

EPIISODE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SEVEN - GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MT

Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 187.]

INTRO: Hey, guys. Welcome back to Season 16. I hope you are excited to be along for the ride again, because I am, too. Speaking of being along for the ride, I just launched another podcast. It's called *The Proof Is In The Podcast: A WOE.BEGONE Recap Show*. And, every week, myself and two guests will be talking about an entire season of *WOE.BEGONE*. We will be recapping episodes and putting events from previous seasons in the context of the entire show and generally just connecting dots and clearing up some things that are going on. It's going to be a great resource for people who are lost or confused or who just want to relive a whole season of *WOE.BEGONE* without listening to all of it. The first episode is available now in this feed as well as its own feed, *The Proof Is In The Podcast: A WOE.BEGONE Recap Show*. And new episodes will be available soon. So check that out wherever you get your podcasts.

As far as other quick plugs, twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday I write that episode's soundtrack, and then we hang out and play video games. Again, that's twitch.tv/woebegonepod. If you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon, patreon.com/woe_begone. Early access to episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, corkboards, and more.

And special thanks to every patron that has signed up since the previous episode: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear saloon doors swing open followed by the sound of footsteps outside. "Honk (Pt. 6)" plays faintly on the jukebox in the background.]

[Time travel noise.]

SLY: *[Startles.]* Michael? Huh? Where am I? *[At a loss for words.]* How did you—? Where? Whe—? I— Did you—? *[Huffs.]* I'm back at the Sidewinder—? Maybe that dang time travel doohickey is real after all. Hello? Mike! Michael! Bill! Whoever! **[MIKEY (muffled):** Whoa, whoa, is somebody out there? Hello? Um. Help! Help! The sun's already down. What time is it?

MIKEY *[muffled]:* I'm— I'm stuck in here! It's— It's fuckin' freezing! It's been hours! *[Bangs on the inside of the freezer door.]* I can't feel my toes anymore. Whoever's out there, can you get help?

SLY: *[Startles.]* Who's there!? The Sidewinder's closed, bub. You're trespassin', ya know. I got a shotgun! *[Pumps shotgun.]* I've got every right to fling this here freezer door open and shoot ya!

MIKEY *[muffled]*: You know what? Fuck it. Fling it open and shoot me, at least I'd be warm! I don't care, just let me out, I'm gonna freeze. I-I didn't mean to break in! Look, my name is... Mikey? I-I- I think? My name?

SLY *[recognizing the voice]*: Wait. Mike? *[Sighs.]* What the hell are you doin' in the freezer?

MIKEY *[muffled]*: I don't know!

SLY: Heh. Ah... Y'all really got me with that time travel stuff. I don't know how you did it, **[MIKEY** *(muffled)*: Uh- Time travel-?] but I thought you actually teleported me here. That's one hell of a magic trick, pard. How'd ya get me inside the Sidewinder? I know I locked up before I left.

[MIKEY *(muffled)*: Let me out, please.] Y'all didn't touch any o' my stuff while you were in here alone, did ya?

[We hear Sly open the freezer door.]

MIKEY *[shivering]*: Thank you. I-I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't touch anything, and I- I didn't *send* you anywhere. *[Shivers.]* Fuck. Uh, I'm not even sure who you are, unless you're who I'm looking for. ...How did you know my name?

SLY: Sorry. You're... Mike? Or- Or Mikey, right? I ain't figured out how to tell you two apart yet.

MIKEY *[shivering]*: A-Apart? Y-You saw the other one? T-There's another one of me? Uh- Running around here?

SLY: Yeah. Well, there- there were three of ya just now. I know y'all said you was "brothers" or somethin', but I got an inkling of what's goin' on. Brothers don't usually got the same name. Was that fella I shot in the parkin' lot... real? 'Cause this is a real shotgun. It don't fire blanks. I really hit somethin'. ...This is a test, ain't it?

MIKEY: Uh, a test?

SLY: *Shit.* *[Sighs.]* Sorry, pard.

MIKEY: Wait.

SLY: What I meant to say was that I don't got a dang clue who ya are. I've had my ass parked right here, tendin' bar at the Sidewinder all night long. My buddy Bill can confirm my alibi if'n ya want me to call him up. I was just about to close up, and- and heard you was bangin' on the door. I didn't see nothin'. I didn't do nothin', except serve drinks all night, mindin' my own business. Now, if you could kindly vamoose, I can clean up in here.

MIKEY: Okay, so the other one was here. Shit. Good to know. Uh, this isn't a test, and I have no idea what you're talking about. Uh, I guess you know my name because it's his name? Uh...

a-assuming Mikey is my name, it's just something someone called me once. So, the other one was here...

SLY [*slightly alarmed*]: How many of them are there, pard?

MIKEY: I don't know! I-I thought that it was just me and him. Well, before that, I thought it was just me that was me because of reality? Uh— But then I saw him, and he did not seem like a chill guy, so I got out of there and didn't ask any questions. Did you say that there were three of them?

SLY: Yeah, they were just here.

MIKEY: And you got in a shootout in the parking lot.

SLY: Yessir. At least, it felt like a real gunfight. I still ain't sure this ain't some kinda prank. The one looked like he was really bleedin' from his ear, though.

MIKEY: Yeah, the gunfight was real. I heard it, actually. I was already here. It definitely sounded like a real gunfight. I was looking for someone, and I tracked them down to this bar. Uh, the Sidewinder. So, I'm pretty sure you're who I'm looking for. If you're... Sly.

SLY: How do you know people call me Sly?

MIKEY: I'll get to that, I promise. [*Continuing.*] I walked in the front door of the Sidewinder, and I saw you, but you were heading out the back with someone. And I started to follow you out into the parking lot, and I heard gunshots. So, I got scared, and I hid in the walk-in freezer until the shooting stopped. A-And then I realized I couldn't get the door open. I've been stuck in there for I don't know how long. Hours? Uh, days? The sun was out when I went in there. ...And I still can't feel my toes, by the way.

SLY: Well, you were in there a couple hours at least, pard. You look downright miserable. How's about you hold tight, and I'll grab some blankets and hot coffee from the back? See if we can get some color back in ya. You're blue, pilgrim.

MIKEY: Well, if I was green, I would die. Uh— Before you head back there, you said that you're Sly, right? Like, *the* Sly that I'm looking for? Uh— Because, uh... are you also... August? Or, are those the same person?

SLY: That's me. Sylvester August Baxter. Who told ya my name, pard?

MIKEY: [*Sighs.*] It is you, thank god. If you weren't here, I was just gonna give up. All I had to go on is that there's some guy named Sly, and he's probably in Montana. Do you know how hard it was for me to track you down without a phone, or a car, or I don't know anyone on Earth? Like, literally no one? And I hitchhiked here from North Dakota. I've been running around for... I-I

guess weeks now trying to find you. *[We hear Sly start grabbing stuff.]* There are so many Slys in Montana. And also Idaho. I've— I think I've met all of them. They're— They're actually really nice.

SLY: Welp, your first problem is that most folks call me August. "Sly" is for close acquaintances. *[Aside.]* I swear those blankets were around here somewhere. *[Aside ends.]* And ya couldn't find me 'cause I try and stay under the dang radar, if'n I can help it. You found me, bucko. Now tell me: why the hell were you lookin' for ol' Sylvester August Baxter, and why ain't you with your time travelin' "brothers" that all look exactly like ya?

[Sly stops grabbing stuff.]

MIKEY: *[Scoffs.]* Is that what they told you? 'Cause those people are not my brothers, they aren't my friends, and they are *dangerous*. I watched one of them kill someone with a knife in cold blood right in front of me. I only escaped with my life because he didn't see me hiding in the back room. I-I think that they think that I'm already dead. Or, I used to think that, because they didn't put me back in the house when I ran away. Uh— But I have felt like someone was following me the whole time that I've been looking for you. And if they were here, then it sounds like they knew where I was headed, and they were looking for me. You're not helping them, are you? Like, you aren't going to turn me into them, right? Uh, 'cause they would kill me.

SLY: No, I ain't workin' with 'em. I didn't even know who they were before this afternoon. They came in here, but they weren't lookin' for you, 'least I don't think they were. They were here because they were after some bandits they call the Flinchites. And then the Flinchites showed up and shot up my dang parkin' lot. But those folks—they call themselves Mikey, Mike, and Michael—those folks didn't say nothin' about lookin' for one of their own. I don't think they're lookin' for ya.

MIKEY: Okay, uh, I might be in the clear, then. If they come back here, you *cannot* tell them that you saw me, okay? I-I'm not kidding. They're going to kill me if they find me.

SLY: I can keep a secret, pard. But you gotta answer me a question: why the hell were you lookin' for me?

MIKEY: I did say I'd get back to that, didn't I? Look, I-I didn't know what else to do. A-A while ago—a few months, I guess—uh, I ended up at this house in the middle of nowhere in North Dakota—like, it's called Rugby—and I couldn't remember who I was or how I got there. But I found this journal in my room—(uh, hold on, it's, uh... right here) uh, this one—and this guy named Michael wrote in the journal before me, and he wrote in it right up until he— I guess he disappeared from the house?

SLY: Michael? Was this... Michael fellow a cowboy?

MIKEY: Yes! Michael the Cowboy, that's him. Uh— He's the one that wrote the journals! Most of it's this dense, technical stuff that I don't understand, and it could all be fake, who knows. But when he wasn't talking about, like, "Nobody-Arbiter parallelisms" or whatever, he was talking about his buddy *Sly*. Or August, w— I—I— That's you! Michael had nothing but nice things to say about you, by the way. He told all these stories about how the two of you went fishing or rode horses around a— a ranch? It sounded like he was in paradise. It was pretty obvious to me that he cares pretty deeply about you. *[Pause.]* Wait, you— you said... Michael was one of the people with you during the shootout? He was with the other Mikey guy? The one that's trying to kill me?

SLY: Maybe we ain't talkin' about the same Michael after all. You're sayin' he was tellin' tales about hangin' out with a fella named *Sly*?

MIKEY: Um. "Hanging out" isn't how I'd characterize it, really? It's more like—

SLY: 'Cause I just met the guy this afternoon! He came in here, ordered a whiskey, didn't have money to pay for it, then put me in the middle of a gunfight. And then... well, he said he used time travel to get us out of the fight. ...I still don't know what I believe. But that's the only story I got about him. I definitely ain't ever gone fishin' with him.

MIKEY: Okay, so it *is* time travel. Uh— I think that that happened to me, too. I— I travelled through time or, I mean, at least space. So... maybe that journal's from the future! Or the stuff in it happens in the future. Because you are definitely the *Sly* described in the journal. Like— Who else is the— the "fella with a handlebar mustache and a heart o' gold what slangs beer in that tourist trap bar"? T-The whole thing's written like that, even the technical stuff, it's— it's actually exhausting.

SLY: You think Michael's from the future?

MIKEY: It makes as much sense as any other explanation. I mean, i-if those events are in the future—

SLY: 'Cause if'n he's from the future, he's *you* from the future. I reckon you ain't ever seen him, but he's the spittin' image o' you, 'cept a little older.

MIKEY: Yeah, and a cowboy. I mean, maybe that's how I get out of this? Like, I have to take on a new persona so that the people pursuing me won't know what to look for anymore? So I pretend to be a cowboy?

SLY: Michael sure don't seem like he's pretendin'...

MIKEY: Okay, I'm— I'm sure that why I'm a cowboy in the future makes sense in the future. So, that's it, that's why I'm here. I read Michael's journal, and Michael said to find *you* when times are bad. So, what now?

SLY: I ain't got a clue, pard. I still don't think Michael and the others are lookin' for you. Them Flinchites, on the other hand, they could be the ones huntin' you down. Maybe that's why they were at the Sidewinder in the first place.

MIKEY: I— I don't know what a Flinchite is. Uh, I don't think it's in the journals.

SLY: Honestly, I don't either, pard. But they were here this afternoon. They could come back... We gotta get you outta here.

MIKEY: Out of here? To where?

SLY: I got a ranch out in the boonies. It's got a reinforced saferoom. You'll be safe there until I can figure out what to do with ya. Unless and you got a better idea.

MIKEY: I have no ideas whatsoever.

SLY: Alright. We'll hop on the VMAX and skeedaddle, then. You ever ridden on a motorcycle before?

MIKEY: My memories started with me being trapped in a house in North Dakota in February. A-As far as I know, I haven't ever done anything.

SLY: Ah. You'll be fine. Let's ride.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the door unlock and open to Sly's house. Mikey and Sly enter.]

SLY: Well, here's the place. Home sweet home. It ain't much, but it's what I got. *[We hear the door close.]* Uh, your room is all the way at the end o' the hall, straight ahead, down the stairs.

[We hear them walk down the hall.]

MIKEY: That's, uh— Down the—? T-There aren't— T-There's nothing straight ahead except a wall.

SLY: If it fooled ya, that means that it's workin', pard. There's a whole bunker behind this wall. I built it myself, too. Ain't but a couple people know that it's back here. It don't show up on the blueprints for the house or nothin'. All I gotta do is push a button behind this painting and—

[We hear Sly push a button, and the wall pulls away, revealing a secret entrance, with a little difficulty.]

SLY: Pretty nifty, ain't it? Those stairs lead down to the saferoom.

MIKEY: Uh... Yeah, I guess. I-Isn't it--? Isn't that gonna keep it stuck open? With it in the wall like that?

SLY: It gets stuck sometimes when it's hot out. I reckon it's the humidity. But better stuck open like this than closed, though. I'll get it opening and closing again tomorrow, no problem.

MIKEY: I-- Don't get me wrong, I'm super grateful for the accommodation, it's just, uh. Is it a hidden room, isn't it? I-- Whatever.

[We hear Sly's brother, SLY'S BROTHER, calling out from across the house.]

SLY'S BROTHER *[muffled]*: Is that you, Sly? You're home late! Everything okay?

MIKEY: Uh, S-Sly? **[SLY'S BROTHER** *(muffled)*: Are you gettin' somethin' outta the saferoom?] Who the hell is that?

SLY: Oh, that's just my brother. Don't you worry about that. *[Calling out.]* Yeah, it's me! I'm just headin' down there to grab some supplies! Ran out of shotgun shells this afternoon. It's a whole big story, I-- I'll tell you about it at breakfast in the morning. You just get some sleep, ya hear?

SLY'S BROTHER *[muffled]*: You woke me up when you came in! Are you talking to someone? I thought I heard someone else!

SLY *[calling out]*: I said don't worry about it!

SLY'S BROTHER *[muffled]*: No, you didn't! Is everything okay?

MIKEY: No, you told *me* not to worry about it.

SLY: Right. *[Calling out.]* What I meant is that you don't have to worry about anything. Everything is fine! I'll talk to you in the mornin'! *[Sighs, then to self.]* Damn it, he's gotta learn to mind his own business.

MIKEY: Sly, is it gonna be a problem that this guy heard me? You didn't tell me that there were going to be other people here.

SLY: Hey, who lives here ain't none o' your business, pard. Let's hurry up and get down there before that nosy sumbitch wanders out here in his PJs to see what the fuss is about.

MIKEY: Okay. Lead the way.

[We hear them start descending the stairs.]

SLY: It ain't very cozy, I'll admit. But there are your new digs, Mikey. Like I was tellin' ya, it's all reinforced concrete. Ain't nothin' gettin' in here that ain't allowed in here, and ain't no one knows about it except the people I've told. There's enough munitions down here to arm an entire army. *[Sly and Mikey finish descending.]* It's definitely enough to keep out the Flinchites or whoever else might come lookin' to lay claim to ya. You know how to shoot. Right, pard?

MIKEY: Well, I haven't fired a gun since my memories came back, but i-it might still be in my brain somewhere? So, I can remember about everything except myself. Like, I remember that episode of *The Brady Bunch* where Jan gets hit in the nose with a football, but, uh, I can't remember if I have a middle name? So, I might know how to shoot.

SLY: It was Marcia that got hit with the football. **[MIKEY:** Marcia, Marcia, Marcia.] We'll get you to the shooting range tomorrow and see if you know what you're doin'. Ain't nothin' a little self-defense training can't fix.

MIKEY: U-Uh, self-defense training? That's a kind offer, Sly, but, uh— you're gonna have to let me in on what the game plan is here? You've got me settled in and hunkered down in a bunker. So, I'm safe if someone comes looking to murder me. Uh, but then what? Like, what happens after that? 'Cause I— I can't stay here forever.

SLY: I ain't sure what's next. But I understand what kinda predicament you're in. I've been in the same spot before myself. You're on the lam. And the most important thing to do when you're on the lam is to find someplace safe, lay low, and wait for the worst of it to blow over. There might be some useful information rattlin' around in that head o' yours, but you're not gonna remember jack shit if you don't have somewhere safe to sit and think. Stay put, and rest up. I'll ask around about, uh, what happened today with the Flinchites and Michael and the cowboy and all that. If I saw 'em, then everyone else probably saw 'em, too. Maybe we can figure out what they're doin' out here.

MIKEY: Okay, uh, sitting and thinking, uh, I get that. Uh, and I really appreciate the offer, but I-I sorta like, uh... uh, panicking and running. Like, I don't like the idea of sitting around, it makes me feel like a sitting duck, 'cause I-I'm pretty sure someone's going to kill me. So, I think that once I get my *energy* back, I really shou—

SLY: Oh! Energy! I forgot that I've— I got a clue for ya. When I was with Michael and them, they turned on the TV, and there was, uh, uh— breakin' news about this place called Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources. I think it's a top secret facility like Area 51. There had been these attacks, and one of the buildings was on fire. There was footage of the fire on the news. Mike said that he works there and he thought the attack was related to the Flinchite's attack? I think that's where they're gettin' their time travel powers from. Maybe that's the next place you should look into. Uh— When it's safe for you to leave, of course. ...Hell. You look just like the Mike that said he works there. You might even be able to walk in the front door.

MIKEY: O-Okay, so the— the time travelers are from the— the Old... the— What did you call it?

SLY: Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources. I think they also called it O.V.E.R. O-V-E-R?

MIKEY: O.V.E.R.? Uh... O.V.E.R.'s in the journals! Uh, Michael wrote about O.V.E.R.! Uh— *[Brief laugh.]* Uh, I guess I need to read back over that.

SLY: Sounds like you figured out what to do next, pard.

MIKEY: Uh, yeah, I-I guess so. I-I mean, it— it's worked so far. I found you.

SLY *[coyly]*: Say... I don't suppose you'd let me get a look at what's in that journal, would ya? The stuff about me and Michael, I mean. Like I said, none of those stories about fishin' or whatever happened to me. I mean, maybe they'll happen in the future. But they ain't happened yet.

MIKEY: Uh, uh, I don't— I don't know. Uh— The journal's all I have...

SLY: I ain't tryin' to take it from ya or nothin'. I just want a peek. But I won't twist your arm about it. You've had a long day. I'll let you think on it.

MIKEY: I appreciate that. Uh, I'm— I'm gonna be honest, Sly, I'm still trying to figure out your angle.

SLY: "Angle"? Whatchu mean, "angle"?

MIKEY: Well, according to you, three identical time travelers showed up to your bar this afternoon and got you involved in a shootout in the parking lot. Then they sent you through space and time back to your bar, and when you got there, you were ready and willing to take me to your house for safekeeping. So, what I'm trying to figure out is, what gives? Why are you so down for all of this?

SLY: Eh. If something's goin' on, I wanna know about it. I need to protect myself. And if'n time travel is real and folks are really out here goin' back and forth through time, god knows there's stuff in my past I'd like to fix if I could.

MIKEY: I mean, fair enough. Uh— I'm not trying to throw stones in a glass house. I-I'm in basically the same boat. Uh, a boa— a boathouse, if you will. Except I can't *[We start to hear the sound of many objects shaking.]* remember the stuff in my past that I'd *[Notices the sound.]* sure like to fix...?

[We hear an enormous earthen roar, like an earthquake or a building demolition.]

MIKEY: Sly, uh... What's going on? Is— Is that farm equipment?

SLY: That ain't no tractor, pard. I ain't never heard that sound in my life.

MIKEY: Okay, but could it be something from the farm making that sound?

SLY: Well, it ain't the chickens. There's a landmine out there somewhere in one of the fields that we never did find, *[We hear the shaking stop.]* but whatever made that sound was a helluva lot bigger than a landmine.

MIKEY: Okay, it's not farm noises, then. Uh, what do we do?

SLY: Well, we gotta go check it out, o' course.

MIKEY: "Check it out"?

SLY: Here. Take this.

[We hear Sly cock a shotgun and hand it to Mikey.]

MIKEY: Sly—

SLY: Don't shoot unless I give the signal. If there's folks out there, we come in peace as long as they do. And if they don't, we open fire. You got it?

MIKEY: I guess, but— but, Sly, what if it's—?

SLY: Great, follow me.

[We hear them head back up the stairs and through the door.]

MIKEY: Sly, what if it's the other Mikey? You know, the one that wants to kill me? Or those— those other guys? Th— The Flinchies?

SLY: Flinchites. And if it was them, I don't think they'd make a big entrance like this. They'd wanna sneak up on us. If someone makes a big entrance, more often they're lookin' to talk than fight. So, let's get a look-see. *[Pulls up one of the window shades.]* Look, Mikey! Someone's parked a whole damn building on my property! Maybe two of 'em!

MIKEY: What? Uh, it's just— it's just a— a building. I-It doesn't look like a government building or an office building, it just looks like a house.

SLY'S BROTHER *[calling out from another room]:* Sly! What's going on!? Something's happenin' in the yard!

SLY: *[Responding.]* I can see that! You— *[Falters.]* You stay here and wait for me to give the all clear! I'm going to go investigate. *[To Mikey.]* And you're comin' with me.

MIKEY: No, uh, I'm staying safe inside the bunker, 'cause that's the whole point o' me being here.

SLY: Mikey, a buildin' materialized out of nowhere! Do you think that someone who did that can't get into the bunker, pard? I don't think reinforced concrete is gonna stop 'em.

MIKEY: I think we should stick to the plan, Sly, because reinforced concrete's a lot better than reinforced nothing!

SLY: Alright, you know what? Fine. You wanna be lily-livered, be my guest and go hide. But I'm gonna go out there and see what the fuss is about. Could you at least stay here at the window with your shotgun ready in case I need backup?

MIKEY: Do you want me backing you up with a shotgun? What if I accidentally shoot you? I— I don't know what I'm doing.

SLY: Just don't point it at me, pard. It's as easy as that. I'm gonna head out there. If I'm not back in an hour, find my brother and tell him to start initiating our emergency protocols. He'll know what that means. Can ya do that?

MIKEY: Uh. Yeah?

SLY: Great. I'll be back as soon as I can—

[We hear him swing open the door.]

TROY: 'Ey, **[MIKEY:** Fuck, they're on the porch!]) it's Sly! Whoa, man! I didn't know you had a— a house. Nice house, dude. How's it goin'? What's up? What's up, Sly?

MIKEY: Sly, do you know these people?

SLY: Identify yourself! Or I'll shoot! *[Cocks shotgun.]*

TROY: *Whoa*, don't— don't shoot! It's me. Remember me? I'm Troy. Tater tot hot... hot tog... hot tot... *[Struggles.]* Why is it called hot dog? There aren't hot dogs in it, I don't know, remember me? You know me, just don't— don't shoot, please.

CHANCE: You're thinking of Hunter, Troy.

MARISSA: *Yo, August!* It's been a hot minute, partner! We were just in the neighborhood, thought we might do a little hashtag "throwback Thursday," and whaddaya know! We found

some errant time travel signals from a missing time travel friend that led us... right here. Ain't that just the darndest thing? ...Ah! I'm sure you understand! *[Pauses, then sighs.]* He does understand, right, Chris? Where'd we land exactly in the, uh... Slychael timeline?

MIKEY: Wh--? What's "Slychael"?

CHANCE: I don't think Sly's in the loop yet. I think we might be in 2022, so none of that has happened yet. I'm not positive, though? The Stinky Device automatically detected the signal and brought us here? I didn't tell it where or when to go.

SLY: Hey! How about you folks tell us who the hell you are!? I don't take kindly to trespassin'. And if we don't start gettin' answers, me and my associate here are gonna--

TROY: Hold up, is that Biscuits and Gravy? Hey, B.G.! Why you on this farm with this guy?
[MIKEY: Am I... B.G.?**]** Is this like a-- Is this a biscuit farm? Are you just makin' biscuits? Just *[Mimics making biscuits.]* with your palms? With your paws? Just-- Just making some bisc-- biscies? ...Ca-- Can I have some?

SLY: Do you know these folks, Mikey?

MIKEY: No, I-I don't think so. I mean, I like biscuits and gravy, but I don't know what he's talking about. I-I could've-- I could've met them, but I-I-- I told you, I don't remember anything!

TROY: Oh, don't worry about biscies, that happens to me all the time. It's not usually a problem? When I forget everything, I usually get my butler to tell me my life story starting from when I was a baby. It works every time. So, maybe you could ask your butler to do that. Wait. Hold on, w-- is Sly Betteridge your butler?

CHANCE: That's Ty Betteridge, Troy?

MARISSA: And Ty's not a butler, he's just British.

CHANCE: You can't just go around assuming that every British person is a butler. It's a harmful stereotype, Troy.

MIKEY: He's not a Better-whatever, he's-- the--

SLY *[aggravated]:* Baxter.

MIKEY: Yeah.

MARISSA: Alright, Mikey, this has been fun, but the joke is getting tired. We have things to do and girlfriends to save. We don't have time to trek around in the mountains propagating things to half of the cowboy power couple (before he even knows he's part of a power couple), so it's time

to quit playing around. The fuck are you even doing out here? Are you finally giving in and becoming a cowboy?

MIKEY: Hey, I'm— I'm sorry if you think you knew me. Uh— You certainly act like you know who I am, but, I-I don't remember anything. There's another one of me out there. Uh, he killed my friend, and, uh, I-I think he's trying to kill me. Uh, that's— I'm hiding out here because of him. So... maybe you're actually looking for him? And, if so, could you p— please find him and make sure that he leaves me alone?

MARISSA: Who does he even mean? Is Nobody back...?

CHANCE: I don't think this is a joke, Marissa. Mikey? Y-You don't remember *anything*? Anything at all. Base? [**MIKEY:** No, um...] Edgar? [**MIKEY:** Uh...] Me, Chris?

MIKEY: No, uh, I— I don't remember any of that.

CHANCE: [*Sighs.*] You call me Chance? Does that ring any bells? It's not my name, it's the name of one of the dogs in *Homeward Bound*, but... it's what you used to call me. Do you remember that, at least?

MIKEY: No...? Uh— I remember *Homeward Bound*. If— If you're Chance, then who's Shadow? Uh. Is— You?

TROY: Me? No, nononono. I— ...Unless, I— I guess— [*Pauses.*] Uh. Hey. Chris. Am I Shadow? I'm not Shadow, right?

CHANCE: No, Troy. You are not Shadow.

TROY: Okay. That's what I thought. A— Am I the other one? The cat? Otis? Milo? Whatever its name is?

MIKEY: Sassy.

TROY: Yeah. Yeah, am I— am I Sassy?

CHANCE: You can be.

MARISSA: You know, Mikey brings up an excellent question, *Chance*. Where is Shadow? And Charlie, for that matter. And Edgar! Can't forget Edgar. Even if you do.

CHANCE [*indignant*]: Look, Marissa, we are working on finding, quote-unquote, "Shadow." He isn't where we left him, though, and we needed to figure out how to use the Stinky Device before we could track him down. And if the Stinky Device was gonna mess up and drop Base on someone's head and kill them, let's be honest, I'd rather it be Mikey than Ryan.

TROY: Wait. Sorry. Who's Ryan?

MIKEY: From context clues, I think that's Shadow.

MARISSA: Speaking of people getting dropped on their heads, uh, how the frickity frack did Mr. Amnesiac over here get punted back to 2022? Wasn't he with Ty when he went missin'? Shouldn't they be together?

TROY: You think I was right about Sly Betteridge?

SLY: That ain't my name! And this conversation is wearin' on my last nerve! Y'all have asked enough questions, thank ya kindly. This is my property. You're on my doorstep, and I'm the one holdin' the shotgun! So, y'all need to start explainin' what's goin' on *pronto*. Why are y'all lookin' for Mikey?

TROY: I'm sorry. Why wouldn't we be looking for Mikey? He's my best friend in the whole world, and got stolen by an evil scientist. We just want him back. Please, and also thank you. Here. I—*[Sighs.]* I've got... I've got my favorite rock in the world, and I've got this worm I found earlier. I-I'll trade them for Mikey. That's fair, right? Chris, you'll reimburse me for the worm, right? The rock's... priceless. We'll figure that out... off-book later, but, like... can I have my boy, please?

CHANCE: This building behind me is our Base. We run our time travel operation out of there. And Mikey is part of our organization. You've met Michael, right?

SLY: Yeah. I just met him today.

CHANCE: Michael's part of our organization, too. All of the iterations of Mikey are? Well... most of them? But, eh, we don't have to get into that. We need you to come with us? We need Mikey back, and we have some questions for you, too, Sly.

MIKEY: W-We're just supposed to go with you, uh, because... you know me? Because you... guessed my name?

TROY: Yup! That's exactly it. Alright. So, now that that's cleared up. Mikey? Chris told me he wouldn't fix the ice cream maker, because he was too busy trying to find *you*. But, now that we found you, he can fix the ice cream maker, so we all get to have ice cream, which is really cool. So, let's just go home and have some ice cream, and we can talk more about it all there.

SLY: Y'all need to hold your damn horses! We ain't goin' nowhere. I ain't scared of no time travelers. You can mosey on back to the time you came from and leave us the hell alone! We got Flinchites to worry about 'round these parts.

MARISSA: Flinchites? Oh, god, not those Compound tryhards.

MIKEY: They're– They're from a– a compound? Like a– Like the– the O.V.E.R. compound in Oldbrush Valley?

CHANCE: I'm sorry you're not convinced, Sly, but... I don't really need to convince you? I'm pretty sure I understand how the Stinky Device works now, and if I did my math correctly, we should all be transported safely into an exitless holding facility here in just a second...

SLY: I ain't goin' nowhere! Mikey, get your gun up!

MIKEY: I– Y-You want me to s-shoot the–?

[We hear a short time travel noise.]

SLY *[Under breath]:* Shit. **[MIKEY:** What the hell is going on?] My gun!

CHANCE: Huh. I didn't specifically program it to do that. I guess it made you drop your w–

[We hear a longer time travel noise.]

SLY: Wait.

CHANCE: And we are here!

SLY: What in the Sam Hell is this? Where are we?

CHANCE: Welcome to Base. These accommodations are extremely temporary, I promise. You're not enemies, after all. So, just get comfortable, and we'll be back in just a moment to start putting this whole puzzle together. Sound good?

MIKEY: Uh– N-No. Uh– Wha–? I-I don't understand. Where are we?

TROY: Okay, so we're gonna go get ice cream now, right?

MARISSA: Yeah, where's the ice cream? We want ice cream! *[Chanting.]* Ice cream! Ice cream! Ice cream! Come on, Troy! Ice cream! **[TROY:** U-Uh– I–] Ice cream! **[TROY:** Ah...!] Ice cream! **[TROY:** Ah...!] Ice cream!

[Troy screams half-heartedly.]

CHANCE: We'll be back with questions. And... *[Sighs.]* And ice cream. Hope y'all like Cherry Garcia.

[Closing theme starts playing.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of Troy was Athan. Check out his podcast [The Grotto](#).

The voice of Marissa Ng was Michelle Kan. Check them out on social media at [fswrites](#). They also edit *The Proof Is In The Podcast: A WOE.BEGONE Recap Show*.

The voice of Chance was Taylor Michaels. Check him out in [The Grotto](#) or [Forged Bonds](#) or [Tales From the Fringes of Reality](#) or many more.

[Rapping.] And the voice of Sly Betteridge was Harlan Guth...rie. Check out his podcast—... [Malevolent](#), or go to... *[Stops rapping.]* Uh, what's— Is his website, [malevolent.ca](#)? *[We faintly hear keyboard typing.]* Uh, to learn more. *[Closing theme plays out.]*

Yeah, I just checked, *[We faintly hear Riga start whining.]* [malevolent.ca](#) is his website. Riga, are you okay? You wanna go outside? You wa— Is there a dog outside? Is that what you're sad about? Is there a dog outside? Is there a dog outside? Is there a dog outside? Oh? I gotta finish recording! Is there a dog outside? Oh, no.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Um, why wouldn't we be looking for Mikey? He's our friend. And he got stolen by an evil scientist. We just want him back, please and thank you. Here, I've got... oh, my favorite rock in the whole world, and... I got a napkin that I sneezed in twice. Uh, I'll trade them for Mikey. That— That's fair, right? You'll take that? Chris, you'll reimburse me for the rock, right? The— The napkin's... *[Quietly.]* Honestly, don't tell him, but the napkin's worthless, *[Normal volume.]* but the— but, like— Can I have my boy, please?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Why wouldn't we be looking for Mikey? I mean, he's our friend, and he got stolen by an evil scientist. We want him back, please and thank you. Here, I've got my favorite rock in the whole world. His name is David. And he's very important to me, and I'll trade him for Mikey. That's fair, right? Chris, you'll reimburse me for the rock, won't you?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (MICHELLE): I was trying to think of some cowboy, uh, greetings? And... my brain rifled through my entire catalogue, and somehow fished up "g'day." Um... So. *[Australian accent.]* G'day, August! Howzitgarn, ya bloody cunt? It's been yonks! We was just out in ya's neck of the wops when we got us some tick talk comin' over from this side of the bush. Thought we'd suss it out, have a bit of a squizz, and *far out!* Who do we find but this bloody mug gone walkabout himself.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHANCE): You're thinking of *Hunter*, Troy. And I don't know why they call it oven when you of in the cold food of out hot eat the food.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHANCE): Do y'all fuck with Cherry Garci-? *[Snickers.]* Sorry, I can't do that line. *[Laughs.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): "Why do they call it oven... when you of in the cold food of out hot eat the food"? Okay, hang on, if I- if I point my finger at the screen and drag it, I can read it. *[Clears throat.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Episode 187.]