

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS:

"BUILDING INSPECTOR"
(SPEC)

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PREVIOUSLY ON WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS:

Colin Robinson is promoted at work. His new authority allows constant demands of attention from his underlings, which allows his powers to grow exponentially. They advance to the point where he's able to drain people and plants instantaneously, and is even able to fly.

He becomes so powerful that he can drain the other vampires to where they rapidly age. Finally, he splits into three duplicates of himself. The three all drain one another, leaving only one survivor. The one remaining Colin has to take a lower position with a new company, after destroying his old one.

It's also revealed that Nandor sacked Nadja's village before she was even born... and he had a very difficult time apologizing.

INT- DAYROOM- SUNDOWN

Nadja and Lazlo sit in adjacent chairs, looking a bit tired as they speak to the camera.

NADJA

So little Gizmo, who's become quite the annoying mother hen lately, woke all of us early today.

LAZLO

Yes, the little shit--

CUT TO:

A montage of Guillermo, making his way to the different coffins in the house, waking each vampire before the sun has completely set; each one is more irritated than the next to be awakened so early.

LAZLO (CONT'D)

--I was right in the middle of a wonderful dream: it was the winter of 1976 and--

NADJA

Oh! The orgy on the tour bus! With the Bay City Rollers!

LAZLO

Yes, my dark, glorious concubine--

CUT TO:

Flashback to 1976: Lazlo and Nadja are both half-undressed, in the back of a smoke-filled tour bus, surrounded by a huge pile of skinny, rockstar types, wearing every variety of tartan plaid. As the pair are swallowed up by the sea of randy young Scotsmen, they turn to each other and mouth the chorus to the Rollers' biggest hit, "S-A, T-U-R, D-A-Y Night!"

Back to the present: with wistful smiles, they both squirm a bit in their seats and squeeze each other's hands.

NADJA

That really was a fun night, wasn't it Lazlo?

LAZLO

Indeed it was my love. Indeed it was.

INT- FANCY/LIVING ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

All of the resident vampires are assembled in the 'fancy room' as Guillermo, holding a stack of letters and envelopes, takes the floor.

GUILLERMO

Thank you for coming everybody.

COLIN ROBINSON

Well, thank you for the invitation.

Nandor bristles.

NANDOR

What *invitation*? You were banging around on my coffin like some giant plague rat! In my rage and confusion, you're lucky I didn't eat you!

Nandor's long-suffering familiar bows his head and tries to maintain his composure.

GUILLERMO

Well Master, maybe you should have; at least then I would finally be on my way to--

NANDOR

You dare take that tone with me, after denying me precious slumber!

Nandor snarls as Lazlo motions for calm.

LAZLO

Alright, alright. So, tell me young man; exactly what is of such import as to require you to awaken us before the sun has even set?

Guillermo holds up one of the letters from the stack.

GUILLERMO

This is from the New York Housing Authority. An inspector will be here tomorrow at 9am to inspect the entire house.

COLIN ROBINSON

Oh shit.

Guillermo puts the letter back on the pile and shuffles through the dozens of unopened letters.

GUILLERMO

Yes. Exactly. Oh. Shit. These have been coming for months! I was cleaning today and found this stack in the attic, stuffed between the Stairmaster and a box of sex toys.

Quick shot of sly smiles from Nadja and Lazlo, as Guillermo keeps hounding Colin Robinson.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

You promised me you were going to take care of this!

COLIN ROBINSON

Guillermo, I had every intention of taking care of it, but--

NANDOR

Well, what happened Colin Robinson?

COLIN ROBINSON

Okay, well, I was more than a bit preoccupied with the God-like advancement of my powers after I got that promotion at work. But it's been sort of a crazy time for everyone, hasn't it? Between Topher turning into a zombie, that stupid seance and the party where you double-hypnotized the neighbors--

Nandor claps his hands in delight.

NANDOR

Oh, Superb Owl party!

Nadja rolls her eyes.

NADJA

Blah, blah, blah! Always with the excuses, Colin Robinson!

NANDOR

And technically, it was just the one neighbor. What was his name again?

LAZLO

Sean. It's Sean.

NANDOR

Ah yes, Sean--he was the only 'brain scrambly' one.

Guillermo's had it.

GUILLERMO

OK, that's enough! All of you!

Taken aback by his sudden display of backbone, the vampires relent and give the floor back to the familiar.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

He's coming tomorrow morning and we have to figure out what we're going to do!

LAZLO

Can't we just fuck it off?
Reschedule?

GUILLERMO

We could've before--

He holds up the stack of letters. Again.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

But now it's too late. If we don't let him in, it will go to the Inspector General!

Nandor springs from his chair.

NANDOR

Ha! Does this 'Inspector General' know what horrors await if he dares to invade the sanctum of Nandor The Relentless? The Dread Tiger of Al Quolanudar! I will lay waste to his-

The other vampires intervene to settle 'Nandor the Relentless' back down.

LAZLO

No mate. Not that kind of general.

NANDOR

No?

NADJA

No--there's no, uh, military affiliation or anything.

COLIN ROBINSON

Yeah, it's kind of like 'Postmaster General;' just a bureaucratic title.

NANDOR

Oh. Well, that's a very different.
I'll just...

Deflated, Nandor slinks back to his chair.

NADJA

What can we do, little Gizmo?

GUILLERMO

We're going to have to let him in--

LAZLO

Yes, you've already said--

GUILLERMO

And you're all going to have to be
awake for the inspection.

Dead silence.

CUT TO:

INT- MAIN FOYER- THE NEXT MORNING

Guillermo is leading MR. WILLIAMS, the no-nonsense, N.Y. Housing Inspector, through the house a room at a time. The enclave of nervous, sleep-deprived vampires try to avoid both interaction with the stern stranger and the traces of sunlight creeping in through the sealed windows and doors.

GUILLERMO

So, as you can see, it's in very
good shape for such an old,
historic house.

At the top of the staircase, Mr. Williams pulls out a flashlight to inspect the walls more closely. He taps on the plaster.

MR. WILLIAMS

When was the last time you had an
exterminator in here?

Lazlo interjects from the bottom of the staircase.

LAZLO

I say, my good man, what manner of
beasts do you think we are? How
dare you suggest we should be
extermi--

Mr. Williams responds without looking away from his inspection.

MR. WILLIAMS
For insects.

LAZLO
Oh, yes. Ha! Of course. I knew that. I just wanted to see if you had a sense of humor old chap.

MR. WILLIAMS
No sir. Not that I'm aware of.

Nadja punches Lazlo in the arm as Mr. Williams makes his way towards the library.

INT- LIBRARY- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Colin Robinson attempts to engage Mr. Williams, who is laser-focused on his inspection.

COLIN ROBINSON
Y'know, when I'm building shelves, or shelving, what I like to do is actually write out a 'cut list' for all the parts, except the case backs and the trim pieces, of course. I like to cut the parts out of 4 x 8 foot sheets of 3/4 inch plywood. Then, for the last part--

Mr. Williams snaps his attention to the energy vampire.

MR. WILLIAMS
Excuse me sir, are you talking to me?

COLIN ROBINSON
Well, yes, I was just--

MR. WILLIAMS
Please stop. I'm trying to finish my assessment here.

COLIN ROBINSON
Oh, of course. I just--

MR. WILLIAMS
Thank you. Please tell the homeowner I need to speak with him.

COLIN ROBINSON

Uh, Okay.

With shoulders slumped and head bowed, a deflated Colin Robinson wanders back into the hallway as Mr. Williams continues his inspection.

CUT TO:

Colin Robinson speaks right to camera.

COLIN ROBINSON (CONT'D)

As an energy vampire, it's rare that I come up against someone so completely immune to my power as this Mr. Williams. Honestly, it's got me, um, a bit out of sorts. Excuse me.

Colin Robinson looks uneasy as he stands, waves off the camera and slinks out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT- FRONT PORCH- DUSK

With the inspection over, Guillermo follows Mr. Williams onto the front porch.

MR. WILLIAMS

Mister?

GUILLERMO

Guillermo.

MR. WILLIAMS

Well, Mr. Guillermo, I found a number of serious violations, they're outlined here.

The inspector tears a copy of the report off his clipboard and hands it to Guillermo. It's not good news.

GUILLERMO

Great. This is just, super. What do we do now?

CUT TO:

INT- LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

With the sun almost set, the vampires hover closer to the covered front windows, eavesdropping on Guillermo's conversation with the inspector, whispering as they listen in.

NADJA

Gizmo better not be fucking this thing up.

NANDOR

I don't think it's good news. He gets the little, squeaky voice when he's distressed.

LAZLO

We're only moments away from the sun setting in the West, why don't we just go dispatch this interloper?

NADJA

No! He holds an official title. If we kill this one, they will surely send more of these hairless apes to find out what happened to him.

Coffee mug in hand, Colin Robinson enters; he does not whisper.

COLIN ROBINSON

Actually Nadja, the inspector's not very high up on the food chain. Get it? That's a little vampire humor--

The other vampires all turn to shush him at the same time. Nandor rolls his eyes and turns back to the window.

NANDOR

This fucking guy.

CUT TO:

EXT- FRONT PORCH- CONTINUOUS

GUILLERMO

Sir, there's no way we can afford all these repairs!

MR. WILLIAMS

That's not my problem, Mr. Guillermo.

Guillermo's eyes dart back and forth between the report and the window where he knows the vampires are listening. He starts to hyperventilate.

GUILLERMO

What happens if we can't get the repairs done in time?

MR. WILLIAMS

Mr. Guillermo, you were given ample notice and multiple opportunities to address these concerns. Your negligence in responding to this matter in a timely manner is not my problem.

GUILLERMO

This really sucks.

MR. WILLIAMS

Be that as it may; I don't make the rules, I simply enforce them.

Mr. Williams wets his thumb, flips over to the last page on his clipboard and shoves it towards Guillermo.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Sign here.

GUILLERMO

What is this?

MR. WILLIAMS

An official acknowledgment that I have thoroughly explained the list of violations, the timeline for remedies of said violations and consequences for non-compliance.

Guillermo signs the form. Mr. Williams tears off the under copy and hands it back.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

That concludes our business Mr. Guillermo. My correspondence information is at the bottom of the form. Thank you for your time.

As Mr. Williams heads back to his car, Guillermo folds the notice and stuffs it in his pocket. Vague, shadowy figures dart from the covered windows as the sun sets.

INT- FANCY ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

All of the vampires are again gathered in the 'fancy room' to discuss the day's developments.

LAZLO

So, I suppose I'll be the one to just come out and say it; we're fucked. Yes?

GUILLERMO

I just don't see a solution, so it certainly appears so.

Nandor stands and paces.

NANDOR

This is our home! After all these many years, we can't just leave! Where would we go? Where would we sleep? How would we feed?

COLIN ROBINSON

Well, there's always Days Inn, they have a very generous points program through AAA and I hear they have a wonderful continental breakfast...

NADJA

Shut up, Colin Robinson!

NANDOR

Yes, shut up Colin Robinson! We cannot safely murder and feed at this Days Inn!

COLIN ROBINSON

Just making a suggestion.

LAZLO

Oh, please stop, Colin Robinson! Your banality is causing my manly lance to collapse into itself like a dying star!

Nadja reaches over and squeezes Lazlo's hand.

NADJA

Oh Darling.

LAZLO

I'll be alright, my fiery harlot, it's just--

Lazlo waves off Colin Robinson, who hisses from his chair, causing a chain reaction of vampires baring their fangs and hissing at each other, until the phone rings.

Immediately, the hissing stops and they scurry about the room, looking for the phone. Guillermo traces the wire and finds it under a table. The vampires crowd around to listen as he answers the call.

GUILLERMO

Hello?

ABE

Yeah, is this, uh, Mr. Guillermo?

GUILLERMO

Yes it is. Who's calling please?

ABE

This is Abe from *Abe's Construction* here in Staten Island. Got word today from the inspector's office that you got some code violations you need taken care of ASAP.

GUILLERMO

Yes sir, that's right, but I don't know how we're going to be able to afford all the repairs in time.

ABE

Well here's the good news: the state's got a program for low-income residents who need assistance with these kinda things. They told me you was at the top of the list.

With Guillermo in the center, the vampires all raise their arms and cheer silently. They group hug around Guillermo as he tries to respond.

GUILLERMO

Really? That is good news!

ABE

Under the program, we can do the work for pennies on the dollar.

GUILLERMO

That does sound like a good deal. What's the catch?

That snaps the vamps out of their silent celebration. They all huddle in close to listen again.

ABE

Well, the *catch* is that my crew is made up mostly of ex-cons.

GUILLERMO

Ex-cons - you mean convicts, criminals, right?

Nandor furrows his brow and waves his hands in protest as he backs away from the group.

ABE

Well yeah. They're part of a rehabilitation program for non-violent offenders. They need the work experience as bad as you need the work done. Everybody wins, unless that's gonna be a problem.

Nandor nods and mouths the word 'Problem' as the others try to settle him down.

GUILLERMO

No sir. That sounds fine.

The others shove Nandor out of the room as he repeats, 'it's not fine,' at Guillermo, who shushes his Master with his free hand.

ABE

Alright then. I'll be there ready to go at 8am.

GUILLERMO

Okay Abe. Thanks so much. See you then.

CUT TO:

Nandor is seated, speaking to camera.

NANDOR

I have never liked criminals. Back when I ruled Al Quolanudar with an iron fist, bandits and thieves would pay for their treachery with a body part. I would collect the pieces and make jewelry from them. It became sort of a hobby.

(MORE)

NANDOR (CONT'D)

None of my 37 wives approved, but I enjoyed it, found it very calming after a long day of pillaging. I always thought a nice necklace made of hands, or toes, or maybe noses really made an impression, you know?

INT- MAIN FOYER- THE NEXT MORNING

The house is besieged with construction workers marching through the halls like driver ants. Ladders and scaffolding line the walls, and the floors are littered with tarps, paint buckets, tool boxes and the remnants of fast food meals from a variety of chains.

A handsome young construction worker with a ladder on his shoulder smiles and nods at Guillermo as he passes by the doorway. Guillermo blushes, smiles and nods back.

NANDOR

Guillermo? Did you not hear what I just said?

GUILLERMO

Yes Master. (beat) I'm sorry, what was it again?

NANDOR

I *said*, I need my cape from the other room - to shield me!

Nandor leans in close to confide in his familiar.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

There is sunlight in there and it's making me - uncomfortable.

GUILLERMO

Of course Master, I understand. I'll get it for you right now.

NANDOR

Please hurry Guillermo, between my exhaustion, the rays of the cruel sun mocking me, and the criminal, peasant laborers violating my home, I am out of my element--

Nandor leans into Guillermo and hides his face.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
I'm feeling overwhelmed, and...
frightened.

Nandor seems on the verge of tears as Guillermo nods and pats his Master on the back.

GUILLERMO
It's okay Master. I'll go fetch it
for you right now.

NANDOR
Thank you Guillermo. Thank you.

Guillermo leaves his shaken Master to both fetch the cape and track down the cute worker.

INT- NADJA AND LAZLO'S ROOM- LATER THAT MORNING

The duo cling to each other as workers file in and out of their taxidermy-filled sanctuary. A pair of burly handymen, (with heavy N.Y. accents), work on the entrance wall. One of the men, PAULIE, turns to explain exactly what he's doing.

PAULIE
So that's yer bearin' wall there,
and that thing is jacked up.

Nadja pulls Lazlo closer as the other man turns to point out the damage with his hammer.

PETEY
Yeah, see that crack goin' up da
side there? Water damage. You let
dat shit go too long and
fuggetaboutit, this whole place'll
come down right on top o' yo'
fuckin' heads.

The exhausted pair huddle close, completely at a loss as to how to react.

INT- MAIN FOYER- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nandor's cape in hand, Guillermo rushes around to check out the various crews, looking for the cute boy from earlier. As he turns into the foyer, Abe, the crew chief, catches him off guard.

ABE
Hey. Guillermo, right?

GUILLERMO

Uh, yeah.

Abe extends his hand.

ABE

Abe. We spoke on the phone last night. Missed you this morning when we got started.

Guillermo takes his hand and shakes.

GUILLERMO

Oh hey! Sorry about this morning, I was taking care of something for my roommate. How did you get in?

ABE

The bald guy with the glasses let us in, y'know, the one that looks like a serial killer?

GUILLERMO

Oh, of course. That's Colin Robinson.

ABE

Yeah, that tracks. (beat) Hey, you got a sec? Just need to ask you about somethin' in the next room.

Guillermo cranes his neck both ways to find the boy from earlier, but doesn't see him anywhere.

GUILLERMO

Okay, sure.

Abe notices the thick bundle of black fabric slung over Guillermo's arm as they navigate the cramped hallway.

ABE

What're those? Drapes?

Guillermo almost forgot about Nandor's cape.

GUILLERMO

No, just a tarp for one of the sofas in the living room.

Abe smiles and nods as they arrive at Nandor's room. He steps in and points right to the coffin with his clipboard.

ABE

So, that's a coffin, right?

Guillermo's totally caught off guard by the inquiry.

ABE (CONT'D)

One of my guys told me there's two more in a bedroom upstairs.

Guillermo's frozen.

GUILLERMO

Uh...I...just...

Abe's stone faced as Guillermo stammers. After a tense moment, the older man cracks up laughing.

ABE

Just bustin' your balls man! The serial killer guy told me about your roomies. Must be pretty cool livin' with a bunch of actors!

A wave of relief washes over Guillermo.

GUILLERMO

Actors. Right. Oh, actors! Yeah, it's pretty cool. They're always dressing up and stuff.

ABE

Saw that one chick earlier; she's got a whole *Queen of the Damned* thing goin' on. Freaky.

GUILLERMO

Yeah, she's a really committed performer.

With a broad smile, Abe pats Guillermo on the back and heads for the door.

ABE

I bet. Good meetin' ya Guillermo. I'll let ya get back to your tarp delivery. Gimme a shout if you need anything, I'll be around.

GUILLERMO

Thanks Abe. Good to meet you too.

Guillermo stands in the doorway, holding the heavy black cape in both hands when he hears a voice from behind him.

CUTE GUY (OS)

Hey handsome.

Guillermo turns and comes face to face with the cute guy he's been searching for all morning.

GUILLERMO

Oh. Hey.

CUT TO:

INT- NADJA AND LAZLO'S ROOM- A FEW MINUTES LATER

During a break, something familiar about Lazlo catches Petey's attention. His eyes light up as he slaps Paulie's arm.

PETEY

Hey...hey! He's that guy!

Paulie turns to get a better look at Lazlo.

PAULIE

Who? What guy?

LAZLO

Yes. Indeed. What *guy*?

PETEY

The guy! Y'know, from that porn we saw at Big Davey's bachelor party last week!

PAULIE

Which one?

PETEY

That old one, from the '80s - *Beverly Hills Cocks* or somethin'.

PAULIE

The one on VCR?

PETEY

Yeah!

Nadja and Lazlo recoil as Paulie pulls his reading glasses from his coveralls and leans in closer to check out Lazlo close up.

PAULIE

Holy shit! It *is* that fuckin guy!
(To Lazlo) Hey man, seriously - you got a hell of a rod on you!

PETEY

Right? I mean, captain frickin'
beef hammer over here!

As the two workers high-five, Lazlo beams. He smiles and waves off the compliment, as Nadja, appalled, elbows him in the ribs.

LAZLO

Though I am indeed flattered you think me so very well endowed, I do believe you fine gentleman are mistaken.

PETEY

I dunno, man - this guy looked just like you!

PAULIE

Had to be him! Had to be!

Nadja can't take any more.

NADJA

You just said that this 'VCR porno tape' was from the '80s, yes?

PETEY

Yeah!

PAULIE

Yeah!

NADJA

Well, do the math. If this was him, he'd be a very old man by now!

The two workers ponder the suggestion.

PAULIE

Huh. Yeah, guess that makes sense.

PETEY

Man, that sucks. Thought we was talkin' to a legend!

LAZLO

So sorry to disappoint you gentlemen.

PAULIE

I swear though, the porno guy even talked with that same prissy accent and everything.

PETEY

Yeah.

Petey turns to Nadja.

PETEY (CONT'D)
Y'know, you talk kinda weird too.
Where you from?

Lazlo squeezes her arm, a silent reminder to not kill the two laborers in their bedroom.

NADJA
I'm Romani.

PETEY
Like that soup, with the noodles!

NADJA
What? No, not like the fucking--

PAULIE
Oh man, I love that shit!

PETEY
Right? I put them flavor packets on
pasta sometimes.

PAULIE
Me too!

As the two men high-five again, Nadja fights the urge to murder the two workers right then and there.

CUT TO:

Nadja speaking directly to the camera crew.

NADJA
Oh yes, I wanted to murder both of those *malákas* and turn them into matching throw rugs; you know the ones that are always in front of a fireplace, with the bear's head still attached? Just like that, except with fat, naked, middle-aged construction workers.

CUT TO:

The two workers, Petey and Paulie, being interviewed, speaking to camera.

PAULIE
Still think it's him. Swear to God.

(All the vampires hiss from the rest of the house, as if on cue.)

PETEY

I dunno man, but I think the goth chick got pissed about the soup thing.

PAULIE

Yeah?

PETEY

I don't get it, why ya gotta be all sensitive? It was a compliment. I mean, that's some good fuckin' soup.

PAULIE

Right? I love that shit.

PETEY

Me too.

They high-five. Again.

CUT TO:

INT- DAYROOM- AFTERNOON

To better feed on all of the crew all at once, Colin Robinson's planted himself at the entrance to the dayroom, as they give the walls a new coat of paint.

COLIN ROBINSON

So, before I even think about actually applying any wallpaper, I like to fill in any uneven areas in the drywall with drywall compound, using a large putty knife. Now I know some people think it's safer to use a smaller putty knife, but I like to live a little dangerously--

The entire crew struggles to stay awake as Colin Robinson sucks the energy out of them en masse.

COLIN ROBINSON (CONT'D)

So I let that dry for 24 hours, then I sand it nice and smooth. Then, and this is the really fun part, I wipe the dust off--

One of the painters drops his roller, passes out and falls from the top of the scaffolding, onto a stack of paint supplies. The other crew members are too drained to do anything to help.

COLIN ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Well, okay then guys and gals,
looks like you're really busy here,
so I'll let you get back to it.

With glowing eyes, the smiling energy vampire toasts the workers as he heads back out to the foyer.

INT- HALLWAY- LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Guillermo, (still holding Nandor's cape), and the cute guy are chatting in the narrow hallway, but are interrupted every few moments by the constant stream of workers navigating the tight space with tools and supplies.

CUTE GUY

So, you live here with these weirdos?

GUILLERMO

Well yeah, I--

Before he can finish, he's blasted in the head by a paint can, hanging from the end of a passing ladder.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Hey! Watch it!

The worker turns just long enough to give Guillermo the finger before he leaves the hallway.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Ow. Sorry about that.

CUTE GUY

It's okay. This probably isn't the best spot to try to get to know each other, huh?

GUILLERMO

No, probably not.

Cute guy steps closer and puts a hand on Guillermo's shoulder.

CUTE GUY

It's a big place - maybe there's a more private spot outside somewhere?

Guillermo gulps and nods as his eyes dart from side to side, making sure the coast is clear.

GUILLERMO

Uh, yeah, there's a spot around the side, by the garden.

Cute guy steps in even closer.

CUTE GUY

Cool. How 'bout I meet you there in five?

GUILLERMO

K. Sounds good.

Anticipating a kiss, Guillermo closes his eyes, but the cute boy disappears.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

What the...

Cape in hand, he makes his way toward the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT- SIDE OF THE HOUSE- A FEW MINUTES LATER

The cute guy has Guillermo backed up against the side wall of the house.

CUTE GUY

Now, where were we?

GUILLERMO

I don't...remember...

Guillermo is transfixed as the cute boy's mouth splits at the corners and opens wide. Circular rows of sharp, jagged teeth spill from his open maw as he lunges in for the attack.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Before Guillermo can react, the beast screams, vomits green viscera and falls to a pile of slime and dust at the familiar's feet.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK!?!

Guillermo looks up through the smoke to see Abe smiling back, holding a still-smoking, silver-tipped arrow, as the last remnants of the monster boy swirl away with the wind.

ABE
Incubus. Sex demon, technically.
Crafty fuckers. A lot like your
standard vampire, but harder to
spot 'cause they got no fangs.

Guillermo is dumbstruck.

GUILLERMO
How did you know I was--

A beat.

ABE
What? A slayer? Please. I been
doin' this long enough that I can
always spot 'em when I see 'em.

Abe pulls a business card from the breast pocket of his coveralls and hands it to Guillermo.

ABE (CONT'D)
My card.

Guillermo takes the card with unsteady hands, it reads:
'Abraham Van Helsing III, Vampire Slayer. Scourge of the
Underworld. Licensed and Bonded.'

Guillermo looks up from the card to see Abe already walking back to his work truck. He sidesteps the disgusting, slimy puddle at his feet to catch up.

GUILLERMO
Wait! So this was all a setup?

ABE
Not entirely. Williams is a real
inspector, but let's just say he's
sympathetic to our cause. Kind of a
stoic asshole, but what're ya gonna
do?

Guillermo leans in and whispers, afraid the vampires might overhear.

GUILLERMO
Are you going to kill my roommates?

ABE

No. Well, not yet. Heard about you and wanted to get a closer look, see for myself.

GUILLERMO

I don't understand. What am I supposed to do now?

ABE

Look, I know you're kinda confused and mixed up right now, and that's alright. Frankly, there'd be somethin' wrong with you if ya weren't.

Abe puts his heavy tool belt on the ground.

ABE (CONT'D)

With all this crazy shit going on, I bet it gets kinda overwhelming.

Guillermo bows his head, moved by the dead-on observation.

GUILLERMO

Yeah. It does.

Abe gives Guillermo's shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

ABE

You seem like a good kid. Hang in there, you'll figure it out. Always remember, 'To thine own self be true.'

Guillermo brightens up as Abe gathers his tool belt and heads back to the truck.

GUILLERMO

Hey, that's from *Hamlet*! I love Shakespeare!

Abe shrugs as he throws his tools into the back of the truck.

ABE

Fuck, I dunno. Always thought it was from a Dean Martin song.

He cracks a sly smile, shuffles toward the driver's side door, gets in and starts the car.

ABE (CONT'D)

I got a nephew. Great kid. Huge heart.

(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)
 You remind me of his boyfriend.
 Thinkin' about the way they are
 together--

Abe smiles to himself at the memory.

ABE (CONT'D)
 --always makes my day. (beat) You
 take care, and call me when you're
 ready.

Abe waves as he pulls away. Guillermo waves back as he makes
 his way back towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT- NANDOR'S ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT

Guillermo finally hands over the cape to it's owner.

NANDOR
 Finally! Only 12 hours later! Wait,
 (sniffs), what the fuck is this on
 my beautiful cape? It smells like--

He lifts it to his nose and recoils in horror.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
 It smells like a rotten stew made
 of fireflies, human pancreas and
 demon piss! Guillermo!

(End credits to the glorious strains of Hall and Oates'
 classic, 'Maneater.')

CUT TO:

Lazlo speaking directly to the camera.

LAZLO
 Oh yes. Absolutely. That was
 totally me in that porno. Remember
 it well. Think we shot in a place
 called Bur-bank. Lots of palm
 trees, linen suits and cocaine.
 Glorious. *Beverly Hills Cocks*,
 indeed.

End.