

**AURORA**

After a few attempts, he stops and pops the hood. He runs out and lifts the hood to reveal there's not even an ENGINE inside. Just MORE CATS.

**(10 pages)**

JENKINS (CONT'D)

GAH!

Suddenly, BEEP! BEEP! A Volkswagen Beetle pulls up with a sign on the door that reads TECH TROOP (*think Geek Squad*). Inside is DENNIS (40s, meek family man, think Matt Walsh), AURORA (late 20s, bubbly, think Rebel Wilson), and SCHMIDT (late 20s, tightly wound, think Rain Wilson). All in Tech Troop polo shirts.

**START**

SCHMIDT

Yo Jeff! Dude! Get a move on!

**SCENE 1**

Jenkins ignores him, still focused on the van.

AURORA/SCHMIDT

JEFF!

BEEP! BEEP! Jenkins finally turns to them, frustrated.

JENKINS

I AM NOT- Nevermind, go away!

SCHMIDT

(re: van)

What are you doing, dude? You know the Mystery Machine is toast.

AURORA

Yeah, hop in or we're going to be late for work.

JENKINS

I'm not going to your "work".

AURORA

Wooo, playing hooky. You gonna get in sooo much trouble.

SCHMIDT

Just call in sick, I do it all the time. Who's gonna know?

DENNIS

Well, technically, I *am* the assistant manager, so I'm supposed to report it -

**1/10**

(CONTINUED)

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SCHMIDT

Dennis, please! I was talking!

AURORA

(to Jenkins)

Where do you need to go, Jeff?

SCHMIDT

Yeah, we'll drive you.

Jenkins considers it. Walks over.

JENKINS

Fine, yes. Drive me to St. John's  
bridge.

SCHMIDT

Why, thinking of jumping off?

JENKINS

(under his breath)

The thought had crossed my mind.

Jenkins gets in, squeezing into the backseat of the very  
small car. He sits on something and grimaces. Pulls out from  
underneath him a PAIR OF METAL TIPPED SHOES.

~~DENNIS~~

~~Sorry, that's for my son's jazz  
dance class. You can put those  
anywhere.~~

~~SCHMIDT~~

~~Jazz dance, for the love of God~~

Aurora shoves a fistful of candy RING POPS in Jenkins' face.

AURORA

Wanna a Ring Pop? I got cherry,  
watermelon fusion, raspberry  
passion-

SCHMIDT

Dude, I love this song!

Schmidt CRANKS up the radio as HEAVY METAL blasts. Jenkins  
looks straight ahead, miserable, as the car drives off.

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EXT. ANNEX - UNDER ST. JOHN'S BRIDGE - DAY

**SHE CHANGES THE  
STATION**

The Beetle rolls up across the street, annoying POP MUSIC now  
blaring. Aurora dances in the backseat, flailing her arms  
around poor Jenkins, as Schmidt complains.

**CONT** **2/10**  
(CONTINUED)

SCHMIDT

What was wrong with my music?!

AURORA

You can't dance to it. This is fun.

SCHMIDT

This isn't even music. It's made by robots-

**END**

Jenkins can't take it anymore.

JENKINS

Let me out of here!

He frantically claws his way out of the car before it even comes to a complete stop.

SCHMIDT

Okay, so, we still on for later?

JENKINS

No.

SCHMIDT

Cool, see you then.

AURORA

Bye, Jeff.

DENNIS

Feel better.

SCHMIDT

He's not sick, Dennis! God!

They drive off. Jenkins turns to face the Annex. He breathes his first sigh of relief since this nightmare began.

**INT. ANNEX - MEANWHILE**

Jeff stands in front of the Mirror, adjusting his bow tie. In the reflection, we see what everyone else sees - Jenkins - mirroring the action. He winks at himself-

JEFF DOOLEY

You are one sexy bitch.

He turns to survey the Library, rubbing his hands in gleeful anticipation. Then, suddenly remembers and grabs a STRANGE BOOK sitting on top of the podium. It's thick, old, leather-bound. He looks around for somewhere to hide it, just as-

**3/10**

(CONTINUED)

SAND PIT

## SCENE 2

In QUICK CUTS, we see Jenkins practice swordsmanship with each of them, using NERF BATS: Schmidt lunges and Jenkins sidesteps, SWATTING him on the head - Aurora makes the same mistake and Jenkins SWATS her - Dennis is last. But before they even begin, Dennis just takes off running, terrified.

LINE-UP

JENKINS (CONT'D)

A Librarian is more than just a person. He or she is a symbol, a shining beacon reminding us of the best humanity has to offer.

MONKEY BARS

The three friends are on the ground, wiped out. Schmidt breathing from a PAPER BAG. Over by the ENTRANCE, a POLICEMAN writes an irritated Jenkins a TICKET. Behind them, we see a SIGN reading, "No Adults Unless Accompanied By A Child."

END MONTAGE

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - JEFF'S BASEMENT ROOM - LATER

The gang are splayed on the couch, groaning, exhausted. They pass around a homemade JUG of liquid. Jenkins stands at the table, writing down notes.

# START

AURORA

Everything hurts...

SCHMIDT

(to Jenkins)

Why did you make us do that?! That was grueling.

JENKINS

Yes, all twenty-five minutes of it.

AURORA

What are you doing over there?

JENKINS

Going over last-minute details. We leave at dawn.

SCHMIDT

C'mon, join us. Have some of my famous home-brewed mead.

# 4/10

(CONTINUED)

AURORA  
(rolling her eyes)  
It's cheap wine mixed with Mountain Dew.

SCHMIDT  
Ignore her, you'll love it.

JENKINS  
Well, it *has* been a while since I partook in spirits...

Jenkins crosses over and joins them. Schmidt pours him a cup and Jenkins salutes them, takes a sip. Instantly GRIMACES.

SCHMIDT  
Good, right?

JENKINS  
No, not at all.

They all LAUGH.

AURORA  
So?! Are you honestly gonna sit there and not tell us about Camelot?! We're D&D nerds! Spill.

SCHMIDT  
What was Arthur like?

JENKINS  
Bossy, a little vain. But a good King.

~~DENNIS  
Was Merlin as cool as we think he is?~~

~~JENKINS  
Cooler than you can imagine.~~

SCHMIDT  
Man, to be a Knight of the Round Table! Bet it was just like this, sitting around, passing the mead, telling tales of glory.

JENKINS  
I wouldn't know. I kept to myself mostly.

The gang is surprised.

**5/10**

(CONTINUED)

AURORA

You?! But you're Galahad! Finder of the Holy Grail, nicknamed the "Perfect Knight."

JENKINS

Yes, but I was also the illegitimate son of Lancelot, not of true noble birth. ~~Because of that,~~ I always felt different from the others. ~~Never quite felt I belonged. Even years later, after joining the Library, I was neither a Librarian nor a Guardian.~~ Always an outsider. Always looking in.

Jenkins takes another drink, lost in thought.

SCHMIDT

I know the feeling. I was an Army brat growing up. Moved eight times in twelve years. I never lived anywhere long enough to call home.

AURORA

You had it lucky. I would've killed to move. Beats sticking around and getting picked on by all the "beautiful people," making fun of how I looked, how I dressed.

DENNIS

Try dealing with a family of overachievers. ~~You know what it's like during Thanksgiving dinner?~~ It's as if I'm a ghost.

AURORA

Looks like we all know a little something about not fitting in.

They all nod, silent. Schmidt raises his cup.

SCHMIDT

To the outcasts! Long may they reign!

**END**

They toast. Jenkins joins in, realizing he might have more in common with these people than he thought.

**6/10**

# SCENE 3

JENKINS

Mr. Schmidt, listen to your friends. We can't afford a mistake.

SCHMIDT

Trust me, guys. I can do this!

Schmidt excitedly puts the floating pieces together, going faster and faster. Finally, he finishes to reveal a completed SOLID SHAPE with multiple faces. Jenkins is amazed.

JENKINS

It's an icosahedron... But how did you...?!

SCHMIDT

It's the one shape every D&D player in the world knows - the 20-sided die. Roll for initiative, bitches.

The puzzle shape turns BLUE and floats away up into the ceiling. Aurora and Dennis high-five Schmidt as Jenkins nods, impressed. Together they hang crosses to the opposite door.

**INT. UNDERGROUND - CHAMBER #2 - CONTINUOUS**

They enter to find they're in a similar chamber, except this one has TILES on the floor separating our heroes from the door on the far end. The TILES randomly GLOW.

# START

AURORA

Fun! This one looks colorful!

She looks in the corner and sees a SKELETON. Screams.

SCHMIDT

Gross! Who is that?!

JENKINS

An intruder to the Library most likely. Others have made attempts in the past. All have failed.

Suddenly, Aurora sniffs the air. Makes a face.

AURORA

What is that smell?! Schmidt!

SCHMIDT

What?! I didn't-

# 7/10

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS

Poisonous gas. It's coming through  
the walls!

Alarmed, Jenkins turns to the door behind him, but it  
automatically SHUTS. He tries the handle-

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Locked.

DENNIS

I'm getting out of here!

Dennis heads for the opposite door, stepping on a non-glowing  
tile. PFFFT! Jenkins pulls him back just as a POISONOUS DART  
shoots from the wall, missing him by inches.

JENKINS

Would you PLEASE stop setting off  
booby traps!

SCHMIDT

Yeah, what's wrong with you?! Did  
you not see *Indy 3, Last Crusade*?!

DENNIS

Is that the one with Shia Lebouf?

SCHMIDT

No, Dennis! Jee-sus!

Aurora stares at the glowing tiles, softly humming to  
herself. Suddenly, her face lights up.

AURORA

Let your booty shake!

JENKINS

Excuse me?!

AURORA

The tiles. It's just like Dance  
Dance Revolution!

SCHMIDT

(off Jenkins' confusion)  
It's a stupid dancing game where  
you step on glowing tiles-  
(realizing)  
-matching a pattern.

8/10

(CONTINUED)



AURORA

These tiles are glowing in a repeating pattern, just like the song "Let Your Booty Shake!"

She quickly takes out her IPHONE, pulls up a song and hits play. Over the speakers, we hear a POP SONG called "Let Your Booty Shake" (which will be written and performed by me).

With the music playing, Aurora begins to DANCE across the room, stepping on a tile at the EXACT MOMENT IT GLOWS.

SCHMIDT

Holy Moly, it's working!

AURORA

Come on!

Schmidt and Dennis join in, all three doing a choreographed Electric Slide-like dance across the room. They're all having fun... except Jenkins, who hasn't moved from his original spot.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Come on, Jenkins! Dance!

JENKINS

Absolutely not.

DENNIS

But you'll die!

~~JENKINS~~

~~Much preferred, thank you.~~

~~SCHMIDT~~

~~You wanna get your body back or not?~~

Jenkins sighs and then does the unthinkable - he DANCES. Slowly, reluctantly, and without zeal. But he's doing it.

AURORA

Go, Jenkins! It's Your Birthday-

JENKINS

No, it is not!

They finally all make it to the other side, everyone laughing. Even Jenkins manages a teeny tiny smile.

AURORA

Way to go, Sir Jenkins!

9/10

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS

Yes, well done.

(deadly serious)

But if you ever tell anyone about  
this, I will end you.

Beat, as they realize he's not joking.

AURORA/SCHMIDT/DENNIS

Understood. / Gotcha. / Loud and  
clear.

**END**

~~They open the door and enter-~~

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**INT. UNDERGROUND - CHAMBER #3 - CONTINUOUS**

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A LIMBO space. All WHITE with no walls, no windows, no doors.  
Even the door VANISHES behind them.

SCHMIDT

Whoa...

AURORA

Where are we?

Confused, Jenkins moves around the space, looking for an exit.

JENKINS

But I don't understand. This is the  
final chamber. Where's the door?  
There *has* to be a door.

DENNIS

Maybe we made a mistake somewhere?

JENKINS

No, we did everything right. This  
doesn't make sense...

He keeps searching, growing increasingly frustrated.

AURORA

Don't worry, Sir Jenkins. We'll  
find a way out-

JENKINS

Really?! Are we going to dance our  
way out of this one? Or perhaps you  
have a Dungeons & Dragons solution  
you want to try out?

SCHMIDT

She's just trying to be positive-

**10/10**  
(CONTINUED)