

SUPERNATURAL

Episode #1514

"Last Holiday"

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DEAN WINCHESTER

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JACK

MRS. BUTTERS/ELDERLY WOMAN
STU

JARED PADALECKI
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Supernatural Filings

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SUPERNATURAL
"Last Holiday"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY (DAY 1) 1

Sam sits at a table reading through several dusty tomes. The SOFT WHIR of the bunker's ventilation can be heard as it blows through unseen vents.

CLANK! KRUNK!

The whir slows... Sam looks up, unsure-- then... He SNIFFS. Something's off.

DEAN (O.S.)

Dammit!

Dean comes in from off-screen carrying a PAN.

DEAN

The gas cut out again. How can the Meat Man cook without a fire, Sam? Where's the flamethrower?

SAM

Do you smell that?

DEAN

What?

But Sam just turns, sniffing the air--

As Dean covertly SNIFFS HIMSELF. Not great. Sam turns back--

SAM

No... it smells like... potatoes?

Dean just sighs-- then--

DEAN

That's the third time this week that something's broken. Between the hot water, the gas--

(then)

Isn't this place supposed to be state-of-the-art?

(CONTINUED)

1

1

SAM

It was... in the 50's.

Dean looks around, not sure, then...

DEAN

Come on...

SAM

Where are we going?

DEAN

I've fought the Devil himself-- I
killed Hitler. I can handle some
old pipes.

2

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

2

It's a LABYRINTH OF PIPES mishmashed together with seemingly no rhyme or reason. (NOTE: Maybe this is a room BELOW the bunker, accessed by a ladder leading up to the main bunker above). Sam flips through some sort of BUNKER MANUAL.

SAM

Section A, subsection F... I think that's up ahead.

DEAN

Men of Letters... never making things easy.

(changing subjects)

Is the kid still in his room?

SAM

Hasn't come out since Cass went to look for Amara. Now that he has his soul back, all the things he did... I think they're catching up to him.

DEAN

They do that.

SAM

Can't we just call a plumber?

DEAN

(sarcastic)

"Hi, Mario bros? Could you come out to the most secret, secure, supernatural hideout in the world? Yeah? Thanks! Go Luigi!"

(CONTINUED)

Lights FLICKER above them. This place is a creep show.

SAM
Dean, I think--

DEAN
Eureka.

Near the back they find a CONSOLE with a green button labeled "RESET" and a DIMLY LIT UP yellow button labeled "STANDBY."

DEAN
What is this?

SAM
(flipping through pages)
A... bunker... grid... control
center... obviously.

Above the console we see the MOL SIGIL surrounded by an assortment of glyphs.

DEAN
Obviously.
(then)
After we stop Chuck from Kondo'ing
the universe, I'm getting a
condo...

Dean looks down at the console.

DEAN
Reset... standby. Okay, what's the
first thing I do when my computer
has too many pop-ups?

SAM
I told you, stop going to those
sites--

DEAN
(ignoring)
I turn it off and then on again,
right?

SAM
Or not. Give me a second, let me
find the page--

Dean doesn't wait and hits the button.

2

The GLYPHS and SIGIL GLOW, then... the lights SHUT OFF! We hear a SLOWING WHIR as the bunker SHUTS DOWN. And then in the pitch dark we hear...

DEAN

Oops...

Suddenly, the lights pop back on. The bunker HUMS to life.

DEAN

Hah! Hear that? Victory!

Dean bolts for the exit.

SAM

Where are you going?

Dean turns back-- triumphant--

DEAN

It's burger time.

3

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DEAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

3

Dean sits on his bed, ready to enjoy his burger. Maybe lights a candle. SMOOTH JAZZ plays, as Dean eyes it lustily. Think Food Channel meets Cinemax. We bathe in the moment for a long beat, as--

Dean lowers it a little to get a good bite, REVEALING... an ELDERLY WOMAN folding a pair of boxers with Scooby print on them.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hullo, dear!

Off Dean's SHOCKED SCREAM we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

4

Dean trails the strange woman as she drags a finger across one of the library shelves, disgusted at the grime.

ELDERLY WOMAN

How you've lived in this filth is beyond me...

DEAN

Beyond...? Who the Hell are you, lady?

ELDERLY WOMAN

(aghast)
Language!

As she speaks-- SAM ENTERS. He stops in his tracks, staring at the Elderly Woman, then Dean.

SAM

Uh... hi?
(then)
Dean, what's going on?

DEAN

Why are you looking at me? One second I'm about to dive into a Dean Deluxe and the next, she's trying to sort my... you know... underthings!

ELDERLY WOMAN

Well, if you'd just put them away properly the first time--

SAM

I'm sorry, who are you?

ELDERLY WOMAN

My true name is hardly decipherable in your tongue, but Mr. Ganem called me... Mrs. Butters.

DEAN

(weird)
Seriously?

SAM

Your tongue? So you're... not human?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BUTTERS

Oh, no, I'm a wood nymph.

Dean chuckles.

DEAN

(sotto)

Nymph...

SAM

(ignoring Dean)

And-- what are you doing here?

MRS. BUTTERS

I live here.

DEAN

You're a Man-- Lady of Letters?

MRS. BUTTERS

Oh, no, I wasn't a member, more of a... helper. I took care of the cleaning, laundry, cooking... the Men of Letters, though highly intelligent, were oblivious to the necessities of life. But... they were my boys... my family.

Dean and Sam look skeptical.

DEAN

Uh huh, sure... listen, we don't want any trouble, so, if you just leave--

MRS. BUTTERS

Leave?! This is my home! I've worked for the Men of Letters since the war.

SAM

The war...? What year do you think this is?

MRS. BUTTERS

Nineteen fifty eight.

DEAN

Yeahhhh... 'fraid to break it to you, but... it's 2020.

MRS. BUTTERS

It... excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

4

SAM

He's telling the truth.

MRS. BUTTERS

Then-- where's Mr. Markham? Mr.
Ackers? Where is everyone?

DEAN

They're all kinda... dead.

She turns, noticing a PHOTO of the MOL in their glory days.
We see tears form in her eyes. She's absolutely gutted.

MRS. BUTTERS

But... how?

DEAN

A demon named Abaddon killed them.
All of them.

ON MRS. BUTTERS. As that hits her. A beat, then-- hollow--

MRS. BUTTERS

That... that's why they didn't come
back.

Her gaze drifts off, remembering the past.

5

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY - FLASHBACK

5

Mrs. Butters sits at the CHESS TABLE, sipping coffee (from
the same cup that Sam and Dean found when first arriving at
the bunker in Ep. 813, "Everybody Hates Hitler").

MRS. BUTTERS (V.O.)

When the lads left for the ceremony
I was told to stay behind. Guard
the bunker, but... they never
returned.

She moves to and fro in frame, time rapidly moving past.

MRS. BUTTERS (V.O.)

I knew something terrible happened
but... I never thought...
(overcome)

I decided to wait for them to
return-- because of course they'd
return.

She dusts some lamps, pushes in chairs, takes one last look
around before...

6 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - BOILER ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 6

Mrs. Butters stands in front of the console.

MRS. BUTTERS (V.O.)

So, to keep the bunker safe, I placed it, and myself, in standby mode.

She hits the "standby" button and DISAPPEARS into a wisp of smoke that floats INTO the glyphs above the console.

7 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY - PRESENT 7

She looks from the picture back to the boys.

MRS. BUTTERS

I never dreamed it would take this long to be reactivated.

DEAN

Yeah, sorry... we don't-- totally know everything about this place.

SAM

It's kinda been one apocalypse after the other.

She pats Sam's hand.

MRS. BUTTERS

It's fine, dear. I know how busy your work can be. Why, if you're anything like the others, it's probably been ages since you've had a home-cooked meal, celebrated a holiday... or

(looks to Dean)

...washed your clothes?

SAM

We're not really holiday people.

MRS. BUTTERS

Not Christmas!?

(sotto)

It's worse than I thought...

DEAN

You said "standby" mode. So this entire time, we've been, what? Operating at half power?

(CONTINUED)

7

MRS. BUTTERS

Less than that I'm afraid. The Men
of Letters cleverly used my magic
to give the bunker an extra oomph.

She gets up, SNAPPING her fingers. The lights BRIGHTEN, the
TELESCOPE LIGHTING CHANGES COLOR, sounds of powering up, and
a "DINGING!" can be heard from the CROW'S NEST next door.

Dean and Sam look around, a bit in awe.

SAM

What's that?

MRS. BUTTERS

The radar of course.

DEAN

Radar?

8 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CROW'S NEST - MOMENTS LATER 8

Sam, Dean, and Mrs. Butters look down at the MAP, and on it,
a BLINKING RED LIGHT.

DEAN

You're telling me we have a monster
radar?

MRS. BUTTERS

Of course! The chime indicates
there is something relatively close
by. And by the color, it looks to
be a nest of vampires.

Mrs. Butters reaches out and touches the red DOT.

MRS. BUTTERS

Fifty miles away. 725 Black Drive.

Dean looks at Sam with a HUGE SMILE.

DEAN

We have a monster radar!

Mrs. Butters turns, beginning to dust the shelves.

MRS. BUTTERS

If you boys hurry, I imagine you
can clean out the nest and be back
in time for supper.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

Hell, ye--

Off her glare.

DEAN

Heck, yes.

She NODS and goes back to her cleaning. Sam leans in.

SAM

Dean-- how do we know we can trust her?

DEAN

Dude, look at her...

They both simultaneously turn to see her humming away as she dusts a shelf. She couldn't look more innocent.

DEAN

Is it such a stretch to think the M-O-L would find someone to help with the dishes? They were a bunch of uppity, preppy "bachelors." Having a... whatever she is, is almost required.

SAM

Yeah, but...

DEAN

Look... let's check out the nest. If it's real, she's telling the truth, and we caught a serious break, which-- not a lot of those goin' around lately.

SAM

And if it isn't?

DEAN

We take care of it... like we always do.

Sam's coming around...

SAM

What about Jack?

Off Dean's concerned look.

9 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 9

Inside Jack's room, the young demi-god lays on his bed. Maudlin music plays as Jack gazes upward in obvious despair.

There's a KNOCK at the door, but Jack doesn't move. INTERCUT with--

10 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 10

Sam leans in to the door--

SAM

Jack...

(no answer, then...)

Okay, uhhh... me and Dean, we have to go, but... we've got a "guest" staying with us. Kind of. And she's probably harmless, but just in case... watch yourself, okay? And if anything happens, call.

(pause)

Oh... she said she's going to make cookies... snickerdoodles... if you want some.

Jack looks at the door like "WTF"? Off his look we...

11 EXT./INT. IMPALA - NIGHT (PMP) 11

ON BABY as it cruises down the road.

SAM

Even if she is what she says she is... some kind of--

DEAN

Magical Roomba... Like, smell my shirt, Sam. She touched it and now it's like I'm in the middle of a friggin' pine forest.

SAM

Just... do you really think it's smart to have her around?

DEAN

We have the son of Satan staying in the room down the hall, so...

(CONTINUED)

11

SAM
Come on. Chuck's deleting worlds,
Amara is... somewhere... and
Jack... he's--

DEAN
A mess.

Sam nods, exactly.

DEAN
He'll be fine. I've been through
worse and look at me-- picture of
health.

SAM
Ignoring your trauma doesn't make
you healthy, Dean.

DEAN
Yes, it does.
(then)
Look, we've actually had a pretty
good track record with magical
creatures: Cass, Crowley, Rowena,
they all came around. So even if
she turns out to be evil, we're so
damn charming she'll come around.

SAM
Is that worth the risk?

DEAN
She's making cookies, Sam.

12

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

12

Mrs. Butters knocks at Jack's door, then...

MRS. BUTTERS
Hello... Jack?

INTERCUT INSIDE--

13

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

13

Jack looks up.

MRS. BUTTERS
Sam and Dean told me you were going
through a tough time, so I thought
I'd make you a sandwich in case you
were hungry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 13

13

MRS. BUTTERS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'll just leave it outside your
door should you change your mind.

She sets the plate down and walks away.

CLOSE ON the door for a beat before it opens and Jack reaches
out, pulling the plate in and closing the door behind him.

14

INT. OLD SHACK - NIGHT

14

Inside the shack we see a pair of REDNECK VAMPIRES. They're
watching LEGACIES (the crossover we've longed for).

STU

How come vampires like that live in
mansions and we live here?

He dumps a BAG OF BLOOD into his THIRST BUSTER and takes a
swig through a curly straw when...

The door to the shack breaks open to reveal Sam and Dean.

DEAN

Any bloodsuckers in here?

The two VAMP OUT, lunging at Sam and Dean. Sam and Dean LOP
THEIR HEADS OFF! Dean stands amazed.

DEAN

That's gotta be a record, right?
No investigating... no dead ends...
just "ding": bloodsuckers! Monster
radar rules!

SAM

Yeah, but... we should at least do
some research on Mrs. Butters...
you know... just in case she's
about more than cookies.

DEAN

Sure... when we get back, we'll do
some digging. And if she's bad,
she's gone. Promise.

15

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

15

Sam and Dean walk in and REACT to something OFF-SCREEN. The
sound of JINGLE BELLS echo, as--

(CONTINUED)

Off their gaze we turn around to REVEAL the CROW'S NEST,
decked out for CHRISTMAS! Tree, garland, lights, the works.
Mrs. Butters holds out a batch of fresh gingerbread cookies--

MRS. BUTTERS
Merry Christmas!

Dean with a huge smile, turns to Sam.

DEAN
Dude! We're keeping her!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - DAY (DAY 2) 16

LAUGHTER from somewhere in the bunker, and... what's that smell...? Jack sniffs the air...

JACK
Cinnamon?

Jack's curiosity gets the better of him and he climbs out of bed, following his nose out the door and into...

17 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 17

Sam sits at the table as Mrs. Butters rushes in from off-screen with a plate of pancakes piled HIGH.

MRS. BUTTERS
You boys have spent so much time killing monsters, it seems like you haven't had the chance to celebrate much of anything.

SAM
So, that's why we're doing Christmas?

MRS. BUTTERS
Oh, don't be so dour, Samuel. Take a breath, smile, enjoy the world you're fighting for.
(then)
We've got a lot of lost time to make up for. Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving... I make a mean apple-cranberry sauce.

A smile comes to Sam as he notices Jack at the entryway.

SAM
Jack!? Hey...

Mrs. Butters turns to see Jack for the first time. Her EYES FLASH GREEN for a second, as her face turns stern. She doesn't look like the happy lady we've seen so far.

MRS. BUTTERS
This is Jack?

She's looking at him, UNSURE.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BUTTERS

What... are you?

DEAN (O.S.)

A millennial. But don't let that
throw you. He's a good kid...

All three look OFF-SCREEN, a little SHOCKED at what they see.

SAM

Are you wearing...?

Sam's voice trails off as we reveal Dean in a SLEEPING ROBE.
The same one (but real) he wore in ScoobyNatural.

DEAN

Yup! Still feels like I'm wrapped
in hugs.

He takes a seat, and crosses his legs-- ala Basic Instinct.
Sam turns away-- oh, God...

DEAN

I don't know how you got this Mrs.
B, but... Best. Gift. Ever.

MRS. BUTTERS

You're welcome, dear.

Jack hesitates. Mrs. Butters' glare changes, her smile
reappears.

MRS. BUTTERS

Well, if they vouch for you, then
that's good enough for me. Sit
down and eat, young man. You must
be starving.

JACK

I'm not that hungry.

MRS. BUTTERS

Oh, poppycock. A boy your age?
Here...

She puts a SMOOTHIE down in front of him.

MRS. BUTTERS

Trust me, you'll love it.

DEAN

Oh! Can I have one of those?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BUTTERS

You can have some tomato juice.
I'm worried about your cholesterol.

She puts a glass of tomato juice in front of Dean. He looks disgusted. Sam looks amused.

SUDDENLY-- KLAXONS! ALARMS!

We PUSH IN on Dean as he yells.

DEAN

We got one!

Aping Ghostbusters, Sam and Dean leap from their chairs as "Cleaning Up The Town" by the BUSBOYS starts to play.

Looking down the hallway we see them rush into their rooms.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sam and Dean reappear, jackets, flannel, etc.

Dean hops out, still sliding on his boots as Mrs. Butters hands them a packed lunch.

MRS. BUTTERS

No crusts.

DEAN

You're the best, Mrs. B!

Dean bolts for the door. Sam is close behind...

MRS. BUTTERS

Samuel. I believe the radar says it's a lamia. I put blessed knives in the trunk, and tell Dean to go easy on the car... I just waxed it.

Sam nods as Jack stands from the table, unsure...

JACK

Should I... come, or...?

SAM

Jack... that's okay. We got it.

Jack sits back down as the chaos of the moment gives way to Mrs. Butters turning her attention back toward Jack who's drinking the smoothie. We can tell he loves it.

MRS. BUTTERS
And what shall we do with you?

Jack looks up, a milk mustache evident as we...

19 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - LATER 19

Jack hands dishes to a cheery Mrs. Butters who washes them.

MRS. BUTTERS
Your father's Lucifer? Oh my!
What's that like?

JACK
I, um, I didn't really know him
very well. The only family I've
ever really had is Sam, Dean,
Castiel... Mary...

MRS. BUTTERS
Mary?

Jack looks away-- it's almost too hard to talk about.

Mrs. Butters senses the pain, dries her hands, and quickly
turns to put a hand on Jack for comfort.

MRS. BUTTERS
It's okay... you don't have to talk
about it if you don't want to.

A beat, then...

JACK
She was Sam and Dean's mom... She
had blonde hair, and the best
smile...

MRS. BUTTERS
She sounds lovely...

JACK
She was. She really was. But...
(deep breath)
I... killed her.

MRS. BUTTERS
Oh...

JACK
I didn't mean to... it was an
accident, but...

(CONTINUED)

19

His voice trails off. Mrs. Butters squeezes his hands in comfort. Then with one hand lifts his chin to look at her.

MRS. BUTTERS

Jack.

He looks up at her kind face.

MRS. BUTTERS

You listen to me. We've all done things... things we aren't proud of. When Abaddon killed my... boys, I should have been there. I couldn't protect them like I promised. But, life gives us second chances... and it's our obligation to hold on to them. Understand?

Jack nods as she moves toward the fridge.

MRS. BUTTERS

Now... how about another smoothie?

Jack smiles as we CROSSFADE into...

20

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DAY - MONTAGE (DAY 3)

20

We see Sam and Dean rush out the door, Mrs. B handing them brown paper bags of lunch.

The dinner table is dressed for FOURTH OF JULY, HALLOWEEN, THANKSGIVING (NOTE: Maybe similar to the same camera move AROUND the table like the opening of Roseanne or some such).

We see Sam, Dean, Jack, and Mrs. Butters laugh and talk as we CUT from various scenes at the table to... DIFFERENT DOOR FRAMES being kicked open.

- Sam and Dean with guns.
- Sam and Dean with knives.
- Sam and Dean with a grenade launcher.

We don't see what they're fighting, but get the impression that they're kicking down evil's door and whooping its ass.

21

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT - END MONTAGE

21

We land back at the bunker's table where Mrs. Butters throws Sam a BIRTHDAY PARTY.

(CONTINUED)

EVERYONE
...Toooo youuuuu!

They clap as Sam blows out a candle.

DEAN
Hey, Mrs. B, when it's my party,
could you make those Rice Krispie
treats?

Mrs. Butters looks at him incredulously...

MRS. BUTTERS
Dear, at your age I wouldn't think
you'd want to celebrate your
birthday.

Sam SMILES and Jack LAUGHS WAY TOO HARD. It's the first time
he's laughed in awhile. Dean is taken aback, but then Mrs.
Butters laughs...

MRS. BUTTERS
I saved you a batch, next to the
refrigerator.

DEAN
You. Are. The. Best!

We notice Jack, smoothie in hand, smiling.

Maybe everything will turn out alright... maybe.

Jack walks past Sam's room...

SAM
Jack!

Jack backs up, seeing Sam knee deep in books.

SAM
Hey, are you going to the library?

JACK
Kitchen. Hoping Mrs. Butters will
make me another smoothie.

SAM
On your way back, can you bring me
R.G.'s guide to supernatural
creatures?

(MORE)

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CONTINUED: 22

22

SAM (CONT'D)
(then)
And... grab me a cookie?

JACK
Sure.

They trade smiles-- CUT TO--

23

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER 23

Jack comes around the corner to see Mrs. Butters in the library. She's looking at a folder and looks... upset?

Jack backs up, watching from the corner as Mrs. B takes the folder and hides it behind another stack of books.

Suspicious, he starts forward...

JACK
Mrs. Butters?

She quickly turns towards Jack, who plays it as if he's just arrived.

MRS. BUTTERS
Yes, dear?

JACK
I was wondering if you could make me another smoothie?

MRS. BUTTERS
Of course. Anything for my boys.

She leaves, but as soon as she's out of eye-line, Jack pushes the books aside and finds an envelope stamped "Top Secret."

He quickly opens it to find a FILE FOLDER and a ROLL OF FILM. Off his curiosity...

24

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - DAY 24

Jack wheels a FILM PROJECTOR into his room and closes the door behind him.

Seconds later, we see his phone with a Youtube video showing a "how to thread a projector" video, as he follows the directions.

Moments after, he hits a button and we see the film projected on his bedroom wall.

(CONTINUED)

Through CRACKLING BLACK AND WHITE FILM GRAIN, we find ourselves in the DUNGEON.

25 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 25

CUTHBERT SINCLAIR, MOL before he was kicked out, stands in the dungeon.

CUTHBERT

This is Cuthbert Sinclair, Men of Letters file 5150.

(then)

As you know, Henshaw was successful in retrieving the wood nymph from the Thule's laboratory. After encountering a Nazi battalion, subject B, casually referred to as "Mrs. Butters," destroyed upwards of two hundred men before she was restrained. It seems, wood nymphs, though naturally docile, react violently when home or family are threatened.

The camera PANS to MRS. BUTTERS. She smiles sweetly at the camera. Next to her, tied to a chair, is a man with a BURLAP SACK over his head.

CUTHBERT

To that end... I've been conducting a series of... *experiments*, designed to help this strange magical being understand the importance of our mission... and now, Mrs. Butters has agreed to join the Men of Letters family.

Cuthbert walks over to the man and pulls off the bag. We can see he's wearing a NAZI UNIFORM.

CUTHBERT

This is a member of the Thule, who, after thorough interrogation, is no longer of use to us.

(then)

Still, his mere existence is a threat, and so... Mrs. Butters?

He gestures towards her and she casually walks over to the man and with one hand, YANKS his head from his shoulders.

Mrs. Butters, with a little blood on her face turns to Cuthbert.

(CONTINUED)

"Last Holiday" Studio & Network Draft 12/2/19 23.
25 CONTINUED: 25

MRS. BUTTERS
Would anyone like some tea and
cookies?

Off that insane display of strength, we cut back to--

26 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - JACK'S ROOM - DAY - PRESENT 26

The film ends and we zero in on Jack, WIDE-EYED.

JACK
Son of a bitch...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

27

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - DAY

27

Jack comes around the corner at a near sprint.

JACK

Sam?

He screeches to a halt when he sees...

MRS. BUTTERS

Slow down, dear... Is everything alright?

She's carefully placing a stack of books on the shelf.

JACK

Yes. I was just... looking for Sam.

MRS. BUTTERS

He'll be along any minute. He's got a big date!

JACK

Oh... that's nice.

Mrs. Butters notices his strangeness.

MRS. BUTTERS

Are you sure you're alright? I could make you some soup or--

SAM (O.S.)

I can't really get the knot...

MRS. BUTTERS

Oh, don't you look dashing!

REVEAL Sam dressed in a button up and slacks, he's trying to fix his tie, but seems to be having a hard time.

MRS. BUTTERS

Come here.

Mrs. Butters grabs the tie and quickly knots it.

MRS. BUTTERS

Let me have a look at you.

She backs up-- BEAMING before motioning toward his hair.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BUTTERS

You sure I can't cut a little off
the bottom?

DEAN (O.S.)

Woah. Look who's shopping at
Abercrombie and bitch?

Dean has entered the room with a smirk that only an older
brother can have.

MRS. BUTTERS

Language!

(to Sam)

Don't listen to him. You look
handsome. The last time your
brother dressed up for a girl he
was 16, her name was Chanterelle,
and he put baby powder in his
underpants.

DEAN

Hey, that was private.

Sam smirks.

SAM

Eileen's in town, and I thought...
After what happened, we could use a
night out... some dinner...
privacy... something...

DEAN

Heavy on the *something*.

MRS. BUTTERS

Dean...

(to Sam)

Take one of the old cars from the
garage. They're in tip top shape--
I'm sure she'll be impressed.

She hands Sam a KEY.

MRS. BUTTERS

And one more thing.

She flourishes her hand and a BOUQUET OF ROSES appear.

MRS. BUTTERS

Have fun, dear.

Sam smiles, then-- sincerely--

SAM

Mrs. Butters, it's great-- we're lucky to have you.

MRS. BUTTERS

I'm the lucky one, Sam.

Sam smiles, moving away-- as Jack watches Sam go, he turns his attention to Dean.

MRS. BUTTERS

You could be nicer to your brother.

DEAN

Why?

MRS. BUTTERS

You boys...

(then)

Oh, Dean, I noticed a broken TV in one of the rooms. I took the liberty of fixing it.

DEAN

In the Dean cave?! Yes!

They exit together. Jack stares after them, determination in his eyes. He needs to do something...

28

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

28

Jack turns the corner to see Mrs. Butters duck into the dungeon. He takes a breath, steeling himself, then...

29

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

29

Jack marches in, ready for a confrontation.

JACK

I know what you are.

Mrs. Butters pauses for a moment, takes a deep breath and turns to face Jack.

MRS. BUTTERS

And what's that?

JACK

I saw the film. You killed that man. You're dangerous.

MRS. BUTTERS

And you're not?

(CONTINUED)

Jack is a little taken aback.

JACK

No...? Yes, but, they know--

MRS. BUTTERS

Know what? How powerful you are?
How powerful you've become? I
do... the first time I saw you it
hit me like a tidal wave. They
should be scared of you...

JACK

I would never hurt them.

MRS. BUTTERS

You have before.

(beat... then)

Have you ever thought that maybe
Sam and Dean keep you here. Closed
in, secure, because they're scared
you'll do to someone else, what you
did to their mother?

Jack is SHOOK.

MRS. BUTTERS

Don't worry, Jack. Now that I'm
here, they'll never have to be
worried about you again.

Then-- BAM! She HITS JACK, knocking him to the floor.

JACK

What are you doing?

MRS. BUTTERS

What I've always done: I'm
protecting my family.

She moves in. Jack's eyes FLARE GOLD--

JACK

Don't.

But then-- his eyes SHORT OUT. Mrs. Butters just smiles--
reaching down-- slapping the ARCHANGEL CUFFS on Jack.

JACK

What... did you do to me?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BUTTERS

You didn't think those smoothies were for your health, did you? A little yarrow root, some ground jawbone for texture, and voila, you're as weak as a puppy.

JACK

But why?

MRS. BUTTERS

To make the bunker safe again. To get rid of all the monsters.

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dean walks into the kitchen where he finds Mrs. Butters, busily working at the counter.

DEAN

Hey, Mrs. B, do you have any--

A plate with a sandwich on it, slides across the counter, stopping in front of Dean.

DEAN

You're a dream.

MRS. BUTTERS

Eat up, dear, you'll need your strength so we can go kill Jack.

Dean stops mid-bite.

DEAN

Excuse me?

She produces an ARCHANGEL BLADE and hands it to him.

MRS. BUTTERS

I've got him downstairs. Trapped. You and Sam don't need to be afraid anymore. I won't let what happened to the others happen to you.

Dean looks down. PISSED!

DEAN

Dammit!

(to Mrs. Butters)

I thought we had a good thing here but of course-- of course you had to go full Nurse Ratched on us.

MRS. BUTTERS

I don't know what that means, but,
Dean, he's a monster. He killed
your mother for Heaven's sake!

Dean reaches out, his hand curling around the blade.

DEAN

...It was an accident.

MRS. BUTTERS

And what happens when he has a
bigger "accident?" He kills your
brother? A city? The world?

DEAN

That won't happen...

MRS. BUTTERS

How can you be sure?

DEAN

Because I am!

(then)

Now... we're going to go down
there, let him go, and forget this
ever happened, okay?

It looks like maybe... maybe, she's coming around...

MRS. BUTTERS

I understand...

HARD CUT TO:

31

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - MOMENTS LATER

31

Dean is thrown into the dungeon next to Jack.

MRS. BUTTERS

I hoped for better from you Dean.
Obviously, he's influenced you...
just like the serpent in the
garden. Just like his father!

DEAN

Hey-- no--!

But too late, Mrs. Butters SLAMS the door, and we CUT TO--

32

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

32

Sam returns to find Mrs. Butters waiting with a cup of tea.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BUTTERS

A bit past curfew, Samuel.

Sam chuckles, but she's dead serious.

SAM

Heh, right... Where's Dean...
Jack?

Mrs. Butters sets her tea cup down and stands-- ALL SMILES.

MRS. BUTTERS

Well... I have some good news and
some bad news.

And off that ominous and vague note we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

33

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

33

Sam stares at Mrs. Butters, repeating what she just said during the commercial break...

SAM

So... Jack has taken over Dean's mind and they're both downstairs... ready to be killed... by us?

Mrs. Butters NODS.

MRS. BUTTERS

You were always the smart one.

SAM

(playing along)

Yeah... okay. Well, I'm glad you caught them. Maybe Jack's finally been corrupted by all of his new power, and of course that's why he was able to brainwash Dean.

MRS. BUTTERS

Because he's the weakest...

SAM

I wouldn't say...

(thinking)

You know what? I'm going to get my gun, in my room, and I'll meet you downstairs so we can get to the... uh... killing?

MRS. BUTTERS

Wonderful!

Sam turns to go.

MRS. BUTTERS

And, Sam?

He turns back.

MRS. BUTTERS

How was the date?

Sam isn't sure how to respond as we CUT TO--

34 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - SAM'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 34

Sam runs into his room, slamming the door behind him. With one hand he dials his phone... INTERCUT WITH--

35 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - INTERCUT 35

We see Dean answer his phone.

DEAN

Sam?

SAM

Dean! Listen, I'm back and Mrs. Butters--

DEAN

Went full psycho? Yeah, got it.

SAM

So, how do we stop her?

DEAN

I don't know, you were the one that was going to look into that?

SAM

"WE" were going to look into that, Dean, but then... you know... we had Christmas and Thanksgiving... and that breakfast for Boxing Day.

DEAN

I've never had an omelet like that. Ever!

(then)

Look-- try the boiler room. If hitting "standby" pulled her into some kinda suspended animation--

SAM

Right. Yeah.

(then)

And here she said you weren't that bright.

DEAN

She said what?

SAM

(ignoring)

Alright, wish me luck.

(CONTINUED)

Sam hangs up the phone and we stay on Dean.

JACK

What now?

DEAN

Now, we figure a way out of this room.

JACK

I could try to use my power...

DEAN

Except, it might send up a flare for Chuck. So ixnay on that.

Dean is at the wall, pulling on the door, hoping it'll budge. It won't.

JACK

This is my fault.

DEAN

What?

Dean turns, seeing Jack is having a moment.

JACK

This. Maybe she's right. What if I lose my soul again, or... lose control, or--

DEAN

Hey. Stop, okay. Just... stop. You're not going to lose control.

JACK

I've done it before.

(off Dean)

Since then... nothing's been the same. You, Sam...

That lands on Dean. He takes a beat, then--

DEAN

Look, I'm trying, Jack. I really am. But what you did... it's not easy to forget. Or forgive.

(then)

I was angry at you, for a long time, I-- I still am.

He looks to Jack, laying it out.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

But you... you're one of us, and
you have a chance to make it right,
and-- you're gonna save the
friggin' universe. So... let's
just focus on that. Okay?

ON JACK. Not the answer he wanted, but he nods. Okay.

36 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT 36

Sam's out of his room, gun at the ready, looking for Mrs.
Butters. He moves from the hallway to...

37 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 37

Sam creeps from the hallway into the library when...

MRS. BUTTERS (O.S.)

Sam, what are you doing?

Sam turns. Smiling. Trying to keep calm as his hand reaches
for the gun in his waistband.

SAM

Hey, Mrs. Butters.

MRS. BUTTERS

Dear, what's taking so long?

SAM

Uh... I...

His hand curls around the gun and he raises it, but with a
flick of her wrist, his arm STOPS mid-air.

She puts her hand on her hips in frustration.

MRS. BUTTERS

Oh, Sam.

She gestures with her hand and Sam is thrown backward into a
chair--

MRS. BUTTERS

I'm not mad, I'm disappointed.

Sam tries to move, but whatever magic Mrs. B is wielding,
he's IMMOBILE. She advances...

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BUTTERS

When they found me, I didn't really understand the importance of this place. Of your job. But then... after Mr. Cuthbert explained it to me, I realized... keeping you boys safe was the only worthwhile occupation in the entire world.

SAM

This isn't the way you--

MRS. BUTTERS

Oh... yes, it is. And because you're my favorite... I won't give up on you... not yet.

(then)

That's why I'm going to help you understand. Just like Mr. Cuthbert helped me...

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - MOMENTS LATER

Dean holds his archangel blade in the air.

JACK

You sure this will work?

Dean shrugs.

DEAN

Let's say yes.

He SWIPES down at Jack's cuffs with the blade and BOOM!

Jack is sent SMASHING into the door of the dungeon.

JACK

Ow...

Dean looks pissed.

DEAN

Damn... I mean dang... No, I mean dammit! Without a key there's no way we're getting those off.

JACK

So, we wait for Sam?

DEAN

No... he should have been here by now.

Dean is worried, but notices Jack's impact into the door was pretty substantial.

He looks down at the blade... the door... then...

DEAN
I've got an idea.

Jack takes a deep breath. He's not going to like this...

39 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER 39

Mrs. Butters circles Sam. She still has the sweet smile, but it drips with a bit of terror.

MRS. BUTTERS
Now. Lesson one...

Sam struggles against the restraints.

MRS. BUTTERS
Jack is Lucifer's son... therefore, he's a monster. I've already had one monster take my family from me, I won't have it happen again.

SAM
Jack's just a kid that's been put in an impossible situation.

Yeah... Mrs. B doesn't like that.

MRS. BUTTERS
He's not a "kid." Not really. That's something I thought you would have learned by now...

She grabs Sam's hand and splays the fingers out.

MRS. BUTTERS
Mr. Cuthbert taught me that pain can be a wonderful teacher. Let's see if it can't correct your ways.

She reaches down, putting her hand over his--

MRS. BUTTERS
This is going to hurt me a lot more than it hurts you.

She grabs one of his fingernails and EXCRUCIATINGLY RIPS IT OUT! Sam SCREAMS!

40 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS 40

Jack stands near the door, his arms AND CUFFS outstretched.

DEAN

Remember, pain is just weakness
leaving the body, kid. On three.

(then)

One... Two--

Dean swipes down on the cuffs and...

41 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - DUNGEON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 41

BOOM! Jack wrecks through the door. As the smoke clears
Jack is on the ground, completely dazed.

Dean looks down at him as he clears his head.

DEAN

There. Easy.

He reaches down grabbing Jack, and as he pulls him up, we
hear Sam SCREAM in the distance.

DEAN

Let's go.

42 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 42

On Sam. His fingernails are gone. Blood drips onto the
floor and Mrs. Butters has lost her patience.

MRS. BUTTERS

Jack may not want to hurt you, yet.
But he will... it's in his nature.
The sooner you accept this, the
sooner we can be done.

OFF SAM. Breathing hard. Hurting too much to respond.
INTERCUT THIS WITH--

43 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS 43

Jack and Dean race through the boiler room. Dean flies for
the "standby" button and SMASHES it.

The ENTIRE PLACE GOES DARK.

JACK

Did it work?

44 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

44

EMERGENCY LIGHTING casts a red glow as Jack and Dean sprint around the corner to find... Sam... tied up, but alive.

DEAN

Sammy?

Jack and Dean rush to his side, letting him out of the restraints.

SAM

You got the button?

DEAN

We got the button.

45 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

45

Down below, we see the MARKED SIGIL, it shakes and rattles and... POOF! STEAM pours into the boiler room, and from it appears... MRS. BUTTERS!

46 INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

46

Dean is wrapping tape around Sam's fingers when the emergency lighting turns off and the normal lighting pops back on.

They turn around, parting to REVEAL Mrs. Butters--

MRS. BUTTERS

You've all been very bad boys.

She throws up both of her hands, knocking all three of them BACKWARD, PINNED to the wall.

Her eyes GLOW. She is PISSED!

MRS. BUTTERS

I'm not going to fail. Not again...

(to Jack)

You thought you could destroy us?
Destroy our family?

JACK

No...

Mrs. Butters marches towards Jack. The boys STRAIN.

MRS. BUTTERS

I wasn't there for them before...
but now...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BUTTERS (CONT'D)

I'm going to stop you before you hurt them.

(then)

I'm assuming tearing your head off will be enough to end you.

SAM

Mrs. Butters, don't!

MRS. BUTTERS

Oh, Samuel... you'll thank me... eventually.

DEAN

No, we won't. You said you didn't want to destroy this family, but Jack is our family.

Jack looks at Dean. Fences mended.

SAM

You hurt him, you hurt us.

Mrs. Butters eyes them, then back to Jack.

MRS. BUTTERS

No... he's infected you. I have to keep you safe.

DEAN

By trying to kill the people we care about?

MRS. BUTTERS

I... he's a monster. That's why Mr. Cuthbert said I could never go back to my forest, because of things like--

SAM

He used you. He tortured you.

She wheels on Jack--

MRS. BUTTERS

No, he's a monster!

DEAN

Aren't we all?

The truth of his words breaking through her mania. Mrs. Butters doesn't take her eyes off Jack, as--

(CONTINUED)

Tears well. All that's left is a woman that's lost everything and she's fully aware of it.

MRS. BUTTERS
I just... miss them so much.

JACK
I know.

Jack wraps her in his arms and we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

47

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - LIBRARY - NIGHT

47

Mrs. Butters puts the final bandage on Sam's fingernails.

MRS. BUTTERS

I'm sorry about that, sweetie.

(to everyone)

I'm sorry about... everything.

Jack gives her a reassuring look.

JACK

It's okay... really.

SAM

Mrs. Butters, you said Cuthbert convinced you to come work for them... but you just wanted to go back home.

MRS. BUTTERS

Yes, I did.

DEAN

And now?

Mrs. Butters looks at them all, and then...

MRS. BUTTERS

I guess... I would like to see the woods again. The sun streaming through the trees.

(getting excited)

Oh, you boys would love it. There are creeks and animals, snow and... I'm getting carried away.

JACK

Then it's settled.

Off his smile we CUT TO--

48

INT. MEN OF LETTERS - KITCHEN - LATER

48

As we PULL BACK, we see that Mrs. Butters has a bag in hand, looking very Poppins-esque, ready to walk out the door.

DEAN

I put the bunker back to standby.

No more monster radar...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEAN (CONT'D)

No, more... whatever the telescope
does?

MRS. BUTTERS

The inter-dimensional geoscope?

SAM

The-- what?

DEAN

I tried looking in there earlier,
didn't see anything.

MRS. BUTTERS

Oh... well, that's not good.

Sam and Dean trade a look, as Jack steps forward and hands
her something...

MRS. BUTTERS

What's this?

She flips it around to see the framed picture of the old MOL
we saw in Act One.

She smiles sweetly, clutching it to her chest.

MRS. BUTTERS

I'll treasure it always.

(then)

Alright, it's time then... Dean,
eat more vegetables. Sam, cut your
hair... and Jack... my dear, Jack.

She leans into Jack and WHISPERS into his ear. He looks
solemn, but NODS. She hugs him mightily and then steps back.

MRS. BUTTERS

Goodbye... boys.

She SNAPS her fingers and POOF! Mrs. Butters is gone. The
boys look at each other, unsure.

JACK

I think there's some left over
meatloaf, if--

DEAN

Later. First things first.

Jack looks at Sam and Dean, QUESTIONING.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Mrs. Butters was right. We do get busy... sometimes too busy. But not today.

Sam reaches over to the fridge, opens it and comes back out with a VERY FANCY CUPCAKE with a candle on it. He sets it in front of Jack.

SAM

She made it before she left. Happy birthday, Jack.

Dean lights the candle on top.

DEAN

Now... make a wish.

Jack looks at them, then the candle. For the first time, it really feels like he's home.

Jack CLOSES HIS EYES and makes a wish, smiles, then blows out the candle as we...

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...