Nick's face.

The Boy cowers in a corner.

St. Nick rolls over, grabs his staff, hits the Dad across the head forcing him to the ground. The Dad tries to get up.

St. Nick stands over him, the end of his staff at the Dad's throat. The Dad struggles against it, but no luck.

DAD (cont'd)  
(breathing heavy)  
Who the hell are you? A cop? CPS?

ST. NICK  
The next time you want to hit your kid, think about how it feels.

He moves his staff from the Dad's neck, and offers him a hand up.

The Dad slaps it away and slowly gets to his feet.

DAD  
The kid's bitch mom sent you, didn't she?

ST. NICK  
Doesn't matter. That boy is a gift. Treat him that way.

St. Nick goes to leave, but stops and kneels in front of the Boy.

ST. NICK (cont'd)

You okay?

The Boy nods scared but in awe.

BOY

Who are you?

ST. NICK

St. Nick. If you're ever in trouble again, no matter what. Just say my name and I'll be there.

The Boy nods and watches as St. Nick goes out the door. He runs to the window and sees St. Nick blend into the trick or treaters.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - LATER

St. Nick walks past the church and the bells chime midnight. There are only a few costumed adults walking around. A MAN and WOMAN dressed like Ken and Barbie walk quickly past him and give him a look. His face is bloodied, his right eye starting to swell. He moves on with purpose.

He finds himself in front of THE INN. An old two story flop house of a hotel.

St. Nick looks up at the sign.

ST. NICK

Well, this will have to do.

INT. THE INN - NIGHT

A skinny, pimple faced NIGHT CLERK sits behind a beat up check-in desk and counter. He's watching a HORROR MOVIE on a small TV.

The Night Clerk barely looks up and sneers.

NIGHT CLERK

Nice costume.

ST. NICK

Best I could do on short notice.

NIGHT CLERK

That shiner come with it?

ST. NICK

I need a room.

NIGHT CLERK  
Fifty bucks...up front.

ST. NICK  
For the week?

NIGHT CLERK  
Funny. That's for the night. You pay  
me again tomorrow and the next day,  
then we'll talk about the week.

St. Nick pats around his robe, realizing he doesn't have any money. When he reaches into a deep pocket of the robe, there's a hundred bucks in twenty dollar bills. He hands it to the Night Clerk.

ST. NICK  
Will this do?

The Night Clerk takes the money, checks it to see if it's real. Satisfied, he grabs a set of keys and puts them on the counter.

NIGHT CLERK  
Two nights. Up the stairs. Second  
door. 203.

ST. NICK  
You don't need me to sign anything,  
my name?

NIGHT CLERK  
You paid. You could be Santa Claus  
for all I care.

He goes back to his movie. St. Nick takes the keys and leaves.

INT. THE INN - ROOM 203 - NIGHT

St. Nick enters and flips on a switch. It's about what you'd expect. A single double bed, one night stand, an old TV on a credenza.

He leans his staff against the wall. He takes off his robe, and opens the bag that God gave him. There's a black turtle neck, black jeans, black motorcycle boots and a red leather jacket.

ST. NICK  
You've got to be kidding.

He puts the clothes on a chair and goes into the bathroom. He undresses and we SEE old whip scars across his back, his chest and stomach.

As he cleans up his face, trying not to wince, the wounds on his face start to heal, then disappear.

He looks at his reflection. Not a scar or mark left on his face.

He reaches into his bag and finds a PIECE OF CANDY. The same the Boy had in his hand at his house. St. Nick pops it in his mouth and lays back on the bed.

ST. NICK (cont'd)

Not much of a start.

He turns out the light and lies wide awake to the sounds of the city - SIRENS, someone YELLING out on the street...and CHILDREN'S CRIES.

INT. THE INN - ROOM 203 - DAY

Sunlight streams through a crack in the curtains, shining on St. Nick's face. As he opens his eyes to adjust to the light...

ST. NICK

Jesus!

Gabriel is sitting in the chair near the bed.

GABRIEL

Not quite.

St. Nick pulls himself up.

ST. NICK

Gabriel. What're you doing here?

GABRIEL

Checking on you.

St. Nick gets out of bed and pulls the curtain wide open. The sunlight hits Gabriel, making his body glow.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Might want to close those a bit.

St. Nick leaves the curtains open.

ST. NICK  
I don't need checking on. I just got  
here.

St. Nick starts to dress in the clothes from the bag God  
gave him.

GABRIEL  
Based on what we saw last night,  
you're off to a rousing start.

ST. NICK  
Since when did you use words like  
rousing?

GABRIEL  
Since when did you start taking the  
Lord's name in vain?

St. Nick goes into the bathroom.

ST. NICK  
You know better than to judge.

GABRIEL  
It's not judging when it's the truth.

ST. NICK  
(off camera)  
I stopped a kid from getting hurt.

GABRIEL  
One kid, Nicholas. There are  
millions.

ST. NICK  
It's a start.

GABRIEL  
It's futile.

St. Nick is back in the room.

ST. NICK  
Then join me.

GABRIEL  
This won't end well.

ST. NICK  
Then get me some help.

GABRIEL

I don't remember you being this stubborn.

ST. NICK

Then maybe you never really knew me.

Gabriel stands up.

ST. NICK (cont'd)

He didn't send you did he? You came on your own.

GABRIEL

There are a group of us that want to be sure you come back. Keep the order of things as they were.

ST. NICK

You're wasting your time.

GABRIEL

I was afraid you'd say that.

Gabriel hands him a business card. St. Nick takes it.

ST. NICK

Who's this?

GABRIEL

He's an old friend. Give him a visit. I can't help you but I think he can.

ST. NICK

Help me? Do what?

GABRIEL

Learn to take care of yourself.

With that, Gabriel opens the room door and disappears into the light.

St. Nick looks at the CARD. It says Emperor Boxing Academy, Constantine Flavius, Owner.

INT. EMPEROR BOXING ACADEMY - DAY

St. Nick enters the front door.

It's a dimly lit space. A boxing ring in the middle, training sized mats for martial arts to the side. Punching bags, aikido staffs, other fighting paraphernalia are neatly stacked and placed around the room.

CONSTANTINE comes out of an office. He's the owner of the club, the former emperor of the Roman Empire in the 4th century, and first emperor to convert to Christianity. He's fit - like a decathlete. Hard to say how old he is - could be mid-40s or late 60s.

CONSTANTINE

They told me you might show up.

St. Nick is surprised to see him.

ST. NICK

Constantine?

CONSTANTINE

Yep. Been a few centuries.

He pulls a bottle and two glasses out of a cabinet. As he pours a double finger shot into both glasses...

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)

I haven't had visitors from up there for a few hundred years. Then Gabriel comes calling. You must've really done something to deserve all this attention.

He hands St. Nick a glass.

St. Nick looks at the drink, not sure he should.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)

One won't kill you.

St. Nick takes it and finishes it in one long swig.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)

Better than what we had in our day, ay, what sixteen, seventeen hundred years ago?

ST. NICK

(nodding his head)

You were the head of the holy Roman Empire then. How long have you been down here?

CONSTANTINE

The fall of the Ottoman Empire. I had to see it for myself. Long time coming.

ST. NICK

Are you still a Christian?

CONSTANTINE

You converted me...I gave you my word.

St. Nick raises his glass to him.

ST. NICK

They let you stay?

CONSTANTINE

I made a deal. Warrior saint teaching self defense to the defenseless. Every thirty, forty years I open a new gym somewhere else.

ST. NICK

You're immortal?

CONSTANTINE

You're not?

ST. NICK

I have an expiration date.

CONSTANTINE

Let me guess. The day you died - what December 6?

St. Nick nods. Constantine looks him over, takes a drink.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)

He didn't send you, did he?

ST. NICK

It was my idea.

CONSTANTINE

Let me guess...the children. You can feel their pain, hear them call out?

ST. NICK

I had to do something. I couldn't take their abuse any longer.

CONSTANTINE

The patron saint of children.

(Sighs)

Gabriel told me about your little dust up last night.

St. Nick takes in the place.

ST. NICK

I handled my own.

CONSTANTINE

Barely...for a guy who can't die and I assume has super human strength. That half-drunk bastard kicked your ass.

ST. NICK

I held back.

CONSTANTINE

You better learn not to. That asshole is just a tiny tip of a very large ice berg. You've got porn rings, international sex traffickers, parents who shake their babies, priests assaulting altar boys. Even the Fallen doesn't want these evil bastards.

(pause)

But you already know all this.

ST. NICK

Then help me.

CONSTANTINE

I can teach you, but I'm not going to help you.

ST. NICK

I'll take whatever you've got.

Constantine stands up and walks toward the door of the gym.

CONSTANTINE

Be here at 7 tomorrow.

ST. NICK

What about now?

CONSTANTINE

I have a class coming in shortly. Come at 7 and it's just you and me.

(pause)

You got somewhere to stay?

ST. NICK

For tonight.

CONSTANTINE

Bring your gear. There's a small room down that hall. You can stay there. A cot with a good mattress. It's quiet. Better than what I remember you used to sleep on.

ST. NICK  
I'm on a time frame, you know.

CONSTANTINE  
Who isn't?

As St, Nick goes to leave.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
And try not to get beat up before  
tomorrow!

EXT. EMPEROR ACADEMY - DAY

St. Nick exits and stops to look around the busy street. He heads down the side walk as people are going to work.

He is about to cross at a street corner, when a GUY next to him puts out an arm to stop him from walking into traffic.

GUY  
Buddy! You got a death wish?!

ST. NICK  
Thanks.

The light changes and the Guy crosses the street. St. Nick hesitates then notices a car stopped waiting for him to go. A HISPANIC GIRL (12 years old) sits in the back, she looks at him, distressed and mouths the words - HELP ME.

St. Nick turns to see if anyone else has seen. He looks up at the light. Still RED. The Girl mouths HELP ME again.

Without hesitating he runs to the car, and goes for the girls' door. It's locked. She SCREAMS.

Before the light changes to green the driver- DONNIE DURANT (early 20s, good looking, neat hair cut, fit, well-dressed)- floors it while St, Nick jumps in front of it. Cars trying to go through the intersection, slam on their brakes. DONNIE tries to drive through them, but St. Nick won't budge.

The Girl is banging on the car window.

Pedetrrians notice, start taking pictures.

St. Nick goes for the driver's door. Donnie flips him off and puts the car in reverse. Nick slams his staff against the driver's window, breaking it. Donnie tries to steer the car out of what is now a traffic pile up, while St. Nick reaches in and grabs the guy around the neck.

The Girl in the backseat is crying.

GIRL IN CAR  
Help me. Help me. He took me.

A POLICE SIREN approaches.

Donnie panics. Tries to make a run for it out the passenger front door, but St. Nick reaches through the window to stop him.

The surrounding crowd has gotten bigger. Phones are out capturing the melee.

A POLICE CAR pulls up behind the traffic back up and two COPS get out - FITZGERALD and RAMIREZ (both late 30s, car patrol cops, non-descript). They head to the car and St. Nick.

Donnie is able to get free and falls to the ground shoves through the crowd and runs away.

St. Nick looks at the approaching Cops. Then at the crowd.

CLOSE ON onlookers capturing him on their phones.

He gets the Girl out of the car.

ST. NICK  
You're going to be ok. Tell them everything.

He grabs his staff and runs away from the scene...into the crowd...just as Fitzgerald and Ramirez reach the car.

FITZGERALD  
What the hell was going on here?

ONLOOKER  
(points to where St. Nick headed)  
That guy saved that little girl.

Both cops look in the direction St. Nick ran, but he's long gone.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

St Nick runs half way down it, stops and leans against a wall to catch his breath.

AMBER  
Hey Old Man, you okay?

St. Nick looks up. AMBER stands in front of him. He sees her platform sneakers, skinny legs first. She could be 13, could be 17. Hard to tell with the short hair, olive skin, Goth makeup.

ST. NICK  
(Still breathing hard)  
Yeah, I'm ok.

Amber looks him over, not believing it. She's stoked, anxious, excited.

AMBER  
You saved that little girl back there. Freakin' awesome. She would've been long gone. Maybe dead.

ST. NICK  
You know her?

AMBER  
I know the guy who took her. A real asshole. Names Durant. Donnie Durante. She's not the first.

St. Nick finally catches his breath.

ST. NICK  
How?

AMBER  
How what?

ST. NICK  
How's he get away with it?

Amber snickers, looks down the alley at the street.

AMBER  
Cops don't care about runaways.  
Especially the brown ones.

She takes one last drag on her cigarette, drops it and grounds it out.

ST. NICK  
That's not right.

Amber gives him a once over again.

AMBER  
Nothing is.  
(pause)  
Where you from, old man?

ST. NICK  
Some place, far away.

AMBER  
You going to do that again?

ST. NICK  
What? Step in front of a maniac in a car? Probably not.

AMBER  
No. I mean help out a kid.

ST. NICK  
Yeah. More than likely.

AMBER  
What are you? Some government guy.  
No, no. I got it. You're like a vigilante. Some shit like that.

ST. NICK  
What's your name?

AMBER  
Why?

ST. NICK  
You don't have to tell me. I just want to know who I'm talking to.

Amber thinks about this. Then...

AMBER  
Amber. Just Amber.

A SIREN can be heard approaching.

AMBER (cont'd)  
Hey, it's been real, but I gotta run.

Amber adjusts the bag she's carrying around her shoulders.

ST. NICK  
I'm...Nick.

AMBER  
Ok, Nick. You're going to be all over freakin' Tik Tok you know that?

ST. NICK  
What's Tik Tok?

Amber shakes her head and walks off.

AMBER

See you around, old man.

The SIREN gets louder. St. Nick watches Amber disappear around a corner. He steps out from the alley and into the street.

He walks past a couple sitting outside a coffee shop. As he walks by CLOSE on their phone screens. VIDEO of St. Nick pulling Donnie out of the car.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Fitzgerald and Ramirez are driving slowly through the city, Fitzgerald is looking at VIDEO posted online while Ramirez drives.

FITZGERALD

Who do you think this guy is?

RAMIREZ

Could be just some dude got lucky and didn't get run over. We've been trying to get that asshole Durant for over a year.

FITZGERALD

In a city full of guys just like him.

They drive by Amber walking down the sidewalk.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Pull over. Maybe she knows something.

They turn on their siren and lights, slow down and pull over. Fitzgerald gets out first. Ramirez right behind him.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Hey Amber!

Amber keeps walking, ear buds in, pretending to be oblivious.

Fitzgerald jogs and gets in front of her, forcing her to stop.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I'm talking to you.

Amber stops, pulls out her ear buds.

AMBER

What? I didn't do anything.

FITZGERALD

We know.

Ramirez catches up to them.

RAMIREZ

You heard about the old guy...caught up to Durant?

AMBER

Yeah, I saw it posted. What about it?

RAMIREZ

You heard anything about the guy?

AMBER

How would I know?

FITZGERALD

Come on, Amber. You always know something.

AMBER

Well, this time I don't.

RAMIREZ

You know what to do?

AMBER

Yeah, yeah, yeah...give you a call. Are we done here?

RAMIREZ

Yeah, we're done here.

Amber walks away.

RAMIREZ (cont'd)

Come on, shift's almost done.

As they get back in their car...

St. Nick is watching from across the street.

INT. THE INN - LATE AFTERNOON

The Night Clerk is still at the hotel desk, head down looking at his phone. TV blaring some bad horror movie. He barely looks up as St. Nick walks in, then does a double take.

NIGHT CLERK

You. You're that guy.

ST. NICK

What guy?

He turns his phone toward him.

CLOSE ON PHONE video of St. Nick staring down at the Driver of the car, then looks up, looking off toward the sound of sirens.

NIGHT CLERK

You're freakin' famous, dude.

St. Nick winces at this.

ST. NICK

I'll be checking out in the morning.

He turns to leave.

NIGHT CLERK

Cops'll be looking for you.

ST. NICK

Why?

NIGHT CLERK

You went all vigilante on that guy.  
Unless that kid was yours, cops don't  
like vigilantes.

ST. NICK

Yeah, I can imagine.

St. Nick heads out the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

St. Nick steps in and checks the room and bathroom to see if anyone's there.

He notices a set of keys on the night stand. A handwritten note next to it.

CLOSE ON note - You're going to need some wheels while you're here. Rubber down, head up.

St. Nick goes to the window and spots a red motorcycle parked in the spot closest to his room. A red flaked helmet rests on the side mirror.

ST. NICK

This should be interesting.

He turns on the TV. A female anchor is in a news break. A still image from the scene at the intersection with St. Nick partially visible is in the right half of the TV screen.

TV ANCHOR

Police are on the lookout for an unidentified man who was last seen at this intersection after the man shown here helped free an 11-year old girl from the back of the unidentified man's car. Anyone who has any information about either of these men are urged to call police.

ST. NICK

Damn.

St. Nick grabs the keys and his bag and heads out the door.

INT HOTEL OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

St. Nick walks in, hurried.

ST. NICK (cont'd)

I'm checking out.

NIGHT CLERK

Why? You've got another night.

ST. NICK

A friend is letting me stay at his place.

NIGHT CLERK

Little old for couch surfing?

ST. NICK

What?

NIGHT CLERK

Never mind. No refunds by the way.

ST. NICK

Keep it.

St. Nick tosses his key at the clerk and heads out the door to the motorcycle.

He gets on, starts it up, slings the bag across his back and rides off.

CLOSE ON Night Clerk inside the hotel on the phone.

NIGHT CLERK

Yeah, I got a tip on that old guy who saved that little girl.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - ROY KISER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

It's large building in a run of the mill strip mall. The parking lot is half empty.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR - AFTERNOON

One big room with a desk and two chairs. Large windows open to a large city view. The wall is decorated with nothing but a series of wreaths made from hobby store materials.

ROY KISER, late 40s, muscular, well-dressed leans over the desk making a Christmas wreath. A glue gun in one hand, a set of small pliers in another.

His two body guards - JAKE #1 and JAKE #2 - stand on either side of the desk. Even more muscular than Kiser, but same age. They could easily kill anyone that crosses them or their boss.

INSTRUMENTAL CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays quietly in the background. It's overcome by OFF CAMERA stomping outside the door to the office.

The door opens and TWO GOONS toss Donnie into the room.

Donnie stumbles up to the desk. Kiser and the two Jakes don't move.

DONNIE

Boss.

Kiser doesn't look up from his work, stays engrossed in making his wreath, gluing small pine cones in place.

CLOSE ON DESKTOP - different hobby tools laid out in a neat order - dremel, woodburner, small knives.

KISER

Do you like Christmas, Donnie?

DONNIE

What? Yeah, I guess.

KISER

You guess? It's our busiest time of year. Both sides of the business.

Kiser looks up from his project at Donnie, but he keeps the glue gun in his hand. CLOSE ON GLUE GUN as hot glue drips onto a mat on the Kiser's desk.

KISER (cont'd)

And your little incident today just cost me some of that business.

DONNIE

I can explain.

KISER

I'm all ears, Donnie. Explain away.

DONNIE

Some fucker looks like a ripped, biker Santa Claus steps in with some stick or shit, breaks my window, pulls the package out of the car, then nearly pulls my head off.

KISER

Santa Claus with a stick?

DONNIE

Yeah, a big fuckin' stick.

KISER

A big fuckin' stick. You ran away from a Santa Claus with a stick.

DONNIE

There was a crowd! I didn't have a choice!

Kiser nods to Jake #1. He comes up behind Donnie and shoves his head down on the desk next to the wreath.

KISER

There's always a choice, Donnie. You chose to let merchandise get away. You know how hard it is to get and how much we make.

DONNIE

(nervous)

Yeah, yeah, I know. Come on Roy. There was a crowd. Cops woulda got me.

KISER

(yelling)

What the fuck were you doing on a busy street in the middle of the fucking day?

Roy takes the glue gun and holds the hot end next to Donnie's face.

KISER (cont'd)

Right now, I have a choice. I can take this glue gun to your face, but see that would be stupid. Your looks help me get the girls we're sending to our customers. But I gotta make sure you don't make a mistake again.

DONNIE

Jesus, Roy, come on. It won't happen again.

Kiser winces, contemplating what comes next.

KISER

You're right, you're gonna be sure it doesn't happen again.

He nods at Jake #1 holding Donnie's head down. He pulls one of Donnie's hands up to the desk and Kiser shoves the glue gun hard into the back of Donnie's hand -- searing through it.

Donnie YELLS out in pain.

DONNIE

Jesus, Jesus. Roy! You didn't have to do that.

KISER

Yeah, yeah, I did.

(pause)

Now get the fuck out of here and find me a replacement package. I got a customer waiting.

Both Jakes step to either side of Donnie and escort him to the door. The Two Goons are still waiting on the other side and they take a blubbering Donnie away.

KISER (cont'd)

(to the two Jakes)

Get our guys out there and find out who got to Donnie before he messes with my business again.

The two Jakes leave. Kiser picks up the glue gun, wipes it off with a wet cloth. Looks at the wreath.

KISER (cont'd)  
Piece a shit.

He picks up the wreath and throws it into a corner. CLOSE ON a pile of half made wreaths from different seasons.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON

Constantine is in the ring with a 12-year old KID who's throwing punches at the padded gloves Constantine has on his hands.

A group of five other boys look on.

CONSTANTINE  
Okay, come on. Stay with it. Watch your feet. Keep your eyes on mine.

St. Nick walks in and moves to where he can watch. Constantine notices.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
Okay, that's it for now. You boys go ahead and get on home.

KID IN THE RING  
But coach...

CONSTANTINE  
No buts, go on. We're knocking off early.

As the kids head for the exit, Constantine climbs out of the ring.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
I told you to be here in the morning.

ST. NICK  
I started attracting some attention.

CONSTANTINE  
I heard.

ST. NICK  
Gabriel?

CONSTANTINE

Ha. Television. You're really off to a good start with your crusade here, aren't you?

ST. NICK

Had to start somewhere.

CONSTANTINE

You might be finished before you get anywhere.

Constantine is putting away equipment while he talks. St. Nick stands apart, trying to stay out of the way.

ST. NICK

That girl had been kidnapped! Who knows where that guy was going to take her? She looked at me and said help me!

Constantine stops picking up. Faces off with St. Nick.

CONSTANTINE

You can't change the evil that's in the heart of man. You recognize and learn to live with it.

ST. NICK

What about the victims of that evil? You want them to learn to live with it?

(pause)

Besides, I'm not here to change hearts. I'm here to wipe that evil off the face of the earth.

Constantine takes this in.

CONSTANTINE

You can't just go charging around down here, shoving that stick up the ass of everyone who's hurting a kid! You're face is already all over the city. Two gold pieces says that guy in the car with the kid has already told his boss about you, and the cops are asking everyone on the street if they've seen you. You set foot back on the street and you'll either be in jail or strung up and tortured until you beg God to come get you.

ST. NICK  
You were never this cynical.

CONSTANTINE  
I'm not cynical, I'm a realist.

St. Nick takes a breath, thinking.

ST. NICK  
I have six weeks. Then I go back...  
or die. You know what my plan is? To  
keep as many kids from being beaten,  
maimed, raped, and sold as I can  
before I can't.

CONSTANTINE  
Then what?

ST. NICK  
I let the clock run out.

CONSTANTINE  
You really don't care what happens to  
you do you?

ST. NICK  
I never did.

CONSTANTINE  
Can't believe he let you do this  
without any help?

ST. NICK  
Maybe that's why Gabriel gave me your  
card. You are my help.

CONSTANTINE  
Shit. Okay.

ST. NICK  
Okay?

CONSTANTINE  
Yeah, okay, I'll help. But we need to  
get a couple of things straight.

ST. NICK  
All right.

CONSTANTINE  
I teach you to fight. I show you how  
things work down here. That's it. I'm  
not going after child molesters,  
shitty parents or sex traffickers.

ST. NICK  
Fair enough. What else?

CONSTANTINE  
Keep the beard and hair. This time of  
year, you'll blend in.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT OFFICE - EVENING

Fitzgerald and Ramirez are leaving when the FRONT DESK  
SERGEANT stops them.

SERGEANT  
Hey, there's a guy up front who says  
he's got some info on that guy you  
two saw save that kidnapped girl  
today.

FITZGERALD  
What kind of info?

SERGEANT  
Wouldn't say. Just said he wanted to  
talk to someone about it. You two  
were at the scene so you're it.

RAMIREZ  
All right, let's go see what this guy  
has to say.

INT. FRONT LOBBY PRECINCT - SAME TIME

The Night Clerk from the Inn is pacing in the waiting area  
as the two cops come up.

FITZGERALD  
Sergeant here says you have some  
information for us.

NIGHT CLERK  
Yeah, about that guy. The one that  
saved that girl.

RAMIREZ  
Go on.

NIGHT CLERK  
Is there a reward or somethin'?

RAMIREZ  
Sure. How about we not do a drug test  
on you? There's your reward.

The Night Clerk looks at Fitzgerald.

FITZGERALD

Don't look at me. He's callin' the shots here.

NIGHT CLERK

All right. But if he does something and you catch him, I get something, right?

RAMIREZ

Sure. You'll get something. So when did you see him?

NIGHT CLERK

Halloween night. Came in late. About midnight.

FITZGERALD

Anything odd about him?

NIGHT CLERK

Yeah, he was wearing some old like bishop's outfit or church thing.

RAMIREZ

Church thing.

NIGHT CLERK

Yeah, you know like priests wear, but it was different.

FITZGERALD

How?

NIGHT CLERK

Like it was really old.

RAMIREZ

How about him? How old do you think he was?

NIGHT CLERK

(thinking)

Hard to say. He had long white hair and beard, yeah really white hair, but no wrinkles.

RAMIREZ

He came in on Halloween night, how do you know he wasn't in costume?

NIGHT CLERK

Maybe he was, but he had bruises  
around his face.

RAMIREZ

Bruises?

NIGHT CLERK

Yeah, like he'd been in a fight.  
But...

FITZGERALD

But what...?

NIGHT CLERK

This morning they were gone. Like  
they were never there.

FITZGERALD

Next thing you know, you're gonna  
tell us he was like some kinda jacked  
Santa Claus.

NIGHT CLERK

That's it! I been tryin' to think  
about what he reminded me of and  
that's it.

(pause)

And he was carrying a big stick.  
Looked like he knew how to use it.

This gets their attention.

FITZGERALD

Did he say anything about where he  
was going, what he was doing?

NIGHT CLERK

Nah, just showed up. Stayed the  
night, left this morning. 'Cept he  
wasn't wearing the church thing. Had  
a nice red leather jacket, boots all  
the gear.

RAMIREZ

Was he driving anything?

NIGHT CLERK

Not when he checked in, but there was  
a bitchin' red chopper in the parking  
lot this morning like it was waiting  
for him.

RAMIREZ

All right, call us if you see him again.

NIGHT CLERK

That's it?

FITZGERALD

For now.

The two cops leave the Night Clerk at the front desk.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

What do you think we're dealing with here?

RAMIREZ

Vigilante maybe.

FITZGERALD

Or just some crazy off his meds.

RAMIREZ

Maybe. Shift's over. Let's see what tomorrow brings.

INT. EMPEROR BOXING ACADEMY - EARLY MORNING

ST. NICK is in the ring with his staff, practicing. He's cut his hair close to the skull and his beard the same length. He looks leaner, harder already.

CONSTANTINE

Nice hair cut. Thought I told you to keep the hair and beard.

ST. NICK

Doesn't matter. I'm ready to go.

CONSTANTINE

I need some coffee,

ST. NICK

I'm ready now.

CONSTANTINE

All right.

He grabs a pair of gloves and tosses them at St. Nick.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
I know you can handle yourself with  
that staff...you still carry that  
bola, too?

ST. NICK  
Yeah, why?

CONSTANTINE  
You any good with it?

St. Nick grabs the bola hanging off the rope, swings it  
three times around then let's it go at a Slam Man dummy in  
the farthest corner of the room - knocking it to the floor.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
Well, that could come in handy...  
once.  
(pause)  
Put the gloves on. Time to see how  
you fight.

MONTAGE of Constantine and St. Nick sparring. Constantine  
gets the best of St. Nick several times. They keep going.  
Then Constantine connects and knocks St. Nick on his ass. He  
offers him a hand up.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
You're holding back. You're immortal,  
for God's sake, You're stronger than  
anybody you'll fight! Come at me like  
I'm someone you need to put down and  
keep them down!

They go at it again. Again, Constantine knocks him down.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
Again!

They go at it again...and again...and again. Each time  
Constantine finds a way to get the best of St. Nick and  
knocks him to ground.

He offers him a hand again, but this time St. Nick kicks him  
in the chest, sending Constantine against the ropes.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
Now we're getting somewhere! Again!

St. Nick comes at him , but Constantine side steps and puts  
St. Nick to the ground.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
That's enough.

ST. NICK

Again.

St. Nick is bruised, breathing heavy, sweaty, bleeding above the eye.

CONSTANTINE

No. You need the rest. Hell, so do I.

Constantine turn to grab some water. St. Nick gets up. CLOSE ON the wounds on his face as they begin to heal.

When Constantine turns back to St. Nick, the wounds have healed.

ST. NICK

Again.

CONSTANTINE

No. You heal faster than me. I need the break. Besides, you need to know more about what you're dealing with.

Constantine climbs out of the ring and goes to a desk with a computer at it. St. Nick follows and pulls up a chair next to him.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)

You keeping track of the Internet up there?

ST. NICK

Seriously?

CONSTANTINE

Like I said earlier. I don't get many visitors from up there, so I don't know. From where I sit, some days it looks like he stopped paying attention to much of anything.

ST. NICK

It's called free will. You know that.

CONSTANTINE

Yeah, well, we'll debate that another time.

He starts punching some keys and gets into a police site tracking child pornography.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)

Here we go. Here's a whole unit in the local p.d. dedicated to cracking down on child porn and sex trafficking. They make a couple of arrests every few months.

ST. NICK

Then what?

CONSTANTINE

Most go to jail. But it's a few guys here and there.

ST. NICK

But someone, some bigger entity is getting them what they want.

CONSTANTINE

Exactly. You find that guy then you can start making some shit happen.

ST. NICK

How does it work? How do they get the kids they're trafficking?

CONSTANTINE

We're sitting near the biggest trafficking hub in the country. They get on the 80 and it's a straight shot into Nevada and beyond.

ST. NICK

I still don't get how the kids end up with someone who'd take them.

CONSTANTINE

The main guy never touches them. He's got guys like the one you stopped a couple of days ago luring kids in.

ST. NICK

Where?

CONSTANTINE

On line claiming to be younger, promising them a way out of whatever the kids think is so bad. Or they hang out at malls, one of them gets mom distracted while the other one lures them into the parking lot with promises of drugs, parties, jobs you name it.

ST. NICK  
What about the rest?

CONSTANTINE  
The rest?

ST. NICK  
Parents, foster parents, priests, the  
rest who beat and abuse kids.

CONSTANTINE  
You don't have enough time and  
there's only one of you. You want to  
do something big, send a message  
while you're down here? Go after  
whoever's running the local ring.

ST. NICK  
I think I know someone who can help.

CONSTANTINE  
Seriously?

ST. NICK  
A street kid...named Amber. I met up  
with her after I saved that girl in  
the car.

CONSTANTINE  
I know her.

ST. NICK  
How?

CONSTANTINE  
She comes around for classes once in  
awhile. Had to learn how to take care  
of herself.

ST. NICK  
You know how to get hold of her?

CONSTANTINE  
Yeah, but she's a tough one.

ST. NICK  
Then let's go find her.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

People are out walking. Evening commuter traffic fills the  
streets.

St. Nick and Constantine walk together. No one pays any attention to them. Constantine spots a rundown building with a boarded up front.

CONSTANTINE

Here. This is it.

They head down the alley and stop at another door. Constantine knocks twice, then three times. The door opens.

INT. AMBER'S HIDE OUT - SAME TIME

NEIL, a skinny 17-year old, with long dirty hair and clothes to match stands inside the barely lit entrance landing.

NEIL

Hey Constantine, what's up?

CONSTANTINE

All good, Neil. How you doin', man?

NEIL

Livin' the dream, brother, livin' the dream.

CONSTANTINE

Yeah, I bet. Amber here?

NEIL

She expectin' you?

CONSTANTINE

No, it's a surprise.

NEIL

Yeah, she likes those. Who's your friend?

Before Constantine can answer...

ST. NICK

You can call me Nick.

NEIL

(skeptical)

All right...Nick. You guys follow me.

Constantine and Nick follow Neil up a rickety flight of stairs to a hall way of doors. Neil opens the first one.

INT. AMBER'S HANGOUT

It's dimly lit. A TV is on and wires lead out the window. A group of teenage boys and girls watch Jeopardy. Occasionally yelling out an answer before the contestant on the show does.

NEIL

Hey, Amber, you got company!

Amber is on a couch, watching the show. She looks up and sees Constantine first.

AMBER

Hey, Constantine. What the hell...

Then she sees St. Nick.

AMBER (cont'd)

I know you. You're the guy who helped that girl.

This gets everyone's attention.

NEIL

No shit!

AMBER

There are some really bad guys looking for you.

ST. NICK

I need your help.

AMBER

I help you and it gets around, I'm dead. Same with my friends.

NEIL

Hey, chill man. Let's hear him out.

CONSTANTINE

Five minutes. You hear him out then we leave. You decide what you want to do.

AMBER

Fine. Clock's ticking.

ST. NICK

I want to catch the guy who's trafficking local kids. When we met, you said you might know who it is.

AMBER

You're going to do what the cops won't? I told you they really don't care about runaways. And how's this work? You some kind of super hero or somethin?'

ST. NICK

Let's just say I have God on my side.

That brings a howl from everyone in the room.

CONSTANTINE

Yeah, it sounds crazy, but I believe him. I've known Nick for a long time. I trust him.

Amber looks at her friends, at Neil. Then St. Nick.

AMBER

You can do this? No cops.

ST. NICK

Yes, I can do it. Without the cops. I just need a name.

AMBER

You know if they find you before you find him, you're done.

ST. NICK

I find him and he's done.

Amber looks around at her friends. Slowly, each one nods agreement.

AMBER

Neil?

NEIL

Hells yeah! Someone's gotta do it.

AMBER

All right.

She writes a name on a piece of paper and hands it to St. Nick.

ST. NICK

Roy Kiser.

CONSTANTINE

Shit, the guy that owns that big hobby store?

AMBER

Second thoughts?

CONSTANTINE

Up to Nick, but this just got more complicated.

ST. NICK

Why?

CONSTANTINE

He gives to every kid's charity in town. Holds craft classes for poor kids. Let's just say he doesn't fly under the radar.

ST. NICK

Then time we got on his.

(to Amber)

That guy I stopped the other day. He works for Kiser?

AMBER

Yeah, he's one of the guys who rounds up kids for him. His name is Donnie Durant.

ST. NICK

Sounds like we need to pay him a visit, send Mr. Kiser a message.

CONSTANTINE

Donnie's not going to help us. We have to get inside. See how they work. How many guys Kiser's got.

ST. NICK

Donnie needs to be put out of commission first.

(pause)

They have Santa Claus at this hobby store?

CONSTANTINE

Every year. If they haven't hired them all by now, they will.

(pause)

Oh shit, you're not.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - NEXT DAY

St. Nick is in a room of different men who look like variations of Santa.

His short white hair and beard and darker skin and muscular build make him stand out. Some of the Santa wannabes give him a look like what're you doing here.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Number 12!

St. Nick comes up to the INTERVIEWER who sits behind a window.

ST. NICK

My lucky number.

The Interviewer barely looks up.

INTERVIEWER

Experience?

ST. NICK

Twenty years. Mostly in Europe.

This gets her attention.

INTERVIEWER

You're a little dark for a Santa.

ST. NICK

I get that a lot, but kids seem to like me...the parents like the diversity.

INTERVIEWER

Yeah, there's a lot of that these days. You okay with wearing a fat suit...just in case?

ST. NICK

Sure. Anything you need.

INTERVIEWER

All right, we could do with shaking things up a bit. Be here tomorrow at noon.

(pause)

Number 13!

ST. NICK

Merry Christmas.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

St. Nick meets Constantine standing next to his car in the parking lot.

CONSTANTINE

Well...?

ST. NICK

Looks like I'm going to be Santa Claus.

CONSTANTINE

If the suit fits.

ST. NICK

Does that mean you're in?

CONSTANTINE

Taking down, Kiser. Sure. But you gotta stay focused on this. You get distracted, then you're losing time and you don't have a lot to lose.

ST. NICK

Fair enough. We start with Donnie.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - MID-MORNING - NEXT DAY

St. Nick and six other guys all dressed like Santa are gathered in a meeting room. At exactly 10 a.m., Kiser walks in, all smiles and charm.

KISER

Good morning and Happy Holidays!

A FEW SANTAS respond but not with much enthusiasm.

KISER (cont'd)

I said Happy Holidays! You're Santas, for fucks sake. I need you all to act like it.

(pause)

Ok, how many of you are new to this?

St. Nick and one other Santa raise their hand.

KISER (cont'd)

All right, here's the deal. You'll all rotate out into the store on two hour shifts. If you're not working the chair, you're helping in the back.

Kiser looks directly at St. Nick.

KISER (cont'd)

Any questions?

ST. NICK  
No. Seems pretty easy.

KISER  
Well, guess you'll find out. Those of you who've worked here before might want to fill in the two newbies. People come in here to make something special for the holiday. Let's make sure they feel like they didn't make a mistake. All right, Santas, let's try this again. Happy Holidays!

ALL SANTAS TOGETHER  
HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

KISER  
That's more like it. Now get out there and make some joy fuckin' happen!

St. Nick starts to head out of the room. Kiser stops him.

KISER (cont'd)  
You. Hold up?

When the other Santas have gone...

KISER (cont'd)  
You don't look much like a Santa.

He pokes St. Nick in the gut.

KISER (cont'd)  
Fat suit. You got the beard and hair, but you're pretty dark for a Santa.

ST. NICK  
Woman who interviewed me thought you could use some diversity.

KISER  
Did she? Well, let's see how you work out. Go on.

Kiser leaves the room and Donnie, bandaged hand, and the two Jakes join him.

KISER (cont'd)  
(to the two Jakes)  
Couple of new guys in the bunch.  
Let's keep an eye on 'em.  
(to Donnie)  
I want you to head to the mall.

DONNIE

I thought I was workin' the 'net here.

KISER

I need you out in the field. You got a problem with that?

DONNIE

No, Roy. I'm good. It's all, all good.

KISER

Good. Use that bad hand to your advantage, Donnie. A wounded, good lookin' boy is more sympathetic.

DONNIE

Got it. I'll head out now.

After Donnie leaves...

KISER

(to Jake #2)

Follow him. In case he decides to slow quit on me.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - BACK ROOM WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

St. Nick is moving some packages and sees Donnie leave, followed by Jake #2.

INT. MALL - FOOD COURT - EVENING

It's decked out for Christmas. Shoppers everywhere.

Donnie is standing at a table of teen age girls, flirting with them. Gesturing at his bad hand.

St. Nick and Constantine sit a few tables away.

CONSTANTINE

You sure this is a good idea?

ST. NICK

It's the only one I've got. He leaves, we follow.

CONSTANTINE

Then what?

ST. NICK

Before he gets one of those girls in his car, I take him out.

CONSTANTINE

And I call the cops. What if they don't show up?

ST. NICK

Then Donnie sits by himself awhile.

Donnie motions to the girls to follow him. Two of them do, the rest stay back.

St. Nick follows Donnie and the two girls out of the mall to the upper level of the parking garage. It's dark and Donnie's car is the only one on that level.

As St. Nick gets closer...

DONNIE

(to the girls)

Come on. It's just around the corner. It'll be fun.

GIRL #1

I don't know.

GIRL #2

Come on. We can call if we want a ride home.

DONNIE

That's right, you've got your phones. You can call any time.

GIRL #1

Okay. Let's go.

DONNIE

There you go. I guarantee it'll be a good time.

A bola flies through the air and wraps around Donnie's neck, knocking him to the ground.

The girls SCREAM, not sure what to do.

DONNIE (cont'd)

(struggling to talk)

What the fuck!

He struggles to get up, sees St. Nick's staff, then looks up to see St. Nick.

DONNIE (cont'd)  
You! Mother fu...

Donnie goes for a gun, but St. Nick knocks it out of his hands with his staff before Donnie can do anything with it.

ST. NICK  
(to the girls)  
Go back to your friends. Call the cops.

The girls run off.

While St. Nick is distracted, Donnie pulls a knife and stabs St. Nick in the foot.

Donnie stands up, cuts off the bola with one stroke. He comes at St. Nick, now favoring one foot. He uses his staff against Donnie, but Donnie is fast and skilled - not just a pretty face.

He goes at St. Nick with his knife, but St. Nick knocks it out of his hand.

Donnie comes at St. Nick with a series of martial arts kicks and punches. He manages to kick the staff away. Now it's hand to hand.

St. Nick manages to get some good blows in, but Donnie is fast and stronger than he looks...but he's not immortal.

DONNIE  
(breathing hard)  
Those two girls were worth a few grand a piece, mother fucker. And I was going to break 'em in!

He lands a solid kick to St. Nick's stomach, knocking him to the ground. He stands over St. Nick, gun now back in his hand.

DONNIE (cont'd)  
I don't know who the fuck you are, but time to say good bye.

ST. NICK  
Good bye.

St. Nick kicks Donnie in the nuts hard, sending him backward into the air. Gasping. The gun flies out of his hand.

St. Nick stands over Donnie, his staff back in his hand.

DONNIE  
(taunting)  
You gonna kill me.

ST. NICK  
I hadn't planned on it. But I don't  
see any other way.

He shoves the staff hard into Donnie's larynx, crushing it.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
Vengeance is mine.

From behind him...

CONSTANTINE  
We gotta go. Cops will be here.

St. Nick pulls a card out of his jacket and lays it on Donnie.

CLOSE ON CARD - it says SEX TRAFFICKER - St Nick.

As St. Nick and Constantine walk away, SIRENS are heard in the background.

JAKE #2 is watching from the shadows.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - EVENING

Constantine heads to the cabinet and pulls out a whiskey bottle.

CONSTANTINE  
That was too fucking close.

ST. NICK  
I had it under control.

CONSTANTINE  
You almost got shot!

He hands St. Nick a glass.

ST. NICK  
But I didn't~

CONSTANTINE  
You need more training.

ST. NICK  
I'm ready.

CONSTANTINE

No, my friend, WE're just getting started.

ST. NICK

We?

Constantine pours a double shot into each glass and raises his to St. Nick.

CONSTANTINE

Yep, I guess this is our show now.

(raising a glass)

To the children.

ST. NICK

To the children.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - KISER'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Kiser is pacing the floor, dremel tool with a sander is plugged in. The two Jakes stand at the door.

KISER

Who the fuck is this guy?

(to Jake #2)

I told you to follow Donnie. Why didn't you do anything?

JAKE #2

The guy was fast. Thought it better to see what we were dealing with.

KISER

You thought.

He's in close with the dremmel turned on, small sander within an inch of Jake #2's face.

KISER (cont'd)

(to Jake #2)

Fuck. Get me Fitzgerald. Time we got our friends in the department in on this.

Jake #2 leaves. Kiser puts the dremel back on his desk. His attention goes to the monitors showing every part of the store and his warehouse.

KISER (cont'd)

(to Jake #1)

Now let's see how our Santas and possible merchandise are doing.

CLOSE ON MONITOR - St. Nick is dressed as Santa, sitting on a big chair, a short line of children near him.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - RETAIL FLOOR - SAME TIME

A LITTLE GIRL - 6 years old -- stands in front of him.

ST. NICK  
Have you been a good little girl?

The Little Girl nods.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
All right, well what would you like  
for Christmas?

She looks over at her MOTHER - a hard looking woman in her late 20s. She's on her phone, not paying any attention.

LITTLE GIRL  
My mommy to get off her phone.

St. Nick looks over at the girl's Mother, and the rest of the moms, all of whom are on their phone while their kids wait for Santa.

ST. NICK  
Well, let me see what I can do about  
that.

A CRY and WHIMPER off camera.

St. Nick looks around and we HEAR it again. It's from the Mother, but it's not her. It's the sound of a child.

St. Nick looks at the Little Girl who stands patiently in front of him.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
I'm going to make sure you have a  
safe Christmas and get lots of fun  
toys. Ok?

The Little Girl nods and walks over to join her mother.

St. Nick watches as the Mother roughly grabs the Little Girl's arm and leads her away.

INT. HOME - EVENING (DREAM)

It's a middle class home. Modest furniture. Clean but simple.

A Christmas tree stands in the corner. The lights are on. It's brightly decorated.

We move through the living room to a hall and into a bedroom.

A MAN and the Mother who was at Roy's Hobbies with her Little Girl are in bed. The Mother is asleep, the Man is awake. He gets up. He's wearing nothing but boxers. Average build. Late 30s.

INT. BEDROOM

Same home, but different bedroom. A YOUNG GIRL - 11 - is in bed. She is asleep, but awakens as the door to her room opens and the Man is standing silhouetted.

MAN

Hi sweetheart, cuddle time.

The Young Girl pulls the covers up tighter around her.

YOUNG GIRL

No, please, I don't want to.

She tries to call out, but the Man puts his hand over her mouth.

MAN

Remember, we have to be quiet, so we don't wake anyone.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - ST. NICK'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

St. Nick sits up, wide awake, breathing hard.

He gets dressed, puts on his jacket, grabs his bola and staff and heads out into the night.

Constantine is asleep on an old sofa, but wakes up at the sound of St. Nick going out the door.

CONSTANTINE

Shit.

FROM OUTSIDE THE CLUB we HEAR a motorcycle taking off.

EXT. HOME - LATER

It's the same home in St. Nick's dream. St. Nick pulls up on the motorcycle and shuts it off a half block away and lets it coast to a stop outside. It's dark, no lights. He pauses before going to it.

INT. HOME - SAME TIME

The home is quiet as St. Nick enters through a back door. There's some MUFFLED SOUNDS from the hall.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME

St. Nick pushes the door slowly open and SEES the sleeping woman. More MUFFLED SOUNDS from behind another door.

INT. YOUNG GIRL'S ROOM - SAME TIME

The Young Girl is tearing up. The Man stands over her. But before he moves further...

ST. NICK (O.C.)  
Vengeance is mine.

As the Man turns around...

MAN  
What the hell?

St. Nick shoves his staff into the man's Adam's apple. The Man falls to the floor choking, tries to get up, but St. Nick hits the Man on the back of his head, knocking him out. The Young Girl SCREAMS.

ST. NICK  
(to the Young Girl)  
You okay?

She's in shock, but her look goes immediately behind St. Nick.

MOTHER (O.C.)  
Hey, asshole.

A GUN SHOT.

St. Nick turns and as he does, a bullet comes toward him, penetrates his red leather jacket but doesn't go through.

He steps toward the Mother as she keeps firing.

The Young Girl continues to SCREAM. The bullets do nothing to stop St. Nick.

St. Nick grabs the gun from the Mother. Shoves her to the ground.

ST. NICK  
You're protecting him?

MOTHER  
He wasn't doing anything she didn't want.

SIRENS SOUND in the background, heading their way.

St. Nick zip ties her hands and puts a wad of kleenex in her mouth.

He goes to the Young Girl, kneels in front of her, but she slides away from him.

ST. NICK  
They your parents?

YOUNG GIRL  
(shakes her head)  
Foster.

ST. NICK  
It's ok. The police are on their way.  
Tell them the truth. All of it.

She nods.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
Promise?

She nods again, tucking her pillow and blankets around her.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
You'll be okay. Anything happens, you just say my name.

YOUNG GIRL  
Santa?

ST. NICK  
St. Nick.

The SIRENS are getting nearer. The Young Girl goes to the window to look out. She turns back to where St. Nick was at, but he's gone.

CLOSE ON the Man, still out cold on the floor. There's a card that says CHILD MOLESTER - St Nick.

EXT. HOME - SAME TIME

St. Nick comes out of the backyard as the cops pull up. He hides in some trees to watch what's going on.

The two cops - Fitzgerald and Ramirez - pull up and get out of one car. Another cop car pulls up as a FEMALE AND MALE COP get out.

From St. Nick's POV, we see the Man and Mother led out of the house, then the Young Girl followed by the Little Girl who was talking to him at Roy's Hobbies.

A FEMALE COP kneels down to ask both questions.

St. Nick heads back to his motorcycle and rides into the night.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - MORNING

Constantine is already up making breakfast when St. Nick comes in and grabs coffee.

CONSTANTINE

Rough night.

ST. NICK

Bad dream.

CONSTANTINE

You think I'm stupid. I know you went out.

ST. NICK

I did what I came here to do.

CONSTANTINE

Was it worth it?

ST. NICK

Yeah, it was.

Constantine notices the holes in St. Nick's jacket.

CONSTANTINE

He gave you a bullet proof jacket?

ST. NICK

Appears that way.

CONSTANTINE

Look, I told you I'd help you, but only with this trafficking ring. You go after whoever else you think you need to, that's on you.

ST. NICK

I got it.

CONSTANTINE

Good, cuz you made the news again. Which will either hurt you or help you.

He picks up a remote and turns up the volume on his TV.

TV ANCHOR

In breaking news, authorities are looking for a man who broke into this home, beat up the owner and left his wife tied up and their daughter and foster daughter in shock. Early reports say they may be charging the owner with sexual assault of a minor and his wife as an accomplice. They say they are looking for a male, light brown skin, white hair and beard resembling Santa Claus who left the scene.

Constantine turns off the TV.

CONSTANTINE

Finish your coffee. We got more work to do.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT

St. Nick is heading to the door. Constantine is waiting for him.

CONSTANTINE

You going out again.

ST. NICK

I have to.

Constantine hands him a pistol.

CONSTANTINE

Then take this.

ST. NICK  
I said no guns.

CONSTANTINE  
Take it. That jacket isn't going to  
be much help if someone you're trying  
to stop shoots you in the head.

ST. NICK  
No guns.

CONSTANTINE  
You're starting to run out of time,  
Nick. No time to stand on principal!

ST. NICK  
No guns!

He leaves Constantine holding the pistol.

CONSTANTINE  
If there was a saint for idiots, it  
would be you.

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - LATER

A mangy dog is laying on the ground outside the front of the house. A chain link fence surrounds the front yard keeping the dog in and visitors out. The dog's ears perk up and he stands up. LOUD HEAVY METAL music blares from the house.

St. Nick walks up to the house. The dog bares its teeth, but St. Nick pulls out a treat, gives it to the dog and pets it's head. The dog runs to another part of the yard with the treat.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - SAME TIME

The place is a mess. A beat up couch and chair in front of a big screen TV fill the front room.

A strand of Christmas lights hangs loosely around a window frame.

A STONED GUY sits smoking a joint watching television. CLOSE ON THE TABLE NEXT TO HIM -- a bong, syringe and drug paraphernalia are scattered across the top.

A BABY CRIES in the background. His cries getting louder and louder.

STONED GUY  
Jesus fucking Christ. Now what?

He gets up and goes to a crib sitting in the same room.  
CLOSE ON BABY in the crib crying hard.

STONED GUY (cont'd)  
Fuck. Shut the fuck up.

The Baby cries even harder.

The Stoned Guy reaches and picks the baby up abruptly.

STONED GUY (cont'd)  
I said shut the fuck up!

He starts shaking the baby.

ST. NICK (O.C.)  
Hey, asshole.

This gets the Stoned Guy's attention. He turns around, still holding the baby in mid-air.

STONED GUY  
Who the fuck are you?

ST. NICK  
Santa Claus and you're being very naughty. Now put the baby down.

The Baby is still crying.

STONED GUY  
Okay, okay, I'll put him down.

He puts the crying Baby back in the crib. Close on his hand reaching under the baby's pillow. He pulls out a gun and shoots at St. Nick.

The bullet grazes St. Nick's face.

St. Nick swings his bola. It wraps around the Stoned Guy's gun hand. St. Nick pulls hard, but the Stoned Guy pulls the trigger and the gun fires into St. Nick's leg.

St. Nick is caught off balance, but he pulls harder and the gun comes free. The Stoned Guy tries to go for the gun.

St. Nick comes down hard with his staff, breaking the Stoned Guy's hand.

The Stoned Guy tries to crawl to the front door, but St. Nick stops him.

STONED GUY (cont'd)  
Shit, man, don't kill me. Don't kill me.

St. Nick picks him up with both hands and holds him in the air.

ST. NICK  
Kill you. I'm not going to kill you.  
I'm going to show you what it's like.

He starts shaking him using all of his super strength.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
I'm going to make it so you'll never want to shake that baby or yell at it or anyone ever again.

He keeps shaking until the Stoned Man is foaming at the mouth. The sound of the Baby still crying brings St. Nick back to attention.

He drops the Stoned Guy to the floor, checks his pulse.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
You'll live.

He picks up the baby, turns off the music. Checks the refrigerator for food. Finds a bottle with a note.

CLOSE ON NOTE - Please feed Max at 7, I'll be off work and home by 11.

St. Nick looks at the clock in the kitchen. It's ten to 11.

He gives the baby the bottle, starts rocking it gently, and he immediately stops crying. St Nick puts the baby in the crib as head lights shine across the front window.

The DOG BARKS. St. Nick puts a blanket over the baby, drops a card on the STONED GUY, and heads out the back door.

CLOSE ON CARD - CHILD ABUSER - St. Nick.

MONTAGE

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - PRIEST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A PRIEST is sitting next to a YOUNG BOY patting him on the shoulder. He starts to unzip his pants.

St. Nick steps into the room, motions for the boy to leave.  
He strips the Priest of his robe, and leaves him in his underwear with a sign that says CHILD MOLESTER - St. Nick.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - DAY

Constantine is teaching St. Nick more fighting techniques. Using his staff like an aikido stick.

St. Nick is better at it. Putting Constantine on the ground.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

St. Nick frees a 12-year old boy from a closet where he was restrained.

He locks the parents in the closet with a sign on the outside that says CHILD NEGLECT - St. Nick.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - DAY

Constantine and St. Nick box in a ring.

St. Nick is stronger, more agile now. He dodges swings hard and sends Constantine flying out of the ring.

EXT. CITY STREET - CAR - NIGHT

A MAN in a car stops to pick up a 14-year old Prostitute.

St. Nick gets in the car instead. He handcuffs the guy's hands to his steering wheel and hangs a sign on the rearview mirror that says PEDOPHILE - St. Nick.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - DAY

Constantine tries to hand St. Nick a gun again, but St. Nick shoves it away.

St. Nick steps up to the Slam Man he threw the bola around earlier and hits it so hard it explodes.

INT. HOME - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN is in his home looking at child porn.

St. Nick turns the guy's swivel chair, wraps him up with his bola, and leaves him naked in front of his computer with a sign that says PEDOPHILE - St. Nick.

END MONTAGE

INT. POLICE PRECINCT OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Fitzgerald and Ramirez are at their desks when the POLICE CHIEF joins them.

CHIEF

This St. Nick vigilante is becoming a pain in our ass and making us look bad. He's been at this for three weeks now. What the hell are you two doing to bring him in?

RAMIREZ

We've asked everyone we know, Chief. Looked everywhere we think he might be. We got nothin' so far.

CHIEF

Well, start looking where you think he won't be. Maybe he's workin' as a Santa. Maybe he's hangin' out at malls. You thought of that?

RAMIREZ

There are hundreds of guys out there right now who look like Santa Claus!

CHIEF

There's a start, now, isn't it!

FITZGERALD

We're on it, Chief.

CHIEF

We can't have this guy takin' over the entire holiday! Now get out there, find him and bring him in!

The Chief leaves them both without waiting for a reply.

RAMIREZ

Shit. Never seen him that pissed. Guess we're taking a trip to the mall.

FITZGERALD

You go on. I'll catch up.

RAMIREZ

What's up?

FITZGERALD

Nothin' just got an errand to run.

RAMIREZ

All right, I'll meet you there.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT

As St. Nick enters, he notices the TV is on low but enough to make out. Constantine is watching the TV.

TV ANCHOR

And in what appears to be yet another instance of what the police are referring to as the St. Nick vigilante, a young girl was rescued as this man -- John Marlin - had lured her to his car earlier this evening. Before he could get the struggling girl into the car, a man resembling Santa Claus grabbed the girl, cuffed Marlin and disappeared. Authorities are asking anyone with information about the incident to contact them.

CONSTANTINE

You've been busy.

ST. NICK

I'm in training.

CONSTANTINE

You've got company.

Amber steps out of the kitchen and into the room.

AMBER

Hey.

ST. NICK

Amber. What're you doing here?

AMBER

Checking in. And letting you know things are heating up.

ST NICK

What do you mean?

AMBER

There are at least a dozen guys  
looking for this vigilante. They all  
work for Kiser. And that doesn't  
include the cops

(pause)

You're him aren't you -- the St. Nick  
vigilante?

She looks to St. Nick then Constantine.

AMBER (cont'd)

You still getting Kiser, right?

ST. NICK

Yes.

AMBER

When?

ST NICK

Soon. I promise.

AMBER

I've heard that before.

(pause)

This isn't about us, is it? This is  
about you gettin' your rocks off on  
takin' out bad people fuckin up kids.

ST NICK

Amber?

AMBER

I helped you. My friends promised to  
help you.

ST NICK

It will happen.

AMBER

Fuck you. You're just like everyone  
else out there.

She walks to the door and flips him off.

ST NICK

Amber?

She's already outside.

CONSTANTINE

She's not wrong.

ST. NICK  
It will happen!

CONSTANTINE  
You're running out of time. It's the  
first of December. You have five  
days.

ST. NICK  
Duly noted.

St. Nick heads out the door.

We HEAR HIS MOTORCYCLE take off outside.

EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSIDE EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - SAME TIME

As St. Nick rides off he passes a cop car heading the  
opposite direction.

The cop car rolls up on Amber walking by herself when COP  
LIGHTS and a SIREN are behind her. The car stops, she keeps  
walking.

Fitzgerald is by himself. He gets out of the car and steps  
in front of Amber.

FITZGERALD  
Hey, there girlie. Where you headed?

AMBER  
Nowhere. Now leave me the fuck alone.

FITZGERALD  
You're kinda out of your territory  
right now, aren't you?

Amber tries to walk past him, but Fitzgerald grabs her.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
Not so fast. I got someone who would  
love to talk to you.

He grabs her. She struggles, but Fitzgerald shoves her into  
the back of his car.

As he drives off, St. Nick rolls up behind but too late to  
stop Fitzgerald from taking Amber.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - KISER'S OFFICE - LATER

Kiser is using a dremel tool to sand a piece of wood. The two Jakes are in their usual place on either side of him.

There's a commotion outside the door. Then Fitzgerald comes in with a struggling Amber. He throws her into the chair in front of Kiser's desk.

KISER

What the hell is this?

FITZGERALD

That street kid I mentioned to you a few times.

KISER

I'm getting desperate for product but not that desperate.

AMBER

Fuck you.

KISER

Careful there, girlie.

FITZGERALD

It's not like that. I figured if anyone would know who this fucking vigilante is it would be her and her punk street friends.

Kiser puts down the dremel tool and considers this.

KISER

Finally, someone showing some initiative.

(to the two Jakes)

See that. This is what initiative looks like.

He gets up from his desk and sits in front of Amber.

KISER (cont'd)

All right, talk to me. You know anything about this St. Nicholas vigilante that's got the city all on edge and my customers running like rats from a sinking fucking ship!

AMBER

Like I said, fuck you.

KISER  
You got spunk kid. I'll give you  
that.

He grabs the dremel tool and turns it on.

KISER (cont'd)  
You know what this is?

AMBER  
Yeah, my grandma uses it to clean out  
fungus.

KISER  
(scoffs)  
It's a dremel tool. It's only as good  
as whatever I put in this little hole  
right here.

He points to the front end of the dremel.

KISER (cont'd)  
Right now, it has a little sander.  
That little sander feels like shit  
against the skin. Do you want to see  
for yourself?

He turns it on and holds it up to Amber's face.

Amber tries not to flinch.

KISER (cont'd)  
Now tell me what you know about this  
vigilante before I make your face  
look like a fucking bloody project!

AMBER  
I don't know shit.

KISER  
You know, I want to believe you.

He grabs Amber's chin and turns it to look at it from  
different angles.

KISER (cont'd)  
You know, you could actually clean  
up. Maybe I can make better use of  
you another way.

FITZGERALD  
But Roy.

KISER

You got a problem with me selling her?

FITZGERALD

No, but she hasn't told us shit yet!

KISER

And I don't think she will. Better to make something good come out of this situation.

(to the two Jakes)

Get her out of here. Get her cleaned up, and let's see how much she'll get us.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - MEETING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

St. Nick is finishing lacing up his boots, when two other Santas come in. They take off their Santa hair and fake beards.

ARYAN #1

(to Aryan #2)

Jesus, these kids are going to drive me fucking nuts.

ARYAN #2

I hear ya. But did you see the older sister with that one kid.

ARYAN #1

Yeah, pretty fine. Boss would like that one.

They realize St. Nick is listening. And shut up. Aryan #1 comes up to St. Nick.

ARYAN #1 (cont'd)

You didn't hear nothin', right?

ST. NICK

Nothin'. But I saw who you were talking about. Whoever the boss is would probably like that.

ARYAN #1

You don't know what you're talkin' about, do you?

ST. NICK

Not really. Just making conversation.

ARYAN #1

Don't.

They shove St. Nick up against the lockers for emphasis and leave.

As they exit the room, the two Jakes are escorting a muffled Amber past.

St. Nick sees her, but she doesn't see him.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

No one else is around as the two Jakes hand Amber over to the two Aryans.

JAKE #1

Take her to the basement with the rest. Boss wants her cleaned up and ready to go by Sunday.

The two Jakes hand over a still struggling Amber to the two Aryans and leave.

ARYAN #1

Come on missy. Let's get you ready for sale.

ARYAN #2

Maybe we should make sure she's got all the right parts first.

ARYAN #1

Fuckin' perv. 'sides, Kiser catches you and he'll turn your dick into a Christmas ornament.

(to Amber)

Come on, ya little bitch.

St. Nick comes out from behind one the shelves.

ST. NICK

Goin' somewhere?

ARYAN #1

You! We told you to mind your own business.

He steps forward and takes a swing at St. Nick. St. Nick blocks it.

ST. NICK

You can do better than that.

Aryan #1 takes a martial arts stance then comes at St. Nick kicking and punching. St. Nick parries and dodges all of them.

Amber SCREAMS.

ARYAN #1  
(to Aryan #2)  
Get her the fuck out of here! I got  
this!

Aryan #2 hesitates then takes a kicking Amber off screen.

ARYAN #1 (cont'd)  
(to St. Nick)  
Okay, asshole. Let's get serious.

He pulls out a switch blade and goes at St. Nick. St. Nick dodges but gets cut across his pants. He goes down to his knees.

Aryan #1 kicks up hard and lands a boot into St. Nick's jaw, knocking St. Nick on his back.

St. Nick goes on his back, spots a box of knitting needles.

As Aryan #1 comes at him, St. Nick throws a needle as hard as he can. It goes into Aryan #1's chest but that doesn't stop him.

St. Nick is back on his feet.

Aryan #1 SEES that St. Nick's bloody slice on his leg is healing up.

ARYAN #1  
What the fuck?

St. Nick uses the distraction to kick him hard enough to send him into a shelf full of holiday decorations. The shelf comes down on Aryan #1, burying him.

St. Nick turns and heads to a nearby stairwell. SOUND OF BOXES MOVING behind him.

ARYAN #1 (O.C.)  
Hey, asshole. Not done with you yet

As St. Nick turns around, Aryan #1 catches him by surprise, throws a hard punch to St. Nick's face. It connects, but leaves St. Nick unphased.

ST. NICK  
Try again.

Aryan #1 swings again. St. Nick dodges it and comes at him, dropping Aryan #1 to the ground, out cold.

As St. Nick stands over him...

A GUN SHOT rings out. A bullet catches St. Nick in the back. He's not wearing his jacket. He stumbles. He turns to the shooter

Another GUN SHOT. Another bullet catches him in the stomach.

He looks up. Jake #1 is at one end of the warehouse.

ARYAN #2

Time to give it up, old man.

St. Nick steadies himself.

Aryan #2 points the gun. Another GUN SHOT.

St. Nick isn't hit.

Aryan #2 falls to the ground. A bullet hole in his head.

Constantine is standing behind the fallen Aryan #2 with a gun in his hand.

CONSTANTINE (O.C.)

Come on. Let's get the hell out of here before anyone else gets here.

St. Nick hobbles to the exit.

ST. NICK

Amber?

CONSTANTINE

She'll have to wait. Come on!

St. Nick makes it to the exit with Constantine.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - BACK PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Constantine and St. Nick come out and climb into a car and speed away.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - LATER

St. Nick stumbles into the club wincing in pain. Constantine is right behind him.

CONSTANTINE  
Sit down and let's take a look.

St. Nick pulls off his shirt.

CLOSE ON BULLET WOUND in his back as the bullet pushes out and the wound heals.

Constantine tosses St. Nick some gauze from the first aid kit near the ring.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
What the fuck were you thinking?

ST. NICK  
They had Amber.

CONSTANTINE  
They almost had you. I don't think you're immortality counts if you take a bullet to the head.

CLOSE ON BULLET WOUND to St. Nick's stomach. It's not changing. Constantine notices.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
You're not healing as fast.

ST. NICK  
It's getting closer to the sixth.

He NOTICES the table. CLOSE ON BLUE PRINTS.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
What's that?

CONSTANTINE  
It's a lay out of Roy's Hobbies. Unlike you, I'm trying to make a plan.

St. Nick goes to the table to look at the plan.

ST. NICK  
There's a couple of guys here at the front. Kiser says it's to prevent shoplifting. Probably so, but they each are carrying.

Constantine points to the back part of the building.

CONSTANTINE  
What about in the back?

ST. NICK

Six guys watch the warehouse. Everything that comes in, everything that gets on the shelves. I think some of the guys working the warehouse are more than just forklift drivers.

CONSTANTINE

Like those two guys that nearly took you out?

ST. NICK

Yeah. I think they were on a work release program or something.

CONSTANTINE

Why?

ST. NICK

Tattoos of an Aryan prison gang.

CONSTANTINE

You've been doing your homework.

(pause)

You see anything else come in there, besides holiday D-I-Y crap?

ST. NICK

No, but it could be hidden in the boxes. Back here in the warehouse where we were.

St. Nick points out the back of the building.

CONSTANTINE

You mean where I saved your ass.

ST. NICK

Ok, where you saved me.

(pause)

There's also the two Jakes. They rarely leave Kiser's side. He's also got two guys outside his office door.

CONSTANTINE

That's at least twelve guys, maybe more.

ST. NICK

There's more.

CONSTANTINE

What?

ST. NICK

I think some of the other Santas work for Kiser. Help him identify possible girls to traffic. Those two guys we killed tonight? I think that was their job.

CONSTANTINE

Makes sense. You got kids coming into a hobby store, and Kiser's got people watching to see who might be worth kidnapping later.

(pause)

We're going to need more help.

ST. NICK

We don't have time. I heard them say they were moving Amber this Sunday.

CONSTANTINE

The sixth...your last day. That's a few days away.

ST. NICK

I don't think she's alone. I heard one of Kiser's men say something about the rest.

CONSTANTINE

We definitely need some help. I don't care how immortal you or I are, we're outnumbered.

From the Club entrance. Neil is inside the doorway, scared and nervous.

NEIL

Amber's been taken?

CONSTANTINE

Neil. What're you doing here?

NEIL

One of our crew said they saw the dirty cop put her in a car not far from here.

ST. NICK

They were right. I saw her earlier tonight.

NEIL

Is she here?

CONSTANTINE

No. St. Nick here decided to go in and try to save her himself. Didn't go so well.

NEIL

Where is she, then?

ST. NICK

At Kiser's.

NEIL

Oh, shit. She's shipping out.

CONSTANTINE

What do you mean?

NEIL

He flies them out of a strip somewhere in the desert in Nevada. She can't leave Kiser's place.

ST. NICK

How do you know this?

NEIL

My sister. Kiser took her a couple years ago. Pimped her out. You guys don't know what you're dealing with. He's not just some street thug. He's a fuckin' sex trafficking, drug and arms dealing king pin! You are definitely going to need help.

CONSTANTINE

I'll make the call.

ST. NICK

(to Neil)

Will you help us?

NEIL

Fuck yeah! They've got Amber.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

St. Nick has his shirt up, looking in the mirror.

CLOSE ON THE STOMACH WOUND. The bullet is at the surface. St. Nick pulls it out with this fingers. Wincing in pain as he does.

He looks at himself in the mirror. His face is still bruised, but not as heavily.

ST. NICK  
Three more days, God. I just need  
three more days.

GABRIEL  
You're really going through with  
this?

St. Nick jumps as he turns to face Gabriel.

ST. NICK  
You nearly scared the shit out of me.

GABRIEL  
Would it get you to come back now,  
before it's too late?

ST. NICK  
Too late for who? Me or those girls  
about to be sent off to be somebody's  
sex toys?

GABRIEL  
You've already done enough.  
Constantine, the guys he's called.  
They can finish it.

ST. NICK  
I need to finish it.

GABRIEL  
He thought you might say that.  
(pause)  
He asked me to give you this?

Gabriel hands St. Nick a red leather long coat.

ST. NICK  
I liked the shorter one.

GABRIEL  
This one's better. Trust me.

ST. NICK  
You could help me, you know.

GABRIEL  
No, Nicholas, I can't.  
(pause)  
The rest of the saints miss you, you  
know.

(MORE)

GABRIEL (cont'd)  
Some are even thinking of coming  
back, too. God's done a good job of  
dissuading them...so far.

ST. NICK  
How?

GABRIEL  
Shown them what you've been up  
against.

ST. NICK  
Did it work?

GABRIEL  
Mostly, but George and Joan are  
making it difficult.

ST. NICK  
They always were up for a fight.

GABRIEL  
Well, if you're not coming, then I'm  
off. I hope to see you again in a few  
days. Where you belong.

ST. NICK  
We'll see.

GABRIEL  
Yes, I suppose we will.

After Gabriel leaves, St. Nick looks at his stomach wound.  
CLOSE ON HIS WOUND -- it's totally healed.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES-- KISER'S OFFICE -- EVENING -- SAME TIME

Kiser is pacing like a wild animal. The two Jakes are  
standing to the side as usual. Fitzgerald is also with them.

KISER  
What in the fuck do we have to do to  
get rid of this guy? I've got two  
dead guys I gotta explain to work  
release, damaged holiday merchandise  
in the warehouse, and at least one  
piece of ass in the basement I'm not  
sure is going to be worth the effort  
to package her up and sell her.

(to Jake #1)  
I thought I told you two to take care  
of her, bring her down to the  
basement.

JAKE #1

We handed her off to the other guys  
like we always do. You told us never  
to get our hands dirty.

Kiser picks up a scissor and paces with it in his hand,  
opening and closing it. He stops and stands in front of  
Fitzgerald.

KISER

Find this fuck. Bring him to me or  
the next time you're in here this  
scissor is going so far up your ass  
they'll have to open you up to find  
it!

(pause)

This has to be the worst holiday in  
fuckin' history.

EXT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - NEXT DAY - DUSK

A dozen guys and a couple of women pull up on motorcycles.  
CLOSE ON the back patch as we FOLLOW them into the Club. It  
says Biker Against Child Abuse - BACA.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB - SAME TIME

The bikers enter the club. Constantine and St. Nick are  
waiting for them.

Constantine greets JIMMY, the leader of the BACA group. He  
looks like a typical biker - big guy, bald head and long  
beard. The rest of his group are what you'd expect. No one  
you'd want to mess with.

CONSTANTINE

Jimmy!

Jimmy and Constantine shake hands and give each other a bear  
hug.

JIMMY

Hey brother. Been awhile.

CONSTANTINE

Too long. You got here fast.

JIMMY

A brother calls, a child's in  
trouble, you know we come as soon as  
we can. So, what's up?

CONSTANTINE  
Jimmy, meet Nick.

Jimmy looks St. Nick over.

JIMMY  
You the one taking care of the  
assholes hurting kids?

St. Nick nods.

JIMMY (cont'd)  
All right. You know who we are?

ST. NICK  
You show up if a kid feels  
threatened.

JIMMY  
Something like that. Thing is we  
can't touch the fuckers that make the  
kids feel that way. We mostly operate  
by intimidation.

St. Nick takes in the group.

ST. NICK  
I can see how that could work.

JIMMY  
Yeah, sometimes, but Dude. You've  
taken it to a whole different level.  
Whaddaya need from us?

St. Nick turns to Constantine to answer.

CONSTANTINE  
We're taking down a sex trafficking  
ring. We can't do it alone.

JIMMY  
Shit. That's a big ask. You know  
who's running it?

CONSTANTINE  
Roy Kiser.

JIMMY  
The hobby store guy? You got proof?

ST. NICK  
More than enough, but there's a  
hitch.

JIMMY

Dirty cops.

CONSTANTINE

At least one, a detective named  
Fitzgerald.

JIMMY

Yeah, we know that asshole. His own  
kid called him out once, but nothing  
came of it. So, I gotta ask again,  
whadaya want from us?

St. Nick looks to Constantine, then to Jimmy.

CONSTANTINE

How do you all feel about dressing  
like Santa Claus?

INT. MALL - SANTA CHAIR - LATER

Ramirez is watching the Santa and the line of parents by  
himself. He looks at his watch.

FROM HIS POV OF WATCH it says 8:30.

RAMIREZ

Fuck, Fitzgerald. Where the hell are  
you?

He takes out his phone, punches in a number. We HEAR it ring  
once. Then Fitzgerald's voice.

FITZGERALD (O.C.)

You've reached Frank Fitzgerald,  
leave a message.

RAMIREZ

(to phone)

Yeah, Frank. Their closin' up soon.  
If you're not here in five, I'm  
takin' off.

He hangs up. Looks around.

There's one kid left in line by Santa.

RAMIREZ (cont'd)

Fuck it. I'm outta here.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - LATE NIGHT

Kiser has his dremel tool with a small sander attachment in one hand. He turns it on, then off, on then off.

BUD GORMAN - a forty something overweight drug runner for Kiser is strapped to a chair. Donnie stands off to the side, his left hand still bandaged. The two Jakes flank Bud.

KISER

Bud, Bud, Bud. I'm really disappointed in you. I was told by my associates here that you might know where I could find this vigilante asshole that's fuckin' around with my business and killin' my staff.

BUD

I wish I could help you, Roy, but I don't know shit.

KISER

Well, you may think you don't know anything, but in my experience, some people just need some help joggin' their memory. Maybe they got long Covid, so the virus made their brain sticky, like what's in the glue gun I use on my wreaths over there. Or maybe they got early stage Alzheimers. Or maybe they just don't want to tell me!

(to the two Jakes)

Ain't that right?

They both nod in agreement.

BUD

I don't got any of those things, Roy. Seriously, everyone's talkin' about him, but no one knows shit about him.

KISER

You know, Bud, I think you're telling the truth. But I'm not going to haul your ass in here and take up my time for nothing.

He nods to the two Jakes, who move in closer to Bud.

Kiser has the dremel on and takes it to Bud's bare arm, sanding through a couple of layers of flesh.

Bud SCREAMS in pain.

KISER (cont'd)  
You'll heal. Now get the hell out of  
here and keep your ears open!

Kiser puts the dremel on his desk and pours himself a drink.

The Two Jakes undo Bud and take him to the door, shove him  
into the hall, then close the door.

KISER (cont'd)  
This has gone on long enough. The guy  
knows our business. He's got the  
whole city on edge.  
(to FITZGERALD off  
camera)  
What the fuck are you going to do  
about it?

FITZGERALD  
We're doing what we can, but the  
guy's like a freakin' ghost!

KISER  
You're running out of time and I'm  
running out of patience. This goes on  
any longer and my tools are going to  
get bigger and so is the pain.

FITZGERALD  
That won't be necessary.

KISER  
The year's almost up and I gotta  
quota to meet. You better hope it's  
not necessary.

We HEAR Fitzgerald's phone BUZZ.

KISER (cont'd)  
Who the fuck keeps tryin' to call  
you?

FITZGERALD  
Ramirez. I should call him.

KISER  
No, you shouldn't. You'll see him in  
the morning.

INT. EMPEROR FIGHT CLUB -- DECEMBER SIX - NIGHT

St. Nick, Constantine, Jimmy and the BACA Club are all in the same room. They are all dressed like Santa. Except for St. Nick who has the long red leather coat Gabriel gave him.

CONSTANTINE

Nick this is your show. How are we doin' this?

ST. NICK

We split up and go in once it's all closed. Half through the front. Half through the back.

JIMMY

So we storm the place?

ST. NICK

I still have my access cards so you won't need to.

He hands one to Jimmy, one to Constantine.

ST. NICK (cont'd)

Kiser will be watching everything on the monitors in his office. Create a distraction on both sides of the building, so I can get to the basement and get Amber and whomever else is down there free and out the back.

JIMMY

They're not going to go down without a big fight. Some people could die.

ST. NICK

I know that. You and your people don't have to do this.

JIMMY

Yeah, we do. We've been itching to get this guy for a long time. No one here is afraid to die.

The rest of the BACA group nod and MURMUR in agreement.

NEIL (O.C.)

Count us in.

Attention goes to the entrance of the club. Neil and Amber's crew are there.

CONSTANTINE

Neil. You need to sit this out. This just got way more dangerous.

NEIL

No fucking way. We're in.

JIMMY

Righteous. We're right there with ya, brother.

All of the BACA group draw various pistols, rifles and ARs.

CONSTANTINE

Holy shit. Wasn't expecting that.  
(to St. Nick)  
Still no guns for you?

ST. NICK

I won't need it.  
(pause)  
All right, let's go save some kids.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - BASEMENT - LATER

Amber and three other girls ranging in age from 12 to 14 sit on the edge of a bed in a large bedroom. They are dressed up and made up to look much older. Their hands and feet are zip tied together. The three other girls hold hands. The youngest has been crying, eye make up running down her face.

A KEY UNLOCKS the door and Jake #1 comes in.

JAKE #1

All right, we're going to be taking off from here in a few minutes.

He cuts their zip ties.

JAKE #1 (cont'd)

Do what you need to do before we go?  
It's going to be a long trip.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - EVENING - SAME TIME

Constantine is in a car in the parking lot, watching the front entrance. There's only one other car in the lot.

An ELDERLY WOMAN comes out of the entrance, gets in the car and leaves.

From Constantine's POV, a big guy inside Roy's Hobbies locks the front door and walks away from the entrance.

Constantine motions out of his window.

St. Nick, Jimmy and the BACA group roll up on their motorcycles.

CONSTANTINE

This is it, Nick. You got about two hours before your time's up.

ST. NICK

Yeah, then let's make it count.

CONSTANTINE

Nick.

ST. NICK

Yeah.

CONSTANTINE

Thanks.

(pause)

I was getting pretty cynical. This, this crazy thing we're doing here. It's like old times.

ST. NICK

Conquering pagans?

CONSTANTINE

Doing the right thing.

ST. NICK

That we are.

St. Nick, Jimmy and his BACA group split up between the front and the back.

Neil and seven street kids come up on roller skates and bicycles and join St. Nick who heads toward the back.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - KISER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Kiser and Fitzgerald are at the door about to go out. Fitzgerald stops and points to the monitors.

FITZGERALD

Hey, Roy. What the fuck is that?

CLOSE ON MONITORS

A group of BACA riders can be seen at the front of Roy's Hobbies entrance.

KISER  
Shit. Who the fuck?

FITZGERALD  
(pointing to another  
monitor)  
They're in the back, too!

KISER  
(to the Two Jakes)  
Get down there and stop them. How  
many of the crew are still here?

JAKE #2  
About a dozen, maybe a few more.

KISER  
Get them armed. Those fuckers are  
trespassing and we got a shipment to  
make!

Kiser pulls an AR from a cabinet as the the two Jakes  
leave...

KISER (cont'd)  
(to Fitzgerald)  
You. You're sittin' tight with me.

FITZGERALD  
No way. I can't be here.

Kiser tosses the AR to Fitzgerald.

KISER  
You already are. They're fuckin'  
trespassing and you're the cop on the  
scene.

FITZGERALD  
Shit, Roy.

KISER  
Exactly. You shoot anyone we don't  
know who walks through that door.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - FRONT ENTRANCE

Constantine, Jimmy and five of the BACA group are at the  
front. They look inside.

FROM THEIR POV the place looks empty. All of the lights are on.

CONSTANTINE

All right, here we go.

Jimmy pulls out his AR and shoots up the glass. An ALARM goes off.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - RETAIL FLOOR - SAME TIME

His guys go in first, splitting up as they go through the front entrance of the building.

Jimmy spots the alarm and takes it out.

SIX of Kiser's men also dressed as Santas but without white beards or long hair are waiting at the end of each aisle.

Constantine rolls a flash grenade down an aisle. Jimmy rolls one down another.

They both go off at the same time, disorienting Kiser's men.

As the smoke clears, the guns go off.

Both sides start shooting.

Holiday decorations get destroyed off the shelves.

Two of Jimmy's guys go down.

Constantine takes out one of Kiser's men.

Jimmy takes out another.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - KISER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Kiser and Fitzgerald are both watching the monitors.

FROM THEIR POV we see the action on the floor of the store. Nothing is happening at the back of the building.

FITZGERALD

We should get out of here.

KISER

Are you kidding me? This is getting good.

(pause)

Wait a minute. I know that face.

He points to a monitor and gets in for a closer look.

FROM HIS POV we see St. Nick looking directly at the outside camera.

KISER (cont'd)  
Well, Fitzgerald, looks like you  
could get your vigilante tonight  
after all.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - BACK PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

St. Nick is standing in the parking lot looking directly at the camera.

Neil and his group, and the rest of the BACA riders are gathered up against the building.

ST. NICK  
(to Neil)  
Take your guys to the roof. And take  
these with you.

NEIL  
What are they?

ST. NICK  
Smoke bombs. Drop them through the  
vents. It's a diversion.

NEIL  
Then what?

ST. NICK  
Stay out of the line of fire!

Neil motions to his group and they head for a nearby ladder attached to the side of the building.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
(to the BACA riders)  
All right, now it's our turn.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

The two Jake's are with six other men - all heavily armed.

Jake #1 motions and two of the men take up positions next to the entrance.

The front door explodes open.

Smoke pours through the overhead vents.

The entire warehouse is awash in smoke.

The two Jakes pick themselves up off the floor. The other six men with them do the same.

The BACA riders run in guns blazing.

St. Nick follows. Jake #1 hones in on him and fires repeatedly. The bullets bounce off of St. Nick's long coat.

St. Nick throws his bola and it wraps around Jake #1's neck and takes him to the ground.

St. Nick takes him out with a staff thrust to the neck.

As he turns, a bullet creases his leg. He stumbles.

It's one of Kiser's men.

St. Nick fights him and then another, taking them both out with a mix of his staff and fight moves Constantine taught him.

The BACA group are all in hand-to-hand fighting with the rest of Kiser's men.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Amber and the other girls are huddled together on the bed. We can HEAR the bullets and yelling from above.

GIRL PRISONER

What's going on?

AMBER

Not sure, but I think someone's here to rescue us.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - BACK PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Neil and his group are coming down the ladder.

NEIL

Come on. We have to go in and help.

STREET KID

Are you kidding? They're shooting the shit out of each other in there.

NEIL

Then time to surprise them.

Neil heads to the blown out warehouse entrance. His crew follows.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - KISER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Kiser and Fitzgerald watch the monitors.

CLOSE ON MONITORS SHOWING FIGHTING ON THE RETAIL FLOOR and WAREHOUSE.

FITZGERALD

That's it. I'm out of here.

We HEAR a CLICK of a gun.

KISER

The fuck you are.

FITZGERALD

You going to shoot me?

KISER

If I have to. Get down to the basement and make sure the girls aren't going anywhere.

FITZGERALD

That's not my job!

Kiser fires at Fitzgerald. Barely missing him.

KISER

It is now. Take the back way. No one will see you.

Fitzgerald hesitates.

KISER (cont'd)

Go! Next time I won't miss!

Fitzgerald grabs his gun and leaves.

Kiser's attention goes back to the fights on the monitors.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Ramirez is in his car driving. His cellphone RINGS. He hits answer on his dash.

RAMIREZ

Ramirez.

CHIEF (O.C.)

Where the hell are you?

RAMIREZ

Heading home. The mall was a bust.

CHIEF (O.C.)

Is Fitzgerald with you?

RAMIREZ

(hesitates)

No. We drove separate.

CHIEF (O.C.)

Get your ass over to Roy's Hobbies. We have reports of shots fired and guys in Santa outfits. One of them could be our guy.

RAMIREZ

Copy that. What about back up?

CHIEF (O.C.)

Call it in!

The Chief hangs up.

RAMIREZ

Fucking, Fitzgerald, you owe me.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - RETAIL FLOOR

Constantine, Jimmy and three of the BACA fighters are fighting hand-to-hand with the four remaining Kiser Santas.

CLOSE ON BODIES on the floor.

Two of the BACA Santas are severely wounded. Three of Kiser's men are down.

There's a YELL.

Bud comes in guns blazing from the entrance. More debris from the shelves. He manages to take out another of Jimmy's men and wounds Jimmy and Costantine.

Constantine and Jimmy pull themselves out of the way down two separate aisles.

The two remaining BACA fighters finish off the other two Kiser Santas in hand-to-hand fighting.

Bud loads up and starts down an aisle. He kills one of the BACA fighters.

The other comes around an aisle and Bud kills him.

Jimmy is in the aisle where the knitting needles are. He grabs a handful.

He tosses one to Constantine.

CLOSE ON BUD's foot coming around a corner.

Jimmy stabs Bud in the foot with it. Bud YELLS out. Stumbles back.

Constantine comes up and shoves a knitting needle up through the base of Bud's jaw into his brain.

Bud falls backward dead.

Jimmy manages to get to his feet.

Constantine does the same, grabs Jimmy around the waist.

CONSTANTINE

Come on.

They support each other as they hobble out of the front of the building.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

It's bedlam. BACA fighters are exchanging gun fire with some of Kiser's Santas.

Others are fighting hand to hand.

St. Nick fights one of Kiser's Santas and takes him out with his staff. But not before taking some hard blows to the head.

He SEES Neil and his gang make their way into the warehouse.

Jake #2 spots them too.

St. Nick fights off another of Kiser's Santas.

Just as he meets up with Neil and his gang huddled in a warehouse aisle...

JAKE #2  
Hey, St. Nick.

Jake #2 steps in from a warehouse aisle and has a gun pointed at Neil.

ST. NICK  
Leave them.

JAKE #2  
Sure thing.

He shoves Neil ahead of him, but raises his gun to shoot him. Before he can fire, St. Nick throws a knife and catches Jake #2 in the shoulder.

It's enough to make Jake #2 drop the gun. But not to stop him.

ST. NICK  
(to Neil)  
Go to the basement. Amber's down there.

NEIL  
(to his gang)  
Come on.

Neil heads that direction with his gang following.

Jake #2 charges St. Nick. He ducks and catches Jake #2 with a gut punch that sends Jake #2 up off the ground.

Jake #2 sees St. Nick wince. He kicks at St. Nick's injured leg.

St. Nick drops to one leg.

Jake #2 sets up and kicks St. Nick in the head. St. Nick goes over to his side.

JAKE #2  
That's all you got old man.

St. Nick's staff is within arm's length. He goes for it, but Jake #2 stomps on St. Nick's hand.

St. Nick yells out, but grabs Jake #2's other foot and pulls him to the ground.

Jake #2 is on the ground. Before he can move, St. Nick hits him hard across the head with his staff.

Jake #2 falls to the ground. He tries to pick himself up, but St. Nick hits him again in the head, killing him.

As St. Nick picks himself up, CLOSE ON groaning and wounded BACA men and Kiser Santas on the warehouse floor.

From behind St. Nick...

FITZGERALD

You! You're the fucking Santa Claus vigilante.

St. Nick turns and sees Fitzgerald with a gun pointed right at him.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Time for you to retire.

A gun goes off and a bullet hole appears in Fitzgerald's head.

Constantine is behind St. Nick.

CONSTANTINE

Once in awhile you still need a gun.

ST. NICK

I would have had him.

CONSTANTINE

Sure.

(beat)

Where's Amber?

ST. NICK

She's in the basement. Neil should be down there.

CONSTANTINE

What about Kiser?

ST. NICK

I'll take care of him. You get Amber and whoever she's with out of here.

CONSTANTINE

You're running out of time. Look at you. You're barely healing.

ST. NICK

I have to finish this.

CONSTANTINE

Go. I'll get the kids out of here.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - KISER'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON MONITORS -- Bodies are scattered across the retail floor.

Same with the warehouse floor.

Constantine is on the stairs headed to the basement.

Neil and his gang are in the basement outside the room with Amber and the girls.

The door to the office opens slowly. We SEE the end of St. Nick's staff pushing it all the way.

St. Nick steps in. No one is there. His gaze goes to the monitors.

CLOSE ON ONE as we SEE Kiser heading down the basement stairs, AR in hand.

ST. NICK

Shit.

INT. ROY'S HOBBIES - BASEMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

Neil and his gang are at the door. Neil bangs on it.

NEIL

Amber, it's me, Neil.

Amber is at the door.

AMBER

Neil. Oh my god.

(to the girls)

It's a friend. We're going to get out of here.

NEIL

We need to open the door. Stand back.

Constantine is behind them.

CONSTANTINE

You're going to need some help.

NEIL

We thought you were dead.

CONSTANTINE

Not yet. Stand back.

He puts some explosives around the door.

CONSTANTINE (cont'd)  
(to the girls)  
Get back. This thing's going to blow!

Everyone backs away on both sides of the door.

It EXPLODES and as the dust settles, Neil rushes in to Amber.

NEIL  
Come on. We've got to get out of here.

AMBER  
(to Constantine)  
St. Nick?

CONSTANTINE  
Yeah, he's still out there. Come on.  
Kiser's still loose. Get up the stairs!

Constantine is armed and leads the way up the stairs.

As they all clear the stair well and are back in the warehouse...

KISER  
That's my property.

He shoots at Constantine, hitting him in the chest and shoulder.

Constantine stumbles back, but doesn't fall to the ground. He gets a shot off at Kiser, forcing Kiser to take cover at the top of the stairs.

CONSTANTINE  
(to all of the kids)  
Back down the stairs. Now!

Kiser takes in the dead Jake's, his men and Fitzgerald scattered across the warehouse floor.

KISER  
(to Constantine)  
You and your friends cost me a lot tonight. But you still got something of mine. I'm willing to let you live if you tell me where that fucking vigilante friend of yours is.

St. Nick is behind him.

ST. NICK  
Right behind you.

Kiser turns and lets loose with the AR. Bullets fly toward St. Nick. Some make it past his coat. Some hit him. But St. Nick keeps coming until Kiser runs out of bullets.

Kiser backs up and trips over one of his dead men. He falls to the ground. He fumbles for a gun in his waste, but he's too late.

St. Nick takes the gun from him and tosses it aside. He stands over him, staff in hand.

KISER  
Who the hell are you?

ST. NICK  
Call me, St. Nick.

He stabs the staff hard into Kiser's gut.

Kiser gasps for air.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
That's for the people who died  
tonight.

He stabs it hard into Kiser's crotch. Kaiser doubles up in pain.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
That's for all of the kids you  
ruined.

KISER  
(struggles to speak)  
Fuck you, St. Nick.

St. Nick shoves his staff hard into Kiser's larynx, crushing it and killing him.

ST. NICK  
And that's to be sure you never do it  
again.

St. Nick is bleeding profusely and breathing hard.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
Vengeance is mine.

He goes to the stairwell.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
(to Amber and Neil)  
It's okay. You can come up now.

Amber, Neil, his gang and the young girls slowly come up the stair well.

Amber is the first to see Constantine lying on the ground.

AMBER  
Constantine!

Constantine is bleeding from the gunshot wounds.

Amber is at his side.

CONSTANTINE  
Cops will be here soon. You all have to get out of here.

ST. NICK  
You're not going to make it are you?

Constantine takes in St. Nick's wounds and bruises.

CONSTANTINE  
Might make two of us. Guess it was finally my time.

ST. NICK  
Heaven's not so bad.

CONSTANTINE  
So I recall. Thank you, Nick. I couldn't have died happier.

Constantine's head goes to one side. He's dead.

St. Nick closes his eyes and makes the sign of the cross.

NEIL  
We gotta go.

AMBER  
(to St. Nick)  
What about you?

ST. NICK  
I'm going to make sure no one else follows...and this place gets the ending it deserves. You get the girls back home.

AMBER  
Thank you. I didn't think you'd come.

ST. NICK  
It's okay. Now go.

She and Neil lead the girls to the back door.

Jimmy and the two surviving BACA riders are there.

ST. NICK (cont'd)  
You'll take care of them.

JIMMY  
Count on it.

As they all leave, St. Nick notices a clock on the wall. Ten minutes to midnight.

He grabs a flash grenade near one of the dead BACA riders and sets it off near a box of spray lacquer marked explosive. It goes off setting the warehouse on fire.

He hobbles into the retail floor and finds another flash grenade and uses it to set fire there.

EXT. ROY'S HOBBIES - FRONT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

St. Nick stumbles out and away from the building. He falls to the ground. His red leather jacket smoldering, worn, full of bullet holes. His face and beard bloody, streaked with ash.

He rolls over and looks up. A MALE HAND reaches toward him.

St. Nick grabs it, is pulled up, and faces God. He leans on God as they walk away from Roy's Hobbies.

From St. Nick's POV we SEE a clock on a church across the street. It's five minutes to midnight. Five minutes before he becomes mortal. Five minutes before he could die.

SIRENS in the background.

St. Nick slumps against Constantine's car. God stands next to him.

GOD  
Did you do what you set out to do?

ST. NICK  
I barely started.

GOD  
You're dying.

ST. NICK  
I have a few more minutes.

He looks at the clock on the church and the hands have frozen. No sirens. No noise. The world is silent.

GOD  
If you die, you come home. You will be at peace.

ST. NICK  
This is my home. And I won't be at peace.

God looks at the clock, then at St. Nick,

GOD  
Then we have a conundrum. You die and that's it. The problem remains. You somehow live and the problem remains.

ST. NICK  
Then make me immortal...and I stay here. Finish what I started.

GOD  
As long as man is what he is, you will never finish.

ST. NICK  
I have to try.

St. Nick breathes heavier, growing weaker, but the CLOCK hasn't moved.

GOD  
This is what you want?

ST. NICK  
Yeah, it's what I want.

God looks at St. Nick, the clock. Then back to St. Nick.

GOD  
As you wish.

God helps St. Nick to his feet.

GOD (cont'd)  
Until next year, then.

ST. NICK  
Next year?

GOD  
To check on you.

God turns and walks into a BRIGHT LIGHT. When the bright light disappears, the clock strikes midnight. The world comes back to life. SIRENS are getting closer.

St. Nick's wounds have healed. He feels his face and it's fine.

He looks toward the night sky. He straightens himself up. Picks up staff and bola that have suddenly appeared at his feet.

ST. NICK  
Thank you. Next year it is.

He gets on his motorcycle and rides into the night toward the sound of a CHILD CRYING in the distance.

Passing the cops, passing Ramirez in his car, and firetrucks as they pull into the parking lot of Roy's Hobbies.

FADE OUT:

THE END