

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SIX - THE PARADOX OF THE DUPLICITOUS FREE SPIRIT

Original transcript edited by Orion and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 136.]

INTRO: Hey guys, quick plugs. I am fresh off of the 24-hour three-year anniversary livestream that we did on Saturday and Sunday. It was so much fun to see all of you and hang out and play video games and do commentaries on episodes. And I am still very tired.

But if you want to make sure that you don't miss an event like that again, check me out on Twitch at twitch.tv/woebegonepod. Where every Sunday I write that week's episode's soundtrack and then hang out and play a video game. It's not always a celebration, but it is always a fun time. That is 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. I just sent off for the November postcards and they look so cool. I know I say that every month, and every month they look cool in a different way. And I really like the different way that this one looks cool. So if you don't want to miss that, sign up at the \$15 level at patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons, [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

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

[MDawg grunts and squirms as Mikey tries to put his eye drops in.]

MIKEY: You have to keep your eye open, idiot! I can't get the eye drops in if you keep closing it.

MDAWG: I-I can't help it, Mikey. It burns. I keep flinching in anticipation.

MIKEY: Then stop anticipating. I agreed to help you because honestly, you look like you really need help, but I do have other things to do today. So, if I have to pry your eyes open with my dirty little fingers to get these goddamn eye drops in, by god, that's what I'm going to do. Now hold still.

MDAWG: No-No, please don't put your fingers in my eye. I-I'm sorry. It's difficult. I-I can't see anything, have a little pity. Ow!

MIKEY: There we go. Now keep holding still. There's one more to go. *[MDawg inhales in anticipation.]* There. All done. Was it really that bad?

MDAWG: It's pretty bad. Stings like hell. But, thank you, Mikey.

MIKEY: I'm just glad that it's over with. How bad is your eyesight?

MDAWG: I can see light and some colors, but not much else. Uh, shapes, sometimes. Hold up some fingers, and I'll close my good eye and tell you how many I see. *[Pause.]* Whenever you're ready.

MIKEY: I'm... already holding up the fingers, MDawg.

MDAWG: Well, there you go. This is one of my bad days, I guess. I've missed some drops ever since EdMan disappeared. I can't really put them in myself.

MIKEY: So you missed a few eye drops, missed a few showers, a couple of garbage days, by the looks of things. You've been... missing stuff, MDawg.

MDAWG: *[Sighs.]* I have. I'm sorry. The place is a mess without him. And you're right about the showers, too. God, do I-do I smell? I lit some incense. I hope it doesn't smell bad in here. How embarrassing.

MIKEY: It's... not a big deal, really. I swear. You're a Mike. You weren't iterated yet when we ran away from O.V.E.R. that one time. Before Edgar, remember? I've wallowed before, so I know what wallowing looks like. That's what you're doing. You're wallowing.

MDAWG: And I know that wallowing isn't a very chill vibe. I'm sorry.

MIKEY: Not everything has to be chill all the time. In fact, the pressure to make everything chill makes it decidedly unchill. So chill out about chilling out.

MDAWG: I'll try. Are you not enjoying your lemon ginger kombucha? I made it myself.

MIKEY: It's not that it's bad, it's just that... I hate it? It's not that it's bad because you're bad at making it. I'm still not going to call it "good," because I hate it, but that isn't your fault. I just don't understand kombucha. It's way too funky for me. I've tried it a few times and I just, I really don't like it. And it's not just yours. In fact, this is probably the best kombucha I've ever had. And I hate it.

MDAWG: You kinda have to develop a taste for it, like beer or coffee. Strong, interesting flavors.

MIKEY: Yeah, but beer and coffee have chemicals that make you feel good. Kombucha makes me feel like I'm probably going to have a stomach ache later.

MDAWG: Well, it should make you feel good. Kombucha is healthy for you, sometimes, uh, according to some people who aren't doctors. And if you chug the whole thing, you might even

feel a little bit tipsy. Mine is a lot more fermented than the stuff that you get at the store. So technically, it's an alcoholic beverage. Barely.

MIKEY: Well, why didn't you say so? Cheers. *[Pause.] [Gags.]* Nope! No. Nope, I can't do that. I gave it my best shot. But there will be no chugging of kombucha on this or any other day.

MDAWG: That wasn't a real suggestion, though it did cheer me up. I appreciate the effort. I can send a growler of it home with you if you want. If your Edgar is anything like my EdMan, then he loves the stuff. EdMan usually drinks... drank more than his half of what I made.

MIKEY: Yeah, I-I think Edgar would appreciate that. I'm glad you brought EdMan up because that's what I came here to talk about. Do you know what happened to him?

MDAWG: He isn't here anymore. He hasn't been for a while.

MIKEY: Oh, I knew that much already. Matt has been keeping an eye on the place and he reported that EdMan was missing a while ago. Sorry about Matt staking out your house, by the way.

MDAWG: Hi, Matt, if you're watching me from the bushes or whatever. Sorry that the bushes aren't trimmed.

MIKEY: All the better to hide in, right? I don't think he's out there. If he is, then he didn't tell any of us about it. Though, that doesn't mean that he isn't out there watching. He didn't ask us for permission the first time that he did it, either.

MDAWG: I don't have it in me to care anymore. With EdMan, it feels like it was all downhill from when you showed up and told me that he was cured. I remember getting the news from you and saying that I wasn't going to get my hopes up, but of course I did. I started envisioning a long life, an easy one. EdMan and MDawg living happily ever after. I was wounded, but he was tending to my wounds and my vision was getting better every day. We were so close to living out our days in peace out here. Sitting in our rocking chairs on the porch, talking about nothing until the end of our lives. Then, one morning, I woke up and he was gone. I was incredibly disoriented. Everything was even blurrier than usual. I could feel that something was wrong before I actually knew that something was wrong. It's odd to remember disorientation so vividly, but all of this is still so clear to me. Something was broken. EdMan hadn't got up early and gone out for groceries or to get my eye drops. He was gone, and I knew that he was gone. It felt like someone had pushed me into a dark pit, and like I've been in that pit ever since. So, welcome to the pit, Mikey. Make yourself at home.

MIKEY: Well, it's a pretty nice pit in a pretty nice neighborhood, all things considered. So, EdMan disappeared and never came back, and then what? What have you been up to since then? Have you been sulking around the house, or have you made any efforts to locate him? Or are you just waiting hoping he will come back?

MDAWG: It was a really bad time to lose him. Not that there's a good time. I'm not adapting well to only having one eye. I can't do most of the things I used to do. Me and EdMan were super active before the injury. Without him, I'm stuck. I can't drive. I can't look people in the eye like I used to. I stay inside here and wait. I make kombucha to try to get my mind off of it, and that doesn't work. I'm waiting, but I don't know what I'm waiting for, because it feels foolish to wait for EdMan to come back.

MIKEY: Looking people in the eye is overrated anyway. Are you saying that you haven't left the house for anything major since EdMan disappeared? You haven't been performing any... solo investigations?

MDAWG: How would I investigate? I don't have any resources. I'm not part of any time travel organizations. I don't have a Calculator. I can't go back and try to issue a correction or do tracing or anything like that. You told me about that Operose place, but that doesn't do me any good. You said that it changes locations every single day. How can I track something like that down? Even if I did, there's no guarantee that they have EdMan or that they're willing to help me find him. And if it was them, then why? Why would they take him from me?

MIKEY: I don't know, but they are the ones that cured him. They are the only organization that I know of that has any stake in meddling with him. I would absolutely consider them to be suspects.

MDAWG: Okay, let's consider them suspects. But unless *you* can get me to them, I don't have any options. There's nothing that I can do.

MIKEY: Have you... tried going to O.V.E.R.?

MDAWG: What? Why O.V.E.R.? What does O.V.E.R. have? I could... show up and pretend to be you to get inside? Is that what you're suggesting? And—And then what? What good would that do me?

MIKEY: Why don't you tell me why you would do that, MDawg.

MDAWG: What are you even accusing me of?

MIKEY: Why did *you* go to O.V.E.R. and impersonate me?

MDAWG: W-Why would you think I would do that? Why would I do that? I don't understand.

MIKEY: That's what I'm trying to figure out. Hey, I'm not mad. You didn't make it in and it doesn't seem like you have any ill will. You're just trying to figure out this EdMan stuff. I don't think that you were doing anything untoward. It's just... there are reports that you showed up at O.V.E.R. I'm trying to figure out what happened.

MDAWG: That's nonsense. I can't drive. I didn't get in the car and drive however many hours that is with one good eye just to get back to O.V.E.R. to do something I don't know. I told you, I'm out of the time travel game, at least when you all will let me be. I've made my peace with that, and that's for better and for worse. Worse meaning that EdMan is gone and I don't have any way of finding him, so back off.

MIKEY *[becoming increasingly drunk]*: Hmm. Well. I want to believe you. And, I think I believe you, oddly enough. You didn't have means or oppor...tunity and your motive is shaky. I know the Mike Walters Intuition is extremely fallible, but you don't have any of the hallmarks of a Mike who is trying to act his way out of a tough situation. You didn't do that thing where we pick under the nail of our left thumb. You didn't do that thing where we pull our-our lips to the right side ever so slightly. So, either you taught yourself to get rid of all of our tells or you're telling the truth. And not even Michael has gotten rid of *all* the tells, so that would be impressive stuff. But that-that-that doesn't make s-s-s—. Troy saw y... *[Pause.] [Exhales.]* MDawg, uh, I'm feeling... uh, lightheaded. You said this kombucha was alcoholic? How alcoholic?

MDAWG: Just a little bit. You feelin' it kick in?

MIKEY: It can't be that alcoholic. I didn't even drink that much of it.

MDAWG: You drank plenty. Maybe you should lie down on the couch, Mikey. Take a good long nap. I don't mind. Relax for a little bit. Lean back and just let things happen for once.

MIKEY: N-No, something's wrong. I shouldn't. I-I don't... I...

MDAWG: You're not going to be able to fight yourself awake, Mikey. You drank enough to go down for a good long nap. So, relax. Give in.

MIKEY *[mumbling]*: MDawg... why?

MDAWG: Shh-shh-shh. It's sleepy time, Mikey. Time to go to sleep.

MIKEY *[whispering]*: Poison...

MDAWG: It's not a poison. It's just a sedative. You'll be good as new when you wake up in a few hours. Quit struggling. There we go. You're doing great, Mikey. Doesn't that feel better? The surrender? The comfy and warm and drowsiness of it all? Drift away. Ride the wave. All the way into the sunset. There you go. Goodnight. *[Pause.]* Finally. That's what you get, asshole.

[Opening theme plays.]

[MDawg smacks Mikey repeatedly to wake him.]

MIKEY *[grunting]*: Oh, oh, oh. What?

MDAWG: Time to wake up, Mikey. Hey! Wake up, asshole! Nap time's over. You're late for the question and answer session.

MIKEY *[drowsy]*: Hmm? MDawg? Why are you waking me up? You're the one who knocked me out.

MDAWG: Oh, sorry for the confusion, you're answering the questions, I'm asking them.

[Mikey strains against the ropes.]

MIKEY: You tied me up? What is this? What's going on?

MDAWG: That is the first question, I will give you that much. What *is* going on, Mikey? I took your Calculator for a spin, and I was pretty surprised by what I found. And what I didn't find. For instance, an O.V.E.R. employee badge when I searched you, so what's up with that?

MIKEY: What? What did you want my badge for?

MDAWG: For doing my due diligence. I went back to the day that EdMan went missing and did some poking around. Here first, of course. Turns out that we were both gone and then I popped back into existence and he didn't. That is not what I remember.

MIKEY: Yeah, Operose did that. You're their property.

MDAWG: I didn't have any way to figure out where I was during that missing time, so I had to let that go. So I went back to Base, to see if I could account for you all during that time. Maybe you had something to do with it, maybe you knew something. So I went there and you had all disappeared, too. You and the whole building, actually. But it seems like you all stayed gone. You're still gone as of now. And you didn't think that was pertinent to tell me when you showed up on my doorstep today?

MIKEY: It's not. It has nothing to do with EdMan, and it's not why I'm here.

MDAWG: So, no Base, but O.V.E.R. is just a hop, skip, and a jump from there, so I thought I'd try that. But you didn't have your employee badge, so I couldn't get in because Troy wouldn't be chill about it.

MIKEY: If it makes you feel any better, he wasn't chill when I went there either. But that explains that. You didn't make an iteration of him, did you?

MDAWG: No, should I have? Would that have worked?

MIKEY: No, but someone did it. There are two of him now.

MDAWG: And one only tells truths, and one only tells lies?

MIKEY: Nope, they're both just stupid. None of us were in there, by the way. Everyone's gone.

MDAWG: So all of Base has vanished? Everyone? Because you're here, which begs the question, who the hell are you? If you really are Base's Mikey, then why are you around and the rest of Base isn't?

MIKEY: It doesn't beg the question, it raises the question, and you don't want to get involved with this and I don't want to involve you, and you've tied me up and drugged me, so why would I ever tell you anything?

MDAWG: Because you fucking ruined my life, Mikey. This all happened after you showed up at my door with "good news." EdMan is going to be fine! He isn't going to die! But don't get your hopes up! And maybe it was foolish of me to get my hopes up, but I couldn't help it. Everything was fine before you got here. He was going to die, but we knew that. We had made peace with that. You coming here was a major disruption. Something must have propagated. The old timer on EdMan's life was gone, and there was this new timer. One that we didn't even know existed. At least before I knew when EdMan was going to be ripped away from me. I didn't see this coming. I was blindsided. And you started the timer. You're the reason that he's gone. You made him disappear. On purpose or on accident, I don't know. Maybe you wanted him gone. Maybe you thought that he was a loose end with Mustardseed or some shit. Maybe you were protecting your Edgar somehow. **[MIKEY: MDawg...]** I don't know. So just tell me what you did. **[MIKEY: MDawg!]** Where is EdMan? Did you do this to me?

MIKEY [distraught]: MDawg. I would never do anything to take EdMan away from you. I told you because I wanted you to know. He's your Edgar. I wanted you to know what I found out. I didn't do anything to take him away from you. All I did was tell you and the other Mikes. I'm here because I want to know what happened to him, too. I'm putting myself at risk even coming here. I'm going behind people's backs to try and find him. I've got other stuff that I'm supposed to be doing. I'm gonna get in trouble when people figure out that I haven't been doing it. This is important to me, too.

MDAWG: Well, how noble of you to cry some crocodile tears for *my* EdMan. You said that you're going behind other people's backs? Who's backs?

MIKEY: No, that's secret. Our situation is precarious. You just said that you think you lost EdMan because of propagation, so you understand the risk.

MDAWG: So, not Base. You would have just said Base. Maybe they really are gone. So you're working for some other organization now? Operose? The Compound? Which one?

MIKEY: It's not like that. In fact, it's basically the opposite

MDAWG: Hmm. Maybe we should see what some of those organizations have to say about you. You're sounding like a valuable hostage, Mikey. I bet either the Operose or Compound would be really interested in having you. For a price.

MIKEY: What? What are you saying? What price?

MDAWG: I didn't drug you and tie you up just for a conversation, dummy. Catch up. I'm gonna trade you for EdMan. Or for someone who can take me to EdMan. Operose is still a missing link, but I bet I can get in contact with Ty Betteridge. I have you, I have your Calculator with a bunch of coordinate logs on it. We can figure something out. Ty will probably be very interested to learn that there's a Mikey running around who says he's from the missing Base.

MIKEY: Yeah, he would, which is why you can't tell him about me. You'll fuck up everything. Ty... He has Base. Base is inside of the Compound. I broke out. Happy? You can't tell Ty that I'm here.

MDAWG: There it is. There's your little secret. So Ty would be interested in acquiring you. And he's a businessman, right? He makes good on deals? So he wouldn't screw me out of a trade. One Mikey for one EdMan. Think he'll go for that?

MIKEY: The Compound is at war with Operose. He probably can't even help you.

MDAWG: Some help is better than none. I bet if I show him where I popped back into my house, he can trace the signal to see where I came from. That's progress. So, let's do that. I have some calls to make. In the meantime, let's get you somewhere more secure. So you had better get ready to move, Mikey.

MIKEY: You... aren't who I thought you were. This isn't very chill of you, MDawg.

MDAWG: You know, someone once told me that trying too hard to be chill is decidedly unchill. It wasn't a very smart guy who said it, but I think that he had a point. I would eventually like to chill with EdMan on the porch for the rest of my days, like in my daydream. So, you're right. Maybe I have to be less chill now to be more chill later. You ready?

MIKEY: This isn't going to work. I'm the last hope that Base has of getting out of the Compound. You're dooming all of us to be stuck inside of there forever. Please. You're trying to save EdMan, I'm trying to save them. My Edgar is in there.

MDAWG: So, you would be out of my hair, I would be taking steps to getting EdMan back, and you would get to be with your Edgar? This idea just keeps sounding better and better, Mikey. I'm glad that this could work out for us. Thanks for showing up at my door and handing yourself over. Get ready to transport in three...

MIKEY: No! We can't stay [**MDAWG:** Two...] in there, I have to get them out. [**MDAWG:** One...] Mi—

[Time travel noise.]

[Mikey grunts as he lands.]

MIKEY: Fuck. Where the hell are we?

MDAWG: Welcome to storage, Mikey.

MIKEY: W-What? This isn't storage. I'm conscious. I would be dead if I was in storage. *[Mikey rustles through some junk.]* This appears to be a... a junk room?

MDAWG: No, it's not storage, it's my st— It's a storage unit.

MIKEY: Oh, it's the storage unit. Wow, you guys really have a lot of crap, don't you. Oh hey, Edgar's papers. *[Mikey flips through the papers.]* You put Edgar's papers in storage?

MDAWG: Hey, put those down! You can't judge me, you have most of the same crap. Are you still paying rent on that apartment that it's sitting in?

MIKEY: Yes, I am, because what if I need it? Like you said, all my crap's in there. And it came in handy when I needed to get away from O.V.E.R. for a little bit... two years ago. And I get paid well enough to keep it. Well, now I'm not employed by O.V.E.R. so I should probably look at my savings.

MDAWG: Chill out, man. You don't have to think about any of that stuff anymore. MDawg's got you taken care of. You never have to go back there ever again. So, who cares if your savings run out? You'll be nice and warm inside the Compound.

MIKEY: Actually, they keep it cold inside of the Dome because it's cold where Base is supposed to be. It sucks.

MDAWG: You have a thing for every thing, don't you? That seems exhausting. Now that we're here I have the ability to not care. Which is pretty chill, actually. I'm feeling more and more chill every second, now that I've got you taken care of. All that is left to do is to shackle you to this wall here and then I can move on to beginning negotiations for your custody.

MIKEY: How long are you going to leave me here?

MDAWG: Only as long as it takes to find a suitable forever home. Don't worry, there's food and water. Non-GMO food, of course. You caught me having a bad day and put me in a situation

where I need to be a little bit conniving, but I'm not some kind of monster. I want you eating nutritionally complete organic meals. I don't want you showing back up to your Edgar all skinny and malnourished.

MIKEY: Wow, you are super committed to this bit. You're like Michael, but with the exact opposite diet.

MDAWG: EdMan has food restrictions, the diet helps a lot. So, all that's left to do is...

[Shackles click as MDawg secures them.]

MDAWG: That was easy. You're all shackled up and good to go. There's a cot in the corner over there. Uh, don't touch anything valuable. That includes my guitar and some—

[Something clatters in another part of the unit.]

MDAWG: What the hell was that?

MIKEY: It wasn't me. You're looking at me.

MDAWG *[calling out]:* Who's there? EdMan? Is that you?

MIKEY: Whatever that was, I don't think that was EdMan.

MDAWG *[calling out]:* This is my private property. You are trespassing. Come out with your hands up, and we can be chill about this.

MIKEY: Do you have a gun, MDawg?

MDAWG *[hushed, to Mikey]:* No, but they don't know that.

MIKEY: You really are just inverted Michael.

MDAWG *[whispered]:* That's a compliment.

MIKE *[calling out]:* Hey, uh, I can explain.

MIKEY: Mike!?

MIKE: Mikey? As in, *my Mikey!*? What are you doing in the storage unit?

MIKEY: MDawg has me captive. What are *you* doing here?

MIKE: I'm finding the missing Calculator. Which MDawg *had*, by the way, right here in the storage unit.

MIKEY: What? MDawg? You had the secret Calculator? How did you know Mike's number?

MDAWG: N-No, no. I-I— if I did, I don't remember. You found that here in the storage unit?

MIKE: I sure did. Would you like to explain yourself?

MDAWG: I-I don't— I don't know. You can ask Mikey. I knocked him out to steal his Calculator. Why would I do that if I had one?

MIKEY: He's trying to sell me out to Ty, Mike. You can't let him leave here. If he sends me to Ty, then Texas is fucked. We're all fucked. He had my Calculator, he'll go wild with it. You have to stop him.

MDAWG: Yeah, I don't care about any of this. You can have the secret Calculator. I've got to get out of here. You guys are too aggro for me. I got—

[Gunshot. MDawg sputters.]

MIKEY: I did not mean shoot him, Mike. What kind of cowboy shit was that?

MIKE: Well, What was I supposed to do?! He was holding a Calculator. If he got out of here, he could have affected who knows how much before we could put a stop to him. You're right, Texas would have been ruined.

MDAWG *[strained]*: I... EdMan...

MIKE: He's still moving. **[MDAWG: Help...]** Kick the Calculator away from him.

[The Calculator slides across the floor.]

MDAWG: EdMan... I'll find you...

MIKEY: I've seen enough for these to know that this looks pretty fatal, Mike.

MIKE: Yup. Let me see. *[MDawg struggles for breath.]* Yeah. H-He's done for. I'm sorry, MDawg.

MDAWG: ...EdMan...

MIKE: We're gonna find EdMan for ya, buddy. And when we do, we're going to correct this whole thing so that way none of it ever happened. No one will have to get hurt. Not you, not Mikey, not EdMan, not anyone. Okay?

MDAWG: Help him... help him...

MIKE: We will. It's time to rest now, MDawg. You've earned it. Goodbye.

[Gunshot.]

MIKE: *[Heavy exhale.]* Let's get you out of those shackles, Mikey.

[Shackles click as they are undone.]

MIKEY: Thanks, Mike. I don't know what I would have done if you weren't in here.

MIKE: You would have jeopardized the whole mission, is what. Which is why Tex doesn't want us running off doing EdMan stuff until we figure the rest out.

MIKEY: I know, I know, I messed up, and I proved him exactly right, which is a dangerous thing to do with a Michael. Can we keep this between the two of us?

MIKE: For now. Unless for some reason we have to tell them.

MIKEY: I would appreciate that. Poor MDawg. Are we really going to correct all this and save him? Once we get Base back?

MIKE: Beats the hell out of me. I just told him what I would have wanted to hear.

[Closing theme plays.]

[[You Didn't Love A Disease](#) plays.]

*Please
Tell me you think we're
Out of the woods from here
I was
Willing to trick myself
If the horizon were near*

*Bended
To wills that I wondered
Why it was worth it's toll
Blinded
To the myriad ways that
It matters I seize control*

*But it's getting dark
It's getting dark*

*And the worst part is
When you're lost in the clear
And what's stuck in your throat
You can't see in the mirror
You didn't love a disease
But they say that you did
You'll never make it out
Let me pull you in
Let me pull you in*