

A DEAD LINE

Written by

S. C. Fenby

Based on the TV series and original film,
What We Do In The Shadows
By Taika Waititi and Jermaine Clement

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310-290-5656

EXT. STATEN ISLAND STREETS - NIGHT

A typical Staten Island street, garbage strewn around and the streets slick with a recent rain or garbage slime.

NANDOR (2000s) wears dark heavy clothing along with his usual billowing cape. Tonight he accessorizes with two neon pink weighted bands around his wrists, he pumps up and down like a bat flapping its wings, as he walks.

NANDOR

(To camera)

I am trying to get a little fitter.
As the alpha male in the house I
need to make sure I look the best.
So Guillermo bought me these man
weights.

Nandor flashes his pink adorned wrists at the camera.

He looks around curiously as he passes more and more trendy HIPSTERS all dressed in plaid and wearing a selection of fedoras and fiddler caps.

All of them in line for a too-bright tech store.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

What-what is this?

Nandor stops in front of a particularly hipster looking BRAXTON (20s), socks pulled nearly to his knees over chinos, a red plaid shirt and a sailor style knit cap.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Excuse me sailorman, what is this
big line up for?

Braxton looks him up and down, clearly unimpressed with his outfit.

BRAXTON

Obviously this is for the new
iPhone release. It comes out at
midnight.

NANDOR

Phone of eyes? It watches you?

BRAXTON

And listens...all the time, god I
love Siri.

Just then a female beside him, ASHLEIGHE (also 20s), looks over.

ASHLEIGHE
Siri's lowkey so up in our lives
though. Alexa is way more discreet.

BRAXTON
Why are you even here Shleigh, if
you keep criticizing it.

ASHLEIGHE
What? And let Amber and Meegan lord
it over me. No thank you!

NANDOR
Who is this Alexa and Siri?

BRAXTON
Uhm, just the perfectly helpful
voice in our pockets!

Nandor's jaw drops.

NANDOR
Familiar! Or witch! A tiny witch
who will help me!

Nandor claps his hands together.

BRAXTON
Whatever you want to call her
homes, I personally set mine to a
British man you know. If anyone's
going to give me orders, that's who
I want.

ASHLEIGHE
And you still say you're not gay?

Braxton turns away and Nandor looks to camera flabbergasted.

NANDOR
A tiny witch! Oh just like my tiny
Grizelda, oh how I miss her!

INT. VAMPIRE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Talking head interview of Nandor.

NANDOR

Grizelda was my teeny tiny little witch I carried around in my pocket for decades in the 1500s. She was always making me laugh and giggle.

CUT TO:

Painting of Nandor in Elizabethan wear holding a small grizzled creature in the palm of his hand.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

She was with me for ages...until I sat on her. That was an unfortunate accident. Poor little Grizelda.

EXT. APPLE STORE LINE - NIGHT

NANDOR

Pardon me, new friends. But would you mind holding my place here for the little witch, so I can order my other, lesser updated familiar to come!

They both shrug.

BRAXTON

Yeah whatever man.

Nandor turns into bat form but the tiny pink weights weigh him down and he flies slowly and with difficulty.

He gives up and turns back into human form, returning to the line.

NANDOR

On further contemplation, I will just wait here and hope they will get my powerful mind thoughts to bring them.

ASHLEIGHE

Aw! Did you break your phone too? I'm on my fifth this year, don't worry, you can use mine.

Ashleighe hands Nandor her phone.

NANDOR

Ah! Yes, thank you my new comrade.

Nandor turns to the camera.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
I have no idea what this is! Help
me!

He hands the phone to the cameraman.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
Summon Guillermo.

CAMERAMAN
What do you want me to say?

NANDOR
Tell him to bring the others and
that we will all be getting our own
little witches and these phone of
eyes!

INT. VAMPIRE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LASZLO (500ish) and NADJA (1200) sit in their darkly
decorated living room as Nadja attempts tying knots around
LITTLE NADJA's wrists.

NADJA
Sit still, I need to get it right
for later.

GUILLERMO (30s) enters and Laszlo looks up from the book he's
reading.

LASZLO
What is it now old chap?

GUILLERMO
Master has summoned us all.

LASZLO
Summoned!? He can't summon me, I'll
summon him!

GUILLERMO
He said there's an exciting new
iphone launch we need to all go to.

LASZLO
Hand on there, a what?

GUILLERMO
An iphone...uhm, well he said we
must go to get tiny witches.

NADJA

Tiny witches! Ooh, I haven't had one of those in centuries! Can we go Laszlo, please?

LASZLO

Well alright then my dearest. I might just stay home so you can go.

NADJA

What? You don't want to come with me?

LASZLO

I'm sorry my darling, but would you mind terribly if I stay back? I have quite a bit of...uh, research to do.

NADJA

Research on what?

LASZLO

Well, I must figure out what powers he could be gaining if he has these expansive telepathic techniques. That damn loiter-sack could usurp you in the council.

NADJA

Fine, I will have my own little witch and you will have none.

LASZLO

Oh don't be like that my precious ladybug.

NADJA

Don't insect pet name me!

Nadja gets up to walk out with Little Nadja.

NADJA (CONT'D)

Come little Nadja, I will put you by the window to watch the street as you so like to do.

Nadja exits as Laszlo motions for Guillermo.

LASZLO

You, old boy, kindly fetch me some tissues or hankies...maybe even some towels too...and some mayonnaise!

Guillermo looks at him quizzically before walking out.

Laszlo winks at the camera.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

I have to finish this chapter on
this book I unearthed the other day
in the attic. I haven't seen it in
decades!

Laszlo lifts up an ancient tome from behind a sofa cushion.
What looks to be an original 'Kama Sutra,' complete with a
blurred out image on the front cover of two men with a woman
between them petting a goat.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

It's a limited edition copy from
the 12th century! Very rare.

Laszlo strokes the cover lovingly as Guillermo re-enters the
room and holds out a box of tissues for him to take one.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

No, no! The whole thing my boy.

Laszlo grabs the whole box and waves Guillermo away who
finally leaves grimacing.

EXT. APPLE STORE LINE - NIGHT

Laszlo, Nadja and Guillermo are in line with Nandor, Braxton
and Ashleighe.

NADJA

What are those ridiculous things?

Nadja indicates the pink wristbands Nandor is wearing. Nandor
suddenly attempts tugging them off.

NANDOR

They are my man weights! And only
real men can
handle...handle...Guillermo! Come
help me take these things off.
Guillermo!

Guillermo sees his master struggling and immediately reaches
to try and disentangle him.

GUILLERMO

Yes, master.

(Beat)

How did your walk go?

Guillermo is taking off the wristbands as Nandor flourishes his cape.

NANDOR

Obviously really well, do you not feel my masculine muscles bulging?

GUILLERMO

Uh, I think I feel something else bulging...

Guillermo looks sick to camera, shaking his head. Nadja looks on in disgust.

NADJA

Uh, Ash tree and Brick's son, do you know how long we will wait?

ASHLEIGHE

It's actually Ashleighe, with an e-i-g-h-e obvi, but you can say Ash. And this is Brax or Braxton.

BRAXTON

Anyway, I was saying, I told my manager! This Kombucha doesn't even taste organic!

Nandor hits Guillermo's arm.

NANDOR

That! What was that word they used now Guillermo?

GUILLERMO

Kombucha? It's a health drink, like an elixir.

Nandor raises his voice to speak to the other two.

NANDOR

Ah yes! I know all about elixirs! I once bought a liquid from an old traveling crone that promised a larger peni-

GUILLERMO

-Then what did you do?

BRAXTON

Well I told her, I put half my salary last year into Suncor so I don't even need this job.

(MORE)

BRAXTON (CONT'D)

So I quit and from the trades I had enough to go to Miami for a month!

ASHLEIGHE

Wow, nice! I went with a new solar company actually, solar is the future!

NANDOR

No it most certainly is not!

BRAXTON

You trade?

NANDOR

In souls? Absolutely.

Guillermo whispers to Nandor on the side.

GUILLERMO

No master, they're talking about stocks and the stock market.

NANDOR

Ah yes! I hold many stocks actually.

GUILLERMO

You do?

Nandor looks to camera on the aside, looking annoyed.

NANDOR

I'm getting the idea that Guillermo's purposely leaving me out. I was always the leader of all the newest things. Anything that was the bee's knees back in the day.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nandor sits on the sofa as he has an interview with the camera. Guillermo stands behind him.

NANDOR

This is the first time in a long while that I have been new to something so exciting. Did you know I used the world's first latrine?

(Beat)

Granted, it was a bit rustic, but...

CUT TO:

Painting of an ancient Ottoman battlefield with many armoured soldiers visible holding shields and pikes. A two-walled shed stands in the middle with Nandor squatting in front, smiling as an attendant stands behind him cupping his hands out and looking as if he'll throw up or faint.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

The man was actually my familiar at the time. He would collect my poop and then carry it some distance to the soldiers' poop ditch. So much more hygienic.

Guillermo looks nauseous.

GUILLERMO

I'm just glad we have regular toilets now...although that doesn't really seem to help much for him.

NANDOR

And then of course there were other in vogue things I was known for throughout history.

END OF ACT I

EXT. APPLE STORE LINE - NIGHT

Everyone is still in line but Nadja is getting irritated as talk has turned to stocks.

NANDOR

Of course I trade! Really Guillermo, you're really falling behind these days...I was an early investor in the bell company.

BRAXTON

Dope, love taco bell. So you day trade?

NANDOR

Erg no, I cannot.

BRAXTON

I feel ya, I feel ya. You a coder? My buddy is a coder and sleeps all day. He's into night trading.

(MORE)

BRAXTON (CONT'D)

The Hong Kong stock market is
killing! You should check it out.

NANDOR

Night trading? Yes! Yes I will,
thank you man of the plaid.

Ashleighe's phone begins PINGING nonstop as she takes it out
of her pocket and scrolls through. It continues pinging.

NADJA

Oh my! What are all these constant
little cuckoo clocks going off?

ASHLEIGHE

My bad. It's just the money I'm
making.

NADJA

Money? Those noises are the sound
of little coins?

ASHLEIGHE

Uhm, yeah, kinda. It's from
OnlyFans. It's all these idiots
just sending me money.

NADJA

They just send it to you? You are
worshipped?

Ashleighe takes out a lollipop from her pocket, unwraps it
and then holds her phone above her head. A flash blinks as
she takes her own photo showing a glimpse of her tongue on
the lollipop with one hand showing a small glimpse of skin by
her bra.

NADJA (CONT'D)

What-what are you doing? I am
happily married.

ASHLEIGHE

Ha! It's for my fan!

NADJA

Well, okay if you insist, but it's
a little forward of you to say I am
a fan already.

Nadja makes to kiss Ashleighe but Ashleighe holds her hands
up to block her.

ASHLEIGHE

I'm totally LGBTQ+-012clouds, but I actually meant that I'm sending pics to send to my fans. Then they pay me for it.

Nadja stares at her, not understanding.

ASHLEIGHE (CONT'D)

Wow, I totally thought you'd be into it already, I mean you've already got a kink down pat. Took me ages to find mine.

NADJA

Kink?

Ashleighe indicates Nadja's long plum velvet dress and outfit.

ASHLEIGHE

Uhm yeah girl, this is the age of the kink and this is one if ever I saw one. Mine's the lollipop...and my tongue.

Ashleighe sticks hers out to Nadja.

ASHLEIGHE (CONT'D)

That'll be ten bucks! Only joking, first one's free. Gets you hooked.

Ashleighe's phone continues to ping and Nadja looks excitedly at it.

She waves her hand over Ashleighe's face.

NADJA

You will tell me all I want to know about this only fan.

They stand aside as Ashleighe takes out her phone and begins showing it to Nadja.

EXT. APPLE STORE LINE - NIGHT

Guillermo inches up to Nandor's elbow as he is speaking to Braxton.

GUILLERMO

Uh, master? Are you sure you don't need to...uh you know?

NANDOR

No, I do not know. What is it
Guillermo?

GUILLERMO

Well, isn't it your time of the
month?

NANDOR

Shh! Not quite yet Guillermo, you
know it is in three days time.
Don't you track my cycle?

Guillermo looks to camera rolling his eyes.

INT. VAMPIRE'S HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Guillermo stands to the side in the hallway, speaking
furtively to the camera outside of a closed wooden door.

GUILLERMO

They actually only...uhm use the
bathroom once a month. You'd think
it would just be a small thing
because all they drink is blood,
but...it's a huge mess! It's like a
build up of the whole month
combined.

Guillermo grimaces as moans are heard from behind the door.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Master, are you alright?

NANDOR

No I am not alright! If you cannot
fathom the pain, then do not ask!
Go get me my favourite blood type!
Now!

Nadja walks through the hallway past Guillermo.

NADJA

Oh come on already! Just hurry up
Nandor. You're being a little baby.

NANDOR

Be quiet Nadja! You know nothing of
my discomfort.

NADJA

He always makes such a big deal about "his time of the month." It's mine too and you don't see me crying.

She walks away.

Camera pans to Guillermo who shrugs.

GUILLERMO

Their cycles are synced up.

INT. VAMPIRE'S HOUSE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Laszlo has one hand hidden beneath a blanket and the other delicately flipping pages of the Kama Sutra.

LASZLO

Mmm, never knew you could do that with an arm. Interesting.

A door slams and Laszlo hurriedly closes the book and places a pillow over it.

Nadja walks into the room.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

Yes! Hello, my darling! I was just...I was just contemplating your beautiful existence.

NADJA

Not now Laszlo, I need to make fans with my luscious body and make us a Dracula's ransom.

Laszlo looks confused.

LASZLO

Hmm? What's this about your luscious body?

NADJA

Not now! You couldn't bother coming, so now don't come begging like a werewolf!

Nadja walks away and up the stairs as Laszlo looks after her disturbed.

EXT. APPLE STORE LINE - NIGHT

Nandor stands speaking to Braxton in the never moving line.

NANDOR

I must go and find my stock book!
Or call my stock manager.
Guillermo, how can we get in
contact with him?

GUILLERMO

Who master?

NANDOR

John Pierpont Morgan. Such a
scoundrel that one!

GUILLERMO

J. P. Morgan? That was your
accountant?

NANDOR

Yes, such a funny fellow. Very very
small penile area. He must be dead
now, damn. Well, I must return home
and find my stock book he last gave
me. It has all my investments.

(Beat)

Guillermo, you stay here and wait.
Stone of Brax, thank you for
everything, may your witch be loyal
and bright!

BRAXTON

Uh...yeah, take care.

Nandor claps Guillermo on the back and strides away.

INT. NADJA AND LASZLO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nadja lays on the bed in a long white Victorian night gown
with the phone in her hand and continuously taking snaps of
her face. Each snap has a flash to which she hisses at each
one.

NADJA

Why is this not working!

Laszlo walks by the nearly closed door and peeps through to
watch her. He pushes the door open slightly.

LASZLO

My darling? What are you doing in here with those horrible lights.

NADJA

Get out Laszlo! I am luring idiot men with my voluptuous body.

LASZLO

In my mother's old nightgown? You only break that out for our anniversaries!

NADJA

Yes well, I thought it was time for someone else to appreciate me!

LASZLO

My darling! You know I was just researching.

NADJA

Researching ancient sexual positions!

LASZLO

Only so I can perfect the Vatsayana with you!

NADJA

I told you I won't do that anymore Laszlo! Not after that time with the villagers and the horse.

She gets up annoyed and pushes the door closed on his face.

LASZLO

But...but the Indra pose--

INT. VAMPIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nandor is searching through the dusty attic as clouds puff up around him

He suddenly finds an ancient tome amongst the rafters.

NANDOR

Ah! Yes! Got it.

He flips through the long, thick pages.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
"The Dutch East India Company,"
"North Atlantic Railway." Hmm.

Nandor leaves the attic.

INT. NADJA AND LASZLO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nadja lays on her bed face down and legs pumping up and down like a child's as she looks at the phone.

She is now wearing a frilly pink frock, like an evil clown suit but in a pepto bismol rose.

NADJA
Who is this "Jacques Ov 6-9-6-9"?

She begins pressing at the phone wildly. A PING sounds from it.

A MESSAGE from the user sounds out.

JACKOFF6969 (V.O.)
Hey dirty girl, it's Jackoff6969,
you're so filthy aren't you? Want
to be my slave?

Nadja throws the phone towards the door.

NADJA
Ah! Revolting human. Me, a slave to
you!? I will not have this. Who do
you think you are?

Nadja grabs the phone and begins pressing things once more. She holds her face an inch away from the camera.

NADJA (CONT'D)
Hey! You! You will be my slave!

Nadja hits something and looks proudly at the phone. Just then it PINGS again and Nadja hits slides the phone to play the message.

HUGEROD666 (V.O.)
It's Hugerod 6-6-6. Take that
granny nightie off. Or else it'll
turn me off!

Nadja looks shocked and hurt.

NADJA

Granny nightie? This is a family
heirloom. How dare you Hugh Rod!

Nadja flips through the phone as she fingers the material of
her dress.

NADJA (CONT'D)

George the fifth once fondled me
heavily in this!

(Beat)

Spotted dick? Well that was a yummy
treat back in England...maybe him?

She plays another voice MESSAGE.

SPOTTEDDICK2

Are you going to take some real
photos or is that really what you
look like?

NADJA

I never ate spotted dick anyway!
Human or food!

Nadja leaves the phone on the bed, now sad and pouting as if
she'll cry. Nadja goes to the window and picks up LITTLE
NADJA who'd been staring at passing children.

NADJA (CONT'D)

Little Nadja! Can you believe those
monsters! They are supposed to be
enthralled.

LITTLE NADJA

Don't worry, they are just simple
pathetic humans...let's go see if
there is someone on the street to
cheer you up.

Nadja wipes at her eyes as she carries little Nadja out the
door.

Laszlo, hidden behind a bust in the hallway, watches her
leave and then creeps in the room.

He picks up the discarded phone and begins typing.

NADJA

Yes that's right. Tell me your
address. It's time to spot that
dick...with blood...his blood.

INT. COLIN ROBINSON'S ROOM, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nandor is at the gloomy desk of Colin Robinson in his mouldy basement bedroom. An ancient dial-up PC sits on the desk with a frustrated Nandor seated on an ancient metal swivel chair.

Nandor fingers the stock book in his lap and shifts, the chair SQUEAKS heavily. He moves slightly again, the chair SCREECHES.

NANDOR

Argh!!

He leans forward, the metal SCREAMS.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Even his chair is annoying!

He clicks on the mouse and the BEEPING noise of the computer reaching for internet through miles of unseen wires sounds out.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

I cannot take this!

He reaches for a land-line phone on the desk. It is beige and narrow, a modern early 80's phone.

Nandor hits a button as he picks it up.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Hello? Yes, I would like to speak to the stock market.

(Beat)

The stock market! Of Hong Kong!

(beat)

No, I am not making a joke.

(beat)

Do it now human...do not laugh!

Nandor stares at the phone then concentrates as he waves his over hand at the receiver.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

You will get me to the Hong Kong stock market, now.

Nandor smiles as he listens to the receiver again.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Why yes, I can hold.

EXT. ONE STORY BUNGALOW BACKYARD - NIGHT

Laszlo walks up to the grey door at the back of a small bungalow in what looks like an even worst part of Staten Island (if that's even possible).

LASZLO

Is this it? This is the hovel from whence these ogres insulted my lady wife?

He KNOCKS on the door. FOOTSTEPS are heard inside. Then the door opens to show SPOTTEDDICK2 (40s) in a dirtied white t-shirt and track pants. The stairs down to his basement apartment visible behind him.

SPOTTEDDICK2

Yes?

LASZLO

Are you Mr. Spotted? Dick. The second.

Spotteddick2 stares at Laszlo.

SPOTTEDDICK2

Who wants to know?

LASZLO

Well I do of course, you beef-witted ferret. I am here on behalf of my most wondrous wife.

SPOTTEDDICK2

You mean Suckyourbloodwhole? That's your wife?

LASZLO

Yes, and I'm here to defend her honour. But now I wonder if you have any.

SPOTTEDDICK2

Listen man, I don't want any trouble.

Just then a old lady's voice RINGS out.

OLD LADY

Richard! Richard, take the trash out!

SPOTTEDDICK2

Yes ma!

OLD LADY
What's that?

SPOTTEDDICK2
I SAID, YES MA!

Laszlo looks him up and down.

LASZLO
I see now you are too lowly for me
to duel. So hear this, I curse you!
To a life in the earth!

SPOTTEDDICK2
I already live in the basement...

LASZLO
And to never marry!

SPOTTEDDICK2
I'm still a virgin...

LASZLO
And to be eternally miserable.

SPOTTEDDICK2
I live with my mother and her new
younger husband...

LASZLO
Oh, I see. Well, yes, it seems
you're cursed enough.

(Beat)
Listen here! No more looking at my
wife! Or harassing her either!

SPOTTEDDICK2
Yeah, sure thing!

LASZLO
Good. I see my work here is
done...so, carry on sad human.

Spotteddick2 closes the door and Laszlo looking triumphant,
turns into a bat and flies off.

INT. COLIN ROBINSON'S ROOM, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Nandor is now pacing in the room as he has the phone held on
one shoulder and the other hand searching through the
scattered pages of stocks on the desk.

NANDOR

What do you mean it's illegal to own slaves? I treated them well! I gave them a holiday once a lifetime!

Nandor picks up another page.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

What about the Dutch East India Company? Doesn't exist? But what about the tea wars?

Nandor hits the phone against the wall and then holds it back to his ear.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

And the railways? Surely humans depend on those to travel? What? Alright, mister negative! What about the unsinkable beauty, the queen of the ocean. Titanic!

Nandor holds a stock in the air triumphant.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Sank? Iceberg? No kidding, you know I did ask about that! Yes, I have a tremendous fear of anything that big and white...besides David of course, statue doesn't do him justice.

Nandor hands up the phone with a resounding THUD.

He looks to camera.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Well that's it then. They told me none of these companies exist. They said that I had "priceless" artifacts...price...less. No price for them. Completely useless. Unless I want to give these artifacts to a museum and I never trusted them after I saw my poor mother shown as an old mummy.

Nandor walks out of the room and up the creaky stairs with the stack of paper, defeated.

END OF ACT II

INT. VAMPIRE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Laszlo and Nadja sit in the library by the fire holding hands and whispering to each other.

Nandor enters into the room with his arms full of aged sheafs of paper.

NANDOR
Ew, could you keep your canoodling to your room!

NADJA
Laszlo defended my honour tonight!

LASZLO
Oh it was nothing. I merely fought him and then cursed him to the bowels of Staten Island.

NADJA
Oh, I'm so proud of you!

LASZLO
Anything for my most attractive, beautiful wife!
Did you get your little witch?

NANDOR
No! And they are stupid!

Nandor sits down with a huff in the nearest plush armchair.

LASZLO
Well, what did you do then?

NANDOR
I was checking on my stock portfolio!

LASZLO
And? Have you made us a mass fortune with which we can take over the human populace?

NANDOR
Well, yes!

Nadja claps excitedly.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
But then, I realized a fortune is not important and I may have useless stacks of paper.

LASZLO

I always said you were a hoarder!
Better to be rid of it!

NADJA

But there could still be something
of great value!

NANDOR

No. It's all silly. Stupid silly
numbers, trying to confuse me!

LASZLO

That's right, o more human wealth.
We're a self-sufficient household
after all.

He turns to Nadja.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

And I find you, more than
sufficient.

NADJA

Awww, my Lazlobear.

Guillermo enters, slowly dragging the unconscious form of
Braxton.

LASZLO

What's that you have there old boy?

GUILLERMO

Well I--

NANDOR

--That's right. I brought you back
a special dinner. Far better than a
fortune some would say.

NADJA

Well--

LASZLO

--That's enough my love.

NANDOR

Yes, he is of a new vintage. I am
thinking of drinking this
exclusively.

Nandor drops the pile of papers into Guillermo's arms. All three vampires go towards the body, interested and sniffing the air.

GUILLERMO
I actually brought him b--

NANDOR
Quiet Guillermo! It doesn't do to boast!

GUILLERMO
Yes, master.

Guillermo goes to the corner nervously and smiles at his master.

The three vampires crouch over the body that's been propped up and take the arms up and begin to feed.

A few seconds of noisy SLURPING.

Pan to Guillermo who grimaces at the camera.

The vampires all start spitting and stuttering disgustedly.

NADJA
Bleh! What is this! It tastes like...it tastes like leaf. Like that nasty leaf poison we keep seeing on that fat human's show. Kale!

IASZLO
I couldn't have said it better myself my love. Also, like eepah...or the I-P-A. I'm always smelling it on Sean, revolting! The number one reason I haven't tried him myself.

NANDOR
There's something else. Something...missing.

NADJA
Maybe they eat bad things.

GUILLERMO
Couldn't be, they were talking about being gluten-free.

NANDOR

Ah! That's it! It's the gluten. No gluten in this human you've brought us Guillermo. How thoughtless of you.

GUILLERMO

But master, you--

NANDOR

--Enough excuses! I won't have it.

They all drop the arms limply and Nadja kicks the body away like soiled laundry.

LASZLO

Yes, I say, old boy, this is not up to the usual snuff. Not even a hint of the usual tastiness.

NADJA

Well now we know, stay away from the glutenless humans.

NANDOR

What should we do with him? He's still alive.

LASZLO

Poor miserable sod, living a glutenless life. It's no way to live I tell you. No wonder he wanted to die.

GUILLERMO

Well, I don't think he wanted to--

NADJA

--Put him back where you found him then.

Nadja waves her hand over the body's face as the eyes pop open.

NADJA (CONT'D)

Human, you will go wake up and go back to where we found you...and you will begin to eat the gluten! Lots of gluten! And one day, when you are full of gluten, you will come back and feed us! Okay?

Braxton stands up and nods at Nadja blankly.

BRAXTON
Yes. Gluten, yum.

Laszlo then waves his hand in front of Braxton's face too.

LASZLO
And you shall change your name my
lad, you will now be...Kevin.

Braxton/Kevin moans, pained by the sickeningly basic name.

KEVIN
Nooooo.

LASZLO
Very good, now off with you Kevin.

Kevin slumps his shoulders and marches out.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
We've really improved someone's
life tonight, that's not something
to scoff at, we should be proud!

Nadja smiles beatifically and pecks Laszlo on the cheek.

NANDOR
Guillermo! Throw that kindling in
the fire. We need something to warm
our empty bellies now.

Guillermo walks to the fire, shoulders hunched as he throws
the pile in, sad at disappointing the group.

EXT. OUTSIDE VAMPIRE HOUSE - NIGHT

Colin Robinson speaking to camera as they walk outside
towards the house.

COLIN ROBINSON
I got a little bored to be honest.
All those "hipsters"...you know I
don't even know why they call them
that. None of them had particularly
nice hips. I mean, my own are
pretty girthy. I've been told I
have child-bearing hips!

Colin looks proudly at camera.

The camera focuses down as he pulls a wrapped phone case from
his jacket pocket.

COLIN ROBINSON (CONT'D)

Oh this? Yeah, I actually got my hands on this bad boy from one of my contacts a week ago. I just wanted the feed. Nothing better than getting them down when they're so high!

EXT. APPLE STORE LINE

Colin Robinson stands in line speaking in a monotone to the crowd in line.

COLIN ROBINSON

And you know that when the telephone was originally invented, contrary to prior speculation...

Another four people pass out onto the ground and Colin steps over their bodies to reach the next group in line.

We see the entire line behind him strewn with bodies laying on the pavement.

Cut back to: Colin Robinson's eyes glow with energy and excitement as he climbs the stairs to the house.

INT. VAMPIRE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nadja and Laszlo are lounging on the sofa as they look at Guillermo's laptop.

Guillermo enters with a feather duster and sexy maid costume inspired apron.

LASZLO

Ah! Our trusty bodyguard, have you heard of this Only-Fan?

Guillermo stands to attention looking uncomfortable.

GUILLERMO

What? How do you know that?

NADJA

Because I have an account dummy! Which I am trying to now close.

LASZLO

Yes, because she has the only fan she needs right here.

Laszlo kisses her hand and Guillermo goes quickly behind them to peer down at the screen.

GUILLERMO

That's not your account! You're just on my-- uhm, on someone else's account. OnlyHands.

NADJA

Erg, what is that?

LASZLO

It looks to be just an account for various pictures of hands. Look! Here, it's a hand holding a cucumber!

NADJA

And a hand holding a hot dog?

LASZLO

How peculiar. Do you know what this could be?

Guillermo reaches down and wrests the laptop from their combined laps.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

Steady on my boy.

Laszlo stares at Guillermo holding the laptop.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

Hold there, your hands look suspiciously like those ones in the photograph.

NADJA

You're right my love, I don't think I noticed how feminine your hands are before!

GUILLERMO

What? They're delicate! Anyway, it looks like Nadja was posting to my-- uhm, to this account. I'll just delete it.

Guillermo tinkers with some keys.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Hey! I've lost thirty-eight subscribers!

LASZLO
How oddly specific.

GUILLERMO
What did you do?

NADJA
Nothing! I only posted one picture.

Guillermo turns the computer to face camera. It is a close up of Nadja's nostril, black hair enlarged within.

LASZLO
Oh very nice angle my dear.

Guillermo looks away and to Nandor who enters the room.

GUILLERMO
Master, those old papers really have the fire giving an extra warmth.

NANDOR
Glad they were useful for something.

GUILLERMO
What were they?

NANDOR
Just useless, silly stocks. Worth nothing now. Things like "Aluminium." I have never even heard of such things.

GUILLERMO
What...no, what?

Guillermo runs to the fireplace and kneels looking in the flames.

NANDOR
Relax Guillermo. Yeesh, you'd think we don't even keep you warm. So ungrateful.

Nandor walks back out as Guillermo looks horror-struck at the fire and Nadja and Laszlo kiss.

FADE TO BLACK