

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS

(Spec Script)

Episode #301: "Slay"

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TEASER

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

GUILLERMO's on a ladder, finishing installing a speaker into the top corner of a wall. NADJA grimaces at it while NANDOR still doesn't understand it. Guillermo plops down next to Nandor, showing off the connected phone.

GUILLERMO

Okay, so now we can basically own a record of every song.

NANDOR

Puff the Magic Dragon.

GUILLERMO

That's the first song you...? Yep.

NANDOR

Muff the Tragic Pagan.

GUILLERMO

I -- Yes. But, to test it -- *My* favorite: Courtney Barnett.

Guillermo plays Courtney Barnett. Nadja makes a face.

NADJA

Oh, *this* donkey shit!

Guillermo pauses the song, stone-faced.

GUILLERMO

What?

The two vampires become afraid, Nandor shaking his head.

NANDOR

I like it. I said it was... angry.

Nandor nods. Guillermo looks to Nadja, who flinches.

NADJA

I love donkey shit. My favorite thing to listen to as a child.

Nadja tries to lovingly sing out a fart noise, then swoons.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH GUILLERMO

Guillermo's grinning.

GUILLERMO
Things have definitely gotten a lot
better around here since...

QUICK CUT: GUILLERMO SLAUGHTERS AT THE THÉÂTRE DES VAMPIRES

BACK TO SCENE:

Guillermo's trying to be modest but can't. He gushes.

GUILLERMO
There's food in the house now!

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LAZSLO returns with a brown paper bag of groceries. Guillermo excitedly watches him unload the produce onto the counter.

GUILLERMO
Organic, right?

LAZSLO
Um... Yes.
(holding a pear)
This was the kidney of a Pear Man.

Guillermo takes the pear, frowning.

GUILLERMO
It's very heavy.

LAZSLO
(still unloading)
It is: he had eighteen children.
All of them will starve.

There's a possum right outside the window. Guillermo quickly tosses it the pear before Lazslo sees.

GUILLERMO
(rubbing belly)
Delicious! Thank you, Lazslo.

The possum eats the pear as its eyes glow red. It shrieks, then leaps at Lazslo, clawing viciously.

LAZSLO
Ah! Shit!

Lazslo tries to bat the demon possum away as Guillermo smacks it into the open fridge, slamming the door and latching it shut. The fridge shakes -- squirming sounds erupting.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH LAZSLO AND NADJA

LAZSLO

I don't know where to buy human food! But there's an imp on the overpass who sold me all that shit for a full centimeter. If you noticed I'm shorter -- I am!

NADJA

(frustrated)

Courtney Barnett is a daywalking bitch who owes me four hundred dollars.

The two pout for a moment.

LAZSLO

I really don't want to be killed, though -- if that isn't clear.

NADJA

Oh, I'm *terrified* of Gizmo now. I feel like a prisoner. And I would know: I served at Rikers, Alcatraz, the Gulag, I dated John Lennon --

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

Nandor struggles to find the words.

NANDOR

Guillermo doesn't scare me! He's my familiar! Haven't you had a dog or a hippo that just... makes you want to cry and hide when you see it?

The doorbell rings. Nandor frowns.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Guillermo answers the door: there are a dozen humans dressed in Blade-esque black leather outfits, all wearing sunglasses. Leading them is DEATHGUN, who holds a crossbow.

DEATHGUN

Guillermo de la Cruz?

Guillermo's too nervous to speak, so he tries to shrug.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

The humans walk into the mansion, Guillermo struggling to stop them.

GUILLERMO

Um! Excuse me! This is a private residence!

DEATHGUN

Noted. Coy Roy, you can enter.

The only one still outside, COY ROY, reveals his fangs to Guillermo as he enters. Guillermo closes the door, unsure of what else to do.

DEATHGUN

De la Cruz, my name is Deathgun:
Leader of the Slayers. Is it a fact
that you killed the entire audience
at the Théâtre des Vampires?

Guillermo doesn't know which team these people are on.

GUILLERMO

I don't -- No. Which -- Are you
into that? Or -- No, you don't like
that. I wouldn't -- Nooo?

Deathgun grins.

DEATHGUN

You did in one night what we've
been trying to do for centuries.

The Slayers all murmur in admiration for Guillermo, who's pleasantly surprised.

GUILLERMO

Oh! You all are vampire --
(realizing; worried)
-- hunters!

The Slayers laugh. TOOTH DECAY nods to Guillermo.

TOOTH DECAY

The hunters.

Guillermo looks around the mansion, concerned.

GUILLERMO

Uhh -- Let's maybe talk about this
in another locale! I have -- This
isn't a good time, uh... Death-gun?

DEATHGUN

Where are my manners?!

(introduced the gang)

Tooth Decay: killed three vamps
armed with just leftover garlic
crust. Coy Roy saved the world from
vampire doomsdays three separate
times. Old Horseshoe Fly took out
Jimmy Hoffa.

HORSESHOE FLY

For now.

DEATHGUN

And you, de la Cruz, killed the
Théâtre des Vampires.

Guillermo tries to smile proudly as the Slayers nod.

GUILLERMO

Thank you, it's just -- I have --

NANDOR (O.S.)

Guillermo, why does it smell like
patchouli? Hippies have too much
sex to be virgins! Do I need to get
out the picture books ag-

Nandor enters, frowning at all the people in the house.

NANDOR

Guillermo, who are these --

The Slayers spring into action, grabbing their crossbows and
high-tech stakes as Guillermo leaps in front of Nandor.

GUILLERMO

No, no, no! Don't!

TOOTH DECAY

It's a vampire!

GUILLERMO

I know! It's okay! He's cool!

DEATHGUN

Out of the way, de la Cruz!

LAZSLO (O.S.)
 Finally! My belly's been growling
 like a bear with no fucking legs.

Lazslo enters and Guillermo jumps in front of him as well,
 dragging Nandor behind him.

LAZSLO
 Oh, damn! Never mind -- Nadja! The
 new gimps arrived!

NANDOR
 Guillermo, I don't like your
 friends' stakes!

DEATHGUN
 (realizing)
 Jesus...

Lazslo and Nandor flinch as Deathgun looks around the
 mansion, seeing the decor.

DEATHGUN
 This is a vampire house! We caught
 de la Cruz on a hunt!

GUILLERMO
 No! No! It isn't! It's not! This is
 -- This is --
 (struggling)
 My house!
 (going with it)
 And -- the two vampires in here --

NADJA (O.S.)
 Gizmo! The possum trapped in the
 kitchen keeps getting bigger.

Nadja enters, seeing the Slayers.

NADJA
 Everyone with a pre-loosened
 asshole can go: we like that part.

DEATHGUN
 De la Cruz! *Why* is your house
 crawling with vampires?

The Slayers ready an assault as Guillermo panics.

GUILLERMO
 (trying to laugh it off)
 It's -- They're -- These are...
 my... They're my... *familiars!*

The vampires and Slayers both frown.

COY ROY
Vampire... familiars?

TOOTH DECAY
That's not a... What?

DEATHGUN
That...

Guillermo braces for impact.

DEATHGUN
... is the most badass thing I've
ever heard.

Deathgun holsters his crossbow, chuckling. The other Slayers
do the same.

DEATHGUN
You've got three vampires as your
pets?! What?!

Guillermo fakes a smile, then tussles Lazslo's hair for show.

LAZSLO
What the fuck are you -- I will
peel you like spaghetti.

GUILLERMO
(whispering)
You don't peel spaghe- Play along.

DEATHGUN
De la Cruz, you are the most
incredible vampire hunter I have
ever laid eyes on... We won't hurt
your familiars. Sorry 'bout that.

The Slayers murmur in agreement as Guillermo's instantly
relieved and the three vampires are confused.

DEATHGUN
It gives me great honor to offer
you a position as one of the
leading hunters for the Slayers.

The vampires gasp. Now Guillermo's the confused one.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

Nandor whispers to the camera.

NANDOR

I'd never met the *Slayers* in our faces to faces... I've only heard rumors! Like... They fill vampire buttholes with helium and then try to shoot us out of the night sky.

We see a 1700s drawing of ballooned-up vampires being shot with crossbow bolts by old timey *Slayers*.

NANDOR

(terrified)

I don't want to die! Not again! Not as a balloon!

INT. INTERVIEW WITH LAZSLO AND NADJA

Lazslo and Nadja also whisper.

NADJA

The *Slayers* eat vampire-o's for breakfast, then vampire sandwiches for lunch, and then for dinner have... have...

LAZSLO

Pot vampire!

NADJA

What? Pot va- What is that?

LAZSLO

Pot roast. Pot vampi- Fine. It was dumb. They have vampire roast beef.

NADJA

No. Why would you say beef? You can't have a vampire cow: they're not like pigs.

LAZSLO

You understand what I was going for! We're gonna fucking die!

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Guillermo tries to process this news.

GUILLERMO

The *Slayers*... That's... *big*?

The *Slayers* chuckle. COLIN ROBINSON enters, slurping coffee.

COLIN ROBINSON

The Slayers? Oh, they're pretty
much the Attila the Huns of the
vampire *hun*-ting world.

(chuckling)

Why, are we in dan-

Colin Robinson realizes the Slayers are in the room and
freezes. Tooth Decay's cyber punk headset lights up.

TOOTH DECAY

Woah! We reading him?

DEATHGUN

(grabbing crossbow handle)

You said *three* vampire familiars;
is this an intruder?!

Guillermo struggles to answer as Deathgun nods.

DEATHGUN

Please: lemme train the newbies.

(to Slayers)

Slugsucker, Bulletgas: first to
bring back the energy vamp's head
wins the House Cup.

SLUGSUCKER and BULLETGAS immediately bump into one another to
get to Colin Robinson. Colin Robinson drops his mug, then
sprints out the door, the newbie pair charging after him.

The other Slayers return their attention to Guillermo and the
vampires, Deathgun referencing the shattered mug.

GUILLERMO

(realizing)

Uh! Lazslo! Clean this up!

LAZSLO

I most certainly will n-

Nandor hits his shoulder.

NANDOR

(whispered; pleading)

Balloons.

Lazslo nervously reconsiders.

LAZSLO

Uh! At once... Master... Guillermo.

Nadja holds in a gasp as Lazslo grabs a broom from the side of the room. The Slayers nod in satisfaction as Lazslo tries to sweep up the coffee, then gets on his hands and knees and uses the broom handle like a rolling pin.

GUILLERMO
(clapping hands together)
So! Thank you all for coming! I
will... *think* about this offer!

DEATHGUN
Woah! What's the hurry! Now, we're
not leaving without pitching you
our benefits package! Glittersperm,
Cellphone: guard the perimeter! De
la Cruz, is this fancy room over
here good for meetings?

The vampires hold their tongues as Guillermo struggles to come up with anything, so he just nods. Guillermo turns to the vampires, trying to play along without offending.

GUILLERMO
Nadja, help Lazslo find a *dustpan*.
(hoping Nadja got it)
Come along, Nandor. Let's listen to
Mr... Deathgun.

The vampires fidget, then reluctantly obey: Nandor heads into the fancy room and Nadja the kitchen. Guillermo peeks at the camera, nervous for what comes next.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Colin Robinson runs as fast as he can as the newbies chase after him. Colin Robinson winces in pain, holding his belly.

COLIN ROBINSON
It's so important to stretch!

A crossbow bolt hits a tree near Colin Robinson. He yelps.

COLIN ROBINSON
Oh, no! Oh, no! Okay! Uh! The 313
arrives in exactly a minute, but
the driver's new so she's gonna be
a little earl- There it is!!

Up ahead, a bus is stopped.

COLIN ROBINSON

Wait! Wait!

Colin Robinson and the crew hop in the bus as it takes off.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The camera hurries to the back of the bus to show Slugsucker standing in front of a car while Bulletgas throws the driver out. Colin Robinson heaves in air, watching as well.

Colin Robinson hurries to the front of the bus, which has about fifteen patrons. Colin Robinson reaches the BUS DRIVER, trying to catch his breath.

COLIN ROBINSON

Excuse me, what's the next stop?

BUS DRIVER

Lafayette. Like two minutes.

Colin Robinson nervously looks back, then to the Bus Driver.

COLIN ROBINSON

Uh. You can't. Because...

(thinking)

This is the... Speed... bus.

BUS DRIVER

What?

COLIN ROBINSON

The bus from the movie Speed, with Keanu Reeves and Sandra Bullock -- who *actually* learned how to drive a bus for the --

(snapping out of it)

There's a bomb under this bus and if you go less than 50 miles per hour, it'll explode!

BUS DRIVER

What?! I'm going twenty right n-

Colin Robinson tries to make a nonchalant ticking noise.

BUS DRIVER

Oh, shit! Do you hear that?!

The Bus Driver slams on the gas as everyone in the bus is launched backwards.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MANSION - FANCY ROOM - SAME TIME

Nandor stands in the corner, nervous. Deathgun, Tooth Decay, and Coy Roy sit on a couch across from Guillermo -- with Deathgun holding a pamphlet.

DEATHGUN

Killing quotas? Outdated. Abusive. A modern business owner has to focus on positive incentives for his killers.

GUILLERMO

I'm gonna stop you, uh... This is very cool, but I -- I would prefer if we maybe met at your place of --

DEATHGUN

Two hundred fifty thousand dollars a year, regardless of kill count.

GUILLERMO

What?!

Guillermo snatches the pamphlet from Deathgun, who grins.

GUILLERMO

That's -- You get a quarter of-of-of a million dollars for-for...?!

DEATHGUN

Vampires tend to have quite a bit of valuables. We take a very small commission -- just to pay for recon, supplies, dental -- and --

GUILLERMO

I would have *dental*?!

DEATHGUN

Well, you're getting healthcare without dental.

GUILLERMO

I would have *HEALTHCARE*?!?!

INT. INTERVIEW WITH GUILLERMO

Guillermo's fanboying over the pamphlet.

GUILLERMO

Familiars don't make... anything!
And I'd been *paying rent* until
recently and for my own food until
rec- I'm probably gonna keep buying
my own food -- but this is just...
What would my mom think about me
making six figures?!

INT. MANSION - FANCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guillermo can't believe any of this. He turns to Nandor,
smile instantly falling. He straightens his shoulders.

GUILLERMO

Nandor, my... familiar... What do
you think of all of this?

Nandor nervously points to himself, realizing there are no
other Nandors in the room and clearing his throat.

NANDOR

(shaking his head)
I think it soun-

COY ROY

Nobody cares what you think, leech!

DEATHGUN

Coy Roy!
(to Guillermo)
Sorry. Roy's half vamp -- Got a
whole vendetta story -- It's pretty
cool but not *that* cool. 60 degrees.
(to Coy Roy)
If de la Cruz values his pet's
position, let the thing speak.

They all look to Nandor, who fumes, taking offense to this.

NANDOR

I think it sounds... stupid.

Coy Roy grabs a stake, Deathgun holding him back. Guillermo
holds back a smirk, thinking about it.

GUILLERMO

But Nandor, it's... more than I
make here. Y'know. As a freelancer.

Nandor struggles to respond.

NANDOR
Yes, but... money isn't everything.

GUILLERMO
Healthcare.

NANDOR
Health isn't everything!

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

Nandor throws his hands up, mid-rant.

NANDOR
This entitled little shit! When I
led Al-Quolanudar, we didn't have
"healthcare"! Nobody would have
been able to pillage and conquer if
all the wounded had doctors!

INT. MANSION - FANCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Guillermo shakes his head, looking back to the Slayers and
shrugging, "*What can you do?*"

DEATHGUN
We haven't gotten to the best part.

Tooth Decay pulls out a briefcase labeled "The Case of the
Mundanes" -- placing it on the coffee table between them.

TOOTH DECAY
The Pew-Pews.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Nadja looks around the kitchen.

NADJA
Dust pen... Dust pen... I didn't
even know we had a kitchen until
Gizmo had to go off and demand he
be allowed to eat food! Now he's
letting Slayers in the house! It's
a slippery slope!

Nadja peeks inside the fridge before immediately closing it -
- a thrashing erupting inside. Nadja grinds her teeth.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - SAME TIME

Lazslo is still on the floor trying to clean up the coffee, a few Slayers sitting around. Lazslo tries to casually wave his hand at Horseshoe Fly.

LAZSLO
(whispered)
You will clean up this --

BZZT! Lazslo yelps in pain as Horseshoe Fly's watch beeps.

WATCH (V.O.)
Hypnosis thwarted.

HORSESHOE FLY
(looking around)
Huh?

Lazslo shakes the pain off his hand, looking to the camera in desperation.

INT. MANSION - FANCY ROOM - SAME TIME

Tooth Decay enters the briefcase combination and it pops open, full of Batman-esque gadgets. Guillermo ogles as Tooth Decay shows off a wristband.

TOOTH DECAY
The Holy Pokes: stakes can really
do a number on your wrist. Instead,
lay your hand on their chest and --

The wristband shoots a slim stake in and out.

TOOTH DECAY
(dead serious)
Don't use it on your ass. Don't
think you can baby-proof it and use
it on your ass.

TOOTH DECAY	DEATHGUN
Don't use it on your --	He gets it! He's not gonna use it on his ass!

Tooth Decay gets out a figurine of a priest. Nandor looks away as Guillermo's becoming antsy from the shininess.

TOOTH DECAY
Pocket Priest. Can bless a liter of
water in thirty seconds.

Tooth Decay presses a button and the Pocket Priest lights up.

POCKET PRIEST (V.O.)
 (electronic voice)
 Peace be with you!

Nandor hisses. Finally, Tooth Decay gets out the crossbow.

TOOTH DECAY
 And of course... the White Swan,
 Model 665.

Tooth Decay holds it out to Guillermo, who gawks for a moment before accepting it, admiring its craftsmanship.

TOOTH DECAY
 Only three of them were ever made.
 One used by our leader, Deathgun.

Deathgun taps his in its holster with a smirk.

TOOTH DECAY
 The second by Greta Thunberg --
 which we intend to get back. And
 the third... is in your hands.

Guillermo's shocked by this honor. Deathgun nods.

DEATHGUN
 You've been a killing machine. You
 deserve one.

Guillermo excitedly shows it to Nandor -- who's looking down, broadcasting his puppy dog shame. Guillermo stops smiling.

GUILLERMO
 I... need to think about it.

The Slayers frown, but Deathgun eventually nods.

DEATHGUN
 Of course. It's a crazy life being
 a Slayer: full of challenges and
 money and glory and power and
 saving humanity and being a hero
 forever. It's a hard choice.

Deathgun stands.

DEATHGUN
 How many beds are in the manor?

Guillermo frowns.

GUILLERMO
 What?

DEATHGUN

I'm not leaving till we get a yes,
and I've got a dozen Slayers to
station for the daytime.

Guillermo doesn't know what to say as Nandor looks to the
camera, terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The bus gets onto a bridge, going 55 mph. We can see the
newbies are still chasing them in a car.

COLIN ROBINSON

(mid-explanation)

I just heard somebody talking about
it and we heard the ticking --

PASSENGER 1

Who?! Who talked about it?!

Colin Robinson quickly looks around the bus, then spots a
heavily TATTOOED PASSENGER.

COLIN ROBINSON

Him.

A few Passengers instantly tackle the Tattooed Passenger.

TATTOOED PASSENGER

(heavy lisp)

I'm naught a tewwowist! I sew cat
sweaters fow a wivving!

PASSENGER 2

(still holding him down)

Sweaters of cats or sweaters *for*
cats?!

TATTOOED PASSENGER

Bof!

PASSENGER 1

I'm calling the cops!

COLIN ROBINSON

No! No cops!

PASSENGER 3

(re: Colin Robinson)

Wait! *That* guy doesn't want us to
call the cops! I bet *he's* the one
who planted the bomb!

The Passengers murmur in confused discussion as Colin Robinson freaks out, then turns to the camera.

COLIN ROBINSON
(whispering)
Turn off the mics and cover your
ears. I can't explain. Do it now.

Colin Robinson pushes to the front of the bus as sure enough, all audio stops. The camera's set on a seat, where we can see the Passengers rally against Colin Robinson.

Colin Robinson says a few indecipherable words and everyone on the bus collapses. He gives a thumbs up to the camera crew as he quickly grabs the wheel.

Audio returns as the camera crew rushes to Colin Robinson, who's sitting on the unconscious Bus Driver's lap, driving. His eyes glow bright as stars.

COLIN ROBINSON
(voice semi-demonic)
Really didn't have much of a choice
there or I'd be dead. They're
called The Clippy Words, a 1995
breakthrough in energy vampiring.

We see animated sketches of Clippy, the old Microsoft Office assistant.

COLIN ROBINSON (V.O.)
Clippy was one of the most advanced
revelations in energy vampire
outreach, but it was a hard sell to
get Microsoft to put it on Office
software. The Clippy Words were
accidentally invented when an EV
knocked a whole Microsoft boardroom
unconscious, allowing the weapon to
slip in the software unobstructed.

Back to Colin Robinson driving, his energy through the roof.

COLIN ROBINSON
Their specificity is a vital
secret. We should be moving faster.

Colin Robinson slams his hand on the dashboard, causing blue energy to ripple through the bus. The bus zooms to 80 mph as the camera crew's launched backwards.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - GUILLERMO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Guillermo leads a few Slayers and Nandor to his room, nervously showing it off. Deathgun frowns.

DEATHGUN
This is... a closet.

GUILLERMO
It's the only bed... in the house.

Deathgun and Tooth Decay look to one another before laughing.

DEATHGUN
De la Cruz, you cruel son of a bitch! Lemme guess: you make *all three* of 'em sleep in here!

Guillermo knows he can't retort.

GUILLERMO
Yep! I do!

COY ROY
No coffins. You're a sick fuck.

GUILLERMO
Gotta... treat 'em like animals.

Deathgun smacks Guillermo on the back.

DEATHGUN
We could learn from you! All right -- We'll just take couches and --
(frowning)
Hold on. If this the only bed in the house, where do you sleep?

Guillermo panics.

INT. MANSION - NANDOR'S ROOM - LATER

Guillermo shows off Nandor's furry coffin. The Slayers and Nandor stare in confusion, then Deathgun chuckles.

DEATHGUN
Good research. Gotta think like a vampire. *Sleep* like one.

TOOTH DECAY
Sounds like de la Cruz wants to be a vamp.

The Slayers holler in laughter as Guillermo fakes a chuckle.

GUILLERMO

Yeah -- what? No. Never. Ever.

TOOTH DECAY

We're joking. No logical human being would ever wanna be a vamp.

COY ROY

I was born half and lemme tell you, I knew which side to join.

Guillermo and Nandor frown at this. Deathgun just nods.

DEATHGUN

Y'know, I wanted to be one once. Was even a familiar.

Guillermo's taken aback. The other Slayers know the sad tale.

DEATHGUN

She's right: only a fool would ever choose to be a leech. They were just taking advantage of a fool.

(holding Guillermo's shoulder)

I wish I was as smart as you are when I was your age.

Guillermo doesn't know what to say. Deathgun pats him.

DEATHGUN

We'll have a couple folks keep the perimeter for the day. Sleep tight.

Guillermo nods, then gulps, knowing what comes next. He holds out his hand for Nandor to lead him into the coffin. Nandor is horrified, but knows he must. He takes Guillermo's hand.

NANDOR

(whispered; angry)

You're so sweaty!

GUILLERMO

(whispered)

I'm sorry!

Nandor helps Guillermo into the coffin. Guillermo lies down. Guillermo's practically shaking with both rabid excitement and concern at what Nandor will think. Nandor's hurt but looks around at all the Slayers.

NANDOR
(pulling teeth)
Goodnight... *Mas-ter*.

Nandor closes the coffin, defeated.

INT. MANSION - GUILLERMO'S ROOM - LATER

Nandor arrives to Nadja using a hammer to attach one of her dresses over Guillermo's window and Lazslo trying to sleep standing up with no coffin. All three are just miserable.

Nadja releases the dress and it falls. She pouts.

NANDOR
We'll just... all sleep on that
side of the room and hope the city
isn't planning another hurricane.

Nadja nods. Lazslo opens his eyes, shaking his head.

LAZSLO
Nope. I can't sleep. I'm starving.

NADJA
I've never been this hungry.

NANDOR
I thought... Guillermo was my
friend... and now he is making us
sleep in this place?

The other two nod. Nandor huddles next to Lazslo on the "safe" wall, Nadja taking Lazslo's other side. Nandor becomes furious at all of this.

NANDOR
No...! This house belongs to us --
and we must conquer it *back*!

The other two think about this.

LAZSLO
But what about becoming balloons?
There are ten Slayers down there,
each capable of **killing noise** all
three of us like bastard puppies.

NANDOR
We'll call in help!

NADJA
(thinking)
Yes... Yes! Okay. Who are our most
loyal comrades?

The three excitedly think, then slowly frown.

LAZSLO
Well, there's...

Lazslo can't finish the sentence.

NANDOR
George! Do we -- Did we not once
befriend a... Jorge maybe?

Nadja nods like it's familiar, but then can't place it. The
three come to a same sullen realization.

NADJA
Have we... only made enemies our
entire lives...?

LAZSLO
(beat; nodding)
Yes. Even... with Gizmo...

This hits Nandor hard. The three are helpless.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - NANDOR'S ROOM - EVENING

The exhausted Nandor opens up the coffin as Guillermo wakes.

NANDOR
Hello...
(seeing no Slayers around)
Guillermo...

Guillermo smiles, slowly leaning forward and stretching.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH GUILLERMO

Guillermo's perfectly content.

GUILLERMO
It was... everything I thought it'd
be. I felt... safe. And the fur was
just so good for my back.

INT. MANSION - NANDOR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nandor helps Guillermo out.

NANDOR
(whispered)
How could you do this to me?!

GUILLERMO
(whispered)
What choice did I have?!

NANDOR
I couldn't sleep at all in that
filthy room! And I'm starving!

GUILLERMO
It'll all be over soon! I promise!

Nandor frowns.

NANDOR
What? No! They said they wouldn't
leave without... you...

Nandor realizes. Guillermo doesn't know what to say.

GUILLERMO
I don't know yet! You were never
going to make me a vampire! And
maybe... Maybe they're right that I
shouldn't wanna be one!

Nandor shakes his head, shocked by this.

NANDOR
Being a vampire is the coolest! You
can fly and you can --

GUILLERMO
Drink innocent people's blood?!

Nandor shrugs, then nods enthusiastically.

NANDOR
Yeah! Sometimes they cry! "Ah!
Please! I have a wife and a car!
Don't drink my delicious, tasty,
wonderf-" Guillermo, I'm too hungry
to tell you how cool it is.

Guillermo doesn't know what to believe anymore. Suddenly, Coy
Roy arrives, knocking on the doorframe.

COY ROY
 Trouble in Manhattan.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - EVENING

The Slayers pack up as the vampires wait by the stairs. The frustrated Guillermo's about to peel a banana, when he realizes and decides against it.

DEATHGUN
 Sorry we had to vamoose on such
 short notice. Vampire Bar Mitzvah.

TOOTH DECAY
 Should we not use the crosses?

DEATHGUN
 Huh?

TOOTH DECAY
 Just so we're not sending the wrong
 message? Like...

Deathgun thinks.

DEATHGUN
 We'll discuss it.
 (to Guillermo)
 But we'll be back, and we'll --

HORSESHOE FLY
 Is it breakfast yet?

DEATHGUN
 Horseshoe Fly! I'm trying to have a
 heart-to-heart!
 (to Guillermo; fuming)
 You know... Stay true to --

HORSESHOE FLY
 I'm hungry.

DEATHGUN
 Fuck! We know!

Deathgun fumes, then sighs to Guillermo. Guillermo nods.

DEATHGUN
 Okay! He gets it! Glittersperm!
 Cellphone! We're heading out!

CELLPHONE hops in through a window, doing a roll. Everyone waits, looking to the other window.

DEATHGUN
Glittersperm!

The window remains untouched. Deathgun frowns.

DEATHGUN
Tooth Decay: locate Glittersperm.

Tooth Decay presses her headset, looking around the house, then gasps. Tooth Decay opens a nearby closet, revealing a dead GLITTERSPERM -- their neck with fang marks.

The Slayers whip crossbows and stakes out.

DEATHGUN
De la Cruz! What the hell?!

GUILLERMO
I don't know anything about --

Deathgun points his crossbow at the vampires.

DEATHGUN
Which one of you leeches got
Glittersperm?! They were two kills
away from earning their blue belt!

The exhausted Nandor and Nadja struggle to speak, looking to Lazslo, who clearly has more energy and color.

LAZSLO
(blood on his teeth)
Well, don't look at me!

Guillermo jumps to block the vampires from Deathgun.

GUILLERMO
Deathgun! Wait! It-It-It's not what
it looks like!

DEATHGUN
Your familiar killed one of us! How
the fuck else could it look?!

Deathgun switches on his crossbow, causing it become three times larger and emit an electric whine, then a swan honk.

DEATHGUN
Now they all die.

The vampires and Guillermo are terrified.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BUS - EVENING

Colin Robinson has been driving for twelve hours, his energy levels still notable but depleted.

COLIN ROBINSON

Oh, good! You're awake! I made it all the way to Portland and back! Not the Portland in Oregon of course, but the one in Maine is still quite the distance. Funny story: Portland, Oregon was gonna be named Boston, Oregon -- but after a coin flip --

The cameraman falters as Colin Robinson's eyes light up.

COLIN ROBINSON

Sorry. I really needed a boost.
(checking mirrors)
I was hoping they'd tire out eventually, but nope!
(grunting)
The bus has been out of gas for a bit now -- Going on pure human energy for the past fifty miles.

Passenger 2 wakes up, confused.

PASSENGER 2

What's going on?

COLIN ROBINSON

Before 9/11, you could bring a vehicle onto the Staten Island ferry for only \$3, but of cour-

Passenger 2 passes out as Colin Robinson's eyes light up. Looking on the road, we can see a sign for the ferry.

COLIN ROBINSON

It's 7:47, so the ferry just departed, which means --
(seeing it)
Yep! There!

The orange boat is just now moving away from the dock.

COLIN ROBINSON

Which means we're gonna jump it!

Suddenly, the bus lurches, then slows.

COLIN ROBINSON
Oh, no! Oh, no!

Colin Robinson looks to the speedometer, then the ferry, calculating.

COLIN ROBINSON
We're just about out of energy!
We're not gonna be going fast
enough to make the jump!
(frantic)
How do we go faster?! We need to be
-- We need to...!

Colin Robinson thinks, then realizes. He slams the brakes. Immediately tires screech around him, cars honking. He rests his head on the steering wheel, trying to take it in.

DRIVER 1 (O.S.)
(from outside bus)
Hey! Asshole!

DRIVER 2 (O.S.)
What the hell, buddy?! I'm tryna
get home!

COLIN ROBINSON
(eyes flashing; to himself)
Oh, that's too bad.

The cameraman rushes to the back of the bus, showing Slugsucker and Bulletgas getting out of their car, a good hundred feet of traffic jam behind. They rush to the bus.

DRIVER 3 (O.S.)
My kid's having an asthma attack!

The cameraman rushes back to Colin Robinson, who's shivering with building energy.

DRIVER 1 (O.S.)
Hey! Move that bus!

The Drivers chant "Move that bus!" as Colin Robinson gathers more and more energy. Bulletgas arrives, ramming into the bus doors and trying to pry them open.

DRIVER 2 (O.S.)
Hey! I pay your salary!

Colin Robinson's eyes ignite pure blue. *SLAM!* The bus flings forward, careening down towards the water.

COLIN ROBINSON
 (full demonic voice)
 Grab the safety railing: it's just
 as sanitary as the rubber loops.

The bus breaks through a barrier, flying towards the ferry --
 literally flying over the water.

The bus safely slows down mid-air and lands on the ferry
 without so much as a bump, ferry passengers screaming.

Colin Robinson's eyes return to normal, drained from the
 stunt, as he wobbles off of the Bus Driver, patting her.

COLIN ROBINSON
 Sorry, Tiffany. The unemployment
 office can be a nightmare.

Colin Robinson grabs the lever to open the bus doors, then
 stumbles onto the ferry.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - FOYER - EVENING

Deathgun tries to aim at the vampires, but Guillermo keeps
 getting in the way.

GUILLERMO
 Please! Lazslo made a mistake!

LAZSLO
 (establishing dominance)
 Yes. Oopsy fucking doopsy.

DEATHGUN
 De la Cruz! As much as I respect
 you, if a vampire kills one of
 mine, I kill all of his! No more
 foreplay: are you a Slayer or not?!

Guillermo struggles, looking between the Slayers and
 vampires. He can't decide.

HORSESHOE FLY
 When's breakfast?

DEATHGUN
 (exploding)
 We'll eat breakfast soon!

GUILLERMO

That's all it was! Lazslo was just hungry! We can't fault him for... for... See?

Guillermo tosses the banana to Horseshoe Fly, who catches it and licks her lips, peeling.

HORSESHOE FLY

Nanners!

Guillermo braces for what comes next.

GUILLERMO

We can't help what we do... when we're hungry.

Horseshoe Fly eats the banana as Deathgun reconfigures his crossbow.

DEATHGUN

(to crossbow)

Avoid the human. Exclusively vampire targets in the room.

COY ROY

Boss?

DEATHGUN

Full vampire targets! Firing in --

Horseshoe Fly coughs a bit.

DEATHGUN

Will you let me do my thing?!?!

Horseshoe Fly's watch beeps a few times, then frantically. Nadja realizes Guillermo's game.

NADJA

Oh, that's a good Gizmo.

WATCH (V.O.)

Unable to thwart hypnosis.

DEATHGUN

Hypn- Who's doing hypnosis?!

Tooth Decay yelps, her headset shorting out.

TOOTH DECAY

Horseshoe Fly! Your watch is --

The lights flicker as Horseshoe Fly gives a demonic shriek, her eyes becoming red as she grows to fifteen feet tall.

DEATHGUN

What the...?

The speaker system crackles as Nadja rises in the air.

NADJA

Nobody puts Nadja in the shitty stinky fart room.

The lights stop flickering as the speaker system blares "Pedestrian at Best" by Courtney Barnett.

All hell breaks loose, the demonic Horseshoe Fly mauling Slayers as Nadja pounces as well, followed by Lazslo. Stakes shoot around the room as Guillermo rushes to the closet, dragging the corpse to the drained Nandor.

GUILLERMO

Quick! Drink!

NANDOR

Oh, Guillermo, I don't like sloppy seconds, please --

GUILLERMO

DO IT!

NANDOR

Well, don't yell!

Nandor bites into the neck, slurping as the chaos unfolds around them. Nandor feels his powers back, rising in the air.

NANDOR

I... feel... *no relents!*

Nandor dives into the Slayers, biting Tooth Decay. Nadja bites Coy Roy, then spits the blood out.

NADJA

Oh, yuck! Diet!

Guillermo rushes away as a bloody Deathgun chases him.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Guillermo's tackled by Deathgun.

DEATHGUN

You cheating son of a bitch! You
lied to me!

GUILLERMO

Get off of me!

DEATHGUN

I'll turn you into a fucking
balloon, do you understand me?!

Guillermo's barely able to grip the fridge handle, flinging
it open. A bear-sized possum explodes out, launching into the
screaming Deathgun.

DEATHGUN

What the fuck is that?!

The possum rips Deathgun's throat out, then gallops with his
corpse towards the sound of bloodshed in the foyer.

INT. MANSION - FANCY ROOM - SAME TIME

Cellphone rushes into the fancy room, terrified.

We see Lazslo and Nadja hanging in the corners. Cellphone
doesn't see them, covering his mouth to avoid crying out.

NADJA

What do we have here?

LAZSLO

My favorite! Pot Slayer!

The two pounce on the screaming Cellphone.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - SAME TIME

Nandor finishes off a Slayer as another readies a stake for
him -- only to be tackled by the possum. The Slayer screams,
driving the stake into the possum as the possum shrieks, then
collapses dead on top of the Slayer, crushing her to death.

It's just Nandor and the crazed Horseshoe Fly now, Nandor
wiping the blood from his mouth.

NANDOR

So. It is just you and m-

Horseshoe Fly chokes Nandor, lifting him in the air.

NANDOR
(choking)
Wait. I was not ready.

Horseshoe Fly puts her other hand on Nandor's head, ready to rip it off his body, when *BAM!* her own head explodes, spraying blood all over the foyer.

Nandor falls to the floor, gasping, as he sees Guillermo standing with Deathgun's crossbow, which is now automatically collapsing to its regular size.

The two stare at one another, breathless.

GUILLERMO
Is that all of them?

Nandor nods. Suddenly, Colin Robinson opens the front door, ecstatic.

COLIN ROBINSON
You will not believe the day I --

Colin Robinson slips on the blood, landing on his back and passing out. Guillermo and Nandor leave him be.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - LATER

All of the corpses are now hanging upside down, the vampires feasting. Nadja finishes "tasting" Deathgun.

NADJA
Mm. I'm getting a lot of iron on this one.

LAZSLO
Dear, have you tried the one that got fucked up in her brain? Very flavor-forward -- wide-bodied.

NADJA
Nandor? You're not tasting?

Nandor is staring into space, thinking. He looks to Nadja and Lazslo, about to propose something.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - SAME TIME

Guillermo is doing his best to wipe down the blood, but it's absolutely everywhere.

GUILLERMO

(to camera)

I mean... There are things more important than happiness... and healthcare. Like, y'know...

(not knowing the answer)

Uh...

Nandor arrives.

NANDOR

Guillermo? Can you come with me, please?

Guillermo frowns to the camera, then nods to Nandor, climbing up off the floor.

INT. MANSION - FANCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nandor shows Guillermo into the fancy room, where Nadja and Lazslo are waiting -- a circle of candles in the center. Guillermo doesn't understand, Nandor taking his place by Nadja and Lazslo.

NANDOR

Guillermo Delacorte: you have been a loyal familiar...

Guillermo realizes what's happening and drops his bloody rags on the floor in shock.

LAZSLO

(under his breath)

That's the fancy rug.

NANDOR

At this moment, we are ready to offer you eterna-

NADJA

Look: you are clearly very dangerous to us as a human. We make you a vampire or get shish kebob'd.

Guillermo can't believe this is happening. Nandor smiles.

NANDOR

Step forward.

Guillermo doesn't, giggling like an idiot. Nandor points.

NANDOR

This way.

Guillermo doesn't move.

LAZSLO
(whispering)
Well, it looks like his dog's
jumped the fence. Now, I'm a bit
stuffed, but let's just --

NANDOR
(frowning)
Guillermo?

Guillermo tries to find the words.

GUILLERMO
I'll... have to think about it.

The vampires are all stunned -- most of all Nandor. Guillermo
nods, then exits, still smiling.

None of the vampires know what to do now. Colin Robinson
enters, rubbing his head.

COLIN ROBINSON
Okay... Ow... You will not believe
the day I --

NADJA
None of have the energy, Colin
Robinson!

COLIN ROBINSON
No! This isn't a trick! I really --

LAZSLO
Just fuck off!

Nadja exits in a huff. Lazslo shrugs and follows. Nandor's
beyond confused by this, and even wounded.

INT. MANSION - GUILLERMO'S ROOM - LATER

Guillermo sits on his bed, blown away by what just happened.
He chuckles, then pulls out Deathgun's White Swan crossbow --
then pulls out another one, aiming both at the wall.

Guillermo laughs some more, setting them down by a massive
pile of all of the Slayers' different vampire hunting high-
tech weapons.

END