

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY - COMPOUND STORAGE WILL PROTECT US

Original transcript edited by Orion

[BEGIN Episode 130.]

INTRO: Hey guys, quick plugs. First off, I have stickers and magnets in my Ko-fi store over at ko-fi.com/woebegonepod/shop. I'll put a link in the description of the show. These are the magnets and stickers that I sent out with the August postcard. I ordered some extras and I thought that it would be fun for you guys to have them. So check that out if you want some merch from the podcast, that is ko-fi.com/woebegonepod/shop.

In Twitch news, it is spooky season, and we will be playing spooky games for the rest of the month. That is twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday evening I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. We're about a third of the way through *Limbo* currently. So check that out if you're into... spiders. That's twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over at patreon.com/woe_begone, where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards and more. I have finished making the October postcards and they are delightfully spooky, and I can't wait for you to have them. Each postcard comes with a handwritten message from a character in the show and those handwritten messages, when put together, make a larger slice of life story about goings-on at Base. It is so fun to put them out and then see everybody share their cards in the Discord. That is patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons, [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Vault door unlocks, time travel noise.]

MIKEY *[groggy]: [Groans and grunts.]* Ugh, Michael, wha- what?

TY: Hello, Mikey. Good to see you. **[MIKEY: Ty...?]** Sorry about the uh, hmm, change in plans.

MIKEY: Ty, what the hell is this? Where am I? I was supposed to go on a mission? What's going on?

TY: Uh, I'm afraid that we had to pluck you out of the ether. You didn't go on the mission, I'm afraid. You're here in the compound with me. *[Giggles.]* The mission happened without you.

MIKEY: I-I-I don't understand. I was with Michael and MW, and we were supposed to go to the second location or the Boulders or something? What changed?

TY: Yes, that is the mission that I am referring to. Okay, sorry for deceiving you like that. It was never my actual intention for you to go to the second location with the Satellite Base. You and your duplicates were proving increasingly volatile. *You*, in particular, felt like you might not be in the proper state for such a mission. So, I pulled you out of there in order to ensure a smoother performance. It was crucial that certain objectives be met and I... I wasn't confident that you would be able to fulfill your duties.

MIKEY: Ty, what? No, you can't "pluck me out of the ether" without everyone noticing. Michael and MW are gonna notice that I'm gone. Edgar's gonna notice. All of Base is—

TY: Mikey, Mikey, Mikey, shh-shh Mikey.

MIKEY: Don't fucking shush me.

TY: It's all right, yes. That has all been accounted for. None of them suspect a thing. Or, at least, it's been a few days at this point and none of them has raised any concerns. From our surveillance, they don't *seem* to suspect a thing. Do you remember that... "docile" duplicate of you that I told you that I was preparing in the Compound?

MIKEY: That was just a joke. You said that was just a joke.

TY: *[Chuckles.]* Yes, well, many a true word is spoken in jest, Mikey. The best jokes have a grain of truth to them. I really did have a more docile duplicate of you prepared for just such an occasion. That duplicate was well-crafted and honed within the compound to be fully committed

to the compound's goals and to have the capabilities to actualize those goals. The mission to the Boulders at O.V.E.R. was the perfect opportunity to launch a pilot study.

MIKEY [*irate*]: You replaced me?

TY: [*Chuckles.*] That duplicate is performing your duties at Base while you rest here, if that is what you mean.

MIKEY: Don't fucking laugh at me. Where the hell is here?

TY: Well, you recognize it, surely? You've been here once before without my permission.

MIKEY: No...

TY: Oh, Mikey, don't give me that blank look. You're in storage. You have been for a few days. It's just as well that you're here, anyway. The mission that you were set to be on went unexpectedly poorly. You wouldn't have wanted to be on the ground for that. We're lucky that nobody got killed. Our attempts to... strong-arm our way in between Operose and O.V.E.R. were thoroughly thwarted. We're still not sure how it happened, in fact. Well, so, your Replacement Mikey did his job with all of the special training that the Compound could afford and still came up short. It wasn't his fault, I mean, it's a genetic lottery. By all accounts, he acted to the best of his abilities. There was a chance that you and the rest of Base could have been wiped out if you had been the one putting the key into the second location.

MIKEY: Did you say that I've been here a few *days*? Why can't I remember anything? Last thing I knew, I was at Satellite Base and that feels like it was a slip second ago.

TY: Well, it wouldn't be very good storage if you continued to age in here, would it? Our stored personnel would only be viable for the lengths of their lifespans if it worked that way. You've been figuratively "on ice". For about a week, you haven't existed. That's the gist of it, anyway.

MIKEY: Is it a week or is it a few days, Ty?

TY: Oh, Mikey, Mikey, that really doesn't matter. What's a few thousand seconds between friends? No time is passing for you, except for the time you're out here being evaluated by yours truly. Now, can you stand up straight so that I can measure you, please? Having you out and about is destructive to the storage process.

MIKEY: [*Sighs.*] My life is over, isn't it? That's what this is?

TY: Oh, Mikey. That's such a pessimistic way of putting things. Well now— well, while it is true that you're going to be here for a little while, but there are all kinds of uses for all kinds of Mikeys. You haven't been relegated to storage for the rest of eternity. You will be put to work, I can assure you of that much. You, in particular, are extremely valuable for what you know and what you've seen. There, thank you for standing up straight for me. You can resume your usual slouch. Now, can you follow my finger with your eyes, please? That's good. Now the other one. And the other one.

MIKEY: So, this is the part where you're gonna tell me something like, I'm never gonna get to see my Edgar again, and you're gonna make it sound all necessary and clinical and "just the way things have to be," so just go ahead and say it.

TY: Oh, don't be silly. Of course you'll see *your* Edgar again. I wouldn't dream of depriving you in that manner. Or depriving Base from you, for that matter. The Mikey duplicate who is working in your stead is great at a lot of things. His strengths compliment your faults. But he isn't the perfect specimen. The Compound has a working relationship with Base, "working" being the operative word. There will be work that needs to be done that only you can do. And when the time comes that we need that work done, you will be reunited with Base. We'll swap you out. This arrangement benefits both of us.

MIKEY: Right, I'll just go ahead and get my hopes up. And uh, if I could pencil in on my calendar, uh, when will I be put back, exactly?

TY: Eh, almost instantaneous for you, I imagine. We might pull you out here or there for a checkup, but time will pass seamlessly from your perspective. You won't even have the time to miss your compatriots. You'll be back with them before you know it, quite literally. You won't

even know that time has passed. Now, uh, take a deep breath for me. Good, little bit more.
[Mikey inhales deeply.] And warning, the stethoscope might be a little bit on the chilly side.

MIKEY: I'm going to tell them that you replaced me, you know, as soon as I get back. Fuck, Ty, that's cold.

TY: Go ahead and tell them. We wouldn't send you back unless we were ready to deal with the consequences. Base knowing what happened here won't matter. I am in complete control of your Base. There is nothing that Edgar or anyone else can do to supersede my authority. By the time they know you were replaced, you will already be back among them. There won't be anything they can do with your little revelation.

MIKEY: They'll be furious. They'll hate you. They'll do something.

TY: *[Chuckles dryly.]* Mikey, they already hate me. I don't have any illusions about that. They'll have to settle with being happy to have you back. And they will be happy. I can tell you that much.

MIKEY *[at a loss]:* You can't do this to me... Ty.

TY: Oh, there, there, Mikey. This isn't the end of the world. Although if the world does end and if you're left in storage, then you will literally be here for eternity, but that's-that's another matter. We'll deal with that when that happens. We're going to take excellent care of both you and the Base. The Compound Storage system will protect you until the time is right and then you'll be back, better than ever. All of your vitals are normal. Storage has been calibrated perfectly for your body. What more do you want? *Arctic Monkeys*? Now, look, it's time for you to go back inside. So, let's be civil about this. I've been very forthcoming with you today. I didn't have to tell you what your whereabouts were. I could have pulled you out and done the tests without a word. I let you know because I respect you, Mike Walters. I hope you know that.

MIKEY: I don't feel respected. If you respected me, you would let me go.

TY: I *do* respect you. And I *respectfully* disagree. Alright, in you go. Go on. In you go.

MIKEY: No, Ty. You can't– H-Hey! Hey!

[Vault door closes.]

TY: You'll be fine, Mikey. It's like being dead. *[Mikey shouts, muffled by the door.]* Well, being in storage *is* being dead according to most definitions of the word. You won't feel or think a thing until the next time I need you. And after all, I've been dead before, you killed me.

MIKEY *[upset and muffled]:* Ty, you can't do this to me, you have to send me back! You have to send me back to Base. *[Bangs against the door.]*

TY: Get some rest, Mikey. Up the hill to Bedfordshire. Good night.

[Ty turns on storage. Mikey is quiet.]

TY: *[Sighs.]* What a handful. And he wonders why we might want a more obedient replacement.

[Opening theme plays.]

[Vault door opens, time travel noise.]

MIKEY *[reanimated]:* Ty! You can't do this, you have to send me back– uh, what?

TY: Oh, hello there, Mikey. Long time no see. Yes, I remember you were like this when I put you back in there, weren't you, hmm.

MIKEY *[confused]:* What's going on? You changed your mind? You're not gonna put me in storage anymore? You're gonna send me back?

TY: You have been in storage for over a month, Mikey. I told you that you wouldn't even notice. You have had zero experiences since the last time we spoke. Not even dreams. It wasn't– well, *[Chuckles.]* I was going to say "it wasn't that bad, was it?" but I know that it wasn't *anything*, good or bad. After all, you thought that you were still arguing with me from the other side of the vault door.

MIKEY: It-It-It's been a month? Why did you unfreeze me? Are you gonna let me go?

TY: Oh, Mikey, Mikey, you've obviously been watching too much science fiction. You weren't "frozen" in there. Okay, bad choice of words. I shouldn't have said you were being put "on ice" in our last conversation. The truth is considerably more complicated than that. But I brought you out of storage to ask you some questions about Eagle. I was wondering what you remember about that whole saga.

MIKEY: Doesn't your precious "docile" Replacement Mikey remember?

TY: Oh, we've asked for his recollections as well, but I wanted to ask *you* because you are the uh, "prime" Mikey, as it were. If there was any information lost between the duplicates, you should still have it.

MIKEY: And if I don't answer your questions, then you're gonna throw me right back in the freezer, aren't you?

TY [*slightly impatient*]: Yes, Mikey, I'll throw you back in the freezer. You clearly don't want that, so you'll answer my questions, yes?

MIKEY: Just ask them already.

TY: Excellent. Let's hop to it then, shall we? First question, do you know Eagle's real name, his legal name? [*Chuckles to himself.*] Legal Eagle, haha! Uh, any part of it, first, middle, or last?

MIKEY: As skeptical as I was that that was his real name, I've never heard anyone call him anything else ever. I started to think that maybe Eagle is his last name?

TY: Hmm, doubtful. We can't match anyone with that name to any person resembling Eagle. No one we've spoken to so far has known his real name. There is no record of him that we can find until someone named "Eagle" showed up at O.V.E.R.

MIKEY: Wait, uh, who all have you spoken to besides Replacement Mikey?

TY: [*Grimances.*] Well, I'm uh, not at liberty to disclose that.

MIKEY: Have you spoken to Jamilla Gardner? I think that they said something to me about you consulting them about the timeline before the Great Correction.

TY: Jamilla has worked with us on multiple occasions to clear things up and has been a very valuable asset. Much of our understanding comes from their reporting.

MIKEY: Right. Have you... talked to Hunter? *Can* you talk to Hunter?

TY: And thereupon, you have honed in on exactly what I am not at liberty to disclose. So, next question, my—

MIKEY: Is Hunter here in storage with me? What about Anne? Can you talk to Anne?

TY: Next. Question. My understanding is that your interactions with Eagle during the previous timeline were fairly limited. Can you list the times that you saw or interacted with him? The more comprehensive the list, the better.

MIKEY: There— Uh, he... he only existed to kill me, from my perspective. He was allegedly right outside the door when H killed me. [**TY:** Mm-hmm.] Then he killed an iteration of me while Edgar was carrying out the false hit inside of Jamilla's cabin. [**TY:** Mm-hmm.] And then Edgar and I went back to that moment to retrieve some important Base files, and so I watched him kill me from an outside perspective. And besides that, I think the only other time that I saw him was inside of Operose.

TY: Hmm. Let's focus on the night that he killed you for a moment. Did anything about him stand out to you? His demeanor, for example?

MIKEY: His giant knife stood out from my chest until my heart stopped beating. Ty, what do you want me to say here?

TY: Look, I'm sorry if this is difficult or retraumatizing for you, I'll bring Crystal Ty in here to help sort you out, but we need to know all we can about these interactions. This information could go a long way toward keeping this timeline stable and prevent something like that from ever happening to you, or to Edgar, ever again.

MIKEY: Eagle seemed like... I don't know, like he thought that he knew me. I didn't recognize him. Knowing what I know now after the Great Correction, I know that I've never met him. **[TY: Mm-hmm.]** I think Hunter mentioned him to me once as one of his friends, like a long time ago, but I never knew him. But he acted as though he had a whole history with me and that I had done something truly awful to him. **[TY: Hmm.]** Or maybe he hadn't met me, and H had just told him some horrific stories? But he really relished killing me. He told me to "remember how it felt," and that, "the good guys were winning this one," whatever the fuck that means. He wasn't just getting me out of his and H's way, he wanted to punish me.

TY: Hmm. Thank you, Mikey. I can tell that was hard for you to recount, but it is valuable information that only you have because you are the only one that experienced it. We have a more complete picture of that timeline thanks to you. And a more complete picture makes all of us safer.

MIKEY: *[Heavy breath.]* Yeah, well, now my fight or flight reflexes are kicking in, so thanks for that.

TY: Alright, just one more question and you can go. I'm afraid that it's also about Eagle killing you, though. Getting killed seems to be fundamental to your relationship with Eagle. Do you think that you can tell me about what happened in Operose? You don't have to rehash everything, just what Eagle did while he was there.

MIKEY: *[Deep breath.]* Okay, the whole point of going to Operose was to intercept Anne so that she wouldn't give information to Ryan, so that Eagle and H wouldn't have the technology that they needed to keep a grip on Base. Eagle and H somehow beat us there and then threatened Anne into walking us into a standoff. Uh, H shot me and all hell broke loose. I was on the ground, and then Eagle came over to me and said some *[Sighs.]* bullshit about how many people I had killed and how I wasn't going to be able to kill anyone ever again. *[Sobs a little.]* And then... same sort of thing with the knife.

TY: Do you know why he believed that you had killed so many people?

MIKEY: That's the thing, I have no idea! I've killed people. By most people's standards, I've killed a lot of people. Definitely higher than average. But I don't think those people are who Eagle was thinking of. Because surely Eagle has killed at least that many people, probably a lot more. He wouldn't have so much contempt for me, so much glee in killing me, if that was all, right? That's how I got the impression that he was referring to something that maybe I hadn't had the chance to do yet.

TY: Hmm. That lines up with other stories we have heard. Jamilla remembered H saying something about a mission that, "saved 1,500 lives." Considering Eagle and H's actions, it seems like they could have been referring to you. Does that number mean anything to you?

MIKEY: Nothing at all. I don't even know how it would be possible for me to kill 1,500 people. I sort of go one at a time.

TY: I didn't think so. Surely, if you had killed 1,500 people, then I would have heard of it. It would be much too large an event to escape my surveillance. We're still researching what they could have possibly meant by that, though. So, moving on, reports from other people at Operose that night mention that after he killed you, he was fatally injured by Marissa and then, I quote, "the grass ate him." Can you elaborate on that?

MIKEY: The grass... "et," him? Have you been talking to Michael? [*Michael impression.*]
The-The dang old grass et 'im up. Like that?

TY: Et, A-T-E, yes. It's how we pronounce ate.

MIKEY: Yeah, you and Michael both, apparently. But I was long gone when that happened. According to the others, he sort of... faded, disappeared into the grass? I can't really picture what they're saying. So I just imagine that meme of Homer Simpson, the one where he keeps disappearing into the bush.

TY: I didn't think that you knew anything. I was only checking. I suppose we'll add that Simpson's meme to the file, though.

MIKEY: You can file it next to the elephant and the dog, who were best friends. That's all that I know about Eagle. Those were the only times that I saw him, and as far as I know, no one has seen him since the Great Correction.

TY: You have given me a plethora of information, Mikey. There is plenty to investigate based on your recollections. You did a fantastic job.

MIKEY: Yeah, I was a great little worker bee, and like a great little worker bee, you're gonna turn on the smoke and knock me out, and now you're going to put me back into storage.

TY: And now I'm going to put you back into storage.

MIKEY: Good ol' reliable Ty. *[Dry chuckle.]* Is there anything, *anything* that I can do to convince you to let me out? You don't have to send me home, I could stay in the compound. Just don't put me back in there.

TY: *[Pretends to deliberate.]* Hmm, no. I can't do that, Mikey. We need you in pristine condition. I'm sure you understand. You didn't feel anything last time, did you?

MIKEY: No, I didn't, that was sort of my problem—

TY: And you won't feel anything this time either. It'll only be a little while longer until we can come to a more permanent resolution for your position within Base. You'll be out of storage and back home in no time. So, are you ready to go back in?

MIKEY: Ty, I know that we're at odds with each other, but can you promise me that it's "only a little while longer"?

TY: I promise to the best of my ability.

MIKEY: You had better make good on that, Ty Betteridge.

TY: I'm a man of my word. Ready?

MIKEY: *[Deep breath.]* As ready as I'll ever be. See you next time, Ty.

TY: See you soon, Mikey.

[Vault door locks and storage initiates.]

[Vault door opens.]

MIKEY: Ty Betteridge, thanks for letting me out, man. Good to see ya. Uh, what can I do ya for?
[Pause.] ...Oh, uh, is everything okay? Uh, what's going on?

TY: Something has happened, Mikey. We need to talk.

MIKEY: Something happened? What happened? Is everyone okay? Did something happen to my replacement? Do you need me out there? Uh, what's going on?

TY: Mikey... I'm not sure how to say this, but... it's been fifteen years *[Mikey begins panicking.]* since you've been out of storage. Base is gone. Completely gone.

MIKEY: G-G-Gone? What... what do- what do- what do you mean? Where are they? Did they—are they dead?

TY: Base is completely unaccounted for. I can't say anymore. I'm breaking protocol by telling you anything at all. I'm here to move you to a different part of storage. The Compound is shifting focus and we are reorganizing. Your storage classification has shifted, and I've been ordered to move you to a new area.

MIKEY: You... fifteen years?

TY: A few months short of it, but yes. I don't even know where I would begin to explain all that has happened in the past decade and a half. *[Sighs.]* Everything is different now. I'm sorry, Mikey.

MIKEY: You said I wouldn't be in here forever, Ty.

TY: You won't be. I haven't given up hope on that, and you shouldn't either.

MIKEY: No, no, no, no, E-Edgar, no.

TY: It's tragic, to be sure. This was not the plan, but the Compound wasn't the only organization making plans. Other groups got in the way, and we weren't able to execute things the way I would have liked. Look, I know this isn't what you wanted to hear, but I— look, I need you to walk with me, please. Right this way.

MIKEY: N— *[Wavers.]* I'm going to be sick, Ty.

TY: It's— I know it's... oh, for f— heaven's sake, Mikey. I don't know what to say. What sort of bullshit consolation am I going to provide you with, hmm? We're trained on how to deal with our subjects, “bedside manner” and all that. But we all, *all* got right and proper fucked by this, and you most of all. I'm livid. I've *been* livid about this for years, but not everything is up to me.

[Mikey grunts as his legs give out.]

TY: Oh! Are you going to be able to walk?

MIKEY *[sniffing and gasping]:* Y-Yeah...

TY: It isn't very far. It's just another wing of storage.

MIKEY: Ty, we-we've gotta fix this. You have time travel, for god's sake.

TY: If I could fix everything on my own, I would be the most powerful man in the universe.

MIKEY: Not everything, Ty, *this*. Me. Me being in here for fifteen fucking years. I don't care about what happens that caused all of this. I can worry about that once I get out of here. Maybe I can stop it. At least give me a chance. Can you put me back to where I left off? Can you exchange me for the Replacement Mikey? It-It couldn't be any worse than this, could it?

TY: Oh, I... really, I really shouldn't do that. It would be unfathomably dangerous. The-The consequences would be impossible to predict. You're talking about fifteen years of timeline shifting and propagation of information. The Compound would definitely not allow it. I would have to go behind their backs. I would be putting not just myself, but my whole department in danger by way of my insubordination. They would neutralize us!

MIKEY: Ty, look at me. If you don't fix this, then you killed me. You ended my life. I didn't even get a warning. I didn't even get to say goodbye to anyone. I thought that I was going on a mission one moment and everything was over the next. Last time we talked, you said that you were a man of your word. If you think that you owe me anything, surely you owe me my life. Find me a way to put me back. *[Sobbing.]* Please, please. Please.

TY: I... I... Oh, I don't even know if it's possible, Mikey. I mean... I can try... No. I can't even promise you that I'll try. It might be so unfeasible as to be functionally impossible to even attempt it. Look, I owe you better than to falsely get your hopes up. I think the most that I can say is that I want to help, but I'm not able to.

MIKEY: Then don't wake me up again, okay? Just let me be.

TY: I... *[Sighs.]* I won't. I can't promise that no one else will, but if I can't get you out of here, I won't wake you up again. We're here.

MIKEY: It's over, and I didn't even get to see it end.

TY: I'm sorry, Mikey. I'm so sorry.

MIKEY: Just let me go. Don't wake me up.

TY: I understand. Goodbye, Mikey.

MIKEY: Goodbye, Ty.

[Vault door closes, storage initiates.]

TY: *[Sighs.]* I hate it when he's right. His life is over if I don't do something. You've both screwed over the timeline before, what is one more time to save him? Come on, Ty, you owe it to him to at least try. Let's get you out of there, Big Bear.

[Scene transition.]

[An alarm is blaring. The vault door opens.]

MIKEY *[resigned]:* Ty, If you aren't going to kill me, please just leave me alone.

MICHAEL: Kill ya? What the fuck, Mikey? **[MIKEY: What?]** I'm gettin' ya the hell outta here. Didn't ya hear the siren?

MIKEY: Michael? What? No, wh-what's going on? You look the same.

MICHAEL: Course I look the same. What'm I supposed to look like? An overnighiter? Now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta get the heat off our backs. Step aside, Mikey.

MIKEY: Uh, what are you going to do?

MICHAEL: I'm gonna throw an iteration in the hole and then slam it shut. Alright, here we go.

[Time travel noise.]

ITERATED MIKEY: What? Where am I?

[Vault closes.]

MIKEY: Excuse me, who the fuck was that, Michael?

MICHAEL: That ain't none of your business. Now saddle up, pard. We ain't got time to chit-chat. We gotta get ourselves the hell out of here, 'fore they figure out what's goin' on.

MIKEY: What is going on, Michael? Did Ty find you? Where did you go?

MICHAEL: Mikey, if'n you look around, you'll notice you're the one who went somewhere. This ain't home sweet home.

MIKEY: Ty said that Base disappeared. He made it sound like it happened years ago.

MICHAEL: Mikey, you was with Base years ago. Hell, you was with us a month ago.

MIKEY: I-I don't understand. Ty said that I had been in there for fifteen years.

MICHAEL: If Ty said that the sky was blue, I'd head outside to make sure it weren't red.

MIKEY: Why would he wake me up just to lie to me?

MICHAEL: I reckon he's some sort of demon, but we don't gotta get into the cosmology of it.

MIKEY: No, h-he sounded really upset. I don't think that he was lying to me. I think that we really were fifteen years in the future.

MICHAEL: Well, we'll sort all that out as soon as we get done reckoning with this whole replacement business.

MIKEY: If you're here, that means that you killed the replacement, right?

MICHAEL: Nope, had to keep him alive to get in here. Him and another iteration of me are with TY right now, keeping him distracted.

MIKEY: Michael, you iterated yourself? What are we gonna do?

MICHAEL: First off, we're heading to safehouse that Edgar built. We gotta keep you safe, regroup, and come up with a plan. Then, I'll consolidate with the other Michael and we'll figure out what to do about the replacement.

MIKEY: Right, we'll figure out what he knows and then kill him.

MICHAEL: *[Sighs.]* No sir, it ain't gonna be that easy.

[When It Comes plays.]

*Mutually unintelligible
Do you remember my name?*

*there's a change of the guards
I hope you're ready
I plan to keep my eye on you
tender in the moment
only means the meat
is easier to cut through.*

*When it comes time to grieve
I will grieve with you
When it comes time to grieve
I will grieve for you*

*Could you please inform them
I was dreaming you were dead?
Neutral ground's been ceded
I repeat: they want our heads
easy to believe that it has come to this
It would always come to this
It would always come to this*

*When it comes time to breathe
I will breathe for you
When it comes time to breathe
I will breathe for you*

*When it comes time to breathe
I am gonna breathe for you*

*When it comes time to breathe
I am gonna breathe for you*

[Closing theme begins playing.]

CREDITS *[spoken rap]:* You've been listening to a show called WOE.BEGONE. The voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. You can check out his podcast [Shadows At The Door](#), or go to [davidault.co.uk](#) to learn some more. Help! I feel physically compelled to do this in the credits now. Help me! *[Closer to the mic.]* Help-Help me. I-I'm- I need help, help me. Help me!

[Closing theme plays out.]

AFTER-CREDITS (TY) *[old person voice]:* Hello, Mikey. Welcome to the year 2067. It's been a long time, and we're still working on it. Just give us a few more years.

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

AFTER-CREDITS (TY) *[robotic voice]:* Hello. You have arrived in the year 4592. Three apocalypses have already happened. You are now the last survivor. I am your new digital A.I., or should I say, A.TY hologram. Is there anything you'd like to do? Edgar? We might have some records, but everything got put down on pen and paper after the second apocalypse and then it all got eaten by the worms. Hmm. Well, if you could describe him for me, then I'm sure I can come up with something. Why are you kneeling on the ground? Why are you shouting at the sky? Oh, is this a mating ritual from where you're from?

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPERS (TY): The best jokes do have a grain of truth in them. I really did have a more docile duplicote... duplicote? Like an apricot, just slightly furrer. That's how I like them.

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): Oh, come on, a few days, a week, the odd month or two, it really doesn't matter. You've got to take a more relaxed view of time. It's less a linear progression of moments and more a big ball of wibbly wobbly timey wimey. *[Clears throat.]* Look, no time is passing for you, except for the time you are out here being evaluated by yours truly.

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): Oh, there, there, Mikey. *[Attempts cowboy voice.]* This ain't the end of the line, pard- *[Laughs. Normal voice.]* No- I'm doing it again. No! Oh god, the bloopers are gonna be like fifteen minutes long.

BLOOPER (TY) *[cowboy voice]*: Cowboy Ty. There we go. This ain't the end of the line, pard. This ain't the end of the line, pard. *[Giggles.]* I've been listening to Michael too much. Ah!

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): All right. Come on, in you go, in you go. No, don't give me those eyes. I don't want– no. In.

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): I was going to say it wasn't that bad, was it? But I know that it wasn't anything, good or bad. After all, when I was put in there in 1782, I didn't know anything until I was woken up a hundred-odd years later. And then the next– anyway.

[END Episode 130.]