

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

RHYS:

Overbrook Episode 7: Oberlin Street. Content warning: major character death and a car accident.

[The sound of VINCENT writing.]

VINCENT [NARR]:

Obviously, Wynn and I aren't really the *only* people in town. There are a handful of them, for sure, and more show up every year, but they... *[Quietly]* don't usually last long. The longest lasting *people* are Wynn, me, and Locke. Unfortunately...

[VINCENT and WYNN are hanging out at an outdoor cafe. Birds chirp in the background.]

WYNN:

Can I ask you something... weird?

VINCENT:

If you're gonna ask me why I bring a bag of day-old takeout to the old tunnel on Haywood every Thursday, I suggest you don't.

WYNN:

I wasn't going to *ask* about that, but hey, since we're on the subject...

VINCENT:

Wynn.

WYNN:

Kidding, kidding! I'm obviously joking.

VINCENT:

Uh-huh. Proceed. *Carefully.*

WYNN:

...It's about what we're going to do after college.

VINCENT:

What about it?

WYNN:

How exactly... *are* you going to medical school? You can't really leave Overbrook and, to my knowledge, there isn't an actual medical school around here. Unless you count that chiropractic school downtown.

VINCENT:

I don't know. I figured by the time I graduated, one would suddenly appear.

WYNN:

Really? *You* would go to medical school if one suddenly appeared? *You*. The person who is suspicious of everything and everyone if it doesn't conform to their weird set of expectations?

VINCENT:

[Sarcastically] Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't think wanting things to be consistent and stable and *not fatal* was a *weird* set of expectations.

WYNN:

Exactly! So how would a medical school popping into existence *not* be suspicious enough for you to consider not going?

VINCENT:

I don't know. I didn't think that far ahead.

WYNN:

You didn't think that far ahead? Who even are you? Who are you and what have you done with Vincent?

VINCENT:

Oh my god, Wynn, I can't have *every single thing* planned out. Even I have to sort of wing it sometimes. Don't be a dick about it.

WYNN:

Sorry, I just— *[Small laugh.]* I can't believe what I'm hearing right now. Why would you do pre-med if there's a chance you won't even get to the medical side?

VINCENT:

What? Are you suddenly my career advisor? Don't worry about it. That's my problem, not yours.

WYNN:

A problem you didn't consider *before* declaring your major?

VINCENT:

I'm not entertaining this conversation any longer.

WYNN:

Fine! It was just a question anyway.

[VINCENT turns a page in the book she's reading.]

WYNN, CONT.:

So, what does your career advisor say about all of it?

VINCENT:

Dr. Jen? Nothing, really. It's kind of a non-issue.

[Beat.]

WYNN:

Do you actually ever *see* your career advisor?

VINCENT:

Don't need to. Dr. Jen and I communicate exclusively through emails.

WYNN:

Wait, really?

VINCENT:

[Deadpan] No. Why would I waste my time with a Generic?

WYNN:

[Annoyed] Ugh, Christ, okay, I get it.

VINCENT:

Don't catch an attitude with *me* just because *you're* not getting the answers you want.

[VINCENT turns another page.]

WYNN:

I'm not upset because I'm not getting the answers I want...

VINCENT:

Then what?

WYNN:

I don't know. I've just been thinking about the future lately. We just finished junior year, senior year is going to fly by at this point.

VINCENT:

So you're just wondering what *you're* going to do after college.

WYNN:

What? No, I—

VINCENT:

It's alright. It's not a bad thing to wonder. But, I mean... You're closer to getting a job at the local museum than I am going to medical school. At least the museum exists.

WYNN:

It's *barely* a museum. It's got, like, 3 exhibits and not even good ones. The Regional Opulence exhibit is just a room of the shiniest rocks and minerals found in the abandoned mine. Then there's the Charred Lady exhibit, which is a glass case of what *might* be the remains of a Miocene ancestor, but no one's really sure. To me, it looks more like rocks fused together in the vague shape of a woman.

[Beat.]

VINCENT:

Those sound like... tourist attractions.

WYNN:

[Sarcastically] Thanks.

VINCENT:

What's the third attraction?

WYNN:

The third *exhibit* is a small five-by-five room with the preserved original journal of Earl Duran.

VINCENT:

Who?

WYNN:

You're kidding, right? He's *The Old Miner*.

VINCENT:

Wow. So everything at the museum is rock-related.

WYNN:

What do you expect from an old mining town?

VINCENT:

I don't know. Maybe the world's largest copper deposit or some shit?

[Beat.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Why is Earl Duran even important anyway?

WYNN:

Do you really not know?

VINCENT:

You think I pay attention to history in a town like this?

WYNN:

I feel like that's *exactly* why you should pay attention to history, but, okay. So, like— What do you know about the Strike of 1832?

VINCENT:

Didn't even know there *was* a strike.

WYNN:

There was, and every miner in town was a part of it. Since they all were being forced by company managers to push deeper into the mines to meet quota, until safety became a massive issue. The canaries they brought didn't even survive very long, not because there was a gas leak or coal dust or something, but because their hearts would just suddenly... stop.

[VINCENT shuts her book suddenly, and leans in her seat.]

VINCENT:

Wait, canaries? As in birds?

WYNN:

Yeah? Is *that* the most interesting part of the story to you?

VINCENT:

Wynn, when was the last time you've even *seen* an animal?

WYNN:

There's Einstein.

VINCENT:

Einstein doesn't count. He acts too human for a cat. The other day, I watched him buy a can of tuna with a five dollar bill and then *wait for his change*.

WYNN:

What? Where did he get money from? How did he even get his change?

VINCENT:

He had a cat-sized fanny-pack around his waist. The Eric at the cashier just reached in for the money and then put the change back in there. Anyways, the point is, there are *no* animals in Overbrook. You might hear birds chirping in the morning, but you'll literally never see one.

WYNN:

Yeah, I know.

VINCENT:

So then, where did these canaries come from?

WYNN:

Honestly? I don't know. I never thought about it like that. That there was a point in Overbrook history where animals *did* exist.

VINCENT:

You'll pay attention to history class, but not to the world around you?

WYNN:

Hey! I pay attention. I'm basically the most attentive person ever.

VINCENT:

[Patronizing] Sure you do. So then, what happened to the birds? Why did their hearts stop?

WYNN:

That was never figured out, but the prevailing theory is that they stopped from fright.

VINCENT:

[Shudder.] Creepy. What was in those mines? Is it written in Earl's journal?

WYNN:

You would think so, but no. There's almost nothing in Earl's journal that makes sense. He goes on for entire pages about how *[Dramatically]* "the crimson sky would stop the day a lighthouse of dying appears."

VINCENT:

What the fuck does that even mean?

WYNN:

Your guess is as good as mine. But yeah, that's the third attraction— *exhibit. Fuck*, now you've got me saying it. Anyway, the journal is there because it's the last known piece of information we have of him before Earl and all of the miners suddenly disappeared.

VINCENT:

What? *All* of them?

WYNN:

Yep! *Now* do you see why it's important to know history?

VINCENT:

I never said it wasn't! I'm just not interested in the history of *this* town.

WYNN:

That's fair, but that part's a little more interesting, right?

[Pause.]

WYNN, CONT.:

What? What are you staring at?

VINCENT:

Hm? Nothing. Don't worry about it.

[VINCENT opens her book.]

WYNN:

Vincent, you're not even reading. I can see you looking away at something behind me. What is it? What do you see?

VINCENT:

I see you being annoying.

[WYNN scoffs.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Just don't worry about it!

WYNN:

Why won't you just tell me?

VINCENT:

Because every time I *do* tell you not to do something, or to stay away from someone, or not to go somewhere, *you do it anyway*. It's like watching you open up Pandora's box every single time. I'm sick of the antics.

WYNN:

Fine.

[WYNN stands up from his chair and starts walking away.]

VINCENT:

Wynn, where are you going?

WYNN:

I've got work in an hour. If you're just going to sit here in absolute silence, I might as well go somewhere else where I'm actually *wanted*.

VINCENT:

Wait— If I tell you, you have to promise not to do something stupid.

WYNN:

...I promise.

[Beat.]

VINCENT:

Okay, turn around— but slowly. You see the Oberlin Street sign behind you? Look at the shadow.

WYNN:

... Um, which one?

VINCENT:

Exactly. It's got a duplicate shadow. Now, I don't know what that means, it could be nothing, but just in case, I'm... sort of watching it.

WYNN:

Is it always there? Like, every day?

VINCENT:

No, it just comes out at 2 pm for an hour. It's kind of like that extra step at the park.

[Beat.]

WYNN:

How did you even notice it?

VINCENT:

I was sitting here with an ice coffee, like, a year ago, when I noticed every Generic crossing the street to avoid it. So I figured it was worth keeping an eye on.

WYNN:

What happens if you cross it?

VINCENT:

Probably nothing good. I've thrown rocks across both shadows, but nothing ever happens.

WYNN:

...Huh. Have you tried throwing the rocks at the pole?

VINCENT:

[Thoughtfully] ...Uh, no, actually. I didn't think of that.

WYNN:

You didn't think of *that*?

VINCENT:

The Generics were avoiding the shadow, not the pole! I didn't think there was anything dangerous about it!

WYNN:

Okay, fine, that's fair. I'll let you have that.

[WYNN gets up and starts walking.]

VINCENT:

Wynn, what are you doing?

WYNN:

Looking for a rock.

VINCENT:

Well, be careful. You're getting *dangerously* close to the shadow.

WYNN:

How do you know which shadow is the fake one?

VINCENT:

Uh, I kind of use my own shadow as a frame of reference. Whichever direction my shadow is supposed to be pointing, because of the direction of the sun, and the other isn't, has to be the real shadow.

WYNN:

Alright so... hm... *that* one's the real shadow.

[WYNN walks to the other side. He starts throwing rocks, but none of them hit the pole.]

VINCENT:

Man, you have terrible aim.

WYNN:

Shut up! These are practically pebbles, it's really hard.

VINCENT:

Then just get closer.

WYNN:

I thought you didn't want me to get close to it.

VINCENT:

I don't want you getting close to the shadow. The pole I'm pretty sure is fine.

WYNN:

[Deadpan] Alright, fine.

[WYNN walks closer. A few metallic pings as rocks hit the pole.]

VINCENT:

Anything weird happen yet?

WYNN:

Uh, no. It's kind of underwhelming.

[Beat.]

WYNN, CONT.:

I'm gonna touch it.

VINCENT:

[Exasperated] Oh my god, I *fucking* knew it. I *knew* you were just going to ignore me anyway and do something stupid.

WYNN:

What? Is there suddenly something wrong with being curious?

VINCENT:

You ever heard the one about what curiosity did to the cat?

WYNN:

That whole rhyme ends with "but satisfaction brought it back."

[VINCENT slams her book shut.]

VINCENT:

I'm not doing this again, Wynn! I'm not!

[VINCENT stands up from her chair.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

Call me when you're on the verge of death or something. Or don't! Maybe after you're satisfied, you'll be *brought back to life just like the cat*.

[VINCENT stomps off.]

WYNN:

[Mumbling] It's just a saying...

[WYNN puts his hand on the pole.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Hm. Don't feel any different after touching it...

[WYNN knocks on the pole.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Well. That's that I guess.

[WYNN starts walking, then calls VINCENT. Her voice comes through the phone speaker after a few rings.]

VINCENT:

You're lucky I'm nice enough not to ignore your calls.

WYNN:

Wow. I'm just calling to say nothing happened when I touched the pole.

VINCENT:

[Incredulous] Really?

WYNN:

Mhm. I even knocked on it a few times. Nothing weird about it. Just a good ol' reliable street sign pole.

VINCENT:

That can't be right... Why would any of the Generics completely avoid it if it were harmless?

WYNN:

I'm not sure, but—

[WYNN stops walking.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Okay, I may have spoken too soon.

VINCENT:

What.

WYNN:

I've got my own little double shadow situation going on. And now all the Generics are avoiding me. Perfect.

VINCENT:

What did you expect? Play stupid games, win stupid prizes.

[WYNN starts walking again.]

WYNN:

But it's not really... *doing* anything though. I mean, it's matching my movements perfectly.

VINCENT:

[*Deadpan*] Give it time. I'm sure it'll try to strangle you in your sleep eventually.

WYNN:

Vincent, that's not funny.

VINCENT:

Neither is being ignored all the time.

WYNN:

I don't ignore you all the time!

VINCENT:

You do. You absolutely fucking do, and it drives me nuts. Figure this out on your own, Wynn. I'm done.

[VINCENT hangs up.]

[Musical interlude. The scene changes to WYNN at his part time job at the antique store. The bell above the door rings as a customer leaves.]

WYNN:

Thank you, come again!

[The door closes. Suddenly, there's a crash behind WYNN.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Holy shit! Oh— right. It's just you. My second shadow. Did you... just knock those cups over? I mean, you're lucky it's just plastic, otherwise it would be coming out of *my* paycheck. *[Nervous chuckle.]* Well, *our* paycheck, I guess.

[Beat.]

WYNN, CONT.:

You're not... you're not going to be like that reflection, right? ...Or try to strangle me in my sleep?

[Beat.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Nothing, huh? *[Mumbling]* Don't know what I expected.

[WYNN walks to a shelf, then smacks into something.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Ow! What the hell?! What *was* that? There's literally nothing... Ah, *shit*.

[WYNN starts calling VINCENT. After a few rings, VINCENT's voice comes through the speakers.]

VINCENT:

What do you want, Wynn?

WYNN:

Hey...! So, uh, fun question— you want to hang out with me at work?

VINCENT:

[Deadpan] No.

WYNN:

Okay, I deserve that... Can you at least help me close?

VINCENT:

What's wrong? Your shadow isn't destroying the merchandise, is it?

WYNN:

No, not exactly. Not on purpose, at least.

VINCENT:

What do you mean, "not on purpose?"

WYNN:

...It's hard to explain.

VINCENT:

Try me.

WYNN:

Okay, so, you know how everything has a shadow, but shadows aren't, like... *tangible*? Or at least they shouldn't be? You can't really *touch* a shadow.

VINCENT:

[Unsure] Yeah...?

WYNN:

Well, I can. Or more like, everytime my shadow touches another shadow...

VINCENT:

...You can feel it like it's right in front of you.

WYNN:

Exactly! Yes!

VINCENT:

Uh, okay, that's... weird.

WYNN:

Yeah. So I kind of need your help closing.

VINCENT:

How is this suddenly *my* responsibility?

WYNN:

It's just closing! I need you to move as many things that cast a shadow out of the way so I can leave. It's like a laser field for me, but with shadows.

VINCENT:

[Sighs.] Okay, fine. When do you close?

WYNN:

In about 2 hours.

VINCENT:

Okay, I'll be there in 30. Wait. What happens if everything around you is dark? Like, if there's no lightsource, I mean?

WYNN:

[Suddenly afraid] I... didn't think of that.

VINCENT:

[A little panicked] You know what, uh, why don't I help you close early? We can get you home before the sun sets.

WYNN:

[Very worried] Uh, good thinking! See— see you soon!

[Musical interlude. The scene changes to VINCENT running through the street. She rushes through the door of the antique store. The bell on the door chimes.]

VINCENT:

[Out of breath] Wynn?

WYNN:

[Muffled] I'm back here!

VINCENT:

You okay?

[VINCENT crosses the store to the back.]

WYNN:

I'm fine. It might not look like it, but there's a phantom object jabbing me on one side and something sharp pressing up against my arm.

VINCENT:

Why don't you sit down?

[VINCENT drags a chair over to WYNN. He walks over to it.]

WYNN:

Couldn't get to the chair without risking possible decapitation.

[WYNN sits down. The chair creaks.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Why are you standing so far away?

VINCENT:

I don't want to touch your fake shadow! It might be contagious.

WYNN:

You know, I'd be offended if I weren't a little scared right now.

VINCENT:

You should be. *[Sigh.]* Why did you have to go touching that pole?

WYNN:

I just didn't think anything would happen!

VINCENT:

Well it did. Like it always does.

WYNN:

...Do you think this is going to wear off at any point?

VINCENT:

Who knows? But in the meantime, you're going to have to start sleeping with your lights on. I'll start clearing things out and make an exit path for you.

[VINCENT starts pushing heavy furniture out of the way. It creaks as she pushes.]

WYNN:

I just don't get how this works. *Everything* has a shadow— it's just areas where light doesn't hit. Technically, under my clothes, it's all shadow.

VINCENT:

[Straining] Ew! I don't need that mental image.

WYNN:

You know what I mean!

[VINCENT stops pushing the furniture. She exhales.]

VINCENT:

Well, does your shadow act on its own at all?

WYNN:

Not even a little bit. It just follows me perfectly, until it hits another shadow.

VINCENT:

[Relieved sigh.] That's got to be a relief. At least it's not like that one reflection.

WYNN:

That's what I said! But this is more of an inconvenience than anything else.

VINCENT:

Yeah, an inconvenience to *me*. I don't want to have to keep clearing out exits for you.

[VINCENT walks over to more furniture.]

WYNN:

I'm sure it'll just be this one time.

VINCENT:

Uh-huh. You mean like when you were *sure* nothing was going to happen by touching that pole?

WYNN:

Hey! I'm already suffering the consequences of my actions!

[VINCENT starts moving heavy furniture again.]

VINCENT:

[Strained] Pretty sure I'm the only one suffering here.

[VINCENT stops and exhales.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

[Out of breath] Okay, I think that should be good enough. What else do you need to do to leave?

WYNN:

Uh, count the money in the register. I can handle that though.

[WYNN gets up and walks towards the cash register.]

VINCENT:

[Annoyed] Of course you could. Just leave all the heavy lifting for *me*.

WYNN:

I owe you my life.

[WYNN opens the cash register.]

VINCENT:

[From across the room] I want that in writing!

[Money rustles in WYNN hands as he counts them under his breath.]

WYNN:

[Under his breath] Let's see, 20, 30, 40, 50, 55, 60, 65... and... 82 cents.

[WYNN closes the cash register.]

WYNN, CONT.:

Alright, that's done! Vincent, you ready to go?

VINCENT:

Hey... I thought you said your shadow doesn't move on its own.

WYNN:

Huh? It— it doesn't.

VINCENT:

I literally just saw it turn its head. Then it turned back when it saw me watching.

WYNN:

Oh. That's... not good. Maybe it just doesn't like being watched?

VINCENT:

Did it... did it *do* anything before I got here?

WYNN:

I mean, I think it did, but it stopped.

VINCENT:

What did it do?

WYNN:

Nothing! It just knocked over a couple of those novelty cups on the shelf. But that was it, I swear.

VINCENT:

You don't have to defend it, Wynn! Just because it's in the vague outline of your body doesn't mean it's friendly!

WYNN:

It could be!

VINCENT:

You thought the same thing about your reflection.

WYNN:

Okay, maybe I had the wrong idea about that guy. But I've been with this one for a few hours, and really, it hasn't done anything that suspicious, right, guy? See, it's shaking its head!

VINCENT:

That's because *you* shook *your* head!

WYNN:

And he's following! Which means I'm in complete control.

VINCENT:

You're not even in control of whether other shadows can hurt you! Ugh, you see? This. This is what I meant. *This* is what I meant when I said I was sick of the antics, you *never* listen to me.

WYNN:

[Meekly] I just....

VINCENT:

What? You just *what*, Wynn? You just thought it would be *fun*? You thought it might be a cute little “haha” joke? To try and prove me wrong even at the expense of your own *life*? What? What is it, Wynn? Enlighten me.

WYNN:

[Shouts] I just wanted to help!

[An awkward pause.]

WYNN, CONT.:

[Sigh.] [Quietly] Nevermind, it doesn't matter. I'm an idiot, *as always*.

VINCENT:

[Quietly] I didn't say that.

WYNN:

[Quietly] You don't have to.

VINCENT:

You just needed me to clear out the exit for you, right? Well, that's done, so hurry up. We— we still have to get you home.

[WYNN picks up his keys.]

WYNN:

Uh, do you think you can turn off the lights as soon as I get out?

VINCENT:

Finally! Something *easy* for me to do.

[The two walk out the door. The bell rings as it opens. VINCENT clicks off the lights and closes the door before WYNN locks it.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

So your shadow can move physical things as if they're a physical entity... and *you* can feel shadows, even if the physical option isn't in front of you.

WYNN:

That looks to be the case, yeah.

[Beat.]

WYNN, CONT.

Ow! What was that for?

VINCENT:

I didn't do anything?

WYNN:

So then what hit me this time?

VINCENT:

...That's a shadow person. I think you bumped into a shadow person. But there's no person attached— Is that allowed?

WYNN:

Oh, god, there's more, uh... Hey guys! I don't want any trouble here. Sorry for bumping into you, I'll just be on my way now—

[A shadow person starts pulling at WYNN. He stumbles.]

WYNN, CONT.

Hey!

VINCENT:

Leave him alone! Wynn, could you try fighting back just a *little* bit here?

WYNN:

[Pained noise.] What, you want me to swing into thin air?

VINCENT:

It's not thin air if it's *hitting* you.

WYNN:

Alright! Got it!

[Shoes scuffle against the concrete ground as WYNN tries to fight the shadow people.]

WYNN, CONT.:

I can't—I can't hit back!

VINCENT:

What do you mean, you *can't hit back*?

WYNN:

My shadow isn't following me! It's just standing there!

[WYNN's clothes begin to tear.]

VINCENT:

Hey! You! Pull your fucking weight, you're letting Wynn's ass get beat!

[VINCENT stomps on the shadow. WYNN's body takes the damage.]

WYNN:

Well, now *you're* kicking me!

VINCENT:

Shit, sorry, listen, uh— Let's just run. He has to stay attached to you either way, right? So let's— let's just go.

[VINCENT pulls WYNN to his feet and they start to run. They get across the street.]

VINCENT, CONT.:

[Out of breath] You— you okay now?

WYNN:

Yeah... thanks.

VINCENT:

Christ, how many different kinds of shadows are we going to have to stay on the lookout for?

[A car approaches.]

WYNN:

Hopefully not people.

[The car's shadow hits WYNN's. He launches clear across the sidewalk. Birds can be heard in the background. He struggles to breathe, then coughs, then stops. VINCENT slowly walks up to his dead body.]

VINCENT:

[Quietly, in shock] A car shadow. Right.

RHYS:

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