

Episode 64: uninhabited.

Michael: [On the phone] Howdy, there. Uhh... was actually trying to reach Marissa Ng? I was sure this was her cabin number but you know how the O.V.E.R. phone directory is, heh. [pause] Uh huh. Well, best of luck to ya, then. I remember startin' out, that's a doozy. I'll try her cell. [pause] Yep, you have a nice one too. Stay warm out there. Uh huh. Mbye. [Sound of the phone slamming.] Fuck me. [Annoyed grunt.] [We hear the sound of a phone number being dialed, then a pause.] Hello, yes. I'm looking for a fella, name of Mike Walters. This is cabin 63A, ain't it? [Pause.] Hmm. Well nice to meet you, Luis. I know he was living at 63A. I don't suppose he's hidin' in there somewhere? [pause]

[We hear the sound of a door swing open.]

Mike (in the background): Michael, you won't believe this! I actually caught a fish. Probably the stupidest fish alive considering I caught him. I dug some worms up out of the dirt out there, popped one on the hook and caught a massive... uh... I don't know what it is. A trout? I don't know anything about fish. It's not that big—

Michael: Could you do me a big favor, Luis? Could you keep an eye out for him for me? [Aside] Mike, shut the fuckin' door! I just got the fire big enough to keep us warm. God dammit.

Mike: Shit, shit, shit. Sorry, Michael.

Michael: [back to the phone] Sorry about that Luis. Dealing with a lot right now. [Pause.] Oh, naw, that's not him. That's a different Mike. Can you keep an eye out for my friend Mike Walters? About average height, a little stocky, last time I saw him he had short brown hair and a bushy beard. Handsome as the devil if you ask me. [pause.] Yes sir, that's correct. If ya really wanna help, he frequents the OldBrush Valley Diner and always gets the biscuits and gravy, so you might wanna pop your head in there. The breakfast is good, too. Treat yourself if you haven't already. [pause] Mhmm. No, you don't gotta pass along any contact info. Just tell him that his brothers are worried s\ck because he hasn't checked in with us in awhile. You know how folks workin' in the Valley are, some of 'em at least. [pause] Uh huh, you too. Take care. Uh huh. Mbye. [Phone slamming sound.] Fuck.

Mike: No luck?

Michael: I'm starting to wish this stupid little shack didn't have a phone. A dozen phone calls and nobody's home. It appears that we've been replaced in our O.V.E.R. duties. Fire's started, at least. Not all bad news.

Mike: Yeah, sounded like Mikey's gone from O.V.E.R. from what I overheard.

Michael: Not just Mikey. Everyone.

Mike: The whole Base?

Michael: No, I mean everyone. Base, Charlie, Chance, Shadow, O.V.E.R. Mike and OVEdgar.. I even called fucking 44C to talk to Hunter. I called Base. I called everyone's cellphones.

Mike: So, who is going to come rescue us?

Michael: Everyone's probably dead and you're thinking about that? If only we didn't need rescuing, you stupid piece of shit.

Mike: Hey! I said that I was sorry and I really am. I shouldn't have done what I did.

Michael: [Overlapping, scoffing] "What you did..."

Mike: It put us in danger and frankly we got lucky with the punishment we got. I got antsy. Paul was onto us and he wasn't going to rest until he wormed his way into our business. You saw how he was after you threw him overboard. You are the one who forced our hand. And look what would have happened if he had succeeded! Everyone's... "gone." You're right, dead. We can't deal with Paul on top of all of that.

Michael: It looks by the time that Paul gets back to Alaska he'll look us up only to find that Mike Walters is dead. And we'll still be stuck on this uninhabited wildlife research island that they stranded us on because nobody will pick up the phone.

Mike: I think you forgot how normal people operate, Michael. Paul isn't a schemer, he's a regular guy who thought he saw an opportunity. Paul isn't gonna do anything to us. It's the same reason almost no one makes it to round 3 of WOE.BEGONE. He's going to go back home and hope that his physical therapy is successful enough to get him back on the ship next time around. You didn't see the look in his eyes. I did. He was terrified. He knows we mean business. He knows what we're involved in and he knows that what I did was child's play compared to what we've been through. I showed him the scar on our hand and everything.

Michael: And what did he think about that?

Mike: He was screaming mostly, so I had to shove my sock in his mouth to get him to shut up. Didn't really get to share his opinions.

Michael: That didn't stop word from getting out.

Mike: No. If it had worked, they wouldn't have dropped us off at the closest island and then went on their way, would they? Any luck on figuring out where we are?

Michael: Alaska.

Mike: I know that. But it's gonna be hard for Boris to come rescue us or whatever if the only clue we have as to our own whereabouts is "Alaska."

Michael: Sign on the phone says "Agattu Island AK Research Facility."

Mike: So we have a name! Does it show up on Google at all or...?

Michael: I dunno, Mike. Let me just Google it for you.

Mike: When we get ahold of someone, they can google it. Have you tried calling 911?

Michael: No. I'm trying to keep our profile low. I think I just discovered that everyone is dead, Mike. We don't have many allies helping us out. I've been here before and I know that we have to be extremely careful. We'd probably make the news if a helicopter had to come get us. Ty would see the headlines. I don't want him knowing that we survived his murder attempt. We need to make our exit from this island as discreetly as possible.

Mike: I wasn't even thinking about headlines. So, what's the other option? We're going to starve to death out here?

Michael: I figure one of us will go mad and kill the other one before that. Assuming the storage closet full of freshwater doesn't run out first. It looks like enough right now, but it's not infinite.

Mike: Makes sense. I've seen The Lighthouse.

Michael: Here's the deal. We call everyone we've ever known and see a) if any of them are even alive and b) if any of them can come rescue us. We save Mom and Dad and then John for last. After that, we talk about risking calling emergency services and whatever might happen after that. Do we know anyone from Alaska that we could start with?

Mike: The band Portugal The Man is from Alaska.

Michael: Not helpful.

Mike: I can't think of anyone but I'll keep thinking about it. You wanna switch for awhile? You catch some fish and I sit here and make some phone calls? I could use some time by the fire to warm my hands up. And I didn't catch enough for both of us to eat tonight. I was telling a tall tale when I walked in. The one I caught is a single serving. We'll both feel better if we don't have to split it.

Michael: [sighing] Yeah. and I don't want to break into the MREs in the closet. I'm a better fisherman than you anyway.

Mike: If you say so.

Michael: If you wanna talk back, I can put the fire out and you can have a try getting it going.

Mike: No, no! That's fine. I surrender, cowboy. Go rustle us up some grub and I'll see if I can get on the phone with someone with a pulse.

Michael: [heading out] Alright, I'll be back in an hour or when my hands go numb, whichever comes first.

Mike: See ya then.

[Door closes. Mike picks up the receiver, dials a number, and waits.]

Mike: Hey, is this Troy? Troy! I can't believe that I remembered your cabin number. What are the odds? It's Mike Walters. [Pause.] No, I'm the guy from 63A. Charlie's friend? There was a big stink when I got attacked by a bear? Remember? [Pause.] That's fine. You don't have to remember me. What the hell is happening, my man? [Pause.] Oh, no, that is what I was going to ask you. What's going on? [Pause.] Yeah, so Charlie isn't there at the front gate with you anymore, right? Did she say where she was going? [Pause.] No, no, I think that's right. I don't think that she would just leave without saying goodbye. She's a sentimental gal. [Pause.] I don't think she would actually beat you up, Troy. She was just messing with you. O.V.E.R. didn't tell you anything about what happened did they? Like if they fired her or what? [Pause.] Well, that's what I'm trying to figure out. Have you heard from any of her friends, besides me I mean? Edgar, Hunter, Marissa, Chance[clears throat]— sorry, I mean, Chris and Ryan, any of those people? [Pause.] Huh. [Pause.] Yeah, I agree. It seems like something fishy going on. Look, I'm not asking you to stick your neck out— we both know what happens to people with too many questions out there— but could you keep a lookout for Charlie or any of her friends? [Pause.] No, “stick your neck out” just means getting into other's business— look: Tell 'em Mike's looking for them. I got a number they can call: [REDACTED.] Thanks, pal. You're a real one. I'll talk to you later. Mhmm, mbye.

Mike: God, not a very smart cookie at all, is he? [Groan.] Okay, Mike, put yourself in Michael's shoes. [unconvincing] Howdy, Pilgrim. Hooey, we're in quiet a pickle, tain't we? Who w-ain't(?) I a-called yet?—oh! [Phone number entry. Pause]

Mike: [Pause.] Fuck, they got him, too. We didn't even rope him into—hey! Matt! It feels so good to hear your voice. How have you been, man? [Pause.] Good, good. Look, I'm sorry that I disappeared on you like that. I didn't have a choice. It wasn't a fun time for me, I promise. I was running from some people and I'm running from them again. [Pause.] I know. I'm sorry. I should have called as soon as I could but we're dealing with so much and I couldn't bear to have the conversation that we needed to have. [Pause.] Uhh.. by “we” I mean... it's something that I will have to tell you later.

[Mike fiddles with the desk drawer and finds something.]

Mike; Fuck! Hmmpf! Sorry, Matt...I just... found something in a drawer that is... concerning? But that's not why I called. You're still in Vancouver, I take it? [Pause.] Cool, cool. We're in Alaska now, actually! Not exactly by choice, that's sort of why I called. I know this is a big ask and we already owe you a lot already, but... can you come get us? [Pause.] Yes, I know that Vancouver is extremely far from Alaska, but you're closer than anyone else and you're... (just say it, Mike) alive... which is the main problem with the rest of our contacts. [Pause.] Michael says we are on Agattu Island. Can you look it up? [Pause, Mike gasps..] Michael is... me. Matt. There's two of me. We can sit down and have a conversation about it but only if I don't freeze to death in the middle of the ocean, alright? I know you had your suspicions alr– the International Date Line? Fuck. I thought we were like, a hop skip and jump from the mainland. Matt, everyone's dead. Everyone but me and Michael. And we're stuck out here and there's no way we can make it home. You're the only one. There is so much that we need to tell you, so much that you deserved to be looped in on so long ago. Stuff about us, stuff about you, stuff about what's been happening. [Pause.] No, I'm scared that 911 would end up getting us killed. We're here because someone tried to kill us. We're laying low as long as we can. We need you, Matt. Don't say no. Don't say no. Please don't say no. I've done [catches himself]— I'd do the same or worse for you, Matt. I hope you know that. I'm not bluffing. [Long pause, Mike's labored breathing.] Okay. Okay. My phone number is [REDACTED.] Okay. Okay. Please call back soon. We have some supplies but they aren't going to last forever. [Pause.] Okay. Thank you. I understand. I love you... pretend I didn't say that. After all, I'm a married man... pretend I didn't say that, either. Jesus. [Pause] Uh huh. Thank you. Talk to you soon. Mbye.

Mike: [Grunts.] Why does it have to be so fucking weird? The fucking note in the desk, man. Welp, guess I don't have to call mom and dad. Back out into the fucking cold and spitting rain to tell the cowboy that Matt's going to try his best and an ominous landed in my lap. If Michael had just given me permission to kill Paul, we wouldn't be in this mess...Or if I hadn't listened...

[SCENE TRANSITION. Waves, rod casting.]

Mike [starting from afar]: Michael! Michael! I have news from the front. Holy shit! That's a lot of fish.

Michael: I told you that I was the better fisherman.

Mike: I didn't expect you to be this much better.

Michael: I grabbed the tacklebox on the way out the door. Lots of shit you weren't using for some reason.

Mike: Didn't even see it. But I talked to Troy. And Matt! Troy just confirmed that Charlie hasn't been at O.V.E.R. Matt's the important one.

Michael: Matt's alive?

Mike: Yep!

Michael: Don't bring him into this.

Mike: What? He's going to save our lives.

Michael: It's dangerous. He's been through enough.

Mike: We're out of options, you donkey. Matt is going to save our lives.

Michael: Something else could come along.

Mike: Something else did come along, but it's not good. Look. [Crinkling paper.] "DON'T GO WITH MIKEY. -MIKEY" and then he drew a heart. I found it in the drawer when I was making calls. We're not safe from being fucked with out here.

Michael: See? Someone else has the tech. AND they're going to show up for us.

Mike: Yeah, and it sounds like they're bringing us sunshine and puppies.

Michael: Here we go again with puppies...

Mike: We're under attack... partner. So maybe we should do what we can to prepare ourselves? Like trying to get out of here as fast as possible?

Michael: [sound of line casting.] Matt's not coming. He can't afford the plane ticket to get halfway out here. We can't afford it either.

Mike: You pick the strangest times to give up.

Michael: Not giving up. Trying to keep us from having to break into those emergency rations for as long as I can. Fish for dinner.

Mike: Fine. I'm calling mom and dad.

Michael: Like hell you are.

Mike: [laughing in contempt] Are you gonna stop me?

Michael: You're going to stop you.

Mike: You're the one that skipped the funeral.

Michael: Because it hasn't happened to you yet. Fuck this soap opera shit, Mike. Don't call mom and dad.

Mike: Are you gonna stop me?

Michael: I don't know. Are you going to break both my legs like you did with Paul?

Mike: Fuck you, I did us a favor.

Michael: You sure did, pilgrim. Look all the way out there. Out there, too. Every direction. See all the favor you did us. Thousands of miles of saltwater favors, you fucking ingrate. You think mom and dad are gonna rescue us? You want to tell them about time travel? About WOE.BEGONE? About—

[Time travel noises.]

Michael: Speak of the devil.

Mikey: Michael! Mike! Holy shit! You're here! Wait, where are we? They didn't tell me where I was going.

Mike: You're on an island in—

Michael: Holup there, partner. Mikey, who sent you?

Mikey: I'll tell you everything, let's just get out of here. They gave me a calculator. We can use it to get back. I'll explain— [Mikey gets tackled by Michale] hey! Ow! What are you doing?

Mike: The calculator! Don't let it get wet!

Michael: It's fine! Mike, fetch some twine from the tacklebox.

Mike: Uhhhh....

Michael: Don't make me do everything. Help me get him tied up.

Mikey: Tied up!? What!? I'm here to rescue you! Everyone thinks that you're dead.

Michael: Well someone knows we're not and they gave us a warning about you. Sorry, bud. But I have had some practice hog tying people recently so I'll make sure nothing pulls too hard, alright? Aaaaand... that'll do er. Record time. I should join the rodeo. Mike, help me get him inside.

Mike: Yeah. [They grunt as they pick him up.]

Mikey: Help! Help!

Michael: We're hundreds of miles from the next person, so yell all you want.

Mikey: Where the fuck are we!?

Michael: Now, that'll be a fun puzzle, won't it? Mike, get the door.

[Sound of wooden door opening, closing.]

Michael: There. Now we're nice and cozy next to the fire. Why are you here?

Mikey: I was sent here to retrieve you.

Mike: Someone issued a correction before you got here. Are you working with Ty?

Mikey: No.

Mike: Are you lying?

Mikey: No.

Mike: He's lying.

Mikey: Why would I work with Ty?

Mike: Because everyone else is dead.

Mikey: Fuck. [Despondent sigh.] I mean, I sort of knew that. But it still stings to hear it confirmed. No one told me. But it wasn't Ty that killed everyone. It was Punished Hunter, during TBDO.

Michael: You know what that means, Mike.

Mike: That we have no idea what is going on anymore?

Michael: Yup. But we got our ticket home, at least. Mikey, I'm not gonna lie to ya, it ain't pleasant living out here. The sea is a harsh mistress. But, we got some stuff figured out. We'll get away and you'll be able to wriggle out of that hogtie in an hour, maybe two? There's a fire in the fireplace and a phone on the desk. There's emergency rations and water in the closet, but we caught a buncha fish that are still on the shoreline in buckets that you can eat off of awhile. It'll keep your strength up. These coats were here when we got here, so we'll leave em. And we'll come back for you if and when that proves to be safe. Now, these. [The sound of ripping pages.] Go in the fire.

Mike: What is that?

Michael: Maps of the island. Coordinates. Don't worry, I put in the only coordinate we need to get out of here. Don't wanna make it too easy on him. Who knows what else he could be forced to get up to. You're being forced, right?

Mikey: ...

Michael: Lucky I didn't gut ya right there with the fish. But Mike Walters is a lucky man, ain't he?

Mike: We're going to leave him here?

Michael: And pronto. I already told him too much. You know how propagation is. Don't wanna say anything to jeopardize our position, you know?

Mikey: Wait! Did you guys leave the berries? In Latvia? With the bears?

Mike: Berries? What? Did you say "bears" or "berries"?

Michael: We've been on vacation out of the country for awhile.

Mike: Did you leave the note?

Mikey: What note?

Michael: Didn't think so. Well, best of luck to you Mikey boy. We'll be back for you once we sort things out, if that's how things get sorted out. You know how these things are. Always corrections on top of corrections.

Mikey: You have to take me with you, Michael. We're like brothers!

Michael: I like to think so, too. But it's not a good idea to take you. Who knows who could be tracking you or why or what they want with us. Sorry... brother. See you around. Mike, let's go. Leave the coat. We'll only be outside for a minute.

Mike: [unsure] Bye, Mikey.

[Sound of a door closing.]

Mike: Did we have to do that?

Michael: Leave him alive, you mean? Mike, you've got quite the killer instinct these days.

Mike: Leave him there to die.

Michael: He'll be fine. If we don't get him, someone else will.

Mike: If you say so.

Michael: Now hang on to your hat, partner. We're going for a ride.

Mike: Michael, where are we even going? We can't go back to Latvia—

[Time Travel Noises.]

Mike: [Breathily] That old familiar gutwrenching feeling. Michael, where the hell are we?

Michael: Taking your suggestion. It's not like there's somewhere better to hide out right now. We should wait to go back to Latvia.

Mike: ...Matt's house?

Michael: You gotta do the talking. You're the one that wanted to rope him into this.

Mike: Uhh... yeah... sure...

Michael: Alright then. Let's introduce ourselves. Shame I don't got my hat. Hope he can tell I'm a cowboy.

[Sound of knocking on a door.]

[End credits.]