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

RHYS:

Overbook Episode 19: Slushies. Content warning: Mentions of child abuse.

[The opening theme fades out.]

[VINCENT and her family are eating dinner; their utensils scrape against their plates.]

VINCENT:

Hey, Mom? There's something I've been wanting to talk to you about.

[Scene change. ELEKTRA walks into WYNN's store. The bell above the door rings.]

WYNN:

Welcome to— Oh. Uh. Hey, Elektra.

ELEKTRA:

Hey.

[Awkward pause.]

WYNN:

Uh, feel free to look around.

[ELEKTRA walks up to the counter.]

ELEKTRA:

So… uh… How's everything been?

WYNN:

Good. Mostly slow here, but otherwise good.

ELEKTRA:

Mhm. *[Pause.]* You haven't… I mean, *we* haven't hung out in a while.

WYNN:

I've— I've been busy. You know, trying to get this weird stench out of my house. It keeps coming back.

ELEKTRA:

Right. *[Pause.]* So have you spoken to—

WYNN:

Nope!

[WYNN walks away as quickly as he can.]

ELEKTRA:

Wynn, you can't avoid me forever!

WYNN:

[Far away] Not with that attitude!

ELEKTRA:

I literally know where you live!

[A pause as Elektra thinks.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

Really? Are you going to break your mother's heart by telling her you *won't* ask for my hand in marriage?

[WYNN quickly walks back.]

WYNN:

Don't— don't yell that! You're going to give the other customers the wrong idea.

ELEKTRA:

What other customers?!

[WYNN looks around. There are no other customers.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

You are *insanely* easy to bait.

WYNN:

[Quietly] That was very mean of you.

ELEKTRA:

Not any meaner than you avoiding me. It's not like *I've* been keeping the secret for years. Why am *I* the one getting punished?

WYNN:

Because you're just going to ask about *her*, and I don't want to talk about her.

ELEKTRA:

Fine. I won't ask! Happy?

[Beat.]

WYNN:

I'll be happy if you help me do inventory in the back.

ELEKTRA:

Wow, so you're going to guilt me into making your job easier?

WYNN:

Ok, listen, it's already a slow day, this is the best day to get inventory done. Please…?

ELEKTRA:

Hmm… Fine, but you're buying me a slushy after this.

WYNN:

Where are they selling *slushies?*

ELEKTRA:

This place, called "A Slush With Death." Apparently they make every drink with activated charcoal. Not ideal if you're on any kind of medication, but otherwise a fun gimmick.

WYNN:

Huh, Sounds weird but, you know, alright, I'll buy you a slushy after work.

[WYNN and ELEKTRA walk through the door to the back storage room.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Alright, let's start from the back.

ELEKTRA:

[Coughing] Why is it so dusty back here? Don't you ever clean?!

WYNN:

I do, but… it literally keeps coming back the next day. I don't know why that is. I mean, even for an antique shop, it's a little even on the nose.

ELEKTRA:

Well, no one's ever called this town "subtle."

WYNN:

[To self] Right. *[To ELEKTRA]* Here's a clipboard, just check off whatever we have and mark down how much we have left of it. I'll be on the other side.

[ELEKTRA walks over to a pile of plates and gives them a quick once-over.]

ELEKTRA:

Plates look all accounted for!

[ELEKTRA marks that down on her clipboard.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

[Calling over her shoulder] Hey Wynn? What's this?

WYNN:

What?

ELEKTRA:

Why do you have something called "Cursed Cool Cam?"

WYNN:

Oh, is that the Polaroid?

ELEKTRA:

Mhm.

WYNN:

Yeah, that's been here longer than I've worked here. Not really sure what the deal with that is.

ELEKTRA:

…I feel like the "deal" is that it's cursed.

[WYNN walks over.]

WYNN:

Half the things people bring in here are supposed to be cursed, but I've never dealt with any bad luck.

[Beat.]

ELEKTRA:

Wynn. You *literally* keep dying.

WYNN:

[Realization hits] Fuck! Okay, wait a minute, how long have I been dying for? Cuz I've only been working here for—

[The Cursed Cool Cam snaps a picture.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Shit.

[The picture develops and prints out of the Cursed Cool Cam.]

ELEKTRA:

Did you just take my photo?

WYNN:

I— I thought it wasn't working!

ELEKTRA:

Great! I'm gonna die. *[Sighs.]*

WYNN:

You don't know that.

ELEKTRA:

Says the person who *routinely dies*.

WYNN:

Okay, but *I* come back, so maybe you'll also come back?

[WYNN looks at the photo.]

ELEKTRA:

Don't look at the photo!

WYNN:

What? It's fine. Yeah, see? It's just you standing there. Nothing creepy about it.

ELEKTRA:

Check the background.

WYNN:

…Wh— *That?!* That's no— That's just a smudge. It's… probably nothing.

ELEKTRA:

[Resigned] I'm gonna fucking die.

[A deep thud comes from outside.]

WYNN:

What was that?

ELEKTRA:

Probably my death, coming closer.

[More thuds. It sounds like they're… footsteps.]

WYNN:

No, no, it sounded like it was coming from outside.

[ELEKTRA walks over to the front door of the shop and peeks out. The bell above it rings.]

ELEKTRA:

Is that Vincent— WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT CHASING HER.

WYNN:

[Quietly] That's… her mom.

ELEKTRA:

THAT'S HER *WHAT?!*

[ELEKTRA closes the door.]

WYNN:

[Quietly] Her mom. Don't worry. I'm sure she's fine.

[ELEKTRA walks back.]

ELEKTRA:

…Wanna talk about it?

WYNN:

I really don't. I just want to… forget it.

ELEKTRA:

Right. Yeah.

WYNN:

I'll be in the back.

[WYNN walks into the back. ELEKTRA shifts on her feet and accidentally knocks over a plate. It shatters on the ground.]

ELEKTRA:

Shit!

[Beat.]

WYNN:

[From the other room] Um, Elektra?

ELEKTRA:

[Everything is clearly not fine] Everything's fine!

WYNN:

[From the other room] Did you accidentally break one of the porcelain plates?

[WYNN walks back over to ELEKTRA.]

ELEKTRA:

Uh… Yeah… Sorry. Why— Are they gonna make you pay for it?

WYNN:

N— no, I don't think so. *[Stammering]* I was asking because a new photo just came out of the Polaroid, and it's of you standing over a broken plate.

ELEKTRA:

I wasn't even in the same *room* as the damn camera!

WYNN:

I know, I know, I— I'm sorry…

ELEKTRA:

And is the… *[Quieter]* is the thing still there? In the background?

WYNN:

Uh… It moved just a bit closer?

ELEKTRA:

Oh my god.

WYNN:

I'm sure it's nothing.

ELEKTRA:

[Sighs.] Alright, how much is the camera?

WYNN:

Twenty bucks. Why?

[ELEKTRA pulls twenty bucks out of her wallet and hands it to WYNN.]

ELEKTRA:

I'm buying it. Finish inventory yourself.

[ELEKTRA starts walking away.]

WYNN:

Where are you going?

ELEKTRA:

To find Vincent. I get it, you hate her for keeping such a big secret from you, but my *life* is on the line now, and I would like to keep living.

[ELEKTRA opens the front door.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

I'll find a way to call you if I get this figured out.

WYNN:

If?!

ELEKTRA:

Can't call you if I'm dead, right?

[Scene change. ELEKTRA is walking around outside, searching for VINCENT.]

ELEKTRA:

[Whispering] Vincent? Vincent, are you there?

[ELEKTRA continues walking.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

[Mumbling to self] Looking for Vincent would be a lot easier if I had my cell phone.

VINCENT:

No it wouldn't.

ELEKTRA:

[Startled] WHAT THE— JESUS—!!!

[VINCENT gets out of the back of the pickup truck she was hiding in.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

[Huge exhale.] Vincent, you can't just hide in the back of someone else's *pickup truck.*

VINCENT:

[Flatly] Keep that energy when my mom is chasing you. Why were you looking for me?

ELEKTRA:

Do you know anything about this camera?

VINCENT:

Is… that the cursed camera from Wynn's antique shop?

ELEKTRA:

[Sarcastic] Oh great, it has a reputation.

VINCENT:

You're not the only one who's helped Wynn do inventory. Why, what's wrong with it?

ELEKTRA:

Wynn accidentally took a picture of me and the photo that comes out shows something following me.

VINCENT:

Oh, a weird blotchy stain thing, right? Almost looks like it has eyes and teeth?

ELEKTRA:

You… *know* about it?

[Beat.]

VINCENT:

I knew the owner.

ELEKTRA:

"Knew?" *[Voice breaking slightly]* Past tense?

VINCENT:

One of them, at least. Uh, this thing has a tendency to change hands pretty fast.

[The Cursed Cool Cam prints another photo.]

ELEKTRA:

[Sarcastic] Great! An update on how close I am to dying. Lovely.

VINCENT:

Hm. According to this, it's down the street.

ELEKTRA:

Cool, how do I get it to stop?

[Beat.]

VINCENT:

…Stop doing what?

ELEKTRA:

Following me?! What is wrong with you? You used to be a little more on top of shit, now it's like you're… less.

VINCENT:

Less… what?

ELEKTRA:

Just… less *yourself.*

[Beat.]

VINCENT:

Huh. Might've been the medication, actually.

ELEKTRA:

What?

VINCENT:

But Locke said the charcoal should've washed most of the effects out, I think. Hm. *[Pause.]* Well, good luck.

[VINCENT starts walking away.]

ELEKTRA:

Wait! Can't you help me?

VINCENT:

With what?

ELEKTRA:

The camera, Vincent. For *fucks* sake.

VINCENT:

Oh, right. Uh… no. I— I can't.

ELEKTRA:

You don't have *any* ideas?

VINCENT:

Have you tried breaking it?

ELEKTRA:

Would that work?

VINCENT:

[Audibly shrugging her shoulders] I don't know.

ELEKTRA:

[Takes a deep breath.] Is there anything you *do* know about this camera?

VINCENT:

Umm… The previous owner died?

ELEKTRA:

[Sarcastic] Fabulous.

VINCENT:

Want to grab a coffee?

ELEKTRA:

I— what?

VINCENT:

You said that when I figure out how to be a "well-adjusted adult," we could go for a coffee. I feel pretty well-adjusted. Is now a good time?

[Beat.]

ELEKTRA:

…It is not.

VINCENT:

Oh. Okay.

[VINCENT walks away.]

ELEKTRA:

[To self] What the hell was that?!

[The Cursed Cool Cam prints out another photo. ELEKTRA groans, then chases after VINCENT.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

Vincent. Wait up. We can grab coffee *if* you help me figure out this camera situation.

VINCENT:

Oh. Okay.

[VINCENT takes another photo with the Cursed Cool Cam. It prints out a new photo.]

ELEKTRA:

What did you just do?

VINCENT:

Took a photo of myself. The thing should be after me now.

ELEKTRA:

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?!

VINCENT:

You said you didn't want it following you anymore. I figured this was the easiest way to do it. So… coffee?

ELEKTRA:

[Dumbfounded] I… um… Yeah, okay. Sure. Coffee.

[Scene change. ELEKTRA and VINCENT are sitting in a coffee shop. A coffee machine beeps in the background.]

VINCENT:

So how's everything?

[Coffee pours in the background.]

ELEKTRA:

…It's fine, I guess— Are you sure you're okay with the camera situation?

VINCENT:

It's probably fine.

ELEKTRA:

Probably?

[The Cursed Cool Cam prints out another photo.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

The thing is outside the cafe now.

[More coffee machine noises in the background.]

VINCENT:

Huh. Moves pretty slowly, doesn't it?

[VINCENT takes a sip of her coffee.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Anyway, how are your parents?

ELEKTRA:

Fine? Vincent, *seriously,* what are you going to do about this camera?

VINCENT:

[Ignoring her question] Okay, well how are *you* doing with your parents?

ELEKTRA:

[Exasperated] I— I don't know! They don't have eyes and their house is literally full of darkness all the time. The *camera*, Vincent. Can we *please* get back to this issue?

[Long pause.]

VINCENT:

What issue?

ELEKTRA:

[Audibly holding her head in her hands] Oh my god... Vincent. Vincent, there is… a weird creature coming after you. Something you can't see. Something that is *very* slowly following you and your *only* hint is whatever this cursed camera prints. Does that *not* freak you out at all?

VINCENT:

[Slowly] Mm. When you put it like that, it's not ideal…

ELEKTRA:

Yeah. I would fucking say so.

VINCENT:

I'm not too worried, though.

ELEKTRA:

And why is that.

VINCENT:

It'll probably work itself out.

ELEKTRA:

And if it doesn't?

VINCENT:

Then I'll die.

[ELEKTRA takes a deep breath.]

ELEKTRA:

[Slowly] And you're okay with that?

VINCENT:

No, I— I wouldn't say that I'm *okay* with it. But I don't think there's much I can do about it at this stage?

ELEKTRA:

You didn't have to take a picture of yourself, you know.

VINCENT:

But if I didn't, then *you* would die.

ELEKTRA:

Really? We're back to this again? *[Angry]* I didn't *ask* you to save me at your own expense.

VINCENT:

[Legitimately confused] Are… Are you upset?

ELEKTRA:

[Increasingly angry] Of course I'm upset! Here I am, worried about Wynn and you and your new personality change, but you're just doing the same shit you always do! Fuck!

[ELEKTRA takes a deep breath.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

[Quietly] I don't know what I expected.

[ELEKTRA gets up from her chair and starts to walk out. She pauses for a moment, then walks back over to VINCENT.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

Come on. Get up before that thing catches you.

[Pause.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

[Through gritted teeth] Let's *go.*

[VINCENT gets up.]

VINCENT:

Where are we going?

ELEKTRA:

Just keep walking.

[They keep walking.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

…So. Why was your mom chasing you?

VINCENT:

[Sadly] I told her I wanted to change my major. She didn't like that.

[They stop walking.]

ELEKTRA:

I thought it was something serious.

VINCENT:

To *her* it is. My parents have always wanted me to go into medicine like they did. Nothing else will cut it.

[Pause.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

It's kind of funny, in hindsight. I *knew* I'd never get to medical school, it's literally impossible, but I suffered through 3 years of being pre-med anyway.

[They start walking again.]

ELEKTRA:

Why would you *do* that?

VINCENT:

Thought I could buy myself some time. Or maybe I hoped she would change her mind eventually.

[They stop walking.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

But that never happened, and I guess part of me *knew* that wouldn't happen. That keeping the peace like this had an expiration date.

ELEKTRA:

What were you planning to do after graduation? You know, since there isn't a medical school around.

VINCENT:

You know, I never thought that far. *[Sighs.]* Just needed to get through each day. But then, after being in the therapist's office and hearing Wynn say that I was… *[Sighs again.]*

VINCENT, CONT.:

Anyway, I figured enough was enough. I— I couldn't keep going the way I was. Wanted to change something about me, *anything*. Decided my major was easiest to change, at least, before I told her about it. Then you came to me with this camera and I thought I could help, but I… I guess old habits die hard. Sorry.

[Long pause. They start walking again, then stop.]

ELEKTRA:

…So what is it you want to do instead?

VINCENT:

Writing. Maybe journalism, actually. I'm really good at documenting what I see, especially around town. And I've looked into it, we *do* have a newspaper. Writing for the Overbrook Tribune wouldn't be so bad.

ELEKTRA:

That sounds pretty cool.

VINCENT:

Mhm! And OCC tuition is pretty much free, so I don't have to worry about my parents threatening to not pay for it. My part-time job would even help cover the cost of books.

ELEKTRA:

Oh, cool. You have a job?

VINCENT:

Yeah! I work at A Slush with Death. If you come in when I'm working, I can use my employee discount to get you a slushy.

ELEKTRA:

[Realization hits] Oh…? Are you working today…?

VINCENT:

Yeah, later today. I should actually stop by my place to get my uniform, um… Why?

ELEKTRA:

Uh, no reason! Just thought I'd ask. How close are we to your place?

VINCENT:

Just around the corner. Though I'm kind of worried my mom will still be in a mood. Maybe you should hang back?

ELEKTRA:

I think I can handle myself.

VINCENT:

Okay.

[Short pause.]

ELEKTRA:

How long have you been working at A Slush with Death?

VINCENT:

Not long. Maybe a week or so before you came to town? I needed to get out of the house more.

[VINCENT stops walking.]

ELEKTRA:

This is a weird lot between houses.

[Pause. ELEKTRA stops walking too.]

ELEKTRA, CONT.:

Hm? Why'd you stop walking?

VINCENT:

That's… where *my* house used to be.

ELEKTRA:

What?

VINCENT:

My house is gone.

ELEKTRA:

How can an entire house be gone? Weren't you *just* there this morning?

VINCENT:

Yes, but I… oh.

ELEKTRA:

Oh?

VINCENT:

I— I think I just got disowned.

ELEKTRA:

…I really hate this town.

[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**. If you'd like to support the show, please join our Patreon, which will be linked in the show notes.