

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

RHYS:

Overbrook Episode 14: Re-do. Content warning: Suicide mention and major character deaths.

[The opening theme fades out.]

VINCENT:

So *that* guy never showed up. After I had him walk through Margaret's tunnel, I called up Margaret to see if she had any thoughts about it. Apparently she never saw a person go through.

[VINCENT sighs.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

A shame, honestly. Was really looking forward to using him to test out some of my theories. But at least I know one thing! The guy is a fucking liar. All this BS about "I'm here to help *you*," and "I can only do what you *need*"— well, I needed the guy to be torn apart by a vicious disembodied voice just to see if he bleeds, but *apparently* that's too much! Use the logic of this town back on itself and suddenly it cries 'uncle.' Pathetic.

VINCENT, CONT.:

I don't think I've seen the last of him, though. He'll probably show back up when I least want him to, making up a fake reason for why he disappeared and why he's back again. He'll say something like, "Hey there, kiddo, did you miss me?" Or maybe he'll "Ghost of Overbrook Past" me and show me all the memories I've made while *literally* running for my life. He'll say something like, 'Weren't you just so grateful to be alive?' Make up some dumbfuck reason why Overbrook is actually *good* for me or whatever.

VINCENT:

...Maybe I should start carrying weapons. Just in case.

VINCENT, CONT.:

It's never gone well for me before though, carrying weapons. For one thing, there are very few things in this town that a weapon would even be *useful* against. Like that double shadow on Oberlin. Or the dead tree in the forest that always comes closer when you turn your back. No, fire's the only thing that helps. Probably not for the double shadow, but most other things.

VINCENT, CONT.:

Still, I should consider—

[VINCENT is interrupted by the doorbell ringing repeatedly.]

VINCENT:

Coming!

[VINCENT goes down the steps and opens the door. WYNN is there, panting.]

VINCENT:

Uh, Wynn?

WYNN:

Hey. I keep dying.

VINCENT:

Wh... what?

[A cartoonish slide whistle sound effect. WYNN panics.]

WYNN:

Oh, shit, not again!

[WYNN starts running in circles.]

VINCENT:

Why are you running in a circle?

WYNN:

[Out of breath] You're going to see why in a minute—

[WYNN jumps at the last second. A piano falls down where he stood.]

VINCENT:

Holy shit?! Wha— where did the piano come from?!

[WYNN gets up and pats himself down.]

WYNN:

No fucking clue!!! But all day, it's either a fucking piano or an anvil or some other bullshit cartoon death coming for me. Can I come inside before something else falls on me? *Please?!*

VINCENT:

Yeah, yeah, sure. Come in.

WYNN:

Thanks.

[WYNN walks inside and VINCENT locks the door. WYNN tries to catch his breath.]

VINCENT:

You're welcome? You've been dying all day? How are you coming back?!

WYNN:

I— don't know that either! I... One minute, I'm just minding my own business, walking down the street, and the next minute, a stick of dynamite gets thrown at me and boom! I'm dead! Until, well, I'm not. I just pop back up next to my *recently deceased corpse* and have to think about how much time I have until the *next* thing hits me.

VINCENT:

I'm... I'm sorry. Your *corpse*? As in, you can see yourself? Your— your dead self.

WYNN:

That's *literally* what I said.

VINCENT:

Okay, and how many times have you died today? Are— are there just bits of you littering the town?

WYNN:

Littering?

VINCENT:

You know what I mean!

WYNN:

Fine. *Yes*. There are bits of me just scattered around Overbrook. Like trash. Happy?

VINCENT:

Don't get snippy with me! I'm just trying to understand.

WYNN:

And *I'm* trying not to die because— believe it or not— it *hurts*, Vincent.

VINCENT:

I can imagine.

WYNN:

Oh, you can *imagine*, can you?

VINCENT:

Wynn, we haven't spoken in, like, over a week and suddenly you show up and tell me *you've been dying all day*. And coming back! So could you drop the fucking attitude for like 5 minutes while I gather information?

WYNN:

Oh, you do *not* get to act like the victim here!

VINCENT:

Excuse me?

WYNN:

Tell me. Have *you* been dying all day?

VINCENT:

I... [*Pause.*] Okay. No. I haven't.

WYNN:

Good! Then the only person who's allowed to freak out today is *me*! Yeah, you heard me! I'm the only one who gets to be selfish today!

VINCENT:

Fine, whatever. You get to be selfish. But why is this happening? And actually, how do we know that *I* won't die just from being near you today?

WYNN:

We *don't* know that. But maybe it won't even matter, since I keep coming back anyway, you'll probably just come back, too.

VINCENT:

Probably?! I don't like those odds!

WYNN:

[Angrily] Well *my* odds of staying alive are already *much* lower than yours, if we're going by track record.

VINCENT:

Oh my god, you are a *dick* when you're being selfish.

WYNN:

No, I'm a dick when I'm *dying*. Which is a *lot* today, if I haven't mentioned it before.

VINCENT:

...Christ, you are—

[VINCENT pauses. She sniffs the air.]

VINCENT:

What's that? It smells like... gas all of a sudden.

WYNN:

Oh shit—

[A sudden explosion rips through the house. After a few moments, VINCENT is heard coughing and making her way through the debris. What's left of the house is on fire.]

VINCENT:

Wynn? *[Coughing]* Wynn, where are you?

[VINCENT stops in front of WYNN, who is impaled by a pipe.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

[Panicking] Wynn? Wynn, wake up, buddy. Come on. *[Snaps fingers in front of his face.]* Come on, you're awake, right?

[WYNN groans and winces.]

WYNN:

What's... happening...

VINCENT:

Shh, don't talk. Just stay awake, okay? I'm—I'm going to try to move this pipe.

[VINCENT attempts to pull the pipe out of WYNN's chest. He screams, over the sounds of wet flesh being moved.]

VINCENT:

Sorry! Sorry!!! Shit, that's jammed in there good.

WYNN:

[Crying] It hurts... Vincent, please, this— *[Coughs.]* This hurts so bad...

VINCENT:

It's okay, I won't— I won't move it this time, okay. Just... can— you stand? I don't— I don't think the pipe went all the way through.

[WYNN whimpers as he starts to go unconscious.]

WYNN:

I can't feel...my legs...

VINCENT:

No, no! Wynn, wake up. Stay awake, buddy. Come on. Wynn?

[WYNN's head drops. There is a slight pop as a new WYNN blinks into existence next to VINCENT.]

WYNN:

I told you—

[VINCENT screams.]

VINCENT:

You *dick!* don't do that again!

WYNN:

Don't do what? Don't *die?!!*

VINCENT:

Don't startle me like that! And stop being a dick, it doesn't suit you.

[VINCENT coughs.]

WYNN:

Let's get out of here before a second explosion happens.

[Scene change. The two are outside VINCENT's house, watching firefighters hose down the fire.]

VINCENT:

My parents are going to kill me.

WYNN:

You'll survive.

VINCENT:

You don't know that.

WYNN:

We were both in the house when an explosion went off. A pipe went through *my* chest. You barely got a bump on the head. You'll survive.

[Beat.]

WYNN, CONT.:

What? What are you looking at?

VINCENT:

I thought I saw...nothing. Doesn't matter.

WYNN:

[Sarcastic] Wow, typical.

[VINCENT punches WYNN on the shoulder.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Ow! What was that for?

VINCENT:

I told you to stop being a dick, it doesn't suit you.

WYNN:

I'll stop being a dick once you start being *nicer* to me.

VINCENT:

What the fuck are you talking about?

WYNN:

...Forget it.

VINCENT:

No, I *won't* forget it. You got all this angry energy today, and don't say it's because you've been dying all day, Wynn. Your clothes tried to digest you once before and you ended up apologizing to *me* about it. What is your problem?

WYNN:

You! My problem is *you*! I have been wracking my brain every day for the past week, trying to figure out how to apologize to you. But I'm starting to feel like I have nothing to apologize for, just like Elektra said!

VINCENT:

[Confused] Okay... what? Who's Elektra?

WYNN:

That's not even important right now— Actually, I should introduce you to Elektra at some point, she's a newcomer but, again, not the point. Vincent, you're supposed to be my best friend, but I don't even know if you count me as *your* friend. You get irrationally angry about the weirdest things and I *always* apologize for it. Like with the clothes thing.

VINCENT:

Anvil.

WYNN:

What?

VINCENT:

There's an anvil about to fall on your head.

WYNN:

Oh, for fuck's sake!

[WYNN starts running in a circle. A long slide whistle, again.]

WYNN, CONT.:

[Breathing heavily] You're always calling me names and punching me whenever you want. I mean, do you hate me or something?

[The anvil falls with a clang. WYNN stops running and catches his breath.]

WYNN:

Well?

VINCENT:

No, I... I don't hate you. *[Sighs.]* Sorry. I didn't realize how much I affected you. I... can be nicer. I can keep my hands to myself—I probably shouldn't be hitting anyone anyway.

WYNN:

And the name-calling?

VINCENT:

I can stop that, too. I'm sorry I've never said this before, but you *are* my best friend. Shit, you're my *only* friend. And... maybe if we weren't in Overbrook, I'd think about what that says about me.

[Pause.]

VINCENT, CONT.

I guess being here has made me a little selfish. You don't deserve that.

WYNN:

Thanks. So we're good?

VINCENT:

I think I should be asking *you* that. *Are* we good?

WYNN:

Yeah. Yeah, I'd say we're good.

VINCENT:

Cool. Let's figure out a way to stop you from dying. Again.

WYNN:

Oh, uh, wait, I think one of the firefighters is waving you over.

VINCENT:

Ugh, I don't wanna deal with Generics right now.

WYNN:

I'll go. Just sit tight.

[WYNN runs across the street. After a few minutes, he runs back.]

WYNN:

That was weird.

VINCENT:

[Flatly] What was weird?

WYNN:

I couldn't understand a *single* thing he was saying. He was speaking a weird language. Or maybe just gibberish?

VINCENT:

Are you talking about Simlish? Wynn, that's how they always talk.

WYNN:

What the fuck is *Simlish*?! No, everyone's always spoken English here.

VINCENT:

Since when?

WYNN:

Since always? Are you messing with me?!

VINCENT:

No, I'm not, I— Okay. Give me a second. I'm going to go over and ask them something.

[VINCENT runs across the street. A second later, she comes back.]

WYNN:

What did he say?

VINCENT:

He said the explosion was caused by a gas leak and an open flame.

WYNN:

What?!

VINCENT:

Okay, he didn't *literally* say it like that. He said it in Simlish, but— Wynn, come on. You know what Simlish is.

WYNN:

I know you've always described how Generics talk as Simlish, but I thought you were doing a bit.

VINCENT:

The Sims? The video game where you make these little fake people and they speak a fake language, which everyone who's ever played the game calls *Simlish*?

WYNN:

I have never heard of that game, ever.

VINCENT:

Are *you* doing a bit? How have you not heard of *The Sims*? It's *literally* one of the most popular simulation games ever. People make their own mods for that shit and you're telling me that you, Mr. "Eat Sleep Game," with your quirky little gamer shirts and *complete* lack of shame, have never heard of *The Sims*?

WYNN:

Why did that sound like an insult? No, I've *never* heard of the Sims.

VINCENT:

[Deep breath.] You're not Wynn.

[VINCENT starts walking off.]

WYNN:

Vincent, I am Wynn.

[WYNN starts walking after VINCENT.]

VINCENT:

Fuck off, no you're not. Stop following me!

WYNN:

Oh, so because I don't know what *one* video game is, I'm suddenly not Wynn?

VINCENT:

There's no reason why you shouldn't know it! I was *obsessed* with that game as a kid, it was so damn popular.

WYNN:

Okay, well, I was a *Mario Kart* kid, have you ever heard of *that*?

VINCENT:

Of course I have! Everyone has! But you're telling me you've never heard of *The Sims*?

WYNN:

I feel like we're going in a circle.

VINCENT:

Yeah, that's because you keep following. *Stop following me.*

WYNN:

Vincent, come on. You *just* promised you'd be nicer to me.

[Both stop walking.]

VINCENT:

Ugh... yeah. I know. I did. Sorry, force of habit, I just... I don't understand how you've never heard of *The Sims*.

WYNN:

Well, I don't understand how you just had a conversation with a Generic right now. You actually understood all that?

VINCENT:

Somewhat. I just kind of... *knew* what he was saying, if that makes sense? Have they... have they always spoken English to you?!

WYNN:

Yes??? I thought they spoke English to *you*! Don't you have regular conversations with an Eric at the beauty supply shop?

VINCENT:

Yeah, and he speaks in 100% Simlish.

WYNN:

That's... that's just *really* weird. Maybe we should get a third point of view? I wonder how everyone speaks to Elektra.

VINCENT:

Let's not drag Elektra in this when you're a walking death flag.

[VINCENT starts to walk, then gasps.]

VINCENT:

Jesus Christ! *[Heavy breathing, like she's having a panic attack.]*

WYNN:

Vincent? Hey, are you having a panic attack?

[No reply. VINCENT continues having a panic attack.]

WYNN, CONT.:

It's okay. Um, I'm here. I don't, uh... I don't know if that helps out, but... I'm here. Unless you need space. Do you need space?

VINCENT:

[Still hyperventilating] Nuh-uh.

WYNN:

Then I'm here for you. It's gonna be okay.

[VINCENT eventually calms down.]

VINCENT:

...Thanks. Wynn, can you do me a favor? Can you look in the reflection of that shop? Do you... do you see the three people standing there? Two girls and a guy.

WYNN:

I don't see anyone there, no.

VINCENT:

Thanks. Okay, I'm good.

WYNN:

Are you sure? Do you want to talk about what made you—

VINCENT:

Wynn, you're dying. One thing at a time.

WYNN:

But you've never had panic attacks before...

VINCENT:

No, I— I have. But focusing on something else usually helps to keep me moving, so again, I— I'd rather we fix your problem first.

WYNN:

[Unsure] Okay...

[VINCENT opens up her flip phone.]

VINCENT:

I've been keeping track of the time since the last death. It's been about 5 minutes since the anvil fell and, before that, 15 minutes since you died. I assume that if you actually die, you get a 15 minute break before the next thing tries to kill you. Maybe less if you don't.

WYNN:

Okay, *that's* not good. I don't want to go my entire life dying every 15 minutes, Vincent.

VINCENT:

Trust me, I'd rather not be a witness to your many deaths either. God knows I won't cope well. But there has to be a way to end this. What if—

WYNN:

I'm not going to commit suicide.

VINCENT:

Whoa, I *wasn't* going to suggest that!

WYNN:

Just making sure!

VINCENT:

Fuck, dude, am I *that* terrible to you that you'd think I would actually say that?

WYNN:

...No, you're not. Sorry, it was just a thought. Every death has been an accident— what if one way to end it was for it to be intentional?

VINCENT:

That shit only works in *dreams*. Christ, Wynn.

WYNN:

I'm sorry!

VINCENT:

That's... not really something you should be apologizing for. Anyway, when did the whole dying thing start?

WYNN:

As soon as I stepped outside. I was on my way to work when I stopped to tie my shoe. Then a car came out of nowhere and pinned me to the building next to me.

VINCENT:

Okay—

WYNN:

And then it exploded.

VINCENT:

What?!

WYNN:

The car. It exploded.

[Beat.]

WYNN, CONT.:

It's right across the street of the bank, if you want to go see my corpse.

VINCENT:

Absolutely not. Let's try to avoid your corpses today as much as possible, okay?

WYNN:

Alright, but we're going to want to loop around the park if avoiding my corpses is something you want to do.

VINCENT:

For fuck's sake...

WYNN:

It's not my fault!

VINCENT:

I *know*. It just... alright, fine. Let's keep moving.

[The two start walking.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

At the very least, we can avoid falling... everything, apparently.

[Beat.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Hey, so...I know you said you've been dying all day. What about yesterday?

WYNN:

Uh, no. It all started today.

VINCENT:

The day before yesterday?

WYNN:

Nope, still pretty alive 2 days ago.

VINCENT:

Okay... um. Do you remember dying at all before today?

WYNN:

No. I'm 100% sure I have never died before today. What's with this line of questioning?

VINCENT:

Okay, here's the thing.

[VINCENT stops. WYNN stops too.]

WYNN:

Yeah?

VINCENT:

Hey, look up at that street sign. What does it say?

WYNN:

Uh... I... can't read it.

VINCENT:

Me neither. That wasn't always like that, right?

WYNN:

Can't say it was?

VINCENT:

Oh. Good. I know what's happening then.

WYNN:

You do?

VINCENT:

We're in a dream.

WYNN:

...I'm sorry, *what?* What do you mean, we're in a dream?

VINCENT:

In a dream, you can't read. Something about that part of your brain being shut off or something.
[Sighs.] How disappointing.

WYNN:

Disappointing? I'm dying. And it feels *way* too real for it to be a dream.

VINCENT:

Well, it's not real, okay! I don't know what to— Ow! Did you just pinch me?

WYNN:

I did. And *that* hurt, didn't it?

VINCENT:

Y— yeah?

WYNN:

[With growing anger] Then imagine how much worse it is for me. Listen, I *refuse* to believe that after getting hit by a car, being smashed by a piano *and* an anvil, getting blown up *twice*— I refuse to believe this isn't happening to me, okay? I just. No.

VINCENT:

Okay, yeah, no, you're right. That's fair. I'm not saying this isn't *real* or that *you're* not real. I'm saying...

WYNN:

What now?

VINCENT:

I have an idea. But you have to stand perfectly still and not move for at least... five more minutes.

WYNN:

What? Why?

VINCENT:

Just trust me.

WYNN:

Why can't you just tell me? See, this is another reason why we have so many fights. 'Cause you don't trust me enough to—

[Two slide whistles.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Why is it starting early?

VINCENT:

Just stand still, okay? It'll be over soon, I promise.

WYNN:

No, fuck that!

[WYNN starts running. VINCENT runs after him.]

VINCENT:

Wynn, *please*—

WYNN:

How am I supposed to trust you when you won't trust me?!

VINCENT:

Slow down!

WYNN:

I don't want to keep dying, Vincent!

VINCENT:

You won't!

WYNN:

How do you know that?

VINCENT:

Because I will.

[WYNN skids to a stop. VINCENT catches up.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Sorry, Wynn.

WYNN:

Vincent, no—

[A clang as an anvil falls on VINCENT. WYNN shakes off his bedsheets.]

WYNN:

Vincent!!!

WYNN, CONT.

[Quietly] Vincent?

WYNN, CONT.:

A dream. It was just a dream.

[Scene change. WYNN is frantically ringing the doorbell. VINCENT opens the door.]

VINCENT:

Wynn, what the hell, it's 3am...

[WYNN hugs VINCENT.]

WYNN:

I didn't ask you to do that. I would *never* ask you to do that.

VINCENT:

Well, I was right, wasn't I? It was a dream. A shitty, shared dream.

WYNN:

Don't... don't ever do that again. Promise me you'll *never* sacrifice yourself like that again.

VINCENT:

Okay? I won't. I promise.

WYNN:

Good.

VINCENT:

You... ran all this way?

WYNN:

Wanted to make sure you really *did* wake up and didn't just...

[Pause.]

VINCENT:

Well. It's 3am. Do you want to stay over? We don't have an air mattress but I can roll out a yoga mat and give you extra sheets.

WYNN:

Won't your parents be upset?

VINCENT:

Not really. They're pretty deep sleepers. They didn't even wake up through all that noise. As long as we sneak you out before they wake up at 8, we should be fine.

WYNN:

Alright. Thanks.

[VINCENT closes the door. She sighs.]

VINCENT:

That really *did* hurt.

RHYS:

Voice of Wynn was **Chris Quinby**. Voice of Vincent was **Rhys Tirado**. If you'd like to support the show, please join our Patreon, which will be linked in the show notes.