

THE LIBRARY FREAK-OUT

by

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Note: the production values for this don't have to be great. It could be live-action, primitive cartoons poorly animated, or a mix of both. All that is necessary is to convey what happens. Also, imagine and dress the characters any way you wish.

FADE IN:

EXT. LIBRARY--DAY

This large, artful building combines multiple Western medieval fortress and cathedral styles, bedecked with beautiful, colorful, abstract stained glass.

INT. LIBRARY--DAY

Three weirdos, CHALF, NAR, and YOR, each male and 15, the sort of people who answer "YORF!" when you ask them a question, all dressed in well-decorated robes of various colors with decorative trimming, and Chalf with a beanie, sit at a table in a study area of the library.

Chalf is clever and a bit stern and bossy. Nar is chipper and flighty. Yor lost none of the enthusiastic, random weirdth of infancy.

They are arrayed with study supplies like backpacks, books, papers, pencils and notebooks. They read and take notes.

Also in the area are MANY OTHER PATRONS, of every age and gender, dressed in robes and other sundry medieval attire.

Also seated is THRAIN, a brown Unicorn mare with black horn and long mane, and a rainbow-dyed braid, 6 (26 in human years), spunky and cheery, with a friendly expression carved into her features.

CHARYA, a stereotype nice Librarian lady, 30, in a black robe with embroidered gold fire, sits at a library help desk twenty paces away from Chalf, Nar and Yor.

Nar's eyes drift away from his book and he twiddles his thumbs, bored, then sighs.

CHALF

Mm-hm, yep burp.

NAR

Mm-hm yeah.

YOR

Yep.

Chalf twiddles his thumbs. Nar nervously shakes his restless leg up and down and it rattles the table. Yor taps a rhythm on the table.

In a sigh, Chalf speaks the word itself a little too loudly:

CHALF
Sssiiiiigh.

Charya (the Librarian) walks over as they fidget, and implores them in a polite tone.

CHARYA
No? Hush yes?

They stop all motion.

YOR
Mm-hm yeh okay.

As she walks back to her desk and sits down, Yor scratches his hair and utters a quiet moan as he says the word itself:

YOR
Mooooan.

Nar taps a rhythm on the table.

CHALF
Nn! Zut.

He gives them an expression that warns, and inclines his head and gestures with his eyes to Charya.

They glance over to see her. She looks at them with a frown and shakes her head.

Chalf speaks a bit too loudly.

CHALF
Mm-hm yah yep no okay yep Hush.

PATRON ONE
Shh!

Chalf lowers his voice.

CHALF
Mm-hm yah ok yep hush.

They return to thier studies.

Chalf gets a piece of paper out of a folder and it makes an unnaturally loud sound of a percussion brush on a drum.

The three of them look at each other, puzzled.

He slides the paper back and forth on the table in a rhythm, and it makes percussion brush sounds:

Note: the rhythms and sung/beatboxed parts are examples. Use any invented music you wish.

schwiff-chiffer-chiffer-chiffer
schwiffer-chiffer-chiffer-chif--

He repeats this rhythmic percussion. Nar sings to the rhythm, quietly.

NAR
(sings)
Neema-sasim neema-sah
NEEEE-ma-sasim neemasasim,
Neema-sasim neema-sah
NEEEE-ma-sasim neemasasim--

Yor joins, with a quiet, low beatbox and sung bass:

YOR
(sings)
UMPA-chip-pa-ba-dumpa
chip-UUH,
pa-ba-dumpa-CHUMPA-UMPA,
UMPA-chip-pa-ba-dumpa
chup-UUH,
umpa-chippa-UMPA-DUMPA--

CHARYA
(a bit loud)
No?

Startled, they stop and see that she stands right by their table. They wear "caught," guilty expressions.

Chalf and Charya have a whispered conversation.

CHALF
I thinks you a Dragon, yep burp.

CHARYA
Dragon why?

CHALF
Just think.

CHARYA
Why you say burp?

CHALF
Is weird. If not say, will actual--

He emits a small burp.

CHARYA
What?

CHALF
But sometimes burp anyway. Burp.

CHARYA
Anyway, no?

CHALF
Oh yes. No. Shush. Yes.

He gives Nar and Yor an evil glare of blame. They extend their palms out in innocence with incredulous looks: you started this!

Charya points at him.

CHARYA
Hush?

CHALF
Uh yes hush burp.

She walks back to her desk and sits.

He burps.

PATRON TWO
SHHHH!

NAR
Shushing is louder than burp why?

Patron Two rolls her eyes.

CHARYA
Why burp?

CHALF
Explained. Is just burp, Dragon.

CHARYA
Not Dragon.

PATRONS THREE AND FOUR
SSSSSHHHHHH!

Chalf emits an epic burp.

CHALF
Sorry. Mmm-hm yeah, is not Dragon, sure. Burp.

CHARYA
No?

YOR
Mmm-hm yes sorries, hush.

Chalf, Nar and Yor resume their studies.

Their eyes drift off and they do various restless things
(you decide what, actors).

Chalf takes the paper and takes up the metal brush rhythm.

Nar and Yor quietly join with their afore song and
beatbox.

Thrain (the Unicorn) grooves to it a bit, dances.

Their volume raises.

Thrain turns to them and smiles, and points at the help
desk, where Charya glares at them. Charya's eyes glow dim
red.

They stop their song.

CHARYA
Quiet. Or out.

She points to an exit.

Chalf can't contain himself.

CHALF
Dragon! Dragon.

CHARYA
No Dragon. Quiet.

CHALF
Yes Dragon.

Her glare at him intensifies, and her eyes glow a bit
more.

CHALF
Yeep! Yes I mean quiet, yes sorry,
quiet, mm-hm.

She looks away and they return to their studies.

THRAIN
(whispers)
Yes Dragon.

Chalf looks up to see that Thrain gives him a furtive "I
know a secret" look.

CHALF
 (excited whisper)
 Knew it! Knew it!

They exchange excited whispers.

NAR
 Yeep!

YOR
 Yurp!

They glance over to be sure Charya hasn't noticed their stir. She hasn't.

CHALF
 Oh boy. Mm-hm yes hush.

They return to studies.

They manage to study for twelve seconds.

Thrain very quietly takes up beatbox of the metal brush rhythm.

Chalf, Nar and Yor can't stand it and join, and Chalf takes up a new beatbox/sung part.

Patron Five gives a desperately urgent yet quiet:

PATRON FIVE
Shhh!

They ignore him. Their volume raises.

CHARYA
 I SAID QUIET!

Thrain taps her horn twice on her desk, and many glowy magic shields individually surround her, all patrons, Charya, and the bookshelves.

Flames of out-of-control rage pour out of Charya's throat and consume the entire library in a flash.

EXT. LIBRARY--DAY

The library is razed in heaps of ashen rubble, some of which burns.

The bookshelves and books stand intact and unharmed, glowy shields around them.

All the patrons climb out of the rubble, glowy shields intact. Many patrons scream or shout in terror but it is silent behind their shields.

Charya bows her head, and all the shields dissappear.

The patron screams break free on the air, but everyone quickly realizes they are safe, and they all go silent.

Thrain walks over to Chalf, looks at him, then points her Unicorn horn at a large, dark, scaly heap.

The scaly heap unfolds and rises to a dragon in full spectacular form and scale.

Some patrons scream or shout in terror, and run away.

The Dragon regards everyone, and frowns.

CHARYA

Sorry! Sorry burn!

Charya cries.

Thrain raises her head, winks at Chalf, then looks at the Dragon.

THRAIN

Dragon.

CHALF

Mm-hm yes quiet sorry burp.

Thrain looks at Chalf.

THRAIN

Weirdo.

CHALF

Mm-hm yes true.

FADE OUT:

THE END