

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY TWO - THE PANDEMONIUM OF THE NEW MANAGEMENT

Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 142.]

INTRO: Hey, guys. Quick plugs. We're in full swing for the new year, which means that I'm back to my regular streaming schedule at Twitch over at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod). In this week's stream, I beat *Pony Island*, so next week we're going to do something brand new, and it's going to be a lot of fun, so if you want to come hang out, that's [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod). And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon at [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.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 want to highlight the director's commentaries again this week because we are finishing up Season 9. There are some cool and important episodes at the end of that season that are exciting to talk about, and you're not gonna wanna miss that. So if that sounds like something you want, sign up at [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.patreon.com/woe_begone) at the \$10 or up level. Special thanks to my 10 newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[We hear Mikey knock on the door to the shed in the Dome.]

MIKEY: Open up, cowboys. I come bearing news.

[Door opens.]

MW: Mikey, we ain't acceptin' news at this time. It's always bad news with you.

MIKEY: Well, you're gonna wanna hear it anyway. W-When did you guys put a real door on the shed?

MW: Michael did that this mornin'. We been doin' all kinds of upgrades.

MIKEY: Well, it's *definitely* an improvement over that hole that Michael blowtorched in the side of the shed.

MW: Keeps the heat in, too. Not that we need it as much these days. Come in, I'll show you around.

[Door closes.]

MIKEY: Oh, w-wow. This is cozy! Like, not cramped, legitimately cozy! You've got an overhead light bulb and everything? Great job, Michael.

MICHAEL: Thank ya kindly. That's right, no more oil lamps for us. We got the real deal.

MW: The fumes from the oil lamps were killin' me.

MICHAEL: Nonsense, Emdubya. That's kerosene. Puts hair on your chest.

MW: Shed ain't ventilated. I was havin' hallucinations that some sort of monster was creepin' around the Dome.

MICHAEL: Only monsters runnin' around here are folks that ain't paid up after I beat 'em in poker last week.

MIKEY: We weren't actually playing for money, Michael. That was a joke. And it's not like it matters cause what are you gonna spend money on? We're stuck in the Dome!

MICHAEL: Well, if money don't matter, then they can pay up, cain't they?

MW: Let's not do this right now, Michael. Mikey said that he came here with news. Have a seat, Mikey. We got real chairs now. We got a lot done ever since the weather warmed up. So, why'd ya stop by?

MIKEY: It's sort of about the weather, actually? I met with Ty today?

MICHAEL: You ain't about to say that Ty's gonna turn the goddamn snow back on. Emdubya, grab the blowtorch! We're gonna have to talk some sense into this Ty Betteridge fellow once and for all.

MW: I got it, boss. *[He turns on the blowtorch.]*

MIKEY: No! We're not blowtorching anyone. And you're not going to want to after I tell you this. As far as I know, he isn't turning the snow back on, but something has changed. I just got back from my Replacement Recon meeting, and the situation with the Tys is different now. I've been doing my best to play the part of this Replacement "Docile" Mikey and give him what he thinks that he's looking for? And so far there haven't been any issues; I thought that I was doing a really great job. But today, he was staring daggers, it was like I couldn't say anything that was good enough. So, I guess he's suspicious of me now?

MW: You got any idea what mighta happened?

MIKEY: Uh, sort of, actually? I played dumb, and I asked him why the snow got turned off, and his response was... interesting. He seemed agitated, and he explained that one of the Tys has written the inclement weather out of the budget, but that there had recently been a quote "managerial upheaval," and that Ty that wrote the budget and a bunch of others have been removed and are in the process of being replaced. I didn't ask further questions because I didn't

want to pry into things that aren't my business because I'm supposed to be Replacement Mikey who is this good, little docile sheep who would never ask too much from Ty Betteridge.

MICHAEL: Good little sheep tend to get slaughtered, pard.

MW: Ain't you supposed to be a sheepdog, Michael?

MICHAEL: That's how I know.

MIKEY: There was nothing that I could do without blowing my cover. My understanding is that the Ty that wrote the budget lied to protect us and ended up getting replaced. It sounds like a lot of Tys got replaced, like there was this big intra-office showdown. I think that this is a new Ty. I think that we're under new management.

MW: New boss, same as the old boss.

MIKEY: Quite literally. Except this new boss is very enthusiastic about getting Base involved in Compound projects.

MW: Now I ain't fond of "projects," Mikey. The biggest "project" we had was gettin' slaughtered by an army of Michaels until you managed to get 'em shut off.

MIKEY: Well, get ready for some more bullshit like that, because Ty bragged to me that the Compound is making big strides in defensive technologies. They're still at war with Operose, and they're planning a counter-attack, which of course involves us. He didn't say what the plan is yet, but he's definitely marching us into battle. They're waiting on some key intel first. And because of the new defensive technology, he says that we'll be a lot safer this time thanks to huge technological marvels that are going on in the Compound, and aren't you so lucky to have us? They're making some sort of shield, I guess? I couldn't get him to elaborate.

MW: I'm still stuck on this Ty that got our back. He woulda seen us that night that we snuck into the Trunk, and then he lied for us, and now he's gone. This new hands-on Ty don't seem like he's gonna look the other way, which means I don't think that we can safely use the panel to sneak into the Trunk no more. He'd rat us out.

MICHAEL: But the Trunk's our only way out.

MIKEY: The Trunk was our only way out. Now we have to find a new way out. Though, short of leading some sort of uprising against the Tys, I don't know what we can do except play along and hope that somebody rescues us, or something like the Trunk falls in our laps again.

MICHAEL: The gall of both of ya. Y'all held me back and wouldn't let me kill those iterations what got away with our Calculator. That was our chance; we coulda got outta here. And the Ty that was watchin' us that whole time was actually lookin' out for us. We coulda got free. Now

they're on the inside, and we can't sneak around no more. Fuckin' ingrates. Cause of you, we're trapped like rats in this fuckin' tin can.

[Michael throws something.]

MW: Hey! Simmer down, Michael. It ain't time to give up hope. Not in front of Mikey. It's time to be a sheepdog, pard. And don't throw shit around. We just got the place cleaned up.

MICHAEL: *[Sighs.]* You're right. I'm sorry, it's just... I had a little brain fog recently, my temper keeps gettin' the better of me. Ever since we turned them oil lamps off.

MW: No, Michael. It's cause we turned them on. You're describin' exposure to the fumes.

MICHAEL: That ain't the way I see it.

MW: Well, there's a reason that you ain't seein' right—

[We hear a loud pop sound and a shutting down sound.]

MICHAEL: Welp. There goes the overhead light.

MW: That weren't the light poppin'. Somethin's goin' on.

MIKEY: What was that? Some sort of explosion?

MW: Maybe the generator exploded over at Base? That's all I can think of.

MICHAEL: I don't think the generator poppin' woulda been that loud. We're all the way across the yard. It sounded like somethin' happened to the entire Dome.

MW: Are we on lockdown? Mikey, did Ty say anything about a lockdown during your meetin'?

MIKEY: I don't know anything about a lockdown, and we're under new management. I don't think I'm going to get told about lockdowns ever again. But that didn't feel like a lockdown, and it didn't sound like a lockdown.

MW: There is one way to check if it's a lockdown...

MIKEY: There sure is. Michael, would you like to be a big, tough cowboy and check for us? If it's not a lockdown, then you should be able to pop open that fancy new door of yours.

MICHAEL: *[Sighs.]* Alright. But only because I'm the baddest, toughest cowboy this side of the Mississip'. I'll open the door for ya. But if there's some sorta critter on the other side, I want you to be ready to shoot it, Emdubya.

MW: locked and loaded, boss. *[He spins his revolver's cylinder.]*

MIKEY: *[Huffs.]* Hold your fire, MW. If there's anybody out there, and there's not going to be, it's either going to be someone from Base, or it's going to be Ty, and you don't want to shoot either of them.

MICHAEL: Let's hope it's Ty, then. Or Shadow. He owes me that ring o' his. I won it fair and square in poker.

MIKEY: Michael, you were the only one who took that seriously. The rest of us were having a good laugh. Do not try to take his ring from him.

MICHAEL: He shouldn't bet anything that he's not willin' to lose. Y'all ready for me to open this dang door?

MW: I'm ready, Michael.

MIKEY: I'm ready, but please don't shoot anyone.

MICHAEL: No promises. Alright. I'm gonna stick my head out there. *[Door opens.]*

MIKEY: W-What do you see out there, Michael?

MICHAEL *[outside]:* Whole buncha nothin' is what.

MW: Nothin' as in you can't tell what made the noise?

MICHAEL *[outside]:* No, I mean *nothin'* nothin', Emdubya. The-The void. It's noon, and it's black as pitch out here.

MIKEY: Maybe Ty turned nighttime on? Accidentally? Or he's... changing our time zones or something?

MICHAEL *[outside]:* Naw, it ain't *nighttime* out here. Ty puts the moon and the stars out for us to look at. He always gives us some sorta light. This is *nothin'*. I might as well have my eyes closed out here.

[Door closes.]

MICHAEL: You can look for yourself if'n ya want.

MW: The air ya brought inside feels real warm, Michael.

MICHAEL: Naw, it ain't just warm. It's hotter'n the devil out there. I stuck my head out for two seconds and felt like I was in a dang sauna.

MIKEY: Maybe this is some sort of experiment? Th-The new Ty is watching us to see how we react?

MW: I'm wonderin' if the outside of the Dome is on fire, and the Dome is protecting us from it. At least partially.

MIKEY: Maybe *that's* the experiment? That- Maybe that's the defensive technology that Ty was bragging to me about? Maybe they made the Dome fireproof?

MICHAEL: Well, it ain't fireproof. It made the sun go out, and it's a hundred thirty degrees out there minimum.

MW: Well, what about Base? Could you see what they were doin'?

MICHAEL: I looked for the light from their windows and saw nothin'. It is pitch black out there, like I said. No lights from nothin'. Period.

MIKEY: They probably lost power, too. We should go over there; we need to make sure that they're okay.

MW: Agreed. You wanna head over there and investigate, Michael?

MICHAEL: Yup. Lucky for us, I still held on to them oil lamps. Let's head over to Base and see what the situation is. And maybe I can collect that ring that Shadow owes me while we're there.

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear the sound of footsteps on grass as the Mikes approach the Base. Mikey is panting.]

MW: Hey, uh... You doin' okay over there, Mikey? Sounds like you're strugglin'.

MIKEY *[panting]*: I'm not gonna make it. It's too hot. Just-Just leave... Leave me here in the grass. It'll be like Operose, except- the grass- n'gonna eat me, I'm gonna turn into a puddle. Be nutrients for the soil. Go on without me.

MW: I don't think that's real grass and soil, pard. I think it's some sorta fancy astroturf they came up with.

MICHAEL: Yup. I tried to plant somethin' in it once the weather cleared up, and then nothin' grew. I think it's all made o' plastic. But they figured out how to make it "grow" so that we still gotta cut it.

MIKEY: *[Pants.]* What did you try to grow, Michael?

MICHAEL: Some seeds what Flapper gave me.

MW: Howdya still have those seeds?

MICHAEL: I keep 'em in my pocket, pilgrim. But enough about me. Mikey. *[He pats MIKEY, and MIKEY inhales]* We need to getchu up'n at 'em, pilgrim. It's only a few more steps to the Base.

MIKEY: Uh-h... I can't...

MICHAEL: Sure ya can. C'mon, don't make me drag ya there. C'mon. Up!

[Mikey strains to get up.]

MICHAEL: Attaboy, Mikey. You got this. We'll be inside coolin' down in just a minute. I know that they got a fridge in there.

MW: Alright, Mikey. Up the steps and we're in.

MIKEY: *[Pants.]* Okay. Okay. *[Inhales and exhales.]*

MICHAEL: Home sweet home.

[We hear Michael knock as a courtesy.]

MICHAEL *[projecting]:* Hello? Um... Anybody in there? *[Normal voice.]* Mm, don't sound like it.

MW *[projecting]:* Hey, y'all. It's us, uh, it's the Mikes, uh. Power's out in the whole Dome, or somethin' like that. Whole situation's weird. It's totally dark out. **[MIKEY** *(projecting):* Hey, guys?]

MIKEY *[projecting]:* Edgar?

MICHAEL: I don't think no-one's here.

MIKEY: Maybe they went out to look for us when we went out to look for them.

MW: Naw, we woulda heard 'em. Yard ain't that big. And Marissa would be makin' a racket.

MICHAEL: Well, if they ain't in the Dome, then someone took 'em somewhere.

MW: Well, maybe we should head to the Trunk, then. If the Compound moved 'em, then we should be able to see where they are from there.

MIKEY: Uh, new boss, remember? If we go to the Trunk, we're gonna get caught.

MW: That don't seem like it matters too much anymore, Mikey. The sun exploded, or whatever.

MIKEY *[exasperated]*: We're getting ahead of ourselves anyway. We don't even know that someone took them somewhere. It could be possible that someone took *us* somewhere. I mean, this might not even be our Dome. It doesn't feel like our Dome, does it? This could be a replica Dome that we got sent to or something. And Base could be back at the original Dome looking for us.

MW: Or not lookin' for us because we got replaced.

MICHAEL: I don't know about that, cause we ain't dead, and we ain't in storage. But, uh, if we're somewhere we ain't supposed to be, we'll just get back to the Dome and kill our replacements. Simple as that. No time to dwell on it now. We need to get movin'. Emdubya, start checkin' the rooms startin' in the back. I'll start in the front. Mikey, you head to the fridge and start makin' us some ice packs. You ain't the only one who's overheatin'.

MW: Got it, boss.

MIKEY: That's where I was heading anyway.

MICHAEL: Look for anything out of the ordinary.

MIKEY: Yeah, and stay vigilant. We don't know for sure that we're the only ones in here.

MW: Don't scare yourself, Mikey. There ain't nothin' in here with us; we're gonna be fine. I'm headin' to the back.

MICHAEL: Holler if you find somethin'.

MIKEY: Yup, and I'm off to the kitchen to make ice packs.

[We hear rummaging and footsteps. Mikey opens the fridge.]

MIKEY: Ah, the ice hasn't melted yet, thank god. Okay. Alright, I've got my ziplock *bag*. *[He opens the ziplock bag.]* Ice packs. Ice packs... *[He scoops ice into the bag.]* Okay... Uh!... *[He places the ice pack on himself.]* It feels so good. *[Pause.]* What is that? ...Uh... A-A meatball sub? It's still warm. That means that someone was just here. *[He yells out in surprised pain.]* Fuck!

MICHAEL *[other room]*: You okay in there, Mikey?

MIKEY: Yeah, uh, someone dropped a bowl, and it shattered on the ground, and I stepped on it? Uh, there's a meatball sub here, too, it's still warm. They were just here, and they weren't expecting to leave.

MW *[other room]:* Stepped on a bowl? Mikey, are you barefoot in there? You took your shoes off?

MIKEY: Yes, because Edgar would kill me if I walked around in my dirty shoes.

MW *[other room]:* You've gotta be kiddin' me, Mikey.

MIKEY: Okay, we don't have time to litigate whether or not I should have taken my shoes or not, or if the two of you are going to make Edgar have to bring out the carpet shampooer? We've got a job to do.

MW *[other room]:* Yeah, I'm doin' my job, I found something! I'm in Edgar's office. Get in here, and bring one of them ice packs with ya.

MIKEY *[muttering]:* *[Sighs.]* Okay, fine. You guys can run the carpet shampooer, I'm not gonna do it this time. *[Sighs.]* *[Normal voice.]* Okay. What did you find, MW?

MW: Did either of y'all know about this?

[We hear the jangling of a boulder key.]

MIKEY: W-What? No... You found a-a boulder key in, where, in Edgar's desk?

MW: Yep. This drawer right here. Weren't locked.

MIKEY: I-I don't know anything. Edgar didn't say anything about a boulder key. That would be a big deal.

MW: You think that he was keepin' it a secret from ya?

MIKEY: I don't know why he *would*. But I also don't know why he'd have a boulder key.

MICHAEL: Maybe Edgar was takin' trips out to the boulders in secret.

MW: Maybe he was takin' special instructions from Ty. And maybe whatever he was up to at the Boulders made the Dome short out. We know that them boulders are an electrical hazard.

MIKEY: Okay, uh-uh, maybe, but it doesn't line up. If something happened at the boulders, then the key would be taken there and physically inserted into the slot. But the key *isn't* at the

boulders, and it's not with Edgar, it's here inside of his desk. If the boulders were involved, why would the key be here?

MW: I don't know, Mikey. Maybe somethin' about time travel. It would be a strange coincidence if this was unrelated.

MIKEY: Not really, there's a lot going on right now. We're inside of a geodesic Dome where a time travel organization is watching us and having interdepartmental scuffles and thinks that I'm a brainwashed duplicate of myself but I actually escaped from fifteen years of time travel storage. There are a lot of threads that are interweaving here.

MICHAEL: Well, I didn't find nothin' at the front of the house. Y'all find anything else?

MW: Nope. Just this. *[He jangles the keys.]*

MIKEY: Just the shattered plate and the meatball sub.

MICHAEL: Then the boulder key is our only lead. I think the next course of action is to take it and head out to them boulders.

MIKEY: We're... taking the boulder key? We're not gonna use it on the boulders, are we?

MICHAEL: No, sir. Probably not. Hand me one of them ice packs, and get your dang shoes back on, Mikey. We're heading out to the boulders.

MIKEY: "Probably not" better mean 99% not, Michael.

MICHAEL: It's 51%. Now get your damn shoes on.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the footsteps of them walking to the boulders.]

MIKEY: *[Huffs.]* Shouldn't we be there by now? My ice pack is already melted.

MW: *[Huffs.]* I hope so. My ice pack melted too, Mikey. Cain't be too far. The yard ain't that big.

MIKEY: I'm sorry about the ice packs, I should have found something to insulate them in, or something.

MW: You're alright, Mikey. It was a lot better than nothin'.

MICHAEL: Well, this here is the wall at the back of the yard. That means we missed the boulders.

MIKEY: Did we get turned around somewhere?

MW: It's possible. I mean, we cain't see the house from here. We coulda started turnin' and thought we were walkin' straight.

MICHAEL: I was pretty dang sure that we were walkin' straight towards the boulders.

MIKEY: Well, we weren't, cause they're not here. So where are they? Or where are we?

MICHAEL: Let's take a left here and see if we don't bump into 'em along the wall.

MIKEY: Yeah, I guess if we hug the wall, we can't get too lost.

MW: And if we go left, we'll end up back at the shed eventually. If'n we are where I think we are. So let's keep moving.

MICHAEL: Left it is, then.

[We hear the sound of footsteps on grass.]

MIKEY: So what do you guys think is happening? Do you think the Compound is under attack? Maybe that's what's happening. Operose is attacking the Dome. Or s-stole the Dome? Could we be in Operose right now? Maybe the Dome got unplugged while they were stealing it, and that's why the power went out?

MW: Well, this ain't just the power goin' out. It's *hot* in here. Like, artificially hot. Somethin' is pumpin' heat in. I don't know why Operose would do that.

MIKEY: I'm starting to get worried, MW. What if they have Edgar, and they're doing something to him? What if they're all hurt or dead, like what it— Oh, fuck! Fuck! **[MW:** What. What.] What was that!?

MW: What was *what*, Mikey?

MIKEY: Y-Y-You didn't see that? The-The thing that moved at the edge of my light?

MICHAEL: I didn't see nothin', Mikey.

MIKEY: It was a shadow, and it moved. I saw it.

MICHAEL: Well if it's Shadow, then he owes me his ring.

MIKEY: Not *Shadow*, Michael. A shadow. Something moved, and there's nothing out here that moves.

MW: We didn't see anything, Mikey, and you were gettin' riled up.

MICHAEL: Yeah, quit wavin' your dang lamp around. You're seein' things in the dark. Don't let your eyes play tricks on ya, pilgrim.

MIKEY: I *know* that I saw something, and it came from right— [*He walks into the shed with a thud, and yells out in pain.*]

MW: Well, Mikey, you walked right into the shed. Guess we found that.

MICHAEL: Woulda had to walk right by the boulders to get here.

MW: Yeah, I'm startin' to suspect that the boulders are gone.

MIKEY: Should we walk back the way we came and go right? Maybe they're that way?

MICHAEL: There ain't no way that we walked all the way from Base, to the edge of the Dome, and then all the way back to the shed without walkin' into the boulders. They're gone, pard.

MIKEY: Well, I saw them when I showed up to your shed this afternoon. They're big, and if they were missing, I would've noticed. They were definitely there.

MW: Well, way I see it is we can go back in the shed and sit there with our thumbs up our asses waitin' for the sun to come back out, or we can find that panel and see if we can get to the Trunk. I think that those are our two options.

MIKEY: Who knows what Ty would do to us if we went to the Trunk and got caught.

MW: Honestly, I wanna get caught by Ty at this point. Maybe he'll find us and get us out of here. Hell, the worst he could do is put us back in here, and let us die o' heat stroke.

MICHAEL: Emdubya's right. There's nothin' at the Base. The boulders are gone. The panel's all that's left. We gotta head to the Trunk.

MIKEY: Guys, you do not want to get *caught* by Ty. I got caught, and he stuck me in storage for *fifteen years*. He only woke me up to tell me that everyone was *gone*. Endless, unconscious drifting with no way to get out. At least in the Dome, we're conscious. If we get on his bad side, we could be in storage forever. That's the same as dead. [*Thudding noises.*] Fuck, did you— You s— you heard that, you saw that!

MICHAEL: I didn't see nothin'.

MW: All I heard was you slammin' your palm against the side of the shed.

MIKEY: There's something on the other side of the shed. I saw it, it's looking at us. *[Projecting.]*
Hello? Hello??

MW: Michael, I didn't see nothin'.

MICHAEL: Maybe you just ain't built for the heat, Mikey.

MIKEY: I-I'm gonna go find it. Th-There was something. I saw it. I *know* that I saw it. It wasn't a hallucination. I-I saw it, it was on the other side of the shed.

[Mikey and Michael struggle as Michael grabs Mikey to keep him from leaving.]

MICHAEL: Hey! **MIKEY:** N- Hey! H- Let go of me!] You ain't trudin' off into the dark to chase after some shadow, ya nitwit.

MIKEY *[desperate]:* I saw something. It could be after us. It could be Edgar.

MICHAEL: I can't tell you're either delirious, or...

MIKEY: Or what, Michael?

MICHAEL: ...Or if the new Ty in charge figured you out and replaced you with a docile iteration, and the real Mikey is back in storage. You're causin' a scene out here so that we have to calm you down instead o' figurin' out what's really goin' on and makin' it to the Trunk.

MIKEY: Could you go one day without accusing me of being a traitor? Michael, that doesn't make any sense. I'm the one that told you about the new Ty. Why would I do that if I was a replacement?

MICHAEL: I'm sure you got your reasons. Limited hangout. When we get back into the light, I'm gonna have to give you a good look over, and make sure you pass inspection.

MW: Y'all, we can't do this right now. Mikey's not a replacement, he's just scared. Michael, you remember bein' him, right? Remember how scared you used to get?

MICHAEL: Well, the scaredy cat's on thin ice.

MW: We need to get movin'. We need to make it to the panel. Mikey, stay with me, and don't run off. Okay?

MIKEY: *[Sighs.]* Okay. Let's go.

[We hear them walking in silence for a few moments. Someone pats Michael.]

MICHAEL: Don't fuckin' touch me right now, Mikey. I ain't in the mood. We can say our sorrys to each other out in the daylight.

MIKEY: Uh, Michael? What are you talking about? I'm over here.

MW: Yeah, I'm over here with him. What's goin' on?

MICHAEL: Well, one o' ya slapped me on the back... I ain't in the mood. Which one o' ya was it?

MIKEY: I-It wasn't *me*, look how far away from you I am.

MW: Yup, and I've been keepin' my eye on Mikey. Neither of us touched ya, Michael.

MIKEY: *I told you that I saw something.*

MICHAEL: We need to get to that fuckin' panel.

[The music picks up.]

MICHAEL: A-Alright, Mikey, which one of these is the panel?

MIKEY: I-It's, uh... Uh... This one? Uh, f- No, damn it, uh. This one-! Uh-! I-It's this one!

[We hear the panel open.]

MW: Good job, Mikey.

MIKEY: The-The diagnostic panels are all garbled. Gibberish. Temperature, weather, sunlight, it's all nonsense.

MW: Let's just get outta here, Mikey. Press the Trunk button.

MIKEY: What if it's short circuited or something, and it takes us somewhere else?

MICHAEL: Then we're going wherever it takes us, pard. Something's in here with us.

MIKEY: O-Okay, okay. Transporting in three-

MICHAEL: No time for that.

[We hear the button press and then the time travel noise.]

MIKEY: [Sighs.] It has never felt like such a relief to time travel. It feels so good in here.

MW: That button took us to the Trunk, alright.

MICHAEL: Lucky us. Stay alert, boys. We might be cooled down, but we still got work to do.

MW: Mikey, you're the Trunk expert. You wanna give it a spin?

MIKEY: Uh, y-yeah, I can do that. Uh, r-right. Let's s-see if we can figure out what's goin' on. Uh, these screens have the monitors from Base, and it appears... It is bright and sunny and normal inside the Dome. The... boulders are there and intact. And you can see Marissa right there outside mowing the plastic lawn.

MW: The amount of microplastics that lawn is kickin' up cain't be healthy. Mikey, ya think they put things back to normal when we entered the Trunk? Or maybe us enterin' the Trunk made

[MIKEY: Whoa, uh...] everything go back to normal?

MIKEY: U-Uh, no? I don't. Uh. Bad news, gang, uh... Here on this screen? That's where we were. This is a night-vision camera of the inside of a Dome that looks suspiciously like where we just were? See, uh, here, no boulders? No Marissa mowing the yard, and, uh... no normal camera feed because it's pitch black in there.

MW: And, uh, what's that right there, Mikey? **[MIKEY:** Uh, what's what?] There's somethin' there movin' inside of the Base. See? Right there. Right in the livin' room window.

MIKEY: That... is... someone moving alright.

MICHAEL: Or... *something*.

[Closing theme plays.]

AFTER-CREDITS: *[Kerosene (Pt. 1) plays.]*

*I lit a lantern for you
That I ended up using to find my way back and
It got burnt out before it got seen
But one day I'll go shopping for kerosene.*

*My heartache will lessen with the size of my heart
And though that's a good fit it doesn't feel good
And though I remember promising I would
I don't think I took care of myself.*

*And I've still got this scar on the side of my thumb
That will always be there but it's healing up nice
From the same night that you borrowed my knife
That you used without noticing the blood.*

*I lit a lantern for you
That I ended up using to find my way back and
It got burnt out before it got seen
But one day I'll go shopping for kerosene.*

*I lost perspective as soon as I could
Because my vision has never been great
And though starting now is starting too late
I have learned to play it by ear.*

*It'd be romantic to burn it all down
To shred every story and start again new
But I'm afraid that the way that I grew
Means that I'm sewn into these walls.*

*I lit a lantern for you
That I ended up using to find my way back and
It got burnt out before it got seen
But one day I'll go shopping for kerosene
In the morning I'll go shopping for kerosene.*

[END Episode 142.]