EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THREE - TY BETTERIDGE WILL PROTECT US
Original transcript created and edited by Orion

[BEGIN Episode 123.*]*

INTRO: Hey guys, quick plugs. Slightly different plugs this time. You know about Twitch, twitch.tv/woebegonepod, Sundays, etcetera, etcetera. Today I want to plug an album that I put up on the Bandcamp for Bandcamp Fridays. It's called Cowboys and it is a collection of the rootinest tootinest country, western, bluegrass, and folk music from WOE.BEGONE. It is five dollars over at woebegonepod.bandcamp.com and a full stream of the album as well as some Bandcamp download codes are available for five dollar and up patrons. Speaking of Patreon, you can support me over there 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. But I really want to focus on the postcards this week. This month is August, which means it is the one-year anniversary of the postcards and I want to celebrate by making them very special this month. If you sign-up before the end of the month, you will get the anniversary postcard and all of the bonus stuff that I am planning. Again, that's Patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons, [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning this episode contains a depiction of medical distress. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Michael grunts and groans.]

ITERATED MIKEY: You, uh, gonna be okay… cowboy… Mike?

MICHAEL: It's Michael. And *[Dry chuckle.]* I don't like bein' here. Ty Betteridge is one despicable character.

ITERATED MIKEY: Then why did you bring us here?

MICHAEL: He's the only one who can help Mikey.

ITERATED MIKEY: Then let's get him some help from this Betteridge guy and then get out of here, okay?

MICHAEL: I hope it's that easy.

[Door opens.]

TY: Oh! Oh, hello again, Mikey, back so soon? [**MIKEY:** Oh, uh no, I'm not…] I just discharged you a few hours ago. And… Michael? I know that you don't have an appointment. *[Michael huffs.]* In fact, we don't need anything from you for a couple of months, as I recall. Let's see…

MICHAEL: What did you do to him, Ty?

TY: Hmm?

MICHAEL: What did you do?

TY: Oh. Sorry, I… would you mind just moving– yes, thank you. Oh! Haha yes, I didn't even see him there. Mikey? But if that's Mikey, then who is this new duplicate?

ITERATED MIKEY: Hi, uh, Mr. Betteridge, I guess? I'm Mike?

MICHAEL: Mikey's hurt, asshole. This iteration got transported to Base. Don't know from where. Time for you to start talkin'.

ITERATED MIKEY: Right, uh, Mr. Betteridge, uh, I got transported from… where I live, I guess? I don't know where we are now. I was minding my own business at O.V.E.R., getting ready for bed by watching six hours of YouTube videos cause I have work in the morning. Then I was suddenly in a room with a bunch of computers in it, and this other Mikey, that's on the table, was writhing on the floor. I looked around for help, but that whole building was empty again except for him, so I took his phone and called his most recent contact, which was the weird cowboy. And he brought us here. So you're… Ty Betteridge?

TY: Yes! Pleased to meet you. Ah, are you telling me that Mikey made this duplicate?

MICHAEL: All I know is Mikey was fine and dandy 'fore he took off for his Compound evaluation. And next time we saw him, he weren't conscious. And now he's knockin' on death's door. Had to teach this'n here how to work a Calculator all by his lonesome. And he brought me to Base, and then I brought us here.

TY: Ah, this is most concerning. You did the right thing, Michael. See it, say it, sorted. Mikey was perfectly fine when he left the Compound. I would never return him in anything less than pristine condition. I can return us to his evaluation and show you for yourself, if you want me to? I took some measurements to update our file on him and that was all.

MICHAEL: You could just as easily put on a show for us as show us the truth. No thanks.

TY: I very well could, but I promise you that I returned him to Base unharmed. What would I gain by sending him back in *this* state? You and I might not always see eye to eye but I'd like to think that I'm at least somewhat predictable. You know what I want, and that's why my Compound and your Base get along so serenely. Why would I want *this*? Now if you would, please move. Yes, please move.

ITERATED MIKEY: Okay. Uh, sh-should I, uh… O-Okay.

TY: All of you. I need to examine him. I presume that's why you brought him here, yes?

MICHAEL: Listen to me, Ty. I don't care what you and Edgar agreed on. If you hurt him…

TY: He's already hurt. We're wasting time, Michael, move. Please, let me see him.

MICHAEL: *[Huffs.]* Fine.

ITERATED MIKEY: He wasn't this unresponsive when I found him. He's getting worse.

TY: I see… Oh dear. You were absolutely right to bring him straight to me, he's badly hurt, Michael, mortally wounded without our intervention, I'd say. Other Mikey was he conscious when you found him?

ITERATED MIKEY/OTHER MIKEY: Uh, s-sort of? He was… writhing on the ground when I appeared in the room, but then he wasn't moving by the time that Michael got there.

TY: Hmm. Yes, you keep alluding to a "room", what kind of room was it exactly?

OTHER MIKEY: Uh, there was a bunch of computer equipment. Uh, the screen has some sort of program on it that looked like the Security program from Tier Two of O.V.E.R., but it wasn't that program. I haven't really got to mess with all that yet, but I saw the places for the coordinates. So I assume that's how Mikey got me there.

TY: That's what I was afraid of. You've seen this before, Michael. This is a consolidation injury. Not unlike the ones you've sustained before, no?

MICHAEL: Most times I failed consolidation, the accident killed me.

TY: That is the most common outcome, yes.

OTHER MIKEY: He kept repeating something until he passed out. Something like, "I need to be Mikey," uh, something like that? I don't know if that's helpful.

TY: Hmm. He raised a similar concern during our evaluation. Mikey is extremely concerned about *being* Mikey. And his consolidation MDawg from the continuous correction. I consoled him as best I could. I thought it was a silly line of inquiry, but now I worry that it was actually quite dangerous. There's nothing that can be done about reversing course, short of upending the whole timeline and handing the keys over to the Hunters. [**OTHER MIKEY:** The Hunters…?] I told him as much, I was hoping he'd find some peace knowing there was nothing he could do. I guess he thought that he knew better than I did.

ITERATED MIKEY: Uh-huh, not to grind everything to a halt, but there's a version of me that's "MDawg" and a version of me that's a cowboy? Uh, what's going on in this timeline?

TY: Other Mikey, were there any other Other Mikeys in the room with you when you arrived?

OTHER MIKEY: The only other one was him. Uh, what is going on here? Was he gonna… do something to me?

TY: Hmm… yes, he was going to try to consolidate with you, from the look of things.

OTHER MIKEY: And what would that do?

MICHAEL: Mikey was gonna make you part of himself.

TY: He asked me about excising MDawg out of him. I guess he thought that he could dilute MDawg with enough Mikey duplicates instead. That's not entirely how that works, I'm afraid. I think he was learning that lesson the hard way when he got sloppy and botched a consolidation with another Mikey. *[Sighs.]* Oh, poor, poor Mikey. If I had known how upset he was about this, I wouldn't've been so flippant with him during the evaluation. I cracked a joke about keeping him here and sending a docile Mikey back to Base. I shouldn't have. I feel awful.

OTHER MIKEY: Well, good news for me, I guess. I don't want to be "consolidated" with anyone, thank you very much. Uh, especially a version of me that's *[Awkward chuckle.]* uh, goin' through it.

MICHAEL: You watch your fuckin' mouth, pilgrim.

OTHER MIKEY: Okay! Uh, hand is on the holster, I see it. U-Uh, I take it all back. Uh, look, I'm sorry that this happened to the future or alternate version of me or whatever's going on here, but uh… I don't think that I need to be here. I'm getting in the way. I'm just making Michael angry. Uh, I'm putting my foot in my mouth. Uh, this doesn't involve me. Could you guys, uh, you know uh, go ahead and send me home? I don't want to mess everything up by being in the wrong time or place and uh, I'm just getting in the way of you guys and uh… oh! And I have work in the morning.

TY: *[Sighs.]* I don't know if that's possible, Other Mikey. Michael, do you know what room he's talking about? It sounds like Edgar's CC Lab.

MICHAEL: Yup, that's the room Mikey was in when I got there.

TY: I think I can safely say, without even checking the logs, that Other Mikey here is from a continuous correction, would you agree?

MICHAEL: Yup. One where there ain't no MDawg yet. Think we can just issue a correction? Stop Mikey from goin' on a consolidation rampage?

TY: Hmm… That would be the easy solution, if this were simply a case of some… Calculator shenanigans gone wrong, but things are different if he was using our technology. The Compound set Edgar up with that technology and he knows how to use it. Between our stringent safeguards and Edgar's experience with failsafe maneuvers, I am willing to bet that anything that passes through that program is largely correction proof. There's a chance that we could be thwarted or that a correction could create even more Mikey time duplicates. *[Mumbles, considering the options.]* No, I think it's best to salvage Mikey from here, Micheal. Let's put the Compound's technology to use the best way that we can. We don't have to solve everything by traveling through space and time anymore.

OTHER MIKEY: Okay, uh, sorry for continuing to make this about me when there's an unconscious guy on the table, but uh, what does this mean for me? You're not going to use time travel to go back and stop him, so I'm still gonna be… here. Uh, can you take me home, at least?

MICHAEL: You ain't got no home to return to, pard.

OTHER MIKEY: Uh, Mr. Betteridge, is he telling the truth?

TY: Sorry, Other Mikey. Mikey used what is called a "continuous correction" which creates a timeline and immediately corrects it. He used that to make a duplicate of a Mikey from a different timeline, that's you! The time and place you are from, hmm, doesn't even exist anymore– or hmm, no, more accurately, it has returned to having never happened. *You* aren't *from* anywhere, I'm afraid.

OTHER MIKEY: So–oh f–I'm stuck here? And if you bring him back to life, then he-he's going to do everything I would do, because he's Mike. So I'm-I'm what? Redundant?

MICHAEL: That's one way to look at it.

OTHER MIKEY: I-I'm not okay with that! I'm alive. I have a life to live, I can't stay here. Is that what you are? A displaced Mikey who got stuck here and now you're a cowboy?

MICHAEL: No sir. I ain't from a continuous correction. I'm from the future.

OTHER MIKEY: And you just live here now? Is-Is that what you want me to do? Just forge a new identity and start over? Be Librarian Mike or Accountant Mike?

MICHAEL: We all know ya cain't do math to save your life, Other Mikey.

TY: That's a possibility. What do you say, Michael? Do you want him? He could be another set of hands at Satellite Base, I know that Mike just went home. Maybe you could put him to work?

OTHER MIKEY: You want me to *live* with him?

MICHAEL: *[Sighs.]* Nah. This ain't my Mikey. This ain't *his* time. He ain't been through what we been through.

TY: Eh, I'm not surprised. It's for the best, really. It might be a fool's errand at this point, but we should try our best to cap the number of duplicates running around on the outside when we can manage to do so.

OTHER MIKEY: Cap? Uh, excuse me, what are you going to do with me?

TY: Don't worry, Other Mikey, everything is going to be just fine. Fe, um, can you assist Other Mikey for us, he's a bit lost and afraid, uh, can you get his history, get an intake eval and send him over to Yellow for me? Other Mikey, I need you to head out *that* door. [**OTHER MIKEY:** This?] Yep, that– nope, that one [**OTHER MIKEY:** Oh, okay.] and take a left. Felix will be waiting for you. He'll get you situated and we'll get this all over and done with, how does that sound?

ITERATED MIKEY: Over and done with and then I can go… home?

MICHAEL: Ya just ain't gettin' it, are ya, Other Mikey?

TY: There is no home for you to go to. We'll figure something out, I assure you, right here in the Compound. Now, right out that door and to the left, please. Felix will take you to Yellow and everything will work out just fine.

ITERATED MIKEY: Ugh, fine. Whatever. I'll cooperate. Can you guys… message Felix or Yellow or whoever when Mike wakes up? I do want to know that he's okay.

TY: We can arrange that. Now, off you go! [**ITERATED MIKEY:** Yep, see you guys.] Tah-tah! Toodle-pip!

MICHAEL: God dammit.

TY: That is what you wanted done, isn't it, Michael? *[Door opens and closes.]* There aren't many other options.

MICHAEL: It ain't what I wanted, it's what needed to be done.

TY: Well, I don't like it either but there's no point making a fuss. What's done is done. Now that he's taken care of, let's get to work on getting your Mikey ship-shape, shall we?

MICHAEL: Hang tight, Mikey. We're gonna getcha patched up.

[Opening theme plays.]

TY: Ah, the rehabilitation equipment is up and running. We've had to… steal a spot from one of the overnighters experiments, but this is an emergency, they can wait. We're all ready to go. So, Mikey? Mikey? Can you hear me?

[Mikey groans.]

TY: Ah, good. You can hear me, sort of. You're still in there. We're coming to help, Mikey. Michael, would you help me prop him up in the seat for the procedure?

[Michael grunts defiantly.]

TY: Michael, would you please take your hand off your holster and give me a hand *here*. That thing isn't going to help you in here, I promise you. I'm sure you know that. I know that you're the rootin' tootin' gunslinger around these parts but, that pistol isn't going to get you out of trouble anymore. It might've worked on Eagle and the Hunters, but the easy targets are out of the way. It won't protect you from me, and it sure as hell won't protect you from Operose now that you're on their radar. So, *[Attempts a cowboy voice.] "*simmer down" *[Normal voice.]* and help me prop him up, would you?

MICHAEL: You might be able to correct it, but dyin' still hurts, Ty. No false moves.

TY: I wouldn't dream of it. Lifting him in three, two, one.

[Ty and Michael grunt with effort.]

MICHAEL: There ya go, Mikey.

TY: There we are. You're going to be okay, Mikey. Michael's going to make sure of that. We're going to perform gentle rehabilitation, okay? All you have to do is sit back, relax, and let the healing wash over you. You need to come with me, Michael. We need to clear the room for him this time to remove any interference. We'll perform the procedure from the observation room, *[Door opens.]* just right this way.

MICHAEL: I'll be right back, Mikey.

[Door closes.]

MICHAEL: So, uh, what was it you was sayin' about Operose? I thought we already got what we needed from 'em. Now you're warning me not to go in guns blazin'. Why would I do that? What's that about?

TY: *[Sighs.]* You know how these things go, Michael. You might think that you're done with Operose, but Operose clearly isn't done with you. You can't just go in there and leave a few corpses, one of which got collected by their security apparatus, and expect not to deal with them ever again. Edman and MDawg were Operose backups. I'm sure it was Anne's project, but she used O.I. technology to get it done and there is no doubt in my mind that they were aware of it. The organizations have a way of entangling themselves with each other like that, it can't be helped. We're all in each other's way. That's why I put a tracking device in Mikey's palm. [**MICHAEL** *[Angrily]***:** *What?!*] The next time that Base and O.I. intersect, I want to make sure that I know about it.

MICHAEL: You put a trackin' device in him?

TY: I did. I will do whatever I need to do to maintain control, you see? You can take that up with Edgar if it bothers you. We have an arrangement and I take that seriously. I'm protecting you. I'm protecting Mikey. I'm protecting Anne. I'm protecting myself. And I don't need your permission to do so.

MICHAEL: You ain't protectin' me. You ain't protectin' Mikey. You know it.

TY: I am, Michael. And that gun still won't protect you in here. Hands off it, please. It's uncouth. Thank you. Now, this should all look familiar to you. You've been in that seat before, you've just never seen the control panel. This is the same procedure that I performed on you. It's the same procedure I performed on Mike after he got injured breaking you out of here. We've made some medical advancements since then, of course but–

MICHAEL: What? What do you mean Mike? My Mike? When? What? W-Wha…

TY: *[Clicks tongue disapprovingly.]* Oh, I can't believe that he never told you. I knew that he had come to me for rehabilitation in secret, but I didn't think that anything *stayed* a secret between the two of you for very long. I thought that once he recovered, that he would tell you all about it.

MICHAEL *[angrily]***:** What did you do to Mike?

TY: I saved his life, Michael, don't be daft. You know about consolidation injuries. You *know* that amateur consolidations cause severe injuries. You know that if someone tries to fix a mortal gunshot wound with a Calculator that the results are eventually fatal. What did you think was happening? I thought that *you* knew better, you of all people! You and the Michael duplicates were instrumental in moving this very technology along. There is a half dead Michael kicking around inside of you somewhere, if I remember correctly. Now which experiment were *you* again? I think it was lungs.

MICHAEL: We ain't talkin' about my time inside the Compound, Ty. Any day I manage to forget's a good day.

TY: I was lungs, I'm sure of it, but very well. Have it your way. You know first hand that this operation works with little in the way of side effects, so calm down. Take a deep breath, Big Bear. This isn't a trick, this is a humanitarian intervention.

MICHAEL: *[Sniffles.]* I'm scared for 'im, Ty. Mikey ain't been right since the Great Correction.

TY: That's to be expected, given what he's been through. He told me about his little Latvian episode– it's scary stuff! It's a shame! We gave him everything that he could've possibly wanted but we can't take away how it feels to have all of it ripped away in the first place. We can account for the psychological aspects in our rehabilitation as well, but I thought you might not approve of that. You might want to try things the old fashioned way first.

MICHAEL: You ain't turning him into one of your malleable little drones, Ty.

TY: I don't intend to. Ugh! And that hand is right back on that holster.

MICHAEL: Yeah, I ain't been the same since the Great Correction, either.

TY: *[Sighs.]* We would let you have that in here if you could do anything with it. You can toss it in the bin over there if you'd like. All it's good for is getting you sent to Yellow and a new Michael going home with Mikey.

MICHAEL: Don't threaten me.

TY: I'm kidding, I assure you. Oh, Michael, we really should be friendly with one another. We're working through this hardship together. The Compound can help you. Well, we are going to help you whether you want us to or not, but it is so much easier if you cooperate. Eh, that's a conversation for another time. We've left Mikey suffering for longer than he needs to. I'm going to activate the consolidation therapy. You know how this works, it should be elucidating to see it from the outside.

MICHAEL: You had better be careful with him, pilgrim.

TY: Careful is my middle name. The other children made fun of me for it in primary school. Anyway! The rehabilitation. I'm initiating the first therapeutic consolidation in three, two, one…

[Time travel noise.]

TY: See? Exactly according to plan. Never doubt Ty *Careful* Betteridge. Mikey?

MIKEY *[Through an intercom]***:** Ty? *[Grunts.]*

TY: Yes. Hello, can you hear me?

MIKEY: Fuck. Fuck!

TY: Can you tell me how you're feeling?

MIKEY: *[Slams against his restraints.]* Fuck! I'm back in the Compound! Uh, fuck! Fuck! *[Slams again.]* Let me out of here!

TY: Calm down, Mikey. Please try to stay still, you're perfectly fine. You just had an accident. I'm here in the observation room with Michael. He's helping me put you back together again. *[Attempts a cowboy voice.]* Ain't that right, partner?

MICHAEL: I'm right here, Mikey, it's okay. Everything's going to be okay.

TY: Yes. Everything went perfectly. You should be feeling much better. Michael and I will be back in a moment to get you out of your restraints.

MICHAEL: I'm comin', Mikey. Hold tight.

TY: Nothing beats a job well done. Let's reunite the two of you.

[Door opens and closes.]

TY: And between the two of us, you had better keep a close eye on him, Michael. Psych isn't my department, but I know a spiral when I see one.

MICHAEL: Yeah, me too.

TY: This accident never should've happened. It's the start of something more destructive if left unchecked. God forbid we end up in a timeline without a Mikey at all. True, we could send a replacement Mikey from the Compound, lord knows we still have a lot of potential candidates, but I know that you don't approve of Michaels from the Compound. *[Attempts cowboy voice]* They just ain't the same, right pard? *[Chuckles, stops cowboy voice.]* Yes, well, here we are.

MICHAEL: Mikey, Mikey!

MIKEY: Michael.

MICHAEL: Let's get you out of this damn contraption. [**MIKEY:** Okay.] How are ya feeling?

MIKEY *[slowly, dazed]***:** I don't feel great, uh, but I'm-I'm conscious. Uh, I'm drowsy, uh, I feel… hungover. I didn't get drunk, did I?

MICHAEL: Worse, pilgrim. You went on a consolidatin' spree.

MIKEY *[more awake]***:** Fuck, fuck! I remember, I was trying to get rid of MDawg. Fuck. I just– I wanted to be Mikey again.

TY: I do hope that you eventually figure out who you *are,* Mikey. But in the meantime, we'll settle for making sure that you have a pulse, whoever you are. Now, follow my finger with your eyes, please. And if you could, say the alphabet backwards for me.

MIKEY: Okay, Zee–

TY: Zed. It's Zed, not Zee. Please.

MIKEY: Okay, *Zed*, Y X W V U T S R Q P O N M L K J I H G F E D C B A.

TY: Oh! Well, I uh, didn't expect you to actually do it. I just wanted to give you something to focus on. Well, bravo! Bravo.

MIKEY: *[Grunts.]* Everything hurts, Ty.

TY: Yeah, well, in my experience, you have to be alive for everything to hurt.

MIKEY: Oh, Michael. Uh, Edman and MDawg are Operose. Uh, they made backups of us or the Council of Anne made backups.

MICHAEL: Yeah, Ty was tellin' me about it while you were out.

MIKEY: But didn't Cole say that they were on the Tier Two Security logs? So, what does that mean? I think they might have been hunting down the OVEdgars? Edgar's program apparently looks for stable interactions and so what if Operose–

TY: Tut, tut, tut. I'm right here, Mikey. This isn't a conversation you want to have in front of mean old Ty Betteridge.

MICHAEL: We'll talk later, Mikey.

TY: Brought back to life and already meddling again, that's my Mikey. Look, I don't intend to stop you from meddling, if I did then I would simply shut your Base down. We have our duplicates, we don't need you per se. But if you're going to meddle, you need to meddle more delicately. You can't sneak around in the middle of the night and cause trouble if you're dying from multisystem organ failure, Mikey.

MIKEY: Yeah, yeah. Won't happen again. I wasn't thinking, I… just felt like I lost control. I lost myself… for a minute there.

TY: *Radiohead* aside, I am deadly serious, Mikey. Do you think that I know which Ty I am? I have positively no idea, and I wouldn't have it any other way. Whoever you are, you're Mikey now and you're going to have to be okay with that. The alternative is lying comatose on my table.

MIKEY: I don't have the strength to mount a counterargument.

TY: Maybe after a few more seasons you'll be strong enough to draw a pistol on me, like Michael has been trying to do all evening.

MIKEY: Michael, please don't shoot the only person who can help me.

MICHAEL: No promises. I'm gonna help ya through it, pard. I've been through all this before. I gotcha. Big Bear's gotcha, Mikey.

MIKEY: I know you do. Thanks, Michael.

TY: Oh, how sweet.

[Scene transition.]

YELLOW: Ah, hello. You must be Other Mikey?

OTHER MIKEY: Oh uh, Mike is fine, thank you very much. Or just not *Other* Mike? So you're Yellow? Is that your real name?

YELLOW: Eh, well, we can talk about real names later. How was your evaluation?

OTHER MIKEY: It was… alright? Uh, I thought it would be longer. That Felix guy didn't seem like he wanted to know very much about me. Really dower guy.

YELLOW: It's all the *Arctic Monkeys*, I hear that a lot about Felix from patients who come to see me. It's not all sunshine and rainbows, this job. I don't blame him for getting down in the dumps every now and then. So, are you ready for the procedure?

OTHER MIKEY: Uh, actually, I have some questions first? Like, what is the procedure? Nobody has told me yet.

YELLOW: It's just a quick, painless formality. It'll be over before you even register that something is happening.

OTHER MIKEY: Uh, great. But you didn't answer my question. What is the procedure?

YELLOW: I really don't have time to explain. It says on your chart that you have little time travel experience, so any answer that I would give would only confuse you further. This procedure is part of our ongoing agreement with your Base. That is all you need to know. Now, right this way, if you would be so kind.

OTHER MIKEY: Um, no. I don't care if I don't understand it, explain it to me anyway.

YELLOW: Ah, I forgot that you are a duplicate that has never experienced the Compound before. You probably have no allegiance to Mikey' Base. You've got a lot of fight in you, I admire that. *[Chuckles.]* Anyway, unfortunately, feistiness will not get you far in the Compound. We just aren't set up to work that way. You either cooperate, or… are liquidated.

OTHER MIKEY: I assume "liquidate" is just a fancy word for kill?

YELLOW: Oh my, no. Liquidate isn't a very fancy word at all, in my opinion, it's quite visceral. Almost onomatopoeic. The image really grabs you, come on. Right this way. You wouldn't want to inconvenience the other duplicates of you, would you? Their Mikey is seriously hurt. You did a great thing, bringing him here, they're dealing with that right now. They don't need your insubordination getting in the way, so I'll say it one more time. Right this way. Please.

OTHER MIKEY: No, I-I don't like this. Uh, you're not like the other Mr. Betteridge, there's something off about you. You're gonna experiment on me or something, I know it.

YELLOW: Managing time duplicates can be very tricky. They all need to be allotted their proper place and the Compound has decided that your proper place is with me. Right. This. Way.

OTHER MIKEY: No. I can smell death on the other side of that door. What are you going to do to me?

YELLOW: I assure you that isn't the case, this room is thoroughly sterilized after each patient. You should be able to smell anything at all. Come here!

OTHER MIKEY: Fuck, fuck. You're gonna kill me. Fuck. Fuck, fuck.

YELLOW: You clod, get in the patient room right this instant.

[Mikey grunts as he escapes.]

YELLOW: Get back here you insolent– *[Door slams, muffling Yellow's last word.]*

OTHER MIKEY: Fuck, fuck, where's the exit? *[Begins running and breathing heavily.]*

YELLOW *[over an intercom, in background on the scene]***:** Attention. Attention. A liquidation subject has escaped into the Compound. Take stock of your current subjects and be on the

lookout for any additional duplicates. Please send any additional duplicates to Yellow A.S.A.P. for evaluation.

OTHER MIKEY: Okay um. Fuck, uh. I took the door on the left, uh so… I-I-I came through here, uh. Okay, uh.

YELLOW *[Over an intercom]***:** Thank you and have a lovely day.

OTHER MIKEY: Fuck, I knew he was going to kill me. Oh! Uh. T-There's Michael!

TY: Other Mikey? What are you doing here? Where's Yellow? Where's Fe?

OTHER MIKEY *[panicked]***:** Michael! M-Mikey! They're trying to kill me! Yellow was going to kill me, you have to get me out of here now!

MICHAEL: O-Other Mikey…

OTHER MIKEY: Uh, g-go on, s-shoot him, cowboy! What's the point of keeping a gun on you if you aren't going to protect us?

MICHAEL: You weren't supposed to know what was happenin'.

OTHER MIKEY: W-What? You… knew where they were sending me?

MICHAEL: 'Fraid so.

TY: The Compound is doing Michael a favor, Other Mikey. *We're* doing the dirty work so that he doesn't have to. Come in Felix, we have the missing Other Mikey. Can you return him to Yellow for me? Thank you.

MICHAEL: We ain't got nowhere for you to go, bud. I'm real sorry.

OTHER MIKEY: N-No, you can't– I-I'm the one who told you about Mikey, I saved him. Y– Mikey, you were gonna consolidate with me. Can we- Can we do that? Anything. Please. Let me consolidate with Mikey.

MIKEY: I'm not consolidating anymore. I didn't work, I got hurt, uh. I'm-I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

OTHER MIKEY: Ugh, you have got to be fucking kidding me. Mikey, uh someone, this British asshole is about to fucking–

[Time travel noise.]

YELLOW *[Through an intercom, Other Mikey bangs and shouts in the background.]***:** The duplicate has been located and returned to Yellow's processing. He is strapped in and ready to go. Thank you everyone for their help. Sorry about the hassle, it won't happen again.

TY: *[Sighs.]* I'm glad that's been taken care of. I will need to fill out eight apartmental cross contamination forms as soon as I discharge the two of you, uh! The paperwork. *[Deep inhale.]* Ugh! I am very sorry that you had to see that, though. I know that it was hard enough for you to make that decision in the first place, but hmm! Is what it is. Such procedures need to be done and sometimes they become messy. Mikey, are you feeling well enough to transport home?

MIKEY: Uh, I guess so. Uh, I want to get the hell out of here.

TY: Excellent. Now, to ensure proper rehabilitation, I will need to see you twice a week for the next four weeks. In the meantime, please restrain from stressful activities and unnecessary time travel. That's why Mike's consolidation injuries took so long to heal. He kept going on missions and it sent him back every single time. It's the equivalent of ripping out your stitches.

MIKEY: I'll take it easy, I promise.

TY: And no more unnecessary consolidations. Ever. Under any circumstances. I hope that you've learnt your lesson, Mikey.

MIKEY: Y-Yes, what a very special episode at the Compound. We all learned a valuable lesson today.

MICHAEL: I'll talk ya through it, pad. It ain't as bad as you're makin' it out to be. You'll get by. Same as I do. It ain't the end of the world.

MIKEY: Well, thank you for saving me, Michael. I'm ready to go home.

MICHAEL: You heard the man, send us home, Ty.

TY: Gladly. Felix, if you would do the honors and return these two to their Base. Ta-ta, Michael. See you soon, Mikey. Transporting in three, two, one.

[Time travel noise.]

TY: Yellow, are you still patched into the comms? Have you successfully processed the Other Mikey?

YELLOW *[Through an intercom]***:** My, yes! He went quickly and quietly. They always do once you get them in their restraints, it's getting them in there that's sometimes difficult.

TY: I'm glad to hear it. The last thing we need is another rogue duplicate running around. That other Mikey was a Mustardseed waiting to happen.

YELLOW: Agreed. Well, crisis averted. What have you got for lunch?

[Scene transition.]

[Time travel noise.]

MIKEY2: *[Groans, breathes heavy for a moment.]* I'm back.

MIKEY: Did you find her?

MIKEY2: She wasn't there, but I got something better. Take a look at this.

[Mikey flips through pages.]

MIKEY2: Her cabin was completely unoccupied.

MIKEY: These are about… Edman and MDawg! Good find, man!

MIKEY2: Thank you, thank you.

MIKEY: What's uh, what's that?

MIKEY2: Uh, what do you mean?

MIKEY: You're scratching at your hand. Did you get hurt?

MIKEY2: Oh! A bug bite. I was walking around outside.

MIKEY: Right in the middle of your palm, like that?

MIKEY2: Yeah! I mean, what else would it be?

MIKEY: Fuck, it's in us through time somehow?

MIKEY2: Uh, what *in* us? Why is my hand burning?

MIKEY: Ty put a tracking device in us so that he'd know if we went to O.I. I iterated you because you shouldn't have one. But apparently you do too, because of fucking time travel.

MIKEY2: Okay, so what now, we issue a correction?

MIKEY: No, because if we issue a correction, then we won't have the files anymore.

MIKEY2: Okay, well, it seems like two options are nothing or correct it. So, what are we gonna do?

MIKEY: Alright, just give me the Calculator back, I'll set up the correction.

MIKEY2: Alright, here you go. Uh, iterate me again when you find a loophole or something.

MIKEY: Yeah, yeah. I'll figure something out.

[Mikey types in the Calculator.]

MIKEY: Okay, uh, issuing correction in three, [**MIKEY2:** Wait, you entered new coordinates.] two, one.

MIKEY2: No, wait, where are you s–

[Time travel noise.]

MIKEY: *[Sighs.]* Sorry about that. Time to report another rogue iteration to Ty. *[Coughs violently and painfully.]* Ah, blood.

[Closing theme plays.]

CREDITS *[spoken rap flow]***:** Hey y'all this has been WOE.BEGONE. The voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. Check out his podcast *Shadows at the Door* or go to davidault.co.uk for more.

CREDITS *[spoken normally]***:** Uh, don't-don't put this over the credits. Uh, I'm gonna redo it. Don't-Don't put this in the episode. Uh f– please? Can we s-stop? Can we- Can we stop it and I go back and record it again? Please?

[Closing theme ends.]

BLOOPER (TY): It might have worked on Eagle and the Hunters but the easy targets are out of the way. It won't protect you from me, and it sure as hell won't protect you from Operose now that you're on their radar. So, *[Aggressive attempt at cowboy voice]* simmer down, don't get so– *[Breaks character, laughing.]* God, *[Pirate voice]* Simmer down. Arr. *[Mumbles something pirate sounding.]*

BLOOPER TY *[normal voice]***:** Ah, how do we do cowboys again?

BLOOPER TY: *[Laughs. Attempts cowboy voice.]* Ornery. Ornery. Or-nery. Ah, High noon. *[Normal voice.]* Uh, what other cowboy things do people say? Um, *[Attempts cowboy voice.]*

rootin' tootin'. Simmer down– *[Breaks, laughing.]* Simmer down. Oh, the outtakes are gonna love this. *[Steadies breath.]* Simmer down. *[Laughs. Normal voice.]* Oh, this is going to be terrible. *[Attempt at cowboy voice.]* Rootin' tootin', simmer down. *[Giggles. Normal voice.]* Oh dear. Oh, where are you Cowboy Ty? You're somewhere in there.

BLOOPER TY: So, simmer down and help me prop him up would you? So, *[Attempts cowboy voice]* simmer down and– *[Normal voice.]* it's not- it's not coming. It's really not coming, I'm so sorry. I'll come back to that.

[END Episode 123.*]*