

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS
SPEC SCRIPT: "THE CIRCLE OF AFTERLIFE"

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Based on, "What We Do In The Shadows"
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EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

It's quiet. The house, though repaired, looks as destitute as ever.

NANDOR (V.O.)
I don't know if I would consider myself "lonely," really.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

Nandor sits on a setae, a book in his lap. He looks unbothered.

NANDOR
Loneliness is very subjective to different people. When I first left my home of Al Qolnidar, I was no longer surrounded with the rippling, glistening muscles of my fellow soldiers. That was lonely, I think.

Footage of Nandor walking down a corridor, hands thoughtfully behind his back. His eyes stare off into space. He's more pensive than usual.

NANDOR (V.O.)
Now in my old age, I find peace in my alone time. My "me" time as I call it.

Nandor steps out into the foyer and peeks around the corner at Guillermo's former room. It's empty.

NANDOR (V.O.)
Does it bother me that Guillermo has left after I selflessly sent my beautiful wife to her freedom for his sake?

CLOSE on Nandor. His face is long and conflicted. He spots the camera and tries to make a smooth exit.

NANDOR (V.O.)
I don't think so, no.

His foot falls through the floor.

NANDOR
SHIT.

Back to Nandor's talking head.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
The lack of upkeep is a little rough though, I will admit.

Back to Nandor struggling to yank his foot out of the hole.

NANDOR (V.O.)
As it turns out, although we got the house fixed, having a very old place to call home does require a lot of love and care, which... I mean, I'm not going to fucking do it.

Nandor YANKS his foot from the floor. A plank of wood FLIES at the camera and BEAMS the camera person, knocking them over.

NANDOR
(pathetically; off screen)
Heads up.

NANDOR (V.O.)
Have I thought about finding him?

Nandor hovers over the camera, shaking the camera person to see if they're still alive.

NANDOR (V.O.)
Why would I do that?

Back to Nandor's talking head.

NANDOR
If he wants to throw away everything we ever had together, that's his business. All the laughs we shared together. All the times he blissfully cleaned up after me... I mean, I did accidentally end his relationship by cloning his boyfriend for my own use, but...

FLASHBACK: to Guillermo walking in on Nandor and Marwa in disguise.

Back with Nandor.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
I mean, come on. Who hasn't done that? Besides, he's done this before. Which means he'll come back.

Nandor stares off camera. His expression is somber.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
He'll come back...

OPENING CREDITS

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Guide leads a crew behind her and speaks over her shoulder.

THE GUIDE
Lately, the Vampiric Council has
been a bit laxed, so my duties are
a little less official.

INT. NADJA AND LASZLO'S ROOM

The Guide pushes open the door and heads for the coffins at the back wall. There is still evidence of a walk in closet from when they were on GO FLIP YOURSELF.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)
Mostly, I've sort of become
Mistress Nadja's official best
girlfriend. Which, unfortunately,
is not as glamorous as it sounds.

The Guide knocks on Nadja's coffin.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)
(singsong)
Oh Mistress Nadja~! Hellooooo.

NADJA (O.S.)
(from inside the coffin)
Go away.

THE GUIDE
Are we still sulking because your
hopes and dreams of having a cool
nightclub are nothing more than
dust in the wind, and now you don't
know what to do with yourself?

Beat.

NADJA (O.S.)
No.

THE GUIDE

Really. Then what are we doing?

NADJA (O.S.)

(beat)

Masturbating.

THE GUIDE

(incensed)

Alone?

Nadja pushes open her coffin lid. She's a mess. Her normally well put together visage is now draped in sloppy sweats and an old NYU sweatshirt, covered in blood.

NADJA

(sad)

No.

THE GUIDE

Mistress, you have been a wreck for weeks now. Come, why not go out for a bit? Get some fresh air?

NADJA

What's wrong with the air in here?
It's all the same air.

THE GUIDE

No I meant--

NADJA

Plus, vampires don't need to breathe, you stupid little walnut.

Laszlo passes by the open door holding a box. The Guide spots him.

THE GUIDE

Oh, Master Laszlo!

Laszlo pauses and pokes his head in.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

Perhaps you can help?

LASZLO

Bit busy at the moment, Guide--

NADJA

Wait, what is that?

LASZLO

What is what?

NADJA
In your arms?

The camera sweeps in, revealing that Laszlo is carrying a box of random LEGO pieces.

LASZLO
...Nothing.

NADJA
Aren't those those stupid colorful building blocks Baby Collin Robinson used to waste his time with? I thought we threw those all out?

LASZLO
Ah. Yes. Well we did, my darling. I was just--I found a few extras laying around the house. Figured I could incinerate them. Have a real nice show of it.

THE GUIDE
Ooh, Mistress Nadja, you love setting things on fire.

NADJA
(lethargic)
Ugh. Not tonight.

LASZLO
Is everything all right, dearest? You look a bit peaked.

NADJA
I'm always peaked, I'm a fucking vampire.

LASZLO
Well no need to be upset.

NADJA
Look, I am FINE. Everyone, please, just get the hell out of my room and leave me to do my Self Hair!

THE GUIDE
"Self Care"?

NADJA
Get out!

The Guide and Laszlo jump at her voice, and they both scamper away. Nadja, in a pout, shuts her lid with a "WHUMP."

A few seconds later, a distinct BUZZ echoes from within the coffin.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Laszlo heads down to Collin's room with the LEGOs.

LASZLO

Here's something you should know about my wife. I love her dearly, but there are times when she'd rather I loved her from far, far away. So for now, I think it's best we give her her space. And once she's feeling up to it, I shall of course give her the finest dicking the likes of which haven't been seen since the days of Sodom.

Laszlo comes to Collin's door and knocks. Collin's room is patched up, for the most part, though the door to his secret closet is still visible.

Collin is currently at his desk with his laptop.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

Thought I'd find you here, old boy.

COLLIN

(surprised)

Oh. Hi, Laszlo.

LASZLO

What's that there? Catch you at a bad time?

COLLIN

Not at all. I'm just doing my evening Reddit monitoring.

He begins to type with a smile on his face.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

(gleeful)

The more wrong I am, the better it is.

LASZLO

Yes, splendid, hey listen, Collin-- I have this...

Laszlo shows Collin the box of LEGOs.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

I was um... Well, seeing as that you live in a literal storage unit, I was wondering if you'd like to store them for me. Maybe you can... I don't know... organize them?

Collin fixes his glasses and stands. He approaches Laszlo curiously.

COLLIN

I mean I guess I can.

He takes the box. Laszlo looks hopeful.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

You know, LEGO has been around since the 1940's. It started in Denmark in 1949 by woodcarver Ole Kirk Christiansen, and based the design off the wooden blocks of the same nature called "Kid Craft."

Laszlo begins to falter. His eyelids shudder as Collin drains him.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

It really is an ingenious design, and one that was subsequently the most bootlegged of any--

LASZLO

Collin--Collin I'm going to need you to fuck off now.

COLLIN

Jeeze, all right. No need to be a Negative Nancy here.

Collin sits on his bed and begins to sort through the box of LEGOs. Laszlo lumbers away, defeated.

LASZLO (V.O.)

I have a theory about Collin Robinson.

INT. LASZLO SOLO INTERVIEW

Laszlo is sitting at his piano bench.

LASZLO

After he returned to his former, boring self, he claims that he doesn't remember anything about the year I spent raising him up from infant to adolescent.

FLASHBACK: of Baby Collin at Nadja's, singing and tapdancing for the crowd.

LASZLO (V.O.)

It's frankly a rather frustrating kick to the ass, if I'm being honest.

Back on Laszlo.

LASZLO

I spent a good year away from my wife, from my lifestyle, everything, for the sake of that boy, and he has the absolute audacity not to remember a thing? But then, I got to thinking. That entire year can't be tantamount to nothing, can it?

ON: An old, black and white photo of Sigmund Freud.

LASZLO (V.O.)

Freud, the great whore that he was, he developed a theory about repressed memories.

Back on Laszlo.

LASZLO

There are ways, he theorized, to recall such memories with external triggers, such as objects, sounds, smells, etcetera. So, I've been experimenting with this theory.

ON: Collin is making his morning coffee in the kitchen. As he pours his mug full, he sees a Hot Wheels car float to the top.

LASZLO (V.O.)

I've been sprinkling little tidbits of his past all throughout the house in hopes that those repressed memories will come to the surface.

Collin dunks the whole mug of coffee into the sink and walks off.

LASZLO (V.O.)
Now I'm not one to count the
chickens before they're decapitated-

Back on Laszlo's interview.

LASZLO
--but I have a very good feeling
about my results.

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

It's late, and actors file out of a back stage door. A YOUNG ACTOR waves goodbye and stops for a cigarette. He's young and handsome, and wears a Phantom shirt.

From the shadows, Nandor slinks his way into view. He locks eyes with the Actor and hypnotizes him.

NANDOR
Come, my succulent morsel. Come to
my arms. Come to your master.

The cigarette falls from the Actor's lips, and he approaches, entranced.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
Yes... yes, my delicious little
minx. Offer yourself to me.

ACTOR
(in a trance)
Yes, Master.

Nandor hesitates. He looks a little uncomfortable.

NANDOR
Maybe don't call me that, actually.

ACTOR
Very well, Master.

NANDOR
No, I said *don't* call me that.
You're hypnotized, not stupid.
Unless you are stupid.

ACTOR
I give myself to you.

NANDOR

Yeah, okay, whatever. Just shut up
and show me your neck.

The Actor pulls back his shirt collar.

ACTOR

As you wish, Master.

NANDOR

All right, you know what, it's
starting to get creepy, and I've
lost my appetite. Go on, fuck off.

The Actor, delirious, wanders out of the alleyway and into
the street, AND INTO TRAFFIC.

Nandor turns to walk away.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Fucking *guy*.

A taxi cab SMASHES into the Actor behind him, and he goes
flying.

Nandor flinches and whips back around at the accidental
chaos. He looks awkwardly at the camera.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Probably should have un-hypnotized
him...

EXT. NEW YORK ZOO - NIGHT

Laszlo and Collin walk outside the walls of the NYC Zoo. It's
late, and they're the only ones out and about.

COLLIN

Explain to me what we're doing here
again?

LASZLO

Oh well, you know. It's a bit stale
at home, so I figured you'd want to
join me on a walk.

COLLIN

I mean, I suppose I can fill you in
on the latest updates on NFT's
while we're out.

LASZLO

The fuck is that?

COLLIN

It stands for Non Fungible Token,
and it's basically the most useless
and boring thing human beings have
ever come up with. Talking about
them is like walking into an All
You Can Eat Buffet for energy
vampires.

They come to the edge of a rhino enclosure, and a stack of
crates that lead up to the ledge.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

What's that for?

LASZLO

Well I don't know, old chap. Why
don't we take a look-see, eh?

Laszlo jumps up to the top of the 8ft ledge and sits on it.
Gleefully, he pats the box for Collin to climb up.

COLLIN

(frowns)

Yeah I don't know, Laszlo. These
don't look stable. Additionally, I
like a good civil trespassing court
case as much as the next guy, but
I'd rather not smell animal shit
for the next half hour.

LASZLO

Oh come on, where's your sense of
fun? Adventure?

COLLIN

(beat)

You remember who I am, right?

Laszlo looks over his shoulder with a grin.

LASZLO

Well look at that! The baby rhinos,
they've grown up! Collin!

(back to Collin)

Why don't you come up here and tell
me about the life cycle of an
African rhinoceros or some shit?
Think that's boring enough for you?

Collin looks perplexed.

COLLIN

I mean I can but...

LASZLO
Come on, man! The night is young!
Join me!

COLLIN
Well... okay.

Collin starts to climb up the boxes.

His hand slips and he COLLAPSES the entire pile. Laszlo winces.

COLLIN (CONT'D)
(from the pile of boxes)
Gosh darn it!

LASZLO
Maybe I can pull you up?

Collin pushes out of the boxes and shakes a crate from his foot.

COLLIN
Jeeze Louise, that smarts.

LASZLO
Well here, take my hand and--

COLLIN
Yeah, I think I'm going to head home.

LASZLO
Come on, we only just got here.

Collin starts walking away, brushing off splinters. Laszlo looks back to the rhino enclosure.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
Collin! Collin you're missing it,
they're fucking! Collin!

INT. MANSION LIBRARY - NIGHT

Nadja is wandering aimlessly among the bookshelves. She's back to her normal wardrobe, even though she's still in the dumps.

Nadja pulls a book from the shelf and sighs.

NADJA (V.O.)
 I have very few heroes of my life.
 Or, role models, I suppose you
 could call them.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH NADJA

Nadja sits in front of Laszlo's wall of hats in their room.

NADJA
 Elizabeth of Bathroy, is of course
 an icon. She used to bathe in the
 blood of virgins in order to retain
 her youth and beauty. Which is just
 good skin care as far as I'm
 concerned.

Back in the library, Nadja continues to flip through the
 pages of Elizabeth of Bathroy.

NADJA (V.O.)
 But she was a powerful woman. And
 powerful women scare far too many
 men, and so--

Back to Nadja's interview.

NADJA
 --many are doomed to fail. Whether
 it's politics or partnerships... or
 running a vampire nightclub into
 the ground.

INT. MANSION LIBRARY

Nadja swoons and holds the book to her heart.

NADJA
 We're really in it now, Lizzy old
 girl.

A light knock comes from the other side of the library, and
 Nadja looks up. The Guide is there with a smile.

THE GUIDE
 Oh, how good to see you up and
 about finally. And you're wearing
 real clothes!

NADJA
 What do you want?

THE GUIDE

Tell me something, Mistress Nadja,
do you have any plans for the
evening?

NADJA

I mean I was just going to mope
around dramatically for a while.

THE GUIDE

Great, this way.

Nadja frowns and puts the book back, and follows The Guide
out of the library.

EXT. MANSION

Nadja and The Guide exit the mansion to see a short limo
waiting for them. Charmaine Rinaldi stands through the
sunroof, dressed head to toe in cheetah print.

NADJA

What the shit is this?

THE GUIDE

Well you were so down, I decided to
call on your human neighbor
Charmaine and--

CHARMAINE

We're doing a girls' night, baby!
Woo!

Nadja turns to The Guide, who gives her a timid smile. Nadja
brightens up.

NADJA

(delighted)
Girls night!

THE GUIDE

Girls night!

The three whoop in excitement.

THE GUIDE (CONT'D)

(intense)
Let's go eat some bitches!

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Nandor wanders in, aimless. A rat drags a slice of pizza to one side of the platform. A tone-deaf musician with an acoustic guitar awkwardly belts out The Cure's "Lovesong."

SINGER
 (screeching)
*However far away/I will always love
 you/However long I stay/I will
 always love you!*

Nandor watches the singer for a moment in a look of discomfort.

Nandor moves further down the platform. A PASSENGER takes a look at Nandor's fur coat with a smirk.

PASSENGER
 The hell are you off to? Mordor?

NANDOR
 (somber)
 I don't know. Anywhere I can go to
 forget my troubles.

A train pulls into the station. Doors open, and people file in and out.

Nandor is about to enter, when he sees a flash of someone out the corner of his eye. It's difficult to make out through the crowd, but after a few seconds, it's unmistakable.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 Guillermo!?

Guillermo spins around in shock.

Nandor rushes for him. Guillermo, in a panic, jumps back onto the train. Nandor jumps on just as the doors close behind him.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
 Guillermo, where are you--?!

Nandor looks out the window to see Guillermo, back on the platform and rushing up the stairs and out of the station.

Nandor puts his hands flat on the window.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
 Guillermo! *Guillermooooo!*

INT. TRAIN CAR

The train gets swallowed up by a tunnel. Nandor groans.

NANDOR

Mother--

He slams his fist into the window, SHATTERING IT. A RUSH of wind blows through the car, and everyone around him screams in shock.

Nandor, desperately, tries to cover the window with his coat.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Shit! Sorry, sorry everyone! Shit!
Grab your bag!

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Charmaine, Nadja and The Guide all enjoy glasses of champagne in the back of the limo. Rather, Charmaine enjoys the champagne, Nadja and The Guide enjoy holding the champagne.

The speakers BLAST "Man I Feel Like a Woman" by Shania Twain. The three are light hearted and gay and singing along.

NADJA

Oh I love you skanks!

CHARMAINE

We love you too, Nadja! I'm so glad
Gwen here called us out!

THE GUIDE

(off Nadja's look)

I had to think of a human name,
just go with it.

Nadja looks out the side of the limo and gasps.

NADJA

STOP THE CAR!

The limo screeches to a halt, and Nadja pushes open the sunroof.

CHARMAINE

Ay ay, what's wrong?! What's
happening!?

Nadja stands up through the sunroof.

NADJA (O.S.)
Son of a BITCH!

EXT. FAKE NADJA'S

Nadja, The Guide and Charmaine all run up to the side of a building. Along the front, in great big neon letters reads: "NADJA'S."

A line of vampires wait to get in. Nadja yanks one of them from the line.

NADJA
Hey, you! What the shit is this!?
Who's club is this!?

VAMPIRE
Whoa hey, get off me--!

NADJA
Answer me, you fucking ankle biter,
WHO is running this club!?

SIMON (O.S.)
That would be *moi*.

All three turn around to see none other than Simon the Devious approach them, his fingers steepled evilly.

SIMON (CONT'D)
So glad that you could join us, my dear. How would you care for a tour of my establishment?

NADJA
Your establishment? YOUR establishment!?

SIMON
I'm pretty sure that's what I said, yeah.

NADJA
Motherfucker! You stole my nightclub!

SIMON
I don't see your name on it.

NADJA
You don't see--my name is RIGHT FUCKING THERE!

CHARMAINE

Yo, who the hell is this clown?

THE GUIDE

Simon the Devious of Manhattan. A fierce adversary and a deviant of the night.

SIMON

Charmed I'm sure. And of course you can't forget the crew--

NADJA

I swear to Hell if you name off every single one of your stupid vampire thralls again I will rip open your neck and piss down your throat.

SIMON

Testy.

NADJA

Why in the absolute fuck balls are you running a club named "Nadja's?"

SIMON

Brand recognition, sweetie. Your "Nadja's" might have failed, but your name still carries a tiny bit of weight. It was a natural jumping off point for my own endeavors.

CHARMAINE

Naddie, you say the word and I'll clock this ugly fuck into next week.

SIMON

Ooh, feisty. Who's this, a bit of fast food?

CHARMAINE

Who're you calling fast food, you Happy Meal!?

THE GUIDE

Okay okay, let's all just calm down a bit here.

The Guide steps between them, hands raised.

SIMON

Look, like it or not, your club is finished, babydoll. Which means I got to capitalize on that sweet, sweet namesake of yours for as long as I want. And there's not a damn thing you can do about it.

Nadja goes to claw out his eyes. The Guide stops her before she can.

THE GUIDE

Nadja--Mistress Nadja--!

NADJA

I'm going to RIP OPEN HIS FACE!

SIMON

Why, do you need a new one? What am I saying, of course you do.

THE GUIDE

(to Simon)

Sorry to bother you, Master Simon. We'll be on our way.

The Guide ushers them back to the limo.

INT. LIMO

They all get in. Nadja is steaming.

NADJA

Why did you do that!? I could have torn his fucking throat out!

THE GUIDE

Mistress Nadja, calm yourself.

NADJA

I am CALM.

CHARMAINE

You can't just expect us to ignore some bullshit like that! A woman's gotta have her pride!

NADJA

That is right! Listen to the tacky human!

THE GUIDE

Listen to me, both of you. We are
not ignoring this. We're simply...
(coy)
...waiting.

Nadja throws her eyebrows up. The Guide has something sneaky up her sleeve.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - EARLY MORNING

It's nearing sunrise. Nandor lands after flying all around the city and spins in place.

NANDOR

I know he's here, I know it. I can
smell him, the little rascal.

Nandor goes down the alley. At the far end, he sees Guillermo speaking to someone in a hoodie. It looks like he's bribing him with a stack of money.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Guillermo!

Guillermo and the hooded figure jump. Guillermo runs one way, and the hooded figure turns into a BAT and flies off.

Nandor chases after Guillermo.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Dammit, stop! Guillermo! I demand
you stop!

INT. CONSTRUCTION AREA

Guillermo, with Nandor hot on his trail, hunter-jumps his way to the second floor and out of sight.

Nandor flies up behind him.

NANDOR

Don't make me chase you down! I
will do it!

Guillermo vanishes around a corner.

Nandor follows him, only to find nothing but a bare, concrete room with pillars and plastic tarp.

Nandor looks around, listening carefully.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
 If you do not stop this silly game
 you are playing, I will be *very not*
happy!

A blue tarp WRAPS around Nandor from behind, and Guillermo tightens his arms, locking Nandor in a vice grip.

Nandor flails and tries to buck Guillermo off. Guillermo is holding on for dear life.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
 This is *not amusing!*

GUILLERMO
 Master stop--Stop!

Nandor bites his way through the tarp and spits out frayed plastic strands.

NANDOR
 You are on my last nerve,
 Guillermo!

GUILLERMO
 And you're about to be extra crispy
 if you don't stop fighting!

Guillermo points to the side of the building. The sun is starting to rise.

NANDOR
 Oh shit.

GUILLERMO
 Come on, there's a utility closet.

They scurry away to a janitor's closet before the sun can fully rise.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - DAY

Collin Robinson gets up to make himself his morning coffee. His newspaper is tucked under one arm.

He pauses. There is no Hot Wheels toy in his mug.

Collin looks up from his cup.

COLLIN (V.O.)
 Honestly, I don't know what's
 gotten into Laszlo.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH COLLIN

Collin sits at the dining room table with a cup of coffee and a plate of plain toast.

COLLIN

I remember, leading up to my birthday, he ended up spending a lot of time with me. But this... I don't know, this feels different, somehow.

INT. NADJA AND LASZLO'S ROOM

Collin walks in and approaches Laszlo's coffin. He knocks, delicately.

COLLIN

Hey, uh... Laszlo? You asleep in there, pal?

The coffin lid cracks a smidge.

LASZLO

Hello, Collin Robinson.

COLLIN

Heya. Hey listen, um, I'm not sure what's been eating you but--

LASZLO

Eating me? Is that a vampire joke?

COLLIN

What? No.

LASZLO

It sure sounds like it. And one in bloody poor taste, if you ask me.

COLLIN

Okay well it's not, so...

LASZLO

What do you want, Collin?

COLLIN

It's nothing, forget it.

LASZLO

No, you woke me up. You must have a reason.

COLLIN

Well... I guess I just wanted to say that I'm flattered.

Laszlo narrows his eyes.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

I mean, I get it, it's hard to resist The Robinson once you get a taste, but I just don't know if I'm ready for any kind of serious--

LASZLO

Collin what in the crispy fuck are you on about?

COLLIN

You. And this little puppy crush you have.

LASZLO

Oh sweet Satan.

COLLIN

Really, it's nice that you see me that way, but I just want to focus on my career.

LASZLO

I'm not in love with you, you twit.

COLLIN

(a little sad)
You're not?

LASZLO

No.

COLLIN

Oh. Not even, like, a little...?

LASZLO

This is what you woke me up for?
Good night, Collin Robinson.

Laszlo shuts his coffin lid. Collin hovers, awkwardly.

COLLIN

Right. Okay. Well then... I guess I'll see you tonight--

NADJA (O.S.)
 (from coffin)
 Will you shut the fuck up? Some of
 us are trying to SLEEP.

Collin shirks away, dejected.

COLLIN
 Yeah... okay...

INT. CONSTRUCTION AREA - DAY

Guillermo sits outside the closet, his back up against the wall.

NANDOR (O.S.)
 (from closet)
 Guillermo? Are you still out there?

GUILLERMO
 Yeah, I'm here.

NANDOR
 Okay. Great.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET

Through a SECURITY CAMERA, we see Nandor in a blanket of blue tarp between shelves of cleaning supplies.

NANDOR
 It'd be really uncool of you if you
 wandered off and left me vulnerable
 to attack, so... thank you.

INT. CONSTRUCTION AREA

INTERCUT BETWEEN GUILLERMO AND NANDOR AS NECESSARY

GUILLERMO
 You're welcome. I guess.

NANDOR
 So?

GUILLERMO
 So what?

NANDOR
 Were you ever going to stop
 running?

GUILLERMO
Probably not.

Beat.

NANDOR
Where have you been?

GUILLERMO
(guilty)
Around.

NANDOR
Did you go back home?

GUILLERMO
No.

NANDOR
I understand that you are still
upset about Freddie.

GUILLERMO
(lying)
I'm not upset.

NANDOR
You're not? Oh well, good.

Guillermo rolls his eyes.

GUILLERMO
Unbelievable.

NANDOR
What was that?

Beat.

Guillermo finally decides to speak his mind.

GUILLERMO
I said you're unbelievable.

NANDOR
Thank you.

GUILLERMO
(annoyed)
You were never going to apologize,
were you?

NANDOR
Apologize?

GUILLERMO
For Freddie? For Marwa, for fucking--
-for all of it?

NANDOR
I... but I let my Freddie go--

GUILLERMO
And that fixes it?

Guillermo yanks open the door, and Nandor rears back, defensive.

NANDOR
Hey, watch it--!

GUILLERMO
You are the most selfish, stubborn,
dumbest meathead on this Earth, and
you didn't deserve me. Ever.

NANDOR
(simpering)
Hey... I'm not a meathead.

Guillermo slams the door shut and folds his arms tight.

Nandor hesitates. He sidles up to the door and puts his hands on his knees.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
I guess... letting Marwa go wasn't
the solution I thought it was?

GUILLERMO
(sarcastic)
What gave you that idea?

NANDOR
Well you are upset, so...

GUILLERMO
That was rhetorical.

NANDOR
Oh.
(beat)
Regardless, I see that I was...
mistaken. Perhaps... perhaps I can
make it up to you?

Guillermo tightens his hands on his arms. He listens, on pins and needles.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

When I asked you to come with me on my journey all over the world, I had intended to keep my word, and finally turn you into a vampire. Come home with me, Guillermo, and I will make good on that promise.

Miserably, Guillermo puts his head in his arms. He sniffles.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Guillermo? Are those tears of joy I hear?

GUILLERMO

I can't.

NANDOR

What?

GUILLERMO

I can't. I can't do it.

NANDOR

Of course you can. You just let me take a bite out of you and then you-

-

GUILLERMO

No. I can't... I can't...

Tears in his eyes, Guillermo lets his head rest against the frame of the closet door.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

When I left, it was to finally find someone to turn me into a vampire. But... right when it was supposed to happen...

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - NIGHT

SUPER: TWO WEEKS EARLIER

Guillermo walks in with his duffle bag of money and sets it down on a stack of crates in front of his vampire friend, Jeremy.

GUILLERMO

You are going to turn me into a vampire.

Jeremy gapes, but he nods.

JEREMY

All right. Uh. You want to do it here?

GUILLERMO

Yup. Right here. Let's go.

JEREMY

Damn, okay.

Jeremy glances at the cameras.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

You sure you want them to watch?
Can we get some privacy?

GUILLERMO

(to camera crew)

Guys, could you give us a second? I know, please--

Guillermo manages to push them out of the supply room and shut the door.

Beat.

SCREAMS ECHO FROM THE BACK ROOM.

Jeremy BURSTS from the back in a frenzy. His shoulder is now bloodied.

Guillermo, madness in his eyes, steps out holding a bloodied spork.

JEREMY

He's crazy! He's crazy!

Guillermo snaps out of his daze and looks at his hand. He drops the spork and turns to the cameras in horror.

INT. CONSTRUCTION AREA - DAY

BACK TO PRESENT

GUILLERMO

I guess my genetics just took over.
I've been trying to find a
different vampire who can do it,
but it's all been the same.

Miserable, Guillermo pushes his hands to his face and hiccups.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
 I can't do it. I can't turn into a
 vampire. The one thing I've wanted
 my whole life and I can't... I
 can't...

Quietly, the door knob turns, and Nandor pokes his eyes out from the utility closet. Guillermo looks up through his tears.

Beat.

NANDOR
 Does someone need a hug?

GUILLERMO
 (weepy)
 Yes, please.

Guillermo skootches into the closet, and Nandor hugs him tight. Guillermo sniffs.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
 You're still an asshole.

NANDOR
 Yes, yes.

He rubs Guillermo's arm.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Laszlo sits and reads at his piano.

Collin, nervously, approaches. Laszlo doesn't look up.

COLLIN
 Hey, Laszlo. So, about this
 morning...

LASZLO
 What about this morning?

COLLIN
 (beat)
 Do you not remember?

LASZLO
 I was half asleep.

COLLIN

Oh. Right.
(beat)
Then I guess nevermind.

LASZLO

I guess so.

Collin turns to leave. He pauses.

COLLIN

Hey Laszlo, guess what?

LASZLO

(without thinking)
What?

Lightbulb moment.

Laszlo lifts his head, startled at Collin's sudden turn of phrase.

COLLIN

I know you were really excited about the rhino exhibit. There are evening tickets we could get, if you'd like to go without breaking in.

Laszlo stares at him. Collin grows uncomfortable.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

Unless you're over the rhino thing...

LASZLO

(earnest)
No. No, we can go.

COLLIN

Oh, great. Zoos are wonderful feeding grounds for me. Lots of disappointed kids because the animals are all asleep. I'd love to go. You know, as friends.

LASZLO

Right. Friends.

COLLIN

Well. I'll let you get back to reading.

Collin leaves.

Laszlo's eyes linger on the empty door frame. A smile curls along his lips. He goes back to reading. He hums.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Nandor opens the door to the foyer, and Guillermo, suitcase in hand, looks around.

GUILLERMO
(gloomy)
Home sweet home.

He turns to his right, eying the pitiful corner he's so used to.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
I guess I'll unpack.

NANDOR
Ah yes, about that. I think you've outgrown that room. Don't you?

GUILLERMO
Huh?

Nandor takes Guillermo's bag and motions towards the stairs.

NANDOR
Come.

INT. MAN CAVE

Nandor opens the sliding barn door to the refurbished attic. He steps in, allowing Guillermo to walk in after him.

NANDOR
To be totally honest, it's far too bright in here for me, so I've returned to my old room.

Guillermo steps into the center and looks around.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
But it would be a shame for it all to go to waste.

Guillermo lights up. He turns to Nandor.

GUILLERMO
Thank you.

There's an awkward moment. Guillermo is still grinning, Nandor doesn't know how to handle it.

NANDOR
I'll... leave you to unpack.

He takes his leave. Guillermo turns back to the room.

GUILLERMO (V.O.)
Obviously there's still a lot I
need to deal with emotionally.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH GUILLERMO

Guillermo sits in his new room. It's a bitter-sweet victory.

GUILLERMO
I left, you know, thinking that I'd
be starting a new life, away from
Nandor and the others. It's true,
some things never change. But
maybe... maybe some things do?

Beat. Guillermo's face falls. His eyes water.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
Goddamn it.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Nadja hums while she reads, dancing back and forth to silent music. Laszlo looks up from his writing desk with a smile.

LASZLO
You're sounding chipper, my
darling.

NADJA
Ah, thank you for noticing.

She approaches, and he takes her hand to kiss her knuckles.

LASZLO
We're over that hump, then, are we?

Nadja smiles.

CUTAWAY TO:

EXT. FAKE NADJA'S - NIGHT

The whole club is UP IN FLAMES. Vampires rush out in chaos. Simon the Devious desperately wails at yet another of his schemes reduced to ash.

SIMON
Why!? Why is it ALWAYS FIRE!?

CUT BACK:

INT. LIBRARY

NADJA
I'd say so. Honestly, all I really needed was to get out of the house, get some fresh air.

LASZLO
(frowns)
Wait, what's wrong with the air here?

NADJA
That's what I said!

LASZLO
In any case, I am glad you're feeling better, my dear.
(beat)
Care to fuck our brains out?

NADJA
Do you even have to ask?

They giggle and scamper off to their marital tom-foolery.

BUTTON:

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's close to morning. The Guide is checking her watch, a paper bag on her elbow.

Laszlo carefully slips his way into the hall. He's wearing a silk dressing gown.

LASZLO
Well?

The Guide holds out the paper bag, and Laszlo pulls out the WITCH SKIN HAT.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
Finally... Back where you belong.

He puts it on his head.

THE GUIDE
You know it really is cursed.

LASZLO
Oh not you too. My wife is bad enough.

THE GUIDE
I'm just saying. I know my curses. That thing? Cursed as Hell.

LASZLO
You're just jealous.

The Guide holds up her hands, surrendering.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
I've been around the block long enough to know what's cursed, and what's cool. This bad boy?

He thumps the brim.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
Cool as indoor plumbing.

Proud of himself, he turns to head back into the room, when the floorboards CRACK AND CRUMBLE AT HIS FEET, AND DOWN HE FALLS.

The Guide leans over the hole with a grimace.

THE GUIDE
What did I say? Cursed.

LASZLO (O.S.)
I can't feel my legs.

EPISODE END