

EPISODE 53: O.V.E.R. Mike

[Hey guys. I talk about the Patreon on here all the time, that's patreon.com/woe_begone, but this week I've put up a patreon content sampler on the feed! Check it out if you've ever wondered what lurks behind the paywall. It's got a little bit of everything, including a lost episode that goes between episodes 30 and 31. And if you want a lot more of that sort of stuff, there's always patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my 10 newest patrons: [tranos_car](#), Leslie Joyce, Jeremiah Easley, InstaVoid, Froggee, Yet another archivist, TTT, Jude L, El Addams, and Brandon Stines. Enjoy.]

Mikey: Mike check, Mike check, 1 2 1 2. Come in Mike. Mike are you there? Over.

Mike: I hear you, Mikey.

Mikey: [Pause] You didn't say over? Over.

Mike: This isn't a walkie talkie. Why would I say over?

Mikey: Why would you say, what? Over.

Mike: No, we aren't doing this.

Mikey: Over?

Mike: Third base.

Mikey: I would prefer if you say over, over.

Mike: No. I know exactly what you want and I absolutely refuse to engage in such antics.

Mikey: Why, whatever could you mean? Over.

Mike: It's just not that good a joke. I get it. You're O.V.E.R. Mike. It's a-

Mikey: [interrupting] I'm what? Over.

Mike: [sighs] I guess this is inevitable. It's what I would do. Look. We have a schedule. Anne and Edgar are going to kill us if we drag this out. Please don't make me call you... the Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources comma Mike Walters Iteration.

Mikey: Eh, I had my fun.

Mike: How's O.V.E.R. going, by the way? It feels strange to be away from it for so long. I still wake up most mornings with my brain telling me to get my boots on and get ready for work.

Mikey: Well, you're in the wrong line of work, Mikey.

Mike: [interrupting] You're Mikey. By the rules, you're—

Mikey: [talking over] We were in the wrong line of work. You can't even imagine what working at O.V.E.R. is like without WOE.BEGONE hanging over our heads. They *pay you to walk around all day*. To see *nothing*. With all of you guys at the Base, there is literally nothing to see. It's perfect. It's quiet. I get to take quiet walks in nature and then just hang out with O.V.Edgar all night.

Mike: Must be nice.

Mikey: We made our choice. Our coinflips. I miss Base. I know we can't trade off for security purposes, but, hey: when we consolidate, we'll both have both sets of memories. So it will be like you were here, too.

Mike: Well, it did work for Edgar. It's gonna be a whole thing when it's the two of us though. Edgar was only a few hours separated from himself. This will be, what? Weeks? Years?

Mikey: Who knows? Well, Anne and Edgar know, probably. But it's too far away to think about. Oh, oh! Saw something this week that will absolutely blow your mind, Mike.

Mike: What?

Mikey: Here, I'll just text you. I took a pic.

Mike: Is it okay to snap a picture in O.V.E.R.?

Mikey: I don't know, are you a cop?

Mike: You are. We both are, technically.

Mikey: A security guard is not a cop.

Mike: Debatable.

Mikey: Sent it. Tell me what you think.

Mike: Holy shit! Is that... what I think it is?

Mikey: It's not like there's a plaque underneath explaining it.

Mike: What are the odds, though?

Mikey: Well, it's America. Someone else could have shot a bear, had it taxidermied, and had it shoulder mounted in the front of the O.V.E.R. cafeteria.

Mike: It sure looks like The Bear. ar.

Mike: Well, now I kind of feel bad.

Mikey: I did too when I first saw it, for a second. That bear tried to fucking kill us, Mike. Twice. We wished it was dead, remember? You know those dreams where we get chased down and get ripped apart by The Bear? Did you have one last night?

Mike: [reluctantly] Yeah...

Mikey: Me, too. I wonder how long our dreams will sync up like that. Anyway, we should feel relieved that it is dead. We should feel happy for Marissa. That was her project for as long as

we've known her. She's taking credit for it, even though we both know that's not The Bear she shot that night. We should feel vindicated. But we aren't even positive that it's the same bear.

Mike: Do you think we could save it? If we wanted to? We know when we transported it into Tier 2.

Mikey: Mike, you're the one that put us on a tight schedule. Edgar and Anne, remember? And now you want to save The Bear? And meddle in some Tier 2 timeline that we can't account for after we got out of that security building? Take a deep breath. You'll work through it in a second.

Mike: [sighing] You're right.

Mikey: Experience.

Mike: So, are you ready for me to ruin your peaceful security guard routine and drag you back into the seedy world of time travel espionage?

Mikey: Honestly, I've been dreading it all day. But no Base operations, no O.V.E.R. Mike, no O.V.Edgar.

Mike: Bingo.

Mikey: You should see him without the weight of all time and space on his shoulders.

Mike: Don't rub it in. Did he give you the code for today?

Mikey: 0118999.

Mike: Wait, who programmed the code? Me? What's the real number?

Mikey: 0118999. The codes are generated by a person, after all.

Mike: [scoffs] Security is such a joke. Are you heading into 116E now?

Mikey: Yep. Got through the front door while you were talking. Alright, 0118999... Hey, it worked! It's not *that* insecure a password. I'd be afraid to sit at the door and guess wrong passwords until I put in the right television reference to get it open. Maybe they had a high profile British intelligence officer they needed to let in and wanted to make sure he wouldn't forget the code?

Mike: True. Do you know why you're going into Tier 2?

Mikey: That would be propagation of information. The new dirty word.

Mike: Can you guess? Here's a hint: I need you to get something from the warehouse.

Mikey: We're blowing up 357A again. This time, just for shits and giggles.

Mike: You're more correct than you think. First stop is a trip back to the warehouse, to good ol' bay 65N.

Mikey: 65N? Is that... *that* bay?

Mike: The very same.

Mikey: What are we actually doing?

Mike: We are following instructions and we are not getting ahead of ourselves. Are you in the warehouse?

Mikey: Yeah. It doesn't look like anyone else is in here. Do you remember how to get there?

Mike: Take a left, keep walking until you get to N, then check the numbers. It's 4 bays up, if I remember correctly.

Mikey: I haven't forgotten that it's way up in the air, I promise.

Mike: You're scared.

Mikey: No shit. Why did they send us on this?

Mike: Because the whole idea of having O.V.E.R. Mike is to keep up appearances and do important field work that we have experience doing. No one else knows jack shit about breaking into Tier 2. Hunter can badge in, but he'd get his credentials all over everything. Plus, it's not going to be that hard. It's just 3 big jumps. Getting down is just gravity. You can do it. We've been feeling better and better after we rested up. You've been resting up even more than I have, spending all your nights in bed with Edgar watching movies.

Mikey: I know. I assumed that I would be in for some acrobatics. I did my stretches before you initiated communication.

Mike: You're gonna nail it, champ. Don't think too long, you'll psych yourself out.

Mikey: [grunting] Already one step ahead of you. [grunts again.]

Mike: Attaboy, Mikey.

Mikey: [Sucks air through teeth. Breathing heavier.]

Mike: Everything okay out there?

Mikey: I'm alright. Just a big fuckin' splinter in my hand from one of these pallets. [Wincing noises.] What's a crime scene without a little blood, right?

Mike: Preferably *don't* bleed all over Tier 2?

Mikey: It's nothing. Okay, one more jump and we're at 65N. [Breathing.] Okay. 3, 2, 1... [jumping grunt]. Fuck! [The sound of slipping, a hand hitting metal hard.]

Mike: Mikey! Are you alright? Did you fall?

Mikey: [Grunting again.] Slipped. I'm fine. [Grunt.] [Sigh of relief.] Ah! Home sweet home. [The sound of backpack opening, retrieving knife, cutting into box.]

Mike: Great job, Mikey. You know the drill at this point. Pop one of those boxes open and get one of those transmitter things. Easy as pie.

Mikey: [Sounds of cardboard cutting]. You know, it feels kinda cool to be up here, looking over the whole warehouse like this.

Mike: Told you it wouldn't be that bad.

Mikey: [Backpack zippering again.] Yeah, no problem. Can I rest here awhile?

Mike: If it's safe.

Mikey: I haven't seen or heard anyone. Footsteps are loud in here. I can hide behind the pallet if I see anyone coming.

Mike: Alright then, sergeant. Permission to rest.

Mikey: Ay ay, captain.

[A bit of silence passes.]

Mike: How is everyone? Charlie and Chance and Shadow? Since you've been at O.V.E.R. I haven't heard from them. All of a sudden I miss everyone. I don't know why.

Mikey: Charlie's fine. You know how she can instinctively tell if we're up to something. She's been grilling me a little every time I see her, but she doesn't have nearly enough information to ask the right questions. She wants to figure out what we've gotten ourselves into and mama bear us until we're safe. I'm starting to wonder if she has her own motivations out here. If she does, she's pulling it off way better than we ever did. I've kept an eye out for time duplicates of her. So far, nothing.

Mike: She's definitely capable. I still haven't ruled out that the reason Ryan disappeared is that Charlie took him out back and took care of him.

Mikey: Nah, because she would have said something. She would have taken us aside and been like “You know that guy who keeps showing up here and giving you problems? You don’t have to worry about that asshole anymore.”

Mike: Very true.

Mikey: Chance and Shadow still treat me like talking to me will get them sent to a CIA black site.

Mike: Are they wrong?

Mikey: If anyone ends up captured, I’m sure Michael has corrected for it already.

Mike: They’d like Michael.

Mikey: Oh, absolutely. As far as I know, they are the owners of the only two acoustic guitars in Tier 1.

Mike: I think they’re more on the folk side, though.

Mikey: Same difference.

Mike: I do not cosign that opinion. Wait, where’s our acoustic guitar? Is it not in the cabin?

Mikey: No, we left it at the apartment.

Mike: Damn. I was thinking about playing it.

Mikey: I’m sure you were. It’s been how many months at this point?

Mike: I actually don’t know how to calculate that. I know you’ve thought about it because I’ve thought about it, but: do we have a new birthday now?

Mikey: I assume that Edgar got you a birthday present, too?

Mike: Yeah, on our normal birthday. The Mulholland Drive Criterion Blu-Ray.

Mikey: Nice, he got me The Royal Tenenbaums.

Mike: Ah, so O.V.E.R. Edgar—

Mikey: O.V.Edgar—

Mike: Got you something he might actually cuddle up next to you and watch.

Mikey: I think he secretly loves when we keep pausing David Lynch movies to explain them to him.

Mike: An extremely close-kept secret.

Mikey: So, when is our birthday now?

Mike: I have absolutely no idea. But we're older than our birthday suggests. Those 4 months in captivity have to count, though. Right?

Mikey: Plus the rest of the time spent in the Flinchite compound, however long that was.

Mike: I don't see how it's even possible to tell.

Mikey: We'll throw a dart at a calendar when this mission is done and whatever date it lands on is our new birthday.

Mike: I don't have a dart or a calendar and neither do you. Are you ready to get back to it?

Mikey: [sighing] Yeah, I think so. I was feeling winded and I didn't want to get into Tier 2 winded and then have to run for my life.

Mike: I know the feeling. Are you climbing down now?

Mikey: [hup!] You know it. You're right, this is easier.

Mike: Just don't fall.

Mike: Just tell me when you're on the ground again.

[A couple seconds.]

Mikey: On the ground and raring to go.

Mike: There are meticulously detailed instructions in here if you want me to read them.
"Remember to secure the warehouse. Check and recheck for the presence of other O.V.E.R. personnel and proceed with caution. There is a side door for individual entry on the lefthand side—"

Mikey: Alright, I'm out of 116E and into the usual shadows. Are there any useful instructions in there?

Mike: Scanning... looks like... nope. Honestly, I could write a better guide. It just says "stick to the shadows" but it doesn't tell you where those shadows are. It also says "head west out of 116E" like we're supposed to carry a compass on these trips.

Mikey: Or remember where the sun sets in a place that we have lived for months.

Mike: Right, I guess the sun does set out that way. I would have said "hang a left after 116E. There's shadows behind the buildings where the roofs overhang."

Mikey: Yeah, yeah. I'm already halfway there. I can see the path in front of the boulders.

Mike: I never said we were going to the boulders.

Mikey: Oh, then please correct me, sacred keeper of the instructions.

Mike: ...We're going to the boulders.

Mikey: I don't see anyone in front of the boulders or inside that area.

Mike: Good. If I have to call in backup again, I'm going to be so embarrassed. Edgar wouldn't—

Mikey: Scratch that, Mikey.

Mike: I'm Mike...

Mikey: Hunters Jeremiah Hartley. Three of them.

Mike: You mean two of them.

Mikey: If "two" means "three," then yes.

Mike: Hunter isn't even at O.V.E.R. tonight. At least that's what he told us. He was taking some personal time.

Mikey: Maybe he meant he was taking a vacation into Tier 2?

Mike: No. He's been relatively forthcoming. There should only be 2 Hunters Jeremiah Hartley in there tonight.

Mikey: They're going in the building we saw them go into that one night. The one we got into with the RFID badge. I can see them in the light. That's 3 Hunters Jeremiah Hartley alright. It's hard to tell from here, but none of them look like Innocent.

Mike: This is unexpected.

Mikey: A little, yeah. But we know that we don't know what's going on with them. Ever since we [throat cutting noise] to Punished Hunter, you know...

Mike: Do you think someone corrected us?

Mikey: It's clear that someone did something, if that's helpful. It doesn't matter now, though. They went into the building. I'm 90% of the way to the boulders. We can talk about that in the morning with everyone when we do the debrief. Can you get Hunter on the phone for that?

Mike: Not sure, but it's already noted.

Mikey: Great. I'm approaching now. Clear skies. I saw Marissa's light pass but she didn't see me. I don't know how involved she is in this one.

Mike: Oh, that isn't Marissa. She's off tonight. That's the other guy. I don't know his name.

Mikey: Well, then we dodged a bullet! I considered stopping and saying hi, but thought better of it at the last minute. Anyway, I'm here. It's as directly toward us as you can, it will hopefully make everything go smoother.

Mikey: We're blowing up Base? Bold move, Mike, but you should at least evacuate first.

Mike: No, we aren't blowing up Base. We're trying to get whatever data was sent toward 357A that night. There's nothing to activate when the signal gets to us. It's just data.

Mikey: And we're taking a bet on that when we are in the place with the time machine?

Mike: If that thing had the ability to blow up buildings at range, there wouldn't be a box of them sitting in 116E.

Mikey: Good point. I'm actually stalling.

Mike: It hurts less if you don't stall, I've found.

Mikey: But stalling doesn't hurt at all!

Mike: It hurts if a guard sees you and permanently stalls your heart.

Mikey: I don't think any of them are *that* hot, Mikey. Plus, we are spoken for—

Mike: Attach the device already!

Mikey: Attaching the device. [Shock sound x2] FUCK!

Mike: Yep. It does that. Let me know when it's attached. And don't yell too loud. Again with the things that hurt more than getting shocked.

Mikey: [Shock.] Hnnng. Christ. Okay, Mikey. And you're Mikey now because

Mike: No—

Mikey: I've endured an excess trauma that you've never—

Mike: Not at all how that works—

Mikey: Experienced before, making me the more grizzled, adult Mike.

Mike: Halfway to Michael, I presume.

Mikey: Are you getting your data or whatever?

Mike: Let me check. [away from mic] Hey, Panther? You getting any of this yet? He said he's sending the signal. You get it yet? Huh? He said to push the button on the device.

Mikey: Fuck. Duh. How about... now?

Mike: [away from mic] Alright, he pressed it. Uh huh. [pause] Great. Thanks, babe. [back] We're getting it. He said to wait until we give the okay and then to head back the way you came. No need to escape under the fence this time.

Mikey: Works for me. I did not have a fun time squeezing under the fence. I don't think our body is made for that kind of thing.

Mike: It doesn't help that we have to sc

Mikey: Hey, Mike? Can I get the hell out of here?

Mike: What's going on?

Mikey: Marissa's coming back? But you said that's not Marissa?

Mike: Like, back the way he came from? Why?

Mikey: No idea, but he's coming back.

Mike: [away from mic] The Tier 1 patrol guy is coming. Can he get out of there? [back] 30 more seconds.

Mikey: Do we know anything about this guy? Is he friendly with Marissa.

Mike: Marissa hates his guts. That could mean anything, though. She forms opinions about people pretty fast and I've met perfectly nice people who she said she gets bad vibes from.

Mikey: You're not instilling confidence. Can I get the fuck out of here?

Mike: And..... go!

Mikey: [sounds of ripping the device free and another shock.] [under breath] Fuck!

Mike: Move move move move move move move!

Mikey: [out of breath] His light got really close, Mike. I don't know if he saw me.

Mike: We'll deal with it. Get back to 116E, pronto. That's all that matters right now.

Mikey: Moving as fast as I can. He can't see me anymore, anyway.

Mike: Keep an eye out, be safe, be careful, get back in that fucking building.

Mikey: You can't extract me?

Mike: We'll talk about that if we need to. You know the kinds of problems that could result in.

Mikey: Fuck! Fine. I'm almost back to 116E anyway. It's a dead night. There's no one out here. Lucky us.

Mike: And we completed the mission. The next goal is to get you home, snuggled up to O.V.E.R. Edgar, safe and sound.

Mikey: [breathlessly] O.V.Edgar—

Mike: Do you call him that?

Mikey: No, I call him Edgar. But if you're ascribing titles to us then I'm O.V.E.R. Mike and he's O.V.Edgar.

Mike: If you insist. Are you in 116E yet?

Mikey: Entering now. [sound of metal door.] Phew. And... it's empty in here again. Am I... gonna have to climb to the top of that bay again?

Mike: Don't worry about that. Give the device to O.V.Edgar and he'll get it back to its rightful place in the morning. He's just received this instruction and is expecting you.

Mikey: Good. My palms are too sweaty to make that climb on those slick metal bars.

Mike: I can imagine. You're all good to go, then?

Mikey: Making my out of the warehouse now.

Mike: Great. Make sure every door closes behind you and that no one sees you coming out of the building. And have a nice walk home.

Mikey: I'll try. You know how long it is.

Mike: I do. And Mikey?

Mikey: Yeah?

Mike: Give O.V.Edgar a big kiss from me?

Mikey: I don't know if that would be a weird thing to do or not.

Mike: One sec. [off mic] Hey, Edgar? Would it be weird to tell O.V.E.R. Mike to give O.V.E.R. Edgar a kiss from me? [pause] [back] Scratch that. It would be weird.

Mikey: It's the thought that counts.

Mike: Thanks for helping us out tonight. This new system at O.V.E.R. is working out great so far. And I'm glad there's at least one iteration of me who gets to take it easy every now and then.

Mikey: You'll get those memories, too, one day.

Mike: Yeah, and you'll get to cope with whatever horrors I witness here.

Mikey: Can't wait.

Mikey: I probably won't.

Mike: Alright. Base will contact you when we have a new plan.

Mikey: Right.

Mike: See you then.

Mikey: Mmm Hmm.

Mike: Bye.

Mikey: Bye.

Mike: [off mic] [Big sigh] Fuckin' idiot Mikey almost got caught by the night guard. You know, the one who works Marissa's route sometimes? He says he didn't get spotted but I'm not positive. Can we get Marissa on this? We need to figure out if this is a problem or not. And Hunter, too. We've got a full-on Hunter multiball in play. We need to get this shit sorted. [sigh] And Mikey gets to kick his feet up and relax at O.V.E.R. after all this. Some of us are just too lucky.

[END THEME PLAYS.]