

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

RHYS:

Overbrook Episode 10: Edge of Sanity. Content warning: major character death and car crash.

[LOCKE hums to himself as he walks through the hall. He takes a key out of his pocket, unlocks a door, and walks in. The congregants in the room all hiss around him in otherworldly whispering tones, but ultimately hush as LOCKE steps up to a podium.]

LOCKE:

Thank you all for coming to our summer sermon and theater camp. I know that these summer months can be a bit difficult to manage, what with all of us wearing these heavy black robes and it being damn near 90 degrees most days... *[Sighs.]* But the Bones Beneath will look favorably upon you all for your commitment.

LOCKE:

First order of business; a river of coffee has begun flowing down Willerbee, nearly flooding most of the north section of the town. It is quickly being drained by the bottomless potholes both on East Bath and Lara Lane; however, as such, both our members, Kyle and Ygdragoth are unable to make it.

[LOCKE snorts as he thinks of something.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

[Trying to hold back laughter] I suspect the culprit of the coffee cascade is none other than our resident Lighthouse, Wynn Elmhearst. *[Small laugh.]* Knowing him, he locked himself in a room and drowned to death, or the hot coffee boiled him alive, *or—*

[LOCKE can't hold the laughter back anymore.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

Or! Or he slipped, hit his head hard enough to pass out, and *then* drowned to death!

[LOCKE breaks out in uncontrollable laughter.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

What a fucking idiotic way to go! *God!* You'd think Vincent would take some *joy* out of it, huh? I mean... what does she expect? He's the fucking Lighthouse! That's what they *do*.

[LOCKE laughs again, less so this time.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

Not that she'll listen to me. She *never* listens to me. It's always "Locke, you're a creep" this and "Locke, you're a pathological liar" that.

[The congregants begin to hiss to each other in hushed, whispering tones. LOCKE slams his fist against the podium three times.]

LOCKE:

[Frustrated] Alright!

[The congregants go silent.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

Let's not get too upset! It's only *natural* for Vincent to disregard my warnings. After all, she doesn't see the way *I* see. She doesn't *get* these visions. Visions of cannibalism and black skies, visions of credit card companies building themselves on top of ruins. She doesn't *see* the timelines. She *can't* see that for every decision she makes or he makes or that anyone else in our Overbrook makes... there's a *different* decision in *another* Overbrook. In *this* Overbrook, I greet a wonderful room of committed community members...

[There is a sharp, metallic sound like rushing wind. The room suddenly is suddenly empty, and LOCKE is alone.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

...And in another Overbrook, I am alone. In a dimly-lit basement not unlike this one, but alone nonetheless.

[The whispers come back as LOCKE returns to his original room. They then quickly die back down.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

In that Overbrook, I still have a sister, and I eat breakfast with her that morning, and every morning before that.

LOCKE, CONT.:

[Darkly] Rows upon rows of Overbrooks, stacked on each other like Jenga. When one thing moves out from Overbrook, it gets put back right at the top of the new one. I see the movements in each one, the way an arm may tap a block to see just how *easily* it'll come loose. I see people both moving and still. The choices they make and the path they take.

LOCKE, CONT.:

It doesn't take much, really. Every slight turn of the head is another peek through the fold.

[Murmuring] A kaleidoscope of possibilities...

[LOCKE takes an uncomfortably long pause. Then, suddenly, a shimmering sound as LOCKE takes a look into another timeline.]

LOCKE:

There's an elevator in town. A building with red bricks and rusted windows where the residents there avoid the elevator. They don't know *why* they do it, but they do it because it is what they *have* to do. These faceless residents, for whatever reason, walk up and down several flights of stairs to avoid the elevator.

LOCKE, CONT.:

It's a sleek elevator; the light it emits is warm and inviting. If anyone else were to move into this small apartment complex, they might even be tempted to go inside. Nonetheless, the faceless residents don't. But those *with* faces? Those with eyes and a nose and ears— outsiders who came to live within Overbrook— may take the elevator on a particularly taxing day.

LOCKE, CONT.:

...In another timeline, Vincent would notice this. Moving into this apartment complex, she would note the elevator with wide doors and a glow that made you want to bask in it. The button is dusty, like no one had ever dared push it. When she walks towards it, she notes a cobweb. The elevator hums. It is waiting. And when the door to the stairs squeaks open and a faceless resident enters it, preferring the flights to a quick ride, Vincent nods and understands. This elevator is *not* to be trusted.

LOCKE, CONT.:

In another timeline, the elevator is *always* full. Faceless residents stand in line to take it even one flight. Once they go up, they wait until they can take it back down. They are excited, *eager* even, to ride the elevator. Vincent nods and understands. These residents are *freaks*.

LOCKE, CONT.:

In that timeline, I ride the elevator all the time with my older brother. There's nothing of note about it. It's simply just an elevator.

[LOCKE steps away from the podium and stops.]

LOCKE:

There's an Overbrook with an obelisk in the center. It's cylindrical and slick to the touch, also humming— you'd be surprised by the amount of things in Overbrook that hum, like it wants to keep... *reminding* you it's alive. Or maybe... it wants to sing you a song, but has no mouth. There's a story like that, I think, except singing isn't what that person wants to do at all.

[LOCKE lets out a small laugh.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

[*Confused, to self*] Where was I? [*Remembering*] The obelisk! Right, the obelisk, uh... The obelisk is so tall, it blocks out the sun; a mile-long shadow that cuts through the town and when you step through it, you can't help but shiver.

LOCKE:

In another Overbrook, one where the streets are always flooded, people have to get around on a web of interconnecting bridges. This is difficult. There's always traffic. And some bridges aren't real. They *look* real, even— solid enough— but you step over them, you go straight through it into the dark waters below. There's nothing in the waters that is fit for human eyes.

[LOCKE giggles.]

LOCKE:

It's a good thing the residents in Overbrook don't have eyes then, huh? [*Another laugh, mixed with a sigh.*] What is it that Vincent and Wynn call the residents? Generics? Jen and Erics? Not very creative, and honestly, if my head was the shape of an ice cream scoop, I'd be offended myself. But I guess these names that Vincent comes up with aren't meant to be *flattering*, they're meant to be... *descriptive*, I suppose.

LOCKE, CONT.:

Sometimes she's right. Other times, she's wrong. Like with us. She calls us a cult. Did you know that? Absolutely inaccurate, abysmally wrong— I mean, sure, we all wear these black robes and convene at odd hours, and yes, my visions are *prophetic*. But a cult... [*Snort-laugh.*] ...Is simply an egregious accusation.

LOCKE, CONT.:

[*Cheerfully*] We're a *theatre group*. We tell stories, perform plays, and above all... we *entertain*. That's really what we're here for, isn't it? To have fun? Who *cares* if the plays are about my visions, really? It makes for good content. Content that is a—

[*The sound of rushing, whistling wind.*]

LOCKE, CONT.:

Oh, hold that thought, new vision incoming.

LOCKE:

This one... is about a girl named Mae. Freshly 18, an out-of-towner moving to Overbrook for college. She's... *confused*, honestly. Of the numerous colleges she applied to, she *certainly* doesn't remember applying to Overbrook Community College. But who was she to deny early acceptance with a full scholarship? Not to mention free room and board. Do community colleges even *have* dorms? She wouldn't know, obviously— she's never been.

LOCKE,, CONT.:

Her high school counselor was skeptical. Rightfully so, really. Mrs. Ramirez had never heard of Overbrook before, but there was a website and it seemed to be an accredited institution. Best of all, it was out and away from her hometown. Away from the same old, same old schedules, the same old people she's known since kindergarten, and were even present during the "weed pizza" incident.

[LOCKE takes a moment and whistles.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

And I thought *Overbrook* was a small town. This chick was *way* too known in her community. Too... visible. I guess it makes sense that Overbrook found her when it did; she was *desperate* to leave, to feel anonymous again. And what better way to feel anonymous than to go to school in a town with faceless residents, where death lurked on every corner? Very few actual humans to speak of here, honestly. If you're lucky, you die. If you're unlucky... well.

[Beat.]

LOCKE:

Mae packed. Whatever she thought she'd need— and whatever she thought she wouldn't, but still wanted for comfort— she packed everything she could into two medium sized suitcases. Her goal was to get an on-campus job immediately and buy anything else she was going to need. Her dream job would've been to manage the social media accounts of Overbrook— they were *painfully* out of date, with only a single MySpace page and an empty Twitter. But she'd settle for working in the dining hall... assuming a community college even had *that*.

LOCKE,, CONT.:

She'd miss her dog. She knew that much. Her dog was this yappy little chihuahua named Buck; who never yapped around her, so she rightly assumed that she was Buck's favorite. But on this

particular day, when she was loading her suitcases into the old trunk of the beater car that her dad let her take, Buck made a new sound that Mae never heard. Buck *whined*.

LOCKE, CONT.:

His eyes were wide and he shook while looking towards Mae. She could see her own reflection in those big black pupils, and it was then she noticed Buck wasn't so much looking *at* her as he was looking *around* her. His eyes landed just above her shoulders, like some invisible force held its hands right there and stared back at him with a mocking grin. At least... that's what Mae imagined. Her imagination was always getting the best of her.

[LOCKE lets out a small chuckle.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

She chuckled to herself and pet Buck one last time, promising that she'd be back for fall or Thanksgiving break, whichever came first. She hugged her parents, stepped into her car, and rode off in the direction of the sun.

LOCKE:

It was halfway there that she wondered to herself why she never thought to visit first. That's what most of the kids in her class did, anyway. They visited the colleges they wanted to go to. It helped them decide whether or not they would actually enjoy their time there. But Mae didn't do this, no. In fact, it never occurred to her that she *should* visit Overbrook. The other colleges she applied to were out of state, so obviously she couldn't just take a plane out of there, but this college? It was less than 4 hours away, according to her GPS. She could have at least gone during the weekend.

LOCKE, CONT.:

Suddenly, Mae was very nervous. She chose Overbrook because it was the cheapest and out of town, but not *so* far away that she couldn't pop back home for snuggles with Buck. But what if OCC was terrible? What if it was nothing like the website? She would *hate* to have to make the trek back home, unload her suitcases, and spend the rest of her year trapped in the suburban hell that was... uh... wherever she's from.

LOCKE, CONT.:

[Stumbling slightly] Sorry, these visions don't extend much further than Overbrook. Either way, she was terrified that this would be one massive mistake. But then she rolled into town. And it seemed so *peaceful*. The roads were a little weird, some potholes here and there, but nothing she couldn't handle, and the people were so nice! They waved as she drove by, the lawns of the houses were neatly trimmed, and look! There was even a museum in town! Maybe this wasn't a massive mistake after all.

LOCKE:

It took Mae a while to find the housing complex she was looking for. She kept getting sidetracked by the cute little shops she saw lined up in a row. There was even one that looked like an antique shop! A boy her age with brown hair and a blank expression was sweeping the sidewalk out front. He was actually kind of cute if it wasn't for that [*with disgust*] "Eat, Sleep, Game" shirt he wore, paired with... khaki shorts. The guy needed a better wardrobe, for sure.

LOCKE:

The housing complex wasn't that far from the college, so she opted to find the college first, then work her way from there. One thing she noticed about this town that was very opposite from hers, was that it didn't hesitate to let the trees in. Directly in town, on the other side of a residential area, there was a small forest which looked very picturesque. She could imagine going out there to have a small picnic, if she wanted to.

LOCKE, CONT.:

On the other side of the forest, was the college. The buildings were... fine, she supposed. They were brown and beige in all the most boring places, nothing sleek or collegiate about it at all, but... maybe that was just her judging it from the outside. After all, she hadn't gone *inside* at all.

LOCKE, CONT.:

And she wouldn't—at least not yet. Because Mae was starting to get hungry and she *still* hadn't made it to her room. That was now her top priority. No more looking around, no more procrastinating, she was going straight to the housing complex, grab her keys, and throw her suitcases into her room before she even *blinked* in the direction of another landmark.

LOCKE:

She circled the block. Once. Twice. Three times. On the fourth time, she finally found what she was looking for. A chalk-drawn arrow on the sidewalk labeled "HOUSING." That was a weird way to announce where to go, but Mae was on the verge of pulling out all her hair, so she would take it.

LOCKE, CONT.:

She followed the sign all the way past a parking lot and a park. There was a family in the park, she noticed. A mom, a dad, and two small children. The children were on swings, going back and forth and back and forth and back and forth in unison. They pumped their legs at the same time and looked out at the horizon. The sun was setting. And Mae *still* hadn't found her room.

LOCKE:

Now she was getting frustrated. What kind of college made it *this* difficult for students to find their room? Was this a prank? The possibilities were not kind to her. She pressed on the gas to hopefully get closer to her room.

LOCKE, CONT.:

She found another chalk arrow. It was pointed straight at a brick wall. Mae got out of her car, stood in front of the damn thing, crossed her arms and took deep breaths. She was seriously going to have a meltdown if some guy with a camera didn't turn the corner to surprise her with the knowledge she was being *pranked*. Or maybe she would have a meltdown even *if* that happened. The jury was still out.

[LOCKE sighs.]

LOCKE:

Poor Mae. At this point, she's almost certain she's losing her mind. She just stands there and looks to the nearest pedestrian. A Black girl to her, but to us it's our wonderful journalist, Vincent. Only walking by, on her way to La Vida Mocha, when Mae stops her to ask if she was also a student at OCC.

LOCKE, CONT.:

Vincent gives her a look up and down, like she's not sure if she wants to get involved in *[audible gesturing]* whatever was going on with her, but finally gives in. "Yes," she says. "I am." Finally, Mae lets out a long sigh and asks where the housing complex was for new out-of-town students. This is when Vincent's smile gives her away. "You're from out of town?" She laughs. "Good fucking luck." *[Angrily]* And then she *walks away!*

[LOCKE hits something.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

[Steadily getting angrier] Because of *course* she does. It's been *years* since she tried to befriend other humans in Overbrook, and she was *damned* if she tried again. But what a *heartless* move! Who does that?! Just laughs and walks away?! You'd think it'd kill her to be *nice* for once?! Did you know that one time, she pushed our friend down the stairs and blamed him when he broke a rib?

[The congregants begin to murmur to each other.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

No, really— You had to be there. It was just, like so... *[To self]* Shoot. Let me not get ahead of myself, this vision is about *Mae*. Not Vincent.

[The congregants quiet down.]

LOCKE:

Anyway. Mae just looks disheartened as she watches Vincent walk away. Really, Mae's sanity is hanging on by a thread. So she goes back to her car, puts it in drive, and she keeps looping around town. The gas is getting low, but she doesn't stop for anything. She needs to clear her head, and a long drive has always helped her do that, even if her stomach was in the process of gnawing through her abdomen.

LOCKE,, CONT.:

So she drives. Back past the park and around the college. She doesn't notice how, in the rearview mirror, the same parents in the parks are now swinging by their necks. She doesn't even notice how the students' faces at the college seem... malleable. Like she's looking at a first grader's best impression of a face using clay.

LOCKE, CONT.:

She wouldn't, of course. She's only trying to find her room. The sun is about to set. The town is awash in an orange glow, like a hazy summer day that never ends. Mae finds the same antique store and the same brown-haired guy out front. He's talking with the same Black girl that—while he's locking up for the day. Mae screeches to a halt in front of the store, she jumps out of the car, she's *hungry*, she's at the end of her rope. "What the fuck is up with this place?!" She asks.

LOCKE:

The Black girl raises an eyebrow but doesn't answer. The brown-haired guy is *stunned*. He looks between both of them before he addresses Mae.

LOCKE, CONT.:

"Hi," he says. "Can I help you?" He's so fucking *pitiful* when he asks this that it somehow helps the girl calm down. She clears her throat, almost aware of how insane she looks by parking halfway on the sidewalk. "Sorry," she says, "I'm just trying to find out where my room is. I'm supposed to be starting at OCC."

LOCKE, CONT.:

The guy blinks. His jaw opens and looks at the Black girl. She's rolling her eyes and doesn't answer. "Vincent," he says, "come on." And she groans because God, she really wasn't trying to get mixed up in all of this.

LOCKE, CONT.:

“Do you know where it’s supposed to be?” She asks. Mae goes, “I was following the chalk outline that says ‘housing?’”

LOCKE, , CONT.:

The girl freezes. Looks at the guy, then asks Mae; “You didn’t go in the opposite direction, did you?”

LOCKE:

And *that’s* when things break bad. Mae goes “um, I mean, it went to a brick wall, so I had to go back.” The Black girl grabs the brown-haired guy and pushes Mae back into her car. She jumps into the backseat and practically screams at Mae, “drive!” And she does. She hits the gas pretty *fucking* hard, so that everyone’s thrown back. When Mae looks in her rearview mirror, that’s when she notices something very odd. Something that doesn’t seem quite right.

[LOCKE steps away from the podium.]

LOCKE:

You know, there are lots of *things* lurking in Overbrook. Many things which don’t even have any sense, at least... not according to Vincent. Rules that can’t be broken, or maybe they *can* be, just on every alternating Thursday. Things are mostly safe in town, but even those that are never *truly* are. Like the Infinite Coffee at La Vida Mocha. It doesn’t matter if you put a single drop in a second container. That single drop will just grow until it overflows, spilling out onto the street and filling every bottomless pothole it finds.

LOCKE, CONT.:

The rule with the chalk arrows, Vincent finds, is that if you start following them, you have to keep going. If you turn back, if you go exactly the same way you came, things in your rearview mirror are more twisted and closer than they appear. In this case, it was a figure. No matter how far Mae drove, no matter how hard she hit the gas, the figure stood exactly in the same place in the mirror, yet somehow *closer*.

LOCKE, CONT.:

You see, when Mae circled back until she interacted with Wynn and Vincent, well, that pulled them into this little pocket world that Mae found herself in. A pocket world in which there were only *two* ways of getting out of there.

[LOCKE clears his throat.]

LOCKE:

Ugh. God, I'm thirsty. Where's my water? There's usually supposed to be water at the podium by now— Steve, did you forget my water? Or was it Zalanx's turn this week?

[Someone walks up to LOCKE and hands him a metal water bottle. LOCKE opens it and takes a drink, then closes it back up and puts it down.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

Ah, thank you. Now, where was I?

LOCKE:

[Breathlessly, accelerating] Right, they were in the car, there was something in the rearview mirror that was getting closer the further they drove. Mae was confused at first. Then immediately the adrenaline shot up because, silly her, she's the one who was supposed to be driving. Vincent yells "*keep your fucking eyes on the road!*" But Mae's screaming "*what the hell is that?!*" Wynn's all "*why are we being chased?*" And Vincent isn't answering that question at all not because she finds it inane (though she does, of course), but because she doesn't *know*.

LOCKE, CONT.:

And on and on this goes, just rubber burning against the road, the setting sun in their eyes, and a black dot becoming more all consuming in the rearview mirror, screams filling the car, hearts beating loudly in their ears, they almost don't notice the small cat running across the street, Vincent yells, *Watch out for Einstein!* Mae hits the brakes—

[LOCKE stops to catch his breath.]

LOCKE, CONT.:

[Slower] The car skids, drifts in a circle until it hits something big and immovable— the brick wall. Everyone lurches forward and when the dust settles, Vincent slowly looks up. In the rearview mirror, she doesn't see the moving dot at all. All she can see is Wynn's broken neck. Mae, in the driver's seat, hasn't come away from this unscathed. Her arm is somehow dislocated, and as she cries out for her mother, Vincent unbuckles her seatbelt and gets out of her car. She walks home, ever the heartless journalist.

[Beat.]

LOCKE:

It wasn't until the ambulance arrived for Wynn's body that Mae finally noticed— these people don't have faces at all. They move and act and speak as though they do, and she fully understands them, though she isn't sure how this is possible. She thinks it's a symptom of shock. The car accident was so horrific that her mind just isn't *processing* it.

LOCKE:

She finds her room. It's not exactly a dorm room, but a studio apartment just beyond the original brick wall that the chalk arrow was pointing to. Some part of her feels stupid for never going around to check, the other part feels like she could go for a 3 week long coma, but her *entire* part feels terrible over Wynn's fate. Never knowing his name and thus, not knowing where his funeral would be, she decides to do the one decent thing she can since she first came to town.

LOCKE, CONT.:

She picks up a bouquet of flowers and brings them to the antique shop where initially met him. Mae sets it down just next to the door, a small altar for the kind boy who actually said "hello" to her on her first day. But then, right before she takes a step back, the door of the antique store opens. And right there stands Wynn.

LOCKE, CONT.:

And she *screams*.

[A deafening silence. Then, the congregants start murmuring to each other.]

LOCKE:

[Cheerfully] Honestly, I think we could workshop that into a pretty good play. What do you think of "The Misfortune of One Ophelia Mae?" I know Ophelia is in her *last* name, but I think it adds some class. We can also workshop the car scene to be something different if we actually want to keep it on the stage...

[Fade out as LOCKE speaks to the congregants, planning out the logistics of this play.]

RHYS:

This episode was written by me, **Rhys Tirado**. Voice of Locke was **Ford Blue**. Listeners, we've come to the end of season one, and I just want to thank you so much for coming back every two weeks to listen to *Overbrook*. It means so much to us.

RHYS, CONT.:

While we work on bringing you season two, we'll also be releasing episode bloopers, horoscopes by Locke, and we'll even be doing a Q&A episode. So if you have any questions you want us to answer, you can either tweet them at us on Twitter [@OverbrookPod](https://twitter.com/OverbrookPod), you can send an ask to our Tumblr overbrookpod.tumblr.com, or you can just email us at overbrookpod@protonmail.com.

RHYS, CONT.:

Again, thank you so much for listening. And as always, if you'd like to support the show, please join our Patreon, which will be linked in the show notes.