

INTERMISSION XXXII - THE BEACH EPISODE

Original transcript edited by August and Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Intermission XXXII.]

[Doorbell rings. Door opens.]

CHANCE: Hey! Come in, come in. Get out of the cold. Ryan is whipping up a batch of hot cocoa for everyone as we speak.

JAMILLA: [Exhales.] Thanks. It's *freezing* out there.

TROY: Jam! Hey, e-everyone. Jam's here!

MATT: Hey! Glad you could make it.

JAMILLA: [Shivers.] Oh, I am definitely looking forward to that hot cocoa you were talking about. The weather in the valley has been abysmal! There's been freezing rain all week. Next time we get together, let's transport to a beach somewhere.

TROY: Aw, heck yeah, dude, let's go right now. I-I love the beach. I love the beach. It'll be— It's gonna be so much fun! My guy, he always carries all my stuff, and then he chases me around and tries to pour lotion on me. Luckily I'm just so— I'm just so squiggly I could just— [Grunts.] I could just squiggle outta that, and the lotion— the lotion makes it easier, right? I'm just like— [Squiggle noise.] You know what I mean? I can just *whoop!* out like a— like a— like a Go-Gurt.

MATT: I'm still not over the last time Base did a beach trip. That was an absolute nightmare.

JAMILLA: [Laughs.] What? Why, what happened?

CHANCE: Oh, no. Jam, please, do not get Matt started.

MATT: It was an *awful* day at the beach.

TROY: Aw, man, did you get bullied by the seagulls? They could be so mean. Honestly, all birds suck. Seagulls are bad, Eagle fuckin' sucks, sparrows are bad— Don't— Don't even get me started on *robins*, dude. *Robins* are— I— I will dropkick a robin. I just hate birds 'cause o' Eagle, man. One time, I had my guys. They installed this big old net over my house. That way, all the birds that were flyin' by couldn't, like, fly over my house, 'cause that's, like, protect— that's Troy's space, that's in my air space, and I don't want 'em up there. Uh, unfortunately, they, uh— there was a hole in the net, and what ended up happening was all the birds got trapped *in* the net, and so I woke up one day, and there were just birds everywhere. Um. But they were in a net already, so I could just grab all the ends, and I tightened it like a— like a bow, and then I carried them, and I threw them into space, so it was fine.

MATT: Okay, so. It was right after Base took care of Nobody and Lieutenant.

CHANCE: And here we go. *[Brief sigh.]* I'll be right back. I'm gonna go see how Ryan's makin' out with that hot cocoa. If Matt's telling "The Beach Story," we're gonna be here a while.

MATT: Okay, so. It was right after Base took care of Nobody and Lieutenant. Ty reached out saying he had an idea for a "fun day of bonding and relaxation."

JAMILLA: Something tells me it wasn't nearly as relaxing as advertised.

MATT: I think just wait. You have no idea.

[Flashback harp music.]

[Rain sounds.]

MW: Alright. I'll bite. Why the heck are we here, Ty?

TY: Well, after all the excitement we've had lately, I thought we could all use a bit of "fun in the sun"! A summer beach holiday!

MIKEY: Ty, what sun? It's— It's raining, and I checked the forecast, and it says that it always has been raining and always will be.

TY: Oh, you've never been to England, have you? This is positively tropical.

MIKEY: Am I to understand that this is why you're like that?

MW: I'd believe it. Sun down in Texas gave Outlaw a new lease on life.

MARISSA: Yeah, Ty, quick question. Uh, how the fuck did y'all manage 156 years in Hong Kong?

TY: Oh, a lot of gin, a lot of tonic. And colonialism.

MARISSA: *[Scoffs, then sighs.]* Not that I'm not used to it. This is, uh, pretty normal, as far as a Hong Kong summer goes. Either way, if I don't get any goddamned sun before I count to one, I'm gonna start shootin' things.

MATT: Am I dead again? Is this heaven?

TY: The English seaside is breathtaking, isn't it?

MW: Matt, it looks like we're about to find Laura Palmer out here. Why would this be heaven?

MATT: I live in the Pacific Northwest. I love the rain.

MIKEY: Well, I hate it. Speaking of terrible beaches, did they ever figure out what was going on in Holyhead? Uh— Anyway, Ty, the forecast—

TY: Yes, well, I'm sure it'll clear up in a moment.

CHANCE: Wait, what is that supposed to mean?

MIKEY: Yeah, Ty, the locals are growing gills.

FELIX: Ah. *[Brief chuckle.]* I, uh, I-I meant to delete that row from, uh, Ty's spreadsheet. But— But have no fear. I will ju— Um. Yup! We will have sunshine in... three, two, one.

MIKEY *[overlapping Felix]:* What does this have to do with a spreadsh—

[Time travel noise.]

[Beach sounds.]

FELIX: And there you go.

MW: Hey. We're back in the dang Dome, ain't we? Hey, Marissa. You know where we hid them blowtorches?

MIKE: Wait, this is the Dome? Goddamnit, Ty. I could be at home in my time period with my Edgar. I-I wouldn't have travelled back here if I knew you were just gonna test out some new Dome technology.

TY: No, no, no, don't be ridiculous, Mike. This is Bournemouth... or Weston-super-Mare. No, I'm fairly sure that's Cromer. Felix just had a bit of a kerfuffle with his spreadsheets again, but as you can see *and feel*, all is well!

MW: Is this gonna be a real vacation, Ty? Or is it gonna be shenanigans?

MARISSA: Mm, I still feel like blowing shit up, honestly.

AUGUST: Hell, me, too.

MARISSA: Charlie? You in, babe?

CHARLIE: Um, *yeah. Of course. [Chuckles.]* Wait a second. Hmm... *[Clicks tongue.]* Is someone nervous about jumping into the ocean?

MW: W-Wait, what are y'all blowin' up in the ocean?

MIKEY: Hey, uh, Panther, I'm, uh— *[Falters.]*

TY: A few others will join us later, but they wanted to arrange their own transport.

EDGAR: Well, so long as we're here, we might as well enjoy ourselves. I'm going to dip my toes in the ocean. Mikey, care to join me?

MIKE: Uh, I-I– I don't know. Panther, uh, I thought I saw... a-a– a barnacle...?

MW: I thought you oughta get a life jacket on, pard.

MIKE: Yeah, Felix even transported some floaties in.

MW: Let's get ya geared up, Edgar.

EDGAR: This feels excessive.

MIKEY: Uh– Panther, y-you're the one who always says better safe than sorry, right?

AUGUST: It's probably best just to humor 'em.

CHANCE: Hey, you should be proud. You've got three Mikes all saying "safety first"? [*Brief laugh.*] That's gotta be a record. I wouldn't look an overly-large gift horse in the mouth.

MIKEY: I think that it's a very appropriate gift-sized horse.

EDGAR: [*Sighs.*] Very well. I'll put on a life vest, but I'm putting my foot down when it comes to the floaties.

TY [*quietly*]: Good shout with the life vest.

FELIX [*quietly*]: Yeah, we know how tetchy they can be.

MIKEY: W-What are you guys muttering about? I-Is he gonna need the I– So you know that something's gonna happen? This is supposed to be our *vacation*, not normal bullshit where something terrible happens. [*Voice fades out.*] Hey, you can't fade out the scene on me, I deserve...

[*Scene transition.*]

[*Beach sounds.*]

FELIX: I know I had my reservations, but I can admit when I am wrong. Despite the, um... poor start, this was a good idea, Ty. I don't think I've ever seen the members of the Base so relaxed.

TY: Nothing like a little sunshine and recreation to ease tensions between our two organisations. So long as Kaz doesn't catch wind of our little jaunt–

FELIX: Ty, I thought you said that Kaz had signed off on this?

TY: No, no, no, no! No. I said that everything was in order, which it is. All the arrangements and invitations were sent out, and you put together the transport schedule spreadsheet. A-Amazing work, by the way, I know it was a bit short-notice.

FELIX: If Kaz finds out you're using company time on yet another project without approval, it'll be our heads on the block. Possibly literally.

TY: He need never know, does he? Now, I'm going to change into my swimming trunks, and I suggest you do the same.

[Ty walks away through the sand.]

FELIX: Honestly, the things I put up with.

[Charlie approaches.]

CHARLIE: You know, Felix, I thought we'd fixed the rainy day problem? You are looking far too glum for such a beautiful day at the beach.

FELIX: Oh! Charlie. *[Brief laugh.]* A-A- A-Already been in for a dip, then?

CHARLIE: *[Laughing.]* Oh! Yeah, you could say that. Not necessarily intentionally, though. I was trying to show off? You know how it is. I picked up Marissa, and I tried to throw her into the water, but she's so scrappy! She dragged me right in with her, and there was no chance I was getting outta there. Whew! The water was a lot colder than I was expecting, though? But you numb up pretty quick, so. Not a big deal. Marissa and I were thinking of challenging the others to a sandcastle building contest. You wanna join? We are going to crush them all, *but* I bet you and Ty could hold a candle to us all.

FELIX: ...Oh, heh. Well, um... Ah...

CHARLIE: Come on, Felix! Isn't the whole point of this trip to relax and have fun? That means you, too! No spreadsheets here, buster.

FELIX: Well... Oh. Alright.

[Scene transition.]

[Beach sounds.]

CHANCE: And one more piece of sea glass should do it!

SHADOW: We may need some defensive walls to protect it, but this is well-built.

CHANCE: *[Chuckles.]* Babe, it's a sandcastle. Why would we need defensive w-

MARISSA *[yelling]:* Fire in the hole!

[Multiple explosions.]

SHADOW: That's why.

CHARLIE: Marissa!

MARISSA: Get fucking *wrecked*, Chris!

CHANCE: You built a tank... out of *sand*!?

MARISSA: You bet your ass I did! You're gonna need to do better than that if you wanna stand a *chance* against my sandtank.

CHARLIE: O-Okay. What Marissa *means* to say is that we will help you rebuild. ...If only so we can crush them again later? [Clicks tongue.] Right, Sunshine?

CHANCE: Thanks, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Of course, Chris! [Brief chuckle.]

SHADOW: I'll get started on the defensive walls.

CHARLIE: Sunshine. Do you think you could build some little sand cannons to defend Chris's castle? It wouldn't really be much of a war if they didn't have, you know, literally anything to fight us with?

MARISSA: I like the way ya think, babe. Okay, so I was rereading *The Art of War* recently, right?

CHANCE: Damn. Edgar, Felix, your sandcastle is... uh— elaborate.

FELIX: You're very kind. I'm rather proud of the little details I put in, but— but honestly, Edgar did the— the brunt of the work.

EDGAR: Oh, thank you. I've always enjoyed building models.

CHANCE: How the hell did you build a miniature model of O.V.E.R. out of sand?

EDGAR: Just Tiers One and Two.

FELIX: We even made a miniature basement with all of the furniture for the model of Edgar's gaff; you could just get a glimpse of it through the hatch in the floor if you look through the windows.

MARISSA: Ew, you fucking simps. You could've made anything in the whole universe, and you build a model of O.V.E.R.? *Bleh!* Jeez, what'd you use, every piece of driftwood on this damn beach? That's a whole damn forest!

EDGAR: Oh. Mikey, Mike, and MW offered to search the beach for them. They're competing to see who can supply us with the most. To be honest, we really don't need more, but I don't want to ruin their fun.

[We can hear Mikey, Mike, and MW squabbling in the background.]

MARISSA: Yeah... right. Fun.

CHANCE: Wait, that's not fair. We agreed to teams of two for the sandcastle building contest, so personally I think Edgar and Felix should be disqualified.

EDGAR: Oh, we're not competing. Don't worry. I, uh, just enjoy building things.

MW *[distant]*: Mikey, ya can't kick sand at me, I'll shoot ya.

MIKEY *[distant]*: Well, maybe you should've thought of that before you needed sand kicked at!

FELIX: It's a shame, though. Tier One especially looks bang-on to me.

SHADOW: Oh, look. Chris, I think that's supposed to be your golf cart.

MARISSA: Hey! How do you know that's not my golfcart?

SHADOW: Yours is the one with the dent in the front fender. See?

MARISSA: Oh, yeah. That one *is* mine!

CHANCE: Well, I think our sandcastle should win. It's the only one that's an actual castle.

MARISSA: Hang on, now, what about ours?

CHARLIE: Okay, guys, this really isn't that important to d–

MARISSA: Do you know **[CHARLIE: Okay. Mm-hmm.]** how much work it takes to build functional drive sprockets out of sand?

CHANCE: A tank is not a castle, Marissa. This is a sandcastle building contest.

CHARLIE: B– G– Guys, guys, *guys!* Stop it. Come on! This is a fun day, no fighting at the beach, alright? It's not like there's even a prize for this. It's all for fun.

MARISSA: Well, your castle is just a pile of sand now thanks to my disqualified sandtank.

CHARLIE: Okay. That's enough. Contest cancelled. Let's just help Chris rebuild, for real this time. I think we've blown up enough sandcastles for today, Sunshine.

[Scene transition.]

[Beach sounds. Jostling of glass bottles.]

CANNONBALL: Stop playing with empty bottles and finish writing the notes.

[Jostling stops.]

RYAN: Toph, no offence, but this is stupid. It's beneath you. Where's the heart-wrenching confessional? Where's the dramatic self-mutilation?

CANNONBALL: You said you were bored and wanted to help. So finish writing the notes and stuff them in the bottles.

RYAN: Toph, I hate to break it to you, but look around you. The beach is all kids and families and a few TikTok influencers. Not exactly your target audience. The gritty know-it-alls of Reddit and 4chan aren't going to appear with their Doritos-stained hoodies and wander the beach on the off-chance that they'll find a literal message in a bottle detailing the first steps of a violent online video game.

CANNONBALL: You have... no creative vision.

RYAN: If you want these bottles filled with notes so badly, you finish them.

CANNONBALL: I can't. My hands cramped up after the first 30 messages.

RYAN: Fine. You owe me one, Toph.

CANNONBALL: No, I don't.

[Scene transition.]

[Time travel noise.]

[Beach sounds. Magnolia, Helen, Skuzz, Sax, Britches, Robert, Flash, and Skinner grunt and/or lightly exclaim upon their arrival.]

SAX: Ah, hold up. I've been here before. Is this Cromer? Hah! Came here with my mum once. Skinner, when you said we were going to the beach, I didn't realise we were heading back to my neck of the woods.

SKINNER: Oh, I didn't choose the location. Heh. This was all Ty's idea. I am just your humble chauffeur.

SKUZZ: Excuse me? "Humble"? Really?

MAGNOLIA: What—... What are we standing on?

ROBERT: It appears to be a tank made out of sand.

FLASH: Oh, I watched a video essay about these.

SKUZZ: So do you think that hatch, like, actually opens?

SAX: It looks surprisingly functional.

HELEN: Where the heck are we? Skinner, I'm on my lunch break. You promised I'd be back in time for my afternoon meetings.

ROBERT: And I have a Zoom call with a demanding client this afternoon that I must be on time for.

FLASH: *[Chuckles.]* The client is me.

SKUZZ: And I have to get ready for a show. I can't disappoint the fans.

MAGNOLIA: We all live in the same house. Why would you need a Zoom call to have a meeting with one another?

FLASH: I gotta get on the road as soon as we get back to investigate a report of a ghost in Mesa, Arizona for my show. Apparently this one time at dusk this guy just appeared out of nowhere, walked into a car rental, paid all in cash, and then vanished! Supposedly he was a very polite phantom.

BRITCHES: I'm also on my lunch break, and if I ain't back on time, Latif's gonna put me on bathroom clean-up duty again.

SKINNER: Oh, calm down, all of you, and think for a second. Calculator. Time travel? Heh. I'll get y'all back to work with time to spare.

HELEN: Also, you didn't tell me we were going to the beach. I don't even have my swimsuit.

SKINNER: Alright, I feel like a broken record saying this, but, uh, again, I've got a Calculator. So, just go on over to one of those shops and pick out a swimsuit. I'll iterate it for you, alright? Anything to get you to stop whining about this free beach trip that I invited you on?

HELEN: Isn't that stealing?

SKINNER: Alright, this is your moral line in the sand? Heh. Didn't ya shoot a guy once, Helen?

HELEN: Hey!

SKINNER: What? Heh.

ROBERT: I don't think it qualifies as stealing since the shop's stock of swimwear will remain unchanged. Go forth with a clear conscience, Helen.

HELEN: Well. A futuristic swimsuit could be fun.

MAGNOLIA: Skinner, are you buying everyone new swimsuits? I— I think I want one, actually. Maybe a sun hat, too, it's super bright out here.

SKINNER: Alright, alright. First of all, I'm not buying anything, I'm iterating. Second of all, no! I told the rest of you to wear your swimsuits. I invited Helen last minute 'cause I figured she could use the break.

MAGNOLIA: Okay, but didn't you just say it would be easy to iterate swimsuits? Isn't it just the press of a button?

SKINNER: Several buttons.

SKUZZ: Dude, come *on*, don't be such a killjoy. Live a little.

ROBERT: You did imply it would be simple, Skinner. And I think I could do with some new swimwear, as well.

SKINNER: Bobby, you're already wearing—

ROBERT: Before you finish your thought, [*Skinner growls.*] I'll remind you that I killed two people to help rescue you.

SKINNER: Fuck's sake, Bobby.

FLASH: Well, Python was an accident, and [*Clicks tongue.*] he didn't stay dead. He wasn't even dead long enough for me to communicate with his ghost.

SKUZZ: Yeah, I'm sure he appreciated that speedy return to the waking world.

FLASH: Ah, it's just too bad. Python's ghost would've been a great interview for my radio show. He's got charisma, which is uncommon in the departed.

MAGNOLIA: Well, we still helped save Skinner and Skuzz. Surely that's worth a few swimsuits.

SKUZZ: Well, since I became a bomb to help rescue Skinner and the Mikes, I think I should also get a new swimsuit.

SKINNER: Et tu, Skuzz?

SKUZZ: I like free stuff! So what? Who doesn't like free stuff?

SAX: Ah. It's too bad Old Man and Python had other plans today.

MAGNOLIA: I think Python said something about the two of them scoring a box full of fireworks? At least someone else will be the fire hazard this time.

SKUZZ: Well, I really hope they don't actually set them off? The valley's been so dry lately.

BRITCHES: Well, I've had the swimsuit I'm wearin' for a decade. I wouldn't mind new trunks.

ROBERT: I agree. Skinner?

SKINNER: Ugh. Who am I, Daddy Warbucks?

MAGNOLIA: Iterating, not buying, remember?

ROBERT: In case you've forgotten, you said you'd make it up to me, and I think swim trunks are a small price to pay.

MAGNOLIA: I thought helping you build the new mobile chicken coop was Skinner's apology.

ROBERT: There were two deaths, so there should be two apologies.

BRITCHES: That math checks out.

SKINNER: Fine. Let's go. I don't wanna spend our entire beach trip inside looking at swimwear.

[Marissa, Charlie, and Chance approach.]

MARISSA: Oh, would you look at that! Someone let the Crust Punks out of their enclosure.

CHARLIE: Hey, Helen! Ah! I wasn't expecting to see you guys. What are you doing here?

HELEN: Skinner showed up back in 1980 during my lunch break and invited me for a little fun in the sun.

SKINNER: Eheh. I– I'm– I'm just– I'm just gonna– hah.

CHANCE: Wait, I thought we were holding onto your Calculator.

CHARLIE: I think we can talk about it later, Chris.

SKINNER: Uh, I think you mean "stole." You *stole* my Calculator.

CHANCE: Ok, *technically*, your friends handed it over to us when they came to us for help.

CHARLIE: Oh, guys, h-hey now, it's really not that big of a deal, honestly, we can just figure this out.

SAX: Well, I still have the scar where Wesker bit my hand when I searched your room for it.

SKINNER: Yeah, well, serves ya right, seeing as it was my property that you–

FELIX [*rapidly getting closer*]: Seriously. Listen, I– I– I haven't got changed yet, and I– I don't– I don't want to have this suit dry cleaned. Ty. Just– Just– Just–

[*Water thrown.*]

SKINNER: Are you serious!?

[*Electrical sparks.*]

TY: Ooh, I do apologise, that was meant for Felix.

SKINNER: You just dumped an entire gallon of fucking salt water on my *fucking* Calculator.

HELEN: Oh, no. Ty, you have to fix this for them, you know those aren't waterproof.

CHARLIE: Yeah, but, uh– I'm sure Ty can fix it. Right, Ty?

MAGNOLIA: Yeah, we'd just convinced them to iterate new summer wardrobes for the whole house.

SKINNER: Okay! O-One swimsuit each!

ROBERT: I could use some new sunglasses, too.

TY: This is why it's not a good idea to rely on handhelds, I'm afraid. I keep telling you all they're dangerous, but [*Brief sigh.*] no one listens to me. That American exceptionalism clouds your judgement.

CHANCE: I think, in this case, us not taking your advice might have to do less with American exceptionalism and more to do with the torture! And kidnapping and unethical science experimentations? Maybe?

FELIX: I can only assume you're referring to the incredible breakthroughs in life-saving medical technology?

SKINNER: If you don't fix my *fucking* Calculator this second...

FLASH: I don't need to consult the spirits to know that if you don't fix this, you're both going to need those life-saving medical technologies.

TY: Now, now. We'll make this right. As soon as we're back at the Compound, Felix and I will provide you with a new handheld. How does that sound?

SKINNER: Like a promise you better keep or die trying, man.

HELEN: Uh, I still need a swimsuit, and all I have is, uh, ten American dollars.

FELIX: Ten dollars? Whew! By the way you normally dress, that must be significantly higher than your normal clothing budget.

TY: *[Clears throat.]* I can help with that. I have my company card and can write it off as a business expense.

[Time travel noise.]

[Rain sounds. Sounds of surprise from Mikey, MW, Mike, Edgar, Matt, Chance, Shadow, Marissa, and Charlie.]

MATT: Ugh, I feel nauseous. Anyone have a Tums or some ginger ale or—?

AUGUST: Come on now, keep it together, Possom.

CHARLIE: Aw, Matt. Yeah, I can grab some from my bag here in a minute. Just remind me, okay? *[Pause.]* Wait, a second, I'm confused. Were we just sent back to the original arrival coordinates? You know, the ones Felix sent us to accidentally at first? The rainy ones? What happened?

FELIX: Uh— I— I— I— I'm— I— I— It j—j— Um, the, um— T— The, um... The— The— The—

TY: Possibly...

FELIX: The— The— Mm-hmm...

CHANCE: Is this because you dumped water on Skinner's Calculator?

MIKE: I thought that Present Base had Skinner's Calculator.

MW: We did.

CHARLIE: That's *really* not the issue right now.

TY: This is not a result of a Calculator malfunction. The— The water will have shorted out the circuitry.

[Time travel noise.]

[Beach sounds. Mikey, MW, Mike, Edgar, Matt, August, Chance, Shadow, Marissa, and Charlie respond in surprise once more.]

EDGAR: Ty, what's going on?

TY: I'm afraid this might be another one of Felix's spreadsheet bungles.

FELIX: In my defense, Ty did have me put this trip together very last minute? I had to coordinate multiple transport origins and— and— and—

TY: Yes, yes, that's not important at the moment. What *is* important is that the program is also supposed to handle our return transport.

MIKEY: Ty, what are you saying?

MW: Spit it out, pard.

TY: Only that, well... we need to stand on specific coordinates at a specific time for our scheduled return trip. That time is not for another couple of hours from the point we've just been reset to.

CHANCE: Eh, so we got reset to the start of our beach trip, and now we get a few extra hours of sunny, sunny vibes at the beach. That doesn't sound so bad to me.

CHARLIE: Oh! Okay, well... Yeah, I mean, if that's all it is... I for one wouldn't say no to a few more hours of fun in the sun.

TY: I, uh—... Uh, yes. Yes, yes, yes, y— y—you're— you're right. I-I'm worrying over nothing.

MARISSA: In that case, I'm gonna go rebuild my sandtank.

CHANCE: And I'm rebuilding my *castle*. You better not blow it up this time.

MARISSA: Alright, buddy, cool your jets. Look, I'll even rebuild those teeny, tiny, little sandcannons for your defensive wall.

SHADOW: I'm sure we'll get it done faster this time around now that we've already done it once.

MATT: Hey, you guys up for some volleyball?

EDGAR: Sounds fun. Mikey? Sly?

MIKEY: Sure, why not.

AUGUST: I'm in. Mike? MW?

MIKE: Yeah, I'm down, let's go.

MW: Yeah, but I don't wanna be on Mikey's team this time. That technique o' yours don't work.

MIKEY: Look, I just haven't practiced it enough, I just know that if I have a few hundred more tries, then it's gonna work perfectly every time, and they'll never get the ball again.

[Footsteps away.]

MIKE: Mike, the point of volleyball– You're supposed to hit it so they *have* to have the ball, like that's how you win... *[Voice fades out.]*

[Scene transition.]

[Time travel noise.]

[Beach sounds. Magnolia, Helen, Skuzz, Sax, Britches, Robert, Flash, and Skinner grunt and/or lightly exclaim upon their arrival.]

MAGNOLIA *[quietly]*: Time travel sucks.

SAX: Hold up. Is this Cromer? I didn't realise we were heading back to my neck of the woods.

SKINNER: Hah. Leave it to Ty to choose a 70-degree day to go to the beach.

SAX: Ah. English summers, innit.

MAGNOLIA: W-What are we standing on?

ROBERT: It appears someone built a tank out of sand.

BRITCHES: I'm not a tank expert, but it looks built to scale.

HELEN: *You* didn't tell me that we were going to the beach. I don't even have my swimsuit.

SKINNER: Helen, don't sweat it. We'll find one that ya like in one of those shops over there, and I'll iterate it for ya.

HELEN: Isn't that stealing?

SKUZZ: Yo, let's go! Can I get some swim trunks?

ROBERT: If it helps, I don't think it's stealing, Helen. You aren't going to be decreasing their stock.

SKUZZ: I mean, it's more like time travel piracy. You know?

BRITCHES: *[Quietly, to the Crust Punks.]* Y'all, she's from the 80's. Ah– *[Clears throat. To Helen.]* So there's this, uh, technology called "the internet"–

FLASH: Oh, god, Britches. Look, it's– *[Pauses.]* It's kind of like if you were to sneak into a movie at a movie theater, eh? The movie's gonna be there no matter what, but you're not *supposed* to see it, 'cause you didn't buy a ticket.

MAGNOLIA: Ooh! I wanna pick up some postcards while we're in the shops. Old Man was saying he likes to buy a bunch and send them to his friends sometimes.

CHARLIE: Oh, hey! You're here!

MAGNOLIA: Oh! Hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE: *[Brief laugh.]* Yeah, hi, everyone! Um... Hey, Skinner? Can I talk to you for a second? I have a quick question for you.

CHANCE: Hey, Skinner. About your Calculator? We—

SKINNER: Oh-ho-ho! Sorr-huh— Hey, sorry, Charlie, hah, Chris, hey, hahah. I'm, uh, I'm just about to treat everyone to some new swimwear. Wish I could chat, but, uh, don't wanna waste the sunshine, so... I'll, um... Yup. *[Clears throat.]*

BRITCHES: Aw, thanks, Skinner. I hadn't had a new pair of swim trunks in almost a decade.

FLASH: Hear me out. Swimsuit fashion show?

SKUZZ *[chanting]:* Fashion show! Fashion show!

SKINNER: See? They're, hah, they're all excited. Ahah. Alright, kids, Uncle Skinner's got retrocausal pockets to burn, so, uh. Let's get goin'.

[Flash, Magnolia, Skuzz, Sax, Britches, and Helen walk off talking.]

CHARLIE: Okie dokie, sounds like a good plan to me! Uh, let's catch up once you're back, okay?

SKINNER: Uh-huh. Yeah, definitely. Yup. *[Clears throat.]*

MARISSA: Should I tackle them?

CHARLIE: *[Chuckles.]* Thanks, babe, but I think it'll be okay. It's just something I wanted to tell them. Um, I'll catch 'em when they're all back with the others.

CHANCE: We really gotta get better about Base's security if someone can just waltz in and steal—

[Time travel noise.]

[Rain sounds. Sounds of surprise from Mikey, MW, Mike, Edgar, Matt, Chance, Shadow, Marissa, and Charlie.]

SHADOW: This does not bode well.

EDGAR *[overlapping]*: Ty, what's going on?

MW *[overlapping]*: If this is some trick yer pullin' like the Dome...

MARISSA *[overlapping]*: Hey! Why the hell were we transported again?

MATT *[overlapping]*: Oh, Mom, I think I throwed up.

AUGUST: Steady there, Matt. Take some deep breaths for me.

MIKEY *[whining]*: I hate time travel. I hate the existence of time. I hate everything.

CHANCE: Felix, what the hell did you program into those spreadsheets?

FELIX: It's, um, I... I, um...

MW: Look here, Ty. The first reset was a— a fun way to mix things up, but if it's gonna keep resettin', I'm gonna get annoyed.

MIKEY: MW, I think we're in one of the time loop things that Hunter likes so much.

TY: Yes, thank you, Mike.

MIKEY: I'm right? I don't wanna be right! Ty, you have to fix this. We can't be stuck like this forever. I'm not going out this way!

MIKE: You mean on a picturesque beach with your boyfriend and all of your best friends.

MIKEY: No, I mean on a beach with Ty Betteridge and time travel shenanigans. This is basically about to be the beach that makes you old!

TY: Uh— Please, let's all calm down.

MIKEY: The time to calm down was before vacation turned into "Endless Eight."

CHARLIE: *[Sighs.]* Okay, wait a second. This reset definitely happened sooner than the last one did. I'm sure of it.

MIKEY: Okay, which one of you is secretly a god who doesn't want summer to end? Shadow? *Shadow?*

MATT: Wait. If the loops are getting shorter, w—we're never gonna make it to our exit coordinates. You said those are a few hours away, right?

MIKEY: Wait, where's Troy? If anyone is Haruhi—

[Time travel noise.]

[Beach sounds.]

MATT: Ugh, I really wanna get off this ride now.

EDGAR: Charlie and Matt are right. The loop seems to be getting shorter. Ty, can you call someone from the Compound to extract us?

TY: Well, uh... this little trip isn't strictly on the books.

MATT: Okay. Uh, don't panic. No one panic. Everyone just stay calm, and we'll be okay. No-one is going to die. Again, for some of us.

MARISSA: Yeah, I think you might be the one panicking, my dude.

MIKEY: Yeah, nobody else is panicking!

MATT: I mean, what do we do? Who do we call? The— T-The cops? Are there karate-wielding time travel cops somewhere that I don't know about? Can you wield karate? No!

MW: Matt, everyone you've met in the last four years is a time travel cop.

MIKE: No, don't call the cops. N-Not just now, but generally. We just have to come up with a plan.

MIKEY: Okay, here's a plan. Everybody spread out and start looking for anything o-out of the ordinary. I-I've seen *Palm Springs*. There's gotta be some spooky cave or mystical object we have to destroy or a hidden Calculator or A-Andy Samberg—

MARISSA: Alright, Mikey, you don't have to join in just so Matt doesn't feel bad.

MIKEY: Thank you, Marissa, that is exactly what I'm doing! I *don't* feel like I'm about to explode right now, I'm just making sure that *Matt* doesn't feel like he's alone! Because his feelings are valid!

CHARLIE: Oh, okay! No, duh! Guys, the Crust Punks! The Crust Punks are gonna be transporting here with Skinner's Calculator soon enough. We can just have them transport us all home when they get here. Right? Should be that easy.

TY: Eh... Things would likely still reset. What we'd need to do is have them transport me and Felix back to the Compound to shut down the program first.

MIKEY: O-Oh, okay. H-How did the Crust Punks get their Calculator back? Did we give it back to them?

CHARLIE: Again, I re-emphasize, that *really* doesn't matter right now. What *does* matter is that they help us get home.

MW: I don't like how we're de-emphasizin' this, but we just need to get it from 'em.

MARISSA: Hell yeah. I'll tackle them, and then Matt, you–

CHARLIE: We can just ask them for help.

EDGAR: I agree with Charlie. There's no reason to rush to–

MIKEY: Okay, Panther, I see you, I hear you. But some of us are panicking. *Matt is panicking!* He's *panicking!*

AUGUST: Nah, I say we just take it. They ain't supposed to have it anyway, right?

MATT: Yeah, I'm with Sly.

MARISSA: Sounds like a plan, my man.

MW: Are y'all sure we shouldn't just, uh, hold our hor–

[Time travel noise.]

MARISSA: Ahah!

[We hear Marissa tackle someone.]

BRITCHES: Ah! Ow! What the hell!?

MARISSA: Sorry, Britches, I was aiming for Skinner! Forgot how many of you showed up.

[Footsteps.]

MATT: Hey! G-Get back here!

AUGUST: Get over here, Skinner. Whichever one you are. We're takin' that there Calculator.

SKINNER: Oh, *fuck* no.

MATT: Come *on*. Look, my inner ear can't take this, okay? Just get over here.

AUGUST: Now, come on. We ain't gonna bite ya. Come on. We just need that Calculator of yours.

SAX: Whoa. Back off, old man.

FLASH: That's not Old Man, that's... some guy who looks like Python.

MAGNOLIA: Britches, are– are you okay?

BRITCHES: ...I'll live.

SKUZZ: What the hell is going on? Why'd Marissa tackle Britches like that?

MARISSA: Come on, Skinner. Hand it over.

[Sounds of running across sand.]

SKINNER: Fuck you, this is my Calculator, bitch.

MIKE: I think we could've maybe handled this differently.

SLY *[distant]:* Get back here, you mangy cur!

FELIX: If they're not careful, they're all going to end up in the water.

SLY *[distant]:* Pincer attack!

MATT *[distant]:* I got 'em!

MARISSA *[distant]:* Blah! Pincer formation!

MATT *[distant]:* I got 'em! *[We hear a splash.]* I don't got 'em.

SKINNER *[distant]:* Hah, you can pry this Calculator from my cold, dead hands!

CHARLIE: Yep, well I told them this was a bad idea, but did they listen? Nope.

MW: Well, if there's any silver lining', looks like Sly's havin' fun. He's been havin' a rough time lately.

CHARLIE: Well... Uh, the good news at least is that we'll get to try again! And again. And again. And maybe even... again.

MW: You got a strange idea of "good news."

[Distant splashing.]

TY: And there they go, wonderful.

SKINNER *[distant]:* *[Splutter.]* Fuck. Fuck!

MARISSA *[distant]:* You dumbass! That was our way ho—!

[Time travel noise.]

CHARLIE: Okay. Well, they'll all be here again in any minute. So. Everybody, hang tight.

MARISSA: I think we should still just do what Matt and I were gonna do, which is tunnel underneath them, put down a net, and then, when they arrive, we'll just pull the net—

EDGAR: We tried your way, and the outcomes were less than ideal. With the loop shortening, we need to try a different approach instead of trying the same thing over and over again.

MATT *[whimpering]*: Oh. Come on.

MIKEY: We need to try something, because I think some of us are panicking, Panther. I— Mm— Just— Just Matt, actually.

CHARLIE: A little diplomacy and a friendly conversation can go a long way, you guys. I know we all wanna get home, but everyone needs to try and keep a cool head, okay?

[Time travel noise.]

SAX: Wha—! Bloody hell!

SKUZZ: Whoa! What—? ...W-Why is everyone from Base standing in a circle around us?

MIKEY: Hello.

SKINNER: Uh... *[Brief laugh.]* I have no idea.

FLASH: Shit, did we ruin your summoning circle? *[Pause.]* Oh, wait. Did you summon *us*?

ROBERT: Is this some sort of trap? I thought we were on friendly terms with Base.

MW: Kind o' an asterisk on that.

BRITCHES: Friendly-ish. But this sure don't feel friendly.

FLASH: I'm sensin' pretty intense vibes.

EDGAR: It's not a trap. We just want to talk.

MIKEY: And I know that's what we would say if it was a trap, but we just to get y—

MARISSA: Skinner! Good to see ya. We need that Calculator of yours.

MAGNOLIA: Hold on! That belongs to them. And that's our way home. You can't just take it.

MIKE: Okay, what Marissa means... is that s-she wants to take the Calculator, but what I want to say is what we actually need... is your help.

SKINNER: Alright, Ty, was this some sort of set up?

TY: No! ...No, nonono, not at all. We're just having some technical difficulties and could use your assistance.

SAX: What sort of technical difficulties? If it's mechanical, I can probably help.

TY: Due to an error with Felix's spreadsheets, we're in something of a time loop.

HELEN: *[Brief laugh.]* Oh, really?

FELIX: Oh, please, as if you know *anything* about computers. You wouldn't even know how to turn one on.

HELEN: *I'm* from 1980. *You've* been using a computer your whole life. This is just sad.

MIKEY: Look, it's super interesting that Felix is so aggressive towards Helen and that all of us can tell why that is, but uh, we kinda have bigger fish to fry, no pun intended?

CHARLIE: All we need is for you to transport Ty and Felix to the Compound. If we do that, then they can stop the reset.

MAGNOLIA: If that's all you need, then why are we surrounded?

MIKEY: Because we're running out of time, and some of us are even panicking!

MIKE: I'd like to go on the record and state that I was against surrounding you, because I knew that it would make you feel cornered.

MW: Ain't no corners in a circle, Mike.

CHANCE: Marissa's right, we're running out of—

[Time travel noise.]

[Rain sounds.]

CHANCE: —time. Ugh, goddamnit.

CHARLIE: Okay. Enough. We're trying it my way.

MATT: Please. I'm begging, for the love of god, just make this st—

[Time travel noise.]

[Beach sounds.]

BRITCHES: Whoa. We've got an audience.

MAGNOLIA: Oh, boy. *[Sighs.]* Why are they all standing over there huddled together like they're a flock of seagulls and we're a picnic lunch?

ROBERT: I don't know, but it's highly unsettling. Skinner, what's happening? I thought you said we were invited.

MIKEY: Hey, everyone. *[Claps hands together.]* Mikey here. Uh, I'm gonna cut the shit. Uh, Felix fucked up when he was making his spreadsheets for this trip or however it happens, and now we're stuck in a time loop, and we've been at this beach for, like, six hours now, and the time loop is getting shorter, and we don't have a way to get home, and my hands are getting wrinkly, and if I don't get out of here soon, I am going to just walk into the fucking ocean!

CHARLIE: Um. *[Clicks tongue.]* What Mikey is trying to ask is: would you guys mind transporting Ty and Felix to the Compound? We're stuck in a time loop, and the only way we can think to fix it is if they can get back home?

MAGNOLIA: Do we know what the Compound is? I'm sure someone told me, but there's a lot of time travel stuff to keep straight. And I was here to write about a big horse, and I just didn't leave, 'cause I like you guys.

FLASH: A covert time travel organisation where they conduct terrifying experiments that violate physics, international law, and good manners.

BRITCHES: Read that on Reddit, too?

FLASH: No, just context clues. Keep up, man.

MW: That's too accurate for context clues.

MIKE: Flash probably talked to Python. Python met Ty.

SKINNER: Uh, heh, okay. Why the Compound?

CHARLIE: Oh, um. So that Felix and Ty can fix the program that's causing the loop. It sounds like it has something to do with spreadsheets? Uh, not really sure on all the details.

MIKEY: Skinner, I'm going to level with you. Some of us are panicking. And we would love to get this over soon, so could you do that for us?

SKINNER: Uh. Sure?

MARISSA: And then you're handing that Calculator over.

SKINNER: Uh, Charlie, I thought you and I—

CHARLIE: I *think* we can let go of the Calculator situation given that the Crust Punks are doing us a huge favor by helping us get home.

CHANCE: Agreed. Let's just break this time loop already.

EDGAR: Skinner is welcome to keep it. Though I *would* like to know how it is you managed to retrieve it from Base.

CHARLIE: Which, of course, we can all sort out once we're all home and no longer stuck in a time loop. Lucky for us, that's not a conversation that needs to happen right this second. There's *[Brief sigh.]* not a lot of time before we get reset again, and I'm a little nervous, so *[We start to hear Calculator button-pressing sounds.]* not to pressure you, but also kind of to pressure you?

SKINNER: Okay, okay, fine. Jesus, just give me a second.

TY: Uh– This side of Christmas, if you please, we're on a bit of a tight schedule.

SKINNER: Gimme a second here, Ty? I'm entering the coordinates from memory, so you don't want me to fuck up, do you? *[Stops pressing buttons.]*

MIKEY: The... co-ordinates of the Compound? ...Do you have them–?

SKINNER: Alright, you ready? Ty? Felix?

FELIX: Yep! Ready when you are.

TY: Absolutely.

SKINNER: Alright, strap in. Transporting in three, two, one.

[Time travel noise.]

CHANCE: How will we know if it worked?

MIKE: I assumed that someone was going to come back and tell us.

EDGAR: Well, in the event that they don't, the time of the last reset is in just a few minutes, so we should know soon enough.

[Time travel noise.]

FELIX: All done.

CHARLIE: Oh, uh, wow! Okay, that was fast. Speedy Felix over here.

FELIX: Um, yeah! It was quite simple, really.

[Time travel noise.]

TY: Oh, my goodness, that took ages. We were up all night untangling that spreadsheet. But we got there in the end.

HELEN: Hmph. You were saying, Felix?

SKINNER: *[Clears throat.]* Well. You know. I did set their arrival time for *yesterday*. I figured that way they'd have plenty of time to fix whatever it is that they needed to fix.

TY: The important thing is that it's all been sorted. In just a couple of hours, you'll be back home via scheduled transport.

CHANCE: A couple hours!?

MIKEY: *[Mimic's Ty's pronunciation.]* "Scheduled"? That can't be right.

TY: No need to thank me.

[Time travel noise.]

OLD MAN: Howdy, folks. Is it too late for us to join the party?

MAGNOLIA: Old Man! Python! You both made it.

MATT: Michael?

AUGUST: Big Bear?

OLD MAN: I ain't Michael. Sorry, folks.

MATT: Is that an iteration of me?

PYTHON: Hey, gang! I brought Skuzz's guitar, and Old Man brought his.

SKUZZ: Oh, sick, dude. So, are you lookin' for, like, a good old-fashioned sing-along?

SHADOW: I suppose it'll be a nice way to pass the time if we're stuck here for a few more hours.

HELEN: *[Sighs.]* I wish I'd brought a bathing suit.

ROBERT: There's shops over there. Surely some of them sell swimwear. Skinner, you could use that Calculator of yours to iterate some of us some new swimsuits, couldn't you?

SKINNER: Bobby. Come on.

ROBERT: Please?

SKINNER: Ugh! Fine. Heh. Anything to stop the whining before it really starts. Let's just make it quick? I don't wanna spend all afternoon inside shopping, alright?

MAGNOLIA: Thanks, Robert!

SKINNER: Hey! I'm the one with the Calculator.

SKUZZ: Would you have said yes if anyone else had asked?

SKINNER: Not the point.

MAGNOLIA: Will you all wait for us to get back for the sing-along?

OLD MAN: 'Course we will. Hurry up, though. We're burnin' daylight out here.

TY: Uh... Felix, one moment...

FELIX: Yes, Ty?

TY: Thank you.

FELIX: You're welcome, but— but what for?

TY: For taking the rap. I wanted everyone to have a lovely time, and I perhaps got a little over-excited when putting the agenda together.

FELIX *[with an audible grin]*: Not at all. Can't have you losing face. Far, far easier if you're the all-knowing, all-capable megalomaniac, and I'm just the humble servant. ...But we know the truth, eh?

TY: Always.

[Scene transition.]

[Beach sounds.]

EDGAR: Despite the time loop drama, it ended up being a pretty good day. Wouldn't you say?

MIKEY: *[Brief chuckle.]* I-I guess so. I-I could've done without the absolute panic that I would die on the beaches of England.

EDGAR: *[Laugh.]* Still. We made some good memories.

MIKEY: I mean, any day is a good day with my Panther, even in England. Oh, hey, look at this! It's an actual message in a bottle. I thought that that was something from movies. I wonder where it came from...

TY [*distant*]: Uh— Mikey! Edgar! We need everyone on their spots, we're minutes from the scheduled transport.

EDGAR: Leave that here for someone else to find. We've solved enough mysteries for today, I think.

MIKEY: Fine, but what if it's some—

TY [*distant and impatient*]: Mikey! Edgar!

MIKEY: We're coming, we're coming! Alright, let's go, Panther.

[*Mikey and Edgar walk away.*]

CANNONBALL: Are you kidding me!?

RYAN: Better luck next time, Toph.

[*Flashback harp music.*]

JAMILLA: Okay. Maybe it wasn't relaxing, but it does sound like you all had fun.

CHANCE: *Parts* of it were fun.

TROY: It sounded awesome.

MARISSA: Yeah, I dunno what these crybabies are talkin' about, but, uh, I had a great time. Not only was it just like summers at home, but I got to blow up Chris's sandcastle a million times.

CHARLIE: Hey, now... We agreed we weren't gonna bring that up again... You know, we did crush them so severely, after all. Wouldn't want them to feel too bad about it.

SHADOW [*sing-songy*]: Hot cocoa has arrived.

TROY: Ooh, cocoa time! Cocoa time!

CHANCE: Thanks, babe. To a day of actual relaxation. Cheers!

TROY: Cocoa!

MARISSA: Yeah, cheers! Gon¹ bui¹ [乾杯]!

[*Extended closing theme starts playing.*]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

This episode was written by JustJenah, with contributions from David Ault, Michelle Kan, Ben Rowe, Taylor Michaels, and Lyssa Jay. The script was edited by Taylor Michaels and Ben Rowe. Thank you both. You saved my bacon.

The voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. Check out David in [*Shadows At The Door*](#) and, like, 70,000 other podcasts. I'm sure you can find him.

The voice of Felix was Ben Rowe. Check him out in [*The Felix Chronicles*](#), [*The Samantha Chronicles*](#), and also this show right here, [*WOE.BEGONE*](#).

The voice of Chance was Taylor Michaels. You can check him out in [*The Grotto*](#) and [*Forged Bonds*](#).

The voice of Charlie was Lyssa Jay. Check her out in [*The Grotto*](#), [*Forged Bonds*](#), and [*400 Words A Horror*](#).

The voice of Shadow was William A. Wellman. Check out their podcast, [*Hello From The Hallowoods*](#).

The voice of Marissa Ng was Michelle Kan. You can find them on Twitter at [fswrites](#).

The voice of Sylvester August Baxster was Harlan Guthrie. Check out his podcasts, [*Malevolent*](#) and [*Deviser*](#).

The voice of Edgar was Jeremy Enfinger. Check out his podcast, [*The Storage Papers*](#).

The voice of Jamilla Gardner was Rae Lundberg. Listen to their podcast, [*The Night Post*](#).

The voice of Matt and Python was Jamie Petronis. Check out his podcast, [*The Cellar Letters*](#).

The voice of CANNONBALL was Nathan Lunsford. Check out his podcast, [*The Storage Papers*](#).

The voice of Ryan was Kevin Berrey. Check out his podcast, [*Hell Gate City*](#).

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

The voice of Magnolia was Pine Gonzalez. Check out their shows, [*Tales From the Fringes of Reality*](#) and [*Forged Bonds*](#).

The voice of Robert was Alex Telander. Check out his show, [*Ostium*](#).

The voice of Flash was Jesse Syrratt. Check out her podcast, [*Nowhere, On Air*](#).

The voice of Skuzz was Rat Grimes. Check out their podcast, [*The Department of Variance*](#).

The voice of Helen Hartley was Tatiana Geftter. Check out her show, [*Soul Operator*](#).

The voice of Sax was Shaun Pellington. Check out his podcast, *Wake of Corrosion*.

The voice of Britches was Cody Heath. You can hear her in *Forged Bonds* and *Do You Copy?*. And don't forget to check out their band, *Elsewhere!*

The voice of Mikey, Mike, MW, and Old Man was Dylan Griggs. Check him out in *The Grotto*, *Soul Operator*, and this little podcast called *WOE.BEGONE*.

[Laughing.] Goddamnit, I actually forgot myself. Uh, the voice of Skinner was JustJenah. You can hear me in *The Grotto*, *Forged Bonds*, *WOE.BEGONE*, and *Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show*.

Thanks for playing.

[Extended closing theme plays out.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHANCE): Ryan's makin' out with that hot cocoa.

BLOOPER (JAMILLA): Scandalous.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (MATT): Ty reached out and said he had an idea for a "fun day of bondage"—

BLOOPER (JAMILLA): Scandalous.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): Did I say "miniature" weird? You built a "miniature" model?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHANCE): Personally, I think Edgar and Eli— *[Breaks character.]* Elix? Fedgar and Elix!

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHANCE): Well, in any case, I think that Ryan and my sandcashle should— C-Cashle? Shandcashle.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): Hah, you put "Chance" here. *[Brief chuckle.]* You just hear in the background, like, *[Cowboy Chance voice.]* "Hey, y'all, I'm here, too! It's Chance time! It's Chance time! Y'all had Community Chris, and now it's *Chance*."

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): It feel licks there a lot– *[Breaks character and snorts.]* It feel licks? It feels licks? Oh my god, that was supposed to be "it feels like," but I ended up saying "it feels licks," and that's really fucking funny to me. *[Laughs.]*

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): Far too glum for such a beau– I can't say glum, there's too much snot in my face. *[Laughs.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Intermission XXXII.]