

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND TWO - THE TIMELINE BACKUP

Original transcript edited by Tony

[BEGIN Episode 102.]

INTRO: Hey guys, welcome to mid-season finale for season nine. Like every mid-season finale, I can't believe that it's already time for this. There will be an intermission next week. Onto plugs. The 24-hour stream might be over, but I am still streaming every week on my Twitch, over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod where every Sunday I write the episode soundtrack live on stream. And then afterwards, play some sort of game. This past week, we played Façade and it was a lot of fun. So check that out if hanging out on a Sunday evening sounds like a good time to you.

And if you would like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over at patreon.com/woe_begone, where you'll get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, postcards, Movies With Michael, and more. The February postcard is going out to patrons this week, and I could not be more excited. And if you sign up by the end of February, you'll receive March's postcard. That's patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my 10 newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains a depiction of violence. Listener discretion is advised.]

TY: Ah, I bet you were wondering when I was going to return. Yes, I thought so.

[Opening theme plays.]

[Time travel sound.]

TY: Ah! First day in a new role. Hello, Mikey. How are you? Nice hat.

MIKEY: What the hell is going on, Ty? I was in the middle of something. You can't just pluck me out of the ether whenever you want to play with me. Did you clear this with H first? He's going to notice that I'm not where I told him I would be.

TY [scoffing laugh]: No, I absolutely did not tell H that I was borrowing you. This is between you and me, Mikey boy. The Hunters cannot know about this under any circumstances. *[Seven tsk tsk.]* They really got to you, didn't they? 'H'? Ugh. They even got rid of the nicknames that they didn't like. What is going on at your Base?

MIKEY: What's 'going on at my Base' is that H is gonna notice that you've taken me captive again and it's only a matter of time before they trace it to you. They have my schedule. I'm scheduled to meet with them today. As soon as they notice that I'm gone, you're going to hear from them.

TY: I haven't exactly 'taken' you, *per se*. You are still right where you were, going about your morning business. I have made a time duplicate of you so that we can have this conversation. **[MIKEY:** I don't appreciate that.] An 'iteration' to borrow your terminology. Honestly, I prefer the term 'iteration' but it's hard to get an organization to change its terminology after it's already been set. You're here *and* at Base and I'll put you back together again after we have our little chat. No one will notice your absence.

MIKEY: So, you *aren't* keeping me here?

TY: Oh, quite the opposite. I need you back out in the world to propagate our discussion if we're going to fix this mess. I *need* this information to propagate, first to you and then to anyone you think that you can trust. Anne, for instance.

MIKEY: You're hinting that something's gone, like, horribly wrong, but I don't see it. What mess are we fixing? Everything's running smoothly, at least compared to the baseline. We are a small-time time travel operation. This is about as smooth as it gets.

TY [disappointed]: Oh, it's a shame to hear that coming from you, Mikey, but I'm not surprised. You haven't noticed that anything has changed? **[MIKE:** Mm-mm.] At all? About you or Base or the people around you?

MIKEY: Nothing worth this whole production of taking me captive. I don't know if I should be telling you this, but H told me that there had been corrections recently and that I should report any irregularities if I come across them, but nothing's piqued my concern so far. No complaints from me. I'm fine. I feel pretty above average, actually. And I've checked in with the others and they seem fine, too.

TY [groans of disappointed sadness]: Oh, no. *[Muffled, as if his hands are over his face.]* Mikey, Mikey, Mikey, Mikey, no, no, no. *[No longer muffled.]* I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but things have gone *profoundly* awry in the Mike Walters timeline as of late. If there is *any* good news, it is that this correction has *ended* the feud between Base and the Hunters, but otherwise things are highly irregular. They were hoping that you wouldn't notice. *We* noticed, of course, but that is only because of our *extensive* record keeping and preservation tactics. Tactics that I'm sure your Base is not familiar with, considering what has happened. My being here is the result of an emergency protocol invoked in order to salvage what we can from this. *I* remember what happened, so I'm here to help the organization piece together why our records are so irregular since the correction incident. The Mike Walters Base has completely restructured, which has mucked up things on our end as well.

MIKEY: The... The Mike Walters Base? It's the Hunter Hartley Base. I appreciate the flattery, I guess.

TY [sputtering]: T-T-T-That! That! That right there! There— That is *exactly* what I am talking about. The whole operation has changed. And because this change is so overwhelmingly in the

Hunters' favor, we assume that it was the result of their feud with your Base. Base has been turned on its head, all of *our* Edgars and Michaels are gone. [**MIKE:** You're *what*?] Attempts to retrieve our supply found that the Edgar we had access to was dead and that Michael is no longer a cowboy. We could acquire them again, obviously. It's as simple as doing what we did to you this morning. But those iterations wouldn't provide the same utility to our studies as the ones we 'originally' had. They were beneficial to us because of the events that they had experienced.

MIKEY: Wait, g-go back. Edgar? Edgar, the guy that I killed last night? Why would he be involved in any of this?

TY: Edgar was... the husband of... well... of *you*, Mike Walters.

MIKEY [*drawn out confusion*]: Well, no. I don't have a husband, Ty. Mike and Michael don't either. I don't even remember the last time either of them went on a *date*. And it is difficult to imagine an alternate reality where [*Laughs*.] Edgar of all people was my husband.

TY [*sighs*]: I wish that I could show you your whole file, Mikey. This is tragic. But there are things in there that we need you not to know and it's as long as a phonebook, so you'll have to take my word on these matters. But it's a heartbreaker. I assure you that Edgar, the very same Edgar that you were ordered to kill last night by the Hunters, was the *extremely* beloved husband of Mike Walters. Ugh, sometime it'd make me sick. You met at O.V.E.R. and were inseparable for years, more than a decade if I'm not mistaken. You loved him so much that it turned you into a fool, quite frankly. It made you dangerous enough that there is boldface type at the top of the records explaining to treat the matter of 'Mike and Edgar' with precaution. There was always hell to pay in one way or another if *anyone* dared get between you. Sometimes there was hell to pay even if we walked on eggshells.

MIKEY: That's a nice story, Ty, but I can't say that I buy it. Edgar was a sweet guy. I did go on a date with him and had a pleasant evening, [*Scoffs*.] but I couldn't be married to him. Hell, it didn't even bother me *that* much to kill him.

TY: Surely you don't think that I'm lying to you. This is the entire reason that I brought you here. The Mike-Edgar relationship was a whole *ordeal*. We acquired tons of duplicates of Edgar in pursuit of our experimental goals precisely because *he was the beloved husband of Mike Walters*. Now all that's left are some detailed records and me, the timeline backup tasked with remembering that timeline. You don't remember anything, even through proximity? [*Sighs*.] I'm surprised that they were able to pull that off, considering how convoluted everything was. [*Pausing concernedly after each question*.] Nothing? You were the Bear and he was the Panther? You ran Base together? Mustardseed? That was one of the ones who lived here for awhile after he tried to sabotage your Base.

MIKEY: ...Edgar... was a... panther?

TY: Yes! He was *your* panther, Mikey.

MIKEY: But he also tried to sabotage the Base? So, good riddance then? If he was a traitor.

TY: Absolutely not. That was a *single* iteration of Edgar. We've spoken together about this at length. You don't believe that iterations are all the same person. You and Edgar were the Bear and the Panther and the Hunters ordered him to be killed in order to punish you. An odd sort of nominative determinism going on there.

MIKEY: Well, I'm sorry that you feel bad about what happened? But I guess my question would be: why should I care? Maybe I have been manipulated and betrayed. It happens. You certainly sound like you know what you're talking about. But look at me, I'm fine. You aren't describing cherished memories to me. You're telling me stories about something that never happened.

TY [angrily]: Oh, don't be daft! You are working for people who *despise you!* They're punishing you! Why else would they send *you* to kill Edgar, out of everyone else that they could have sent? They got a thrill out of exerting their power over you, a power so all-encompassing that you can't even tell that it exists. You are like a fish swimming in the water of their control over you. You can't even tell that anything else ever existed. They altered events again and again until they found the outcome that makes you the most docile. Is that alright with you? Being their little *pet*? Their attack dog?

MIKEY: Eh, could be a lot worse. The Hunters pay me well and that's on top of my O.V.E.R. paycheck. And you can't argue me into loving Edgar, even if you come from a timeline where I allegedly did.

TY [frustrated sigh]: Oh, I've broken in my share of Mikes before, but this is truly something else. It's impressive, really, given what technology the Hunters are working with. It's absurd! Michael's not even a cowboy anymore! *[He laughs, sadly.]* You don't recognize how *dire* a shift that is. That's how we became aware of the discrepancies, actually. Michael's 'decowboyification' stirred up my organization in some interesting ways. It saved us a headache with the whole August/Mustardseed debacle, but it created more problems than it solved. And it exposed a Ty Betteridge duplicate leak that I'm trying to patch up before higher-ups get wind of it. Oh, have the Hunters instructed you to kill August yet?

MIKEY: I don't know who that is, so, maybe? I've killed a bunch of people whose names I don't know.

TY: Cowboy? Lives in Montana? Handlebar mustache? Drives a motorcycle?

MIKEY [disbelieving laugh]: No, I think I would remember that. What is with everyone and cowboys?

TY: Mikey... where did you get that hat?

MIKEY: Uh, H gave it to me. He said it was in his closet.

TY: I have a bad feeling about the Hunters and their propensity for rubbing people's noses in things. Did he have you meet with Michael after giving you the hat?

MIKEY: How did you know that?

TY [sighs]: Michael was a cowboy. That's how he met August. Sylvester August Baxter. Sly. His boyfriend.

MIKEY [laughs]: Well, now Michael's just a burnt out loser, joylessly killing crows outside of a dingy Latvian apartment, getting drunk with the landlord three or four times a week. You didn't answer me before. What is the deal with cowboys? H gave me the hat, Edgar said that he was 'fond of cowboys,' [TY: Aha!] now you're telling me that Michael was dating one?

TY: That's it, isn't it? Edgar! *[Drawn out in realization.]* Edgar is why Michael became a cowboy in the first place. No Edgar means no cowboy Michael. No cowboy Michael means no Sly. And no Sly means that nobody kills Elder Hunter. The Elder Hunter incident was the source of the Hunters' animus towards Base. They solved their problem and took control of your operations for good measure. Clever stuff. They had you kill Edgar to erase any possibility of events repeating themselves. And they killed Sly and had you wear his hat in front of Michael. Maybe to punish him but also to see if he reacted at all. Did he?

MIKEY: He made fun of the hat... And H said something about panthers when I talked to him. We were being tested?

TY: Ah, and you both passed the test. The correction went perfectly. I wonder how many times they had to redo until they got it exactly how they wanted. Of course, they were banking on their new direct communications with *us* to be preferable to our previous arrangement. The higher-ups seem to be in the process of deciding which they prefer, but *I* strongly prefer the old way of doing things. Which means that we need to act quickly and in full secrecy if we are going to return things to the way that they were. I am not impervious. They could easily try to take me out of the picture, leaving you in the dark again.

MIKEY: Uh, hold your horses there, cowboy. You're getting ahead of yourself. You haven't convinced me of anything. I don't know who Elder Hunter is, but I can figure it out based on context clues. Michael and this August/Sly/whoever had some sort of traitorous cowboy pact? And made a terrible mess for everyone involved, including you guys. I don't see how we aren't better off without them.

TY [sighs]: Oh, that's a shame. I thought you would be more receptive. The Hunters truly have gotten their claws in deep. How about, how about, um... Yes! We prepare you some living

quarters, while I petition the Records Department for some more resources? See if we can give you a *broader* picture of what you lost and what is at stake here.

MIKEY: N-No, you said that you weren't going to keep me here.

TY: Ah, change of plans, Mikey boy. This isn't about *just* restoring your life to its former... 'glory.' There is a whole intraoffice political element to it all that could fill a record as large as the one we have on you, not to mention third party actors. Kaz and Cole and Ryan and CANNONBALL, to say nothing of Ravi and Flinch... I'm determined to get this all patched up.

MIKEY *[sighs]:* You don't actually care about what I prefer, do you?

TY: Well, I think it would be delightful if we were on the same page, Mikey. I'm going to get us there. I just expected that it would not take as long as it has. Uh, Fe will transport you to your quarters shortly after I leave and you can get some rest. Think it over. Think about what *you* want, not what the Hunters want. Some time away might be elucidating. Anyway, I must be going. Other meetings. Have a nice day, Mikey. **[MIKE:** N-No!] Don't listen to his iPod.

MIKEY: You can't just leave! I'm not done asking questions. What do— Cole and-and CANNONBALL?

[Time travel noise.]

MIKEY: Why is everyone a cowboy? What's on the iPod? Goddamnit, Ty.

[Scene transition. Click of a tape recorder. The record conversation that plays is muffled with faint static throughout.]

MIKEY: I would rather gnaw on broken glass than tell you one more goddamn thing about Edgar. You're killing him in there! You're warping him into someone else! You don't even know that you're doing it, do you? He keeps changing! When does it stop being Edgar? Has it already? You're a *fucking* monster.

TY: Mikey, we are taking the utmost precaution to ensure that—

MIKEY: *[Pounds table.]* You don't even know what the word 'precaution' means! There's no such thing. You're making me watch you kill him! You're making me *participate* in killing him. Do you not understand what you are doing to me?

TY *[frustrated]:* We are not killing him. There are other experiments for that. *[Laughs nervously.]* Mikey, I didn't mean that. I lost my temper.

MIKEY *[growing increasingly panicked]:* You're killing him. You're killing him and I'm powerless to stop you. I'm trapped! I'm—

[A ceramic mug shatters. Ty cries out, then groans in pain.]

TY: Ooh, Mikey. [Painful groans.] Hmm, yeah. That's going to conclude our session for today. [Sighs.] Fe, could you reset the session? And prepare a light punishment? [As if having an idea.] Take one non-Arctic Monkeys song off the MP3 player for every time he's caused us to reset for the day. A slap on the wrist.

MIKEY [whispered crying]: You're so lucky that this table is bolted to the floor.

TY: Hmm. So I am. Fe?

[Time travel noise. The recording ends. Voice return to normal.]

MIKEY [drawn out]: I am surprised that you showed me that, Ty. You sound like a monster.

TY [sighing]: It isn't pretty, to be sure. You went on something of a tirade about Arctic Monkeys soon after that. I wasn't even sure that you would notice your punishment. I dug this recording out of Records to demonstrate to you how strong your love for Edgar was. He gave you strength! [Grumbled.] Enough strength to bash my head in. You don't have anyone like that in your life anymore, do you?

MIKEY: It was strange to hear myself talk about Edgar like that. I will admit, I can't think of anyone in my life that I'd do that for now. What was I so mad about?

TY: Eh, we performed an experiment that resulted in Edgar's favorite fruit being bananas.

MIKEY: You're kidding.

TY: I'm not. It wasn't the first time that his preferences had changed. Or the first time you threw a mug at me, hence the lack of mugs in *this* interview room. You were scared that we were taking Edgar away from you and you... did *that*. [He sighs.] You understand that I'm not asking you to start over, correct? You wouldn't have to learn to love Edgar all over again. The timeline would be corrected back to being the one from that recording. Well, not that exact timeline since this is a correction on a correction, but one with as close to the same outcomes as possible. You and Edgar and Anne would run Base together. You'd be in charge of your life again and in love with the man of your dreams. And I would benefit as well, immensely even, but not at any cost to you or your Base.

MIKEY: And under this arrangement, the Hunters would... what? Become my sworn enemies again?

TY: It's– [Yes-and-no type muttering sounds.] It's more complicated than that. A peace... one that could break at any moment, like it appeared to recently, which caused this correction. But

we can work with you to remedy that, as well. You could return Cole to us and we could work with him to set you up nicely with the tools that you need to be on level ground with the Hunters.

MIKEY: Well, that seems quite generous from you, Ty, which I assume is because there is some enormous hidden benefit to you. But... I don't know, I'm conflicted. It looks like I truly did love Edgar. And being in charge of the Base would be a big promotion! But... I could fall in love again. I'm sure Edgar is special, but he's not *cosmically* special. I could find someone else. And the Hunters are doing such a great job with the Base. When Edgar and I were in charge, would you say that it ran... smoothly?

TY: I... *[Conflicted sounds.]* No, no, I don't want to lie to you. It would only make you resentful later. *No*, the Base did *not* run smoothly. Our organization contributed to that, though we had begun taking a more hands-off approach leading up to the correction. Things might be rocky, but you would be in charge of steering the ship. And you would be much healthier in the long run. You turn into Michael and the Michael you've described to me doesn't seem as though he is thriving.

MIKEY: I'm still not 100%, Ty. I'm about 50. Because I think that I would prefer a Base where we're achieving our goals rather than a disorganized one that I am in charge of. And I can get Michael back up on his feet if he doesn't drink himself to death.

TY: Alright, then. I think that I've made my case. How about you return to your quarters and we can both regroup **[MIKE:** Wh-What? You're-] in preparation for tomorrow.

MIKEY: You're still not letting me go? What happens tomorrow?

TY: It is time to change tack on all of this, I believe. See you tomorrow, Mikey. **[MIKE:** I can't freaking believe you.] Tootle pip!

[A door opens and closes as Ty leaves. Scene transitions to the sound of restraints banging with Mikey grunting in frustration and effort.]

MIKEY: Ty! Let me go, you asshole! What are you doing?

TY: Hmm, hello, Mikey. Apologies for the restraints. I had a night to ponder why we weren't making progress and I think I found the answer. The problem with my first two attempts is that I didn't understand that my objective here was to break you. I thought that you had already been broken by the Hunters. And they *did* break you. Very well in fact. But I need to mold you into an entirely different shape to achieve the results that I want. It was simpler than I was making it out to be. I apologize for keeping you here for the past three days. Ironically, my attempts at compassion led to you being held here in discomfort for an unnecessarily long stay. This could have been knocked out in an afternoon if I had understood what needed to be done.

MIKEY *[shuddering]:* S-So now you're going to torture me until I love Edgar!?

TY: No! No, no, no. Look, I tried my hardest to convince you to love Edgar. But you can't convince someone to love someone else. So, we are going with an alternate method of getting you to cooperate. We tried the carrots. You're full up on carrots, Mikey. So now we have no choice but to go with the stick. Now, stop squirming. If you make the cuts all jagged, there might be permanent damage.

MIKEY *[terrified]*: Fuck. Ty, d-don't cut my finger off. I-I-I'll cooperate. I-I'll do whatever. I-I-I'll put the timeline right. I'll love Edgar again. *[Crying.]* I'll do anything, please!

TY: Tsk, oh, come on. Duress is such a false friend. You feel the blade against your skin and you'll do anything. But as soon as the pain fades, you'll go back on it. Not just you, everyone's like that. So, we are going through with it, I'm afraid. Alright, take a deep breath and hold it. On three. One, two... three.

[Sound of a sharp blade removing a finger as Mikey whimpers in pain. A slam of the restraints. Mikey breathes shakily.]

TY: Very good, Mikey. Professional handiwork, if I do say so myself. *[Chuckling.]* Oh, do you get it? Hand-iwork? Hand-Hand-iwork? And with that, there's just one more finger to go. We'll bandage you up in such a way that **[MIKE:** One mo-?] you won't be missing your fingers when you return to Base. There might be a dark line at the base of your fingers, which may or may not be permanent, but you will not experience any more pain or loss of function.

MIKEY: W-Why? Another one? *[Whispering in pain.]* I'll do what you say!

TY: Because, *surprise surprise*, this meeting of ours is a correction in itself. I sent you home after removing only one of your fingers and you went straight to the Hunters to tattle on me. So, we're trying again. And hopefully not for a third time. This is painful for me, too! Alright, hold still.

[Sound of a sharp blade removing a finger as Mikey whimpers in pain again.]

TY: There we go! Now all that is left to do is to bandage you up and perform the consolidation.

MIKEY *[shakily]*: I thought you were on my side.

TY: Oh, Mikey, I very much am! Getting *you* on your side, that's the hard part.

MIKEY: I'm going to be sick...

TY: Ugh, you'll be good as new in just a moment. Are you ready to go back?

MIKEY: Please.

TY: Excellent! A burner phone will appear in your quarters at Base shortly upon you consolidating with the other Mikey. We're sending it to you in a manner that we can quickly remove it via correction if our communications get compromised. That's where Ravi slipped up. He thought that he was hidden, but the Hunters caught wind and put a stop to the plan before it could even get started.

MIKEY: I-I don't know who that is. Please, just send me back.

TY [sighs]: And there isn't really time to explain to you. But, you're all patched up now and ready to go. So! Mikey. Are you ready to take your life back? To save Edgar and Sly?

MIKEY: I'll do whatever you say.

TY: There we go. Exactly the form that I wanted to mold you into. Fe, whenever you're ready.

[Time travel noise.]

TY [groans]: I hate hurting him like that. But he's fine now! Yes, isn't he? And if they find out that I didn't neutralize cowboy Ty, Kaz is going to have my head.

[[I'm here to bore a hole in your head](#) plays.]

*there is a sound
to the panic-stricken lower bound
convinced I'm pulling,
you're just plunging down
the backwater you have waded into
is waiting for you so it can freeze
i'm standing on the surface
so you can witness me*

*but I shouldn't compare
the chill in the air
to the sound of you shivering*

*you will give me your attention
I know how to take from you
you think you can cast a stone and be done with me
but you don't understand, you foolish little child
I'm here to bore a hole in your head
and I will not be calm
and I will not be reasoned with
you're gonna have to deal with me*

*a vessel seldom knows what it contains
a pickled brain, I am the dowsing rod
that's picking up your pulse
and you can hope discerning eyes
of observant passersby
can spot the difference
but indifferent gods are
plucking you from here*

*you shouldn't complain
the thoughts from the day
have a way of fogging up the air*

[Closing theme plays.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE. The voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. If you would like to hear more David Ault, check out the podcast Shadows at the Door. If you're listening to this on the main feed, a new episode has just come out. And the role of Felix will be played by Ben Rowe. You'll see in a second. The file that David sent to me was titled "Ty Saves the Day" and that is certainly one way to put it. Thanks for playing.

FELIX: It's always nice to try new things. A lot of jobs at my level don't come with perks. But we actually have a very generous travel policy. The company has its own transportation and as long as you're signed off by a manager, you can basically jump off to wherever you want. Likewise, the lunches are *really* good. You can order in basically *any* world food you want, and it arrives in no time at all. And I was having a bit of a chat with my new friend the other day about food. And he got so enthusiastic about some curious American dish called 'biscuits and gravy.' He said it was worth dying for 100 times over. And I've always enjoyed that sort of sweet and savory mixed flavors in some of those Asian cuisines, so it made perfect sense. I *had* to try it.

FELIX: I thought I'd head down to the kitchen and, you know, do it for real. See if I could rustle something up. Unfortunately, the only biscuits they had in stock were Oreos. And I'd have much preferred a jammie dodger. And they didn't have proper gravy, just some beef flavored instant granules. But I gave it a whirl! Boiled the kettle, stirred up the gravy. But how to serve it? Hmm. I didn't really know the correct biscuit versus gravy ratio, and I didn't want soggy Oreos, so dunking seemed to make most sense. And you know what? It was actually really pleasant.

FELIX: The sticky, salty, beefy goodness of the gravy mixed with the sweet chocolatey delight of the biscuit and its creamy filling. What's not to like? It put me in mind of those party snacks that used to be everywhere, back when I was a kid, with pineapple and cheddar cheese on a cocktail stick. I honestly had no idea that Americans had such refined palates. And when my mother called, I asked her if she remembered the pineapple and cheese on a stick things. And I wanted to tell her *all* about biscuits and gravy...

FELIX: But, she was in no mood, because I had forgotten. Today is the anniversary of the day my dad died. It's curious, really. Regardless of what's going on in her life, regardless of how happy she might be the day before, the very moment midnight ticks around, she sinks into a well of despondency. She might not have thought about him in days or weeks or even months, but the date comes round, and it's fresh for her all again. And then! 24 hours later, she'll bounce back, back to her bloody obsession with those bodies in Wales. I hadn't thought about him in quite some time. I was 16 when he died, just finished my GCSCs, a couple years from university. There was a time until very recently, when I'd have given a limb just to lay in my childhood bed and hear the sound of him snoring through the wall, even for a few seconds.

FELIX: Ah, well. I know my friend's been having a rough time with loss recently as well. I really want to help... I know! I'll make him some biscuits and gravy! Ha! That'll do the trick!

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): Michael's not even a cowboy anymore! You don't recognize how *dire* a shift that is. That's how we became aware of the discrepancies, actually. Michael's 'decowa—'
[Mutters, rereading the word.] 'Decowboyification.' *[Laughs.]* Ah, someone's been reading the Discord.

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): *[Sighs.]* Michael was a cowboy. That's how he met August. Sylvester August Baxter. Sly. His boyfriend. Played by Harlan Gutherie.

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): I am not impervious. They could easily try to take me out of the picture, leaving you in the dark again. Hopefully they don't listen to the podcast WOE.BEGONE because that's where I've got all of my information so far.

[Brief start of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): Oh, Dylan, you *are* torturing the listeners! *[Laughs.]* I'm just— I can just see the Discord chat as this is going on and people are saying, "Oh wow, Ty's doing— What? Ty's doing this?! Ahh!!" *[Laughs, then whispers.]* Excellent.

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): And if they find out that I didn't neutralize cowboy Ty, Kaz is going to have my head. *[Old man, cowboy Ty voice]* Cowboy Ty? I never heard of him! *[Laughs, then back to normal voice.]* And ooh, Kaz? Ooh! Intrigue!

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

[END Episode 102.]