

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY EIGHT - APARTMENT/MANSION

Original transcript edited by Jenah and Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 158.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. They're the usual plugs. I'm streaming on Twitch over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. The soundtrack was pretty interesting this time around, and we started playing the new Nancy Drew game. So a lot of cool, fun things are happening over there. So check that out at 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, soundtracks albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, and more. We've just started director's commentary on Season 11, which means that there are 121 episodes of commentary, plus commentary on the intermission, plus some other stuff. So if you would like to hear some thought processes behind how the show gets made, that's definitely worth checking out at the \$10-or-up level. That is patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my 10 newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

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

MW: Hey, uh, mornin', Mike. There's coffee in the kitchen if'n you want it. You sleep okay in there?

MIKE: *[Clears throat.]* Good mornin', MW. Uh, yeah, I slept okay. Not great, it's— it's kinda like staying in a hotel? You know, like, you don't get a good night's sleep the first night because you aren't used to the bed yet.

MW: Yeah, I never tested out that bed. Don't got no need for it. Don't know why they gave me such a big place. I reckon it's cause everyone got the same sized one?

MIKE: Yeah, it's cause they're all identical. ...MW, have you not been invited into the other apartments in the Compound?

MW: Uh, I-I don't get invited... very many places, if that's whatchu mean.

MIKE: M-MW, that's— that's not alright. Uh... I'm— I'm gonna talk to Mikey about it.

MW: No, don't... Cause then I'll get wrapped up in their harebrained schemes, too.

MIKE: Okay. If that's what you want. But yeah, all of the apartments are the same size, and they're all two bedrooms. Which seems like a waste to me, too, but, I mean, it's not like economy of space matters. If they need more space, they can make more.

MW: Yup, I reckon so. And I'm happy to give ya a place to stay. Thank ya for stickin' around while we get settled in again.

MIKE: It's really nothing. By which I do mean I am here to make sure that it is really nothing. It sort of like the Great Correction. We're entering a period of peacetime, and I would like to make sure it stays that way. Which it definitely won't.

MW: Yeah, I'm gettin' a lot of the same feelings that I got durin' the Great Correction. Like we can't trust Nobody. Both literally and figuratively. O' course we can't trust Nobody, but I don't trust most o' the other iterations, neither. Folks been actin' strange since we got back.

MIKE: I'm of two minds about it. On one hand, you're obviously right. We never get to get off of the rollercoaster. We are inside of a time travel organization right now. None of us are going to get to live a happily ever after, especially the Mike iterations. But, on the other hand, you know just as well as I do that undue suspicion tears this place apart way faster than any outside attacker could dream of. So we had better figure out how to ascertain "due suspicion."

MW: Well, I duly suspect MDawg and Tex. Has Michael been keepin' y'all in the loop about them?

MIKE: I know that they're watching Nobody. Is there something else?

MW: Michael's been keepin' in touch with 'em. He let me see some of what they're talkin' about. It's all text messages. Now, I don't like jabberin' on the phone much as the next guy, but you can hide a lot in text. They're sayin', "Oh, no, don't come down here 'til you get the all clear." They got Bear... Uh, they're callin' Nobody "Bear" for some reason? They got Bear, they're fortifyin' their array so that their location is secure. So until that's done, we ain't supposed to go down there. And I ain't buyin' it.

MIKE: Well, it's about time that someone gave him a nickname. And I bet that it bothers the hell out of him, so I'm in favor.

MW: Yeah, me too. The problem is Tex ain't soundin' like himself in these text messages. You know how he calls everyone "pilg"? Like, "Hey, come here, pilg." Like, short for "pilgrim."

MIKE: He was so mad when Bluster got #PilgAintReal trending.

MW: Well, now it's just "partner." Not "pilgrim," not "pard." "*Partner.*" And he's puttin' apostrophes at the end of his words? He'll write, "I'm ridin' Bluster," and it'll be R-I-D-I-N-apostrophe. Now, that's somethin' Michael does, but it ain't what Tex does. It's... all them little things. And I guess the real Tex could slip up like that. Ya ain't gotta talk the same way all the time, right? But I'm just worried something's happenin' down there.

MIKE: Last I heard, "Bear" had his arms and legs shackled together in a shed. Tex was not going to give him an inch of freedom to escape. It was kinda scary, actually. And I don't see why the Compound would have any reason to do something with them, not since all of us iterations are here. So who do you think is doing something?

MW: Bear's got associates. I remember seein' 'em, even before everything started to fall into place. Kept gettin' the feelin' I was bein' watched in the apartment complex. Saw folks I didn't recognize. I mean, that weren't even the strange thing, though. What's strange is that I saw 'em. Just 'round the apartment, folks are scared of us. And who could blame 'em, we're always runnin' around and makin' noise and shootin' guns inside. And, you know, killin' folks in the wall with an axe. So most folks stay clear of us except for Boris. Seein' other folks around spooked me.

MIKE: And now that we have Bear, you think that his other associates are tracking him him down.

MW: Coulda already tracked him down. Replaced our Tex with one o' theirs.

MIKE: You think they have a Tex... iteration?

MW: Naw, I'm sayin' it's easy to pretend. [*Tex impression.*] Hi, folks. Uh, it's— it's me, pilg. It's Tex. I'm f-flippin' burgers on the grill for my horse. [*Stops impression.*] You— You know, like that.

MIKE: But— No, that would actually give Tex justification for keeping everyone out. Fixing the array would keep Bear's goons from coming in and transporting him out of there. But— y-you said this all happened at the apartment? Does that mean that Boris knows about it?

MW: I'm sure he does. We had a Wolt driver come in to bring us our food inside the apartment complex once, and the next day, Boris was like, [*Boris impression.*] "Who is your new friend with cheeseburger?" [*Stops impression.*] So he knows who comes and goes.

MIKE: Well, MW, if you're not busy today, then I propose an adventure. Let's go talk to Boris. See what he knows. It'd be good to see him, it's been a long time.

MW: Well, I was gonna write in my journal about how I been feelin'—

MIKE: Okay, great, so you're not busy, let's go.

MW: I dunno about this, Mike.

MIKE: It'll be fun! Just the two middle iterations. I don't think that we've been on an adventure before, have we.

MW: Well, I'm not actually a middle iteration, I'm— I'm sort of a Mikey.

MIKE: And if Boris is home, we'll get to see *Bruno*. I don't think he's gonna know anything important; this is all a dead end. I just want to get you out of the apartment. When was the last time you left the Compound?

MW: I reckon sometime before the Supernuke.

MIKE: Uh, MW, that is way too long. You're not a subject, you've gotta get out of here. You're going to develop Betteridge Brain, which is terminal. Hey, I'm the responsible iteration, and I'm telling you to live a little. So... let's go find Boris, okay?

MW: Okay, Mike, you wore me down. Let's go find Boris.

MIKE: Yeah! We're comin', Bruno!

MW: I knew that's what this was about.

[Opening theme plays.]

[Time travel noise.]

MIKE: *[Sighs.]* Home sweet home. Uh... This... feels wrong, actually. Uh, MW? ...Were there always this few cars in the parking lot?

MW: Nah, don't get me wrong. Apartment never were full to capacity. But... you're right. Don't look like there's many tenants left. That ain't even my concern. It's too still out here. Not even the air is movin'. And none of the crows came out to greet us.

MIKE: I hope they're okay. That would be a bad omen for the timeline.

MW: Now they could be just back around the corner, and they can take care of themselves. So I say we step in, and see what's goin' on.

[We hear a door slide open.]

MIKE: When did Boris put in an automatic door?

MW: Oh, uh, he did that for me, actually. I was comin' in with Bruno when I had my hands full, and there weren't no one to get the door for me. And after a while, he comes up, and he asks how long I been there, and I said a couple of minutes, and he got all irate and said he was gonna fix it.

MIKE: Well, good for him. I think we might actually be a good influence on him. He's less of a slumlord than when we found him. Still smells dusty and stale, though. Like an antique store.

MW: Smells worse than I remember. Smells like it's been sittin' empty.

MIKE: Well, we can ask him about it, we're here. It's been awhile, but I'm pretty sure I remember the door. It's this one here with the giant, golden nameplate that says "BORIS," right?

MW: You'd think so, but, uh... he moved sometime last year. The nameplate's a decoy to keep people who don't know 'im from comin' in and botherin' 'im.

MIKE: So you're telling me that he hasn't changed a bit.

MW: Never has, never will, pard. It's this 'un right here.

[We hear him knock.]

MW: Um... Mike, I don't think this door is latched.

MIKE: And I assume that Boris didn't develop an open door policy since I've been here?

MW: Mike, he got a three deadbolt policy. This ain't good.

MIKE: Should we... let ourselves in?

MW: Do you got a gun, Mike?

MIKE: I have a gun at home.

MW: Well, then you're gonna have to use my spare. *[MW brings out the spare gun.]* Here. You point the hole at the thing you want dead, and then ya squeeze that little trigger there.

MIKE: We're not going to shoot Boris.

MW: No, we're gonna shoot whatever broke into his house.

MIKE: Michael really rubbed off on you.

MW: *[Michael voice.]* The whole dang situation's what's rubbed off on me, pilgrim. *[Clears throat. Normal voice.]* Now, uh, follow my lead, and watch my six, okay?

MIKE: I'm on it as long as "watch my six" means the thing that it does in movies.

[We hear them enter the house.]

MIKE: MW, this doesn't look like a break-in. Remember that summer before WOE.BEGONE? We got broken into, and they scattered stuff all over the floor. But there's Boris' computer, and his fancy chess set, and there's the display case with all of his watches in it, and his humidor, and all the taxidermy. Everything that's expensive is still here.

MW: Maybe the perp knew what he was lookin' for.

MIKE *[calling out]*: Boris. Are you in here? I-It's me. It's Mike and MW. Your door is wide open. Hello? **[MW:** He ain't here, Mike.] Hello, Boris, are you here? Boris? Bruno?

MW: If he's anywhere in this apartment, it's in the safe room.

MIKE: I didn't know that Boris had a safe room.

MW: Yeah, it comes out o' the wall right here. This chess game ain't for show, it's a key. You gotta move this white queen here to h7. And accordin' to Boris, that forces checkmate in seven moves. Apparently, it's a whole thing.

MIKE: But the king's gonna take the queen.

MW: It's called a sacrifice, Mike. Ever heard of it? Okay, here we go.

[MW moves the chess piece, and the safe room door opens.]

MW: And here we are. Big ol' safe room. Nearly takes up the whole adjoinin' apartment.

MIKE: Bruno!

[Bruno runs up to them.]

MIKE: Bruno, puppy. I'm so glad you're okay. Oh, my goodness. Oh, my goodness. ...Where's Boris? Where's Boris, Bruno?

[Bruno softly grumbles, and continues to make noises in the background.]

MW: I don't think he knows, Mike.

MIKE: Well, unless he knows how to play chess, I don't think he got in here by himself. Maybe Boris thought that something was going on, and he put Bruno in here for safekeeping?

MW: Yeah, but why wouldn't Boris hop in here with 'im? I say we start lookin', see if there's a note or somethin' explainin' what's goin' on in the event that, uh... you know...

MIKE: You don't think someone killed him.

MW: I don't know, and you don't, neither. But this room was made for emergencies, and that's in here is a dang dog. Which meant that Boris thought there was an emergency. So he could be off somewhere investigatin', or maybe somethin' went wrong.

MIKE: It's okay, Bruno. It's okay, doggy. You're a doggy. We're gonna figure out all this out, and we're gonna find Boris, okay? ...He doesn't look hurt, at least.

MW: Well, I'm glad he ain't hurt and that you got to reunite with him, but you need to help me look, Mike. Whatever the break-in was about might be in here. I'm sure he's got even more valuable stuff in here than he does in the livin' room.

MIKE: Right. Uh, we've got the guns, obviously. Uh, ammo. Rations. Uh, that's a jar with... I... I don't know what that is?

MW: D— Don't ask. I was around when he killed that thing, and I don't ever wanna see it again.

MIKE: What, so we're gonna go through all of Boris' personal belongings? He's gonna kill uh, MW.

MW: I'd rather him get pissy with us than him end up dead, Mike.

MIKE: I didn't say pissy, I said he'd kill us.

MW: Like I said, you point the end with the hole in it at the target, and pull the trigger.

MIKE: *[Groans.]* 10-4, cowboy, I surrender. I guess I'll just start going through boxes now. Though I'll have you know that when you're my age, it will not be as easy to bend over and do stuff like this. So you owe me one, MW.

MW: I'll get you Hessburger on the way out— *[We hear the safe room door close.]* Hey, hey! Hey! What the hell!?

MIKE: What the hell just happened— Uh, hello? Hello? Boris, is that you? Uh. Bruno's in here with us. We aren't the ones who broke in! We were trying to figure out who did.

MW: That weren't Boris what closed the door, Mike.

MIKE: Then you need to get us out of here *now*, MW.

MW: Safe room's a faraday cage, pard. No Calculators, no cellphones.

MIKE: And we didn't tell anyone where we were going...

MW: If it makes you feel any better, Mike, you goaded me into it by sayin' you were the responsible one.

MIKE: *[Sighs.]* Well, at least we've enough dog food to last us a month.

MW: And nowhere for him to poop.

[Bruno whimpers.]

[Scene transition.]

[We faintly hear the sounds of an arcade.]

MIKEY: Stinky, uh— I— I can't take it anymore. I can't play the coin pusher game anymore. I don't even care that we have a free token dispenser. My brain is broken; I don't want to play it anymore. Please.

STINKY: Mikey, you're the one that decided to come over to the mansion and watch me. You don't get to decide what we do. You're basically my bodyguard.

MIKEY: Just because I have to watch you for Base today doesn't mean that you get to be so *boring*. Ugh! It's like I'm at a second grader's birthday party. Stinky, Troy's arcade has an actual *Street Fighter 4* cabinet. I've never even seen one of those! Could you please come play with me.

STINKY: No, I'm playing with the coin pusher! Go get Troy to play with you.

MIKEY: Two things. One, you know how to play *Street Fighter*, and Troy doesn't. I would trounce him in every round, and have to pick Hakan or someone to make it interesting. Secondly, I haven't even seen Troy since I've been here. Are you sure that Troy is in the mansion?

STINKY: How would I know, Mikey?

MIKEY: Because you live with him. I assume that he was here this morning.

STINKY: Yeah, but he goes places all the time. Sometimes I'll know he's gone because I can hear the helicopter leave, but usually I don't have any idea.

MIKEY: You know what, Stinky? Maybe this is the safest place for you to be. Like, guards or no guards. Even if someone knew that you were in Troy's mansion, that's only the first part of the battle. They'd have to find you in here. I couldn't find my way out of here. I'm gonna have to transport out of here. I don't even think I could even find my way to the bathroom. Which, uh, isn't... hypothetical, by the way, Stinky, where is the bathroom?

STINKY: Oh. Yeah, that's easy, see the, uh, *Cruis'n USA* arcade cabinet. There's a hallway right there, and you go down it, and you keep going, and then there will be a music studio on your left, and then the bathroom's at the end.

MIKEY: Excuse me? There's a music studio?

STINKY: Yeah. Uh, that's where Mike recorded the songs for his DJ set. You didn't know about the music studio?

MIKEY: No, I haven't, or we wouldn't be sitting here at the worst arcade coin scam game. We could've been playing music in a music studio this whole time?

STINKY: There are worse arcade coin scam games. And what music would you even play?

MIKEY: Whatever music I want to play. Okay, I'm going to the music studio, and you can't stop me.

STINKY: You can't just leave me here, you're my bodyguard.

MIKEY: Okay, you're coming with me, or I'm going to tell Base that this whole Troy's mansion thing isn't working out, and that they need to send you down to Texas to get shackled up with Nobody.

STINKY: You can't do that! After everything I did for you? I saved the day with the Supernuke! I'm the birthday boy.

MIKEY: Stinky... I don't know how to say this to you, but staying in Troy's mansion is having an effect on you. Let's call it entroyification. Troy is rubbing off on you. Think about what that means. Think about who you're becoming.

STINKY: It's better than becoming a cowboy.

MIKEY: It isn't, and I do not say that lightly. And there's no chance that you won't become both in some sort of cursed cowtroyification. So I'm going to the music studio. Are you coming.

STINKY: Fine. One more coin, the jackpot's right there. *[Pause.]* Damn it! Okay, fine, I'm coming.

[Scene transition.]

STINKY: Okay, so what is this song that you recorded?

MIKEY: Okay, so there was this timeline where Hunter or H or whoever was trying to kill all of the Mikes. Jam rescued me, and then I had to stay in Edgar's basement underneath his cabin. There was a guitar in the basement, and I had so much time to kill. So I started picking out little songs. I didn't have any way to record them, so they've just been stuck in my head ever since then. I later learned that Edgar doesn't even play guitar, and that he bought that guitar for me, and left it down there so that I could play it.

STINKY: Oh, and that's how you fell in love with the twink. It all makes sense.

MIKEY: *[Sighs.]* Stinky. Sometimes I forget that you weren't at O.V.E.R. at all. You can make fun of me for dating a twink all you want. You would have done exactly what I did if it had been you. And I do mean that incredibly literally, because you're an iteration of me, Stinky. I'm what you could've been. But instead, I have a cute, blond boyfriend, and you got pawned off to Tex in a poker game.

STINKY: Yeah, yeah. I'm sure the twink is great. Just play the song already.

MIKEY: Alright, here we go. This is the world premiere of the Mikey Walters hit single, "Here In The Basement." Alright. Three. Two. One. *[Hits play button.]* Go.

[Here In The Basement starts playing.]

STINKY: Is it supposed to sound unamplified?

MIKEY: Uh—! Shut up, and listen, Stinky.

[Here In The Basement continues to play.]

*Living in the basement isn't that bad
Sometimes I lick the walls 'cause they are salty
Edgar wants me to be a cowboy
But I don't want to be a cowboy.*

*Edgar bought me spurs
At the flea market
I don't like to wear them
Because they're clunky
He calls me stinky
And I don't like it
I'm not stinky I am mikey (or just mike preferably)*

*Here in the basement
It gets dark
Unless the light's on*

*There are no windows
So it's night
If i say so
It's bad idea to try me
My senses are enhanced
By living in darkness*

(Troy-ass lyrics)

*Here's my favorite thing
About the basement
I found a salamander
He's my best friend
Sometimes when I am bored
He tells me stories
And they are sometimes
Scary stories*

*Now that I think about it
I think I saw him
Lick the wall and then
That's when I tried it
He's smart about all the basement stuff
Because I think that he was born here*

*Here in the basement
It gets dark
Unless the light's on
I don't think it bothers
The salamander
Are salamanders blind? I don't know
It's bad idea to try me
My salamander friend
Just might be poisonous.*

*Where are his parents?
If he was born here
His parents should be here
I made myself sad
Thinking "what if
His parents are dead"?*

*It's a bad idea to try us
Because now we're getting revenge*

For his dead parents.

[Here In The Basement stops playing. There is silence.]

MIKEY: ...So? ...Did you like it?

STINKY: Uh... Yeah, I-I mean, it was— it was cool, I like the— the guitars? Uh. I mean, it's not really my thing. I was— I was playing on my phon— Are you seeing what's going on on BlusterTok?

MIKEY: No, I'm not on BlusterTok. I know Bluster in real life. It's a little gauche to watch TikTok videos from people that don't know him, don't you think? You're on BlusterTok?

STINKY: It's not like I choose what comes up on my "For You" page, and, anyway, something's happening. Check this out.

TIKTOK ONE: Top three most mysterious things about gigantic horse Bluster. One, his location. After going quiet on his social media, [**MIKEY:** "Going quiet." What does that mean? **STINKY:** According to BlusterTok, he disappeared.] fans of the horse are trying to determine his location based on the background of his videos. It is believed that he lives in the desert somewhere. Two. his sixth favorite apple.

STINKY: Okay, here's the next one.

TIKTOK TWO: It is time for BlusterTok to stand up and be heard. The police have said that they are not going to investigate Blusteer because he is not a person. [**MIKEY:** They went to the cops about him?] Here is my plan to get Bluster formally recognized as a person by the United States government.

STINKY: There are a lot of people talking about him. Here's another.

TIKTOK THREE: Very convenient that the celebrity horse goes missing right as the entrance to the Hollow Earth opens up. They don't want to keep you distracted so that you don't know what they are really hiding in Oldbrush Valley.

STINKY: I think they meant that they do want to keep you distracted, but the point is apparently Bluster has gone missing.

MIKEY: This is, uh, the first that I've heard about this. Last I heard from Michael, he said that Tex said that he was fixing up the array, and that we shouldn't come down there for a while? So, uh, pretty suspicious timing on that. Have any of these internet sleuths figured out what happened?

STINKY: No. There's a petition to get Rainbolt to find Tex's house based on the background of Bluster's videos, but so far, he hasn't replied.

MIKEY: Okay, Stinky, I think that we have an emergency. Because we have to figure this out before some *Bluster stan* goes down there, and figures it out for themselves. So I think it might be time to cut vacation mansion day short, and go to Texas.

STINKY: Mikey, it's my birthday. I finally got to pick a time travel birthday, and I picked today. And Texas sounds hot and scary. Can't you get one of the responsible Mikes to do it for us?

MIKEY: Stinky, that sounded so much like Troy that it hurt the mother soul that MDawg says taht we're all a part of. I believe in it now, too, because that hurt. *[Pause.]* But... I also feel like I need an adult. And Mike and MW are together today, so maybe we should try to get ahold of them, and see if they've heard anything.

STINKY: Okay, well, if something got Bluster, then I sure as hell don't want to go to Texas. Uh, Troy's got a bunker. We can stay in there.

MIKEY: That's odd... Mike's phone is off.

STINKY: He's from the future. Is there, like, a time travel thing with phones? Like, how do they work?

MIKEY: No, I'm calling his phone in this time period, so it should work. But, uh... *[Brief pause.]* ...Nope. MW's goes straight to voicemail, too. So we have a problem. Sorry about your birthday, Stinky, but we're gonna have to get the Troy stink off of us, and leap into action. Something is going on, and I think MW and Mike might be in trouble.

STINKY: There's no such thing as "Troy stink," it's odorless. ...Do you think that there's... a carbon monoxide leak in the mansion?

MIKEY: We'll figure that out later. We've got to find MW and Mike now. Alright, I'm sending us back to the Compound. Transporting in three... two... one...

[Time travel noise.]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear jigsaw puzzle pieces being shuffled around aggressively.]

MW: I do believe that piece goes on the other edge, Mike.

MIKE *[overlapping MW]:* I don't care! I don't care anymore. I've never liked jigsaw puzzles, and now I hate them.

MW: Please stop mixin' the pieces together, Mike.

MIKE: We sorted the pieces by shape for an hour, *[Throws a handful of puzzle pieces down.]* what was that for? I thought it was supposed to make everything come together, but we still haven't done that, and what kind of person keeps a puzzle in their safe room that's all one color!?

MW: Someone who thinks he's gonna be in here awhile.

MIKE: If he thought that he was gonna be in here a while, why isn't there anywhere for Bruno to go to the bathroom. Is there a secret bathroom somewhere? Like a secret chessboard, and you've got to move the knight to e5, and then it opens up Bruno's Potty Corner.

MW: Mike, you gettin' claustrophobic's gettin' me claustrophobic. It's gonna be okay. I think we're gonna have to figure out how to teach Bruno to use the potty. Do you know how to use the toilet, Bruno?

[Bruno barks.]

MW: I don't speak dog, but I reckon that's a no.

MIKE: If you think I'm bad now, you have no idea what it's gonna be like when it smells in here. That's the only thing that I care about right now. I don't care about the others knowing where we are, or running out of oxygen, or any of that. Just the smell. As soon as Bruno has to potty, I'm snapping. I'm going full Joker mode.

MW: Mike. I know this ain't who you wanna be.

MIKE: Well, it doesn't matter, cause I fucked that up already. I'm the reason that we're stuck in here.

MW: Well, now, I get to be the cool, calm, collected cowboy, and tell you you gotta relax, Mike. We're gonna get outta here. We just gotta be patient. Also, that piece you're holdin' goes in the middle there.

MIKE: You can't know that, they're all pink!

MW: That's why we had to organize 'em by shape.

MIKE *[crying]*: They're all pink...

MW: So we know where they go.

MIKE *[crying]*: It's my fault...

MW: You wanna go back to lookin' for clues, Mike? Maybe that'll keep your mind occupied better. Least then when you don't find nothin', there's a possibility there weren't nothin' to find.

MIKE: Yeah... *[Exhales.]* I'm sorry, MW. That– That wasn't me. *[Sniffs.]*

MW: Happens to the best of us, pard.

MIKE: I'm gonna go look for clues.

[Scene transition.]

MW: *[Singing "The Ballad of Cowboy Jam" under his breath.]* This is the ballad of Cowboy Jam / Who didn't know...

MIKEY *[muffled]*: Uh... Hello? Uh, Boris? Uh. Mike? Uh, hello, is anyone here?

MW: What in the Sam Hell.

MIKE: Mikey—? Mikey, is that you!?

MIKEY *[muffled]*: Yeah, I can hear you. I've go Stinky with me. Uh, Mike?

MIKE: Yeah, it's Mike. How did you find us?

MIKEY *[muffled]*: That is a story that we don't have time for right now

STINKY *[muffled]*: I showed a crow a TikTok!

MIKEY *[muffled]*: You weren't answering your phone. Where are you?

MIKE: We're in the safe room! S— There's a chess board on the table. Uh, do you see it? Uh, that's how you get in.

MIKEY *[muffled]*: Uh, yeah, we see it.

STINKY *[muffled]*: Mikey, do you know how to play chess?

MIKEY *[muffled]*: I do not.

STINKY *[muffled]*: Yeah, me neither.

MW: Mikey, ya gotta move the white queen to h7.

STINKY *[muffled]*: Uh—so that piece opens the door?

MIKE: Yes! And please hurry. Bruno is in here with us.

MIKEY *[muffled]*: Okay, uh. Tell me again, uh... W-Which piece, and where?

MW: White queen to h7.

MIKEY *[muffled]*: Okay, uh... Which one is h? Uh, I need to figure this out.

MW: Mikey, they go in alphabetical order, so you go across the board startin' with "a," **[STINKY: Mikey, look out!]** and then ya—

MIKEY *[muffled, overlapping MW]*: Fuck! Fuck. Hey. Hey. Uh, we don't want any trouble. Uh, we're— we're just...

STINKY *[muffled, overlapping Mikey]*: Who the hell are you!?

MIKE: Mikey, is someone out there with you!?

MW *[quietly]*: Hush up, Mike.

MIKEY *[muffled]*: I don't know why you're doing this, this—

[We hear a gunshot.]

STINKY *[muffled]*: Mikey! Ah, shit! Fuck! Shit! Oh. Whatever it is, I'll do it. *[Stammers.]* Tex says I'm a high-value Mikey; uh, my best friend is a millionaire, uh, I think; whatever you want, i— I—

[We hear a second gunshot.]

MIKE: *[Inhales.]* The fuck are we gonna do, MW.

MW: We're gonna sit here. And we ain't gonna say a word. And we're gonna hope that they don't open that door.

[Closing theme plays.]

AFTER-CREDITS (TIKTOK TEXT-TO-SPEECH): This here's the story of Cowboy Jam. Who didn't know they were a cowboy yet. They stuck with us through thick and thin. So that we could be a cowboy again.

[END Episode 158.]