

A Walking Dead Christmas

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EXT. PRISON COURT YARD -- DAY

Cheery jingle bell music fills the air. It's a regular winter wonderland as snow falls from the bleak, overcast sky, blanketing the fields. WALKERS, dressed appropriately in various combinations of tattered red and green clothing, remain present outside the prison's fences, GRIPPING, CLAWING and RATTLING the chain links as they try to get at two of our familiar survivors- MAGGIE and GLENN, as they saw down a PINE TREE.

The two exchange happy glances with one another, paying no mind to the ghouls who want to eat their flesh a few meters away.

Finally, the tree falls, and the two proceed to carry it to the prison.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM -- DAY

Maggie opens the door to the rec room where the rest of the survivors wait, each one of them wearing a Christmas sweater, and Glenn drags the tree in.

GLENN

Christmas is here, everyone!

Everyone cheers and claps, all except for RICK, who at best, manages a slight smirk; for the most part, he keeps his spartan reserve. T-DOG looks really happy and black. MAGGIE'S SISTER THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT rushes up and hugs her.

MAGGIE'S SISTER THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT

(smiling big)

It's perfect!

(bursting into tears)

MOM WOULD HAVE LOVED IT! Oh, GOD,
JIMMY! PATRICIA, OH GOD!

Maggie's sister runs to HERSHEL'S arms in hysterics, burying her face in his chest and sobbing loudly. Hershel pats the stupid girl on the head, as if to say "there, there."

DARYL saunters up to the tree, inspecting it closely. His expression is stern and intense. In a flash, he WHIPS out a LARGE HUNTING KNIFE, and STABS the tree! Everyone screams because it's terrifying! When Daryl removes the blade from the tree, we see that a SQUIRREL is impaled on it.

Everyone looks relieved. Daryl smiles.

(CONTINUED)

DARYL
(cool as shit)
Christmas dinner's on me.

Everyone laughs!

DARYL
(to Glenn)
I didn't know they celebrated
Christmas in china.

GLENN
I'm Korean.

DARYL
I'm racist.

Everyone laughs again! That's their Daryl! T-Dog shakes his head, because white folks be crazy. Rick quietly leaves the room. It doesn't go unnoticed.

CAROL'S eyes shift over to Daryl, who is admiring his skewered squirrel. She approaches him.

CAROL
You know, I haven't heard him say
one word about a Christmas party,
or anything.

DARYL
Rick's got a lot on his mind.

CAROL
YOU would probably throw us a
party. And I bet it would be the
best party.

Carol looks at Daryl, deadly serious. Daryl looks back at her like she's insane.

LORI overhears, and appears visibly upset by Carol's comments. She follows after Rick.

INT. ROOM JUST OUTSIDE THE REC ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Rick is back there. He just **KILLED** a walker, that came out of no where. He's **COVERED** in **BLOOD**, but is now a man alone with his thoughts.

With caution, Lori approaches him from behind. She hesitates to reach out and put her hand on his shoulder, but recoils at the last moment.

(CONTINUED)

She lets out a sigh.

LORI
People are beginning to talk.

Rick does not turn to face her.

RICK
They're always talking.

There's an awkward, unnerving silence between the two of them.

LORI
Well... Do you have anything
planned?

RICK
Lori...

LORI
Well, I'm just saying, Rick, these
people need a Christmas--CARL,
needs a Christmas--

Angrily, Rick quickly turns to Lori, interrupting her.

RICK
I KNOW THEY NEED A CHRISTMAS--! You
think I don't know--

Rick stops, catching himself. Checking his anger.

RICK (CONT'D)
Look. Why don't you just let me
handle this, okay? I'm working on
it.

Lori fights the urge to respond. She's hurt by Rick's sharpness. Finally, she settles.

LORI
O... Okay.

Lori turns and exits the room. Rick looks remorseful. Covering his eyes to hold back impending tears.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lori emerges from the room, wiping tears from her eyes on her SLEEVE. Though her face is red, and flushed, she tries to hide the fact that she was crying.

Carol notices, raising an eyebrow and nudging Daryl as if to say "what'd I tell ya?"

After regaining her composure, Lori suddenly looks worried.

LORI

Carol...? Hershel? When was the last time you saw Carl?

HERSHEL

Actually I--

CAROL

I saw him--

LORI

CARL--? CARL--?! WHERE'S MY BABY BOY?!

CARL (O.S.)

I'm right here, mom!

Carl pokes his head out from behind the Christmas tree. He is inexplicably holding a box of CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS.

GLENN

He's actually been here for awhile.

Lori puts her hand over her heart, relieved. She walks to Carl, kneeling down and putting her hands on his shoulders.

LORI

Don't you do that to me, alright?
EVER!

GLENN

I said he's been here.

LORI

EVER!

GLENN

No one listens to me.

LORI

You scared me half to death!

(CONTINUED)

GLENN
I miss Dale.

Lori looks at Carl sternly.

CARL
Okay, mom! Relax!

LORI
Wait a minute, what's this? Where
did you get these decorations?

CARL
I found them in a supply closet.

LORI
You went off ALONE?!?!

CARL
Duh. And I killed like 50 walkers.
They were all in that closet.

LORI
Are you INSANE?!

CARL
SHUT UP, MOM. I'M A BAD ASS THIS
SEASON.

Maggie QUICKLY intervenes.

MAGGIE
Now, Carl, you do NOT speak to your
mother that way.

Carl drops the box of decorations, yanks his shoulders free
and walks off to brood.

Suddenly the door opens, and Rick steps out. The room is
quiet. You could cut the tension with a really strong spork.
After a few moments, Rick finally speaks.

RICK
We need to go on a supply run.
Daryl, Glenn, I need you to come
with me. T-Dog, you want to come?

T-Dog opens his mouth to speak, but is interrupted.

CAROL
But it's Christmas Eve. Don't we
have enough supplies here?

T-Dog looks like "did this white woman just cut me OFF?
How's this bitch get more lines than me anyway?"

RICK

No. The supplies we need aren't in
the prison. Not THESE supplies. Now
let's go.

Glenn, who was just about to put a bulb on the tree, huffs.
He puts the bulb on the tree, visibly disappointed that he
has to leave.

Maggie catches his arm, and shakes her head!

Daryl hands the squirrel carcass to Carol.

DARYL

Finish that up for me. Don't let it
spoil.

Maggie pulls Glenn aside.

MAGGIE

What do you think you're doing?

GLENN

You heard Rick. We're going on a
supply run.

MAGGIE

You are not going anywhere. You
don't need to go on a supply run,
we've got everything we need right
here! YOU ALREADY HAD TO GET THE
TREE, GLENN! *YOU GOT THE TREE!*

GLENN

Maggie, calm down...

MAGGIE

Do you love me, Glenn...?

Glenn puts his hand on Maggie's cheek, and looks her in the
eyes.

GLENN

Yes, Maggie, I do. I love you. Now
please, just calm down. I promise
that I'll come back.

After sucking in a few sobs, Maggie finally regains herself,
and nods.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Okay.

Glenn stands.

GLENN

(quietly to himself)

I really miss Dale.

Glenn joins Daryl at Rick's side.

RICK

Alright. We'll be back as soon as we can. Hershel, you're pretty much just being old this season--

HERSHEL

Yeah. I used up the last of my bad ass points at the farm.

RICK

So you just stay here and decorate the place with the rest of the bitches. T-Dog, you didn't answer me, so I'm guessin' you're not comin'.

T-Dog opens his mouth to speak again--

CARL

Can I come, dad?

LORI

No, Carl! You can't--

CARL

SERIOUSLY, mom! We've already got one dead squirrel in the room, so get OFF MY NUTS!

LORI

CARL!

RICK

Get off his nuts, Lori.

Lori looks shocked!

RICK

Carl, I'm gonna need you stay behind and look after everyone while we're gone.

CARL

You say that to me like every time!
It's bullshit! You're gonna give me
a complex!

RICK

If you want me to be honest, son,
you're a 10 year old boy growing up
in the middle of a zombie
apocalypse. You pretty much don't
have a snow ball's chance in hell
of growing up anything but insane.
But your mother and I love you
anyway, so please, for fuck's sake,
just stay in the house. Or prison,
wherever the hell we're at now.

Carl stands there, stunned.

CARL

...Okay.

RICK

We'll be back soon.

EXT. PRISON COURT YARD -- EVENING

Rick, Glenn and Daryl march out, adorned in riot gear and
armed.

DARYL

So where we goin'?

Reaching the fence, Rick JAMS the blade of a KNIFE into the
EYE SOCKET of a WALKER, and TWISTS, putting it down. Then
proceeds to do the same to another.

Daryl and Glenn follow suit, doing the same to the others
crowding the fence.

RICK

We're going into the city.

GLENN

What kinda supplies are we getting?

After they dispose of the walkers, Rick gets to work
unfastening the door.

RICK

We ain't gettin' no supplies.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

What?

RICK

We're goin' to get Christmas.

Glenn and Daryl exchange looks.

DARYL

Lori tell you what Carol said?
Don't worry about it, I think she's
just pissed because she's probably
the next to die.

Glenn looks surprised that Daryl would say that.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Just sayin'.

Rick finishes unfastening the door. He stops. Takes a moment, and then looks at his soldiers.

RICK

It ain't about what Carol said.
Look. At the CDC, when Jenner and I
were gettin' drunk, he told me that
Santa Claus was real.

Silence.

GLENN

What?

RICK

He told me that this infection,
whatever it is, it started in the
North Pole. It took over the elves
in Santa's work shop. They started
eatin' each other, then they ate
the reindeer, and then they tried
to have a go at the big man
himself...

GLENN

...And?

RICK

For some reason, it didn't work. He
got bit, but for some reason, he
didn't turn. I guess because he was
"magical", or somethin', Santa
Claus is immune. Either way, with
his shop in ruins, he came here for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)
refuge. Before things really went
to hell, they were tryin' to
synthesize a cure using his blood.

(beat)

I didn't believe'im at first, I
figured it was just the wine
talkin'... But now I figure it's
worth a shot.

GLENN

And you never told us?

RICK

I figured it was best if no one
knew.

Rick opens the door.

RICK (CONT'D)

Y'all ready?

DARYL

Let's get on, then.

GLENN

Are you kidding me? No, alright?
I'm going back inside, because this
is insane. I've got a girl in there
who is ridiculously hot, and I'm
not going out there to die looking
for Santa Claus.

RICK

He told me where I could find'im.
And as I said, this isn't a
democracy anymore. You're comin'.

GLENN

Rick...

DARYL

Come on, boy. Don't tell me you're
gonna be "yella" now.

GLENN

(sigh)

Okay. Let's go.

Rick smirks, and they proceed out.

INT. ROOM JUST OUTSIDE THE REC ROOM -- EVENING

Maggie's sister that no one cares about sings "The First Noel" to Hershel. Hershel just looks like a happy, one leg not havin'-ass old man.

Maggie seeing how happy Hershel looks, smiles, and joins her sister in singing.

Carol continues to skin the squirrel.

Lori keeps to herself.

T-Dog sits there, being black.

After the girls finish their song, Hershel applauds.

MAGGIE'S SISTER THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT
Daddy, it's Christmas Eve. Would
you like to read to us from the
Bible?

HERSHEL
Oh, yea. God. I like that guy.

MAGGIE'S SISTER THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT
Wow. You really have just checked
out, haven't you?

HERSHEL
I kept the remainder of my fucks in
my leg. Sorry, dear.

Lori suddenly looks worried again.

LORI
Wait. Has anybody seen Carl?

CAROL
Did you look behind the tree?

Lori wanders over, and looks behind the tree.

LORI
Oh my GOD--HE'S NOT HERE. HE'S NOT
BEHIND THE TREE. CARL! CARL!

MAGGIE
I swear to God he was just here!

As the women begin to panic, T-Dog has an aside moment with Hershel.

(CONTINUED)

T-DOG
That lil' dude's like Batman.

HERSHEL
I straight up just watched him
leave. Didn't say anything.

EXT. LONG ROAD -- NIGHT

Rick and company speed down the road in a CAR. Passing walkers, who are also dressed in RED and GREEN who growl at the car as it speeds by, and turn to follow it.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Carl is sitting in the back seat next to Glenn. No one looks surprised.

DARYL
(quietly to Rick)
I don't think you beat that kid's
ass enough. 'Doesn't listen for
shit.

RICK
Yeah, well. Too late for that. Now
he has a gun.

EXT. CIVILIZATION -- NIGHT

The car turns into a dark trailer park. Vacant, rusty trailers fill the lot, giving a sense of foreboding.

The usual trademarks of zombie apocalypse are present. Blood smeared along the sides, bloody hand prints on glass, a few mostly eaten corpses littering the ground.

RICK
This is it. According

GLENN
Santa lives in a trailer park?

DARYL
You got a problem with trailer
parks?

Everyone gets out of the car, cautiously. Weapons at the ready. They proceed.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Which one is it?

RICK

He didn't give me an address, he just told me it was here.

DARYL

Guess we'll have to check'em all. Reckon it works out, we can raid'em for supplies while we're at it.

RICK

Carl, stay close to us. Everyone, stay close. Tight formation. With this snow comin' down, we got bad visibility. I don't want anyone gettin' lost out here.

They form a tight box with one another, as they approach the first trailer.

GLENN

I'll go first. Back me up.

Daryl nods, keeping his crossbow trained on the door as Glenn slowly reaches out and turns the doorknob. He pushes the door in, and clicks on a flashlight.

Things go about as well as expected, as a WALKER (who is wearing red and green) sits up and snarls at Glenn.

Glenn quickly turns and backs out of the doorway.

GLENN

Look out!

DARYL

I got'im.

As the walker enters the doorway, Daryl PEGS him directly in the forehead with an arrow. The walker falls to it's knees and very loudly stumbles down the stairs.

The loud noise attracts a few more customers, and some peak out from the windows of the trailers.

Daryl begins firing arrows, and Rick dispatches any who get close enough with a NIGHTSTICK.

GLENN

This isn't going to work!

(CONTINUED)

RICK
Stay calm! They're already slow,
and snow will make them slower!

GLENN
Let's get back to the car!

CARL
No! Dad, look!

Carl points, and everyone looks.

One TRAILER has it's LIGHTS ON. And what's more? It's decorated with CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

Everyone looks awestruck, but just for a moment.

RICK
Let's go!

They make a break for the trailer, dodging grasping walkers (who are wearing red and green) and taking care of the ones who get too close.

They hurry up the stairs, with Daryl taking the rear, continuing to loose arrows at the oncoming walkers.

Rick frantically knocks on the door.

Knock knock knock.

Knock knock KNOCK.

No answer.

RICK
COME ON!

The walkers get closer and closer. Daryl's supply of arrows begins to dwindle.

DARYL
I'm getting low!

Carl starts to take aim with his gun.

RICK
No, Carl! Not yet!

Knock knock knock!

Knock knock knock!

Knock knock knock!

Just as things start to appear hopeless, the door opens.

RICK

Let's go!

They rush in, closing the door behind them. They take a moment to catch their breath, when they look up at their savior, they look as though they've seen a ghost.

The sounds of walkers clawing and beating on the door is heard throughout this entire scene.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello, Rick.

The man's figure steps into frame...

CARL

...Dale...?

Dale smiles.

CARL

You're Santa Claus?

Dale nods.

DALE CLAUS

Merry Christmas!

RICK

No. No, this can't be. This ain't possible, I... I shot you in the head! I did it myself! We buried you!

DALE CLAUS

Christmas magic, Rick. I've lived for thousands of years. The apocalypse couldn't even stop me, do you really think a bullet could?

Glenn looks really happy.

DARYL

I'll be damned.

RICK

But... I don't understand... Why did you..?

(CONTINUED)

DALE CLAUS

Why did I fake my death? Really? Do you remember how things were when I left? You were debating about whether or not to kill a boy, your best friend was trying to kill you, your wife was a whore, and the blonde I was trying to bang was behaving like an absolute bitch. How is she, by the way?

RICK

Well...

DALE CLAUS

Nevermind, don't answer. I just couldn't handle the way the group was losing their humanity. I had to leave. But you know what? I figured I'd be seeing you again.

CARL

So... I didn't... It wasn't my--?

DALE CLAUS

No, Carl. It wasn't your fault. But you really should consider staying in the house sometimes.

Rick smirks.

DALE CLAUS

I figured with most of humanity wiped out, I'd finally have a year off. But I got some stuff ready, just in case you showed up. And you did! Imagine that.

Dale pulls out a massive bag of presents. Carl looks excited as shit.

CARL

Whoa!

DALE CLAUS

Take this back with you.

Rick takes the bag, and hands it to Daryl.

RICK

Thanks, Santa... Dale.

(beat)

Why don't you come back with us? Everyone would love to see you.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Yes, please come back.

DALE CLAUS

No, thanks. For once, on Christmas Eve, I'm going to enjoy a nice, quiet night in.

Dale extends his hand. Which Rick grasps, and shakes. The two nod, showing obvious respect for each other.

Rick turns to Daryl.

RICK

You ready?

Daryl nods, handing the bag off to Glenn.

RICK

See you later, Santa.

Carl opens the door, and Daryl immediately begins disposing of walkers as they all rush out.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM -- NIGHT

Everyone appears pensive, now.

LORI

It's been too long. Something must've gone wrong. Something must've happened.

Lori looks at Hershel.

LORI

Isn't this where you're supposed to tell me to calm down? And that Rick knows what he's doing?

HERSHEL

See? I didn't even have to. You got it.

Carol enters the room with a barbecued squirrel on a plate.

CAROL

Alright, everyone grab a plate.

Just as everyone begins to get plates, Rick and company enter the room. Rick is now wearing a SANTA CLAUS SUIT.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
HO HO HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS,
EVERYBODY!

LORI
Rick? Carl! Oh, baby!

Lori rushes to Carl and hugs him, smothering him with kisses.

Everyone looks stunned and delighted to see Rick and what they have.

MAGGIE
What is all this?

RICK
It's Christmas.

Rick sets down the bag.

CARL
Mom, we met Santa Claus!

LORI
You what?

RICK
It's true, Lori. And he sends his regards. There's something in here for everybody.

Rick begins rummaging through the bag.

RICK
For Hershel...

Rick tosses Hershel a HOLY BIBLE.

RICK
Here's your faith back, along with a new supply of fucks.

HERSHEL
Thank you, Rick. You're a good man. Although a new leg would have been okay.

RICK
Well, here you go, Lieutenant Dan! Magic legs!

Rick reaches in the bag and tosses Hershel an ARTIFICIAL, TITANIUM LEG.

Hershel smiles, and nods.

RICK
And for T-Dog...

Rick reaches in, and pulls out a SCRIPT. He tosses it and T-Dog catches it with the blackest of accuracy.

RICK
Some more lines for this season!
Look at those, those are all you
buddy!

T-DOG
Thanks, Rick. I'll be sure to put
these to good use.

RICK
For Carol...

Rick reaches into the bag, and pulls out an ATHLETIC, FULL GROWN, HANDSOME, AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN.

RICK
Here's a black man for you to have
fun with, so you can get off
Daryl's dick, he's really tired of
it. His name is Tyreese.

TYREESE
It's nice to meet you.

Tyreese takes Carol's hand smoothly into his own, and kisses the tip of her knuckle. Carol melts.

T-Dog looks apalled.

T-DOG
Dammit, now I'm goin' to die.

Everyone looks at T-Dog.

T-DOG
(excitedly pointing to script)
It's one of my new lines!

Everyone smiles and applauds!

RICK
For you Lori, there's something in
here really special.

Lori manages a bit of a smile, as she looks at Rick expectantly.

(CONTINUED)

Rick reaches into the bag and pulls out a PENIS.

RICK
It's Shane's dick.

LORI
Rick, I...
(beat)
I... I love it. I think. No, I hate
it. I mean, it's okay. No, you
should kill it. Did you KILL THIS?
HOW COULD YOU?

RICK
Lori, Lori, slow down. That's just
a joke. Daryl pulled that off a
walker while were out. It's jut a
joke.

LORI
Oh...
(beat)
EW!

Lori THROWS the penis. It hits Maggie's sister in the face.

MAGGIE'S SISTER THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT
Oh God, Jimmy!

Maggie's sister bursts into tears.

RICK
Your real gift, is this.

Rick takes Lori's hand and puts on his chest. On his heart.

RICK
It's me, Lori. You've got your
husband back. Really, this time.

Lori smiles as a tear falls down her cheek.

Rick lets go of the bag.

RICK
Everyone else, dig in. If you'll
excuse me, me and my wife are gonna
celebrate a little holiday of our
own.

Rick takes Lori's hand and begins to lead her out of the
room.

(CONTINUED)

LORI
Merry Christmas to me!

Everyone reaches into the bag, taking out gifts they all seem pleased with. A new CROSSBOW for Daryl. A new HAT for Glenn.

The aura in the room is warm as Carl looks up at the Christmas tree, smiling. The first we've seen in awhile, and maybe the last glimmer of childhood innocence he may ever have.

In the cellblock, Rick makes passionate love to his pregnant wife.

Maggie's sister begins to burst into song!

MAGGIE'S SISTER THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT
FAH WHO, FOR-AIZE, DAH WHO,
DOR-AIZE.

Maggie smiles, and joins her sister in singing. And soon, so does everyone else.

We zoom out as everyone sings happily.

EXT. PRISON -- NIGHT

The singing continues to be heard throughout the remainder of the cenes.

Walkers (dressed in red and green) continue to roam the perimeter. Lost in the cold as the snow continue to come down.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

A knock on the door.

MORGAN checks the peep hole. Looks confused, then cautiously opens the door.

DUANE
Who is it, daddy?

DALE CLAUS
Merry Christmas. I got bored.

Dale Claus hands Duane some new COMIC BOOKS.

EXT. IN THE MIDDLE OF A TOWN -- NIGHT

MICHONNE and ANDREW plow through a HORDE of walkers. Michonne stylishly dismantling them with her katana, Andrea popping their heads off like a pro. They stop for a moment as Andrea suddenly looks confused.

Dale approaches with a smile.

ANDREA

Dale?

MICHONNE

You know him?

Dale hands Michonne a new, SHINY KATANA, and hands Andrea a DESERT EAGLE.

Dale winks flirtatiously at Andrea.

INT. PRISON REC ROOM -- NIGHT

The survivors finish their song.

ALL

ALL! AND NEAR!

Or whatever those lyrics are.

Blackness.

END.