

EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND FIVE - THE RAM

Original transcript edited by Orion and Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 205.]

INTRO: Hey, guys. Welcome to Season 18. I've got some great ideas for this season, and I am so excited to get into it. I think that Season 17 went great, and I'm so excited to move that momentum into this new season with all of these kooky ideas that I have. Ain't I just a kooky little guy?

As far as quick plugs go, I'm still streaming on Twitch over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack and then we hang out and play a video game. We just started *Diddy Kong Racing*. So if you want to see me play some classic N64 games, that's where you can do it. 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 Micheal, postcards, corkboards, and Morkboards. People really enjoyed the Season 17 finale corkboard. I put a lot of effort into it, and it's kind of an art piece. Not to mention the upcoming behind-the-scenes videos where I talk about the script writing and production of that episode, which was a behemoth to put together and may be my most involved episode yet. Both of those are available to one-dollar-and-up patrons, so go check that out at patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[We hear the sound of outdoor ambience in the courtyard of the Latvia apartment and the sound of crows cawing.]

MIKE: Beautiful weather today. May I join you, Micheal?

MICHAEL: Beats the heat, that's for dang sure.

MIKE: I've been watching you out the window for a while now. What are you thinking about, old man?

MICHAEL: Hey, I ain't that old. And I was just thinkin' 'bout how many times we been through how many dang things. It used to be different 'round these parts, tell ya what. And I don't mean in the old days. I mean in the now times.

MIKE: You think we got corrected again? How can you even tell? I don't remember anything.

MICHAEL: The air's got a funny feelin' to it. ...I dunno. It ain't even like it's possible for a correction to have just happened. If'n it did, it happened long ago and caught up to us. Somethin' far away. At the source. Action at a distance, ya know?

MIKE: I guess so. I know what it's like when there's a correction and I *can* remember it. But I guess I don't... when I don't remember it... uh— by definition, really. Do you know what happened?

MICHAEL: Nope, 'cause whatever happened never happened. No point in lingerin' on it, I reckon, 'cause there ain't no way to tell.

MIKE: Well, it looks like you're out here in the apartment courtyard lingering on it, Michael.

MICHAEL: I'm out here in the apartment courtyard feedin' the crows. Someone's gotta do it.

MIKE: I don't think that's true. The crows are wild animals. If you weren't here, they'd go find food somewhere else. That has to be what they did before we lived here.

MICHAEL: Maybe so, but they rely on me now. Ain't that right, Shadow 2?

[Shadow 2 caws.]

MIKE: Have you ever asked Shadow what he thinks of you having a crow named Shadow 2? Uh— Not that he even likes being called Shadow in the first place.

MICHAEL: Sure haven't, pard, 'cause that ain't none o' his business. 'Sides, we technically are only supposed to talk to Base when their goals align with the company objectives. And they ain't doin' nothin' out there 'cept for treadin' water, far as I can tell.

MIKE: Don't tell the bossman, but I talked to Mikey a couple of weeks ago. I think that they're still working on something to use the Tier Two security program remotely from Base, but no results yet.

MICHAEL: I'll believe it when I see it. It's 2025, Mike. How long have they been workin' on gettin' their own time travel tech?

MIKE: Joking aside, it's gotta be over three years at this point, right? I admit, I do feel kind of bad for them. They formed their own organization and everything, all to get out from O.V.E.R.'s thumb, and now it's 2025, they all still work at O.V.E.R.—mostly in Tier One—and what they've got to show for it is a clubhouse where they hang out and wish they were time traveling.

MICHAEL: Wish I could say it was much different here in Riga, pard. I'd kill for a Calculator right about now.

MIKE: And what would you do with a Calculator, Michael?

MICHAEL: Anything what Bradford don't want me to do, I reckon. Never fill out one of them damn time travel permission slips ever again in my goddamn life. I could die happy.

MIKE: Okay, but Bradford Beaumont is the whole reason we're here, Michael. He let us pick where we wanted to be, and we chose close to Base and the Compound, and he never asked any follow-up questions. You'd still be cowpokin' around in your time period if not for him.

MICHAEL: I weren't no cowboy back then, if'n you'll recall. My cowpokin' started here.

MIKE: You would have been eventually. It seems inevitable.

MICHAEL: Whatever. I don't gotta hand it to Bradford fuckin' Beaumont of all folks. He sits there, high and mighty on his throne on the Moon, dictatin' orders to us like peons. Like he rules the universe. He should let us have a Calculator. We could get all his 2025 work done and then some.

MIKE: What did you say about the Moon?

MICHAEL: Bradford lives on the Moon, pard. I thought that was common knowledge.

MIKE: Bradford Beaumont does not live on the Moon, Michael.

MICHAEL: Now what makes ya say that, pilgrim?

MIKE: Uh— 'Cause nobody lives on the moon? Uh, I guess— I guess that's where I'd start? There's— There's no air... in— in— on the Moon?

MICHAEL: Mike, I'll bet ya a thousand smackaroonies that Bradford Beaumont's got a dang castle on the Moon. I got it on good authority.

MIKE: I would take that bet, but I don't know where you're going to get a thousand dollars.

MICHAEL: I ain't said dollars. I said smackaroonies.

MIKE: Well, you should stop saying smackaroonies.

MICHAEL: If Bradford Beaumont don't live on the Moon, you can have half my paycheck, if'n we ever get it. How's that?

MIKE: *[Sighs.]* The way things are going, we're going to age back into our original time periods by the time we "ensure development" or whatever we're supposed to be doing here. I'm not even sure how what we're doing ensures development. Development of— of what? Of Beaumont's company?

MICHAEL: God works in mysterious ways, Mike. And he lives on the Moon. Ain't that right, Flapper?

FLAPPER [*TikTok voice*]: Blusteer has been to the hollow earth and what he has seen there would kill a smaller horse.

MICHAEL: That's exactly what I'm sayin', pard.

MIKE: Uh— Michael, what the fuck was that?

MICHAEL: Who knows? Crows copy all kinds o' shit. He heard it somewhere and is parrotin' it back to us. Well, he ain't a parrot, but ya know what I mean.

MIKE: Did you not recognize that? That was Leg's voice, Michael. Uh— Clear as day.

MICHAEL: Can you say what you said again, Flapper? We didn't quite catch the cut o' your jib.

FLAPPER: Blusteer has been to the hollow earth and what he has seen there would kill a smaller horse.

MICHAEL: What the hell's a Blusteer?

MIKE: He said something about the Hollow Earth? That's Oldbrush Valley conspiracy theory stuff. Like, that's what they're always saying about that place. They have a convention every year for Hollow Earth conspiracy believers.

MICHAEL: Flapper ain't been to Oldbrush Valley. How would he get there? I guess he could fly, but... there's a big dang puddle between us and that god forsaken desert.

MIKE: He did not fly to Oldbrush Valley, Michael. Uh, I'm— I'm looking it up on my phone right now. I think "Blusteer" is supposed to be "Bluster." And that is apparently... a giant horse that is famous on TikTok...

MICHAEL: Flapper! You shouldn't be on that goddam TikTok! It'll fry your little bird brain. Learnin' about horses. And worse, learnin' about Oldbrush Valley.

MIKE: Yeah, uh, this video is not from Oldbrush Valley, Michael. Uh, check this out. That's, uh, Bluster there in the middle—I assume, uh, 'cause he's a giant horse—uh, and he's c-chugging a beer in this bar?

MICHAEL: That's a big fuckin' horse.

MIKE: Yeah, he's "Bluster the Gigantic Horse," apparently. Uh— But look off to the side there. That's an iteration. That's— That's Michael, Michael.

MICHAEL: It ain't me, pard. I ain't ever been to Texas.

MIKE: I wasn't saying that it was you, I'm saying that it's a different iteration. Is that *Ty fucking Betteridge!*?

MICHAEL: I don't know, pard. All I see is a fella's arm.

MIKE: Yeah, but h-he's got that little mole halfway up his arm to his elbow. Ty's got that mole. That is Ty Betteridge. There is an iteration of Ty and an iteration of Michael, and they're hanging out drinking beers with gigantic horses in— in Bluster's Grove, Texas!?

MICHAEL: Bluster's Grove? Damn. That horse really is famous.

MIKE: I think you might be missing the point, Michael. There's a Satellite Base of some kind in Texas that we didn't even know about. And I know that Base doesn't know about it, either, 'cause they would've said something about it to me. Uh— T-T-There's no reason for them to keep it a secret, and it doesn't seem to be a secret, they're on TikTok! And they live in a town named after this famous horse, and they're in videos of the horse. Look, *lots* of videos. Like, I'm on his profile right now. This iteration is in tons of his videos.

MICHAEL: You reckon they're doin' work for Beaumont?

MIKE: I don't think so. What would they be doing in Texas? Like, what does this horse stuff have to do with the company?

MICHAEL: Horses got legs, too, don't they? Maybe that's what they're doin' down there. Some kind o' research.

MIKE: Well, regardless of if they're working for Bradford Beaumont or not, I want to talk to them. See what they are up to, see if they know about us or Base.

MICHAEL: I know that look. You wanna know if they got a Calculator.

MIKE: *[Brief chuckle.]* You're damn right, I do! And if they do have a Calculator, then maybe they wouldn't mind sharing custody of it.

MICHAEL: And how exactly are you gonna get your sorry ass all the way to Texas? You gonna pay for the plane ticket?

MIKE: Flying's really the only option. I mean, it's not as cheap or convenient as a Calculator, but, uh, like you said, big puddle between us and them.

MICHAEL: You could pretend that you got pressin' business for Bradford Beaumont back in the States. See if he permits ya a travel pass. Who knows. He might even say yes.

MIKE: Who knows? Me, I know. He would definitely not say yes, and he would probably tell us not to interact with them. So Bradford doesn't hear about this. Got it?

MICHAEL: My lips are sealed. What about yours, Flapper?

MIKE: Birds don't have lips.

FLAPPER: Blusteer has been to the hollow earth and what he has seen there would kill a smaller horse.

MICHAEL: He ain't tattlin' on ya either, pard.

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear a radio turn on. Mikey is wrapping up his broadcast on 103.3 KOBV from inside of the studio.]

MIKEY: Alright, thank you for listening, and I've got one last story for you this afternoon before I pass you off to Flash. Though I'm sure that they'll be talking about this, too. Construction is underway inside of Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources yet again! Shocker. Satellite images show that buildings are going up deep in the heart of O.V.E.R. You can also see it with your own eyes. They are building something in there. This construction project was first discovered when eagle-eyed internet sleuths uncovered non-disclosure agreement forms sent from O.V.E.R. to a local construction company in the file directory of that company's website. A classic and amateur mistake of web design if this broadcaster has ever seen it. Other than the identity of the party who sent it, this NDA is fairly boring: don't tell anyone anything ever under penalty of revoked existence. Okay, the NDA doesn't say "revoked existence," but you listeners know what O.V.E.R. does. You know what would happen.

As far as what this new project entails, I asked the head of O.V.E.R.'s PR department for a statement. And Julien said, and I quote, "C'mon, Mikey. You've gotta cut it out with this conspiracy crap. There's always construction going on inside of O.V.E.R. You know this, because you work here. O.V.E.R. is the size of a small town. There's always going to be construction. Do you think that the new mailroom we built last quarter is part of some grand conspiracy when you're in there sending out your little postcards?" Why yes, Julien. I do. You know what else is the size of a town, folks? A town. I think that they're building a full-sized town at the core of O.V.E.R. A facsimile of an already existing town. Hell, why a town? Even a city! New York City! And once they have it built, they'll invite people to live there for free, in facsimiles of their own homes. Of course, by agreeing to live there, you'll sign all of your rights away. But people will do anything to reduce their cost of living these days. So if O.V.E.R. offers you the "opportunity" to move into your own house on the O.V.E.R. campus, read the fine print, folks.

But that's my time for the day. Be sure to call in later and let Flash know what you think about this. And thanks for listening to me this afternoon. I've been Mikey "The Beast" Walters, and

you've been listening to *The Beast Unleashed* here on 103.3 KOBV, the Voice of the Valley. We'll be right back with even more of Oldbrush Valley's only talk radio.

[We hear Mikey press a button to mute himself.]

MIKEY *[excited]*: Mike! What the hell are you doing here!? Did you come all the way from Latvia? You— You flew here!?

MIKE: And boy are my arms tired, Mikey. Or should I say "The Beast"...

MIKEY: Oh, that's just an on-air persona. Seriously, how did you get here? Because the last time I heard from Michael, he called me from in front of a vending machine in the apartment complex, and he was asking me to PayPal him two euros so that he could get a *[Brief laugh.]* cinnamon roll. So is this like a— a job thing, are they paying for it?

MIKE: We didn't even try to justify this one to the bossman. Boris picked up the check on this one. In return, I'm supposed to be on the lookout for a ranch with enough room for Bruno to run around in. So, I guess he wants to summer stateside.

MIKEY: There's plenty of room out here. That's basically all we have. So, why are you here? 'Cause you're not here for work, and you're not here to find a ranch for Boris and Bruno.

MIKE: Oh— I got this pamphlet from O.V.E.R.? They say that I can live for free in a facsimile of my own home? Did you watch *Synecdoche, New York* recently, Mikey?

MIKEY: T-This is just something I'm doing for fun. I-I— I don't believe any of it. I mean, maybe some of them do? Uh— I don't ever talk about time travel. O.V.E.R. actually pays me to get on the air and say anything but time travel. Uh— Julien thinks it's hilarious. Anything to keep eyes off what they're doing.

MIKE: So your day job is you're a federal police officer, and on the side you're being paid by the government to spread government-approved propaganda.

MIKEY: Don't ruin a good thing by describing it with words, Mike. The less people that know the truth about O.V.E.R. the better for Base. Uh— But enough about me and my shit. Why are you here, Mike?

MIKE: Mikey, do you know anything about a gigantic horse named Bluster?

MIKEY: *[Huffs.]* Mike, there are so many celebrity horses these days. You'll have to be more specific. Which one is Bluster?

MIKE: Bluster is a gigantic horse that lives in Bluster's Grove, Texas. He frequents the Outpost Tavern Bar and Grill, and he appears to have two best friends, an iteration of Michael and an iteration of Ty. Have you ever heard about them?

MIKEY: No, you're saying that there's iterations of Michael and Ty living out in Texas with a— with a big horse? Like "Ty Betteridge" Ty?

MIKE: Yeah, Michael and Ty Careful Betteridge were spotted in the background of Bluster's videos.

MIKEY: Uh— The horse really is a celebrity?

MIKE: Mikey, I've been looking into him, and that horse is so famous it would make your head spin. We think that Michael and Ty are part of a different Satellite Base, which is why I'm in the States. I'm heading down to Bluster's Grove after this. I just wanted to check in with you while I was here.

MIKEY: Do you think that Michael and Ty are working for the same company that you are?

MIKE: Bossman hasn't ever said anything about other iterations of us in this time period, and I really don't think he would ever deign to work with Ty Betteridge under any circumstances. So if this is the company, they've done a great job of keeping it secret and making it not look like them. But me and Michael think it's something else. We think that this group might be the tip of the iceberg. Like groups all over the world. And we're hoping that one of these groups has their own time travel equipment.

MIKEY: You think that horse has a Calculator. Mike, that would be huge. If it were true and they were willing to share with us. Or, you know, are easily killed.

MIKE: I don't have any proof, but I don't know why else they'd be out there. It's— It's Michael and Ty. Michael's from the future, and Ty is a devious little time travel gremlin. They had to get out there somehow, and they have to be out there for a reason.

MIKEY: Base getting our hands on a Calculator would be a game changer. We're still trying everything that we can to get unsupervised access to the security program, but it's been an uphill battle. Have I told you about the Ram?

MIKE: N-No, I don't know what "The Ram" is...

MIKEY: Edgar, in his infinite wisdom, wrote a program that will allow us to control the Security.exe program remotely. We need to install this card in a computer to get it to broadcast to us, and it's all encrypted, so it's not like we're broadcasting access to time travel across an open Wi-Fi signal. It would come straight to us. Do I understand all of this? No. I'm the brawn; Edgar's the brains. Ooga booga, me caveman. I think most of us are pessimistic about the odds

of it working, but... I mean, we've gotta try. And, actually, we are going to try to install it tonight. If, uh, you're still in town and down for a mission.

MIKE: I don't know why you'd go through all of that, Mikey. You can just download more RAM.

MIKEY: You're so funny! Do you wanna tag along or not? It would be nice to have some backup. I'm not scared of walking around Tier Two—I've been doing it for years—but it's nice to have someone on my six in case Hunter wants to sneak up and assassinate me.

MIKE: Yeah, did you ever figure out why he's so mad at you?

MIKEY: I don't have a clue, but everyone treats me like I deserve it. Are you in?

MIKE: Yeah, sure. Sounds fun. Traipsing around in restricted areas at night is a fun throwback. Maybe it'll make me feel young again.

MIKEY: I doubt it. You wanna meet at the O.V.E.R. front gate at midnight?

MIKE: It's a plan.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear Mikey pushing buttons on the keypad inside of 116E.]

MIKEY: And... *[The door unlocks and opens.]* there we go, we're in.

MIKE: Question: *[The door closes, and they start walking.]* so, isn't Charlie working in Tier Three now? Why didn't you get her to do this? She could've walked right in the front door. Hell, she could probably walk right into the security offices and install the Ram, and no one would question it.

MIKEY: She definitely could, but she's a good little teacher's pet. That's how she got a job inside of Tier Three. She's not going to tattle on us, but she's not going to do our dirty work, either. At least, not inside of O.V.E.R. She's down for anything outside of O.V.E.R., but she's gotta protect her squeaky-clean reputation with the higher-ups.

MIKE: Oh. Is— Is *that* what she told you?

MIKEY: Is she lying to us?

MIKE: She's not as squeaky clean as you implied.

MIKEY: Oh, I know there's definitely some darkness in there. She knows some things she isn't telling us. But we want her on our side, so we play by her rules. *[We hear a door open.]* Which

means I have to be the one to break into Tier Two. *[The door shuts, and they walk outside.]* We need to spend her favors on something way more valuable than the Ram.

MIKE: Why is it called the Ram anyway?

MIKEY: That was my idea. It's like a battering ram that breaks open access to the security program so that Base can use it. Or it's like a battering ram that breaks open the possibility for time travel for Base. Uh, that's what I told Edgar.

MIKE: But really it's a joke about installing RAM into a computer, right?

MIKEY: No, it's actually a reference to my favorite Daft Punk record.

MIKE: Not *Discovery*?

MIKEY: Nobody's going to discover us, that's what you're here for. You're on lookout, remember?

MIKE: You think you're being cute, but you're not. *[Whispering.]* Speaking of: uh, let's duck behind this wall. I think I just saw Eagle. He's in Tier Two now?

MIKEY *[whispering]:* Eagle? Like, uh, what? Like the Street Fighter character?

MIKE *[whispering]:* Mikey, I would give anything to have your set of memories. Do you wanna trade? I'd love to not know who Eagle is.

MIKEY *[whispering]:* Not to judge a book by his cover, but he kind of looks like the sort of guy who would bully us in high school.

MIKE *[whispering]:* You don't know the half of it, Mikey. C'mon. We'll swing around the back and head that way.

MIKEY *[whispering]:* Wow, you really don't wanna run into this guy, huh?

MIKE *[whispering]:* This episode would need a content warning if we ran into him. This is the most peaceful option. Okay, we're here. *[They stop walking.]* Break out the air duster, let's go.

MIKEY *[whispering]:* Air duster? What is this, 2021? I didn't bring air duster.

MIKE *[whispering]:* How are we gonna get in the building?

MIKEY *[whispering]:* We stopped doing the air duster thing years ago. W-We've got a spoofed RFID badge. I'm not, uh— computer enough to understand it, but i-it drops the tables or whatever and deletes the log off the entry, so it looks like nobody was ever here.

MIKE *[whispering]*: Okay then. Lead the way, Little Bobby Tables.

MIKEY *[whispering]*: Now who's being cute.

[The door unlocks, and they go inside.]

MIKE: Ugh. Why does it feel like the last time I was in here was a simpler time?

MIKEY: We've got this place down to a science at this point, Mike. I'm in here all the time. I walk in, head to Janet's desk, and get to work. Poor Janet. She's gonna be in a lot of trouble one day. But we figured out her password, and her idea of routinely changing her password is to increase the number at the end by one. So, uh, *[Starts typing.]* "NirvanaNevermind12"? Nope, uh, I guess we're up to 13 now.

MIKE: Nirvana *Nevermind*? *[Mikey stops typing.]* Janet sounds pretty hip for an office lady.

MIKEY: Mike, that album came out 50 years ago.

MIKE: That doesn't sound right...

MIKEY: That's 'cause getting old never sounds right. It's because your hearing doesn't work anymore. Okay, so the program is... not responding. Okay, there we go. Uh... I just need to get it started *[Starts typing.]* and then plug in the USB stick, and it'll start running the program. And it can work on installing that *[Stops typing.]* while I'm stuffing this into the back.

MIKE: Mikey, do you know what you're doing?

MIKEY: Kind of. Edgar made me practice on a computer at Base. Uh, it should be easy. Uh, this back panel pops off, *[We hear the back panel pop off.]* and then I just... plug it in. See, there's a spot for it.

MIKE: Shouldn't you be wearing one of those anti-static bracelets or something? A-And shouldn't the computer be shut off when you're doing this? And shouldn't you have plugged it in before—

MIKEY: You're supposed to be watching my six, Mike, which is behind me. And if you were watching my six, you wouldn't have any idea if I was doing the right thing with the computer. You'd be looking for Birdie or whoever.

MIKE: Eagle.

MIKEY: I just got that they're both birds. Anyway, it should be ready to go. Uh, let's see if it is transmitting data. *[Starts typing.]* Uh, let me just pop this window open... and, uh... i-it looks like

we are good! Uh, I think it worked! *[Stops typing.]* Uh– W– We should be able to control everything remotely now! Uh– Let's see, uh... Yeah– We've got everything. Here's the– the map menu. Uh, Tiers One, Two, Three, um... Mike?

MIKE: Something wrong, Mikey? Not as much of a computery guy as you thought you were?

MIKEY: No, this isn't PEBCAK, this is something it's doing. Look, uh– One, two, three, four.

MIKE: Tell me that you love me more?

MIKEY: We don't have time for references, Mike, there's a fourth tier on here. There's a– a Tier Four! O.V.E.R. has a Tier Four now. I–Is that what the construction project is? Uh– Julien lied to me!

MIKE: Yeah, they'll do that, they work for O.V.E.R. Huh... You're just now getting a Tier Four? Seems pretty late in the game for that.

[Scene ends.]

MIKE: After the break, a bite-sized *Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show*. But first: "Hedonic Treadmill."

[Hedonic Treadmill plays.]

*I'm phoning it in
Can't you tell?
I don't want to be here
I refuse to pretend
Don't you dare lend me your
Sympathetic ear*

*Hey, maybe I like to complain
I've never met a man I couldn't aggravate*

*Spare me your grievances
They will only exacerbate
The divide between perception and
What is left of me*

*My hedonic treadmill is falling apart
The belt's wearing out on me
So if I'm dragging my feet
I beg of you please
Understand that I wish that I was running*

*My euphemisms aren't covering up
That I wasted my best energy
On praising self defeat
So now that it's gone, I'm asking you nicely
To pretend I'm trying*

*Spare me your grievances
They will only exacerbate
The divide between perception and
What is left of me*

*I found everything that I wanted
Revised after the fact
To provide the lack.*

[Scene transition.]

[Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show theme plays.]

*It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show starts now!*

*It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show starts now!*

[We faintly hear crows cawing outside.]

[Skinner whistles to the tune of "Time Is on My Side." A kitchen chair moves and creaks as it is sat in. Skinner stops whistling, and we hear pouring coffee for a moment.]

SKINNER: Oh, hey. Mornin', Mags, you're up early.

MAGNOLIA: Is that Mike Walters?

SKINNER: Oh. Yeah. Yup, that's him. You want some breakfast? Flash made these *amazing* hashbrowns. You have to try them.

MAGNOLIA *[concerned]*: Skinner, is he... dead?

SKINNER: *[Still scrolling on their phone.]* Hmm? Oh, yeah. I mean, *[Brief huff.]* he is, but don't worry. **MAGNOLIA:** Wha—! He hasn't started to, like, smell or anything. He's still pretty fresh.

MAGNOLIA *[freaked out]:* What—!? Skinner! Did you kill Latvia Mike?

SKINNER: What? No! I found him that way. Wha—? *[Huffs.]* Come on.

MAGNOLIA: You *found* him that way.

SKINNER: Yeah. *[Pause.]* Well... Okay, well, not, like, exactly this way? I mean, he was very, very dead when I found him, but he was a *mess*. And Python would *kill* me if I stained the carpet in the hallway, so I had to hose him down before I transported him. Ugh. God, Mags, there was so much blood and viscera, and— *[Flicks tongue comically.]* Ugh. Ugh! Looks *way* better now if I do say so myself. I did a damn fine job cleaning him up.

[Beat.]

MAGNOLIA: What the *fuck* are you talking about?

SKINNER: Come on, admit it. *[Brief chuckle.]* If it wasn't for the eerie stillness, you wouldn't even be able to tell that he was dead. Look at 'im! Fresh as a daisy.

MAGNOLIA: Why did you bring him here?

SKINNER: W— *[Scoffs.]* Payback. Obviously.

MAGNOLIA: ...Payb—? What are you *talking* about? Payback for what!?

SKINNER: For when they took my Calculator.

[Magnolia responds with a huff of frustration.]

SKINNER: *[Finally looks up from their phone.]* What!? They took something of mine, so I took something of theirs. I'm just making a point. They can't be pushing us around and taking our stuff!

MAGNOLIA *[firmly]:* Put him back.

SKINNER: Wh—? No!

MAGNOLIA *[firmly]:* Skinner, you put him back *right now*.

SKINNER: No. No way. You're not my *Dad*.

MAGNOLIA: If you don't put him back this second, I'm telling Robert.

SKINNER: Wha— I—! Wh—! Come on! Don't be a fucking snitch. They'll probably just make a new one when they can't find him anyway!

MAGNOLIA: *Now.*

SKINNER *[dramatic]: Ugh! Fine! [We hear a chair creak and move. Skinner huffs.]* Transporting an unmissed bag of bones back where he came from *[Presses Calculator buttons.]* in three, two, one—

[Time travel noise.]

[Closing theme starts playing.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show was created, edited by, and stars JustJenah as Skinner. Check out their other podcast [400 Words A Horror](#).

The voice of Magnolia is Pine Gonzalez. Check out their podcasts [Tales From the Fringes of Reality](#) and [Forged Bonds](#).

Thanks for playing.

[Closing theme plays out.]

BLOOPER (MIKEY): Base acquiring a Calculator would be a *Game Changer!* I've been here the whole time! We can't— We can't. We can't keep making *Game Changer* jokes in the episode. We've already made, like, 50 of them.

[END Episode 205.]