

**WOE . BEGONE**  
**EPISODE 73**  
**AUGUST**

OPENING THEME PLAYS.

**INT. THE SIDEWINDER SALOON, NORTHERN MONTANA - DAY**

We hear the sounds of a sleepy cowboy bar in northern Montana during a weekday afternoon. There are hints of background conversation, the clack of pool balls, the clang of drinkware being sorted, honky tonk music coming from a jukebox. We hear the saloon doors swing open, then **MICHAEL's** wordless grunt as he gets up on a barstool.

**MICHAEL**

Barkeep! Double whiskey, neat, with a water back if ya don't mind. Thank ya kindly.

**AUGUST**

Coming up.

We hear the sounds of a drink being poured. Then, the sound of **MICHAEL's** phone vibrating. He scoffs and answers.

**MICHAEL (SCOFFING)**

Hmmf. What is it, Mikey? I'm trying to get some peace and quiet here.

**MIKEY (THROUGH THE PHONE)**

Where the hell are you? We have a job to do, straight from Base. We have orders. We're not on vacation out here. Trust me, I wish we were, too. We can't go home until we do the Correction. We've gotta find these guys.

**MICHAEL**

C'a'int ya just... I dunno... look at the mountains and relax for a minute or somethin'? Take in the crisp mountain air? We don't even know what the fellas we're looking for look like. Might as well let 'em come to us .

We hear **AUGUST** slide a drink in front of **MICHAEL**.

**AUGUST**

Double whiskey neat, water back.

**MICHAEL**

Appreciate it.

We hear **MICHAEL** fumbling with his wallet.

**MIKEY (PHONE)**

Are you... in a bar?

**MICHAEL**

Shit. Mikey, do you got any cash on ya? All I got is euros. Hey, partner, uhh... didn't catch your name...

**AUGUST**

August.

**MICHAEL**

Howdy, August. I'm Michael. Look, I been out of the country, forgot all I got is euros. I got my buddy comin', though. He'll square you away.

**AUGUST**

We take debit, you know.

**MIKEY (PHONE, RANTING IN BG)**

You want *me* to pay for your drinks? Where the hell are you? You think just because we got a job out west means you can treat this like cowboy Disneyland? Hello? [Ranting continues in bg.]

**MICHAEL**

My debit card is from the future, heh heh, ain't been activated yet. Here. Here's 100 euros for collateral. That's basically a hundred bucks. So if my buddy don't show with the money, ya got yourself a hefty tip after a small conversion fee. How does that sound? Mikey, I'm at the Sidewinder Saloon. Bring cash.

**MIKEY (PHONE)**

Where the hell is that? You made it into town? How did you get there? We still have the car at the cabin. Did you wander off? Did you use the Calculator? How about you get back-

We hear the sound of the phone disconnect.

**MICHAEL**

He'll find us. He's got his phone on him. He can look it up.

**AUGUST**

Guess y'a'int *from* here, huh?

**MICHAEL**

I wish. Most beautiful place on Earth. I'm here on business.  
We're staying in a cabin in Glacier, though.

**AUGUST**

Sellin' crap to tourists? That's what most of business is out here, at least in town. People come in from Glacier and pay \$15 for a cheeseburger. A fool and their money, as they say. [Laughs.] Hell, you seem on the level, so I'll let ya know. I'm taking you for all you're worth on that well whiskey, even if you don't let me have the hundred euros.

**MICHAEL**

Don't matter to me none, partner. It's nice to have the company of someone who... appreciates the same things as me. That's worth the price. My brothers ain't exactly the outlaw type. We ain't salesmen, though. We're out here... let's call it "looking for some folks."

**AUGUST**

Ah, bounty hunters, I got ya. Heard your friend say y'all were working in Corrections. Sounds like someone skipped bail. They from around here? I know most of the regulars. Bill, back there playin' pool, got a record, but I thought he got his act together.

**MICHAEL**

Nope, not him. Folks we're after are on the run from out of state.

**AUGUST**

Well, best of luck to ya, then. Say, where'd you pick up the pocket full of euros?

**MICHAEL (sighing)**

Latvia.

**AUGUST**

Couldn't point to it on a map, bud. Bet you caught some stares out there, lookin' like Jeremiah Johnson.

**MICHAEL**

Mostly compliments. Ain't many cowboys up there. Jeremiah Johnson's a good movie.

**AUGUST**

Yep. So, you back home for good?

**MICHAEL**

Headin' right back, I'm afraid. It's our base of operations.

**AUGUST ((faux?)-Suspicious)**

Say, what kinda bounty hunters are you exactly, working from outside the country?

There is a pregnant pause. The game of pool in the background has stopped at this point. Another **PATRON** walks by.

**BILL (PATRON)**

Hey, we're headin' out, August. Catch ya later.

**AUGUST**

Sure thing, Bill. Say howdy to Hannah for me. Y'all take care now.

Beat.

**AUGUST**

[Slyly] Well, you're my only customer left. Guess you can tell me what you're really up to that you don't want gettin' out.

Another silence. **AUGUST** laughs.

**AUGUST**

I'm just pullin' your leg. Quit starin' daggers. Got it, it's top secret. Change of subject, comin' right up. Uh... You ride?

**MICHAEL**

You mean horses?

**AUGUST**

Look around ya. Motorcycles.

**MICHAEL (Laughing)**

Wasn't even thinking about all the biker stuff hanging up on the walls. I been on one a few times but never been on one long enough to get the hang of it.

**AUGUST**

That's a shame. There's nothing like it. You'd get a kick out of it. *I got a Yamaha V-MAX (VEE-max) in the parking lot out back,* that's how I got here this morning. There's nothing like tearin' ass down the highway on it. My folks got a ranch out past town, so I ride out to see them as an excuse to go on a long drive. Don't get better than that.

**MICHAEL**

Consider me jealous, partner.

**AUGUST**

You gonna stick around after you bust your perp? Could let you test drive it.

**MICHAEL**

That's mighty kind, but I doubt it. You heard the call I got. My brother Mikey is gonna drag us out of here the second we're done with business. Goodbye mountains, hello musty apartment.

**AUGUST (CONFUSED)**

Your name is Michael and your brother's name is Mikey? Don't that make both of ya Mike?

**MICHAEL**

It's... it's not... he ain't my real brother. He's like a brother. Through thick and thin, all that.

**AUGUST**

[CONFIDENTLY, like a real recognition] I gotcha. And he does all of the worrying so you don't have to. I got a brother like that, too.

**MICHAEL**

He covers *this* kinda worrying, I cover the rest.

**AUGUST**

Good deal.

**MICHAEL**

He's right that I should be on the clock. It's just that I've been cooped up in that damn apartment in Riga for so long. I gotta get out and stretch, ya know? And I was laid up for awhile, too. Got shot in the abdomen.

**AUGUST**

Look at you, gettin' into gunfights. And here I thought you was a tourist playing dress-up.

**MICHAEL**

I'm the real deal, pilgrim. See?

We hear the faint rustle of fabric as **MICHAEL** pulls his shirt up.

**AUGUST**

[Exhale.] Damn. That's a few inches away from the grave, Michael.

**MICHAEL**

Yeah, well, the other guy got it worse. But it had to be done. I gotta protect my men.

We hear **MIKEY** walk in through the saloon doors.

**MICHAEL**

Speak of the fuckin' devil.

**MIKEY (OFFHANDEDLY)**

Oh, wow, actual saloon doors. Michael! Look: I get the impulse, I really do, but we gotta get a move on. It's kinda a life or death situation, man. We were gearing up at the cabin and you disappeared.

**MICHAEL**

Mikey, there's a dress code in here. You coulda at least put on the hat I gave ya. I was just catching up with Ol' Sly, here.

**AUGUST**

...Sly?

**MICHAEL**

August, this is the fella I've been tellin' you about, Mikey. Mikey, August.

**AUGUST**

Pleased to make your acquaintance.

**MIKEY**

Uh... Thanks. Michael, we really don't have time for this. This is actually the worst possible moment to waste. We're a few *minutes* away from the mission. It's crunch time. I had to get an Uber because Mike was still getting ready and I had to find you because shit is going down now, imminently. Are you going to risk getting us killed in order to grab a drink?

**AUGUST**

Killed? Everything okay? Do I need to call someone? (inflect upward at end of question)

**MICHAEL**

Everything's fine. Don't call anyone. Mikey here just takes his job seriously.

**MIKEY**

Damn straight I take my job seriously. Reminder: if we don't do... the thing we're here to do... then we're the one who does the thing... and we could die like our friend who had to do it... so we have to prevent the... compound... from making us... god dammit

Michael! Can we talk somewhere in private? I can't say what I need to say in front of this guy.

**MICHAEL**

I don't need remindin' what I'm doing. And me grabbin' a drink didn't hinder that.

**MIKEY**

You don't know that. You could get us all killed.

**MICHAEL**

Well, I better finish my drink, then.

We hear **MIKE** burst through the saloon doors.

**MIKE**

Hey guys, we have a problem. Our... [noticing August] uh... oh.. Uh...

**MICHAEL**

August, this is Mike.

**AUGUST**

So, Mike, Mikey, and Michael, huh? I smelled somethin' fishy with you two, but you two [emphasis is on YOU in "YOU two!?"]- now I got questions.

**MIKEY**

Yeah, there's no time for this. Sorry, bartender guy. You're in the loop now.

**MICHAEL**

August.

**MIKE**

[Quickly.] Everyone shut up. I was tailed on the way here. The Flinchites are coming for us. I had to ditch the car to lose them. They're onto our Correction. They couldn't make it through the alleys in their car but they're still after us. The boots are on their way here so we need to get the fuck out. Preferably out the back door. Michael has the calculator by the way, Mikey.

**MIKEY**

I assumed.

**MICHAEL**

Guess we don't gotta find 'em anymore. August, you get all that?  
It will be on the exam.

**AUGUST**

[more sarcastic] I forgot my pen, I didn't know I'd be taking  
notes.

**MICHAEL**

You'll get the hang of it. You got a shotgun behind that bar?

**AUGUST**

Sure do.

**MICHAEL**

Well, grab that and, if you would be so kind, escort us out the  
back of the building.

**AUGUST**

Sure thing. I'm not stickin' around to get shot at. Let's get  
moving. Right this way, gentlemen.

We hear the sound of a shotgun racking, footsteps, doors opening  
and closing, then ambience of a parking lot.

**EXT. The Sidewinder Saloon Parking Lot - Day**

**MIKEY**

So, which one is the getaway vehicle?

**MICHAEL**

August, how many's your bike sit?

**AUGUST**

Two. Three if the fella in the back don't mind the likelihood of  
eating pavement.

**MICHAEL**

What do ya say we leave these two pilgrims to fend for themselves?

**MIKE**

Not funny.

**MIKEY**

So now what?

**AUGUST**

Get down!

We hear gunfire and bullets striking the metal of the vehicles in the lot and the sound of car alarms going off.

**MIKE**

Fuck.

**AUGUST (strained)**

You gonna get me killed today, pilgrim?

**MICHAEL**

I sure hope not, we just met.

**MIKEY**

We're cornered, Michael. What do we do?

**AUGUST**

Shoot back at 'em, dipshit!

We hear **MIKEY** fumble with his pistol, he drops it on the ground.

**MIKEY (SCARED)**

Shit. Shit.

**AUGUST**

Your people aren't very good under pressure, Michael.

**MICHAEL**

I coulda told you that. **MIKEY!** Fuck. Here. Get us back to the cabin.

**MICHAEL** makes a grunt to throw an object. We hear the smack of the metal Calculator against the pavement.

**MIKEY**

Fuck! Michael, be careful with that. If it breaks we're stuck here.

**AUGUST**

The fuck is that?

**MICHAEL**

If you're gonna be a scared little bunny you can put in the coordinates and I'll do the suppressive fire. August, you wanna give me a hand here?

**AUGUST**

If you insist.

**MICHAEL**

Alright. One... two... three!

We hear the shotgun and the pistol fire off some rounds.

**AUGUST (LOUDLY)**

ROT IN HELL... uhhh.. (to MICHAEL) what did you say they were called?

**MICHAEL**

Flinchites.

**AUGUST**

ROT IN HELL FLINCHITES! TELL EM AUGUST BAXTER SENT YA!

**MICHAEL**

Tell, 'em, Sly.

**MICHAEL** fires his pistol again.

**MICHAEL**

That's for my hand, you fuckin' boots! Hey, Mike? You got a pulse over there? You've been quiet.

**MIKE**

I'm hit. I'm hit. Fuck. It's not bad. I'm okay. I'm not down. Just a graze, but my ear... [Grunts in pain.] Shit. Wait, this is how you got a cauliflower ear? I always figured someone got pissed off at your bullshit and clocked you.

**AUGUST**

How you got... yours?

**MICHAEL**

Mikey, how are we doing on coordin

**MIKEY**

We're ready.

**MICHAEL**

August, we're about to transport to the cabin. You're coming with us. It'll just take a second.

**AUGUST**

What the hell do you mean? How is that thing going to get us out of here?

There is an interruption in the conversation as **AUGUST** gets up to lay down more fire.

**AUGUST**

(ad lib a cool one-liner)

[Breathing heavily] Fuck, Michael. I think I mighta actually hit him.

**MICHAEL**

Well, he shoulda thought about that before he started shooting at us. Look, bud, Mikey's getting out of here in a split second. You ever spin around in a tire swing until the rope got all wound up and then let go? It's gonna feel like that.

**AUGUST**

*What's gonna feel like that?*

**MIKE**

Traveling in an instant through all of time and space. Can we get out of here already?

**MIKEY**

Initiating transport in 3... 2..

**AUGUST**

Uhh...

**MICHAEL**

Hold onto your hat, pilgrim.

**MIKEY**

One.

The ambient noises from the shootout cut off abruptly and a sound indicating time travel plays.

**INT. Cabin in Glacier NP - Day**

The time travel sound ends abruptly. We hear **AUGUST, MIKE, MIKEY, AND MICHAEL** spluttering as they arrive in the cabin, disoriented.

**AUGUST**

The fuck...?

**MICHAEL**

Welcome to Glacier.

**AUGUST**

Yeah... I've *been* here before. I... Michael, what the fuck?

**MICHAEL**

We're safe. You're welcome.

**MIKEY**

What time is it?

**MIKE**

Time of incident was during the shootout. We're past time now.  
Check him, Mikey. I'm gonna go clean up my ear.

**MIKEY**

On it.

**MICHAEL**

I'll get the TV.

**AUGUST**

You're... You're the goddamn reaper, is that it? I knew something was off when you walked in, like the air got sucked out of the room. I'm dead, ain't I? I never believed in that shit. Makes as much sense as "traveling through time and space" or whatever you said.

**MICHAEL**

[Laughs.] I wish I were the grim reaper, pilgrim. You're still alive and kickin'. Mikey here used a device to transport us through space back to this here cabin. We can move in time, too, that's the whole point of the thing, but we like to move laterally as much as possible. Helps keep everything straight.

**MIKEY**

I can see him. I have eyes on Mikey.

**AUGUST**

I thought you were Mikey.

**MIKEY**

Here, take these. See that guy across the way in the other cabin on the phone?

**AUGUST**

Yeah...

**MIKEY**

That's me, the original Mikey that experienced this event at this point in time. I'm on the phone with one of my friends, catching up with him. And when I was on the phone with him-

**MICHAEL**

This was all over the news.

There is a pause as **AUGUST** turns to see the television.

**TELEVISION REPORTER (MID-BROADCAST)**

The attack occurred moments ago in Oldbrush Valley, inside of the mysterious compound known as Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources, or OVER. Maps of the area provided by inside sources indicate that this building was known as building 357A, though the purpose of this building remains classified. The footage you are seeing now is from a drone on nearby private property. Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources, famous among conspiracy theorists for its classified operations and high security, is not allowing reporters or photographers into the compound at this time and have yet to release a statement. It remains to be seen who perpetrated the attack or why, how many people were injured, or the motivation behind the attack as it continues to develop. Back to you Brent-

**AUGUST**

Oldbrush... Valley? Never heard of it.

**MIKEY**

We work there.

**MICHAEL**

The Flinchites were trying to rope us into that attack. That's what we just escaped from.

**AUGUST**

You... came back in time... to stop them from taking you hostage?

**MIKE**

We probably have traveled back here multiple times to issue multiple Corrections. That shootout wouldn't stop them. They can

issue Corrections just as easily as we can. There'd have to be a lot more corrections than that, ones that we don't even know about yet. How does my ear look?

**AUGUST**

Like a raw streak.

**MICHAEL**

It don't heal pretty, either.

**AUGUST**

You're.. Sorry if I'm statin' the obvious, but I wanna put it out there in the open... so, you're all the same guy. You're all Michael.

**MIKE**

I like to think that we're all Mike, personally.

**AUGUST**

So you. You're the oldest one, I reckon. You weren't always a cowboy.

**MICHAEL**

Cowboys ain't born, Sly, they're made.

**AUGUST**

Oh, and another thing! How did you know people call me Sly? I know I didn't tell ya that my first name is Sylvester.

**MICHAEL**

Musta gave off that impression, partner.

**AUGUST**

[Sarcastically] Uh-huh.

So, if you didn't do... that... then why is there still a big smokin' crater in the side of that building?

**MIKEY**

They picked a different target. Fella named Hunter.

**MIKE**

Better him than us. Explains why he hates us so much. Well, one of the reasons. This doesn't break our arrangement, does it?

**MICHAEL**

Nah. We was protecting ourselves. We didn't throw Hunter under the bus, we just stood our ground. Can't blame us for that.

**MIKEY**

I'm sure he *does* blame us for that but, no, I don't think we violated the terms of the agreement. We didn't talk to him and we didn't kill him, those were the only two points. It's different than our murder-mystery-corpse problem.

**MICHAEL**

Sorry, August. I know this is a lot to process.

**AUGUST**

Huh? It's ok. I was looking at this 357A fiasco on the TV. Oldbrush Valley... So that's what they shot up the Sidewinder about... Fuck. What am I gonna tell my boss? The Sidewinder and all the cars in the parking lot are fulla holes.

**MIKE**

Oh, they'll clean that embarrassing mess up. I'd be surprised if they left much of a trace. The Flinchites have the appearance of being tactical and surgical to keep up.

**AUGUST**

Surgical, my ass. Someone's paying to repair my bike if I get there and there's so much as chipped paint. Mike, you were hiding behind it when you got hit. Did they shoot my bike?

**MIKE**

Oh, I'm fine, thanks for your concern. It's just some permanent scarring.

**MICHAEL**

That scar never made me any less handsome. You'll live.

**AUGUST**

I know you're fine or I wouldn't ask about my bike.

**MICHAEL**

Your bike'll be fine or the repairs are on me, partner.

**MIKE**

That's how you know your bike is fine. Michael can't afford that.

**MIKEY**

You picked a good mission to meet us during, August. Usually something goes sideways and everyone dies. Or worse!

**MIKE**

Thanks, man. You might have been the difference between making it out of there and not.

**AUGUST**

Glad I could be of assistance.

**MICHAEL**

You ready to go back to the Sidewinder?

**AUGUST**

What? Hell no I'm not. What if they're still there? It's only been 5 minutes since we got here. I'm still dizzy from whatever you did.

**MIKE**

How much time has passed doesn't actually matter. That's how it goes with time travel. As of now, and by now I mean as of the information of the shootout propagating into a future where their administration is calling the shots, The Flinchites don't have any reason to be there. We aren't there and they failed their mission. When you get back, it will be as though nothing ever happened

**AUGUST**

And if you're wrong about that?

**MIKE**

Oh, then you probably get shot to death? I dunno.

**MICHAEL (TEASING)**

You're a good shot. You could take 'em.

**MIKEY**

We can send him to tomorrow if he wants.

**MICHAEL**

What do you say, Sly? Wanna get dropped off at the Sidewinder this time tomorrow? Should be no trace of them by then.

**AUGUST**

Y'all can really do that? Just push some buttons and it's tomorrow?

**MIKE**

You just teleported into a cabin miles away from where you were standing. You don't think we can set you down in tomorrow?

**AUGUST**

I don't doubt it, I'm just talkin' it out. How did you get that thing, anyway? Is that Oldbrush Valley place doing time travel? Is that what they're hiding in there?

**MICHAEL**

See? He's puttin' it together. He'll get there eventually. You ready to go, bud?

**AUGUST**

Well, I still got questions. [teasingly.] And a shotgun.

**MICHAEL**

Well, I got a time travel device and the knowledge that you're too good a man to stick us up for answers. [Yawn.] And I need a nap. Mikey?

**MIKEY**

Yep, transport in 3...

**MICHAEL**

See ya round, Sly.

**AUGUST**

Sly...

**MIKEY**

2... 1...

We hear the same sounds signifying time travel as before.

**MICHAEL**

[Yawning] Hoo-eeey. That was quite the adventure, boys.

**MIKE**

You knew that guy.

**MICHAEL**

Who, Sly?

**MIKE**

Cut the shit. You went there because you knew him.

**MICHAEL**

Me and August go way forward. 6 or 7 years from now. He already knew who I was the first time that I met him.

**MIKEY**

Michael lured us there and we lured the Flinchites there. That's how the Correction got done.

**MIKE**

Did you know that was going to happen?

**MICHAEL**

Hard to tell, what with Connectivity and all.

**MIKE**

You knew. You have the scar.

**MICHAEL**

It don't always happen. Be glad it did. [Pause.] What do y'all say we stay until tomorrow? We can get some rest, go fishin' or go see Lake McDonald or somethin'. Grab some Moose Drool. Put our feet up. I was laid up. I didn't get a vacation like y'all did.

**MIKE**

That was your decision, Michael.

**MIKEY**

Edgar would kill us if we broke 24 to take some time off without telling him first.

**MIKE**

And the longer we're across the way from Mikey and Edgar, the more chance of accidentally propagating information and potentially jeopardizing the whole mission. It's just not worth it. Sorry, Michael. You know we love this place as much as you do.

**MICHAEL (GRUMBLING)**

Fine, okay. We'll head back then.

**MIKEY**

And I have to get interviewed by Anne when we get back. Have either of you done yours yet?

**MIKE and MICHAEL**

No.

**MIKEY**

I'm nervous... which doesn't even make sense because I know that I didn't kill Hunter.

**MIKE**

You'll do fine. Like you said, you don't have anything to lie about.

**MICHAEL (SUDDENLY GRUFF)**

You wanna go back so bad, let's get back. Mikey?

**MIKEY**

Oh... um, okay. Coordinates are [pause] in. Ready?

**MIKE and MICHAEL**

Yeah.

**MIKEY**

Commencing transport in 3...2...1...

We hear the sound indicating time travel once again.

ENDING THEME PLAYS.