

EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND ELEVEN - THE SCALES

Original transcript edited by Karma

[BEGIN Episode 211.]

INTRO: Hey guys, quick plugs. There are new stickers in the Ko-fi shop, link in the description. This new sticker set contains: a WOE.BEGONE sticker with the Season 5 art, a crab claw S.O.S Christmas Island sticker, the Leg logo, "My other leg is a TryLeg automated smart leg" sticker, and a special Bluster sticker that you'll need to see to understand. Again, link to that will be in the description.

In regular news, streaming on Twitch at twitch.tv/woebegonepod where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. We are currently making our way through *Donkey Kong Country*, I'm on a Super Nintendo kick, that's twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over at patreon.com/woe_begone, where you can get early access to episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, corkboards, postcards, morkboards, and etc. The Behind The Scenes for episode 204 are finally done, you can watch a video breakdown of how I did the production and the script and the music of the season 17 finale. That's available to all paying patrons at patreon.com/woe_begone.

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

[We hear the ambiance of night in an undisclosed location. There's a time travel noise before the ambiance resumes, followed by a pause.]

CHARLIE: *[Singsong.]* Do-do do-do-do dooo... Michael? Come on, where are you? You're the one that told *me* to always be 10 minutes early. *[Normal voice.]* No... *[Sighs.]* Something feels off. I know he wouldn't just show me up like this for no reason.

[We hear another time travel noise.]

DEAD MAN: Well howdy, Charlie. Figured I'd find you here.

CHARLIE: No. Uh-uh. You aren't Michael. Who are you and where is he?

DEAD MAN: I should have figured you'd know I weren't him.

CHARLIE: Stop. I'm going to ask again. Who are you? Because you aren't Michael and this is O.V.E.R. property.

DEAD MAN: The guns ain't got to come out tonight, Charlie. Simmer down. Michael sent me. Or, I mean, Michael's the reason I'm here. He'd be in person if he could, I promise.

CHARLIE: He didn't tell me that someone else would be here, and I know Michael, that's something you would have told me. *Where is Michael?*

DEAD MAN: I'm wondering the same dang question, believe you me. But given the circumstances, there weren't no way he could have told you. The only reason I'm here is that he disappeared suddenly and without warning. I'm what you call an "emergency iteration." Break in case of glass and all that. The only reason I'm allowed out of my cage tonight is that Michael ain't around. I'm anonymous. Only Michael knew I existed for this moment. And now you know, Charlie. I'm a Dead Man's Switch. If I'm here, it's because something's wrong. You can call me Dead Man, if you want.

CHARLIE: [*Scoffs.*] Well, you got one thing right. You're going to become a Dead Man if you don't start explain what is going on. Come here. Let me get a good look at you.

DEAD MAN: I'm already a dead m— oh. [**CHARLIE:** Hm.] You're— you're touching my face.

CHARLIE: [*Pause.*] Weird. I don't recognize you at all. ...And you aren't from the corrected timeline either.

DEAD MAN: I-I can see now why Michael's so fond of you, pard. I told you, I ain't from another timeline. I ain't a continuous correction, I ain't none of that. I hardly know what that is. I'm a Dead Man. I don't know where Michael is. If anyone knew where he was, I wouldn't be here. The apartment's empty— no Mike, no Michael. He didn't leave a message for me or for anyone else. No sign of where they went or if they went together or if they're coming back. He was preparing to meet with you tonight when he vanished. That's how I knew you'd be here. So, since I knew you were going to be here, I thought I'd ask you, in all of your Tier 3 wisdom, if you knew anything.

CHARLIE: Huh... What do you know about my meetings with Michael?

DEAD MAN: Only what I read at the apartment, pard. Looks like y'all meet in secret every couple months. He gives you info about Bradford Beaumont and the Ibis Society. And in return, looks like you're giving him info on Tier 3 and something called True Permanence. He didn't mention nothing about going nowhere last time y'all talked? Or mention anyone who might wanna come and snatch him up?

CHARLIE: If he isn't in this time period, I assume he went back to Bradford. He's in this time period for work, you know. Once the job is done, he's supposed to go back, that's how it works.

DEAD MAN: I got reason to believe it ain't Bradford. He wouldn't do it this sudden. Michael'd get a chance to say goodbye and tie up some loose ends. Bradford's a monster, but he's a different kind of monster than this, if you know what I mean. The Ibis Society is all about tying up loose ends. He wouldn't want us wondering where Michael was and going on a wild goose chase to look for him. That'd be bad for Bradford and the Ibis Society. Whatever happened to Michael was sudden. Immediate. Transported without warning, if I had to guess. Were you talking to him about whatever they're building there inside of O.V.E.R.?

CHARLIE: *[Trills lips.]* Well, O.V.E.R. is not exactly concerned with Michael, if that's what you mean. He's basically just a second-rate pest to them, as are we all. We wouldn't remember him at all if it was O.V.E.R., you know? *[Sighs.]* And, listen, I don't know everything, okay! Like, I wish I could say I did, that would be fantastic! But ever since I got into the Tier 3 position, people talk to me like I'm the freaking president of O.V.E.R. or something. I really don't know that many more secrets. It runs way deeper than my badge allows access to.

DEAD MAN: Well, whether or not O.V.E.R.'s got anything to do with it, Michael's gone missing. I can't do shit. It was hard enough for me to get here. Hell, I might get picked off next, depending on how Michael went missing. Can you try to crack the case for me, Charlie? You've got resources. Base ain't got shit.

CHARLIE: Why should I trust you, Mystery Michael? *You* could be the reason Michael disappeared, and I would have no idea. *You* could be leading me into a trap. I might get stuck, corrected, and then there'd be no one left to save Michael.

[Papers rustle as Dead Man pulls an envelope from his jacket.]

DEAD MAN: Here. Michael put this document together for the meeting. It's about the founding members of the Ibis Society. Sorry for peeking. The post-it note on the front said "Bluebird." So I reckon it's for you. He wanted you to have it. And whoever made him vanish must have seen it and didn't even care to touch it. Which is why I reckon it ain't Bradford.

[Charlie sighs. Papers rustle as she flips through them.]

CHARLIE: Fine. Okay. I'll look into it. *And* into you, so you'd better watch your ass. But if I find him, that's *my* business. Y'hear?

DEAD MAN: You ain't gotta tell me nothing, Charlie. If he comes back, I'll know.

CHARLIE: What did you say your name was?

DEAD MAN: I ain't got a name, you can call me Dead Man.

CHARLIE: Hmm... okay... Dead Man. Mm mm, that's too close to Edman.

DEAD MAN: I don't know who that is, pard.

CHARLIE: Well, he doesn't exist, so I guess that doesn't really matter to you, does it?

DEAD MAN: I don't need a name. Just find Michael, please. Not for me. For Base. For Mike and Mikey. For Sly and Edgar. Please, just find him.

CHARLIE: I'll see what I can do.

DEAD MAN: Thank ya, Charlie. I should go now. My time is up. It was nice to finally meet ya.

CHARLIE: Yeah... It was nice meeting you, too, Dead Man—

[We hear the time travel sound.]

CHARLIE: *[Long sigh.]* God, this night just got a lot longer. Michael... *[Deep breath in.]* Michael, Michael, Michael... Could you please go 5 minutes without throwing everything off balance? Alright, leave it to me.

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear light office ambiance: the clacking of keyboard keys, the AC, and Charlie contentedly whistling and humming to "Soda Pop," which ends in her making a popping noise. There's a knock at the door.]

CHARLIE: Hmm? *[Singsong.]* Come in!

[The door opens.]

TROY: Hey, Charlie! **[CHARLIE: TROY!/?]** Boy am I glad that it was actually you this time! I-I-I thought I figured out which office was yours, but then I knocked on the door, and this *BIG OL' BOY* answered, and he was *NOT* happy to see me! So if a big guy comes by looking for me and he has a gun or something like a sword, maybe, can I just hide under your desk? He won't shoot you or slice you because you're nice, and I can't shoot back because I left my gun on the desk at the front gate because I'm technically on my lunch break and that means I don't have to carry the scary gun around with me. So just make sure— is that— that's fine, right? I can just crawl up under here?

CHARLIE: What are you doing in Tier 3? How did you get in here!? You don't have a clearance! You don't even have Tier 2 clearance! Get in here and shut the door *NOW!* *[Troy shuts the door.]* No one else can see that you're in here or we're both in huge shit! Did you say that someone else saw you already?

TROY: Yeah, but he didn't see which way I went. I mean, what's he gonna do, use time travel to figure out where I went?

CHARLIE: That's exactly what he is going to do! How did you get in here!?

TROY: Oh, *[Trills lips.]* it was easy peasy. I snuck in through the system of back entrances. There are ways around every single gate if you know where to look. I sneak in here all the time! It's awesome! People punch in their secret codes and don't even look over their shoulders, so I just memorized *all* the codes. All 10,000 codes. I started doing it because Edgar works in inter-tasting and he brought me those Balance Bars from the Tier 2 vending machine. None of the Tier 1 vending machines have them, I checked. But I wanted more, so I started breaking into Tier 2. But that got me wondering, right? That got me in the— got me noodlin'— got me thinkin': what kind of chocolate bars do they got in Tier 3? So, I had to learn how to break into here as well. Turns out: same chocolate as Tier 2. But it's still fun! The sidewalks are all trippy and shifty

around here! Plus, I saw the new building they're building. Do you think they'll have vending machines in there? Or do you think that they'll put those in last after the building's already been placed?

CHARLIE: Troy! You could have been killed! You can't break into Tier 3 for a candy bar, are you kidding me! And if you get killed, *I'll* probably be the one who has to clean up your silly little corpse, goofball! You don't want that, do you?

TROY: Well, no, but... I mean, you'd be good at identifying the body.

CHARLIE: Yes, *[Sigh.]* I would. And, for the record, I have no idea what they are putting in that new building. That is way, *way* above my paygrade. Just because I work in Tier 3 doesn't mean that I know everything that goes on here. In fact, I'm pretty sure I don't even know the half of it. *[Sighs.]* Plus, I'm pretty good at minding my own business, which is something *you* should work on. *[Chuckles and pauses.]* So, if the Tier 3 vending machines are nothing special, then... why are you here, goofy?

TROY: Well, I'm here, aren't I? Ta da! I got in all by myself! So I'm pretty good at badass spy shit, right? I mean, I did it all by myself. It isn't that easy to get into Tier 3. I know I just said it's super easy but, like, it's not— it's not— it's easy for *me*. It's not easy for everyone, I mean, I knew the code, but I still had to duck under a grid of lasers, and I ducked— I duck so far, I duck so low! So, since I'm a master spy now, and a master ducker, I think that I deserve to work inside of Tier 3 with you and not at the front gate with that stupid new guy. I *hate*— I hate the new guy, I don't like the new guy, I liked you being there. You— you come out there. I wanna work here with you or you to work there with me. It's not fair that you're all the way in here and I'm all the way out there and we don't get to hang out at work all day. I mean, what even is the point of having a job if you can't share illegal Tier 2 candy bars with your friends and tell the Tier 1 visitors they aren't allowed into O.V.E.R. for "security purposes" but it's really because they left a negative review for the 24 Hour Diner? I mean, i— it's not like I *need* the money! I don't *need* the money, Charlie! Working at the front gate without you *sucks*, Charlie! S— it SUCKS, Charlie!

CHARLIE: Troy... I had fun working at the front gate with you too, but— wait, were those candy bars you used to bring all the time stolen from Tier 2...? I don't wanna know... But, okay, I work in Tier 3 now and you can't be sneaking in here just to hang out with me! You don't have the security clearance! What if something happened to you? I worry! What if you got caught? Not only would I be worried about your safety but we could both get in massive trouble. Like, cease to exist trouble. And I don't want that for us. Also... there isn't a grid of lasers, I don't *[Laughs.]* really know- that's not a part of security here. You know that right?

TROY: Let me be your assistant or something, I mean, come on! I'm a great assistant, I can do anything! Because— look, I've got a guy, he's my assistant. So you can tell me what you need and I'll tell him what you need—what I need is what you need—and then he'll do it! Like, okay. This one time, Mikey told this awesome joke and he said it was from *Family Guy*, but he didn't know what episode. So I had the guy watch all of *Family Guy* to find the joke. And then it wasn't in *Family Guy* and it was actually in *Futurama* and Mikey remembered eventually, but still that's

a lot of TV and my guy watched it without complaining even once! Because he's not allowed to complain. Because he's my assistant and he'd be— and— I'd be your assistant. Right? You see?

CHARLIE: Troy! *[Laughs.]* Two things: First of all, I don't think that you would be my assistant in that scenario, your guy would be working for me and not you, so... anyway. Second thing, I don't even need an assistant or a guy or anything like that. I've got this! I'm good, I've been handling it myself just fine. Plus this position doesn't even come with an assistant. I'm new here and I really don't have much say in what goes on at all and I need you to understand just how much trouble I could get into if someone were to catch you here. We're talking serious trouble, *real* trouble. *[Sighs.]* Okay... hm... *[Sucks air through teeth.]* Crap. Let me think. Okay. I've got some red flag cabin work I need to do. So I'll put together my transport package and I think I can send you with it, that shouldn't be too hard. But you'd have to get out of the Tier 1 red flag cabin by yourself, but if you can get in here then you can definitely get out of there, I'm not especially worried it's a lot easier than this is, so—

[Violent knocking on the door.]

TROY: *[Startled.]* Ooh— *[Metal clang.]* Oh no, that's the guy! You s— you said I could hide under the desk, right?

CHARLIE: Dangit, Troy! How am I gonna explain this to my boss—

[We hear the time travel noise.]

[Scene transition.]

[Radio static plays. When it ends, Mikey is heard playing acoustic guitar.]

MIKEY *[singing]:* See me wanderin' on, just point me home / Yeah if you see me wanderin' on, just point me home / There are roads I'll never see that I know, and some I don't / But I've driven my whole life, just point me home

[Radio static interrupts the song as the scene transitions.]

[Time travel noise. The ambiance is quiet and still.]

TROY *[weakly]:* Oh no, he shot me. I'm in heaven.

MICHAEL: 'Fraid not, pard. Welcome to Slovenia.

CHARLIE: Michael? I-is that you, really? I mean... well, of course it is. Did you bring us here?

MICHAEL: Yes ma'am, I sure did. Listen. We don't got a lotta time, so we gotta get you a—

TROY: Wait. How do we know it's Michael and not some other guy in a cowboy hat?

MICHAEL: Charlie, you wanna vouch for me?

CHARLIE: It's him, Troy. I never forget a face. That's our Michael. You're a missing person. Did you know that?

MICHAEL: I ain't surprised. How'd you figure out I'd gone missing?

CHARLIE: Well, uh, an iteration named Dead Man showed up to our little rendezvous. Did you send him?

MICHAEL: Didn't send 'im exactly, it don't work that way. But I ain't surprised that he showed up. I'm really gone, I guess. Sorry about that. Didn't mean to. M snatched me up and took me without warning. I ain't got no idea how long I've been gone. I don't even know what time period we're in.

TROY: Is M the big guy in Tier 3? I-I'm sorry, Michael. I didn't mean to rope you into this mess. *[Sighs.]* I just wanted a candy bar...

MICHAEL: Ain't got no clue what you're talkin' 'bout, Troy. But we gotta move fast and I don't know too dang much anyway. What I know is we're in Slovenia. We're in a little secluded village run by the Michaels of Orderliness. And this is the lab where they do their correction work.

CHARLIE: Uh, wait. Wait, stop for a sec. Remind me, is this the poker night Michaels or is this A's project? I know those are two very different things.

MICHAEL: A told me ain't no one know 'bout this place.

CHARLIE: Uh, well, they don't in this iteration of events. Sorry to interrupt. Go on, Michael.

MICHAEL: As I was sayin', M used this here lab to bring me here 'cause the balance of the timeline was in jeopardy or somethin', and he wanted to balance the scales. But somethin' went wrong and I snuck down here to see what I could figure out while everyone else was up there at the festival. I was tryin' to figure out this dang machine out and then a notification popped up and it was about the two of ya. You looked like you were in trouble and I pushed a button and it brought ya here. I reckon that's how I got here, too. It's scannin' the timeline for unstable elements, if I were to guess. But I didn't know it would bring ya here. You ain't supposed to be here. Ain't no one supposed to be here except Michaels. You ain't even supposed to know about them, but guess the cat's out of the bag.

TROY: You're supposed to fill the bag with cat food. Then the cat won't come out and bite you and claw holes in all of your trampolines.

MICHAEL: Cat's already out of the bag, Troy.

TROY: Mhm, exactly. But then, to get the cat back *in* the bag, we put the food in— the cat food in the bag, and then the cat would be back in the bag. But once the cat's out of the bag, y— presumably the cat food's been eaten, so there's no food to put in to get him back in the bag. So out of the bag. Exactly, we're saying the **[CHARLIE:** Uh—] same thing.

CHARLIE: That's *[Chuckles.]* not quite how that phrase goes, Troy. You were just in time, Michael. Troy snuck into Tier 3 and another Tier 3 employee saw him in there. *[Sighs.]* He was in the middle of kicking down my office door when you transported us. That's probably what set the alarm off.

TROY: I didn't mean to sneak into Tier 3 and dodge all the lasers and memorize the codes, Michael. I'm an innocent little birthday boy, I would never.

MICHAEL: I reckon you're right, Charlie. They call themselves the "Michaels of Orderliness" 'cause they're all about "balancing the scales" and making sure every iteration's doing what they're supposed to. So if something was about to throw off that balance—like busting into your office and killing you and Troy—it makes sense that they'd get a notification. I reckon there's settings on this here machine that'll do a correction without bringing you here, though.

CHARLIE: Hm, yeah, okay. That sounds right. Before I knew about them, it felt like things would just happen inexplicably sometimes...

TROY: So, like, what's the deal with these guys, Michael? Are they the Illuminati? Is this festival you keep bringing up where they dance around and do those, like, I dunno esoteric rituals? Do they bring us up on those screens and play with us like dolls? Could they have been sending me candy bars from Tier 3 without me needing to sneak inside to do it? I mean, that would have been so much easier!

CHARLIE: *[Laughs.]* No, they're just a run-of-the-mill council, Troy. Nothing special. But they *are* all Michaels, which presents us with a bit of a problem, doesn't it? What happens when one of them sees us?

MICHAEL: Then I reckon we'll be in big trouble, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Do you not think I could just explain it to them? I remember A, but he isn't going to remember me, which presents its own problem because knowing him, that might make him a little bit hostile. Especially considering... well... we don't need to go into that. Propagation, an' all that stuff.

MICHAEL: They're gonna be pissed at me, Charlie. I snuck down here 'cause M messed up when he brought me here. It was supposed to be me and only me, but another iteration showed up to the village at the same time I did and that fella's bad news. I don't know what he's planning, but he's up to something. He told me as much after the shaduke hunt. He ain't supposed to be here, and the other Michaels don't suspect a thing. It don't help the Letters don't all trust me, neither. I've been getting the side-eye since I got here. I ain't even sure they can tell me and this other'n apart.

TROY: Do you think you could recognize him, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Uh, yeah, probably! *[Laughs.]* I don't see why not. If I've seen him before and if you get me to him.

TROY: I wouldn't worry about it too much, Michael. I mean, I sneak around all the time and sometimes I get stuck in a bad spot, but it always works out. I mean, like, this one time, I was sneaking around Tier 3 trying to prove that I deserved to work there and I was looking for Charlie to show her how good of a sneaky spy I am like James Bonk, like a little lizard guy, but I knocked on the wrong door and some big boy with a gun asked for my "credentials" and I told him to suck on my creDEEZ NUTS and ran off and then I found Charlie's office and hid under the desk and everything turned out okay.

CHARLIE: That was today, Troy.

MICHAEL: And you ain't out of the woods yet, pilgrim. I gotta get you to see this other Michael somehow, Charlie. *[Pause.]* I gotta... I'll put you in a disguise. *[Pause.]* Yeah, the shaduke costumes! It's the shaduke festival up there and they got all these full body costumes lying around. We'll stick y'all in those and they won't know the dang difference.

CHARLIE: Okay... I'm gonna ask what might be a silly question, but... what is a shaduke?

MICHAEL: It's this furry critter that them folks won't shut up about 'round these parts. They're these big bear-rat looking things. I— I don't even think they're real. I think the village made 'em up for something to do. But these folks love 'em. They call off all their work for the entire weekend for everyone so they can go enjoy the shaduke festival. So, if we can get you into them costumes, I can lead you to the other iteration, and you can tell me if you know him or not. And if he's as bad as I think he is, we'll expose him to the rest of the Order.

CHARLIE: OR... we could skip the costumes and I can keep on my cute outfit and we could go to the Order right now, just explain what's going on.

MICHAEL: They ain't gonna be amenable to an explanation, pard. He'll talk his way out of it. He's got this sob story, pretending he's got amnesia. We need ammunition if we're gonna take him down. I think he's here because he wants to destroy the stability of the timeline.

CHARLIE: Uh, I think you're making this more difficult than it needs to be. *[We hear fabric rustling and a zipper as Troy puts on a shaduke costume.]* I know A, even if he doesn't know me. We should just explain it to him— ugh, Troy!

TROY: What? It's a neat costume! I mean, I wanna be a shaduke! I don't know if you've ever run around a festival in a fursuit, Charlie, but it's awesome! It's like being a football mascot except you don't have to do any backflips and the other football mascots don't tackle you and break your ankle so you're on crutches for the rest of junior year... win-win buddy. Hop in!

MICHAEL: See, Charlie? Troy's already in his costume. You gonna come with us to the festival?

CHARLIE: *[Exasperated sigh.]* Okay, fine. I guess the costume is *kind of* cute. But don't blame me when your *[Fabric rustling and zipper.]* convoluted plan gets us into even deeper trouble.

MICHAEL: I wouldn't dream of it, Charlie.

[Scene transition.]

[Radio static plays. When it ends, Mikey is heard playing acoustic guitar.]

MIKEY *[singing]*: See me wanderin' on, just point me home / If you see me wanderin' on, just point me home / My fingers stained with inks from maps from wipin' off forgetful roads / Then I'll never walk again, just point me home

[Radio static interrupts the song as the scene transitions.]

[We hear the ambiance of the festival: shouting, laughing, the sounds of carnival rides, music. Lettered iterations of Michael are heard in the background. Troy and Charlie are doing their best Michael impression.]

TROY: Lemme get some of that snake.

SALESMAN LETTER: Hell yeah, partner, just wring it out [**TROY**: What- wring-] real good.

TROY: Can ya wring 'im out, I'm—

SALESMAN LETTER: Nah, you gotta do it.

TROY: Can ya wring it out on my face?

SALESMAN LETTER: You gotta do it, pard, it's the best part.

TROY: Why don't you have any jars for me to put this oil in?

SALESMAN LETTER: Nah, it's all about wringin' the snake.

TROY: 'Scuse me, partner, can I- can I- can I have- can I- might I pardon you for some snake oil?

SALESMAN LETTER: You gotta wring it [**TROY**: Can I-] yourself, pard.

TROY: -have it?

SALESMAN LETTER: Go for it.

TROY: Now, partner. Hypothetical, here. Is this oil good for oilin' up a trampoline spring?

SALESMAN LETTER: Oil ain't good for shit.

TROY: Do ya think that this oil from this snake would help me bounce higher?

SALESMAN LETTER: I don't think so, pard.

CHARLIE: Yeah I'm oh-for-three on losin' in bobbin' apples, pard, you really think you can hold a candlestick to me?

BOBBING LETTER: You sound a little off today, pard.

CHARLIE: Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?

BOBBING LETTER: You're on, bud, I'll bet ya 30 shaduke coins.

CHARLIE: I bet you ain't even seen a shaduke, pard.

BOBBING LETTER: Sure I have, [**CHARLIE:** It makes me mighty ornery—] killt one myself.

CHARLIE: —when people don't put their money where their mouth is.

BOBBING LETTER: Go for it.

[Charlie laughs.]

BOBBING LETTER: You go on, get out.

[Pause as Charlie, Troy, and Michael reconvene.]

CHARLIE: Have you seen him yet, Michael? How many iterations did you say live here? I feel like we've seen them all.

TROY: Hurry up and find 'im! I can't keep the cowboy voice up much longer. It hurts my throat.

CHARLIE: Uh, yeah, that last guy was totally onto me, Michael.

MICHAEL: I don't know what to tell you folk, I ain't seen him. He ain't walkin' 'round the festival no more. *[Pause.]* I-is that—? Wait! That's him! Up there! Look, on the stage!

CHARLIE: I see him! Is he... receiving an award?

A: Howdy there, Michael. Who are your friends here in these here shaduke costumes?

TROY: I am merely a humble shaduke, your honor. Ready to be eaten.

A: Well, I ain't a judge and he ain't a Michael, that much is obvious. Michael? You wanna explain your damn self?

CHARLIE: Lieutenant!

A: Huh? Who are you? Michael, what in the shaduke's name is goin' on here?

CHARLIE: Michael, that's Lieutenant up there. I'm sure of it!

MICHAEL: I don't know who that is. So I don't know if he's good or bad. Look, A, somethin's gone awry, and we're this close to gettin' to the bottom of it so you need to le—

A: Somethin's awry, alright! You brought non-iterations into the village! This place is sacred ground, Michael, and you're betrayin' it. You ain't even been here a week and you broke the most important rule! After what M went through to save your dang hide.

CHARLIE: Come on, A. I know you don't remember me, but I remember you, and I know you don't like that but it's the truth. Your village has already been compromised because *that*—that guy up there on your stage claiming an award—*that's Lieutenant up there!*

A: I don't know who you are, stranger. And I just met this fella what you're callin' "Lieutenant," but he's up there acceptin' an award for savin' the damn festival! He put out a fire at the fire-swallowin' booth that almost took out city hall!

MICHAEL: City hall? We were just in City Hall, downstairs in the lab.

A: You were in the lab without permission too, Michael!?

CHARLIE: *[Sighs.]* He probably saw you Michael. He was probably trying to burn it down with you inside—fast and easy, fire does the trick—and then he could put it out after he got caught.

A: Look, I hate to put my chief-of-police hat on, durin' the damn shaduke festival no less, but I bring it around for a reason. This can't stand. I don't care that you're the prime Michael. You and your two buddies here are under arrest. You're gonna have to come with me. You could sit in the jail 'til the festival's done, we can figure out what to do with ya after that.

TROY: Can I- *[Handcuffs click as they're put on.]* Can I at least wear the fursuit in jail?

A: No ya cain't.

TROY: Aw man, they never let me wear the fursuit in jail.

[[praise!](#), which has been in the background until now, plays.]

*praise the noble shaduke
the mighty shaduke
the tasty shaduke
praise!*

[Closing theme plays.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of Charlie was Lyssa Jay. Check out her podcast [400 Words A Horror](#). She's also in [The Grotto](#), and the upcoming [\[REDACTED\]](#).

And the voice of Troy was Athan. Check out his podcast [The Grotto](#) and start getting excited for [\[REDACTED\]](#).

Thanks for playing.

[Closing theme finishes.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): Huh... what do you know about my meetings with Michael?

BLOOPER (MICHAEL): *[Song plays to the melody of Movies with Michael]*

Meetings

With Michael

Yeah, Meetings

I hope you're ready for Meetings with Michael

Meetings

With Michael

Yeah, Meetings

I hope you're ready for Meetings with Michael yeah

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (LYSSA): No, meetings *plural*? Charlie! *[Giggles.]* Okay, okay, okay.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): *[Reading a Michael line.]* Bradford's a monster but he ain't a monster, you know, the Ty Betteridge Paradox.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (LYSSA): Oh my God, wait. Troy's a furry confirmed? *[Laughs.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): *[Cowboy voice.]* You bet yer behind that I can— *[Laughs.]* I can do this, I can do this, I can do this, I can do—

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): *[Cowboy voice.]* Oh Outlaw, oh how I love your eyes. *[Laughs.]* No, sorry, that's Tex. That's Tex. Uh- *[Laughs.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (LYSSA): *[Clears throat.]* Um, this is my petition—sorry, hello, um, this is Lyssa Jay—and I petition Dylan Griggs to do a cowboy Slovenian accent for us please and thank you. Um, it's a humble request, but one that I think the people need.

[END Episode 211.]