

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS
"Therapy Works"

written by

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What We Do in the Shadows

TEASER

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside a fairly mundane office, HENRIETTA, a smiling psychiatrist wearing a faded business suit, sits across from a slightly unkempt and very anxious GUILLERMO. Henrietta adjusts her glasses and casually writes on a pad of paper she's holding.

HENRIETTA
Hello, Guillermo.

GUILLERMO
Hello, Doctor J--

HENRIETTA
Please. Just call me Henrietta.

Guillermo fusses with a cushion on the couch he's sitting on.

GUILLERMO
Sorry, Doctor, uh, Henrietta. Um.
Sorry. Do I sit or lay down?

HENRIETTA
Whatever makes you feel
comfortable.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Guillermo addresses the camera while sitting outside of the psychiatrist's office.

GUILLERMO
So you may have heard of the now
infamous Massacre at Nouveau
Théâtre des Vampires...

A quick montage of Guillermo killing vampires from the season two finale plays before cutting back to Guillermo.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
It was... a lot. So I figured it
wouldn't hurt to maybe get some
therapy.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Guillermo awkwardly lays on the couch, constantly shifting.

HENRIETTA

So tell me what happened between you and Nandor.

GUILLERMO

Well, after... the event... we had a little bit of a confrontation. He was mad that I had left and that's reasonable. I shouldn't have left. Like he said, I betrayed him. I had no reason to--

HENRIETTA

Guillermo. You can't take all of the blame. Nandor was controlling you--

GUILLERMO

(quietly)

I mean, he was my master...

HENRIETTA

I'm sorry?

Guillermo shifts onto his elbow.

GUILLERMO

I'm just gonna-- I'm just going to sit up. If that's okay.

HENRIETTA

Sure, Guillermo. Now how did you respond to Nandor accusing you of betrayal?

Guillermo sits up and pulls the cushion out from underneath him. He doesn't seem sure where to put it. He puts it behind his head.

GUILLERMO

Well, you know. It went well. As well as can be expected. It was fine.

Guillermo moves the pillow to his lap, then back to behind his head. Then he flips it around a few times in his hands.

Henrietta grabs the pillow from him and sets it beside her.

HENRIETTA

You can be honest with me, Guillermo. It's kind of the whole point.

Guillermo takes a moment to process.

GUILLERMO

Look... Nandor and I had a very mature discussion and agreed that we should probably part ways for the time being.

INT. MEETING - NIGHT

NANDOR is in the middle of an impassioned speech.

NANDOR

And Guillermo said that was a private matter that we were not to share and I said he could suck it. The it being my large vampiric balls. He can fuck off and explode for all I care.

(beat)

So... anyway... My name is Nandor and I'm a vampire.

The camera pulls back and we see that Nandor is standing in a group therapy circle. Various monsters (including LASZLO, NADJA, and COLIN ROBINSON) occupy the seats around him.

GROUP

Hi, Nandor.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MEETING - NIGHT

A moderately handsome man wearing a brightly colored polo shirt stands in front of his chair and addresses the circle of monsters around him. This is THE BOOGEYMAN.

THE BOOGEYMAN

I am known by many names, but you can call me The Boogeyman.

GROUP

Hi, The Boogeyman.

THE BOOGEYMAN

Boy howdy, has it been a struggle lately. But I've been remaining calm and... Susan. Susan, those breathing techniques you showed me... killer. They're fire, Susan!

SUSAN, a mass of tentacles on a chair, somehow seems to blush. It does a "stop it" motion with one of its tentacles.

CUT TO:

Nandor addresses the camera.

NANDOR

We have come to this meeting of anonymous monsters to seek assistance and guidance. We were put on the Vampire Council's shitlist after the misunderstanding with the Baron, then we were put on a deeper shitlist after Guillermo fucked everything at the Nouveau Théâtre des Vampires... We didn't know where to go.

(beat)

Physically. The council knows where we live, so...

CUT TO:

Nadja addresses the camera.

NADJA

We figured we could ask our fellow creatures of the night for a place to lay low, but it turns out this meeting is mostly about drinking less of the human blood. For some reason.

CUT TO:

A weakly-looking vampire addresses the group circle.

WEAKLY VAMPIRE

I've been human sober for...

The weakly vampire collapses. Nearly everyone rushes to the passed-out vampire. Nadja remains seated in her chair, shaking her head.

NADJA

(disgusted)

Vampire vegans.

Colin Robinson sits nearby and looks upset.

CUT TO:

Colin Robinson addresses the camera.

COLIN ROBINSON

I've been trying to feed, but these damn starved creatures keep passing out before I can even start reciting the fascinating history of group therapy. The National Training Laboratories, or the NTL Institute, was created by the Office of Naval Research and the National Education Association in Bethel, Maine, in 1947.

The camera starts to slump. Colin Robinson looks hopeful, but the camera jerks back upright.

COLIN ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Shoot. Almost had ya.

CUT TO:

Laszlo looks at the snack/drink table. There are coffee machines and IV bags. Laszlo drinks from one of the IV bags, then immediately spits it back out.

LASZLO
Absolutely disgusting.

He grabs a handful and puts them in his pockets.

As he reaches for another handful, Kyle, a thin VAMPIRE in a white short sleeve button-up with a tie, approaches him from behind.

KYLE
That's lamb blood.

Laszlo lets out a yell and drops the IV bags.

LASZLO
I'm sorry, what?

KYLE
It's lamb blood. My church provides them for these meetings.

LASZLO
Your what now?

CUT TO:

Laszlo addresses the camera.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
I don't truck much with religion, but I have discovered a subset of these anonymous patrons have devoted their life to the Jeebus man. Honestly, I thought him merely a myth like Odysseus, Stretch Armstrong, or Gandhi. But as it turns out, he is just as real as you or I or the Easter Bunny.
(beat)
What a vicious creature.

CUT TO:

Back at the table, Laszlo seems fascinated by Kyle.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
So tell me, young Kyle--

KYLE
I'm 380.

LASZLO
--what are the bennies of joining your evangelical crusade?

KYLE

Bennies?

LASZLO

Benefits. Perks. Compensation.

KYLE

Well, by joining our church, you would be saving your immortal soul.

LASZLO

Eh. I've already done that. Gave him a handy. What else you got?

CUT TO:

Laszlo holds up a pamphlet titled "Vampires 4 Christ" to the camera.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

They gave me a pamphlet!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Henrietta hands Guillermo some pamphlets.

HENRIETTA

There's some good information in these, but really I think you just need to get out. Meet some new people. Have a good time. Do you think you can do that?

Guillermo tries to stuff the pamphlets in his pocket, but there are too many and his pockets are too small.

GUILLERMO

I can do that. I can have a good time.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Guillermo takes the crumpled-up pamphlets out of his pocket and throws them away.

GUILLERMO

(quietly to himself)
I know how to have a good time.

Guillermo looks up to the camera.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

I do.

INT. GUILLERMO'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Guillermo sits on the couch, reading a book. He raises his feet so his MOTHER can vacuum underneath them.

INT. MEETING - NIGHT

EDDIE, a man wearing a stylish blazer, stands in front of his chair and addresses the group.

EDDIE

Hi, my name is Eddie and I'm a party monster! Rawr!

GROUP

Hi, Eddie.

EDDIE

Haha, but no seriously... I have killed a large number of men.

Nadja looks incredibly bored and is almost slumped to the floor in her chair. Nandor walks over to her and excitedly nudges her.

NANDOR

Nadja, wake up! I have had discussions with the Boogeyman over there.

Nandor points across the room at The Boogeyman, who looks over and smiles and waves. He returns to his conversation with a mummy.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

He has graciously offered the use of his spare bedroom until we can get back on our feet.

Nadja sits up, excited.

NADJA

This is great news, Nandor! No longer will we have to lurk in the shadows of the 9th Street Burger King playground ballpit!

MONSTER
(off-screen)
Shh!

Nadja jumps to her feet.

NADJA
Keep your shushes! We have found
the help we require and no longer
need to reside in your sad,
depressing circle!

Nadja starts to head out and Nandor follows her.

NANDOR
But we couldn't have done it
without you.

He stops Nadja at the exit and points to two empty chairs.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
Hold on. Where are Laszlo and Colin
Robinson?

NADJA
I don't know. They joined some
stupid cult or something. Let's go!

Nadja exits. Nandor steps through the door, looks back and
pumps his fist in the air.

NANDOR
Therapy works!

He closes the door behind him.

INT. GUILLERMO'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Guillermo reads the last page of his book, gently closes it,
and places it on the table beside him. He smiles.

GUILLERMO
Well. I still feel like shit.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Guillermo walks down the street, muttering to himself.

GUILLERMO
I don't need my master. I can have
my own fun.

Some flashing neon lights and a thumping bass sound catch his attention. He is standing at the entrance to a club with a flashing neon sign reading "Utterson & Enfield's."

He thinks for a moment, then slips inside.

Kyle, Laszlo, and Colin Robinson walk past the club.

LASZLO

It's not actually *in* a church,
though, right?

KYLE

No. We congregate in the house next
door. We only go into the church
for special repentance.

LASZLO

Will I need to do that?

KYLE

Have you been drinking human blood?

LASZLO

Well, of course...

Kyle's eyebrows raise.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

...not. Hell no.

Kyle moves forward as Laszlo and Colin Robinson fall back a little.

COLIN ROBINSON

Hey, this is bound to be a fertile
feeding ground for me. But I just
can't grok what you're getting out
of this.

LASZLO

It too could be a fertile feeding
ground for me. But not of blood. Oh
no, Colin Robinson. I aim for
power. My keen senses tell me we
are headed to what is sure to be a
most gullible group of idiots. And
with my increased intellect, I can
exploit them for my-- OH FOR FUCK'S
SAKE, I STEPPED IN GUM.

INT. UTTERSON & ENFIELD'S CLUB - NIGHT

Guillermo quietly sits by himself at the bar, drinking something fruity through a twisty straw, while people rave and dance around him. Someone bumps into him.

 GUILLERMO
Hey, could you--
 (quietly)
...not?

He sighs and waves down the bartender.

 GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
Can I get another one of these?

There's a small montage of Guillermo chugging back drink after drink.

Now he's out on the dance floor, tearing it the fuck up.

 GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
I AM HAVING A GOOD TIME!

He runs over, grabs the camera, and starts pulling it through the crowd.

 GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
Come here, come here, come here. I
want you to meet someone.

He finally stops and the camera struggles to adjust.

 GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
This is Eddie!

Eddie, the "party monster" from the meeting, turns towards the camera and paws at it.

 EDDIE
RAWR!

Guillermo pumps his fist in the air.

 GUILLERMO
Therapy works!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BOOGEYMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

A door opens into a bedroom with two beds. The Boogeyman, Nadja, and Nandor step in.

THE BOOGEYMAN

And this is where you two will be staying.

NADJA

It's adorable!

NANDOR

Very quaint.

THE BOOGEYMAN

Thanks. Interior design is kind of my hobby.

NADJA

You have a truly lovely home, The Boogeyman.

THE BOOGEYMAN

Ah, well. Thank you. You're too kind. Now, I've got blackout curtains in here, so you shouldn't have to worry about any pesky sunlight ruining your sleep cycle.

Nandor yawns.

NANDOR

Yes, it is getting be about that time, isn't it?

NADJA

I didn't even notice! You've been quite the host, The Boogeyman.

NANDOR

A real delight. We can't thank you enough for taking us in.

THE BOOGEYMAN

Don't mention it. I'm just glad to help. Well, I'll leave you two to get settled in. I think I'm gonna hit the hay as well. Sleep well, friends.

NANDOR

And you!

The Boogeyman walks deeper into the room and opens a closet door. Without breaking eye contact with Nandor and Nadja, he walks backward into the clothes hanging up inside.

THE BOOGEYMAN

Night!

The closet door slams shut.

Nadja and Nandor stare at it for a moment.

NANDOR

Well. He seems nice.

NADJA

Yes. Very charming.

They continue to stare at the closet door. Nandor finally glances down at the beds.

NANDOR

These look comfortable.

NADJA

What? Oh. Yes.

They both get into a bed. They settle in and adjust the covers. Then slowly, in unison, they turn to look at the closet door.

NANDOR

Ahem. Well, I'll just turn the light off, shall I?

NADJA

NO! I mean... maybe... leave it on? It's... it's a new room. If we need to get up for some reason, we wouldn't want to bang into any furniture.

NANDOR

No, yes, of course. Quite right. Smart. Well, sleep tight.

NADJA

Yes. You too.

They continue to stare at the door.

INT. UTTERSON & ENFIELD'S CLUB - NIGHT

Guillermo, smiling, stares glassy-eyed at Eddie, who sits next to him at the bar, dancing in his seat.

GUILLERMO
I like you, Eddie.

EDDIE
That's cool.

GUILLERMO
It is cool! You're cool.

EDDIE
You know what's cool? Praying mantises.

GUILLERMO
Yeah? How so?

EDDIE
No reason. I just like bugs. God, you're so cute. I could just eat you up.

Eddie pinches Guillermo's cheeks. Guillermo giggles.

GUILLERMO
Mmm. Eat me up. Heh.

Guillermo takes a big swig of his drink. Eddie stares at him for a moment, biting his lip.

EDDIE
You seem like you have a good heart, Guillermo. Do you have a good heart?

GUILLERMO
I... I think so. Yeah!

EDDIE
Yeah, I bet you do. Do you wanna get out of here?
(suggestively)
I could kill for something to eat right now.

GUILLERMO
Uh, yeah, sure! Let's go!

He grabs Guillermo's hand and leads him away. Guillermo gives the camera a thumbs up.

INT. BOOGEYMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Nandor and Nadja continue to stare unblinking at the closet door.

INT. VAMPIRES 4 CHRIST - NIGHT

Mismatched pews and fold-out chairs are spread about the sparsely decorated room. Kyle stands in front of the small congregation which includes FOLLOWERS, Laszlo, and Colin Robinson. Kyle speaks into a microphone.

KYLE

So as Judas betrayed our savior with 30 pieces of silver, thus the silver harms us. As the cross ended his life, so too does it cause us pain. For these are all reminders that we are that most lowly, cursed, and sinful of his almighty creations.

LASZLO

Catholics?

KYLE

Vampires.

LASZLO

Right. I knew that.

KYLE

Brethren, I'd like to welcome our two newest members to the fold. Colin Robinson.

Colin waves from his seat.

COLIN ROBINSON

Hello!

KYLE

And Laszlo Cravensworth.

Laszlo is suddenly out of his seat and next to Kyle. Laszlo takes Kyle's mic and steps in front of him.

LASZLO

Thank you for that very warm introduction, Kyle. I'll take it from here. Let's hear it for Kyle, everybody!

The congregation claps. Colin Robinson looks annoyed.

COLIN ROBINSON

Really? He wasn't even that funny.

LASZLO

I have been greatly moved by young Kyle's words.

KYLE

I'm 380.

LASZLO

I only fear that his words are not being properly heeded. It's not the fault of the words themselves. No, it's more in their delivery. This church needs a voice. A strong voice. Dare I say...

(in a sing-songy manner)

...a melooodioooousssss voooice!

(normally)

I do dare say it. And I say it well. The message is just as important as the man who delivers it. For didn't Moses himself have his words delivered by his brother Aaron?

The congregation looks impressed.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

Yeah. I've read a book.

CUT TO:

Laszlo addresses the camera.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

Actually I saw the animated motion picture Prince of Egypt. That wasn't in the film, but some nerd kept interrupting my viewing of it, telling me this completely uninteresting but suddenly very helpful bit of trivia.

CUT TO:

Colin Robinson addresses the camera.

COLIN ROBINSON

Pretty sure I was that nerd. You're welcome.

CUT TO:

Laszlo is now running up and down the aisles, screaming in tongues.

LASZLO

Ashittymimosa! Lasagnamygarfield!
Nickelodeonprogram!

With one hand, Laszlo grabs a follower. He holds his other hand high in the air.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

Can I get an amen, brothers and sisters?!

ALL FOLLOWERS

Amen!

Laszlo slams his hand onto the follower's forehead. The follower rolls his eyes up into his head and smiles widely.

FOLLOWER

Praise his name!

Laszlo winks at the camera.

CUT TO:

Laszlo addresses the camera.

LASZLO

I've got these sheep eating from the palm of my hand. This is like taking blood from a baby. And I'm going to turn it into wine. Just like the Jeebus man!

He points and winks at a nearby portrait of Jesus.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

You know, he's actually kind of growing on me.

INT. BOOGEYMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Nandor and Nadja continue to stare at the closet door. Their gaze never leaves it during this entire conversation.

NADJA

We are going to die here.

NANDOR

I know! I feel just awful about it. I've left things so unpleasant between Guillermo and I. And now I'm going to be eaten by some closet-dwelling asshole. And I'm the real asshole!

NADJA

I did think you were a little harsh on poor Gizmo. "Fuck off and explode?" Really, Nandor?

NANDOR

I have many regrets, Nadja. This terrifying waking daymare has put them all in sharp relief. If I could but return to my poor Guillermo, I would do anything to mend this broken relationship.

NADJA

You would turn him into a vampire?

NANDOR

Well, okay. Nearly anything.

NADJA

I, too, have regrets, Nandor. I should not have left Laszlo to join yet another cult. They are not at all good for him, you know.

Nandor breaks eye contact and chides Nadja.

NANDOR

Hey, we were talking about my problems! Wait your turn. Manners.

Nadja looks at him.

NADJA

I have problems too, Nandor! Like you bringing me into this shitty situation! Or taking me to that stupid meeting! Or pissing off Guillermo and losing our house!

NANDOR

Oh, sure! I'm your problem, Mrs. Shouty McShoutsAllTheTime.

(MORE)

NANDOR (CONT'D)

You were so embarrassing at that meeting! Yelling at all those poor therapy people, telling them that their stupid coping mechanisms were stupid. You're stupid!

NADJA

Oh, fuck off and explode!

There's suddenly a loud creak from the closet. They immediately stop bickering and return their gaze to the closet door.

NANDOR

That was a close one.

INT. GUILLERMO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Guillermo, shirtless, groggily wakes up in bed. He grabs his glasses from his nightstand and puts them on. He notices a person in the bed next to him. He smiles and goes in for a cuddle.

The person rolls over, eyes closed, smiling contently. It's Henrietta, Guillermo's psychiatrist.

Guillermo screams. Henrietta opens her eyes and also screams.

HENRIETTA

Guillermo?

GUILLERMO

Dr. Jekyll?

(beat)

Oh.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GUILLERMO'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Guillermo and Henrietta sit at the dining room table, drinking tea.

GUILLERMO

So you and Eddie are...

HENRIETTA

The same person. Yeah. He started off as a manifestation of my darker impulses. He's done a lot of terrible things... but he's been going to therapy. And I'm a psychiatrist. So, you know... we're making it work.

GUILLERMO

Right. So... you *can* make it work with someone who has done terrible things?

Henrietta sighs and puts down her cup of tea.

HENRIETTA

You can. But they have to be committed to change. And you can't expect Nandor to do that. The only person you have control over is yourself.

GUILLERMO

I don't feel like I have control of anything.

HENRIETTA

I don't know about that. You got away from Nandor. You started therapy. You're meeting new people. Sounds like you're making a lot of good decisions.

GUILLERMO

Are you saying I should keep seeing Eddie?

HENRIETTA

I don't see why not. You could definitely use the support of a friend right now. And I can vouch for him. Mostly.

Guillermo smiles.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

But you're going to need a new psychiatrist. This shit is hella unprofessional.

Henrietta gets up from the table and starts to walk out. She stops and then turns back around.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

Eddie didn't say anything about praying mantises, did he?

GUILLERMO

What?

Henrietta waves this off.

HENRIETTA

Oh, probably nothing.

She leaves. Guillermo looks a little uncomfortable.

INT. BOOGEYMAN'S HOME - DAY

Nandor and Nadja continue to stare at the closet door.

NANDOR

Nadja. Please. How much longer until nightfall?

NADJA

I cannot look at the clock. I cannot look away or...

NANDOR

Or what, Nadja?

NADJA

I don't know! I'm sure it's nothing good, Nandor!

NANDOR

I will continue to hold the door's gaze, allowing you to look away at the clock.

NADJA

But what if you blink?

NANDOR

I won't blink, Nadja! Look away!

NADJA

I will glance! But that's it!

Nadja turns her head without moving her eyes from the door. She steels herself, then glances quickly at the clock.

NADJA (CONT'D)

It is evening, Nandor! We did it!
We made it through the day!

NANDOR

Okay, no sudden movements. Let's
just get up and slowly make our way
to the exit.

They both very slowly remove their blankets and sit up. Without looking away from the closet door, they stand up and slowly creep backwards to the bedroom door, reaching for the doorknob behind them.

Nadja accidentally grabs Nandor in the junk.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Ow!

They both look at each other.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

NADJA

Sorry! It was an accident.

NANDOR

Was it? Was it, Nadja?

NADJA

What? You think I want to touch
that? No thank you!

They hear a creak and both freeze, realizing they broke eye contact.

They quickly turn to look at the closet door.

It's closed.

They breath a sigh of relief.

Nandor opens the door and they slowly creep out. Nandor runs as soon as he can.

NANDOR

I am free!

Nadja's eyes remain on the closet door.

NADJA
Oh, you fucker!

She slowly closes the door in front of her, peeking through the crack as she does so. Finally the door is closed.

The room is silent.

The camera looms on the closet door for a beat too long.

CAMERAMAN
(quietly)
Shit.

INT. VAMPIRES 4 CHRIST - NIGHT

Colin Robinson hangs around the back of the "church" talking to a small group of followers.

COLIN ROBINSON
...and that's just several of the ways that the Prince of Egypt film strayed from its source material. I knew it was a lost cause when Martin Short signed on.

He opens his mouth to feed, but...

FOLLOWER
That is incredibly fascinating. Please tell us more, Colin Robinson.

Colin Robinson looks uneasy.

CUT TO:

Colin Robinson addresses the camera.

COLIN ROBINSON
We've been here all night and all day and I can't get anything off of these wackos. Little jerks are too goshdarn zealous.

A follower walks by and slaps Colin Robinson on the shoulder.

FOLLOWER
Praise his name, Colin Robinson!
Praise his name!

COLIN ROBINSON
(under his breath)
Praise it yourself, you weirdo.

CUT TO:

Laszlo is now in full ceremonial robes. He talks to an eager crowd of followers.

LASZLO
Trust me, brethren. For I speak the truth. A nonprofit status is what we seek.

The front doors bang inwards and Nadja enters at full-tilt.

NADJA
I will save you, my love!

LASZLO
Save me?

Nadja looks around, confused.

NADJA
From the terrible clutches of this religious cult?

LASZLO
You misinterpret, dear!
(to his followers)
Like that King James fellow did with His precious word. Boy, do I have a bone or two to pick with him!

The followers laugh.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
(to Nadja)
Don't worry. I've got this all under control.

He winks.

NADJA
No, that's the wink I don't like. We're going home, Laszlo.

LASZLO
What home? This is my home now, Najda! It could be our home! Look at this place. It's perfect.

Nadja looks around, appreciatively.

NADJA

It is bigger than the ball pit. And there's no children's urine.

LASZLO

Listen, I slept here this morning and it was the best sleep I've had in months.

Kyle walks up and overhears this.

KYLE

Wait, you slept here?

LASZLO

Sleep? No! This is no time for rest, young one--

KYLE

I'm 380.

LASZLO

-- for there is much work to be done.

KYLE

Well, you're gonna have to put that on hold. This space has been reserved for another group.

LASZLO

Another group? What other group?

A line of young adults enter wearing matching t-shirts with the phrase "WAITING 4 JESUS" embroidered on the front.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

Who are these assholes?

KYLE

They're a young adult abstinence group.

LASZLO

Well, get them the hell out of--

Nadja shoves Laszlo aside.

NADJA

Did you say "abstinence?" As in... virgins?

Laszlo looks confused, then realization dawns on him.

CUT TO:

Kyle looks on in horror, as we hear the sounds of screaming and feasting. Blood spurts everywhere.

KYLE
You... you can't do this! You'll
have to repent in the church!

LASZLO
(off-screen)
Fuck off and explode, Kyle!

Kyle does the sign of the cross, which causes his fingers to catch on fire. Colin Robinson rushes up with a cup of water.

COLIN ROBINSON
That's not good, fella!

Kyle dunks his fingers in the water. It sizzles even more.

KYLE
Aigh! Is that holy water?!

COLIN ROBINSON
Gosh, I don't know. I got it from
the church next door.

KYLE
What the hell is wrong with you?!

Kyle pushes past Colin Robinson, who feeds on Kyle's energy.

COLIN ROBINSON
Finally. Thank god.

INT. GUILLERMO'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Guillermo and Eddie make out on the couch. They both raise their feet so Guillermo's mother can vacuum underneath them.

Suddenly there's a loud knocking on the door.

NANDOR
(through the door)
Guillermo! It is your master!
Nandor!

Guillermo's mother turns off the vacuum and starts to head to the door, but Guillermo stands up and stops her.

GUILLERMO

Don't worry, mom. I've got this.

Guillermo opens the door. Nandor stands on the steps in the pouring rain.

NANDOR

Hello, Guillermo.

GUILLERMO

Nandor.

There's an awkward silence.

NANDOR

It is wet.

GUILLERMO

That's it? That's all you have to say?

NANDOR

Well, no, but... aren't you going to invite me in?

GUILLERMO

Why should I?

NANDOR

Because... I am home, Guillermo.
You are my home.

Guillermo looks at Nandor for a moment. He looks back at Eddie and his mother, who wait for him inside. Finally, he looks back at Nandor.

GUILLERMO

Not anymore.

Guillermo shuts the door in Nandor's face.

Nandor stands in the rain, perplexed.

NANDOR

What the fuck?

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. BOOGEYMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

The closet door slams open. The Boogeyman steps out, stretching and yawning.

THE BOOGEYMAN
Boy, I slept great!

He claps his hands together.

THE BOOGEYMAN (CONT'D)
Now what are you guys thinking for breakfast?

He notices the beds are empty. His shoulders slump.

THE BOOGEYMAN (CONT'D)
Damn it, The Boogeyman. You scared them off. Just like you always do. You're never going to make any friends, you idiot.

He sighs heavily.

THE BOOGEYMAN (CONT'D)
Therapy works, my ass.

END OF EPISODE