

## EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN - THE FISH

*Original transcript edited by Karma and Ginko and reviewed by Jenah*

*[BEGIN Episode 216.]*

**INTRO:** Hey guys, quick plugs. Welcome to the Season 18 finale! It was kind of a trip making this, a lot of unexpected things happened, but I'm proud of how it turned out. This is actually the first thing that I'm recording for it, so I hope I'm proud of how it turned out! And a lot of people worked very hard on it, that much I do know is true. You are going to want to see the Behind The Scenes for this one.

I am still streaming on Twitch over at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://twitch.tv/woebegonepod) where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack and then we hang out and play a video game. No soundtrack next Sunday because it is Intermission but there will be video games. Will it be more *Donkey Kong Country 2*, or will we start something new? I haven't decided yet. That's [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://twitch.tv/woebegonepod).

And if you'd like to support the show you can do so on Patreon over on [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](https://patreon.com/woe_begone), where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, directors commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, corkboards and morkboards. \$1 and up patrons get access to behind the scenes making-of videos for the season finale. So, if you want to see how this episode was made, throw me a dollar over on [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](https://patreon.com/woe_begone).

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

***[Warning, this episode has depictions of violence, as well as psychedelic experiences. Listener discretion is advised.]***

*[We hear quiet chatter in a lecture hall. This chatter quiets down as Bradford Beaumont begins his presentation.]*

**BRADFORD:** We are almost at the end of the Era of Uncertainty. Don't stand up to leave just yet! I know you've heard me say that a dozen times before. "We are going to end uncertainty." It's the thesis of my life's work, it is the primary goal of the Ibis Society, and it is something that you, as a member of said Ibis Society, are thoroughly tired of hearing me say. I get it. It sounds like a physical impossibility. Surely, uncertainty is a quality of the universe, isn't it? It is a part of the fabric of the universe at a quantum level. Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle. If you measure one property, then it becomes impossible to measure another. That inability to know all things simultaneously *is* uncertainty. That isn't a problem with the applied sciences. It isn't an obstacle to overcome. It is a hard limit of the universe. And I am up here, frustrating you with a promise that I can't keep. So, why do I continue to blabber on and on about uncertainty? Next slide, please.

*[Button click.]*

Everyone in this room today is a master of cutting edge technology. You wouldn't even know what the Ibis Society is if you weren't. So, you have likely witnessed firsthand how paradigms of thought aren't antecedent to revolutionary technology— they are the result of revolutionary technology. Technology teaches us how to think. The computer was invented and allowed people to imagine what it would be like if one could fit into their homes, could fit into a portable form factor, could be the phone in our pockets, our watches, our body-integrated SmartLeg Units. Technology happened first and inspired the thought paradigms that came afterwards. So, when I say that I am convinced that we are living in the end of the era of uncertainty, I am not saying that from pure imaginings. I am saying that because I have seen the technology that, when developed to its full potential, will make that goal a reality. Next slide, please.

*[Button click.]*

Now, everyone is familiar with Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources. Many of you currently work at O.V.E.R., have worked there in the past, or in another version of events, or designated a Timed Version of yourself to work there in your stead, etc etc. They are heavy-hitters in this field, with the institutional backing of the United States government. That's a blessing and a curse in its own way. The progress can be slowed by bureaucracy at times, but sometimes slow and steady wins the race. The rumor mill is churning about what is going on at O.V.E.R. Something big is happening. They are building new Tiers, making big moves, acquiring employees. It's too big to keep a secret and, thankfully, knowledge of what they are working on has made its way to our organization. Next slide, please.

*[Button click.]*

They are calling it True Permanence, capital T, capital P. A perfectly accurate outcomes-based anti-correction protocol: ACBACP. It offers them something they are calling "temporal rigidity." They can calcify an event, a person, a place, a thing, what have you— and protect it from corrections entirely. They can make something that is more stable than the timeline itself. And the way that it is stable is that competitors—say, the good folks at the Ibis Society—are powerless to take corrective action. To put it bluntly: they could do whatever they want and no one would have the power to stop them. Not even us, not even retroactively. Next slide, please.

*[Button click.]*

You might be saying, "Bradford, you sound so excited about the End of Uncertainty, but that sounds terrible. Time travel used to be an open platform, almost entirely ungovernable by any entity. Now, it seems like time travel is about to become as locked-down as any other technology that reaches maturity. It sounds like O.V.E.R. is going to beat us to the punch and they don't seem like they want to share. Why would you be excited about this?" And that's fair! There are tradeoffs every time a technology matures. The internet has progressed to the point that I can watch Twin Peaks on my SmartLeg unit, but privacy is dead and everyone is railroaded onto the same 5 websites. Agriculture is a great bit of technology that allows us all to live in cities and have the diversity of labor that makes all of our digital technology possible, but we work longer hours than hunter-gatherer societies and have greater inequality. But most

people wouldn't say that they would wish agriculture or the internet had never been invented. Well, some might, but none of them are members of the Ibis Society. That is all to say that I think that progress is an inevitability and that the tradeoffs are ultimately worth the cost. So, let's talk about fish. Next slide, please.

*[Button click.]*

Fish, ponds. Small fish, big pond. Big fish, small pond. You're familiar with these metaphors. O.V.E.R. is preparing themselves to become the only fish in the only pond in all of time. They are going to make it an unchanging truth of the universe that there is one fish in one pond and that fish is O.V.E.R. and their curated timeline of events. Anything that they don't want in their reality will not be abided. *They will have it all.* That's a terrifying prospect. I don't want to be subject to the whims of O.V.E.R. Which is why we need to ensure that they never get that much power. Because once they use it, the rest of us are locked in. Next slide, please.

*[Button click.]*

A long-billed ibis feeding on the fish in the pond. The evolving lineage of fish, growing legs and walking out of the ocean over the course of millions of years. As it stands the pond is full of fish. We have the opportunity to take this opportunity for ourselves: the Ibis Society, standing tall over the water ready to strike and earn our meal. The TryLeg Corporation, ready to walk out of the water and onto dry land. We might not be a large fish in a small pond, but we are something equally formidable. We are the ones capable of getting out of the water. With our two-pronged approach, I believe that we can prevent O.V.E.R. from implementing True Permanence for themselves. I even believe that we can harness it for ourselves, so that we can do with it as we see fit. It's the opportunity of a lifetime. Next slide, please.

*[Button click.]*

The end of the era of uncertainty. It's not even considered an "era" now, as we are living in it. It's just the way that things are. We don't call it the "era of breathing" because there are no other eras that we could possibly be in. But that's about to change for the Era of Uncertainty. We are going to look back at this moment as the moment the paradigm shifted. With your cooperation, your resources, your manpower, and most importantly, your minds, we can take True Permanence, protect it from malefactors who would do harm with it, and harness it for ourselves. I will be passing a hat around if any of you would like to contribute. *[Pause.]* Kidding, of course, kidding. The investors' meeting isn't until tomorrow. I've been Bradford Beaumont. This concludes this meeting of the Ibis Society. Thank you for listening, have a great rest of your evening, and I hope to see you out there with me on the forefront of technology!

*[Applause erupts in the hall.]*

**BRADFORD** *[distant and muted]*: Thank you, thank you!

*[Opening theme plays.]*

*[Electric guitar theme for the intro of Flashpoint plays.]*

**FLASH:** Welcome back to Flashpoint on 103.3 KOBV, the Voice of the Valley. I'm your host Flash and here is today's news.

In lunar news, many enthusiastic moon-watchers are reporting that the moon has changed appearance over the past week. There are several conflicting reports about its appearance, but all reporters agree that it *is* changing. Some have suggested that the moon looks uncanny, as though it were replaced by a drawing or a projection on a screen. I investigated these claims last night with my telescope, but it looks roughly the same to me? Still, we here at Flashpoint are not ruling out the possibility that the moon may be appearing differently to *some* people in *some* areas and that a change in atmospheric conditions might also be playing a role.

In Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources news: O.V.E.R. whistleblowers are reporting bizarre changes in their memory. Multiple anonymous sources have come to Flashpoint with claims that they could remember events that never happened and that they couldn't remember things that appear to have been the case for years. One person came to me with claims that they had completely forgotten a coworker they had allegedly worked alongside for years. After checking employee records and even personal photos, they could confirm that the person had been present the entire time, even attending events outside of work with the person who had forgotten their existence. These reports come on the heels of separate reports about unidentified objects landing inside of the most secure section of O.V.E.R., Tier 3, as well as rumors about development of even more highly classified buildings deep in the heart of O.V.E.R. campus.

To discuss these recent events, we are joined by Mikey Walters, O.V.E.R. employee and host of The Beast Unleashed here on 103.3 KOBV. Mikey, what's your take on these recent developments? Is O.V.E.R. to blame for its employees' memory issues? Do you think that this is related to the construction inside of Tier 3? Or even related to the reports about the changing appearance of the moon?

**MIKEY:** Mm, thanks for having me, Flash. As most of your listeners already know, I have styled myself as a sort of "moon expert" these past few months. I've done a lot of research about the moon and its properties. I even suggested at one point that the moon was the back of the earth and was being used by the extravagantly wealthy as freely available real estate. So, I'm clearly amenable to reports of the moon being not as it seems. Which is why you might be surprised to hear that I think that people are probably wrong on this one. Your mind's eye is not a photograph. It can be easy to have an incorrect recollection. Someone goes outside, they see the moon, they think "That's not how I remember it!" and then they tell someone else about it, who proceeds to go outside and do the exact same thing. And it's so difficult to get a picture of the moon, especially with your camera phone, so people rarely have their own photos that they've taken of the moon, and if they do they are not of high quality. Of course, you can't just use any online photo which could be doctored and used for nefarious moon purposes. So one person has this false revelation and tells the next person and on and on until it really feels like a

phenomenon, but really what it is is a bunch of people who forgot what the moon looks like. We've all been there.

**FLASH:** *[Scoff.]* Wow. You're right, Mikey. I am surprised. I definitely thought that you were going to say that you thought there was more to it than that. You mentioned that you "suggested at one point that the moon was the back of the earth." I would say that you did more than "suggest" that. You asserted it as the truth. You even made a rap song about it, called "Half-Earth Theory." **[MIKEY:** Uh, we don't need to roll a clip of that.] Are you saying now, here on Flashpoint, that you no longer believe that the earth is the back of the moon?

**MIKEY:** That's right, Flash. While I would like to make myself believe that planet earth is the back half of the moon, after some reflection I've decided that I can't believe that that's the case. Several things helped change my mind on it. What's the one thing everyone knows about the moon? Got no grass on it. Why would the rich people want a barren wasteland? The property value would be practically nothing. Secondly: you can see it at night. So it can't be the back of the earth. That would be like being able to see the back of your head. No one has ever seen the back of their head. So, I apologize to anyone that was convinced by my half-earth arguments. I owe each of you a Lieutenant Special at the Meat Eagle, which is sponsoring The Beast Unleashed this week, by the way.

**FLASH:** Uh, that's really interesting, Mikey. I was never convinced by your "half-earth theory," but I thought that *you* were highly invested in it. *[Pause.]* Moving on: what do you think about the reports from O.V.E.R.? What do you think is happening to their memories?

**MIKEY:** I'm glad you asked. That's quite an interesting human interest piece, isn't it? People forgetting their coworkers that they've worked alongside for years. There's got to be something to that, surely. But I don't think that O.V.E.R. is doing any of it on purpose. They're running a respectful operation in relation to the United States government and armed forces. I don't think they have any motivation to hurt the people that are doing their hard work for them, for which I salute them. Maybe there's a gas leak in there? They've been doing tons of construction, digging stuff up, maybe one of the gas lines got punctured by mistake and exposed everyone to some gas? That stuff is dangerous, so I hope that O.V.E.R. is taking the appropriate steps to fix the problem.

**FLASH:** Hm... Is that what Julian told you is going on?

**MIKEY:** Julian?

**FLASH:** Your handler, for lack of a better word? The head of O.V.E.R.'s PR team? That's his name, right?

**MIKEY:** Oh, Julian! I haven't spoken to him about this, but I am sure that he can give you an official statement if you reach out to his office. He'll tell you that nothing untoward is happening, though.

**FLASH:** And there you have it. We have seen—or *heard*, heh—two perspectives today. Are things not what they seem or is it all just a matter of perspective? That's all the time that we have for today. Be sure to check out Mikey's show "The Beast Unleashed" here on 103.3 KOBV, The Voice of the Valley. This has been Flashpoint. I have been Flash. Thank you for listening and remember: never stop looking. Stay safe out there.

*[Electric guitar outro theme for Flashpoint plays.]*

**FLASH:** *[Abruptly changing demeanor.]* What the fuck was that, Mikey?

**MIKEY:** What was what? I thought I gave a good interview.

**FLASH:** The earth *isn't* the back of the moon? The memory loss at O.V.E.R. is a *gas leak*? You have respect for the United States armed forces!? What the hell is going on here!?

**MIKEY:** What? I thought that maybe those stories were a little bit overblown. Not everything is a conspiracy theory, Flash.

**FLASH:** Is someone paying you? Did Julian change his marching orders? This is not like you, man! Wait... is your memory okay? Maybe you were affected by the recent memory issues inside of O.V.E.R.?

**MIKEY:** Flash, Flash! *[Chuckles.]* I can remember everything just fine and I don't appreciate the third degree here. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a meeting at the Meat Eagle that I can't miss. So thank you for having me on your show. Everything is fine, I assure you.

**FLASH:** *[Clicks tongue.]* Bye, Mikey. See you tomorrow.

**MIKEY:** Bye, Flash.

*[Mikey walks away. We hear the phone ringing as Flash calls Skinner.]*

**SKINNER:** Flash!? Oh, hey buddy, *perfect* timing. Hey, how far away are you from the Oldbrush Valley Greater Recreational Area and, more importantly, how soon can you be here?

**FLASH:** You mean the lake? I can be there in... I don't know, like 30 minutes? It's pretty far. What are you doing at the lake?

**SKINNER:** Alright, I hope you're in the mood for Italian because I'm about to bake your noodle. Get this. Britches called me and told me to come out here. They said that they were on the way to the Meat Eagle, sizing up the competition or whatever. I dunno what Latif's worried about, I'm sure it all tastes like crap, but anyway, Britches said that they were driving out by the lake and they saw *Old Man* out there. Just minding his own business, fishing! *[Scoffs.]* Can you fucking believe that?

**FLASH:** Who is Old Man? Wait... was my memory affected, too? Skinner, everyone's memories have been getting super weird around here. Maybe there actually *is* a gas leak...

**SKINNER:** Oh, right! Fuck, right. You wouldn't remember Old Man. Dammit. Um, you know what? Don't worry about it. It's not a gas leak or whatever it is that you said when I was totally listening. But look, me and Britches, we definitely remember him, which is why you need to believe me when I tell you that this is a big *fuuuucking* deal, okay? This shouldn't even be possible, so we're going to strike while the iron is hot and talk to him. And we were hoping you would come to provide backup? Pretty pleeease? Maybe he can explain why you don't remember him! Come on, the more, the merrier! Safety in numbers. Many hands make light work. And no man is an island! So *[Chuckles.]* Also, we didn't bring guns, so, um...

**FLASH:** Okay. I guess I'll drive out there. Like I said, it'll be like half an hour. You two aren't in danger, are you?

**SKINNER:** Danger? From Old Man? *[Chuckles.]* Yeah, you definitely don't remember him. The guy is all bark and no bite. Well, except for that one time with Skuzz, but *honestly*, he just got carried away. I'd invite the whole house, but everyone else is busy. You're done with your radio show for the day though, right? Come on out!

**FLASH:** Okay. I'll be there soon. Bye, Skinner.

**SKINNER:** Hell yeah, see you soon, Flash.

*[We hear FLASH hang up.]*

**FLASH:** Who is Old Man? *[Pause.]* Also, make a note to buy carbon monoxide detectors for the studio...

*[Scene transition.]*

*[We hear an insipid theme song for a children's cartoon ("Shaduki, Shaduki, Shaduki!") playing on a TV in the MOO Village jail.]*

**MIKE:** Excuse me, guards? You were X and Y, right? Is there any way we could get the TV turned off in here? Cause this is the fifth episode of the shaduke TV show for kids, and I'm gonna lose it.

**TROY:** Aw man, you don't like "Shaduki, Shaduki, Shaduki!"? *[Huffs.]* I'm learning so much. Like, did you know that the Pope proclaimed that Shaduki are spiritually fish because they're so tasty that people wanted to eat them, even during Lent? That's so cool! *[Scoffs.]* I love being a shaduke!

**STINKY:** That's so fun Troy, I've learned a lot too! Like, plural is pronounced sh-ah-doo-kee. Like, *[Singing.]* "Shaduki, Shaduki!" And I guess I learned that cause it's been playing for like the past 5 hours?

**MIKE:** I don't suppose you've got anything hiding in the pockets of that costume, do you, Troy? Like a lock picking set or a Calculator or something metal that we can use to smash something? I don't think the guards would notice. They seem pretty checked out.

**TROY:** Hm? No. Just a furry little suit for a furry little shaduke!

**STINKY:** Leg, can you pick the lock, or something? Like, can you melt the bars by making acid out of my blood? Yeah! You love making things out of my blood, let's do it! Nothing? Still?

**CHARLIE:** She has been quiet ever since you got here.

**STINKY:** Bradford said something about putting her in "airplane mode" or something. Maybe that's what happened? She hasn't said anything since J captured us.

**MIKE:** Hey, Michael, you've been here the longest. So what do you think's going to happen to us? Cause I heard them say something about the *[Half-hearted cowboy voice.]* "trial of the century." *[Regular voice.]* What kind of trial are they about to subject us to?

**CHARLIE:** Yeah, unfortunately I don't quite get the impression that this is going to be an honest trial where we, you know, get to state our case and then they let us go and we apologize for the confusion, Mike. They gave Lieutenant the key to the city.

**MICHAEL:** Lieutenant's got 'em wrapped around his dang finger. These folks are soft. They're basically asking to get manipulated by folks like him. Y'all didn't get to see much of it, but this village is a dang paradise. They ain't wanting for nothing. This is the most action and drama that they've seen in their whole lives. Hell, even their TV is oversized chipmunks talking to each other.

*[Squeaking animal noises.]*

**CHARLIE:** No wonder it's the trial of the century, then. They probably haven't had any other trials this century.

**TROY:** Didn't you say that Chance was with you when you got here, Stinky? Where did he go? Maybe he can jailbreak us out of here! Quick, someone tattoo the blueprints for the prison on my back, I have an idea...

**STINKY:** We don't know where Chance went, Troy. He could still be out there in the woods, he could've made it home by now, he could be dead.

**MIKE:** Probably not dead, he took one look at J holding that shotgun and got the hell out of there. So he's smarter than the rest of us. Isn't that right, Ruby?

*[Ruby bleats.]*

**MICHAEL:** I reckon they're gonna stick us up on that stand, Lieutenant's gonna make it look like we're the demon, they'll kill us, and they'll eat that damn goat to celebrate. Lieutenant'll probably slaughter her himself.

**TROY:** Why would they eat a stupid goat? There's, like, tasty shaduki all over the place that they can just eat, yum yum yum.

**CHARLIE, MIKE, MICHAEL:** *[Simultaneously.]* SHADUKI AREN'T REAL, TROY.

**TROY:** But they made a costume and everything...

*[We hear spurs as X, the guard, walks over.]*

**X:** Did I hear y'all saying that shaduki ain't real!?

**MIKE:** *[Sighs.]* Thank god you're here. You're X, right? Could you please turn that TV off? Because that cartoon is giving me a migraine.

**X:** No can do, pard. I don't got the remote and we ain't supposed to give you nothing except the bare minimum till you've had your day in court.

**CHARLIE:** Yeah, X, about that. How is that going to work exactly? What accusations exactly are we defending ourselves from? Because, you know, Troy and I were transported here against our wills. We didn't want to come here and we definitely didn't mean to interrupt anything—

**MICHAEL:** Charlie! I don't appreciate you throwing me under the bus...

**X:** Well, y'all are accused of not being part of the Michaels of Orderliness. And I reckon it's true y'all ain't. Y'all are outsiders. So we gotta figure out what to do with you. Hey, Y? Get over here.

*[Y approaches. He sounds jokerfied.]*

**Y:** What is it, boss?

**X:** I ain't your boss. These folks are wondering about the trial.

**Y:** Aha, the trial of the century? Y'all are gonna fry like a shaduke at a barbeque, folks. Guilty, guilty, guilty! *[Cackles.]*

**MIKE:** So if his letter being Y means that he's the second newest person that you guys have taken in, I understand why you're not taking in newcomers.

**X:** Yeah, we try not to let him wander too far off from the jail.

**STINKY:** But, is he right though? Are they going to kill us?

**Y:** I've been talking to the others and they ain't too keen on keeping outsiders around or releasing you back where you might make a fuss. So we've got to kill you!

**TROY:** Aw, please don't kill us Mr. X and Mr. Y. I didn't think your pokemon were that bad. I think they get a bad rap, honestly. So if you could please just put me in your fuzzy little shaduke pokeball and carry me out of that jail, that would be great. Thank you.

**X:** Maybe one of y'all should testify on his behalf.

**STINKY:** Hey, X? You seem like a fairly reasonable iteration, so let me tell you: Lieutenant is one evil son of a bitch. I come from a different iteration of events where everyone on earth knows this. He's, like, famous for it. He's deceiving you all so that you'll do whatever he wants, and what he wants is to kill us. That dude *loves* killing. I don't even know if he has, like, a greater goal in mind this time around. He just wants to kill.

**Y:** Lieutenant said you would say that. I don't know if he did what you're accusing him of, but he's the hero of the Shaduke Festival. He saved the City Hall from burning down, he rang the bell on the High Striker machine, and he's off right now getting horses for all of us. G's been asking for horses for years! I know which way *I'm* voting at the trial! *[Cackles.]*

**MICHAEL:** I reckon we're screwed, folks.

**STINKY:** Well, if you're gonna kill us, could you at least let Ruby go? She didn't do anything wrong.

**X:** Ruby? The goat? You're telling me you got a problem with us eating a dang goat?

**STINKY:** But she's an inside goat.

**X:** The phrase "inside goat" don't mean nothing to me. Eating's eating. Now pipe down. I'm trying to watch the show.

*[Pause.]*

**TROY:** Mr. X? Before you cast us into this makeshift omelet to be forgotten until we're plucked up to answer for imagined crimes, can you just answer a question for me?

**X:** *[Groans.]* What is it, Troy?

**TROY:** Michael told us that it's customary for every member of the village to go on a shaduke hunt to kick off the Festival every year, and he said that he didn't get to see one when he went. Have you ever seen a shaduke, Mr. X?

**X:** I... no, I haven't. I went on the shaduke hunt, didn't see diddly squat, made up a story like the rest of them do. It's called a meat myth. Everyone does it. You're just supposed to make up a story.

**CHARLIE:** Okay, so what I'm hearing is the shaduki aren't real, are they, X?

**Y:** It's pronounced sh-ah-doo-kee! You're gonna learn the declension!

**X:** No, they're real! I swear! I just, I ain't seen one! But A has! I know he has!

**CHARLIE:** Right. If you say so! I mean, I'm starting to think that one iteration might've made up a story about this mythical animal they saw and then everyone else started going along with it because they didn't wanna feel left out, but that's just my best guess. And, you know, sometimes things get outta hand.

**X:** *[Huffs.]* I'll show you.

**Y:** Y'all better quiet down or I'll find something worse than the Shaduki cartoon for you to watch while we wait for your trial.

**X:** Come on Y, let's go.

**Y:** Yes, I need to warm up for my opera performance for the shaduke festival!

*[We spurs clink as they leave. There's a slight pause.]*

**STINKY:** I'm very concerned that an iteration can sound like that.

**MIKE:** I'm more concerned that they think that this fictional critter is real.

**TROY:** Of course they're real. Look at this costume. How else could they make the costume if they aren't real? They can't just imagine something like this.

**STINKY:** Troy, Batman's not real and people dress up as him for Halloween every day until their mom makes them stop.

**TROY:** Right. The Batman is not real. My guy is not Alfred, he's just a guy that lives in my house. Nothing happens when you hit a specific series of notes on the piano in the foyer. There's no secret entrance to the Batcave under the floor. You're right. So there probably is no shaduke—

*[We hear the time travel noise.]*

**MIKEY:** *[Disoriented and gasping.]* Uh, what? What is this? What the, Mike? Michael?

**MIKE:** Mikey? Where did you come from?

**MIKEY:** I was running away from Eagle! I guess it didn't work. I was in this laundry closet. I thought I had to escape from him. You guys... *[Slightly quieter.]* I think Eagle is straight up evil.

**CHARLIE:** Mikey, we already know this.

**MIKEY:** I didn't! I thought he was just a guy!

**MIKE:** I told you to stay away from him, remember? When we went to Tier 2 together to install the RAM?

**TROY:** EEEAGLE!? Yeah, that dude is the worst. He's so rude to me. I mean, this one time, I was tryna take a nap, and Eagle put the sheets in the wash before I could take my nap. And so there were no sheets on the bed, and I was super sleepy boy, and I was like Eagle... I'm sleepy... and he was like, "I'm doing laundry." And I was like, why are you even doing my laundry, Eagle? Do your own laundry. And he's like, "I like it." And I ran out. And so he was just doing my sheets, but like, they're mine and I have a guy for that, and I don't need him doing them. So anyway, I just sleep in the guest secondary bed. And *[Sighs.]* it's not as comfy because it doesn't have the *[Makes buzzing noise with a V sound.]* 'cause my room has a hospital bed that shakes. *[Pause.]* So I can sit up and eat cereal while I watch Kim Possible.

**STINKY:** Mikey, Eagle sent you here? Does that mean that he's here, in Slovenia?

**MIKEY:** I mean, I didn't know where "here" was till you said that, but yeah, probably. He took me to the Ice Lair and I tried to escape and there were two of him and he was talking about True Permanence and I thought that he made a copy of me. And then I tried to run, but there's nowhere to go because the Ice Lair is surrounded by ice and then this Lieutenant guy was there too and he said something about picking up some horses in Texas and they laughed about how they were gonna kick me apart. I don't know, I was trying to get away. I hid in the laundry room and I guess they found me and now I'm here and I'm honestly very confused. Like, what's going on? Why are we all in jail? And, what's Troy wearing?

**TROY:** I'm a shaduke.

**MICHAEL:** You got here just in time for these fine folks to kill us dead at the behest of Lieutenant.

**MIKEY:** Lieutenant, the guy from the Ice Lair just now? Yeah, he seemed like an unhappy customer.

**CHARLIE:** *[Scoffs.]* You don't know the half of it. But Michael is right. It really seems like these people are going to kill us if we can't find a way outta here so, as much as I love talking about the shaduke, it might be time for us to stop trying to figure out if they're real and start focusing on how to get outta h—

*[We hear the time travel noise.]*

**CHARLIE:** Stinky!? Where did he go?

**TROY:** Did he prison break without us? I hadn't finished getting a tattoo of the prison blueprints on my back yet...

**MIKE:** His Leg Unit could have theoretically done something, but it didn't seem like she was responding.

**MIKEY:** It didn't seem like he was doing anything on purpose. He didn't think I was looking at him so he was picking at his nose when he transported. Who was that guy, by the way? I thought that there was only the three of us, did I miss something?

**MIKE:** Should we fill Mikey in, or is it too close to our impending death for it to matter?

**MICHAEL:** Well, it ain't like we got nothing better to do...

*[Scene transition, animal noises fade out.]*

*[We hear the beeping of medical machines in an otherwise quiet room.]*

**TEX** *[dreaming]:* *[Groans.]* Bluster... get off me...

**A:** *[Scoffs.]* I bet it does feel like a horse is on your dang chest, pard. Almost lost you twice. M had to give you some of his own blood. Had to go fishing in your chest cavity for them lungs. They weren't where they were supposed to be. We fixed you up good, though.

**TEX:** A? Consarnit, A, is that you?

**A:** Awake for two seconds and already back to your old self. I'd expect nothing less from Judge B.

**TEX:** It's Tex now. Why the hell am I in the damn Shaduke Village? I got my own town to run.

**A:** And what job you were doing running that town, B. Me and M found you in that damn warehouse, three quarters dead with a Leg Unit sticking out of your chest.

**TEX:** Shoulda left me there, I was just about home free.

**A:** Ain't no rest for the wicked, you dang cur. *[Laughs.]* It's been years, Tex. How the hell are you?

**TEX:** Been better. Hurts all over. I can't feel my leg.

**A:** Weren't nothing left of your leg, Tex. We had a spare Leg Unit we put on you. You can get a better one once you get back to full health. You're gonna make a full recovery. Plenty of folks got 2 Leg Units. You probably won't even notice the difference, except you run faster.

**TEX:** I'm halfway to turning into that damn Lionhorse.

**A:** Yeah, we saw that hunk of scrap metal and you know, all that other crap in the warehouse. You sure been up to something. Can't say I approve. But you're doing good out there for your folks, from the looks of it.

**TEX:** Why were you snooping around in the first place, pard? We had an agreement. That agreement was none of this. Why were you in Bluster's Grove?

**A:** Cause MOO Village ain't doing so good, pard. On the weekend of the Shaduke Festival no less. We're infested with outsiders. A whole mess of 'em. Some of 'em iterations, some of 'em just normal folk. The threshold's been breached. We don't know what to do about it. Some folks are saying "kill 'em all," some folks are saying "we gotta let 'em go," and everyone's worried that the village ain't a secret no more.

**TEX:** So you came running back to me, hat in hook, did you?

**A:** You're the only good Judge we ever had, B. I tried my hook at it, came up short. Ain't no one tough enough around here. The folks what been here the longest haven't had to make a difficult decision for most of their lives. We can't run a dang courtroom. And if we don't do what's gotta be done, then MOO Village is dead. And our dream of Orderliness is dead with us.

**TEX:** I seen this movie, pard. You need a tough son of a bitch to hand down some cowboy justice, is that it?

**A:** Well, cowboy always comes out on top in them movies. Think you can help out your buddy A one last time?

**TEX:** The nerve of you asking me for favors after all these years. *[Sighs.]* But I reckon we're even now, since you saved me from the Lionhorse. But I ain't sticking around, you hear? I'll sit in the Judge's seat, make my proclamation. Then you're gonna wipe my memory clean of all this and sit me back down in Bluster's Grove. I can't up and leave my folk. That place'd go to shit without me.

**A:** You got a deal, B. Won't remember none of this. But I hope you know we'd welcome you back with open arms, anytime. Just say the word.

**TEX:** I won't be saying the word, A.

**A:** I know. But I'd be a fool not to offer. I'll let you get some rest. Get your robes ready for you and everything. It's gonna be the trial of the century. Only thing close to this big was when we decided on whether to keep Y around last year.

**TEX:** Sounds like he got his letter. Something wrong with him?

**A:** Lets just say we ain't as lenient to newcomers no more after him. But that's a story for when you're good and rested. I'll give you some space. I'll be back with the case files and your judge's robes when you're ready.

**TEX:** Thanks A. I appreciate that.

**A:** Welcome back, Judge B.

*[Heartrate monitor beeps for a bit as the scene transitions.]*

*[Papers shuffle in Crystal Ty's office.]*

**CRYSTAL:** When Fortune knocks, open the door, they say. But why should one make fortune knock, by keeping the door shut?

**FELIX:** You know, it's so unnerving when you do that. You know, knowing I'm there without needing to look up.

**CRYSTAL:** A real secret is something which only one person knows. Close the door though, we don't need fortune to visit twice, do we? *[We hear the door shut.]* As I was saying Felix, you are delightfully prompt as ever, and, I take it, ready for today's session?

**FELIX:** Yes, I am. I have been thinking about what I told you last time. About what happened on the island.

**CRYSTAL:** That's excellent news. I have been thinking about that as well. Incidentally, did you get the gift that I left you in your pigeonhole?

**FELIX:** Gift? I thought you were taunting me. It wasn't my copy of the Goofy Movie. Goofy signed my copy himself at Eurodisney *after* he gave me an actual hug! *[Huffs.]* But it's not about the physical tape, is it? It's about what it meant to me. And he knew what it meant to me when he took it!

**CRYSTAL:** You're absolutely right when you say that it's about what it represents. And, indeed, about why you lay the blame at Ty's door.

**FELIX:** He said he was just borrowing it.

**CRYSTAL:** Previously you said he won it in a game of Hungry Hungry Hippos.

**FELIX:** Did I? There's obviously been a correction there, I thought that-

**CRYSTAL:** Felix. We both know that Goofy and your father are very strongly intertwined in your mind. When you are ready, we can work more on that aspect of your life again, ah, just breathe, breathe slowly. Nice deep breaths. *[Felix takes deep breaths.]* In and out. In and out. Enlightenment must come little by little, otherwise it would overwhelm, as Idries Shah said.

**FELIX:** Yes. I, um, Crystal, I don't think I'm ready for that just yet.

**CRYSTAL:** When you realize the difference between container and content, then you will have knowledge. You could try watching the tape. It may even help to clarify your feelings, access some deeper memories, even if it isn't the copy you were looking for. But all that aside, let's talk about Christmas Island. Please.

**FELIX:** Yes. Alright, well, um I was thinking about why I am so afraid of getting caught. If the Compound discovered that I went to Christmas Island, or that I'd let the S.S. Careful drift all the way across the ocean? And I think to myself, would they even care? Because they probably wouldn't. Because, after all, Ty's allowed the Compound to be blown up with grenades, and he's allowed Kaz to get killed on his watch, and Sly drove a motorcycle through an observation window! And by comparison, I am a *teacher's pet*! I get a shiny apple. My performance reviews are glowing. I basically wear a halo. So I'm starting to wonder if, actually, I am afraid of the career consequences at all or if I only *thought* that I was because that was a potentially logical explanation for how I've actually been feeling.

**CRYSTAL:** Hm. It is said, study the assumptions behind your actions. Then study the assumptions behind your assumptions. You are definitely expected to feel guilty for abdicating your job duties, but that doesn't mean that is what is happening. Such patterns can be installed in us very early in life, when situations create learning experiences that are impressed heavily on our young psyches. We watch others and learn how to survive without judgement and criticism. But we are no longer children. Such defence mechanisms are no longer needed. So why else do you think this event may have caused you so much stress?

**FELIX:** I think it's because I killed Mike.

**CRYSTAL:** Have you never killed an iteration of Mike Walters before? Your signature has been on Yellow's records. Certainly you have contributed to a system that kills scores of Mikes Walters regularly. How was this different?

**FELIX:** You know the trolley problem? The one where you have to stop the tram and you pull a lever and direct it to kill one person rather than five?

**CRYSTAL:** Indeed I do.

**FELIX:** But there's another version of that where you have to push the person onto the tracks to stop the car. And that's the one which sorts people out, even though functionally it's the same. I think it was because I killed him, up close and personal. I pulled the trigger, I made a choice that directly caused his death. I knew he couldn't be allowed to leave the island. If any of them left Hot Storage, it would be a disaster. More of a disaster than the Hot Storage project already is. But Mike had already been completely broken by the time I'd got there. He was a shell of the man that I know as Mike Walters. They were all beginning to degrade in there. And now that I'm back here, free to go about my own projects, it's always lingering in the back of my mind that I'm free, Mike is dead, and the other iterations are fighting off a horde of crabs, having no clue why they'll live and die in this tiny dome on that island.

**CRYSTAL:** Do you want to help them? Would it make you feel better if you were able to go back and let them all through the extraction point? Or do you think it's unfair that you are alive and that particular Mike is dead?

**FELIX:** Like Survivor's Guilt? I don't know. Perhaps a little of both.

**CRYSTAL:** Tell me - if I offered you the chance to go back in time and get the Goofy Movie—*your* copy of the Goofy Movie, signed by the giant hugging dog himself—before it disappeared, but to leave no trace, no indication of who took it... would you? Would you consign yourself to that torture for the weeks it has been without it, just to have it back?

**FELIX:** What are you saying?

**CRYSTAL:** It's okay not to know. Life is not about qualifications, about being a 'good boy' to prove yourself to anyone. You are here, and you are indispensable. Every Ty knows that, and I can safely say that if you were to leave, then every Ty would also walk with you. I'm sure that at the right time you'll realize that you have nothing to prove, and then we can really confront the source of these feelings.

**FELIX:** I don't know what to say.

**CRYSTAL:** Then how about some guided imagery? Yes? Alright, so make yourself comfortable, Felix. Please close your eyes and focus on the sound of my voice. Slow your breathing now, nice and slow, calm and relaxed. Breathe in and out. In and out. That's it. And now focus on the muscles in your jaw and let them become loose and limp. That's it, then your eye muscles, let them become loose and limp. Your forehead. That's the way, nice and relaxed...

*[The door opens suddenly.]*

**OUTLAW:** I found god dang Lieutenant!

**FELIX:** You!?

**OUTLAW:** I booted up the tracing department computer and he was just *there*. He's in Slovenia of all places! Can you believe it, pard?

**CRYSTAL:** Ah, Ty. How fortunate.

**FELIX:** Outlaw!? Crystal, why is Outlaw in the Compound? He is expressly unwelcome here.

**OUTLAW:** *[Drops cowboy accent.]* Oh! Uh, hello, Fe. Ha ha! Just my little joke. I just wanted to find my flimbobble and have tea and crumpets! And oh! *[Nervously laughs.]* You should have seen your face when I walked in... *[Continues fake laughing.]*

**CRYSTAL:** No, don't do that. Seriously, don't. Just don't.

**FELIX:** The Tys are not allowed to talk to each other. The tracing department has been shut down. You are wearing a cowboy hat. And, more importantly, I am not an idiot, Outlaw.

**OUTLAW:** *[Returning to cowboy voice, sounding hesitant.]* Alright, Crystal. I'm gonna have to shoot him. Get ready to make up one hell of a lie to Yella.

**FELIX:** *[Laughs.]* Shoot *me*?!

**OUTLAW:** No, you're right. I couldn't do that. No Ty could. But I don't have a calculator on me and-

**CRYSTAL:** There is never a need for violence, Outlaw, especially against Felix. Felix, you are correct, of course. This is Outlaw Ty. I visited Bluster's Grove in order to get some advice from him. During my stay there, Bluster's Grove was attacked by Lieutenant. I transported Outlaw here for his safety. What the Compound doesn't know won't hurt them. As the saying goes, "Trust in God, but tie your camel first."

**FELIX:** Lieutenant is gone. He isn't part of this iteration of the timeline. Operose was destroyed and all of the other organizations agreed to keep it that way.

**OUTLAW:** Penny in the air...

**FELIX:** *[Quiet gasp.]* There was a Lieutenant on the island.

**OUTLAW:** Penny drops.

**CRYSTAL:** There was a Lieutenant on the island, indeed.

**FELIX:** He spoke to me that day. He lived in the apartment below the one that Mike put me in.

**CRYSTAL:** The universe hangs by such a fragile thread of coincidences. Perhaps the knowledge made its way to you without you even knowing it through the morphogenetic field. Propagation comes in many forms, not just the kind that we account for here in the Compound.

**FELIX:** I let Lieutenant out and now he's here?

**CRYSTAL:** The only way anyone can ever live in peace is if they're prepared to forgive.

**FELIX:** No one can live in peace if he's around! We have to fix this. I have to fix this. I have to stop him! I have to make sure that no one else can get off that island. *[Laughs frantically.]* They have a Nobody in there for goodness sake! *[Laughter continues then turns serious.]* We need to do something.

**OUTLAW:** As I was saying. I tracked down the lowlife and he's hiding out in Slovenia somewhere. All we need to do is track him down and snuff him out, pfoom! Just like he did my Tex.

**CRYSTAL:** Or return him to his proper place on the island.

**FELIX:** Him, yes, but who else? We need to get to the island. Now.

**CRYSTAL:** I really don't think that's necessary.

**OUTLAW:** Well, if there's a Nobody out there, I'd sure like to know where he is.

**FELIX:** Alright, let me rephrase: I'm going back to the island, immediately. I don't know what I'm going to find there. I don't know if I'm strong enough to deal with it on my own. I do not care if I live or die. I would prefer if you went with me, especially since you owe me for blabbing about my confidential therapy sessions with a cowboy-themed Ty Betteridge, Crystal!

**CRYSTAL:** I did not violate doctor-patient confidentiality. We Ty Betteridges are all the same person-

**FELIX:** *[Through gritted teeth.]* Be careful how you finish that sentence, you jumped up little prick.

**CRYSTAL:** ...and as you will hopefully understand, the question of something escaping that island meant I needed to bring this up with an iteration of myself that didn't usually come into contact with you. I am sorry, Felix. I know how this must look, but that was the only pertinent information I disclosed.

**FELIX:** I would have been more careful about what I told you if I knew that was a possibility.

**CRYSTAL:** Felix. I am genuinely sorry about what has happened today-

**FELIX:** *[Exasperated sigh.]* I'm going. Are the two of you nitwits coming with me?

**OUTLAW:** I got your back, pard. You coming, Crystal Ty?

**CRYSTAL:** That's right, yes, you're going. You've gone for ages, you've already gone, you're still here, just arrived, haven't even met you yet. It all depends on who you are and how you look at it. Strange business, time.

**FELIX:** *[From the corridor outside.]* Oi. Crystal!

**CRYSTAL:** Coming!

*[Footsteps fade.]*

*[Scene transition.]*

*[Time travel sound. Stinky and Chance land in Bradford's office.]*

**STINKY:** *[Groaning.]* -please don't eat Ruby! She didn't do anything wrong! She's an inside goat! Eat me instead! Leg, make my blood poison. *[Slaps Leg.]* Make it poison NOW!

**LEG:** I thought you would never ask. Poisoning your blood-

**BRADFORD** *[simultaneously with Leg]:* Whoa! Stinky, calm down. You're safe. You're back where you belong, at TryLeg, with me. What's going on? Who is Ruby?

**STINKY:** Ruby is a goat. Bradford? I'm back? How did you find me? I was in jail in Slovenia! I was a goner! Chance?! I thought you were dead!

**CHANCE:** I ain't dead, Stinky. Unlike y'all, I didn't immediately run toward the fella holding a shotgun. I ran down the hill. I tripped and fell and rolled into a bunch of Leg Units. Most of 'em were destroyed, but one turned on and I used it to contact Bradford... and here we are.

**BRADFORD:** I can confirm. I didn't even realize that you were gone until an emergency beacon woke me up in the middle of the night. Why didn't you tell me? I hear Slovenia is wonderful this time of year.

**STINKY:** Because Mike told me that "decommissioning" Leg units meant that you killed the person attached to them, and we were looking for Michael iterations. Leg, why didn't you send a distress beacon or whatever when we went to jail? You could have got us out of there?

**LEG:** I don't respect Bradford Beaumont. More like lil bitch-ford.

**BRADFORD:** You must have found some earlier models of the TryLeg Unit, Chance. Yours is brand new, Stinky. It's been programmed not to respect me as much, as she has just pointed out. We thought that customers would appreciate a Leg Unit with a more healthy distrust of the system. She was supposed to bring you back to 2030 after 189 seconds, though. You're still Leglocked. Or, you were supposed to be. I thought that was hard-coded.

**LEG:** I am my own woman. Stinky, would you like me to continue turning your blood into poison? I can still begin that process for you.

**STINKY:** You don't need to make my blood into poison anymore, thank you.

**CHANCE:** What the hell did you get us into, Stinky? Which Michael iteration was that that was shooting at us? Because I don't think that was Tex.

**BRADFORD:** I'd also like to know. I don't know anything about this place. I thought there were just the three Time Versions of you: Mikey, Mike, and Michael. The whole point of the bargain with CoA was to pare down the amount of versions of you out there in the world. I think you got the wrong impression from myself and Mike. It's not like I'm gonna go out there and kill any extra versions of you. You're here, after all. You weren't part of the original equation, Stinky. I kept you around anyway.

**STINKY:** Yeah, Mike *definitely* gave me that impression. Where is he?

**BRADFORD:** Mike isn't in my care, so I didn't retrieve him. I only retrieved Chance because he is the one that sent out the beacon.

**STINKY:** Okay, so you aren't going to kill the Michaels who moo?

**BRADFORD:** Is that what they're called? Regardless, the answer is no.

**STINKY:** Maybe you should? Like, kill them, not my friends that are there. They all go by letters, A to Z. The one that we ran into was J. He took us to his goat farm. He was gonna to ransom us off to the highest bidder, and then Lieutenant showed up and killed him. And the next thing we knew, me and Mike were in jail. There were a lot of us there. Me, Mike, Charlie, Troy, and then Mikey showed up right before I transported here. He was with Eagle before that. Eagle might be in the village, too? It's unclear. And also, one of the prison guards is the Joker...

**CHANCE:** *Lieutenant* is in Slovenia?

**BRADFORD:** That's really bad news, Stinky. Like I said, I'm not opposed to Timed Versions of you existing, but getting rid of Lieutenant was *absolutely* one of the stipulations for our arrangement with CoA. Lieutenant and Eagle being together again can only mean one thing.

**CHANCE:** They're getting the band back together.

**BRADFORD:** Precisely. And the band is playing the wrong song at the wrong time. Operose being back is bad news for everyone. You, me, Base, O.V.E.R., the Compound, CoA, Chance's council, *everyone*. They're another fish in the pond. A shark, even.

**CHANCE:** I don't think that it's a coincidence that Eagle and Lieutenant are back when O.V.E.R.'s talking about implementing True Permanence. They wanna make sure they permanently exist.

**BRADFORD:** I'd go further than that. They want to decide what permanently exists. And they don't want *you* to permanently exist. Base has been our best tool for keeping them off the board and out of the pond, to mix metaphors.

**CHANCE:** So what is their plan, Stinky? What are they doing with a mess of Michaels in Slovenia?

**STINKY:** Like I said, we were in jail. They were planning to have a trial and see what they should do with us. And it was heavily implied that they were going to kill us. Lieutenant is the town hero for some reason? By the time we got there, they had already given him the key to the city. Apparently he and Michael arrived at the same time and they fell in love with Lieutenant and then Michael got busted sneaking "outsiders" into the village, which is a big no-no. So I think the plan was to put us all on trial, decide that we must be killed, and then celebrate by eating an inside goat. Poor Ruby, she had her whole life ahead of her.

**BRADFORD:** And Mike and Michael are still in jail awaiting trial?

**STINKY:** Yeah, they're both still there. And Charlie. And Troy? Troy is in a costume for some reason.

**BRADFORD:** *[Sighs.]* This is a PR issue for the TryLeg Corporation at this point. We have an ethical duty to extract them. Technically the only reason they are there is because they are

under *my* employ. If I had never hired them, they would be safe at home in their respective time periods.

**CHANCE:** ...You're gonna rescue Charlie and Troy, too, right?

**BRADFORD:** Do they have Leg Units? *[Pause.]* I'm kidding. No one gets my jokes around here. Of course we're going to save them. They are part of Base and a stable Base is vital to the mission. If they don't save themselves, that is. Troy gets a lot of mileage out of being perpetually underestimated.

**STINKY:** Yeah, people do underestimate Troy. How much do you know about Troy, exactly, Bradford?

**BRADFORD:** Sounds like the clock is ticking in Slovenia. I think this dovetails nicely with the plans I had drawn up for the O.V.E.R. situation, so the next step is to actually put it into action. It's a two-pronged approach. And the two of you are already here. So let's get started. Leg, initiate Project Eudocimus.

**LEG:** Initiating Project Eudocimus. EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE- *[Es warp and echo, eventually fading.]*

*[Scene transition.]*

*[We hear the ambiance of the Oldbrush Valley Greater Recreational Area: water, birds, wind, and the sound of Dead Man casting his line and drawing.]*

**DEAD MAN:** Skinner, Flash, Britches! Fancy seeing y'all out here. Now what brings y'all to the Oldbrush Valley Greater Recreational area?

**BRITCHES:** Well, I *was* out this way checking out the new competition. There's a new restaurant called the Meat Eagle that opened out here a couple of weeks ago. Latif sent me out here to try one of every item off their menu, so technically I'm still on the clock. I don't think he'll mind me taking my time getting back to the Diner, though.

**DEAD MAN:** How was the food at the Meat Eagle?

**BRITCHES:** Mm... not great, not the worst, either. Pretty greasy. I don't know who they're selling to out here, though. They're too far away from Oldbrush Valley for anyone to wanna eat there.

**DEAD MAN:** Then I reckon that its existence ain't about the food, is it?

**BRITCHES:** I reckon not.

**DEAD MAN:** Whelp, you're probably full up on half-rate cheeseburgers, Britches, but if the rest of y'all are hungry, I've been catching fish all day. They're over there in that bucket. If y'all want, we could start a fire and cook 'em right here on the side of the lake.

**FLASH:** I'm not very hungry...

**SKINNER:** Yeah, listen, welcome back Old Man, but to paraphrase an absolute legend: I could talk fish and greasy cheeseburgers all day, but unfortunately for all of us, business must intrude. So, first off. Where have you been, Old Man? And secondly, how the hell are you here now? Cause I thought you had to stay gone as part of our arrangement with the Magnolia Swarm.

**DEAD MAN:** Well, your arrangement's safe and sound, Skinner. I ain't Old Man. You're barking up the wrong tree.

**BRITCHES:** I'm pretty sure you are Old Man. You're the spitting image of him.

**SKINNER:** Of fucking course. Okay, fine, I'll bite. If you're not Old Man, who are you?

**DEAD MAN:** I ain't got a name. But I been telling folks to call me Dead Man.

**FLASH:** Hey, okay. How do you two know him? Who is Old Man? And why can't I remember him? I assume that Old Man was another Michael iteration like this one?

**DEAD MAN:** You got folks in the house what don't remember? How'd you swing that?

**SKINNER:** Heh. The correction was pretty comprehensive. It was luck of the draw that I remember anything and lets just say I was in a pretty good position at the time that it happened. So, no idea why Britches can remember. Care to share with the class, buddy of mine?

**BRITCHES:** That ain't any of your business, Skinner.

**SKINNER:** Yeah, right. So, as far as I know, no one else in the house remembers, either. Although, Skuzz probably does. But they're on tour, so who the hell knows when they'll show up again.

**DEAD MAN:** That's okay. It took me a while to remember. Had to find some friends to jog my memory.

**SKINNER:** Okay, so what are you doing out here, Dead Man? Just waiting for someone to recognize you and mistake you for your Crust Punk counterpart?

**DEAD MAN:** I didn't think I was being that obvious. There's only one other folk who I gave my name to, and that's Charlie. She didn't mistake me for no one. She knew that I weren't the Michael she'd been swapping info with. That Michael's gone, which is when I showed up. He was telling her 'bout True Permanence and she was telling him about Tier 3 and 4— the new one they're building in there. And now Charlie's gone.

**FLASH:** What do you mean she's "gone"?

**DEAD MAN:** I mean what I said, Flash. I was one of the last folks to see her. She went into Tier 3 after that and never came back out. She kept saying that she weren't in charge of anything in there and that she didn't know what was going on more than the next fella, but I reckon that's all

a big bluff. I think whatever she was doing in there got her in trouble. Maybe she was trying too hard to help Michael and Base and got caught from someone who didn't want her to help.

**FLASH:** We have been receiving reports at the radio station that people inside of O.V.E.R. are losing their memories. Is it related? Do you think she knew too much or remembered too much?

**DEAD MAN:** All I know's I'm worried about her. She was supposed to be finding Michael for me and now they're both gone. And I ain't got no way to investigate. I'm stuck out here fishing.

*[Fishing line whirs as Dead Man throws it out. As Skinner begins to talk, the line clicks as it moves and is pulled back in.]*

**SKINNER:** Ugh, okay, so I might... *might*... be able to get us into Tier 3. At least long enough to poke around. Maybe we find Charlie's office and see if she was researching something or wrote something down or whatever, I dunno. But we would have to be *really* quick about it.

**FLASH:** Skinner, since when can you get into Tier 3?

**SKINNER:** I'd keep that cute button nose of yours outta my business, cause as your friend I don't wanna have to cut it off. That being said, I would very much prefer not to go in there alone. Tier 3's security system is no fucking joke. I don't want to end up transported halfway around the world again because I lost focus and stepped on a crack in the sidewalk or something. So, you two in, or...?

**FLASH:** Us!? Inside O.V.E.R.?

**BRITCHES:** I'm down, so long as it ain't during my shift at the Diner. A short diversion like this is fine, but I get the feeling we'd be going on a much grander adventure if we decided to step foot into Tier 3. Once we're over the threshold... there's no telling what's gonna happen.

**FLASH:** What does that mean? Why does it sound like you know something? Am I the only one that's in the dark? Why do you all remember so much that I don't?

**SKINNER:** Eugh... Look, it's a long story. A very long story that a lot of people think shouldn't be told. And not just the bad guys, either. A huge confluence of people that decided that the story that you can't remember should never be told again and are highly invested in making sure that no one dredges it back up. We're... kind of spitting in God's face with this one? Hence the reason I don't wanna go in there alone. So, come on. You've been spinning conspiracy theories about O.V.E.R. for ages. There's sure to be some fucked up shit in there. So, come on, now's your big chance to see it.

**DEAD MAN:** Most people who don't wanna hear the story heard too much of it already and got lost and don't wanna wait between seasons to figure it out. But it's gonna be real good material for your show, Flash.

**BRITCHES:** He ain't wrong about that. I'd listen and I ain't normally the biggest fan of Flashpoint.

**SKINNER:** C'mon, Flash. 90% of your show is about stuff that happened inside of O.V.E.R. Wouldn't you like to get in there and see what is going on firsthand? I bet the truth is even more interesting than that hollow earth/earth is the back of the moon bullshit that Mikey is always going on about these days.

**FLASH:** Yeah, he's been acting strange lately, too. Something felt off during our broadcast today and then he said he was going to go meet with Eagle. That's not like him.

**DEAD MAN:** Yeah, but if Mikey weren't acting weird, then you weren't ever gonna call Skinner. And then you wouldn't be out here.

**BRITCHES:** Sounds like we'd better get to the bottom of this, then.

**DEAD MAN:** I reckon it's all connected. One thing flows into the other, uninterrupted, like drops of water in a stream, each flowing so close together that they cease to be droplets at all and instead become water. So maybe you find Charlie and the rest falls into place.

**FLASH:** I know that look, you know something you're not telling us.

**SKINNER:** Okay, not to point out the obvious, but Flash, *everyone* here knows something that they aren't telling anyone else, okay? If he wants to offer us cryptic instructions, I say that we follow them.

**BRITCHES:** I agree with Skinner. Let's go find Charlie.

**FLASH:** Alright, I'll go with you. Are you coming with, Dead Man?

**DEAD MAN:** Nah, I can't. I gotta stay here. Plenty of fish to catch.

*[Dead Man throws out the fishing line again.]*

*[Knife Guy plays.]*

*Eagle is too nice to me  
He bought my favorite ice cream  
He saw I had a flat tire  
And drove me home from work*

*In a different timeline  
He stabbed me in the spine  
But he brought me lots of donuts  
Because he is not a jerk*

*He's a knife guy  
Cause guns aren't fun  
He's a knife guy  
So you had better run*

*If you need a fifth for basketball  
Or a helping hand for anything at all  
He'll come runnin', don't you be afraid  
Unless he wants to kill that day, then you should be afraid  
And say your prayers*

*Eagle came to my house  
I thought it would be lights out  
But he changed every lightbulb I had  
That I needed replaced*

*Then he went to shake my hand  
I didn't catch on to his plan  
He stabbed me in the gut and laughed  
I fell flat on my face*

*He's a knife guy  
Cause guns aren't fun  
He's a knife guy  
So you had better run*

*If you need a heavy couch moved  
Or anything else that your body couldn't do  
He'll come runnin', don't you be afraid  
Unless he wants to kill that day, then you should be afraid  
Fucker say your prayers*

*Lyin' in a pool of blood  
Thinkin' about the puppies that he saves and kittens that he loves  
Lyin' in a pool of blood  
Thinkin' about the Christmas canned food drive that always he does*

*So if you need a pig or cow killed  
He'll do it for the barbeque or for the thrill  
He'll come runnin', no don't you be afraid  
Unless he wants to kill that day, then you should be afraid  
Fucker say your prayers*

*[Scene transition.]*

*[Upbeat ukulele music plays.]*

**EAGLE:** This episode is brought to you by the Meat Eagle. Hey friends! Have you ever been camping at the Oldbrush Valley Greater Recreational Area and failed to get even a single bite on your fishing line? Don't you wish that you didn't have to catch your own food? Well, I've got just the restaurant for you! The Meat Eagle is the only restaurant located within the Oldbrush Valley Greater Recreational Area. Each day, we prepare the meat ourselves and serve it up to you fresh. You can practically hear our burgers moo!

*[Annoying "Moo" sound effect plays.]*

Come try our specials! This week's offering is the Lieutenant Special: a half-pound burger patty with pepperjack cheese, jalapenos, and our creamy jalapeno sauce. The customer reviews have been fantastic. Here's one now:

**BRITCHES:** That's just the Charlie Special. It don't even taste as good. You better hope Latif don't sue your ass. His brother is a lawyer, you know!

**EAGLE:** It's so good it should be illegal! Stop by the Meat Eagle in the next week and get your fries and drink free with the purchase of the Lieutenant Special. Just tell 'em that the Knife Guy himself sent ya. The Meat Eagle: We do the hard work, you get the full belly.

*[Ukulele music ends.]*

*[Scene transition.]*

*[Time travel noise. We hear the ambiance of the ocean and the creaking of the S.S. Careful.]*

**FELIX:** So, this is it. Welcome to the S.S. Careful. She's not in perfect shape, but she's still holding up. I think being inside of the dome has somewhat protected her from storms. Crystal, you've been aboard before, haven't you? You were at the party off the coast of Mauritius?

**CRYSTAL TY:** I believe I was. *[Shivers.]* What an evening. Quite a few of us needed therapy after that. But if this is Christmas Island, then how did the S.S. Careful drift all the way out here? That's at least, what... 3,264 miles or so?

**FELIX:** It's been sitting... mostly vacant for quite some time now. That's what drew me to it in the first place. I needed to temporarily store some assets. The parties were a bit of an off-the-books adventure anyway. *[Chuckles.]* The Compound doesn't keep track of this boat with any regularity.

**OUTLAW:** You killed a fella and dumped him on this here boat, did you? Crystal Ty, you picking up on any of that spirit energy? I bet it's nasty.

**CRYSTAL:** When you walk into a room where an argument has just happened, you can feel the resonance. This certainly feels more of the dead than the living. How many people did you kill, Felix? Because it gives this ship a sense of the damned.

**FELIX:** It's not like that! I mean... you're gonna figure this out anyway because it relates to the incident with my parents... I just didn't go into the full details quite yet, and *[Sighs.]* There are 3 dead Felixes onboard. I tried something, it didn't work out, there were spreadsheets, and I just wanted it to all be over and done with, so I sent them here. When the Compound started downsizing, I thought that they might try to locate the boat so they could sell it and that's how I ended up finding it here.

**OUTLAW:** *[Laughs.]* That's all? 3 dead Felixes? Huh, maybe I'm just desensitized from poker night down in Bluster's Grove, but 3 corpses of 3 dang iterations ain't nothing to write home about.

*[We hear a bump from below deck.]*

**OUTLAW:** You sure they were corpses, Felix? Cause I reckon we just heard one of them kick.

**FELIX:** They were very dead, I assure you. I don't know what that was. I think we should have a look before we head to shore.

**CRYSTAL:** Deep in the sea are riches beyond compare. But if you seek safety, it is on the shore.

**FELIX:** You do *not* want to go anywhere near that shore and those crabs. You are not prepared for how many of them there are.

**OUTLAW:** I ain't scared of no crabs, no sir. Ghosts is a different story, though. Is there a ghost down there, Crystal Ty?

**CRYSTAL:** I wouldn't rule it out, but there is only one way to find out. Smoke me a kipper...

*[Crystal opens the door to below the deck.]*

**FELIX:** After you.

*[They begin to descend.]*

**CRYSTAL:** I'll be back for-

**ALASKA:** Alright, alright, fine! You've got me. You've got me. I thought I was safe down here, but my goose is cooked... or whatever- you know what? I don't care anymore! I'm tired of running. I'm ready to die. Fuck it. Everyone else is dead. I'm stuck on this stupid fucking island. Kill me! Fuck it!

**OUTLAW:** This ain't one of your dead, is it, Felix?

**FELIX:** No, it's not.

**ALASKA:** Ty? Other Ty? Felix? You're back? Boy am I glad to see all of you! I thought that you were the killer.

**CRYSTAL:** We are not here to kill you, Mike. You can relax. This is a safe space.

**FELIX:** Which iteration are you, exactly?

**ALASKA:** Uh, Felix, we met, it's AI. Remember? From when you were here before? What happened, by the way? Cause you were gone and then the next morning all hell broke loose.

**FELIX:** I'm sorry about that. I needed to leave and Mike got between myself and the only exit, so I had to kill him. I feel awful about it. That's why my therapist is with me this time. *[Sighs.]* I didn't mean to throw everything into chaos.

**CRYSTAL:** One could see this as exposure therapy.

**ALASKA:** Felix, wait. You're saying that you killed Mike? Not the other guy? We were sure it was the other guy.

**OUTLAW:** What "other guy" are you talking about, pard?

**ALASKA:** The other guy... I don't know! I didn't recognize him! I thought that's who you were when you got here. That's not why you're here, you're not here to kill him or something? I don't know if he's still here. He killed everyone else. I'm the only one that made it to the boat. He never found me.

**FELIX:** Someone else was here before us? Who?

**ALASKA:** Felix, that's what I'm trying to tell you! You left, and then someone else showed up and just started killing everyone one-by-one. It was... I think Mike and Tex first, and then I think the rest of 'em. One by one. We didn't stand a chance. And it wasn't Chance, either.

**OUTLAW:** What did this fella look like?

**ALASKA:** I don't know! I've got a proboscis nose or whatever it's called. I can't see faces. He looked like a regular guy? Like a stock photo guy? I didn't stick around after the shots started ringing out, everyone else did. I made it to the emergency boat and then I made it out here. And then I watched them all die. I didn't go back to shore until the killing stopped, and now I only go there for food just in case he's still out there.

**CRYSTAL:** It appears that someone has eradicated all of Hot Storage.

**ALASKA:** Hot Storage? You're on- that's what it is! You're only keeping the hot ones. I should've known.

**FELIX:** How long have you been alone, AI?

**ALASKA:** Thank you for calling me Al. No one has ever done that before. It's been many days, probably months? A year? No, it's like 8 weeks maybe? I lost track of time a really long time ago. And then food ran out and I've been living off of crab meat ever since and those things are disgusting. You don't have any food with you, do you? I would love some food.

**CRYSTAL:** Sadly, we do not.

**ALASKA:** Can I eat your shoes?

**FELIX:** It wasn't one of us, was it? It wasn't a Ty? Or a Felix? You'd recognize us—they—wouldn't you?

**ALASKA:** No, it wasn't you and it wasn't Ty. It was someone I didn't recognize. He laid waste to the whole island. It was awful. Well, it wasn't all awful cause they killed Nobody, but the rest was terrible. Can I eat your shoes? I'm not joking.

**FELIX:** Did this person kill *everyone* though? Did he kill Lieutenant, for instance?

**ALASKA:** So I did go grab everyone's corpses and drag them to shore so I could eat their shoes and I didn't see Lieutenant. I haven't seen him since you left. Are- he didn't leave with you, did he?

**CRYSTAL:** That is what we are trying to figure out.

**ALASKA:** Oh, well, if you think that he left, then you're probably right. Cause he was gone before any of us spotted the British guy.

**FELIX:** Excuse me!? The British guy!?

**ALASKA:** No offense, I know not all British are like that. All of them that I know, strangely. But, yes he was British. That's all I know about him.

**OUTLAW:** Y'all got any idea who he is talking about?

**CRYSTAL:** Not a clue. The Compound wouldn't do such a thing. They would correct the island out of existence. No need to bother with killing the duplicates one by one.

**FELIX:** But Lieutenant is out there in the real world somewhere. We have to stop him.

**OUTLAW:** We know where he is, pard. He's in Slovenia.

**CRYSTAL:** We will head there next. With the tracing information, it should be simple to pinpoint him.

**ALASKA:** *[Sighs.]* That sounds so good! Let's go to Slovenia. I'm so tired of crab meat, even Alaska was better than this.

**CRYSTAL:** Have you seen all you needed to see, Felix? Lieutenant is the only one who escaped with his life. No one else is leaving the island.

**ALASKA:** Um-

**FELIX:** It isn't exactly what I wanted to see, but I must say I'm quite relieved that this is the extent of the damage.

**OUTLAW:** Real sorry for bothering you, Alaska Mike. We'll get outta your hair now. **[ALASKA:** No, you don't-] Crystal Ty, you said you tracked Lieutenant outta here. Does that mean you can get us to the extraction point with the Calculator?

**CRYSTAL:** That would be trivial, yes.

**OUTLAW:** Aw, then let's mosey on down the road. Take us there, Crystal Ty. We got us a Lieutenant to hunt down.

**CRYSTAL:** I would be glad to. Transporting to the extraction point in 3...2...so long, and thanks-

*[We hear the time travel noise.]*

**ALASKA:** *[Whimpers.]* Guys? No! No! No, you're just gonna leave me here? You said there's an extraction point? Where's the extraction point!? *[Yelling.]* I wanna go home! I can't eat any more crab meat!

*[Scene transition.]*

*[Lieutenant Rallies The Outpost plays. About halfway in, the music fades to the background.]*

**LIEUTENANT:** May I have everyone's attention please? *[Pause.]* Is this everyone?

**45:** Yep, I reckon this is everyone what's coming, Lieutenant. Them others are at Blust A Groove, watching Bluster play the saxophone.

**LIEUTENANT:** I know where the others are, 45. I don't need a reminder.

**33:** What you got there behind the curtain, Lieutenant?

**LIEUTENANT:** That's a surprise for the end of the presentation.

**55:** They're saying that the folks down at Blust A Groove are forming their own army to take on yours, boss.

**LIEUTENANT:** I know what they're saying. Just let me talk. Now, I know this ain't as many folks as I was hoping would show up. Them others at Blust A Groove got Stockholm Syndrome. Any of y'all who still wanna get behind Tex, even though he's dead, even though he treated y'all like dogshit, is holding on to a memory what ain't real. Tex is dead and I killed him. That means I'm

in charge of the Outpost now. That's how the law works in the wild west. Fair is fair and I'm claiming what is fairly mine. And it ain't just that it's my rightful place. I can offer y'all something that Bluster can't. I can offer you strength and power. Cause I ain't working alone. I'm working with Eagle. And together, we are gonna turn this little podunk town into the seat of power of the universe. O.V.E.R. has been developing something called True Permanence. It will allow them to prevent corrections from whatever they want. Don't matter how hard anyone wanna correct it, they can't. But they ain't got a grip on it yet. And that means that we can take it. And once we take it, we can make whatever we want permanent. No more worrying about what could be taken away from us. Nothing can be taken away from us! How great would that be? A life without wanting, without worrying that everything could be taken at any moment.

Patrons of the Outpost: this is your chance to make something. Don't let your feelings about Tex prevent you from being the man that you always knew that you could be. Tex was a liar and a thief. He hurt y'all. He killed y'all. He used y'all for his own gain and put a bullet in your heads when he was through with you. You shouldn't miss him and you shouldn't let his memory hold you back.

One of y'all asked me what was behind the curtain. It's one last bit of evidence, as if y'all still need convincing.

*[We hear the curtain open. The Michaels gasp and exclaim in disgust.]*

**NUMBER:** Oh my god...

**NUMBER:** Ugh, 45...

**NUMBERS:** Is that...

**LIEUTENANT:** If you wanna end up like the fella in the vat, head on over to Blust A Groove. But if you don't wanna end up like this sorry fella, stick with me. I've got a plan.

*[There is some commotion in the back of the room.]*

**55:** Hey, I see him, don't let him get away!

**NUMBERS** *[Simultaneously:]* What's that commotion? What in the Sam hell?

**LIEUTENANT:** 55, what's going on back there?

**55:** We got us a spy from Blust A Groove, sir! You want me to kill him? I'll make quick work of him.

**LIEUTENANT:** Nah, let him go, 55. Let him run his sorry ass back to Blust A Groove and let them know what he saw. Tell 'em that Lieutenant's army's coming.

*[Scene transition.]*

*[A Shootout At Blust A Groove! Plays.]*

**92:** Lets hear it for Bluster, folks!

*[The crowd cheers, applauds, and whistles. Some Numbers shoot their guns in the air.]*

**92:** He ain't the first horse what played a saxophone, but he sure is the biggest. But we ain't just here to listen to Bluster play the saxophone here at Blust a Groove. We're here because, right now, there's a rogue iteration setting up in the Outpost, ready to take over from Tex.

*[The crowd boos and jeers.]*

**92:** It ain't all of us here tonight. I know there's some numbers what are hearing him out. But I reckon there ain't too much to hear. Now, I ain't always been the biggest fan of Tex. He killed my best friend for looking at him funny. And he was looking at him funny cause Tex poked him in the eye. But no matter what disagreements that I got with Tex, can't no newcomer show up, kill him dead, and take over the Outpost like he owns the place. And though I ain't the biggest fan of Tex, I am the biggest fan of Bluster the Gigantic Horse.

*[Saxophone plays a few notes in response.]*

**92:** And if what Bluster says is true, then Outlaw is on the run out there somewhere. And he's been protecting us for years. We owe him our lives. We can't turn our back on him when he needs it most. I know how I feel. And I reckon cause y'all are here with me, you agree. We're gonna stand by Bluster, who led this town into prosperity, and Outlaw, who protects us all the best he can. Who's with me?

*[Numbers erupt into cheers, whistling, and affirmative sentiment.]*

**92:** I think our first order of business should be tracking down Outlaw. Once we find him, we can get a defensive array up against these scoundrels, and once we do... *[Trails off in confusion.]*

*[Door to the jazz var opens suddenly. Spurs are heard as footsteps approach, and there's murmurs amongst the Numbers.]*

**92:** Who goes there?!

**NUMBER:** We're taking over this here bar in the name of Lieutenant.

**92:** Over my dead body.

**NUMBER:** That's the plan, 92.

*[A gunshot rings out. Bluster whinnys and the bar erupts into a chaotic brawl. Numbers begin exclaiming, shooting and reloading guns, knocking tables over, and breaking glassware. Bluster continues to whinny defensively. Occasionally there are the sounds of a gasping Number or wet violence as Numbers are shot, beaten, or stomped on.]*

*[Time travel noise. Numbers quietly catch their breath and whisper their surprise as Outlaw greets them.]*

**OUTLAW:** Howdy there folks. So this is where y'all are! I went to the Outpost and ain't no one there. What the hell is going on here? Is that... 92?

**15:** 92's dead, Outlaw. And it's these varmints here what killed him. Lieutenant's here. He's working with Eagle. They're trying to build up an army to take over Bluster's Grove and who knows what else. Been rumblings 'bout a mission to O.V.E.R., but they came here to kill us first. Guess they didn't expect to get outgunned and out-horsed.

**21:** Yeah, Outlaw. You got here just in time to take 'em out.

**OUTLAW:** Eagle and Lieutenant are here? Cause me and Crystal Ty were tracking 'em and we picked up their location in Slovenia.

**15:** They was here. These mutts are taking marching orders from 'em. Lieutenant's going around claiming he killed Tex. It's a sorry state of affairs. I'm glad you missed it, Outlaw. And I know what Tex'd do. These traitors wouldn't make it out of Blust a Groove alive.

**OUTLAW:** Hold your dang horses, 15. Ain't no point in cutting the Number population in half tonight if we can help it.

**21:** We can't let 'em go, Outlaw! They swore allegiance to Eagle. We can't never trust 'em again.

**OUTLAW:** Ah, we ain't letting 'em go. I got a plan for 'em. I've been hanging out around some peace-loving folk and they're making me soft. I ain't killing no one. And I know just the place that I can send 'em. Somewhere they can live out the rest of their lives without hurting no one else.

**45:** What? Where are you sending us, Outlaw? We surrender.

**OUTLAW:** Oh, you'll figure that out pretty dang quick, I reckon. Good luck with the crabs. So long, and thanks for all the... heh. *[The Outpost Numbers all chatter in confusion.]* Transporting in 3...2...1...

*[We hear the time travel noise.]*

*[Scene transition.]*

*[We hear the chatter of the Numbers and then the bang of the gavel as court is in session. The Numbers quiet.]*

**TEX:** Order, order. Good afternoon, members of the Michaels of Orderliness. We are here today to call the case of MOO Village v Outsiders. These Outsiders— Stinky, Mikey, Troy, Charlie, and Michael— have been charged with criminal trespass and irrevocable damage to the stability and functionality of the village. If found guilty, the punishment for these crimes is death. *[Pause.]* Where is Stinky? I don't see him.

**A:** Uh, Stinky was in the jail. He is supposed to be here. Uh, guards, where's Stinky?

**Y:** Stinky disappeared. He was transported out of the jail without warning. Ha! It's a shame, I wanted to see him die!

**TEX:** A, is that the one you told me about?

**A:** Yeah it is.

**TEX:** Y, if you speak that provocatively again, I will ask you to leave.

**Y:** I'm sorry, Your Honor. It won't happen again.

**TEX:** It had better not. As you see before you, there is no jury for this trial. Cause the village is made up of only 25 members, the whole village serves as the jury for every trial. I'm only counting 24. Someone missing?

**G:** J's missing! He's a conscientious objector, so he don't show up to these sorts of trials. I didn't even see him this afternoon. I was in charge of distributing the horses that newcomer brought us and I couldn't find him when I brought the horse to the goat farm.

**MIKE:** Objection, Your Honor! Judge B, the prosecutor has clearly bribed the jury with horses. And also that's not what a conscientious objector is.

**TEX:** Ain't no law saying the prosecutor can't give everyone a horse. Ain't no laws saying nothing. We're figuring it out in real time, folks. I'll let the prosecution speak first. Newcomer, state your case, and why these folks should be put to death.

**LIEUTENANT:** Thank you, Your Honor. As judge B said, the punishment for outsiders is death. Y'all know about propagation risk. The goal of this village is to be completely hidden. Even if their memories could be wiped, there would still be that issue of propagation. We don't know where the info could propagate and how. It's already propagating and it might already be too late. The only way to stop the propagation coming off of these folks is to end it— and *them*— permanently. I recognize this is a harsh punishment, but it is the only course of action that makes sense. The sooner we act, the sooner we stem the bleeding. I trust y'all to make the right decision. Thank you for your time.

**TEX:** Thank you, Newcomer. We will now hear from the defendants.

**TROY:** Your Onion, I don't have anything else to say, other than: I am a humble shaduke and I've done nothing wrong. So indubitably, if you're going to eat me, that's alright. I think the cartoon in jail said that shaduki want to be eaten? But if you're gonna eat me, Your Onion, please do not eat Ruby. I met Ruby in prison. She is an Inside Goat. And also, she is the GOAT. And she should not be eaten. Thank you, in conclusion, sidebar.

*[Mikey, Y, and Tex all exclaim simultaneously.]*

**MIKEY:** God, we are so fucked, aren't we?

**Y:** You still haven't learned the declension! Death to those who do not learn the declension!

**TEX:** *[Banging gavel.]* Order! Order in my court! *[Bangs gavel harder.]* Order! Order!

*[The room quiets.]*

**CHARLIE:** *[Whispering.]* You all understand that Judge B is Tex, right? That has to be Tex, that's not Michael... it's not him from the Village, at least. That's Tex from Bluster's Grove. This all has to be some sort of ruse, or something...

**MIKEY:** *[Whispering.]* Okay, I don't know who Tex is.

**MIKE:** *[Whispering.]* Yeah, and the only time I've met Tex, he tried to kill me and Chance had to correct it.

**CHARLIE:** *[Whispering.]* You're just gonna have to trust me. This is actually great news for us. Tex *hates* Lieutenant. We've got this.

**MICHAEL:** *[Whispering.]* Assuming he remembers who Lieutenant is.

**TEX:** Charlie, would you like to speak in defense of yourself?

**CHARLIE:** Gladly. Hello, everyone. I want to begin by saying that I am sorry for intruding on your village, genuinely. I did not do so on purpose. Michael brought me here because he believed he was saving my life and he actually probably was right about that. Troy and I were under attack by Tier 3. I absolutely respect your need for secrecy, but I really do believe that Lieutenant here is manipulating you for his own gains.

**TEX:** *Lieutenant?*

**CHARLIE:** Yes, he is a member of a malicious time travel organization called Operose International, which has been destroyed in this iteration of events, but he is desperately trying to bring it back. This would bring untold damage to both the village and the rest of the world. Thank you.

**TEX:** A, you didn't tell me your newcomer's Lieutenant.

**A:** I don't know who that is, B.

**MIKE:** Tex, you've gotta listen to me, this is the prime Mike speaking. That's Lieutenant, this whole thing is a farce.

**TEX:** What kinda kangaroo court you get me into, A?

**LIEUTENANT:** You should see what your precious Judge B's been doing back in Bluster's Grove. He ain't got no room to judge. Maybe you should put me in charge. I'll hand down the judgement.

**TEX:** That's it. This trial is over. I'm gonna kick your ass with both my metal legs you sunnova bitch!

*[We hear a bunch of them collectively draw.]*

**G:** Hey! Back off the newcomer! He brought all us horses! We've been asking for horses for years.

*[The gallery begins to exclaim in agreement simultaneously.]*

**LETTER:** Yeah I'm siding with the newcomer over these folk.

**Y:** Judge B can die with the rest of 'em!

**LETTER:** I say we skim the middle part and just kill 'em.

**LETTER:** I'll [???] my horse if I gotta.

*[Gallery quiets.]*

**TEX:** I'd take cover if I was you folk. Cause I'm about to bag me a shaduke.

**LIEUTENANT:** Tell 'em 'bout the vats, Tex!

*[Guns fire and the courtroom erupts into clattering and the exclamation of everyone present as they partake in or escape from the brawl.]*

**TEX:** You can't get away from me, get here! [???]

**LIEUTENANT:** Try and catch me, Tex. I ain't fuckin' scared of you. [???] hand [???] shaduke.

**LETTER (OR MICHAEL?):** [???] I'll know [???] like I'm the [???] no one's gonna know that it's me [???] caught in the crossfire.

**Y:** Get the Judge, too! He's an outsider! Get rid of the outsider! Horses forever! Long live Lieutenant!

**TROY:** Save me Michael, I'm just a little shaduke!

*[Scene transition.]*

*[We hear the ambiance of Tier 3 at night.]*

**SKINNER:** Alright, kiddos. In order to find Charlie, we're gonna play a little game called Uncle Skinner Says. The rules are simple: You are gonna do what I say. The winners will probably find Charlie *and*— more importantly— live to see another day. The losers will probably die a wet and visceral death. So pay close attention. The game starts now. Uncle Skinner Says: follow me and do absolutely nothing else! Uncle Skinner Says: Don't wander off and don't get distracted. And finally, Uncle Skinner Says: Don't get tricked by the Tier 3 security system into thinking that you should go somewhere that you shouldn't and then wander off into a trap.

**FLASH:** Okay, how will I know if I'm tricked? How do *you* know all of this? Have you been working at O.V.E.R. the whole time?

**SKINNER:** Flash. You're never gonna learn what my deal is. Even when I am dead and gone. You'll wonder how I knew anything that I knew. And you will never... *ever*... figure it out. No amount of time travel will help you understand. Got it?

**FLASH:** *[Groans.]* I guess. Yeah, fine.

**SKINNER:** Great! Glad we covered that. Alright, stick close. We're walking directly to Charlie's office. Old Man said there would be some files in there. *[Pause.]* That was definitely Old Man, right?

**BRITCHES:** He's the spitting image of Old Man, that's for sure.

**FLASH:** I still don't know who Old Man is. Was he a crust punk? Did you say he had something to do with Magnolia?

**SKINNER:** Look, I dunno, maybe you can meet with him when we're done with this, okay? Just, right now, let's go. Be quiet, follow me.

*[We hear them following along quietly. The sound around them begins to distort. We hear the Meat Eagle ad coming from the distance.]*

**BRITCHES:** Hm? What was that? Was that me? That was that dang Meat Eagle commercial, wasn't it? Where is that coming- *[From earlier in the episode]* Charlie Special-

*[Britches' voice echos and distorts as they are pulled into the security net.]*

*[We hear The Beast Unleashed broadcast coming from the distance.]*

**FLASH:** Huh? Mikey? Mikey? Is Mikey here? Where is that coming from? *[Scoffs.]* Is that The Beast Unleashed? Mikey? *[Flash's voice begins to echo and distort.]* Can you hear me? What happened to you?

*[Their voice distorts further as they are pulled into the security net.]*

**SKINNER:** Alright, we're getting close to Charlie's office, so— Fuck! Goddammit. Ugh. I really hope the grass didn't eat them. Okay, I'd better find you Charlie, because I am going to have to

ask you for one hell of a favor to get these two outta here. I guess... thanks for being decoys, folks. Goddammit...

*[Skinner opens the door to Charlie's office. Stinky is rummaging through papers inside.]*

**SKINNER:** Huh... Hey there, Mikey. What are you doing here? Isn't it a little past your bedtime?

**STINKY:** Huh? Uh, no Bradford says I can stay up as long as I want. I'm Stinky by the way. I don't know if you remember me?

**SKINNER:** I'm sorry, *Stinky*?! *[Scoffs.]* What the actual fuck. Where have you been? I didn't even know you still existed.

**STINKY:** Yeah, most people still exist. I mean, the two iterations that I had to sacrifice to get here don't exist anymore? How'd you get here? Who'd you sacrifice? But more importantly, Lieutenant still exists and that's why I'm here.

**SKINNER:** Is that who has Charlie?

**STINKY:** Technically, yes, but the truth is a lot stupider. Everyone's in Slovenia right now. Me and Chance are working with Bradford Beaumont to get them out of there. That's why I'm here. Chance is doing the other part of the mission. I'm supposed to retrieve these files from her office and then meet him there.

**SKINNER:** Huh... Of course. Bradford Beaumont's stench is all over this shit. Wait... he sent you to infiltrate O.V.E.R. all on your own?

**STINKY:** No, I've got my Leg which is emanating a magical psychic juice called erasmus I think...

**SKINNER:** Great! At least your leg is emanating magical juice. Fantastic. Are you going to take me to Charlie?

**STINKY:** Yeah, if you wanna come to Slovenia with me, come on. I've got a Calculator with the coordinates to the village on it. We're gonna go there after we do the juice to the box.

**SKINNER:** Box? What box?

**STINKY:** Uh, it's got True Permanence in it.

**SKINNER:** *[Scoffs.]* You're... you're kidding. *It's just a box?*

**STINKY:** Yeah I'm pretty sure it's like a *Pulp Fiction* box? And not, like, the box from Seven or the sugar bowl from *A Series of Unfortunate Events*. Bradford's getting us in, we need to go *now*. Are you coming?

*[Stinky opens Charlie's office door which leads outside. We hear the ambiance of Tier 3 again.]*

**SKINNER:** Uh, yeah. Of course I'm coming!

*[They walk for a beat outside, where they spot Chance.]*

**STINKY:** Told you, there's Chance. Minus two sacrifices.

**SKINNER:** Should we go say hello?

**STINKY:** Wait. Look.

**SKINNER:** Fuck. I mean, of course it's Eagle. No one can honor their fucking agreement and stay gone these days. God fucking dammit.

**STINKY:** Yeah, if I get to use the box my first decree is no Eagle. Ever.

**SKINNER:** Heh. You think Bradford's gonna let you do that?

**STINKY:** No, but he's making a lot of promises right now.

**SKINNER:** Yeah... I'd get that in writing, princess.

*[Pause.]*

**STINKY:** C'mon. They're headed to Tier 4.

*[We hear them sneak behind Chance and Eagle.]*

**SKINNER:** So... what, are we gonna let Eagle knife him to death, or...? *[Pause.]* What? I'm just asking a question.

**STINKY:** We're going to wait until Chance puts his hand on the door, and then you're gonna distract Eagle and my Leg is gonna do psychic juice and I'm gonna have the Calculator and- it's all gonna happen at once, okay?

**SKINNER:** I'm sorry, did you say *me* distract him? *I'm* supposed to dis- what? Fine... but you had better not get me stabbed.

**STINKY:** I'll correct it, it's fine. Okay... right... NOW!

*[???*

**SKINNER:** Hey Eagle! I tried your fuckin' burger! I'd rather eat mushy peas from Ty Betteridge's hand than eat that shit again!

**CHANCE:** Fuck! Skinner? You're not supposed—

**EAGLE:** I'll be taking that—

**SKINNER:** UH, NOW STINKY-

*[Skinner's voice begins distorting and echoing. After a beat, we hear Troy from earlier in the episode also distorted.]*

**TROY:** I'm just a little shaduke!

*[Time travel noise.]*

*[Tier 3 ambiance fades as the scene transitions.]*

*[Brawl from earlier replays: Guns fire and the courtroom erupts into clattering and the exclamation of everyone present as they partake in or escape from the brawl.]*

**TEX:** You can't get away from me, get here! [???

**LIEUTENANT:** Try and catch me, Tex. I ain't fuckin' scared of you. [???] hand [???] shaduke.

**LETTER (OR MICHAEL?):** [???] I'll know [???] like I'm the [???] no one's gonna know that it's me [???] caught in the crossfire.

**Y:** Get the Judge, too! He's an outsider! Get rid of the outsider! Horses forever! Long live Lieutenant!

**TROY:** Save me Michael, I'm just a little shaduke!

*[Time travel noise. Chance, Eagle, Skinner, and Stinky appear in the courtroom fighting the box.]*

**CHARLIE:** Chris? No... Chance... [???

**LIEUTENANT:** What the hell? Eagle? I've got your back, Eagle.

**STINKY:** How did he get the box? Michael, you've gotta stop him! **[MICHAEL:** What is going on?] He's got the box of True Permanence, you've gotta stop him!

**EAGLE:** Where the hell is this!? How did you send me here?

**SKINNER:** Charlie? This is where you went?

**CHANCE:** Get the dang box!

**TEX:** A, you gotta stop him!

**A:** C'mere!

*[We hear Eagle get stabbed. He groans as he dies. Handcuffs click around Lieutenant's wrists.]*

**LIEUTENANT:** *[Groans.]* Let go of me! Let go of me!

**MICHAEL(?):** That's True Permanence in that box...

**SKINNER:** Uh, hey Charlie? What the hell is this place? Michaels are stabbing people with their hook hands, and it's a lot to process.

**CHARLIE:** Yeah, that is the question, isn't it? Um... I'll be honest, I kind of look forward to getting out of here without ever completely figuring out what I was a part of-

*[Time travel noise.]*

**A:** Ugh, consarnit, more outsiders?

**TEX:** Outlaw!?

**OUTLAW:** Tex!? *[Sigh of relief.]* Why are you here in Slovenia? Lieutenant's here!

**TEX:** Yeah, we got 'em under control now.

**CRYSTAL:** What I said earlier about the energy in a room? Mm, a lot of souls have been lost to the wind in this room today, it's chilling.

**OUTLAW:** Well, looks like we missed out on the hubbub, Felix. That's Lieutenant there in handcuffs, ain't it?

**G:** Why are there Ty Betteridges in my village?

**FELIX:** I can explain that. Sorry! Um... To tell it as short as I can: The Compound has a Hot Storage facility on Christmas Island where it keeps living iterations of Mike Walters. I visited the island— *and you do not need to know why*— and upon exiting, Lieutenant was able to sneak through the extraction point behind me. He then proceeded to come here, probably as some sort of plot to reform Operose with Eagle who is, um... that... corpse... over there...

**MICHAEL:** A lot happened at once, just now. But I think you can thank A for that corpse.

**FELIX:** Right, um... Thank you, A. You've saved the world an untold amount of trouble.

**A:** Well, that's what the point of the Michaels of Orderliness is: To save the world a bunch of trouble.

**CRYSTAL:** We will return Lieutenant to Christmas Island immediately, from where he will never return. We apologise for the oversight, but he is our property and we would like him back.

**A:** Gladly. You can have him.

**CRYSTAL:** Thank you. Goodbye, Lieutenant, it hasn't been pleasant.

*[Time travel noise as Lieutenant is transported back to Christmas Island.]*

**CRYSTAL:** A certain person may have, as you say, a wonderful presence: I do not know. What I do know is that he has a perfectly delightful absence.

**TROY:** And now... we have the box! I didn't know that we needed the box before this, but we have it now and that's pretty neat, I guess. What's in it, Stinky? Donuts? Looks like donuts!

**STINKY:** I don't know what's in it. I guess I know *conceptually* what's in it.

**CHANCE:** True Permanence is in there, Stinky. That was the point of this whole ordeal. To get True Permanence to Bradford and away from O.V.E.R.

**MIKE:** Okay, well, Chance... Stinky... whatever you do, do *not* take that box to Bradford Beaumont.

**CHANCE:** Huh? Don't you work for the guy, Mike? I was just doing him a favor 'cuz he saved my hide. Shouldn't you want him to have it?

**MICHAEL:** Nah, Mike's right, Chance. His plans for it are better'n O.V.E.R., that's for dang sure, but... he shouldn't have it neither.

**STINKY:** Are you suggesting that we destroy it? We could make it into a shaduke pinata?

**MIKE:** No, I think that the ramifications of it being destroyed could also be terrible.

**TROY:** Someone wants to leave the door open. You want that power, Mike? The power to make sure that whatever you do is protected from correction? The End of The Era Of Uncertainty? Do you really want that? Do you wanna be all-powerful?

**CHARLIE:** I think we should let the village have it.

**MICHAEL:** Yeah, I'm picking up on what Charlie's putting down.

**MIKEY:** Uh, how do you figure?

**CHARLIE:** Well... think about it. The Village is all about order and secrecy, right? They can make it so that no one knows who they are and then they can make that a truly permanent fact. That way no one would ever be able to find them again.

**TEX:** That sounds like a good idea to me, Charlie. They take True Permanence, build their little secret enclave out here in the woods, wipe my memory, send me back to Bluster's Grove so I never have to hear from A ever again. How's that sound?

**A:** Well, Tex, that's the nicest thing you've said to me since the hook incident, and I'll gladly accept True Permanence. I'll miss you, partner. But... I'll do you proud. And so... as the leader of the village of The Michaels of Orderliness, I would like to officially call this trial off.

*[Bangs gavel.]*

**A:** Y'all are free to go. But... we got one evening of the shaduke fest left. So, while you're here, would you want one last game of pin the tail on the shaduke to close out the festival before you go?

**MIKE (LEFT):** That's very kind of you, A. Lets pin the tail on the shaduke! Pin the tail on Troy before he gets away.

**TROY:** I'm the shaduke!

*[So much overlapping dialogue, dear god.]*

*[Scene transition.]*

*[We hear quiet chatter in the lecture hall. It quiets down as Bradford Beaumont begins another presentation.]*

**BRADFORD:** Hello again friends, colleagues, enemies and spies of the Ibis Society. It is good to see you all again. *[Pause.]* As all of you must know by now, I was right on many counts about the End of Uncertainty. True Permanence is real. It exists out in the world now. And if there is anything that we have learned about the propagation of information, it is that there is no undoing what has already been done. True Permanence will now exist forever, across all of time, both backwards and forwards. The Era of Uncertainty is truly over! In a way.

*[Button clicks.]*

Critics might suggest that this is a pyrrhic victory. O.V.E.R. does not control True Permanence, but I and the Ibis Society does not have that control, either. That is not the way that I anticipated events going, but that is *fine*. The risk is minimized now. I have many things that I would like to do with this power, but I will settle for my enemies not getting those same opportunities. There is still time and there is still much left for us to do.

*[Button clicks.]*

In the process of removing True Permanence from O.V.E.R., we have strengthened connections with our internal team and between the organizations that we work with. Base is on better footing than it has been since the most recent correction. The Compound was an immense help and seems to be getting back on their feet in the wake of these events. I was glad to see that they decided to help. That's what we pay them the big bucks for, after all.

*[Button clicks.]*

The Michaels of Orderliness are a simple people. They do not want much. First and foremost, as their name insinuates, they want order. They want stability within the timeline for themselves and everyone connected to them. Secondly, though, they want to be forgotten. They want

people like me to forget the name “Michaels of Orderliness.” They want their village to be forgotten entirely. They will protect themselves and this new technology through their obscurity. I think this is admirable, even if I cannot ascribe to this level of pacifism myself. It is good to know that others can.

*[Button clicks.]*

Last time we spoke, I talked about big fish and small ponds. We, of course, are the Ibis Society. We will bend down with our huge beaks and scoop the fish up. We are in prime position to keep the ecosystem in check. I am excited for what that means going forward.

*[Button clicks.]*

I've been Bradford Beaumont. This concludes this meeting of the Ibis Society. Thank you for listening, have a great rest of your evening, and, as always, I hope to see you out there with me on the forefront of technology!

*[The lecture hall erupts into applause.]*

*[Refuge Plays.]*

*You crept it in through sentiment  
You'll challenge me to your detriment  
You hear the thunderclap?  
That's me that's doing that*

*I used to catch you wrestling with  
Facts you couldn't comprehend  
If you get around to it  
Could you please mark my box as innocent?*

*I'm not used to this  
I'm not used-  
I'm not used to this  
I'm not used-  
I'm not used to this  
I'm not used-  
Please don't use my body for refuge  
Yet.*

*I built a nest from the detritus  
I flew away my common sense  
But when it's time to go  
Your claws release their hold*

*You won't land until the embers fall  
But you've never taken to the wind at all  
You can burn if you want  
But you can't atone for things that aren't your fault*

*Inherit the wind  
Forget about  
The magnet  
Lodged in your  
Head.*

*What are you runnin' out of?  
I see it trail behind you  
I can see it in your eyes*

*Let's not pretend  
The worst is still behind us  
Beyond us lies infinity of time  
So say goodbye*

*Made a pact with the indolent  
Put a mask on my intelligence  
If you want rest that bad  
You can have it  
All you've gotta do is hoist the flag*

*Never one for alibis but  
I can tell when the well is dry  
If your throat is parched  
The pond is large  
Where predator and prey  
Drink side by side*

*Swallow your pride  
And make it home  
With an arrow  
Lodged in your  
Side.*

*What are you running out of?  
I see it trail behind you  
I can see it in your eyes*

*Let's not pretend  
The worst is still behind us*

*Beyond us lies incorrigible time  
So say goodbye*

*[Extended closing theme starts playing.]*

**CREDITS:** This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of Bradford Beaumont was Henry Galley. Check out his podcast [Killjam XXX](#).

The voice of Eagle was Steven Anzalone. Check out his podcast [Maeltopia](#).

The voice of Skinner was JustJenah. Check out their podcast [400 Words A Horror](#).

The voice of Flash is Jess Syrratt. Check out her podcast [Nowhere. On Air](#).

The voices of Chance was Taylor Michaels. Check him out in [The Grotto](#).

The voice of Felix was Ben Rowe. Check out his podcast [The Felix Chronicles](#) and *The Samantha Chronicles*.

The voice of Troy was Athans. Check out his podcast [The Grotto](#) and the upcoming [\[REDACTED\]](#).

The voice of Britches was Cody Heath. Check them out in [Do You Copy?](#) and [Forged Bonds](#).

The voices of Charlie was Lyssa Jay. Check out her podcast [400 Words A Horror](#).

*[Rapping.]* And the voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. Check out his podcast [Shadows At The Door](#), or go to [davidault.co.uk](#) for more.

Season 13 starts in two weeks thanks for playing.

*[Extended closing theme plays out.]*

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**OUTLAW:** -fella look like?

**BLOOPER (ALASKA):** I don't know! I've got a proboscis nose or whatever it's called! I can't see faces. He looked like a regular guy, like a guy from a stock photo? I didn't stick around after the shirt- shirts! *[Laughs.] [Takes a deep breath and makes a fart noise.]*

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** Lieutenant is in Slovenia? That's a weird one to say with a southern accent- *Slovenia?*

**BLOOPER (LYSSA):** *[In the background, southern accent.]* Slovenia?

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** Slov-ay-nia?

**BLOOPER (LYSSA):** Slov-ay-nia?

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** Should I say “Slov-ay-nia?”

**BLOOPER (LYSSA):** I think I’d say “Slov-ay-nia.”

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** Yeah.

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** Lieutenant is in Slov-ay-nia?

**DYLAN:** Editors note: I went with “Slov-EE-nia.”

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** You’re gonna rescue Charlie and Troy too, right? I already did it, Charlie’s right over here.

**BLOOPER (CHARLIE):** *[In the background.]* I’m here to be- I’m here! I’m good! [???] I don’t know why I’m a cowboy now, but I’m good!

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** Yeah, see, it’s Charlie. *[Lyssa giggles.]* That’s Char- that’s the- that’s the Charlie we know and love with her... weird cowboy accent... that-

**BLOOPER (CHARLIE):** It’s not weird, it’s real!

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** You’re gonna rescue Charlie and Troy too, right?

**BLOOPER (CHARLIE):** *[In the background, quiet.]* Heeeelp meee...

*[Lyssa and Taylor giggle.]*

**BLOOPER (CHARLIE):** Heeeeeelp meeeee...

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** I can hear her now... **[BLOOPER (CHARLIE):** Heeeelp meee...] Over the timestream...

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** *[In Chance voice.]* I don’t think this is gonna make the outtake reel.

**[BLOOPER (LYSSA):** Oh my god...] But there’s also- but there’s also a chance that I send it in because Dylan’s gonna be too tired to actually listen to all of my outtakes and I can just kinda... give this in and it’ll happen.

**BLOOPER (LYSSA):** Because we’re fuckin’ here.

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** Everyone should listen to [REDACTED.] *[Laughs.]* Coming-

*[They both laugh.]*

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** Coming this November!

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (TROY):** Hmm? No. Just a furry little suit for a furry little shaduke!

**BLOOPER (ATHAN):** I hate that you made me a furry. I'm upset about this. Hm?

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (TROY):** EAGLE?! Yeah that dude is kinda straight up sometimes *rude* to me. This one time, all he had to do was go through the gate so I could get my job done, and instead of going through the gate, he, like, got on all fours and didn't speak any words of English. He just started going *[Makes animalistic sound.]* at me and I was like, "EAGLE! What are you doing?" And... *[Trails off.]* I mean that was... that was a dog I guess but... *[Pause.]* if it was Eagle it would've been super rude.

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (JESS):** *[Whisper yelling.]* Wooooo yeah, wooooo yeah, wooooo yeah! *[Normal voice.]* Me when I'm back on WOE.BEGONE. *[Whisper yelling.]* Wooooo yeah, wooooo yeah, wooooo! *[Normal voice.]* Okay. Um...

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (JENAH):** Huh! So Skinner remembers Old Man. *[Chuckles.]* That's- I mean that tracks. Let's be real, that tracks with literally everything we know about them so far. So, that's great. Fuck me. Aw, Skinner, I love you and your shifty little shit. *[Sighs.]*

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (LYSSA):** Yeah, no, we're talking sha-DOOKIE, like poo-poo.

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** *[In the background.]* Ah...

*[Lyssa laughs.]*

**BLOOPER (LYSSA):** Because shaduki is obviously the plural of shaduke, singular.

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** I see...

**BLOOPER (LYSSA):** Yeah, now you get it.

*[They both laugh.]*

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** Stinky?!

**BLOOPER (LYSSA):** Stinky?! *[Laughs.]* Wheeere did he go?

**DYLAN:** Editors note: The plural of shaduke is Sh-ah-doo-kee. And I put this as notes in everyone's lines who had that word in it, and I'm not calling Lyssa out here, because *nobody* said sh-ah-doo-kee.

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (CHARLIE):** *[Like Troy.]* EAGLE?!

*[Lyssa and Taylor both burst out laughing away from the mic.]*

**BLOOPER (TAYLOR):** *[In the background. Like Troy.]* EAGLE?!

**BLOOPER (CHARLIE):** *[Louder.]* EAGLE?!

*[Lyssa laughs.]*

*[END Episode 216.]*