

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS

"OUTLETS"

Written by

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INT. MANSION - NIGHT

NADJA and her small possessed Doppel-Doll are having an intimate conversation, sat at the distant bay window.

LASZLO spies, and confides to the voyeur-cam.

LASZLO
(whispering)
She's at it *again*. Constantly
hatching clandestine hen-parties.
Saying heaven-knows-what about God-
knows-whom.

INT. LASZLO'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Sat at his piano, surrounded by books, LASZLO composes:

LASZLO
(playing sad music)
I need an outlet for release!
(sings)
Barren, cold and alone!!

COLIN ROBINSON is spying on LASZLO from a distance. He is visibly moved by the song.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sit down interview (SDI).

COLIN
Being an energy vampire is already
a lonely existence. I can only
relate so much - and my sort can't
just go sire someone new to make a
friend; we're just not built that
way.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE OF MUD - ???

The mud-cave is lit by flaming torches. Several boring looking men in ceremonial robes help a naked, NEWBORN adult E-vamp out from the filthy wall (basically a Uruk-hai birth)

ROBED ENERGY VAMPIRE
(wiping the newborns face)
You know, mud can be made of all
sorts of different soil.

ROBED E-VAMP 2
 (putting glasses on the
 newborn)
 Yeah...Loam, silt, clay. Mud can be
 a somewhat cocktail of soil! Mixed
 by mother bartender earth herself,
 eh?

NEWBORN
 (blinking his new eyes)
 That's super fascinating.

ALL
 Yeah! Yeah...
 NEWBORN ROBED ENERGY VAMPIRE
 Super interesting. I love it.

BACK TO:

INT. MANSION - GUILLERMO'S ROOM

Cleaning NANDOR's coffin, on the fly interview.

GUILLERMO
 Tensions have been rising pretty
 high in the house since quarantine.
 There's the feeling of a lot going
 unsaid. A lot being felt and
 bottled.

INTERCUT: NANDOR witnessing GUILLERMO slay vampires.

NANDOR is spying on GUILLERMO, distant and in the background -
 covered in shadow, and almost menacing.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

NADJA and her Doppel-DOLL. We're close and part of the convo
 now.

NADJA
 Is like being trapped in painting.

DOLL
 Ya - like old fashion gypsy
 painting curse...

NADJA
 Remember back home in village?
 Community goulash?
 (MORE)

NADJA (CONT'D)

Everyone came together just like ingredients of goulash! It was perfect! For both metaphor and for social potlucking.

DOLL

Never very tasty goulash, though.
And we kept dying from plague.
(jokes)
We were super social.

NADJA and her Doppel-DOLL laugh and reminisce.

NADJA

Life is halted. Nothing *entertains* me...This is bad goulash.

INT. LASZLO'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

LASZLO

(playing and singing)
Must not! Shall not! Bite not the camera crew; let's not, never, no, know how well their necks will do.

The shot slowly goes wide as the crew eek away from LASZLO.

INT. NANDOR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NANDOR SDI.

NANDOR

I have been feeling quite resolute.
I have been sleeping well, eating well-

INTERCUT: Viz of life in quarantine, including a graveyard pile of bicycles all sharing the same *food delivery logo*.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Very tasty - very convenient. I can honestly say that I'm happy with the way things are-

GUILLERMO

Excuse me, Master?

NANDOR HISSES with flared fangs and flies up to the top corner of the ceiling.

END OF TEASER