

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY SEVEN - CONTRADICTION/CONNECTION

Original transcript edited by Jenah and Theo

[BEGIN Episode 167.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. I'm still streaming every Sunday 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. And one of these days, that game will be a Nancy Drew game. My computer is being very uncooperative, but I will figure it out. And if you'd like to be there for that, that is twitch.tv/woebegonepod. And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over at patreon.com/woe_begone, where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, and more. I know that I've harped on this a lot, but the August postcards are coming up, and you're going to want to be a part of that. It is the two-year anniversary of the postcard tier, and the card is so cool, and I've got so many fun plans for the postcard tier in August, so you're not gonna wanna miss that. That's patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Opening theme plays.]

SKINNER [quietly]: [Exhales.] Please let this be painless.

[Skinner knocks on a door.]

SKINNER: Hey. Old Man? You, uh... You said you wanted to see me? Please don't tell me this is about the Calculator again, I *really* don't wanna go another ten rounds with you.

OLD MAN [muffled]: Just come in, Skinner. And don't open the door too far when ya do.

SKINNER: I'm telling you right now, I'm never gonna hand it over. And if I catch you trying to take it from me again, you're not getting your hand back. No more Mr. Nice Skinner. And to give you fair warning, I've trained Wesker to bite anyone who comes into my room uninvited. So proceed at your own risk. And, look, I get it. [Brief laugh.] You don't trust me right now, and [They open the door.] that's understandable, but I—ee, ho... holy iterations, Batman. Fuck, there's a lot of you.

MDAWG: You must be Skinner. Michael hasn't told us much about you, but I could feel your energy on the other side of the door.

SKINNER: Hah. Yeah. And you must be Old Man: CBD Edition. Jesus, Old Man, what did you do, rob the Michael Walters of Baskin-Robbins to get all 32 flavors?

MIKE: I... don't think there are 32 of us. Anymore.

OLD MAN: Howdy, Skinner. From left to right, that's Mike, MDawg, Emdubya, and Michael.

MICHAEL: Howdy, pard. Name's Michael. You can tell me from the Old Man 'cause his hat's brown, and mine's a slightly darker brown.

SKINNER: Hah, yeah, I refuse to remember all of that. But... you. No, you, the— the cowbaby.

MW: They mean me.

SKINNER: You... look like Nobody in a cowboy hat.

MW: Hmm?

SKINNER: You aren't... You aren't Nobody, are you?

MW: No, I ain't Nobody, I'm Emdubya.

SKINNER: Fellas, if nobody's Nobody, then I don't care who anybody is, so why the family reunion?

OLD MAN: All these fine folks got a problem with Nobody, too. We was hopin' you'd be interested in helpin' us out.

SKINNER: You'll be thrilled to know that I am working on fixing the Nobody problem all by myself. I don't need any assistance from any of you. *Thanks.*

OLD MAN: Read the room, Skinner. We're draggin' you along, whether or not you wanna come or not. I was bein' polite.

SKINNER: *[Snorts.]* "Polite"? *[Chuckles.]* Come on, since when do you have restraint?

MIKE: Yeah, none of the Michaels are. Hi, Skinner. I'm Mike. I think I'm supposed to be the voice of reason around here? We were talking, and Old Man mentioned that you keep your Calculator in a lockbox when you aren't using it. Michael's got his Calculator right here. So while you were eating pizza, we set up a correction point and all that other fun stuff so that you can't get the drop on us, no matter what propagates. At the very least, we are going to have a chat. And I don't... say this to threaten you—

SKINNER: Oh! Oh, pft, thank goodness! Consider me non-threatened. *[Brief laugh.]* Ah... Though, um... gotta say. Our friend Skuzz went missing recently? They were kidnapped by a fucking cowboy. And that wouldn't be any o' you... would it?

MICHAEL: None of us cowboys know no one by the name o' Skuzz.

SKINNER: Uh... Skuzz. Skinny, messy hair, too cool for school, you know. Mighta tried to work Broken Social Scene into the conversation while you were killing them, or kidnapping them, or whatever the *fuck* it is you did to them.

MIKE: Wait, Sku- Skuzz Skuzz? Like the- the one that mows the lawn at O.V.E.R.?

SKINNER: No, dummy. The other Skuzz. Yeah. Of course that's Skuzz. How many Skuzzes do you think there are in Oldbrush Valley?

MIKE: I thought the whole lawn team were iterations of-

SKINNER: No. No. Don't even say it. You put that iteration joke back in the box, or I'll train Wesker to chew your fucking face off while you sleep, Reasonable Mike. The universe cannot contain more than one Skuzz, time travel technology or no. Now, if it wasn't you, I assume it was one of these other iterations here that kidnapped them. 'Cause they said on the phone that it was Old Man. But they aren't hip to all this time travel bullshit, so there's a good chance that they got him confused with one of you all. All they know about what's going on is what Old Man here left on his mixtape.

MW: Was it you, Michael? You can be honest with us, I'm sure you got your reasons.

MICHAEL: Now, what the hell would I kidnap Skuzz for? I don't got any lawn care work for them to do.

MIKE: Okay, well, maybe not you, but it's not just you in there, right? It's-

MICHAEL: Mike, shut your trap.

MIKE: Uh... O-Okay, uh. Sorry.

MICHAEL: I ain't got nothin' to do with Skuzz, and you need to pick your words careful in front o' mixed company. We got propagation to worry about.

MIKE: Okay, okay!

OLD MAN: You and Mike can bicker about that later, Michael. The reason I invited Skinner here is 'cause they know Nobody.

SKINNER: Uh, "know" is a bit of an overstatement. Nobody and I are... acquaintances. Well, that makes it sound like I do know him. Uh, it's more like I've got a file with his face on it. He's got a file with my name on it. Any relationship is... purely parasocial. And if I hadn't needed to worry about protecting your stupid ass in the middle of a fucking standoff because you up and ran off in the middle of the night like a teenaged runaway, Old Man... then Nobody's whereabouts wouldn't be anybody's problem right now. Alas, you were in the blast radius, and

Nobody managed to pull some kind of trick, because he sure as hell isn't where I meant to send him.

MDAWG: It might make everybody feel more groovalicious, if you will, if we laid out the whole story from the beginning. Michael, I'm looking at you. You can help us get a sense of the vibe here.

OLD MAN: O-Oh, you— you meant me. Uh, please. Call me Old Man.

MICHAEL: You ain't that old, pard.

OLD MAN: It's just what they call me.

MIKE: I think that MDawg's right. I think that we all need to be brought up to speed.

MDAWG: Perhaps starting with when I transported you out of the Dome, Old Man.

SKINNER: Uh, yeah, I'm with the reasonable iteration. I don't know everything, either, so come on, Old Man, spotlight's on you; time to spill.

OLD MAN: Alright, folks. Gather around, and get comfortable, 'cause it's storytime. As MDawg was sayin', he spared my life, and transported me here from inside the Dome. I lived with these fine folks, and took advantage of their hospitality while I was layin' low. Well, a bunch o' fine folks and one spy.

SKINNER: Hey! I'm not a spy. Well... I mean, not anymore than you are, at least. And since when are these things mutually exclusive? Come on.

OLD MAN: To borrow MDawg's term, life was pretty groovalicious around here while I got back on my feet.

MDAWG: Hey, that's the thing I always say.

OLD MAN: I was waitin' for a time when Base might need my services. Then I saw the news about Bluster out o' Texas, and knew somethin' was amiss. I headed down there myself, and found everyone in that house down there dead. And I mean everyone. Bluster, Tex, MDawg, even Nobody.

SKINNER: Eh... An iteration of Nobody. We did catch him taking you for a walk through the streets of Oldbrush Valley since your field trip to Texas, after all.

OLD MAN: I was gettin' to that. I wandered into town, which is now called Bluster's Grove, to ask questions, and I ran into this fella, name o' Chance. Not Chris. Chance. An iteration o' Chris who don't know a dang thing about Base or about any of us. Me and Chance went on this big,

circuitous road trip that ended up with us back here in Oldbrush Valley. There was a blink, and he saw our iteration of him at the Base, which materialized while I was gone. I blunk back in. He stole the magic box we dug up while I was takin' a piss, and drove off. I tried to hitchhike back into town, but Nobody showed up and blindsided me. And he did that while I was takin' another piss. A different piss. Ya see, the thing about this piss was—

SKINNER: Okay, two things? Uh, sounds to me like you should really start having regular prostate exams? And, uh, number two: ya don't need to tell us about every time you took a piss.

OLD MAN: I left out several pisses. Anyway. I think Nobody was walkin' me back to O.V.E.R. to do somethin' in there for him, but I never figured out what. 'Cause on the way there, a whole van fulla well-intentioned idjits pulled up. That would be the fine folks what reside in this house. Nobody recognized Skinner. The two of 'em had a Calculator quickdraw, and Skinner won. But Nobody didn't go where he's supposed to. Did I get everything, Skinner?

SKINNER: Okay, you sly fox, don't think for a second that I missed the fact that you skipped right on past the part that while searching for you, our very own Skuzz went into O.V.E.R., never to be seen again. On the phone, they said that they were with "Michael." And now Skuzz is still missing, and the rest of the house is trying to find them the old-fashioned way, which, *[Scoffs.]* as we all know in this room, is a huge waste of time, given the *time* travel of it all.

MIKE: Wait, the Skuzz thing happened while the Nobody thing was happening? Uh, that's... coincidental.

MDAWG: All things are connected through quantum entanglement, though some connections are on the more macro level; this sounds like that. Skinner, maybe if can we work together to solve one problem, the other problem will solve itself. Have you tried establishing a mindlink with Skuzz?

SKINNER: Uh... Yeah, I don't know what sort of higher magics has been attempted at this point, but I'm sure Flash has tried almost everything.

MDAWG: I wonder if they've tried a seance. You can do a seance with the living as long as they're holding their breath the whole time? The hard part would be figuring out when they're holding their breath.

MW: I think the obvious question that we have for you, Skinner, is... what's your deal?

SKINNER: Hmm... No comment.

MIKE: My question's for Old Man, actually. You saw that Skinner was up to something, and you... moved back in? Why would you do that?

OLD MAN: Well, I was expectin' Skinner to run back off where they came from, but they never did. And they weren't comin' at me, so I stuck around to try and figure 'em out. Whatever Skinner's plan is, they ain't a danger to us. If'n they wanted to interfere, they've had a Calculator this whole time. They coulda transported me when they transported Nobody. Plus, I've got a loyalty to Python and the others.

SKINNER: Humph. Don't think for a second you have me figured out, Old Man. You can put those checkout aisle reading glasses away, 'cause you don't even see a percent of a percent of the whole damn picture.

OLD MAN: Frankly, it's none o' my business what you're up to as long as you ain't gonna hurt me and mine. I'm sure you got your Council o' Skinners, or whatever. Only thing I know for certain is you ain't happy with how this Nobody thing shook out. And I ain't either. So let's work on it.

MIKE: Is there some way that we can make this alliance less shaky, Skinner? Like, maybe we can do something else that sweetens the pot?

SKINNER: Old Man, you're a senile, old fool. And... I hate that you're right, but... I have to find Nobody. I have to!

MICHAEL: Well, we gotta find 'im, too, pard. And Old Man ain't that old! I'm as old as he is, and I'm alive and kickin'. I still got 20/20 vision.

SKINNER: Steady on there, cowboy, he's the one who told me to call 'im that. And, look. I'll come with you to find Nobody. And we'll... get him under control in a way that satisfies both parties, but as soon as we are done with him, you owe me big time. And I'm warning you now, it's gonna be something that you do not want to do.

MW: Skinner, you can say [**SKINNER:** Holy fuck!] all that— Uh—

SKINNER: *[Muttering.]* Geez! Yah! *[Normal volume.]* You are so much quieter than the other two cowboys that I *literally* forgot that you were there until just this second, M...Boy? MBoy?

MIKE: Yeah, he goes by "MBoy."

MW: What I was sayin' was, if you're gonna set him up with a big sacrifice he gotta make to protect all of us and defeat Nobody, I-I hate to tell it to ya, but he's gonna love doin' that. That's his favorite thing to do. And I'm not a cowboy.

SKINNER: Tell it to the hat, cowbaby.

MDAWG: Hey, let's keep things groovy. Everything is copacetic. We'll find Nobody, We're All In This Together, and Old Man is going to pay you back Big Time. Rush.

MIKE: What are you talking about, MDawg?

MDAWG: Ever since I watched *I Saw the TV Glow*, I've been developing methods to watch 2009 television transmitted directly in my mind.

SKINNER: Now, if that were real, Python would be all over that.

MDAWG: It's an intermediate skill, but I could teach him.

MIKE: MDawg, when would you have watched *I Saw the TV Glow*? You were in—

MICHAEL: Alright, alright. I think we've talked enough. Let's get down to business before stuff starts propagatin'. Skinner, we got an ace up our sleeves you don't by the name o' Helen Hartley. I'm gonna scoop her up real quick, and we're all gonna head back to 1980 together, and set up a correction point, 'cause that's the furthest back we can trace Nobody. We're gonna use Helen to lure him out, and we'll ambush him while he's distracted. I won't know the specifics until we're already there. Helen will decide. If I don't know in this room, then it cain't propagate. Does that sound good to everyone?

SKINNER: Uh, no. No, no, no, no, no, no. That's not a plan. That's— That's specifically not-a-plan! I— I need to go get my Calculator out of my room, and I— [**MICHAEL:** No.] What— Wait.

MICHAEL: You ain't gettin' your Calculator. You're on our ride now, pard. I'm gonna zip on outta here. Then, we'll all transport to the mission simultaneously, thanks to time travel. So, get ready, folks. We'll be transportin' to the mission here in three... two.. one...

SKINNER [*overlapping Michael*]: Uh, no! I didn't agree to any of this. Hey, Old Man, are you just gonna let this other iteration just walk all— Hey—

MIKE [*overlapping Michael and Skinner*]: Michael, are you sure we're ready?

[Time travel noise.]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the reverberant ambience of a warehouse.]

MIKE: You sure this is the right day, Helen? It's 15 past when you said you'd be here.

HELEN: Yes! It's the right day, I'm sure of it. Ty and I showed up to the warehouse early to make sure everything was ready. I met him here, and then I drove back to O.V.E.R. to wake up Walters— Um. Nobody, I mean. I woke him up, marched him over here, Ty was waiting, and we

interrogated Nobody when he got here. *[Pause.]* And then... um... I kinda, sorta shot him? Um... Do you think it's okay to tell my past self not to do that? I still have nightmares about it...

MICHAEL: Don't propagate nothin' less we give you the go-ahead. If you don't shoot Nobody, then he don't get betrayed by Evil Ty, which means he don't tell us what we need to know about the Greenhouse, which means all us Mikes get wiped clear off the timeline.

MIKE: I say let her do it if it's really important to her. We can propagate that information to the Greenhouse ourselves.

MDAWG: What is the Greenhouse, exactly?

MIKE: I don't actually know because it's a Ty thing, I was just going off of context clues.

HELEN: But you know the information *because* of Nobody. Isn't that a contradiction?

MIKE: Time travel itself is a contradiction, so the fact that we can do it at all means that we have to resolve some contradictions.

SKINNER: Hey... Yeah, I'm sure that that's all very important to you guys, but, um... I really don't fuckin' like this. Helen, you said that she would be here by now. Tick tock.

MW: She ain't heard o' TikTok. She's from 1980, ya know.

SKINNER: Oh, a comedian and a cowbaby. *[Snorts.]* Look, as much as I'd love to hear your tight five, I'm mildly concerned that Calamity Jane here is double-crossing you. Helen, you said that you and your partner in crime were supposed to be here already. Either you're wrong about that, or you're deliberately sabotaging the plan. So, which is it? Because I think that we should entertain the idea that Helen has been working with Nobody this whole goddamn time, and we're the ones that actually are being led into a trap.

MDAWG: I understand the need to be careful, but I'm not observing those vibes at all.

MIKE: I'm with MDawg on this. I don't think that that's very in-character for her.

SKINNER: Yeah, I'd argue that thinking doesn't appear to be the strong suit of anyone here.

HELEN: *[Sighs.]* Skinner... You're right, the thought did occur to me. I did consider helping Nobody. Look, I've been wrapped up in all of this for far too long. I entertained the idea that an alliance with Walters would get me what I really want, because what I want is to go home and live the rest of my life in peace with my husband and my son.

SKINNER: Your Honor? Means, motive, and opportunity.

HELEN: But! That was before I met back up with the Mikes, and they explained to me that Nobody is erasing Ty from existence. Ty's my *friend*. I can't let that happen to him. If Nobody gets what he wants, then Ty Betteridge won't exist anymore, right? Not even in my memory.

MW: Hell, he already ain't in my memory.

OLD MAN: As much as I hate to admit it, Helen's got a point. As much as I'd like to be rid of him, turns out a world without Ty Betteridge ain't exactly a better world.

HELEN: You don't know the Ty that I know.

OLD MAN: The Ty you know ain't ever performed experimental surgery on you.

HELEN: If this was happening to me, he would try to save me! It wouldn't matter what Nobody offered him, he would reject the offer and do whatever it took to keep me alive. I'll have to wait for the next opportunity to return home. We have to save Ty... and worry about the rest later.

MICHAEL: Guess we'll have to begrudgingly accept a world with Ty Betteridge.

SKINNER: Well, it sure is feeling a lot like a world without Ty Betteridge right now, because he isn't here. So, that undercuts your monologue a little bit, dontcha think? What gives, Helen? Michael? What are we doing here? This is the plan?

HELEN: I don't know why they aren't here. We were supposed to be here by now. We were here by now. I remember it as clear as day. Vividly. I distinctly remember it. I don't know how many different kinds of ways you want me to say it. I remember seeing the clock on the dashboard of my car. I'm supposed to be here.

SKINNER: Then you got corrected.

HELEN: No...? I didn't get corrected, because I still remember it. How could I remember something if it never happened?

SKINNER: Helen, come on. Most of time travel is about remembering things that never happened. If we didn't remember, we wouldn't even know that we were time traveling.

MIKE: We're back to those contradictions I was telling you about.

OLD MAN: Hell, I thought I put on the coffee this mornin' back at the house, but it turns out I didn't.

MICHAEL: Stop makin' us sound like a dang old man, Old Man.

MDAWG: I apologize for the terminology, but I don't have any other way to say it? Um... Corrected memories hit different tho.

HELEN: I don't know what "hit different" means? Uh, but these aren't different memories to me. I remember them the same way I always have. I remember it like it happened. Because it did.

SKINNER: Okay, I feel the need to stress once more that it doesn't matter how strongly you remember it, because we're in the goddamn *middle of it* not happening. Your timeline stood us up, Helen. And we need to figure out why. If I had my fucking *Calculator*, I would be getting us the hell out of here right about now.

MICHAEL: And that's why you don't have your dang Calculator, Skinner.

MIKE: I think we need to consider the possibility that Helen's not lying, and we are in the right place, but something's changed? Could Ty be somewhere else now?

MW: Or the connectivity strike has progressed. Does Ty even exist? Can y'all still remember him?

OLD MAN: Yup, I remember 'im.

SKINNER: For what it's worth, I still remember Ty.

MIKE: Skinner, how did you know Ty Betteridge?

SKINNER: Hmm... I will not be taking questions at this time, but thank you for your interest.

MICHAEL: Whatever happened, I reckon they ain't showin' up. I think it might be time to pivot to a new plan.

SKINNER: Agreed.

MICHAEL: Me and Old Man might be old, but we weren't actually around in 1980. Helen's the only one what knows her way around this time period. So, Helen, point the way, and I'll take us to our next stop.

MIKE: Yeah, I think we should try and find Ty. What would Ty Betteridge be doing with his evening if he weren't meeting you here?

HELEN: If this was a normal night, and we weren't planning on bringing Nobody here, then Ty would be at home. He's not incredibly social outside of work. I can give you directions.

MICHAEL: Yeah, if Oldbrush Valley's the same as it is in my time, then you just gotta give me a general idea o' where he is, and we can transport there.

SKINNER: And if this is another wild goose chase, I'm gonna be taking matters into my own hands.

HELEN: It won't be. You need to trust me.

MIKE: And away we go.

[Scene transition.]

[Nighttime outdoor ambience. We hear frantic knocking on Ty's door.]

MIKE: Well, there's a car in the driveway.

OLD MAN: Weird to think o' Ty Betteridge just drivin' around... Ugh.

[The door opens.]

TY: Helen? What are you doing here? It's awfully late to be visiting. I've— I've already finished my evening tea. *[Pauses, then huffs.]* Why are you here? Is something wrong? And... who are these people you've brought with you?

HELEN: I don't have time to explain everything, but these are different versions of Nobody. *[Huffs.]* Of Walters, I mean. They are him from different points in time, and Nobody is extremely dangerous and is trying to erase you from all of space and time.

MIKE: The truth is a lot more complicated than that, but that's pretty accurate.

MW: And, uh, that there's Skinner, uh, we picked them up on the way. Uh, they ain't a iteration o' us.

SKINNER: Lucky for me. Hello, Ty.

TY: Helen, I'm afraid I have no idea what you're talking about. Versions of people? Nobody? If this is some new sort of slang, I'm not familiar with it. But you said they're dangerous.

MIKE: He doesn't remember Nobody.

HELEN: Ty...? Are you saying that you don't remember Walters?

TY: Walters... Walters, mm.... I don't seem to recall a Walters. Is he someone from work? O.V.E.R. has been hiring so many people recently, and I've completely lost track of who is who. ...Look, are you here because of work? Did something happen at O.V.E.R.?

OLD MAN: Oh, stuff's been happenin' at O.V.E.R., alright. You don't know the half of it.

SKINNER: Okay! *[Huffs.]* I'm sorry, I have to butt in. We're witnessing one of those contradictions we were talking about earlier. Ty doesn't remember Nobody. Which means Ty and Nobody never interacted in 1980. Which means that Ty never came to the future. And the Ty that I know in the future? He's not 44 years older than the Ty that we're looking at right now.

MDAWG: Some people age gracefully. A guru I follow suggests pressing sesame seeds into your face while you s—

SKINNER: Buddy, can it. Something is really screwy here. The contradiction is way too apparent!

MDAWG: You're saying it hits different.

MICHAEL: We're already off the beaten path, Skinner. We're in the middle o' meddlin' in this timeline. That's when all this stuff gets its most wacky.

SKINNER: Oh, fuck off. I'm not some rooky time traveller who just learned about WOE.BEGONE. I know this shit you're talking about, and this? All of *this*? This doesn't feel like meddling in a timeline, this—! *[Realizing.]* ...Because this isn't a timeline. *[Quietly laughs.]* Fuck... We didn't travel in time. Fuck!

MIKE: Uh, wh— what are you suggesting, Skinner?

MDAWG: Are you saying there was a problem with the transport? Everything feels normal to me.

SKINNER: *[Brief chuckle.]* I'm— I'm saying— *[Chuckles.]* I'm saying this isn't 1980! *[Laughs, then pauses.]* Michael didn't take us where he said he was taking us... Did you, Michael.

MICHAEL: I ain't gonna stand here, and be accused o' impropriety. Y'all just gonna let them accuse me like that?

HELEN: This *is* 1980, Skinner! This is the time period I'm from! I'd recognize it anywhere. Ty's house, the warehouse, they're exactly the same as I remember them.

SKINNER: No. *[Chuckles.]* No, this... this is a trick. It's, um... *[Brief chuckle.]* It's a set. It's a... elaborate ruse. Uh, a deception. We were told we were comin' back to 1980 to find Nobody, but that was a *lie*... that Michael told us to get us *all* in a room together, goddamnit. *[Laughs.]* It makes less sense the more you fucking think about it!

TY: Helen, when was the last time you saw this Nobody chap?

HELEN: He... There was a blink, and I went back here to 1980. Nobody visited me at my house. He offered me a deal. In exchange for my help, he would s— he would help me stay in 1980. He wanted to ambush you guys.

MIKE: Michael, did you know about this?

MICHAEL: I didn't know a thing, pard.

SKINNER: I knew it. I fucking knew it.

MDAWG: Helen, that is incredibly unchill of you.

HELEN: I didn't do it, though! I wasn't lying earlier when I said I'm on your side. He's trying to erase Ty from existence!

TY: The bloke is trying to erase me, innit? Well, I never! Whatever for? I dare say, I don't recollect the old chum, wot wot!

OLD MAN: Uh... Uh— T-Ty, you're— you're layin' on the British pretty dang thick there, bud. Uh... Is everything okay?

TY: Oi, cor blimey, apple and pears, apples and pears, ap— a— inni— innit, guvna, cuppa Bovril, cuppa Bovril? Liverpool Street Station.

MICHAEL: Hey, uh, he's malfunctionin'. We might wanna pull the plug on this. These things ain't built to last this long. You get everything you needed?

MW: Uh, Michael, what? Uh, "He's malfu—" Who got everything they needed?

SKINNER: Pfft, goddammit. That's... not Ty.

TY: Oi, what say you, black pudding, haggis, jellied eels, bubble and squeak, eh, Mary Poppins, Mary Poppins, Marmite! Poppins, Marmite! Poppins, Marmite! Poppins, Marmite! Poppins, Marmite! Poppins, [EAGLE: And...] Marmite!

EAGLE: *[Snaps fingers.]* ...cut!

[The ambience cuts out.]

EAGLE: Excellent work, Lieutenant. Excellent work, indeed. This is even more than I asked for.

SKINNER: Whoa. Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold up. You're Lieutenant!? You work for fucking Operose!?

LIEUTENANT [previously *MICHAEL*]: Ah, Skinner. [Brief chuckle.] What gave it away?

EAGLE: Welcome back, Skinner. Long time no see. You all've been inside of Operose for this entire, quote, unquote, "mission." [Chuckles.] It almost fell apart at the end there. Our security traps are not normally designed to go on that long.

LIEUTENANT: Yep. We got 'em good, buddy!

HELEN: I... never left Operose? ...I've been here the whole time?

LIEUTENANT: You never even left the room we put ya in, pilgrim.

SKINNER: What the *fuck*, Helen. You were in Operose before the beginning of the mission, and you didn't think that might've been good to share with the class!? Why didn't you say something? If I had known it was fucking Lieutenant, I could've done something to stop him!

HELEN: He tricked me! He told me he wasn't Lieutenant anymore, and that he had *changed*... but that we were bringing along someone that we couldn't trust, and that I shouldn't mention Operose, because it could jeopardize the mission!

SKINNER: I shoulda known... [Snickers.] I shoulda known that something was awry when you were so goddamn fucking wrong about the warehouse. Why did you trust him!?

MIKE: He's not just Lieutenant. Me and MDawg were trapped in O.I., and he came here, and he saved us! And, in the process of doing that, he consolidated with Lieutenant. And he said that he was in control.

SKINNER: And you believed him!? [Snickers.] And here I believed you were the smart one. [Muttering.] This can't fucking happen, this can't fucking—

EAGLE: It is wonderful to finally have all of you here under one roof. This one is a surprise, though. How did you find him?

LIEUTENANT: Eagle, I'd like you to meet "Old Man." He's the Michael iteration from inside the Shadow Dome. Apparently, MDawg couldn't bear to kill him, so he transported him to safety. MDawg told me all about it as soon as I got his guard down.

EAGLE: Ooh. Bad dog, MDawg. Very bad dog. We'll have to find an appropriate punishment for you. That's some extreme insubordination.

HELEN: What happened to Ty? Where is he?

EAGLE: That was just a security hallucination. That wasn't actually him. We have our own plans regarding Ty Betteridge. Are you ready for the next part of your mission, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: Sir, yes, sir. Thanks to these fine folks, I learned a lot o' stuff. In the process of roundin' 'em up, I learned where Skuzz is, I learned where Nobody's lurkin' in 1980, I got some fresh leads on Ty, I know about a hidden Calculator, and I know about an iteration o' one of the Base folks that's out there. These fellas truly are a goldmine.

EAGLE: Attaboy! Go out there, and give 'em hell, Lieutenant!

LIEUTENANT: Oh, hell's comin', Eagle. Well, it's been fun, folks. I'll be seein' ya. Hmm. Well, maybe I'll be seein' some o' ya... The rest, uh... *[Quiet chuckle.]* Well, I'm just sayin' don't have too much fun without me, Eagle.

EAGLE: I'll save you some leftovers.

LIEUTENANT: Cain't wait.

[Time travel noise.]

EAGLE: Let's get started, shall we?

[Closing theme starts playing.]

CREDITS: This has been cuppa Bovril, Mary Poppins, Marmite.

The voice of Skinner was JustJenah. Welcome back, Jenah. Check out their other projects [400 Words A Horror](#) and [Working Tidal](#). That is "Tidal" with a "d."

The voice of Helen Hartley was Tatiana Gefter. Check out her podcast [Soul Operator](#). I'm in that one.

The voice of Eagle was Steve Anzalone. Check out his podcasts [Maeltopia](#) and [The Sleep Wake Cycle](#).

[Rapping.] And the voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. Check out his podcast [Shadows At The Door](#), or go to [davidault.co.uk](#) for more. *[Stops rapping.]*

Thanks for playing.

[Closing theme plays out.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (DYLAN): *[Singing.]* This piss, this piss! Undrinkable.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (DAVID): Ty's back, baby! Yeah!

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): Shall we go to Love Island? The Only Way Is Essex.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): Blimey, blimey, cheers. Buggered, knackered, pissed!

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (SKINNER): You'll be happy to know that I am working on fixing the solution. "I'm fixing the solution?" Nope, that's—

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (SKINNER): Listen, I don't know what kind of flack magic— ...Fucking Christ... Look, I don't know what kind of— flack— *[Babbles.]* Listen. I don't know what kind of flack... I don't know what kind of flack magic that Flash is try— I don't know what tryna fwack— I don't know what tryna fla... fla... Uh, I don't know what kind of flack magic that Flash is try— ...Fu—

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (SKINNER): You look like Nobaby in a cowboy hat... Are— *[Breaks character.]* Wait, did I just say—?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Episode 167.]