

[Overbrook opening theme by Dana Creasman plays in the background.]

RHYS:

Overbrook Episode 17: Librarian. Content warning: Major character death.

[The opening theme fades out.]

[WYNN and ELEKTRA walk into the room.]

WYNN:

Hey, Vincent!

VINCENT:

You have to be kidding me. What is she doing here?

ELEKTRA:

Wynn invited me.

VINCENT:

Okay. And what is *he* doing here?

LOCKE:

It's a public library.

VINCENT:

No, it's not. It's the *school's* library—

[LOCKE turns a page in his book.]

LOCKE:

And, in case you forgot, I'm a student. Besides, I was already here.

WYNN:

That's true, he kinda *was* already here.

VINCENT:

You couldn't've asked him to leave?

WYNN:

He's not even sitting at the same table! He's over there!

[LOCKE turns toward ELEKTRA, ignoring VINCENT.]

LOCKE:

I'm Locke, by the way. *[Sarcastically]* I'm sure you've heard *great* things about me.

ELEKTRA:

[Legitimately friendly] I'm Elektra! Nice to meet you.

VINCENT:

"Nice to meet you?" He tried to get me killed on my *birthday!*

LOCKE:

[Sarcastically, again] I was only trying to reunite old friends.

VINCENT:

I'll fucking reunite your face with my fist—

[WYNN runs over to hold VINCENT back.]

WYNN:

Hey! Hey! No! Okay, uh, you're going to get us kicked out, so stop that. And Locke, that...
[Trying to find the right words and failing miserably] wasn't cool of you.

VINCENT:

"Wasn't cool of you"—For fuck's sake, I nearly *died!!!*

ELEKTRA:

[Mocking] Did you die though? Hm? I thought you were "*fine.*"

VINCENT:

I... *[Deep breath.] [Quietly]* Okay, I walked into that. I deserved that.

LOCKE:

You "*deserved*" that? Elektra, how does it feel knowing you have achieved something in less than one month, that most people have tried to accomplish for over 10 years? And only *most* end up dead.

ELEKTRA:

What exactly did I... do?

LOCKE:

Getting Vincent to admit she's wrong.

VINCENT:

For the love of God— Wynn, if you wanted to ambush me like this, it could've at least been done over coffee.

LOCKE:

With your caffeine addiction, I can see why he wouldn't.

VINCENT:

I am *not* above throwing a chair at you—!

WYNN:

Enough! Okay, enough! Vincent, sit down. Locke, could you *please* not aggravate Vincent for, like, five minutes?

[Beat.]

LOCKE:

[Sighs.] Only because you said please.

ELEKTRA:

[Audibly smirking] I like him.

VINCENT:

Once again. He tried to get me killed. *On my birthday!* Does anyone *at all* care about that?

WYNN:

[Like a stern parent] Locke. Apologize.

LOCKE:

[Bored, showing insincerity] I'm sorry I tried to get you killed on your birthday. I'll do better next time.

[LOCKE turns another page in his book.]

VINCENT:

Worst apology ever.

LOCKE:

[Audible :3 face] That's because I didn't mean it! I could make it musical next time, if you like.

ELEKTRA:

As much as I love watching Vincent form a new ulcer, why *did* you invite both of us here?

WYNN:

To find out what the fuck happened at my house??? Vincent, you jumped out of my second story *window*???

VINCENT:

She was being unreasonable about doors.

ELEKTRA:

I was *trying* to get her to sit still long enough for *you* to get home. And then she shows up with blood around her collar and a bruised wrist.

VINCENT:

I mean, it's healing up fine.

ELEKTRA:

Not. The point.

WYNN:

One at a time! Vincent, what was *so* important that you couldn't wait for me to get home?

VINCENT:

[Embarrassed, quietly] I... wanted to make sure Viktor wouldn't hurt Elektra.

ELEKTRA:

It could have waited.

VINCENT:

[Shuddering breath] No, it *really* couldn't have.

[Beat.]

ELEKTRA:

So... we're all just going to ignore how ominous that sounded? Really? Hm. Okay.

LOCKE:

And she says that *I'm* dramatic.

WYNN:

You're *literally* a theatre major.

LOCKE:

Prejudice is an ugly color on you, Wynn.

[LOCKE turns another page.]

WYNN:

Moving on. Listen, Vincent, I know it's been a while since we've talked to other people. You know, *real* people, who haven't been changed or eaten or killed. And it's hard enough adjusting to this place on your own. Shouldn't we do what we can to help Elektra?

VINCENT:

Because talking to Viktor ahead of time *wasn't* helping?

ELEKTRA:

All we asked for was a *couple of hours*. A *compromise*, and you couldn't even do *that*.

VINCENT:

I'm not great at compromising!

ELEKTRA:

Clearly.

WYNN:

Enough! Oh my god! Everyone, quiet. See, now even the librarian is coming over here.

[THE LIBRARIAN approaches, then gives a very stern "shh." They then walk away.]

WYNN, CONT.:

[Whispering, to THE LIBRARIAN] Sorry. Okay, guys, let's try to use our inside voices, okay?

[Beat.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Vincent. *[Sarcastically]* Even though the whole “not compromising” thing has worked *great* for us in the past, we have a new *real* person here. Someone who needs to be taught the ropes on how to survive here and I... I can’t do it alone. I need your help.

[Pause.]

VINCENT:

Me?

WYNN:

Yeah, you! You’re the reason I’ve been able to stay alive this long at all!

[LOCKE snorts.]

VINCENT:

Oh, can it! *[Sighs.]* Wynn, you’re... a *good person*. So it makes sense why you want to help Elektra. But Elektra and I just don’t see eye to eye on most things. I can help, but I don’t think you can force us to be friends. Is... that okay?

ELEKTRA:

Works for me.

WYNN:

[Sighs.] Not ideal, but... Okay. Deal. One last thing, and I’m sorry for putting you on blast, but... Vincent, is— is everything okay at home? Like... is the doll still there?

VINCENT:

As far as I can tell, no. I even asked around, no one’s seen her.

[VINCENT sits down.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

She was nice enough to leave my cell phone behind, though.

[VINCENT starts unloading her backpack, placing several thick, heavy books onto the desk.]

WYNN:

What’s all that?

VINCENT:

MCAT workbooks. I figured if I was coming to the library, I might as well get some studying done.

[VINCENT starts flipping through the workbooks.]

WYNN:

You still haven't spoken to your parents about that?

VINCENT:

What's there to talk about? They want me to be a doctor. I have to be a doctor.

ELEKTRA:

[To self] Aren't they a ball of... fingernails? *[To VINCENT]* Kinda sounds like you don't want to be a doctor.

VINCENT:

Kinda *sounds* like I don't have a choice. So I'm studying.

ELEKTRA:

I didn't even know Overbrook *had* a medical school.

WYNN:

It doesn't.

ELEKTRA:

Wait. So you're studying *all that* just for... nothing?

VINCENT:

Yeah, I'm *trying* to study.

ELEKTRA:

[Sarcastically] Oh. Right. Sorry.

[Long, awkward pause.]

WYNN:

So how's everything at—

VINCENT:

You know what?

[VINCENT closes her books and gets up.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

I think I'm just going to study at home.

[VINCENT packs her books back in her bag, then storms out.]

ELEKTRA:

She gets in such weird moods, I swear.

LOCKE:

Oh. You have *no* idea.

WYNN:

So, how's everything at your place? Are your parents still...?

ELEKTRA:

No eyeballs. Still impenetrable darkness. But dad still makes the best steak even though he can't do it outside, so I guess it doesn't phase them too much?

WYNN:

That doesn't sound safe.

LOCKE:

[Suspicious] Why can't he do it outside...?

ELEKTRA:

The place where their eyeballs are *supposed* to be start bleeding. They can't handle *any* amount of light.

LOCKE:

[Noise of disgust.] At least, in spite of everything, my parents' not-eyeballs eyeball holes don't bleed.

[Beat.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

Oh, look who's on her way back.

[VINCENT runs in.]

VINCENT:

[Flatly] The doors are gone.

WYNN:

What— what do you mean, they're gone?

VINCENT:

The doors? They're gone. And so are the windows. I checked.

ELEKTRA:

You were going to climb out the *windows*???

VINCENT:

[Sarcastically] Right, like *you*'re surprised.

[LOCKE stands up and closes his book.]

LOCKE:

Well, this *has* been fun, but I think it's time for me to find one of those rolling ladders.

[LOCKE walks away.]

VINCENT:

...He knows something.

WYNN:

Vincent? Hello? What do you mean there aren't any doors or windows?

VINCENT:

I *mean*, that I was trying to walk out of this place, but found it *incredibly* lacking in exits.

WYNN:

Wait, so not even the emergency exits?

VINCENT:

[Sarcastic] Remind me, which category do those fall under? Door or window?

WYNN:

Okay, you don't have to be an asshole about it.

ELEKTRA:

I'm... I'm actually with Vincent on this one. Not really a helpful question.

VINCENT:

Thank you. Wait, why are *you* taking this so calmly?

ELEKTRA:

Considering what I know about this town, I wouldn't be surprised if it suddenly started raining lava.

WYNN:

[Stuttering] Okay— *please* don't say that out loud. We're not, like— we're still not entirely sure that what we say doesn't affect reality, so...

ELEKTRA:

Are you *serious* right now?!

VINCENT:

Yeah, but not in a way that would be helpful. Like, even if I *really* hoped there was a med school, the town would never will it into existence *just* to piss me off specifically.

[WYNN runs around in the background.]

ELEKTRA:

There are easier ways to piss you off.

VINCENT:

I don't disagree, my natural state is anger.

WYNN:

Okay, so update— Locke is on top of one of those rolling ladders. He's just— he's just reading up there, I think? I don't know, uh, but also, I haven't seen the librarian anywhere? She's not at her desk.

VINCENT:

It's not even noon, where would she have gone?

ELEKTRA:

Shh! Do you hear that?

[A slow thumping and low, throaty noise. They start quietly, but quickly get louder.]

VINCENT:

What the fuck is that?

[The thumping gets closer. Then a monstrous growl.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Run!

[VINCENT, WYNN, and ELEKTRA run to the other side of the library. Bookshelves and chairs crash to the floor as THE LIBRARIAN (monster) chases after them.]

ELEKTRA:

[Catching her breath] I'm going to assume that Generics don't normally turn into weird giant snake things with... one webbed arm?!

VINCENT:

[Catching her breath] You would be correct.

WYNN:

What the hell are we supposed to do? There are no doors, no windows, do we— do we just sit here? How are— how are we supposed to escape?

LOCKE:

[From above] You don't.

VINCENT:

Locke, you *shithead*, you *knew* this was going to happen, didn't you?

LOCKE:

I may have had an idea as soon as you said the doors went missing? Granted, I was *hoping* that was a vision from another Overbrook, but, well, guess I was wrong. Hindsight is 20/20 and all that.

ELEKTRA:

What is he even talking about?

LOCKE:

You might want to come up with a plan soon, by the way. The librarian *is* about to wake up.

[A fallen bookcase creaks as THE LIBRARIAN moves about underneath.]

VINCENT:

[Loud whisper] Okay, just, uh- keep your voice low, and ...I don't know, keep moving? Until I figure something else out, at least.

ELEKTRA:

[Sarcastically; loud whisper] Fantastic plan.

VINCENT:

[Loud whisper] I'm not taking criticism from someone who's barely lived here a month. Wynn, you watch our backs.

WYNN:

[Distressed] Why me?

VINCENT:

Shh! *[Loud whisper]* Keep your voice down!

[A long silence. Then...]

[...A book falls straight to the ground, hitting something metallic, echoing loudly.]

LOCKE:

Whoops. Sorry. Butterfingers.

[THE LIBRARIAN draws closer. And grows angrier. Its growl becomes louder.]

VINCENT:

Locke, I am going to *rip your—*

WYNN:

We don't have time, just run!

[WYNN, VINCENT, and ELEKTRA start running again.]

[Scene change. THE LIBRARIAN slithers faintly in the background. Everyone whispers to avoid alerting it.]

ELEKTRA:

[Catching her breath] Okay so what do we do now? We can't just keep going around in circles for hours.

WYNN:

Should we ask Locke?

VINCENT:

You want to go back to the guy who gave away our position to the enemy?!

WYNN:

[Stammering] I don't know! He just seems to know, you know, he knows what he's doing, so—

VINCENT:

I *literally* said that an hour ago, but no one ever listens to *me*!

ELEKTRA:

Hey, guys.

WYNN:

That is not true!

VINCENT:

I said that Locke knows something but you were all "Hello? Earth to Vincent"—

ELEKTRA:

Guys!

VINCENT:

[Ignoring ELEKTRA] —And *now* look at the situation we're in.

WYNN:

You didn't even want the guy existing in the same room as you an hour ago!

[ELEKTRA opens up a book and carefully tears out a page. Thumping can be heard in the background.]

VINCENT:

He tried to kill me on my birthday, Wynn. Why do I have to keep saying it—?!

[ELEKTRA cuts VINCENT with the paper.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Ow! Did you just give me a papercut?!

ELEKTRA:

Only because you wouldn't shut up! Listen, I think I know what Locke knows. See how he's up on that ladder? With the way the librarian moves, I don't think it can *climb* anything. It's only got one arm.

VINCENT:

Shit. You're right.

WYNN:

So should we find more of those ladders?

ELEKTRA:

I don't think we can all fit on one though. The ceiling isn't very high, it would be able to grab at least *one* of us.

VINCENT:

Then we stack a chair on a table and use it to climb onto the book cases. We just have to be fast enough so it doesn't see us. Come on.

[They walk over to the nearest chair and table, then cautiously pick up the chair.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Bring this table a little closer.

[They push the table across the carpet.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Alright. Hurry before it gets here.

[VINCENT and WYNN climb onto the furniture. ELEKTRA starts to follow them, but then...]

ELEKTRA:

Shit, it saw me! I'll find a ladder! Stay hidden!

[ELEKTRA runs away.]

VINCENT:

Damn, she's fast.

WYNN:

Yeah, I was honestly a little worried, but now I think we might have... been, like, you know, holding her back...

[Long pause.]

VINCENT:

Oh! She's got a ladder. That's good. Alright. So I guess we'll just... wait it out?

WYNN:

How long do you think it'll take before the doors and windows reappear?

VINCENT:

I don't know, but keep an eye on Locke. That fucker definitely knows when it'll be safe. When he moves, we move.

WYNN:

Got it.

[Pause.]

WYNN, CONT.:

So... why *didn't* you just wait for me to get home? I can't imagine Viktor was literally breaking down doors to get to Elektra. Why did you have to go as soon as you woke up?

VINCENT:

Do we have to do this right now? Like, can this wait?

WYNN:

Why should *this* wait when *you* couldn't? God, that's another thing, you *really do* dodge more questions than you answer. What *is* up with that?

VINCENT:

Shhh!

WYNN:

Don't shush me!

[VINCENT lightly shoves WYNN to get his attention.]

VINCENT:

[Even more quietly] The librarian is *right* below us.

[THE LIBRARIAN slithers and thumps below.]

WYNN:

What's it doing?

VINCENT:

Don't look down at it!

WYNN:

It's not going to— shit, I think I think it saw me!

[THE LIBRARIAN growls, then starts pounding the bookcase VINCENT and WYNN are hiding on.]

VINCENT:

This bookcase is going to fall, we need to jump to the next one! Come on!

[VINCENT lands on the next bookcase.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Wynn! Jump!

WYNN:

Gah!

[WYNN lands next to VINCENT, but THE LIBRARIAN catches hold of him.]

VINCENT:

I got you!

WYNN:

It's got my leg!

[WYNN starts kicking THE LIBRARIAN's flesh, trying to loosen its grip.]

VINCENT:

Kick it!

WYNN:

I'm trying!

[THE LIBRARIAN tears off WYNN's leg like it's wet tissue paper. VINCENT gasps. WYNN audibly bleeds.]

WYNN, CONT.:

[In tears] My leg... It took off my fucking leg...

VINCENT:

[Panicked] You're going to be okay, Wynn. Just hold onto me!

WYNN:

I...

[WYNN's body hits the ground.]

[Scene change. It's silent. LOCKE climbs down the ladder.]

LOCKE:

Looks like the librarian is gone and the doors have finally reappeared—

[ELEKTRA runs in and tackles LOCKE.]

ELEKTRA:

[Furiously] You have *thirty* seconds to explain before I break your *fucking* nose.

LOCKE:

I don't see a future where that happens, actually—

ELEKTRA:

Twenty five.

LOCKE:

That was definitely not 5 seconds—

ELEKTRA:

Ten.

LOCKE:

[Annoyed] Okay! What do you want to know?

ELEKTRA:

You knew that Wynn was going to die.

LOCKE:

How do you figure?

ELEKTRA:

Earlier. When Wynn asked how we were supposed to escape, *you* said—

LOCKE:

“You don’t.” You actually caught on to that.

ELEKTRA:

Eat shit. Why didn’t you warn us?

LOCKE:

Has... Vincent not... told you?

[Deafening silence.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

Wynn dies. All the time.

ELEKTRA:

...What?

LOCKE:

I wouldn’t be surprised if this wasn’t his... third death this week? Fifth? Who knows at this point. He’s what one might generously call “accident prone.”

ELEKTRA:

Shut. Up. What do you mean he dies all the time?

LOCKE:

It's exactly what it says. Wynn dies. Then he comes back, rinse, repeat, you'd think Vincent would just get used to it, but it— it never gets easier for her. Even now, I'm sure she's just sitting by Wynn's mutilated corpse.

[Beat.]

ELEKTRA:

I'm not listening to this.

[ELEKTRA starts to walk away.]

LOCKE:

Elektra.

[ELEKTRA stops.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

If you want to survive, I suggest you don't hang around Vincent too much.

ELEKTRA:

Vincent wasn't the one throwing books to get that thing's attention. So if *you* want to keep your face intact, I suggest *you* never come close to me again.

[ELEKTRA walks away, for real this time. A rushing wind as LOCKE gets another vision.]

LOCKE:

Interesting. What a *fascinating* future she has.

[Overbrook closing theme by Dana Creasman plays in the background.]

RHYS:

This episode was written by me, **Rhys Tirado**. Voice of Vincent was me again, **Rhys Tirado**. Voice of Wynn was **Chris Quinby**. Voice of Elektra was **Serina Johnston**. Voice of Locke was **Ford Blue**. If you'd like to support the show, please join our Patreon, which will be linked in the show notes.

