

**BUFFALO CLAWS**

Written by

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SUPER - BUFFALO, NEW YORK - NEAR HALLOWEEN

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A TEEN (white) emerges from his car and sneaks over to a building with a backpack on. A canister is extracted. He tags a building with spray paint.

Snow covered ground crunches under him. Now done... he stands back to view his creation.

The 'bad boy' hears a sound of branches snapping from the nearby woods. He freezes in place. Then hears...GRRRR!

Teen eyes show fright. He stuffs the canister into the backpack. His face reflects panic as he peers over at the woods. A full sprint to his vehicle ensues.

A snow drift rings the parking lot. His feet get stuck in the snow mound. A shoe comes off...he leaves it.

Terrified, he dashes to the car. Then...GRRR, behind him seems louder - closer.

Abruptly - he is yanked out of view. Screams are heard. Blood squirts on the white snow.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Pine tree branches, covered in white, hover near a stream. A pine cone falls, then rolls onto a section of reddish snow.

A post rises from the ground, next to it. Upon the pole - the decapitated head, of the mischievous teen.

INT. ERIE COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Snow falls hard, as seen through a window. Around the room are remnants of a potluck party. Pumpkins and Halloween decorations are on display, alongside Buffalo Bills items.

Full focus on the weather, is ORLANDO (early 30s - black). Clean-shaven, mischievous eyes, curious nature...a joker. He seems comfortable and proud in his Deputy Sheriff uniform.

A donut with orange frosting is bitten into by him. His lips, comically covered in orange goo as he chews.

ORLANDO

Look at this shit. Starting early  
this year.

(MORE)

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Ain't even November yet. Somebody  
get me to Florida, pronto.

His co-worker, EVELYN (50s), a plus-sized Native American  
from the Seneca nation, graying hair - hands him a napkin.

EVELYN  
Look at you, Orlando. That's why  
they call us -- pigs.

The other deputies near the food table chuckle. DONNELLY  
(40s), a lumberjack size Irishman of Orlando's age adds...

DONNELLY  
Evelyn...Don't pick on the little  
fella. He's trying to eat without a  
bib, like a big boy.

Orlando wipes off the frosting and tosses the donut in the  
trash can.

ORLANDO  
Ha-ha. Funny. I don't know about  
you losers, but I'm going to party  
tonight. It's Halloween.

EVELYN  
Party? Tomorrow is Sunday. If  
anybody needs church, it's you.

ORLANDO  
I gave up on the church, long ago.  
I'm a party boy, not a choir boy.

EVELYN  
Fine. On second thought, you better  
stay home and give out candy. Your  
place got egged last year,  
remember?

DONNELLY  
Yeah, and my arm is still sore from  
that, a year later.

He winks at Orlando. All laugh except him.

ORLANDO  
Clown all you want to, but I'm  
gonna to do it up tonight. Costume  
and everything. The only candy I'm  
interested in is eye-candy. A new  
strip club just opened up.

DONNELLY

That means he'll be looking to borrow money tomorrow, because he spent his whole paycheck there.

ORLANDO

And look at that, I'm off the clock. Dress-up time.

EVELYN

Drag isn't considered a costume if you wear it every night.

He gives her - the eye. Others laugh.

ORLANDO

I don't do drag, sorry.

DONNELLY

Come on, Ru Paul is cool. A slinky gown, a big wig... Evelyn can do your make-up.

ORLANDO

Evelyn ain't wore make-up since they landed on the moon. I got the shit. Wait and see.

Orlando snatches up his bag that contains his secret wardrobe and heads to the bathroom.

EVELYN

So you going out tonight too?

DONNELLY

If this snow lets up, I'll shuffle my brats around for a minute.

Orlando emerges from the bathroom in full regalia.

DONNELLY (CONT'D)

Oh my God. What the... Who are you supposed to be?

The transformed Deputy does a 360 degree spin.

ORLANDO

Buffalo Bill Cody, at your service.

His co-workers get a laugh out of his fashion show. The fringed suede jacket, fake handle-bar moustache and goatee seem ridiculous. Orlando plops the cowboy hat on his head as the final touch.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

I know you're jealous, but don't hate. Makes your face look uglier than it already is.

Sheriff QUEZADA (60s - Latino), old enough to retire, but too stubborn to follow through...stops in his tracks at the sight of Orlando.

QUEZADA

Hey, it's the guy from the beef jerky commercials. You bring samples or what?

ORLANDO

Hey Boss. It's my costume. Buffalo Bill Cody.

QUEZADA

You're going in the public like that? My God. Please tell me you're off duty.

ORLANDO

Off duty and about to see some booty -- at that new strip club by the stadium. Can't remember the name of--

Quezada strolls closer, looks him up and down.

QUEZADA

The RAZZLE DAZZLE. Church folks and old ladies are complaining about it already. Be low-key, please. I don't need a scandal.

EXT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - NIGHT

In the parking lot, Orlando emerges from his Mustang that sports a large Buffalo Bills bumper sticker. He speaks under his breath.

ORLANDO

I will not fall in love with a stripper. I will not fall in love with a stripper.

He confidently strides up to the entrance as snow falls. The building is decorated for Halloween and football season. A 'GRAND OPENING' banner is over the door. Orlando enters.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Snow flurries dance in the wind and settle on an old truck out front. The trailer - old, beat up.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

A rerun of COPS, blares in the background as criminals are chased and tackled by policemen. A laugh echoes. The chuckle is followed past Buffalo Bills memorabilia to a corner.

On a recliner, an older guy with white beard and beer belly RONNIE SCHWARTZ (late 50s), giggles as he munches popcorn. Alone, messy, cop awards on walls...amused by the episode.

RONNIE

Got 'em, YES. Little punk. I'd snap his neck, back in the day.

He flips the channel. A newscast is seen.

CARMEN

(on screen)

This is Carmen Ellison at the Waterfront.

CARMEN, (late 20s ) is a resilient looking, Black woman who braves the cold for the remote shot. Snowflakes dance around her. Eyes beam intelligence - face gorgeous.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

(on screen)

If you're going out for Halloween tonight, bundle up. More Lake-Effect snow is on the way.

Through his window, Ronnie spots other trailers decorated for Halloween. He picks up his phone and sees the date.

RONNIE

No shit. That sucks. Damn trick or treaters. I'm not staying here.

Off goes the TV and lamp. In semi-darkness, he scrolls through his phone.

A sexy ad for a new strip club near the stadium shows a dancer in a cheerleader outfit. It reads, "The Razzle Dazzle - free admission on Halloween, if you wear a costume."

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Costume? Only got one.

He moans as he struggles to get off the chair. When he stretches, it seems painful. Ronnie limps to the closet, smiles, pulls out a red outfit.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Ronnie, as Santa Claus, treks with caution over snow and ice, to his truck. As he approaches the driver's side, costumed kids converge on the driveway. Ronnie rolls his eyes.

KIDS  
Trick or treat!

He adjusts his Santa hat - bends down to their level.

RONNIE  
No candy tonight but I'll make up  
for it on Christmas. Okay?

The kids look dejected and stroll away, grumbling.

KIDS  
Liar...Cheapo...Let's go.

Ronnie watches them scatter with a scowl on his face. He opens his truck door.

EXT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ronnie parks near the edge of the woods, since most spaces are already taken. He gets out and looks around.

RONNIE  
Wow. A packed house.

He proceeds to the entrance, as the jolly old elf.

INT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - NIGHT

Ronnie enters and is overwhelmed. Walls are lined with posters of Buffalo Bills all-stars, amid Halloween stuff. A dancer on stage makes his eyes bulge.

Strippers wear sexy outfits inspired by Bills uniforms. Patrons wear various costumes, many are humorous.

A waitress in a sexy referee outfit passes him with a pitcher of beer and full shot glasses. His face reflects that he's found heaven. An older blonde (40s) comes up to him.

MARVALETTE LEVY

Welcome Santa, I'm Marvalette Levy,  
head honcho. Table seat - or close  
to the stage?

RONNIE

Close as possible, young lady.

MARVALETTE LEVY

Happy Halloween, we aim to please.

He sees dancers in mid-drift jerseys bump and grind with a  
diverse crowd of customers. Ronnie tells Marvalette...

RONNIE

If heaven don't look like this,  
I'll be seriously disappointed.

A funky **RICK JAMES** song plays on the sound system. He's sat  
next to a smiling Orlando on one side, and a guy in a Roman  
soldier costume on the other.

Orlando has an attractive Black dancer with long hair. Her  
jersey reads, 'THURMAN TOPLESS' as she does a sexy lap dance.

MARVALETTE LEVY

Whatcha drinking, St. Nick?

RONNIE

Genesee beer. A pitcher, sweetie.

On stage is a young, tall dancer, big breasted - with blue  
hair. Her jersey reads, BIG JARS METZELAARS.

Orlando's interaction with his stripper, seems to break his  
rule of not falling in love.

ORLANDO

Girl, you are HOT. Gotta boyfriend,  
baby?

THURMAN TOPLESS

Why? You like this, big daddy?

ORLANDO

I dress like Buffalo Bill Cody but  
that's not beef jerky in my pocket.  
Okay to see you outside of the bar?

THURMAN TOPLESS

Maybe. Where do you live and where  
is your wife at?



ORLANDO

Me? Looky here, little mama. I'm as single as a dollar bill, good job and my crib is right here in Orchard Park.

She smiles and her 'grindage' intensifies.

THURMAN TOPLESS

What you driving?

ORLANDO

Mustang baby, what else could a legendary cowboy ride?

Drinks arrive for Ronnie. He pours out a beer and dives deeper into the stage show.

The Roman soldier next to him, PRIMO PILETTI (40s - Italian) studies his movements closely. He motions to get the attention of two dancers (20s) strolling by.

They come over to the Roman. He whispers to them. Then he taps Ronnie on the shoulder.

PRIMO PILETTI

Hey bud, these two ladies want to give us a table dance.

RONNIE

Uh, sure. Really? Hell yeah.

PRIMO PILETTI

I'll have to leave soon, but I'll try number twelve. My favorite QB of all time.

(to dancer)

What's your name, pretty lady?

SLIM-JIM KELLY

I'm Slim-Jim Kelly. This is my friend. Do-Me Beebe.

PRIMO PILETTI

Well, hello. Love the stage names. I'm Primo Piletti.

DO-ME BEEBE

Santa here would like a dance?

Ronnie stops mid-chug. He wipes his beer mustache and smiles.

RONNIE

Yeah, yes, for sure, thanks.

All three patrons are grinded-on by dancers. Ronnie is almost in shock.

Piletti is a bit too 'handsy'. Slim-Jim pushes stray paws away and her eyes give a stern warning.

Orlando tries to kiss his dancer - but she only gives him her cheek, with as quick head turn.

ORLANDO

You're doing things I could get  
used to, baby girl. Trying my best  
not to fall in love with you but  
damn, you got what I need.

THURMAN TOPLESS

Is that right? You're kinda cute  
yourself.

Do-Me Beebe whips her long red hair around wildly as she gives Santa an energetic dance.

RONNIE

I haven't had this kind of  
treatment in too damn long.

DO-ME BEEBE

I always loved Santa's lap.

RONNIE

Have you been good or naughty?

DO-ME BEEBE

Naughty and proud of it. That okay  
with you St. Nick?

RONNIE

This year, naughty girls get  
presents too.

The song ends. Written on the DJ booth is the name BRUCELLA SMITH, (30S). Tall and dark, she swings long braids.

BRUCELLA SMITH

Let's hear it again for Big Jars  
Metzelaars.

The blue haired dancer waves to those who applaud.

BRUCELLA SMITH (CONT'D)

That song was Buffalo's own  
superstar, Rick James. Let's keep  
it local with some Grover. Let's  
keep it generous with the tips too.

An athletic, lean dancer makes her way to the stage.

BRUCELLA SMITH (CONT'D)  
Up next, 'Dirty Deed' Andrea Reed.  
Give her some love. Come on.

A light-skinned black lady, 'DIRTY DEED' ANDREA REED  
(20s) comes out in Andre's jersey. She commands attention as  
the upbeat GROVER WASHINGTON JR song starts.

SLIM-JIM KELLY  
She has a wild act that I have to  
assist with. Check it out.

PRIMO PILETTI  
Have to work early. But I'll watch  
a little bit.

Orlando's dancer opens the top buttons on his shirt and rubs  
his bare chest.

THURMAN TOPLESS  
Let's go to the VIP ROOM. We can  
really, get wild there.

ORLANDO  
Uh. Aren't lap dances double price  
in there?

Her eyes penetrate his skull.

THURMAN TOPLESS  
If you want to be my boyfriend, you  
can't be cheap, sugar.

ORLANDO  
Cheap? Who me? Naw, babe. Not a  
problem. Just making an  
observation.

THURMAN TOPLESS  
Cool. I'll freshen up and meet you  
in that room over there, in about  
ten minutes.

The dancer leaves. He smiles, ear to ear.

DO-ME BEEBE  
I'll step outside, have a smoke and  
be right back, Santa.

She pecks him on the cheek. He melts. The men are alone now.  
Ronnie turns to Piletti.

RONNIE

Thanks for sharing the wealth.  
Best time I had in years. I owe  
you, buddy.

(to waitress)

Two shots of Jack.

PRIMO PILETTI

Thanks, amigo.

RONNIE

Where do you work?

PRIMO PILETTI

High school. Computer stuff.  
Assistant football coach too.

RONNIE

I'm a retired city cop. Glad I got  
out before all the body camera  
bullshit. Had to retire or get  
fired by the department. Wrong joke  
to the wrong lady cop.

Primo's interest in Ronnie peaks.

PRIMO PILETTI

I bet you know how to handle  
gruesome situations, huh? Ever  
think of...revenge on them?

RONNIE

Ha, all the time.

A smile from Primo goes deeper than just humor. Andrea 'Dirty  
Deed' Reed dominates the pole, heavy on the sexy. At one  
point, Slim-Jim Kelly throws footballs at her.

She makes amazing catches while spinning on the pole, even  
one handed. The crowd applauds.

ORLANDO

Wow, Santa, you see that? Make  
sure you hook her up right, under  
the tree this year.

They laugh.

RONNIE

I'd rather hook her up behind a  
tree, or next to it, or...

Slim-Jim glances back at Piletti after a great catch.  
Piletti gives thumbs up.

PRIMO PILETTI  
I could use them both on my team.  
Bet we'd sell out every game.

ORLANDO  
Yeah, razzle dazzle plays would  
have a whole new meaning.

RONNIE  
As the Buffalo Bills number one  
fan, I fully approve. She's ready  
for the pros.

Orlando peers at him sideways.

ORLANDO  
Number one fan? Sorry, bro, that's  
my title. Look at me, Buffalo Bill  
Cody, yo.

An eyebrow on Ronnie, reaches his receding hairline. Primo  
can tell they are about to face-off.

PRIMO PILETTI  
Technically, they did name the team  
after that guy. I'm headed out.  
Nice to meet you both.

They wave good-bye as they spar over title of top fan.

RONNIE  
Okay, cool costume, granted -- but  
I'm older and know more about them.

ORLANDO  
I know all the old guys too.  
Cookie Gilchrist, James Harris,  
Marlon Briscoe, Pat Maguire, Jack  
Kemp, Joe Cribbs...

RONNIE  
Impressive. Do you know OJ  
Simpson's favorite drink?

The fake Buffalo Bill Cody looks to the heavens.

ORLANDO  
OJ jokes? Okay, what is it?

RONNIE  
Bloody Mary. What's his favorite  
movie?

Orlando waits for the answer.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Blade Runner.

ORLANDO  
Yeah, yeah. And his favorite  
baseball team is the Red Sox.

They have a chuckle. To the side, Thurman Topless impatient,  
waits for Orlando with raised eyebrow.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Duty calls. See you around.

EXT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - NIGHT

A bloated beer belly precedes Ronnie through the exit. Red  
cheeked and big grin, 'Santa faux' staggers towards his truck  
as snowflakes continue to pile up.

Only two other trucks and a Mustang are left in the parking  
lot. As Ronnie drunkenly stumbles forward, the snow crunches  
under his Santa boots.

With his next step, he hears another step, not his own. He  
turns around, nothing.

Another step taken, brings the same sound. He tries to shake  
the cobwebs from his head. Now with each stomp, he hears a  
follow-up.

RONNIE  
Somebody there? Don't fuck with me  
buddy, I'm Santa Claus. I'll shove  
a lump of coal up your ass.

This time as he steps, two footfalls are heard. Cold sweat  
starts to form on his face.

After the sound of someone approaching happens again, Ronnie  
walks faster. Eyes wide, he scans the area. Nothing seen.

Not taking chances, Ronnie tries to sprint to his vehicle.  
He hears the steps...coming faster.

When he turns to look this time, his drunk ass slips on an  
ice patch...sprawls on his face in the snow.

He struggles to his feet, wiping the white stuff from his  
face. His breath, seen as steam, bellows from him.

Nothing but silence. He looks to the side - his eyes get big.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

He lunges himself towards the truck, pure terror in his eyes, he's almost there. The steps he hears...at full gallop. The sound seems to be coming from the nearby woods.

Just as his fingers reach the truck's door -- he is yanked backwards. A loud growl penetrates the quiet night.

In the struggle, Ronnie gets to his feet. As he swings the door open, he spots his shotgun in the backseat, gun rack.

Another ROAR. He is pulled backwards, but hangs onto the door. The other arm reaches for the weapon. Something sharp rips into his wrist. Glass breaks. Blood squirts everywhere.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

No...NOOO!

Finally, he is wrenched off the door. His screams end abruptly. More blood trickles onto the white snow.

INT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - NIGHT

Thurman Topless walks an enchanted Orlando to the door.

THURMAN TOPLESS

It's so late, wow. You have a good time, cowboy?

ORLANDO

Let me tell you something, sister. Told myself I wouldn't fall in love today. Then YOU showed up.

She hugs on him, just enough.

THURMAN TOPLESS

Aww, Big Daddy, that's so sweet. When you coming by to see me again?

ORLANDO

Uh, were you serious about the, you know, boyfriend stuff?

A chest rub is followed by adults-only eye contact.

THURMAN TOPLESS

I wouldn't clown you on that, daddy. The more I get to know you, the safer I feel. Tomorrow good?

Orlando's smile, is miles wide.

ORLANDO

Hell yeah, love to. Do I have to pay? I kinda went overboard tonight.

She pouts and tries to look disappointed. Backs away from him a little bit.

THURMAN TOPLESS

Oh baby. This is how I pay for college. If you don't come, I'll have to dance with some stranger. Come on, find some money, spend it on your honey.

ORLANDO

So if I see you more here, you'd be willing to, you know...Come to my crib. Be my girl?

Her arms hug his neck and pulls him forward and plants a sexy kiss on his lips.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Damn, Ma. How do I say no to that? I'll be here at the same time and dare anyone to stop me.

THURMAN TOPLESS

That's my hero. Come, I'll walk you out.

They stroll to the exit door, arm in arm.

EXT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - NIGHT

Thurman Topless braces herself from the cold as Orlando flashes a toothy smile when he waves goodbye.

He is so smitten, he barely notices the frigid cold or snow. Orlando trudges towards the Mustang with a pep in his step and a giggle more appropriate for a teenager.

ORLANDO (V.O.)

Whew. Can't wait to get her in my crib, yo. She's fine and...

(beat)

Damn, I forgot to get her real name. Shit!



Orlando flails his arms, mad at himself. Probably due to numb fingers, his car keys fly from his grip. They make no sound as they land in the soft snow.

Eyes dart around as he searches for them. He hangs his head in frustration and despair.

ORLANDO

You gotta be KIDDING ME. I won't  
find them keys till Spring, the way  
this snow is.

The safari is on. Nothing. He tries to recreate the scene and calculate the trajectory. Eyes follow.

INT. INDIGO'S SUV - NIGHT

In the driver's seat, PROFESSOR INDIGO, (50s) sporting a ski cap and brown beard, parks across the street and puts on his glasses to better see Orlando. A smile emerges.

INDIGO

Yup, I think that's our guy.

Three other passengers peer at Orlando as he struggles to find his keys, bordering on histrionics. GOLDIE (40s - black), who sounds African, looks puzzled.

GOLDIE

But...He is doofus. Look at him.

An Asian man with long hair, same age, TIGER, looks sad.

TIGER

Tell me this is not so.

INDIGO

It is, what it is.

A thicker Arabic accent is heard from HABOOB (40s - Persian), who rocks a longer beard than them all. Eyes, intense.

HABOOB

Dummy. Can't even find his keys.  
How can he help us?

INDIGO

We'll find out.

Indigo drives away, as the others linger on the bumbling deputy in Old West regalia.

EXT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - NIGHT

Drunk and frustrated, Orlando's hunt continues. He explodes.

ORLANDO

What kinda cop doesn't get the name  
of his girlfriend, then loses keys  
in the snow? A sorry ass cop.  
That's who.

As he scopes out anomalies in the snow pack, a sound of a baby's coo is heard. He spins around, nothing. Near his feet, a small hole with strange shape is seen.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Got you.

Already cold fingers dig through the frozen snow. He yanks them out and holds them to his face.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Why you gotta do that shit for?  
You know it's too cold to play.

As he trudges back to his car, he stops again. Blood droplets stand out against the snow.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Huh?

His eyes follow the droplets. They lead to a truck. A puddle of the red stuff has accumulated by the driver's side door. The window is broken and more blood stains are spotted.

Instinctively he grabs for his weapon - not there.

He gathers himself and goes to the Mustang. He unlocks it, grabs his phone...And his gun. Orlando looks around himself as he dials. He speaks in a low tone, but with urgency.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Hey, Evelyn. Get dispatch to send a  
car over to the Razzle Dazzle. I  
think we might have a crime scene.  
Okay...I'll be careful.

With gun in hand, ready to fire, he creeps closer to the truck. Eyes on alert for danger.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Who's in the truck? Come out, with  
hands up.

No response. He peeks inside from a distance. Sees no one.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

HOOT-HOOT. An owl in a tree blinks his big eyes. It focuses in on a man on the ground below, still in his Santa suit. As snowflakes fall on his face, it awakens Ronnie.

RONNIE (V.O.)

Whoa. How the hell did I get here?

He sits up quick, he grabs his head in pain.

RONNIE

Easy does it, old man.

Ronnie peers around himself and brushes new fallen snow off his body. He notices blood stains.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh shit. That's right.

Fear pumps through his veins and reflects on his face. His wound...It's not bleeding - even appears healed.

As he focuses into the deep forest, he is amazed by his clear sight, almost like high noon. Rabbits scamper in the distance over a log. A raccoon eats nuts by a frozen stream.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Where the hell am I?

Smoke swirls above the tree-line. His eyes follow it to a campfire below. A small tent is next to it.

Ronnie doesn't struggle to his feet - he springs up like a twenty year old. It surprises him. He stretches, no pain.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

That sleep did me good. Maybe that camper knows how to get outta here.

A branch of a tree is grabbed by Ronnie as he tries to make his way through the deep snow. It snaps off in his hand. He looks confused.

RONNIE (V.O.)

Huh? I ain't THAT strong.

Another branch is now used as a walking stick. He makes a beeline to the campsite. He does not know it...but both of his eyes glow.

EXT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - NIGHT

Several Sheriff cars are now at the parking lot. Teams take photos of the truck. Yellow tape is already in place.

Next to Orlando are Evelyn, in uniform and Quezada, his boss. Orlando's Buffalo Bill Cody mustache comically hangs uneven.

QUEZADA

Lots of blood, but no body. What's that about?

EVELYN

We're running the plates. Should have answer to whose truck that is.

ORLANDO

I was having the time of my life, then I run into this crap.

A whistle is heard from the club entrance. Still in her outfit, Thurman Topless gets Orlando's attention, then blows a kiss at him.

EVELYN

Time of your life, huh? How much money did that one get you for?

ORLANDO

Money? That's not the point. She's kind and sweet and --

QUEZADA

In other words, she cleaned you out. Dude...

ORLANDO

It was love at first sight. Just look at her. She needed my help.

Quezada and Evelyn peer at each other and shake their heads in disbelief.

QUEZADA

Okay, Romeo. Go home and get outta them silly clothes and sleep. We'll take it from here.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Ronnie seems cramped as he sits in the small shelter. Blood runs down his fingers to his wrist. His fingertips hold a chunk of raw meat. He studies it.

RONNIE

Nope. Don't think so. Raw meat?  
Dude, I don't care WHAT I am now.  
I never --

The uncooked meat, moves closer to Santa's nose. He sniffs it several times.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

It does have a sweet smell I didn't notice before. Hmm.

Eyes closed, he stuffs it in the pie hole, chews. His eyes spring open. They glow ever brighter than before. He smiles through bloody teeth, marked by enlarged canines.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Wow, no shit. It's delicious! Got more? I been missing out.

A basin filled with various cuts of meat is pushed in front of him. This time Ronnie snatches up a much larger piece. As he gnaws on one side of it, he does not notice the anarchy tattoo, on the other side.

EXT. TENT - NIGHT

An owl blinks it's eyes a few times from a treetop perch. Reverberating through the woods is a mighty GROWL. The owl flies off with haste, as the moon above shines down.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Dude, yes, I pledge my allegiance to you. Show me all the tricks of the trade. This rocks!

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

The moon above shines down on two huge wolves. One gray, the other is brown and bigger. They look down on the city below, from their position. Ear piercing howls from both wolves, reverberate off trees. Their eyes, glow.

EXT. ORLANDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The deputy slips on ice on way to his door, he picks himself up from the ground, then spots it. Egged again. Orlando rolls his eyes and curses under his breath.

INT. INDIGO'S SUV - NIGHT

Parked on the street, lights off, binoculars peer out of the window. Indigo has the lens pointed at Orlando and he seems amused as he smiles at his antics.

INT. ORLANDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Snow is brushed off his clothes as he enters. Near the door, a large framed photo of a World War Two, Black commando in full gear. Orlando salutes the grainy photo, then kisses the cross on his necklace.

He meanders deeper into the apartment. Buffalo Bills merch of every conceivable fashion is on display.

LIVING ROOM

A couch with the insignia of his team, bears the weight of the deputy's butt. An even larger pic of the of the commando, now in 1960s Buffalo Bills sweater, is facing him.

ORLANDO

Those animals killed you on  
Christmas, but I won't let another  
holiday go by without justice.

Orlando trudges to the bar set-up and pours cognac into his favorite Bills shot glass. Slams it. Then another.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

I gotta get my mind off this shit.

After one more goes down the hatch, he stumbles over to his laptop, bottle in tow. He pulls up Facebook and finds the page for Thurman Topless. Her hot-girl pics, super sexy.

Orlando's lusty grin is followed by a longing exhale. He pours himself more booze, takes a huge gulp, then blows a kiss to the phone's screen, mixed with loneliness - sadness.

INT. SHERIFF VEHICLE - DAY

Orlando, now in uniform, is next to Evelyn as she drives.

ORLANDO

Yeah, that's my spot now. Wonder  
why nobody thought to build it  
earlier? Buffalo loves them some  
Bills. And booty. All day.

EVELYN

After your bride-to-be, cleans you out, don't come to me for money.

ORLANDO

I know. Others did that to me...But she's different.

The vehicle slows down. Evelyn points through the windshield to a weather-worn trailer.

EVELYN

Whatever, playboy. The location is that trailer there.

They park on the side of the road, nearby. Then get out.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

The car with Donnelly pulls up behind them and also parks. He and his partner join Orlando and Evelyn.

EVELYN

So this is the address from vehicle registration. Truck belongs to a Ronald Heinrich Schwartz.

DONNELLY

If he lost that much blood, we may need the EMTs.

They march closer to the dwelling, then step on eggs shells.

ORLANDO

Look at that. Dude got egged last night. Must be an epidemic.

EVELYN

Started by your cheap ass.

They step up to the yolk covered door. They ring the doorbell, then wait. No answer.

ORLANDO

Allow me.

EVELYN

Don't blow out my eardrum this time, Hercules.

Orlando takes out his flashlight, bangs on the door - hard.

ORLANDO  
ERIE COUNTY SHERIFFS! OPEN UP.

Silence. He knocks again.

DONNELLY  
Could be a medical emergency.  
Can't we just bust in?

ORLANDO  
Right. All it takes is one of  
Donnelly's farts to knock the door  
off its hinges.

EVELYN  
Let's go by the book and get a  
warrant. We're being watched.

She nods to the side. Neighbors seem to be taping them with  
their cellphones.

ORLANDO  
Good idea. Shouldn't take long.  
Just look at them trying to catch  
us screwing up. Let's go.

The Deputy Sheriffs return to their cars.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Ronnie peeks through the curtains as the visitors enter their  
vehicles. He turns away from the window and it's seen he  
wears a blood-stained wife-beater. Disheveled hair.

RONNIE  
How dare they disturb my breakfast  
like that.

At his feet are several mouse traps with captured vermin -  
blank eyes. He notices his beard. A twitching tail of one of  
the creatures is stuck in his facial hair. He scoops it out  
and puts it in his fang-filled mouth.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
We can't be wasteful, can we?

He chews it up as he takes another out of its trap and  
squirts it with the Buffalo wing sauce nearby. Talks to it.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
After the alignment, the wolves  
will rule the world. Cheers.



Ronnie gobbles it down, whole. Eyes glowing.

INT. ERIE COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Orlando pours himself some coffee as other deputies type at their computers. Donnelly approaches with folders in hand.

DONNELLY  
Hey champ, that cold case file you  
ordered finally came in.

Visibly shocked, Orlando does not notice his mug overflowing.

ORLANDO  
Holy shit, really?

DONNELLY  
Hey, your coffee.

Jolted from his daze, he stops the pour, embarrassed. With nearby paper towels, he wipes it up, his hands shake.

ORLANDO  
Sorry, Damn. That file. It's about  
my grandpa's murder. Just another  
crime pics, right? Routine shit.

Orlando continues to clean up the mess, no eye contact.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
But this is family...damn...I feel  
like an OB/GYN, about to examine my  
own momma.

Donnelly hands him the folders, with comforting shoulder tap.

INT. EMPTY INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Orlando takes a deep breath before he opens the file in front of him. He kisses the cross, then dives in. The pic of man in Bills gear, he has on his wall, is seen. Grandpa.

The next photos of the crime scene make Orlando cringe. Blood splattered walls are the backdrop for sick scene. It appears to be a motel office. A chalked body on the floor.

Upon closer look at the aged photo, shows the body is headless. Tears flow from Orlando. He pounds the table.

ORLANDO  
What kind of Charlie Manson shit is  
this? Good God.  
(MORE)

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

(beat)

I got you, grandpa...I promise.

The next photo, of a decapitated head, is too much. He slams the folder shut, then weeps in agony.

INT. ERIE COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Orlando staggers back to his desk, as the ghastly crime scene photos seem to haunt his mind. He stares into space. Suddenly, he is waved over by Evelyn.

EVELYN

Check out these crime scene photos from last night. Seems the farther from the truck, the blood gets less. Then it just disappears.

Snapping out of his funk, Orlando shuffles to her desk.

ORLANDO

Yeah, you figure he'd bleed out more. Maybe he found a loose band-aid and slapped it on.

EVELYN

Funny. More likely, abducted.

DONNELLY

Snow covered any footprints by the time we got there. Definitely a struggle though.

Quezada cruises into the room with a guy who seems like he wants people to kiss his ring before they know his name.

ORLANDO

I'm sure there's a logical explanation. There always is.

DET. TANINSKI (40s - white) gives the deputies a once over and is not impressed.

QUEZADA

Hey everybody. Over here. This is Detective Taninski from Buffalo PD. We need to help him with a case. A Harvard grad, he used to work in DC with the Feds.

TANINSKI

Listen up. Hikers found a body part  
this morning. Ugly stuff. Son of  
one of the mayor's rich friends.

He pulls a photo from a folder in his hand, then holds it up  
so all can see. It is an enlarged picture of a punkish  
looking teen with a Billy Idol sneer. Anarchy symbol,  
tattooed on his arm.

TANINSKI (CONT'D)

Bennett Davis Jr. Had a missing  
person on him. Hikers found him  
this morning. They called Orchard  
Park PD. The family called the  
mayor, then he called me.

Taninski holds up a different photo.

TANINSKI (CONT'D)

And this is what Bennett Davis  
looks like today.

Snapped at the crime scene with snow in the background, is  
the frozen head of the missing teen. Impaled on a stick.  
Reminded of his grandpa beheading, he is shaken to the core.

ORLANDO

Damn. And I mean...Daaamn.

TANINSKI

Yeah, exactly. Waiting to see what  
forensics gets. Might take a while.  
Not my jurisdiction. Need your help  
on this.

EVELYN

Where's the rest of him?

TANINSKI

Good question. We have no fucking  
idea. Zip.

DONNELLY

Anything in his background?

TANINSKI

Yeah, kid was a spoiled brat and a  
bully. Got kicked out of three  
private schools. Last week he  
tagged a teacher's car.

ORLANDO  
Daddy must be proud. I knew a coach  
with the same name.

TANINSKI  
I know, his dad was your coach.  
That's his son.

Orlando twists his face in emotional pain.

QUEZADA  
Looks like he tagged a wall at the  
same school last night. A spray can  
was found at the crime scene, we're  
running tests for a match.

ORLANDO  
Damn, his dad helped turn my life  
around. I owe him.

Determination and anger is in his voice.

TANINSKI  
Since sheriffs will be involved, he  
asked for you to be on the case.

Orlando tries to digest that revelation, repulsed by the  
crime scene photo, so similar to his grandpa's.

ORLANDO  
I'm in. I want to cuff him,  
personally.

Another DEPUTY (20s - white) strolls over and hands Orlando  
some paperwork.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Thanks. Looks like the warrant we  
were waiting for is ready.

DEPUTY #1  
I don't think you need it. The guy  
on the warrant, is here to pick up  
his truck.

ORLANDO  
Really? That sounds fishy.

TANINSKI  
I'm done for now. Go check it out.

INT. SHERIFF OFFICE, PUBLIC AREA - DAY

Now clothed in a tie and sweater jacket, Ronnie waits in the lobby. As the deputy escorts the others into the room, she points out Ronnie. Orlando recognizes him.

ORLANDO  
You? Santa?

Ronnie turns around, studies Orlando, then smiles.

RONNIE  
Wild Bill Hickok? Never thought  
you'd be an officer.

Other deputies watch the interaction.

ORLANDO  
Not Wild Bill. Buffalo Bill Cody.  
That's why you're only the team's,  
number two fan.

Ronnie absorbs the playful put-down in stride.

QUEZADA  
You two know each other?

ORLANDO  
Saw him in the club last night  
pretending to be a Buffalo Bills  
fan. And Santa. Neither was very  
convincing.

Orlando winks at him. Ronnie smiles at the jab.

RONNIE  
Had a rough night after I left.

The deputies amble closer to him. He holds up a heavily bandaged wrist.

ORLANDO  
Looks bad. Were you assaulted?

RONNIE  
Nope. Just drunk. Slipped on ice,  
broke window and slit my wrist.  
Blood everywhere.

EVELYN  
That's terrible. Then what?

RONNIE

Was going to drive away, but didn't need a DUI and might pass out from blood loss. Used the first aid kit my in truck, wrapped it.

Ronnie notices Taninski staring at him with curiosity.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Walked home gave myself stitches.

TANINSKI

You're telling me, Grandpa here did surgery on himself? Please.

Taninski smirks. Ronnie takes offense.

RONNIE

I learned a little in the service. Gonna go to ER right after I get my truck back.

ORLANDO

We stopped by your trailer earlier. Nobody was home.

RONNIE

Yeah, the neighbors told me. I had taken pain pills and was fast asleep I guess.

TANINSKI

Got them Bill Cosby, knock out pills, huh? You gotta script for that, buddy?

Ronnie cuts his eyes at the Buffalo detective.

RONNIE

Yes sir.

QUEZADA

Okay. Case closed. Give him the keys. We got a mystery of our own to solve.

A member of the staff digs out the keys and gives Ronnie a form to sign.

TANINSKI

Lay off the booze, old man.

The comment lands as an insult, which is seen in Ronnie's face. Orlando diffuses the tension.

ORLANDO

Hey, I got one more question.  
Who's gonna win the game this  
Sunday?

A smile comes to Ronnie's face.

RONNIE

The Bills, baby. All the way.

ORLANDO

Damn right, buddy. Drive safe.  
Watch that ice.

The officers return to the back room. Ronnie's eyes are glued on Taninski until he exits.

EXT. ADJACENT PARKING NEAR STADIUM - DAY

From above, through a flurry of snowflakes, the land below comes into view. People, flags and a stadium become clearer.

EXT. BILLS MAFIA PARTY - DAY

***BELOW THE FUNK {PASS THE J} BY RICK JAMES***, blasts from speakers. Smoke from grills, billow into the air. An ocean of red white and blue...on banners, customized vehicles and peoples clothes -- are paraded by a diverse crowd.

Painted faces - and bellies, match the BILLS MAFIA motif. Furry hats with bison horns on the side, makes it seem like a Flintstone's convention of Grand Poo-Bahs.

Beer - a part of everything and is everywhere. It is slurped out of every container...Beer bong, shot-gunned, straight from the keg or poured by girls into guys mouths.

Self-appointed cheerleaders, just from the community - from old grannies to young grinders -- jump lively with homemade pom-poms and various outfits they invented. Even the drag community is repped.

They lead chants of..."*LET'S GO BUFFALO*". As one.

Orlando wears a big smile as people admire his Bills 'One-sy', outfit. He looks like a toddler. His date stands slightly behind him as she takes in the atmosphere with wide eyes. They are at a merchandise stand.

He buys Thurman Topless a Bills Mafia jacket - he's bought a furry hat with horns for himself. The Rick James song ends.

ORLANDO

Good doing business with you.

He hands the jacket to his shivering date, as he gets change back from the transaction.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Naw, you guys keep it. You do good work, especially charities and stuff. Go Bills!

Campers and tents have been set-up all weekend, to party with strangers that share the passion. The couple strolls by them.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

You like the jacket, baby?

She pulls him close and whispers in his ear, stern and clear.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Look, I'm not into the whole...Baby, this and that. My real name is Francine. That'll work.

ORLANDO

Gotcha. Okay, Francine. Game-day. Orchard Park, New York. Is this awesome, or what?

Guys run around with shirts off in the snow, some are painted. Snowballs fly.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

This shit is crazy. I ain't never seen nothing like it.

A fat Spiderman, with gut hanging -- chugs down a beer with an even fatter Batman...Both outfits in team colors.

ORLANDO

Even DC and Marvel get along in this world.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

I'm from Arkansas, spent time in Texas. I thought they was nuts about football there, but...

ORLANDO

But nothing compares to this. Starting a big case at work. Personal to me.

(MORE)



ORLANDO (CONT'D)

This might be the last time I can  
get wild until it gets wrapped up.  
Going all out.

Orlando puts on his horned hat. Francine distances herself a bit, but Orlando doesn't notice.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Uh, you ain't gonna wear that all  
day, is you?

ORLANDO

Whenever you need to borrow it,  
just let me know.

She rolls her eyes without his detection.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Sure thing.

Orlando expands his arms in a theatrical way, so Francine can take in the entire panorama of the circus atmosphere.

ORLANDO

You can't find a place like this,  
no where else. You know why,  
Francine?

(beat)

Pain! No city in America has been  
shit on like this place. But we  
don't give up. We don't give in.

As they walk further, they pass fans doing shots of liquor from the holes of a bowling ball.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

What you saying?

ORLANDO

The Bills have been in the DNA of  
the people, since 1960 when they  
started. This place was once a  
shining jewel of America, then the  
losing started.

ANIMATION

The shiny city, decays in slo-mo. Citizens scatter away in all directions.

ORLANDO (V.O.)

So many factories, here for  
decades, shut down.

(MORE)

ORLANDO (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Half the population moved away.  
 Some parts of the city, were left  
 to rot.

SERIES OF SHOTS - BUFFALO HISTORY

1. Disappointed football fans, several frames...

ORLANDO (V.O.)  
 We lost four Superbowls - IN A ROW.

2. Murder trial of O.J. Simpson shown...

ORLANDO (V.O.)  
 Then...OJ Simpson...

3. Rick James shown in prison...

ORLANDO (V.O.)  
 The crash and burn of our own Rick  
 James didn't help our image.

4. Ice cold eyes of cold-blooded mass killers whose faces  
 reflect the ugliness inside.

ORLANDO (V.O.)  
 Then we get Tim McViegh, the  
 Oklahoma Bomber and Payton Gendron  
 with the AR-15 in a supermarket.

5. Unflattering images of the city and citizens.

ORLANDO (V.O.)  
 Seen as a national joke. Losers...  
 from a land of misery.

6. A blizzard batters people as they struggle through  
 intense winds and white-out conditions. Worn faces, show the  
 spark of life.

ORLANDO (V.O.)  
 But we see ourselves as ultimate  
 underdogs. Resiliency in the face  
 of the worst that this world can  
 throw at you.

END OF ANIMATION

The couple scans the sea of diverse faces that surround them,  
 immersed in Game-day joy. Fully united.

ORLANDO

We have something here. Something great. A sense of community and identity - brought together by, a common pain.

Families of all backgrounds, celebrate the occasion.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

A need to keep pushing, despite the odds. Despite what anyone says about you. In a way, we've become our own champions.

An older man with a long beard, stands with a hot dog in one hand and a hamburger in the other. Several feet away, the crowd squirts mustard and ketchup in his direction. More ends up on his face than on the buns.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Champions? Okay, but of what? I'm not sure.

ORLANDO

What's that up ahead? Never seen that before.

A large tent is set up. Huge signs that announce - ONLY 21 AND OLDER CAN ENTER. They divert to inspect it.

A sign out front declares - THE SECRET RAZZLED RUMP ROOM. Francine perks up.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

They were talking about this at work. I took a pass, but can we go check it out?

ORLANDO

Sure, babe, I mean, Francine.

The bouncer at the door points to the entry fee. Twenty bucks. Orlando, with reluctance, dishes it out and enters with his excited date.

INT. SECRET RAZZLED RUMP ROOM - DAY

Orlando seems shocked to see a mobile strip club at the game. A full bar lines one wall, heaters keep the temp warm as girls work the poles in the middle.

ORLANDO

Now this is what I call team  
spirit. Wow. Look at this.

An excited scream is heard. They turn, Slim-Jim Kelly in a skimpy cheerleader outfit, dashes over and gives Francine a big hug.

SLIM-JIM KELLY

Girl, I'm so glad you made it.  
We're killing it in here.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Right. It sure is packed.

ORLANDO

Hi. What's the name mean?

SLIM-JIM KELLY

Three clubs got together for this.  
Ours, Sylvia's Secret and the  
Rumper Room.

ORLANDO

Okay, makes sense. Kind of.

SLIM-JIM KELLY

The line for dances are pretty  
long. I can give you a CRACK SHOT  
or BABY BIRD while you wait.

ORLANDO

Come again?

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Don't worry, I'll hook you up,  
myself. How much y'all charging?

SLIM-JIM KELLY

Twenty each.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Pay her, Orlando.

Obedient, he peels off some bills for her. She puts up two fingers to the bartender. Two shots arrive. Francine pulls down her yoga pants in the back so her crack is exposed.

ORLANDO

(shocked)

Girl, what the hell...

Francine bends over. Orlando is speechless. Slim-Jim pours the shot onto the small of her back, just above the cheeks.

SLIM-JIM KELLY  
Okay, start slurping.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
Hurry up.

After a minor hesitation, he stoops over and the suction begins. Funny look on his face? No doubt. Other patrons watch and applaud as he finishes.

SLIM-JIM KELLY  
Was that the best shot of whiskey,  
ever in your life?

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
You better say, yes!

Francine pulls her pants back up. Orlando sees the same done to other customers.

ORLANDO  
Hell yeah. Whew. That was...  
Different, but I love it.

SLIM-JIM KELLY  
And now the BABY BIRD.

Slim Jim slams the other shot, grabs Francine by the back of the head and seem to kiss. Actually the booze dribbles from the dancer's mouth, into Francine's. Orlando can't believe his eyes.

Francine takes Orlando's head in both hands and goes in for a loaded kiss. He swallows down the previously orally-housed shot, as he kisses his date.

SLIM-JIM KELLY (CONT'D)  
You likey?

It takes a moment for Orlando to recover. He digs out forty more and hands it over.

ORLANDO  
I need another round to prove I  
didn't just dream this shit.

SUPER - 30 MINUTES LATER

EXT. SECRET RAZZLED RUMP ROOM - DAY

Orlando stumbles outside with Francine. He sticks out his tongue to catch snowflakes. She is about to scold him...

CRUNCH! They look over to see a fan pulling himself up from a crushed banquet table. Another guy, on the back of a truck, slams a beer, then takes the plunge. The XXL diver flattens another table.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Y'all crazy.

ORLANDO

This is REAL MAN shit. Check it out, sugar.

He rushes to the back of the truck and climbs up. A fresh beer is passed to him, which he chugs. Francine rolls her eyes when he toasts her. Orlando takes flight and lands on the table. Its knees buckle, but still stands.

RONNIE (O.C.)

I'll show you how it's done.

Orlando turns around - Santa smiles back. Ronnie wears his favorite outfit and flexes, already intoxicated. Orlando scoots out of the way as Ronnie climbs from the truck, to the top of a taller, port-a-potty. He screams, chugs...jumps.

BOOM. The table is now a metal pancakes. Ronnie rolls off of it...laughs hard.

ORLANDO

Oh shit. Santa? Should have known you'd be here. Nice job.

RONNIE

Told you I'm the number one Bills fan, what did you expect?

ORLANDO

Just because you smash a table? Come on, dude. Keep dreaming.

RONNIE

A round of DIZZY BATS can settle it, whatcha say?

A collective, 'wooo' his heard from the crowd. Orlando's eyes search for an excuse.

ORLANDO

I would, but the game is starting soon and...

Boos come from the crowd. Slim-Jim, in a coat, steps outside to smoke a cig. Francine goes to her as the men square off.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
 Hey girl. What the hell is Dizzy  
 Bats?

SLIM-JIM KELLY  
 It's fun to watch, but if your man  
 is doing it, get his car keys.

Orlando stomps up to Ronnie and picks up a plastic bat that  
 leans on the back of a truck. He holds it high.

ORLANDO  
 Challenge accepted.

The crowd roars approval and makes room for them.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
 They gonna fight?

SLIM-JIM KELLY  
 Nope. Dumber than that.

The bat is a Whiffle-Ball bat, plastic and hollow. The bottom  
 of it has a hole and a girl in a referee outfit pours the bat  
 full of beer. Orlando chugs it down.

RONNIE  
 Now, twelve spins for Jim Kelly.

With the bat vertical, one end on earth. He stoops over to  
 put the other end to his forehead. Orlando spins in place  
 twelve times.

When he stops, the can he drained is thrown at him. He hits  
 it with the bat and it goes flying. Onlookers applaud.

Ronnie takes his turn. He slams down the brew from the hollow  
 bat in half of Orlando's time and crushes the empty can  
 further. More applause. Orlando smiles.

ORLANDO  
 Again.

A **GOO-GOO DOLLS song plays** as they continue. Orlando chugs  
 again but is sloppier. As he spins, his furry hat falls off.  
 He puts it back on crooked. He hits the can as folk cheer.

This time Ronnie downs two baseball bats full, then burps.  
 The spins are comical but he nails the can.

Orlando, staggers, volunteers for another. Francine rolls her  
 eyes and Slim-Jim rubs her shoulder with compassion.

Beer rolls down Orlando's pajama outfit as he tries to stuff the brew into his already full body. At spin number seven, he loses balance and runs into Francine.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Look at you. Gimme them car keys  
before you take another step.

With the grin of a drunkard, he hands them over. His words are slurred.

ORLANDO

That's my-my baby. Love you too.

He goes back and finishes his spins, but can't stand still. He weaves as the empty can is tossed. He hits it, but it barely goes anywhere.

RONNIE

Sure you want more, little elf?

ORLANDO

Ha. Come on. Bring it.

The bat is drained again, but followed by a shot of booze this time. As Ronnie spins, his Santa pants start to fall and he yanks them up...all laugh.

RONNIE

Don't want y'all to see the wrong  
bat. Get it?

The can is pitched. It pops into the air. It lands on a guy already passed out on a snow pile. Med-Techs take him out on a stretcher. Ronnie hands the bat to the referee and puts his arm on Orlando's shoulder.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

If you don't want to end up like  
that guy, you should quit, now.

ORLANDO

Me? Me...Quit? Please.

The beer foam oozes down the side of the bat as Orlando studies it. Stumbling back and forth, he empties it, but looks ill. After the fourth spin, centrifugal force sends him flailing to the side, like a knock-out punch.

On all fours, he tries to get up, but his full stomach must dump it's cargo first. Hurl after hurl turns the white snow a different color. Francine turns away and shakes her head.



Ronnie does a touchdown dance as the sound of guts being emptied is heard in the background. The GOO-GOO DOLLS song ends, abruptly.

RONNIE  
Let's go watch the game. The  
KING...Has spoken.

The crowd follows Ronnie towards the stadium as the beer, Crack Shots and Baby Birds - pass Orlando's lips in reverse. He turns to see Francine's eyes, full of disapproval.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
Pitiful.

He closes his eyes and snores.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sad fans walk to their cars. Ronnie eyes the scoreboard. Buffalo 17 - Washington 30. He scowls.

Boastful Washington fans, wearing jerseys, high-five each other in the parking lot. Ronnie's pupils burn into them.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - NIGHT

Sound asleep, Orlando is shaken awake. His eyes flutter open. A MED-TECH in scrubs smiles to him.

MED-TECH  
Sir, the game is over and we have  
to close down for the night. Are  
you okay?

The disorientation to the room shows on his face. He rubs his belly, still sick.

ORLANDO  
Uggg. Med tent? How did I? Oh yeah.  
I need a stomach transplant, but  
I'm okay. Where's Francine.

MED-TECH  
The lady you were with said to call  
and she'll pick you up.

The Med-Tech packs up equipment as Orlando takes out his phone and struggles to dial. It rings many times.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

A sparkling bracelet lights up Francine's wrist as she speaks. Behind her seems to be an upscale boutique.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

Oh, hi baby. You okay? Had me worried. I just came home and waited for your call.

ORLANDO

Cool. Pick me up. I'll be at gate three. Hurry please. I feel yuck.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

You bet.

They hang up. Orlando staggers to his feet and exits the medical tent.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Tesla with Virginia plates is approached by a WASHINGTON FAN (30s - white) as snow flutters down. He wipes the windshield with his arm to remove the accumulation. Gets in.

INT. TESLA - NIGHT

After seated, he scopes out the empty parking lot. The glove compartment is opened and he pulls out a syringe and vial.

WASHINGTON FAN

Long drive back to DC. Need a shot of vitamin meth.

He melts the powder and prepares his arm. The needle hits the sweet spot, it produces a big smile.

Two non-humans eyes look on curiously from the back seat. As the thing behind the fan, breathes harder...warm air from its lungs, produces steam. Now buzzed, the driver studies it.

WASHINGTON FAN (CONT'D)

Wow. Good shit. Hallucinations too? Awesome.

He puts his rig and stash back in its place and is ready to drive. He looks in the mirror. Two eyes from the backseat stare back at him. Already 'methed-out' eyes, get wider.

RONNIE  
 (growls)  
 Hey, bud.

The fan screams. A huge paw comes over the seat. Its claws penetrate his shooting-arm. Yanks it off, blood sprays.

EXT. GATE THREE - NIGHT

Orlando sits on a curb, doubled-over, as snowflakes pile up. He puts on his furry hat, but it is ripped. He tosses it. Frustration is apparent. His phone is glanced at.

ORLANDO  
 Forty minutes? Really? What the hell, woman?

A baby coos are heard again. He turns left and right, nothing there. Just then...the Mustang pulls up. Francine gets out and helps him to his feet. She seems...Nice?

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
 You poor baby. Traffic was bad, sorry. Feel better?

ORLANDO  
 I'll be better when I get home.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
 I'll make sure of that.

She winks at him. Then...a loud SCREAM penetrates the night air. Orlando spins around, trying to locate the source. Almost falls. It seems somewhat distant.

ORLANDO  
 You hear that? Sounded like trouble, didn't it?

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
 One of these crazy fans. Would you rather investigate, or come home with me?

Still wobbly, he hugs her.

ORLANDO  
 You know that answer.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE  
 Back up, boo. That breath, whew. You need a shower and some mouthwash. Quick.

He strolls up to the passenger side.

ORLANDO  
Serve it up as another Crack-Shot.  
I'm in a slurping mood.

She rolls her eyes and they both get in. In the distance, a man in a Santa suit walks away from a Tesla.

INT. ERIE COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Orlando strides into the office. His grin, ear to ear. Deputies encircle a young PARKING LOT ATTENDANT (19 - Black) who seems shaken up.

ORLANDO  
Hey guys. What's up?

QUEZADA  
This gentleman found a body at the stadium. Foul play. He's about to tell us what he saw.

ORLANDO  
Really? Dead? Wow, I was at the game. Continue.

The Black man seems uncomfortable, surrounded by lawmen.

PARKING LOT ATTENDANT  
So, there's a car still in the parking lot. Not uncommon. Drunks get rides home with someone else quite often.

Orlando's guilty eyes turn away for a second.

ORLANDO  
So I heard.

FLASHBACK - THE WASHINGTON FAN

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Well-bundled up, the Parking Lot Attendant trods over fresh snow towards the lonely Tesla with Virginia plates. He speaks into a Walkie-talkie.

PARKING LOT ATTENDANT  
It's too early in the morning for  
this shit. I'll tag it. Get some  
coffee brewing, please.

Snow has blurred away any footprints. He uses a small brush from his utility belt to brush away enough room to put his bright orange tag. As he leans in with the sticker, he peers in - then jumps back and lands on his ass.

Behind the steering wheel, a face blue from the cold. Eyes frozen wide...from fright.

END OF FLASHBACK

Quezada steps closer to the young man as Orlando leans in.

PARKING LOT ATTENDANT  
Yo, my man's face. Damn. Frozen  
like this...

The Parking Lot guy attempts to imitate the twisted face. Evelyn tries not to laugh.

PARKING LOT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)  
I'll be seeing that shit in my  
dreams. Dear God. And blood,  
frozen.

He shivers at the thought of it.

QUEZADA  
We got some work to do.

INT. ORLANDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A take-out bag from THE ANCHOR BAR plops down on a table. Orlando sheds his uniform top and pulls out his dinner. Buffalo Wings and Slaw. He inhales the wings and smiles.

ORLANDO  
Aw, I'm gonna tear ALL your asses  
up tonight.

He flicks on the TV. The News is on. A pretty female correspondent is live at the Stadium parking lot. In the corner of the screen, the name, CARMEN ELLISON, is superimposed.

Orlando seems more enchanted by the cute and frightfully intelligent, African American reporter, than the murder scene itself. He turns up the volume and leans forward.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Damn, ma. Cold as shit out there,  
but you're hotter than these wings  
could ever be.

He sucks sauce off his fingers and focuses on the screen.  
Carmen braves strong winds and blustering snow as she stands strong in the empty parking lot.

CARMEN  
(on screen)  
We are told the victim was a  
resident of the DC area and drove  
here for the game.

A photo of the Washington fan in happier days is shown. Then it goes back to the live shot.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
(on screen)  
This is the second gruesome murder,  
just a few days apart. It is not  
known if the killings are related,  
but both bodies were gored and  
frozen.

Saucy lips take another bite of the dead bird and chew with vigor. Eyes fixated on the screen. Especially Carmen.

ORLANDO  
Damn, why can't I fall in love with  
a girl like that? I keep falling  
for them hootchie-mommies.

He switches the channel to a sports game.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Leave work at the office. I need to  
unwind.

Beer is pulled from another bag, he cracks it open as the muddled audio of a football game is heard. He takes another chomp and is about to lose himself in the action, when... Beep, his phone alert goes off.

He picks up his phone. His eyes show he is upset.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
My account is low on funds? How?

He wipes chicken grease off his hands and fiddles with the phone. His eyes narrow when he finds his answer.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Francine. Jewelry? Really?

Orlando slams the wing back in the container and hangs his head in despair. He stomps his foot.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Crazy bitch. Gotta cut her loose.  
But that's some good lovin'.  
(beat)  
Again?...I hate this.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

From the kitchen, the hall is seen. Ronnie, in blood stained, wife beater and camo shorts, runs from one room, to another. Sweat drips from him and he breathes heavy as he dashes by.

RONNIE  
I hate this.

Going to the fridge, he gets water, chugs it. He goes to a mirror in the hall and scolds himself.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Never bite a meth junkie again.  
Understand? I'm 'Breaking Bad', --  
when I should have just broke his  
neck. Dammit!

He pulls his hair, screams, does a maniac dance and disappears into a different room. Items hit the floor.

INT. ERIE COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

A serious face, is shown by Orlando, as Quezada and Taninski have inquisitive postures.

ORLANDO  
Absolutely, boss. I'm ready.

QUEZADA  
Good. You work with Taninski and find this asshole. Represent the department well, understand?

ORLANDO  
I got this.

TANINSKI  
Press conference in thirty. Don't be late.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

A podium with mics attached, is positioned in front of a wall that displays the logos for Erie County Sheriffs and the Buffalo police department.

The media pours into to room and gets seated. Taninski steps to the podium, flanked by Orlando and Evelyn.

Arriving just a little late is Carmen. Her silvery jacket makes her stand out. Orlando notices her right away. She smiles at him. He diverts his eyes and hides his grin.

TANINSKI

Here's what we know. The teen,  
Bennett Davis, was found  
decapitated by the edge of Smoke  
Creek. His body has not been  
recovered yet.

A audible sound of repulsion is heard from the reporters.

REPORTER #1

And the search revealed no trace?

TANINSKI

Not at this point. We don't believe  
the murder happened there.

Carmen looks for an empty seat. Orlando subtly points her to one in the front row. She settles in, as her eyes smile back.

TANINSKI (CONT'D)

As you know, the other victim,  
Blake Harrington, from Virginia -  
was killed in his car. Mutilated  
and frozen solid.

CARMEN

Can you elaborate on the mutilation  
of Mr. Harrington?

TANINSKI

Yes. Missing his arm...And his  
liver.

Moans of disgust emit from the media. Taninski seems to enjoy grossing them out.

TANINSKI (CONT'D)

Neither of the organs have been  
recovered yet.

(MORE)



TANINSKI (CONT'D)

An illegal substance was found at the scene, but we doubt it was a drug deal that went bad.

REPORTER #1

These bodies were found outside city limits. Yet it seems Buffalo PD is running the case.

He motions towards Orlando, then continues...

TANINSKI

We're working in conjunction. Orenthal here, represents the Deputy Sheriff's Office.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

A hearty laugh explodes from Ronnie on his couch, as the press conference unfolds on his TV screen.

RONNIE

Orenthal? What a dick.  
Run Juice, run...

More chucles as he grabs a beer and takes a long chug.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Putting my Dizzy Bat bro in charge of catching me? That's even funnier. Sorry dude, you lose again. You're still a lightweight.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Orlando cuts his eyes at the detective. Evelyn whispers in Taninski's ear.

TANINSKI

Excuse me, his name's Orlando.

Carmen stands to be called next.

CARMEN

Greetings, Orlando. Could this be a case of...Cannibalism?

Taninski picks a strange time to smile. Just as Orlando steps to the podium, Taninski brushes him back. The effect of being overridden is seen on the deputy's face.

TANINSKI

Allow me. I guess that would explain the missing body parts, huh? But no, nothing yet. If no further questions, back to work.

Orlando keeps his cool. As he leaves the meeting, his eyes meet with Carmen's. His frustration, apparent.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Indigo and his crew watch the press conference end on a laptop. They roll their eyes in despair.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Light flurries swirl as Orlando stomps over to his Mustang.

ORLANDO

It's gonna be shitty as an out-house, working with that asshole.

He does a double-take at the back bumper. There is a scratch in the paint. He hangs his head.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Thanks again, Francine. Damn.

The remote unlocks the door. From behind, he hears...

CARMEN (O.C.)

Hey, Orenthal. Got a minute?

His eyes furl as he turns to the side, but brighten when he spots Carmen as she strolls towards him with a smile. He straightens his posture and uniform.

ORLANDO

Yeah. That was hilarious, wasn't it? Ha-ha.

CARMEN

Big ego, small brain. I see it all the time. I'm Carmen Ellison for News Channel Nine. I'd like to talk to you more about the murders.

He hands her his business card. She returns the favor.

ORLANDO

Not a problem. Hit me up and we can do coffee...And talk.

CARMEN

I look forward to it. Orlando.

Fondling her card, he is mesmerized as he watches her stride. As he is about to enter the car, he notices a greeting card on his wiper blades. Orlando opens it. A Christmas card?

On the outside is a depiction of the manger scene with the three Magi. The inside has two stickers glued on. The one on top is of the Buffalo Bills logo, the other below it is Minnesota Timberwolves.

ORLANDO

What the hell does this mean?

INT. ORLANDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A football game grumbles in the background as the shrill ringer on the cell phone fills the room. Orlando rubs his face as the name 'FRANCINE' displays on the screen.

ORLANDO

Woman, I told you it's over. Find somebody else to leech from.

After the next ring, Orlando flips it over and turns up the TV louder. He pulls out Carmen's card and studies it. A quick smile, then it vanishes.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Naw. Who you fooling? Only women I get are grifters, hoes and thieves. Got to change my vibe.

EXT. STREETS OF BUFFALO - NIGHT

A steady flow of snowflakes are illuminated under the street lights. Wind howls.

Below, a lonely snow plow moves several feet of snow to the side of the road. A seven foot mountain of the white stuff, now lines the city street.

A uniformed Buffalo COP emerges from a greasy-spoon diner with a steaming coffee in his hand. On foot patrol, he half inspects the closed businesses along the avenue.

Chilly breezes blow through and the cop bundles himself tighter. He pulls out a pack of smokes with his free hand and pops one in his mouth. The lighter comes out, but the wind stifles the flame.

He goes over to a high snow drift, crouches down and finally gets it lit. He inhales with joy and sips his coffee as attention is turned to the flurries that fall from the sky.

SPLAT. The coffee hits the ground. The cop barely utters a sound as he is yanked off of his feet - backwards, into the seven-foot snow drift. His whole body disappears from sight.

On the ground, the hot coffee melts the packed snow and turns it brown. Higher on the snow drift, warm blood melts snow. The white mountain now has a red belly.

EXT. STREETS OF BUFFALO - DAY

Orlando and Evelyn emerge from the Sheriff's vehicle and join Taninski by the crime tape. Although the cop's body was removed and more snow has fallen, the red spot on the white landscape is still visible.

EVELYN

Evelyn and Orenthal reporting for duty, sir.

The joke goes over Taninski's head, but Orlando gives her a disapproving smirk.

TANINSKI

Now the killer's after Buffalo PD. Look at the this. Ambushed.

ORLANDO

Damn. Any body parts missing?

TANINSKI

Sick fuck. Took the cop's heart. Since he already stole a liver, maybe we should check churches for shady - 'organists'. Get it?

EVELYN

Not funny.

TANINSKI

I'll check the cameras and get any footage. Meet you back at HQ.

They go separate ways.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Ronnie stands in kitchen, tears in his eyes. A closer look shows he is chopping onions, as '**SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN', BY LOUIS ARMSTRONG** plays.

He wears the concert T-shirt of OZZY OSBOURNE - BARK AT THE MOON. Ronnie hums to the melody of the holiday classic.

Done chopping the ingredients, he adds it to what's frying in the skillet. A human heart.

RONNIE

Forget the caveman diet, I'm going one step beyond.

The chef flips the 'meat' over so the other side cooks.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

After the alignment, they can't even use silver against us. I just need to bump up the body count. Look out Buffalo. Santa is coming.

EXT. TIM HORTON'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Another chilly day. Traffic is light in front of the establishment. Through the picture window, Orlando and Carmen are seen as they enjoy coffee, smile and laugh.

INT. TIM HORTON'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Carmen, in a red dress, jiggles her empty container.

CARMEN

That coffee hit the spot. So did your corny jokes. Let's do it again some time.

ORLANDO

Sorry I didn't have any new information for you. But we'll get him. I'm not playing. And...I like the idea of meeting up again.

She leans in.

CARMEN

Really? How about Sunday morning? Join me for church service.

Stunned, Orlando takes a second to respond.

ORLANDO

This Sunday? Got tickets to the Bills-Giants game. Wanna go?

CARMEN

Thanksgiving service. Don't you have things to be thankful for?

ORLANDO

I do...Really. I'm not actually a church guy. Seen too much in my life. I'd rather watch football on Sunday. But I--

CARMEN

How about this? Go to church with me. I'll record it, and we can watch the game at my place later.

He uncorks a wide smile.

ORLANDO

Okay bet.

EXT. TIM HORTON'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

As Orlando approaches his Mustang, another card is there. Same manger scene showing the Wise Men, just like the first one. Inside, a grainy, very aged photo.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

In the foreground, Grandpa, in fatigues, holds up something huge and grisly. A wolf's head. Several men are in the background, in desert surroundings, but blurred.

ORLANDO

What the hell is this? Grandpa?

EXT. KLIENHANS MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

A banner for the NUTCRACKER performance hangs near the entrance, as a line of people, many festively dressed, wait to go inside. A cloud of steam from people's breath lingers above them.

So do some very large icicles that hang menacingly from the roof. Buffalo cops do security outside. Ronnie wears a Santa suit, as do several other patrons. His eyes focus on one cop in particular. A female with short hair and glasses.

RONNIE (V.O.)  
What luck. The bitch who made me  
lose my job. I owe you one for  
that, sweetie.

As the cop directs foot traffic, Ronnie moves into the darkness, checks the camera angles, then removes his glove.

RONNIE (V.O.)  
Nutcracker? Yeah, I'll crack that  
nut, real pretty.

His eyes change and a nail on his finger grows long. He bites off an inch of the nail, holds it in his mouth. As the cop bends to pick up trash, he spits the nail.

It hits the icicles that hangs above her head. POP - It comes loose, falls and pierces her head. Eyes blank, she falls over as the crowd and other cops look on with horror.

The fingernail zips through the air and returns to reattach itself to his hand. Ronnie slinks deeper into the shadows.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Dressed up and in the church parking lot on the phone, Orlando sounds upset.

ORLANDO  
No prints at all on the Christmas  
card? Really?

EVELYN (O.S.)  
Nope. But we'll keep digging.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Carmen looks stunning in her dress and matching hat. A Black man stands next to her in PASTOR clothes, about the same age.

PASTOR  
(to Carmen, softly)  
A new guy? This one have a job? I  
know you want to start a family,  
but your choices...Yikes.

CARMEN  
Orlando is different, good job,  
handsome, funny. I felt something  
the first time we met.

Orlando enters, wearing a nice suit. Carmen waves him over.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
 Welcome to the church, Orlando.  
 This is my brother, Roberto. He's  
 the pastor here.

ORLANDO  
 The Pastor? That's great. Glad to  
 meet you. Nice church. Looks like  
 it's been around for a while.

They shake hands and seem chill. The large church seems like  
 it has seen many generations through. Old, but sturdy.

PASTOR  
 Good to meet you too. You're early  
 so we can give you a short tour, if  
 you like. It has history.

ORLANDO  
 I love history. Show me.

They stroll through the corridors.

PASTOR  
 This AME ZION church was built  
 before the Civil War by free men  
 and escaped slaves. Frederick  
 Douglass and Harriet Tubman  
 attended at one time.

A door lies ahead. They enter.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - DAY

The space seems large enough to hold thirty people. It has  
 been restored to how it looked in the 1850s.

PASTOR  
 This place...Was used during the  
 Underground Railroad years.

CARMEN  
 Holy ground. Our family helped  
 build it, back in the day, and now  
 my brother is the pastor, wild huh?

ORLANDO  
 Yeah, that's a mind blower. My  
 grandpa ran a hotel during the  
 'Green Book' days. Being a deputy  
 is okay, but doing that? Whoa.



PASTOR  
Service to others brings inner joy.  
I better get back to the pulpit,  
starting soon.

The pastor locks eyes with Orlando.

PASTOR (CONT'D)  
How is your faith, Orlando?

He shrugs. Breaks eye contact.

ORLANDO  
Okay. I guess.

PASTOR  
You need to make it stronger. We  
need your strength. This is the  
season for hope, not fear.

The weight of community expectations lands hard.

ORLANDO  
I understand. Fully. Maybe more  
faith is what I need. Like the  
people who hid out here and risked  
their lives - for freedom.

PASTOR  
You have the same stuff in you.  
Dig deep. Bless you out there in  
the streets. Good to meet you.

They shake as the preacher's eyes penetrate deep.

INT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - DAY

It is game-day morning and the bar is pretty full. A few customers are entertained by dancers including a bald, black dude in Giants gear. Ronnie watches in his Santa suit as Francine bumps and grinds lustfully with BALDY (30s).

RONNIE (V.O.)  
Poor Orenthal, his girlfriend is a  
loose floosy, just like mine were.  
That just ain't right.

EXT. RAZZLE DAZZLE CLUB - DAY

A large, party bus is parked outside with the vehicle wrapped, to colorfully advertise the club. The bus is boarded by Francine, the lusty Baldy and a mischievous Ronnie.

EXT. BILLS MAFIA PARTY - DAY

Ronnie in Santa gear, watches Baldy closely as he parades through the fans, shouting...

BALDY  
WIDE RIGHT...WIDE RIGHT...  
LOSERS...

...To the passionate Bills Mafia fans. The painful memory of the Super bowl loss to the Giants seems to dampen some spirits. Ronnie growls under his breath.

INT. SECRET RAZZLED RUMP ROOM - DAY

Annoyed, Ronnie watches Baldy do crack shots and lap dances with Francine.

EXT. SECRET RAZZLED RUMP ROOM - DAY

Baldy stumbles outside into the frigid weather. Ronnie steps up to him.

RONNIE  
A Giants fan, huh? I challenge you  
to a duel of Dizzy Bats.

The crowd cheers for Santa. Baldy checks his watch.

BALDY  
I heard of that shit. You can't  
take me old man. Fifty bucks say I  
win...Or you a Sissy Claus -  
instead of Santa Claus?

Moans are heard in the crowd.

RONNIE  
That's an easy fifty, tenderfoot.  
Let's do it.

The drinking game begins. Ronnie, in championship form as he chugs, spins and smacks the empty can with power.

Baldy starts strong, but a few rounds in, the spins bring him to his knees.

BALDY  
Game. Start soon. Gotta go.

RONNIE  
Guess you owe me fifty, loud-mouth.

Now on his feet, but he staggers as he points to Santa.

BALDY  
Ain't missing the game. It's a  
draw. Got it?

He points to the Bills Mafia.

BALDY (CONT'D)  
Ain't none of you worth shit. I  
ain't paying and your shitty team  
is gonna lose. You watch.

Baldy walks to the stadium as he is pelted by a payload of snowballs and a chorus of - boos. Ronnie's eyes burn with rage as the out-of-towner stiffes him.

BALDY (CONT'D)  
You people in Buffalo are crazy and  
assholes.

He flicks his middle finger to anyone looking.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Now in the pulpit, the Pastor preaches to his flock. Orlando and Carmen sit together in the front row.

PASTOR  
In conclusion, let us give thanks  
for all that we have. Open yourself  
up to new blessings.

Carmen clasps Orlando's hand. They smile at each other.

PASTOR (CONT'D)  
Blessings are real. They come from  
a place of goodness, even if we  
cannot see it right away.  
(beat)  
Choose the positive path, bolstered  
by your faith in righteousness.  
Always - prepare for anything. Be  
ye, ever steadfast.

EXT. STADIUM STANDS - DAY

The scoreboard reads 'GIANTS 24 - BILLS 22'. The clock shows '0:03' seconds left in the game. Below on the gridiron, the Bills special teams unit prepares to kick a long field goal.

Ronnie glances at the scoreboard, takes a sip from his cup and wipes off the beer moustache. He yells...

RONNIE  
Come on guy! We make this field  
goal, we win.

Baldy, a few rows in front, tense, as he awaits the kick.

INT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Orlando and Carmen seem comfortable with each other as they sit on the couch.

CARMEN  
I love how we skip through  
commercials and huddles to get to  
the meat of the game.

ORLANDO  
Me too. Here comes the game winner.

They watch the kick on the TV screen. It sails, wide right.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Godammit. Oh...Sorry church lady.

The couple laughs, but Orlando is heart broken.

EXT. BILLS MAFIA PARTY - DAY

Baldy skips through the snow covered clearing that leads to the Buffalo Mafia area, drunk and obnoxious. He screams...

BALDY  
WIDE RIGHT AGAIN, WIDE RIGHT AGAIN!

From behind, him he hears a gravelly voice...

RONNIE (O.S.)  
Hey, Bud...

INT. SECRET RAZZLED RUMP ROOM - DAY

Francine works the pole for a few sad fans before they go home. An uninspired performance.

BOOM. The pole vibrates hard, as if struck. Francine jumps away from it. She then jiggles it to make sure its steady. Suddenly, gallons of blood spill over her.

Ripping through the roof and down the tent-pole is Baldy's impaled body. It slides all the way down, face up. Francine screams and runs away as the tent patrons - flee.

EXT. STREETS OF BUFFALO - NIGHT

Across town, SWAT team vehicles are lined up, on in a residential road. Red and blue lights reflect off houses.

INT. TANINSKI'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

The detective monitors police operations from his car. A cell phone is to his ear.

TANINSKI  
Yes, SWAT is deployed...The report states there may be hostages inside. We're about to breach it.

Men in tactical gear, march up to the residence. A SNIPER sits ready, on a roof across from house in question.

Police knock down the door of the house and enter...Ready to defend themselves. Taninski stares with intensity as they proceed to search the house.

After a while, the captain comes out and signals to Taninski. No one is inside. He signals to the rooftop sniper too.

TANINSKI (CONT'D)  
Looks like a false alarm...Okay, you have a good night too.

Taninski hangs up, drives away from the area.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The sniper packs up his gear and prepares to leave. He hears snow crunch behind him.

RONNIE (O.S.)  
Hey, bud...

When he turns to face the voice...Claws slash his chest through the bulletproof vest. His eyes...Open in horror.

RONNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Snitches get stitches.

A large growl cuts through the night as claws rip through his torso. Blood drips onto the snowy, white roof.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BELOW - NIGHT

A family decorates their Christmas tree near the fireplace. Noise is heard from the roof. Dad is concerned.

Louder noise comes from the chimney. Something lands hard in the lit fireplace. It is the sniper with a Santa hat on, dead and bloody. The family screams and freaks out.

INT. RONNIE'S TRUCK - DAY

In his thick coat, Ronnie sips his morning coffee and occasionally takes a bite of something on a plate next to him. It is raw, bloody, meat chunks. He talks to it.

RONNIE

Dude, you ratted me out...Now, I'm  
wolfing you down. Buffalo justice.

His eyeballs, glued to the screen on his tablet as he takes another bite of his co-worker. Around him a full parking lot.

ON SCREEN

Carmen conducts her news broadcast near the steps of the seat of municipal government. A crowd of concerned citizens brave the cold to hear more about the recent murders.

CARMEN

And with two more bodies from last  
night...One an officer and the  
other a visiting fan, we are left  
with few leads and no witnesses.

INSERT - VIDEO CLIP

Police tape is seen around the house where the sniper was killed. The next clip shows the Bills Mafia area. Tape around the 'party-tent'.

END CLIP

Carmen continues the report.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Mayor Nate Baylor is about to  
address the situation in a press  
conference, which will start at any  
moment now.

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

MAYOR NATE BAYLOR, (60s - black) steps to the podium, flanked by Orlando and Taninski. Ronnie slides into the crowd, unnoticed. Hoodie over his head.

Distressed, Mayor Baylor looks over the crowd as light snow lands on his short afro. Although cold - he seems to feel the heat of the city, bearing down on him.

NICK BAYLOR

Citizens of Buffalo and surrounding areas...We are under attack. An individual, or group, has left a gruesome trail of bodies in their wake. It must end and will end.

The masses applaud with gloved hands.

NICK BAYLOR (CONT'D)

The NFL has threatened to cancel home games unless we get this under control. Detective Taninski will give you the few facts we have.

Taninski strides to the microphone, full of himself.

TANINSKI

This killer seems to think he's quite the clever. He's eluded us so far, but an idiot like that has got to slip up. Then he's mine.

Striking a Mussolini pose, Taninski bathes in the crowd's admiration. Primo is also in the crowd. He turns to Ronnie, smiles and strolls away.

TANINSKI (CONT'D)

The nerve to kill uniformed officers? Protectors of our citizens? We can't have that. Turn yourself in, dirtbag. If I find you, it won't be pretty.

With the crowd's attention on Taninski, Ronnie pulls his glove off. His nail grows long, then he bites off the tip.

Orlando hears the coos of a baby, turns around, but no babies are out in this Arctic weather.

TANINSKI (CONT'D)

You're lucky I'm a professional and I hold back what I really want to say to you.

As the crowd applauds the bluster, Ronnie inconspicuous, spits the sharp tooth at the detective. It slices into the jugular of Taninski so fast it is unseen by the naked eye. It zips through the air and returns to the finger.

Taninski reacts to the sharp pain, as he puts his hand on his neck. He looks down...blood squirts through his fingers. Eyes wide, he spins to face the mayor. His body collapses onto the cold steps of City Hall.

Orlando first reaction is to cover the mayor with his own body. He screams...

ORLANDO

Medic! We need a medic...Now!

Cops help Orlando cover the mayor as he is whisked to safety. Other police rush to try to aid the now fallen and bloody, Taninski.

Carmen and camera crew rush around in a panic. Ronnie disappears into the mass of people.

INT. QUEZADA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Orlando squeezes through two uniformed Buffalo cops who stand by the door. Quezada and Mayor Nick wave him inside. The deputy closes the door and is motioned to have a seat. The executives nurse spirited drinks.

QUEZADA

What a day, huh? Tequila, rum or schnapps?

ORLANDO

Rum, sir. We need to find this asshole and shut his ass down. I don't know if he's using magic or what. But we'll find him. I promise.

The rum is given to Orlando and a large gulp is taken.

NICK BAYLOR

It's got to be soon. Cops are scared to go to work. We can't have that. We're putting you in charge of the entire operation.

ORLANDO

I'm ready, sir.



QUEZADA

We're in deep shit. You better get results, quick, or I'll have to call in the Feds.

Orlando casts his eyes to the floor.

ORLANDO

I understand. Fully. I will not fail you. There's got to be a logical explanation, I'll find it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

As Orlando leaves THE MIGHTY TACO, with tonight's dinner in hand, he spots a teen by his car. He dashes over to him.

ORLANDO

Hey, what the hell you doing?

The TEEN, startled, runs off, fast. Orlando sprints to his car, but not further. He discovers another card on the wipers. The cover is like the others, Three Kings at the manger scene. He reads the note.

ORLANDO (V.O.)

I have info on the killer. It's time we meet. Niagara Falls, American side, 7pm.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

Majestic, powerful - and now colorful with spotlights, the raging falls captivates Orlando's eyes. Clouds of mist hover above the partially frozen national treasure.

As Orlando beholds the sight in awe, professor Indigo, impatient and seems to hate the cold, beckons Orlando.

Evelyn and Donnelly surveil from an unmarked vehicle.

INDIGO

Hey. You tracking the killer?

ORLANDO

Sure am.

(beat)

You know I lived in this area all my life and never saw the falls at night in Winter.

INDIGO  
Gorgeous ain't it. I fucking hate  
the cold, but living near this  
miracle of nature - it's worth it.  
I'm Professor Indigo.

They shake hands.

ORLANDO  
Deputy Sheriff Orlando Crawford. I  
got your cards and that crazy photo  
of my grandfather. What's the deal?

INDIGO  
Look. I'm originally from the  
Middle East. Freezing balls right  
now. Follow me, I own a bed and  
breakfast, not far away.

As Orlando proceeds forward, he glances back at the falls,  
still in awe. Signals to his deputies to follow.

INT. INDIGO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Indigo enters, followed by Orlando. It is spacious. Filled  
with hi-tech gadgets and a futuristic design.

INDIGO  
The squad I like to work with, just  
happens to be in town, we're lucky.

ORLANDO  
What is it that you do, exactly?

INDIGO  
We find the shit nobody else can.  
Kinda our signature.

Orlando is impressed by the house and follows him to a door  
that leads to the...

BASEMENT

They descend stairs that lead to what seems to be an  
underground lab. Well-lit, computers are everywhere. They  
stroll over to two men in lab coats.

Both are mid thirties and bearded. Goldie and Haboob smile.

INDIGO  
Hey guys, this here is Deputy  
Sheriff Orlando Crawford.  
(MORE)

INDIGO (CONT'D)

He's the one investigating the serial killer. He might let us help out.

Goldie seems moved. A slight African accent flowers his words as he shakes hands. His eyes spot Orlando's necklace.

GOLDIE

Brother, to see your partner killed right beside you...How painful.

ORLANDO

I'll make him pay for that, trust and believe.

GOLDIE

Your medallion. Did you know it comes from Ethiopia?

ORLANDO

Really? Wow. My grandpa left it to me. It's from World War Two.

Scientists share 'a covert look'. Haboob shakes hands next.

INDIGO

That was Goldie. This is Haboob.

A minor Arab accent is detected in his speech.

HABOOB

Welcome, Officer. Yes, we'd be honored to help you solve this.

INDIGO

Where's Tiger? In the observatory?

HABOOB

Too cold up there for us. Glad we have a guy from Tibet in the crew.

INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM - NIGHT

On the roof of the house, another hi-tech set-up that features a huge telescope that protrudes through the ceiling. At the helm of the scope is Tiger.

He glides over to his computer and enters data, in a ski jacket. His breath, seen in the cold. The cell phone rings. With reluctance to be pulled from his work, he answers...

TIGER  
Yeah...Really?...Alright, I'll be  
right down.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Orlando takes a seat Indigo offers.

ORLANDO  
I need answers. Taninski was killed  
on camera, but whatever cut his  
throat is just a blur.

A door on the far side slides open. Tiger steps out.

TIGER  
I'm Tiger, you must be the monster  
hunter, huh?

They shake, but Orlando looks curious.

ORLANDO  
That's me. You guys can call me  
Orlando. Um, why did you say it's a  
monster? The way he kills?

TIGER  
Seems certain phenomena in this  
case don't seem logical.  
Paranormal issues may be present.

Orlando smiles. Looks at them with suspicion.

ORLANDO  
Like a ghost or something? I don't  
believe in supernatural shit.

INDIGO  
We don't know what's up but  
impaling a dude on a tent-pole  
ain't fucking easy. Keep your mind  
open for all possibilities.

ORLANDO  
Paranormal? I thought you were  
scientists. Must be another  
explanation based on facts, right?

INDIGO  
All of us in my crew know there is  
a higher power, based in goodness.  
It is real. We experienced it.  
But...there is evil too.

A quick skeptical look is flashed by Orlando.

ORLANDO

Cool. Well I better get rolling.  
Call me when you find something.

INDIGO

You bet, brother. We'll start right  
away. I'll walk you out.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

An interview between Orlando and Carmen is already in  
progress, from the Sheriff's office.

CARMEN

The City is terrified to go out  
during holidays. Cops are jumpy,  
not showing up for duty. Football  
tourism has almost stopped. Bills  
threaten to play home games in  
Toronto.

ORLANDO

These are terrible things and we  
need the public's help to find the  
killer. This predator is clever.

CARMEN

How so?

ORLANDO

City is full of cameras but the  
murders are never at a location  
where one is stationed.

CARMEN

Some in the public think there is a  
paranormal aspect.

ORLANDO

Paranormal? No, don't think so.

He laughs it off.

CARMEN

There seems to be info pointing  
that way, including claw marks on  
the body.

ORLANDO

Lots of weapons can mimic those  
wounds.

(MORE)

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

We're starting to think it's an ex-con mad at Buffalo PD. No Troopers or Sheriffs have been targeted.

CARMEN

One person suspected or several?

ORLANDO

We're not sure if any of the killings are related, but we'll catch whoever it is. Public safety - it's what we do.

END INTERVIEW

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

On a TV, the interview concludes, weather is given. The map shows more snow. More of the room is seen, it appears to be a psyche ward. People with visible problems, mill about.

Francine stares, face blank at the TV, in a straightjacket. Wild hair, wilder eyes.

THURMAN TOPLESS/FRANCINE

You! You didn't keep me safe, did you? Did you?

NURSE (O.S.)

Calm Down Francine. Time for your happy pills.

EXT. STREETS OF BUFFALO - NIGHT

Cold, snowy evening in warehouse district. A HOOKER (30s - white}, who appears weathered herself and not dressed properly for the temperature, tries to keep warm on the corner.

Ronnie, as Santa, approaches her on foot. She is astonished. He speaks in the strongest Southern accent he can muster.

RONNIE

Merry Christmas, my little ho-ho-ho. Have you been a good little girl this year?

HOOKER

Depends how you define good girls and bad girls. Wanna find out?

With a grin, Ronnie quickly pulls out a \$100 bill.

RONNIE

You can have this, and another just like it if you do me one lil' old favor, darling.

LATER

A squad car cruises by. She yells at it and flips them off. The cops get out, chase her.

The foot race goes into alley. On the wall ahead, is a C-note taped to the far wall of the tight space. She runs to it, just as Santa silently lowers himself down behind the cops.

The hooker grabs the bill and turns around. The cops have stopped and stand there, blank expressions. She studies them, but there is no reaction.

HOOKEE

Hey, you alright?

She nudges one. His severed head falls off, as does the other. Blood squirts. She screams into the winter night.

INT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Orlando and Carmen have dinner at the table as light jazz plays in the background. Through the window, snow falls down hard. The plates are near empty.

ORLANDO

Shrimp and grits. Perfect thing to warm the tummy. Thanks, Carmen.

CARMEN

Old family recipe. Hope it's not too spicy for you.

He looks to her.

ORLANDO

It ain't. But you are.

CARMEN

Spicy? I'm just a church girl with an interesting job.

She gets up and motions for him to join her on the couch. He complies with eagerness.

ORLANDO

And I like that. Love that. Just spicy, enough. Too much can burn out your taste-buds.

CARMEN

Has a bad girl burned your taste-buds before?

FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Francine stripping with the extreme sexiness.
2. In bed with Francine riding him like a Brahma bull.
3. Blind-sided by receipt from jewelry store

END OF FLASHBACK

Orlando clasps her hands and stares into Carmen's eyes.

ORLANDO

Taste-buds burnt? I'm lucky to have a mouth left at all. You kidding?

They both laugh.

CARMEN

Yeah, I haven't had much luck either. But, it's Christmas time. The season of miracles.

He brings her hand towards him and kisses it.

ORLANDO

Long live miracles.

The couple both smile.

CARMEN

Snow might make it dangerous to drive tonight. Would you like to stay over? Safer.

Orlando's eyes light up, then he tries to play it cool.

ORLANDO

Oh, absolutely. Safety first.



CARMEN

You don't mind the couch, right?  
I'll bring out pillows and a  
blanket for you.

ORLANDO

Uh, the couch? Yes, sure. Of  
course. Thank you.

CARMEN

Excellent. Be right back.

She goes to another room as Orlando rolls his eyes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Convicts in smudged, orange jumpsuits shiver as they sneak  
around an icy parking lot. FRITO (30s - Latino) and JANKOVIC  
(40s - white) try to find a vehicle with easy entry.

JANKOVIC

Damn, they're all locked.

FRITO

We'll die out here. Should have  
stayed with the transport bus,  
Jankovic. This is stupid.

JANKOVIC

You nuts, Frito? Half Of them are  
dead already from the crash. This  
is our chance. Look, clothes  
donation box. Cover me.

Jankovic climbs in. Frito keeps his eyes on a swivel for any  
signs of trouble as he shivers.

JANKOVIC (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Not much here to help. Oh, found  
something for myself. Here's one  
for you.

A puffy, full length coat is thrown to Frito. It is pink.

FRITO

This is a lady's coat, clown.

The dumpster diver sticks his head out.

JANKOVIC

A fat lady. Put it on till we find  
something else, you damn diva.

Seconds later, Jankovic pops up in a TED'S HOT DOGS coat, that is stained, but looks warm.

JANKOVIC (CONT'D)  
Okay, let's scoot.

INT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Orlando loosens his tie as he looks out the window at the steady snow. He smiles to himself.

ORLANDO (V.O.)  
Church girl. What did you expect?

He returns to the couch and takes off his shoes. Carmen enters with her arms full of blankets, sheets and pillows. She peeks over the bundle that covers her whole body, smiles.

CARMEN  
Hope that didn't take too long.

She dumps the load on the chair near the couch. When she faces Orlando, it is seen that she is wearing a pink gown with a slit on the side. Orlando blinks a few times.

ORLANDO  
That's very kind of you, I appreciate that.

CARMEN  
Public safety is the utmost, right?

ORLANDO  
Never been more right in my life.

Carmen leans closer until she leans gently on him. She then begins to rub his chest.

CARMEN  
I like to feel safe.

Orlando and Carmen slide into a kiss as the snowfall outside the window behind them, quickens.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The two cons stumble through deep snow and tangled brush, with only moonlight to guide them. Sounds of the forest make Frito visibly jumpy and he looks funny in the lady's coat.

Frito taps his fellow escapee on the shoulder and points to the side. They spot a tent and campfire.

JANKOVIC

What the hell is someone doing out  
here on a night like this?

FRITO

Must be on the run - like us.

Jankovic picks up a hearty branch and holds it like a weapon.

JANKOVIC

Looks like we found a nice cozy  
spot tonight. With or without  
permission.

Frito nods, does the same but the branch is hard to pull out. He falls on his ass in the struggle. Jankovic sighs, then motions him to move forward, without noise. They try to creep up to the tent.

Now close, Jankovic charges the tent with club raised. He peeks inside, nobody found.

JANKOVIC (CONT'D)

Looks like our lucky day.

WOLF

Grrrr...

A total change of facial expression. Jankovic slowly straightens up and peers over the side of the tent, as steam rolls skyward from his breath.

He eyes his partner, red has splattered the pink. His head rocks back and forth, then falls forward...and makes a thud on the snow in front of fear-paralyzed Jankovic.

A huge, bloody paw waves to Jankovic from where Frito's head used to be. He screams and runs through the dark woods.

Growls seems to come from every direction. He whips his head around, looking for any way out. He trips on a shrub. Falls. Face full of snow...And sweat. Gets up, runs more.

Petrified, exhausted...he Catches his breath under a tree. He holds his 'battle branch' - ready for combat, from any angle - except from above.

As Jankovic feverishly checks his flanks...A large, hairy, clawed hand - reaches down from the thick branches, out of his sight line. Closer and closer they come. Then stop.

In a split second, the long nails strike and penetrate the crown of Jankovic's skull. Eyes wide.

He is snatched skyward as the club falls from his grip. His whole body disappears. Blood drips on snow.

EXT. HIGHWAY OFF RAMP - DAY

Snow squalls blow across the exit near the wooded area and piles up near some road signs, in the early morning hours. Through the flakes something comes into view.

The escaped convicts' heads are on posts next to each other. Faces frozen in horror. Nearby is a road marker, ATTICA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - 30 MILES'.

An arm covered in a pink sleeve pokes through the snow. Its frost-bitten finger points to the direction of the prison...As do the severed heads.

INT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Now in a robe, Carmen pours out a coffee. She turns her focus on Orlando, shirtless, still asleep. Carmem glows and smiles.

Orlando's phone goes off. He awakens, disoriented. Finds the ringing phone in his pants near the couch. Carmen steps into his view.

CARMEN

Good morning, Sheriff.

ORLANDO

Hey there, sugar. Just a sec. Crap, it's work.

He answers the phone just as Carmen's cell starts ringing. She goes to it.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Yeah, Evelyn, what's...Say what?  
Oh, God...I'll be right there, hold tight.

After a deep breath, he hangs his head. Sadness and frustration show on his face. Orlando snatches his clothes and puts them on. Carmen returns, hurried.

CARMEN

I guess you heard. Four in one night? You kidding me? I gotta get a shower and go. You mind shoveling me out?

ORLANDO  
Sure. How bad was the snow?

EXT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

In dress shoes, bundled in Carmen's scarf and knit hat, Orlando huffs and puffs as he chops away at the snow drifts.

INT. QUEZADA'S OFFICE - DAY

Orlando studies a tablet's screen, sitting across from his boss. Both look frustrated.

QUEZADA  
Cops got killed around 8PM.  
Coroner says escaped felons died  
around 2AM. Even with the snow,  
it's possible for one perp - to  
have done both crimes.

ORLANDO  
Wow. Did we get any description  
from the hooker?

QUEZADA  
Nope, she's a mental case. Just  
mutters about Santa Claus.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Hooker is in the nut-house with Francine. Both look wild eyed. The hooker rocks back and forth with another patient as Francine tries to wipe off invisible blood.

INT. QUEZADA'S OFFICE - DAY

The criminal records for each deceased inmate and photo is projected on the wall.

ORLANDO  
Looks like these fugitives were  
some bad guys, long records. How  
can he be a cop hater if he's  
killing criminals?

QUEZADA  
Murder scene left no traces. Guy  
has to have military training. Or  
maybe even - a cop.

INT. HIGHWAY OFF RAMP - DAY

Orlando parks his County vehicle near the many other cop cars. He shakes his head, grossed out by the killer's crude display of noggins.

ORLANDO

Cute. Our guy thinks he's an impressionist artist now.

Quezada watches as the crime lab staff struggle to remove the frozen head from the post.

QUEZADA

I wonder why the head is on a post sometimes, but not others. Two killers, perhaps?

Jaws of life are brought on the thick metal post, which they hope to slice through. The machine's claws, slip on the icy surface of the pole. SPLAT!

It crushes Frito's skull by accident. Goo from the squashed cranium flies everywhere and gets on everyone. Screams of disgust as they try to wipe the brain-goo off.

INT. ERIE COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Orlando stands in front of a white board, puzzled. Photos of victims are on the board in a circle. In the middle of the pictures is a huge question mark.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK. The scientists glance towards the door.

INDIGO

We can't blow this mission. Too much is at stake.

TIGER

After the planetary alignment, it could get worse. Far worse.

Professor Indigo escorts Orlando into the lab. The three scientists greet him with warmth. Charts and maps are setup.

ORLANDO

Hey crew. Please tell me you got something good. Things are pretty bad. It's got to stop, or I'll find my ass fired. Can't have that.

He sits at a round table with the others.

INDIGO

That's the key question here. What is...IT?

GOLDIE

Might be several killers.

HABOOB

Even copycat murders. Now that the media has dubbed him, BUFFALO CLAWS, he's become a cult hero to all of the crazies.

Orlando is shown an online article with that title.

ORLANDO

Buffalo Claws? I hadn't heard that one yet. Kinda festive. But he - sure the hell ain't.

TIGER

The civilian victims had nothing in common, but from what we found, he sure seems to love killing cops.

Photos of all the victims are laid on the table.

GOLDIE

You need to be very cautious, my friend. Torsos of convicts found?

ORLANDO

Not yet. With this snow, they could be buried till Springtime.

INDIGO

Our specialty is tracking. We use unconventional systems but we get fucking results. Dude, we need something to work with.

TIGER

I would not rule out supernatural explanations.

The deputy's face contorts in skepticism.

INDIGO

We've seen unexplainable things before. We can handle that shit too. Just need a lead.

ORLANDO

He's just a clever psycho. We'll get him. Buffalo Claws, huh? I'll hunt him down, Just like he hunts us down. Shit is personal.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

An OLDER BUFFALO COP, in uniform...Terror in his eyes. Peers behind himself as he runs towards a parking lot. Something large crunches through snow and snaps tree limbs.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The cop slips and falls hard on the icy pavement. Breathing heavy, he struggles to his feet. Finally gets to his squad car, opens the door - dives inside.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Totally spooked, he checks around the outside of the vehicle, nothing. Tries to start his car. No sound.

Wires from the engine are tossed onto the windshield. He then hears his tires punctured and go flat.

RONNIE (O.C.)

HO HO HO...

The attacker seems to hide around car, just out of the driver's view. On occasion a claw strikes the window. The cop - terrified.

Pulls his gun. Shoots from inside vehicle to get him. Tries radio, doesn't work.

As cop reloads, the floorboards...are ripped wide open. The cop - paralyzed with fear.

The cop gets snatched by a huge hairy claw...then pulled through floorboards to underneath the squad car.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Growling sounds mix with screams. Blood pours from beneath the vehicle, onto the snowy pavement.



INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Carmen gets ready to go on-air with Orlando. He looks nervous as he wipes his sweaty palms.

CARMEN

(whispers)

Hey, handsome. Just be yourself.  
Give the facts - with a dash of  
hope and compassion. You good?

ORLANDO

Right. Yeah, I got this.

She flirts back with a wink. The red light comes on.

CARMEN

We're here with Deputy Sheriff  
Orlando Crawford with the latest  
updates on the Buffalo Claws  
killing spree, plaguing our city.

ORLANDO

Last night, another tragic scene.  
A veteran Buffalo policeman was  
ambushed in his squad car near the  
Waterfront. We're examining body  
cam and forensics right now.

CARMEN

With another football game tonight,  
can you assure the public, that it  
will be safe?

ORLANDO

As always, take precautions, but I  
assure you that the area will be  
saturated with officers in the  
stadium and parking lots. He'd be a  
fool to try anything.

CARMEN

That's good news. Anything else  
that might help?

ORLANDO

Seems he strikes after a Bills  
loss. So...Go Bills. No turnovers  
unless you're talking baked goods.

EXT. STREETS OF ORCHARD PARK - NIGHT

A shuttle bus of Cowboy fans celebrate after a victory and are loud. They hang team flags from the windows and yell...

COWBOY FANS

'How 'bout them Cowboys. Yeee-ha!

...To passing vehicles along the way. New snow is falling and is built up on the sidewalks.

At a stop light, Santa steps in front of the vehicle, waves, then spits something towards the windshield. It cracks the glass in front of the driver. He slumps over.

Blood trickles from a fingernail stuck in his forehead. The shuttle bus rolls forward, without a driver, as riders panic.

The vehicle hits a tree on the side of the road and stops. Suddenly, the back doors...are ripped open.

INT. SHUTTLE BUS - NIGHT

The enraged wolf in Santa gear enters the transport, jowls dripping with saliva. Passengers try the doors, but it is blocked by the tree. Lots of frantic shrieks.

EXT. SHUTTLE BUS - NIGHT

Growls from the beast mix with the crying-out of the Cowboy fans. Windows splotch with squirts of bright, red blood, until they are all covered. Then...the screams stop.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Mayor Nick is joined on stage with Orlando and another man - a Fed.

NICK BAYLOR

First. Our hearts go out to the recent victims of this serial killer. Buffalo PD is on high alert. The patrols will travel in pairs from now on.

ORLANDO

Sheriffs and troopers will carry some shifts due to metro cops understandably calling off.

NICK BAYLOR

I'm happy to announce that we are  
now joined by FBI agent LEWISTON.

The Fed steps forward, haircut - high and tight (40s -  
white), not a thread out of place.

LEWISTON

Greetings to the brave citizens of  
Buffalo. We have started a joint  
task force and are confident we  
have sealed off the possibility of  
attacks happening again. We'll find  
the killer and will bring him to  
justice.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Ronnie munches on ribs as he watches the press conference.

RONNIE

Yeah, thoughts and prayers. And  
some barbecue sauce too.

(chuckles to himself)

How 'bout them Cowboys?

(beat)

They're delicious.

He grabs another rib from a pile, chomps down.

INT. INDIGO'S HOUSE - DAY

In the living room, Orlando removes his coat, as Indigo  
beckons an immigrant couple to come closer. The woman is very  
pregnant. Indigo speaks to her in Spanish...

INDIGO

(Spanish)

See, he's too goofy looking to be  
an immigration agent. Please,  
relax. You're safe.

They laugh and leave the room. Orlando looks confused.

ORLANDO

All okay?

INDIGO

The uniform had them shook. This time of year I open my bed and breakfast to homeless, immigrant families. I make sure I have room. You never know who might stop by.

ORLANDO

That's cool of you. True holiday spirit. My grandpops ran a hotel, back in the day. Was generous too. Got killed by thugs.

INDIGO

Sorry, dude. Feeling your pain. Is that what made you become a deputy?

Orlando seems uncomfortable with the comment.

ORLANDO

Maybe. Anyway, I'm surprised you didn't decorate for the holidays.

INDIGO

All that stuff distracts from the original meaning of the Bethlehem blessing. Hope! Not decorations, materialism or a jolly fucking elf.

ORLANDO

I hear you. We need to talk.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Orlando meets with the crew in the lab. He looks uneasy.

ORLANDO

Yeah, if this continues, I'm done. I got to stop this - and soon.

TIGER

Have any new info?

ORLANDO

This is top secret. Just got it from the lab.

He takes out his tablet. Positions it so all can see.

Shows the body-cam footage of the cop ambushed in his car. It is shaky and blurred...But the Santa clothes and sharp claws are seen in flashes. Astonishment is in the eyes of Indigo and the scientists.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Dog hair was found at the scene.  
When did Santa trade-in reindeers,  
for Cujo?

Indigo and the three look among each other, then smiles break out. They hi-five each other in glee. Orlando's face shows he's puzzled by the response.

INDIGO  
We found him. Great job.

ORLANDO  
Found who? What's the deal?

GOLDIE  
The three of us are astronomers.  
We've been tracking a cosmic  
occurrence in the solar system.

HABOOB  
A long, long - long time.

TIGER  
We calculated it would happen over  
Buffalo, but weren't sure.

ORLANDO  
What occurrence? What do you mean?

GOLDIE  
Come, have a seat. I'll show you  
what I can, at this point.

Orlando sits in front of a computer, skeptical.

INT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carmen opens the door and Orlando rushes into the apartment,  
over-decorated for the holidays...Mind blown.

ORLANDO  
Thanks for seeing me, sweetness.  
This is crazy, I need to talk it  
out so it makes sense.

CARMEN  
What's wrong? Talk.

They go to the couch. Orlando takes out his tablet with shaky hands.

ORLANDO  
Got any bourbon?

CARMEN  
I'm a church girl, remember?

ORLANDO  
Wine is fine, but we'll need -  
something.

She pours drinks and parks next to him. Concern on her face.

CARMEN  
So what you stressing on?

ORLANDO  
This is strictly off the record.  
Not ready for prime-time,  
understand?

Carmen stares him in the eyes and nods.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
So these scientists want to help  
crack the case. You won't believe  
what they told me.

FLASHBACK - SCIENTISTS

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Orlando, in front of a computer screen. Indigo and the others  
try to explain their exuberance.

INDIGO  
You found the killer! It's the  
Demon Wolf. You know who that is?

ORLANDO  
Uh...No.

On the computer screen, they pull up clips from history. The  
pictures span many centuries.

GOLDIE  
Claws, hair like a dog, vicious,  
kills with no mercy.

ORLANDO  
Assuming this was real...Doesn't he  
just trip during full moons?

HABOOB

Another lie. He and his helpers  
kill anytime, for the thrill of it.

ORLANDO

An ugly ass werewolf? But they  
don't exist, so...

TIGER

Call him what you want. Due to the  
alignment of planets, he could  
double his power when it happens.

ORLANDO

When...Is that?

TIGER

Two days from now.

Orlando furls his brow. Squints his eyes.

ORLANDO

That's Christmas Eve!

GOLDIE

Correct and if he gets that power,  
there will be a bloodbath against  
humanity that's never been seen  
before.

TIGER

He and the ones he turned, will  
also become immune to silver.

As he pushes away from the computer, Orlando gawks at them  
all...befuddled.

ORLANDO

Wait, this is just a myth, a fairy  
tale, just like Santa, right?

INDIGO

This beast invented Santa and the  
other bullshit to divert us from  
the actual reason for the holiday.  
He's an evil genius who's been  
around a long, long time.

Orlando rubs his face, shakes his head in disbelief.

ORLANDO

Huh. Suppose...This is true. How do  
we stop him?

INDIGO

We developed a little something-  
something for his ass. Will take  
him out for good.

GOLDIE

We have a plan to draw him out, but  
it could be dangerous.

ORLANDO

To the city?

Indigo puts his hand on the deputy's shoulder.

INDIGO

No, my man. To you. It's your  
destiny. Just look.

An ancient book is pushed in front of Orlando. They open to a  
page. A sketch of a wolf, impaled by a buffalo's horns, is  
pointed to. Shock is painted across the lawman's face.

ORLANDO

So...That's me?

END OF FLASHBACK

Carmen stares at her guy a moment, then slams down the rest  
of her wine.

CARMEN

Why is it dangerous for you? This  
sounds scary. You sure these guys  
aren't crazy?

ORLANDO

Not sure at all. That's another  
problem. But, they were dead  
serious. In my gut...I think they  
could be right.

A cynical expression emits from Carmen's eyes.

CARMEN

Why you?

ORLANDO

They said our grandfathers worked  
together in WWII, fighting in  
Ethiopia against werewolves,  
started by this guy.



CARMEN

Wow, really?

ORLANDO

It wasn't thugs who killed him. It was these wolves. I believe it. They beheaded him, like some recent victims. I gotta make them pay.

CARMEN

Oh God. And this, thing, invented Santa? But Santa's just a jolly old elf who brings joy, right?

ORLANDO

Naw, they showed me he's a tool to divert from the true meaning of the holiday. Now used for marketing products and to maximize profits.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SANTA

Images of Santa evolving over time. From ancient roots, up till present day.

ORLANDO (V.O.)

They said the image we now revere was started by Coca-Cola. Just a PR campaign. We made a God in our own image. Which has grown so large it overshadows the whole Bethlehem thing. Total fiction. But a proven money-maker.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Carmen struggles to accept what he dishes out.

CARMEN

Okay...Assume all that is true. How do we stop the killings?

Orlando hangs his head as a hefty exhale is released.

ORLANDO

Yeah, right - the dangerous plan they cooked up, just for me. You won't believe this.

INT. QUEZADA'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Quezada and Lewiston stare back at Orlando like he's lost his mind.

QUEZADA

What? No, I don't - and won't believe it's a werewolf. That's crazy shit.

LEWISTON

Yeah, that's pretty far-fetched, deputy.

QUEZADA

Look. This case is very stressful. I understand. Clearly has been too much for you. We've got a good therapist for the department. Want you to see her.

A pained expression is on Orlando's face.

ORLANDO

No. Don't take me off the case. I'll solve it and I'm not crazy. Check this out.

Orlando shows the video and they see glimpses of Santa and the claws in the clip. Eyebrows raise as it plays.

QUEZADA

Interesting, but it's probably just a meth-head in costume.

LEWISTON

Yeah. Santa and Freddie Krueger mash-up, using blade weapons.

QUEZADA

I really don't think you can handle this anymore. A complete FBI team is on the way to handle it now.

The deputy hangs his head.

ORLANDO

I'm begging for more time. Just until after Christmas. If I fail, you can fire me. I know I'm close. I can feel it.

Quezada and Lewiston exchange glances.

QUEZADA

Fine, they won't arrive until the morning after Christmas, anyway. That gives you a little over 24 hours to solve it. I want the killer. Not the monster from a horror movie. Comprende?

ORLANDO

Thanks. Boss. I have plan. A great plan.

Orlando, smiles...Nods to both, then leaves.

SUPER - CHRISTMAS EVE

INT. INDIGO'S SUV - NIGHT

In the passenger seat, Orlando wears a Buffalo PD uniform and looks upset.

ORLANDO

This plan sucks.

At the wheel, Indigo turns to him.

INDIGO

Dude, you said you'd do anything. It's all we could come up with. Good chance it'll work.

ORLANDO

A good chance? What are the chances that I die behind this bullshit?

GOLDIE

We got your back, bro.

In the back seat, three scientists show concern.

TIGER

The mathematical probability is pretty high for success. I can break it down for you if you want.

ORLANDO

Break down how you save my ass if something goes wrong. Tell me more about the thing you're tracking, up there.

GOLDIE

There's an alignment of the masculine planets Saturn, Mars and Jupiter. Will be super bright tonight. It also gives energy to the Demon Wolf. He'll become more powerful and more evil.

HABOOB

But he only gets the power if he can get a kill tonight.

Worried, Orlando cracks his neck. It is heard by all.

TIGER

On the flip side...If - I mean, when - we kill him tonight, he'll be banished from this dimension forever. Right?

INDIGO

Yep. The only big event tonight is mass at Our Lady of Victory church. The security will be Lackawanna PD and State Troopers. Seems he likes to kill Buffalo PD the most.

ORLANDO

That would be me. Nice of the mayor to let me borrow the uniform.

Orlando covers his eyes, lets out a big exhale, fighting back the tension of the moment.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Not wild about being used as bait. You got something to stop him with? It could get outta hand, quick.

INDIGO

Lots of years of wisdom in these noggins. He won't stand a chance.

Now Orlando rolls his eyes as a chill runs through him.

ORLANDO

I'm not a praying kinda guy, but I better learn to. Like right now.

He tilts his face to the heavens, closes his eyes and says a silent plea. His eyebrows reflect the prayer's intensity.

EXT. PARKING LOT, CHURCH - NIGHT

The SUV pulls into an open space. They see Carmen, eyes on her phone, while parishioners go into the old church. She waves, then strolls towards them. Orlando gives her a hug.

INDIGO

Who's this?

ORLANDO

My Girl, Carmen, she's a reporter.  
Carmen, these are the scientists  
who better save my life tonight.

They wave back, sheepish grins.

INDIGO

So she...Knows?

ORLANDO

Everything. I'll let her film  
whatever happens so she can get a  
big break. Especially if she  
catches something on a video.

INDIGO

Dangerous out here. Don't think so.  
Sorry.

CARMEN

I'll totally be out of the way and  
hidden. Please. I'll be okay.

Although Indigo seems unhappy about it, he relents.

INDIGO

Fine, but done under protest. If  
something bad happens, you were  
warned. No photos of the scientists  
- or of me. Got it?

She nods in agreement.

EXT. OLD CEMETERY - NIGHT

Indigo hauls a backpack as they walk through the spooky old headstones, to a spot, not too distant from the church, but close enough to be a valid patrol area.

INDIGO

Take this and put it in your ear.  
I'll be your extra set of eyes.

ORLANDO

Bet. Any advice if it comes out?

INDIGO

Yeah. Run like hell!

Orlando doesn't seem comforted by that, but puts in the ear piece. Scientists and Indigo hide one place. Carmen hides in another place so she can film.

Another sound of a baby's coos. Looks around...nothing. Light snow falls in huge flakes as Orlando embarks on his patrol with Indigo in his ear piece.

ORLANDO

Did you hear something? A baby?

He tilts his head skyward. Three bright objects are in the blackness of space. They seem to be close together.

INDIGO (O.S.)

Out here? You're tripping - focus!

In the distance, closest to the church, a figure limps out of the darkness. It seems to be...Santa. Or is it?

SANTA/RONNIE

Help, help! I've been mugged.

Father Christmas, collapses in the snow. Orlando observes it go down.

INDIGO (O.S.)

Proceed with caution. Probably a trap. We're ready if it is.

Orlando takes out his weapon and slinks closer to Santa.

As Ronnie hears the footsteps get closer, his eyes change and through a smile, fangs grow.

Above them...The alignment in the sky happens. Suddenly, it's as bright as a full moon. The bright light twinkles and gives the earth below, a red glow. All stare at it.

As Ronnie turns to gaze upon the sight, his face is seen by Orlando. He hears...

ORLANDO (O.C.)

Ronnie? Hey Ronnie, is that you?

Ronnie's eyes and teeth go back to normal. He appears puzzled as he spins around and spots Orlando. Hangs his head. Whispers to himself...

SANTA/RONNIE

Shit.

Orlando rushes up to him.

ORLANDO

Hey, you alright, man. You got mugged? Where'd it happen?

Ronnie gets to his feet.

SANTA/RONNIE

I'm okay. I guess.

(beat)

Hey, look at that fucking star. Ever seen anything like it?

ORLANDO

Mind blowing, huh? Incredible. It's not really a star, though. It's an alignment of planets.

(beat)

You need medical attention? I can call for help.

Ronnie stares him up and down.

SANTA/RONNIE

I thought you were a deputy. Why you wearing that?

INDIGO (O.S.)

Lose him, he might be keeping the beast from coming.

The deputy puts his weapon back in the policeman's holster.

ORLANDO

It's complicated. It's cold, you're hurt and there's a serial killer running around. A cemetery ain't no place to play Dizzy Bats. Let me call you an Uber.

The supposedly wounded Santa, spins around in frustration. He seems extremely conflicted.

SANTA/RONNIE

Fuck, man, this sucks. I kinda like you, Orenthal.

ORLANDO

Funny, I like you too. Even though we both know you're the - number two Bills fan out there.

Ronnie has a hearty chuckle.

SANTA/RONNIE

We settled all that with the Dizzy Bats. I won.

ORLANDO

Yeah, first round. Wait till the next home game. Look, my man. You gotta go. It's dangerous here.

SANTA/RONNIE

Sure is. Wish it wasn't - but we all have a job to do, huh? Look, I'm an alpha male like you. Love the competition aspect of life.

(deep breath)

You're a nice guy. This is nothing personal. I'll give you a ten second head start.

INDIGO (O.S.)

Dude. Watch out. I think he's the fucking beast.

Orlando seems confused. Tries to laugh it off.

ORLANDO

Uh, Ronnie. What exactly do you mean by that?

SANTA/RONNIE

Like I said, nothing personal.

Ronnie-slash-Santa...Starts to morph in front of him.

INDIGO (O.S.)

Run! Run!

ORLANDO

Holy shit!

Orlando sprints away, terrified.

INDIGO (O.S.)

Run to the tomb with the big angel in front.



Eyes wide from fright, Orlando sprints over to the spot, then freezes. The three scientists now wear outfits that seem to be regal robes from ancient times. Orlando blinks, can't believe it.

ORLANDO

What the...?

The three pull out three different looking baton weapons from the same era.

Indigo pulls several gadgets from his backpack and starts to assemble a strange looking gun.

INDIGO

Meet Gaspar, Balthazaar and he's  
Melchior. We got it from here.

Ronnie, full werewolf now, charges after Orlando. The cop is paralyzed by the sight.

Before he can duck behind the tomb, Orlando is snatched from the back, picked up and tossed several yards into the snow.

The three scientists, now THE THREE KINGS, do a back flip from their hidden spot and land so they surround Ronnie. He growls. The beast swipes at them as they circle him.

Seems they have supernatural powers of agility as they do acrobatic moves to elude the creature - while they pop him with the batons in the red light from overhead.

Wolfie Santa growls and looks to the red light. He grows taller. The three kings are surprised. Now as he fights, he gets a few good licks in, here and there, and sends them to tumble in the snow.

They regroup, nod to each other and hold the batons high. The fighting sticks turn into spears.

The silver tips sparkle in the crimson light. They swing the staffs around their bodies like martial artists.

Now they use even tighter teamwork with speed, to attack and retreat, after a different one strikes. The Santa suit gets ripped, wounds bleed - but Ronnie keeps up the fight.

Orlando pulls his service weapon and aims. He shoots the beast in the head and knocks him backwards. His hat flies off...But he's still stands.

He pops the hot slug from near his ear, into his hand. Growls at Orlando.

ORLANDO

Hey, we all have a job to do.

As Santa is about to lunge at Orlando, Tiger and Goldie do a cartwheel in front of him and drive their silver spear-tips into the chest of the werewolf.

Another spear rips through his back and protrudes through his chest. Blood flows.

Lifeless, the Santa clad monster, falls down dead and impaled. The huge body morphs back into Ronnie. Orlando seems relieved but a bit sad.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Got him. But...How do I explain that? I killed Santa Claus?

GOLDIE

Not the first werewolf we killed.  
Have killed all kinds of demons,  
for a long time.

TIGER

What happened to the gun?

Still in hiding behind the tomb, a pissed off voice...

INDIGO (O.S.)

Damn thing jammed.

Orlando looks his Wise Men up and down.

ORLANDO

So you're the three kings  
From the Bible? Come on, for real?  
I don't believe it, but I know  
y'all are something - different.

HABOOB

We never liked the Jingle Bells  
bullshit anyway. Kinda cool killing  
Santa.

Orlando stares at them with admiration.

TIGER

I feel you. He had it coming for a  
long time.

GOLDIE

His bullshit overshadowed the real  
reason for celebration.

HABOOB

We know because we were there. A true miracle.

GOLDIE

You should have seen THAT star, bro. Makes this crap look like a cheap dollar store flashlight.

TIGER

Angels singing. Hope in the air. Beyond words.

ORLANDO

My girl Carmen needs to hear this. She's a church girl and top notch reporter. I know she has questions.

He smiles and turns towards Carmen's hiding spot. Yells...

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

Hey Carmen. Did you get all of that? Come over.

As they wait for Carmen, A flurry of sound comes from that area. A bigger werewolf jumps out.

The guys react in shock. The half man, half wolf, carries the reporter as she struggles. Still alive, so far.

CARMEN

Let me go! Orlando...Help!

His torso and arms are werewolf but his head and legs are human. He dumps her on the snowy ground, growls, then puts on Ronnie's Santa hat.

PRIMO PILETTI

I should have known it was you three idiots from Bethlehem. You've killed several of my best men over the years.

ORLANDO

So, fur-ball...Are you the Demon Wolf?

PRIMO PILETTI

Poor little old me? You don't believe in this shit, right? You're a cop. You need facts.

The four men and Carmen...confused - and afraid.

PRIMO PILETTI (CONT'D)  
Now I remember where I know you.  
From the--

Panic on Orlando's face.

ORLANDO  
From the football game. Right?  
Yeah, sure.

Primo looks at him, puzzled, then at Carmen. He laughs.

PRIMO PILETTI  
Funny. You're gonna die and you're  
worried your girl will find out you  
went to a titty bar. Hilarious.

Carmen's gaze burns into Orlando. His tone, apologetic.

ORLANDO  
It was before we met, babe.  
Honest.

PRIMO PILETTI  
Enough. You killed my newest  
protégé, Ronnie. Fellas...That  
really pisses me the fuck off.

Huge growls, shows big teeth. Saliva drips.

PRIMO PILETTI (CONT'D)  
You're all lucky enough to be my  
sacrifice, so I can get even more  
power...And you can't stop me.  
Especially without your toys.

His eyes show pity and he stares at his punctured pal.

PRIMO PILETTI (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Ronnie.

He picks up the body impaled with silver tip spears and  
tosses it behind him. The body splatters on a headstone,  
quite a distance away.

Indigo spies the action from his hiding spot, as he tries to  
put the special gun together, but it is still stuck.

The kings try to attack the beast without weapons. The  
acrobatics don't work this time. Primo snatches them one by  
one and injures them. Each are bloodied.

The kings are flung around until all, including Orlando and  
Carmen, are heaped together in the snow.

Orlando takes out his gun with shaky hands. He shoots. Primo is knocked back a step, then smiles.

He pulls the slug out of his chest. The hot lead steams in the cold night air. He pops it in his mouth and chews it up, while he stares at Orlando.

ORLANDO  
Had to try, right? Hope it was  
tasty.

PRIMO PILETTI  
A little spicy. But thanks. I'll  
kill you first.

Primo growls loud...tilts his head to the red sky above.

PRIMO PILETTI (CONT'D)  
Five souls to be sacrificed. It's  
my lucky day. I'll be fifty times  
as strong to start my army.

ORLANDO  
Who are you? What in God's name,  
are you? For real?

A sneer is returned to the lawman.

PRIMO PILETTI  
God? I don't want to hear that name  
again. I go by Primo Piletti in  
this era, but my real name  
is...**Pontius Pilate.**

SUPER - JERUSALEM, FIRST EASTER

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Pontius Pilate in full Roman gear, goes to inspect the burial cave that's now empty. He's furious. Yells at his soldiers.

PRIMO PILETTI  
Where's the damn body? Get in there  
and find me some answers. Now. Am I  
clear?

A CENTURION steps forward, sheepish vibe.

CENTURION

Sir, the soldiers said they may have saw something, bizarre, supernatural in there. They refuse to get close.

Exasperated, Pilate/Primo - goes into a rage.

PRIMO PILETTI

Ghosts? Angels? We executed a pauper and a madman. Not some king or wizard. This is not some holy site. I'll show you.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Pilate enters the earthen womb and scans the area as soldiers peer in from the entrance.

PRIMO PILETTI

See? Nothing here. As a matter of fact...this is what I think of that little trouble-maker.

He adjusts his garments, then takes a piss in the cave. Enamored with his own decadence, he glances back at his troops with a demonic grin.

Now finished defiling the tomb, Pilate straightens himself. A voice is heard in his head, no one else hears.

GOD (O.S.)

(reverberating voice)

Since you act like a dog, you will be a dog...For all eternity.

The procurator of Palestine seems shocked. Maybe frightened. He rushes to the exit.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Total confusion mixed with denial in his voice. He confronts the centurion.

PRIMO PILETTI

How dare you. What did you just say to me?

CENTURION

Say? Nothing, sir. I didn't utter a word.

Paranoia sinks in and it is seen in his body language - and in his eyes. He turns from his troops. Bewildered beyond reproach. Pilate spins back to face them.

PRIMO PILETTI

Did any of you just speak when I  
was in there?

All soldiers shake their heads, no. He runs his fingers through his hair. Sweat beads on his forehead. Wild eyed, he nods to the centurion, then stumbles away.

His departure, turns into a sprint, as his troops take in the sight of their spooked leader.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Pilate steps onto the patio, sweating heavily. Doubled over in pain. He peers up from his anguish to see a full moon.

A tear falls, then he starts to morph. Falling to his knees, the torment of his physical change makes him cry out. First the eyes, - then the fangs, the fur and the claws.

The cursed soul, now a full werewolf - howls at the moon with awesome fury. He jumps from the balcony and runs into the wooded area a short distance away.

EXT. ROMAN ALLEY - NIGHT

Eyes that seem to glow are seen in the darkness. An unsuspecting citizen of the empire strolls by. He is snatched backwards into the alley by sharp claws. Short screams are heard, then gnawing.

PRIMO PILETTI (V.O.)

In Palestine, they thought I'd gone  
mad. Shipped me back to Rome. I  
hated killing fellow Romans.

The citizen's body, motionless. Toga covered in blood. Severed head at Pilate's feet. The wolf seems sad.

INT. ROMAN BATHROOM - DAY

Pilate, in a tub, full uniform, splashes his face with water. He then picks up a dagger. He slits his wrists and the clear water turns red - quick.

PRIMO PILETTI (V.O.)  
 I let them think I had died. After  
 that - I just traveled the world  
 and...did my thing.

SERIES OF SHOTS - WEREWOLF KILLS

1. Night. An African shepherd, flock near him, hears a sound. Runs to it with staff as a weapon. The wolf, bloodied, devours a sheep, then casts his eyes on the shepherd. He attacks, severs the African's head off, with one swipe.

2. Night. In an Asian forest, a monk meditates. A growl is heard. He opens one eye. The wolf, froths, growls again. Just inches in front of him. Before the monk can react, half his head is bitten off.

3. Night. Three British pirates stumble from a pub, booze in hand, drunk. They see a man in fetal position near the woods. They go over, laugh at him as they poke him with swords. Pilate faces them, his fangs glisten. Screams, growls and the sound of bones broken. Three heads roll into the road.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. OLD CEMETERY - NIGHT

The red haze continues as the half-monster stares down his sacrificial human offerings.

PRIMO PILETTI  
 After many centuries, I realized  
 how stupid humans truly were. I  
 decided to change the whole  
 narrative about your so-called,  
 Christmas.

GOLDIE  
 You don't deserve to speak on  
 Christmas. You killed him.

Goldie struggles to get up, but is pushed back down by Piletti, then laughed at.

PRIMO PILETTI  
 It was my influence that made  
 Santa, reindeers, decorated trees  
 and gift giving - the new focus.



HABOOB

Can't face what you did to him,  
huh? Got to cover it up?

PRIMO PILETTI

Santa kicks ass. Lot more fun and  
glamorous than thinking about some  
smelly old barn, in a smelly old  
desert.

(beat)

It spread across Europe, then the  
world. Now it's like...Forget the  
baby, where's MY GIFTS? My tree?  
My big feast and my special booze.

CARMEN

Why did you do that? You're  
immortal. What do you care what we  
think?

PRIMO PILETTI

It's not about you, chew  
toys...it's about me - what I  
think. I executed criminals. Then  
this guy came along. Who knew he  
was - all that?

He straightens Ronnie's Santa cap on his head.

PRIMO PILETTI (CONT'D)

Eternity is a long time to have  
that in your face. Fairy tales are  
more fun, right? Ho ho ho.

The middle finger of Orlando sticks up.

ORLANDO

Have fun with this, Fido. You  
killed my grandpa. Bastard.

His demeanor changes. A growl from deep in his chest is  
heard. He grins, in a devilish way.

PRIMO PILETTI

You just killed my best student.  
That's how battles go. A new Roman  
Empire will be born after tonight.  
I'll be the new Caesar.

INDIGO (O.C.)

Finally.

Shielded a bit by a huge tombstone, Indigo points his  
futuristic gun at Primo.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

You ain't the only one who fucked up. I should have given up my bed -- rather than have him born in a barn like some donkey.

PRIMO PILETTI

The Bethlehem Innkeeper? Ha, yeah, you suck too. Killing me would remove your guilt?

INDIGO

Let's try, Pontius.

PRIMO PILETTI

Fool. Guns don't work on me.

INDIGO

This will. I'll blow your fucking head off.

He fires. It is a buzz sound, rather than a gun-blast. The projectile hits Primo on the side of his head. Blood squirts from where his ear - was.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Stand still, would ya?

Primo growls so loud it knocks snow from branches of trees. He quickly morphs into full wolfman. Now he's taller and more buff. Canine spit drips from fangs.

Carmen clings to Orlando as Indigo reloads as fast as possible. The gun jams. Again.

The wolf attacks with incredible speed. It swipes the gun away and breaks Indigo's arm in the process. It hangs awkwardly as Primo picks him up.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Nooo!

His special gun lands a few yards from Orlando. The deputy touches Carmen's face gently.

ORLANDO

Pray for me.

The creature's claws grow as long as switchblades - he winds-up for the decapitation of Indigo. Then...All hear a noise that doesn't belong there. A baby's coo.

Both of their eyes show puzzlement. Primo prepares for the death blow - again. Now they hear a baby's laugh.

They turn to the side...And see a baby, in a cradle, near a snow drift. A bright light shines from beneath it.

While distracted, Orlando lunges towards Indigo's gun. He snatches it and rolls into prone firing position.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
God please...Let this work.  
Please.

It fires. He hits the beast in the chest. The slug leaves a visible hole the size of a softball.

Through the hole, the bullet is seen as it sails through the air and settles in Ronnie's corpse, which jolts it.

The red sky starts to fade as the alignment is obscured by thick clouds.

Primo stares down at the hole in his chest. Behind him, Ronnie's dead body starts to flake apart and drift skyward.

Indigo tosses Orlando another shell. He loads it, shoots the wolf in the head. BOOM.

The Santa hat lands on his torso, but the head is...Gone. The wolf body turns back into human, Primo/Pontius. It then free-falls backwards, dead.

Just like Ronnie, Primo disintegrates into particles, which float into the now black sky.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)  
Get lost, fur ball.

Indigo gets up. He tries to shake off the shock as the others observe him.

CARMEN  
Your arm. Is it--

INDIGO  
Hey, you're right. It was all  
fucked up. Now look. I'm good.

The kings check themselves. No more injuries.

GOLDIE  
All wounds are healed. You think  
that's...Him?

Indigo takes off his jacket and rushes over and puts it on the baby. The others join him. They all gaze into the cradle of the infant.

HABOOB

Yes, I'll remember that baby's face  
for all eternity. It's him. This is  
beyond explanation.

He falls to his knees, in prayer mode.

CARMEN

I thought the world would end when  
he comes back.

INDIGO

I dunno. Maybe he's gotta be  
drinking age first.

TIGER

It must be him.

Now all three kings kneel in the snow next to the strange  
cradle that glows.

INDIGO

Hey, little buddy, I'm really sorry  
you had to be born in a barn. I  
should've gave your mom my bed.  
I'm an asshole. Please, forgive me.

GOLDIE

And also us. We could have given  
more gold so you didn't suffer  
poverty.

HABOOB

Please forgive us.

The light from the cradle expands. It begins to swirl around  
Indigo and crew. Indigo looks to Orlando with a smile.

TIGER

Wow, our mission was killing  
Pontius Pilate and we didn't even  
know it.

GOLDIE

Now...We can finally go home.

INDIGO

Merry Christmas, pretty boy, you  
get my truck under your tree.  
Also, dude, being a cop sucks.  
Ever think of running a bed and  
breakfast?

Before Orlando can respond, the retired innkeeper tosses him a wad of keys.

INDIGO (CONT'D)  
I won't need it anymore. Your grandpa would be proud. He wasn't friends with our grandfathers. He was friends...with us.

The light around the cradle becomes blinding. Orlando and Carmen must shield their eyes and finally turn away. A large whoosh sound is heard.

They turn back and the area is dark and empty. They hug each other tight. Tears flow.

ORLANDO  
Did you see that? It's real! I feel...something inside me just - changed.

CARMEN  
On the outside too.

Carmen hands him her make-up mirror and points to a new streak of gray in his hair. His face contorts in surprise. Both are speechless for a time.

ORLANDO  
A hotel, a truck and Morgan Freeman's hair, all in one night. I didn't know the Almighty gave out mementos of the occasion.

The bells on the church start to chime through the night sky.

CARMEN  
It's midnight. Merry Christmas!

ORLANDO  
Hell yeah, I mean, heck yeah. This is one Christmas I'll never forget.

They hug, then kiss. Grateful to have survived.

CARMEN  
Let's get outta here, it's creepy.

He grabs Indigo's gun, looks around for any other evidence.

ORLANDO  
Were we here tonight? Nope. Don't think so. Follow me, young lady.

They stroll hand in hand from the burial site.

SUPER - ELEVEN YEARS LATER

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Orlando parks alongside a house. It is the bed and breakfast that Indigo had ran - but spruced up and emblazoned with Buffalo Bills decorations, all over.

Over the door is a large hi-gloss banner that reads, 'BILLS MAFIA - BED AND BREAKFAST'.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Carmen, older, opens the door for her man. A ten year old boy, their son, smiles wide.

A streak of gray is still in Orlando's hair, which compliments his new beard.

The ex-playboy, turned family man - gives them both big hugs. Orlando taps the Bills Mafia sign as he goes inside.

THE END