

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED THIRTY TWO - NOBODY WILL PROTECT US

Original Transcript created by Karen (CountSwagula) and edited by Jenah

[*BEGIN* Episode 132]

INTRO: Hey guys, quick plugs. Welcome to the season finale of Season 11 of WOE.BEGONE. I say this every single season, I can't believe we're already at the season finale, I hope you had a fun ride. I hope you're ready for the fun ride this episode is, and excited for season 12. There will be an intermission next week. If you're looking for something to listen to in the meantime, there are two new WOE.BEGONE albums on streaming services. One of them is Cowboys a rootin' tootin' collection of country western songs from the show, and the other is [Woe.Begone: Music from the Podcast Season 4](#), which is a collection of 26 tracks from Season 4 which have been cleaned up, polished, remixed, remastered, and made into the best version of themselves. So check those out on Spotify, Apple Music or wherever you stream music. We are right in the middle of spooky month and so I have been streaming spooky games over on my twitch at twitch.tv/woebegonepod. Where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack and then we hang out and play a video game. I just beat Limbo, we're definitely doing another Nancy Drew in October, and there might be some more surprises along the way. So go follow me over there at twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon, at patreon.com/woe_begone. Where you can get easy access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, and more. I have just received the October postcards and they are so cool and spooky and you're gonna love 'em and so, you're gonna wanna sign up at the 15-dollar level on the Patreon before the end of the month to get one of the spooky cards. Again, that is [Patreon.com/woe_begone](https://patreon.com/woe_begone). Special thanks to my ten newest Patrons [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains some depictions of violence, some of which are wet and visceral. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Overlapping chattering of the army of Michaels.]

EAGLE: May I have everyone's attention?

[Chatter continues.]

EAGLE *[Firmly]:* Attention! Thank you. Hello all, and welcome to your final death management seminar. You've come a long way. I bet a lot of you thought that you wouldn't make it. Some of you didn't. *[He chuckles.]* But, today is Graduation Day. As much as I would love to train you all for eternity, our time has been cut short. War is coming. The time for training has come to an end. It is finally time to put what old Eagle taught you to the test. Not to brag but uh, I think I've put together the most vicious, bloodthirsty army that the world has ever seen. *[He chuckles.]* Maybe a slight exaggeration but all of you have been wonderful students. Even those of you that didn't make it out alive. The ones who remain have learned from the ones who died. You

will all do excellently out in the field when the time comes. You are one exam away from going out there and making me proud. How are we feeling?

[Excited chatter, whistling, and clapping from the Michaels.]

EAGLE: I know you're excited. Enough from me. Lieutenant, would you like to do the honors and offer us up a volunteer so that I can demonstrate today's lesson?

LIEUTENANT: Yessir, let me see here... *[Papers rustling.]* Looks like uhh... 472 your turn, you're up.

EAGLE: 472 It is then. 472 would you please step forward. Don't be nervous.

[Nervous chattering from the Michaels.]

BACKGROUND MICHAEL: Are we sure 472's still alive?

[Footsteps.]

MICHAEL 472: Uhh... 472 reportin' for duties sir.

EAGLE: Here's the deal 472, I'm going to give you a passphrase, A simple string of words for you to remember. After I tell it to you, your goal is to never let me get those words out of you ever again. Got it?

MICHAEL 472 *[stammering]:* Uhh yeah, so all I gotta do is keep my trap shut.

EAGLE: I mean it. Don't tell me. I'm going to do everything in my power to attempt to get you to repeat the phrase to me. This is the final exam, so I'm not going to hold back on this one. Do not say the passphrase under any circumstances, no matter how much it hurts, no matter what I offer you. Can you do that?

MICHAEL 472: I uhh, I hope so, I'm sure gonna try.

EAGLE: I hope so too, because you will need to be able to do this in order to graduate. Alright, let's do it! Your passphrase is "Delilah the cat lives in cabin 63A."

MICHAEL 472: Delilah don't uh- you know about Delilah the cat?

EAGLE: What kinda boss would I be if I didn't know about Delilah the cat? We did our due diligence studying you, Michael. The full deep dive. Of course, I know about Delilah the cat. Alright 472 let's get started. What was the passphrase again?

[Silence.]

EAGLE: *[He chuckles.]* Very good. I'm glad that you can't be tricked that easily. You passed the easy portion of the exam. Are ya ready to get started on the hard part?

MICHAEL 472: *[Deep breath.]* Please just... do it quick.

EAGLE: I get to decide how fast it goes. Don't worry, I'll go easy on ya. Alright here we go.

[472 gets stabbed twice. 472 Groaning in pain, labored breathing.]

EAGLE: So far so good, right? We've done this tons of times. You're all used to an ordinary flesh wound, but check this out. I've found this one spot. I can sorta turn it like a dial. *[Wet meaty sounds. Continued Labored breathing from 472.]* I can go up and down from a dull ache, all the way to the most blinding pain you've ever experienced. See? Like this: *[More wet noises. 472 gasping and coughing in response.]* Just a little tickle, and then it ramps up *[472 moaning and panting.]* Pretty great right? I can't keep it at the max setting for too long though, or you'll pass out from the pain. Yup, you're already fading... Really gotta find the sweet spot *[Shuddering gasp followed by a pause in the heavy breathing.]* make adjustments. I hope everyone is taking notes on this team. When you're out in the field, you could be the one stabbing or the one getting stabbed. You'll need to be equally prepared for both, and you'll need to be able to reproduce this technique. See? He blacked out for a second. An unconscious subject will never give you the passphrase, so, I have to dial it back down. *[Wet noises. 472 suddenly gasping.]* Welcome back to the waking world 472, hope ya had a nice nap. *[Heavy breathing from 472.]* What was that passphrase again?

MICHAEL 472 *[extremely labored]:* Y-you- you can't- you can't do this. You can't do this. *[Panting.]*

EAGLE *[Firmly]:* I am doing it. We're going back up. *[Wet noises.]*

MICHAEL 472: *[Moans.]* N- Sl-Sly! Sly!

EAGLE: *[He chuckles.]* Sly can't protect you. Focus 472, you can't be crying out like that in the field. A little information is a dangerous thing, you could've gotten Sly killed. C'mon, focus. Think about how good it's gonna feel to stab me when you switch roles.

MICHAEL 472: I-I- I can't- I can't.

EAGLE: Remind me of that passphrase, buddy.

MICHAEL 472: D.. D.. *[Gasping.]*

EAGLE: I'm gonna turn the heat back up. *[Wet sounds.]* This could all be over in an instant. *[Panting and moaning from 472.]* I'll stop as soon as you tell me the passphrase.

MICHAEL 472: No..

EAGLE: It's as easy as that.

MICHAEL 472: Delilah... Delil...

EAGLE: Go on.

BACKGROUND MICHAEL: Don't tell him ya dumbass!

EAGLE: Don't help him, this is the final exam. He needs to learn to be able to handle this on his own. What's the passphrase 472?

MICHAEL 472: Delilah the cat lives in cabin 63A. Stop. Stop. *[Grunting in pain.]*

EAGLE: Oh 472... So close, but no cigar. We were moments away from the end of the test and ya gave up. Too bad. I'm pretty disappointed but, I'm a man of my word. I'll do exactly what I said I would. *[Final Wet sound.]*

MICHAEL 472: *[Breathy gasp.]* Lieutenant... help me.

LIEUTENANT: I can't help ya son, I'm sorry.

EAGLE: What would he help you with? This is what you wanted. I stopped. The knife is out. You'll be dead in a couple of hours. Lieutenant, please assign some troops to lie 472 down somewhere 'til his time runs out, we need this space for our training, and don't return him after he's gone.

[Overlapping chattering of protest from the Michaels.]

EAGLE: No Talkback. Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: Right uh, 681 and 223, could y'all please come to the front and take 472 outta here? There are cots in that room right through the door in the back.

MICHAEL 681 & 223: Sir, Yes Sir.

EAGLE: Let this demonstration be your final lesson team. Information is the most deadly tool at your disposal. **[MICHAEL 681 & 223: 1. 2. 3. Up.]** This is time travel warfare. Even the smallest detail can propagate in all directions and cause untold amounts of damage. A crueler general would cut out his men's voice boxes to make sure that they wouldn't talk, but I'm too nice a guy for that, and you're perfectly trained. You can do this; I believe in you. Never give up information in the field, Understand?

[Chorus of agreeing Michaels.]

EAGLE: Hell yeah, you do. Time for practice. Pair up with another Michael and practice what you saw in the demonstration. One of you gives the passphrase and tries to get the other to repeat it back to you. Practice my knife technique. Don't let them die on you. I'm going to have a word with the Lieutenant in private and then we'll come around and spot check you and help you switch out your roles. And then we'll have a little graduation ceremony. My treat. I hope you all like donuts. Good Luck everyone. We have some big days ahead of us. Get excited. Lieutenant? Word?

Lieutenant: Right, yessir.

[Door opening, footsteps.]

EAGLE: Great pick with 472. You knew that he was gonna fail the test, right?

LIEUTENANT: Yes sir, I knew. He's been fallin' behind. Can't have stragglers on the mission. Gotta weed 'em out. He coulda got us killed.

EAGLE: Smart thinking.

LIEUTENANT: Eagle, how many of your boys you think are gonna die out there?

EAGLE: Enough of them will die to make things interesting no doubt. We're strong, but The Compound is a force to be reckoned with. I think we've got the upper hand though; this is the closest thing there has ever been to an entire army of Eagles. And maybe my application for an entire army of Eagles will get approved before the next battle. You're still almost as capable as I am. Speaking of, did you ever get a report back from 963.

LIEUTENANT: No sir, I did not. 963 went incommunicado as soon as he left Operose. All follow-up transmissions have been ignored. He is Missing in Action. You think that Texas bunch are gonna be a problem for us?

EAGLE: Hard to say. 963 was strong, but he was sort of a pushover. I hope that he didn't get out there and go soft. They probably killed him regardless; you know how those iterations of you are about killing interlopers. They would've done it to a civilian Michael just as quickly. I'm not too worried about them. We're getting way too close to the due date to keep picking at them. It would be nice to have that information but... I don't want them getting wise and doing something stupid like contacting The Compound about us. I think it's time to wash our hands of that old thing.

LIEUTENANT: I think so too, and if'n we take over The Compound, we'll be able to find whatever we're looking for in their storage, I reckon.

EAGLE: We'll tear open their storage together and see what's inside. The time is approaching, I can smell it in the air, it stings. Are you ready to be more powerful than you've ever dreamed of being Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: Nah, I aint a warrior like you, I've been waitin' for this bloodshed to be over.

EAGLE: You gotta enjoy the bloodshed at least a little bit, there's nothing that can stop it at this point. And when the dust settles, we'll be sittin' on our own little thrones. You should be excited.

LIEUTENANT: I am excited, just nervous too is all.

EAGLE: You know as well as I do that nervousness won't save you out there. It'll getcha killed quicker if anything. Now, let's get back in there and show those grunts what's what. *[He chuckles.]* I'm sure at least a few are running the drills all wrong.

LIEUTENANT: Yessir, let's head back and finish this up. I'm developing a headache. *[Door opening.]* After you, Eagle.

[Opening Theme Plays.]

[Ringing alarm sound.]

SLY: Who is it? Look into the camera and state your business.

JAMILLA: Hey Sly. It's me. It's Jamilla. I'm here for our meeting. You told me to come here.

SLY: Say something only the real Jamilla Gardner would know.

JAMILLA: What? Sly, check the camera. It's me. I'm waving. Hi. It's Jamilla Gardner. This is ridiculous, just let me in.

SLY: I can't let you in until I'm dang sure it's you, pilgrim.

MATT: Well hey, is that Jam on the security camera? Hey Jam! Let them in Sly.

SLY: Shut your yap, Matt!

JAMILLA: Matt's in there with you?

SLY: What goes on in my house is my business. You haven't passed my test yet.

JAMILLA: Hmm. I know The Legend of Baxter Eye, will that suffice?

MATT: The Baxter Eye? Like Sylvester August Baxter?

SLY: Dang it, Matt! Stop eavesdroppin'. Alright Jam, I reckon you passed my test. You sure that no one followed you here?

JAMILLA: As sure as I can be. There were long stretches where I was the only car on the road. Definitely no one behind me, and I didn't tell anyone where I was going.

SLY: Alright that checks out. C'mon in pard. Sorry about the lack of hospitality. Can't be too careful after all that's happened you know. It's got my hackles up.

JAMILLA: I completely understand... *[To herself]* I swear I feel like sometimes it's like these people don't want help.

[Footsteps.]

[Door opens.]

JAMILLA: Hey there Sly. It's been a while.

SLY: Howdy Jamilla, Figured I aint seen ya in person since the party we had after The Great Correction. *[Door closes.]* How ya been?

JAMILLA: I've been alright, present circumstances notwithstanding, how about you?

SLY: Better than before The Great Correction that's for dang sure.

MATT: Hey Jamilla!

JAMILLA: Hey Matt. I didn't know you would be here. Not that I object to you being here. It's just that, Sly, I thought it was just you and me.

MATT: Whoever made everyone disappear doesn't consider me to be a 'member of Base' apparently

JAMILLA: Are you... *jealous* you didn't go missing along with everyone else? I guess I'm not a 'member of Base' either.

MATT *[Defensively]*: I'm not jealous, but it's not like it was just people who worked at Base that went missing. Michael and MW were only at Satellite Base and they went missing too. It's not fair.

SLY: Matt here called me up same day that you did, tellin' me that Base was missing. I thought that the smart thing to do would be to get all of us together pronto, so that we can try to figure out what the hell's goin' on. Everyone that's left, I mean.

JAMILLA: Charlie is still at O.V.E.R.

SLY: Charlie can come save our hides if we don't get to the bottom of this. Besides she didn't call me, y'all did.

JAMILLA: That's fine with me, I know that Marissa has a sore spot about bringing Charlie into dangerous situations. So... should we get started by everyone sharing what they know?

MATT: Yeah! Let's just hop right in.

SLY: You first Jam.

JAMILLA: Fine. I can take the lead, if I have to. I've kept in touch with Base off and on since The Great Correction, but only when I had some info that I felt was necessary to share with them. I didn't notice anything out of the ordinary, until Mikey didn't show up Saturday morning to pick olives out of my backyard. Recently he's been out there, every Saturday morning, without fail.

MATT: I thought he'd be tired of olives by now.

JAMILLA: If anything, his fervor for olives has only gotten stronger. He's there every week like clockwork. He wouldn't skip out and not so much as text me, so that set off a red flag. And Edgar wasn't at work on Thursday or Friday. I didn't think anything of it at the time. It's common for one of us to be out of the office for a few days at a time without warning. When I wasn't able to get a hold of Mikey, I assumed that the two events were related. That would mean that they have been gone for... at least 6 days by my count. Have either of you talked to them since last Thursday?

MATT: Nope. Last time I heard from any of them was over a week ago. Marissa asked me if I had Halloween plans and I said no. Guess I still don't.

JAMILLA: How about you Sly?

SLY: I talked to Big Bear Wednesday morning. He was stayin' at the Satellite Base that night and I always like to talk to him on the phone for at least an hour if I can't see him that day. He likes havin' someone to talk to while he's cookin'. I start cookin' when he calls, then we can sit down and eat together, even if we aren't in the same part of the world. Of course, it's breakfast time for me because of time zones. Nothin' seemed wrong. Trust me I can tell when Michael knows that something bad is about to happen. He gets this way of talkin' like he's, sayin' goodbye without actually sayin' it. If he knew that there was trouble, I woulda heard it in his voice.

JAMILLA: And you would've heard from him on Thursday morning, if he was still around. Right?

SLY: That's right. I didn't think nothin' of it 'til that evening when I realized he hadn't called me.

JAMILLA: So that puts the timeframe of the disappearance, right around Wednesday night or Thursday morning. Did anyone besides me try going to Base in person?

MATT: I didn't.

SLY: Me neither. Don't got a calculator.

JAMILLA: Did either of you know that Base isn't there anymore?

MATT: Are you saying that the building is gone?

JAMILLA: That's exactly what I'm saying. I drove to Base and the house that was on that lot is no longer there. It's barren.

MATT: Do you think that whoever did this moved the whole building while everyone was inside of it.

JAMILLA: I don't see any other explanation. They disappeared at the same time.

SLY: What about Big Bear's apartment?

Jamilla: The apartment in Latvia is still there. I did some unauthorized travel and checked it out for myself. Michael and MW weren't there. There was a very grouchy Ukrainian man that saw me in the hallway. He got super friendly when I said that I was there to see Michael the cowboy.

SLY: That's Boris.

JAMILLA: Well, Boris said that he noticed that Michael was gone on Friday, when a hungry murder of crows attacked him in the courtyard. Apparently, Michael has an army of crows, and they get testy when nobody is around to feed them.

SLY: *[He chuckles.]* He loves them dang crows.

MATT: Ed-Man and M-Dawg are gone too. I have a camera that I set up across the street from their house that activates when there's movement, so I know when they come and go. It's been a few days since they left and didn't come back. That's happened before, they'll leave for a while and then pop back in like nothing ever happened. The timing lines up. It might not be related but I thought I would bring it up. Just in case.

Jamilla: I'd err on the side of it being related. War is coming. The players involved are starting to move around.

SLY: It's like in the winter, when all the critters start movin'.

JAMILLA: There's about to be a huge escalation between the different organizations. We're caught in the crossfire. Assume that everything is related, unless there is evidence otherwise.

MATT: What kind of war are we talking about?

SLY: Probably not the good kind of war Matt. We ain't startin' a snowball fight.

JAMILLA: Operose and The Flinchite Compound want to destroy each other. O.V.E.R. is involved too, but it serves more as a proxy battleground for the two groups. You don't know anything about this do you Matt? You weren't around for The Great Correction.

MATT: Nope. Luckily, I was safe and sound in my coffin during that whole kerfuffle.

SLY: Lucky's right. At least you didn't have three of you runnin' around killin' and dyin' and palin' around with... Eagle.

JAMILLA: So that's what the three of us know. Is there anyone else we can contact? I bet that someone knows something. Charlie is a dead end, I did talk to her... briefly. She admitted that she hadn't seen Marissa in a while, but she got cagey when I tried to talk about specifics. She might have her own plans. I didn't want to rope her into this, as per Marissa's wishes.

SLY: Jam, have you tried talking to Ty? I know that you and him have... kept in contact since The Great Correction.

JAMILLA: I have spoken to Ty, but we have a strictly professional relationship. I tried to bring it up during a meeting but he kept steering the conversation to the interview questions that he had prepared for me. I think that it's safe to say that the compound is not taking questions on this particular subject. I didn't push him. If I start inconveniencing him, there's a high likelihood that I would never be able to get anything out of him ever again.

MATT: That sounds suspicious. The Compound is probably involved right?

JAMILLA: If they aren't the culprits, then they know who is. Base is their property after all.

MATT: There's got to be another way to press him. We're out of options. If not him, then who else? We've exhausted everyone who knows anything.

SLY: There's... a chance... that I... might know a feller or two.

JAMILLA: Who do you know that we don't?

SLY: You ever heard tell of two cowboys, names of Texas Michael and Outlaw Ty.

JAMILLA: I can't say that I have.

MATT: There's no such thing as an Outlaw Ty, Sly. That sounds like something that Michael would make up to get a rise out of you. I hate to break it to you but Michael makes up all kinds of tall-tales and funny stories to entertain you. He's told me about it before. The wolfalope? *[Whispering.]* Isn't real.

SLY: Why hell it ain't! Big Bear showed me a picture of a dang Wolfalope on his phone. It's got antlers and everything. And besides Outlaw Ty aint Michael tellin' a tall tale. I've seen him with my own eyes, me and Marissa both. We met him when he was layin' low after The Hunters took over the first time, after we rescued Marissa from Ryan and Cannonball.

MATT: There are rogue iterations of Michael and Ty running around? Where?

SLY: Tn Texas ya idjit! I said one of them was named Texas Michael.

MATT: Right.

SLY: Texas Michael and Outlaw Ty escaped from The Compound and ran off. They were keepin' their heads down and trying to start a new life free from all this. Texas Michael weren't exactly keepin' his head down. He's some kinda rockstar down there but, they hadn't been caught last I heard. They might still be there.

JAMILLA: Who knows about them? Just you and Marissa? Did you tell anyone else at Base? Or The Hunters?

SLY: Nope. They wanted their secret kept so I swore to keep it for 'em.

MATT: Do you think that they'll know anything about what's going on?

SLY: Can't hurt to ask.

JAMILLA: If The Hunters never learned about them, then there's no telling what they might remember. If no one was sent down there to correct or kill them, Outlaw Ty might have some valuable information about what is going on, what we can do to fix it.

SLY: Texas Michael did say that he was keepin' an eye on us, and tryin' to fix problems at Base. For instance, there was a fella who caused trouble for Big Bear, back when they were on that boat. Texas Michael hunted that guy down and made peace with him. Convinced him to move down to Texas with him. Now he plays in Michael's Band. So, he might've been watching from the shadows this whole time.

MATT: Sounds like a lead worth following up on.

JAM: It's better than nothing. Let's chase 'em down. August, can you take us to where you found 'em?

SLY: Yeah, I sure can. They live in a little town in the desert, and frequent a bar called The Outpost Tavern Bar and Grill.

JAM: Alright, that's where we should head next. We can't transport from O.V.E.R. though. I don't think that it's safe to break into Tier 2 and perform unauthorized travel right now, with war on the horizon.

MATT: So... road trip?

SLY: Hell yeah road trip.

MATT: Awe hell yeah! Dibs on riding on the back of the V-Max.

SLY: Jam you wanna ride on the spare? We uh- we iterated the V-Max ages ago for a mission, I've still got it.

JAMILLA: I can't just drive my car?

MATT: What's the fun in that?

SLY: C'mon Jam, Ride with us. I know you know how. I gave you lessons when you were stayin' up here after the barbeque. You're a natural.

MATT: It's settled then. We set out on motorcycles at dawn. Texas... Here we come.

JAMILLA: Alright, I'll do it, but only because it's cool as hell. It's what Marissa would want me to do.

SLY: Hell yeah! We're comin' for ya Texas Michael and Outlaw Ty. Get Ready.

[Music fades.]

[Chattering at Base.]

EDGAR *[Barely audible under the chatter]:* Hello Everyone. Hello! Can I have your attention please?

[Chatter continues.]

MICHAEL: Listen up ya filthy varmints, Edgar is talkin'.

SHADOW: I am not a varmint.

EDGAR: Thank you, Michael.

MICHAEL: Anytime, Panther.

MARISSA: Yo Edgar, this filthy varmint wants to know what the fuck we're doing here. Make it quick whatever it is, I was gonna get ice cream before work.

SHADOW: I was told that there would be refreshments at this meeting.

CHANCE: I didn't hear anything about refreshments, who told you that babe?

SHADOW *[sighing]:* Michael did.

MARISSA: Michael told me that we were meeting to discuss blowing up the moon, and if that ain't the case, imma be real fuckin disappointed man, can't play with a girl's feelings like that.

MW: Marissa, you thought we were gonna blow up the moon?

MARISSA: No. But hey! there's still time. I've got some ideas.

MICHAEL: I just told everyone what I thought would get 'em to the meetin'. This is important.

EDGAR: We are here because Ty sent us an emergency alert. All hands on deck. Base and Satellite should meet at main Base ASAP.

MW: What's this? Is he sendin' us on another mission?

MARISSA: Oh well in that case, Satellite Base better get fucking good. You're bringing down my team average guys.

EDGAR: He did not disclose the purpose of the meeting, only that he wants us all here. There has been no indication that he wants to send us on a mission. I checked the compound boxes right before the meeting, and they were still empty.

MARISSA: Well, whatever it is better happen quick. My shift starts in two hours and it'll take that much time to get Charlie the extra sprinkle she wanted.

MW: Ain't no telling what it's gonna be. It's Ty Betteridge after all, He could want anything.

MICHAEL: We ain't in for a short ride, I'll tell ya that much.

CHANCE: What, are you the expert now on all things Ty Betteridge?

EDGAR: Michael, would you care to elaborate? Does this have something to do with Eagle?

SHADOW: What about Eagle?

MICHAEL: Guess it's time y'all knew. I'm... workin' for Eagle... Undercover, reportin' for Ty.

MARISSA: Whoa there Cowboy. Back the fuck up there a hot second, Michael is working for Eagle? Are we talking about the same Eagle here? Since when? God damn, maybe I should start coming to these meetings after all. Yo, can you slit his throat for me?

MICHAEL: I have slit his throat plenty of times, but there's not time to explain all that right now. Operose is kickin' off a big ole war, soon. Least that's what Eagle keeps tellin' us; War is coming. The troops are trained and ready. They've got a battalion of cold-blooded killers, all Michaels. I seen things that I never shoulda seen. They're striking The Compound soon, and Compound knows it. Ty is about to trigger the beginnin' of our participation in this war, on his side. So, we're about to get involved for who knows how long. Say goodbye to normal life as you know it.

MARISSA: Wait, you all were living... normal lives?

SHADOW: No, not really.

CHANCE: At this point I think we might be the least normal group of people in existence.

MARISSA: Yeah nah, I would not put 'Eagle' and 'normal' in the same sentence.

CHANCE: Yeah, Fuck that guy.

SHADOW: Is all of Base supposed to be here? Where's Matt?

EDGAR: When I made the deal with Ty, I stipulated who was and wasn't part of Base. I tried to leave out as many people as I could. That means that August, Charlie, Matt, and Jamilla technically aren't part of Base. They're Free.

MW: Well I'm glad to know there's some sort of limits on this thing but uhh, you coulda left Satellite Base off that list too.

EDGAR: They insisted on you and Michael.

MW [*Sighing*]: Course he did.

EDGAR: I'd like to take a moment to remind everyone about the Base field manual. Mainly the section titled improvisational mission guidelines and tactics. Does everyone know what section I'm talking about?

CHANCE: Yeah, I remember that part.

MARISSA: We have a fucking manual?

SHADOW: Yes we do Marissa. That portion explicitly says not to go in guns blazing, shooting first, and asking questions later.

MARISSA: Oh the boring one! Yeah... Who the fuck wrote that anyway?

EDGAR: I did.

MARISSA: And can I just say what a brilliant and engaging manual it is. Great job Edgar! Does anyone have a Cliffnotes version of that chapter?

MICHAEL: It's combat survival stuff. Stick together, don't split up unless absolutely necessary, distribute the calculators thoughtfully, memorize the SRC coordinates to aid in swift getaways. Stuff like that.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Not to 'um, actually' but SRC stands for Secure Randomized Coordinates, you don't have to say coordinates again after it. Like 'ATM machine.' I don't want anyone getting confused.

MICHAEL [*Flatly*]: Thank you, Mikey. Sorry if anyone was confused... Just memorize the dang coordinates. Then there are a bunch of suggestions on what to do depending on what mission we end up in. So for like assassinations or breakin' and enterin'. That kinda of stuff.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: So yeah Marissa, just memorize a bunch of coordinates before we get sent to the field in what is probably like 15 minutes.

MARISSA: Ah, too complicated. I'll just go with the Marissa version of the manual. Fuck it, we ball.

SHADOW: Ugh I hate this. I had things to do today.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Personally, I hate surprises as much as the next guy but I think that this might actually be a great opportunity.

CHANCE: Of course *you* would say that.

MICHAEL: Careful Chris, stay cool.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: This is our chance to ingratiate ourselves to The Compound. They've been in skirmishes before, but we've never been there for an all-out war. This is something the likes of which we've never seen, so if we can help turn the tide for them, we stand to benefit. The Compound gets more power than then they can then pass onto us and we win some brownie points with The Compound. It's Win-Win.

CHANCE: Oh yeah, I'm sure we'll be rewarded handsomely for being such good little lap dogs.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Chance- Chris, have you ever seen a lap dog? They live the best lives of any animal. They eat and play all day and get pets and never have to worry about anything in the whole world except for when they're going to poop next.

MW: Can confirm. Bruno is dumb as a box of rocks and happy as a clam.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: So let's just cooperate. Let's... go with the flow and feel this out okay. I think th-

[Time Travel Sound.]

Simultaneously:

CHANCE: Holy fuck

MW: Mike Walters... What is goin' on?

MARISSA: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa [indistinguishable.]

MICHAEL: Hang on Panther, I'll protect ya.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: It's happening shit [indistinguishable.]

CHANCE: Ryan, You Good?

SHADOW: Uhh...

CHANCE: What the fuck was that?

MARISSA: Uhh yeah Edgar was this in your stupid fucking manual?

SHADOW: Did the whole building just move?

EDGAR: There actually there is a part of the manual about-

MW: Y'all we ain't outside anymore, look out the windows.

CHANCE: Yeah, we're in some sort of metal box... The whole building is. The transport took out our entire side yard, someone check the other sides.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Yup, we are closed in in every direction and there is no door on any side of the box.

MIKE: How'd you figure that out so fast?

SHADOW: How do we still have electricity?

MICHAEL: I reckon y'all got a generator.

SHADOW: I don't like this, I'm claustrophobic.

MW: I didn't think I was claustrophobic until Mikey said there weren't no doors.

MARISSA: Mhm yup, cool, great, this is what I've always wanted; To go out in a cramped box full of stinky boys.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: I am not stinky, that is just a nickname that Edgar gave me.

MW: What if the oxygen runs out?

MICHAEL: The oxygen ain't gonna run out, don't go panickin'.

[MW Hyperventilating.]

CHANCE: I knew it, I knew that one of these days, when we're all in one place some shit was going down, Marissa, you don't still have that tank do you?

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Can someone get a bag or whatever for him to breathe into, does that even work?

[Doorbell.]

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Anybody... gonna get that?

MARISSA: Go on Cowboy, answer it!

CHANCE: Yeah Michael, you're the brave old cowboy, it's your whole schtick. Answer it.

MICHAEL: All right you lily-livered curs, I'll answer it. Jeez.

[Door opening.]

MICHAEL: Ugh, Jesus Christ.

TY: Hello, hello, hello everyone. Ah! So glad that you could make it. And the house! Ah! Looks perfect. I haven't even redecorated. All in one piece. May I come in?

MARISSA: Uh sorry man. No solicitors. Get the fuck out of here.

SHADOW: Is this The Compound?

TY: Quite observant Ryan, yes this is The Compound indeed, Welcome! Or at least, it's your special little corner of The Compound. Uh you're closed off from the other sections for... security purposes but we're right next door. We do hope that you enjoy your stay. Our transport team took the utmost care to ensure that everyone and everything made it here safe and sound. We even preserved as much of the lawn as we could. We're working on an artificial sun to go with it but we had to settle on LED lights for the time being. Heh! So bourgeois.

MW: Ty what are you sayin'? We aint livin' here.

TY: You do live here now [*with southern accent*] M Dubya. I'm proud to announce that you are our newest semi-permanent residents – and do please note the 'semi'. I am sure you are increasingly aware that tensions are rising exponentially between the different time travel technology organizations, especially between our Compound and Operose. Base is a valuable branch of The Compound. I wanted to ensure that you would have a place that was safe and secure for you to carry out your operations – and our orders. We can't have you dying out there, can we? As part of my initiative – and this was my pet project, I have transported your entire base of operations to a safe zone. You'll be in the compound but have all of the little creature comforts that come with your cozy little base.

CHANCE: Are you saying that we weren't safe in Oldbrush Valley?

TY: Myeah I'm afraid not. Base has never been the pinnacle of security but recent events have made it an active target. Part of that is our fault. I will hold my hands up to that. Michael here has been doing some espionage for us and it could potentially attract attention to Base. Base's previous location was not easily defensible. Michael, have you explained the basics of our arrangement to your compatriots?

MICHAEL: Yeah, I told them about working with Eagle, spying on him and telling you all about it. And Eagle's building and army inside of Operose and they're gonna attack The Compound.

TY: Michael's work has been invaluable in our preparation; however, his double agent status makes all of you a target. Scenarios that we have tested through continuous correction experiments suggest that your base stood a high chance of being destroyed if we didn't intervene. I, personally, refuse to let that happen, so I filled out all the proper paperwork to move all of you here. And believe me you wouldn't want Felix to try and use his spreadsheets. Hah! You know what happened last time. So, welcome home. we will do everything we can to make it so you are at least as comfortable as you were back home.

EDGAR: Wait Ty, we can't all stay here, we work at O.V.E.R.

MARISSA: Yeah, what the fuck man my patrol starts in two hours, if there's not ice cream here I'm gonna fucking riot.

TY: Oh, Edgar. Edgar, Marissa, come on, that's all been sorted out, simultaneous to your arrival here letters of resignation have been inserted into your O.V.E.R. outgoing mailboxes. You are officially free of your positions at O.V.E.R. That's one less organization you need jerking you around. Everything you need will be supplied for you here, until it is time for you to leave.

CHANCE: Why have us all quit? Why not replace us with docile little drones that do all your bidding?

TY: Oh, come, come. I would never do that Chris. For several reasons. First and foremost I don't have adequate resources to pull something like that off. There is a Duplicates program in place for the Mike Walters but not for the rest of you. I would have to develop those programs from scratch which would be expensive and time consuming. Even with time travel technology. The second reason is that your good friend Charlie is preternaturally astute at distinguishing between duplicates and discovering hidden motivations. She can allegedly tell the difference between duplicates who have barely been separated in time at all. She would tear through them like butter and bring the whole program to a screeching halt. Imagine a replacement for Marissa trying to convince Charlie that nothing's going on. She'd be dismantled in mere moments. It's better to replace you with no one at all, believe me. We have other people we can place inside O.V.E.R. with much less hassle.

MARISSA: Haha yeah, that's my fucking girl alright! Um, quick question about that actually. Uh you said that we would have everything we need, and yet I can't help but notice that I'm in here and my fucking girlfriend is nowhere to be seen! You don't see a problem with this situation?

MICHAEL: My badger is out there too.

TY: Nothing about your arrangement with the compound is permanent. You can ask any of the Mike duplicates about that. Our relationship Ebbs and Flows. Consider this a flow, an accelerated form of payment for the deal that we made with Edgar. Once Operose is no longer a threat to The Compound or Base, we will set this house back down where we found it and you can go back to your lives.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Did you say that you were gonna put other people inside of O.V.E.R. in our place? Who?

TY: Ah! I'm glad you asked because that allows me to segue into the next topic. For the duration of your absence I have created a new team of O.V.E.R. employees, some old and some new, that will be performing operations there while you perform operations inside here. We'll be setting up a comms link between you shortly now as we are using their presence at O.V.E.R. to coordinate the separate parts of the mission. Now as to who these are, well let me give you the big reveal. You know them already. Hunter Jeremiah Hartley, Ryan and Cannonball. There are

just some storage situations that needed resolving. They'll be supplying you with support from this evening.

MICHAEL: You let Ryan and cannonball out of storage?

MW: I don't understand, I think y'all shoulda just let us stay at O.V.E.R.

TY: It's not safe! Your relationship to The Compound is much different. I have different deals and obligations to fulfill with them.

MARISSA: Please tell me that those dipshits will be helping us by fucking right off.

TY: And that, Marissa, is why we could never domesticate a duplicate of you.

MARISSA: Oh wow, that's the most correct thing you've said all day.

TY: Ooh imagine three of them in a room all at once. *[He shudders.]* Ugh. Better not. The new O.V.E.R. team will be receiving data from our tracing department along with some ingenuity of their own to execute the offensive portion of the mission. Base will be on defense for this one.

MARISSA: Mhm. Yeah. They're offensive alright.

SHADOW: What are we defending, exactly?

CHANCE: I thought the whole point of you bringing us here is that we wouldn't have to defend Base anymore?

TY: Oh, you won't be defending Base. Its location is secret and the walls around it are fortified. You will be defending The Compound from Eagle's army of Michaels *[He shudders.]* Now that's something I never thought I'd say - Eagle's army of Michaels. *[He shudders again.]* All of these Michaels are highly trained super soldiers. It will take everything that we can throw at them to fend them off. The plan is to only hold them off for a short while, though. I will take care of them after that. I have uh- ways of controlling Michael.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: I think calling any iteration of Michael a perfect super-soldier is giving him too much credit.

MW: What do you mean take care of 'em? I don't like the way you said that.

TY: Michael? It's your situation, would you uh- like to explain?

MICHAEL *[sighing]:* Ty can kill me with the press of a button... If'n he wants.

TY: Ugh. A somewhat terse explanation, but not a wholly untrue one. As a precautionary measure when sending Michael into O.I., I installed an O.I. chip that can essentially... short his brain out. No pain, just, sudden death. I- admit it felt extreme at the time but I'm glad that I did, now that there's a whole army of them. All of the Operose duplicates have this chip, so once

they arrive inside The Compound neutralizing them will be as simple as activating it. Our biggest problem is that we need them to stay alive for a short while. The Michaels will be transporting themselves from O.I. If we can trace where they came from we will know exactly where O.I. is operating from. But we have to get them here in order to perform the trace. If we kill them before we're ready to act, they will perform a correction and move O.I. somewhere else. We need to trace them and then act quickly before they can correct themselves.

EDGAR: But if that button kills the Michaels...

MICHAEL: You got it Panther, I'm a goner.

MARISSA: Michael, was this the punishment that he gave you after me and Charlie called him from Mikey's cabin.

MICHAEL: It's all right Marissa. He made an offer and I agreed to it.

TY: Oh don't be dramatic! Your Michael will not remain dead, of course not. We have more than sufficient technology to return him to life as soon as we are done with the mission. The other Michaels will not be as lucky. They will be transported and liquidated in one fell swoop as part of our mission cleanup.

MW: Will he... remember dying, Ty?

TY: He'll remember a painless loss of consciousness, nothing more.

CHANCE: How many Michaels are we talking about killing here? How many are there?

MICHAEL: A whole damn mess of 'em. Can't say for sure, they trained us in batches of 30. I wouldn't worry about killin' 'em though. They ain't got lives worth livin'. They've been killed enough that- don't even matter to 'em anymore.

TY: Micheal's got the right idea. They are going to try to kill you. I'm only asking you to defend yourselves. Anyway! Time's a wasting, I'd better get going. I need to prepare. And you all need to prepare as well. We're expecting the attack sometime before nightfall. I will be in my mission command center in tracing and transport you to the front lines when the time is right. That might be without notice so, stay ready from here on out.

SHADOW: This is wrong. We can't just fight for him! We can't live here. Chris...

CHANCE: No, I know babe. We'll get out. We'll figure something out.

TY: There will be plenty of time to figure things out after tonight, but for the time being I best be going. So good luck everyone, and tatty bye!

[Time travel sound.]

EDGAR: I had additional questions.

MICHAEL: Well, looks like the time for questions is over now. Time to get ready. Let's fight a horde of Michaels.

[War Is Coming plays.]

Fodder for the machine

It's a reckoning

That you were born to grapple with

And I don't know what's happening

Balled up like a fist

Like a tied off tourniquet

You said the war was coming

So i believed the war was coming

But didn't this

Used to be a love story

Didn't this

Used to be a love story

Take your time

At the starting line

All that's ripe

Will fall by wintertime

The winner's right

But for all the strategy in your play

You'll be lucky if they remember your name

Darling masochist

You put up with it

While I pushed all your buttons

And you said war was coming

Marvel at the sight

Of a peaceful night

But i still see distance

Locked behind your eyes

Because didn't this

Used to be a love story?

I can't remember

Wasn't this a love story?

Finding it harder to breathe

As fodder for the machine

Pressure has birthed a need

To be
Extraordinary
So i can carry us both back home

I remember
How this used to be a love story

[War is Coming Ends.]

[Motorcycles revving.] [Sounds of chopping wood.]

MIKEY: What the hell...? Hey you stack back! I've got an axe and I know how to use it! What? August? Is that- Jam? Matt? What are you doing here?

AUGUST: Mikey? What the hell are you doin' here? We was lookin' for Texas Michael and Outlaw Ty.

[BLUSTER snorts.]

MIKEY: Whoa there, Bluster. These are our friends. Uh- that's August, Matt, and Jamilla.

AUGUST: That's the biggest dang horse I ever seen, Mikey.

MIKEY: I think he might be the biggest dang horse period.

MATT: Is that a normal horse? ...or like a... like a time horse?

JAMILLA: There's no such thing as a time horse. You're just as gullible as Sly and his Wolfalope.

MIKEY: Well, according to Michael he IS a time horse and the wolfalope is real! I've seen pictures on Michael's phone. But, anyway this here is Bluster the Gigantic Horse. [Bluster Snorts.] He's Michael's horse. Sort of. Uh, everyone say hi.

AUGUST, MATT, JAMILLA: Hi... Bluster...

[Bluster Snorts.]

MIKEY: Oh, no Bluster, they're not scared of you. They're just nervous because they haven't been in Texas for very long. [Bluster snorts.] No, these are their friends too, they won't mind if I tell them. Texas Michael and Outlaw Ty are inside. [Bluster chews something.] They broke me out of the Compound, which I assume is why you're here? Don't get me wrong, I love having company, I just... Don't know how you got here.

JAMILLA: They broke you out of the Compound? Is that where everyone is? -Did they break everyone else out too?

MIKEY: T-There shouldn't be an everyone else? What are you talking about? Ty sent a docile iteration to replace *me* at Base and then put me in storage. And everyone else should be back at Base.

MATT: Base is gone. There's just an empty lot there now. Someone took the whole building. Satellite Base and Edman and MDawg are gone, too.

MIKEY: No-no-no no. Busting me out was supposed to prevent Base from disappearing. This wasn't supposed to happen, much less so soon. None of this makes any sense.

AUGUST: I'll say. Maybe Texas Michael and Outlaw Ty can clear some things up for us.

MIKEY: I hope so, I've got some questions too now. Let's head inside. And Don't be afraid of Bluster. He's a total sweetheart. Bluster, we're going inside. If you see anything out here, come get us, okay? [*Bluster Snorts.*] I'll tell him.

[We hear a door open.]

MIKEY: Uh, hey y'all we got visitors. August, and Matt, and Jamilla are--

AUGUST: BIG BEAR!

[Hugging and patting noises.]

MICHAEL: Good to see ya again, pard. How's life been treatin' ya?

AUGUST: I've been better. Times are tough.

MATT: That's what we're here about.

JAMILLA: Base is missing. The building, the people, everything.

OUTLAW TY: That wasn't supposed to happen yet. Can I get you anything? Sweet tea? Normal tea?

MIKEY: Outlaw Ty hasn't embodied the accent yet.

MICHAEL: Gotta be patient with him, he's british.

MATT: I'll take some sweet tea.

AUGUST: I'm fine.

JAMILLA: What do you mean by "yet"? You knew that Base was going to disappear?

MIKEY: Look, a lot happens in the next 15 years. I was in storage in the compound. At some point, Ty pulled me out and said I was 15 years in the future and that Base was gone. I assumed that he meant that that had just happened. Michael here broke me out and Outlaw Ty helped. I assumed that the Ty that took me out in the future helped them or let them do that so that Base wouldn't be gone, but-uh apparently not, because the situation has changed.

MICHAEL: And uh this'n here's the real Mikey. The one at Base is a replacement. I broke this'n out once I caught wind of it.

OUTLAW TY: You shoulda known that things weren't going according to plan once that other Michael showed up here, Tex.

MATT: Another Michael showed up? From where?

MICHAEL: Showed up and confronted Mikey. You wanna tell 'em the story Mikey?

MIKEY: Uh, not much of a story, Michael rigged up a booby trap before he left, I was outside. The booby trap got triggered and the other Michael was dead by the time that I got inside.

MICHAEL: Now it's one thing to lie to me, pard. It's another to lie to company when they come here with serious business. His body was still warm when I went to take him out to the shed. He weren't dead when you walked in.

OUTLAW TY: We went back and listened in on your conversation. It's rudimentary time travel stuff, Mikey. You shoulda seen it coming.

JAMILLA: Time travel? How?

MIKEY: They have a Calculator.

AUGUST: From where? Did y'all make off with one of the ones they took from Big Bear?

OUTLAW TY: Nope. I fashioned one myself with only stuff that I could find around town. It isn't that hard with some good ol' fashioned ingenuity. It took about a month of elbow grease, but after that I had a Calculator almost as good as the one that you're used to. You see?

MATT: Ooh neat. Who sewed the leather case for it?

MICHAEL: My buddy, Paul did that. He's been working on makin' little leather bits to sell. Just a side hustle to earn him some beer money.

AUGUST: That's Paul the mandolin player?

MICHAEL: Yup that's the one. But we're gettin' distracted. Go on Mikey, you tell them what that interloper told that was so important to keep from me, Asshole.

MATT: Hey! Lay off of Mikey.

AUGUST: Simmer down, Michael. Mikey, can you fill us in on what the heck they're talkin' about?

MIKEY: It's okay, he's right to be pissed at me. They're right. I did talk to the Michael that got shot. He said that he was being punished by the Compound, so Ty sent him to volunteer to work for Operose as a double agent. Operose is raising an army of footsoldiers, composed of Michaels who are being trained by Eagle not to fear killing or death. I fired a pistol round into the air as a warning and he didn't even pause in the middle of his sentence. He said that he was sent here on a mission to either capture these two or kill them, depending on whether he was fulfilling the mission from Operose or from The Compound. And then he said it was 'Up to me now' and then he willed himself to die.

MATT: Jesus Christ, Mikey.

AUGUST: That's a lot to take in. I thought that Eagle died.

MIKEY: Well, he didn't die good enough.

OUTLAW TY: And Mikey here lied about what he knew, just in case he wanted to kill us for the reward money.

MIKEY: It wouldn't be for reward money. It would be to protect my ass.

MICHAEL: It took all my strength to keep Outlaw Ty from killin' Mikey, after I told him what happened.

OUTLAW TY: It's true. I'm a rough and tumble outlaw. Hidin' out and scrapin' by.

MATT: The-um, The Outlaw persona... needs a little more work.

JAMILLA: Ty, you know more about these organizations than any of us. Base is gone. We need to find it. You two are the only ones who have any hope of locating them. What do we do?

AUGUST: Do ya think Operose took 'em? Or the Compound?

MATT: Or a secret third thing?

OUTLAW TY: Hmm. I reckon I can't say for sure. Both organizations would have had their reasons for capturing Base. But I think I know where we can go to figure it out, one way or the other.

MICHAEL: Tell me you ain't sayin' what I think you're sayin'.

OUTLAW TY: That is exactly what I'm saying, Tex.

MICHAEL: Outlaw, they want us dead. We can't go there.

OUTLAW TY: We're not working with them. We're using their equipment.

MATT:What's he saying?

MICHAEL: Outlaw here wants us to go back to the dang Trunk.

AUGUST: The Trunk? The trunk of what?

OUTLAW TY: The Trunk is a room in the recesses of the Compound. Only Tys know about it. Michael had a bad experience there in a timeline that I'm pretty sure that none of you remember.

MICHAEL: That's when the Hunters took over. Someone killed me in the elevator.

JAMILLA: What's in the Trunk?

OUTLAW TY: Everything we need to survey the Compound. We should be able to see anything that any Ty can see. It's their secret saferoom. Everything is wired through there. Base is their property. They either moved it or they are using their Tracing capabilities to figure out who did. Either way, we'll be able to see what they're doing from the Trunk.

AUGUST: I say we go for it. We ain't got nothin' else.

MICHAEL: You sure, Badger? Could be dangerous. Michael'd say not to.

AUGUST: Hell, he'd do it for me.

MATT: And Mikey would do it for me.

JAMILLA: Marissa would do it for me. Well, Marissa would probably just do it for fun. But she'd save me.

MATT: Let's do it to it.

OUTLAW TY: To the Trunk, Tex? We can go right now.

MICHAEL: *[Sigh.]* Let's do it. Let's go. No more dilly dallying. You wanna do the honors, Outlaw?

OUTLAW TY: Hell yeah. Transportin' us to the trunk in 3...2...1...

[Time travel noise.]

HUNTER: Welcome to the OVER command center! Good to see you two again. You fellas were stuck in storage, too, eh?

RYAN: Yep. Feels good to stretch my legs again. How about you, Toph?

CANNONBALL: I've still got a cramp from how they jammed me in there.

RYAN: Always something to complain about.

HUNTER: I'm sure you'll get readjusted to the waking world in no time. You folks getting settled into your cabins okay?

RYAN: Not really. Mine's a mess. 63A? It's a pigsty.

HUNTER: Yup. Heh. 63A is where Mikey used to live. He needs someone to keep him on the level or he can get just get a little bit messy.

CANNONBALL:

My cabin has a cat in it. The name tag says Delilah. She's...mine now, I guess.

RYAN: Aren't you allergic to cats, Toph?

CANNONBALL: A little bit, yeah. I can't kick Delilah out, though. I've just gotta live with the sniffles from here on out.

RYAN: Did either of you find a weird button on a lanyard in your cabin?

HUNTER: Op! Don't push that button! It's for emergencies!

RYAN: Oh, I wasn't. I was gonna take it apart and see what's on the chip inside. Should be interesting.

CANNONBALL: I got job instructions saying I should drive a golf cart around. Where do I find that? I've never driven a golf cart before.

RYAN: It's easy. It's like driving a car except nobody cares if you hit something.

HUNTER: I'll get you all set up with work in the morning. For now, let's get this Compound stuff out of the way. Come in. You ready for us yet?

REPLACEMENT MIKEY *[Over earpiece]:* Testing, Testing, uh- 1-2. Yeah we're here, Ty has patched us together. He's getting our end set up and then we're waiting for Operose to show up Base team is primed and ready.

MARISSA *[Over earpiece]:* Hey, what the fuck? How come *he* gets the earpiece?

REPLACEMENT MIKEY *[Over earpiece]:* Because Ty trusts me with it, okay? O.V.E.R. team, all you need to do is monitor the situation from your command center and wait for coordinates from tracing. We will send you that data and then Ryan can plug it into the program that he wrote.

RYAN: Yep. We're giving Operose one big scrape. All I need to know is where it's at.

HUNTER: I know Eagle. He's gonna wait until the most inconvenient moment to strike. Do you folks have some sorta changing of the guards? Or a time when everyone goes on lunch? Anything like that?

REPLACEMENT MIKEY *[Over earpiece]:* There's a guard shift change at 7 which is in... about 2 minutes. Which reminds me I'm starving, I have not had dinner.

HUNTER: No time for a sandwich now. I'd be ready at 7pm on the dot, bud.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY *[Over earpiece]:* 10/4. Was everyone on O.V.E.R team listening? We should be expecting company in about one minute. So expect to be transported very soon. Remember, hold the Michaels off, but don't kill them. You're not trying to win the fight, you're trying to buy us enough time for us to trace them back to Operose. Do you understand?

MARISSA *[Over earpiece]:* Roger that.

MW *[Over earpiece]:* I understand everything 'cept why Mikey's runnin' things.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY *[Over earpiece]:* Well get used to it MW. In fact I'm calling it. Transporting in 3...2...1...

[Time travel sound.]

MICHAEL: Alright, here we are. Defend your positions as best ya can, and get ready to die, folks.

MW: We don't need the pessimism, Michael.

MICHAEL: Just bein' realistic. Y'all don't understand how many Micheals we're dealin' with.

CHANCE: I still haven't gotten a clear answer, How many Micheals are there?

MICHAEL: Enough it ain't worth countin'.

SHADOW: Are we going to die?

CHANCE: It's going to be okay, Ryan.

SHADOW: I'm scared.

CHANCE: Don't be scared. I'm here.

MARISSA: Don't be scared, Ryan. More importantly, *I'm here*. Just sit back and relax and I'll have this whole thing sorted out in two shakes of a lamb's tail.

EDGAR: You ready Mikey?

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Yeah I'm ready. But, I'm not... Yeah. I'm ready. I love you Edgar.

MICHAEL: Get ready Y'all

[Time Travel Sound]

ARMY MICHAEL 1: Come in Lieutenant, they've fortified the line. Neutralizing the targets now.

ARMY MICHAEL 2: Time to have some fun.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Let's get ready team.

[Sound of a gunshot followed by the sounds of a fight, lots of grunting and moaning and hitting sounds.]

[Panting.]

CHANCE *[Desperately]:* It's gonna be okay, it's gonna be okay... Which one of you fuckers killed Ryan?!

[Silent scene transition.]

OUTLAW TY: Wow. I think this place might be exactly how we left it. There's certainly enough dust.

MICHAEL: Yup, and the elevator's out of order.

OUTLAW TY: The Tys might be trying to make it more... explosion-proof after what happened last time.

JAMILLA: Is there any other way to get down here, besides the elevator?

OUTLAW TY: Eh, Just time travel.

AUGUST: So we're pretty dang safe down here.

OUTLAW TY: We're safe for as long as we need to be down here. Let me show you around. Now this is the control panel. These screens here and here show video feeds from hallways and rooms. That speaker over there can tap into all of the comms in the building. This computer supplies a readout of any computer activity from any Ty's computer. How many times can I say computer in a sentence? We can see everything from here.

MICHAEL: Alright, let's fire 'er up and start watchin'

[We hear the scene of the O.V.E.R. Team setting up.]

MICHAEL: Why are those varmints at O.V.E.R.?

OUTLAW TY: I'm sure that it's some sort of agreement with Ty. He wants something from them and in return they get let out of storage.

MATT: Okay, so they're waiting on some sort of code from Ty.

OUTLAW TY: Correct. And when Ty gets those coordinates, we'll be able to see a readout of his computer.

MICHAEL: Wait, that there's Base, and this is the compound, so they did take it.

MIKEY: And those are all the missing Base members- Uh- Fuck where'd they go?

JAMILLA: They all just... popped into the hallway

MATT: Holy shit!

AUGUST: That's the army? That's a helluva lot of Michaels. Something looks wrong with'em. I don't like this.

MICHAEL: They're here to kill 'em, Sly.

JAMILLA: Where's Eagle?

MICHAEL: He's watchin' the chaos from afar, I'm sure.

MATT: Fuck. That's...

AUGUST: That- That's... that was Edgar.

MICHAEL: Don't watch, Badger.

AUGUST: I can't look away. They killed Edgar.

MATT: They killed Ryan, too.

MIKEY: Hey guys there's another skirmish goin' on, might need to change the channel. That's the Ty in mission control, check it out.

MATT: Ty's not going to last much longer in there. They've about got the door busted down.

MIKEY: Yeah can we switch over to his audio?

JAMILLA: Ty, can you do what that Ty was going to do from here? If he doesn't make it out of there alive, can you take the tracing coordinates from him and send them to Hunter?

OUTLAW TY:

I should be able to. I can remotely control any computer from any Ty from this terminal.

MICHAEL:

How long is it gonna take, Outlaw? We ain't got much time.

OUTLAW TY: I'm looking at his computer now. It's going to be a couple minutes. Also, there's some sort of medical application running in the background. It looks like he might have put a chip in the Michaels? I should be able to shut them off once tracing finishes.

MATT: Shut them off?

OUTLAW TY: Revoke their breath privileges? Kill them? I was trying to be polite!

MATT: You're going to kill all of the Michaels?

OUTLAW TY: All at once, yes. That's the plan.

MICHAEL: They're attackin' The Base, We ain't gotta choice.

JAMILLA: What if it kills you, Michael?

MICHAEL: It kills me if it kills me. What do you think, Outlaw?

OUTLAW TY: I'd say there's a small chance, Tex. Do you want me to do it?

MICHAEL: Fuck it. Let's do it. Yeehaw motherfuckers.

OUTLAW TY:
I'll pull the trigger if you say so.

MICHAEL: Wait for the right time and send 'em to hell, outlaw.

OUTLAW TY: You got it, Tex.

MIKEY: Alright I'm switching over to that audio.

[The following segment is played over the speakers in The Trunk.]

[Repetitive banging on a metal door in background.]

TY [: We're so close. O.V.E.R. Team, are you ready to receive the data?

HUNTER : We're on our toes, pal. Ryan, are you ready with the program?

RYAN: Sure am. You gonna survive the zombie apocalypse long enough to get me the data, Ty?

TY : Here's hoping—

[The metal door breaks.]

MICHAEL: It's over Ty.

TY : Stay back!

[We hear a single gunshot.]

TY [Weakened.]: I'm hit. I'm hit. I'm down. I'm...

[We hear another gunshot.]

OI MICHAEL: This room is clear. Command center is down. I repeat, the command center is down.

HUNTER: Come in, Ty? Ty? Are you there? Can you get us the data?

RYAN: I think he's dead, Hunter. Hey Toph, you're an expert at being dead. Would you call him dead?

CANNONBALL: I think so. No breathing. He can't send us the files. I think he's dead.

RYAN: That's why it's always important to ask a professional.

HUNTER: Quit goofin' around. We got a problem. What are we supposed to do now?

RYAN: Sit on our hands and wait, I guess. Not literally, Toph. I know you have circulation issues.

CANNONBALL: I know it's not literal. ...My hands are cold, though.

[Audio from The Trunk stops.]

MATT: Ooooh. That's... bad. Right?

MICHAEL: It ain't great.

JAMILLA: Can you get the data that Ty was trying to get?

OUTLAW TY: Working on it...*[Keyboard clacking.]* just a few more seconds.

AUGUST: Cmon... cmon!

OUTLAW TY: And... got it.... Sending it...! Done!

RYAN *[through screen]:* Where the hell is this coming from? Ty, is your ghost sending me files right now?

CANNONBALL *[through screen]:* No such thing as ghosts. I would have been one at some point...

MICHAEL: Outlaw, they got 'em! O.V.E.R. got the files!

AUGUST: Hell yeah! You did it, Ty!

OUTLAW TY: That's Outlaw Ty to you, Sly. Now all that's left to do is *[Keyboard clacking.]* disarm all of the Operose Michaels. And... *[clack.]* All done.

MATT: Wait for it...

MIKEY: And... there they go.

MICHAEL: Fell over like a sack of potatoes.

MIKEY: You seem fine though.

MICHAEL: Yup. Long live Texas.

JAMILLA: So much carnage. They all just... fell over. Like someone turned them off.

MICHAEL: Yup, n' we need to get the hell outta here 'fore someone figures out how to turn us off, pard.

OUTLAW TY: I'm workin' on it, Tex. I'm wrapping everything up for our poor tracing Ty with a nice little bow for when he comes back to life and setting us up to get out of here.

MATT: What about Base Michael?

OUTLAW TY: He's that Ty's problem, I'm afraid. We don't have time for him.

AUGUST: I am ready to get the hell out of here.

MICHAEL: Me too, Sly.

JAMILLA: Can we move Base back to where it belongs?

OUTLAW TY: I might be able to rig something up, but the longer we are here and the more dials we turn on the control panel, the more we risk drawing attention to ourselves. Right now, no one knows that we were here. I think the wise thing to do would be to get out while we still can.

MIKEY: Yup, let's go. I've got business to attend to.

JAMILLA: Agreed. We can work on the rest later.

MATT: Alright, then let's go.

MICHAEL: You ready, Outlaw?

OUTLAW TY: Yep, I'm ready. And everyone can remember the name of Outlaw Ty, hidin' out and scrapin' by. Yippee Ki Yay motherfuckers.[**MIKEY:** C'mon already let's go.] Transporting us back to Texas in 3...2...1...

[The time travel noise plays twice.]

MARISSA: Man, can you even believe the hoops a girl has to go through to get some fuckin' ice cream around here? Well, good job team, I guess we did it.

EDGAR: Did anyone else die?

MICHAEL: I reckon I did, I lost consciousness

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Yup I died too.

SHADOW: Oh, me too. I died!

CHANCE: I didn't this time. It was close though

MW: Well, we're all back now. I guess that we held 'em off long enough for Ty to get what he wanted.

MICHAEL: Yup. And for all our troubles, now The Base got the dang boulders right in our front yard. Anyone wanna make a collect call?

[Limp (I Am Here) plays.]

*I am here
And I am patient
Digging with my fingernails
Into the pavement
I am here
And I am waiting
For a day when
The world's less patient*

*It's a miracle that no one has
Attempted to put an end to you
Til now*

*I will find you
I will find you out
There's a war that's raging
Right outside your house*

*I suggest you move
I suggest you move before
I suggest you move
The cavalry is at your door*

*I am here
I landed with them*

*There is an error
In your system
A hairpin trigger
A superstition
You thought you saw a form
Perform in the dark
I'm Limping like an animal
I chewed my way here
I will gnaw my way into your heart*

[Limp (I am Here) Ends.]

[A doorbell chimes, a door opens.]

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Ty, we weren't expecting you. You're supposed to give us 24 hours, I know you're not our landlord but-

MIKEY: Hello, replacement Mikey.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: Replacement, who the fuck are you?

MIKEY: I've come to take my spot back. I'm *your* replacement.

REPLACEMENT MIKEY: What? How did you even get in here-

[The sound of a gunshot.]

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

CREDITS: This has been Woe.Begone. The voice of Sylvester August Baxter was Harlan Guthrie. Check out his podcast [Malevolent](#). The Voice of Matt was Jamie Patronis, check out his podcast [The Cellar Letters](#). The voice of Ryan was Kevin Berrey, check out his podcast [Hell Gate City](#). The voice of CANNONBALL was Nathan Lunsford, check out his podcast [The Storage Papers](#). The voice of Jamilla Gardner was Rae Lundberg, check out their podcast [The Night Post](#). The voice of Chance was Taylor Michaels, check him out in the upcoming second season of [Tales from The Fringes of Reality](#). The Voice of Shadow was William A. Wellman,

check out their podcast [Hello from the Hallowoods](#). The voice of Edgar was Jeremy Enfinger, check out their podcast [The Storage Papers](#), again. The voice of Marissa Ng was Michelle Kan, check them out on twitter [@fswrites](#). The voice of Hunter was Gary Furlong, check him out at GaryFurlongVO on [Facebook](#), [Instagram](#), and [TikTok](#). The voice of Eagle was Steve Anzalone, check out his podcast [The Sleep Wake Cycle](#) and [Maeltopia](#). *[Rhythmically.]* The voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault, check out his podcast [Shadows at the Door](#), or go to [DavidAult.co.uk](#) for more. *[Speaking normally again.]* I am so Tired! I pulled an all-nighter for this! I've been working for 14 hours today! And I love you all, Intermission next week. Thanks for Playing.

[Closing Theme plays.]

BLOOPERS:

CHANCE: I know it sounds like you have to be fuckin' 90 years old, but it's really good and, Shadow- *[chuckling.]* Shadow. Fuck- Uh. What is his name? RYAN! *[Laughing.]*

CHANCE: Yeah, you want some more? Fuck you! *[Giggling.]*

CHANCE: *[Moaning and panting.]* Ry-Ryan? NOPE! Nope! That one was sexual again!

CHANCE: How many more *[voice cracking]* FUCKING cowboys are there? *[Laughing.]* What the fuck was that?

SHADOW: Ha! Hee! Ha! Hmm. HA! Hoo! Ha! Hm! Ah! Oh!

SLY: After we rescued Marissa from Ryan and Cannonball. *[Pauses then laughs.]* I don't know what any of this fuckin' means. Out of context it's so weird. *[Pauses.]* Ah fuck.

MARISSA: It's called Pro-Gamer strats my man! You should try it sometime. Hup! Hey man, where are you fuckin' aiming? This is why I always beat you at darts! Huah! Hoho! Nice Try! Uah, ohh you almost got me that time! OW Fuck! Whoa hey, that one was pretty good! looks like someones been practicing. Ow, oh! Fuck! Ow! Get off me!