2 · 1A WIDE



Sc 1 · EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE / INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT (BLIZZARD, 2009)

Hank's car alone on the dark two-lane, snow pouring through the high beams, pines both sides.

I'll never forget the Christmas Eve blizzard of '09.

3 · 1B MEDIUM

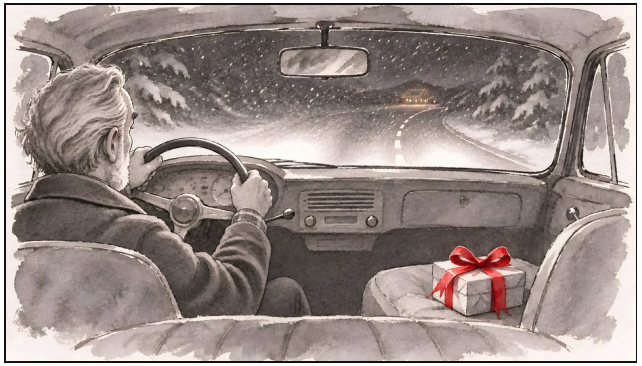


Sc 1 · EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE / INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT (BLIZZARD, 2009)

Hank at the wheel; the small wrapped gift for Lucy on the passenger seat.

I'd gone to town seeking the perfect gift for my wife, Lucy, and on my way home, the snow had begun to come down hard.

4 · 1C POV

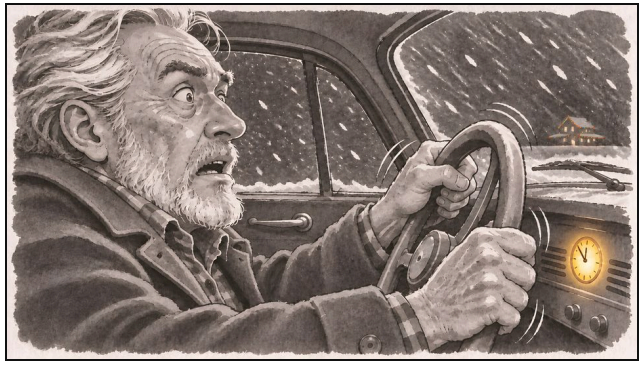


Sc 1 · EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE / INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT (BLIZZARD, 2009)

Through the windshield: snow streaming at the glass, high beams fading, grey mountaintops.

The snowflakes whisked past the windshield against the backdrop of a pitch-black sky, and the high beams faded to a dull glow below the horizon of the distant gray...

5 · 1D CLOSE-UP

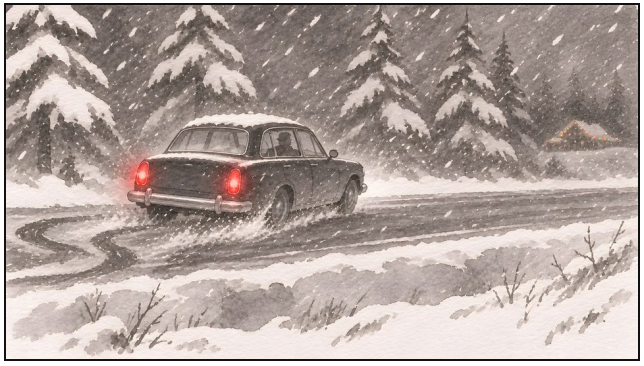


Sc 1 · EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE / INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT (BLIZZARD, 2009)

Hank's hands fighting the shaking wheel; his eyes snap awake.

Suddenly, the steering wheel began to vibrate, and the car lurched off course.

6 · 1E WIDE

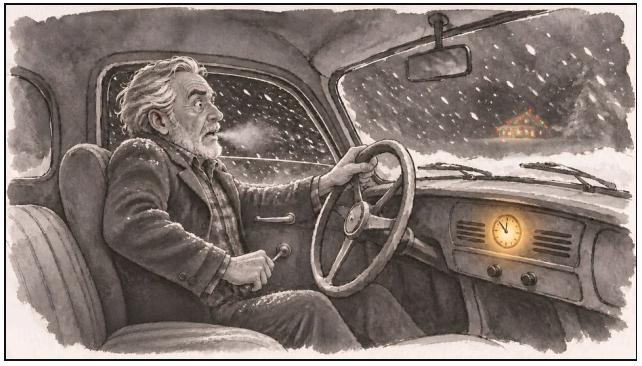


Sc 1 · EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE / INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT (BLIZZARD, 2009)

The car fishtails at the ditch's edge, then the tires bite back onto the road.

After a tense moment when I was sure the car would slide into the ditch, the tires shifted from the rumble strip back onto the pavement, regaining traction once again.

7 · 1F MEDIUM



Sc 1 · EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE / INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT (BLIZZARD, 2009)

Hank breathing hard, winding the window down, snow blowing in.

My heart pounded hard and fast, but my eyes were still tired from the hypnotic snow that seemed to be flying toward me instead of falling.

8 · 1G WIDE



Sc 1 · EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE / INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT (BLIZZARD, 2009)

The dark curve through the pines where too many have died.

It had been a close call, and I considered stopping until the snow let up, but that road was hazardous even without patches of black ice.

9 · 2A WIDE



Sc 2 · FLASHBACK - THE PINES ROAD AND CARROLL'S PUB

Paul Vickers' pickup swerving at a deer in the snow.

Not three years past, my neighbor, Paul Vickers, swerved to avoid what was probably a deer and lost control of his truck.

10 · 2B WIDE

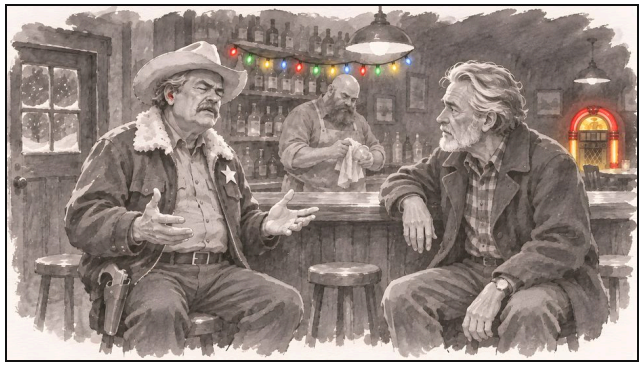


Sc 2 · FLASHBACK - THE PINES ROAD AND CARROLL'S PUB

Morning: the pickup nose-down in the ditch under fresh snow, a deputy's cruiser on the shoulder.

One of the deputies had found him the next morning, dead, of course.

11 · 2C MEDIUM

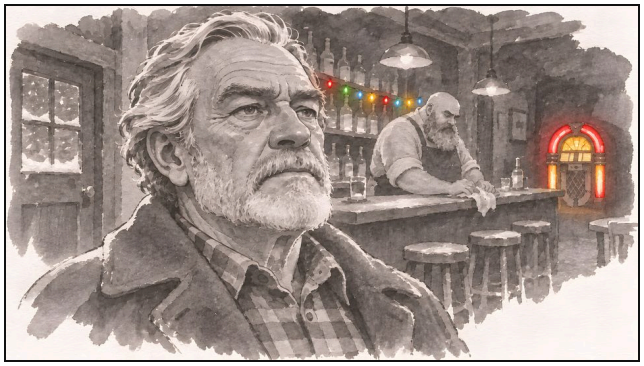


Sc 2 · FLASHBACK - THE PINES ROAD AND CARROLL'S PUB

Chief Royce (Stetson) shaking his head as he tells Hank.

“It wasn’t instant,” Chief Royce had said to me, shaking his head.

12 · 2D CLOSE-UP

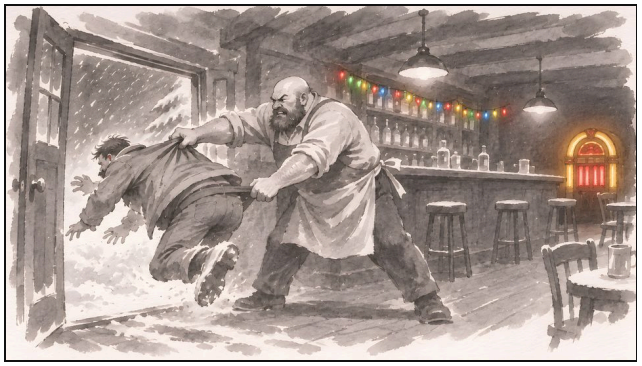


Sc 2 · FLASHBACK - THE PINES ROAD AND CARROLL'S PUB

Hank, unmoved: he was glad Paul died.

I didn’t tell him this, but I was glad Paul died.

13 · 2E MEDIUM



Sc 2 · FLASHBACK - THE PINES ROAD AND CARROLL'S PUB

Carroll's pub: Carroll throws Paul out the door into the snow.

He wasn’t a nice guy, known for always starting fights down at Carroll’s pub, and when Carroll would throw him out, he’d go home to beat on his old lady.

14 · 3A MEDIUM



Sc 3 · FLASHBACK - THE HARPER HOUSE, THE HIGHWAY, CARROLL'S PUB, THE COURTHOUSE

An empty toddler's bed; fresh snow beyond the window.

Good riddance, if you ask me, but a year after that untimely demise, Jen Harper’s little girl, Suzie, died, too.

15 · 3B WIDE



Sc 3 · FLASHBACK - THE HARPER HOUSE, THE HIGHWAY, CARROLL'S PUB, THE COURTHOUSE

Little Suzie in footed pajamas toddling out into the snowy yard.

The toddler had woken up in the middle of the night, and she must have seen the fresh blanket of white, then decided to go outside to play.

16 · 3C WIDE

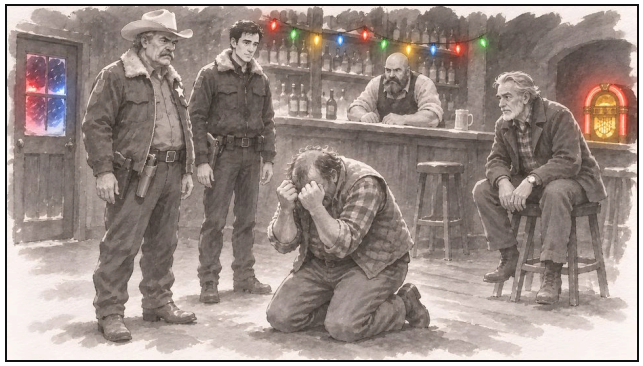


Sc 3 · FLASHBACK - THE HARPER HOUSE, THE HIGHWAY, CARROLL'S PUB, THE COURTHOUSE

An eighteen-wheeler's headlights barreling down the snowy road.

They say the driver of the rig that crushed her skull must have been snow-blinded.

17 · 3D MEDIUM



Sc 3 · FLASHBACK - THE HARPER HOUSE, THE HIGHWAY, CARROLL'S PUB, THE COURTHOUSE

Carroll's pub: Royce and Jake find the trucker; he drops to his knees, fists to his forehead.

I was at Carroll’s when Chief Royce and Jake tracked the driver down.

18 · 3E CLOSE-UP

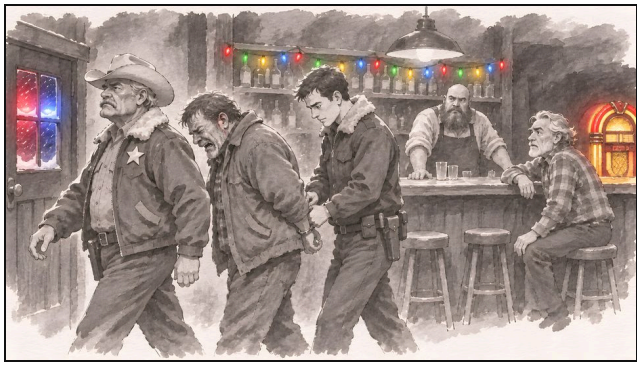


Sc 3 · FLASHBACK - THE HARPER HOUSE, THE HIGHWAY, CARROLL'S PUB, THE COURTHOUSE

The trucker sobbing, begging.

“Please, Sheriff,” he had cried, drool dripping from the corner of his mouth.

19 · 3F MEDIUM

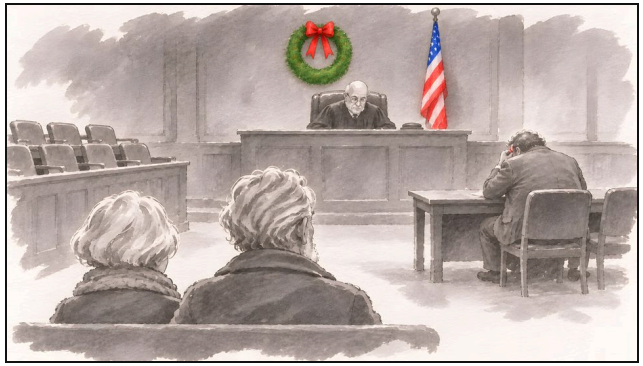


Sc 3 · FLASHBACK - THE HARPER HOUSE, THE HIGHWAY, CARROLL'S PUB, THE COURTHOUSE

Jake cuffs him; Royce leads him out.

Jake slapped on the cuffs, and Chief Royce led him away.

20 · 3G WIDE

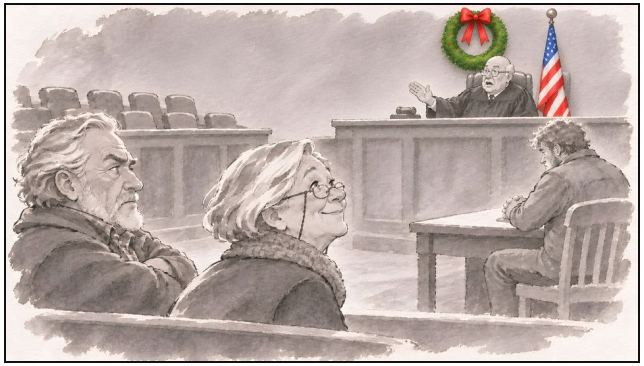


Sc 3 · FLASHBACK - THE HARPER HOUSE, THE HIGHWAY, CARROLL'S PUB, THE COURTHOUSE

The courtroom: the trucker at the defense table.

Later, at the arraignment, the driver claimed he remembered hitting a bump of ice in the middle of the road, but not a child, as if her body had been lying on the...

21 · 3H MEDIUM



Sc 3 · FLASHBACK - THE HARPER HOUSE, THE HIGHWAY, CARROLL'S PUB, THE COURTHOUSE

Judge Davis rules it an accident; in the gallery Lucy believes him, Hank doesn't.

Even though his version didn’t add up, Judge Davis had ruled it an accident, and almost everyone in town figured his excuse was some sort of mental block to protect...

22 · 4A CLOSE-UP

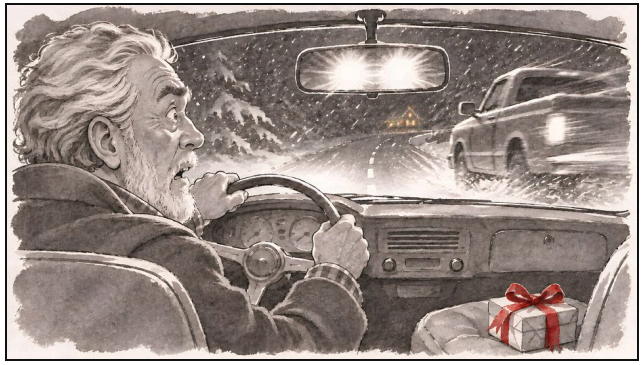


Sc 4 · INT. HANK'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE - NIGHT

The dashboard clock, late; Hank sighs "Lucy"

“Lucy,” I sighed, checking the dashboard clock.

23 · 4B INSERT

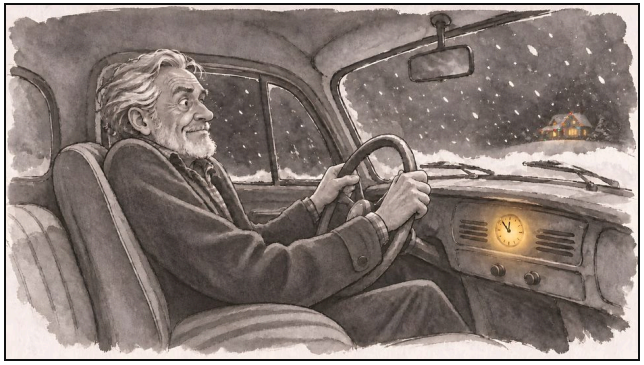


Sc 4 · INT. HANK'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE - NIGHT

Headlights fill the rear-view mirror; a pickup whips past, honking.

Headlights appeared in my rearview, and within a few moments, a pickup whipped past, honking at me.

24 · 4C MEDIUM



Sc 4 · INT. HANK'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE - NIGHT

Hank shrugs it off, old and careful, hands at ten and two.

True...I’m old, and a little more cautious than most folks.

25 · 4D WIDE



Sc 4 · INT. HANK'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE - NIGHT

Snow-covered pines sliding past, the car alone in the right lane.

I switched to the right lane and admired the snow-covered pines as I passed them by.

26 · 4E WIDE

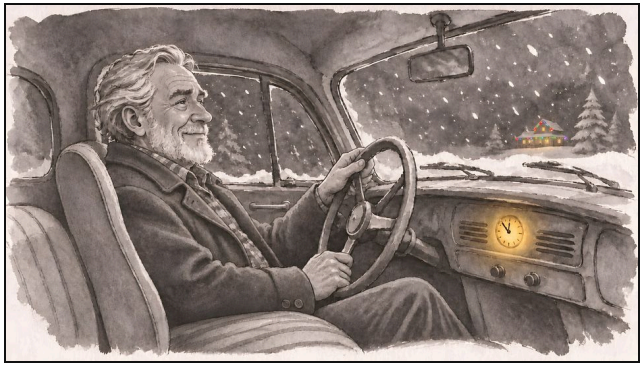


Sc 4 · INT. HANK'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE - NIGHT

Dreamlike: the car gliding through glittering snow.

I’ve driven through a lot of blizzards, but that night was different somehow.

27 · 4F MEDIUM



Sc 4 · INT. HANK'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE - NIGHT

Hank's face softening, like a man in an old black-and-white Christmas film.

In my bones, I knew that something special was going to happen—a Christmas miracle like in those old black and white films...

28 · 4G CLOSE-UP



Sc 4 · INT. HANK'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE - NIGHT

Snow melting on Hank's smiling face.

I took in another deep breath of the crisp night air, smelling the pines, and smiled.

29 · 4H MEDIUM



Sc 4 · INT. HANK'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY TWO-LANE - NIGHT

Hank laughing: "Sure is going to be a white Christmas"

“Sure is going to be a white Christmas,” I said, then laughed.

30 · 5A WIDE



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

The bend by the abandoned Diego farm; a halo of town light on the horizon; Hank yawns.

Turning around the bend by the abandoned Diego farm, a halo of white light from town stretched across the horizon.

31 · 5B WIDE

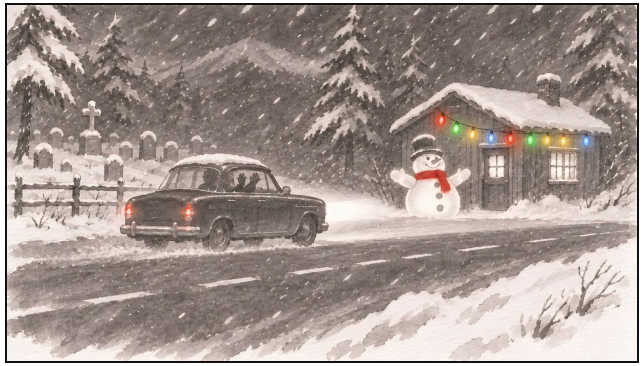


Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

The old cemetery, snowy headstones in the headlights.

A moment later, I drove past the old cemetery, approaching Ian Thomas’s little shack.

32 · 5C WIDE



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Ian Thomas's shack: the inflatable Frosty and a string of lights; Hank waves.

Ian had surprised me by putting up decorations.

33 · 5D MEDIUM



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

(memory) Martha Thomas at the shack door, a packed bag at her feet.

I was sure his wife, Martha, would've been happy if she'd still been around.

34 · 5E MEDIUM



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Ian alone at his window behind the Frosty.

Good ol' harmless Ian had probably gotten to feeling lonely.

35 · 5F WIDE



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Main Street: three blocks of shops all lit, not a soul about.

Passing into town limits, Main Street appeared empty, and every shop along the three-block stretch had been decorated.

36 · 5G WIDE



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Roth's hardware, shining brighter than every other front.

The hardware store belonging to Mr. Roth had shone brighter than every other business front.

37 · 5H MEDIUM

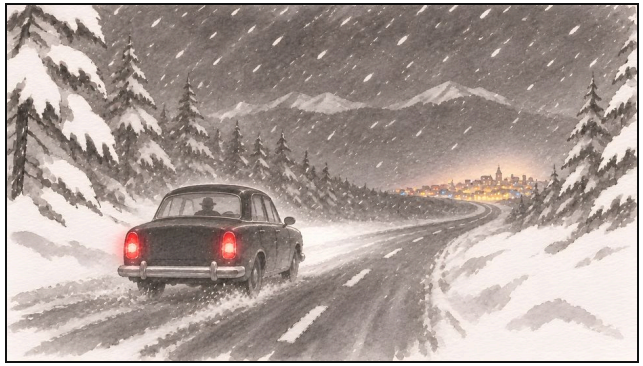


Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

(memory) sly Mrs. Roth at the hardware counter, watching her husband.

I wondered what had changed his mind, then remembered that sly Mrs. Roth had put an end to Mr. Roth a few months back after she'd found out that he enjoyed the company…

38 · 5I WIDE

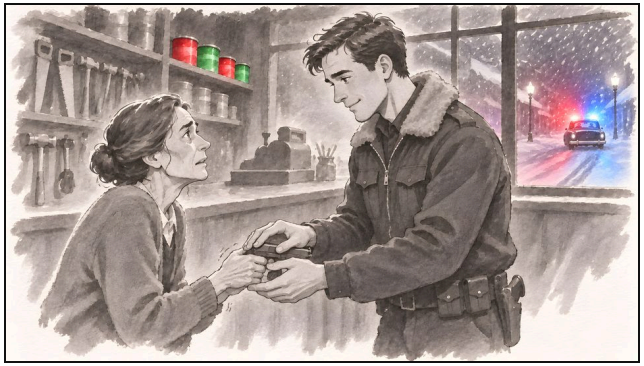


Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Mr. Roth's car heading for the city lights at night.

I’m not one to speak ill of the dead, but if the rumors were true, he would drive out to the city and dip his wick once in a while.

39 · 5J MEDIUM



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Jake easing a small pistol from Mrs. Roth's trembling hand.

When Jake had pulled the small twenty-two pistol out of Mrs. Roth’s trembling hand, she claimed it wasn’t her who had shot her husband.

40 · 5K WIDE

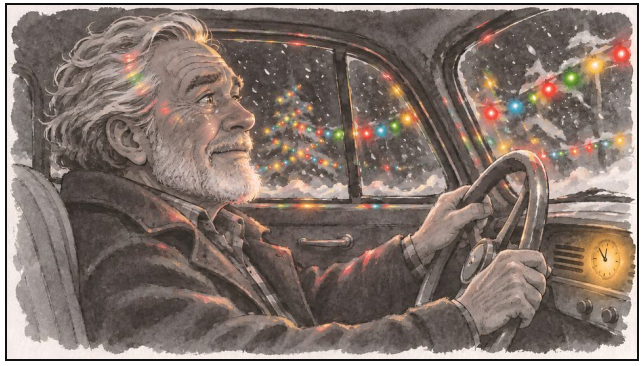


Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

An empty jail cell, light falling through the bars.

In any case, Mrs. Roth had hanged herself in jail, Mayor Wayne had purchased the hardware store in a tax auction, and that was that.

41 · 5L CLOSE-UP



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Hank driving through the lights, eyes wet.

Taking in all the Christmas cheer added to the strange emotion brought about by the thick, white flakes.

42 · 5M WIDE



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

(memory) a small boy on Christmas morning before the presents.

I remembered being a young boy, anxiously awaiting the presents on Christmas morning.

43 · 5N MEDIUM



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Hank grinning through tears, hand on the radio dial as he turns off Main.

“This is what the holidays are about,” I said, grinning so much it hurt.

44 · 5O WIDE



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Twenty years ago: the same Main Street dark and bare.

It hadn’t always been great during the holidays.

45 · 5P WIDE



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

A street of houses lighting up one by one, year after year.

No one could say what changed, but when change came, it was for the better.

46 · 5Q MEDIUM



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

(memory) Mr. Everett, long white beard, on a ladder stringing lights on his house.

Mr. Everett was the person most responsible for the turnaround.

47 · 5R WIDE



Sc 5 · EXT. THE EDGE OF TOWN AND MAIN STREET - NIGHT (WITH MEMORIES)

Mr. Everett's house, the town's champion display.

After moving in, he had done up his whole house in a spectacular fashion, winning the town paper’s contest that year, then took home the title the next twenty-one years...

48 · 6A WIDE



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Turning onto West Street: flashing light ahead at Mr. Everett's.

When I turned onto West Street, it was no surprise that the bright, flashing lights were coming from Mr. Everett’s place.

49 · 6B CLOSE-UP



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank peering through the windshield.

I wondered what new scene the white-haired, long-bearded man had set up in his yard, but it wasn’t decorations flashing.

50 · 6M POV



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Through the windshield on West Street: Mr. Everett's lit house ahead, two police cruisers at the curb, lights flashing.

No, it was two police cruisers parked alongside the curb.

51 · 6C INSERT

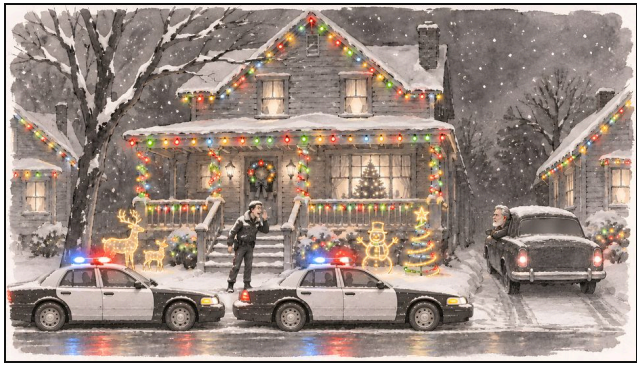


Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The gift on the passenger seat; Hank frowning, turning into the driveway.

The small gift for Lucy sat on the passenger seat, and I imagined her face lighting up when she noticed it tucked under the tree.

52 · 6D WIDE



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A figure in a snow-covered black uniform calls from the yard; Hank leans out, squinting.

A figure standing in the yard yelled, “Hello, Hank!

53 · 6E MEDIUM



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake kneels at the car door, face to face with Hank.

Jake walked over to my car door and knelt down to palaver face to face.

54 · 6F CLOSE-UP



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake: found him wandering in the Campbells' house; Hank: "Sounds like Alzheimer's"

Jake sighed.

55 · 6G WIDE



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Campbell house, the old Sanders place, dark.

The family had been new to town from some metropolis out west.

56 · 6H MEDIUM



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

(memory) the Campbells, parents and a teenage son, unloading boxes, not waving.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Campbell nor their teenage son had gone out of their way to introduce themselves, let alone make friends, so none of the townsfolk had an idea what...

57 · 6I MEDIUM



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake: "They're away for the week"; Hank: big-city folks, likely a gun.

“They’re away for the week,” Jake said.

58 · 6J MEDIUM



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake nods at the house: "Why don't you head inside, Hank?"

“Hey, why don’t you head inside, Hank?

59 · 6K INSERT



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank glances at the gift: "We come together on the holidays"

I glanced at the gift on the passenger seat once more and whispered, “We come together on the holidays.”

60 · 6L WIDE



Sc 6 · EXT. WEST STREET - MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake leads Hank up the lit walk to Mr. Everett's door, then steps back into the snow.

Jake led the way into Mr. Everett’s house.

61 · 7A WIDE



Sc 7 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room crowded with ornaments from all over the world.

Mr. Everett had filled his living room with Christmas ornaments from all over the world.

62 · 7B CLOSE-UP



Sc 7 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank's hands stacking and unstacking Russian nesting dolls.

I stacked and unstacked a set of antique Russian nesting dolls while listening to Chief Royce in the other room explaining to Mr. Everett that someone needed to stay...

63 · 7C MEDIUM



Sc 7 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chief Royce steps from the kitchen, tipping his Stetson.

A few moments later, he stepped from the kitchen and tipped the brim of his Stetson.

64 · 7D MEDIUM



Sc 7 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Royce pats Hank's back, shakes his hand and slams out.

After giving me a firm pat on the back, he turned toward the kitchen.

65 · 7E WIDE



Sc 7 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Through the window: the cruisers fading into the snow; Mr. Everett reflected behind Hank in the glass.

I watched out the window as the two police cruisers faded into the snowfall.

66 · 7F WIDE

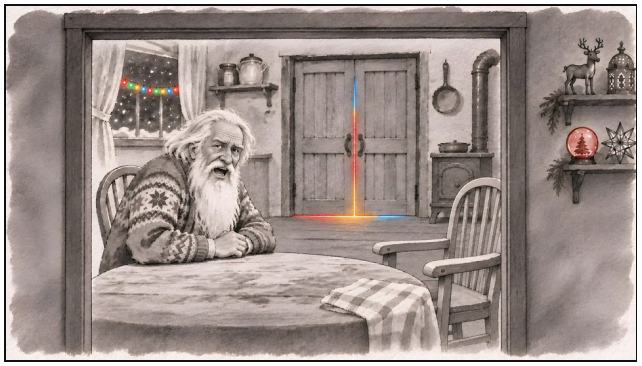


Sc 7 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Out the window: every house on the block lit, the Campbells' dark like an ink stain.

I lingered at the window, admiring the Christmas decorations on all the houses along the block.

67 · 7G POV

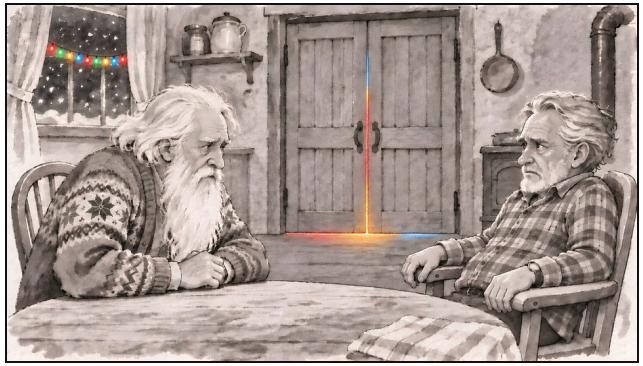


Sc 7 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank's view from the front window: across the living room and through the kitchen doorway the sheriff used, Mr. Everett sitting alone at the kitchen table, calling out.

“Ain’t goin’ crazy,” Mr. Everett yelled.

68 · 8A MEDIUM

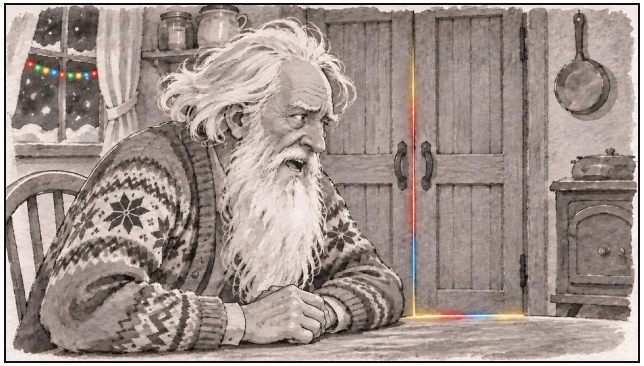


Sc 8 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hank sits across the kitchen table from Mr. Everett.

I sighed then went into the kitchen and sat at the table across from him.

69 · 8B CLOSE-UP



Sc 8 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Everett: "One of my ornaments ran off."

Mr. Everett shook his head.

70 · 8C EXTREME CLOSE-UP

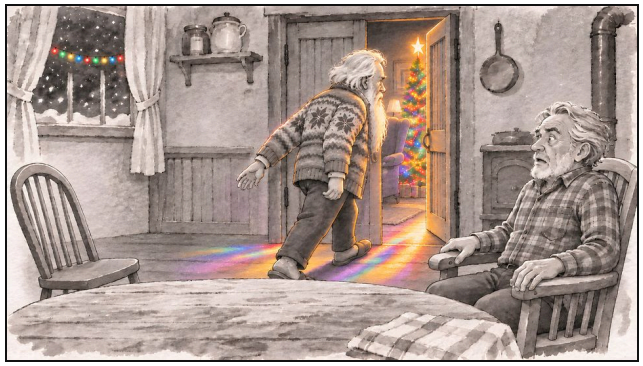


Sc 8 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Everett whispers "They'd have been killed"; Hank: "wait, what'd you say?"

In a low whisper, Mr. Everett said, “They’d have been killed.”

71 · 8D MEDIUM

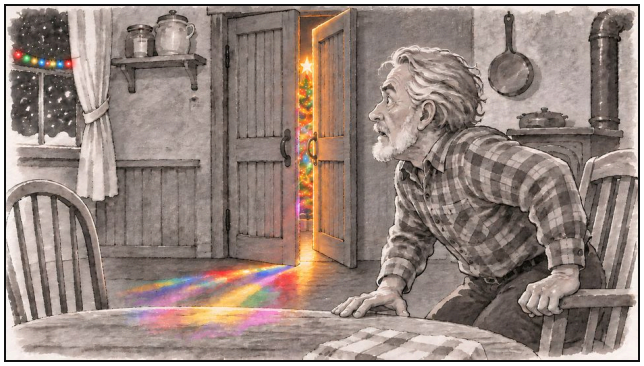


Sc 8 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Everett pushes back his chair and goes through the country door to the parlor.

He pushed his chair back from the table.

72 · 8E INSERT



Sc 8 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The door creaks open a few inches; a kaleidoscope of light through the crack; Hank rises.

The left side slowly creaked open a few inches.

74 · 9A WIDE

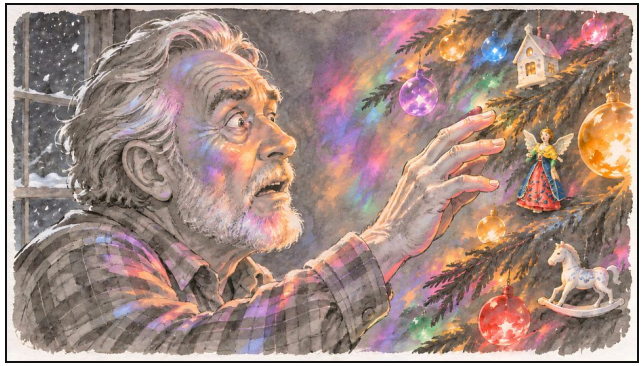


Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

The massive pine: gold, silver, red, blue, purple twisting and merging.

Gold and silver flashed and sparkled.

75 · 9B CLOSE-UP



Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Hank's face washed in the colours, reaching for a branch: "My God"

Though it was the most wonderful sight these old eyes had ever beheld, it took a moment before I could look directly at the tree.

77 · 9C CLOSE-UP



Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Ceramic figurines among the needles between the glowing orbs.

Between them, dozens of ceramic figurines adorned the pine needles.

78 · 9D CLOSE-UP



Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Hank leans closer; a figurine stirs.

I leaned in closer.

79 · 9E EXTREME CLOSE-UP



Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

The tiny Paul Vickers reaching out at him, face twisted.

A replica of Paul Vickers reached at me, its tiny arms clutching at the air.

80 · 9F MEDIUM



Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Hank stumbles back, a scream caught in his throat.

I stumbled back, a scream caught in my throat, but it was too late.

81 · 9G CLOSE-UP



Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

More figurines: Suzie Harper, the Diego family.

In the blink of an eye, I'd seen them all: Suzie Harper, her head and chest caved in, body twitching; the Diego family, faces blue from carbon monoxide poisoning; Martha...

82 · 9H CLOSE-UP



Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Martha Thomas, the Roths, Jack Sanders.

83 · 9I WIDE



Sc 9 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Pull back: dozens of figurines writhing in the blazing branches.

There were others too...so many others.

84 · 10A MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Mr. Everett behind Hank, silhouetted against the tree.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?”

85 · 10B MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

The flash of a baseball bat.

I spun toward his voice, saw the flash of a baseball bat, and felt searing white pain through the side of my head before everything went black.

87 · 10C MEDIUM

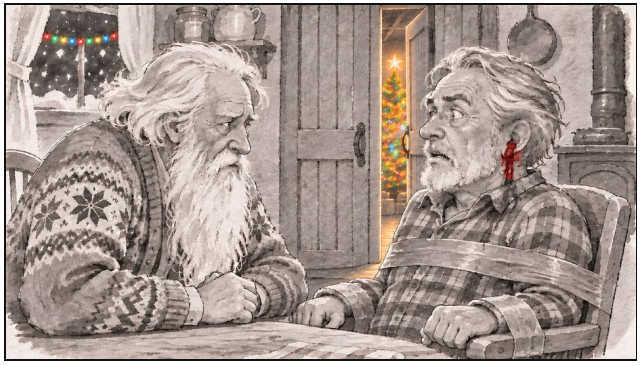


Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Waking: the kitchen doubled and swimming.

I don’t know how long I was out, but when I awoke, my whole body buzzed and I couldn’t move my arms.

88 · 10D CLOSE-UP



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Blood running from Hank's ear.

Something thick and wet ran down my right ear.

89 · 10E MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Hank duct-taped to the chair; Mr. Everett across the table: "You can't hurt him!"

Mr. Everett and I were back at the kitchen table.

90 · 10F INSERT



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

The four-inch figurine on the table: red-and-green felt, golden tuque.

My double vision cleared, and I focused on a figurine, four inches tall, standing in the middle of the table, facing Mr. Everett.

91 · 10G MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Mr. Everett shaking his finger at the figure; "No!"

“E-everett…?”

92 · 10H EXTREME CLOSE-UP



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Tiny moccasins with bells as it turns; it cocks its slimy head.

I heard a small ringing noise as the figure turned around, tiny bells on the tips of its moccasins.

93 · 10I EXTREME CLOSE-UP



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Forest-green slitted eyes.

It narrowed its forest-green slitted eyes until only black pin-sized irises were visible.

94 · 10J EXTREME CLOSE-UP

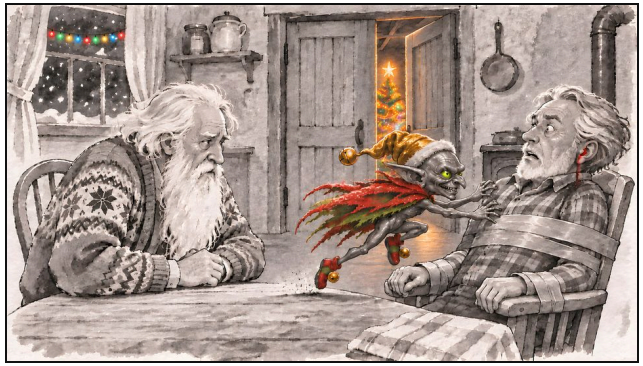


Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

A mouthful of needle teeth grinding.

It grimaced, and a mouthful of sharp, pointed teeth ground together with a metallic-like scraping.

95 · 10K MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

It leaps from the table edge onto Hank's chest.

Then it hissed and jumped from the edge of the table, landing on my chest.

96 · 10L MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Hank thrashing as it scurries up, snapping at his face; Mr. Everett: "stay still"

I twisted violently, trying to shake off the creature as it scurried upward, lunging and snapping at my face.

97 · 10M CLOSE-UP



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

It grips Hank's beard and leans in to his eye.

I clenched my fist and held my breath as it held onto my beard and leaned in close to my left eye.

98 · 10N MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

It somersaults onto the tabletop, bells jingling.

It laughed, then somersaulted from my face, hit the tabletop, and rolled to its feet, bells jingling.

99 · 10O CLOSE-UP



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Hank pleading: "Let me go home to Lucy"

“Let me go home to Lucy, Everett.

100 · 10P MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Mr. Everett: "She wanted that Campbell boy"; Hank's jaw drops.

“She wanted that Campbell boy, the little sneak-thief.

101 · 10Q MEDIUM

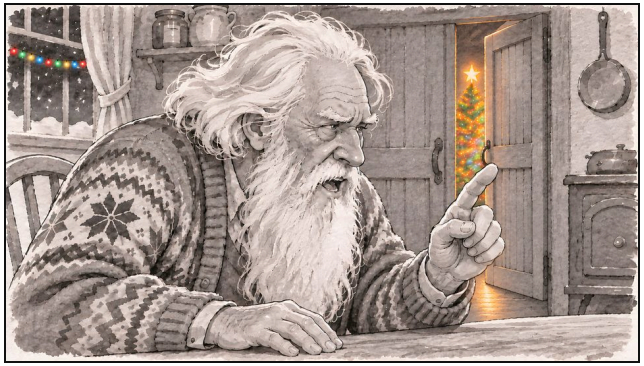


Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Mr. Everett laughing, pointing at the creature.

“No, no, of course not.”

102 · 10R CLOSE-UP



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Mr. Everett: "If someone in town is a rotten egg…"

If someone in town is a rotten egg, she’ll go after them…boys and girls, too.

103 · 10S CLOSE-UP



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Mr. Everett: "Suzie Harper was a mean brat"

Hey, don’t look at me that way.

104 · 10T INSERT



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Hank's wrists straining the tape; the chair arm creaks.

I tugged at my restraints and the arms of the chair creaked.

105 · 10U MEDIUM



Sc 10 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Mr. Everett slouching: "Argentina, 1954 ... an honest-to-goodness Christmas Elf"

“Argentina, 1954,” Mr. Everett said, slouching in his chair.

106 · 11A MEDIUM



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The creature lunges, teeth bared; Mr. Everett slams his fist.

“It’s a monster!”

107 · 11B MEDIUM



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It points at Hank, then at the glowing tree through the doorway.

The creature pointed at me, then at the tree in the parlor, bright lights still gleaming.

108 · 11C MEDIUM



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Everett waves it off: "Go tend to the important business"

“I don’t give a damn,” Mr. Everett said, waving his hand dismissively.

109 · 11D CLOSE-UP



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It hisses and shakes its tiny fists over its head.

The creature hissed.

110 · 11E WIDE



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It climbs down the tablecloth and shuffles into the parlor.

Mr. Everett folded his arms across his chest and stared until the creature climbed down the tablecloth and shuffled into the parlor.

112 · 11F MEDIUM



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hank tests the tape; the chair cracks.

I swallowed hard and tested my restraints again.

113 · 11G WIDE

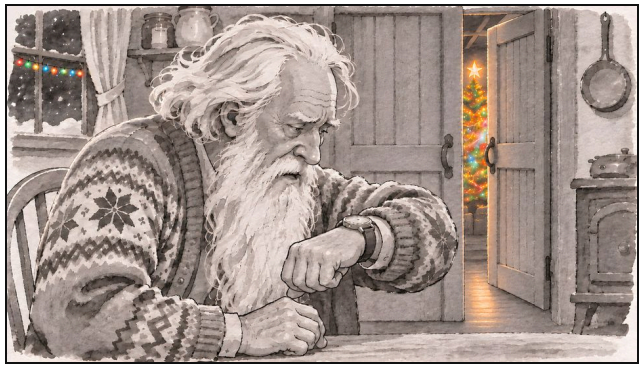


Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Crash after crash from the parlor; light jumping in the doorway.

Something shattered from in the parlor, quickly followed by another loud crash, and another.

114 · 11H CLOSE-UP



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Everett checks his watch: "It's time, Hank."

Mr. Everett raised his wrist and looked at his watch.

116 · 11I MEDIUM



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The blade arcs down, ornament light on the steel.

Light from the ornaments reflected off the blade as Mr. Everett swung it in a downward arc.

117 · 11J MEDIUM

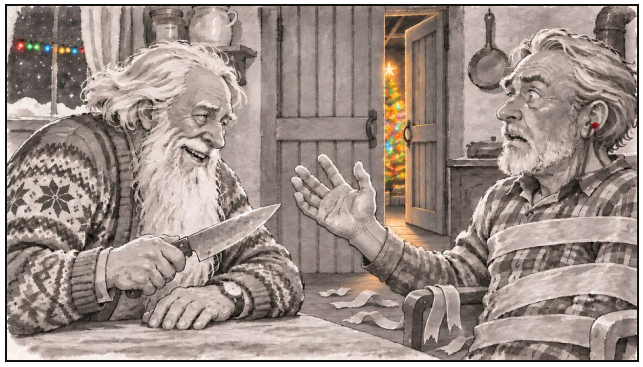


Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The chair arm breaks away; Hank throws a hand up.

The left side of the chair cracked and broke away, and I put my hand out in an effort to block the next attack.

118 · 11K CLOSE-UP



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hank's free right arm, the cut tape; Mr. Everett chuckling: "I'm letting you go"

Mr. Everett chuckled and pointed the knife at me.

119 · 11L CLOSE-UP



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Everett: "You saw what she did for this town"

“Now about the elf…you saw what she did for this town, how happy these people have been all these years.

120 · 11M MEDIUM

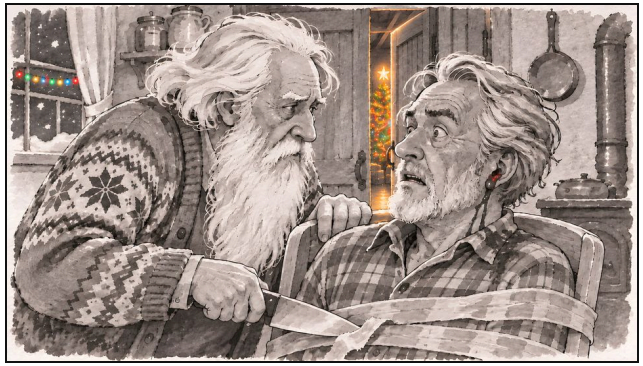


Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Everett slicing the tape at Hank's ankles, then behind the chair.

As he sliced the tape from my ankles, I said, “There isn’t anything funny about that monster.”

121 · 11N CLOSE-UP



Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Everett: "Elves can see who we really are"

“Well, Elves have been known to spread holiday cheer, but who would’a guessed they do by removing the bad-hearted and non-joyful bumpkins.

122 · 11O MEDIUM

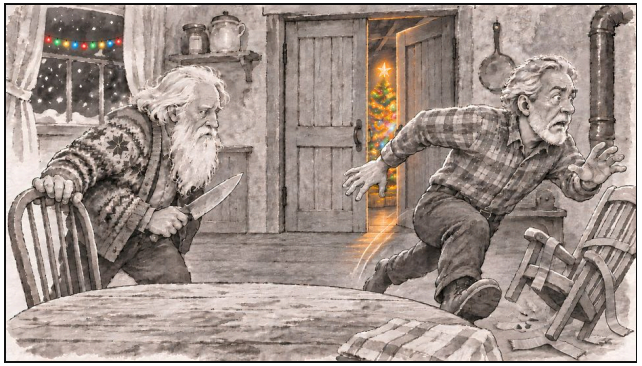


Sc 11 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Another crash; Mr. Everett: "Make sure they all know to be merry"

Another series of crashes came from in the parlor.

123 · 12A MEDIUM



Sc 12 · INT./EXT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - WEST STREET - NIGHT

Hank kicks the chair back and bolts.

The instant the pressure of the tape gave way from my chest, I kicked the chair backward and took off toward the door.

124 · 12B WIDE



Sc 12 · INT./EXT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - WEST STREET - NIGHT

The tree crashes down; the creature in the parlor doorway, jaws snapping.

A much louder crash came from in the parlor, sounding like the tree had fallen over, and I turned to see the creature standing in the doorway snapping its jaw.

125 · 12C MEDIUM



Sc 12 · INT./EXT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - WEST STREET - NIGHT

Hank hits the front door; it bursts out, the frame shattering.

The stench of rotten pine needles hit me as I crashed into the front door.

126 · 12D WIDE



Sc 12 · INT./EXT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - WEST STREET - NIGHT

He slips on the porch stairs and falls into the snow.

I slipped on the porch stairs and fell into the snow, ice stinging my hands and face.

127 · 12E MEDIUM

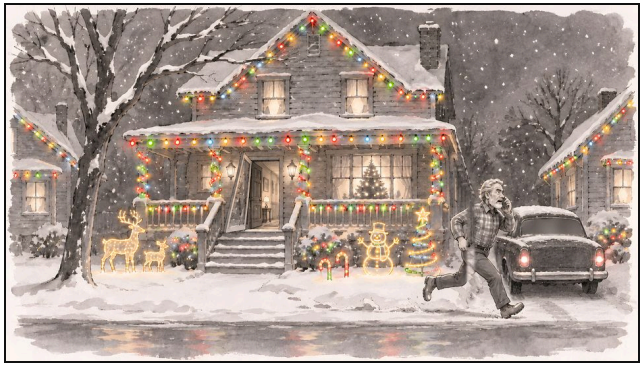


Sc 12 · INT./EXT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - WEST STREET - NIGHT

Mr. Everett in the doorway yelling after him.

Mr. Everett yelled from inside the house.

128 · 12F MEDIUM



Sc 12 · INT./EXT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - WEST STREET - NIGHT

Hank running past his car, phone to his ear.

I ran past my car, digging in my pocket for my cellphone.

129 · 12G WIDE



Sc 12 · INT./EXT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - WEST STREET - NIGHT

Hank running the two blocks home through the snow.

I ended the call and ran the two blocks to my house.

130 · 13A MEDIUM



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy asleep on the sofa, a thick novel on her lap; the cold wakes her.

Lucy was asleep on the sofa, a thick novel resting on her lap.

131 · 13B MEDIUM



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank locks the door and stares out into the white mist.

I slammed the door, locked it, then looked out the window.

132 · 13C MEDIUM

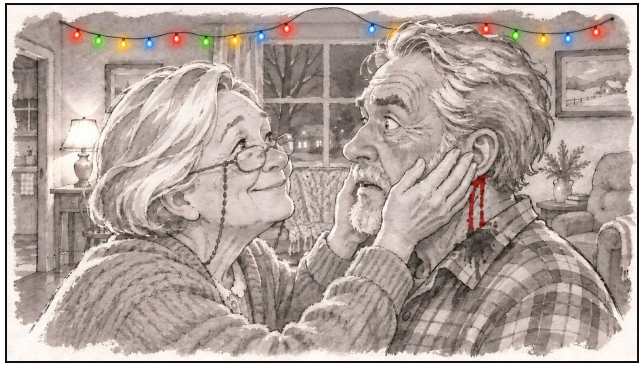


Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy: "you're bleeding"; Hank checking every window.

Lucy gasped.

133 · 13D CLOSE-UP



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy's warm hands on Hank's cheeks.

“You’re scaring me.”

134 · 13E MEDIUM



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank: "It's Everett. Chief Royce is on his way."

I realized how crazy I must have seemed, but there wasn’t time for me to explain everything.

135 · 13F MEDIUM

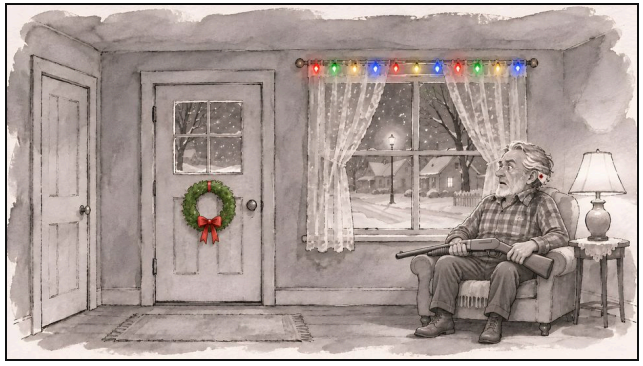


Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank leads Lucy back to the sofa, hand up: "Don't open the door"

“Nothing,” I said, gently taking her wrist.

136 · 13G MEDIUM



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank in the recliner, the Remington across his lap.

She nodded, and I ran off to check the rest of the house.

137 · 13H MEDIUM



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucy bandaging his ear, his eyes on the door.

Despite my protests, Lucy went into the kitchen and grabbed the first-aid kit.

138 · 13I WIDE



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Red and blue light through the curtains.

By the time she had finished, a series of flashing red and blue lights had appeared outside.

139 · 13J MEDIUM



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A figure passes the porch window and knocks; Hank levels the shotgun.

A figure walked past the porch window and knocked on the door.

140 · 13K MEDIUM



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chief Royce in the doorway, hand to his pistol, pushing Lucy aside; Hank lowers the gun.

“Good evening, Lu—” Chief Royce’s eyes widened, and he reached for the pistol on his hip while pushing Lucy to the side.

141 · 13L MEDIUM

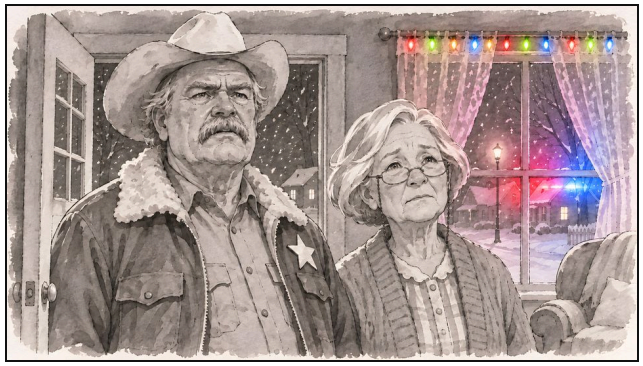


Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Royce: "What in the blazes happened to your ear?"

Chief Royce looked to Lucy, then back to me.

142 · 13M CLOSE-UP

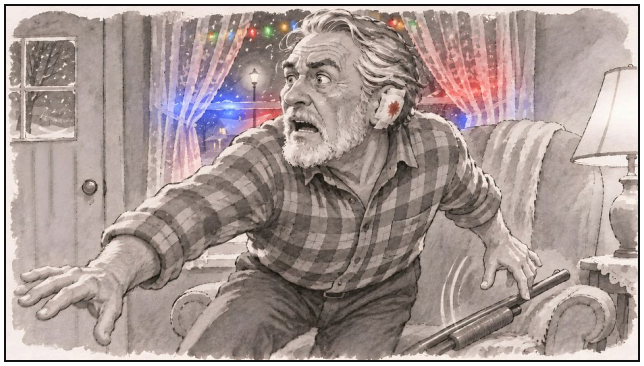


Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Royce: "We found him … Jake's guessing a heart attack."

“Yeah, we found him.

143 · 13N CLOSE-UP



Sc 13 · INT. HANK AND LUCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank: "Everett's dead?" He drops the gun and pushes past.

“Everett’s dead?”

144 · 14A WIDE

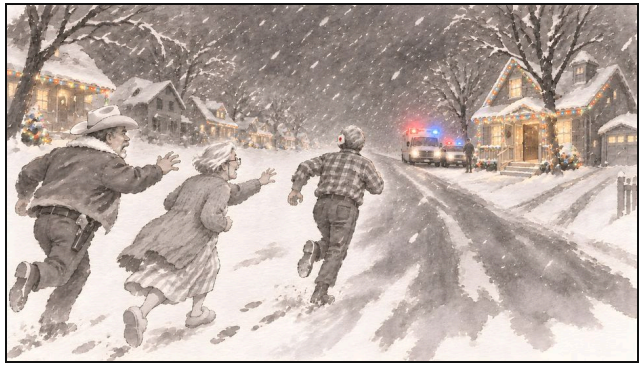


Sc 14 · EXT. WEST STREET - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Down the street: an ambulance beside Jake's cruiser outside Mr. Everett's.

The snowfall had let up enough to see down the street.

145 · 14B WIDE



Sc 14 · EXT. WEST STREET - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Hank running, Lucy and Royce chasing after him.

I ran toward the house, Lucy and Chief Royce chasing after me, yelling for me to stop.

146 · 14C MEDIUM

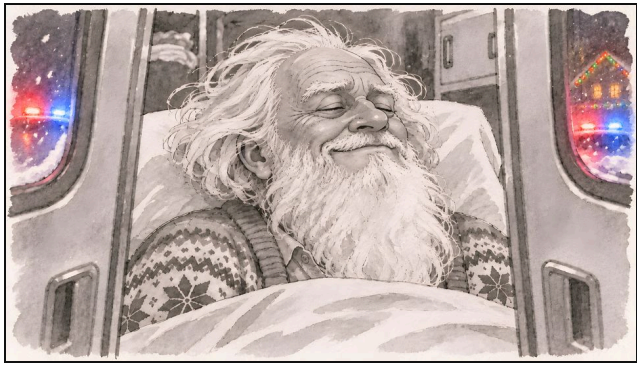


Sc 14 · EXT. WEST STREET - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Paramedics loading Mr. Everett's body.

When I came to a halt behind the ambulance, the paramedics were loading Mr. Everett’s body.

147 · 14D CLOSE-UP



Sc 14 · EXT. WEST STREET - AFTER MIDNIGHT

The smug grin on his dead face as the doors close.

I noticed the smug grin etched on his dead face before the doors closed.

148 · 14E MEDIUM

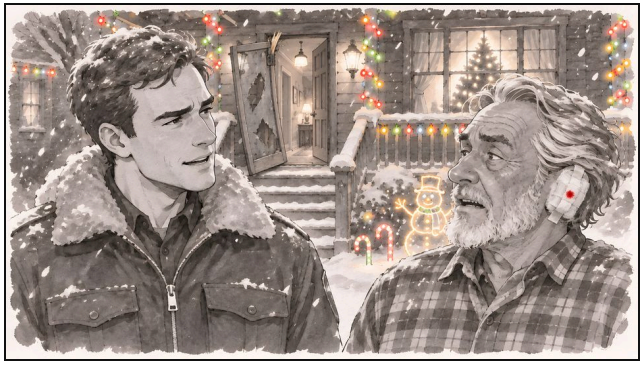


Sc 14 · EXT. WEST STREET - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Jake: "At least he made it to Christmas"; Hank's watch reads 12:30.

Jake walked up next to me.

149 · 14F MEDIUM



Sc 14 · EXT. WEST STREET - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Jake: "Does he have a cat?" Hank: "Or something."

Jake narrowed his eyes.

150 · 15A MEDIUM



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Hank steps back into Mr. Everett's house, listening.

Walking into the house, I listened carefully and scanned the room for any movement.

151 · 15B WIDE

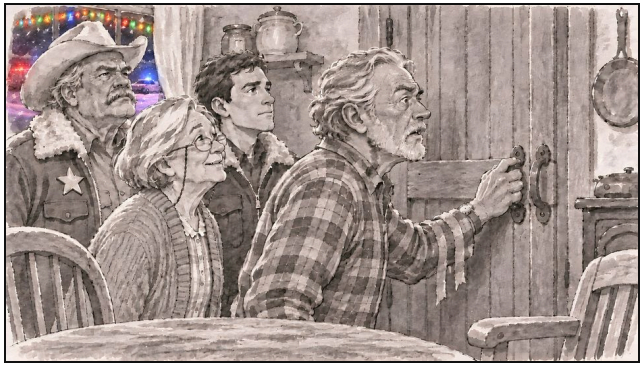


Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

The dim kitchen: the chair is gone.

I stepped into the dimly lit kitchen, expecting the creature to attack, then noticed that the chair that I'd been duct-taped to was no longer there.

152 · 15C CLOSE-UP



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Hank's hand on the closed parlor door; Royce, Jake and Lucy behind him.

Also, the parlor door had been closed.

153 · 15D WIDE



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

The door opens: the pine overturned, every orb shattered, the figurines turned to powder.

I swallowed hard and pushed the door open.

154 · 15E MEDIUM



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

The broken kitchen chair under the tree; Jake's hand on Hank's shoulder.

Underneath the tree lay the broken kitchen chair.

155 · 15F CLOSE-UP



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Hank choking back a scream, everything ringing in his head.

I choked back a scream.

156 · 15G MEDIUM

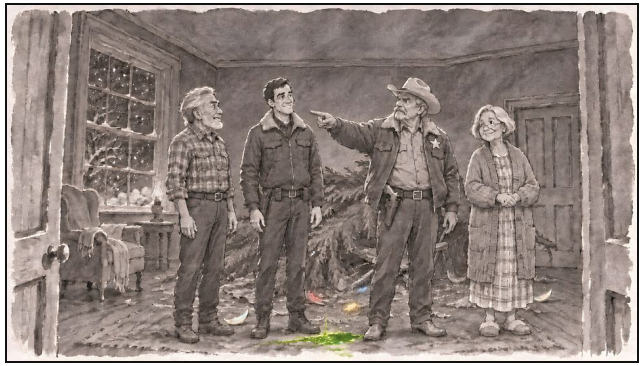


Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Jake kneels at the sludge; Lucy: "Looks like pine sap to me"

"Hmm," Jake said, kneeling.

157 · 15H MEDIUM



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Royce points at Hank's bandaged ear: "rung your bell"

“Mr. Everett died doing what he loved,” Chief Royce said.

158 · 15I CLOSE-UP

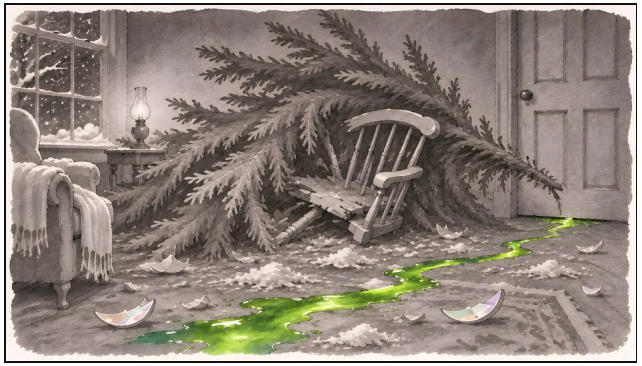


Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Hank: "Bells." Lucy hugs him.

“Bells,” I said.

159 · 15J INSERT



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

The sap puddle stretching toward the back door.

“Bells,” I said again.

160 · 15K MEDIUM



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Hank at the parlor window; outside, white, still and quiet.

I walked across the parlor to the window and scanned the pristine snow, listening for the faint ringing.

161 · 15L WIDE



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

At the tree line, the creature amid a mass of bright green needles.

Movement caught my eye.

162 · 15M CLOSE-UP



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

It waves.

It waved, and my blood ran cold.

163 · 15N MEDIUM



Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Hank turns from the window: "Come on, Lucy, let's go home."

“The tree came down hard,” I whispered, absentmindedly.

164 · 15O WIDE

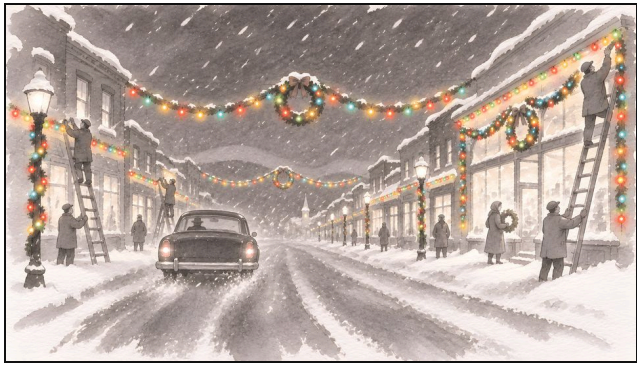


Sc 15 · INT. MR. EVERETT'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS MORNING, 12:30 A.M.

Hank and Lucy walking home through the snow.

I nodded to Chief Royce and Jake, then Lucy and I left them to their work.

165 · 16A WIDE



Sc 16 · EXT./INT. THE TOWN - DECEMBER, YEARS LATER

Years later: decorations going up along Main Street.

Some people in town say it’s best to let the past stay in the past.

166 · 16B MEDIUM



Sc 16 · EXT./INT. THE TOWN - DECEMBER, YEARS LATER

Old Hank alone at his window; Lucy's empty chair.

Each year when the decorations start to go up, I wonder if I should finally tell someone the true secret of Mr. Everett’s Christmas Ornaments.

167 · 16G MEDIUM

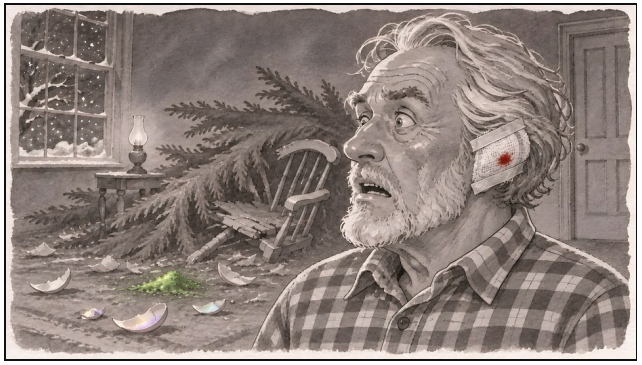


Sc 16 · EXT./INT. THE TOWN - DECEMBER, YEARS LATER

Hank, seen from behind beside the fallen pine, follows a trail of tiny sap footprints out the open back door and into the dark forest.

As I stood next to the fallen pine, my eyes followed a sap trail of countless tiny footprints leading into the forest.

168 · 16C CLOSE-UP



Sc 16 · EXT./INT. THE TOWN - DECEMBER, YEARS LATER

The shattered orbs: eggshells.

You see, those figurines weren’t the only decorations that should have frightened me.

169 · 16D WIDE



Sc 16 · EXT./INT. THE TOWN - DECEMBER, YEARS LATER

Thousands of pine-needle baby elves streaming into the forest.

You see, those figurines weren't the only decorations that should have frightened me.

170 · 16E CLOSE-UP

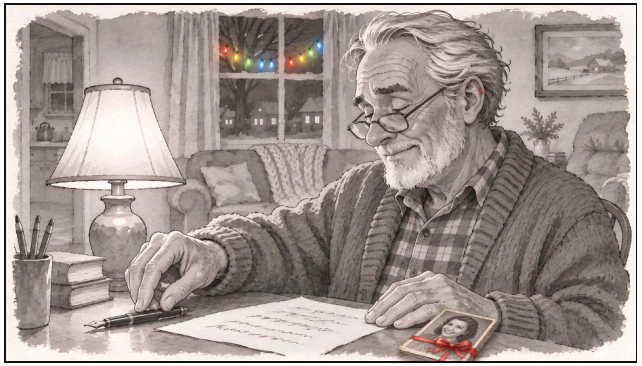


Sc 16 · EXT./INT. THE TOWN - DECEMBER, YEARS LATER

Close to the snow: the tiny baby elves marching in a line along the trail of footprints into the forest; the mother elf at the tree line waving.

Those orbs were eggs, and thousands of pine needle baby elves had hatched and fed in the first hour of Christmas morning.

171 · 16F INSERT



Sc 16 · EXT./INT. THE TOWN - DECEMBER, YEARS LATER

The letter signed, the pen set down: "Merry Christmas"

Merry Christmas,