

EPISODE EIGHTY SEVEN - HAVE YOU CONSIDERED GOING HOME?

Original transcript edited by Synthium and Orion

[BEGIN Episode 87.]

INTRO: Hey guys, I'm going to try to switch up the plugs this time. Firstly, the *WOE.BEGONE* spinoff podcast *The Diary of Aliza Schultz* is now on the Rusty Quill network, and this year's Aliza Schultz Halloween special is in that feed as well as this one. Now is a great time to get into that show, and new episodes are on the way. *The Diary of Aliza Schultz* has its own RSS feed, so search for it wherever you listen to podcasts.

Secondly, my friend Rat Grimes is raising money for the second season of his podcast, *Somewhere Ohio*. This upcoming season is called "The Department of Variance of Somewhere Ohio," and there's an Indiegogo campaign where you can contribute to. I will put a link in the description. He doesn't know that I'm doing this, so stop by and tell him that I sent you.

As always, I'm streaming on Twitch on Sunday nights at twitch.tv/woebegonepod and if you want to support the show you can do so on Patreon at patreon.com/woe_begone, where you can get early access to episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, QNAs, director's commentaries, postcards, Movies with Michael, and more. I have things planned for the Patreon every single day for the rest of October in honor of spooky month, including a special episode that you will get two days before it hits the main RSS feed, so check out patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons, [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: this episode contains a depiction of violence and death. Listener discretion is advised. It also contains a sudden loud noise, the timestamp for which is in the description.]

[Opening theme song.]

MICHAEL *[exasperated]*: For the last time, Mikey, the answer is *no*.

MIKEY: Don't take that tone with me, like you're my dad telling me we can't have a puppy.

MIKE: He loves telling people that they can't have a puppy.

MICHAEL: No, Mike. I just have to tell you how it is. That goes for you too, Mikey

MIKE: I think that if you seriously considered my pitch deck, especially the slide about how Bruno needs a *companion*, then you might change your mind, but... he's right about this Mikey. This is a terrible idea and uncharacteristically irresponsible of you to offer it and then ask us about it after the fact.

MIKEY: I didn't mean to offer him anything, I was having a moment with Chance and it... slipped out. But it's not like we'd be doing him a favor and then getting nothing in return. Chance is our link to the Hunters and he would be in our debt forever if we did this for him. We can use that to our advantage.

MIKE: Well, if it's such a slam dunk idea, why did you come to us and not to Base?

MIKEY: Oh, Base would definitely say no.

MICHAEL: Maybe there's a reason for that.

MIKEY: Come on, Michael, you of all people don't have room to throw stones here. You break the rules all the time and act without orders from Base *constantly*.

MICHAEL: Difference is all my plans are better than this'n. This'n's cockamamie.

MIKE: Mikey, had you considered that maybe your plan was cockamamie?

MIKEY: I didn't, and I won't. We need to smooth things over with the Hunters. If this Elder Hunter situation gets away from us, we could be in major trouble. And Michael, I'll remind you it was your new— *[Noise of frustration.]* It was... It was August that got us into this mess in the first place.

MICHAEL: Don't you *dare* bring August into this.

MIKEY: August brought *himself* into this when he killed Elder Hunter.

MICHAEL: We don't know what's gonna happen yet. Even Edgar said killin' Elder Hunter was the right thing to do.

MIKEY: *Mustardseed* said it was the right thing to do. I think that is an important distinction.

MICHAEL: *Edgar* wouldn't lie to me about that.

MIKEY: *Mustardseed* *would* to protect himself and his Mikey.

MIKE: I agree with Mikey that *Mustardseed* would lie to you, but I don't see why he would lie in a way that makes August look like the good guy.

MIKEY: *Mustardseed* did futurescouting, he could have plans that we have no idea about yet.

[Michael slams his hands on the table in frustration.]

MICHAEL: He. weren't. *lyin'*, damn it. He's still Edgar, n' you wasn't there. And, 'sides, we don't got time to rescue one of Chance's friends right now. We still ain't hunted down the other Mikes, ain't even got close. We don't got time for pet projects.

MIKEY: Cole isn't just Chance's *friend*, I've considered this angle as well. According to Chance, Cole is some sort of computer whiz? It sounds to me like he might have understood the technology better than we do. If we save his life and he owes us one, then maybe he could help us pull the correct logs from the security building, and tell which ones are Mike and Edgar. And that is only the beginning of what he might be able to offer.

MIKE: Ooh, I do like that, Mikey. This guess-and-check shit that we've been doing with the coordinates is... dangerous. I would *kill* not to have to do that again.

MIKEY: And if we had extra hands, we wouldn't have to worry so much about Mike getting sick.

MIKE: Oh, don't worry about that. I'm fine.

MIKEY: Are you actually fine? Because the last time you told me that, you weren't.

MIKE: Yes, I'm fine, I'm back to 100%. Michael, tell him.

MICHAEL: I truly believe he's doin' better. We haven't had any episodes recently. It was touch and go for a minute there. Bad enough that he couldn't hide it from me. But the spring is back in his step these days.

MIKEY: Okay, then what changed?

MIKE: Dunno. Guess my body finally pulled through. Maybe the little old Latvian ladies were right and with enough soup it's possible to heal all wounds. I don't understand any of it, which is scary since it's my body, but I'm back to my regular self. Better than regular, most days. But getting back on subject, I'm actually starting to come around on this whole Cole thing. It's not like Chance is some sort of stranger in all of this. He's our friend. He was willing to come on as part of Base when we needed him to, even though he clearly hated the idea. And he does probably the worst job at Base. Being the liaison between the Base and the Hunters means that everyone's going to be mad at you all the time. We definitely owe him something, maybe *[Michael's phone buzzes with a text.]* not something as valuable as bringing a friend back to life, but something. And this idea of having this Cole guy as a resource is growing on me. What do you know about him?

MICHAEL: If y'all will excuse me, I gotta step out for a moment. August needs me by his side for a second.

MIKEY: Michael, this can't wait? We're making an important decision.

MICHAEL [*Hostile*]: No, it sure cain't, pilgrim. I'll be back when I'm finished with my business. Y'all can keep hashing out plans.

MIKEY: Uh, o-okay? Okay.

MIKE: Okay, uh, be quick, stay safe.

MICHAEL: Always am, always do. Initiatin' transport in three, two, one.

[Time travel noise.]

MIKEY: What was that about?

MIKE: He needed to "be by August's side," I guess.

MIKEY: And he wasn't going to take no for an answer, why did he get so mad at me? Does that happen a lot?

MIKE: Constantly. If it's not one thing, it's another. The slightest excuse to be out at the ranch, he's out there. I've got the apartment all to myself most of the time.

MIKEY: How do we feel about him being out there so much?

MIKE: [*Sighs.*] It scares me, and it makes me feel terrible, and it makes me worry about what's going to happen to me and my Edgar, and it's the happiest I've ever seen him, and he really needs this, and August seems like a great guy, and I'm suspicious as hell of him and they are so clearly the right fit for each other that it reminds me of me and my Edgar, and that makes my skin crawl a little bit, and then I feel bad because that's not fair to either of them. Does that make any sense?

MIKEY: We are on exactly the same page, especially with you and your Edgar? That Instagram post by... MDawg... makes me really nervous. "Here's to the next eight years"? Does that mean that 8 years from now is when it... happens?

MIKE: I don't see any other way to read it, it's not like they're gonna get divorced in eight years.

MIKEY: Okay, so how many years until you and he...?

MIKE: Less than three. If it's eight years on the dot, we catch up in less than three years.

MIKEY: And that means that Michael has been without Edgar for years, which is difficult to wrap my head around. Not to mention all the lying he had to do to keep us from knowing.

MIKE: Well, not just us, our Edgars. That's some incredibly damaging information to propagate. Hell, we saw what it did to Mustardseed. You can't predict what someone will do when they know exactly when they're going to die.

MIKEY: Have you considered... going home? Three years are going to be over before you know it.

MIKE: I have definitely thought about it, but that's all. Just thinking. It would be... bittersweet to break up the band like that. Michael still needs me, I think. I know he has August now, but he's been through some things that August can't understand. I think he needs us to keep him anchored. I'm scared that he'll drift off without us.

MIKEY: I dunno, Mike. I guess it would just be a... good time to throw in the towel. You're sick, you need someone to care for you and you need to be home with your husband.

MIKE: My fiancé.

MIKEY: And you need to get on *that, pronto*.

MIKE: But I wasn't lying to you earlier, I'm not sick anymore. I'm back to being good as new. I don't need my cane anymore. I feel great, honestly. I've been taking care of myself, I've been doing my stretches, eating my broccoli. I've been playing tug of war with Bruno. He's getting really big and it's a full-on workout to keep up with him. But I'm keeping up with him, so don't worry about me and my health. That's all taken care of.

MIKEY: What changed? You were on death's door like a week ago.

MIKE: Good old bed rest, I guess? Speaking of healing from consolidation, how's everything going with you?

MIKEY: Huh? What do you mean, consolidation?

MIKE: You consolidated with O.V.E.R. Mike, didn't you?

MIKEY: Consoli— Yeah... it's— it's going fine... normal... I don't even think about him. Like my memories are on top of his, so I can't see them very well. It almost feels like I didn't consolidate with him at all.

MIKE: Well, I'm happy that it was painless, but don't bury those memories, Mikey. Those are memories of you and Edgar happy.

MIKEY: No, they are memories of O.V.E.R. Mike and Mustardseed happy.

MIKE: Right, they are, but you and O.V.E.R. Mike are the same person now. Be sure to take stock of those memories.

MIKEY: I will. I'm glad we had this talk, Mike. It cleared a lot of things up.

MIKE: Yeah, me, too. I guess I can't be too mad that August stole Michael from us.

[Time travel noise.]

MIKE: Speak of the devil.

MIKEY: Welcome back, Michael. Everything alright on the homestead?

MICHAEL: Business is taken care of.

MIKE: What kind of business?

MICHAEL: The kind of business that's between me and Sly. You ain't privy to every conversation 'tween us. Give us our privacy.

MIKEY: Okay, okay, you have your privacy.

MIKE: Michael, I think that we can do Mikey's plan and still keep up with the hunt for the Mikes. Maybe we compromise somehow? For instance, we only start on the Chance and Cole thing once we neutralized one of the Mikes. And that could be that we finally figured out the coordinates or it could be that we start with EdMan and MDawg, since we know where they are. As long as the needle moves. Mikey, has Base decided what to do with these Mikes and Edgars?

MIKEY: We haven't, and I can't say that I'm fond of the term "neutralized".

MICHAEL: Yeah. Say what you mean. Shoot 'em down in cold blood.

MIKEY: Exactly, and I'm not even saying that I'm opposed to that. From what I can tell, Base is about evenly split on what to do. A third think that we should kill them, a third think that Edgar and I should consolidate with them, and the final third think that we should find a solution where they get to stay separate and alive.

MICHAEL: Nah, partner. We gotta kill 'em.

MIKE: Big talk, Michael. Do you *like* killing Mikeys now? Do you hunt them for sport?

MICHAEL: Ain't no sport in it. I'm just pointing out what's gotta get done. If y'all consolidate with all of them Mikes and Edgars, you're gonna dilute yourself to the point that it's all them and none of y'all. If you let 'em go, they're out there and they're dangerous.

MIKEY: Michael and I are in agreement, I think, but I wouldn't say it like that.

MICHAEL: It's the same way it's always been since Mike and I showed up here. Base needs to shed some blood but don't want to get their pretty little hands dirty, so they send the cowboy out there to do what's gotta be done.

MIKEY: Yes, Michael, that's why you're here. I don't think that Base ever deceived you about that

MICHAEL: As long as we're clear about what's going on.

MIKE: Michael, do we have a deal on the Chance situation? I hope we can come to an agreement.

MICHAEL: I have my reservations, but if this gets the ball rollin' on the Mike and Edgar problem, I'm in.

MIKEY: Thank you, Michael.

MIKE: Do we want to start out by trying that ping in North Carolina that I found? We could do that as early as this evening. Get one out of the way.

MIKEY: Let me guess, Asheville?

MIKE: Yep.

MIKEY: Fuckin' hipsters.

MIKE: *[Sighs.]* Yep.

MIKEY: It does seem like a really great place to live, though.

MIKE: Yep.

MIKEY: Is the hipster angle the whole reason that you think it's them?

MIKE: Well, the ping is nestled inside of a bunch of different transport locations across the country, so that could be the signature of a bunch of Mikes and Edgars moving around that night. But also, yes, it's mostly because I think that Mike and Edgar would love nothing more than to run away to Asheville together.

MICHAEL: We do things my way. If it's Mike and Edgar, then we take care of the problem right then and there. No more of this half-assedness. Cross one of them off our list.

MIKE: I can agree to that, as long as Mikey can agree to us making Base's decision for them.

MIKEY: Yeah, I can. I think we might have to force Base's hand here. And I'll go in the field with you, Michael.

MICHAEL: Works for me.

MIKE: Alright, team. That's the plan. We will investigate Asheville tonight. Let's get ready.

[Scene transition.]

[Time travel noise, followed by night ambiance.]

MIKE *[over intercom]:* Testing. Come in, Mike, Michael, are you there?

MICHAEL: Yeah, we're here, partner.

MIKEY: We're at a storage facility?

MIKE: You sure are, and you're about a minute early and a hundred feet away from the action. Can you see anything suspicious yet?

MICHAEL: I think we're the only suspicious things out here.

MIKEY: Yeah, it looks like a normal storage facility. Any idea why they'd pick here?

MIKE: Low chance of people around, I presume? Or maybe they have stuff in storage. Could they have prepared for the move somehow?

MIKEY: I don't see how they could.

[Time travel noise.]

MIKEY *[whispering]:* Th-They're here. It's them. I can see them, just-just barely, but it's them.

MIKE: Mikey, are you absolutely sure?

MICHAEL *[whispering]:* It's them. I know Mike and Edgar when I see 'em.

MIKE: What are they doing?

MIKEY: They're going into one of the storage units. Maybe they really do have storage?

MICHAEL: I say we follow 'em in.

MIKE: We did agree that we were going to get something accomplished on this mission, no half-assedness. If you feel comfortable tailing them inside the storage unit... I'm here to support you. Stay safe.

MICHAEL: Are ya comin' with, pilgrim?

MIKEY: *[Deep breath.]* Yeah. I'm right behind you, Michael.

MICHAEL: Attaboy. Mike, we're followin' 'em in.

MIKE: 10-4

[The sound of footsteps on concrete and steady breathing. The storage unit is then opened.]

MIKEY: Edgar has gone in. Mike's still outside.

MIKE: Can you tell what he is doing?

MICHAEL: Looks like he's waiting for him to come out.

[Night ambiance.]

[The sound of a car starting.]

MIKEY: Is that a— car? Where did he get a car?

[Enormous explosion and the sound of metal wreckage.]

MIKEY *[panicked]:* Oh! Shit!

MIKE *[Frantic]:* Mikey!? Michael!? Are you there!? W-What's going on!? Tell me what's going on?!

MIKEY *[Panting heavily]:* It... exploded.

MIKE: What? What exploded? The storage unit? *[Michael grunts.]* With them inside?

MICHAEL *[Breathing heavily]:* Looks like we weren't the only ones after 'em tonight.

MIKE: Are they... dead?

MIKEY: I think so. I don't see any movement.

MICHAEL: I do. Right over there, that's Mikey.

MIKEY: The M-Mike is stumbling out of the wreckage. Oh god, Mike. He's really hurt.
[Shouting.] Mike! *[Louder, with more urgency.]* Mike!

MICHAEL: Mikey, what the hell are you doin'?

MIKEY *[Addressing Michael]:* We can't just leave him out here.

MICHAEL: Mikey, did you forget what we came out here to do? Someone's doin' our job for us.
I say we let 'em.

MIKEY: He's not dead, he's hurt. We have to help him. *[Addressing the injured Mike]* Mike!
Mike, I'm coming over there. It's me.

MIKE *[Begrudgingly]:* Michael, stick with Mikey, make sure he doesn't get hurt.

MICHAEL *[Grumbling]:* Shoulda come out here by my damn self.

O.V.E.R. MIKEY *[hoarsely]:* Mikey... Michael?

MIKEY: What happened? Why did you come here?

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: Edgar's in there. Oh, god. Edgar. *[Frantic]* E— You have to get to Edgar.

MICHAEL: There's nothin' left of 'im, Mikey. Do you know what happened?

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: No *[Pained groan.]*, we just got here... how did you know we were here?

MIKEY: We can talk about that once you're safe. We need to get you back to the Satellite Base
and treat your wounds.

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: No. Edgar's in there.

MICHAEL: Pieces of Edgar are in there. Edgar is gone. Do you wanna stick around and end up
like him or do you want to come with us?

MIKE *[Warily]:* You're bringing him back here?

MIKEY: He's hurt. We can't leave him.

MIKE: I thought the plan was to kill him?

MIKEY: Change of plans then. We need him to help us understand what happened tonight. We can always kill him when we're done with him.

O.V.E.R. MIKEY *[slowly]*: You're... what? Don't kill me. *[Frantic]* I gotta get out of here. I gotta get out of here.

MICHAEL: Yeah, slim chance of that, partner. You're coming with us. You ready with the Calculator, Mikey?

MIKEY: I am. Initiating transport in three, two, one...

[Time travel noise.]

MIKE: So, what's the prognosis, doc? Mikey, if you need help consolidating with him, I can walk you through it.

MICHAEL: Nah. He's hurt but he ain't dyin'. It was easier to tell what was what once I got some of the blood and the dirt and the asphalt off him. He's got a broken leg, four cracked ribs, and a bunch of shrapnel in him, but none of it's too deep or too close to anything important. He'll live. He'll walk again after a couple months on some crutches.

O.V.E.R. MIKEY *[weakly]*: I want a second opinion, I don't trust the cowboy doctor.

MICHAEL: If I were a cowboy doctor, I'd chop that leg off and give you some whiskey and that'll be that.

MIKEY: O.V.E.R. Mike, do you have any idea who could've done this?

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: Um, you, if I had to guess?

MICHAEL: Well, it weren't us. We got beat to the punch.

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: Then, no. I-I don't know. *[Sigh.]* Oh, god...

MIKEY: How many Mikes and Edgars were iterated from the security building that night?

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: We were the second ones, so I don't know.

MIKEY: Where was the first one? Vancouver?

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: That doesn't sound right. Was it Vancouver?

MIKE: We can show him the logs after he heals up a little bit.

O.V.E.R. MIKEY [*Bitterly*]: Yeah. And then you're going to kill me.

MICHAEL: Well, what the hell else could we do with you, pilgrim?

O.V.E.R. MIKEY [*shakily*]: Let me go. I don't want anything to do with this. I won't be any trouble. [*Shaky breath.*] Please have—

MIKEY: Michael, we can figure something out. We don't have to kill him.

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: He's—

MIKE: Michael, he just lost Edgar.

MICHAEL: Yeah, well, welcome to the club.

MIKE: Michael.

MIKEY: I know that you don't *want* to kill him. Drop the stupid cowboy shtick for a second.

MICHAEL: There's no room for him. There's too many Mikes as it is.

MIKE: You know what, Michael? If it's room, then we can make room. I've only got three years left with Edgar and I'm wasting them here right now. And I've been thinking about this for a long time, so how about I go home?

MICHAEL: You're... you're leaving me? Mike—

MIKE: No, think about it Michael. It's a good idea. O.V.E.R. Mike can stay here and you guys can hunt down the Mikes and the Edgars and he can consolidate with them. That way Mikey won't have to consolidate with them and I get to be with Edgar and you don't have to be alone, okay?

MICHAEL [*drops the cowboy voice*]: Mike... no. [*Regains the cowboy voice.*] No, no, no. This is, this is too sudden. We ain't prepared for this.

MIKE: It isn't sudden, I've been thinking about it for weeks and now it finally makes sense. I can train him, I can bring him up to speed and— [*Sigh.*] I don't have to be gone forever but I need to be with my husband.

MICHAEL [*Shakily*]: Mike, you can't do this to me. I don't have very many people.

MIKE: You have August, you have Mikey. O.V.E.R. Mike just lost his Edgar, he's going to need help getting through that. You can sheepdog him, okay?

MIKEY: I'll be around too, Michael, and, Mike I'll miss you but... it's... selfish to keep you from where you need to be.

MIKE: Thanks, Mikey. And Michael, I'm not going away forever. At the very least, I turn into you. Remember that.

MICHAEL: You're, you're really going. You're really going.

[Michael cries quietly.]

MIKE: If it's okay with O.V.E.R. Mike then, yes Michael. I am.

O.V.E.R. MIKEY: And the other option is to kill me, right? And all I've gotta do is consolidate with all of these Mikes? Yeah, I can do that.

MICHAEL: You're doing the right thing and I'm being selfish. I'm sorry Mike.

MIKE: Don't be sorry, sheepdog. You've given me so much, it's alright to feel selfish.

[Michael huffs and starts laughing.]

MICHAEL *[cheerier]:* Mike, I'm gonna miss ya.

MIKE: I'm gonna miss you too, Michael.

MIKEY: So, what's the plan, Mike?

MIKE: The plan is to train O.V.E.R. Mike to become a Satellite Base badass like myself, get him up to speed on the Mike and Edgar hunt, then we pull off the Chance mission, and then I go home.

MIKEY: Hell yeah, Mike. Let's do it.

MICHAEL: Hell yeah, Mike.

MIKE: Alright then. Now, we start the hard work. We get the job done and by the time we're finished, we'll all be ready.

[Closing theme plays.]

[I'm Told plays.]

*The dawn put the mist in my lungs
The stillness of morning has come
Singing a note*

*The roughness my hands had to learn
The silence my vigilance earned
Singing a note*

*Ooh the middle of the road
We're scraping the middle of the barrel
Ooh I'm Told
Be thankful*

*The heat of the Earth still the same
The dirt where I'd written my name
Singing a note*

*The desperate plea of a house
Sorry we're knocking you down
Singing note*

*Ooh a warbling bird
Or my voice I think no one has heard
Ooh I'm told
Be thankful*

*I've got an excellent page from my terrible days
Spent taking back beautiful words
No matter how poignant I get I just couldn't justify the hurt*

*Ooh measure of time
Or something more saccharine written in rhyme
Ooh I'm told
Be thankful*

[END Episode 87.]

