

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #308

"A Very Supernatural Christmas"

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PRODUCTION DRAFT - WHITE

09/28/07

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REVISION HISTORY

Revision	Date	Revised Pages
Production Draft - White	09/28/07	Full Script

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Episode #308

"A Very Supernatural Christmas"

CAST LIST

SAM WINCHESTER  
DEAN WINCHESTER

JARED PADALECKI  
JENSEN ACKLES

YOUNG SAM  
YOUNG DEAN

KOLIN FORD  
RIDGE CANIPE

STEVIE CARSON  
GRANDPA CARSON  
MELINDA WALSH  
GRIMY SANTA  
RONNIE  
CHEERY ELF  
JIMMY CALDWELL  
JODIE CALDWELL \*  
MR. SILER  
MADGE CARRIGAN  
EDWARD CARRIGAN  
MOLLY JOHNSON

ZAK LUWIG  
DON MACKAY

CONNOR LEVINS

SPENCER GARRETT

\* Replaced:

JODIE CALDWELL replaces CINDY CALDWELL

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SUPERNATURAL  
"A Very Supernatural Christmas"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CARSON HOUSE - NIGHT (DAY 1)

1 \*

**SUPER: Seattle, Washington. Christmas Eve. One Year Ago.**

A picture-perfect house smothered in glorious Christmas Technicolor. TREE alight, FIRE roaring, STOCKINGS over the hearth, etc. The DOORBELL rings and STEVIE CARSON, 7, tears into the foyer to answer the door. It's his grandfather, GRANDPA CARSON. Stevie bear hugs him. \*

STEVIE  
Merry Christmas, Grandpa!

GRANDPA  
Hey! Merry Christmas, Stevie.

STEVIE  
Did you bring me any presents?

GRANDPA  
(feigning confusion)  
Now why would I do that?

STEVIE  
'Cause it's Christmas!

GRANDPA  
I thought Santa Claus brought the presents on Christmas.  
(Stevieshrugs)  
You have been a good boy this year, haven't you?

STEVIE  
I have! I swear!

GRANDPA  
Then who knows? Maybe he'll come.  
(then)  
Those chocolate chip cookies I smell?

Stevie pulls Grandpa toward the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

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1 CONTINUED: 1

STEVIE  
Mom! Grandpa's here!

2 INT. CARSON HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT 2

The Christmas tree is dark, the house is quiet. Suddenly, the TWINKLE LIGHTS on the tree TURN ON. The room is suddenly bathed in a warm glow, REVEALING GRANDPA, wearing a full-on SANTA SUIT and affixing the BEARD to his chin with a smile (so we get a good look at his face before he disguises himself). He holds a SACK full of PRESENTS. \*

Grandpa looks mischievously to the bedrooms above as he RINGS a SLEIGH BELL in his hand. Then he begins laying PRESENTS around the tree. \*

Sure enough, seconds later, Stevie appears at the top of the stairs in REINDEER JAMMIES. He sits on the top step. \*

Stevie sees Santa/Grandpa and his eyes go wide as saucers.

STEVIE  
(whispered awe)  
Santa!

Grandpa smiles to himself, lays more PRESENTS round the tree.

Then... THUMP. A SOUND on the ROOF. Stevie looks toward the ceiling, even more excited.

STEVIE  
Reindeer!

Grandpa, however, isn't so sure. He looks to the ceiling. Frowns. What was that... the wind?

A beat.

He shrugs it off, pulls another PRESENT from his sack... and then sees SOMETHING. He freezes.

SOOT drizzles from the chimney into the fireplace.

Okay... now Grandpa's weirded out. What is that?

Grandpa warily approaches the chimney. He gets down on all fours... pokes his head beneath the flue for a better look... we draw this out for maximum suspense...

... when suddenly TWO FILTHY HANDS dart down from the chimney, grab his head and YANK HIM UPWARDS!

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA SCREAMS! He disappears, HOWLING in pain, up the chimney. Maybe we hear the CRACK of bones. Anyway, it's fucking awful.

A dust-settling beat.

Off Stevie, not quite comprehending what he's just seen.

STEVIE

Santa...?

BLACKOUT!

END OF TEASER

COPY COPY COPY COPY COPY

ACT ONE

3 EXT. WALSH HOUSE - DAY (DAY 2)

3 \*

Another home dripping with Christmas decor. MELINDA WALSH, 30s, stands on her front steps--

(NOTE: WE CLOCK a DISTINCTIVE WREATH on her FRONT DOOR that we don't pay much attention to.)

**SUPER: One Year Later. December 22. Ypsilanti, Michigan.**

MELINDA

I was already in bed, Mike was  
downstairs decorating the tree.  
There was this thump on the roof...  
and then I heard Mike scream...  
(just unbelievable)  
And now I'm talking to the FBI.

REVEAL DEAN. In jacket and tie.

DEAN

And you didn't see any of it?

MELINDA

No. He was just... gone.

DEAN

And your doors were locked? No  
forced entry? \*

MELINDA \*

That's right. \*

DEAN \*

Does anyone else have a key? \*

MELINDA

My parents.

DEAN

Where do they live?

MELINDA

(dry)  
Florida.

Just then... SAM exits the front door, joins them.

SAM

Thanks for letting me look around,  
Mrs. Walsh. We're all set.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN  
We'll be in touch.

As Sam and Dean head down the front walk--

MELINDA  
Agents?  
(they pivot)  
The police said this could be a kidnapping.

DEAN  
Could be.

MELINDA  
Then why haven't the kidnappers called? Or demanded a ransom?  
(choking up)  
It's three days to Christmas. What am I supposed to tell our daughter? \*

Sam and Dean aren't sure how to respond.

SAM  
We're very sorry.

Melinda nods. Heads back into the house. Sam and Dean continue to the curb. Speaking so no one overhears--

DEAN  
Find anything?

SAM  
Stockings, mistletoe... and this...

Sam holds out a cupped hand.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND. A BLOODY MOLAR.

DEAN  
Where was it?

SAM  
The chimney.

DEAN  
What? But no way a man fits up there. It's too narrow. \*

SAM  
No way he fits in one piece. \*

Dean contemplates this--

DEAN  
Huh. So if Dad went out the chimney...?

SAM  
(finishing the thought)  
--then what dragged him up there?

Off the boys, wondering just that.

4 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 4

Sam works on the laptop. He's surrounded by RESEARCH. Dean enters.

DEAN  
So? Was I right? Serial-killing chimney sweep?

SAM  
Yeah... it was Dick Van Dyke.

Dean starts to chuckle... then stops.

DEAN  
Who's that?

SAM  
Mary Poppins?

DEAN  
(a beat)  
Who's that?

SAM  
Never mind.

DEAN  
So, turns out Walsh is the second guy in town grabbed out of his house this month... \*

SAM  
Yeah? Other guy go up the chimney too?

DEAN  
Dunno. But witnesses heard a thump on the roof.  
(then)  
Any idea what the hell we're dealing with here?

SAM

Well...  
(here goes nothing)  
... an idea...

DEAN

What?

SAM

It's gonna sound crazy.

DEAN

What could possibly sound crazy to me?

SAM

Evil Santa?

DEAN

(a beat)  
You're crazy.

SAM

I'm just saying, some version of an anti-Claus shows up in every culture. Belsnickel, Krampus, Black Peter... whatever you call it, there's tons of lore.

CLOSE ON: Sam's research. Period WOOD CUTS and ILLUSTRATIONS of the aforementioned creatures.

DEAN

Saying what?

SAM

Saying back in the day, Santa's brother went rogue. Now he shows up around Christmas, but instead of bringing presents, he punishes the wicked.

DEAN

By hauling their asses up the chimney.

SAM

For starters, yeah.

DEAN

(takes a beat)  
So, this is your theory? Santa's shady brother?

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
I'm just saying, that's what the  
lore says.

DEAN  
But... how can he have a brother?  
There's no Santa. \*

SAM  
(pointed)  
Yeah. I know. You're the one who  
told me that in the first place,  
remember? \*

Dean remembers... and it's not a pleasant memory. They stare  
each other down for a moment.

SAM  
Look, I'm probably wrong. I gotta  
be wrong. \*

DEAN  
Maybe. Maybe not.

SAM  
What do you mean?

DEAN  
I did some digging. Both victims  
visited the same place before they  
were snatched. \*

SAM  
Where?

5 EXT. SANTA'S VILLAGE - DAY 5

Sam and Dean walk beneath a HAND PAINTED ARCHWAY which reads  
"Welcome to Santa's Village".

Santa's Village is a fairly honky-tonk seasonal set-up on a  
local farm. Read: County Fair Cheap. A few wood-post candy  
canes; a few sheds, labeled with signs like "SANTA'S POST  
OFFICE," "REINDEER SHED," etc... PIMPLY-FACED TEENAGED  
ELVES... and no snow. In fact, Santa's Village is a  
little... brown.

Sam and Dean take in the Archway and decorations with weirded-  
out expressions.

DEAN  
Does kinda lend credence to the  
theory, don't it?

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
Yeah, but... Anti-Claus? It can't  
be... can it?

DEAN  
Hey. It's a Christmas miracle.

Beat. Dean's been meaning to bring something up.

DEAN  
You know, speaking of, I've been  
thinking. We should have one this  
year.

SAM  
Have what?

DEAN  
Christmas.

Sam absorbs that for a beat. He can't think of a worse idea.

SAM  
I don't think so.

DEAN  
A good, old fashioned holiday. A  
tree. Some Boston Market. Like  
when we were little. \*

SAM  
Those aren't exactly Hallmark  
memories for me. \*

DEAN  
We had some great Christmases. \*

SAM  
I'm sorry, what childhood are we  
talking about here?

DEAN  
Sammy, come on...

SAM  
Look, just... no, thanks. Okay?

DEAN  
(after a beat)  
Grinch.

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5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

As they walk, Sam fixes on a PLASTIC REINDEER. As they move past it, WE PUSH IN ON THE REINDEER...

MATCH CUT TO:

6 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CHRISTMAS EVE - 1991 - FLASHBACK (FB D1) 6 \*

A CARTOON REINDEER frolics in the snow on the TV. YOUNG DEAN, 12, peers anxiously outside the motel room window. Behind him, YOUNG SAM, 8, eagerly (and messily) wraps an UNSEEN PRESENT with NEWSPAPER.

**SUPER: Broken Bow, Nebraska. Christmas Eve, 1991.**

YOUNG DEAN  
(re: the present)  
What is that?

YOUNG SAM  
Present for Dad.

YOUNG DEAN  
Yeah, right. Where'd you get the money? You steal it?

YOUNG SAM  
No! Uncle Bobby gave it to me to give to him. Said it was real special.

YOUNG DEAN  
What is it?

YOUNG SAM  
A pony.

YOUNG DEAN  
Very funny.

Young Dean picks up a CLASSIC CAR MAGAZINE and starts leafing through it.

YOUNG SAM  
Dad's gonna be here, right?

YOUNG DEAN  
He'll be here.

YOUNG SAM  
But it's Christmas!

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG DEAN  
He knows, and he'll be here. I  
promise.

YOUNG SAM  
Where is he, anyway?

YOUNG DEAN  
On business.

YOUNG SAM  
What kind of business?

YOUNG DEAN  
You know that. He sells stuff.

YOUNG SAM  
What kind of stuff?

YOUNG DEAN  
Stuff.

YOUNG SAM  
Nobody ever tells me anything.

YOUNG DEAN  
(genial)  
Then you should quit asking.

A moment. Young Sam picks at the wrapping of Dad's Present. \*

YOUNG SAM  
Is Dad a spy?

YOUNG DEAN  
Yeah. He's James Bond.

YOUNG SAM  
Why do we move around so much?

YOUNG DEAN  
(getting annoyed)  
'Cause everywhere we go they get  
sick of your face.

YOUNG SAM  
I'm old enough, Dean. You can tell  
me the truth.

YOUNG DEAN  
You don't want to know the truth.  
Believe me.

A long moment. Young Sam chooses his next words carefully.

YOUNG SAM  
... is that why we never talk about  
Mom?

YOUNG DEAN  
(angry now)  
Shut up! Don't you ever talk about  
Mom! Ever!

Young Dean grabs his jacket. Heads for the door.

YOUNG SAM  
Wait! Where are you going?

YOUNG DEAN  
Out.

Dean leaves, slams the door shut behind him.

Off Young Sam, sitting on the bed, wondering what hell he  
just did that was so bad...

MATCH CUT TO:

7 EXT. SANTA'S VILLAGE - DAY - PRESENT DAY (RESUME DAY 2) 7 \*

CLOSE ON: SAM. Remembering.

Meanwhile, Dean takes in the decidedly brown, muddy  
surroundings.

DEAN  
You know, for the ten bucks it cost  
to get in here, you'd think Santa  
could scrounge up a little snow.

Sam snaps out of it.

SAM  
Sorry, what?

DEAN  
Nevermind. What exactly are we  
looking for, anyway?

SAM  
Lore says the anti-Clause walks  
with a limp and smells like sweets.

DEAN  
We chasing Pimp Santa? Why sweets?

(CONTINUED)



SAM

Smell like candy, the kids come close.

DEAN

Okay. That's creepy.

(then)

How's this thing know who's been naughty and who's been nice?

SAM

Don't know.

DEAN

(looking ahead)

Actually. Maybe we do.

The boys have arrived at Santa's Court. A LINE OF KIDS wait eagerly to sit on Santa's lap. Santa, in this case, is a dodgy-looking guy we'll call GRIMY SANTA.

Grimy Santa sits on a THRONE. A little boy, RONNIE, sits on his lap. Grimy Santa creepily strokes Ronnie's back and looks deep into his eyes.

GRIMY SANTA

So, Ronnie... have you been a good little boy?

Ronnie nods yes. Grimy Santa cracks a creepy smile.

GRIMY SANTA

Oh, I've got a special present for you.

Dean and Sam exchange looks. Could be our guy. Just as a cheery female ELF, 17, steps in front of them.

CHEERY ELF

Welcome to Santa's Court! Can I escort your child to Santa?

DEAN

Oh, no. My brother. Sorta been a lifelong dream of his.

CHEERY ELF

(to Sam)

Aw, I'm sorry... no kids older than twelve.

7

SAM

That's okay... he's joking. We  
just want to watch.

The Teenaged Elf shoots a questioning look at Dean, who just  
shrugs -- "don't look at me". She looks at Sam in disgust. \*

CHEERY ELF

Ew.

Cheery Elf takes off. Dean loves it.

SAM

(calling after her)  
Not what I meant!  
(to Dean)  
Thanks for that.

DEAN

Check it out.

Grimy Santa has stepped off his throne and now walks past  
them. He moves with a distinctive limp.

DEAN

You seeing this?

SAM

Lots of people limp... right?

DEAN

Tell me you didn't smell that.  
That was candy, man.

SAM

Dude. That was Ripple.  
(unsure)  
I think. Had to be.

DEAN

Maybe. We gonna take that chance?

Off Sam, wondering: is there really an anti-Claus?

8

EXT. SANTA'S VILLAGE - GRIMY SANTA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

8

Santa's Village is long-closed for the night and the farm is  
still. The boys stake out the old TRAILER where Grimy Santa  
lives for the season. We see him PASS a lit window. Dean  
stifles a yawn. Sam passes him a thermos.

SAM

Caffeinate.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
What time is it?

SAM  
Same as the last time you asked.

Dean tries to pour himself some coffee... it's empty.

DEAN  
Wonderful.  
(after a moment)  
Sam.

SAM  
Yeah?

DEAN  
Why are you the Boy Who Hated  
Christmas?

SAM  
Dean--

DEAN  
Okay, I admit-- maybe we had a few  
bumpy holidays when we were kids... \*

SAM  
("understatement")  
Bumpy?

DEAN  
But that was then-- we'll do it up  
right this year. \*

SAM  
Look, you wanna have Christmas,  
knock yourself out. Just leave me  
out of it.

DEAN  
That'll be fun. Me and myself can  
make cranberry molds.

ANGLE ON: Grimy Santa's Trailer. Grimy Santa appears at a  
window, peers warily outside, then draws the curtains tight.

ANGLE ON: The boys, who throw each other a look.

DEAN  
What's up with St. Nicotine?

Just then... A SCREAM SOUNDS from inside the trailer. The boys draw guns (keeping them behind their backs, mostly... cautious, smartly concealed) and move to the front door.

As they do, Sam looks at Dean, wry smile on his face.

DEAN  
(whispering)  
Something funny?

SAM  
Sort of. Mr. Gung-Ho Christmas is  
about to blow away Santa.

Dean shoots Sam a fake smile--"Ha, ha, not funny, asshole."

9 INT. GRIMY SANTA'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS 9

They THROW OPEN the unlocked trailer door, and the boys (again, guns tucked behind their backs) step in to see:

Grimy Santa sits on his sofa, in WIFE-BEATER and SANTA PANTS, sucking mightily from a 3-FOOT BONG... while watching a CHRISTMAS-THEMED PORNO MOVIE playing on the TV. Which was obviously the source of the SCREAM.

The guy's a pig, but not evil.

Grimy Santa notices them and freaks.

GRIMY SANTA  
The hell are you doing here!

Well... this is awkward. Neither brother knows what to say. And then, haltingly, Dean begins to sing.

DEAN  
Silent night, Holy Night...

Sam looks at Dean like he's crazy. Dean shoots a look back-- "start singing, crapwad". And Sam does.

SAM AND DEAN  
All is well, all is bright...

They're horrible, they HUM some of the words, Dean keeps sneaking peeks at the porn... but Grimy Santa buys it. He lounges back, expels an enormous cloud of smoke and enjoys.

10 INT. CALDWELL HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 10

As "Silent Night" (a good, haunting version) continues to play, THE CAMERA FIXES ON THE CEILING of the second floor hallway... when a LOUD THUMP SOUNDS on the ROOF.

THE CAMERA TILTS DOWN to PICK UP JIMMY CALDWELL, 8 years old, emerging from his bedroom and staring up at the ceiling, hoping against hope...

11 INT. CALDWELL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 11

Jimmy pitter-patters into the living room, wipes the sleep from his eyes. He stops in the middle of the room, looks around. The tree is dark, all is quiet. Dang, must have been a false alarm. He turns to head back upstairs... when he spots--

The Fireplace. SOOT drifts down from the flue... as if SOMETHING were coming down the chimney. Jimmy steps a few paces closer, his eyes grow wide. Is that...? Could it really be...?

JIMMY

Santa? You're early...

CLOSE ON JIMMY. As we hear an O.S. THUMP, as something is clearly coming out of the fireplace. Jimmy's expression changes from delight to horror... as a DARK FIGURE WIPES foreground frame... past Jimmy... heading for the steps...

12 INT. CALDWELL HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT 12

ANGLE ON: JIMMY'S PARENTS' BEDROOM DOOR. PICK UP ON a PAIR of GROSS, BLOODY, FUR-TINGED, LEATHERY BOOTS (think a primal version of Santa boots, the only part of the creature we see for now) moving into the Parents' Bedroom. The door closes. \*  
A moment later, SCREAMS OF HORROR sound from inside.

The door opens... out come those BOOTS... now dragging a LARGE, TWITCHING LEATHER SACK...

ANGLE ON: THE STAIRWAY. The BOOTS move downstairs... dragging the sack behind... THUNK... THUNK...

13 INT. CALDWELL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 13

ANGLE ON: JIMMY. Gobsmeaked, as this THING moves past him (again, it's just a shape in the foreground) toward the chimney... and then suddenly stops as...

A FILTHY HAND reaches out... Jimmy freezes as the hand moves toward his neck... he holds his breath...

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13

then the hand moves past Jimmy... to snatch a red and green-jimmied CHRISTMAS TREE COOKIE from a bowl... and eats it O.S.  
Crunch. Crunch.

Off frightened little Jimmy Caldwell, dumbstruck--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT ONE

COPY COPY COPY COPY COPY

ACT TWO

14 INT. CALDWELL HOUSE - DAY (DAY 3) 14 \*

Sam and Dean, again pretexting as FBI agents, interview JODIE CALDWELL. Jodie is the wife of the man taken the night before and she's hurting. She's also got a bruise on her cheek, or maybe a black eye. \*

JODIE \*

I guess there was a thump on the roof or something, that's what my son says. All I know is I was asleep... and suddenly Al's being dragged out of bed.

SAM

Did you see the attacker?

JODIE \*

(shakes her head, no)  
It was dark, and he... he hit me. Knocked me out.

DEAN

How's your son hanging in there?

JODIE \*

Besides thinking Santa Claus dragged his daddy up the chimney? Swell.

DEAN

I'm sorry. I know this is hard.

JODIE \*

(softening)  
It's not your fault. It's just, all you boys coming through here with all your questions, be nice if one of you had an answer.

They let this settle for a beat. Then Sam happens to glance over Jodie's shoulder, sees something. Reacts. \*

SAM

Excuse me, Mrs. Caldwell? Where'd you get that wreath over the fireplace?

Jodie returns Sam's question with a disbelieving glare. \*

(CONTINUED)

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JODIE \*  
Excuse me?

SAM  
Just... curious.

Sam looks to Dean-- "what'd I say?"

15 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 15

Dean and Sam enter the motel room--

DEAN  
Wreaths, huh? Sure you didn't want  
to ask about her shoes? I noticed  
some sweet handbags in the foyer.

SAM  
We've seen that wreath before.

DEAN  
Where?

SAM  
The Walshes. Yesterday.

Dean takes a beat. Covering--

DEAN  
I know. I was just testing you.

TIME CUT TO:

16 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 16

Sam is on the phone. Dean stands by.

SAM  
(on phone)  
Yeah, okay... keep looking, would  
you? Thanks, Bobby.  
(he disconnects)  
Well, it's not the anti-Claus.

DEAN  
Why? What'd Bobby say?

SAM  
That we're morons.  
(then)  
He also said those wreaths were  
probably made of Meadowsweet.

(CONTINUED)



DEAN

Wow. Amazing. What's Meadowsweet?

SAM

Pretty rare-- and pretty much the most powerful plant in Pagan lore.

DEAN

Pagan lore?

SAM

They used Meadowsweet in human sacrifices. It was like chum to their gods. The gods were drawn to it, snacked on the nearest human.

DEAN

So why the hell is somebody using it to make Christmas wreaths?

SAM

It's not as crazy as it sounds. Pretty much every Christmas tradition is Pagan.

DEAN

But... Christmas is Jesus's birthday.

SAM

Nah, Jesus was probably born in the fall. It was the Winter Solstice Festival that was co-opted by the Church, re-named Christmas. But the yule log, the tree, Santa's red suit... all remnants of Pagan worship.

DEAN

Jeez, Sam, why don't you just tell me the Easter Bunny's Jewish?

SAM

Actually, Easter Bunny's a Pagan fertility symbol.

DEAN

Debbie. Downer.

(then)

So... we dealing with a Pagan God here or what?

SAM

Yep. Probably "Hold Nickar." God of the Winter Solstice.

DEAN

And all these Martha Stewart wannabes buying these fancy wreaths...

SAM

They're pretty much hanging neon signs on their front doors saying, 'Come Kill Us', yeah.

(then)

And when you sacrifice to Hold Nickar, guess what he gives you in return?

DEAN

Lapdances... hopefully?

SAM

Mild weather.

DEAN

Like no snow in the middle of December... in the middle of Michigan.

SAM

For instance.

And that pretty much settles it.

DEAN

We know how to kill it yet?

SAM

Bobby's working on it. But I found the one place in town that sells these wreaths.

DEAN

You think they're selling 'em on purpose? Feeding victims to this thing?

SAM

Let's find out.

17

INT. CRAFT STORE - DAY

17

If evil lurks here... it's hiding behind a reindeer tea cozy. This place is all CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS and DRIED FLOWERS. Sam and Dean enter. A no-nonsense man, MR. SILER, 40s, stands at the counter.

MR. SILER  
Help you, boys?

DEAN  
Hope so. We were playing Jenga over at the Walshes the other night, and he hasn't shut up since about this Christmas wreath they had.  
(to Sam)  
Tell the man.

Sam has no choice but to play along. With a slow burn--

SAM  
It was yummy.

Mr. Siler eyes the boys for a beat.

MR. SILER  
I sell a lot of wreaths, guys.

SAM  
Yeah, but this one was really special. Green leaves, white buds. I think it's Meadowsweet...?

Mr. Siler gives Sam a long, deadpan look. Beat.

MR. SILER  
(dry as hell)  
Well. Aren't you a fussy one.

DEAN  
(stifles a grin)  
He is.

MR. SILER  
Anyway, I know the one you're talking about. We're all out.

Dean steps forward. A POINTED BEAT of SUSPICION here--

DEAN

So I guess this Meadowsweet stuff's rare, pretty expensive. So why use it in the wreaths? \*

MR. SILER

Beats me. I didn't make 'em.

Oh. Maybe this guy's innocent.

DEAN

Oh. Then... who did? \*

MR. SILER

Madge Carrigan. Local lady. Said the wreaths were so special, she'd give 'em to me for free.

The boys exchange looks. That's odd.

SAM

She didn't charge you?

MR. SILER

Nope.

DEAN

Did you sell them for free?

MR. SILER

Hell, no. It's Christmas. People pay a buttload for this crap.

DEAN

(takes a beat)

That's the spirit.

18 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

18

Sam and Dean walk in the door.

DEAN

So, whaddya think? Some woman giving away thousand dollar wreaths for free?

SAM

I think it's suspicious, that's what I think.

As Sam moves past him to sit at the laptop, Dean decides to make another go. He puts on a smile.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN  
Remember that one wreath Dad  
brought home?

SAM  
What, the one he stole? From the  
liquor store?

DEAN  
It was made of beer cans, it was  
sweet.  
(then, pointed)  
I'm sure if I looked hard enough, I  
could find one just like it...

Sam finally wants to get to the bottom of this--

SAM  
Alright. Dude. What's up with  
you?

DEAN  
What?

SAM  
Since when are you Bing Crosby, all  
of a sudden? Why do you wanna have  
Christmas so bad?

DEAN  
Why are you so against it? Your  
childhood memories that traumatic? \*

SAM  
It has nothing to do with that.

DEAN  
Then what?

SAM  
(evasive)  
Look... I don't get it. You  
haven't brought up Christmas in  
years.

Dean struggles a beat before--

DEAN  
Yeah, but... this is my last  
year...

Sam takes a long beat. This is hard for him too.

18

SAM

Exactly.

(long beat)

That's... that's why I can't do it.

DEAN

What do you mean?

SAM

I... I can't sit around, drinking  
egg nog with you, pretending  
nothing's wrong, knowing that by  
next Christmas you'll be dead. I  
just... I can't.

Dean gives his brother a long, emotional look. Sam doesn't  
know what else to say...

CLOSE ON SAM. As we--

MATCH CUT TO:

19

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CHRISTMAS EVE - 1991 - FLASHBACK (FB D1) 19 \*

YOUNG SAM. Watches TV. Young Dean enters with BAG OF FOOD.

YOUNG SAM

Thought you went out.

Young Dean tosses Young Sam some BEEF JERKY.

YOUNG DEAN

Yeah. To get you dinner.

(tossing him FUNIONS)

Don't forget your vegetables.

Young Sam leaves the food untouched. Young Dean tears into  
his.

YOUNG SAM

I know why you keep a gun under  
your pillow.

YOUNG DEAN

No, you don't. And stay out of my  
stuff.

YOUNG SAM

And I know why we lay salt down  
everywhere we go.

YOUNG DEAN

No, you don't, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

Young Sam pulls SOMETHING out from behind his back. He drops it on the bedside table between them. It's DAD'S JOURNAL.

YOUNG DEAN  
Where'd you get that? That's  
Dad's! He is gonna kick your ass  
for reading that!

But Young Sam doesn't flinch.

YOUNG SAM  
Are monsters real?

YOUNG DEAN  
What? You're crazy.

YOUNG SAM  
Tell me.

A long moment follows. Young Dean sighs. The jig is up.

YOUNG DEAN  
I swear if you ever tell Dad I told  
you any of this I will end you.

YOUNG SAM  
Promise.

YOUNG DEAN  
Okay. The first thing you have to  
know is, we have the coolest Dad in  
the world.  
(then)  
He's a superhero.

Young Sam blinks, wavers between suspicion... and hope.

YOUNG SAM  
He is?

YOUNG DEAN  
Yeah. Monsters are real, Sam. Dad  
fights 'em. He's fighting 'em  
right now.

YOUNG SAM  
(a beat)  
But Dad told me the monsters under  
my bed weren't real.

YOUNG DEAN

That's 'cause he'd already checked  
under there. But they're real.  
Almost everything's real.

\*  
\*

YOUNG SAM

(a beat)  
Is Santa real?

\*

YOUNG DEAN

(simply)  
No.

Young Sam takes a moment to process all that Dean has just  
dropped on him. It scares the hell out of him.

YOUNG SAM

If monsters are real... they can  
get us. They can get me.

YOUNG DEAN

No, Dad's not gonna let them get  
you.

YOUNG SAM

But what if they get him!?

YOUNG DEAN

They're not gonna get Dad. Dad's  
like the best.

YOUNG SAM

But-- Dad's book says they got Mom.

That floors Dean for a sec. What to say to that?

YOUNG DEAN

It's complicated, Sam.

YOUNG SAM

But if they got Mom they can get  
Dad. And if they can get Dad, they  
can get us!

\*

YOUNG DEAN

It's not like that... Dad's fine.  
We're fine. Trust me.

But it's too late. Young Sam's mind swims with all the  
horrible things that could befall Dad... and them. His eyes  
well up with tears, he turns from Young Dean to hide it.



YOUNG DEAN  
Hey. You okay?

YOUNG SAM  
(fighting it)  
Yeah.

YOUNG DEAN  
You know Dad's okay, right? And  
he's gonna be here for Christmas.  
Just like he always is.

\*  
\*

YOUNG SAM  
Uh huh. I just wanna go to sleep,  
okay?

Young Sam lays his head on his pillow, facing away from Dean.  
Tears stream down his cheeks. Young Dean feels awful for the  
terrible weight he's just loaded on Young Sam's shoulders.

YOUNG DEAN  
(softly)  
It'll all be better when you wake  
up, Sam. You'll see.  
(a beat, with purpose)  
Promise.

Off the two brothers, one sobbing quietly, the other feeling  
like crap... both wondering just one thing: where's Dad?

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20 EXT. CARRIGAN HOUSE - DAY - PRESENT (DAY 4)

20 \*

Just the most-perfect little house you've ever seen. A MOTORIZED SANTA CLAUS on the front lawn waves blankly at passers-by. A hand-painted sign on the mailbox reads, "The Carrigans". Sam and Dean walk up the path to the front door.

DEAN

So, this is where Mrs. Wreath lives? Can't you just feel that evil Pagan vibe?

Sam KNOCKS on the front door. After a moment, the door opens to REVEAL MADGE CARRIGAN, 40s. Sweater-set, pearls... she's about as evil as skim milk. The only thing just a little bit off about her is the huge smile permanently glazed across her face.

MADGE

Yes?

Dean flashes his most-winning smile.

DEAN

Please tell me you're the Madge Carrigan who makes the Meadowsweet wreaths.

MADGE

Why, yes.

Dean shoots a triumphant look at Sam.

DEAN

Bingo.

SAM

Ma'am, we were just admiring your wreaths in Mr. Siler's place the other day.

As Sam speaks, Dean casually peeks over Madge's shoulder into her living room. What he sees is disgustingly sweet: HUMMEL FIGURINES, BOUGHS OF HOLLY, SUGAR COOKIES, etc.

MADGE

You were? Isn't that Meadowsweet just the finest smelling thing you've ever smelled?

SAM

It is. Unfortunately, your wreaths sold out before we got a chance to buy one.

MADGE

Oh, fudge.

DEAN

You wouldn't happen to have another one you could sell us, would you?

MADGE

I'm afraid those were the only ones I had this season.

DEAN

Tell me-- why'd you decide to make 'em with Meadowsweet?

MADGE

Why, the smell, of course. I don't think I've ever smelled anything finer.

Sam looks to Dean... is something a little off here?

SAM

Yeah... you mentioned that.

EDWARD (O.S.)

What's going on, honey?

Madge's husband, EDWARD CARRIGAN, appears by her side. CARDIGAN SWEATER, WOOD PIPE. Except he's got that same unnatural smile.

MADGE

Just some nice boys asking about my wreaths, dear.

EDWARD

Oh, the wreaths are fine. Fine wreaths.

Mr. Carrigan brandishes A TIN OF CHRISTMAS SWEETS.

EDWARD

Peanut brittle?

Sam and Dean stand there, exchanging weird looks. Long beat. \*

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20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

SAM  
We're good. \*

21 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY 21 \*

Dean sits on his bed and sharpens a PILE OF EVERGREEN STAKES with a HUNTING KNIFE. Sam sits in front of his laptop.

SAM  
(re: computer)  
I knew it. Something was way off with those two.

DEAN  
What'd you find?

SAM  
The Carrigans lived in Seattle last year-- where two abductions took place around Christmas. They moved here in January.

(then)  
And all that Christmas crap in their house? Those weren't boughs of holly. That was Vervain and Mint.

DEAN  
Pagan stuff?

SAM  
Serious Pagan stuff.

DEAN  
What? Ozzie and Harriet keeping the Pagan God under the plastic-covered couch?

SAM  
All I know is, we have to check them out.  
(re: the stakes)  
So Bobby's sure? Evergreen stakes will kill this thing?

Dean grips a STAKE with DEADLY MENACE.

DEAN  
He's sure.

22 INT. CARRIGAN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - THAT NIGHT 22

The FRONT DOOR CLICKS, as a lock is picked... Sam and Dean slip into the house, holding the EVERGREEN STAKES. They move, stealth and silent, into--

23 INT. CARRIGAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 23

The room is dark. The Carrigans seem to be elsewhere.

Sam and Dean enter the room, look around. Sure enough, a PLASTIC COVERED SOFA. Dean pokes it with his finger.

DEAN

See? Plastic.

They keep scouring the room... past the Hummel figurines, the row of decorative Princess Diana plates... and of course, the Christmas TREE... all done in that beautifully tacky, Middle America way...

When Sam finds something... a DOOR against the wall...

SAM

Check it out.

CLOSE ON. The door is CLEARLY BOLTED, with a couple HEAVY DUTY LOCKS along the edge.

The boys exchange looks. Bolted doors are always suspicious.

Sam gets to work, quickly picking the basement door lock.

24 INT. CARRIGAN HOUSE - HIDDEN BASEMENT - NIGHT 24

Sam and Dean carefully descend the steps, taking in--

A dark, dank unfinished basement. Damp, dirt floors, unfinished walls, shadowy crevices leading who-knows-where... and BONES. HUMAN BONES. And not the bleached, sun-baked kind. Gristly, half-gnawed, blood-stained BONES.

Sam and Dean pick their way through the darkness, stakes raised, grimacing at the stench.

Sam takes out a small MAG-LITE, it lands on... what is that?

Hanging on a hook... a RED, LEATHERY JACKET. As if skinned from an animal with a dull knife. Fur lined. It's red because it's stained with blood.

Sam touches it, wipes his hand.

Then Dean swings his flashlight beam to--

A HUGE, LEATHERY SACK. The bottom of it wet with BLOOD. Bulging with... who knows? Dean approaches, carefully unlooses the drawstrings, looks inside... and immediately recoils. What he just saw, it's too gnarly for words.

Sam spots ANOTHER ONE. In a corner. He moves closer to inspect, reaches for the drawstrings when, suddenly, the SACK TWITCHES! Jump Scare! Sam stumbles back. Holy Shit!

In fact, he stumbles back-- right into MADGE CARRIGAN! He pivots, but she GRIPS him by the throat. Sam STRUGGLES, but she's impossibly strong!

DEAN

Sam!

Dean steps forward, but two HANDS GRAB him from behind-- REVEAL Edward Carrigan-- who shoves Dean face first into a wall or pillar, knocking him out. We should wince. Ouch.

Madge gives Sam a disappointed look. Edward steps behind her.

MADGE

Gosh, I wish you boys hadn't come down here.

Both Edward's and Madge's FACES TWIST into something UGLY and INHUMAN.

She BACKHANDS SAM-- a neck-snapper, something that would knock him COLD. On BRUTAL IMPACT, we--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

25 INT. CARRIGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

25

Sam and Dean stir awake to the YULETIDE CROONINGS of BING CROSBY on the RADIO. They're bound to chairs and seated at a FARM TABLE in the Carrigan's kitchen.

The table is decorated with a mash-up of pagan ritual objects (ANIMAL JAWBONES, MISTLETOE, GARLANDS) and Christmas goodies (JELL-O MOLDS, CRANBERRY SLICES, PECAN PRALINES). In all, the whole tableau is a kind of PAGAN ALTAR.

As ANGRY WHISPERS SOUND from another room, Dean raises his head.

SAM

You okay?

DEAN

Yeah. I think.

SAM

So. Guess it's Mr. and Mrs. God.  
Nice to know.

The WHISPERS STOP. FOOTSTEPS. And, suddenly, Madge and Edward (faces back to normal) loom over the boys. Madge wears PEARLS and a BLINKING RUDOLPH PIN. Edward wears a SNOWFLAKE SWEATER and sucks on his beloved PIPE. Both wear strained smiles.

\*

MADGE

And here we thought you lazy bones  
were going to sleep straight  
through the fun stuff.

DEAN

And miss all this? Nah. We're  
partiers.

EDWARD

(to Madge)  
Isn't he a kick in the pants?  
(to Dean)  
You're Hunters.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN

And you're pagan gods. So whaddya  
say we call this a draw and go our  
separate ways?

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

So you can bring back more Hunters  
and kill us? I don't think so.

\*  
\*

SAM

Yeah, well, maybe you should have  
thought of that before you went  
snacking on people.

EDWARD

Now, now, don't get all wet.

\*

MADGE

Why, we used to take over a hundred  
tributes a year, and that's a fact!  
Now what do we take? Two? Three?

\*  
\*

EDWARD

Hardy Boys here make five.

\*

MADGE

Still. That's not so bad, is it?

\*

DEAN

You know, put it that way, you're  
the Cunninghams.

Edward picks up a mean-looking knife.

EDWARD

You, young man, should show some  
respect.

SAM

Or what? You'll eat us?

EDWARD

Not so fast. There's rituals to be  
followed first.

\*  
\*

MADGE

We're just sticklers for ritual.

\*  
\*

EDWARD

And the whole she-bang kicks off  
with Meadowsweet.

\*  
\*  
\*

DEAN

Well, shucks, you're fresh outta  
wreaths. Guess we gotta call off  
the sacrifice.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



MADGE

Don't be such a Gloomy Gus. Here.

Madge and Edward reveal STRANDS of Meadowsweet, which they drape around the boys' necks, like untied scarves, or Jewish tallits.

MADGE

Don't they just look darling?

EDWARD

Good enough to eat.

(then)

Alright. Step two--

Edward CARVES a line across Sam's ARM. Catching the blood into a WOODEN BOWL. Sam SHOUTS in pain.

DEAN

Sammy!

(to Edward)

Leave him alone, you sonofabitch!

EDWARD

(to Madge)

You hear how they talk to us? To Gods?

(to Dean)

Listen here, mister. Back in the day, we were worshipped by millions...

DEAN

Yeah, well, times change--

EDWARD

You're right about that. Suddenly, this Jesus kid's the trendy new thing. Suddenly, our altars were burned. We were hunted like common monsters--

MADGE

But did we say peep? No, we did not. Two millennia, we've kept a low profile, we got jobs, a mortgage... we play bridge Tuesdays and Fridays, we-- what's the word dear?

EDWARD

We assimilated.

She takes the knife from her husband.

MADGE  
That's right. We assimilated.  
(cheery)  
We're just like everybody else!

\*

DEAN  
Trust me, lady, you ain't blending  
in as smooth as you think.

\*

\*

\*

She grabs Dean's arm.

\*

MADGE  
This might pinch a bit, dear.

She CARVES INTO DEAN'S ARM WITH THE KNIFE... making sure to  
catch the DRIPPING BLOOD in the same WOODEN BOWL.

DEAN  
Agghh! You bitch!

MADGE  
Now, now. Somebody owes a nickel  
to the swear jar.

Madge leans close to Dean's ear, like a mother quietly  
offering advice to a child.

MADGE  
You know what I say when I feel  
like swearing? Fudge.

DEAN  
I'll try to remember that.

Edward pulls a pair of WICKED-LOOKING PLIERS from his pocket.

EDWARD  
You boys have no idea how lucky you  
are. Used to be, kids would line  
up a mile deep to be sitting where  
you are.

\*

\*

He starts to inspect Sam's fingers one by one...

\*

SAM  
(eyeing those pliers)  
Uh... what are you gonna do with  
those?

But Dean's busy. Madge takes hold of his other arm...

DEAN

(to Madge, steely)  
Lady, I swear to my god you fudging  
touch me again and I will fudging  
kill you dead.

MADGE

Very good!

Madge CARVES INTO THIS ARM LIKE THE OTHER.

DEAN

Aaagh!

Edward RIPS SAM'S FINGERNAIL OFF with a savage yank.

SAM

Aaggh!

Edward studies the fingernail appreciatively before dropping  
it in the bowl.

MADGE

What else, honey?

Edward counts to himself.

EDWARD

Fingernail, blood... sweet Peter on  
a popsicle stick! We almost forgot  
the tooth.

Dean and Sam look at each other... are you fucking kidding  
me? Madge takes the pliers, narrows her eyes at Dean. \*

Dean turns to Sam, they're both hurting bad.

DEAN

(grim)  
Having a good Christmas?

Sam sort of weakly shrugs. Madge pins Dean's head down,  
sticks the pliers into his mouth... and clamps down on a  
molar when...

*DING-DONG!*

Madge and Edward freeze. Dean looks wildly toward the front  
door.

DEAN

(mouth full of pliers)  
Sufbudy onna et that?

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25 CONTINUED: (5) 25

Madge and Edward exchange looks. Maybe whoever it is will leave. But the DOORBELL RINGS again... DING-DONG!

26 INT./EXT. CARRIGAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 26

The front door swings open to reveal the Carrigans, once again beaming sweetly with holiday joy.

MOLLY  
Merry Christmas!

REVEAL ON THEIR DOORSTEP, their neighbor, MOLLY JOHNSON. Wearing a REINDEER SWEATER. Proudly holding forth a FRUITCAKE.

EDWARD  
Told you I smelled fruitcake!

MADGE  
You shouldn't have!

MOLLY  
Oh, bite your tongue! It's my pleasure.

EDWARD  
It looks sca-rumptious!

MOLLY  
Say, Neil and I were about to go caroling, care to join?

MADGE  
Oh, you know we would.

EDWARD  
It's just my back. Darn thing's giving me fits.

Molly juts out her lower lip like she feels his pain.

MOLLY  
Aw, that's a shame. Well, Merry Christmas.

MADGE  
And to you too, dear.

As Molly walks away...

MOLLY  
We'll see you tomorrow for bridge?

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD  
With bells on!

The Carrigans shut the door. Alone in their living room, the smiles disappear. The Fruitcake is unceremoniously dropped onto a side table... THUNK. They turn to the kitchen... where were we? \*

27 INT. CARRIGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 27

The Carrigans enter... but Sam and Dean are gone! All that remains are the goodies, a tangle of rope... and those damn sharp PLIERS, on top of the rope pile.

28 INT. CARRIGAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 28

Sam and Dean frantically barricade the door to the kitchen... just as the Carrigans SLAM AGAINST IT from the other side... the door holds, but barely.

DEAN  
Dude. What do we do?

SAM  
We need evergreen!

DEAN  
Stakes are gone, dude! \*

Sam looks around the room, searching for anything that could be useful... yes.

SAM  
I think I just found us some more.

Dean follows Sam's look... to THE CHRISTMAS TREE. Of course.

They slide a HEAVY DRESSER or COUCH or something in front of the POUNDING kitchen door.

They rush to the beautifully-decorated tree, start ripping off branches. Decimating the tree.

The KITCHEN DOOR. POUND. POUND. POUND. Straining AGAINST its HINGES.

Newly re-armed with crude BRANCHES (some ornaments still attached), Sam and Dean pivot back to the kitchen door. Ready for the onslaught.

The KITCHEN DOOR. POUND. POUND. POUND.

When suddenly... the DOOR STOPS. QUIET.

Sam and Dean exchange wary looks. A beat. Then--

\*

Edward CHARGES through a DOOR BEHIND the boys, DECKS Dean to the floor! OOF! Dean's BRANCH lands out of his grasp--

Madge follows, approaching Sam, slower, revenge in her eyes.

MADGE

You little thing. I loved that tree...

She LUNGES! But Sam suddenly twists and swings the HEAVY BRANCH at her knees. She spills to the floor... Sam's on top of her... she grasps for his throat (enraged, violent... maybe 28 Days Later style, if it looks cool?) but he's already swinging his branch for the kill... UGH! Into her heart. She dies.

\*  
\*

EDWARD

Madge!!

He's still on top on Dean, but this gives Dean the distraction he needs... Dean REACHES for the BRANCH. Gets it, and SWINGS it across Edward's face like a BAT! CR-RACK!

Edward reels, ROLLING off Dean... Dean's over him in a heartbeat, SHOVING the BRANCH into Edward's CHEST! He dies.

The branch juts into the air over Edward's corpse. A SINGLE CHRISTMAS ORNAMENT quivers at its tip. Jingle. Jingle.

Off the boys - bruised, bloody, panting... staring down at the dead gods. Then Sam says, exhausted--

SAM

Merry Christmas.

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

29 INT. MOTEL ROOM - CHRISTMAS EVE - 1991 - FLASHBACK (FB D1) 29 \*

CLOSE ON: YOUNG SAM. He sleeps. A HAND touches his shoulder to wake him up. It's Young Dean.

YOUNG DEAN  
Hey! Sam! Wake up!

Young Sam sleepily rolls over. And suddenly, his eyes pop open. He bolts up in bed. The room is totally decked out for Christmas. A TREE. LIGHTS. PRESENTS.

YOUNG DEAN  
Dad was here! Look what he brought!

YOUNG SAM  
Dad was here?

YOUNG DEAN  
Yeah! Look at this! We made a killing!

YOUNG SAM  
Why didn't he wake me up?

YOUNG DEAN  
He tried to like a thousand times.

YOUNG SAM  
He did?

YOUNG DEAN  
Did I tell you he would give us Christmas or what?

All these presents... Young Sam can't really argue with that.

YOUNG DEAN  
Go on! Dive in!

Young Sam dives into the pile and greedily starts unwrapping a present. He stares at it in confusion.

YOUNG DEAN  
What is it?

YOUNG SAM  
Malibu Barbie.

YOUNG DEAN

(shrugs)  
Dad probably thinks you're a girl.

YOUNG SAM

Shut up.

YOUNG DEAN

Open that one.

Young Sam opens it. It's a TWIRLING BATON COMPLETE WITH RAINBOW COLORED TASSELS. He's beginning to catch on to what's what here.

YOUNG SAM

Dad never showed, did he?

YOUNG DEAN

Yeah, he did. I swear.

YOUNG SAM

Dean... where'd you get all this stuff?

After all these two have been through tonight, there's no point keeping up the lie.

YOUNG DEAN

(softly)  
Nice house up the block. But I swear I didn't know they were chick presents.

Sam nods. Looking down at the baton.

YOUNG DEAN

Look, I'm sure Dad woulda been here if he could.

YOUNG SAM

If he's alive.

YOUNG DEAN

Don't say that. 'Course he's alive. He's Dad.

Young Sam nods. Then he gets an idea. A life-changing, relationship-altering idea: he retrieves the PRESENT he wrapped for Dad... and hands it to Young Dean. Gives Dean a small, appreciative smile.

\*  
\*  
\*

YOUNG SAM

Here. Take this.



29

YOUNG DEAN  
No, no. It's for Dad.

YOUNG SAM  
(simply)  
Dad lied to me. I want you to have  
it.

YOUNG DEAN  
You sure?

YOUNG SAM  
I'm sure.

Young Dean opens the present. It's the AMULET NECKLACE.  
Draw this out a bit to emphasize the significance.

YOUNG DEAN  
Thanks, Sam. I love it.

Young Dean begins to fasten the necklace around his neck...

MATCH CUT TO:

30

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 5)

30 \*

CLOSE ON: Dean's AMULET NECKLACE.

As Dean swings open the door to the motel room, carrying a  
case of beer. And he stops, surprised. Because--

The room has been magically-transformed, Winchester-style,  
into a little slice of Christmas. A WOBBLY CHRISTMAS TREE  
stands in a corner, strung with GARLANDS OF MICROWAVE POPCORN  
and TWINKLE LIGHTS. AIR-FRESHENER ORNAMENTS. Sam shakes a  
plastic container of eggnog. Dean is amazed.

SAM  
You get the beer?

DEAN  
What's this?

SAM  
What do you think it is? It's  
Christmas.

DEAN  
What changed your mind?

Sam doesn't want to say the real answer-- that he's granting  
his brother his dying wish-- so he only takes a quiet,  
evasive beat, before changing the subject--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Sam hands Dean a plastic cup of eggnog.

SAM  
Here. Try the eggnog. It need  
more kick? \*

Dean throws it back. It's fucking rocket fuel.

DEAN  
(raspy)  
No... we're good.

SAM  
Well, sit down. We'll do Christmas  
stuff or whatever.

DEAN  
Okay. But first--

Dean rummages through his bag, pulls out a COUPLE PRESENTS  
wrapped crudely in NEWSPAPER. He hands them to Sam.

DEAN  
Merry Christmas.

SAM  
(touched)  
Where'd you get these?

DEAN  
Someplace special.  
(he shrugs)  
The gas mart. Up the street.

Sam whips out his own PRESENTS for Dean.

SAM  
Great minds think alike.

DEAN  
(delighted)  
Nice.

They rip open their presents like a couple of kids. Sam  
holds up an ISSUE of JUGGS and some SHAVING GEL.

SAM  
Skin mag and some shaving cream.

DEAN  
You like?

SAM  
(with a warm smile)  
Actually? Yeah.

Dean checks out what Sam got him. ZAGNUTS and a QUART OF MOTOR OIL.

DEAN  
Fuel for me, fuel for my baby.  
These are awesome.

SAM  
Cool.

Sam is pleased that Dean is pleased. This being Dean's last Christmas and all.

Dean lifts a glass of eggnog for a toast.

DEAN  
Merry Christmas, Sam.

Sam holds his glass up too. There's so much more to say... but why spoil a good toast?

SAM  
Merry Christmas.

They drain their cups. Dean pours some more. Sam fidgets, he wants to say something.

SAM  
Hey, Dean...?

DEAN  
Yo.

Dean waits for Sam to say something else. Sam fumbles for the words. Really, where to begin? So he just smiles.

SAM  
Feel like watching the game?

DEAN  
Sure.

Dean turns on the TV. As he sits back and both brothers settle in... \*

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CONTINUED: (3) 30

30

ANGLE. WE PULL BACK... OUTSIDE THE ROOM... SNOW FLURRIES  
BEGIN TO FALL... the cheap tree blinks in the window... the \*  
television flickering... a true Winchester Family Christmas. \*

FADE TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...

COPY COPY COPY COPY COPY