

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY SEVEN - MIIKKEE

Original transcript edited by Theo

[BEGIN Episode 197.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. I'm still streaming on Twitch over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. But this Sunday, Sunday, April the 6th, 2025, I will be doing a juggling stream to celebrate getting 1,000 Twitch followers. It's gonna be a lot of fun if you've never seen me juggle before. I used to do it a lot, and now I'm very rusty and also in my mid-30s, so we'll see how that goes. That is twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

And if you would 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, cark- cardboard? Card, board, cardboard. I just finished the Season 12 commentaries for ten-dollar-and-up patrons, but I made the Intermission XXIV commentary available to everyone, because it is a commentary on *The Felix Chronicles*, and I sat down with Ben Rowe, voice of Felix and creator of *The Felix Chronicles*, to talk about everything: what inspired him to write the show, where different elements of the show came from, how he recorded certain things. It was very illuminating for me, as well, and I'm very excited for you to hear it. That is available for all paying patrons at patreon.com/woe_begone.

Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains a depiction of death. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear the sound of island ambience in the morning: waves, birds, the distant sound of a boat on the ocean.]

MW: *[Yawns.]* Mornin', Mikey. It's still floatin' out there, huh? I was hopin' it'd be gone by this mornin'.

MIKEY: Yup. Our visitors are still here. I was hoping they'd be gone, too. We have enough to worry about on Christmas Island without someone spying on us from a yacht.

MDAWG: Are we fully copacetic that they're spying on us? **[MIKEY:** Is that what copacetic means?] I haven't detected any living spiritual forces coming from the yacht since it showed up yesterday.

TXDAWG: And I haven't spotted anyone on the yacht with my third eye or any other eye.

ALASKA: Well, I think the yacht's on the inside of the invisible dome already. Remember when we made that little boat and tried to sail out there? It's hard to tell, but it seems like we made it further than that. I think it got closer to shore overnight. Nobody, you stayed on the shore. Were we that far out?

NOBODY: I was not on the shore, Alaska. I don't remember any of that, because I wasn't here. If we're all iterations like we think, then I didn't even exist when you did that.

ALASKA: I'm just saying that maybe Tex and Lieutenant and the Yellowknife guys aren't wrong to build a raft to go check it out. Hey, MW, why aren't you with the cowboys building the raft?

MW: [*Huffs.*] 'Cause I ain't necessarily a cowboy just 'cause I'm wearin' the hat. And I ramble wherever my heart takes me.

MIKEY: See, that sounds like something a cowboy would say.

NOBODY: Lieutenant isn't building a raft in order to board the yacht, Alaska. He's going to kill the rest of them. That's what he does. That's all he does. You are all fools for trusting him. He's already killed 47. He's going to kill XL and 38 next.

MW: I don't trust Lieutenant neither, Nobody, but... I-I'm just gonna say what everyone's thinkin'. There ain't been any murders since Mike locked himself up in his room and refused to come out.

NOBODY: That is exactly what I would do if I were the murderer. I would wait for someone to go away or get incapacitated or die, and then I'd stop to make it look like they were the culprit. It would take all of the heat off of me.

ALASKA: Is that an admission of guilt, Nobody?

NOBODY: No, Alaska, it isn't. I just explained to you that I didn't exist when most of the murders happened. I couldn't have done them.

MIKEY: But the other Nobody could have done them, and you could've picked up where he left off.

NOBODY: Neither of us were here when 47 got killed.

MIKEY: Yeah, but... time travel...

NOBODY: What time travel?

MIKEY: I-I don't know! Just, uh— time travel.

NOBODY: Be careful, Mikey. Without Stinky here, you're the dumbest iteration.

MW: Nobody, please don't go around threatenin' folks 'fore I even had breakfast.

NOBODY: You had better be careful too, Emdubya. The killer clearly has a penchant for cowboys.

MW: I just told y'all, I ain't a gotdang cowboy.

MDAWG: Maybe TXDawg and I should lead the group in some controlled breathing exercises in order to de-escalate.

TXDAWG: Yes, everyone close your eyes and begin by focusing on the top of your head. Any sensations that you might feel—

NOBODY: We are not going to meditate right now.

ALASKA: Mm, why do I have so much tension in the top of my head?

NOBODY: Alaska, focus.

[We hear the time travel noise. 61, 86, and 92 appear.]

61: Ugh. Uh, uh, w-where the hell am I? I-Is this the— the Hollow Earth? I-I told 'em about it.

ALASKA: What's— What's going on? My eyes are closed.

MW: Ugh. What a time to get even more company.

TXDAWG: Do you think that we summoned them with our meditative powers? That happens sometimes.

86: Hey! Whoever summoned me and these two chuckleheads here needs to put us the hell back!

NOBODY: None of us summoned you here. We're all stuck here, too. So identify yourselves.

92: O-Okay, well. I-I'm 92, and I don't know how I got here, neither. Hey! Wait a damn minute! 86? You owe me a boatload o' cash, pilgrim. Don't think I forgot just 'cause you missed poker night.

86: What the hell do you mean, 92? I-I didn't skip poker night. I was there. You can ask TXDawg.

TXDAWG: I am not your TXDawg, I am a reasonable facsimile. So I wasn't at poker night, either.

86: Okay, well, I was there. And I had my wallet and everything, and I was gonna pay ya, but m-my wallet's gone, it musta disappeared in the transport.

92: What are you talkin' about? I still got my wallet.

MIKEY: Yeah, I had my wallet when I got here, too. I had to eat it when I got lost in the forest.

86: I was all ready to pay ya is what I'm sayin'. And TXDawg was at the door, and you there, 61, was layin' next to the door with a bullet 'twixt your lookers.

61: I-I ain't got no bullet. A-Ah— Maybe I got a pimple. ...I didn't feel nothin'.

86: You was dead as a doornail, pard.

92: Where's Stinky? This predicament's got that bastard's name all over it. I know it.

MW: Stinky's dead. Our Stinky, at least. Like TXDawg was explainin', our understandin' is that we were iterated to get here. So your Stinky's prolly out in the world doin' whatever he was doin'.

61: Oh, I-I get it, this is all one big Hollow Earth misunderstandin', ain't it? *[Sighs.]* I-I'm sorry for drinkin' so much, y'all. Made me have this crazy dream where we're all on this island. It's all my fault, but... it'll go away when I wake up.

MIKEY: The rest of us have been here a while, and we've— we've thought of all of that. This isn't a flash sideways, it's not Hurley's dream, it's not any of that. Whatever it is, it's real, and we're really stuck here. We're on Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean, we don't have Calculators, and there's some sort of invisible dome that prevents us from leaving, and the wall is about as far out in the ocean as that yacht that's parked there.

MW: The yacht's a new development. Showed up yesterday, and we don't know if anyone's on it or what they want with us.

ALASKA: Yeah, we've got some cowboy iterations of our own. Uh, Tex, Lieutenant, 38, and XL. And they're working on a raft to paddle out to the yacht to see what they're doing.

MW: XL ain't a cowboy, pard.

MIKEY: And MW is the cowboy gatekeeper this morning for some reason.

86: 38 and XL are here?

92: Hold on, where's 47? Ain't XL his?

61: Wait, are you talkin' about the Yella Fellas? The— The Yella Bella Fellas? ...What are they doin' here?

MIKEY: You know 38 and XL?

NOBODY: Of course they know them, Mikey. They all go to that same insipid poker night that Tex throws. 47 is dead. Murdered, like so many iterations before him.

92: The Yellowknife folks ain't exactly poker night regulars. They're— They're standoffish, they stick to their little igloo with their cows or whatever they're doin' up there.

MIKEY: You can go ahead and forget about any drama from your past life, uh, 'cause you're here now. We've been here a long time, and there's no escape, so, uh, you might as well get cozy. ...What'd we do now, though? Mike's the island ambassador, and he's MIA.

ALASKA: Well, Mikey, I guess we've gotta step up. Uh, MW? You wanna come with me and lead them on a tour around the island? We'll show 'em where everything is, we'll introduce them to the raft team, and we'll get 'em settled in their apartment. It'll be fun. I'm bored, there's nothing to do here.

MW: Sounds like a plan, Alaska. 'Cept that Mike has the keys to the rooms in his apartment. We're gonna have to go ask him for 'em.

MIKEY: That could be a problem. Mike hasn't been answering his door, and it's not from a lack of me knocking on it.

NOBODY: Are we certain that Mike is still alive?

MDAWG: I can sense his presence. It's very strong, actually. Like it's been inflamed. Mike is still with us.

NOBODY: It might be pertinent to bust down the door if he doesn't answer. We might have another murder to investigate. One eerily timed to the appearance of the yacht and three new residents.

61: Hey, I don't know what you're accusin' me of, but I ain't killed no one 'cept all them folks who deserved it. And... Jeff. I— I always think about Jeff.

86: Who the hell is Jeff, 61?

92: Don't ask him about it. Jeff's a dang raccoon.

61: And he didn't deserve what happened to 'im. He had little hands like a person.

ALASKA: Okay, well, we'll show them around the island, and we'll fix the Mike problem while we're at it. How does that sound?

MW: We needed to stop puttin' that off, anyway.

ALASKA: My sentiments exactly, MW. Alright, let's do it! Uh, right this way! Uh. Watch your step. *[We hear 61 stumble.]* 61, was it?

61: I-I-I'll step everywhere I dang please, ya varmint. I'll s— put my boot straight through the Hollow Earth.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear island ambience as Alaska, MW, 86, and 92 walk to the apartment.]

86: Hey, uh. Are we sure it's okay that we left 61 back there?

ALASKA: Yeah, uh— I mean, it's just the cowboy iterations. He's a cowboy. He'll be fine. Probably.

92: I sure as hell weren't gonna carry him. If you wanna go back for 'im, be my guest, 86.

86: I sure don't miss him or nothin'. It's just... didn't y'all say that that Lieutenant fella was a murderer? That he killed 47?

MW: There ain't no proof o' that, 92. He ain't even the main culprit if'n ya ask me.

ALASKA: I mean, deep down, aren't we all murderers in a sense? I-I don't mean people generally, I mean literally us, like, we're Mike iterations. We're— We're murderers, like— I did some stuff that I regret before I got sent to Alaska.

MW: Yeah, but Alaska, there's degrees to this stuff, and Lieutenant is one of the higher order murderers in our group.

86: If'n he does kill 61, I mean... 61 killed Jeff, right?

92: Right. So, that bastard deserves what's comin' to 'im.

86: Plus, 61 was dead last time I saw him at poker night. He was propped up on the wall next to the entrance. I know I seen him like that.

92: Oh, yeah. *[Quiet chuckle.]* He was quite a sight. Hey, 86. Why didn't I see you inside at poker night?

86: I dunno. I don't remember goin' in.

ALASKA: 61 seems like he remembers being at poker night, and presumably that's where he got so drunk, so I guess he got iterated sometime before that?

86: But who would wanna make 'emselves extra problems so bad they iterate that varmint?

MW: Well, who'd wanna do any o' this, 86? We were all iterated, that's how we got here. Whoever's doin' this is puttin' together a collection o' Mikes, I reckon.

ALASKA: *[Brief laugh.]* Some collection. He's never gonna have the whole set at this rate! I mean, we lose Mikes as fast as we get them.

86: Do ya think whoever's doin' this is on that there yacht?

ALASKA: I mean, maybe, but what's the point in them being here? They haven't come ashore; we haven't seen any of them on the desk. Are they just here to p— ominously loom near us? What does that do?

MW: Maybe it's like police settin' up a speed trap. They think it'll scare us straight so we stop killin' each other.

ALASKA: It would take a lot more than a boat to scare Mike Walters straight.

MW: Yup. But they sure can try.

86: Say. Mike's y'all's ringleader, right? What does he think o' all this?

ALASKA: Mike doesn't even know about the yacht, unless someone told him through the door. He locked himself in his room a few days ago? Maybe a week at this point? And he hasn't been out, not even for food. None of us have seen him.

MW: The only reason I suspect he's alive is 'cause he told me to "scram" that first day that we went lookin' for 'im. Wouldn't say nothin' else, just "vamoose." *[Continuing in the background.]* "Skedaddle." "Vamos." "Turn tail, pard, there ain't nothin' to see here." "Go on, get." "Make yourself scarce." "Come back never." "Room's occupied, get your own." "Beat it." "Go take a runnin' jump." "Don't let the outside o' the door hit ya." "Shoo." "Scoot." "Away with ya." "Off ya go." "Take a hike." "Make tracks." "Get goin'." "Buzz off." "Clear out." "Get lost." "Be gone."

86: Y'all reckon something's goin' on with him?

ALASKA: Something's definitely going on, between him and you guys and the yacht? Uh— Normally, we get a newcomer every few weeks, and then a murder about that often, too. This is way more action than we're used to.

92: You figure someone's worried about the island gettin' too crowded?

ALASKA: Well, they shouldn't be. There's room for 50 of us to have our own rooms, and then resources for a hundred, we just go two to a room. But, who knows. MW is right. There hasn't been a murder since Mike went into hiding.

86: I know I just got here, but... I know a whole mess o' Mikes before. He don't seem like the murderin' type to me. Why would he be doin' that? Just to let off some steam?

MW: I mean, maybe. Old Man died, and we figure it's 'cause he weren't doin' his chores and he was hoardin' up all the liquor.

ALASKA: And there's not much to do around here. People get set off kinda easy, so that might've been enough.

MW: Ain't no justice on Christmas Island. Only vengeance.

86: 61 ain't gonna make it long if that's all it takes to get murdered around here.

92: If he ever makes it off the beach with Lieutenant, ya mean.

86: So y'all think that Mike's a murderer who will kill ya for lookin' funny like he's one o' us [*We hear a door open and footsteps.*] Numbered Michaels, and he's been actin' erratic. [*The door closes.*] And you want us to knock on his dang door?

ALASKA: We don't have a choice, 86. Mike has all of the keys to the spare apartments. As island ambassador, his job is usually to give tours like this one and to get newcomers settled into their rooms. So, if you want a place to sleep tonight, we have to talk to Mike.

86: I can sleep on the beach, thank ya very kindly.

MW: You don't wanna do that, 86. Them crabs ain't nothin' to mess with. One of 'em got a hold o' Tex's finger last week. Cut it plumb off.

ALASKA: Even if Mike is the killer, he has a motive. So he has no reason to kill you, he doesn't even know you.

[They continue walking through the building.]

92: This ain't a good time for me to realize my pistol ain't in my holster.

ALASKA: There are no guns on the island. The rest of the cowboys transported without theirs, too.

MW: I reckon that's part of their plan for us.

86: Right. It's just like how my wallet's missin'.

[They stop walking.]

ALASKA: Okay, guys, we're here. It shouldn't be a big deal, but it could be awkward, so both of you follow our lead and just be, uh—... chill.

92: What if he don't answer?

MW: Then we gotta bust down the door. It's been too long. We gotta make sure he's alive in there, and then figure out what's goin' on. Now's as good a time as any. And he might need our help.

86: Y'all can leave door bustin' to me. I had to bust my fair share when I was workin' for Tex as an enforcer.

ALASKA: Okay, well, we're going to knock first—

[We hear the door open suddenly.]

ALASKA: —and if he d— Ah— hah— hah— ah— hah— hah— Mike! Hi, uh—

[When Mmiikkee speaks, we hear Mike's voice hard pan left or right every few words. Words in parentheses indicate when the panning happens much more rapidly.]

MMIIKKEE: Who the hell are the two of you?

ALASKA: This— Uh— This is 92, and, uh, uh— this is—

MMIIKKEE: You just arrived on the island?

92: Yessir. Just got here.

MMIIKKEE: Do you understand what is going on?

86: I reckon that depends on what's goin' on.

MW: Mike, uh, we been w-worried about you, uh—

MMIIKKEE: What is going on on the outside? Something changed out there. Recently. Right?

86: 92, you reckon he's talkin' 'bout the Stinky Device?

MMIIKKEE: Could this Stinky Device explain what's going on in my head?

92: Uh, maybe. All us Poker Night Michaels were put in that blasted thing.

ALASKA: Mike, what are you talking about? What are they talking about? S-Stinky's dead. S-Someone killed him.

MMIIKKEE: I need the two Numbered Michaels to come in. Alaska, MW: go back to the others. Tell them that I'm fine and that everything is fine, and don't tell them anything else.

ALASKA: Okay. ...Is everything fine?

MMIIKKEE: I don't know yet. You two, get in here. You two, leave.

MW: Mike, ya can't just disappear for a whole week—

MMIIKKEE: Leave. Go. Vamoose. Scram. Get scarce.

[We hear the door shut.]

MMIIKKEE: *[Sighs.]* I'm sorry about all of that. I-I'm feeling a bit (scattered). I didn't even know that we had newcomers on the island.

92: We just got here a couple hours ago.

MMIIKKEE: Okay, good. So, you know what's going on. What's this about a Stinky Device?

86: You said your head's all messed up, right?

MMIIKKEE: Right. It's like there's (two of me in here). Like I've been consolidated, but any time I try to access the other memories I should have, I hit a wall. It's like they've been corrupted. Like they're data. The neurons are firing, but—

92: They ain't firin' in the right place. They're just shootin' you in the head over and over. I get it. It's torture.

86: Everyone at poker night got put in the Stinky Device, too, and we came out feelin' sorta like that.

MMIIKKEE: You keep using that term "Stinky Device." What is the Stinky Device? How were you put in it, and what does that have to do with me?

92: We ain't sure what it is 'cept a Michael showed up, put us in it, got us all riled up to fight some folks, then we went back in, and we came out kinda like you are. All scrambled up.

86: Seems like it hit ya harder than it hit us, though, I reckon. I got headaches, nausea, weird dreams where I'm a tortoise and Stinky is tryin' to put me in the ocean 'cause he thinks I'm a turtle...

MMIIKKEE: It's like I'm thinking two thoughts every time I think one thought, and if I try to get closer to who is thinking the other thought, then my brain shocks me.

92: Lotsa folks been in that dang device. One of 'em could've been you, and you ain't even know it. There's no tellin' what they did to us in there. But it can change people.

86: Maybe your thoughts are all scrambled up on purpose, pard. Like it's encrypted or somethin'.

MMIIKKEE: You don't know where the other Mike is, do you? The one that's not stuck on the island that I'm iterated from? Could this be happening to him, too? Have I been (consolidated) with him somehow? U-Using the Stinky Device? What does Stinky have to do with it?

92: Beats me, pard. I just know Stinky went after Tex with it, then that Michael put us all inside.

86: Y'all reckon this got somethin' to do with the yacht what's parked out there?

MMIIKKEE: Yacht? What yacht?

92: There's a yacht floatin' in the water out there. They said it got here yesterday. Alaska says it might be close enough to get to inside the dome. The cowboys are out there buildin' a raft to try to paddle up to it.

MMIIKKEE: It floated in from outside the dome?

86: That's what they told us.

MMIIKKEE: Then it might have the answer. Or whoever is on the yacht might be the one who did this to me. Or might be the one who put us all here. Or they might have a Calculator, and we can all get the hell out of here.

92: Well, I'd sure love to get the hell outta here, pard.

MMIIKKEE: The problem is I don't trust the cowboys to come back with answers if they find them. Tex is trouble, and Lieutenant is worse. And 38 will do whatever they say, because he's scared that one of them killed (47) and that he's next.

86: Well, who did kill 47, Mike?

MMIIKKEE: I'm going to need some help paddling out there. Do the two of you have rooms yet?

92: No, sir. We need three rooms. Our pal 61 is on the beach out there somewhere.

MMIIKKEE: Okay, perfect. I will give you your keys and show you to your rooms. Do not tell anyone what room you got. I'm going to need help paddling out there. If the yacht is at the edge of the dome, then it's too far for me to paddle alone. We'll steal their raft, board the yacht, and hopefully find the answers or a Calculator. And as a reward for helping me, you can be the (first) two to get the hell off of Christmas Island with me. Do we have a deal?

92: What about them other iterations what's stuck here?

MMIIKKEE: Do we have a deal, or do I need to persuade you?

86: We have a deal, Mike. Let's just do this and get the hell outta here, 92.

92: Yeah, you're right. You have a deal, Mike.

MMIIKKEE: Glad to hear it. I will retrieve you from your quarters at midnight.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear a door chime as the iteration walks into the diner. There is background chatter. The service bell rings.]

ITERATION: Howdy. Let me get that cheeseburger and french fries combo y'all got. With a vanilla milkshake. And some of that jalapeño sauce on the side. I'll be in my regular spot. Thank ya kindly, Britches.

[The iteration walks to his spot and sits down.]

ITERATION: *[Quiet sigh.]* Long fuckin' day...

[The iteration idles. After a short moment, he receives a phone call. He answers it.]

ITERATION *[irritated]:* I was hopin' I could eat one dang meal in peace. *[Pause.]* No, I explained it to ya. I cain't do nothin' right now. Unless you hand over a Calculator. Or preferably somethin' stronger. *[Pause.]* Then ya gotta trust me that I ain't gonna take it and run, pilgrim. That's what

you got yourself into. *[Pause.]* That ain't nearly enough, pard. You need to really consider what you're askin' me to do. *[Pause.]* Ugh, fine. I'll make it work. But you better make it worth my while. *[Pause.]* Save the excuses, pard. I'll call when it's done. *[Disconnects call and gets up.]*

ITERATION: I gotta run. Put it on my tab, Britches.

[We hear the door chime again as the iteration walks out. He gets back in his truck and starts driving. We hear him listening to a phone call made in Episode 108.]

H *[via radio]:* Hey, this is H. He's taken care of. As long as we've got FLINCH, I don't think we'll need him again. But, I made comprehensive notes in case we need to dig him back up. Heh, so to speak. *[Chuckles.]* Yeah. No, I think he's done. That'll be the last of 'em, too. No more trouble. Make sure the young one doesn't catch wind of this. I know they got attached to each other. Should be easier for all of us with no Mike Walters around. Anyway, I'll see you in a bit to go over plans. Alright. *[Laughs.]* Yeah, I'm excited, too. Alright. Bye now.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear strong wind and a boat on the waves.]

MMIIKKEE: Okay. Just get me a little closer and I can reach it. There's a ladder!

92: I'm tryin', pard! Something's fightin' me the whole dang way.

86: Don't look at me, 92! I'm rowin' just as hard as I can. Them waves is tough!

92: I'm just pullin' my weight is all I'm sayin'.

61 *[from shore]:* Hey! I see y'all out there! If you're escapin', you gotta bring me, you brought me here!

92 *[yelling]:* Go back to bed, 61, you're gonna get us caught!

61 *[yelling]:* Come back and get me, ya cowards!

86 *[yelling]:* Fuck you, 61!

61 *[yelling]:* I'm gonna go wrangle up all the other cowboys! They're gonna shoot a hole in that dang boat!

86: They don't got—! *[Falters.]* ...guns. Goddangit.

MMIIKKEE: Let him go, 86. We'll have our answers before he finds them.

92: If he finds 'em. He ain't the brightest bulb.

MMIIKKEE: Alright, I've got the ladder. Let me up, then I'll hold it still for the two of you.

[We hear Mike climb the ladder.]

MMIIKKEE: Alright. Get up here.

[92 and 86 follow.]

92: It's got a name. *The SS Careful.*

86: I don't see nothin', pard. Just a dang old boat.

92: Deck's empty, Mike. And I reckon if someone was on here, they'da come out by now.

MMIIKKEE: Yeah, I was hoping it would be empty. We still need to check below deck. Come on. Let's move.

[We hear them walk downstairs, open a door, then close it behind them.]

MMIIKKEE: Alright, search for anything. Evidence of whose boat this is, Calculators, if there's another of those Stinky Devices, *[We hear them searching.]* weapons, guns, notes, travel logs, journals, just evidence of anything.

92: I ain't seein' nothin', pard. Just a bunch of crap someone left behind.

MMIIKKEE: That's not good enough, it has to be here for a reason, keep looking.

92: Maybe the fella what owned this thing fell off and drowned. You think about that, Mike?

MMIIKKEE: Uh— No, because something in here is getting us out of here. It's getting us out of here, and it's gonna fix my fucking head, okay?

92: You gotta prepare yourself for what happens if this was just a coincidence.

MMIIKKEE: (Fuck you, Michael. This is— 92, this isn't a— a learning moment where I'm supposed to learn about my feelings or whatever! We need to fucking find something!)

[We hear 86 unzip something.]

86: Hey, guys? I think I fuckin' found somethin'.

[We hear 86 unzip something else.]

MMIIKKEE: What is it, 86?

[We hear 86 unzip something else.]

86: Body bags. Three of 'em. Look.

92: *[Breathes.]* That's... *[Hesitates.]*

MMIIKKEE: ...Felix. A-All three of them are Felix.

[Closing theme plays.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (ALASKA): Mike doesn't know there's a yacht unless he heard it through the door. He locked himself in his room a few gay– gays ago? A few gays ago? *[Leans into microphone.]* Gays ago? Nrg! *[Laughing.]* What was that?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (ALASKA): Mike doesn't even know that there's a yacht, unless someone told him through the door? He locked himself in his room a few *[Breaks character laughing.]* gays! A few gays ago, no... The line is tainted. It's ruined! I'm ruined!

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (ALASKA): And he hasn't been out, not even for food. None of us have seen him.

BLOOPER (MW): Oh, he's been out. He's been out a few gays ago. Gays. Gays. Gay–

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Episode 197.]