

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY FOUR - THE ENIGMA OF THE TWO GUARDS

Original transcript edited by Orion and Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 134.]

INTRO: *[Said rhythmically.]* Hey guys, quick plugs for WOE.BEGONE. I am still steaming on my Twitch. *[Normal.]* That's at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every week I write that week's episode soundtrack and then hang out and play a video game. I'm in the middle of *Homebody* right now, so check it out if you want to see me get jump scared. That's 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 early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, and more. This week, I would like to shout out the commentaries. I just did the commentary for episode 99, which means that two Sundays from now I will be doing the commentary for episode 101. And if you're listening to this episode, you'll understand the importance of that episode, so sign up at the \$10 level if you'd like to hear my commentary. That's patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons, [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[We hear the buzzer at the front gate of O.V.E.R. A speaker crackles as Mikey speaks into it.]

MIKEY: Hey, Charlie. Shit, the shift changed. Hi, Troy. UH, it-it's me, it's Mikey Walters. Uh, I need you to let me in. I don't have my badge, uh, I don't know where it is. I lost it or someone stole it or something. Point being, I need you to let me in O.V.E.R. I know that it's against the rules, but, you know, the rules are only there because you might not necessarily know everyone, but you know me so, uh, whaddaya say?

TROY *[through an intercom]:* Oof. Uh, you're throwing a lot at me there. Um, I'm sorry— I'm sorry to hear that. Fortunately, err, um, unfortunately, unfortunately, I cannot let you in if you do not have a badge, your badge, sir. Sorry, sir.

MIKEY: Sir? Troy, it's me. It's Mikey. Don't be a stickler for the rules. Just let me in. It's not like I'm gonna go in there and wreak havoc. I just need to get into my cabin, where my ID probably is, by the way, so if you don't let me in, I can never show it to you.

TROY: You're saying that I know you?

MIKEY: What? Troy, quit joking around and let me into O.V.E.R.

TROY: Oh, I'm-I'm not joking around, sir. I don't think I know you.

MIKEY: Troy. We're friends. Okay, we— not the type of friends that like, hang out, but I wave at you when I go out to get breakfast at the diner. Uh, I went to your birthday party one time, last

year for like half an hour, because Charlie and Marissa were going. I didn't get you anything, but I made a joke to you about how like, my presence was my present and ha ha ha. I— You know me. I'm Mikey Walters. Let me in.

TROY: Okay, let me-let me check. Mike... E... **[MIKEY: No, not E.]** Walters? Okay, it's— sorry, it's loading. Uh, it says the computer says “middle initial full name required”. Uh, so I do need to know what the middle initial stands for. But if you just let me know real quick, we can get this all sorted out and it'll be fine.

MIKEY: No, it's not Mike E. It's *Mikey*. Like Mike, but Mike-ier...

TROY: *[Sighs.]* Hold on, hold on. It's Mike E. R. Walters? **[MIKEY: No!]** So, you have two middle names? That's— but I only have— I need to know what the E stands for *[Mikey begins to rage.]* to put in the— and the R now, too. I need to know what the E and the R stand for. And— on the computer- on the computer here, I only have one box to put a middle name in, so I don't know if I can even do two. And *[Stammers.]* I need to know what the E stands for and the R and where to put them. I... hold on.

MIKEY *[concealing his anger]:* Troy, I'm gonna need you to cut it out now. I have some time-sensitive business to attend to and I need to get into my cabin. Stop playing dumb.

TROY: Sir, I'm not “playing” dumb, okay? I'm trying to ascertain your identity. There is no Mike E. R. in the database and you do not have an O.V.E.R. ID to prove that you work here. So you tell me what you think I'm supposed to be doing for you right now, because I'm not sure I appreciate your tone.

MIKEY: What you should be doing for me is letting me in, Troy. I live here. All my stuff is in here, as far as you know. You can't keep me out.

TROY: If you would like to file a complaint, you may escalate it to my superior.

MIKEY: Stop reading from the script and be a person, Troy. You recognize me. And we don't need to get your “superior” or anyone else involved. Just do me a solid this time, and I'll get you back sometime.

TROY: I'm not doing a solid or a liquid or any other “id” until I see your “id”. ID, Mr. E R er. Now, if you will excuse me for one moment, I'm gonna just get my superior.

MIKEY: No, Troy, don't rope other people into this. Troy? Hello? Are you there? Ugh. Maybe Chance was right about him. Maybe he's fucking— FLINCH or something, because he's not actually that dumb because he managed to put on pants and come to work today. I assume. *[Mumbling to himself.]* And I've got to plant the bug before Ryan gets here.

The speaker comes back on.

CHARLIE *[through the intercom]*: Hello? Who is this? Can you state your name for me please, sir?

MIKEY: Oh, my god, Charlie, it's you. Thank god, I thought that I died and went to hell. It's me. It's Mikey. What's going on is a very long story that I can't get into at the gate, but the gist of it is that I don't have my badge anymore, so I can't just badge in and I really need to get to my cabin, the sooner the better. It is extremely important and I would greatly appreciate it if you let me in.

CHARLIE: Mikey? Hi! Why didn't Troy let you in?

MIKEY: I wish I knew the answer to that. He seemed not to remember me.

CHARLIE: Yeah, he can be forgetful, sometimes.

MIKEY: You are much nicer than me. Can you let me in please? My business regards some uh... mutual friends of ours who need some assistance, if you would like to accompany me. I can tell you more in private, but not here.

CHARLIE: Is Marissa okay?

MIKEY: Something is about to happen, but she's not in any permanent danger, though everyone is about to be under extreme duress. But, yes, we do need to talk about Marissa and the others and where they are and what they are doing.

CHARLIE: Okay. Say no more. I'll buzz you in.

MIKEY: Thank you, thank you, thank you.

We hear a buzzer. The gate opens. MIKEY walks through.

CHARLIE: Mikey! Hi! Okay, you know the drill. Before hugs, let me get a good look at you real quick.

MIKEY: It's me, Charlie, I promise.

CHARLIE: Hmm. Hmm. Scars... ears... eyes... **[MIKEY: Perfect eyebrows.]** Alright, yep, that's you alright. Come here, you!

[Charlie and Mikey hug.]

MIKEY: *[Chuckles.]* Hi Charlie.

CHARLIE: It's so good to see you again! It's been way too long. Yeah, I think that the last time I saw you in person, I body checked you, and then I had you wearing my handcuffs inside of your cabin.

MIKEY: Wow, have I really not seen you since then? We have stuff to catch up on. Uh, I need to go to my cabin, though I would prefer to nix the handcuffs this time. Uh... are you Troy's boss? He called you his "superior"?

CHARLIE: Huh? No... H-He said I was his superior?

MIKEY: Yeah, not even boss, "superior" like you rank above him in the army or something. Feels like Ravi all over again.

CHARLIE: [*Chuckles.*] No, no. Troy has the same job I do, just on a different shift. We make the same pay.

MIKEY: No. No, that is profoundly unfair, and you need to speak to your actual superior about that. Maybe Troy just understands that you're superior to him and that's why he said it?

CHARLIE: Be nice to him, Mikey. How many times do I have to tell you? Troy is a sweet guy. But, back to business. Why are you at the gate? Why didn't you just pop in with the, you know...?

MIKEY: Because everything is extremely volatile for reasons that I'll explain to you later. I didn't wanna drop in somewhere and wind up in the wrong place in the wrong time with the wrong sets of eyes on me, if you know what I mean. Have you noticed anything strange going on at O.V.E.R. today, Charlie?

CHARLIE: You showing up without an ID is the strangest thing that's happened so far. I guess that a lot more non-employees with temporary clearances have come through the gate than usual. It happens sometimes. Is something going on with O.V.E.R.?

MIKEY: There are... organizational disputes abound. Uh, Liam and Noel are fighting again. Some pretty big disputes regarding some pretty big technology. There has been some *restructuring and moving people around*, please note the air quotes. This includes me and uh, some of our friends. Look, something too serious to talk about in front of this guy is going on, so we need to get out of here.

TROY: Oh, hey, dude, I'm so sorry. I know you. Sorry about that. The intercom system here is kinda busted. People do not sound like themselves on that thing at all sometimes, right? So I didn't recognize you. You probably didn't recognize me, [**MIKEY:** I-I did though?] no big deal. I'm Troy. You're the... the guy. You're the breakfast guy, you get the thing in the morning. The whatchacallit. It's the, um...

MIKEY: The biscuits and gravy?

TROY: [*Snaps fingers.*] Yes! Yes, yes, yes, yes. You're Mr. Biscuits and Gravy. Sorry. Sorry about all that. Yes, of course I know you.

CHARLIE: Troy, you goof! You know Mikey. He's worked at O.V.E.R. for a long time now.

MIKEY: I... have, actually. That feels weird to think about.

TROY: Charlie, a lot of people have worked here for a long time, okay? You cannot possibly expect me to memorize every single one of them.

MIKEY: I think that O.V.E.R. expects you to, though. I think that's your job description.

TROY: Listen, Charlie knows everyone, okay? And I know... Between the two of us, we know everybody. So it's fine, right, Charlie?

CHARLIE: I do the best I can. Hey, so... I think that we've got this all figured out, Troy. I think I'm going to head inside Tier One with Mikey and see if we can maybe find his ID in his cabin. And if not, then I'll just send him along to the employee building to get things sorted out. In the meantime, I'm gonna go ahead and log him in as my personal guest. That way he's allowed in, even without an ID, and for a whole 24 hours. So there's no major rush on things. Are you gonna be okay to get started on your shift while I'm gone?

TROY: Yup, I actually already started my shift and I am crushing it. So I will put Mike E. R. Walters down in the logbook. If you tell me what the E stands for and the R, both of them, together, what do they stand for? Tell me.

MIKEY: Okay, I thought we got this cleared up, uh—

CHARLIE [*teasing*]: The E stands for Edgar. He took his boyfriend's name.

MIKEY: That's not true, Troy, and it doesn't make any sense.

TROY: Alright. Mike Edgars R. Walters, Charlie's guest, and... it's in the logbook! So we're all set. Are we uh, Charlie, are we still gonna do the guard change dance before you leave or like, are you in a hurry, or?

MIKEY: Wh-What is the guard change dance?

CHARLIE: Troy, that's secret! Okay, fine. Well, it's too late now. I guess it's okay if Mikey sees it. Just this once. Are you ready? Mikey you better clap.

TROY: Yeah let's do it. Let's do it!

[Troy and Charlie hum and mumble a rhythm as they dance.]

MIKEY: This is... longer than I thought it was going to be.

Troy *[singing]:* I'm a guard and you're a guard, passing responsibilities. You're a guard now, instead of me being a guard. Changing guard dance. *[Claps twice.]*

[Charlie stops humming as the dance ends. Mikey claps.]

MIKEY: Um... g-good job!

CHARLIE: Boom! Nailed it! As always. See ya later, Troy.

TROY: Yeah, yup! See ya Charlie. I got it all under control, you kids have fun.

[Mikey and Charlie begin walking to the cabin.]

MIKEY: Someone is going to be very confused when they check that logbook.

CHARLIE: Oh, don't worry. No, I'm the only one who ever actually reads it. So, uh, tell me, what's going on with Base?

MIKEY: Okay, so just a few hours ago, Ty just moved all of Base into the Compound, building and everything, and everyone is stuck there. A few weeks from now, me and the other Mikes break out and I came back in time to set something up here to help us.

CHARLIE: I knew something was up! I could feel Marissa's energy change. I texted her but she just hasn't texted me back yet.

MIKEY: Well, don't expect a text back. Marissa's energy has moved all the way to the Compound. We don't work at O.V.E.R. anymore, that's why I don't have my badge. Ty Betteridge submitted letters of resignation on our behalves and put the Base inside of his little terrarium thing. The letters are still sitting in our outboxes, so no one should be too alarmed to see me. But there's a battle going down between Operose and the Compound *tonight*. That's why I came back here. Ty's goons are using our old cabins. I need back into 63A. I'm gonna set up some sort of surveillance to watch Ryan once he gets here.

CHARLIE: You don't mean Ryan from WOE.BEGONE, do you?

MIKEY: Well, I don't mean Shadow, but I'll explain everything on the walk over.

CHARLIE: We're going to break them out of the Compound, right?

MIKEY: I think we have to. It's the only way they'll ever get out. So, let's hatch a plan.

[Opening theme plays.]

Inside 63A. We hear the hum of a refrigerator.

MIKEY: Alright, so on the count of three, we're going to pull the fridge straight forward, just out of this little nook. Alright, you got a good grip on your side?

CHARLIE: Yep. I'm ready to go.

MIKEY: Perfect. Three... two... one, and lift. *[Mikey grunts.]* And set it down

MIKEY: Great. That's far enough for me to get my arm back there and put the bug in.

CHARLIE: Okay, so what if Ryan decides he wants a nicer fridge and pulls this one out? He'll see the bug.

MIKEY: He is not going to do that. I haven't even so much as considered moving this fridge, and I have lived here for years. It'll be fine. Ryan doesn't strike me as the type to suddenly upgrade his appliances. And O.V.E.R. sure as hell isn't going to replace it with a nice model. Cheap bastards.

CHARLIE: Oh, I can tell that you've never moved it. Is that... a tomato slice? Mikey! It reeks.

MIKEY: Hey, you should be praising me for eating my vegetables, or at least taking them out of the refrigerator. Make sure it stays there to stink up the place for Ryan. I don't want that homewrecker to enjoy my cabin too much. I can't believe that Ty didn't even move our stuff out before he put them in our cabins. What if I had valuables in here? I mean, I don't own anything valuable, but he doesn't know that.

CHARLIE: Well, you're here now. You could grab some stuff.

MIKEY: It's more of the principle of the thing. Besides, We're a few hours away from a big battle that depends on Ryan being able to send some important data from here. I'm scared to change anything important. Like, what if I decided I really wanted... this wrist rest for my computer and then during the battle, Ryan sprains his wrist because it isn't there and then he doesn't send the data off because he has poor computer posture? We'd all end up dead and it would be all my fault because I got greedy. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm still gonna trash the place a little bit. *[Knocks some stuff over.]* I don't want him to be too comfortable.

[Loud thump in another room.]

CHARLIE: What was that? Wh— Did you do that just now?

MIKEY: I don't think so. I just threw that junk around, and you saw me. Uh, check the bedroom, maybe?

CHARLIE *[from the bedroom]:* I don't see anything...

MIKEY: I wouldn't worry about it, unless it happens again. There's all kinds of stuff it could have been. Maybe it's just the cabin settling or something fell over. Just any number of things. This place is always making noise.

CHARLIE: Okay... so, what are we lifting next? Dresser? Couch? Point me at it, and I can lift it!

MIKEY: *[Heavy exhale.]* I admire your vitality but I need a breather. I thought I would take this time to try to set up a "man-in-the-middle" attack on the router while I catch my breath. I think that I can set it up so that any data sent from the internet in the cabin can go directly to me, so I can see what Ryan sees.

CHARLIE: Ooh! Sounds complicated. You can really do that?

MIKEY: Uh, people can really do that, yes. I'm going to be following a tutorial from one of those people that I found online and praying that it works. So, let's see here...

[Mikey types on the computer keyboard.]

MIKEY: Okay, so that isn't what my screen looks like. Uh, what was that step? What was that first step? No, this isn't the tutorial that I found before, where— that one was way clearer.

[Mikey continues typing.]

CHARLIE: Hey, Mikey? Is Marissa... you know... safe in that dome in the Compound? Is she in danger there? Are-Are they in danger there? Like, I care about them all, but I need to know if Marissa is safe.

MIKEY: So, there's a battle that happens tonight and it's super bloody, but we pulled it off thanks to some of my friends and nobody got hurt permanently. I think that there are going to be more battles, this is a war, after all, but nothing else has happened so far. There have been some lockdowns where we're stuck in our rooms, which I assume Ty thinks is for our safety. He's weirdly protective of us. The way that he explains it is that the reason that he moved us in the first place is that Base was going to get destroyed if he didn't. So it's fucked up and kidnapping, but he doesn't think that there was any other way to keep us alive. So, we're being held hostage, quote, "for our own good," and I don't give a fuck what Ty thinks is "for our own good." But it does make me optimistic that he is going to put us back in Oldbrush Valley eventually once it's safe because—

[Loud thud in another room.]

CHARLIE: Okay, that definitely wasn't the cabin settling. Something made that sound.

MIKEY: I don't know why I said that thing about if it happens again, classic tee up. Uh, you wanna go look for it? I'm still trying to figure out this hacking thing.

CHARLIE: Maybe we should hurry up and get out of here.

MIKEY: Yeah, just gimme a second, I'm really close, I promise. I've almost got this figured out. Okay, so now I have to open the command prompt, that is, uh... how do I get to the command prompt?

CHARLIE: Isn't Ryan some kind of hacker?

MIKEY: Yeah, he's like a scrappy hacking man.

CHARLIE: Okay, so won't he see that something weird is happening when he uses the internet? Can't he just undo everything that you've done?

MIKEY: I mean, yeah, potentially. But the worst he can do is turn it off, right?

CHARLIE: Is *that* the worst thing that could happen, though?

[Someone knocks on the front door.]

MIKEY: No, fuck, that's the worst thing that could happen. We should have gotten out of here when you said to. Stupid command prompt, where even is it in Windows 11?

CHARLIE: Do you know who it is? Is it Ryan?

MIKEY: No, it's not Ryan. Ryan doesn't show up for a few more hours. I have no idea who's knocking. Fuck. No one should know that we're here. We really have to get out of here.

CHARLIE: Not to say I told you so, but...

[Louder, more urgent knock.]

TROY *[from outside the door]:* Hey, Charlie? Charlie, you in there? It's Troy, from work, uh, at the gate. You left something on your desk at work. I didn't want you to lose it.

MIKEY: Troy's here? Shouldn't he be working at the front gate?

CHARLIE: Yeah. No, he *absolutely should not be here*. Okay, okay, let me handle this.

MIKEY: Yeah, I'm gonna head to the back and get ready to get the hell out of here.

[Charlie opens the door.]

CHARLIE: Troy! I wasn't expecting you. What were you saying? I forgot something?

TROY: Yeah. I noticed you left your locket on your desk when you clocked out. I-I know it's got a picture of you and Marissa in it so I thought you probably treasure it. I didn't want it to get lost, so I took my lunch break early, thought I'd swing on down here to give it to you.

CHARLIE: Oh! That's so sweet. You didn't have to do all that. I leave that locket on the desk overnight all the time. Nobody's ever taken it.

TROY: Oh. I guess that I never noticed it laying out before. I'm sorry about that. I'll drop it off when I go back.

CHARLIE: Oh, *[Scoffs.]* no, there's absolutely nothing to be sorry about. It is so nice that you saw it and your first instinct was to try to help. That's really sweet of you.

TROY: Thanks, Charlie. You always help *me* when I lose stuff and I lose stuff a lot more than you do, and I just wanted to repay the favor. Also, since I'm on my lunch break and already here, which means that I have more than an hour to kill. Would you and Mikey maybe wanna go grab some food with me? Lunch for me, dinner for you, some linnners, some dunchses. We could hang out and chat over at the diner.

CHARLIE: Um, yeah, okay, yeah. That does sound good. I'm actually famished. And we were just about to take a break from looking for Mikey's ID anyway, so it's perfect. *[Calling out.]* Mikey! Troy's here. Do you wanna come to the diner with us? I *really* think that you should come! I think it would be a great idea for you to take a break.

MIKEY *[from the other room]:* Uh, what? Y-Yeah, okay, I guess. We're going to the diner?

CHARLIE: Right. But first, let me help you put back that heavy dresser that we moved. I wanted to do that before I forget. You can't move it on your own, after all, even if you pretend like you can.

MIKEY: The what? The dresser? *[Realizes.]* Oh, oh, of course, the dresser. I guess I'm glad you mentioned it, cause I forgot already.

CHARLIE: Yep. I had, uh, I had better head back there and help him. I'll be back in a jiffy, don't even worry about it. Don't go anywhere, okay, Troy?

TROY: No worries, all good. I will wait right here.

CHARLIE: Mikey, sometimes you're such an airhead.

[Charlie joins Mikey.]

MIKEY: What the hell is he doing here?

CHARLIE: I have no idea. He said that he came to "bring me my locket." He knows that I don't carry it with me. I leave it on the desk and I fiddle with it. That's how I get through my shifts. That's not the Troy that we saw at the gate earlier. That's a different Troy. The locket was just an excuse for him to come here.

MIKEY: Okay, so Troy not knowing something is not proof that he is a different Troy. How do you know?

CHARLIE: I don't know. I can just tell. I never forget a face, Mikey. He doesn't look like Troy to me. There's something different about him that I can't explain. Something's wrong. And the lie about the locket just proves that.

MIKEY: Do you think that someone sent a replacement here? A replacement of Troy? *Troy?*

CHARLIE: You would know more about that than I do, but this has never happened before. Troy has always been Troy. That's a constant, a given. He doesn't get involved in time travel business, I don't know who would trust him to. And the one day that it's not him is the same day that Base happens to get transported into the Compound. I don't like it, Mikey. It smells fishy.

MIKEY: Okay, the smell might be coming from under the fridge. But it's also the same day that we start hearing mysterious bumps in the cabin. Which Troy's arrival conveniently distracted us from. So, what do we do? Do we go to the diner with him?

CHARLIE: Yeah, yeah, I vote yes. Get him out of O.V.E.R. and see if we can figure out what's going on with him.

MIKEY: Uh, should I stay here? We haven't exactly figured out the mystery of the unexplained noise.

CHARLIE: Hmm...I don't-I don't think so. I don't want him to suspect that we know anything, so you should play along. I'll distract him at the diner and you can drive my car back here and find the noise. How about that?

MIKEY: Okay, I'll come. But if he's really a replacement, then we have to be super careful.

CHARLIE: Now that I can do. Let's get going.

MIKEY: Right. And remember that we lifted a dresser back here.

[Charlie and Mikey return to the front door.]

CHARLIE: Whew! Yeah, okay. Whew, that was heavier than I remembered. Alrighty, we're ready to get going, Troy.

MIKEY: Hey again, Troy.

TROY: Hey, Mikey!

MIKEY: Oh, so you remember my name now, huh?

TROY: Yeah. Sorry-Sorry about earlier, Mikey. I-I get frazzled when I'm working the gate. There's just so much to keep track of, right? And I forget my own name sometimes, to be honest.

MIKEY: Yeah, uh, I can believe that.

TROY: Cool. Hey, let's try this whole thing again, right? Start completely over. Mikey Walters, my name is Troy. It is a pleasure to meet you and make your acquaintances.

[They shake hands.]

MIKEY: Okay. Oh, we're shaking hands and everything. Okay, uh, well, I'm delighted to finally meet you, Troy. I'm sorry that I didn't get you anything last year for your birthday.

TROY: Mikey, stop. It's fine. Water goes under the bridge, as my mom always said. C'mere, friend.

[Troy hugs Mikey tightly.]

MIKEY: Oh, ah, you're a hugger. I didn't know that. Maybe that's why you and Charlie are such good friends.

TROY: Yeah, maybe that's it. I'm guessing you didn't find your ID, right?

MIKEY: Nope. We looked all over the place for it and nothing. I'm starting to get scared that someone stole it. Now I have to head over to the Tier One Guard Office and apply for a new one.

TROY: Hmm, that's a shame. I'm sure it'll turn up.

CHARLIE: Ugh, don't even get me started on the Guard Office. I *hate* it there. Everyone there is just so sour all the time, for no reason. Like, would it really kill you to just drink a cup of chamomile tea in the morning? It's honestly worse than the DMV.

MIKEY: Yep, I'm not looking forward to it. So, let's just biscuits-and-gravy our cares away and forget about it for a while, shall we?

[Scene transition.]

[Diner ambience.]

TROY: So, it really is biscuits and gravy every time? Even at night? But it's a day-time food.

MIKEY: It's an every-time food, Troy. And I don't always get it. I've tried most of the rest of the menu, but any time I order something else, I wish that I was eating biscuits and gravy, so why bother. I know what I want.

CHARLIE: Oh, you gotta try the burger and fries with jalapeño sauce on the side. That is absolutely, undoubtedly the best item on the menu. Sorry, Mikey.

MIKEY: You should be sorry for spreading falsehoods.

TROY: I prefer the chicken strips, just me.

MIKEY: Yeah, but I could make chicken strips in my cast iron at home. There's something about Latif's biscuits and gravy that I just can't ever seem to get right.

TROY: Listen, all that's important is that *you* like it. So, Mikey. I'm getting to know you better today. What do you do for fun?

MIKEY: Troy, I'm an old man. I sleep for fun. Oh, and I have Edgar. Uh, Edgar's my boyfriend. I like to lie around on the couch with him and watch movies. So, I guess that my idea of fun is that I'm tired all the time and "fun" is when I don't have to do stuff.

TROY: There's gotta be more than that, man. Come on, like, do you ever travel? I-I feel like Charlie told me something about you going to Europe to see your family or something?

MIKEY: Uh... y-yeah, I-I have been to Europe for... reasons. I... [Pats his pockets.] Actually, you know, I was gonna show you some pictures, but I can't find my phone. It's not in my pocket.

TROY: Man, we're all losing everything today, aren't we?

MIKEY: Yeah, uh, it seems like it.

CHARLIE: Do you think it's in the car, maybe?

MIKEY: No, in fact, now that I think about it, I know that it's sitting on that dresser that we moved it. Well, shit.

CHARLIE: You can take my car back to O.V.E.R. if you want. Give it a look, see if you can find it. My ID is right in the cupholder, so you can badge yourself in.

MIKEY: That is very generous of you, Charlie. Thank you. Uh, I should just be a minute. Uh, I think I know exactly where I left it, so uh, I'll be right back. Don't get too full without me!

CHARLIE: Ooh! Okay, let's get dessert, Troy. They've got an amazing chocolate lava cake. It should come out just in time for Mikey to get back, too. It's a match made in heaven.

TROY: Yes! Lava cake, yes. Sounds good to me. Do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it, do it.

MIKEY: That does sound good. Save some for me, I'll be back in a flash.

CHARLIE: Bye Mikey!

[Scene transition.]

[Cabin door slams open.]

MIKEY: Okay, now, what the fuck was making that sound? All right, let's see. Living room, living room, living room. Uh, nothing. Okay, uh, kitchen... nothing. Laundry room... nope. Fuck, I left clothes in the washer. Ugh. Okay, um.

[Loud thud in another room.]

MIKEY: Did that come from... the bathroom?

[Muffled shouting.]

MIKEY: Okay, what the fuck.

[Muffled screams for help.]

[Mikey opens a closet door.]

MIKEY: ...Troy? Let's get this sock out of your mouth. Why are you in my linen closet?

[Mikey pulls the gag out.]

TROY [*scared and confused*]: Breakfast-Breakfast Guy. What's going on? Where am I?

MIKEY: You are in a linen closet in my cabin. How did you even fit in here? Where are my towels?

TROY: Did you put me in here? I was talking to you at the gate. You left and then I-I don't know what happened. I woke up here, I don't remember falling asleep, though.

MIKEY: No, I didn't put you in here, though I suspect I might know someone who might be involved. How many iterations of you are there, Troy?

TROY: How many *what*?

MIKEY: Iterations. How many different versions of Troy from different times are out there walking around?

TROY: Are you saying there's a clone of me?

MIKEY: No, not a clone, a time travel *duplicate*. He was just at the cabin. He's at the diner with Charlie right now. We wanted to get him out of O.V.E.R.

TROY: Wait, stop. Time travel? Are you saying time travel is real? And why are you saying "duplicate" weird?

MIKEY: Uh, what? Yes, Troy. Time travel is real. Of course it's real. What are you talking about? You work at O.V.E.R. What did you think was going on?

TROY: Bro, I don't know. Government shit. Like paper and taxes and war and like assassination in Third World countries and shit.

MIKEY: Okay, they're doing all of that too, but that kind of stuff is in every government facility. What makes O.V.E.R. special is the time travel stuff. You really didn't know about any of this?

TROY: No, how would I know? Everything inside of O.V.E.R. is top secret. I just work at the gate. That's at the outside. The secrets are on the inside.

MIKEY: Oh, come on. It's not *that* top secret. You have to have suspected something. No? Really? Maybe it's not an act. Maybe you really are as oblivious as everyone says you are.

TROY: [*Sighs.*] I gotta tell you, Breakfast Guy, you were a lot nicer when you came by the other day in your Hawaiian t-shirt. Is that your good mood shirt? You didn't have your badge then, either. What's up with that? Do you not carry your badge anywhere?

MIKEY: A... Hawaiian... shirt?

TROY: Yeah, like the kind with flowers on it? Duh. And you think *I'm* oblivinous?

MIKEY: Troy, did he— did *I* smell like patchouli? And was I blind in my right eye?

TROY: You know what? I thought you might have been when I saw you, but that's rude to ask and that's impossible. You're not blind in your right eye. I can see it moving. It's literally moving right in front of me.

MIKEY: That's because that wasn't me, dipshit. [*Snaps fingers.*] Keep up. That was an iteration of me from a different point in time. Well, it's sort of more complicated than that with him. He's concurrent with me, but different things happened to him because he was the result of mainline iterations that didn't affect his position relative to my present. It's all very complicated and it's not just back and forth time travel, which is why I don't have time to explain it to *you*. An iteration of me with a Hawaiian shirt came to the gate? What did you do with him?

TROY: He said he lost his ID, just like you, by the way. I told him that I couldn't let him in, but I could go get Charlie, and he said it wasn't a problem and that he would come back once he found it and then he left. Also, I don't appreciate you calling me a dipshit.

MIKEY: I don't care what you appreciate. That guy was MDawg. And so, MDawg is familiar with the front gate and where you're going to be when you start your shift. And he probably knows that my cabin is going to be empty for a few hours during the changeover between me and Ryan. But you have to be out of here by the time Ryan shows up. So, if he sent you here when he replaced you, that means that someone is going to show up to collect you, this iteration, you, sooner rather than later.

TROY: Wait, wait, collect me!? What are they going to do to me?

MIKEY: They're gonna put you in a plastic sleeve and sell you at a flea market.

TROY: I don't want to be collected, uncollect me. Put me back.

MIKEY: It doesn't matter what they're gonna do because it isn't what is going to happen because I am here. And so, I'm going to transport you somewhere safe until we can figure out what to do.

TROY: [*Sighs.*] Where are you taking me? Cause that sounds just like collecting with less steps.

MIKEY: You mean more steps. And I know a guy with a gigantic horse who opens his home up to wayward time travelers. So I'm going to...

[Mikey pats his pockets.]

MIKEY: You have got to be fucking kidding me. Fuck, fuck, fuck. The Calculator is gone.

TROY: What do you need a calculator for?

MIKEY: It's not a real calculator. It's a time travel device. Fuck. How is it gone? I had it with me. I had to get here with it. And I had it in my pocket when I went through the gate. *[Pause.]* Fuck, fuck, fuck. Troy. Of course. Troy.

TROY: Hmm? What? Nope, I didn't— no, I don't— Oh, no, I didn't take it.

MIKEY: Not you. The other Troy. He took it when he hugged me. Goddammit. Why did I let him hug me? I cannot afford to lose that Calculator. It's got some very important coordinates saved on it. Coordinates that Operose might want.

TROY: So what does that mean for us?

MIKEY: Well, first we need to get the hell out of here before someone shows up for you. Charlie is still at the diner with the other Troy. We need to get the Calculator back. If those coordinates propagate, then Tex and the gang won't ever make it to the Trunk to send the data to Ryan, meaning Operose would overtake the Compound.

TROY: I don't know what any of the words you just said mean.

MIKEY *[enraged]:* I know. *[Growls angrily.]*

[Mikey dials someone on his phone.]

MIKEY *[whispers]:* Fuck.

CHARLIE *[through the phone]:* Hey, Mikey.

MIKEY *[urgently]:* Charlie. You were right about Troy. That iteration has my Calculator. You need to stop him, if you can. If not, you need to get the hell out of there. Just run. I'll pick you up on the road, I'll find you. You aren't safe and he has enough information to propagate—

CHARLIE *[calmly]:* Oh, oh no. I've got it under control, Mikey. Our buddy Troy here is handcuffed to the table. I did it fast enough that he didn't even notice it was happening until it was too late. And he is being considerate, not even alerting the rest of the diner that something is going on. That Calculator that I found on him is yours? It's really cool looking. I like the leatherwork.

MIKEY *[dumbfounded]:* Uh, y-y-yeah... he must have taken it when he went in for the hug— You-You really have it all handled?

CHARLIE: Of course! Don't mention it. You know that's what I do. The Calculator is here with me now, nice and safe. Troy hasn't left my sight since he hugged you. That means he hasn't had any time to inspect it for... important information. We're going to be fine, Mikey.

MIKEY: *[Sighs.]* You are a total lifesaver, Charlie. Uh, I found our Troy, by the way. He was stuffed in the linen closet. That's what those noises were. He said that he saw MDawg at the gate earlier. So, new plan, Me and Troy are going to head back to the diner and see if we can get to the bottom of this.

CHARLIE: Sounds like a plan.

MIKEY: Thank you so much, Charlie. I'm so glad you were still at work. I don't know what I would have done if I were alone.

CHARLIE: That's what friends are for. See ya in a bit, Mikey. I've got some chocolate lava cake to enjoy.

MIKEY: Yep. See ya in a bit.

[Mikey hangs up the phone.]

MIKEY: *[Sighs.]* Well, catastrophe *narrowly* avoided. Charlie saved the day at the diner and apprehended the imposter Troy. So, you won't have to worry about him. I guess I shouldn't be too surprised that she saved the day. That sort of her M.O. But now we've got to head over to the diner and sort all of this out. Which means that it's time for you to meet one of your iterations, Troy. Prepare yourself. I remember the first time that I did that, and it was not fun.

TROY: *[Sighs.]* I think I can handle it. Do I need to do anything?

MIKEY: Nope. You just need to come with me. I need a witness because you saw MDawg and it would be nice to have a Troy expert during our interrogation of the iteration.

TROY: Alright, I think I can do that. *[Pause.]* Can you untie me first, though?

[Closing theme plays.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of Troy was Athan. Check him out on Twitch at [twitch.tv/athansmusic](https://www.twitch.tv/athansmusic) and listen to the [Athan's Remix of Cenotaph](#) on the [WOE.BEGONE Season four soundtrack](#), available on all streaming services.

The voice of Charlie was Lyssa Jay. Check out their podcast [400 Words A Horror](#).

Thanks for playing.

[Closing theme plays out.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Get some food, possibly, maybe. Meh? Just a little bite, little nibbles.
[Mouth sounds.] Cut that. *[Laughs.]*

BLOOPER (TROY): Alright, let's try this whole thing again, just start completely over. Mikey Walters, my name is Troy, and it is a pleasure to meet you. Shake, shake, shake, shake, shake, shake. He says shake when he shake hands, that's his thing.

BLOOPER (TROY): I like chicken strips! *[Laughs.]*

BLOOPER (TROY) *[cowboy voice]:* I'm gonna need you to untie me first. *[Giggles.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (MIKEY): You mean more steps, and I know a guy with a *[Silly voice.]* gigantic horse.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

AFTER CREDITS (LYSSA): *[Gasps.]* Hawaiian shirt? Oh my god. I really am live-blogging. *[Laughs.]* I forgot I was recording myself. *[Laughs.]* Yeah, that gasp was in response to the MDawg reveal.

AFTER CREDITS (LYSSA): I want to squish Mikey's cheeks. Can I just, like *[SOUND.]* his cheeks. Like *[SOUND.]* them.

BLOOPER (LYSSA): Let me handle this. *[Cat meows in the background.]* *[Lyssa chuckles.]* You're not in trouble, you're fine. I'm just mad at Troy, the gate guard.

AFTER CREDITS (LYSSA): Oh, the stage direction is for Athans, not for me. I was about to actually shove a sock in my mouth. I learned from the best. I'm not even in this scene. *[Laughs.]*

AFTER CREDITS (LYSSA): Duplicates.

BLOOPER (LYSSA): The E stands for enormous ego. He took his boyfriend's name.

AFTER CREDITS (LYSSA'S CAT): *[Crys and squeaks.]*

[END Episode 134.]