

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY SIX - SURVIVING

Original transcript edited by Orion and Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 146.]

INTRO: Hey guys, quick plugs, and they're the usual plugs. Which means that I'm still streaming every week over on Twitch at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where on Sunday evenings, I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. This past Sunday, I played Rollercoaster Tycoon and some people in chat didn't realize you could drown the guests, which is the whole point of playing Rollercoaster Tycoon. So come check out my Twitch stream if you want to see some people drown. That is twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon, over at patreon.com/woe_begone, where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, and more. This week I want to shout out the director's commentaries again. I just did the commentary for episode 109, which is the first episode of season 10. Season 10 is one of my favorite seasons of WOE.BEGONE, and it's awesome to go back and talk about the process that went into it. So check that out if you want to support the show. Again, that is patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons, [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains a depiction of severe injury, as well as gun violence. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear MDAWG enter the Shadow Base. The cacophony from the season finale can be heard in the background. He grunts a little as he walks through the mess.]

[Door opens.]

MDAWG: Michael? Michael, uh, are you in here? Uh, I guess you're not gonna answer if you're dead, which I hope you are, uh, no offense. Michael, if your spirit is in here, I hope that you passed peacefully and are at peace with our world. I'm just here to retrieve your body. So there's no need to put a curse on me or anyone else. It's just me, it's just MDawg. Do you understand? *[Pause, sighs.]* I really hope he's not haunting the Base, that'd be a bummer. And I don't have anything to talk to the spirits with. I guess I could ask Lieutenant to run to my house and pick up Scare Bear, which is the worst \$300 EMF reader I've ever bought, but it's cute. Alright, so what is the layout of this place?

[MDawg grunts as he trips over something.]

MDAWG: Ow! What's all this shit on the floor? This place is a mess. Did you do all of this, Michael? Or did someone tear the place up looking for something? Or maybe this happened when the Dome got made? Eagle's brief didn't mention any of this. So now I can't tell if the energy is dirty in here because someone wrecked the place or because Michael is haunting me. Either way, the aura is completely tainted. It's so dark in here. Hey, come in Lieutenant?

[Radio beeps]

LIEUTENANT *[through a radio]:* Make it quick, boy. We got a war goin' on.

MDAWG: Yeah, uh, I think that someone tore up the Base before I got here. There's stuff flung everywhere and the aura is pitch black in here. I'm worried that Michael's spirit wants revenge.

LIEUTENANT: MDawg, I ain't got time to be polite with ya. I'm in the middle of breakin' Mike's fingers. None of that shit you're talkin' about is real. Michael's dead in there. All you gotta do is go find him. Ya ain't gotta perform a séance or nothing like that. Just find him and get rid of the evidence. Now, do your dang job and hush up. No more radio talk.

MDAWG: *[Stammers. Sighs.]* 10-4, Lieutenant. *[Sighs.]* Easy for him to say. He's not the one that has to tango with the spirit realm today. Michael, if you hear me, could you just point me to your body and then I can help bring peace to you in the spirit world. *[Grunts.]* Why did I think that radioing Lieutenant was a good idea? Of course he doesn't believe in auras. If he did, he would do something to fix his. It's like looking into a black hole with him. Nothing good has ever come from someone with an aura like that. And Operose is just a muddy aura generator. Not even Edman's aura lightens it up. *[Sighs.]* We really gotta get out of there. I mean... I do have the Calculator, and I know where I am, and I know where he is... but I-I can't do that. If we made iterations to stay behind, then they would want out and that's how Mustardseed got made. And unlike Lieutenant, I care about the color of my aura, and I know what that would do to it. And the spirit of Michael is probably around here somewhere, judging me. I'm not going to do it, okay? I'm just talking out loud, Michael. *[Sighs.]* And at least I can talk to EdMan when I get back, hopefully. *[Sighs.]* It is hot in here. I wonder if there's ice in the fridge.

[MDawg opens the fridge.]

MDAWG: *[Sighs.]* Ice. I'm so hot, I don't even care that it's probably full of contaminants, like that video that me and EdMan watched where they pulled that giant mold spore out of an ice maker. Ugh, whatever. Operose Medical can replace my lungs with non-moldy lungs when I get back. *[Sighs.]* That feels good. What... happened in this kitchen? Hey, uh, come in, Lieutenant? I-I found some blood in the kitchen.

[Radio beeps.]

LIEUTENANT *[through a radio]:* You found your target yet, soldier?

MDAWG: N-No. The old Lieutenant said he stabbed Michael to death, right? Cause this is only a little bit of blood. It's not a blood trail. And there's shards from a ceramic bowl in here? I think someone cut their foot open.

[Radio beeps.]

LIEUTENANT: I ain't in there to be a dang detective, Nancy Drew. Find Michael and do your dang job. N' don't radio me again until you're done. Over and out.

MDAWG: Alright, fine. Over and out. Ugh! I would have told Lieutenant to do it himself if I knew that he was sending me into a haunted house. *[Calling out.]* Where are you, Michael? Whose blood is this? I don't think it's yours. Is there someone else? Is there another spirit in here? *[Pause.] [To himself.]* Okay, *that's* a blood trail. That's not from the bowl. Ugh, smells awful. Poor Michael. It must have been scary and painful. Where'd you go? Is that Edgar's office? *[Pause.]* Yeah, that's his stuff. That's really sweet.

[MDawg enters Edgar's office.]

MDAWG: *[Calling out.]* Michael? Michael, where are you? Can you hear me? Can you point me to your final resting place? *[To himself.]* There's a lot of blood, but no Michael. Hmm... maybe he's up under the desk? *[Pause.]* Nope. He's not here.

[Pages rustle.]

MDAWG: What is this? Well, that's his handwriting, alright, and his blood, I presume. "This here document contains the final words of Michael Walters, fastest gunslinger in Latvia—" I-Is he? "And partner of Sylvester August Baxter. In the event that this document is found, please ensure that it and all of my worldly possessions are given to Sly. Granted that my remaining possessions are my backup cowboy hat made out of cardboard boxes and six blowtorches that I stole from a supply closet in the Compound. Lieutenant stole my real cowboy hat off of my head when he left me to die. The blowtorches are in the shed and I swung by and got the cowboy hat on my way here. Tell Sly to divvy the blowtorches up among the Mikes and to keep the hat for himself. Don't let Marissa near the blowtorches, she would become too powerful." What... is this about blowtorches?

"If and anyone wants to—" If-If and anyone wants to know? If-If in? If in? If'n. If'n! If'n I get it now. Cowboy talk. "If'n anyone wants to know what became of me, I was brought down by that scoundrel Lieutenant while me and the other Mikes were tryin' to escape this here dome. The stab wound left me severely wounded but not immediately dead. If the lowly cur himself finds the letter—" I guess that's' Lieutenant. "I want to tell him that he is a lowlife and a snake and that for someone with such indiscriminate bloodlust, he did a damn poor job of killin' me."

"I was expectin' to die there on my back in that awful fake plastic grass, starin' up at nothin', too dark to even tell if my vision had left me. But seconds passed, then minutes. I couldn't hear

Lieutenant and the other Mikes anymore. They made it out of the Dome and into the Trunk. I weren't knockin' on death's door loud enough for him to answer, so I drug myself over to Base, which is where I'm writin' this note from. I figured I'd be more comfortable in here and there were some stuff that I was lookin' for."

[Sighs.] And he talks like this all the time. I'm already exhausted.

"I remember in one of our meetings inside of the Dome that Edgar mentioned offhand that he still had his emergency button from O.V.E.R. and that he kept it in his desk, just in case. I didn't know what was gonna become of MW and Mikey with Lieutenant with them, so I sent out a signal the only way I knew how. I came back to Base and found the button and pushed it. I don't got any idea what O.V.E.R. is going to think about an emergency beacon from so far outside their jurisdiction, but I'm hopin' that whatever it is is enough to interrupt whatever Lieutenant's doin'. There's boulders in the other Dome, so I reckon that O.V.E.R. might want a look-see considerin' their stake in them dang rocks."

"But the emergency button weren't the only object of interest in Edgar's desk. The Mikes and I tore up the Base lookin' for answers when we first got transported from the original Dome. MW found a boulder key in Edgar's desk. I'm sure he found the button too but didn't think nothin' of it. We all had a button at one point. The Boulder key was more important."

Why would Edgar have a Boulder key that no one knew about?

[Whirring noises that get progressively faster and louder.]

MDAWG: Oh fuck! Whoa! Whoa! What the hell is going on out there? Fuck, that's bright. Oh! Ugh! Yeah, f— I don't need these goggles anymore. Hey, Lieutenant, I know you said not to come on the radio but what's going on? The lights came on?

[Radio beeps.]

LIEUTENANT: Change of plans, MDawg. They blindsided us, literally. They broke our offensive line and retreated. We're heading back to OI. You found Michael yet?

MDAWG: Not yet. I'm still following the blood trail.

[Radio beeps.]

LIEUTENANT: You gonna find him soon, pard?

MDAWG: That's the plan. Uh, he's lost a lot of blood. He's gotta be around here somewhere.

[Radio beeps.]

LIEUTENANT: Well, find him, transport him, and get your ass back to Operose pronto, got it?

MDAWG: That's what I'm trying to do.

[Radio beeps.]

LIEUTENANT: Don't try. Get it done.

MDAWG: So, you guys are getting out of here? Is EdMan okay?

[Radio beeps.]

LIEUTENANT: He will be if you do your job.

MDAWG: Don't hurt him.

[Radio beeps.]

LIEUTENANT: Do your job, MDawg. Over and out.

MDAWG: Okay, s-so what? It's just me now? I don't hear anyone. I don't see anyone out the windows. So, just me. *[Rustles the note.]* So, might as well get back to the note. "The other Mikes said they didn't know why Edgar might have a Boulder key. Guess he didn't tell no one about it. The other Mikes made me promise that we wouldn't try the key on the Boulders, but my full intent was to test out the key. That was before we realized that the Boulders didn't come with us to the new Dome. MW was holdin' onto the key, so I don't got it. The key is wherever MW ended up after he left with Mikey and Lieutenant."

Oof. I don't remember the Old Lieutenant saying anything about a Boulder key. And... nope, you know what? Lieutenant told me not to radio him, so I'm not going to radio him. He can hear about it when I get back. That key is probably floating in the middle of the ocean somewhere or whatever other heinous shit Lieutenant did to MW. Great, which probably means I'll end up on a mission to go find that key too.

"The last time I saw the Mikes, we were headin' toward the Trunk. Lieutenant took me out and joined up with 'em. It was dark and he was wearin' my hat, so I don't blame 'em for not figuring it out. I don't know what happened once they got in the light. Maybe they still didn't notice it weren't me. If they're missin', then start with the Trunk. I don't know what Lieutenant's plans were after that or if he was able to act on them. If you are reading this and there is someone out there saying that they are Michael from the dome, they're lyin'. That ain't me. It's Lieutenant from Operose. I never made it out of the dome. I'm sittin' here writin' this and bleedin' all over Edgar's desk and this piece of paper."

He wasn't kidding.

"I'm dead. I'm sorry that there weren't a better way to warn you, but I got no way to access the outside world. To everyone: I'm sorry that I won't be around to protect you anymore. Edgar, Sly, Mike, Mikey, MW, Marissa, Chance, Shadow, Matt, Jamilla, Charlie, Troy..." Troy? Really, Michael? Troy and no Edman and MDawg? *[Sigh.]*

"My last thoughts will be about all y'all. I miss you. I miss fuckin' around with the nailgun in the yard and lyin' to Mikey about it when he came back. I miss hangin' out at the ranch and bailin' hay and runnin' from that damn emu that Sly made me feed at suppertime. I miss those years I spent with Panther when I weren't a cowboy yet. I miss holdin' him close and just lyin' there, not thinkin' about nothin' except how I was holdin' him close and that was enough and how worse days may come but in that moment they weren't there yet so they weren't worth thinkin' about. I miss speedin' down the paths at O.V.E.R. in Marissa's patrol cart and makin' a ruckus. I miss all of you and I'm sorry, and if I could do things over, I would do a better job of protectin' you. Even... Edman and MDawg, wherever y'all are. I wish I coulda protected you and gave you the life that y'all deserved." *[MDawg chokes up.]* Well now I feel like an asshole. "I want y'all to know that at the time, it felt like I was doin' everything that I could. Now it feels like there was so much more do to."

"I'm tired. I'm gonna go lay down in Edgar's bed. It's gonna leave a big mess and I'm sorry about that, but I don't think anyone's gonna be usin' this bed or comin' back to this cursed Dome for the sake of operating it. I hope whoever is readin' this was a friend of mine and is readin' it in a better time, in a better place, where you got what's yours and there's no one left to bother you. Wish I could be there with you. I'll see ya further on down the trail, pard. Take care, Michael."

[MDawg sniffles.]

MDAWG: Goddamnit... Poor Michael. I'm definitely not showing that note to Lieutenant. For Michael's sake. What am I going to do about the Boulder key, though? Seems like something that Eagle needs to know about. Maybe I can lie about how I heard about it, like maybe I say Edgar had this box that said like, "secret boulder key" on it and the box was empty? That doesn't sound like Edgar. So, fuck it, maybe I don't tell him. So, Michael should be next door... in the bedroom. Alright, here goes.

[Door opens.]

MDAWG: *[Sighs.]* He isn't in here. He *was* here. The sheets are caked in blood. So, I guess he didn't die as fast as he was expecting to. There's a blood trail to the bathroom. *[Announcing.]* Michael, if your spirit still lingers in this house, please give me a sign. I am trying to find your body so that you can pass on to the other side in peace. I can feel the faint aura of a spirit, I suspect that you're here. If you are here, let me help you. I am not your enemy, Michael. It's me. It's MDawg.

MICHAEL *[from under the bed]:* MDawg? *[MDawg panics.]* What the hell are you doin' here?

MDAWG: Aah! Michael, your spirit is here! I can see you. I've never seen a spirit before, I've only heard 'em! Wait, why's your spirit under the bed? Are you with your body?

MICHAEL: I'm not dead, nitwit. I was hidin' under the bed because I heard someone comin'. Didn't know it was gonna be you. Why *are* you here, MDawg?

MDAWG: O-Operose sent me here to find you.

MICHAEL: Sent you? As in, you're goin' on missions for 'em now?

MDAWG: Y-Yes.

MICHAEL: Did they send you here to kill me?

MDAWG: N-No, everyone thinks that you're already dead. Uh, they sent me to find your corpse.

MICHAEL: You're a little too soft for this sort of work, MDawg.

MDAWG: Uh... thanks, I think?

MICHAEL: Are they all gone? I heard the commotion, but it stopped all of a sudden.

MDAWG: Yeah, they left. The Compound was here looking for the Dome iterations and Operose was here to capture them. And it looks like it didn't work. Someone got the lights back on and then The Compound got away. I think they might have fixed the temperature, too. It's starting to feel cooler in here.

MICHAEL: Sounds like you got a choice to make about how you're gonna handle this, pard. You got a pistol?

MDAWG: I-I do.

MICHAEL: Well, you could draw on me and finish what Lieutenant started, or you could use that there Calculator and send me somewhere and hope for the best. Though I gotta warn you, you can't just put random numbers in and hope it's the ocean. Mikey did that and long story short that's how Operose ended up with an army of Michaels in the first place. Or you could choose not to kill me at all. What's it gonna be, MDawg?

MDAWG: Well, I... *[Sighs.]* N-No, Michael. I can't kill you. I'm not going to kill you.

MICHAEL: Thank ya kindly, pard. Now, if you don't mind, could you help me get out from this here bed? I ain't dead, but I am pretty dang hurt and it was a whole ordeal gettin' under here.

MDAWG: Uh, yeah, sure.

[Michael and MDawg grunt as MDawg helps Michael up.]

MICHAEL: Thank ya.

MDAWG: You look... really, really awful, Michael.

MICHAEL: Nah, I'm fine. I'm just dusty from bein' under the bed. And my hat got all bent up crawlin' under there. Lieutenant took my good hat. I made this'n out of cardboard.

MDAWG: Yeah, I read the note that you left.

MICHAEL: Good. You're all caught up then. Though, I figure since I ain't dead, we should maybe dispose of that. You drink whiskey?

MDAWG: No, not usually? It clogs up my chakras.

MICHAEL: Well, you can unclog them later. I'm gonna grab us some whiskey out of the kitchen and then we'll have a chat. It'll be fun. I know a way to get up on the roof.

[Scene transition.]

[SINISTER & INNOCENT PLAYS.]

Paragraph after paragraph
You can speak them all
'til your breath is gone
There's a surfeit of surfaces that you
Can write my name on

Motive lost and
Fingers crossed
There's a pit that you were
Tossed into
You told them the truth
You think you owe them
But you were just a
Lesser god
And you got caught

I thought I was taught
To be sinister and innocent all at once
Take what all you've got

To escape with and leave no remainder

Better be estranged in a stranger's world
Than to be caught unexpected on your toes
I thought I was taught to be sinister and innocent

Bombs were tossed
In what was lost
I expected to find scraps of you
Scurrying to somewhere dark and warm

I was hoping you would learn from me
You were suffering
For the light you seek so
I told them a lie
I do not owe them my time
I wouldn't pay a debt
To a filthy pest

I thought I was taught
To be sinister and innocent all at once
Take what all you've got
To escape with and leave no remainder

Better be estranged in a stranger's world
Than to be caught unexpected on your toes
I thought I was taught to be sinister and innocent

I know that it's unfair to you but
No one's keeping score
Aging gracefully
Painterly
They don't know they own you
They don't know they owe you

But I thought I was taught
To be sinister and innocent all at once
Was I not?
[Laughter]

I thought I was taught
To be sinister and innocent all at once
Take what all you've got
To escape with and leave no remainder

Better be estranged in a stranger's world
Than to be caught unexpected on your toes
I thought I was taught to be sinister and innocent

MICHAEL: So Lieutenant's really got everyone thinkin' that consolidation is me, does he?

MDAWG: From the way that he talks? Yeah, he's pretty confident. He convinced everyone in The Compound and in Texas to go to the Shadow Dome. I don't know why they'd do that if they didn't think that he was you.

MICHAEL: Well, me and the Mikes are gonna have a serious conversation about that, but I am glad it didn't work out for him.

MDAWG: That's karma for you. He's living a deceitful life and the universe took that as an opportunity to punish him.

MICHAEL: You gotta tell me, MDawg, you believe all that? Cause we done a lot of evil shit and we're still alive and kickin'.

MDAWG: It's... complicated. I believe it metaphorically, at least. Like, the mindset that allowed Lieutenant to do something so awful is the same mindset that prevented him from getting his plan to work out. Does that make more sense?

MICHAEL: Makes more sense than a just world that punishes evildoers. You uh, want some more whiskey?

MDAWG: Yeah, sure, pass it here, my energy's already fucked. Hey, you didn't bring me up here to get me drunk and push me off the roof, did you?

MICHAEL: I wouldn't have to get you drunk to push ya off the roof, pard. *[Laughs.]* No, sir, I just wanted to have a chat with ya.

MDAWG: I'm glad you did. It's really nice out here now that the air conditioning is back on. How are you feeling?

MICHAEL: Anytime I felt this bad before, I died shortly after. But uh, I'm feeling a little better now that I'm drinkin'. Hurts all over.

MDAWG: You didn't come up here to die on me, did you?

MICHAEL: No, sir. I feel awful, but I feel better than I did a few hours ago, so I figure I'm in the clear. I did lose a lot of blood, but I patched myself up. It's gonna hurt like the dickens for a long time, though.

MDAWG: You being alive made this a lot harder than it had to be, you know.

MICHAEL: Would have been a lot less work on my end, too, pard. Hey, have you decided what you wanna do yet?

MDAWG: No, I don't know. There's no good answer. What I want to do is let you go, and tell Eagle and Lieutenant that I found your body and transported it so that nobody found it and everyone in The Compound and everyone in Texas could keep on believing that Lieutenant is you.

MICHAEL: Well, a little white lie never hurt nobody. What kind of proof are they askin' for?

MDAWG: They want the coordinates that I used to send you away. I guess so that they can check my work or maybe correct it if something goes wrong, like if I sent the body somewhere that gets discovered. It seems like they mostly trust me to get the job done. Mostly because they're extremely confident that you're dead. I don't think they expected any hiccups. The old Lieutenant made it sound like he watched you die.

MICHAEL: Close but no cigar.

MDAWG: Plus, they have Edman, so they know that I wouldn't do anything to get him taken away from me again. And they're right about that. That's more important than anything. It's even more important than you. Sorry, Michael. Please don't push me off the roof. It's true.

MICHAEL: I ain't pushin' you off no dang roof, pilgrim. Never even crossed my mind. Don't know why you're so fixated on it.

MDAWG: I've been afraid of heights ever since there was this mission for Operose, and that's how my eye got damaged, but they erased my memory, and they told me that I fell off a cliff, and so I've been afraid of heights ever since then, even though I know that memory is fake.

MICHAEL: I'm sorry to hear that, pard, but you're safe up here with me. Hell, if'n I did kill you, you wouldn't be able to go back to Lieutenant and Eagle, right? So they'd probably head back here to look for you. And then they'd figure out that I'm alive and they'd be on my trail. So, that ain't an option.

MDAWG: Right. They probably would've shown up right by now to stop you.

MICHAEL: Yep. And I ain't seen no Eagle. So I reckon I ain't gonna kill ya.

MDAWG: So, what are we going to do? I don't see how anything works out unless I do what they told me to do and you die. They've sort of got us cornered here.

MICHAEL: You just need a dead Michael, right?

MDAWG: Yes, I need a dead Michael, what are you implying? Are you suggesting that we find a different already-dead Michael iteration? Because, where are we going to find one of those? I know that Michaels have died in the past, but I don't know how we could drop in and steal one of them without propagating a huge amount of effects.

MICHAEL: I don't think so either, pard. Which is why you're gonna kill me.

MDAWG: Michael the brainstorming session up here is entirely about how to not kill you.

MICHAEL: That's why you're gonna make an iteration of me. You'll shoot that iteration with your pistol, send him where you're gonna send him, and then I'll be on my merry way.

MDAWG: Michael—no I'm not comfortable making sacrificial iterations.

MICHAEL: Well you sure as hell ain't comfortable killing me, are ya? So you're gonna have to choose. I don't think that we have any other viable options. We'll time it just right so that I transport and then you shoot. The iteration won't be alive enough to ever know that he existed. Ain't nobody gonna know he existed except for you and me.

MDAWG: Yes but you and me will know. And, more importantly, it will be a fact of the universe that he existed. I—I dunno.

MICHAEL: There ain't no facts of the universe, pard. There ain't no one keeping score. So you gotta figure out what clogs your chakras more? Killing poor ol' Michael off for good and lettin' your old boss pass himself off as me or killin' an iteration and givin' me a chance to fix this mess?

MDAWG: I was holding out for a secret third option where everyone gets what they want and no one gets hurt.

MICHAEL: That ain't gonna happen pard, this is war. We got ourselves in too deep on all sides. Now, that's a question we should have asked ourselves before we cut our left arm off all those years ago. Everything is tangled up now. There are too many people. There are too many Mikes. All that's left to do now is triage.

MDAWG: I don't want to do this, Michael.

MICHAEL: It ain't about what you want. I don't wanna do it either, pard. Will you do it?

MDAWG: Michael, I [*deep breath.*]... fuck it. Pass me the whiskey.

MICHAEL: Here ya go pard.

MDAWG: I'll do it. I don't know how, though. You're gonna have to show me on the Calculator.

MICHAEL: Sure thing, Pilgrim. Give it here and I'll put it in. [*Soft laugh.*] You ain't gonna hand it to me are ya?

MDAWG: It doesn't seem like a good idea.

MICHAEL: You're a wise man, MDawg. Wiser than you know. Alright, in order to make an iteration concurrent with us you hit that button right there. That brings up the menu.

MDAWG: This one?

MICHAEL: Yep. Then you specify a coordinate, and then a distance [**MDAWG:** Okay] Yep, just like that. [**MDAWG:** Uh huh.] And then all you have to do is go back through the menu like normal. [**MDAWG:** Okay, here.] Yep and now you're all set.

MDAWG: Okay this is what we're doing? You're sure we're doing this?

MICHAEL: It's been a long time since I were sure of anything, pard. But it's time to cowboy up. Roll up our sleeves and do what's gotta get done.

MDAWG: Okay, but I'm not a cowboy.

MICHAEL: Believe me, I noticed. You think you can channel your energy or something? Like, what I do when I cowboy up?

MDAWG: Okay, it's not a great environment for it, but I'll channel my energy.

MICHAEL: Alright. Now, unless you can use that energy to shoot a Hadoken at him, you're gonna wanna have your pistol ready in your other hand. As soon as you see me standin' over there on the other side of this roof, you're gonna need to pull the trigger. Kill him instantly. No sufferin'. No nothin'.

MDAWG: Okay, what if something goes wrong?

MICHAEL: Ain't nothin' gonna go wrong, pard. You can do it, MDawg. Do it for me. For Edman.

MDAWG: No, no that doesn't work anymore. It's not a magic spell. You can't just say "do it for Edman" and then I automatically have to do whatever it is you say. It's worked in the past, but I've built up a tolerance.

MICHAEL: But you are gonna do it, ain't ya? I can see it in your eyes.

MDAWG: Yes, I'm going to do it, so there's no need to make me feel manipulated.

MICHAEL: This is all you MDawg. I trust ya. We'll get started whenever you're ready.

MDAWG: Ok, let's do it... iterating in 3...2...1...

[short time travel noise.]

MICHAEL: Quick, shoot 'im MDawg.

MICHAEL 2: Quick—MDawg please—

[gunshot.]

MICHAEL: MDawg, I told you to shoot him just as soon as you used the Calculator.

MDAWG: Easy for you to say, I can't see out of one of my eyes, so I can't use both of my hands. And I panicked— *[Breathing heavily.]*

MICHAEL: It's gonna be okay, MDawg. Eagle's gonna be happy about that. Now go ahead and put in the disposal coordinates.

MDAWG: *[shaken.]* Right, right, the disposal coordinates. Okay it was—Okay it was—Okay, disposing in 3, 2, 1.

[short time travel noise.]

MICHAEL: And there he goes. See MDawg, you cowboyed up.

MDAWG: I want to get the hell out of here. Where am I sending you, Michael? Texas, the Compound, the apartment?

MICHAEL: No sir. I don't think I'm safe any of those places just yet. Lieutenant's on the loose, and I don't know what he's got 'em believing.

MDAWG: Okay, where do you wanna go?

MICHAEL: I got a place where I know I'll be safe. I got some friends off the grid and outside of this situation that I can stay with until this blows over. So here, let me put in the coordinates. *[Soft laugh.]* You still ain't gonna let me touch that Calculator.

MDAWG: You can punch in the numbers, but I'm holding on to it. This is a one-way ticket, Michael.

MICHAEL: Loud and clear, boss. Here, coordinates are—yup. And there. That's where you're sending me.

MDAWG: Alright. Are you sure these are the correct coordinates?

MICHAEL: Yup, we're good to go. I'll get to safety, then I'll figure out what to do from there.

MDAWG: Okay, best of luck to you, Michael. Are you ready to go?

MICHAEL: As ready as I'll ever be.

MDAWG: I'll begin the transport then. I'm sorry things ended up this way, Michael. This isn't what I wanted.

MICHAEL: You ain't got nothin' to be sorry about, cowboy. Now, say hi to Edman for me, and destroy that note I left while you're at it.

MDAWG: I can do that. Bye, Michael. Transporting 3...2...1...

[Time travel noise.]

MDAWG: *[Sighs.]* Did he call me a cowboy?

[END THEME PLAYS.]

[EMBARRASS YOURSELF PLAYS.]

There's no mantra in my chest
I exhale when I wake up
It's only getting tighter
I'm making myself tired
I am dogged by the wind
I see it shake the treetops
It feels like dead leaves are
curling underneath my skin

Something I don't believe in
is staring
I have to keep myself from checking
But I found a new way of checking

Do not cast yourself a wider net
You'll only embarrass yourself
When your catch drags you out
Do not capture moments after
You'll only embarrass yourself
When the past pulls you down

I've done everything already
The dirt is on my hands I can't
Grasp it any tighter
The gap is getting wider
I was fooled by a creature
That wormed its way inside
Now I freeze up when I falter
I feel guilty when I hide

Something I don't believe in
Is knocking
If you don't recognize it's servant
Then you are it's servant

Do not cast yourself a wider net
You'll only embarrass yourself
When your catch drags you out
Do not capture moments after
You'll only embarrass yourself
When the past pulls you down