

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY TWO - SHOWBOATING

Original transcript by Theo, edited and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 152.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. As always, I am streaming on Twitch over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every week I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. This past week, I dug my photo theremin out of the closet, and we had a lot of fun playing around with that. You will hear it in this episode's soundtrack. So if you want to see how that sort of thing happens, check that out over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod. And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over at patreon.com/woebegone, where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, and more. Speaking of Movies with Michael, I just uploaded Episode 3 of Movies with Michael for \$10 patrons, where Michael and the gang talk about the 1973 Western *My Name Is Nobody*. It was a lot of fun to bring the characters in, and have them talk about that movie considering what is going on the show. I have also just uploaded the April Fools' Day special, "TY.BEGONE Episode 1: ParTYcipant Observation," which was put together by David Ault and some friends and fans of the show. It's a lot of fun, and you'll wanna check that out; that's available to all paying patrons. Special thanks to my 10 newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains a loud and sudden noise. The volume has been normalized to match the rest of the episode, but it still might be jarring. It also contains a brief reference of drug use. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Opening theme plays.]

[Restaurant ambience.]

MIKEY: Are you... sure that you don't want anything to eat, Tex? Uh, here, have some of my biscuits and gravy. I know that you don't get to come here too often.

TEX: I ain't hungry, pard. 'Sides, I can make my own biscuits and gravy *[Mikey scoffs.]* if'n I wanna.

MIKEY: Blasphemy! You can't make Latif's biscuits and gravy.

TEX: Sure I can, Mikey. Latif taught me how.

MIKEY: What!? When?

TEX: That's between me and Latif. Black coffee will do me just fine this time. 'Sides, I thought you said we was in a hurry. So why'd ya ring me up this evenin', pard? I was about to wind down. I'd already fed Bluster. So what's the dang emergency?

MIKEY: Uh... Stinky... is... loose.

TEX: [*Scoffs.*] Mikey! I thought you was housebroken!

MIKEY: Uh—! No—! Tex! Stinky is an iteration from Storage. Specifically, he is the one that you put into Storage when you took me out. I... call him Stinky now; he has a nickname.

TEX: 'Course I remember that fella. Whadda ya mean, he's "loose"? He got into the Compound?

MIKEY: Well, sort of, but that's not the problem. I had business inside of O.V.E.R. today, and I brought him with me. We went to a red flag cabin, and he was standing guard while I picked the lock, and when I came out, he was nowhere to be found. So he's somewhere in O.V.E.R.

TEX: Mikey. Them iterations ain't your playthings. Why in the Sam Hell would you take one of 'em out, and take 'em with ya to O.V.E.R. o' all places? Especially that 'un!

MIKEY: I didn't take him out. And I wasn't using him as a plaything, I was using him as free labor. Something happened at the Compound so that Stinky can't go back into Storage, so I've been keeping an eye on him. It's a complicated and very long story, but Storage doesn't work on him anymore at all. Nobody did something to him. Uh— Not nobody, uh, Nobody? Nobody is, uh—

TEX: I know who Nobody is, thank ya very much. You're sayin' he took Stinky out o' Storage?

MIKEY: You know who Nobody is?

TEX: Is that why y'all were at the red flag cabin in the first place? Nobody told ya to go there?

MIKEY: Yes, he's... he's infiltrating the Compound, and he threatened me if I didn't do his dirty work for him.

TEX: Don't do what Nobody says, Mikey.

MIKEY: I don't *want* to, I'm scared of what happens if I don't.

TEX: Be scared o' what happens if'n you *do*. That fella ain't no good, I tell ya.

MIKEY: I wasn't taking orders from him because I thought that he was Mr. Rogers, Tex.

TEX: Don't matter why ya took the orders, stop takin' 'em. Got it?

MIKEY: Are you going to help me when he shows up to punish me for not taking orders?

TEX: You can fend that sucker off yourself, Mikey. He's all hat, and no cattle. I'm more worried about ol' Stinky. Alright, so Stinky deserted ya at the red flag cabin. So what'd you do after that?

MIKEY: I panicked, and I called you, and told you to meet me at the Oldbrush Valley 24-Hour Diner. Then I left O.V.E.R., and came here. And that's where we are.

TEX: So you didn't use that Calculator o' yours to try to correct the situation any?

MIKEY: *Should* I have? Cause I definitely thought about it. But that seemed too easy, like there was a catch that I wasn't noticing. Everyone's got all of these anti-corrective technologies, I don't know how any of them work. Even going back to Mustardseed, he was pulling corrective shenanigans. And Nobody's got the C.O.A., whoever that is? And who knows what technology they have! So I'm hesitant to try and make a correction without trying to fix things the old-fashioned way. Because I know things can get out of hand real fast.

TEX: C.O.A.'s the Council of Annes, dumbass.

MIKEY: [*Stammers.*] What? Nobody's working with Anne!?

TEX: Nobody's workin' for the *Council* o' Annes.

MIKEY: But why would Anne—?

TEX: And you're damn right about corrections bein' a minefield these days. Now, I know Stinky, but I don't know what all he's capable of now that folks have been takin' him in and out o' Storage. He could be workin' for Nobody for all that we know. Stinky coulda been tryin' to pull the wool over your eyes to get you to take him out here to O.V.E.R.

MIKEY: The thought had crossed my mind.

TEX: You're right about trackin' 'im down the old-fashioned way. Causes the least amount o' problems. And if we get in a jam, we both got Calculators, just in case it goes belly up.

MIKEY: I was interviewing Stinky for the Compound before this, so I have a bunch of exact times and dates of when I saw him if we need those.

TEX: Keep those in your back pocket, pard. Do you still remember them times that you interviewed him? Like, you remember it as somethin' that happened, not somethin' in the abstract or that you got a record of. You can actually remember what happened and what both of you did in there.

MIKEY: Uh... I— I guess so? I— Right now, I can't really remember, but you put me on the spot, and I'm freaked out about him running away. Uh, I was interviewing him for the Compound, and

the Compound thinks that he's me. Storage got broken somehow, and he was awake inside of it, and there was... uh— his arms? Something about his arms...

TEX: We gotta hurry up 'fore he's gone from this timeline, pilgrim. That's what I'm worried about. If he up and skips town, we got a major problem on our hands. Stinky could go back, and make it so I never find him and never trade him out for you in Storage. And if that happens, it'll be bedlam.

MIKEY: You think that he's trying to disappear from this timeline?

TEX: I would if'n I were him.

MIKEY: So he disappears, and then what? I would be back to being stuck in Storage for 15 years while Base crumbles?

TEX: More than 15, pard. It was 15 cause I snuck in Stinky. You'd be stuck in there for eternity, and then prolly some more.

MIKEY: Okay, cool, that's fine, I didn't have any plans anyway.

TEX: I ain't tryin' to scare ya, pard. I'm tryin' to light a fire under ya. We gotta find Stinky 'fore it's too late.

MIKEY: There is no need to light a fire. Tex, I'm pretty freaked out already. And Storage is... I-if you know Nobody, Storage is not a safe place to be right now. Sending me back there is basically a death sentence, and not in the "being stuck in there forever" sort of way. Storage being under attack is why I brought Stinky with me in the first place. I need your help.

TEX: Well, ya came to the right man to track that varmint down. I'm the fastest gun in the west.

MIKEY: Is that... true?

TEX: Dependin' on your definition o' "west." And "fast." And "gun." And "the."

MIKEY: Is your plan to kill Stinky with that fast gun of yours?

TEX: No, sir, but he ain't gotta know that. Maybe I'll do some wild west showboatin' to scare 'im off. Shoot the cowboy hat off the top o' his head. Stuff like that.

MIKEY: I don't feel like I should have to say this, but Stinky isn't wearing a cowboy hat.

TEX: Could be. He weren't wearing a cowboy hat the last time *you* seen him.

MIKEY: Where would he get a cowboy hat inside of O.V.E.R.?

TEX: At the gift shop, o' course.

MIKEY: They sell cowboy hats at the O.V.E.R. gift shop?

TEX: I reckon a fella or two mighta sent a email or 20 sayin' they should stock cowboy hats in the gift shop, and I reckon Stinky wouldn't be able to resist.

MIKEY: Okay, m-main point being we're taking Stinky in alive.

TEX: Yessir. It'd be a terrible idea to kill him. And you're sayin' there's no way we can chuck him back in Storage?

MIKEY: No way at all. Even if Storage weren't under attack, Storage— It doesn't... work... for him. If you put him in it, it doesn't... store him.

TEX: Guess I'll have to get creative back home. Me and Outlaw'll figure out a place for him in Texas.

MIKEY: If you wanna take him, be my guest. I can't keep hiding him around the Compound. He was already close to being found out. Edgar wants to turn the closet that I was keeping him in into the board game closet.

TEX: You was keepin' a grown man in a closet? Mikey! That ain't right. That might could be the reason he made a break for it. Think o' his sciatica!

MIKEY: He doesn't have sciatica.

TEX: And you gotta keep the board games displayed on a shelf out in the open, or y'all won't ever play 'em.

MIKEY: I don't want to play them. They're either luck-based and stupid, or they're hard and Edgar beats me every time.

TEX: Play the dang board games with Edgar, Mikey. You don't got 'im forever.

MIKEY: *[Sighs.]* Okay. Fine, I will. We're getting off track. How are we going to track Stinky down? O.V.E.R. is massive, we don't have a patrol cart, and we don't actually work there, which means every second we spend walking around suspiciously, the more likely it is that we end up in an interrogation room. Hell, the only reason that Stinky and I made it inside is that Troy is an idiot. I convinced him that I was playing a magic trick, and it only looked like there were two of us. And he was so mystified by the magic that he didn't think about how I don't actually work there anymore.

TEX: Cain't be too hard to find him. Stinky don't know no folks inside o' O.V.E.R., so it ain't like he can hide out in a buddy's cabin, and wait for the search to blow over. He ain't got any accomplices in there. I figure he's gonna make a break to Tier Two when he gets the chance. Someone tipped him off that if he can make it into Tier Two, there's a bank o' security buildings that'll allow him to travel wherever he wants.

MIKEY: Tex, w-what are you talking about? Yeah, Base moved into the Compound, but that doesn't mean that we don't know anyone at O.V.E.R. Stinky and I were in there for all of 30 minutes, and I saw Nick and Christine across the way. Granted, Nick and Christine aren't really friends, and I owe Christine \$15, and I actually waved at them, and they didn't wave back... even though they clearly saw me. But surely Stinky can run into someone that he knows. And he could leverage some favors. I mean, not from Christine and Nick, but... from someone.

TEX: Stinky don't know no one. I know that for a fact.

MIKEY: Then let me in on the facts, Tex. Who the hell is Stinky?

TEX: That's between myself, Stinky, and god.

MIKEY: Well, is there room for a fourth? It would be helpful for me to know who Stinky is. Nobody was originally targeting me, but he seemed interested in Stinky as soon as he figured out who he was. Nobody seems to know who Stinky is. You said that Stinky doesn't know anyone inside of O.V.E.R. Telling me who he is would give me a much better insight into what he's doing and where he might go. And where he might go is exactly what we're trying to figure out right now, because we're trying to catch him.

TEX: Well, it's your lucky day, pard. I do know who Stinky is, and I'm takin' charge o' this here retrieval operation. You came to the right cowboy. I got a good idea where he's headin'. All you gotta do is be an extra set o' hands, and follow my lead. You let me take care o' this 'un. You roped me into this, and I'm doin' you a big favor out of the goodness o' my own heart. So don't ask me a buncha invasive questions you don't want the answer to. Got it?

MIKEY: I don't want you in charge, I just need help finding him.

TEX: Too late, pard. I'm takin' the lead, whether you want me or not. You ain't got the experience. You're a greenhorn. So let me tell you the plan, greenhorn. We're gonna get this done in continuous time. We need to catch him 'fore he makes his way into Tier Two and starts tinkerin' around with that there security program. That should be our main goal above all others: make sure he doesn't start transportin'. Cause if he does, we've basically lost him. We gotta track him down 'fore he gets the chance. We'll head back to Texas for a minute so I can pick up some supplies. Then we'll get into place for a stakeout at nightfall. That's when he's gonna make a break for the security buildings.

MIKEY: Déjà vu, Tex. What is this, 2021? We're gonna wait until nightfall, and then covertly break into Tier Two to access the security buildings? That's so quaint. A remnant of a bygone era. Uh, one problem, though. Edgar doesn't work here anymore. He's back at the Compound. So, he isn't around to get the 116E codes from, so how are we gonna make it into Tier Two?

TEX: Text Jam, dummy. They still work here. They got the 116E door codes. Or, hell, I'll text Jam. They're my buddy. I already gotta get on my phone, and text Bluster anyway. Let 'im know we're on our way back. And he can start gettin' our supplies ready.

MIKEY: You're texting a horse?

TEX: Not just any horse. I'm textin' Bluster. It's a common courtesy to let him know I'm comin' back. You don't wanna spook a horse, Mikey. A spooked horse will kick ya.

MIKEY: I'm... not surprised by anything you say anymore. Just text Jam and Bluster, and let's get a move on.

TEX: 10-4.

[Scene transition.]

[Outdoor ambience. Bluster approaches in a canter.]

TEX: Whoa there, Bluster! How's by best bud doin'?

[Bluster snorts.]

TEX: Thatta boy.

MIKEY: Does Outlaw Ty know that Bluster is your best bud? And not him?

TEX: He sure does know it, pard. Ya got somethin' for me, Bluster?

[Bluster snorts as he produces Tex's revolver.]

TEX: Thank ya kindly. *[He spins his revolver's cylinder.]*

MIKEY: Did... Bluster... bring you a revolver?

TEX: Yup. Askin' nicely can go a long way in this life. He even loaded it for me.

MIKEY: Bullshit, he did not *load* it for you. Come on.

TEX: And how would you know, pilgrim? You some kinda horse expert?

MIKEY: Compared to someone who says that a horse *can* load a revolver? Yes, I am a horse expert.

TEX: You can believe whatever you wanna believe.

MIKEY: I believe in a rational universe.

TEX: Well, that might be somethin' of a mistake. Alright, come on in, pard. That revolver ain't all we gotta grab. *[Tex and Mikey go inside the house.]* I gotta pack us some bags for breakin' into 116E. And we gotta get you into somethin' more covert than that Compound uniform o' yours.

MIKEY: You want me to change clothes?

TEX: If'n ya don't mind. My bedroom's the second door on the right, down that hallway. Go pick yourself out somethin' black to wear so you won't get spotted as easy. We're gonna be hidin' in the pitch dark.

MIKEY: Covert, huh? Does that mean that you'll be taking your cowboy hat off? So that you can hide in the pitch black?

TEX: Hell naw, pilgrim. I got a black cowboy hat for the occasion. I got two of 'em, actually. You want one? If anything, it'll make it easier to hide, cause I can cover my face with it.

MIKEY: I... think I'll pass.

TEX: Ain't no accountin' for taste, I guess.

MIKEY: You can say that again. Second door on the right, you said?

TEX: If you hit the bathroom, ya gone too far.

MIKEY: I will be right back, then.

[We hear Mikey walk toward the back of the house and open a door.]

MIKEY: Alright, let's see what we've got here *[Starts shuffling through clothes on hangers.]* in the legendary Tex wardrobe. We have got... deerskin jackets, check; plaid, check; camo, check; uh, ghillie suit, um... He said pick out something black; I guess we're not hiding in the bushes... Okay, uh, this'll do! *[Stop shuffling through clothes.]* Uh... This gonna fit me? ...I mean, we're the same person— Why do I feel like he's taller than me? *[Pause.]* What the hell is this?

[We hear Mikey pick up something heavy and metal.]

MIKEY *[amused]*: This is the most obnoxiously large belt buckle I have ever seen in my entire *life!* Is this— Does this actually hold up your pants? ... "Rodeo Champion 2023." *What?* Does Tex do rodeo now? I knew he was in a, like, a country band.

TEX *[from afar]*: Almost forgot, pard. What shoes ya wearin'?

MIKEY: They're, uh, grey... tennis shoes, I guess? *[Stammers.]* They're— They're pretty dark; I don't think they'll give away our location.

TEX *[from afar]*: Tennis shoes ain't gonna cut it, Mikey. Grab you some boots while you're rootin' around in there. You gotta be ready for any terrain, in case we gotta high tail.

MIKEY: Okay, w— whatever, that's fine. *[Under breath.]* He just wants me to dress up like a cowboy... *[Pause.]* The fuck is this?

[We hear the rustle of papers.]

MIKEY *[holding papers]*: "Helen Hartley." ...This is the same file. Not a copy. It's *the* file. It's got the same ink as the one I found, it's got the same smudge on the "a" in "Hartley." This is the file, this is an iteration of the file that I just got. Where the hell did he get this?

TEX *[from afar]*: You find somethin' that you like in there yet, Mikey? We need to get movin' if we're gonna do this mission done under continuous time.

MIKEY: Y-Yeah, I'm ready, I was just, uh— picking out a cowboy hat to wear. You're right, I want something to cover my face.

TEX *[from afar]*: You're gonna wear the cowboy hat?

MIKEY: Sure am! *[Under breath.]* I guess I am now... *[Sighs.]* Might as well grab the belt buckle, too. Make him think I'm all in on cowboy. I didn't see a thing. Helen Hartley who? Never heard of her. *[Pause.]* Ugh, I look like Michael... I should probably take a selfie for Edgar... Yup. Eat your heart out, Panther.

[We hear Mikey make his way back into the living room.]

MIKEY: How do I look?

TEX: *[Laughs.]* Like the spittin' image of a cowboy, pard.

MIKEY: Why did you laugh? These are your clothes!

TEX: I ain't makin' fun. Just surprised, is all.

MIKEY: Well, I hate it.

TEX: It don't make ya feel tough, pard? I feel like I can take on the world once I got my cowboy hat on.

MIKEY: No, it makes me feel like I'm wearing a costume.

TEX: The trick is to keep wearing it. Eventually, it won't feel like a costume. It'll just feel like your clothes. You can keep all that, by the way.

MIKEY: I don't want it.

TEX: Edgar likes cowboys, ya know.

MIKEY: Like you said, there's no accounting for taste.

TEX: And one of these days, you're gonna wish you would humored him more.

MIKEY: Don't pull that shit on me, Tex. I get that you don't have an Edgar anymore, and that you wonder about what could've been. But you're not out here living a solitary life of regret. You've got your horse, you've got your British cowboy, you got your hippie— Where is he, by the way?

TEX: MDawg, ya mean? He's prolly drinkin' at the Outpost. He got 'em to start carryin' kombucha.

MIKEY: Well, good for him. I'm going to live my life with my Edgar the way that I see fit. And the way that I see fit does not entail doing the mental calculus of how much regret I'm going to have to endure from every single decision that I make. That's no way to live. That is a way to actively prevent yourself from living.

TEX: By all means, pard. Live your life your way. And I reckon you took that belt buckle cause ya don't wanna look like a cowboy?

MIKEY: I took the belt buckle because I need something to hold up my pants.

TEX: Naw. That belt'll latch just fine without a buckle. It's a damn fine buckle. I broke a rib that night earnin' that title. You can have it if'n ya want, on one condition: you gotta admit that ya took it cause it makes ya feel like a cowboy.

MIKEY: No. You can have it back, here. *[Takes off the belt buckle, and sets it down.]* There. Take it. You're the one that earned it.

TEX: Damn straight, I did. Maybe next time, pilgrim.

MIKEY: *[Sighs.]* Are we ready? Do we have everything for the mission?

TEX: Yup. Got my pack right here. All ready to break in. You got yourself a pistol, pard?

MIKEY: Yep. O.V.E.R. issue.

TEX: That'll do. We should be good to go. You ready, Mikey?

MIKEY: As ready as I'll ever be, Tex.

TEX: Then let's go bag us a Stinky. Transportin' in three... two... one...

[Time travel noise.]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear Tex entering numbers into a numpad.]

TEX: 7846599...

[The door clicks and opens.]

TEX: That'll do 'er. You ready for this, Mikey? You got your earpiece in and workin'?

MIKEY: I sure do. This is gonna be a piece o' cake, this is just like old times. Like, before the "h" word old times.

TEX: Yup. and you know your route. Five-minute patrols, remember.

MIKEY: Yep. Two and a half minutes over to the boulders, two and a half minutes back to the edge of 116E. Rinse and repeat until we find him.

TEX: Yup. And I'll be doin' the same thing up and down this block o' security buildings. Radio me if you see anyone suspicious. Not just Stinky. Anyone that might give our position away. Anyone from O.V.E.R. that might be onto us. Any potential threat we gotta neutralize. Got it?

MIKEY: Got it. Uh, should we regroup back here, like, maybe every four patrols (so, that's 20 minutes), and reassess everything? Just in case, you know, the situation changes.

TEX: That works for me. And we do it all radio silent if'n we can help it. Only talk if you see somethin'.

MIKEY: 10-4. Radio silent. You ready to do this, Tex?

TEX: Yessir. Let's find this stinky sonovabitch.

[The warehouse door opens.]

MIKEY: Alright. See you on the other side.

[Warehouse door closes. Mikey starts walking.]

MIKEY: Alright. Look alive, Mikey. Eyes peeled... He could be coming from anywhere, all the way from the gate to 116E... What if he's... digging under the fence at the boulders? That's what I'd do... Cause whoever took Marissa's place isn't gonna be as good a guard as her... Alright... Definitely check that out when we get there... *[Murmurs to himself.]*

TEX *[through the two-way radio]:* *[Frantic.]* Come in, Mikey. We've got a suspect movin' into the security building **[MIKEY:** Fuck, that was fast.] at the end of the way, wearin' a cowboy hat.

[MIKEY: A- cow-?] Meet me at the last security building in the row *immediately*. I repeat. The suspect is entering the last security building in the row, wearing a cowboy hat. Meet me immediately. Over.

MIKEY *[transmitting]:* Tex, Stinky isn't actually wearing a cowboy hat, that's something that you made up.

TEX *[through the two-way radio]:* Who the hell else would be wearin' a cowboy hat out here, Mikey? Over.

MIKEY *[transmitting]:* Everyone, according to you! You said they sell 'em in the gift shop now.

TEX *[through the two-way radio]:* It was him, Mikey, I know it. It was from a long ways off, but I can tell. It's him. I'm headin' there now. You *need* to come with me.

MIKEY *[transmitting]:* Okay, fine. But it had better be him, because if not, we're leaving the whole route wide open.

TEX *[through the two-way radio]:* It's him. Get there pronto. Over and out.

MIKEY: *[Huffs.]* He better be right... I didn't wanna... walk around all night anyway...

[Mikey continues to walk on gravel.]

MIKEY: ...If he's wearing a cowboy hat, I swear to god... Is that how Tex knows him? Is he a secret cowboy? Is Nobody a secret cowboy? *[Takes a breath.]* Okay.

[Mikey stops walking.]

MIKEY: He went in there?

TEX: Yup. Let's go. Quickly.

[A door opens and closes. We hear furious typing on keys.]

TEX: Freeze, motherfucker! Don't press another key on that there keyboard, ya hear me?

MIKEY: Stinky, we don't wanna hurt you, we just need to take you back with us. Whatever it is you think you're doing, it's not gonna end up well.

[Stinky stops typing.]

STINKY: Fuck that! I'm getting the hell out of here. Just as soon as I can figure out this goddamn program.

TEX: Step away from the computer, Stinky.

STINKY *[while typing again]:* I have almost got it, and as soon as I figure it out, I'll never have to see you fucker again.

MIKEY: Tex, stop him!

TEX: Don't make me shoot, Stinky.

STINKY: I'm not afraid of you, dumbass. I know that you want me alive—

[We hear a gunshot. Stinky startles.]

STINKY: *[Breathes heavily.]* You coulda hit me!

TEX: Next time, it'll be more than your cowboy hat I hit.

STINKY: You aren't getting another chance, because...!

[We hear one last key click.]

STINKY: There we go! *[Brief pause.]* It's, uh... *[Starts typing again.]* not responding? Hello?

MIKEY: Yeah, that happens— Grab him, Tex!

TEX: I cain't, it's too dangerous. He already sent the transport signal.

STINKY: Yeah, and I'm getting out of here, you stupid fucks.

[Time travel noise starts.]

STINKY *[voice modulated]*: Here we go! Oh! ...What– Why am I still here?

[Time travel noise stops.]

[Bear sound.]

MIKEY: Fuck, Stinky! You didn't!

TEX: Here we fuckin' go. You idiot.

[Bear sounds continue. We hear loud thrashing sounds.]

STINKY: Fuck. Fuck, fuck! What do I do? **[MIKEY**: Stinky. Come here right the fuck now.] What do I do? Fuck! I– Help. Help! Help! Fuck!

MIKEY: Tex, what are we gonna do!?

TEX: Get him the hell outta here! **[STINKY**: Stay back. Stay back! Michael, shoot–! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!] Mikey, get yourself and Stinky back to Texas. I'll deal with the bear.

MIKEY: What do you mean, deal with the bear? Shoot him!

TEX: I know this here bear. **[STINKY**: You know the bear? What are you talking about.] Shootin' him might mess up the timeline. Get the fuck outta here, Mikey! Go back to Texas.

STINKY: You should listen to him, Mikey, let's get out of here!

MIKEY: Oh! Now you wanna come with me? You fucking ingrate? Okay, let's get the fuck outta here.

STINKY: Hurry the fuck up, Mikey.

TEX: We meet again, old friend.

[Time travel noise.]

[Everyone appears abruptly in Texas.]

STINKY: *[Pants.]* Where the hell–? Where are we?

TEX: Welcome home, Stinky.

MIKEY: Welcome to Tex's academy of wayward iterations.

TEX: And we're gonna get you perfectly situated, you varmint. Don't you worry.

[We hear thrashing coming from outside.]

MIKEY: Tex. What is that sound? ...W-What did you do with the bear?

TEX: Bear's in the feed shed. We reinforced it when we were keepin' Troy in there. Figured it was just as good a use as any to put the bear in there. Cain't just leave 'im in the security building. He didn't do nothin' wrong. Ain't his fault he keeps showin' up.

MIKEY: How did you find the fucking bear, Stinky?

STINKY: I don't know! I was trying to get out of there, and you were rushing me, and I pushed the wrong button.

TEX: Bear'll calm down here in a minute.

[A door opens and closes.]

MDAWG: Hi, friends. Uh, I didn't know we would be having company, Tex, or I would've brought more kombucha.

[Trashing ceases.]

TEX: Howdy, MDawg. I weren't expecting company neither.

MDAWG: I might not be entirely on the level at present, but I believe Bluster was trying to indicate to me that there is a bear in his feed shed? Is that correct?

TEX: Yessir. Though it seems the bear has started to calm down a little bit.

[Closing theme plays.]

[Riga plays.]

*Riga my doggy
Riga my dog
Simple and strange
Like you'd not seen a thing
Until I picked you up
Don't worry about*

*Things that you can't control
I'll do my best
I'll puff out my chest
And I will protect us both*

*But I heard that
Mom is coming over, mom is coming over
I heard that
Friends are coming over, friends are coming over
To see
Riga my doggy
Riga my dog
You're my dog.*

[END Episode 152.]