[Overbrook opening theme by Dana Creasman plays in the background.]
RHYS:
Overbook 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 <i>only</i> 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 <i>people</i> 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.

WYNN:

What about it?

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:

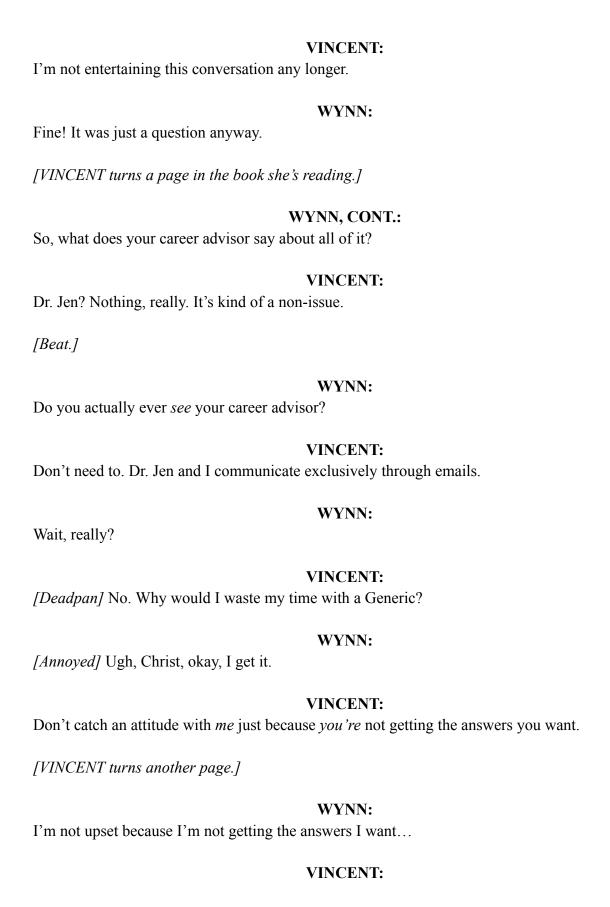
Sorry, I just— [Small laugh.] I can't believe what I'm hearing right now. Why would you do pre-med if there's a chance you won't even get to the medical side?

VINCENT:

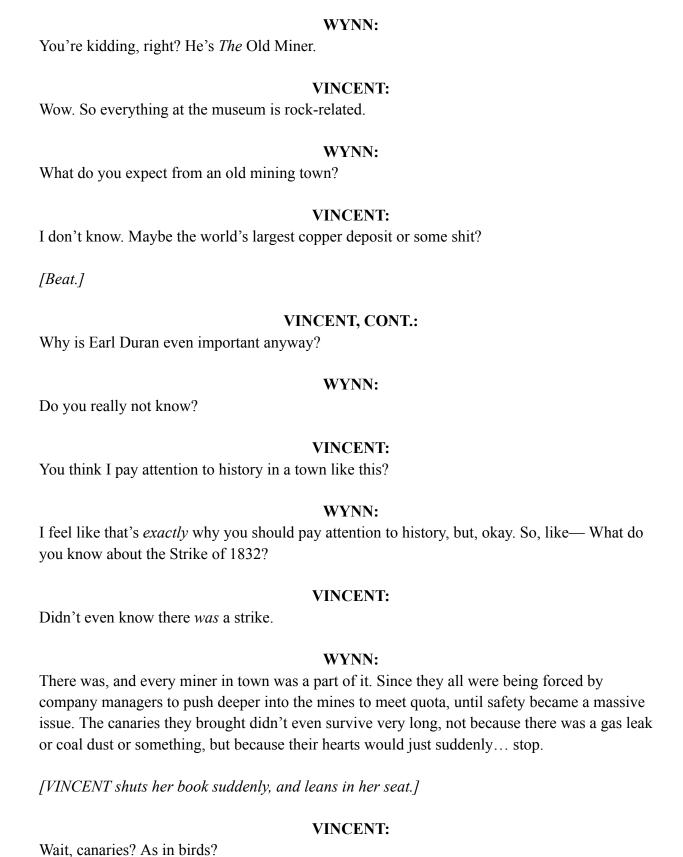
What? Are you suddenly my career advisor? Don't worry about it. That's my problem, not yours.

WYNN:

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



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 <i>you're</i> 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 <i>barely</i> 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 <i>might</i> 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 <i>exhibit</i> is a small five-by-five room with the preserved original journal of Earl Duran.
VINCENT:
Who?



WYNN:
Yeah? Is that the most interesting part of the story to you?
MINICIPALE.
VINCENT:
Wynn, when was the last time you've even seen an animal?
WYNN:
There's Einstein.
NAME OF THE OWNER.
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?
MINICIPALE.
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 <i>no</i> animals in
Overbrook. You might hear birds chirping in the morning, but you'll literally never see one.
WYNN:
Yeah, I know.
VINCENT.
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 <i>did</i> exist.
VINCENT:
You'll pay attention to history class, but not to the world around you?
Tou if pay accention to instory class, but not to the world around you!

WYNN:

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

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

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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 <i>do</i> tell you not to do something, or to stay away from someone, or not to go somewhere, <i>you do it anyway</i> . 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 <i>wanted</i> .

WYNN:

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

...I promise.

[Beat.]	1
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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

WYNN:

Is it always there? Like, every day?

just in case, I'm... sort of watching it.

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:

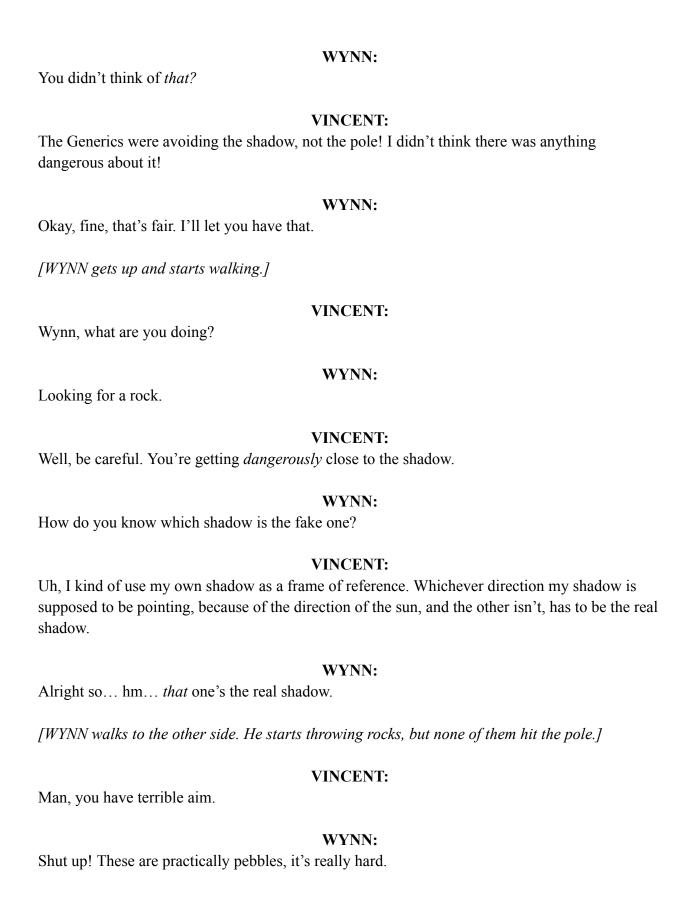
Probably nothing good. I've thrown rocks across both shadows, but nothing ever happens.

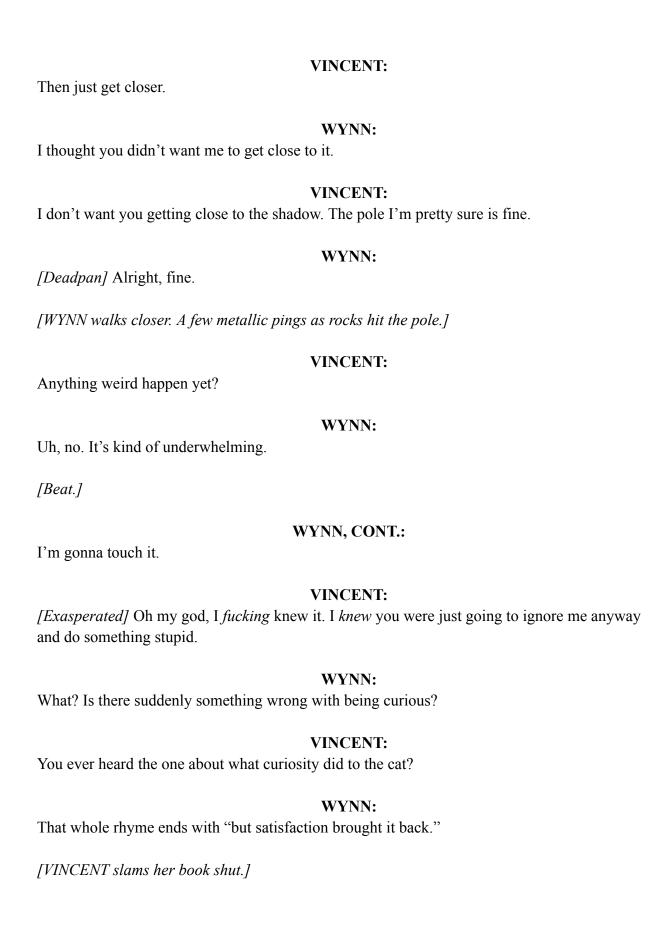
WYNN:

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

VINCENT:

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





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 <i>brought back to life just like the cat</i> .
[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:

WYNN:

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

[Incredulous] Really?

	VINCENT:
at can't be right	Why would any of the Generics completely avoid it if it were

VINCENIE.

Tha 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:

VINCENT:

I don't ignore you all the time!

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.:

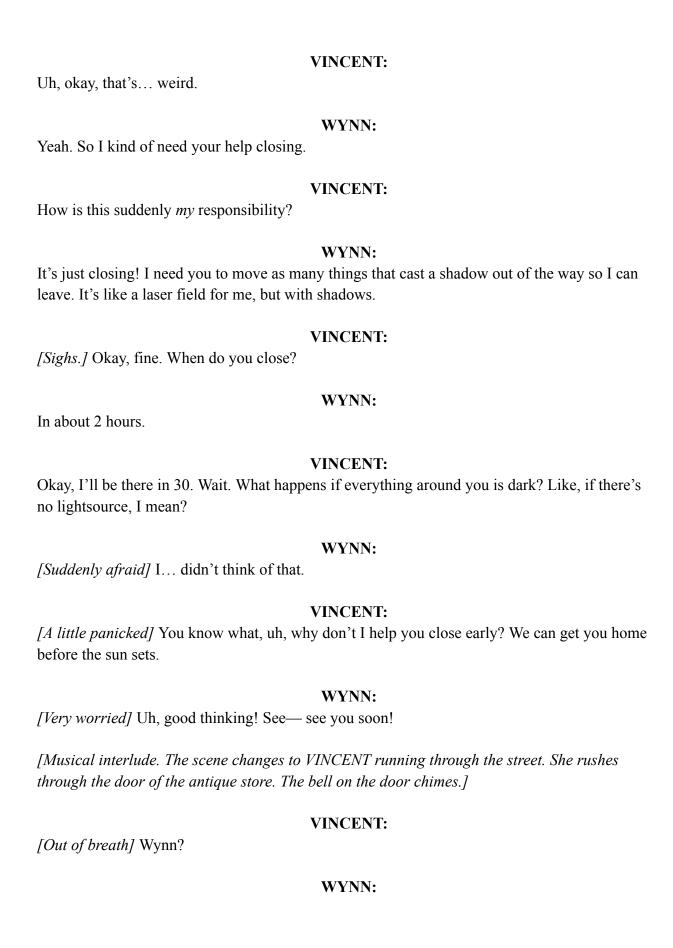
Ow! What the hell?! What was that? There's literally nothing... Ah, shit.

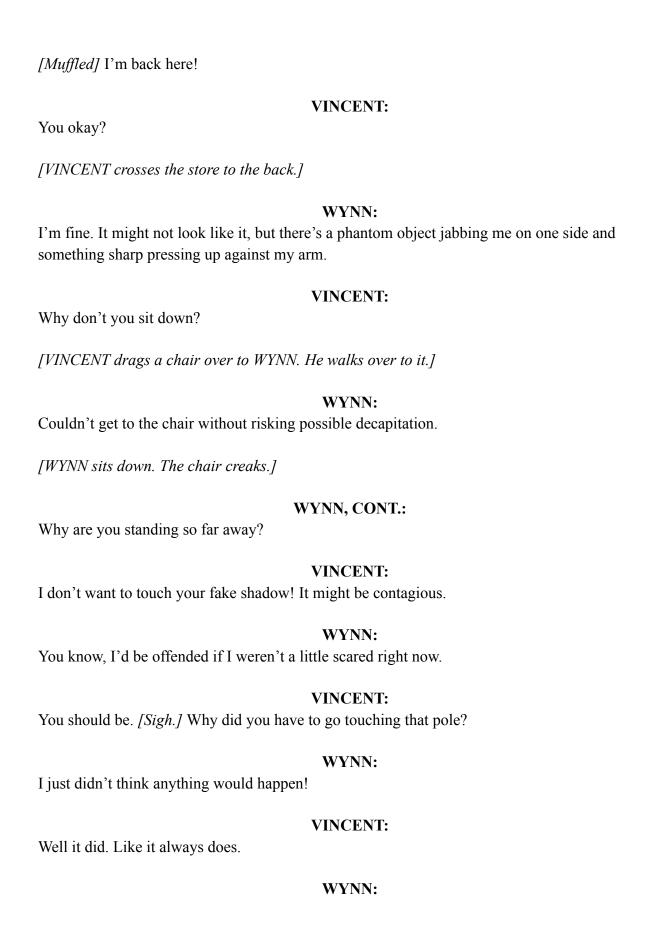
[WYNN starts calling VINCENT. After a few rings, VINCENT's voice comes through the speakers.]

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 <i>tangible</i> ? Or at least they shouldn't be? You can't really <i>touch</i> 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! Ves!
Exactly! Yes!





...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.

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.]

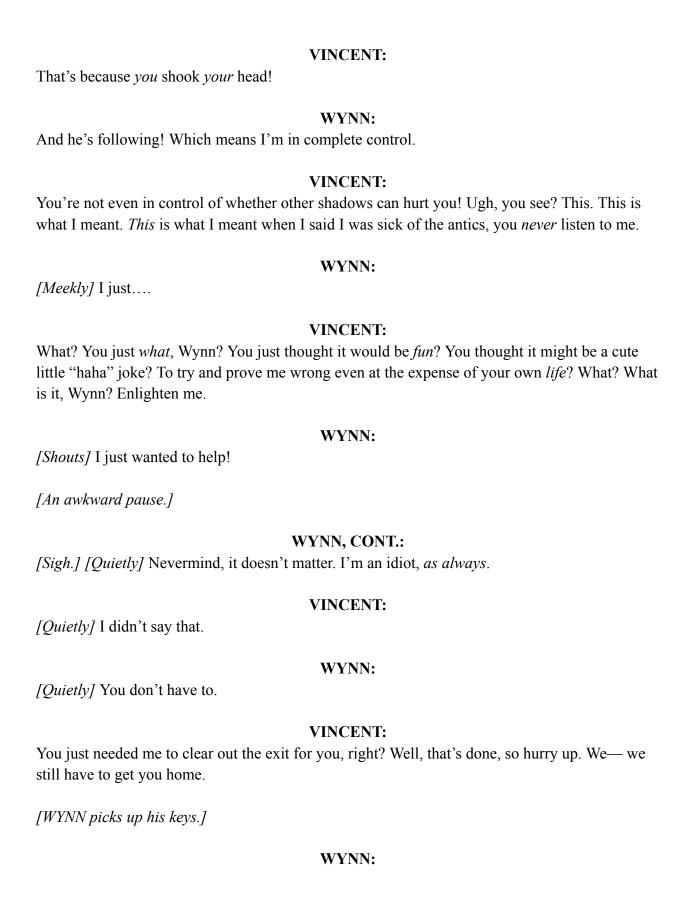
WYNN:

[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:
Finally! Something <i>easy</i> 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 <i>you</i> 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:

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

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 <i>you're</i> 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.