

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS

"Double Date"

Written by

Connor Lawless

Based on

What We Do in The Shadows

Created for television by Jermaine Clement

COLD OPEN

EXT. VAMPIRE HOUSE, ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Creepy as always. There's a muffled thump from within.

COLIN (O.S.)
Check this out.

INT. VAMPIRE HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

COLIN digs through mountains of dusty boxes and tomes. Pulls BOARD GAMES from the clutter.

He wipes an inch of dust off an original, 1920's SCRABBLE BOX. Shows it to camera.

COLIN
Y'know, this just might be about as
old as I am. Pretty neat, am I
right?

Colin discards Scrabble. He stacks other games as he searches.

COLIN (V.O.)
Things have been a little tense in
the house recently. I might've been
a little too "gung ho" on the
draining recently, which's put a
damper on our "roomie" spirit.

QUICK MONTAGE:

-- Colin kills LASZLO's groove as he reads a porno-mag.

-- Colin reads off a newspaper article about Staten Island zoning laws to NADJA as she flees to her room.

-- Colin gives NANDOR a Jack-In-The-Box. Confused, Nandor slowly turns the crank. BANG! Jack pops out. Nandor screams and hurls the toy out the window.

END MONTAGE

COLIN (V.O.)

So, I figured it was high time we have a "family game night." Board games, historically have been great devices for fostering a sense of camaraderie or community within a group. They can also be great educational tools.

COLIN TALKING HEAD

COLIN

Sure, people usually get into arguments, or get frustrated with the rules, start screaming, yelling at each other, saying things they don't mean in the heat of the moment, maybe even hitting each other over the head with blunt objects or sharp cutlery, but that - that's not why I'm doing this. No, I would never dream of pitting my pals against each other like that for a quick drain, no. No, that'd be selfish.

INT. VAMPIRE HOUSE, FOYER - LATER

GUILLERMO emerges from the living room, disheveled and clearly shaken.

The room is a disaster: torn paintings, the chandelier smashed on the ground, and a small fire burning on a rug.

Guillermo surveys the room. He turns to camera.

GUILLERMO

Family game night. Great idea, right?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

In a back alley, Nadja bites down on a helpless DISHWASHER'S neck.

NADJA
Stop squirming you little shit!

Dishwasher backhands her in the face!

NADJA (CONT'D)
Fucking hell!

He screams. She lunges at him.

NADJA TALKING HEAD

Her face is covered in blood.

NADJA (CONT'D)
Tonight, Laszlo and I are trying
something new and going on a
"double date."

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

By the rest rooms:

LASZLO TALKING HEAD

LASZLO
Yes, indeed, a double date. We have
been invited by my good buddy and
dear pal, Sean, to accompany him
and his wife to dinner at whatever
you'd call this subset of flaccid
human of an eatery.

AS WE WERE

AT A BOOTH:

Laszlo chums it up with SEAN and CHARMAINE.

SEAN
And then I told 'em: Ay! That ain't
where that goes, pal!

Laszlo lets out a hearty laugh.

LASZLO
Hilarious as always, Seany boy.
(to Charmaine)
You've got yourself a joker!

CHARMAINE
No! God, no! Don't encourage him.
The last thing I need is more of
his "witty" one-liners every day.

Laszlo winces at "God." He shifts in his seat.

LASZLO
Well, I'd say my human bladder has
reached peak volume. I shall return
after a hearty urination.

Laszlo gets up. Exits.

LASZLO TALKING HEAD

LASZLO (CONT'D)
One hundred years is not a long
time in any neighborhood. So, they
need to know two things. One, that
we're human as fuck, and two, we're
with the times. Here, have a look
at this.

He pulls out a KID'S PRETEND FLIP-PHONE from his pocket. It's
pretty, pink, princess themed.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
Had Gizmo pick this up for the
occasion. It's a called a "cellular
phone." Everyone's got one now,
apparently. They're all the rage.
Watch.

He presses one of its buttons. It dials.

PHONE
Hello! I love you!

LASZLO
Foolproof. Throw in some "life and
love are fleeting, "death comes for
us all," something about post
stamps, and we'll be seen as boring
human neighbors, guaranteed.

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

In the back alley:

NADJA TALKING HEAD

NADJA

Integrating with the humans is such a mind-numbing-stupid-fucking-torture fest. I can't die, but three hours talking human shit with human shitballs makes me wish I could! I don't see why Laszlo thinks this is necessary. We're perfectly fine keeping to ourselves. I mean, all you need to do "be human" is just nod along, pretend to listen, and comment on the last thing they say. I should go. I've been "taking a human piss" for thirty minutes.

INT. VAMPIRE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nandor and DOLL NADJA sit opposite of Colin while Guillermo sits on the floor.

They have a game of Monopoly under way, with Guillermo at St. James Place, Doll Nadja at Indiana Avenue, Colin on Short Line, and Nandor on Baltic Avenue.

Doll Nadja rolls the dice then moves her piece. She lands on GO TO JAIL.

DOLL NADJA

(reading)

Go to jail? For what?!

GUILLERMO

It's just one of the rules. I'm -

DOLL NADJA

Are you shitting me?! Why the fuck do I need to go to jail?! This is ridiculous!

Nadja rambles furiously as she moves her piece to JAIL.

Nandor shoots a glazed look at the camera.

NANDOR (V.O.)

I fear I may have made a mistake in participating tonight.

NANDOR TALKING HEAD

NANDOR

I do not care for "party games."
They're silly, puny playthings for
little children, little children
who can grow beards, and familiars.
The simple minded.

B-ROLL: Historical drawings of YOUTH in Al Qolnidar. One holds a stick.

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

Back in my early childhood in Al
Qolnidar, we did not settle
conflicts with "play time." We had
but one game: "Stick."

B-ROLL: Historical drawings and paintings of DEAD YOUTH in Al Qolnidar. A YOUNG NANDOR, stick in hand, stands victorious over a pile of dead bodies.

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

In which you kill your enemies with
a stick.

Nandor smiles.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

I always won.

AS WE WERE

Colin spiels while moving his piece to GO. Meanwhile, Nandor rises. Pulls a stick from his cloak. Tosses it on the table. It blocks Colin's piece.

COLIN

Uh, um, what's this about? Am I,
uh, not getting my \$200?

NANDOR

I propose a new challenge. It is
called Stick.

GUILLERMO

(hushed)
Oh no.

NANDOR

First, you take up -

DOLL NADJA

Wait a minute, you get \$200 for GO?

COLIN

Yeah.

DOLL NADJA

Well, nobody fuckin' told me that
shit!

NANDOR

You take up your -

DOLL NADJA

Where's my fucking money?!

COLIN

I'm not the banker, sweetie. That'd
be Guillermo.

GUILLERMO

I'm so sorry, we didn't get to that
yet.

NANDOR

Take your stick.

DOLL NADJA

Shut up and pay me, bitch.

GUILLERMO

Please don't call me a bitch.

Guillermo pays her. She immediately turns and slaps Colin in
the face.

DOLL NADJA

That's for calling me sweetie!

Guillermo jumps in between the two of them.

GUILLERMO

Ok, ok! There's no need for that.
Let's just move this off.

He picks the stick up from the table.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Ok, now can we just -

He turns to see Nandor has disappeared.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

Master?

INT. SPORTS BAR, BOOTH - NIGHT

Nadja sits across from Sean and Charmaine. Laszlo returns.

LASZLO
Human bladder: empty. What did I
miss?

He sits down. Sean and Charmaine exchange shifty looks. Their eyes shift from each other to below the table.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
(to Nadja)
What are they doing?

NADJA
I don't know, They've been doing
this for five minutes.

LASZLO
Excuse me! Everything alright on
that side of the table? Sean, you
like Char's grown a Lil' Billy of
her own!

SEAN
Oh, it's nothin', nothin' fellas.
Say, why don't we get the check and
bounce?

NADJA
Yes! Let's bounce! I like that! I
like bouncing!

INT./EXT. SEAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Nadja and Laszlo sit in the back seat. Laszlo talks to his
"phone."

LASZLO
Yep... No... No, I can't - How many
times do I have to tell you:
Saturdays are for me and the
homies.

PHONE
You're my best friend!

LASZLO
You drive a hard bargain. Maybe-
(looks out the window)
I've got to go. Call you back.
(MORE)

LASZLO (CONT'D)

(to Sean)

Um, Sean, that was our street.

SEAN

I know.

LASZLO

Shouldn't we be turning the vehicle around, then?

CHARMAINE

Who said we were going home?

NADJA

What? What?! Where are we going?

SEAN

I don't know. Maybe it's a surprise!

NADJA

Tell me where the fuck we're going or I swear on my mother's grave I'll tear out every-

CHARMAINE

Woah, woah! Hey, let's settle down, here!

SEAN

Ok! Ok! Alright. My bad. This is what I get for trying to be a lil' theatrical. We're going to an escape room.

LASZLO

An escape room? What's that?

SEAN

Oh, you know, you go there, get an assignment. It can be something cheesy like, I don't know, break into some guy's safe or, like, solve a murder. Stuff like that.

Laszlo seems stunned.

LASZLO

And these "escape rooms," they demand a sly wit and a flair for spectacle?

CHARMAINE

Oh yeah, my cousin went and she loved it!

LASZLO
Well, this sounds splendid.

NADJA
Oh, fuck.

LASZLO
Well done, Sean.

CHARMAINE
My idea.

LASZLO
And Charmaine.

INT. VAMPIRE HOUSE, NANDOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nandor brushes his hand over an axe mounted on the wall.
Guillermo enters.

GUILLERMO
Everything ok, Master?

NANDOR
Hm? Oh, yes, Guillermo, I'm
alright. I suddenly remembered
tonight was the night I had decided
to polish up my favorite battle
axe.

He pulls up his sleeve. Wipes it across the axe.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
Yes, yes this is well. It will take
some time. Why don't you go back to
your little game, Monopololilinopo-

GUILLERMO
Monopoly? Oh no, I wouldn't call it
a game.

NANDOR
I've been alive over seven-
hundred years, I think know-

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
I would say it's much more
similar or akin to, I don't
know-

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
A battle.

Nandor turns.

NANDOR
A battle, you say?

EXT. ESCAPE ROOM - NIGHT

A big, splashy, red sign reads: THE VAULT. It's clear from the graffiti and trash all around that it's seen better days.

Sean's car pulls up. Everyone gets out.

LASZLO TALKING HEAD

LASZLO

Back in the day, the art of the escape was one of my primary passions.

B-ROLL: An old 1930's film shows him dumped into a river in a straight jacket in front of a crowd. Moments later, he crawls onto the other side of the river in bat form. The crowd continues to stare into the water.

LASZLO (V.O.)

Yes, anything you could throw me in, I could wriggle out of. And as a vampire, if it didn't work out, no big deal! It was just back to the drawing board. I would have stayed with it longer if it weren't for one of my own pupils, what's his name? Harry, no - puh - yes! Perry Neautini.

B-ROLL: PICTURES OF LASZLO WITH HARRY HOUDINI.

LASZLO (O.S.)

Dickhead stole my best ideas and ran. I haven't the sharpest idea of what this modern conception of an "escape room" is, but it sounds highly engaging.

INT. ESCAPE ROOM, LOBBY - NIGHT

An EMPLOYEE (F, late teens) approaches the group.

EMPLOYEE

Rinaldi, party of four? If you'll just...

She sees Laszlo and Nadja

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Oh, that's that's fun, I like that. Really got in the spirit of it, that's cute.

NADJA
What are you doing? Are you mocking
us, you little shit?!

EMPLOYEE
No - woah! What'd you just
call me?

CHARMAINE
What'd you just say, Nadja?

Nadja and Laszlo hypnotize everyone.

LASZLO
You will forget what she just
said and get on with it.

NADJA
You will forget what I just
said and get on with it.

EMPLOYEE
Alright, bounty hunters! Follow me.

NADJA
(to Laszlo)
Bounty hunters?

LASZLO
I've no idea.

INT. ESCAPE ROOM, LIBRARY - NIGHT

It's pitch black. Employee leads the group in.

EMPLOYEE
Once the mission starts, you have
one hour. Your full brief awaits.
Good luck.

She shuts the door.

LASZLO
(to Nadja)
Do you smell that?

NADJA
Yes. Something smells putrid. And
my skin is crawling.

LASZLO
I feel an unsavory itch as well.

The lights come up. Cluttered bookshelves surround them.
WOODEN STAKES, CROSSES, AND BIBLES LAY SCATTERED ABOUT.

SEAN
Woah, that's cool!

NADJA
Fucking hell!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
WELCOME TO THE VAULT OF VAN
HELSING!

LASZLO
The what?!

NADJA
(to Laszlo)
He's alive?!

LASZLO
I don't know!

NADJA
How is he alive?!

LASZLO
I don't know, darling!

Laszlo tries the door. It's locked. He whips out his phone.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
Gizmo!? We need help! ASAP!

PHONE
Knock, knock!

LASZLO
Who's there!?

PHONE
Me! Your best friend! I love you!

LASZLO
Fuck!

END OF ACT ONE