

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS

RETURN OF THE BARON
December 8, 2017 Rewrite

Written by
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Based on the film
What We Do In The Shadows
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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see Guillermo, a human, standing in an old-fashioned bedroom next to a coffin. He checks his watch.

GUILLERMO
(softly) It's nightfall.

A muffled foreign accent comes from the coffin.

NANDOR (O.S.)
Guillermo?

GUILLERMO
Yes, sir?

NANDOR (O.S.)
Is that you?

GUILLERMO
Yes, Master.

The coffin lid moves. It's jammed.

NANDOR (O.S.)
It's stuck again.

Guillermo goes to assist.

NANDOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I think it's the latch!

GUILLERMO (V.O.)
The job of a vampire's familiar is
not an easy one.

GUILLERMO
It's jammed!

Guillermo jiggles the lid of the coffin. It won't open.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH GUILLERMO

GUILLERMO
A vampire's familiar is kind of
like a best friend... who's also a
slave, kind of?

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Coffin lid still won't open. Guillermo is trying to jimmy the latch with a butter knife.

NANDOR

You're not trying to pry it are you? Don't pry it. You'll foul the mechanism.

Guillermo quickly stops prying and puts the butter knife in his pocket.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH GUILLERMO

GUILLERMO

Tomorrow night marks the 20th anniversary of when I started working for my master and I'm pretty sure he's planning something special for me. I think tomorrow will be when he makes me a vampire.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The latch has finally come open.

GUILLERMO

He awakens!

NANDOR elegantly arises from his coffin. Guillermo does a double thumbs up.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Very cool, master. Super scary.

Nandor stays grinning revealing that he has vampire fangs.

NANDOR

Awaken the others...

GUILLERMO

(reluctantly) Okay.

OPENING CREDITS

We see images of our vampires throughout history. Coffins. Fangs. The mediums they are depicted show a centuries-long passage of time. Medieval woodcuts, tapestries, oil paintings, encyclopedia photos of statues, cubist paintings, silent film footage, photos from the late 1800s, 1920s, 1960s, 1980s, VHS footage, digital photos from the early 2000s. Every few images, there's a quick pop of something frighteningly grotesque -- less artistic or cultural vampire depiction, and with more of a crime-scene photo feel. This is all to the song **You're Dead** by **Norma Tanega**.

EXT. MANSION - DUSK

A large, severely dilapidated mansion subtly stands out in a quiet suburb.

INT. MANSION. LIBRARY - NIGHT

We are in a small library, within the vampire house.

NANDOR

No, we're going to have a house meeting!

LAZSLO

Didn't we just have a house-meeting in 1981?

NANDOR

That was in 1891, Lazslo.

LAZSLO

Oh, hell!

NANDOR

We're doing it!

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

Interspersed with this seated interview, we see images of Nandor in various battles, in armor and different garbs.

NANDOR

I have a reputation for being a very tough kind of vampire.

Oil painting of Nandor in Ottoman clothing. As he speaks we see illustrations of Nandor in battle.

NANDOR (CONT'D) I used to be a very ferocious soldier in the Ottoman Empire. Which meant a lot of killing, a lot of pillaging. They'd say *have mercy! Stop pillaging me! No, I'm pillaging everyone! You included!* I was relentless. They called me "Nandor the Relentless". Because I just never relent.

INT. MANSION. LIBRARY - NIGHT

NANDOR

WE ARE HAVING A HOUSE MEETING,
OKAY! HOUSE MEETING!

LAZLSO

All right!

NANDOR

All right! Just think of it as a
fun way of catching up with each
other.

NADJA

This is worse than dying.

NANDOR

Oh. Sorry you feel that way,
Nadja.

NANDOR (O.S. FROM INTERVIEW) (CONT'D)

Co-habiting with other vampires
makes sense for financial reasons.
A lot of vampires spend a lot of
money on castles and fancy capes
then two hundred years later
they're like - *uh oh, now I'm in
an apartment wearing jeans.*

NADJA

Begin. Say your boring words.

NANDOR That
doesn't fill me with
confidence Nadja, but
okay.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NADJA

She looks like a Gothic queen wearing a HUGE ELIZABETHAN
COLLAR.

NADJA (O.S.)

It is nice staying in a house with
other vampires. The only people I
would speak to when I was in my
castle would be my "victims",
which was sad. Because I ate them.
Because we had some nice
conversations.

INT. MANSION. LIBRARY - NIGHT

NANDOR

Before I get to the important business at hand, a little housekeeping. We need to discuss general tidiness. Especially in the cell.

NADJA

Which cell?

NANDOR

The prison-y cell! Last night I heard all this shouting coming from there and there were so many angry people down there, half-drunk!

LAZSLO

They had alcohol?

NANDOR

No, they had only *been* half drunk. Drink the *whole* victim before you start another new one, please. There were nine people down there, still kinda alive, all moaning and complaining. *Help me... Help me...*

NADJA

So gross.

NANDOR

It is gross. One guy said he'd had five birthdays while he's down in there.

LAZSLO

Poor guy.

NANDOR

I made him some birthday cards.

NADJA

Should have just killed him.

NANDOR

And then I killed him.

LAZSLO

Oh, then what's the problem?

They hiss at each other, their eyes now glowing red.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH LAZSLO

Lazslo has an even larger ELIZABETHAN COLLAR than Nadja.

LAZSLO

This "house-meeting" - as he calls it -- seems like just another foul New World innovation Nandor is trying to foist upon us. I do not like it, sir.

We see footage of Lazslo writing in a dusty tome with a quill pen -- by the light of a single candle. And squinting hard to do so. In the background, Nandor switches on a table lamp. Lazslo glares at him, and Nandor switches the lamp off and backs away apologetically. And Lazslo goes back to squinting very hard to read by candlelight.

LAZLSO

I suppose I'm kind of a renaissance man in that I was born in 1531. I was the most handsome man in my village--

16th Century painting of Lazslo looking the opposite of that.

NADJA

His village was badly affected by leprosy and the plague.

LAZSLO

(proudly) It's true.

We see old drawings and paintings that illustrate Lazslo's story.

LAZLSO

One night I was asleep and I heard a rrrrreeeep.... rrrrreeeppp... rrrrreeeppp at my window and I thought, "who's this at my window? This is weird" -- because I was on the third floor and there was a very beautiful woman outside just floating there. I saw her and I was just absolutely hypnotized.

NADJA

I used hypnosis on him.

LAZSLO

I invited her into my bedroom. She turned into this hideous bat creature, I thought, "this one's different". She drained my blood. Cursed me with the gift of eternal life, making me a thirsty creature of the shadows.

We see them in more prosperous times and through the ages. Eastern European rulers in fine garb.

LAZSLO (CONT'D) Isn't she intoxicating? My Nadja, Queen of the night.

Nadja stares, completely bored.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

NANDOR

We all get along great and the house meetings will help us keep the lines of communication open and working together as a team.

INT. MANSION. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Nandor and Lazslo FLY AT EACH OTHER, FANGS BARED. Lazslo swipes at Nandor's face. Nadja calmly watches.

NANDOR

It's about hygiene, Lazslo!

LAZSLO

It's about your ego, Nandor!

NANDOR

Hissssss!

LAZSLO

Hccccccccchhh!

NADJA

Why don't we start writing our names and dates on the victims with marker pen!

Suddenly Nandor and Lazslo are normal sliding back into their chairs like nothing happened.

LAZLSO

Great suggestion.

NANDOR

Good idea, Nadja. Marker pens,
Guillermo! And now we come to the
real purpose of this house
meeting. (takes an ominous beat)
Guillermo, close the door.

GUILLERMO

It is closed.

NANDOR

Close it more.

Confused, Guillermo pushes on the door as Nandor takes out a fancy envelope - sealed with a wax signet and covered in foreign stamps.

NANDOR (CONT'D) We have
received a letter from The Baron.

Nadja, Lazslo, and Guillermo react. This is a very serious development.

NANDOR (CONT'D) As we
are all now -- finally -- gathered
as one, in compliance with the
protocols, I will impart The
Baron's message.

Nandor opens the letter. What he reads stuns him.

NANDOR (CONT'D) The
Baron... is coming to visit us.

A dramatic pause of disbelief. Interrupted by...

GUILLERMO
(softly) Holy crap.

NANDOR

Silence, Guillermo. Vampire
comments only.

Guillermo nods.

NADJA

The Baron's never left the Old
Country before. Does he say what
is the purpose of his visit?

NANDOR

No.

LAZSLO

When does the great one arrive?

NANDOR
(skimming letter) Um...
Guillermo... figure this out?

GUILLERMO
(reading) Tomorrow.

Guillermo seems quietly upset. So does Nandor.

NANDOR
Why didn't you give this to me
earlier?

GUILLERMO
It just arrived this morning.

Nandor angrily shoos Guillermo away with the letter.

LAZSLO
(grandly) Let it never be said
that The Baron does not know how
to make an entrance that will
shock and astonish!

It's obvious that Lazslo worships The Baron, while Nandor is
less impressed -- and even a bit jealous of The Baron.

NANDOR
Yes, yes. We're all shocked and
astonished that The Baron has not
yet discovered Federal Express.

Guillermo laughs, but Nadja and Lazslo don't get the
reference.

NADJA
Federal what?

NANDOR
You know -- Fed Ex. "When It
Absolutely, Positively Has To Be
There Overnight." Fed Ex. I'm not
sure what it is.

LAZSLO
(suspicious) Have you been
secretly viewing a television box
again?

NANDOR
(covering) No. Of course not. It's
just contemporary folk tale
Guillermo told me about.
Regardless, there is much work to

be done. And precious little time
to do it.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

NANDOR

The Baron is great. As great as
his own legend? (shrugs) Not for
me to say.

Nandor shakes his head to say "No."

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH LAZSLO

LAZSLO

(makes sure no one is listening)
My suspicion is that The Baron
has gotten wind of how Nandor has
been running things over here.
Straying too often from the old
ways. So this should be
interesting.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH NADJA

Nadja is speaking quietly, so as not to be overheard.

NADJA

I'm nervous about seeing The Baron
with Lazslo present. The Baron and
I enjoyed a very long, very
intense sexual affair a few
hundred years ago. Very physical,
very animal. A lot of acrobatic
stuff. It could be awkward.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH LAZSLO

LAZSLO

Many bloodlines flow back to The
Baron! The powers that flow
through our veins are rumored to
be an eternal gift from The Baron
himself.

(MORE)

LAZSLO (CONT'D)

(beat, then quietly) Also, a while
back, The Baron and I enjoyed a
very long, very intense sex
affair. Very animal. Some pretty

acrobatic stuff. It will be good to reconnect.

INT. MANSION. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nadja rejoins Nandor, Lazslo, and Guillermo, who are gathered around the table. Nandor is looking at the planning notes he's written on an eighty-year old yellow legal pad.

NANDOR

So... Guillermo will transport The Baron from his point of debarkation to here--

LAZSLO

On a velvet-lined caisson drawn by four black horses!

NANDOR

Yeahhhhh... I know that's the tradition, but let's be realistic. So perhaps just two black horses? Guillermo? Do-able?

GUILLERMO

Not on such short notice, Master.

They all sit and think.

NANDOR

A dark camel?

GUILLERMO

Maybe a taxi?

NADJA

A black taxi.

Lazslo nods his head.

NANDOR

Okay, great. Now, as for The Baron's bloodfeast...

NADJA

We should get a couple of virgins.

LAZLSO

Lovely!

NANDOR

Guillermo, two virgins by tomorrow night?

GUILLERMO

Of course, master.

LAZSLO

We shall feast on virgin blood!

The vampires laugh. Guillermo does his best to join in.

NANDOR

Vampire-only laughing.

Guillermo hangs his head.

LAZSLO

Are we inviting Colin as well?

NADJA

That would ruin the evening.

A very ordinary looking man, mopey even, stands at the

COLIN ROBINSON

What's ruining the evening?

NANDOR

(to Guillermo)

I knew you didn't close the door.

COLIN ROBINSON

Are we having another house meeting?

INT. INTERVIEW WITH COLIN ROBINSON

COLIN ROBINSON

Hello, my name is Colin Robinson and I'm what's called a psychic vampire or "energy vampire".

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Colin has someone trapped in a corner of an office.

COLIN ROBINSON (V.O.)

Energy vampires drain people's energy merely by talking to them.

(MORE)

doorway.

COLIN ROBINSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In fact you probably know an energy vampire. We're the most common kind of vampire.

Colin's office mate loses color before our eyes. Colin looks energized. His eyes glow for a brief moment.

COLIN ROBINSON I just drained Joan's energy just by having a long chat.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH COLIN ROBINSON

COLIN ROBINSON It's actually cooler to be an energy vampire. We are "daywalkers", we're not harmed by the sun. We don't need to drink blood and we're the only vampires that can suck energy from other vampires!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

COLIN ROBINSON
So, we're not having a house meeting?

The other vampires, their energy drained, just shake their heads.

COLIN ROBINSON (CONT'D)
Oh.

Colin lingers creepily, and leaves the room way too slowly.

NADJA
Phew.

LAZSLO
(exhausted) His power grows stronger every day.

EXT. LANE - NIGHT

Lazslo and Nadja in matching outfits are out for a walk.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NADJA AND LAZSLO

NADJA
We left Europe about two hundred years ago because there was a lot

of prejudice against vampires in
Europe at that time.

Era-appropriate illustration of people with flaming torches.
And a brief flash of a decapitated vampire head on a pike.

LAZSLO

They didn't like the color of our
skin.

NADJA

Or how we killed and ate people.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

NADJA (V.O.) We must
be careful when walking
amongst the living so we do
our best to blend in.

Nadja and Lazslo do not blend in. They look like the most
intense goth couple you've ever seen. They eye human prey.

NADJA

They look nice.

LAZSLO

No, he looks fatty and drunk.

NADJA

Keep your voice down. We must seem
as mortals lest we be driven from
this land as well.

A couple of COLLEGE BROS walk over the bridge.

COLLEGE BRO 1

Go back to your own country!

LAZSLO

We've been here since 1862, fatty!

The College Bros look confused. Lazslo waves his hands
hypnotically.

LAZSLO (CONT'D)

I mean... our family has... fatty.

The College Bros lose all memory of the interaction they've
just had and walk onward. Watching them go...

NADJA

It's getting early. Let's just make an apertif of these two and save our appetites for the virgins tomorrow.

LAZSLO

Fine. But you get the fatty.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The College Bros walk in the park. Lazslo and Nadja are now magically in front of them. The Bros pause... turn the other way, the camera follows them. Out of nowhere Nadja and Lazslo now magically block them from the other direction.

COLLEGE BRO

Ahhhhh!

Nadja and Lazslo fly at them and pull them into the air. Geysers of blood, horrific screams, and the crunch of chomped cartilage. Then silence. A blood-soaked red baseball cap lies in the gutter, while Nadja and Lazslo wipe blood from their faces.

LAZSLO

Not bad! And now, shall we explore each other's bodies in a frenzy of carnal passion, yes?

NADJA

All right, but not here, by the public toilet. And you got some on your face.

LAZSLO

Oh.

From the front we see half of Lazslo's face is completely covered in blood.

LAZSLO (CONT'D)

Is it gone?

He ineffectually wipes his face but it's still very bloody.

NADJA

Still some there.

LAZSLO

I'll fly home and wash... and prepare for lovemaking.

Nadja has seen something in the distance.

NADJA

(distracted)

Yeah, okay. I'm going to walk.

LAZSLO

Well, you know how I feel about walking. If I can turn into a bat, I won't do it! BAT!

Lazslo clicks his thumbs and turns into a bat, flies, crashes into a pole, corrects himself and successfully flies away. Nadja peers from behind a tree at a A MAN sitting on a bench reading from his phone.

NADJA

(to herself)

Can it be?

THE MAN gets up and walks away. Nadja glides silently behind him.

INT. NANDOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guillermo is helping Nandor out of his ornate waking-hours vestments, and hanging them carefully on a museum-quality tailor's dummy.

NANDOR

Careful with my vestments, Guillermo! A light touch is crucial...

GUILLERMO

I know, sir.

NANDOR

The gold in that brocade came from the personal--

GUILLERMO

NANDOR (CONT'D)

...the personal treasury of The Impaler, I know. ...the personal treasury of Vlad The Impaler himself!

NANDOR (CONT'D)

The Baron will probably still be on Old World time, so his slumber cycle might be all messed-up.

GUILLERMO

Yes, sir.

NANDOR

We don't want him waking up in day time and being barbecue meats.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH GUILLERMO

GUILLERMO (V.O.)

In some ways I'm disappointed that The Baron is arriving on my anniversary of being a familiar but how often do you get to see an ancient vampire?

Along with Guillermo's interview we see him perform tasks. Sometimes with Nandor. Opening curtains, sweeping, washing out blood-stains, hanging Nandor's vestments carefully on a tailor's dummy, adjusting the antennas on the tiny 1970s television that Nandor does indeed secretly watch, boarding up windows.

NANDOR

And also, block all of the upstairs windows. Huge sunlight risk.

Back to the interview.

GUILLERMO

When I saw Antonio Banderas as 'Armand' in Interview with a Vampire. 1994. I was blown away. He was the first Hispanic vampire I was exposed to and it was then I decided I wanted to be a vampire.

We see Guillermo in a photo from 20 years ago in an illfitting vampire costume. He makes an unconvincing Antonio Banderas but we know what he is going for.

EXT. MANSION. NIGHT

Guillermo opens the door for Nandor.

NANDOR

It seems an eternity since I ventured out of doors. How long has it been, Guillermo?

GUILLERMO

Not since I've known you.

Nandor floats out the front door. Guillermo closes it.

NANDOR

My cape is caught in the door!
Guillermo, can you free my cape?
Maybe I should just wear my short
cape.

Guillermo fusses with the door.

NANDOR (CONT'D) Is
the brocade okay? How's the
brocade looking?

GUILLERMO

Intricate and undamaged, Master.

NANDOR

Good. Now, take me to the nearest
purveyor of decorative supplies
for revelry and debauchery!

INT. STATIONERY STORE - NIGHT

Nandor is examining a roll of black crepe paper from the
shelf -- fascinated -- having never seen such a thing
before.

NANDOR

So deliciously macabre. What is it
called again?

GUILLERMO

Crepe paper.

NANDOR

Exquisite. Also, get me some of
that colorful dust that sparkles.

GUILLERMO

Glitter?

NANDOR

Yes. Get me some... "glitter".
Every color.

GUILLERMO

What for, master?

NANDOR

I want to do something special for
The Baron's arrival so I'm going
to sprinkle some on my face and my
body. Very... (sotto) Twilight.

GUILLERMO

Ugh. Wow. But okay. What's the crepe paper for?

NANDOR

For The Baron's bloodfeast.
(explaining) In the Old Country, we'd weave a canopy out of the flayed human skin. But I think that's because we didn't have crepe paper.

GUILLERMO

You want I should ask up front if they have anything that looks more like the flayed skin?

NANDOR

No, Guillermo. Thank you.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

NANDOR

Guillermo is my familiar but sometimes he's a lil too "familiar", know what I mean? He's always hanging around me. He works hard but, he's not great at it. I don't like to say this kind of thing in front of him, of course.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Guillermo is actually sitting right next to Nandor.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Sorry Guillermo. I didn't like saying that in front of you.

GUILLERMO

That's okay, sir.

NANDOR

Can you see how he's just always around me? Look at him.

INT. STATIONERY STORE - NIGHT

Guillermo peruses the store. He sees something. He approaches

GUILLERMO

Master. Check it out. So macabre!

Guillermo holds up one of those cardboard skeleton decorations one uses for kids' birthday parties. Nandor sighs wearily then waves his hand -- and the cardboard skeleton cutout bursts into flames in Guillermo's hands. Guillermo drops it and stamps it out. Guillermo walks away crestfallen.

AT THE CASH REGISTER

STORE OWNER

And that'll be 79.85. Cash or credit?

GUILLERMO

Credit card.

NANDOR

You can't pay with that, throw him a metal coin.

Nandor throws a coin at the store owner.

STORE OWNER

That's 25 cents sir.

NANDOR

Enjoy it!

STORE OWNER

It's not enough.

NANDOR

Stab this man.

GUILLERMO

Just credit card.

NANDOR

You kind of disobeyed me just now. And I'm noting it. It's because I didn't like the skeleton, isn't it.

Nandor..

A pause.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

We see from a long lens Nadja floating outside of the window of the Man from the park. The Man flops onto his bed. Kicks off one shoe. Half pulls down his pants. It's a sad sight.

NADJA

It's him.

The Man clumsily turns off his light. It's dark now. Nadja tries to peer in. She sees nothing. Suddenly, his face is lit up by his phone screen. By his expression he seems to be masturbating. Nadja holds up a 1940s flash bulb camera and takes a photo with the bright flash. Suddenly the lamp turns on... the Man runs to the window holding his pants up. No one is there. The Man looks through his now open window. A trash can falls over. He puts his head out. The window comes down and nearly takes off his head.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Overburdened with decorations, Guillermo tries to bring up his anniversary.

GUILLERMO

Can you tell me about when you became a vampire, Master? How long did you wait?

NANDOR

Not that long. Hey, any progress on those virgins yet?

GUILLERMO

I know an awesome place to find virgins.

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

A modest Live Action Role-Play group are dressed in their idea of fantasy clothes - e.g. Someone might wear a feathered hat, a cape and Fila shoes. The uncoolest thing you have ever seen. The LARP group playing out a scene. Larper Girl throws some dice.

LARP GIRL

Nine - Confrontation!

JENNA

This ale is poisoned, peasant!

JONATHAN

How dare you make that false
accusation sir! I have poisoned
not your ale, wench!

The other Larpers mock outrage at the language.

JENNA

Didst thou callest me wench,
troll?

Guillermo speaks quietly to cam.

GUILLERMO (T.C.) These
Live Action Role-Playing groups
have a very high ratio of adult
virgins. It's harder to find
someone who isn't a virgin here.

ANGLE ON: Jonathan and Larper 2 are gingerly fighting with
wooden swords. The other LARPERS ARE AMUSED. They laugh and
cheer.

GUILLERMO (T.C) (CONT'D)

Look at them dressed as elves or
some shit.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NADJA

NADJA

In the old country, centuries ago,
I was in a very passionate love
with a human man called Gregor. He
was a knight, he wore armor, he
was very cool. He was decapitated
in a battle and it was sad. But I
never really got over Gregor. Even
when I met Lazslo.

Lazslo floats past the doorway, struggling with a boot. An
older woman (Lazslo and Nadja's silent familiar JUNE) follows
him patiently, trying to help.

LAZSLO

You will go on my foot, boot!

Nadja waits to make sure Lazslo is gone.

NADJA

The man I saw tonight -- I think
it was him.

We see a beautiful baroque painting of a man in armor recoiling from a sword with an anguished face. It certainly seems to be the same man although a lot cooler.

NADJA (CONT'D)

I think he is the reincarnation of my ex-boyfriend, Gregor.

We are now closer on the face of the painting. This is crossfaded with the photo Nadja took of the man caught masturbating. It's the same face with the exact same expression. Back to Nadja looking concerned.

LAZSLO

Why doesn't foot rhyme with boot?
Foot. Boot. Fooooot. Boooooot. Ah!
I did it! I'm going to write you a poem darling!

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

In the distance Guillermo is showing Jonathan and Jenna photos on his phone.

GUILLERMO

Check this shit out.

JENNA

Woah.

GUILLERMO

We got swords, we got crossbows,
we got all kinds of medieval shit.
Come tomorrow night, 9pm. Don't be early.

Guillermo gives the thumbs up to the camera. Mouths "virgins".

INT. MANSION - WESTERN WING - NIGHT

Nandor is leading Nadja and Lazslo through a dark, dusty hallway.

NADJA

I've never been in this part of the house.

NANDOR

No one has for 80 years. I've preserved these chambers unsullied that we might have an appropriate location for a ceremonial bloodfeast, should The Baron ever visit.

Some bats fly out a doorway.

LAZLSO

(to camera)

Those are just some vampire buddies of mine.

NADJA

They are just normal bats.

LAZLSO

That's Jeremy and Carol!

NADJA

No vampire would be called Jeremy.

NANDOR

Another plus? If we have The Baron's ceremony here, you-know-who won't even need to know. I mean Colin.

Nandor opens an old door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is a normal, brightly lit bedroom. Colin's in there.

COLIN ROBINSON

Ever heard of knocking?

NANDOR

Colin? What are you doing in here?

COLIN ROBINSON

This is my bedroom.

LAZSLO

Oh.

COLIN ROBINSON

How can I help you?

NADJA

We are just saying hi.
(pause)
Hi.

COLIN ROBINSON

I've never had someone visit me
before.

NADJA

Okay, good to see you! Bye!

COLIN ROBINSON

Hey, what's happening tomorrow
night?

NANDOR

Nothing.

LAZSLO

Not having virgins for dinner!!

Colin looks disappointed. He knows. Nandor, Nadja, and Lazslo
head back the way they came.

NANDOR

(quietly) There's another unsullied
chamber down in the basement.

LAZSLO

The Baron is accustomed to the
grandest blood-halls and abattoirs!
Our junk room is not fit for him!

NANDOR

We can move the Stairmaster out of
there.

LAZSLO

Good idea. Never understood its
supposed use anyway.

NANDOR

It's said to improve fortitude and
stamina.

LAZSLO

Didn't even work as a torture
device. Just made our victims very
skinny, very slowly.

EXT. DOCKS - DAWN

Guillermo signs a bill of landing on a clipboard, as a large wooden crate is off-loading from a ship. An ancient, silent, odd-looking man -- THE BARON'S FAMILIAR -- stands nearby.

EXT. MANSION - MORNING

Guillermo supervises as THREE REGULAR GUYS unload the crate from a battered BLACK VAN that has MOISHE'S MOVERS on the side and carry it into the house. The Baron's Familiar keeps one hand reverently on the top of The Baron's coffin.

INT. MANSION. BASEMENT

As The Baron's Familiar looks on, Guillermo uses a crowbar to pry open the wooden crate, revealing a beautiful, ancient coffin with intricate carvings on it.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH NADJA

As Nadja talks about Gregor we see different versions of him through history. Some with her alongside him.

NADJA

Gregor was reincarnated again as a Persian street thief, he was caught and they beheaded him "to teach him a lesson" and it did stop him to be honest. Then many decades later he returned as a beautiful Slovenian washerman. We did manage to fool around a couple of times but apparently she got her head chopped off in a toilet cleaning accident, don't ask me how. Weird. A lot of beheadings. I just noticed.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Nadja stands in the long shadows of late dusk. Every part of her body is covered, protectively, including a black hat with a dark veil. But still, we can see that she is physically weakened, and has taken a great risk to come out before it's completely dark. The Man leaves his building. As he passes...

NADJA

Man? Human man?

He doesn't turn.

NADJA (CONT'D)

Gregor!

NADJA (CONT'D)

It is you.

MAN

What did you say?

NADJA

Gregor, the centuries have not changed you.

MAN

Oh. My name's Jeff.

NADJA

Jeff...

JEFF

Oh wait... I remember you.

NADJA

From a past life long ago.

JEFF

Ah... From the park last night?

NADJA

Gregor.

JEFF

No, Jeff.

NADJA

Gregor De'Lavoir.

JEFF

No, Jeff Leibenstein. But... you know what's weird?

NADJA

What is weird Gr.. Jeff Leibenstein?

JEFF

When I was in 12th grade I used to wish my name was Greg.

NADJA

As in Gregor.

He turns.

JEFF

As in Greg.

NADJA

Wow.

EXT./INT. FRONT FOYER OF THE MANSION - NIGHT

Nandor is lighting candles in a big candelabra.

NANDOR

Guillermo? Will the virgins be arriving soon?

GUILLERMO

Yes, Master. Fingers crossed.

NANDOR

Aaaaaarrghhh! (then) Oh, it's only a finger cross. Don't do that.

The doorbell rings.

GUILLERMO

Dinner is served.

Nandor and Lazslo roll their eyes at Guillermo's attempt at a joke. Guillermo opens the door and welcomes in Jenna and Jonathan from the LARP group.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Jenna. Jonathan. So pleased you could make it.

JENNA

Well, this house is officially creepy.

JONATHAN

Yeah. Very authentic.

Nandor and Lazslo eye Jenna and Jonathan skeptically.

NANDOR

Hi!!! Are you the two virgins?

JONATHAN

I don't see how that is any of your business.

NANDOR

So, yes. What about you?

JENNA

Well, my boyfriend and I haven't met IRL.

LAZSLO

What?

GUILLERMO

In real life.

NANDOR

He's fictional?

JENNA

No, we met online. We're planning an IRL meet later in the year. F2F is a big step for us.

LAZSLO

What language is this?

JONATHAN

I'm not a virgin. In my last relationship we did *quote* pretty much everything *unquote*...

NANDOR

Except sex?

JONATHAN

A gentleman mage doesn't tell of his conquests sir.

NANDOR

Well done, Guillermo.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Jeff walks along and Nadja glides along beside him.

NADJA

I must go soon.

JEFF

Right. Okay.

NADJA

I just came to beg of you: Avoid dangerous activities -- especially those involving the head and/or the neck.

JEFF

Yeah, I pretty much stick to just cardio and weights.

NADJA

Uh huh. I simply couldn't bear losing you. Again.

JEFF

Okay.

NADJA

So, are you a knight?

JEFF

Yeah! Well, a night watchman at a supermarket.

NADJA

Protector of the people.

JEFF

Oh, not really. Ha.

Nadja laughs like Jeff is a hilarious.

NADJA

My sweet Gregor-Jeff! I'd forgotten what a brilliant raconteur you were! I must leave you now. But I will find you again!

JEFF

Okay, well if you want to get coffee...

NADJA

Oh, Gregor -- remember that time we made love so passionately that I accidentally cut your head off? And then I kept going till my needs were met? Let's do that again. But maybe without the knifeplay.

JEFF

Do what now?

She's gone.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Weird.

INT. MANSION BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Guillermo is leading Jenna and Jonathan down a basement hallway.

GUILLERMO

So the party is going to start in a little while. Why don't you guys just have a seat in here and I'll come get you when--

Guillermo opens the door to a room. There are people with writing on their heads. E.g. *Nadja - September 15 2016, Lazslo June 2010?* They're milling about -- gruesome, halfdead lost souls. One of them is strapped to a wall, moaning.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Oops. Why don't we wait up in the kitchen?

INT. BASEMENT CHAMBER - NIGHT

Which looks very subterranean and spooky. Candelabras and torches. (But there's still an old StairMaster in the back that looks too heavy to move, which has been covered in black crepe paper.) Guillermo has propped The Baron's coffin up at the head of the table, but it's still sealed shut. The Baron's Familiar stands at attention just behind the Baron's coffin. Nandor and Lazslo are sitting at the coffin's right and left. Nadja and Lazslo's silent familiar JUNE stands nearby. A bat flutters in, then transforms into Nadja, who takes a seat at the table.

NADJA

Boy, are my arms tired.

LAZSLO

You're late!

NANDOR

(formally) We three are gathered as one, as the protocols dictate. So the ceremony can commence. Guillermo? Can you open The Baron's caske--

But before Nandor can finish speaking, The Baron's casket slowly opens with the sound of heavy wood or stone creaking. Its contents are enveloped in a heavy mist, from which emerges...

A truly scary vampire. Long fangs, drawn face, wispy hair, pale skin.

It is naked, has no genitals and has wing-like flaps of skin under its armpits. Even Nandor, Nadja, and Lazslo seem frightened of its form. It begins speaking, in a horrifying ancient Latin tongue, which sounds like a backwards-talking person from Twin Peaks with the voice of Bane.

THE BARON

*Ne la materia che mai non dorme re
de I fenomeni re de le forme--*

NANDOR

My Sire? If I may? That we might
comprehend you more clearly?
English please.

NADJA

The old tongue has withered with
us, like nightshade in a desert.

LAZSLO

I totally remember him as having
genitals.

THE BARON

(still horrifying voice timbre)
Does this suit you better?

NANDOR

My Sire? Just so as not to
frighten our familiars? Perhaps a
form that could pass for human?

ANGLE ON: Guillermo and June, both in shock at The Baron's form. Despite their familiarity with the supernatural, they're both paralyzed with fear and have tears trickling down their cheeks. Another flash of light and smoke, and The Baron transmogrifies into into a slightly less-scary form: a large half-man, half-bat, whose breath forms a mist as if his mere presence has reduced the room's temperature to sub-zero.

THE BARON

How's this?

NADJA/LAZSLO/NANDOR

Perfect./I liked the first
way./Still a bit scary.

NANDOR

Guillermo? Fetch the virgins.

Guillermo exits hastily.

THE BARON

I am weary from my journey.

LAZSLO

Before you start, Sire, I'd just like to go on record as saying that the old ways are the best ways. And for too long we here may have been led astray by the allure of the new.

NANDOR

Inaccurate and unfair.

LAZSLO

You'll notice "crepe" paper instead of actual human skin.

NANDOR

Kind of a dick move to bring this up at this particular juncture, Lazslo.

THE BARON

(so loud it shakes plaster off the ceiling and extinguishes some of the candles)
SILENCE. I have come with a message.

The Baron now has their full attention.

THE BARON (CONT'D) The Old World is dead. The Old Ways are over. The New World -- this "Amrika" as you call it -- is our lifeline to an eternal future.

NANDOR

Say what now?

THE BARON

Have you forgotten why I sent you three here in the first place?

Nandor, Nadja, and Lazslo all think -- but they obviously have forgotten.

THE BARON (CONT'D)

The mission.

NANDOR

(to interview camera) I don't know what he's talking about, mission. I came here by mistake.

THE BARON

You were supposed to conquer the New World! Two hundred years have passed with no progress! And here you be: the land of opportunity spread before you like a blood banquet. And yet you hide in the shadows.

NADJA

We go out...

THE BARON

...instead of engaging with this wonderful New World -- a land that virtually thirsts for a new order of masters and supplicants.

NANDOR

A fair point. But on the other hand-

THE BARON

Your idleness and sloth have left you mired in irrelevance. But no longer! The Great Plan recommences now! And the world will not soon forget this hallowed night when a decree went forth. The human race will forever lament... (to Nandor) What is this place known as?

NANDOR

Staten Island.

THE BARON

The human race will forever lament the night their end was foretold in... Staten Island.

Lightning and thunder flash outside. Then a long silent beat.

LAZSLO

I've been saying we should do something like this for years, Master. Nandor rolls his eyes at how quickly Lazslo has flip-flopped.

THE BARON

This "Staten Island" -- it is the cultural and political capital of the New World, I trust?

NANDOR

(pause) Some say. I mean, there's an argument to be made...

NADJA

It's where the boat dropped us off.

LAZSLO

For at least two hundred years I've been saying we should relocate to New Amsterdam, but--

THE BARON

Enough. Now I must slumber. Wake me when your great work is complete.

NANDOR

Of course. But... um... what kind of time frame are we looking at here?

THE BARON

Silence.

LAZSLO

(quietly) My Lord, are you hungry after your trip because we--

THE BARON

SILENCE.

LAZSLO

Oh, you mean complete silence.

NADJA

Shut up, man.

LAZSLO

You said the last thing. And now you made me. Great.

With a flash of light and smoke, The Baron lies back in his casket, which closes on its own. And then there is silence.

LAZSLO (CONT'D)

Well. A lot to unpack here.

NADJA

Shall we get in the virgins? Hate to let them go to waste.

NANDOR

I feel so dumb that I wore
glitter.

Nandor pulls a velvet sash that rings a bell upstairs. Lazslo turns to the Baron's Familiar.

LAZSLO

I don't believe we've been
properly introduced. I'm Lazslo.
Very old, very, very good friend
of the Baron.

The Baron's Familiar just stares straight ahead, ignoring Lazslo.

LAZSLO (CONT'D) Okay.

We can catch up after you've
settled in.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

NANDOR

Be honest though, The Baron was
kind of a dick.

LAZSLO

Shh. He's very powerful.

NANDOR

You think he heard me?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

GUILLERMO

I was too late.

The two virgins' eyes are glazed as Colin drones on and on.

COLIN ROBINSON

...so in the long run it's
actually cheaper to lease a pre-
owned vehicle than to buy one. And
if you factor in insurance and
maintenance...

NANDOR

Oh, great! Colin has drained them
of all their energy! The perfect
end to a perfect evening.

INT. NANDOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Guillermo is helping Nandor out of his ornate vestments.

NANDOR

I'm not sure The Baron understands how big the New World is. I mean, where he's from, you conquer three villages, you've basically conquered the whole country.

GUILLERMO

I'm sorry Colin got to the virgins. I've kept them alive though.

NANDOR

Separately, I assume. Would hate to have them de-virginize each other before we all get a bite.

GUILLERMO

Of course, Master.

NANDOR

You're glum, Guillermo. You think that I've forgotten that tonight is a special night for you as well, don't you?

Guillermo brightens bashfully.

NANDOR (CONT'D) And does not an anniversary call for a reward recognizing your years of service?

GUILLERMO

I am ready, Master.

NANDOR

Good. Prepare yourself...

Guillermo closes his eyes and bares his neck. Not noticing that Nandor has pulled something from his coffin.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Okay, open your eyes.

Nandor hands Guillermo a hand-made glitter picture of Guillermo and Nandor. Nandor is proud of it.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Happy anniversary, Guillermo.

GUILLERMO

Oh. Well. Thank you, master.

NANDOR

Savor it. It's the real reason I
wanted all that glitter.

Guillermo doesn't know whether to be touched or insulted.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

You deserve it. Two years of
service. GUILLERMO

...Twenty years, sir.

NANDOR

Oh, okay. Close my coffin please.

As Guillermo helps Nandor into his coffin...

GUILLERMO

Slumber soundly, Master.

A disappointed Guillermo closes the lid of Nandor's coffin.
He tidies the capes on the rack. Takes a moment. Then angrily
rips the brocade off the cape.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Frickin brocade...

END