

THE NAUGHTY LIST

by

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FADE IN:

INT. UPSCALE OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

MASON RICHTER, 40s, cloaked in the expensive attire and exuding the effortless refinement of a successful attorney, waits patiently in a chair. A briefcase rests on the floor next to him and the windows on an adjacent wall display the Manhattan skyline.

A female receptionist in her 20s sits behind a desk. The wall behind her displays a large logo reading *Fair Play Toys*. Soft Christmas music plays over some speakers.

MASON  
(Slightly irritated)  
Would you mind changing the music?

RECEPTIONIST  
To what?

MASON  
Anything.

RECEPTIONIST  
You don't like Christmas music?  
(Mockingly)  
Oh, it's the most wonderful time of the year, so I'm going to go against the grain and hate it.  
(Scoffs)  
Such a cliché.

MASON  
I like it fine, just not for 40 minutes straight. Any word on when Mr. Duggan will be ready?

The receptionist takes out her cell phone and aims it at Mason to take a photo.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm tweeting a picture of you.  
Hashtag: Scrooge.

MASON  
Why is everyone in this town always an asshole up until something terrible happens?

RECEPTIONIST  
Hey! Are you knocking 9/11?  
Hurricane Sandy? Because that's  
fucked up, man.

MASON  
I didn't mean it like that.

The receptionist takes another photo of Mason on her phone.

RECEPTIONIST  
Hashtag: douchebag.  
(Beat)  
Douchetag.  
(Looks at her computer)  
Mr. Duggan will see you now.

Mason grabs his briefcase, gets up and makes his way toward a doorway.

MASON  
Happy fuckin' holidays.

RECEPTIONIST  
Try to listen to the ghosts when  
they visit you on Christmas Eve.

MASON  
Another Dickens reference? You're a  
scholar.

RECEPTIONIST  
Dickens? It's from The Muppets, you  
idiot.

Mason rolls his eyes as he enters Duggan's office.

INT. DUGGAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ROM DUGGAN, 70s, sits behind his desk. He's a bigger man with a southern accent, black beard, piercing eyes and the cutthroat demeanor of a true capitalist. A tray of Santa Claus cookies rests on his desk among the paperwork and expensive adornments.

DUGGAN  
(Standing up to shake  
Mason's hand)  
Mornin' Mason.

MASON  
It was morning when I got here  
anyway.

DUGGAN

Sorry about the wait. Busiest time of the year! But I suppose you'd know more about that than I would. Go on, take a seat.

Mason sits in a chair in front of Duggan's desk.

DUGGAN (CONT'D)

Now, you realize you've completely wasted a trip unless you're here to tell me that those little shits are getting back to work.

Mason swings his briefcase up onto his lap and opens it.

MASON

(While going through papers)

As of right now, the strike is still on.

Duggan sighs.

MASON (CONT'D)

I've been working with their union leader and I like to think we've come up with a pretty solid deal for all parties involved.

Mason pulls out a packet of papers and hands them to Duggan.

DUGGAN

No deals Mason! I've told you this a thousand times. Unless things go back to the way they were, I won't do business with you.

Mason rescinds the contract, his shoulders sinking slightly.

MASON

If you just take a look at the contract, I'm sure you'll find-

DUGGAN

(Waving his hand)  
Break it down for me. What do they want?

MASON

Well, wages, for one.

DUGGAN

Higher wages?

MASON

Wages period. The factory was basically running on slave labor.

DUGGAN

Slave labor? That's what they're calling it?

MASON

More or less.

DUGGAN

For Christ's sake Mason, this is a toy company, they're not building the pyramids.

MASON

As you and I both know, they used to perform their tasks out of the goodness of their hearts. It was a passion and their basic necessities were taken care of, so they saw no need for income.

DUGGAN

Then they got greedy, didn't they?

MASON

Well, they've realized that the company's motives aren't the same as they used to be. It's more about profit and now they want a piece of the action.

DUGGAN

Remind me why Klaus doesn't just take a pay cut and use that to fill their pathetic little coffers.

MASON

I've looked into this several times with our accountants. The money just isn't there. All of our funds are tied up in other projects, most of them at your behest, I might add. We're doing so much for you, we really don't see why you can't just do this for us in turn.

DUGGAN

(Holding his hand to his ear)

Do you hear that?

MASON  
Hear what sir?

DUGGAN  
Shh! Listen closely. Can you hear  
it now? What's it sound like to  
you?

Mason takes a moment to listen.

MASON  
Um... maybe some Christmas music  
from the lobby?

DUGGAN  
Oh no! It's not nearly cheery  
enough to be Christmas music. No,  
no, not at all. No, there's nothing  
rhythmic about it at all. It's  
slippery, wet even. Do you hear it  
now?

Mason, utterly confused, continues to stare at Duggan.

DUGGAN (CONT'D)  
Now there's a squish to it, like  
metal grinding against flesh. You  
hear it now?

Mason shakes his head slowly, his face no longer able to hide  
the fact that he's becoming uncomfortable.

DUGGAN (CONT'D)  
That's the sound of your balls in  
my vice.  
(Makes a grinding,  
squishing noise with his  
mouth)  
The sweat drips off of your pubes  
and forms a puddle on the floor.

MASON  
I must say, this is a level of  
intimidation I've never experienced  
before.

DUGGAN  
You like that huh? Got it from a  
TED Talk. I'll send you the link.

MASON

Earlier you mentioned that unless the factory workers end their strike, you wouldn't do business with us, at least in terms of production. Our assistance with all of your other investments - the credit default swaps, the arms dealing, you seem completely content with.

DUGGAN

What's your point?

MASON

My point is, Mr. Duggan, did you ever wonder that perhaps we would no longer wish to conduct business with you?

Duggan takes a moment to process what Mason just said. Eventually a smile creeps across his face.

DUGGAN

Are you kiddin' me? Were you listenin' to anything I just said?

(Makes a vice-tightening motion with his hand)

I got your balls in a vice! Klaus ain't goin' nowhere. And as long as you work for Klaus, you ain't goin' nowhere either.

MASON

I've often wondered why Klaus continues to do business with you. From the sight of my... pube sweat on the floor... it would appear that there are parts of your relationship beyond my understanding-

DUGGAN

Don't be so hard on yourself, Mason. Can't be expected to know everything.

MASON

Or things that Klaus just doesn't want me to know.

DUGGAN

He says jump, you say how high, I suppose.

Mason stares at Duggan coldly.

DUGGAN (CONT'D)

I must say though, I find it a bit odd that he'd have you jump all the way over here when he should have known I'd never budge.

MASON

(Placing contract back in briefcase)

It is regrettable, yes, that I was unable to persuade you.

DUGGAN

Don't be so hard on yourself. Probably just high on Christmas spirit is all. You probably figured I would eventually come around, due to it being the season of giving and whatnot. That's all a bunch of bullshit, you know? I mean, giving only works if someone takes. And I'll be damned if I got into this business just to give things away. Wouldn't be much of a business if I did, wouldn't'cha say?

MASON

I certainly would sir.

DUGGAN

Tell you what I am willing to give you though...

Dugan grabs a Santa Claus cookie from his desk, brings it to his mouth and chomps Santa's head right off, slightly disturbing Mason. Duggan then picks up the tray with his other hand and offers it to Mason.

DUGGAN (CONT'D)

(While chewing)

Care for a cookie?

MASON

(Unable to stop staring at now beheaded Santa cookie)

No thank you sir.

Mason grabs his briefcase, gets up out of his chair and walks toward the exit.



MASON (CONT'D)  
Happy holidays.

ROM  
Have a safe trip home, Mason.

INT. PASSENGER CAR OF TRAIN - NIGHT

The car is filled with passengers wearing sweaters and sipping on coffees and hot chocolates. Frost clings to the windows, which frame a snow-covered wilderness that zips by.

VOICE ON INTERCOM  
Attention passengers, we'll be arriving in Edmonton in about five minutes.

Mason sits in his seat clacking around on his cell phone, still looking defeated from his meeting earlier that day.

Suddenly PEYTON, a young boy of around age 7, plops himself down in the empty seat beside Mason. Peyton appears quite upset, complete with a pouty lip and sunken shoulders.

MASON  
(Looking over from his phone for a second)  
What's the matter kid?  
Thanksgiving's over. It's officially Christmastime.

PEYTON  
Huh? Thanksgiving was like, two months ago.

MASON  
Oh yeah. I keep forgetting I'm in Canada.

Mason keeps clacking away on his phone. Peyton looks over down the car a ways where his two older brothers, who look to be in their early teens, mess about with one another. Their father tries to get them to settle down but they pay him no mind and when they notice Peyton looking at them, they make silly faces at him, further souring his mood.

MASON (CONT'D)  
(Not looking up from his phone)  
You still haven't answered my question.

PEYTON

Huh?

MASON

Why the long face?

PEYTON

Oh. My brothers just got done telling me that Santa Claus isn't real.

MASON

Is that right?

PEYTON

Yeah.

MASON

(Looks over at Peyton's brothers)

Well I hate to butt-in to someone's family business, but I have to say your brothers are full of shit.

Peyton cocks his head toward Mason quickly, perhaps out of hope that his brothers were wrong, or perhaps just at the sound of Mason's cursing.

PEYTON

Yeah?

MASON

You bet.

PEYTON

How would you know?

MASON

Can you keep a secret?

PEYTON

(Eyes widening)

Sure.

MASON

(Finally looks up from his phone and peers around the car suspiciously)

Well, it just so happens that I work for the man.

PEYTON

You work for Santa Claus?!

MASON  
Shh, shh, keep it quiet, remember.  
And sure I do.

PEYTON  
(Sinking back down in his  
chair)  
I don't believe you.

MASON  
It's the honest truth.

PEYTON  
What, are you like an elf or  
something? You don't look like an  
elf.

MASON  
(Smiles)  
No, I'm not an elf. I'm actually  
Mr. Claus's attorney.

PEYTON  
Whatever.

MASON  
Here, I'll prove it to you.  
(Clicks some more buttons  
on his phone, brings it  
to his ear, then turns to  
Peyton)  
You send your letter to Santa yet?

Peyton nods.

MASON (CONT'D)  
(Phone)  
Hey Leslie, say, you got your  
laptop handy?  
(Beat)  
I want you to run a name for me.  
(To Peyton)  
Hey kid, what's your name?

PEYTON  
Peyton Nokelby.

MASON  
(Phone)  
Name's Peyton Nokelby.  
(To Peyton)  
You from Edmonton?

PEYTON  
Saint Albert.

MASON  
(Phone)  
From Saint Albert, Alberta.

(Beat)  
That's what I figured. What's the first thing on his list? Perfect. Thanks, Les. What? Yeah, the train's coming into Edmonton now. See you in a few hours.

MASON (CONT'D)  
(Placing phone in coat pocket)  
Well, good news, you're on the Nice List.

PEYTON  
(Perking up for a moment, but quickly retreating back to a look of skepticism)  
I still don't believe you.

MASON  
(Shrugs)  
Suit yourself.

VOICE ON INTERCOM  
Attention passengers, now arriving in Edmonton. Local time is 8:15 p.m. Current temperature is a brisk negative 12 degrees.

PEYTON'S DAD (O.S.)  
Peyton...

MASON  
Better head back to your dad and brothers.

PEYTON  
Yeah.

Peyton gets up to leave.

MASON  
Oh and Peyton—

Peyton turns around.

MASON (CONT'D)

I'll be sure to throw in some extra games with that Playstation for ya, all right?

PEYTON

(Wide smile growing on his face)

Thanks!

Mason nods and smiles. Peyton runs excitedly back to his family. The train comes to a halt. Mason gets up, grabs his carry-on bag and heads for the doors as they slide open.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mason exits the train to find several Canadian police officers perusing the crowd of passengers. Suddenly a French Interpol agent named TOBOLIK walks up to him flashing his badge.

TOBOLIK

Are you Mason Richter?

MASON

Maybe. Who's asking?

TOBOLIK

Agent Jean Tobolik, Interpol.

Two cops push Mason up against the idle train and cuff him.

TOBOLIK (CONT'D)

Mr. Richter, we're detaining you on arrest warrants issued by the United States, Canada and forty-one other nations...

Mason is astounded. While Tobolik continues to address him, Mason looks over to find Peyton hopping out of a different door of the train, slinging a backpack over his shoulders. Suddenly Peyton notices Mason getting arrested and just like that, his newly acquired Christmas spirit is sucked right out of him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Mason, now un-cuffed, sits at a table in the center of the room, his tie now loosened. An empty chair sits opposite him. On the wall before him is a one-way window and hanging on the wall behind him is a whiteboard with a marker and eraser.

Mason looks around the room for a moment. He then gets up from his chair and walks over to the whiteboard, grabbing the marker before walking toward the one-way window.

INT. ROOM BEHIND ONE-WAY WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Interpol agent MELANIE MARCEAU, French, 30s, stands behind the desk of recording equipment. Seated next to her is a Brit named GORDON - her colleague. They watch Mason walk toward them with the marker.

Tobolik enters.

TOBOLIK

All right, I've got the paperwork rolling. When would you two like to start on him?

(Noticing Mason)

What's he doing?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mason uncaps the marker and begins writing "FUCK YOU" backwards on the glass, allowing the agents to read it clearly.

INT. ROOM BEHIND ONE-WAY WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

The agents watch speechlessly.

MELANIE

Well, I suppose now is as good of a time as any.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Melanie enters holding a stack of files, a pack of cigarettes, a matchbook and an ashtray as Mason finishes his message.

MELANIE

Mr. Richter, would you care to take a seat?

Mason turns around, pretending to be surprised by her presence.

MASON

I'm not finished.

Melanie watches patiently as Mason goes on to draw a cartoon fist displaying its middle finger.

INT. ROOM BEHIND ONE-WAY WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Gordon folds his arms in irritation.

GORDON

Wanker.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mason caps the marker and then steps back to admire his artwork.

MELANIE

It's very good.

MASON

Thank you. I find that art helps me express myself.

MELANIE

Yes, I can see that. Would you care to sit now?

Mason walks back over to the table and sits down. Melanie sets her things down on the table and holds the pack of cigarettes out to Mason in offering.

MASON

No, I don't smoke.

MELANIE

Ah, of course—

MASON

Save the bullshit about how we Americans eat nothing but junk food, do nothing but sit on our asses and then bitch about how smoking is harmful. I've heard it all before.

MELANIE

Very well. Do you mind if I smoke?

A pause. Mason appears slightly confused.

MASON

Go right ahead.

MELANIE

Thank you.

Melanie sits down, lights a cigarette and opens the first file on the top of her stack. Mason's nostrils flare and he eyes her somewhat enviously.

MASON

I changed my mind. Can I bum that smoke after all?

Melanie hands him the pack. Mason pops a cigarette in his mouth and Melanie strikes another match before lighting it for him.

MELANIE

Is it true that you haven't requested a lawyer?

MASON

I am a lawyer.

MELANIE

(Smiles)

Yes Mr. Richter, you are a corporate lawyer.

MASON

So?

MELANIE

Well, you've been brought up on criminal charges.

MASON

So I've been told.

MELANIE

While this isn't really any of my business, nor do I care either way, but do you think you're capable of representing yourself in this kind of situation?

MASON

I'm capable enough to know that Interpol isn't authorized to make arrests.

MELANIE

Oh?



MASON

You tell countries where the international bad guys are hiding, but you don't take them down. You're a middleman, a liaison. The only way I can be charged at all is by Canadian police and only if they were the ones who arrested me.

MELANIE

Is that so?

MASON

But they didn't. You did.

Melanie smokes her cigarette, eyeing Mason curiously.

MASON (CONT'D)

So when do I get to leave?

Melanie begins perusing through the papers within the opened file.

MELANIE

Mr. Richter, over the last decade you and your employer Niklas Klaus have had arrest warrants issued in over forty countries. Mr. Klaus has made a long list of enemies, including the most powerful nations in the world. Nations which, when brought together, have licenses to do whatever the fuck they want. Do you understand?

Mason rolls his eyes.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

You sure you don't want that lawyer?

MASON

Why, so they can tell me all the loopholes you tiptoed through to find a legal way to fuck me in the ass?

MELANIE

I'm just saying it's your right.

MASON

I'll pass. Besides, I don't need a lawyer to know that the only reason you brought me here is with the hopes that I'll cooperate.

MELANIE

Ah, there's a smart boy.

MASON

And what if I don't?

MELANIE

What if you don't what?

MASON

Rat out my boss. You don't think that threatening me with those criminal charges is enough, do you? If I don't cooperate, you can take me down, sure, but are you willing to let the top prize - Mr. Klaus himself - stay out there committing his crimes?

MELANIE

Are you willing to take the fall, just like that?

MASON

I don't think you're going to charge just me. I don't think you can afford to.

MELANIE

You are clever, Mr. Richter.

MASON

It's how I make my living.

MELANIE

(Glancing at files)

It would appear you are not as good at your job as you thought. What say you to this: we put you back in handcuffs, toss a black hood over your head, throw you in a plane and then drop you off in one of the countries you're wanted in, say, a country that has much harsher methods when it comes to criminal punishment.

(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Did you know there are parts of the world that still chop the hands off of thieves, Mr. Richter?

MASON

I'm sorry, is Bush still in office?

MELANIE

Can we rely on your cooperation now?

MASON

You had me at chopped off hands.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The table is now covered with papers involving the case Interpol has against Mason and this mysterious Niklas Klaus. Mason remains seated in his chair while Melanie is now standing, looking over the papers. Tobolik and Gordon are seated before the table as well.

MELANIE

Do you have any questions so far Mr. Richter?

MASON

Not really a question, more of a curiosity, really.

Mason skims a piece of paper while Melanie waits for him to continue.

MASON (CONT'D)

(Tossing paper to Melanie)

I just don't understand the reasoning behind giving Rom Duggan the pseudonym "Little Man."

Melanie looks at the paper.

MASON (CONT'D)

Unless you thought you'd be able to conceal his identity better by giving him a name that's the exact opposite of his true nature.

Melanie becomes confused.

MASON (CONT'D)

(Picking up sheet of paper and holding it up)

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

Rom Duggan, CEO of Fair Play Toys, close associate of my employer, the guy who ratted me out - you refer to him as Little Man in all your papers.

MELANIE

Little Man is not Rom Duggan.

MASON

Then who is he?

MELANIE

It's a pseudonym for another informant we have working with us on the case.

MASON

It's not Duggan?

MELANIE

No. He's going down too.

MASON

Nine hours after I finish meeting with him, I get arrested by Interpol and you're telling me he's not the one who ratted me out?

MELANIE

Please, had Duggan been the one who tipped us off about you, it surely wouldn't have taken us nine hours to track you down. Trust me, if we could have arrested you in Manhattan, we would have. It surely would have been nicer than Edmonton.

TOBOLIK

You can say that again.

MASON

So who's the rat?

MELANIE

I'm afraid that's information you don't need to know.

GORDON

You'll just have to wait till the trial.

MASON

Well, if it isn't Duggan, then I must commend you on coming up with that nickname.

MELANIE

Why do you say that?

MASON

I work with a lot of little men, so it would be almost impossible to determine who your other informant is.

MELANIE

I see.

MASON

Can I come up with my own pseudonym?

MELANIE

That won't be necessary.

MASON

I want to be Rad Richter 69, if I could.

MELANIE

I'm afraid that won't happen.

MASON

Oh, is that one taken?

MELANIE

If we could continue with the task at hand.

MASON

Of course.

MELANIE

Were you here in Edmonton on business?

MASON

Yes.

MELANIE

Who were you meeting?

MASON

No one. Well, just my pilot. I have a private jet take me from Edmonton to Mr. Klaus's estate.

MELANIE

And where is Mr. Klaus's estate?

MASON

Up north.

MELANIE

Where exactly Mr. Richter? City, town, province. Is it in Canada?

MASON

Technically it's not a part of any country, as his estate is not on actual land.

MELANIE

So it's a boat then. An ocean liner?

MASON

Not exactly.

MELANIE

Well what is it then? If it's a boat, I'll have to run the serial number so we can start tracking it.

MASON

It's more like an iceberg. In the Arctic Ocean.

Tobolik snorts out a laugh while Mason grabs a pen off the desk and begins writing something on a piece of paper.

MELANIE

An iceberg?

Mason finishes writing and hands Melanie the paper.

MASON

These are the coordinates.

Melanie looks at the paper for a moment before handing it to Gordon.

MELANIE

Gordon, call headquarters and see if they can send back some satellite images.

MASON  
That won't be possible.

MELANIE  
Oh?

MASON  
Mr. Klaus pays very well to make sure the eyes in the sky don't notice his little operation up there. But trust me, that's where he is.

MELANIE  
Gordon, try it anyway please.

Gordon takes the paper and exits.

MELANIE (CONT'D)  
Will Mr. Klaus be the only one at his estate?

MASON  
No.

MELANIE  
Who else will be there?

MASON  
Victor Collins, for one.

INT. KLAUS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

VICTOR COLLINS, 30s, Niklas Klaus's accountant, dressed in business attire but in casual mode with his jacket off, sleeves rolled up and tie loosened, stands before a television playing a golf video game.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MASON  
(Holding sheet of paper  
closer to his face)  
Whom I see you've come to know quite well.

MELANIE  
You can't commit virtually every kind of fraud there is without establishing a reputation.

MASON

You can if you're any good at it.

MELANIE

What will Mr. Collins be doing there?

MASON

What Mr. Klaus pays him to do - crunch the numbers.

MELANIE

More like fudge the numbers, wouldn't you say?

MASON

Probably a better job description, yeah.

MELANIE

Will you have access to his financial data while you are there?

MASON

Personally, no.

MELANIE

But could you get it if you wanted?

MASON

I suppose. Do I want to?

MELANIE

If you want to avoid spending the rest of your life in prison, you do.

(Hands him a sheet of paper)

We need confirmation of all this activity in order for the fraud charges to stick.

MASON

(Looking at paper)

This is spread over ten years, you know. It'll take hours just to download.

MELANIE

Can you do it?

MASON

I'll do my best.



TOBOLIK  
Can you do it Mr. Richter?

MASON  
Settle down, Inspector Clouseau. I  
should be fine.

Gordon enters.

GORDON  
Just got off the phone with Lyon,  
turns out they're having problems  
with their satellite  
communications.

Everyone turns to look at Mason. He throws his hands up in  
the air defenselessly.

MELANIE  
Moving on. Who else will be there?

MASON  
Leslie Draper will be there -  
Klaus's personal assistant.

INT. KLAUS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

LESLIE DRAPER (male), 20s, dressed in a shirt and tie, sits  
in Klaus's office speaking into a headset.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MELANIE  
Yes, he's the other piece to our  
puzzle.

MASON  
Leslie? He wears a stupid headset  
all day. He's an errand boy.

MELANIE  
Klaus's errand boy, which makes him  
an accomplice in just about every  
crime he's committed.

MASON  
Leslie's a good kid, you don't need  
him.

MELANIE  
My supervisor wants to take down  
the whole crew.

MASON

Fuck your supervisor! You'll have your fraud evidence. What more do you want?

MELANIE

Mr. Klaus has long been suspected of being a principal financier of the revolutions that have been boiling in South America over the past few years.

MASON

What the hell does Leslie have to do with that?

MELANIE

To our knowledge, he's the only multilingual person on Mr. Klaus's staff. Who bought the weapons from the Russian arms dealers and then turned around and negotiated a deal with the guerillas?

Mason has nothing to say.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

There are a lot of nations greatly displeased by this, and not only the ones in South America. Everyone is going down.

MASON

Everyone but me.

MELANIE

I figured that would be the part that didn't bother you.

But it does. It becomes clear from the expression on Mason's face that he is not crazy about being a rat.

MASON

Fine. I get you Victor's accounts, I get you Leslie's confession. Then what?

MELANIE

Once you provide us with the evidence, we make our arrests.

MASON

Then everyone goes to jail and I get to change my name and move far, far away.

MELANIE

You'll be taken care of, yes.

MASON

Great.

MELANIE

Will anyone else be present?

MASON

Just a couple thugs watching the door - security.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE KLAUS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Two tough looking bodyguards stand outside Klaus's office.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MASON

Then maybe a couple bimbos hanging around.

INT. KLAUS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Two scantily clad women sit on the couch, giggling as they throw back shots.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MASON

That should be all at this hour. The rest of the staff should be in their homes.

MELANIE

Homes?

MASON

Yeah. It's a god damn village out there.

MELANIE

(To Tobolik and Gordon)

Do you gentlemen have anything to add?

GORDON

I'm very curious about Niklas Klaus himself.

MASON

He certainly is an intriguing individual.

GORDON

I guess what puzzles me the most is how he got started in this whole mess he's in. Our information only goes back the last fifteen years or so. Anything before that and it's like he didn't exist. I don't understand. What was he doing back then?

MASON

(Smiles)

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

GORDON

Please Mr. Richter, dare to entertain us. It will be off the record if you wish.

They all wait for Mason to reply, but all he can do is chuckle to himself. No one knows what to say.

MELANIE

(To Gordon)

It really doesn't have an effect on the case.

MASON

No, no, it's fine Melanie. I don't mind sharing. What the hell, right? It doesn't really matter if you believe me or not. In fact, very little matters from here on out, so fuck it. You see, before Mr. Klaus became the insider trading, corporate fraud-ing, arms trafficking international criminal that he is today, his day job included...

A pause.

GORDON

You certainly are one for suspense,  
Mr. Richter.

MASON

...He delivered toys to all the  
good girls and boys on Christmas  
Eve.

Silence. Everyone looks at Mason as if he just told a bad  
joke.

MELANIE

That's very clever.

MASON

I didn't write it.

MELANIE

That's very witty of you to notice  
the similarity between your  
employer's name and the popular  
childhood hero Santa Claus.

MASON

That's actually the authentic  
spelling in Europe, as I'm sure you  
know.

MELANIE

Is this all a big joke to you?

MASON

No.

MELANIE

Can anything you said tonight be  
taken seriously? Do we have to  
start from the beginning?

MASON

No, Melanie! I swear, everything I  
told you is true - his estate up  
north, the coordinates, his staff,  
everything.

Melanie begins to organize the papers back into the files.

MELANIE

I must say, I am not happy with the  
way this is going.

MASON  
(Pointing to Gordon)  
He's the one who asked.

GORDON  
(Smiling)  
So, jolly old Saint Nick's a crook  
now is he?

MASON  
Well, he's been bored lately.  
Capitalism, the internet,  
sweatshops and global delivery  
services have pretty much put him  
out of a job. There hasn't been  
much need for him in the Christmas  
department, so he figured he'd take  
a stab at something in the opposite  
direction.

GORDON  
Yeah, suppose. No need for the old  
toy factory then huh? That's a  
shame. Probably had to shut it  
down. Elf layoffs by the thousands.

Tobolik laughs. Melanie continues packing up.

MASON  
You're absolutely right. Our staff  
is down to about fifty right now.  
Mostly things like administrative,  
janitorial and food service.

Mason catches Melanie rolling her eyes.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Melanie, your informant, this  
Little Man, tell me, he's little,  
right? I mean, like, he's  
physically little, correct? He's a  
little person, an elf, you might  
say? Did you get a good look at his  
ears?

MELANIE  
I'm not at liberty to discuss the  
appearance of our other informant.

GORDON  
(To Mason)  
How's Mrs. Claus then?

MASON  
There isn't a Mrs. Claus anymore.

GORDON  
Oh?

MASON  
He pretty much just whores around these days.

TOBOLIK  
Tell me, does he still fly the sleigh ever?

Gordon laughs.

MASON  
No, but he's still quite fond of the reindeer. He breeds them actually.

TOBOLIK  
You don't say.

MASON  
Yeah. Rich guys, you know? Some breed horses, this guy breeds reindeer.

GORDON  
Still like cookies and milk?

MASON  
He likes cookies and White Russians.

Gordon bursts into a fit of laughter as Melanie finishes packing up her files. Tobolik's former amusement is lost however and he now stares at Mason with the utmost curiosity.

TOBOLIK  
(To Mason)  
My God, you're serious, aren't you?

Mason nods.

TOBOLIK (CONT'D)  
Or at least you think you are.

MELANIE  
When we go to trial, no one is to speak of this part of the interrogation.  
(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)

We'd be handing the defense an insanity plea on a silver platter.

GORDON

(Laughter subsiding)

So his boss is living out an absurd fantasy as Santa Claus. Can't say it surprises me too much. Eccentricity often goes hand in hand with extreme wealth.

MELANIE

I can't believe you're even considering the notion.

GORDON

I'm just saying it doesn't really make a difference in the case either way.

MELANIE

This has all been very entertaining, Mr. Richter, but I'm afraid it's time to get to work. We'll have a cab take you to the airport. If you decide to run, you better have a damn good place to hide, because when we find you,  
(Points to stack of files)  
we'll take you down on everything.

MASON

Will you have a cup of coffee with me?

Melanie, Tobolik and Gordon are all caught off guard.

MELANIE

I'm sorry?

MASON

It's the least you can do after forcing me to rat out all of my friends and then criticizing my story. There's a diner right by the airport.

MELANIE

The least I can do after forcing you to rat out all your friends? So somehow I'm at fault for your career of scheming and crimes?



MASON

I was thinking more along the lines  
of a pity date.

MELANIE

(Laughs sarcastically)  
I'm afraid you're not nearly as  
pitiful as you think you are.

MASON

I'll take that as a compliment  
then.

MELANIE

(Slightly embarrassed)  
No, I didn't mean-

TOBOLIK

For Christ's sake, Melanie, the  
man's asking for a cup of coffee,  
not a blowjob.

GORDON

I'll blow him if he gets us the  
Klaus bust! This lawyer's charmed  
the pants off me, he has. That Kris  
Kringle story was a bloody riot!

(To Mason)

You may not be as bad at your job  
as you think.

Mason bows his head slightly in thanks.

MELANIE

(Pointing at one-way  
window)

Gordon, two hours ago he was  
telling you to go fuck yourself by  
defacing the Canadian government's  
property.

GORDON

Precisely! The *Canadian*  
government's property.

(Waving a finger at Mason)

Now, had you done that at Scotland  
Yard, there'd be quite a different  
law enforcement officer sitting  
before you.

Mason smiles and holds his hands in the air in a sign of  
peace.

MASON

So what do you say Melanie?

An irritated Melanie looks back at Mason, then at Tobolik and Gordon. All of the men appear to be eagerly awaiting her answer.

INT. DINER - LATER

Mason and Melanie sit at a booth sipping on coffees. From the look on Melanie's face, it appears as if she would like to get this over with as quickly as possible.

MELANIE

Thank you for the coffee, Mr. Richter.

MASON

We're not in an interrogation room anymore. You can call me Mason.

MELANIE

(Looking around the diner)  
I can't tell you how big of a breach in protocol this is.

MASON

I won't tell anyone. Not that anyone would believe me anyway. I'm the guy who just tried to convince you that I work for Santa Claus.

MELANIE

This is true.

(Beat)

I was getting sick of the Edmonton PD's coffee anyhow.

Mason nods.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Do you have a lot of experience in interrogation rooms?  
Professionally, I mean.

MASON

No, no. While all of my past clients have been criminals, they were never the kind that ended up in handcuffs.

MELANIE

Well, that's going to change very soon, Mason.

MASON

Trust me, I know.

(Beat)

Did you always want to throw bad guys behind bars?

Melanie nods.

MELANIE

I always had this unwavering admiration for justice. I grew up thinking it was normal for the good guy to win and for the bad guy to lose. I suppose a lot of children do. Then you grow up and realize that that's not always the case.

MASON

Naiveté.

MELANIE

Yes, of course. And I lost that naiveté as I got older, but I never lost that longing for things to be the way they should be. And so I decided I was going to pay homage to that naiveté by fighting for the way things should be.

Mason listens patiently, staring deep into her eyes.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

What?

MASON

What?

MELANIE

It's like you're trying to peer into my soul or something.

MASON

Forgive me. Just looking for signs of insincerity. You know, dilating pupils, poor eye contact, covering your face, the regular Criminology 101 network hour long crime drama bullshit.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

Whenever someone talks about having a passion for justice and the good guy winning, it's nice to know if they're full of shit or not.

MELANIE

Oh, and what's the verdict?

MASON

You passed. Telling the truth after all.

Melanie almost smiles.

MASON (CONT'D)

Were you watching me for any signs of insincerity when we were back in the interrogation room talking about my boss?

MELANIE

I hardly had to look at your face. I know all about your insincerities, Mason. I have files full of them, or don't you remember?

MASON

I wish you could see it, I really do. The place I'm going - a girl like you would really get a kick out of a place like that.

Melanie smiles politely, but it's clear she thinks Mason is full of shit.

MELANIE

It's getting late. I'm sure your pilot doesn't want to wait any longer than he already has.

MASON

Let's hope he's still there.

INT. ENTRYWAY OF DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Melanie leads Mason toward the door but stops in front of it and turns around to face him. She is holding a business card in one hand and something small and silver in her other hand, the exact nature of which cannot be determined.

MELANIE

Remember, get Victor's data and Leslie's confession in 48 hours or you'll rot in a dungeon in a third world country.

(Hands him her card)

If you have any questions, don't hesitate to call me.

MASON

(Placing card in jacket)

Melanie, we're at a diner in freezing cold Edmonton, I recently found out my legal career is over, my fortune will be dwindled, I've realized that everyone I work with will be going to prison for a very long time and yet this is by far the best date I've ever been on.

Melanie smiles politely.

MASON (CONT'D)

(Looking down)

What's in your hand?

MELANIE

Nothing.

Suddenly she kisses him. They kiss for a while, and unbeknownst to Mason, Melanie slips whatever was in her hand into his jacket pocket. When they finish kissing, they both seem confused as to what just happened.

MASON

(Stunned)

Wow. What was that for?

MELANIE

I guess I just figured I owed you a little more than a cup of coffee for ratting out all your friends.

MASON

It's suddenly all become worth it.

MELANIE

(Smiles, nods toward door)

Let's go counselor.

INT. AIRPORT BAR — LATER

Mason's pilot sits at the bar sipping on a cranberry juice when Mason walks up to him.

MASON  
Sorry I'm late.

PILOT  
(Checking watch)  
Jesus, Mason, you can say that again! Tell me, was she worth it?

MASON  
*She was a heavyset business tycoon in Manhattan. And I don't know too many women with bushy black beards.*

PILOT  
(Chuckles)  
I'll go see when I can get us a takeoff time.

MASON  
Thanks pal.

INT. PRIVATE JET — LATER

Mason sits alone in the cabin of his private jet sipping on a scotch.

EXT. AIRSTRIP ON ICEBERG IN NORTH POLE — LATER

Mason's jet touches down on a runway in the middle of a massive iceberg.

EXT. AIRSTRIP — MOMENTS LATER

Mason exits the now idle plane, passing the pilot on the runway.

PILOT  
Tell the big jolly man I said hello.

MASON  
Will do.

Mason walks toward a mansion towering among a village of tiny homes.

The iceberg glows so bright with Christmas lights and decorations that you could see it from space, if the satellites were working properly of course.

INT. KLAUS'S OFFICE - LATER

The entire room is decorated from floor to ceiling in ultimate Christmas fashion. NIKLAS KLAUS sits at a big desk at the front of the room and behind him is a massive window that overlooks the village square and many tiny houses. In the middle of the village square is a giant stone statue of himself wearing a Santa suit and clutching a sack of toys.

Klaus certainly has Santa-like qualities. He appears to be overweight, in his 70s, sports a white beard and even has rosy cheeks, although that could be due to the glass of brandy that sits on his desk and the joint he holds in his hand. The only thing resembling Santa's famous suit however is the Christmas red tie and suspenders he is wearing.

Victor plays a golf video game on the plasma screen in the corner. Leslie sits in a chair wearing his headset and flipping through his tablet device. The two scantily clad women lay passed out on the sofa.

Victor sinks a putt and then heads over to the bar to refill his glass. When he opens the ice bucket, he finds that it is empty.

VICTOR

Hey Leslie, can you be a doll and get us some more ice?

LESLIE

(Getting up)  
Sure thing Vic.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE KLAUS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Leslie exits Klaus's office, passing the two bodyguards on each side of the door.

LESLIE

At ease, gentlemen.

Leslie exits down the hall. A few moments pass. A door opens off-screen.

DOORMAN (O.S.)

Welcome home, Mr. Richter.

MASON (O.S.)  
Good to be back.

Mason walks into the hallway.

GUARD 1  
How's it going Mason?

MASON  
Heya fellas.

GUARD 1  
They've been asking about you in there all night.

MASON  
I'll bet. Tell you what though, I'm gonna try and keep this quiet, all right? I've had a hell of a day so I'm looking to catch some sleep. I'm just gonna sneak off to my room. If they ask about me, you'll say you didn't see me?

GUARD 1  
Sure thing.

LESLIE (O.S.)  
Mason!

Mason jumps as Leslie, his ice bucket now full of cubes, walks up behind him and pats him on the back.

MASON  
Leslie. You scared the shit out of me.

LESLIE  
Sorry about that boss. It's great to see you! Well don't just stand there, go on in! We've been expecting you.

Guard 1 opens the door and holds it for them, giving an apologetic look to Mason as he does so.

INT. KLAUS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mason reluctantly enters while Leslie heads over to the bar with the ice bucket.



VICTOR  
(Swinging his controller)  
My God, is that Mason Richter?

KLAUS  
Well it's about time!

MASON  
Victor. How are you?

VICTOR  
I'll be a hell of a lot better once  
you help me finalize my divorce.

MASON  
I've already told you Vic, I can't  
take part in a thing like that.  
Just you wait and see - love will  
prevail.  
(Points to Klaus)  
This guy knows what I'm talking  
about.

Klaus chuckles in a jolly fashion while Mason shakes Victor's  
hand.

LESLIE  
Can I get you something to drink  
Mason?

MASON  
I'm fine, thanks.

KLAUS  
Have a drink for God's sake. Set  
your bag down and take your jacket  
off at least.

Mason realizes there's no arguing with him. He sets his bag  
down and throws his jacket over the girls passed out on the  
couch like a blanket. Leslie retakes his chair while Victor  
continues golfing. Mason then heads to the bar and begins  
serving himself a brandy.

LESLIE  
Got some fresh ice for you there.

MASON  
That's fine. I like my cocoa warm,  
like the man himself.

VICTOR  
 (Swinging)  
 Kiss-ass. Leslie, you can get me  
 another gin if you like.

LESLIE  
 (Sighing, getting up and  
 heading to bar)  
 Sure thing Vic.

VICTOR  
 There's a boy.

Mason takes his drink over to Klaus's desk and shakes Klaus's  
 hand.

MASON  
 How are you sir?

KLAUS  
 (Shrugs)  
 That time of the year again.

MASON  
 Suppose the monotony especially  
 takes its toll.

Klaus nods.

VICTOR (O.S.)  
 Birdie!

KLAUS  
 Running a little late I see?

MASON  
 Yeah, got stuck in New York.

KLAUS  
 How did it go?

MASON  
 (Humbly)  
 Not good. Couldn't get him to budge  
 an inch. He's got us by the balls  
 and he knows it. Unfortunately for  
 now it looks like we're just going  
 to have to take his shitty deals  
 just to stay afloat. I'm sorry Nik,  
 I really am.

KLAUS  
 You don't have to apologize for the  
 pigheadedness of others, Mason.  
 (MORE)

KLAUS (CONT'D)

You were supposed to meet with that union rep tonight too though, you know.

MASON

Shit! That's right. Completely slipped my mind. Is he still around?

KLAUS

(Waving a hand)

Don't worry about it. Handle it in the morning. Don't forget though. Boy, are they pissed. I got the whole union crawling up my ass. I need you to be my plunger.

Mason nods while taking a careful sip from his drink. Klaus takes a hit from his joint and then offers it to Mason.

MASON

No thanks.

(Beat)

Tell me, how have things been around here? Running smoothly?

KLAUS

We gotta get out. We gotta get out soon.

Mason becomes confused.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

It's becoming too dangerous here.

MASON

(Looking slightly paranoid)

Why do you say that?

KLAUS

I don't know how much longer this iceberg is going to hold up. It's this god damn global warming. I hired this new elf as groundskeeper - very science savvy. He says we got a year tops before we'll have to relocate.

VICTOR

That Al Gore is full of shit, Niklas.

Victor sets his controller down, grabs his freshly poured gin-and-rocks from Leslie and walks over to join Mason and Klaus.

KLAUS  
(Pointing to Victor)  
I got this Republican over here  
telling me not to waste my time.

Victor shrugs his shoulders. Mason smiles.

KLAUS (CONT'D)  
Did you know if we were to have a  
fire here on this iceberg that we'd  
only have a matter of minutes  
before we'd go down? There'd be so  
much heat that big hunks of ice  
would just start breaking off the  
iceberg. We'd go down like the  
Titanic.

MASON  
(To Victor)  
Is this true?

Victor shakes his head.

KLAUS  
Drowning in the freezing Arctic is  
not how I plan on going out, I'll  
tell you that right now.

VICTOR  
Worrying about melting in the North  
Pole. It really is the most  
ridiculous notion.

Suddenly Victor notices Klaus has set his joint down on a  
stack of papers on his desk.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(Picking up joint)  
And for someone so concerned about  
fires, I advise you to start paying  
attention to where you set down  
your joints.

Victor takes a hit before dousing it in an ashtray on Klaus's  
desk.

MASON  
Well, I don't have to tell you how  
much I enjoy debating climate  
change, but I can barely keep my  
eyes open here.

KLAUS  
 (Waving Mason away)  
 Go. Get some rest. Remember to meet  
 with that union rep tomorrow.

MASON  
 (Finishing drink, walking  
 toward bar)  
 Sure thing.

KLAUS  
 Oh, and we're throwing a party  
 tomorrow afternoon. Everyone's  
 gonna be there. Foreign  
 dignitaries, rock stars, the elves,  
 even some of our Venezuelan freedom  
 fighters are showing up.

MASON  
 (Setting glass down on  
 bar)  
 One of your eighteen-hour ragers?  
 Wouldn't miss it.

Mason grabs his bag but leaves his coat on the couch with the  
 girls.

MASON (CONT'D)  
 The ladies can keep my coat for the  
 evening, they looked pretty cold.  
 Night, gentlemen.

VICTOR  
 Sleep tight.

Mason passes by Leslie on his way out.

LESLIE  
 Night, Mason.

MASON  
 Leslie, what do you say we catch  
 breakfast tomorrow? I'd ask these  
 two but I doubt they'll have slept  
 off their hangovers by then.

LESLIE  
 Sounds good.

MASON  
 All right. Catch you in the morning  
 then.

Mason exits.

INT. MASON'S SUITE (KLAUS'S MANSION) - MOMENTS LATER

Mason enters his quarters. From the look of his room, it appears as if Klaus takes care of his employees quite well. Mason sets his bag down and begins to undress.

INT. MASON'S SUITE - MORNING

Although it is morning, it is still mostly dark outside, as is common in the North Pole in December.

Mason sits on his bed. He activates the voice recording feature on his cell phone, slips it into his shirt pocket and slides his sweater over it.

INT. DINING AREA OF KLAUS'S MANSION - LATER

Mason and Leslie sit at a table eating their breakfasts. Christmas music plays on some speakers in the background.

MASON

No matter how often I come here in the winter, I'll never get used to the 24-hour nights.

LESLIE

Yeah.

MASON

How do you deal with it?

LESLIE

I lay in the tanning bed a lot. The fluorescent lights help. It's even worse in the summer when it's light out all the time.

MASON

I bet.

One of the passed-out girls from the night before enters with Mason's jacket. She sets it in his lap and then throws an arm around him, embracing him from behind.

GIRL

This yours, I suppose?

MASON

Oh, thanks darling.

GIRL

I woke up from the grandest dream this morning. Dreamed I was waking up next to you. Then I realized it was only the cologne on your coat.

MASON

(Smiles)

Sorry to disappoint you.

GIRL

Forgiven.

MASON

Won't you join us for breakfast?

GIRL

No thanks, you've teased me enough already. I'm just gonna grab a cup of coffee and catch up on some shows.

MASON

Suit yourself.

She kisses Mason on the cheek before exiting.

LESLIE

Lady killer.

MASON

That cologne was a gift from this Russian girl I used to run around with.

(Beat)

Hey that's right, you speak a little Russian, don't you?

LESLIE

What of it?

MASON

Nothing. You should teach me a few phrases later today though, if you don't mind. I wouldn't mind running into that Russian babe again. I could use some linguistics to woo her with.

LESLIE

Yeah, anytime. I'm not exactly fluent though. I'm more of a business Russian speaker.

(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I don't know how hot she'll get if  
all I can teach you is arms  
smuggling lingo.

MASON

(Chuckles)

That's right. I forgot about that.  
You totally hooked that up for old  
man Klaus, didn't you? Equipped the  
Argentineans for their rebellion or  
whatever.

LESLIE

Venezuelans.

MASON

Venezuelans, right.

LESLIE

I don't know how you forgot, you're  
the one who found a way to forge  
all the documents.

MASON

(Clears throat)

Oh yeah, that's right.

LESLIE

Won't have to worry about illegal  
arms deals and forged documents for  
too much longer though.

MASON

Why do you say that?

LESLIE

Word is - old man Klaus is trying  
to go straight.

MASON

Oh yeah?

LESLIE

One or two more big jobs, he says,  
then he's out. He says he wants to  
start making things more like they  
used to be.

Mason zones out for a moment as the implications of ratting  
out Klaus weigh even heavier on him after hearing of Klaus's  
desire to change his ways.

"Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" begins to play on the  
speakers in the background, breaking Mason out of his trance.



LESLIE (CONT'D)

If there's one Christmas song I hate, it's this one.

MASON

Why is that?

LESLIE

It's a blatant illustration of conformity.

MASON

Oh yeah?

LESLIE

Well sure. All of the other reindeer used to laugh and call him names...

MASON

They wouldn't let poor Rudolph join in any reindeer games. It's fucking tragic.

LESLIE

Then Santa comes along and thinks Rudy's shnoz is cool shit, and all of a sudden all the reindeer loved him.

MASON

I think you took some liberties with the lyrics there.

LESLIE

But they don't genuinely love him, they only think he's cool because Santa does. By the time the song's over, I always just end up feeling even sorer for Rudolph.

MASON

(Ponders for a moment)

Jesus, Leslie. Never thought about it that way.

LESLIE

Ah, forgive me. I've been on top of the planet for too long. Think I'm starting to get isolation dementia.

Mason chuckles. The two eat in silence for a bit before Mason checks his watch.

MASON

Well, I have to meet with a pissed off union representative of an elf in five minutes, so I better brush my teeth.

(Gets up)

Wish me luck.

LESLIE

Good luck. See you at the party.

INT. MASON'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Mason sits on his bed with his cell phone. He presses a button and part of Leslie's confession plays back to him. He turns it off and puts his phone back in his pocket, wishing he didn't have to be in this situation.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Mason enters holding a legal pad and a pen. Seated at the table is SIGMUND HANOVER - an elf - complete with the pointy ears, green hat and suit.

MASON

(Extending hand)

Sigmund Hanover I presume.

SIGMUND

Yes Mr. Richter. May I remind you we've met on countless occasions.

MASON

(Taking a seat across from Sigmund)

Forgive my memory Mr. Hanover.

SIGMUND

Oh, stop with the bullshit. It doesn't have anything to do with your memory. You know damn well who I am. You just pull that clueless act to make me feel inferior. But I'll tell you this, bud, I'm not gonna stand for it any longer. It's time we started getting fair compensation!

MASON

For Christ's sake Sigmund, you live on an iceberg. What are you going to do with the extra money anyway?

SIGMUND

It's not just about the money, it's the *principle* of the matter. We know the parents do it all nowadays. The big man still has us make all the toys though, doesn't he? Yeah, that's right. So he can sell 'em all to the corporations and keep all the profit.

MASON

As is his right. After all, he's the industrialist. He's the one accepting all the risk. Don't you think he should be the one reaping the reward?

SIGMUND

If his wage increases, our wages should increase.

Mason takes a moment to rub his forehead.

SIGMUND (CONT'D)

You know what else I hear? I hear he's taking all that money he's making and investing it in things. Crooked things. Things I don't want any part of. Things that if I had to be a part of, I'd need some extra dough just to make sure I didn't squeal to anyone about it.

Mason suddenly dives across the table, tackles Sigmund, picks him up by his green shirt collar and pins him up against the wall.

SIGMUND (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?!

MASON

It was you, wasn't it? You little shit!

SIGMUND

What the hell are you talking about?!

MASON

You're Little Man aren't you? You ratted me out to Interpol didn't you?

SIGMUND  
I have no idea what you're talking  
about!

MASON  
(Slams him)  
Don't fuck with me Sigmund!

SIGMUND  
I swear to God!

MASON  
I said don't fuck with me Sigmund!

SIGMUND  
Mason! I can't breathe!

Mason loosens his grip. They take a breather for a moment,  
but Mason still has Sigmund pinned up against the wall.

MASON  
(Calmer)  
You swear it wasn't you?

SIGMUND  
Mason, I have no idea what you're  
talking about.

Mason pauses to think. Suddenly Sigmund kicks him directly in  
the nuts, as Mason is pinning him to the wall in such a way  
that gives a man of Sigmund's height a perfect opportunity to  
do so. Mason then drops Sigmund and hunches over in pain  
while Sigmund scrambles to the door.

SIGMUND (CONT'D)  
This isn't over, you crazy,  
paranoid bastard! Things can get  
real ugly real quick around here,  
just you wait and see! And I'm not  
just talking about a strike!

Sigmund runs out of the room.

SIGMUND (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Just you wait!

Mason falls onto the floor, still gasping for air from that  
shot to the nuts.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mason stumbles into the hallway, still grasping his crotch  
when he runs into Victor.

VICTOR

There you are.

(Holds two ecstasy pills  
in front of his eyeballs)

Merry Christmas motherfucker! How  
was the meeting with the midget?

(Noticing Mason is in  
pain)

What happened to you?

MASON

I got kicked in the nuts.

VICTOR

You serious? You want me to sick  
the dogs on him?

MASON

No.

VICTOR

Well here, take one of these.

Victor offers Mason an ex pill.

MASON

(Looking at pill)

What? No.

VICTOR

Why not?

MASON

Because Victor, I'm not a sophomore  
in college.

VICTOR

Fine, I'll take both of 'em then.

(Pops both pills)

Come on, let's get some ice on  
those balls and a drink in that  
hand.

MASON

No thanks, I have work to do.

VICTOR

Work? What work? There's no work  
during Christmas in the North Pole  
anymore! It's a vacation, just like  
everywhere else in the world.

MASON

I don't like to drink until the sun starts to set.

Victor looks out of a window.

VICTOR

It's dark all the time this time of year.

MASON

(Looking at watch)

Well, it's not even lunchtime, so-

VICTOR

Hey, is everything okay?

Mason doesn't know how to answer.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You can tell me, you know. I still have another half hour before these rolls start to kick in.

MASON

It's just... it's just this fucking union rep I guess.

VICTOR

If only those little shits knew the real deal.

MASON

Real deal?

VICTOR

Yeah. The old man being a pawn and everything.

MASON

A pawn?

VICTOR

What? You didn't know?

Mason continues to look at Victor in confusion.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You don't actually think Klaus *likes* doing all this illegal shit, do you? You don't think he actually enjoys making the elves make all the toys and then sell them to the companies, right? Fuck no.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

He can't even afford to increase labor's wages. The corporations got his balls in a vice. They keep most of his profit for themselves and make him the front-man for all their dirty deeds so in case shit hits the fan, Klaus will go down for it. They say it's revenge for all the years of lost profits during Christmastime - giving toys away for free and all. It's driving him crazy. I think it's the reason he lost the missus and why he's been hitting the booze, drugs and whores so much lately.

Mason tries to process everything he's hearing.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Can't say I blame you for not knowing. Klaus really wants to keep as many people in the dark as possible. Leslie only figured it out and told me a few weeks ago.

MASON

Leslie knows?

Victor nods.

MASON (CONT'D)

He told me at breakfast this morning that Klaus is trying to go straight.

VICTOR

Yeah. Good luck with that.

MASON

Victor, all this stuff about Klaus being a pawn - would you be willing to go on the record?

VICTOR

Are you kidding me? Only if I was dying from some horrible, terminal disease I suppose. I'm not going up against the biggest toy companies in the world. Not even you could beat their attorneys, even with the law on your side.

MASON

Is Klaus around?

VICTOR

Of course. His guests are starting to arrive.

MASON

I gotta talk to him.

INT. BALLROOM IN KLAUS'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Mason and Victor enter the stunning ballroom. Fully decorated Christmas trees shine throughout the room. An enormous fireplace crackles with flames in the center, surrounded by chairs filled with people passing around mirrors with white powder on them. A big hot tub bubbles in the corner. The party appears to be in full swing. There is a plethora of glamorous looking people, including musicians, actors, heads-of-state and foreign dignitaries. No sign of any elves or Venezuelan guerillas yet however. People line up at a long buffet table. A crowd looms at the bar while a woman sings "Santa Baby" onstage. At the head of the room is Niklas Klaus dressed in a bright red tuxedo, sitting in a giant red chair with a drink in one hand and a cigar in the other. Two young women sit on his lap, giggling their asses off along with a number of other guests sitting around them.

VICTOR

(Pointing to Klaus)

There he is. Promise you won't bring up all that stuff about being a pawn? At least until after the party.

MASON

I promise, Vic. I just want to tell him about the union rep.

VICTOR

All right. I'm gonna head over to the fireplace if you need me. Nothing like a good, powdery snowfall at Christmastime.

Victor heads for the fireplace while Mason walks over to Klaus.

KLAUS

Mason! Merry Christmas!

Everyone around Klaus raises their glasses.

EVERYONE

Merry Christmas!



MASON  
 (To Klaus)  
 Can I talk to you for a second?

KLAUS  
 What's that?

MASON  
 (Louder)  
 Can I talk to you for a second?

KLAUS  
 Why, of course you can, my boy!  
 Come! Sit on Santa's lap!

Klaus pushes the two girls off him, who squeal as they stumble onto the floor. Klaus then grabs Mason by the wrist and drags him onto his lap. While it becomes clear that Mason isn't exactly crazy about sitting on Klaus's lap, he at the same time realizes this is probably as close as he's going to get to having a private conversation with him.

KLAUS (CONT'D)  
 Tell me, what do you want for  
 Christmas this year?

MASON  
 (Into Klaus's ear)  
 Things didn't go well with Sigmund  
 this morning.

KLAUS  
 What's that? You'll have to speak  
 up little boy!

MASON  
 (Louder)  
 Things didn't go well at the  
 meeting with the union rep.

KLAUS  
 (To the group of people  
 around them)  
 Discussing work at Christmas are  
 you?

EVERYONE  
 Boo!

KLAUS  
 I'll hear none of it!

MASON

This is serious, Klaus. He made some threats. I think I really messed things up.

KLAUS

Wouldn't you rather have one of these beautiful girls for Christmas?

GIRL

I'd love to lie underneath your Christmas tree!

OTHER GIRL

Stuff me like a stocking!

The girls along with the other guests all laugh. Mason laughs sarcastically.

MASON

I think this Sigmund is becoming a liability.

KLAUS

Well it's obvious you've been a very bad boy this year!

(Kneels him off his lap and stands up, pointing in Mason's face)

Nothing but coal for you!

EVERYONE

Boo!

KLAUS

(So only Mason can hear)

We'll talk about this later.

Mason walks away as Klaus retakes the girls onto his lap. He looks over toward the fireplace where he sees Victor snorting lines of cocaine with two sexy girls of his own. Suddenly Leslie walks up to Mason with a bottle of liquor and a couple of poured shots.

LESLIE

(Offering him a shot)

Merry Christmas Mason.

MASON

(Accepting shot)

Merry Christmas Leslie.

They clank glasses and throw back their shots. Unknown to either of them, Rom Duggan lurks only a short distance away, sipping on a drink and watching them intently.

MASON (CONT'D)

I have to make a phone call. Do you know where I can find a secure line around here?

LESLIE

You can use the one in my office if you like.

MASON

Thanks pal.

Mason pats him on the back and exits.

INT. LESLIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mason sits in Leslie's chair, landline phone in hand, with Melanie's business card on the desk.

MELANIE

(Phone)  
Bonjour?

MASON

Melanie, it's Mason.

MELANIE

(Phone)  
Mason, is everything all right?

MASON

Everything's fine. It's just that...I've made a breakthrough in the case.

MELANIE

(Phone)  
You've made a breakthrough in the case? It's not your job to investigate, Mason, it is merely to provide the evidence.

MASON

And I will, but what if Klaus isn't the one you should be after?

MELANIE

(Phone)  
I'm sorry?

MASON

(Looking into hallway to  
make sure no one is  
listening)

Klaus is a pawn, Melanie. He's  
being intimidated by higher powers  
to commit these crimes so that  
he'll be the one who goes down in  
case anything goes wrong.

MELANIE

(Phone)

Who told you this?

MASON

Victor.

MELANIE

(Phone)

(Disbelievingly)

The man we're bringing up on fraud  
charges? And you believed him?

MASON

I've known Victor for a long time.  
He lies about a lot of things, but  
he wouldn't lie about something  
like this. Now, he said he wouldn't  
go on the record just yet, but give  
me some time to work on him.

MELANIE

(Phone)

Mason, there's no time for this!  
Even if it was true, it's far too  
late to just revamp the entire  
investigation. An investigation  
that's been a decade in the making.  
An investigation in which the  
intelligence we've gathered does  
not coincide at all with anything  
you've just told me. We're taking  
down the whole crew tonight or  
we're taking you down tomorrow.

Mason, feeling helpless, rubs his forehead, not knowing what  
to say.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

(Phone)

Did you get Leslie's confession?

MASON

Yeah.

MELANIE  
 (Phone)  
 And Victor's data?

MASON  
 Not yet, but I will.

MELANIE  
 (Phone)  
 Good. Call me if you have any more  
 questions pertaining to the task at  
 hand. Goodbye Mason.

She hangs up with Mason following suit shortly afterward. He sits at the desk for a while, feeling rotten about what he has to do next.

INT. BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mason walks back in and the first person he runs into is Leslie, who is still holding his bottle of liquor and two shot glasses.

LESLIE  
 How'd the line work out for ya?

MASON  
 Just fine, thanks.

LESLIE  
 Wanna do another shot?

MASON  
 Sure.

While Leslie pours the shots, Mason looks over toward the fireplace and finds Victor, still getting zooted on cocaine with his two lady friends.

LESLIE  
 (Handing Mason a shot)  
 What should we toast to this time?

MASON  
 (Looking over at Victor  
 one last time, then back  
 at Leslie)  
 To courage.

LESLIE  
 To courage!

They clank glasses and toss them back.

INT. HALLWAY IN KLAUS'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Mason sneakily enters through a door that reads "Victor Collins" on it.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mason turns on a light and creeps over to a desk with a computer. He turns it on. While it boots up, he keeps a steady eye on the door, hoping not to get caught. When the computer fully boots up, the screen prompts him for a password.

MASON

Shit.

Mason thinks for a bit before getting up, turning off the light and exiting the room.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

One of Victor's dates snuggles up nice and close to him so she can whisper in his ear. As she whispers, Victor smiles devilishly and nods his head. He then rises from his chair and grabs both girls by the hand, leading them away.

INT. MASON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mason kneels before several opened filing cabinets, scrambling through page after page of paper.

MASON

Come on Victor, I'm your god damn attorney. You had to have given me your password at some point.

INT. VICTOR'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Victor stands before his bed, which now holds two half naked beauties, stringing off his tie.

VICTOR

(Sniffles)

What do you ladies say to doing a few more bumps before we get started?

The girls giggle obligingly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Hang tight. I got a gram in my  
office.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Victor enters, turns on the light and walks over to his desk. He opens a drawer and pulls out a tiny bag of cocaine. Before he shuts the drawer, he notices his computer is on and becomes confused.

INT. MASON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mason throws the papers he's holding to the ground, gets up and walks toward the door.

MASON  
Fuck it.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mason, exiting his office, runs into Victor exiting his own.

VICTOR  
Hey!

MASON  
Hey.

VICTOR  
Were you trying to use my computer?

MASON  
What? No.

VICTOR  
Oh. Well, if you need to, the  
password is "titties."

Mason nods indifferently while Victor opens up his bag, dips a pinkie in and then shoots it up his nose.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Want a taste?

MASON  
No thanks.

Victor walks back to his bedroom. When he is out of sight, Mason ducks back into Victor's office.

INT. VICTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mason heads back over to the desk and types Victor's password into the computer, which is accepted.

MASON

That was easy.

He clicks and types for a while, tracking down the necessary account information Melanie had requested. He initiates the computer to send it to his own computer to be downloaded. Once everything is complete, he stealthily leaves the office, making sure not to do disturb anything on his way out.

INT. MASON'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Mason sets up his laptop on his desk. While he waits for it to boot up, he notices he can hear Victor's boisterous lovemaking through the walls. He logs in to his computer and finishes initiating the file transfer from Victor's computer.

Mason then sits back in his chair, doing his best to relax. He looks out of his window and notices a couple elves smoking cigarettes. He walks over to a chair, grabs his jacket off it and leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Mason throws on his jacket, he runs into Melanie, who is all dressed up for the party in the ballroom.

MELANIE

Good evening, Mason.

MASON

(Shocked)

Melanie?! What are you doing here?

MELANIE

I heard you were having a celebration.

MASON

Jesus, you look amazing. Wait, I called you from a secure line. How did you know about the party?

Melanie reaches into Mason's coat pocket and extracts the device she planted there the night before when she kissed him in the diner.



MASON (CONT'D)  
So that's why you kissed me...

MELANIE  
(Flirtatiously)  
You didn't think I was genuinely  
attracted to you, did you?

MASON  
You're very good at your job, Agent  
Marceau.

MELANIE  
While I may not be attracted to  
you, at least now I know I can  
trust you, as it would appear that  
those coordinates you gave us are  
in fact correct.

MASON  
I suppose your boys are going to  
come blasting through the doors any  
minute now.

MELANIE  
Not until we have all the evidence.

MASON  
Unfortunately the data won't be  
finished downloading for a few more  
hours.

MELANIE  
My goodness. That long?

MASON  
Well, we don't have the best system  
here at Santa's workshop. It's  
tough to get I.T. guys out to the  
North Pole.

Mason suddenly appears glum, which Melanie notices.

MELANIE  
You still think Klaus is innocent.

MASON  
Let me prove it to you. Give me one  
hour to show you around this place.  
Meet Klaus.

MELANIE

(Flaunting her dress)  
I'm clearly not going anywhere, at least for a while. I'd be happy to accompany you, but if you really think you're going to persuade me, I'd say you're wasting your time.  
(eyeing Mason's jacket)  
Where are you off to?

MASON

I was actually gonna jump outside and see if I could steal a cigarette from some elves.

Melanie reaches into her handbag and pulls out a pack of her own.

MASON (CONT'D)

Perfect!

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE — MOMENTS LATER

It is still completely dark outside. Mason and Melanie smoke their cigarettes while walking around Klaus's statue. They've both increased their layers by adding hats and jackets to their bodies. Melanie holds her heeled shoes in her hand, as a pair of boots have replaced them.

MELANIE

That's quite a statue.

MASON

He's a very imperialistic old man, that Klaus.

MELANIE

(Gesturing toward pine tree)  
I didn't think vegetation could grow on icebergs.

MASON

Sadly all of the trees in the North Pole are fake.

MELANIE

Oh.

MASON

Yeah. Makes them easier to decorate though.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

(Beat)

How the hell did you get in anyway?

MELANIE

(Motioning to her white  
hat and coat)

Tactical winter assault suit.  
Picked the lock on an unmonitored  
back door. Had my dress, makeup and  
hairspray in a bag. Only took me  
five minutes to get ready.

MASON

My God. You're like a female James  
Bond.

MELANIE

You have no idea.

MASON

How did you even get on the  
iceberg?

MELANIE

Your country's navy gave me and my  
team a lift on one of their  
battleships.

MASON

Oh. Well, God bless America.

MELANIE

A speedboat brought me over from  
the ship. Once the evidence is in  
our hands, we'll fly in on  
helicopters and arrest everyone.

MASON

You don't beat around the bush, do  
you?

MELANIE

(Confused)

I'm afraid I don't know that  
expression.

Suddenly Mason notices something off in the distance. It is  
Sigmund carrying a bag into his tiny house.

MASON

(Calls out to Sigmund)

Hey Sigmund!

Sigmund turns around. When he realizes that it was Mason who called after him, he extends his middle finger before going inside. Melanie laughs.

MELANIE

That wasn't very nice.

MASON

I wasn't very nice to him today either. I accused him of being Little Man, your other mole.

MELANIE

Oh? And what did he say?

MASON

He said he wasn't.

MELANIE

Oh.

MASON

You're not going to tell me who the other informant is, are you?

MELANIE

(Giggles)

Just because the informant's name is Little Man, doesn't mean that it is a little person.

MASON

Oh?

MELANIE

I honestly don't even know who Little Man is. He speaks to us from untraceable phones using a voice changer.

The two smoke in silence for a moment while Mason tries to process this. Finally he appears to dismiss the notion.

MASON

So, have you changed your mind about this place then?

MELANIE

If you're asking whether or not I've come to believe in Santa Claus within the last ten minutes, then the answer is still no, Mr. Richter.

MASON

Are you kidding? Look around!  
(Gestures toward tiny  
houses)

You're in the North Pole, standing  
in front of a neighborhood of  
houses that only people less than  
four feet tall can inhabit. What  
does that say to you?

MELANIE

It says that your employer is quite  
an unconventional character indeed.  
(Holding out cigarette)  
Can we throw these anywhere?

MASON

(Tossing his own  
cigarette)

Might as well. Couldn't do any more  
harm to the environment up here  
than has already been done. Klaus  
says this place is melting.

MELANIE

First the polar bears, now Santa.

MASON

Come on, follow me.

Mason grabs Melanie by the hand and begins leading her  
through the snow.

MELANIE

Mason! It's slippery.

Mason stops and picks her up honeymoon style before taking  
off again. He heads toward a barn.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Mason!

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Still carrying Melanie, Mason manages to flip the latch, kick  
the door open and walk inside. He then throws Melanie into a  
pile of hay, making her scream playfully.

MASON

How's this for not believing in  
Santa Claus?

Melanie looks around to find that the barn houses eight reindeer. Mason walks up to a stall labeled "Blitzen" and begins petting the animal on the nose. Melanie, awestruck, gets up and joins him.

MASON (CONT'D)

The old man doesn't deliver presents anymore, but he's still crazy about his reindeer.

MELANIE

Do they fly?

MASON

Not anymore. Haven't flown in so long, they forgot how.

MELANIE

How convenient.

MASON

You would say that.

MELANIE

(Looks around)  
Where's Rudolph?

MASON

Rudolph doesn't exist, sadly. Just a myth.

MELANIE

That's too bad. That was always my favorite Christmas song.

MASON

It's a blatant illustration of conformity, actually.

MELANIE

What?

MASON

I have no idea.

MELANIE

Yeah, I suppose a reindeer with a glowing red nose would be outside your budget, huh?

MASON

Very funny.

Silence. They pet Blitzen for a bit, neither one knowing what to say. They almost look like they may want to kiss.

MELANIE

I'm getting cold. Maybe we should go back inside.

MASON

Yeah.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Mason and Melanie walk back toward Klaus's mansion.

MELANIE

Where's the famous workshop?

MASON

Torn down. No need for it anymore. There's been a strike for years now. It was an indoor tennis court for a while. Got to be too much to maintain.

MELANIE

You have an excuse for everything, don't you?

MASON

I swear to God!

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Mason enters with Melanie, whose eyes widen at the spectacle of a party before her. Leslie sits in the hot tub hitting on some girls in bikinis. Victor is back in his cocaine circle by the fireplace, no doubt having an excellent time after that quick romp with those two girls and with all of the booze, coke and ecstasy spiraling through his veins.

MASON

Do you want to meet him?

MELANIE

Your employer?

MASON

Sure. After all, you are his guest. Besides, you're probably the kind of cop who gets off on meeting criminals before you bust them.

Melanie smiles as Mason leads her to Klaus's throne. When they arrive, Klaus is entertaining a circle of guests who listen intently.

KLAUS

The year's 1898, right. I'm in Fürstenwalde - a small town outside Berlin - on top of one of these really tall Victorian jobs with the kind of roof that shoots straight down, you know? Just impossible to park the damn sleigh on. I had to tie the damn thing to the chimney to keep it from sliding. So anyway, I finally get the reindeer all situated and pop down the old smokestack. But of course, what happens? The roof's so steep that the reindeer start to slide off the son of a bitch. But like I said, I got it tied to the chimney. So my poor reindeer are scrambling for their lives on top of this damn roof, waking up the whole family while I'm in their living room putting the presents under the tree. It's not until I'm guzzling down the milk that I realize Dasher is dangling outside the picture window!

Klaus's listeners all laugh. Mason smiles. Melanie listens skeptically.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

Not only that, but there's a god damn Rottweiler barking its head off in the backyard while Dasher dangles there, waking up the whole neighborhood.

The guests laugh some more.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

So I finish throwing the presents under the tree, say to hell with the rest of the milk and cookies and get the fuck back on top of that roof. Damn. I tell you what. Barely made it out of there that night. Almost had to bash that dog over the head with my sack of gifts!



Everyone laughs yet again. Klaus notices Mason.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

Mason!

MASON

Mr. Klaus, I'd like you to meet my date, Melanie Marceau.

MELANIE

(Extending her hand)

It's a pleasure to meet you.

KLAUS

(Takes her hand)

Melanie Marceau, of course!

Melanie becomes confused at his recognition of her.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

Grew up in Chartres. Le Petite Sophie Doll.

Melanie doesn't know what to say.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

I was no longer in business at that time, but I still got your letter.

Melanie just continues to stare at Klaus as if entranced.

MAN (O.S.)

Niklas!

KLAUS

Please excuse me.

Klaus leaves Melanie with Mason. She tries to snap herself out of it.

MASON

Would you believe that? The hero of children everywhere hours away from being arrested for a slew of international offenses.

(Notices Melanie's demeanor)

Are you okay?

MELANIE

(Smiling)

I'm fine, I'm fine.

MASON

Can I get you anything?

MELANIE

You know, you've shown me where the reindeer live, you've shown me where Santa Claus lives, but you still haven't shown me where you live, Mr. Richter.

MASON

Wow. You are a female James Bond, aren't you?

MELANIE

You have no idea.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Mason, dressed in a suit, sits on the witness stand looking overcome with angst.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

And would you point out Leslie Draper for the jury please, Mr. Richter?

Mason, looking sick to his stomach now, doesn't do anything for a while. Eventually he points forward to Leslie, seated at the defendants' table. Leslie looks back at Mason, visibly hurt from the betrayal.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And Victor Collins?

Mason points at Victor, who looks back at him bitterly from the defendants' table.

PROSECUTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(With more emotional weight)

And Niklas Klaus...

Mason, unable to look up, reluctantly points forward. Klaus looks back at him from the defendants' table coldly.

INT. MASON'S SUITE - DAY (BUT DARK OUTSIDE)

Mason, his eyes closed, tosses and turns in his bed before awakening and scrambling into a sitting position. The courtroom scene was all just a dream.

A half naked Melanie sits next to him in bed smoking a cigarette.

MELANIE

That was quite a nightmare,  
counselor.

MASON

(Slightly embarrassed)  
Sorry, I'm just under a lot of  
stress I guess.

MELANIE

(Snuggling up next to him)  
I would have thought I helped with  
that...

MASON

Oh you did, you did.

They kiss, then Mason hops out of bed and walks over to his desk to check the status of the downloads on his computer.

MASON (CONT'D)

Only thirty minutes left.

MELANIE

(Dousing cigarette on  
saucer plate)  
Excellent.

Melanie rolls out of bed, walks to where her snowsuit is on the floor and begins putting it on.

MASON

Where are you going?

MELANIE

I have to go brief my team. We'll  
be back in an hour or two to make  
the arrests.

Mason's shoulders sink.

MASON

Are you serious? Even after  
everything you saw?

Melanie doesn't know how to respond.

MASON (CONT'D)

Melanie, please don't do this.

MELANIE

I'm sorry Mason, but there's nothing I can do.

The two look at each other for a moment. Finally Mason forces himself to smile.

MASON

I see how it is. Just gonna fuck me and run, huh? Typical secret agent.

Melanie zips up her coat and throws on her hat before walking over to Mason and kisses him passionately.

MASON (CONT'D)

Do you want me to help you sneak out?

MELANIE

I'll be fine. Besides, the image of you in nothing but your underwear will keep me warm on my way back to the ship.

(Kisses him one more time)

See you soon.

MASON

Don't forget your handcuffs.

Melanie exits. Mason walks over to where his pants are on the floor and begins throwing them on. While zipping and buttoning up, he eyes the "Cancel" button on his laptop.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mason, now fully dressed, exits his bedroom. As he walks down the hall, he notices Rom Duggan walking toward him wearing an overcoat over his suit. Although Duggan is smiling, there's something about him that sets Mason off.

DUGGAN

(Extending a hand)

Mr. Richter! Finally we run into each other. Gotta say I was a bit worried. Hardly saw you at all down at the party. Then again, I suppose you had more important things to tend to.

MASON

(Shaking Rom's hand)

Mr. Duggan. Forgive my surprise.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

I wasn't exactly expecting to see you here today.

DUGGAN

Your employer was kind enough to invite me to his little soiree. I like to drop by from time to time anyhow, to see how things are going.

(Leans in closer to Mason)  
Everything still going all right with Interpol?

Mason looks at Duggan with shock and confusion.

DUGGAN (CONT'D)

That's right. It would appear as if the phone lines around this place aren't as secure as you thought. We got ears everywhere, kid. I like you. I knew you'd be cooperative. Just make sure the agents get their evidence and I'll make sure you don't rot in a sewer of a prison halfway 'round the world. Who knows? You may just get a job out of this. My legal team makes in five minutes what you make all year. Gotta say, I am going to miss old Klaus though. Then again, suppose it was only a matter of time before the bastard got caught. Can't have him doing my dirty deeds forever now can I? I'll have to find someone new. Hm. Maybe the Easter Bunny! Ha! God damn, I sure am talking a lot, aren't I? Say, you're not recording this conversation are you?

(Taps Mason on the chest  
as if searching for a  
hidden microphone)

Ah, wouldn't matter even if you were. I could slit the Dalai Lama's throat right in front of the Supreme Court and get the crime pinned on the President's kid. That's the kind of power money can buy. Please excuse me, as I am in a hurry to make it out to the airstrip.

Duggan walks past a defeated Mason.

MASON  
No longer enjoying the party?

DUGGAN  
I'm afraid we've all been asked to  
leave. There's a storm comin' in,  
you see. Don't wanna get stranded.

Duggan continues to walk away down the hall. Right as he's  
about to turn around a corner, Mason calls out to him.

MASON  
Oh, sir-

Duggan stops and turns to face Mason.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Merry Christmas.

Duggan smiles, then bursts into a fit of laughter before  
walking around the corner and out of sight.

Mason walks away, trying not to let his frustration get the  
best of him.

INT. BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The guests have all left. Only a silent, trashed ballroom  
remains. Victor, now coming down from his high, frantically  
searches the floor and furniture around the fireplace.

Over in the hot tub, Leslie sits passed out by himself, his  
head barely above the water.

Mason enters. Victor finds some white dust on a coffee table  
and presses his index finger on it before rubbing it on his  
gums. When he hears Mason walk over to him, he becomes  
excited but immediately deflates when he realizes it's Mason.

MASON  
Expecting someone else?

VICTOR  
I was hoping it'd be someone with  
some blow.

MASON  
Sorry to disappoint you.

VICTOR  
(Sitting up, starting to  
quiver)  
God dammit Mason!  
(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Every time I get super fucked up on  
 coke, I always say that's the last  
 time I'm ever gonna do it.

MASON  
 I know, buddy.

VICTOR  
 But those rock stars, man, they  
 just have some really good shit!

Mason offers Victor his hand and helps him up.

MASON  
 Come on, let's see what Nik's up  
 to.

They start walking toward the door when Mason notices Leslie  
 still passed out in the hot tub. They swing over to wake him  
 up.

MASON (CONT'D)  
 (Lightly smacking Leslie  
 on the face)  
 Leslie, wake up, Leslie.

VICTOR  
 (Splashing Leslie)  
 Wakeup dickless!

Leslie awakens.

MASON  
 Come on Les, don't need you  
 drowning on us.

LESLIE  
 (Looking at hands)  
 My hands are all wrinkly!

MASON  
 Let's go playboy.

INT. KLAUS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Klaus is sitting at his desk rolling a fat joint when Mason  
 and Victor enter. Leslie is a few steps behind, throwing a  
 towel around himself when he comes in.

KLAUS  
 You boys are just in time.

Victor sprints over to Klaus's desk and immediately begins rummaging through drawers, hoping to track down some kind of upper.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

(Annoyed)

Victor, what the hell are you doing?

Victor pays him no mind and just keeps going through the drawers. Mason walks over to the bar and pours himself a scotch. Leslie plops himself down on one of Klaus's chairs and passes out again.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

Leslie, not on the leather. Victor!

(Pushes Victor away)

Get out of here!

Victor walks away from Klaus's desk and just lies down on the floor. Mason walks over to him with a gin-and-rocks in his hand and holds it above his face.

MASON

Drink this, it'll make you feel better.

KLAUS

(Finishes rolling the joint)

Oh sure, now he's ready to party. Once everyone leaves.

Victor takes the glass and sits in a chair by Leslie. Klaus lights the joint.

MASON

(Takes a drink from his scotch)

What can I say? I'm suddenly in a festive mood.

KLAUS

You certainly don't look it. You and that little French number ran off rather quick. Figured you were getting busy.

Klaus puffs on the joint one more time before offering it to Mason, who obliges.



MASON  
 (Between puffs)  
 Melanie Marceau, yes. She was very  
 flattered by your memory of her.

Mason passes the joint to Victor, who begins toking on it ravenously.

KLAUS  
 Yeah, that Melanie Marceau. She's  
 an easy one to remember. Once she  
 turned eight or nine, all she  
 started wanting were boyish gifts.  
 She'd ask for toy guns and little  
 toy soldiers. Made me think she was  
 gonna become a cop or something.

A pause. Mason becomes slightly uncomfortable.

KLAUS (CONT'D)  
 How'd you two meet anyway?

MASON  
 She went into law, actually, yeah.  
 Met her at a conference.

KLAUS  
 I see.

A long pause ensues. Mason looks like he wants to ask Klaus something, but never ends up summoning the courage.

VICTOR  
 (Offering joint to Leslie)  
 Leslie, do you wanna hit this?

But Leslie is still unconscious.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 LESLIE!

MASON  
 Settle down Vic, I'll take her.

Mason takes the joint from Victor and hands it back to Klaus.

KLAUS  
 Got this weed down in Venezuela you  
 know. Rainforest grass. Primo shit.

MASON  
 Where were the Venezuelans tonight?  
 Didn't see any.

KLAUS  
 (Shrugs shoulders)  
 Never showed. Elves didn't either.  
 Hey, that reminds me, what did you  
 want to tell me about that meeting  
 with the union guy?

Now Mason becomes even more uncomfortable.

MASON  
 Oh, right.

Suddenly, a loud CLANK can be heard, startling Mason and Klaus. Klaus turns around to look out of the enormous window overlooking the village square.

KLAUS  
 Holy shit.

Standing before Klaus's estate in the village square are all fifty-some elves employed in the North Pole. Many of them hold slingshots while others appear to be carrying bats, cleavers, and/or some kind of battering device.

Suddenly another shot gets fired at the window, making Klaus flinch as it smacks against the glass.

MASON  
 Are those slingshots?

KLAUS  
 They must have been in storage,  
 left over from the fifties.

Victor gets up to join them as another shot rattles off the glass.

VICTOR  
 What the hell's going on?

KLAUS  
 Don't worry, this is bulletproof  
 glass. Pope-mobile style.

VICTOR  
 What do they want?

Leslie, now conscious, joins them as well.

LESLIE  
 Wow. What did I miss?

Down in the village square, Sigmund appears to be in charge. He holds up a sign that reads, "Check your stocking Santa."

KLAUS  
Leslie!

LESLIE  
On it.

Leslie runs out of the room.

INT. BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie runs over to the fireplace where Klaus's stocking hangs in front of Mason's, Victor's and his own. He reaches inside and pulls out a walkie-talkie.

INT. KLAUS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie reenters and gives Klaus the walkie. Outside, Sigmund has a walkie of his own.

SIGMUND  
(Into walkie)  
I'm sorry it had to come to this,  
Santa.

KLAUS  
(Walkie)  
What the hell is the meaning of  
this?

SIGMUND  
(Walkie)  
You've ignored your faithful  
employees for far too long.

KLAUS  
(Walkie)  
What are you talking about?

SIGMUND  
(Walkie)  
We used to do things! Good,  
positive, wholesome things! Spread  
Christmas cheer. Make toys for all  
the good girls and boys. Now all we  
do is supply corporations, clean  
your office and change printer  
cartridges. We're sick of it!

All of the other elves cheer madly.

KLAUS  
What's this little shit's name?

VICTOR  
Frederick.

MASON  
Sigmund.

KLAUS  
(Walkie)  
Sigmund, things change, you know?  
You gotta adapt with the times.

SIGMUND  
(Walkie)  
No way! If you're going to sell all  
the toys we make for profit, then  
we want fair compensation for our  
labor!

The elves cheer once again.

KLAUS  
(Walkie)  
You can go to hell!

SIGMUND  
(Walkie)  
We got you surrounded, Claus! We'll  
wait you out until you're ready to  
accept our demands!

KLAUS  
(Walkie)  
Ha! On the contrary, you're the  
ones standing out in the cold. I  
think I'll stay in here with my  
drink and my cigars where it's nice  
and warm!  
(Holds up glass)  
Cheers fuckers!

SIGMUND  
(Walkie)  
I thought you might say that.

Sigmund then signals another elf with his hand. The other elf twirls a rope above his head before lassoing the Santa statue around the neck. A snowmobile engine revs and we can see that the other end of the rope is tied to the back of the snowmobile. It takes off in the opposite direction, causing the statue to lurch and before long it completely topples to the ground, smashing into a bunch of pieces.

KLAUS  
Oh, not the statue...

LESLIE  
Those bastards.

More slingshot pellets shower the window, startling everyone inside, especially Victor as he runs back over to the bar.

VICTOR  
I can't handle this right now!

SIGMUND  
(Walkie)  
It can get worse! The choice is yours!

KLAUS  
Leslie, get security in here.

LESLIE  
Right away.

Leslie hurries off while Mason and Klaus continue to look out the window. Victor takes pulls from a bottle of gin over at the bar.

MASON  
(Noticing Victor)  
Take it easy there Vic, we need our wits about us.

Leslie reenters with Klaus's two bodyguards.

GUARD 1  
I hear we got us a little situation.

More pellets clatter off the window. The elves can be heard shouting barbarically outside.

KLAUS  
You can say that again. I need you to handle this.

GUARD 1  
(Looking out window)  
Is that a Molotov cocktail?

Everyone looks outside, including Victor, who has rejoined them holding his bottle of gin. Outside, an elf lights fire to a rag that's been stuffed into a bottle.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)  
Oh hell no.

The elf chucks the cocktail at the house, where it explodes into a ball of fire.

VICTOR  
This is fucked! This is so fucked!

MASON  
Get a grip Victor!

KLAUS  
(To guards)  
Get out there!

GUARD 1  
Listen, Klaus, it's two against fifty out there. All we got are these nine millimeters.

GUARD 2  
And I'm not going out there if they have fire bombs.

GUARD 1  
Exactly. We'll watch the door for you and pop anybody who tries to come inside, but if you think we're going out there, you're crazy.

KLAUS  
Cowards! Get back to the fucking door then!

The guards exit.

LESLIE  
I'm pretty sure the house is on fire.

Mason looks out the window toward the sky.

MASON  
(Quietly)  
Come on, Melanie...

Victor notices Mason looking and, being in the paranoid state he's in, becomes concerned.

VICTOR  
What?  
(Looks up)  
What's out there?

MASON

Nothing.

(To Klaus)

Nik, maybe we should have a look at their terms.

KLAUS

(Glaring at Mason)

I don't negotiate with elves.

LESLIE

(To Klaus)

Didn't you say if there was ever a fire on the iceberg, that we wouldn't have a lot of time?

KLAUS

Oh fuck all!

MASON

(Looking out window)

Oh Jesus, they've taken hostages.

Outside, the elves have taken three of the reindeer out of the barn and now hold them by their reins. Sigmund holds out a cleaver so that all can see.

KLAUS

That dirty little cock sucker.

SIGMUND

(Walkie)

What do you say now, Santa?

KLAUS

(Walkie)

DON'T YOU DARE.

SIGMUND

(Walkie)

Does that mean you concede?

KLAUS

(Walkie)

Put it down!

SIGMUND

(Walkie)

You really need to learn how to communicate, sir. It's always been a flaw in your management style.

Sigmund brings the blade of his cleaver to the reindeer's throat and prepares to make the lethal slice.

KLAUS

(Walkie)

WAIT! All right, all right! I'll look at your terms. Get the hell up here, Sigmund.

Leslie lowers his cleaver and smiles devilishly. His cohorts all cheer.

Mason grabs the walkie-talkie from Klaus right as another Molotov cocktail explodes onto the roof of the house. The explosion startles Victor very much, causing him to scream loudly and hunch into the fetal position in a corner.

MASON

(Walkie)

Enough with the Molotovs!

SIGMUND

(Walkie)

Well if it isn't the heartless lawyer.

MASON

(Walkie)

Come on up already. We're ready to talk. And only you, Sigmund.

SIGMUND

(Walkie)

All right. But if anything happens to me, they kill the reindeer. Slowly. I'm coming up alone only because I'm willing to die for this cause.

Hung over Leslie can't help but laugh.

MASON

(Walkie)

We're not gonna kill you Sigmund. Just get the hell up here.

(To Leslie)

Go let security know that Sigmund's on his way up.

Leslie does as he's told. There's silence for a while.

KLAUS

It's going to be a bad Christmas.

MASON

Can't remember the last good one.



Leslie reenters with Sigmund, whom Klaus immediately jumps after.

KLAUS  
I'm gonna kill you, you son of a  
bitch!

Mason does his best to hold Klaus back while Sigmund hides behind Leslie's leg. Victor just covers his ears and shakes his head in his corner. Finally Klaus stops trying to fight Mason's grip.

MASON  
(To Klaus)  
Go sit at your desk. I got this.

Klaus finally obliges, glaring at Sigmund the whole time. Sigmund doesn't emerge from behind Leslie's leg until Klaus begins walking away.

MASON (CONT'D)  
(Motioning toward chair)  
Have a seat.

Sigmund climbs up into the chair.

MASON (CONT'D)  
(Wiping forehead)  
Damn. Is it hot in here or am I  
just stressed?

LESLIE  
No, it's hot. I'm in nothing but  
swim trunks and I'm hot.

SIGMUND  
Yeah, I'd say half of the roof is  
on fire by now. We might wanna make  
this quick.

Guard 1 enters.

GUARD 1  
Klaus, you got some people here to  
see you.

Everyone turns to look as three Venezuelan guerilla soldiers enter, all carrying automatic weapons.

VENEZUELAN 1  
Did we miss the party?

KLAUS  
Thank Christ!

SIGMUND

Fuck me.

Victor immediately jumps out of his corner and runs over to one of the Venezuelans.

KLAUS

How soon can your airplane take off?

VICTOR

(To Venezuelan 2)

Do you have any booger sugar?

VENEZUELAN 1

(To Klaus)

It needs to refuel.

Venezuelan 2 doesn't understand Victor.

VICTOR

You know...

Victor presses one nostril closed with his finger. Now Venezuelan 2 understands and begins searching around in his pockets. Suddenly smoke begins pouring in from the ceiling.

KLAUS

No time!

Venezuelan 2 pulls a tiny bag of cocaine out of his pocket and hands it to Victor.

VICTOR

(Shouting and holding bag up in air)

It's a Christmas miracle!

Suddenly the entire room lurches to one side. Sigmund falls out of his chair. Bottles of booze crash onto the floor. Smoke continues to spill into the room. Everyone begins to panic.

KLAUS

The iceberg's breaking apart!

MASON

We gotta get out of here!

VENEZUELAN 1

The jet won't be ready.

KLAUS

(Running out from behind desk)

There's an old crabber boat some dead Norwegians floated in on a couple years ago. It should still be tied to the docks on the other side of the iceberg!

LESLIE

That means we'll have to get past the elves!

KLAUS

(To Venezuelan 1)

Sorry to be such a poor host, but do you think you could escort us across the iceberg? There are about fifty elves out there who want to kill me.

VENEZUELAN 1

(Cocks gun)

You helped fund our revolution. It would be our honor to help you in this time of need.

The room lurches once again. Everyone begins scrambling for the door. Mason grabs Victor right as he is snorting the rest of the powder out of the bag.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE KLAUS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Venezuelan 2 and 3 open the office doors. Guard 1 lies lifeless up against the hallway wall with a hole in his head. Guard 2 takes cover behind a banister while firing his handgun at the front door, where elves occasionally lean in and fire their slingshots at him. Suddenly Guard 2 gets hit in the head himself and drops to the floor, dead.

MASON

Those things are lethal!

The Venezuelans shower the doorway with bullets before proceeding outside. Once all is clear, they signal the rest to follow them.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Amid a shower of slingshot pellets and Molotov cocktails, Klaus and his staff run behind the Venezuelans, who lay down fire in front of them.

When they reach the rubble of the toppled Santa statue, they all take cover behind the pieces. The ground occasionally quakes as hunks of ice fall off the edges of the iceberg.

LESLIE  
(Still in his swim trunks)  
Fuck it's cold!

KLAUS  
(Watching his reindeer run  
around in panic)  
Blitzen!

A Venezuelan chucks a grenade before taking cover again to reload his weapon. It annihilates several elves and starts some of their homes on fire.

VICTOR  
I gotta get out of here man!

MASON  
Just try to chill out Victor! We'll  
get to the boat! We gotta wait till  
it's safe!

VICTOR  
No way! I can't wait that long!

Suddenly Victor hurls himself over the wall of rubble and begins sprinting through the village square amid the chaos that surrounds everyone.

MASON  
Victor!

After reloading, the Venezuelans signal to Klaus, Mason, Leslie and Sigmund that they're ready to move out. The Venezuelans then jump over, blast their weapons and everyone else takes a deep breath before following suit.

Mason soon realizes Klaus has opted not to follow their armed escorts but instead makes a run for the reindeer.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Nik!

Mason looks back at everyone else, but decides to run after Klaus. On his way toward him, he comes across an elf aiming a slingshot right at Klaus's head. Mason punts him in the ass and continues on.

Klaus is almost to his reindeer now, with Mason not far behind.

MASON (CONT'D)

Nik! What the hell are you doing?

KLAUS

(To his reindeer)

I'm coming, boys!

Right as Klaus is about to reach his reindeer, a giant crevice erupts in the ice between them, causing him to stumble. The ice quickly divides into two separate bergs - one with Klaus and the other with his reindeer - with icy seawater now between them. The crevice causes a large quake that forces Klaus to slip on the ice and go sliding right for the edge.

Mason, watching Klaus slide toward the edge of the iceberg, quickens his pace and plucks a decorative candy cane out of the snow as he runs forward. Right as Klaus is about to slide over the edge, Mason dives, candy cane extended, and Klaus is able to grab hold right as he goes over the edge. Mason then grabs onto a fake Christmas tree with his free hand in order to hold Klaus's weight and prevent the two of them from barreling into the sea.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

Don't drop me Mason!

Mason, his arms trembling, desperately tries to maintain his hold.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

(Watching the iceberg with  
his reindeer float off  
into the distance)

I'm sorry boys! I'm sorry!

Mason looks behind him to find a horde of angry elves wielding clubs and cleavers making their way toward him.

MASON

Uh, Nik...

The elves get closer. Suddenly the tree Mason is holding onto lurches forward as if it's about to be pulled straight out of the snow.

MASON (CONT'D)

No! Fuckin' fake trees...

Klaus has tears in his eyes now as he continues to watch his reindeer float away. Waves continue to crash up against the iceberg just inches from his feet. Suddenly something catches his attention. A boat's engine can be heard. He looks over to find the crabber boat making its way across the water.

KLAUS  
 (Shouting toward boat)  
 Hey! Hey, over here!

The elves are almost on top of Mason now. One of them runs forward with a bat and gets ready to swing it right at the tree.

MASON  
 Nik!

The crabber boat makes its way toward Klaus.

KLAUS  
 Just hold on a little longer,  
 Mason!

The elf nails the tree with his bat, sending Mason, Klaus, candy cane and all spiraling toward the ocean.

The crabber boat isn't nearly close enough to make a dramatic last second catch. Instead, Mason and Klaus continue to fall toward the crashing waves, but with a thunk rather than a splash.

Mason and Klaus have fallen into a large red sleigh.

MASON  
 (Scrambling to get off of  
 Klaus)  
 What? What the hell is this?

KLAUS  
 (Looks around, then  
 chuckles)  
 It's the sleigh! I'll be damned,  
 it's the God damn sleigh! Haven't  
 seen this thing in decades.

MASON  
 Does it float?

KLAUS  
 Appears to.

Suddenly the pair's weight along with the rolling waves cause the sleigh to slightly tip toward one side and water gushes in.

MASON  
 Not for long.

Mason and Klaus scramble to their feet and up onto the seat of the sleigh.

KLAUS  
We get in this water, we're goners.

MASON  
(To boat)  
Hurry!

Water continues to rush up toward them. The horde of elves makes their way to the edge of the iceberg and lets a shower of slingshot pellets smack the sleigh, missing Mason and Klaus by inches.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Suddenly a shower of gunfire from the Venezuelans on the boat rings back toward the elves, forcing them to take cover.

The crabber boat pulls up just in time and Venezuelans 2 and 3 help pull Mason and Klaus aboard right as the sleigh fully submerges.

EXT. MAIN DECK OF CRABBER BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Venezuelans 2 and 3 finish helping Mason and Klaus aboard.

KLAUS  
Thank you boys!

Leslie comes out of the wheelhouse to greet them.

LESLIE  
Now that's what I call a Christmas miracle!

A loud crunching sound is heard and all of their attention is drawn back toward the iceberg. Mason, Klaus and Leslie watch their former home start to make its final, fiery plunge into the sea.

INT. MASON'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The laptop on Mason's desk reads, "Download Complete" right as water begins flooding the room.

EXT. MAIN DECK OF CRABBER BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Mason, Klaus, Leslie and the Venezuelans continue to watch the iceberg crumble and the village sink as the boat heads away from it all.

MASON  
I'm sorry, Nik.

KLAUS  
Don't be. I'm not.  
(Pause)  
Don't suppose there's any liquor on  
this piece of shit.

Everyone notices that Leslie, still in nothing but his swim trunks, is shivering uncontrollably.

MASON  
Come on Les, let's see if there's  
any blankets below deck.

EXT. NORTH POLE - LATER

Three Interpol helicopters scream across the night sky.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Melanie, Tobolik and Gordon, all dressed in winter assault gear, hang on as their helicopter descends.

TOBOLIK  
I don't see any lights, Melanie.

MELANIE  
The coordinates are correct, it  
should be right down here.

EXT. NORTH POLE - CONTINUOUS

The beam of a searchlight emerges from the helicopter and scans the water for Klaus's estate. Nothing can be seen but waves and floating chunks of ice.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

PILOT  
There's nothing here!

Melanie sticks her head out of the helicopter, searching desperately.

TOBOLIK  
This is very disappointing,  
Melanie.



MELANIE

No, you don't understand! I was just here! This has to be it!

TOBOLIK

(To pilot)

Turn us around. We're heading back to the ship.

As the helicopter turns around, Melanie spots a large candy cane Christmas decoration floating in the water below.

INT. CRABBER BOAT - LATER

Leslie is sitting in a chair wrapped up in a blanket. Klaus sits in a chair as well while Mason, Victor and Sigmund lay on respective bunks.

VICTOR

It smells like dead Norwegians in here.

MASON

I'm surprised you can smell anything after shooting all that blow up your nose today.

KLAUS

I wouldn't fall asleep if I were you, Sigmund. You might just wake up in the Arctic Ocean.

SIGMUND

(Sitting up)

Are you threatening me?

MASON

All right boys, settle down.

KLAUS

How dare you tell me to settle down. He almost slaughtered Blitzen right before my eyes. All my reindeer are out there, floating off into uncharted waters, cold and terrified...

SIGMUND

Should've butchered him for you. Would've put him out of his misery.

KLAUS

That's it!

Klaus lunges out of his chair toward Sigmund's bunk. Mason jumps out of his own bunk and prevents the fight before it starts. Victor rolls over in his bed, trying to ignore everyone.

MASON

Remember your blood pressure,  
Niklas.

SIGMUND

(To Klaus)

All of my fellow elves drowned you  
know! You ever think about that?

KLAUS

They drowned because you melted the  
god damn iceberg!

SIGMUND

I didn't know it was gonna melt!

KLAUS

You dipshit! You set ice on fire!  
What did you think would happen?

MASON

(Getting between the two  
of them)

Enough! Both sides lost a lot of  
good men out there today. Elves,  
reindeer, whatever.

SIGMUND

Stay out of this, you paranoid  
fuck! Don't you have some informant  
to track down?

Silence. Everyone tries to process what Sigmund just said.

KLAUS

Mason, what is he talking about?

Mason is at a loss for words.

SIGMUND

Yeah, that's right. Lawyer boy went  
all ape shit on me at the meeting  
today. I wanted to discuss salary  
increases, but apparently all he  
wanted to do was slam me against  
the wall and get me to confess to  
going to the cops.

KLAUS

(To Mason)

The cops?! You better start talking.

SIGMUND

I knew you guys were up to some crooked stuff. Father Christmas, for fuck's sake.

MASON

What the hell. This day's been horrible. It can get worse, right? Sigmund's right. I thought he was an informant. But he's not. I know that for a fact.

SIGMUND

Damn right I'm not.

KLAUS

(To Mason)

Why are you suspecting an informant in the first place?

Mason takes a moment to summon some courage.

MASON

About 24 hours ago, I was detained by Interpol. That woman I was with at the party - Melanie - she's a cop.

KLAUS

Oh, Jesus Christ.

Victor turns back around in his bunk to face everyone.

MASON

Someone gave me up, someone low on the totem pole, someone who couldn't provide enough evidence for the shit we've been pulling for the last ten years.

KLAUS

Did they turn you?

MASON

Of course they did! Nik, they were gonna lock me up forever!

KLAUS

And now they're gonna lock *me* up forever!

MASON

No they won't, the evidence is at the bottom of the ocean!

KLAUS

You betrayed me!

MASON

Nik, try to understand.

KLAUS

I understand very well! I understand you were going to rat me out just to save your own neck!

MASON

It looks like everything's gonna work out.

VICTOR

Wait a minute. Were you gonna turn me in too?

MASON

Yeah. Everybody was going down. Even Leslie.

VICTOR

You fucktard!

MASON

Oh, shut up Victor. You would have given us all up for a half gram of blow.

KLAUS

Who's the other informant?

MASON

I don't know.

SIGMUND

What does it matter? It's not me. All the other elves are dead.

MASON

No, it wasn't an elf. Melanie told me it wasn't. It was just someone low on the totem pole.

A light bulb seems to go off above everyone's heads. They all turn to Leslie, who remains wrapped up in a blanket in his chair.

KLAUS

Of course. The stinking, conniving,  
no good personal assistant!

LESLIE

It's not me! Why do you think it  
would be me?

MASON

Little Man...

LESLIE

I think I'm getting seasick.

Leslie, still wrapped in his blanket, gets up and climbs the stairs to the boat's main deck. Mason, Klaus and Sigmund follow. Victor even jumps out of bed and joins them.

KLAUS

Leslie, get back here!

EXT. MAIN DECK OF CRABBER BOAT – CONTINUOUS

It's snowing. Waves crash against the boat. Leslie skids across the deck with the rest of his colleagues in pursuit. Suddenly he realizes there is nowhere to go.

KLAUS

There's nowhere to run, Leslie.

LESLIE

Let's just be cool, all right?  
We're cool, right? Just talking.

MASON

Did you give me up to Interpol?

LESLIE

No!

KLAUS

(Angrily)  
Leslie!

LESLIE

All right! Yes. Yeah, I did.

MASON

(Pulling out cell phone)  
Why did they want me to record our conversation about the arms deal then? They wanted that so they could put you and Klaus away. Why, when you're already an informant?

LESLIE

You recorded that?

MASON

Yeah, not that anyone will know about it now.

Mason chucks his cell phone overboard.

VICTOR

(To Mason)  
Why didn't you just delete it?

MASON

What?

VICTOR

Why didn't you just delete the recording?

MASON

I don't know, Victor. I'm a little worked up right now, all right? Answer the questions Leslie.

LESLIE

They told me to record you, Mason. They wanted me to record all of you!

MASON

Did you?

LESLIE

I was going to. I got a little too drunk at the party.

KLAUS

Unbelievable. My ass ends up being saved by a horde of violent elves and Leslie's poor alcohol tolerance.

VICTOR

I don't understand. Why have both informants rat out each other?

MASON

They must have been intending to take us all down the entire time. They lied to us, Leslie.

LESLIE

No! No, they couldn't have. I already got paid.

MASON

Interpol paid you?

LESLIE

No, Rom Duggan did. He said our operation was getting too hot. He said if I gave everyone up, including myself, that he'd make sure I was taken care of.

MASON

Oh, of course. That would explain why he knew about the phone call I made from your office. That would explain why Interpol wanted me to get a confession from you, because they didn't even know you were feeding them information in the first place.

(To Klaus)

He was contacting Interpol from untraceable phones using a voice changer.

KLAUS

(To Leslie)

You dirty little shit.

MASON

Tell me Leslie, How much am I worth? How much are Klaus and Victor worth?

LESLIE

It doesn't matter now. Nothing matters now.

Venezuelan 2 and 3 emerge from the wheelhouse.

VENEZUELAN 2

Everything all right out here Niklas?

KLAUS

No, everything is not all right.  
Boys, I want you to detain these  
two rats.

Klaus points at Mason and Leslie. The Venezuelans do as they're told. Neither Mason nor Leslie put up too much of a struggle.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

Do you have anything else to say to  
me Leslie?

LESLIE

What are you gonna do to us?

SIGMUND

Throw 'em overboard!

KLAUS

What about you Mason?

MASON

What can I say? It's the season for  
giving. Got a little selfish this  
Christmas, that's all.

KLAUS

I'm afraid your witticisms won't do  
you any good, counselor. In  
international waters, there is no  
law.

VENEZUELAN 2

You know what we do in the  
rainforest when we find rats  
crawling around our campsite  
Niklas?

KLAUS

What's that?

VENEZUELAN 2

We don't waste our bullets. We bash  
them over the head and let them  
drown in the river.

KLAUS

Sounds good to me.



Venezuelan 2 hits Mason on the back of the head with the butt of his assault rifle, causing him to fall to the deck unconscious.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PASSENGER CAR OF TRAIN - NIGHT

VOICE ON INTERCOM

Attention passengers, now arriving  
in Edmonton. Local time is 9:30  
p.m. Current temperature is a brisk  
negative 14 degrees.

An unconscious Mason slowly comes to. He's wearing the same clothes he was wearing on the crabber boat. His beard is starting to come in and his hair is slightly disheveled. When he rubs the back of his head, he winces in pain. He looks around, trying to establish his bearings.

MASON

(To passenger sitting next  
to him)

Are you the Ghost of Christmas  
Past?

The passenger just looks at him strangely before getting up. Mason slowly gets up as well and exits the train.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mason looks around cautiously, as if expecting to get arrested by Interpol all over again.

INT. DINER - LATER

Mason sits drinking a coffee at the same diner he was at with Melanie two nights earlier. He seems lost, thankful he's still alive and unsure of what to do next.

The door jingles as someone enters, but Mason's back is facing the entryway. Footsteps get closer and then they stop.

MELANIE (O.S.)

Third time's the charm.

Mason turns around to face her.

MASON

This is your third time checking here for me? I'm... flattered.

Melanie gives him a sarcastic smile.

MASON (CONT'D)

Please, sit.

She does.

MELANIE

Where's the evidence?

MASON

At the top of the planet, in the bottom of the ocean. Am I under arrest?

MELANIE

I no longer carry that occupational entitlement.

MASON

You're not with Interpol anymore?

MELANIE

For years, the only things we knew about Niklas Klaus were his actions. We never knew where to find him. Always one step behind. I made quite a name for myself working on this case over the years, establishing the trust of my superiors. So you can imagine how pleased they were when I told them that I knew where to find Klaus, him and his entire crew. Then I'm sure you can also imagine how utterly disappointed they were when I led them to the correct coordinates, only to find some ice cubes and a fucking candy cane floating in the Arctic Ocean.

MASON

We had a little accident after you left.

MELANIE

I had fun with you, you know, at the party. That wasn't an act.

MASON

I had fun too.

MELANIE

I went back to the ship, giddy as a schoolgirl. I told Tobolik everything I saw. I was humiliated.

Melanie waits for Mason to speak, but he remains silent.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

I must commend you though, on your research capabilities. Finding out what I wanted for Christmas as a child - that was very, very good. The perfect con. Another one to add to your list. A story to tell at another lavish Christmas party.

MASON

(Giggles)

Honestly, Melanie.

(Starts to laugh uncontrollably)

Santa Claus?

Mason cannot stop laughing. Melanie becomes frustrated and embarrassed. Finally Mason catches his breath.

MASON (CONT'D)

We didn't have to do too much research. It was the night you arrested me, here, in the diner, that I knew we could pull it over you.

MELANIE

Oh?

MASON

All that bullshit about justice. I saw it in your eyes. That naiveté. I recognized it and then exploited it for all it was worth.

A tear wells up in Melanie's eye, although her face remains angry.

MASON (CONT'D)

Besides, you're a little con artist yourself, aren't you?

Melanie becomes confused.

MASON (CONT'D)

Had a little chat with your other rat, Little Man. Or should I say Leslie Draper. Yeah. Found out you were going to take me down too. Him, me, Klaus, Victor, everybody. Rom Duggan also made it pretty clear he wasn't going to be spending Christmas behind bars.

MELANIE

It's part of the job.

MASON

Exactly, and I did my job better. That's how it works sometimes.

MELANIE

I could have helped you. I would have helped you.

MASON

(Ignoring her)

And you're wrong, it wasn't the perfect con. The perfect con would have included never seeing your face again. But I guess that's what I get for not buying my coffee elsewhere. Then again, I don't have to worry about you chasing after me.

MELANIE

That's where you're wrong. While I was terminated and while the agent who replaced me doesn't know one shred of what is really going on within your organization, there is one thing you haven't accounted for.

MASON

What's that?

MELANIE

The resilience of vengeance.

MASON

(Rolls eyes)

Spare me.

Melanie lifts her legs onto the booth and slowly starts to lean her body over the table toward Mason.

MELANIE

You hurt me, Mr. Richter...

Melanie leans in closer and closer. Mason freezes, not knowing what to do.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

And now I'm going to make it my life's work to hurt you back in every possible way that I can.

Melanie kisses him on the lips. Before Mason can even fall out of her spell, Melanie is gone. Finally, he shrugs it off and continues to drink his coffee.

EXT. DINER — CONTINUOUS

Mason, freezing, flips his shirt collar up and folds his arms. An employee inside the diner flips the "Closed" sign over. Mason looks around for a bit and then starts walking out of the parking lot.

Suddenly headlights appear in the distance. A car pulls up to Mason. The car's color is a vibrant Christmas red. The passenger window rolls down, revealing that Victor is driving the car. Mason is dumbfounded.

VICTOR

Get in.

INT. VICTOR'S CAR — CONTINUOUS

Victor makes his way back onto the road.

MASON

Nice car. Should you be driving?

VICTOR

(Smiles)

I'm sober. How's your head?

MASON

Throbbing.

VICTOR

(Dialing number on cell phone)

The old man extends his apologies for that.

MASON

That's kind of him.

VICTOR  
(Handing Mason cell phone)  
Here, take this.

MASON  
Who is it?

Victor just waits for him to take it, so he does.

KLAUS  
(Phone)  
Hello?

MASON  
Hello?

KLAUS  
(Phone)  
Mason, is that you?

MASON  
Sure is.

KLAUS  
(Phone)  
Sorry for knocking you out and  
throwing you on that train. Had to  
make sure Interpol was off you.

MASON  
Victor already apologized for you,  
sir.

KLAUS  
(Phone)  
Ah, good man. Listen, there's  
something else I'm sorry for. I'm  
sorry you had to be trapped in that  
corner like that. I can't help but  
feel ultimately responsible. A  
man's got to look after his  
employees, especially ones that  
work as hard as you do.

MASON  
Thank you sir.

KLAUS  
(Phone)  
I can't go into details right now,  
but things are going to start  
changing. I need to know if I can  
count on you for the future.

MASON  
Yeah, absolutely.

KLAUS  
(Phone)  
Great. Victor will fill you in as  
much as he can. See you soon.

MASON  
All right, bye.

Mason hangs up the phone. The two sit in silence for a bit.

MASON (CONT'D)  
That's a shame about the reindeer.

VICTOR  
Nah, they're all fine. Turns out  
they still knew how to fly after  
all. Klaus has a guy watching them  
for him up in the Yukon.

Mason smiles.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Word on the trading floor is -  
we're all dead. So we shouldn't  
have to worry about being anyone's  
human shield, at least for the time  
being.

MASON  
Well that's good.  
(Beat)  
What ever happened to Leslie?

VICTOR  
Left him unconscious in a hotel  
room with a note telling him to  
watch his back. Stuck a hunk of  
cheese on the night table, the  
little rat.

Mason chuckles.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
The old man can't be killing  
people. It would ruin his  
reputation.

Mason chuckles some more.

MASON  
And the elves?

VICTOR  
Ah, no. They're all dead.

EXT. ROAD IN EDMONTON - CONTINUOUS

Victor cuts into the opposite lane in order to pass a car ahead of him.

INT. OTHER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Melanie is driving. She becomes slightly agitated by the other driver (whom she doesn't know is Victor) feeling the need to pass her. She tries to get a good look, but there is too much frost on her side window. By the time the car gets ahead of her however, she can see the license plate, which reads "MRYXMAS". It speeds away. Melanie smiles as she accelerates in order to keep up with it.

INT. VICTOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MASON  
So, where are we going?

VICTOR  
(Smiles)  
We'll have to stop somewhere and get you some swim trunks.

MASON  
Swim trunks?

EXT. BEACH IN VENEZUELA - NIGHT

Tiki torches illuminate waves coming in off the beach as well as Klaus, who reclines in a beach chair as he tosses his cell phone to someone beside him.

KLAUS  
Can you hand me another beer, Sigmund?

SIGMUND  
Sure thing Niklas.

Sigmund hands him a beer as Klaus pops a cigar in his mouth. Venezuelan guerilla soldiers stand all around them, throwing back beers and having a good time.



KLAUS  
(Lighting cigar)  
I could get used to this. Oh yeah,  
I could get used to this.

EXT. ROAD IN EDMONTON - NIGHT

Melanie continues to follow Mason and Victor in her car.

FADE OUT.

THE END