

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE - ULAANBAATAR, MN

Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 183.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. *I Have Been To The Future Volume 2* should be available wherever you stream music at this point. Spotify, Apple Music, Deezer, iHeartRadio; I think all of those are actually real. *I Have Been To The Future Volume 2* is a collection of all of the vocal WOE.BEGONE tracks from the past year or so. So anytime you heard me sing, it is on that album. Because of the limits of my distributor, it is broken into two parts, so check out *I Have Been To The Future Volume 2 Parts One and Two* on YouTube Music and Tidal and maybe, like, Instagram or something.

And if you would like to watch me stream, I still stream every Sunday on Twitch over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where we write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. I just got a new launchpad after breaking my old one, so I have a new toy, and soundtrack writing is going very smoothly right now. So if you'd like to come hear that, that is twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over 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, postboards, corkquads, and more. Speaking of corkquads, all playing patrons get access to the behind the scenes videos that I made for the Season 15 finale, Episode 180. So you can come watch me put together that corkboard in real-time as my brain slowly melted. Again, that is patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains depictions of violence. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Time travel noise.]

[We hear saloon doors swing open.]

STINKY: Uh, hello? Uh, Tex? He was supposed to leave Tex here. Y–

[We hear a shotgun cocking followed by the clanging of metal as Tex walks in.]

TEX: Tex is here, ya mangy varmint! Now state your business, or I shoot ya dead.

STINKY: Okay, but, uh, you can't shoot me dead. Uh. Or– They told me that you wouldn't be able to? Or, like, it doesn't matter? Or– You can't hurt me, I think is the big takeaway? And that's great, because that shotgun looks super scary. *[Chuckles.]* I am so over firearms, I'm so glad I don't have to use one anymore.

TEX: Quit your riddles, boy. Which one of 'em are ya, and what business do ya got here? And what the hell'd you do with Aurora? They were tendin' bar a second ago, and now they up and vanished.

STINKY: Oh, uh, Aurora is fine? I think? Uh— We needed it to be just you and me here, because we need to have a private conversation. ...Uh, but why couldn't we do it at Tex's house—? Hold on, I had them write this all down. Uh... Where did I put it? Uh... F— What? I know that I had it when I left. Okay... Keys. *[Takes out keys.]* Uh, they made sure that I had everything. Uh. Tex, do you see a piece of paper anywhere? I— I had it when I came in. ...How did I lose it?

TEX: Is that it there on the ground, pard?

STINKY: *[Exhales.]* Oh, my god. Thank you, Tex. You are a lifesaver. *[Picks up and unfolds the paper.]* I told them to send it to me as a text message, but they said that that could be intercepted and that everything has to be written down, so instead it's a... Tex... message? Uh... get it? Like Text, but it's you?

TEX: I ain't ever heard that one before, pilgrim.

STINKY *[holding paper]: [Brief chuckle.]* Do they do, like, open mic stand-ups here? 'Cause I could tell the joke. It's pretty good, right? But, uh, that's not what's in the note. Uh... What did— What did you ask about? You asked about Aurora? Okay, uh... "Everyone will be returned safely, assuming that you are cooperative, Tex." Uh, that's him. I'm just reading what he wrote, that's not, like, my opinion. Uh. "The bartender and any patrons had to be removed to prevent the propagation of information. We did not want to bring uninvolved parties into this at all, but your house"—uh, that's you, Tex—"is surrounded by antagonistic agents, so we chose the tavern as the rendezvous point to prevent funny business." Tha— That's what it says.

TEX: Who the hell is "him"? Who are "they"? Hell, who are you, pard? **[STINKY: Who am... I?]** You still ain't answered any o' my questions, and this trigger finger's gettin' itchy.

STINKY: Waitwaitwait, Tex. Seriously? You don't remember me? *[Brief laugh.]* After everything we went through? It's me, it's Stinky!

TEX: What in Sam Hell. Stinky? *[Sighs.]* I reckon you're here to get your supreme leader Mike back, is that it? 'Cause I got bad news for ya, pard. Mike came around here lookin' for trouble, so Bluster caved his dang skull in. Mike's deader than a doornail. And ya can't have that XL iteration back, neither. Y'all ain't got no excuse doin' something that awful.

STINKY: Okay, so you did kill Mike— Hold up, that's on my checklist. *[Holding paper.]* Uh, actually, let's see... "Ascertain whether or not Tex killed Mike." Uh, that's a big check right there.

TEX: Why'd they send you of all folks, Stinky? Why not have Marissa ride in on her tank? Or is it that Marissa knows I ain't all bad. Y'all wanted someone who'd have no problem snuffin' me out.

STINKY: I don't think we have a Marissa? Uh, [*Holding paper.*] she's definitely not in this note, and I haven't seen her. Uh, I can check when I get back, but, like I said, I haven't seen any. They don't show me anything.

TEX: Your sayin' Marissa ain't at Base?

STINKY: Base? [*Realizing.*] Oh— Oh, right. You think I'm— I'm from Base. Was I supposed...? [*Flipping through pages.*] No? Uh... I don't think I was supposed to pretend that I'm from Base, uh. Duh! 'Cause if I were from Base, I'd know where Base is, and I'm about to ask you about that, so I can't be from Base, right? So, yeah, I'm not from Base. Uh, we're trying to find Base, and our search led us to Bluster's Grove. So, we thought that maybe you knew where Base was?

TEX: Stinky, who are you with if you ain't from Base?

STINKY: Uh, I'm with... uh, do we have a name? Are we, like, Base Two or something? Uh, I— I really don't know. CANNONBALL gave me all these things to read, and I was going to read them on the ride over here, but then he transported me here, so I didn't get a chance to read anything, so I'm just— I'm just going down this list and doing what he tells me to do. And so CANNONBALL said—

TEX: CANNONBALL!? That polecat! You better get to talkin', pard. I got a mind to shoot first and ask questions never when it comes to that varmint.

STINKY: Well, you can't shoot me, I just explained that to you.

TEX: And you trust CANNONBALL when he says that? He's gonna correct everything for ya? Even if he can, that don't matter. You can beat the grim reaper, but you can't beat that feelin' o' buckshot rippin' through your chest. Your heart slams to a stop, you cain't breathe, everything gets red hot, and the countdown timer starts. You got maybe five seconds of consciousness. The world's goin' black around ya. And your body's in such shock, there's no time to focus on what's happenin'. No comin' to terms with it. Ya feel yourself slippin' into nothin'. And you'll remember that after CANNONBALL turns the clock back. Are you prepared for that, Stinky?

STINKY: No? I'm not prepared for that. I—It says [*Holding paper.*] here that you're supposed to lead me to Base, and if you're "a good little cowboy" (their words), uh, then nothing bad will happen to you or anyone you love. So, I-I guess— Is that... Outlaw? Or like brotherly lo— The horse, maybe? Uh. But if you don't follow orders, m-maybe we kill the horse. I—It doesn't say that, but—

[We hear a gunshot cut off by the strange noise from Episode 180.]

[We hear Tex fall to the ground. His golden leg is missing.]

TEX: *[Groans.]* My leg! What the hell'd you do to my leg!?

STINKY: I'm really sorry about that, Tex. Uh– I warned you what would happen if you shot at me. Uh, I didn't experience any of that, by the way. The– The heart-stopping whatever stuff you warned me about? Uh, none of that. Uh, I stood right over there, and CANNONBALL took care of the rest. *[Becoming more sinister.]* ...But, if you want to talk about pain, Tex... that hip socket looks really raw. *[Pause.]* Tell me, does it hurt when I dig my boot into it, like... this?

[We hear Tex yell in pain as Stinky exacerbates his wound.]

STINKY: Yeah, I thought so. Look at me, Tex. You are at my mercy now.

[We hear Tex cock the shotgun again.]

STINKY: *[Laughs.]* Go ahead and try. Close range, long range, it– it doesn't matter. Your bullets are not going to hit me. You're only gonna make things worse. *[Brief chuckle.]* Maybe we'll start taking additional body parts. *[Pause.]* Oh, so now you're not gonna shoot me. Well, maybe you're smarter than I thought. Now. CANNONBALL just wants to know where Base is. Help us find them, and then I'll get out of your hair.

TEX *[exasperated]:* I don't know where Base is! I've been looking for 'em, too. I really did kill Mike. He showed up with an iteration o' XL and was tryin' to infiltrate my poker night. XL ratted him out, and we took care of 'im. XL said that Mike was in charge of Base now, and that they're stationed somewhere in Bluster's Grove, but he didn't know where. We tore that whole town apart lookin' for 'em, looking for any place that an invisible cloaked buildin' could be, or whatever cockamamie array they coulda built for themselves. We didn't find nothin'.

STINKY: XL, t-the one that hangs out with 47? He was here with Mike?

TEX: Mike tried to make him into a Michael by stuffin' him in a closet for five years. Didn't work. He ratted Mike out to me as soon as he could get a word in in private. We led Mike to his death. Bluster did the rest.

STINKY: So, if Mike had an iteration of XL, does that mean that he went to Yellowknife? Did he, like, meet 38?

TEX: I don't know where all he went. He was pretendin' to be 47. 38 weren't at the poker game.

STINKY: Okay, where is this XL iteration? Maybe he knows something. What did you do with him?

TEX: Bullet to the back of the head, as soon as he let his guard down around me. Poor thing never felt nothin'. It was the humane thing to do. They locked him away for five years. There weren't nothin' left of him at that point.

STINKY: Yeah, that tracks. Uh, not the "there weren't nothin' him left him" bullshit, uh, but you destroy everything you touch. So it makes sense that you killed him.

TEX: You can think whatever you damn well please about me, Stinky.

STINKY: I was not waiting for your permission to do that. Uh, this is actually a really good lead. We know where the cattle drive is, so if Base was at the cattle drive, I'm sure that the Cattle Drive Mikes have a memorable encounter that they can tell me about. So, I'm going to pop in and say hi to them. And I will tell them that Tex says "howdy."

TEX: Then get the hell out of the Outpost, pard.

STINKY: It was nice seeing you again, Tex. Uh, especially with such a... different dynamic between us. We should do it again sometime. When's the next poker ni—?

[We hear Tex fire a shot, and then the strange noise again. Tex collapses, dying from a shotgun wound.]

STINKY: Are you feeling the feeling that you were talking about? Your heart stopped, can't breathe, everything's hot. Can you hear me right now, Tex, or is the world falling away into blackness. And you can't focus in order to make peace with it. You're right, Tex, that sounds like a terrible thing to remember. But I do hope you remember it, as a warning for next time. I'll be seeing you.

[Time travel noise. Tex is alive again.]

TEX: Ugh. That lowly fuckin' varmint...

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear the cattle drive ambience of fire, wind, and snow.]

38: Ugh, what is it now, XL. You think you're too fancy to eat porcupine meat now that you've been in a fancy-schmancy Base? Too good to live like the rest of us? Is that it? Tired o' roughin' it?

XL: 38, you know that that isn't it. I just— I-I wa— I wasn't aware that porcupine meat i— is edible?

47: Anything's edible if'n ya eat it, pard.

38: Yeah, it ain't like I left the quills on, XL. It's good eatin'. Dark and sweet. All the worms die in the heat when you're cookin' it.

XL: You both understand what I mean. I don't think we *should* eat porcupine. At least, I-I need to do some reading about it. Did you say worms?

38: Most critters got worms, pard. This ain't a fairytale. This is real life. And real life is mostly worms, if'n ya think about it.

XL: I don't want to think about it...

[Time travel noise.]

38: Damnit. They're back?

47: Get behind me, XL. We learned our lesson last time. We ain't lettin' 'em take you again. You got your gun on ya?

XL: N-No, I-I left it in—

47: Course ya don't. Get behind me. And don't let him get between us, ya understand?

38: You don't come no closer, or we'll shoot!

[We hear Stinky start walking through the snow.]

STINKY: Yeah, yeah, that's what the last guy said. Uh, you— you can't shoot me, there's a whole— a thing about it. Uh. Hold on. They wrote it down? I k— I kee— I keep losing the paper! Uh... The time travel transported it out of my pocket. Uh, i-it's around here, uh, but you can't shoot me.

XL: Guys, this isn't Mike.

38: Wait just a damn second, pard. ...Stinky. Is that you?

[Stinky stops walking.]

STINKY: Hey, 38! Yeah, it's me. Uh, i-it's been a long time. I'm all grown up now. ...H-How are you doing? Uh, looks like you're still on the cattle drive. Uh, you still own that farm, or are you just doing, like, the nomadic thing now?

38: Cattle drive's goin' fine, I reckon. Weather makes it difficult to secure food, so we're chowin' down on some porcupine. And XL's goin' on a hunger strike.

STINKY: Porcupine meat's actually really good, XL. *[Brief laugh.]* 38 convinced me that it was human meat the first time that I ate it, and I had a tiny existential crisis for a couple of weeks before he told me what it really was, but that's 'cause it was so tasty. I-I didn't get sick or anything. I-I mean, not from that.

XL: Isn't that an episode of *Always Sunny*?

38: That's where I got the idea.

47: What do you think, 38? Maybe we *could* ditch the porcupine meat. Maybe we can bag us a Stinky and see what real human meat looks like.

XL: Now, hold on, 47. We don't even know why Stinky is here.

47: But we do know the story what 38 told us.

STINKY: The story he told you? What story?

XL: Hi, Stinky. Uh, I'm XL, we've met before. Uh. Keep this between us, because I don't want it to propagate, but you weren't at Base when I was there, were you? I was in Storage for most of it, but I did pick up on some things through context clues. Mike loves to talk. We all do, he's one of us. My understanding was that Base doesn't know where you are. You went missing during the fire debacle, and you never turned back up to Base again. So, your business isn't with Base, is it?

STINKY: You figured all of that out from being in Storage?

XL: Well, yeah, and I get some reports.

STINKY: Reports from who?

38: You said you weren't gettin' those no more.

47: Stop talkin' about this shit in front o' Stinky. You said he's dangerous, didn't ya, 38?

STINKY: Dangerous? Did he tell the story about the— the fox in the henhouse or whatever? *[Laughing.]* That was a wacky night! He tells it all wrong. But, I— I mean, his is a better campfire story. *[Laughing again.]* That's really funny.

47: I think we should kill 'im. Better safe than sorry. That's what Edgar used to say, after all. Said it so much, I still hear it in his dang voice.

STINKY: You can't kill me, 47. I— I hate that I have to keep explaining this. Look, I just got back from Bluster's Grove, where I watched the light leave Tex's eyes because of a shotgun wound

from a shotgun that he shot at me. So, I'm probably invincible, actually. Uh— Don't worry, Tex is alright now. Um. He's just missing a leg.

XL: He was already missing a leg.

STINKY: Well, now he's missing that fancy replacement leg that Outlaw made him.

38: Stinky. You ain't said what you want from us yet.

STINKY: Right, because I lost the note that it was written on, but I think I remember. I'm looking for Base. I tracked them to Bluster's Grove, and they were already gone. Tex said that Mike iterated XL and made him a cowboy and brought him to poker night? Tex killed both of them, and searched all of Bluster's Grove for Base, but didn't find them. So, I assume that they took off again. So, what I'm trying to do is figure out where Base is in the present. Mike had an iteration of XL with him in Bluster's Grove, so I assumed that Mike had been here. Do I have that correct?

XL: Yeah, Mike was here. The whole Base was here. Like, the whole building.

38: Mike tried to pump us for information, posin' as XL, but he didn't get very far.

47: We figured somethin' was goin' on pretty quick. Mike ain't no XL, that's for sure.

XL: I appreciate that, 47.

STINKY: Okay, so Base was here, but did you see where Base was, though? I need to know exactly where it was located. Uh, if I have that, then CANNONBALL can do the rest.

XL: "CANNONBALL can do the rest"?

38: I told ya he was bad news, folks.

47: What is CANNONBALL gonna do, exactly, Stinky?

STINKY: I don't know! I'm not a CANNONBALLogist! He just keeps sending me out into the field with all of these notes to read that I keep losing. And they're mostly about telling everyone that it's futile to try and kill me, and that we have technology that's, like, superior to Base in every way, and nothing you can do can ever hurt me. Which is pretty cool. But, I don't know what he's planning to do with Base? Uh, he could take it over. Mike's dead, who's even running Base?

38: Well, it don't matter what he's got up his sleeve, 'cause we didn't see the dang Base.

XL: CANNONBALL could be tracing. Uh, could that be it, Stinky?

STINKY: I... guess so? He wants me to find where Base was in order to figure out where Base is now. That's— That's all tracing is, right?

XL: I mean, that's what the Compound would call it. I don't know where Base was, but I was inside of Base while it was here. They dropped me off in the snow before they left. It was out that-a-ways, pretty far from camp? I don't think anything would have disturbed the snow around where I was transported back. So, we know where there was a transportation event, over there, in the snow, uh, two weeks ago... seven p.m.? That might be enough to run a trace on my transport, right?

STINKY: I mean, maybe? I don't know, I'm not doing the technical stuff. I'm just out here so that, uh... I— I guess I'm out here because CANNONBALL doesn't want to be. He— He's doing the backend.

47: He's hidin' out so that he ain't the one what gets gutted like a fish if things go south.

XL: If all he wants is Base, then I'll show you where I was. Just follow me.

STINKY: Thank you, XL. That is all I want. Let's go.

[We hear the crunch of snow as they start walking toward the transport site.]

STINKY: You know, I really appreciate you helping me, XL. The other iterations have not been very cooperative, and it's been pretty messy.

XL: ...Stinky, the way that I see it, the enemy of my enemy is my friend until there's a reason for them not to be. Base came out here and almost ruined the cattle drive. According to you, Mike iterated me and tortured the iteration. They went down there and meddled in Bluster's Grove. Someone needs to keep them in check. And if CANNONBALL wants to do that for us, he's doing us and all other iterations a favor. He might become a headache later, but we'll deal with him then. For now, he is helping us.

STINKY: You might just wanna forget about that later stuff? CANNONBALL has all this new technology. Uh, stuff that I don't think the Base has even heard of. That's how he's able to do all of this. Base in the future would have stopped him retroactively if they ever got the power to, wouldn't they? But that hasn't happened; I'm still here. So, maybe CANNONBALL comes out on top in all of this, and you should get behind him.

38: Stinky, sometimes I forget how much a greenhorn you are. It ain't always that simple. We thought that before.

STINKY: You cross your bridge when you come to it, and I'll cross mine, 38. Are we almost there, XL?

XL *[gradually quieter as we shift focus]*: Yeah, it's— it's just a little bit further. Uh, it was into the trees, here. I don't think that Base was here where they dropped me off, because Base is still a solid building, right? Or, you know, like a set of buildings? I actually don't know anymore. 'Cause they put me in Storage, and Storage takes space. Or, Compound Storage takes space, so I assume that it's like them. That takes up a whole wing of the Compound. And you've been at Base, Stinky. You know that it is just a house? Originally, I think Anne rented it? So, it's too small for what they're using it for when they have all of their people there... *[Voice fades out.]*

47 *[overlapping XL]*: Hang back, 38. ...I can do it right now, ya know.

38 *[overlapping XL]*: Put the knife away, 47. Let XL take him to the spot, and get him outta here.

47 *[overlapping XL]*: If Stinky transports outta here, we're gonna blow our chance.

38: You heard 'im. We ain't got a chance. Anything we do will get corrected.

47: Says Stinky. You gonna believe Stinky? After all he did to you?

38: I was around Stinky for a damn long time. He's tellin' the truth. I can see it in his eyes.

47: I'll get 'im quick. He won't even know he's been stabbed till he's lyin' dead on the ground. He ain't got no time to pull out a Calculator.

38: I don't know about this, 47.

XL: *[Voice fades back in.]* ...right around here somewhere, because right over there is where a deer looked at me funny, and I thought that maybe it was smart. But— Okay, uh. Yes! Uh. S-See? Right there. Uh, these are my footprints. So, I came from this way. We are almost there, Stinky. Uh, maybe a couple hundred feet?

STINKY: Alright, XL, sounds good. Keep goin'.

47 *[quietly]*: *[Opens his switchblade.]* It's our last chance, 38.

38 *[quietly]*: Hold your fire, 47.

STINKY: Huh? Were you guys saying something back there—?

[We hear 47 lunge at Stinky, followed by the strange noise.]

XL: 47? Fuck—! Stinky, what did you do to him!?

STINKY: I—! I didn't do anything! You— You saw me! What—? Uh, uh, oh. You're— You're bleeding. Uh... Oh, oh, uh, you're cut really deep, 47.

47: How did you do this to me, you varmint!? *[Winces.]*

STINKY: Okay, I would prefer if people stop calling me a varmint. I— I shower every day. I wear cologne and deodorant. Just 'cause I'm named Stinky—

38: How did you stab him!? You didn't even turn around.

STINKY: I didn't do anything! Were you planning to stab me? Because this is the sort of thing that tends to happen when people try to stab me. I told you, CANNONBALL is protecting me. *[Brief chuckle.]* You're a lot luckier than Tex, who got his whole chest blown open by a shotgun, I'll remind you. Don't worry, they corrected the whole Tex thing, so they'll probably correct yours, too. But, I mean... Tex pointed this out. Uh, the worst part is the memory. So. Sorry, 47. But, I hope you remember that this is how it felt the next time you think about hurting me. Are we in the right place, XL?

XL: Uh— Yeah, uh, r-right here is where I transported in. Uh, you can see where I stumbled in the snow.

STINKY: Great. So, I should be getting a reading on this thing. Uh. *[Pressing buttons on a device.]* Looks like I am. Uh-huh. Uh... And date and time information looks right? Uh, you said about two weeks ago in the evening.

XL: Y-Yeah, uh, s-seven p.m.

STINKY: *[Pressing buttons.]* Oh, great, 'cause i— that's what it says, too. Uh, so, I just need to... type in, and that should be enough information to get me where I'm going... *[Stops.]* Yup, that'll do it! Uh, thank you, XL. I was skeptical at first, I thought you might be leading me out here to kill me. Uh, but you've actually proven to be quite handy. Uh, I don't think I could have done it without you.

38: Are you gonna correct 47's stab wounds, or ain'tcha?

STINKY: Oh, uh, I don't know how to do that. Uh, I don't decide that. Uh, but I hope that they do correct it. It looks really bad... Uh, but I—I— I should get going, so, uh. Shit, uh, I press... this? Um... Okay, now—

[Time travel noise.]

XL: Are you okay, 47?

47: Nothin' fatal. Just hurts like hell is all.

XL: Well, you shouldn't have tried to stab him, idiot.

47: Whatever they're up to ain't nothin' good. That thing he pulled out of his pocket ain't a Calculator.

XL: Yes, I noticed. I think that all we can do now is hope that CANNONBALL successfully tracks down Base, and they reward us for our efforts by leaving us the hell alone.

38: I wouldn't hold my breath.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear MDawg knock on Mike's door.]

MDAWG: Hey, Mike, sorry to interrupt your flow, but something very not groovy is happening.

MIKE: Seriously, can it wait, MDawg? I'm— I'm sort of putting down a mutiny here. I need to focus.

MDAWG: You can't put everyone in Storage, Mike. Someone has to operate Base. Isn't that the point of Base now? You're bringing us spiritually into the future or whatever?

MIKE: No, I'm dragging everyone into the future, kicking and screaming. That's the motto.

MDAWG: Well, is Stinky supposed to be dragged into the future with us? Because he's here.

MIKE: What do you mean, Stinky's here? What do you mean by here? He's at Base?

MDAWG: He's standing outside of Base looking in. Or, he was. I was watching him with my third eye and my two normal eyes, but I had to stop to come tell you.

MIKE: He can't see us, though, right? It's— It's not like he can see through the array.

MDAWG: I waved politely at him in this world and the next, but he didn't wave back, which means that he probably didn't see me. I tried meeting with his spirit so that I could ask him questions, but he wouldn't hold his breath long enough for me to contact him. So, I don't know why he's here, but I don't think that he can see or hear us. Should I let him in?

MIKE: D— What—? No! Don't let him in! Why in the world would you let him in!?

MDAWG: I thought that Stinky was one of us. He's connected to the mother soul. We didn't leave him behind because we wanted to. We left him behind because he was missing when it was time to leave.

MIKE: Yes, Stinky was invited to come with us when we left, but we can't just let him in now that he's here. He found us in Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia, MDawg. I don't think that he accidentally stumbled across us on a sightseeing trip. He found us. And he's up to something.

MDAWG: He *is* carrying a strange device with him. I don't believe it's a Calculator. What should we do? Should we leave Mongolia?

MIKE: No, it's too early. Leaving now would interrupt Base operations. And if he can't see us—

[We hear an alarm start going off.]

MDAWG: What... is that alarm?

MIKE: The array is down. Which means that he can see us now, which means that we need to get the hell out of Mongolia.

[We hear Mike typing.]

MDAWG: You're saying that Stinky brought the array down by himself? How would he do that? Do you think it has to do with that device? Because sometimes when I focus really hard—

MIKE: I don't have time for New Age bullshit right now, MDawg. And we're not gonna stand around and have a nice chat with him while we're exposed out in the middle of the steppe.

MDAWG: What if he follows us where we go next?

MIKE: Then we have a big fuckin' problem with Stinky. Uh— Thank god Chance and Shadow aren't out in the field, we can just go. Okay. I think we're ready. Transferring locations in three, two, one.

[We hear the time travel noise, which gets interrupted by the strange noise.]

MDAWG: Judging by the view out the window, I think we might still be in Ulaanbaatar.

MIKE: Yes, I have noticed that, MDawg. Uh, did I type something wrong? I feel like I followed Edgar's notes to the *letter*.

STINKY: Hey, Mike. Hi, MDawg. I have a message... from CANNONBALL.

[Closing theme plays.]

BLOOPER (DYLAN): I can't continue recording until my dog is done slorpin' 'cause she thorsty.

BLOOPER (RIGA): *[Slorps for a very long time.]*

BLOOPER (DYLAN): Were you thirsty? Were you a thirsty girl? *[Pause.]* Were you thirsty?

BLOOPER (RIGA): *[Sniffs.]*

[END Episode 183.]