

TITLE

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WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS

S2.E6.5

"DAY OF LOVE"

Written by

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EXT. MANSION - TWILIGHT

The mansion appears outwardly peaceful.

INT. NANDOR'S COFFIN ROOM

GUILLERMO goes to knock on NANDOR'S coffin. He raises his fist, hesitates, then knocks very gently.

GUILLERMO
(quietly) Master?

Nandor responds from inside the coffin, muffled.

NANDOR
(deep sigh) Yes? Why have you awakened me at this terrible hour?

GUILLERMO
Your date, Master. You told me to wake you up at eight.

NANDOR hisses as he levitates up and out of the coffin. He looks tired.

NANDOR
(wide yawn) Well. You know that I am not a night person.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH NANDOR

NANDOR
(sheepishly) Yes, I suppose I have been a bit lonely. But I have begun exchanging correspondences with someone. She is a vampire too, of course. We have only exchanged pigeons for a brief time, but today, we are going to meet for the first time.

INT. NANDOR'S COFFIN ROOM

Guillermo stands facing Nandor. He is miming combing his beard and brushing his teeth as Nandor does these things.

NANDOR (cont'd)
Left, Guillermo! I cannot see myself.

Guillermo shuffles slightly to his left, still miming.

NANDOR (cont'd)
No, the other left. You are a very
bad mirror.

Guillermo looks off to the distance, defeated. He continues to stay put.

Nandor begins to pose, flexing his muscles and leaning close to Guillermo. Guillermo looks uncomfortable. The silence is awkward.

END SCENE.

OPENING CREDITS.

INT. MANSION - MAIN ENTRANCE

LASZLO walks in. He is dressed in an 1800s-style suit, with a top hat and cane, and seems to be in good spirits as he hums to himself. A wooden chair suddenly whizzes by, and then a painting, accompanied by loud crashing noises.

LASZLO
Shitfuck!

He quickly ducks behind a stair post as objects are thrown at him.

LASZLO (cont'd)
(loudly) Gizmo! What the hell is
going on?

NADJA is standing at the top of the staircase, and finishes throwing an old vase at Laszlo. She begins to sob in an exaggerated way, and performatively dabs at her eye with a frilly lace handkerchief.

NADJA
(angry) I don't understand how you
could do this to me, you bastard!

LASZLO
Mercy, woman! I have no earthly clue
what you are on about.

NADJA
Ugh!

Nadja spins quickly, and enters a room upstairs. She slams the door loudly behind her.

LASZLO
(to himself) Fairer sex, my arse.
What's possessed her?

He pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket. It is a ticket of some sort.

Well, pal, it's just me and you now.
(bad pirate accent) scoundrels
a'bravin' the seven seas. Arrrgh!

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH NADJA

NADJA
(upbeat) You know, it has been a very long time since I have spent Saint Valentine's Day alone. In fact, people used to believe that love was witchcraft- women married only to avoid becoming whores. Yes, quite a few were burned at the stake for that.

She pauses for a moment, undisturbed.

NADJA (cont'd)
This year, I decided to try being single. That woman Beyon-kay makes it sound like a lot of fun. And so I told Laszlo, "piss off!".

END SCENE.

INT. MANSION - ATTIC

Nandor is looking around, not very intently.

NANDOR
Here, cloaky cloak, where are you?

He gingerly peers inside a box, and recoils, seemingly disgusted by whatever is inside.

NANDOR (cont'd)
(loudly) Guillermo, where has my cloak gone? The one with the things on it.

NADJA (O.S)
(exasperated, shouting up to them)
Oh, not that hideous cloak again!

Guillermo appears, out of breath from climbing into the attic. He coughs.

GUILLERMO
(uncertain) Master?

NANDOR
(lost in his own thoughts) It is my
best slaughtering cloak. I defeated
many enemies while wearing it.

GUILLERMO
I did some dry cleaning last month.
You could check that rack?

Guillermo gestures to a rack full of neatly hung clothing. Nandor walks over and begins tossing things off carelessly as Guillermo watches, looking like he wants to say something, but hesitates.

NANDOR
No, it is not here. You must have
misplaced it after the Afsharid-
Ottoman War. It had gotten quite
bloody.

Nandor continues to rifle through boxes.

GUILLERMO
That was over 300 years ago, sir.

NANDOR
(emphatically) Yes, exactly- you had
plenty of time to look!

Guillermo doesn't try to argue. A beat goes by.

NANDOR (cont'd)
(excited) Zafer! Here it is.

Nandor fishes out a very old middle-Eastern cloak and holds it up. It is a light ochre color, and trimmed with a mass of clashing animal furs, garish beading, and some poorly-done embroidery that seems to depict a figure spearing someone laying on the ground. It is truly ugly.

He shakes it, and a moth flies out.

NANDOR (cont'd)
I always wear this cloak to attract
my lovers. They cannot resist me in
it. They also cannot resist my
hypnosis, which I use on them.

Nandor puts on the cloak and turns as Guillermo watches.

GUILLERMO
Looks great on you, sir.

NANDOR
(annoyed) Yes, I already know that,
Guillermo.

END SCENE.

INT. MANSION - MAIN ENTRANCE

Laszlo stands at the door. Nandor and Guillermo walk in from the house.

LASZLO
Well, chaps, it seems time for me to-

Laszlo cuts himself off as he notices Nandor, who is dressed in his cloak, with a combed beard.

LASZLO (cont'd)
Nandor, there is something different
about you today.

A beat goes by.

LASZLO (cont'd)
(seriously) Have you become a
homosexual?

NANDOR
(ignoring him) Why are you dressed
that way? (suspicious) Where are you
going?

Laszlo checks the pocket watch that hangs at his side.

LASZLO
Wish me luck, good fellow. I'm off on
my voyage. During the last one, I had
to bat and fly away. It was all very
disappointing. Ta-ta!

Laszlo opens the door.

LASZLO (cont'd)
BAT!

Laszlo turns into a bat, and promptly flies out of the mansion. Nandor turns to Guillermo.

NANDOR
Guillermo, what do I say if she asks
me things?

GUILLERMO
Such as...?

NANDOR
(panicked) I don't know! Things
about me. What if I don't know the
answer?

Nandor puts his hands on his head, visibly stressed.

Guillermo, are you sure that you
shouldn't accompany me?

GUILLERMO
(quickly) No, no! You'll be fine,
Master. You will do great. Feel free
to just..

He gestures, attempting to be nonchalant.

GUILLERMO (cont'd)
... Just leave me here by myself.

NANDOR
Hmm, okay, fine. I will be thinking
of you, and how lonely you are.

GUILLERMO
(flatly) Thanks.

A beat goes by.

COLIN ROBINSON enters the room.

COLIN ROBINSON
(cheerful) Hidey-ho, guys!

NANDOR
(matter-of-factly) Colin Robinson.

Colin Robinson is walking towards the
door. He starts to open it, then
stops and turns.

COLIN ROBINSON
Aren't you going to ask me where I'm
going?

Nandor and Guillermo speak in sync.

GUILLERMO

No.

NANDOR

No.

A beat goes by. Colin Robinson turns around, whistling, and leaves. He shuts the door behind himself.

END SCENE.

INT. MANSION - LIBRARY. SOLO INTERVIEW WITH LASZLO

Laszlo is in his old-fashioned suit.

LASZLO

(pirate impression) Arghh, matey!
(humored) Hah, I'm just twisting your twat. It's not that kind of voyage. These things are very posh. Dinnerware, manservants, the whole lot.
(matter-of-factly) Some might call me a seducer. But I can assure, my motives are purely sexual. Steamships are the epitome of deviancy. Something about the rocking, I'd expect.

END SCENE.

EXT. STREET OF NEW YORK

Nandor walks down the street in his cloak. Sirens and typical street clamor happen around him.

NANDOR (V.O.)

I am very excited to meet my lover in person. I don't like to visit the new York without Guillermo- all of the signs can be very confusing.

Nandor blatantly jaywalks, ignoring the pedestrians waiting to cross. Cars honk and people shout at him.

NANDOR (V.O) (con'td)

But I figured I'd graciously give him the day off, so that he can catch up on his duties.

Guillermo is on his hands and knees, scrubbing the floor with a large wooden brush and yellow rubber gloves to his elbows. He wipes sweat off his brow.

Nandor eventually reaches a restaurant. The sign above the door reads "La Petit". The restaurant is very busy inside.

INT. LE PETIT RESTAURANT

NANDOR

Hello, I would like to have a table.
For two please.

HOSTESS

Unfortunately, we don't do walk-ins
at this time. Do you have a
reservation?

NANDOR

Um. (hypnotizing her) III haaaave
aaaa reeservatiooon.

HOSTESS

(in a trance) Yes, of course. Right
this way...

The hostess blankly leads Nandor to a table. She hands him a menu, which he disregards, glancing around anxiously. A candle is lit on the table, and soft French music plays in the background. He waits with obvious anticipation and pulls out some note cards.

NANDOR

(reading to himself) let's see.. How
do you like the weather today?

A beat goes by.

Nandor groans and puts his head in his hands, looking at the table.

END SCENE.

**THIS IS NOT THE FULL SCRIPT. PLEASE
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