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

RHYS:

Overbook Episode 1: Last Stop. Content warning: this episode contains major character death and the sound of a horrendous bus crash. Please consider not listening to this while you are driving as it can be jarring. And now; onto the episode.

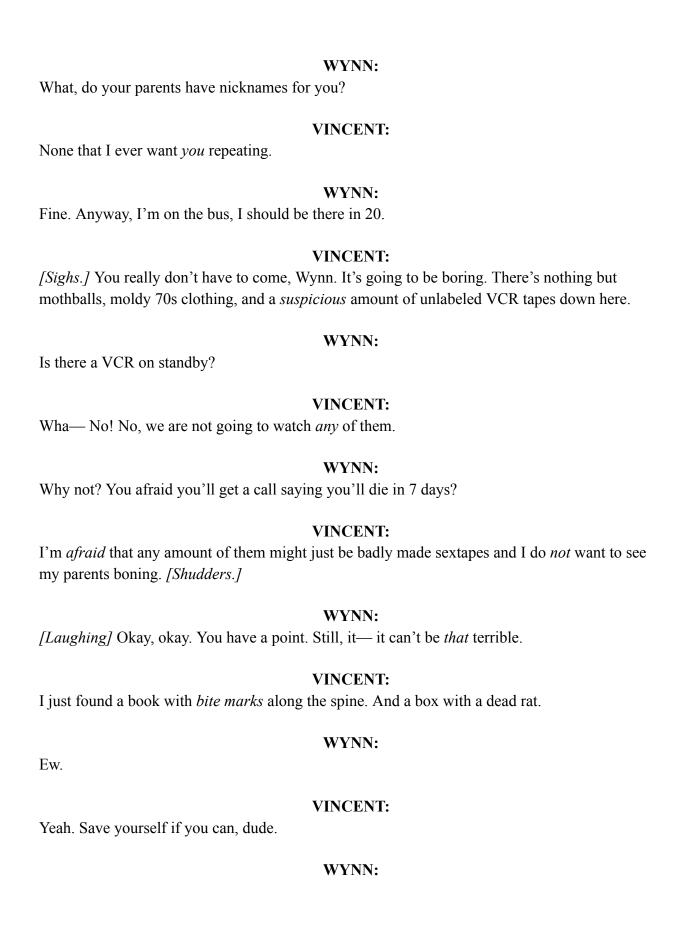
[The sound of VINCENT writing.]

VINCENT [NARR.]:

Overbrook is a small town in upstate New York. The... *people* are nice, I guess. I don't pay much attention to more than a handful of them, and most of the time, I'm preoccupied with my friend Wynn. Because Wynn, once again, died earlier today. I invited him over to help me sort through some boxes in my basement...

[The sound of a bus stopping. WYNN walks onto the bus and pays with coins. He sits down and then dials VINCENT on his phone. All of VINCENT's lines are compressed through a phone speaker.]

VINCENT:
Hello?
WYNN: Vee, just got on the bus.
VINCENT: Oh, absolutely not.
WYNN: What?
VINCENT: You know what. It's Vincent, not Vee. Or Vince, or Vinny, or whatever other stupid nicknames you might have for me.
WYNN: [Chuckling] Why not?
VINCENT: Because it's not my name. It's Vincent, so just call me that.



Eh I don't have anything else going on today
VINCENT: Tragic.
[Awkward pause.]
WYNN: So why are you cleaning out your basement?
VINCENT: [Sighs.] I need a break from studying. If I have to look at one more physics problem, I'm going to be testing gravity personally.
[Awkward pause.]
WYNN: Do you mean you're going to—
VINCENT: Launch myself out my window? Yes.
WYNN: Okay? Seriously, it cannot be all that bad.
VINCENT: Do <i>you</i> want to do my homework?
WYNN: Sure. As long as you don't mind getting a 0.
VINCENT: Ass.
[WYNN yawns loudly and long.]
VINCENT, CONT.: Didn't get much sleep last night?
WYNN:

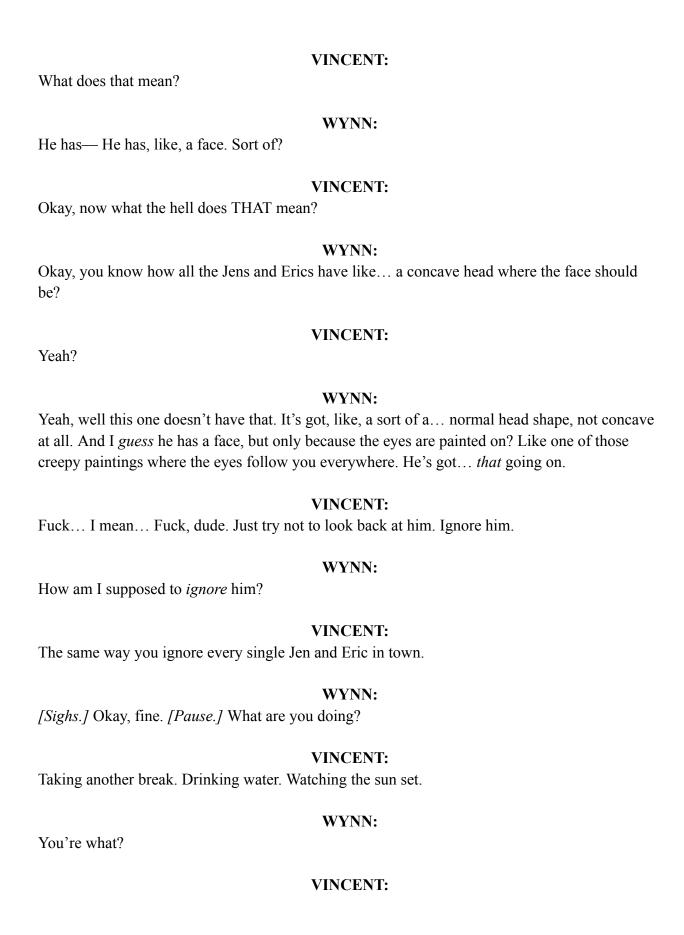
No, I'm I'm sure I did. Just had the weirdest dream. I was laying in a dark void and there was this light that was, like, swimming around me? Not quite like a firefly, it didn't flutter or go out. It was just hovering and flying over me. And then it crawled into my mouth I guess?
VINCENT:
Gross.
WYNN:
I know.
VINCENT:
Not you, I just found another dead mouse. But this one's just a head.
WYNN:
Oh.
VINCENT:
Anyway, let me know when you get here. There's plenty of heavy stuff I don't feel like moving around.
[WYNN hangs up. WYNN turns to a nearby passenger.]
WYNN:
Hey, do you know exactly what route this bus is taking? I'm noticing we just passed a few stops.
PASSENGER A:
We're on the express bus, dear.
WYNN:
[Unconvinced] Oh? Okay
[Another passenger leans over to WYNN and taps him on the shoulder.]
WYNN, CONT.:
Huh?
PASSENGER B:
Sorry, you wouldn't happen to have the time, would you?

WYNN:

Oh yeah, it's, uh, half past 2.
PASSENGER B: Thanks.
[WYNN's phone vibrates.]
VINCENT: Hey, where the hell are you?
WYNN: I'm still on the bus? You know, this would be a lot easier if you just swallowed your pride and got a smartphone. Then I could literally just, you know, ping you my location or— or we can Snapchat the entire way.
VINCENT: [Sarcastically] Interesting thought! But no. I don't trust phones where I can't pull the battery out myself. I'll stick to the cheap flip phone, thanks.
WYNN: Of course.
VINCENT: Oh, while I've got you on the line already— you hungry? I might be ordering pizza for dinner in a bit.
WYNN:
Ooh, can we get olives? And, uh, mushroom toppings.
VINCENT: Yeah, I'll make sure we get that. Do you know how close you are now?
WYNN: Not sure. This is the express bus definitely, but it's—it's making some weird trips.
VINCENT: Hm.
WYNN: Wait, uh, did you say dinner?

VINCENT:
Yeah?
WYNN:Why are we getting dinner so early?
VINCENT: You're kidding, right?
[WYNN smells something foul and gags. A baby starts crying]
WYNN: Ugh, that's disgusting.
VINCENT: Wynn?
WYNN: Hold on.
[WYNN gets up and walks to another area of the bus. The crying baby gets a little louder and someone shushes it.]
WYNN: Sorry, there's a baby on board and I think it's got a full diaper.
VINCENT: [Unconvinced]Sure. When you get here, there's some trash bags by the door, just bring them out onto the street, okay?
WYNN: You're really going to make me work for that pizza, huh?
VINCENT: Hey, I gave you a chance to save yourself. This is on you.
WYNN:
Uh-huh.

[Again, WYNN hangs up. He then starts unzipping his coat and taking it off.]
WYNN: Why is this bus so warm? [Pause.] Hey, this bus goes along Ashville Road, right?
PASSENGER A: We are on the express bus.
WYNN:Right. But like, still on Ashville, right?
[PASSENGER 1 doesn't respond, and WYNN turns away, creeped out.]
WYNN, CONT.: Ooooh-kaaay.
[WYNN notices someone staring and calls VINCENT back.]
WYNN, CONT.: [Nervously] Pick up, pick up, pick up, pick up [Forced laugh.] H-hey!
VINCENT: You get here yet?
WYNN: Not yet. [Lowers his voice] There's this creepy dude staring at me in the reflection of the window. Can you stay on call with me until I get off?
VINCENT: Huh. What does he look like?
WYNN: He's in a suit and tie. Hair, like, is slicked back, almost, like—god, like, stiff.
VINCENT: What about that is creepy?
WYNN: I mean, he doesn't look like the typical Eric.



I said like three things there, what do you need me to repeat?
WYNN:
You— Uh, you said you're watching the sun set.
VINCENT:
Yeah.
WYNN:
Dude, it's only half past 2.
VINCENT:
Is your phone broken? It's nearly 7.
WYNN:
No, it's—[Pause to check phone.] Uh, it's not. Even looking outside now, the sun is nowhere near setting.
[Beat.]
WYNN, CONT.: [Hesitant] Vincent? What's going on?
VINCENT:
I'm thinking, uh Just don't hang up.
WYNN:
Oh, I wasn't planning to!
VINCENT:
When did— When did time stop for you?
[Beat.]
WYNN:
I don't know. I wasn't really checking.
VINCENT:
My phone log says you called me at 2:25. What were you doing at that time?

WYNN:
[Tense] I don't know! I was just on the bus and— Oh shit.
VINCENT:
What?
WYNN:
[Lowered voice.] The guy— The creepy guy with the painted on eyes, he got up and he's walking towards me.
VINCENT:
You said you were on the bus when you first called me, right? What bus did you take?
WYNN:
The express bus.
VINCENT:
The one on Morrison?
WYNN:
No, this one was—this was, like, right across the street from my house. A new bus stop, I thought they were putting in a new service.
VINCENT:
What???
WYNN:
Christ, the guy is right in front of me now.
VINCENT:
Wynn. Wynn, listen to me. You have to get off the bus now.
WYNN:
Oh gross, he smells rank.
VINCENT:
Wynn! Get off! The bus!
WYNN:
Fine, hold on, I just need to squeeze past him

[The sound of rustling clothing as WYNN pushes past. He pulls the pull cord to signify wanting a stop, but it just rattles.]
WYNN, CONT.:
It's not working. The pull cord, it's not doing anything.
VINCENT:
Go talk to the bus driver. See if you can get him to stop.
[WYNN shambles to the front of the bus. The engine is louder, even a little faster.]
WYNN:
Excuse me? Excuse me, I really need to get off now.
[Pause.]
WYNN, CONT.:
Hello? Vincent, I don't think— he's not saying anything. I don't think he's listening. He's just another Eric.
VINCENT:
Tell me if you see any street signs, I'll— I'll run to go get you.
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WYNN:
I—I can't see any street signs. There are none!
VINCENT:
Do you recognize anything out there? Any of the buildings, a park? Something?
WYNN:
No! It's all the same houses and— [Flesh sizzling] Agh!
The second of th
VINCENT:
What?
WYNN:

VINCENT:

Agh, I just—I put my hand on the window and it's *fucking* hot. I think I burned myself.

WYNN: [Mumbling to himself] Holy shit, it's it's really hot inside here. [Turning to the bus driver] Is the heat on? [Startled] Holy shi—!
VINCENT: [Exasperated] What now?
WYNN: The creepy guy just snuck up behind me. [Pushes him] Hey, can you turn the heat off?
VINCENT: Forget about the bus driver! Just I don't know, there's an emergency exit right? One of the windows has to be an emergency exit, get— get to that instead!
WYNN: I— I can't.
VINCENT: Why not?
WYNN: Because the Not-Eric is standing in the way. Those arms—he's gripping the poles next to him.
VINCENT: Dude, just push him out the way. Or go under his arms. [Groans.] Why do I have to keep feeding you solutions?
WYNN: Okay, okay! I'm past him. Uh Um.
VINCENT: For the love of God. What is it now?
WYNN: [Stammering] There's no emergency exit window.
VINCENT: [Long sigh.] Of course there isn't. Okay. Well plan C.

Okay, Wynn, focus. You need to get off that bus.

WYNN: We're on Plan C ?
We le on I lan C:
VINCENT: Break a fucking window.
WYNN: With what?
VINCENT: Literally anything! Listen, Wynn. You need to get off the bus. I can't—I can't do this again.
WYNN:
Can't do what again?
[Pause.]
VINCENT:
[Deep breath.] Wynn, I need you to listen to me. Can you do that? Can you listen to me for once in your life?
WYNN:
What are you talking about? You're acting like I'm about to die.
VUNCENT
VINCENT: At this point, you just might! Fuck! Is that what you want to hear? That you went to the wrong bus stop— a bus stop that was never supposed to be there? And you <i>knew</i> that! You <i>knew</i> there was something off about it and still didn't think twice. I keep telling you that you can't just go about your life like everything in this town is <i>normal</i> . It isn't! The people are faceless, weird bus stops show up, and if you keep running around with your eyes closed, it's all going to come to an end! [Ragged breathing.]
WYNN:
[In a small voice] I'm sorry.
VINCENT:

No! No, it's not— it's not your fault. Okay? I just... I— I can't help you from where I am. I wish

I could but... Please. Please get out of there.

[WYNN starts striking the window with his phone. It repeatedly bounces off.]
VINCENT, CONT.: What was that?
What was that:
WYNN:
[Grunting with every other syllable] I only have my phone on me so that's what I'm using to try and break the window. [Heavy breathing as he stops.] Not that it's working. The only thing that's broken is my phone screen. Can you still hear me?
[On the phone, a doorbell rings.]
VINCENT:
[Yelling away from the phone] Just a minute! [Into phone] Sorry, that's the pizza.
WYNN:
[Panicking] Seriously?
VINCENT:
Focus on the window!
[WYNN burns his hand on the window and pulls away in pain.]
WYNN:
Damn— Damnit! It's really burning. This whole bus is
VINCENT:
Wynn?
WYNN:
[Quietly] He's on fire now.
VINCENT:
He's on what now?
[More banging on the window as WYNN screams. Fire starts crackling.]
WYNN:
[Coughing] Help! Somebody help! [Stumbling backward] The fire is spreading—

down, the doorbell rings. VINCENT opens the door, J
VINCENT: Hey.
WYNN: [Exhausted] Hey.
VINCENT: You made it.
WYNN: Yeah. Uh. Sorry I'm late. [Confused] There was a uh [Voice dies down]. Huh.
VINCENT:Yeah.
WYNN: Is there, um Is there still pizza?
[VINCENT opens the door wider.]
VINCENT: Sure, come on in. It's cold, though, so you might have to heat it up in the microwave.
WYNN: Better than no pizza. I'm starving!
VINCENT: I'll meet you in a second.
[VINCENT closes the door. She then runs up the stairs of her home and into her bedroom. She opens a book and writes down quickly.]
VINCENT, CONT.: [Under her breath] Same day About, uh, 45 minutes.
[Overbrook ending theme by Dana Creasman plays in the background.]

[Unintelligible screams of pain. An explosion. Metallic crashes. And then when everything dies

RHYS:

This episode was written by me, **Rhys Tirado**. Voice of Vincent was me again, **Rhys Tirado**. The voice of Wynn was **Chris Quinby**. Voice of Passenger A was **Fiona Leopold**. And voice of Passenger B was **Clyde Mantos**.