

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED - THE CLIPSHOW

Original transcript edited by Tony

[BEGIN Episode 100.]

INTRO: Hey guys, welcome to episode 100. Boy, is that number round. I just wanted to start this off by saying thank you guys so much. It is such a privilege to be able to bring you this show every week. And that I'm not going anywhere. Uh, here's to 100 more episodes.

Hey, uh. *[Squeak of chair as he turns.]* Hello? *[Chair squeaks again as he stands, voice grows distant as he moves away from the mic.]* Uh, um, this is-this is my recording space... you can't be here— *[Loud static.]*

MICHAEL *[heavily distorted with static]:* Someone's interfering, clock's ticking.

MIKE *[heavily distorted with static]:* What do you mean, "clock's ticking?" What happens if he doesn't play?

MICHAEL: There's a reason you don't remember the answer to that.

[Static fades. During below section, Morse Code can be heard in the background. The Morse Code spells out: WOEBEGONE2.]

INTRO: Enough sentimentality, onto the plugs. I stream on Twitch every Sunday at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where I write that week's episode soundtrack on stream and then hang out and play video games for a couple hours. But more relevant to today is that Friday, I am doing a special episode 100 stream full of episode 100 festivities that I will announce in more detail as we get closer to the event, so go follow me over there on twitch.tv/woebegonepod. And I don't mention this very often, but now might be a good time to join the Discord. It's a cool place for talking about WOEBEGONE and piecing together, sort of, the mystery of the whole thing. The link is in the description.

And finally, 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 ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, postcards, Movies with Michael, and more. I just finished the director's commentary for the season six finale, so there are 72 episodes of director's commentaries if you want to hear about what I'm thinking about the show and how it gets made. Special thanks to my 10 newest Patrons: [REDACTED]. Enjoy.

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

MICHAEL: Alright, y'all. He's outside. Are you ready?

MIKEY: This is ridiculous, we don't have time for this, Michael.

MICHAEL: Bullshit. It's his *birthday*. It don't matter if we got time for it. And because it's his birthday, we're throwin' him a birthday party. That's how it works.

MIKE: It'll be okay, Mikey. I get why you're anxious, but we went over the Ravi stuff and came up with something we can take to Base. There's not much more we can do right now. Sly and Marissa aren't back yet, so we might as well relax.

MW: Mike's right, Mikey. You're recovering from a stab wound, you can afford to destress for a couple hours. I'm sure that that's covered in the Base manual.

MIKE: Yeah, it's in the Concussion Clause. We're why that part of the manual *exists*.

MIKEY: But isn't this excessive? You didn't throw me a party on *my* birthday.

MICHAEL: Mikey, did you want me to get everyone together and throw ya a big ol' party on your birthday?

MIKEY: Hell no, I would have hated that. There's four of us here right now and that's too much for me. I think what I'm saying is that I wish you would have asked me so I could feel included but then decline.

MW: I prefer to be curled up on the couch with a book, too, Mikey, but we can power through this. Ain't no big deal, just a little get-together.

MICHAEL: Well, it is sorta a big deal for *me*. Are, uh, are all the presents here? I only count three.

MIKEY: Oh, I'm just giving him money.

MICHAEL: That ain't a gift, pilgrim. What's he gonna do with *money*?

MIKEY: Get something that he actually likes, presumably. I don't *know* him that well. It would be different if I saw him all the time like you guys do, but I don't know him from Adam.

MW: Well, there are some key differences from Adam, bud.

MIKEY: Well, someone take the money and use it to get him something actually thoughtful.

MIKE: It's too late to do anything about it now, Michael. Unless you want to use the Calculator to buy us some time, but I say drop it. Birthdays aren't about gifts. It's about our little found family coming together, right?

MICHAEL [*sighing*]: 'Course you're right. Thanks for coming out today, Mike.

MIKE: I wouldn't miss it for the world, Michael. And, uh, Edgar sends his love.

MICHAEL: So, are we ready, then? We got the cake, we got the presents, and we got Mike. Sounds like we're ready to me.

MIKE: And we've got our birthday boy on the other side of the door. If he wasn't suspecting something already, he knows something's up. He can probably smell the cake through the door.

MW: Let's do it to it, Michael.

MICHAEL: Yup, let's do it. Game faces, everyone. Alright, opening the door on three. One... two... three.

[Door opens.]

MIKEY, MIKE, MW, MICHAEL *[in unison]:* Surprise! Happy birthday, Bruno!

[Bruno's nails clicking on the floor, he barks several times.]

[Opening theme song.]

MIKE *[questioning disgust]:* Hmm... Michael, this cake... I'll cut the shit; this cake is *bad*. What recipe did you follow? This one is awful.

MICHAEL: That there's a dog food cake, Mike. There's dog biscuits in there.

MIKE: Ah, yes, I can taste it now. Notes of... dog biscuit. I guess I should have noticed that no one else was having any.

MIKEY: Would you say that it's better or worse than milk and honey hamster treats?

MIKE: Oh, way, way worse! Not even a competition. The hamster treats taste good, there's just this twinge of, "Maybe I shouldn't be eating these?" But that's just because they don't have the same quality standards in the factory as human food. This actually tastes *bad*. Here, try some.

MIKEY *[thoughtful]:* Hmm, you're right, it is *bad*. But I can taste... real food in here, I think? Michael, what's in this?

MICHAEL: There's some unsweetened apple sauce, some peanut butter, carrots, potatoes.

MIKEY: Yup, I get it now. And dog biscuits.

MIKE: The other flavors get pretty overpowered.

MW *[talking to an animal baby voice]*: You want some more cake, Bruno? Can you sit? *[Bruno's claws on tile.]* Сидіти! Such a good boy. Such a good boy, Bruno! Here's your yummy cake. Good boy. Good dog. *[Normal voice.]* This is, uh, actually cake attempt number three, you know. Michael was up all night trying out different recipes.

MICHAEL: Well, the first two weren't good enough.

MIKE: You know, I sort of miss living here sometimes. I feel like I'm missing a lot of what you guys get up to.

MW: You referrin' to Movies with Michael?

MIKE: Yeah, that was... embarrassing.

MIKEY: What about Movies with Michael? You guys are still doing episodes? Mike's in them?

MIKE: I'm not in them, that's what the story's about.

[Flashback music.]

MIKE: Hey, guys! I saw in the group chat that you were doing Movies With Michael again and I... wanted to stop by and see if maybe there was room for one more?

MICHAEL: Mike! Hey, hell yeah. Grab a seat, bud. Good to see ya. Always room for one more.

MW: Yeah, sure thing, man. We were just about to get started.

MIKE: Awesome. Sorry for being nosey. It's just— I love Clue and when I saw you guys were doing an episode about it, I knew that I had to come on. **[MW: Um...]** Why didn't you invite me? Michael, you know that I love Clue. **[MW: Uh...]** I'm busy, but I can make time.

MW: Uh, M-Michael?

MICHAEL: Mike, uh, we didn't watch Clue.

MIKE: What? Yeah, you did! I saw you talking about it. Did I read a future group chat or something?

MW: He's right, Mike. We didn't watch Clue.

MIKE: You were talking about how much you love Tim Curry being a Weird Little Guy in a mansion luring people in? That's Clue.

MW: Um, I hear it now, but that's also Rocky Horror Picture Show, Mike.

MIKE: Oh...

MICHAEL: A fairly understandable mistake.

MIKE: Man, this sucks. This was going to be a big surprise. I rewrote the Movies with Michael theme song and everything.

MICHAEL: Well, we can still listen to your theme song, partner.

MIKE *[dejected]*: Alright, fine. Roll the theme song.

[CLUEVIES WITH CLICHAEL plays.]

*Cluevies! With Clichael! Yeah, Cluevies!
I hope you're ready for Cluevies with Clichael!
Cluevies! With Clichael! Yeah, Cluevies!
I hope you're ready for Cluevies with Clichael, yeah!*

MICHAEL: Well, I like it, Mike. It's a shame we weren't watchin' Clue.

MW *[lightly scoffing]*: I don't know... Cluevies with Clichael?

MIKE: Is that any worse than when we did Boovies with Frightchael for the Halloween episode?

MW: Yeah, a little bit, cause at least Frightchael *tries* to be a pun.

MICHAEL: Hey! I worked hard on that original theme song. I dropped the cowboy voice and everything just to do it. You know I don't do that for just anything.

MIKE: Well, consider me embarrassed. Angry with myself, even. I'd make a joke here about "flames on the side of my face," but you guys wouldn't even get it because you guys didn't just rewatch Clue.

MW: I'm sorry, Mike.

MIKE: And the fishnets make more sense now. But the cowboy hat sort of breaks the costume.

MICHAEL: The cowboy hat comes off over my dead body.

[Flashback music, returning to main story.]

MIKEY: Well, it sounds like your first mistake was wanting to be on Movies With Michael.

MIKE *[sighing]*: I know. I just thought it would be a fun surprise for Michael and then I got ambitious and the blinders went on and I rewrote the whole theme song, and next thing I knew, I was looking at Michael in a Frank-N-Furter costume.

MW: I think we get carried away easily. Evidenced by the fact that we're at a dog's birthday party.

MICHAEL: 'Cept Bruno's birthday party's goin' great. Right, Bruno? *[Bruno barks.]* That's what I thought.

MW: I'll remind you that this is the second party we've thrown for an animal this month.

MIKEY: Michael! You told him?

MICHAEL: I sure as hell didn't! MW, who told you about the wedding?

MW: It was in the garden. I could see you two from the window.

[Flashback music. Many crows caw in the background throughout the scene.]

MIKEY: Friends, family, murder of crows: we are gathered here today to join these two crows, Shadow 2 and Flapper, in crowly matrimony. Michael, is there anything that you want to say before we get started?

MICHAEL *[crying]*: I, uh, I just— *[Tearful sniffs.]* I know y'all are gonna be so happy together. *[More tearful gasps and sniffs.]* I'm-I'm sorry.

MIKEY: It's alright. You're gonna be okay, buddy. Alright, let's do this! Do you, Flapper, take this crow to be your lawfully wedded husband? To live together in matrimony, to love him, comfort him, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, to have and to hold, from this day forward, as long as you both shall live?

FLAPPER: *[Four crow caws.]*

MIKEY: And do you, Shadow 2, take this crow to be your lawfully wedded husband? To live together in matrimony, to love him, comfort him, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, to have and to hold, from this day forward, as long as you both shall live?

SHADOW 2: *[Three crow caws.]*

MIKEY: Then by the power invested in me, I now pronounce you crow husbands. You may now nuzzle your beaks.

MICHAEL: It's so beautiful... young love.

[Flashback music, returning to main story.]

MIKE: That was a really sweet story, guys. Michael always cries at weddings. But, Mikey, who invested you with power, exactly?

MIKEY: Mike, I have the power to travel through time. I think I can handle some crows.

MW: So, I was watchin' through the window, like I said, and, uh, that version of the story's a bit embellished. It weren't so much a wedding as it was these two throwing peanuts to the crows. It was quite cacophonous.

MICHAEL: You weren't down there with us. You don't know.

MIKEY: It's okay, Michael, he wasn't there, he doesn't know what happened. And he can't take that away from us, okay?

MIKE: I'm sure that the truth is somewhere in the middle. Crows are really smart and I'm sure they fall in love, so...

[Loud knocking at the door. Bruno starts barking.]

MIKE: Is that... the door? Who the hell is that? **[MICHAEL:** Bruno, сидіти!]

This is supposed to be a Mikes only event. Uh, who's at the door? Boris?

MICHAEL: It ain't Boris. Boris is out on a huntin' trip today. And Sly's still off the grid. I don't know who it is. MW, check the peephole.

MW: I'm on it. *[A long beat of silence.]* It's Mikey.

MIKEY: No, *I'm* Mikey. Unless it's a correction from Base? Or...?

MW: Look for yourself. It's you out there.

MIKEY: How do you know that it isn't *you*?

MW: Well, one, he ain't got no cowboy hat. And two, he ain't got no key to the apartment.

MIKE: Mikey, have you heard from Base since you got here?

MIKEY: No, not since I left to come over here.

MIKE: Shoot Edgar a text message. Ask him if him or a later Base sent a correction?

MIKEY: A correction for what, Mike? This is a dog's birthday party. Fuck, why are there two of me?

MW: Could be for anything. We wouldn't need corrections if we could see it coming, right?

[A phone loudly vibrates.]

MIKEY: Edgar said that he didn't send anyone. What do we do?

MIKE: Take Bruno into Michael's room and lock the door, Mikey.

MIKEY: W-What? Why?

MIKE: Because there's an extra iteration of *you* out there and we don't know what's going on.

MIKEY: I don't see why that means that *I* have to go hide. He's an iteration of you, too.

MICHAEL: Do what he says, Mikey.

MIKEY *[sighing]*: Alright, fine. *[Babying voice as Bruno whines.]* Come here, Bruno, come here. Let's go, let's go. Let's go, they're gonna open the door. Let's go, we don't want you getting out. Come on, let's go.

MIKE: Alright, everyone get ready.

[The front door is opened.]

MIKE *[brightly]*: Mikey? Hi! We weren't expecting you. Come in, come in.

MIKEY2: Yeah, uh... Base sent me... I guess? It's a long story. Are you guys... having a party in here? I smell cake.

MICHAEL: It's Bruno's birthday.

MIKEY2: ...Bruno?

MIKE: Bring it in, buddy! It's been such a long time. It's so good to see you again. *[Mike hugs Mikey2, patting his back a few times.]*

MIKEY2 *[confused]*: Yeah... uh... it's-it's good to see you, too.

[Fabric shifts as Mike moves Mikey2's sleeve.]

MIKEY2: Uh, w-what are you—?

MIKE: He doesn't have the brand, Michael.

MIKEY2: I don't have the wha—? *[Mikey2 is hit.]* Hey!

[Sounds of a struggle.]

MIKEY2 *[pained]*: Hey! **[MICHAEL: MW! Rope!]** Stop! **[MW: I'm on it.]** What are you doing? It's me! It's Mikey!

MICHAEL: Liar! Hold still!

MW: I got his legs if you got his arms.

[Tying of rope. Mikey2 sobs.]

MICHAEL: Yup. And *[Rope cinches.]* there we go. One hogtied Mikey.

MIKE: Is this another Flinchite? I thought that we were done with that.

MICHAEL: And I thought I had left the hogtyin' life behind, but I don't mind comin' out of retirement. Thanks for helpin' out, MW.

MW: Any time, Michael.

MICHAEL: You wanna help finish the job? There's a huntin' knife in that closet over there. One quick cut all the way across the throat should do it. *[Mikey2 whimpers.]* Get the windpipe and the artery. Quick and painless.

MW: Uh, I don't know about all that.

MIKEY2: Please don't kill me. I'm-I'm *[He coughs.]* I'm not from the Flinchite Compound. I'm... I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm O.V.E.R. Mike.

MW: No, I'm O.V.E.R. Mike. I'm all the O.V.E.R. Mikes that got away. He's lying, Michael.

MICHAEL: Yeah, sounds like a mistake that a Flinchite would make.

MIKE: Well, yeah, he's obviously lying. We were all there for the mass consolidation. There aren't any O.V.E.R. Mikes left.

O.V.E.R. MIKE: No, I'm not one of the escapees! I'm *Mustardseed's husband*.

MICHAEL *[drawn out]*: Bullshit. Mikey killed that O.V.E.R. Mike.

O.V.E.R. MIKE: No, he didn't! He spared my life. We rescued Cole together. Please, Michael. We have to work something out. I don't know why I'm here. They just– They teleported me here.

MIKE: Do you want me to go get Mikey?

MICHAEL: Yeah, go get him. We got this one here trapped so he ain't gettin away.

O.V.E.R. MIKE: Mikey's here? Did he bring me here?

MICHAEL: Nah, he's just as surprised as you are.

MIKE *[from the other room]*: You can come out, Mikey!

[The bedroom door opens.]

MIKEY: I heard a struggle. What is going on in here?

MIKE: Mikey, do you know anything about an O.V.E.R. Mike?

MIKEY: Uh, you mean MW?

MW: He don't mean me, Mikey. Any other O.V.E.R. Mikes you wanna talk to us about?

O.V.E.R. MIKE: I-It's me, Mikey. Tell them!

MIKE: He says that *he's* O.V.E.R. Mike. You want to fill us in?

MIKEY: Okay, so, I didn't kill O.V.E.R. Mike. I couldn't bring myself to do it. I was letting him live in the cabin with me. I didn't have a plan. And I could never tell anyone, so he was cooped up in there with me. I didn't even let him out to do O.V.E.R. patrol. But... he helped us with Cole.

O.V.E.R. MIKE: See? Exactly what I told you.

MIKEY: But O.V.E.R. Mike *is* dead. I didn't kill him, but I left O.V.E.R. to go attend a meeting at Base and when I got back to the cabin, his throat was slit.

O.V.E.R. MIKE *[stammering]*: N– M-Mikey, I'm right here. A meeting with Base? With Base and Cole about rescuing Marissa?

MICHAEL: How much did you tell this interloper, Mikey?

MIKEY: How did you know what the meeting was about?

O.V.E.R. MIKE: 'Cause you're... at that meeting right now. Or, that's where I thought you were. You're here, apparently. Did you skip out on the meeting?

MIKE: There it is. He's not in his own time period, Mikey.

MW: This is before his throat got slit, presumably.

O.V.E.R. MIKE *[hesitantly]*: Okay, great. Let's get me somewhere where my throat won't get slit... Right?

MIKE: It is not lost on me that Mikey's description of O.V.E.R. Mike's corpse matches what Michael said that he was going to do.

MICHAEL: That's what I used to do with all the Flinchites after I gave up shootin' 'em inside the apartment.

MIKEY: Are you telling us that you're going to kill O.V.E.R. Mike?

MICHAEL: Sure sounds like that's what I do, don't it?

MIKE: And those were the original orders, if I remember correctly. Unless we want to consolidate him with MW.

MW: I-I don't wanna consolidate with him. He's Mustardseed's husband. What if I consolidate with him and then he's half me and he's up to no good? The consolidation'd be ruined.

MIKE: And he can't keep hiding in Mike's cabin; that's how we ended up here. Whatever we do with him, he got sent here to punish Mikey, right? Someone knew that he was hiding O.V.E.R. Mike and this is how he wants to humiliate him.

MW: You think it was Edgar? Sorta like what happened with Rugby?

MICHAEL: Edgar wouldn't do this. I think it's Hunter. Found out about O.V.E.R. Mike and wanted to punish Mikey for the Elder Hunter situation.

O.V.E.R. MIKE: You don't have to kill me just because there's an iteration where I end up dead! That's what corrections are for!

MW: We could send him to the Flinchite Compound. Let him be with his husband.

MIKE: I don't think that they should have any more Mikes than they already have. And they might just kill him anyway, we'd just be kicking the can down the road.

MW: Sounds like we're leanin' towards killin' him.

MIKE: I think it's the safe option. Like what if it *is* Hunter? And Hunter set this up to punish Mikey, but then Mikey doesn't kill O.V.E.R. Mike? Then Hunter could go to Base and use that to drive a wedge between everyone and Mikey *again*, like Mustardseed did. Or, he could use it as an example of insubordination and use it to punish everyone. Not to mention, we decided that killing O.V.E.R. Mike was the correct course of action weeks ago. If anything, Mikey really did drop the ball here.

MICHAEL: And we're creatin' plenty of corrective space right here, so if something goes wrong or it turns out that this was the wrong course of action, then someone can always pop in here and tell us to quit it. It's not like we got in a big, damn hurry about everything.

O.V.E.R. MIKE *[pleading]*: I did everything I was supposed to do, I helped rescue Cole for you guys.

MIKEY: Well, considering what happened with Cole, that might not be the most convincing argument, O.V.E.R. Mike.

MIKE: And that might explain why the Hunters might do something like this. Cole betrayed us, but he knew Chance and Innocent Hunter for way longer.

O.V.E.R. MIKE: Okay, well, it sounds like you've made up your minds, but seriously? *You*, Mikey? After everything we did together? Remember?

[The start of the flashback music, but it turns discordant and interrupted.]

MICHAEL: Nah, we're done recountin' memories, O.V.E.R. Mike.

MIKEY: I'm sorry, O.V.E.R. Mike, I did everything I could.

MW: Mikey, how about you and Mike go take Bruno for a walk? We'll open presents when you get back, okay?

MIKEY: Are you su-sure? This was *my* mistake.

MIKE: Yeah, but now it's someone else's mind game. Let's not give them the pleasure. Let's go, Mikey.

MW: I'll take care of it, Michael.

[O.V.E.R. Mike begins to hyperventilate.]

MIKE: Let's go, Bruno! Come here, Bruno! *[Bruno's claws click on the tile as he runs over.]*

O.V.E.R. MIKE *[tearfully]*: There's-There's nothing I can say, is there?

MW: Nope. Uh, take care, Mikey, Mike. We'll see you in a few minutes.

MICHAEL: See ya, Mike.

[Door opens and closes. Bruno pants and crickets chirp in the background.]

MIKEY: That felt... hasty. Are we really doing the right thing, Mike?

MIKE: There is plenty of room to correct it if we're wrong, and not much room to correct it if we're right. So I think we did the right thing, yes.

MIKEY: I'm sorry, I should have taken care of it. And I should have told you when someone *e/se* took care of it. But there was Marissa, and Cole, and Ryan, and CANNONBALL, and the Flinchite Compound, and... it just got put on the back burner.

MIKE: Mikey, we've been doing this long enough, you understand that this is what we do for each other. This is the entire point of having multiple iterations of Mike Walters in one location. One of us needs help, the rest of us pitch in. Michael does it for you, I do it for Michael, you do it for me. All of the permutations. Michael is doing some dirty work for you right now, I've done some for him. Have I ever told you about pulling his *tooth*?

MIKEY: What? No! Michael's missing a tooth?

MIKE: He's missing two teeth, actually. I don't know where he lost the first one. He lost the second one on the boat; it got infected.

MIKEY: You mean in Alaska?

MIKE: Yes, and he was content to let it rot in his head rather than pull it out.

[Flashback music.]

MIKE *[disgusted groan]*: Michael, that's *disgusting*! You can't-You can't *smell* that?

MICHAEL *[pained]*: I-I can't pull it out, pilgrim. Hurts too much to touch it. I got the pliers and everything, but I can't do it.

MIKE: Close your eyes, Michael.

MICHAEL: What are you suggesting, Mike?

MIKE: I'm gonna pull your goddamn tooth, idiot, open up.

MICHAEL: No! No, no, no, no, don't touch it, Mike.

MIKE *[enunciating each word]:* Close your eyes, Michael.

MICHAEL: O-Okay, be gentle.

MIKE: Okay, so. Here's a story. You know how Edgar's feet are always freezing cold? And he likes stick his cold feet against our warm legs in the middle of the night? Well, last time I was home, I got up to get some water in the middle of the night and while I was in there, I had an idea. So, I grabbed some ice cubes while I was in the kitchen and I held onto them for a minute or two. I crawled back in bed and, sure enough, he put his frozen feet right up against me but right when he did that, I took my frozen hands and I slid right them across his back. You should have seen him shoot up. He could dish it, but not *[Wet pull, Michael groans in pain.]* take it! *[Michael pants in grunts of pain.]* Here's your tooth, Michael. You feeling alright?

MICHAEL: Never better.

MIKE: You're gonna thank me for that when you don't get a brain infection.

MICHAEL *[pained]:* I know, I know. Thank you, Mike.

MIKE: Any time, buddy.

[Flashback music, returning to main story.]

MIKEY: A story within a story. I like it, Mike. Though I don't like that he lost a tooth before that. Are our teeth gonna be okay? Do you have all *your* teeth?

MIKE: Oh, uh, I'm actually missing *three* teeth, Mikey.

[A beat of silence. Mike starts to laugh.]

MIKE: I'm fucking with you!

MIKEY: Y-You can't do that, that's *evil*.

MIKE: You put your fingers in your mouth! Were you feeling for loose teeth?

MIKEY: I had just be informed that I might have three of them! I can't wait to dream about my teeth falling out more than I already do.

MIKE: You're gonna be fine, Mikey. It's been long enough, I think we should head back.

MIKEY: Wait, I've st-I've still gotta grab something, give me just a second.

[Grass rustles and twigs snap.]

MIKE: Mikey, where are you going?

[Mike laughs as Mikey breaks off a tree branch.]

MIKEY: Now, this! This is a fucking *stick*. Here you go, Bruno. Happy birthday. *[Bruno pants happily and takes the stick.]* Alright, *now*, we can head back.

[Musical transition. The door opens.]

MIKE: Hey, we're home. Everything decent in here?

MICHAEL: Yup. O.V.E.R. Mike's taken care of. Went quick.

MW: Someone transported him soon as we was done. I guess we did what they wanted us to do.

MIKEY: Back to my cabin, I assume.

MIKE: A tidy little closed loop; that sounds like the Hunters to me.

MIKEY: Just add it to the list of grievances, I guess.

MIKE: Let's *try* to let it not ruin our night.

MW: Liquor cabinet's open if y'all want.

MIKEY: Nah, let's do presents first. *[Babying voice.]* Bruno, presents?

MICHAEL: I-I mighta already opened this one 'cause you're supposed to put peanut butter in the center, and I— I didn't want him opening it with no peanut butter, so. *[Bruno's nail click against the tile.]* Here ya go, Bruno. *[Bruno whines.]* The sturdiest chew toy they make! *[Snuffling as Bruno begins chewing on the toy.]*

MIKEY *[sighing]:* And he's already forgotten about the stick. So it goes.

[End theme plays.]

*[Loud time travel static. As dialogue begins, rapid Morse Code can be heard, spelling out:
Typical ARG BS.]*

CREDITS *[heavily distorted with static]:* What the fuck is going on? And who the hell are you?
How did you get in here? No! I said I wasn't going to do it! No! I know what happens and I don't
care anymore! I'm not going to do it! You can't make me do it! *[Panicked breathing.]*

[Silence, followed by Morse Code spelling out: WOEBEGONE2.]