

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS
Episode 301: "THE LICH"

Written By

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

COLD OPEN

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

TWO HOODED FIGURES -- one large, one dainty -- sneak through the rundown manor's front lawn into the backyard.

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

NANDOR appears sleep-deprived yet vigilant, and a little tense.

NANDOR
Things have been a little tense as
of late.

INT. MANSION. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Nandor tiptoes down the hallway on high alert. Looks into adjacent rooms as he passes. Finally, he steps past the end...

...GUILLERMO brushes a broom in front of him. Nandor jumps.

NANDOR
AH! Damn it, Guillermo.
(re: broom handle)
Where is the safety mechanism?

Guillermo pulls out an oven mitt.

GUILLERMO
Sorry, master. It's right here.

NANDOR
Well, put it on, will you?

GUILLERMO
Yes, master.

Guillermo places the oven mitt atop the exposed broom handle.

NANDOR
This fucking guy...

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH GUILLERMO

Guillermo holds the oven mitt like a talking pillow.

GUILLERMO
I think everyone's feeling a
bit...vamp-asculated.
(MORE)

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)

This whole situation is probably pretty embarrassing for them. I'm kind of their savior, after all.

FLASHBACK to sequence of Guillermo killing vampires at Nouveau Théâtre des Vampire to save the Staten Island vampire crew.

Back to interview, Guillermo grins. Then, thinks.

GUILLERMO

Or, they're scared of me.

Both his eyes and grin grow wider. He shakes with excitement.

INT. MANSION. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Guillermo continues brushing, but the oven mitt jostles around the broom handle. It's awkward. Not really working.

Nandor turns to peek back at Guillermo. HISSES. Faces forward again. Walks briskly down the hall.

Guillermo spots the camera crew watching and smiles. See?

INT. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

NANDOR

I do not fear Guillermo. I do not fear anybody. I am fear-less...

(shifts in position)

...However, the vampire council has not yet retaliated for Guillermo's mass murdering. Like, come on. Just retaliate already.

INT. MANSION. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

TURKEY GOBBLES and CHIMP NOISES leak out from a closed bedroom.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH LASZLO AND NADJA

LASZLO and NADJA both have disheveled hair, smeared makeup, and Victorian nightwear.

LASZLO

Yes, the vampire council's delay of punishment is rather maddening.

NADJA
 (scoffs)
 So annoying. Just kill us. Don't
 be all prissy about it.

LASZLO
 What's taking them so long? I
 don't know. But -- in the meantime
 -- we've been making wild,
 animalistic love.

NADJA
 Literally.

LASZLO
 Yes. Carpe diem. I mean -- you
 can't live life more on the edge
 than when you're on the vampire
 council's bingo list.

NADJA
 SHH! Don't jinx it, turkey.

LASZLO
 I don't believe in that flim-flam.

INT. MANSION. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

The animal noises within the room stop. Then, two POOFS.

NADJA (O.S.)
 What is it?

LASZLO (O.S.)
 Something smells bizarro around
 here.

NADJA (O.S.)
 We are having turkey-monkey sex.
 It's not going to smell great.

The door opens to reveal Lazlo in the frame with Nadja behind
 him. Both wear minimal clothing. Laszlo SNIFFS.

LASZLO
 Whiffs of cheap trinkets...
 (sniffs again)
 ...and the undead. I'm going to
 investigate.

He scutters away. Nadja -- dissatisfied -- rolls her eyes.

EXT. MANSION. TOPIARY GARDEN - NIGHT

Laszlo creeps behind a hedge. Wiields a dildo. Off-camera, a voice SCATS, but in a dark arts chant sort of way.

LASZLO
Who is that? Be it a gypsy
assassin?

The SCAT CHANT does not stop. Laszlo readies his dildo, then jumps out into the open.

LASZLO
What the devil is going on here?

In front of him: a cloaked WALLACE (necromancer), the cloaked dainty figure, and a dug-up hole between two topiary vaginas. Wallace finishes his SCAT CHANT before noticing Laszlo.

WALLACE
Oi -- how are you, chap?

LASZLO
Get away from my vaginas!

The other cloaked figure reveals herself as THE BARON'S FAMILIAR. She spies Laszlo, shoots him a sick scowl, plunges a dagger into her chest, and falls backward into the dug-up hole.

LASZLO
Fucking hell!

WALLACE
What in the blazes...

Out of the hole, a fearsome figure arises: THE BARON AFANAS. Formerly dead -- burned alive to be exact -- he now stands in front of his grave more decrepit and frightening than ever.

WALLACE
Welp...sorry, mate! Cheers.

He runs off into the night. Laszlo turns to the camera crew. Drops his dildo.

LASZLO
Shit.

END COLD OPEN