

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS
"BLOOD IN A TIME OF CORONAVIRUS"

by

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COLD OPEN

INT. GUILLERMO'S ALCOVE - NIGHT

GUILLERMO, sweaty and distressed, tosses and turns on his dusty mattress. The light from the approaching camera shines in his face. Guillermo swats the CAMERA back and MOANS.

GUILLERMO
Go away! Sick!

NANDOR cautiously slinks in towards his familiar.

NANDOR
Oh, Guillermo. Are you now feeling better my little serf?

Guillermo can't muster the strength to look at his master.

GUILLERMO
(stifled speech)
It's hard to breath.

NANDOR
Do you want me to summon help?

GUILLERMO
No. You don't give me health insurance, so--

NANDOR
-- I was thinking the corpse wheelbarrow man, but maybe we give it a little more time, yeah?

GUILLERMO
(stung)
I'm not dead.

NANDOR
Yet. But Guillermo, we are getting very hungry.

Guillermo just MOANS.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
(to camera)
My familiar has been lazing about on his sick bed and hasn't had time to lure food home.

Nandor eyes the camera (and the person behind it). Hungry.

NADJA AND LASZLO TALKING HEAD

NADJA and LASZLO are seated on a couch in the drawing room.

LASZLO

Yes, our kind transmitted what you call the novel Coronavirus. In our community we call it the Centennial Butt Dribble.

NADJA

A sickness that occurs every hundred years or so that leaves vampires inconvenienced with anal leakage.

LASZLO

A slight annoyance, but I otherwise feel great!

NADJA

It is fatal for humans. A plague that has been known by many names: the Black Death, the Spanish Flu --

LASZLO

--D.T.D's. Draining Transmitted Diseases. They aren't always so nasty.

INSERT : Illustrations from past plagues.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

The Picardy Sweat, the Dancing Plague of 1518, or my personal favorite the Quaint Curtsey Fever of Derry.

INSERT : Illustration of VILLAGERS politely bowing to one another.

NADJA

Peasants politely bowed back and forth to one another for weeks. Thousands died of starvation.

LASZLO

Speaking of! I'm hungry as shit.

INT. GUILLERMO'S ALCOVE - MEANWHILE

Guillermo addresses the camera from his sick bed.

Blood in the Time of Coronavirus

GUILLERMO
I have the coronavirus.

Guillermo looks up at the camera.

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
(to camera person)
You should probably be social
distancing.

JUMP CUT

We see Guillermo in bed from far away (camera has moved back).

GUILLERMO (CONT'D)
Master could turn me. It's likely I
will otherwise just die anyway. He
probably didn't think of that yet.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. COLIN ROBINSON'S ROOM - DAY

COLIN ROBINSON has a giant computer monitor displaying a Zoom work meeting. He has files and papers strewn on his bed, a whiteboard up on the wall and charts tacked up everywhere. He wears a headset and addresses the meeting.

COLIN
I'm a little concerned about the
security protocols we are using.
Now the FTPS client we had at the
office was passable and good with
our link up to Tacoma, but now that
we're all in separate satellite
offices...

ON ZOOM MEETING -- TWENTY-FIVE CO-WORKERS stare ahead with intense boredom.

COLIN TALKING HEAD

COLIN (CONT'D)

Working from home is great. Back-to-back Zoom meetings are a wonderful opportunity for me to get face-to-face time with my co-workers. Ironically I see and talk to them so much more now that we're telecommuting. It's a wonder how technology can bring people together and better facilitate energy draining.

INSERT MONTAGE OF SHOTS

Colin knocks on Nandor's coffin to try and awaken him.

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

It's given me a lot more time at home too, catching up with my roomies!

Colin, on a ladder, cleans spider webs from the ceiling. Nadja crawls by on the ceiling and HISSES at him.

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

I have time to clean up more and pursue new hobbies.

Colin plays on an ACOUSTIC GUITAR while Laszlo suffers from the racket.

NADJA AND LASZLO TALKING HEAD

LASZLO

He's driving me fucking batshit.

NADJA

How can such a mousy man's presence be so loud?

LASZLO

My sleep has been wrecked!

NANDOR TALKING HEAD

NANDOR

I wish to stab out my ears from Colin Robinson.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Nandor races in from an adjacent bathroom. Nadja and Laszlo are seated at the couch.

NANDOR

We are out of toilet paper. How is this possible? I haven't had fecal activity in decades.

NADJA

I will tell you how, it is your lazy slave.

LASZLO

He hasn't brought home any necks to feed on and now he's left us without the required tools to wipe our drippity asses.

NANDOR TALKING HEAD

NANDOR

Vampires don't frequently use their butt-hole. Only during the Centennial Butt Dribble do our vessels evacuate fluids and present a need for disgusting cleansing rituals.

BACK TO SCENE

Nandor confronts his companions.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Guillermo is sick. Have some compassion. He will die and now I will have to train a new familiar.

NADJA

I have nothing coming in to my face hole and too much coming out of my asshole.

LASZLO

My love, the vision of your beautiful derriere is sullied by the thought of that wet brown leakage.

NANDOR

We should do something. Who will go out and find fresh flesh and toilet paper for us?

Colin walks in.

COLIN
Hey guys, did you see Governor
Cuomo's latest Covid-19 briefing?

The three vampires are instantly exhausted.

LASZLO
Let's all three of us go together!

Nandor, Laszlo and Nadja move towards the exit in unison.

NADJA
Yes.

LASZLO (CONT'D)
I could use fresh night air.

EXT. VAMPIRE HOUSE - NIGHT

The clutch (Nandor, Laszlo and Nadja) hustle away.

LASZLO
After we get some shit tissue
you're going to have to talk to
Guillermo about his upkeep of the
water-closet.

NADJA
I haven't been in there for years.
Is it very dirty and stinky?

NANDOR
Yes! It smells like a dew kissed
daisy meadow with sunshine and
unicorns.

LASZLO
Pee-uke!

NANDOR
I gave him a coupon from the mail
for Blood Bath and Beyond but was
very disappointed by the putrid and
gaudy wares he brought home.

NADJA
It's called Bed, Bath and Beyond.

NANDOR
ECH! That explains the throw
pillows and reed diffuser.

LASZLO

Bat!

Laszlo transforms into a bat, the other two follow suit and they fly away.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Colin continues to work at his computer, then turns to address the camera.

COLIN

I'm just burning the candle...

He pulls his glasses down with a flare of James Bond cool.

COLIN (CONT'D)

...at both ends.

He indicates to an excel spreadsheet.

COLIN (CONT'D)

An office can be so stifling and oppressive. Which is nice, but I have found working from home wonderful. At the office I was just that unreliable guy that couldn't be counted on to carry his share of the work. Now working from home, I found people just want to slow down. Everyone's scared about the future, they can't focus and seem content to tread water.

INSERT B-ROLL: Colin puts the finishing flair on a long e-mail. Words, close-up on the monitor like ACCOUNTABLE, PRIORITY, MEETING REQUEST flash by.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I'm here to shove their heads underwater, drown them with work and remind them to stay on the grind.

Colin pulls out his cellphone to dial.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Just going to leave my team leader a voicemail to request an early morning teleconference to review my priorities.

EXT. SHOP-RITE GROCERY - MEANWHILE

The clutch approach the store entrance.

NADJA

We will have to resort to common
currency exchange to get the paper
we need.

LASZLO

Every bloody restaurant is closed
and even the petrol stations won't
let us in to use the toilets.

They arrive at DISPASSIONATE EMPLOYEE, wearing a mask and
gloves. He reaches his hand out to offer hand sanitizer
squirts.

NANDOR

We would like to come in to shop.
Could you invite us inside please?

The worker scopes the three out.

DISPASSIONATE EMPLOYEE

Can you put on your face masks?
They are required to enter.

Nadja raises her jacket over her face like a Dracula with a
cape.

NADJA

This would be good enough, yes?

Nandor waves his hand in a hypnotizing motion.

NANDOR

We are wearing masks.

The hypnosis didn't work on the employee.

DISPASSIONATE WORKER

I'm going to go collect carts, you
guys do what you want.

The worker departs.

LASZLO

Was that an invitation?

NANDOR

I think it was.

Nandor tries to pass through the automatic doors, they rush shut and he walks into the glass.

LASZLO

It's no use! We'll be back you
blasted haberdashery.

The three retreat.

JUMP CUT

EXT. SHOP-RITE GROCERY - LATER

The vampires return, now wearing large, colorful, ornamental ceremonial masks. Dispassionate Worker indicates for them to pass and they briskly pass through.

NADJA TALKING HEAD

Nadja is in a grocery aisle -- addresses camera.

NADJA

Laszlo and I were on a break and I
spent a few years down in Haiti.
Sort of a Romani Holiday.

INSERT: Illustrations of Haitian Vodou dancers. Nadja is depicted, spirit dancing with a colorful crowd. A close-up illustration of her face shows her contorted and enraptured as she experiences spiritual possession.

NADJA (CONT'D)

To remember that special time I've
kept some masks they gave me as
part of a cultural exchange. They
mean a lot to me.

INT. SHOP-RITE - MOMENTS LATER

Laszlo has taken off his mask and looks at it in disgust.

LASZLO

Didn't we wear these to that
bacchanalia where we made love to a
whole host of masked perverts that
I am most certain comprised most of
the Rockefeller family?

NADJA

Even through masks, the tall hats,
monocles and long cigarettes gave
them away.

LASZLO

I hate wearing the same mask twice,
especially after I've done sexy
things in them.

NADJA

Just chuck it.

Nadja chucks her mask on top of a display of canteloupes.
Nandor and Laszlo follow suit.

INT. SHOP-RITE / PAPER AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

The clutch turn down a completely empty aisle. They gape at
the holes in the shelves where toilet paper should be.

NANDOR

Not a leaf of bottom paper is left!

NADJA

They are completely wiped out!

LASZLO

And that's what I ought to be right
now. Completely wiped.

Nandor and Nadja look disgusted.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

My ass is dripping.

NANDOR

What do we do now?

LASZLO

Improvise. We haven't always lived
like such pampered libertines.

INT. SHOP-RITE / CHECKOUT AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Laszlo faces CHECKOUT CLERK as Nandor and Nadja drop many
heads of butter lettuce on the checkout belt.

LASZLO

(explaining)
We're tossing a salad.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SUPER MARKET - NIGHT

Nadja and Nandor stand in front of the trash can, Laszlo is out of view behind it.

NADJA
Hurry up my eternal. We are starving.

LASZLO (O.C.)
You lot barely saved me a leaf!

NANDOR
(to Nadja)
Why is he taking so long a time?

NADJA
I saw a crumpled up newspaper back there with a section of diversions. I would not be surprised if Sudoku stole his attention.

Laszlo emerges, tossing a soiled lettuce leaf into the trash.

LASZLO
Now that was a sweet relief.

NANDOR
Can we please go now to eat?

LASZLO
Yes, I'm famished!

NADJA
Just the three of us like times of old.

NANDOR
I have relied too much on my familiar, Guillermo. I feel nervous to put myself out there again.

LASZLO
Don't underestimate our dormant powers of seduction, old friend. We must approach our victims with maximum sensual energy.

NANDOR
And my hypnotism?

NADJA

No, Nandor. Remember "hashtag V too"?

NADJA TALKING HEAD

Nadja, alone in the alley, addresses the camera.

NADJA (CONT'D)

"V too" is a powerful vampire justice movement where the vampire community came together to discourage the use of hypnotism in trapping our prey. A victim has to consent a little bit, before we surprise them and drain their blood.

INT. GUILLERMO'S ALCOVE - NIGHT

Guillermo lies in his sick bed. Colin Robinson approaches with supplies.

COLIN

Wake up sleepy head.

Guillermo struggles to speak.

GUILLERMO

I'm awake, I just can't speak or breath well at all.

COLIN

I brought some cure-alls that work wonders. A castor oil and ginger chest rub, boiled vinegar and lemon.

GUILLERMO

It's not that kind of sick.

COLIN

I know. You're pretty hopeless without immediate medical attention. But sometimes doing something that won't help a bit at least fools you into thinking you did something.

GUILLERMO

The placebo effect.

COLIN

Sure. So would you like some placebo effect?

GUILLERMO

It doesn't work if you know it is a placebo.

COLIN

Well not with that attitude.

GUILLERMO

I don't know how many breathes I have left in me. Can you just let me rest?

COLIN

Sure thing.

Colin pivots to leave, but then:

COLIN (CONT'D)

Y'know. It occurred to me that Nandor could have made you feel better if he just turned you tonight. Why didn't you think of that, G?

GUILLERMO

I did, in fact think of that. Endlessly over the many hours spent here.

COLIN

Oh. Well if you were my familiar I would have turned you. Heck I would have turned you years ago. You've become pretty laissez-faire as a familiar anyway.

GUILLERMO

Do energy vampires even turn people?

COLIN

Oh sure, it's just very rare.

GUILLERMO

How do you do it?

COLIN

It's easy actually. You just listen as the energy vampire tells the life story of the vampire that turned him. And then the story of their great-vampire and then their great great vampire, and then --

GUILLERMO

--I get it. It's like a long and boring spoken word ancestry dot com?

COLIN

Only with the level of attention to detail that only an energy vampire would have.

GUILLERMO

How long does it take?

COLIN

About ninety-six hours give or take. Once one is completely drained of energy, I would tell my life story. Upon completion the new energy vampire is born.

A long pause then Colin edges to leave again.

GUILLERMO

Wait? Would you consider turning me?

COLIN

Me? You want me to turn you? You want to be an energy vampire?

GUILLERMO

No I don't actually.
(frustrated)
What am I thinking I couldn't do that to Nandor.

COLIN

He did leave you for dead.

GUILLERMO

You're right.
(beat)
Could you do it?

COLIN

I'd be happy to give it a shot.

GUILLERMO

There's no harm in starting right?
I can stop at some point in the
middle if I change my mind?

COLIN

Okay.

Guillermo sits up in bed a little, nervous but resolute.
Colin puts a reassuring hand on him.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I'm excited for this step for us,
Guillermo. I'm about to show you a
whole new world.

Guillermo shoots a look to the camera, sensing that this is a
bad idea.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Okay. So let's start with the
energy vampire that turned me. The
lovely, Sue Mathelson. Sue was born
during the great depression to--

COLIN TALKING HEAD

COLIN

I've had my eye on Guillermo for a
while now. Out of respect for
Nandor I try not to drain him too
much, but I know little G's secret.

Colin leans in conspiratorially.

COLIN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

The whole matter of the Van
Helsing, vampire slayer thing.

(normal tone)

So it's sort of a justified excuse
as a homey to Nandor that I can
mess with Guillermo and drain him a
little bit.

The OFF-CAMERA OPERATOR asks a question we can't hear.

INSERT TEXT GRAPHIC: "You're not turning Guillermo then?"

COLIN (CONT'D)

No, I'm not really turning him.
That's not how that even works. I'm
just draining him a little bit.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

In his state it's not even good energy actually. It's sort of like a cup of chamomile tea at the end of the night.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Nandor, Nadja and Laszlo wander a desolate street. Windows boarded up, but still lit neon signs indicate a street where there should be a bustling bar scene.

LASZLO TALKING HEAD

Laszlo talks to the camera while Nadja scales a wall and Nandor levitates to peer through windows in the background.

LASZLO

Stuyesant Street is where we always go when we need a late night bite. The readied and supple necks are like butter upon bacon. It's not where you go to get the best food mind you, it's where you go when you've been on a legendary bender, want to keep the party going and do things you most definitely will regret the next day. But tonight all is bafflingly silent. Here where one would normally see ginned up ne'er-do-wells hobbling out of tavern doorways just begging to make regretful decisions, we haven't seen a soul.

BACK TO SCENE

The clutch stalk the street, looking for signs of life. They arrive at a shuttered up pub.

NADJA

I will get a better look.

PLOOFT -- Nadja turns into a bat and flies up and through a small open window of RICKY'S TAVERN.

LASZLO

What do you see in there, my love?

NADJA (O.C.)

There is no one in here, Laszlo.

NANDOR

There is no one in there?!

LASZLO

Great. Now we have to take desperate measures.

Nadja flies back out and PLOOFT -- becomes herself.

NADJA

Sucking bar-rats is our desperate measures.

LASZLO

Well we may just have to drain rat rats.

NANDOR

I can do a little rat blood. The bitter taste recalls the pigeon meat of my old Empire.

NADJA

You do you but we're getting blood tonight!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME PORCH - LATER

Nandor approaches the porch with a garbage bag stuffed with food. He rings the doorbell and waits.

NANDOR

Hello?! I have your bag of food.

NANDOR TALKING HEAD

Nandor addresses the camera.

NANDOR (CONT'D)

We heard that people now make food orders on their pocket phones to have people bring to their home. So, we figure we give that a try and see if a victim will invite us in if we bring a dinner delivery.

BACK TO SCENE

NANDOR (CONT'D)

Hello, there? I brought your boiled cow meat and potatoes.

Nandor frustrates.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
I don't understand, they don't
answer but humans love bags of
trash food.

The mailbox slit open and a pair of eyes is behind it. It is
the HOME DWELLER.

HOME DWELLER (O.C.)
Yes?

NANDOR
Oh yes hello, I have your food
delivery.

HOME DWELLER (O.C.)
Thanks, uh, can you leave it on the
porch there.

NANDOR
You want me to leave the food on
the porch?

HOME DWELLER (O.C.)
Yes, thank you.

NANDOR
I can bring it in and set the table
for you?

HOME DWELLER (O.C.)
No. Leave it there please.

NANDOR
I am a professional meal slave, I--
Home Dweller shoves a few bucks through the mailbox.

HOME DWELLER (O.C.)
Here. Here's a tip.

Nandor gives in and moves to set the food down.

LASZLO (O.C.)
Fuck this!

Laszlo rushes up and kicks the food bag into the door.

Home Dweller's puzzled eyes peek through the mailbox.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. STATEN ISLAND STREET - LATER

Laszlo, Nadja and Nandor, on an empty suburban street, testify to the camera.

NADJA
Exerting all of our vampire wiles
and every trick in our bags have
failed us tonight.

LASZLO
Truly a dung heap of a night.

NADJA
I tried to seduce a beefy man and
entice him to my bed.

NANDOR
For us to drink him.

LASZLO
Don't let starvation steal of the
art we do, Nandor. For that
strapping lad would certainly have
opportunity to make a cuckold of me
before the dinner bell rang.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. RIVER SIDE PARK - EARLIER

BEEFY HUNK, wearing a face mask, jogs along the desolate pathway. He recoils as Nadja APPEARS, floating beside him and matching his speed as he runs.

EEEEP - he YELPS in shock.

BEEFY HUNK
Hey, personal space lady!

Beefy Hunk stops running and gives an up/down glance at Nadja just as she plants her feet on the ground. We can see Nandor and Laszlo next to a tree in the background.

Nadja steps close to Beefy Hunk.

NADJA
(flirting)
Hello, sexy.

BEEFY HUNK
(shocked)
Whoa, whoa. Haven't you heard of
social distancing?

He backs away.

NADJA
Silly man, I can't smell your neck
from way back here.

BEEFY HUNK
Are you okay? Do you need me to
call for help?

NADJA
I'm just a lonely gal on the town
that wants to make casual fuck with
you.

Nadja steps close but he backs off to distance himself.

BEEFY HUNK
Lady, that sounds great. Look me up
when there isn't a plague ravaging
the island.

Beefy Hunk flees. Nadja briefly floats in pursuit.

BEEFY HUNK (CONT'D)
Don't follow me!

She halts. Disappointed.

BACK TO SCENE

LASZLO
Us fellows had even less luck with
the art of seduction.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - EARLIER

A tired ESSENTIAL WORKER (wearing a mask) waits at the bus stop. The clutch of vampires approach from behind and take notice of her. Laszlo and Nandor flank her on both sides, slinking down onto the bench.

NANDOR
Greetings, maiden.

LASZLO

What, my friend meant to say is
"Hello, Bonnie Lassie how are your
tits hanging?"

The Essential Worker is more agitated than frightened by the two. She looks forward to ignore them.

Laszlo, ever confident, brushes aside the brush-off.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

(smug)

Let's not beat around the bush. My
friend and I think you're the
jammiest bit of jams and want to
take you back to ours to turn your
pants inside out.

Essential Worker whips out pepper spray and PSZZZZT sprays it right into Laszlo's mouth. She twists around and PSZZZZT - sprays right into Nandor's mouth. The two vampires HISS and bear their fangs but Essential Worker continues to spray back and forth right into their open mouths.

Nandor and Laszlo recoil backwards. Nandor COUGHS.

LASZLO (CONT'D)

My bloody mouth was open. I think I
swallowed!

NANDOR

Pepper! It is a nutritional
seasoning!

BLARGGHHHHHGHGHHHHH! Laszlo vomits a torrent of green puke.

BLARGGHHHHHGHGHHHHH! Nandor vomits a torrent of green puke.

Essential Worker stiffens her back to the bench with nowhere to flee as putrid bile splashes off the sidewalk.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND STREET - LATER

The three vampires amble down an empty street. Laszlo withdraws his fangs from a rat and tosses it aside.

LASZLO

Bloody awful! That pitiful morsel
only served to make me hungrier.

NADJA

I think it's time we talk about
draining Guillermo.

NANDOR

No! I put my foot down. My familiar is not ready to be turned.

LASZLO

I believe what my love is proposing is that we drink the lad in the more common way.

NANDOR

(pondering)

Oh. That's an interesting proposal.

BLOOP BLOOP -- a police cruiser zooms up behind the three, its blue and red lights come to life.

NADJA

Ah. Local law enforcement is here.

LASZLO

Ah! The jig is on!

NANDOR

Perhaps our luck tonight is changing.

Two OFFICERS approach, hands readied above their weapons.

OFFICER ONE

Everyone relax.

OFFICER TWO

Cools heads, folks. Cool heads.

The clutch stop in their tracks.

OFFICER TWO (CONT'D)

(directing the three)

Let's turn around.

The three vampires turn around to face the officers -- in a menacing rather than compliant way.

OFFICER ONE

Hey, hey, slow down. Hands where we can see them.

OFFICER TWO

Where are you three going? No masks, no social distancing.

HISSS -- fangs come out.

OFFICER ONE

Whoa!

The officers draw their guns.

LASZLO

I hope you're packing Coors Light
in those pew-pews.

The officers are wracked with nerves.

NADJA

Go for it Nandor.

NANDOR

What about "V Too".

LASZLO

It doesn't apply. Remember ACAB.
All Cops Are Bloody Tasty!

Nandor waves his hand dramatically. Both Officers follow his hand, moving their heads.

OFFICER TWO

Masks. It's the law...

Nandor waves.

NANDOR

You think we are really cool
people.

OFFICER ONE

Are you guys, like in a band or
something?

NANDOR

You want to come with us.

OFFICER TWO

(to Officer One)

You think these guys would want to
hang out?

NANDOR

Why don't you come home with us?

OFFICER ONE

Alright guys, what we're going to
do here...we're going to come with
you and party!

NADJA
Fantastic!

LASZLO
Follow us you daffy mutton
shunters!

NANDOR TALKING HEAD

Nandor addresses the camera.

NANDOR
Cops are very susceptible to
hypnosis. Their nature is to
blindly follow orders and they have
a simple baby like view of
morality.

INT. GUILLERMO'S ALCOVE - NIGHT

Colin Robinson continues telling his history.

COLIN
John Fenchton was of course a
Baptist as was everyone in the
Lanesborough region, it's just
called Cheshire now. So, like I
said he was a dairy farmer--

-- SNORCH! Guillermo lets out a VIOLENT, CURDLING NOISE.

Colin halts and looks to the camera.

COLIN (CONT'D)
He just died... or fell asleep.

We see Guillermo -- a sickly sight that confirms he very may
well be dead. Or asleep.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Well that was a bust. I wasted more
of my energy than his.

Colin moves to exit.

A COUGH COUGH comes from off camera.

A flash of delight on Colin's face.

COLIN (CONT'D)
(re: camera operator)
Starting to get a little sicky poo?

We hear a COUGHING FIT as the camera shakes.

INT. ENTRY ROOM - NIGHT

The three vampires enter triumphantly, leading the two officers behind them.

LASZLO
Leading pigs to the slaughter, and
I'm not even speaking
metaphorically.

NADJA
Right this way gentlemen.

The group crosses.

NANDOR
Should I pull out some comfort
blankets? Candles? Drip cloths?

NADJA
Let's just hurry, we are starving.

NANDOR
I'll just do it. It's very
important for us to take time to
share meals in the proper way, with
comfort and the niceties of
tradition.

Nandor bustles ahead as the group passes into:

INT. DRAWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nadja and Laszlo herd the officers to prime spots on the couches and push them down into a seating position. The officers are still bubbly and cheerful.

OFFICER ONE
Man, this place is great.

OFFICER TWO
I feel like this is where Johnny
Depp would live.

OFFICER ONE
Or Keith Richards.

OFFICER TWO
(lame joke)
Wait. Is there a difference?

Laszlo and Nadja grimace at one another over their annoyance with the humans.

Nandor is placing candles, pulling out cozy blankets and cloths and preparing the setting for their feast.

Laszlo tries to stop Nandor.

LASZLO

All right Nandor, that's just fine.
The garnish is laid and the mood is set.

Nadja settles into the couch, poised to pounce on one of the officers.

NADJA

Hi there.

She exposes Officer One's neck, pushing his head back.

NADJA (CONT'D)

I think your neck smells really good.

Officer One digs the come on.

COLIN

Hey, guys.

Colin has appeared in the room to everyone's surprise.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Look, new friends! Law enforcement officers.

Colin sidles up to shake their hands, first Officer One and then Officer Two.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Pleasure to meet you. Thank you for your service.

NANDOR

Do you mind, Colin? We are in the middle of something.

Colin settles into the couch next to Officer Two.

COLIN

Since you're here, can I ask you for some Coronavirus news?

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

Now some people are saying we can expect to enter Phase Two next week, but others don't think we'll meet the necessary benchmarks--

COLIN TALKING HEAD

Colin addresses the camera.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Just talking about the Coronavirus is a good way to drain people. Constant breaking news, so much contradictory information between the Federal, State and local officials -- circular talk and confusion, perfect for casual conversation!

BACK TO SCENE

Colin continues talking the Officers' ears off. Nandor, Laszlo and Nadja stare expectantly at their meals, growing ever impatient.

LASZLO

Fuck this. Fuck you.

Laszlo pushes Colin out the way and leaps at Officer Two, plunging his fangs through neck flesh.

Nadja follows suit and plunges her fangs into the neck of Officer One.

Colin awkwardly backs away.

COLIN

You could have at least let them reply.

Laszlo and Nadja suck blood, then suck and then suck some more. Nandor bides his time.

NANDOR

Okay guys. Suck, suck pass.

Laszlo and Nadja continue to drain the Officers.

COLIN

(to Nandor)

Looks like they might be awhile.
Want to go play Switch?

NANDOR
No, Colin Robinson, please leave.

Colin shrugs and departs.

Nandor pouts to the camera.

NANDOR (CONT'D)
I like the deeper inside blood
anyway. More iron rich.

JUMP CUT:

INT. DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Laszlo, Nadja and Nandor are splayed out on the couch,
stuffed with full bellies.

Piled on the floor are the two husks of bodies that were once
the two officers, now sucked bone dry.

NADJA
I drank too much.

LASZLO
I am bloody stuffed.

NANDOR
I'm so full I can't barely get up
to move to my coffin for slumber.

LASZLO
We may have another problem as
well.

NADJA
What is that my dear?

LASZLO
My asshole has once again commenced
dribbling and we failed to bring
home toilet paper!

NADJA
Oh my gaping hole you're right!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

TEXT OVER BLACK SCREEN:

"The next morning the camera crew fell ill. They soon tested positive for Coronavirus and remain in isolation. The remainder of this documentary will continue, using emerging technologies to follow up with our subjects."

INT. ZOOM CALL MONITOR SCREEN - NIGHT

Colin Robinson is alone on the screen in webcam view.

COLIN

Okay, then I just hit accept, and here you come!

Guillermo pops up on another window.

GUILLERMO

Hi, everyone. So my update is that I'm recovered from the Coronavirus.
(unenthused)
Two painful weeks later, yay.

Nadja, then Nandor, then Laszlo all have windows pop up in the display.

COLIN

Welcome, guys. Here's everyone else. You guys are really going to love this, I can show you all the tricks.

The vampires seem none too happy about using the camera. In the background of each persons shot (captured with webcams, tablets and phones) we can see that they are all sitting in the same room.

NADJA

I use this soul stealing contraption under protestation.

NANDOR

This beguiled device makes me look fat.

LASZLO

Look, Colin. Could you show me how to summon a sudoku puzzle in this black mirror?

GUILLERMO

Guys, can we focus? We're supposed to update people on how things are going.

NANDOR

We are very happy that you have recovered, Guillermo. Thankfully we didn't have to resort to anything drastic, like me having to turn you.

Guillermo sulks.

COLIN

Tell the people about your fun trip to the History Museum.

NADJA

That was a good day.

NANDOR

Look at this.

Nandor points his camera to the corner where mummies are piled up on top of one another.

LASZLO

Failing to find toilet tissue, we've succumbed to wiping our asses with mummies.

COLIN

Luckily they haven't awoken one with a mummy curse yet.

NADJA

Don't speak of a curse, Colin Robinson. That's like Chekov's gun, you speak of a mummy's curse and then you get a mummy's curse.

LASZLO

(condescending)

My darling, you're so superstitious.

GROAN, MOAN, GRANGRTCH - through Nandor's view we see a mummy coming to life.

Horrified looks of shock strike the faces of all who are present.

END OF SHOW

Blood in the Time of Coronavirus