

INTERMISSION XXXV - REMAKE: EPISODE 64: UNINHABITED

Original transcript edited by Mev and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Intermission XXXV.]

[Opening theme plays.]

[Muffled ambience of waves and rain.]

MICHAEL *[on the phone]*: Howdy there, pilgrim. Uh... I was actually trying to reach Marissa... I'm pretty dang sure this is her cabin number, but you know how the phone directory is. Can't make heads or tails of it. *[Pause.]* Right. Well, best of luck to you, pard. I remember when I first started out. It was a wild time, I'll tell you that much. I'll try her cell again. *[Pause.]* Yep. You have a rootin' tootin' time out there, pard. Stay warm out there. It's a cold one. Mm-hmm. Bye.

[Sound of the phone slamming.]

MICHAEL: Fuck. *[Annoyed grunt.]* *[Sound of a phone number being dialed.]* That's a bad dang omen. *[Ringback tone starts.]* Come on, Mikey. *[Ringback tone ends.]* Howdy there, pard. I'm looking for a fella name of Mike Walters. This is Cabin 63A, ain't it? *[Pause.]* Hmm. Well, it's nice to meet you, Louis. I don't reckon you got Mike Walters hiding back there somewhere, cause I know he was living at 63A.

[Door opens.]

MIKE *[in the background]*: Michael! You're not going to believe this! I actually caught a fish! The stupidest fish alive considering I caught him! I just dug some—

MICHAEL: Dang. Could you do me a big favor, Louis? Could you keep an eye out for my buddy? *[Aside.]* Mike! Shut the fucking door! Who raised you?

MIKE: *[(Huffs.)]* Sorry, shit.

MICHAEL: I just got the fire big enough to keep us warm, goddamnit!

MIKE: Okay, fine, geez. Who are you on the phone with?

MICHAEL: *[Back to the phone.]* Sorry about that, Louis. Dealing with a *[Door closes.]* lot of problems right now. *[Pause.]* No, that ain't Mike Walters. That's a different Mike.

Can you keep an eye out for my friend? He's about average height, maybe a little stocky. Short brown hair and bushy beard, at least the last time I saw him. Handsome as the devil. *[Pause.]* Yes sir, that's him. And if you wanna do some legwork, he's always at that Oldbrush Valley 24-hour diner and gets the biscuits and gravy. Sits in the corner booth by the window, so you could stick your head in there if you wanted. You could get some breakfast if you ain't ate there before. It's good stuff. You gotta treat yourself out there. *[Pause.]* Mm-hmm. No, I don't got any

contact info to pass along. Just tell him that me and his brothers are worried sick cause he ain't checked in with us. You know how folks in the valley are, always running away from something. *[Pause.]* Mm-hmm. You too. Yup. Take care of yourself, Louis. Mm-hmm. Bye.

[Phone slamming sound.]

MICHAEL: Goddamnit!

MIKE: No luck, I take it? Who was that?

MICHAEL: Well it weren't Mikey, that's for sure. I wish this stupid little shack didn't even have a phone. A dozen phone calls and everyone's MIA. It looks like the whole team got replaced at O.V.E.R. But I did get the fire started, so it ain't all bad news.

MIKE: Yeah, did I understand that correctly? Somebody else is living in Mikey's cabin?

MICHAEL: It ain't just Mikey. Everyone's been replaced.

MIKE: The whole Base, you mean?

MICHAEL: Anyone who's ever heard of Base. Charlie, Chance, Shadow, O.V.E.R. Mike, O.V.Edgar. I even sucked it up and called fucking 44C to talk to Hunter. And I called Base. I called everyone's cell phones. Nothing.

MIKE: You know, Michael, I'm starting to think that maybe our friends aren't going to come rescue us.

MICHAEL: There's a good chance they're all dead and you're thinking about that? Maybe if we didn't need rescuing, asshole.

MIKE: Hey! I'm sorry, and there's nothing more that we can do about that, okay? I shouldn't have done what I did, but—

MICHAEL *[scoffing]*: "What you did."

MIKE: Yes, what I did. I put us in danger and frankly we got lucky with our punishment. I got antsy. Paul was onto us, and he wasn't going to rest until he wormed his way into our time travel business. You saw how he was after you threw him overboard! You're the one who forced our hand! And look what would have happened if he had succeeded! Everyone's... "gone." You're right. Dead. Aren't you glad that Paul isn't a problem on top of all of that?

MICHAEL: I figure when Paul gets back to Alaska, he's gonna look our sorry asses up and learn that Mikey Walters is dead. And we'll still be stuck on this uninhabited wildlife research island that they stranded us on cause no one's gonna pick up the dang phone for us.

MIKE: I don't know. Paul's a normal guy. He's not a schemer and he just thought he saw an opportunity. He's not going to do anything to us now that we're gone. It's like how no one makes

it to round three of WOE.BEGONE. Paul's gonna go back home and hope that his physical therapy is successful and get back on the ship next time around. You didn't see the look in his eyes. I did. He's terrified and he knows that we mean business. He figured out what we're involved in, and he knows that what I did was child's play compared to what could happen to him. I showed him the scar on our hand and everything.

MICHAEL: And what'd he think about that damn scar?

MIKE: The same thing he thought about everything. Terror. He was screaming, so I had to shove a sock in his mouth to get him to shut up. So he didn't share any opinions after that. And the sock was wet. I hated living on a ship.

MICHAEL: That sock didn't stop word from getting around to the rest of the crew what you were doing.

MIKE: No, obviously. If it had worked, then they wouldn't have dropped us off at the nearest island and been on their way. Do you know where we are yet?

MICHAEL: Alaska.

MIKE: Yes, I know Alaska. But it's gonna be hard for Boris to come save our skins if the only clue to our whereabouts is "an island in Alaska". There's a lot of those.

MICHAEL: Sign on the phone says Agattu Island Alaska Research Facility.

MIKE: Okay, so the island has a name. That's a start. What happens when you Google it?

MICHAEL: Google it with what, Mike?

MIKE: You were just on the phone with someone. You could have asked them to Google it. Or you could just call 911.

MICHAEL: I ain't trying to bring a ton of attention to us, Mike. I think I just discovered everyone we know is dead. We ain't got many allies to help us out. I've been in this situation before, so I know we gotta be extremely careful. We don't wanna make the news cause a helicopter showed up to get us. Ty'd see the headlines, and I don't want him knowing we survived his murder attempt. We need to make our exit from Agattu Island discreetly.

MIKE: Okay, so no telling anyone where we are and no making headlines. So what is our other option? Starve to death?

MICHAEL: No sir. We'll go mad and kill each other before we starve to death. Assuming that storage closet full of fresh water don't run out. We got enough for right now, but it ain't infinite.

MIKE: We do kind of have a Willem Dafoe Robert Pattinson dynamic going on.

MICHAEL: We're gonna keep calling up everyone we ever heard of and see if any of them are even alive and if one of them can come rescue us. We're saving Mom and Dad and John for the very last. And if they ain't around, we'll talk about calling emergency services and what might happen. So, do we know any folks from Alaska we can start with?

MIKE: Okay, who's from Alaska? We were super into Portugal. The Man in high school. They're from Alaska.

MICHAEL: We ain't buddies with Portugal. The Man.

MIKE: We sent them our cover of "1989" we did.

MICHAEL: And they didn't write back.

MIKE: Whatever, I'll keep thinking. Do you wanna maybe switch for a while? You go catch some fish and I'll sit here and make phone calls. I honestly need to warm my hands by the fire for a minute. Oh, also I didn't catch enough for both of us to eat tonight. I caught one. He's sort of a small fry. We're not going to be happy if we have to split it.

MICHAEL: *[Sighs.]* Yeah. And it's too early to break into the MREs in the closet. Plus I'm a better fisherman than you anyway.

MIKE: And I'm better on the phone than you. So go rustle us up some grub and I will see if I can get someone on the phone with a pulse. Probably not Portugal. The Man, but I'm not ruling it out.

MICHAEL: I'll be back in an hour or *[Grabs tackle box.]* when my hands go numb. *[Door opens.]* Whichever comes first.

MIKE: Happy hunting *[Door closes.]* or fishing or whatever. Alright, let's get started.

[Mike picks up the receiver, hums while dialing a number, and sighs. Ringback tone starts.]

MIKE: *[Briefly singing.]* I was born in 1989. *[Ringback tone ends.]* Hey! Troy? *[Chortles.]* Troy! I remembered your cabin number! What are the odds? It's me, it's Mike Walters. *[Pause.]* No, 63A? I'm Charlie's friend. I got attacked by a bear, it was a whole thing. Yeah. *[Pause.]* No, that's fine. You don't have to remember. What's going on, dude? *[Pause.]* No, that's what I was going to ask you. What is going on? *[Pause.]* Yeah, so Charlie isn't at the front gate anymore, right? Did you talk to her? Did she say where she was going? *[Pause.]* No, no, I think that you're right. I don't think that she would leave without saying goodbye. She's very sentimental and she really likes you. *[Pause.]* No, she wouldn't beat you up, Troy, she was joking. I'm sure she was joking. O.V.E.R. hasn't said anything about what's happening, did they? Like if they fired her or what? *[Pause.]* No, they're not gonna fire you. I'm trying to figure out what's going on. Have you heard from any of her friends, like besides me? Edgar, Hunter, Marissa. Chance. Chris and Ryan? Any of those people? *[Pause.]* Huh, yeah. *[Pause.]* Yeah, something fishy is going on.

I'm not asking you to stick your neck out, we both know what happens at O.V.E.R. when people stick their neck out, but could you keep a lookout for Charlie for me? Or any of her friends?
[Pause.] No, "stick your neck out" just means like when you get into other people's business. Just, if you see any of them, tell them that Mike is looking for them. No, Mike Walters. Me, Mike Walters. I've got a number that they can call. It's 701-428-1746. Do you want me to repeat that?
[Pause.] Oh, you have a photographic memory? Okay. Yeah. Thanks, Troy. You're a real one. I will talk to you later. Yeah, I love you too I guess. Bye.

[Phone slamming sound.]

MIKE: Wow, he is not smart, is he? Okay, let's do this. What would Michael do? *[Unconvincing.]* "Howdy, pilgrim. Hooey, we're quite in a pickle, ain't we? Who ain't we called yet?" Um, well. There is one more. *[Sighs while entering a phone number.]* They'd better have left you out of this, dude. This is too much. *[Singing while the ringback tone plays.]* I was born in 1989. *[Ringback tone ends.]* Hey Matt! *[Brief laugh.]* Oh, man. It feels so good to hear your voice. How have you been? *[Pause.]* Good, good. Look. I'm sorry that I disappeared on you like that. I didn't have a choice. I'm not having a good time, I promise. I was running from some people, you could probably tell, and you know, I'm running from them again. *[Pause.]* Yeah, I know. I'm sorry. I should've called as soon as I was safe, but we're dealing with so much, and I couldn't bear to have the conversation that we needed to have, um... *[Pause.]* Yeah, "we" is a conversation that we need to have later, I guess. But...

[Mike fiddles with the desk drawer and finds something.]

MIKE: Fuck! Sorry, Matt, I just found something concerning in a drawer. You know, like you do. That's not why I called. You're still in Vancouver, right? Cool, cool, cool. We're in Alaska now, actually. Not by choice, which is sort of the point of the phone call. *[Clears throat.]* I know that this is a big ask and we already owe you everything, but can you come get us? *[Pause.]* Yeah, I know that Vancouver is far from Alaska, but you're closer than everyone else. And you're alive, which is the main problem with the rest of our contacts. *[Pause.]* Yeah, Michael says we're in a place called Agattu Island. We don't have a computer. Could you look that up for me? *[Pause.]* Michael is me. Matt, there's two of me. We can sit down and have a conversation about this, but only if I don't freeze to death in the middle of the ocean, okay? I know that you've been suspicious about a lot of stuff already. *[Pause.]* The International Date Line!? Fuck, I thought we were like in America! Matt, everyone's dead. Everyone but me and Michael. We're stuck out here and there's no way to make it home and he's a cowboy. You're our only hope. There is so much that we need to tell you and so much that you deserve to be looped into! Stuff about us, stuff about you, what's been happening. No, I can't call 911 for reasons. We're here cause someone tried to kill us.

We're laying low, but we need to get back home. So we need you, Matt. Don't say no, please don't say no. Don't say no! I would do the same for you, Matt. I hope you know that I'm not bluffing just because I need something. *[Pause.]* Yeah, okay. My phone number is 701-428-1746. Okay. Okay. Please call back soon. We have some supplies, but they aren't going to last forever and the MREs look really gross. *[Pause.]* Okay. Thank you. I understand. I

love you. I didn't say that. Why is everyone saying "I love you" on the phone? I'm married. No! Fuck, just, I'll talk to you soon. *[Brief laugh.]* Alright. Bye.

[Phone slamming sound.]

MIKE: Why is everything so weird and stupid!? *[Crinkling paper.]* Of course I found a note in the desk while I was on the phone with Matt. Typical. *[Huffs.]* But I don't have to call Mom and Dad. Ugh, but I do have to trudge out into the fucking cold and rain to tell a cowboy that Matt's gonna come get us and I find a weird note. *[Quietly huffs.]* If he had given me permission to kill Paul, we wouldn't be in this mess. Or if I didn't listen to him. *[Sighs.]* Let's find you, big guy.

[Scene transition.]

[Outdoor ambience of waves and rain.]

MIKE *[Starting from afar.]:* Michael! Hey, Michael, I got a hold of someone, hey! Hey, *[Close up.]* holy shit, that is a lot of fish.

MICHAEL: Hell yeah it is, pard. I told you I'm a dang fisherman.

MIKE: Yeah, I thought you'd be a little better than me.

MICHAEL: Part of it is I grabbed the dang tackle box on my way out. Lots of shit in there you weren't using for some odd reason.

MIKE: We have a tackle box? Anyway, I got a hold of people! I talked to Troy and Matt. Troy confirmed that Charlie hasn't been at O.V.E.R., and Matt was actually helpful.

MICHAEL: Matt's alive?

MIKE: Yes, I talked to him on the phone!

MICHAEL: Leave him out of this.

MIKE: What are you talking about? He's gonna come save us.

MICHAEL: It's dangerous. He don't need to get involved.

MIKE: Well I'm not trying to involve him for funsies, you donkey, we need him!

MICHAEL: We got other options. Maybe a ship will come by.

MIKE: Well something else did come along, *[Crinkling paper.]* but not in the good way. Look at this. I found it in the drawer. Says, "Don't go with Mikey," signed "Mikey," and then he drew a little heart. So someone's fucking with us out here.

MICHAEL: Someone else has got the tech. And one of the Mikeys is gonna show up for us.

MIKE: Yes, an iteration of Mikey, we have been told just now via this note, not to go with. I don't think it's gonna be sunshine and puppies, Michael.

MICHAEL: You and your goddamn puppies.

MIKE: Do I need to put this in cowboy terms? We're under attack, partner. There's cattle rustlers. So maybe we should prepare ourselves to get out of here as fast as possible.

MICHAEL: Matt ain't coming, pilgrim. He can't afford the plane ticket to even get halfway out here. We can't afford to help him.

MIKE: You pick the weirdest times to give up, I swear.

MICHAEL: I ain't gave up on shit. I'm out here trying to keep us from having to break into those emergency rations for as long as I can. We're having fish for dinner.

MIKE: Alright, so no Matt. So I'm calling Mom and Dad.

MICHAEL: The hell you are.

MIKE: You gonna stop me, big guy? You seem pretty busy out here with your fish.

MICHAEL: No, you're gonna come to your goddamn senses and stop yourself.

MIKE: So this is all about you skipping the funeral, right?

MICHAEL: That ain't even happened yet in this time period. Fuck you and this soap opera shit, Mike! You ain't calling Mom and Dad.

MIKE: Are you gonna stop me?

MICHAEL: I don't know. I'm scared that if I try, you're gonna break both my legs like you did with Paul.

MIKE: Hey, I did us a favor. We were not in control of that situation.

MICHAEL: Some favor, pard. Look all the way out there for me. Then out there. See all the favor you did us. Thousands of miles of saltwater favors, you fucking ingrate. You think Mom and Dad are gonna rescue us? You wanna tell them about time travel? About WOE.BEGONE? About iter—

[Time travel noise.]

[Mikey has arrived, breathing heavily for a moment.]

MICHAEL: Speak of the fucking devil.

MIKEY: Michael! Mike! Holy shit! You're here! Wait. Where is here? They didn't tell me *[MIKE: Mikey...]* where I was going.

MIKE: You're on an island in—

MICHAEL: Shut your trap, Mike. Mikey, who sent you?

MIKEY: Yeah, I'll tell you everything, but we should get out of here. They gave me a Calculator. We can use it to get back. I'll explain— Ah!

[Mikey gets tackled by Michael.]

MIKE: Michael, he said he had a Calculator! *[MIKEY: (Starts struggling.) Oh. What are you doing? Ah! Ah!]* Don't let it get wet!

MICHAEL: It ain't getting wet! *[MIKEY: Let go of me! What are you doing? I'm just here to help! Ugh!]* Mike, get some twine from the tackle box.

MIKE: Do you think that...

MICHAEL: Mike, don't make me do everything. *[MIKEY: Stop...]* Help me get him tied up.

MIKEY: Tied up? Why are you tying me up? *[Stops struggling.]* I'm here to rescue you! Everyone thinks you're dead!

MICHAEL: Someone knows we ain't, and they gave us a warning about you. Sorry, pard. But I've had some practice hogtying people, so I'll make sure it don't pull too hard, alright? *[MIKEY: Hey, hey. (Grunts.) Hey... (Grunts.)]* Alright, and that'll do it. *[MIKEY: Ow... Ugh. (Quietly.) Fuck you.]* Record time. I should be in the rodeo. Let's get him inside, Mike.

MIKE: Yeah.

[Sound of footsteps through sand.]

MIKEY: Look, someone, anyone! Help me! They've got me tied up!

MIKE: Mikey, if there were someone within earshot, we wouldn't be here.

MIKEY: Where is here!? Where the fuck are we!?

MICHAEL: That'll be a fun puzzle for you, won't it, pard? Mike, get the door.

[Door opens, then closes. Outdoor ambience becomes muffled.]

MICHAEL: There you go, pilgrim. Go ahead and get nice and cozy next to the fire. *[Mikey grunts.]* And tell us why you're here while you're at it.

MIKEY: I was sent here to retrieve you.

MIKE: We received a corrective message before you got here. Are you working with Ty?

MIKEY: No.

MIKE: Are you lying?

MIKEY: No!

MIKE: He's lying.

MIKEY: Why would I work with Ty?

MIKE: Because everyone else is dead.

MIKEY: Fuck. Really? I mean, I sort of knew that, but it still hurts to hear it. No one told me that. But it wasn't Ty that killed everyone. If everyone's dead, it's because of Punished Hunter. He did it during T.B.D.O.

MICHAEL: Well, you know what that means, Mike.

MIKE: That we officially have no idea what's going on?

MICHAEL: You're darn tooting. But we got our ticket home, at least. Mikey, I ain't gonna sugarcoat it. It ain't pleasant out here. The sea's a harsh mistress. But you'll learn. We'll get away, and you'll wriggle out of that hogtie in an hour or two. There's a fire in the fireplace and a phone on the desk. There's emergency rations and water in the closet. And we caught a bunch of fish that are still on the shoreline in buckets. You can eat off that a while. It'll keep your strength up. Them coats on the coat rack were here when we got here, so we'll leave them. And we'll come back for you if and when it proves to be safe. *[Crinkling paper.]* But these right here are going in the fire.

MIKE: What is that? Michael, that looks like a map.

MICHAEL: Yep. Maps of the island. Coordinates. Don't worry, I got the only coordinate I need here in this Calculator. Can't make it too easy on him. Who knows what else they could force him to get up to. You are being forced, right, Mikey?

MIKEY *[quietly]*: I'm not talking to you anymore.

MICHAEL: You're lucky I didn't gut you like a fish. But Mike Walters is a lucky guy, ain't he?

MIKE: We're going to leave him here on the island?

MICHAEL: And we're gonna get out of here pronto. We already told him too much. You know how propagation is. We don't wanna jeopardize our position, you know?

MIKEY: Wait, I have so many questions! Did you leave the berries? In Latvia? The bears? The berries?

MIKE: What are you saying, bears or berries?

MICHAEL: We don't know, pard. We ain't been home in a long time.

MIKE: Mikey, it wasn't you that left the note, was it?

MIKEY: No. What note?

MICHAEL: Didn't think so. Well, best of luck to you, Mikey boy. We'll be back once we sort things out, assuming things get sorted out. You know how it goes. Corrections on top of corrections on top of corrections.

MIKEY: Michael, what does that mean? You have to take me with you. We're like brothers.

MICHAEL: I like to think so too, Mikey. But it ain't a good idea to take you. We don't know who's tracking you or why they want you with us. So, sorry, brother. I'll see you around. Mike, let's go. You can leave the coat. We'll only be outside a minute.

MIKE *[unsure]:* Yeah. Bye, Mikey. *[Door opens.]* I'll make sure that he comes back for you.

[Door closes.]

MIKE: Michael, did we have to do that?

MICHAEL: Leave him alive, you mean? You got quite the killer instinct ever since Paul.

MIKE: You know what I mean. You left him there to die.

MICHAEL: If we don't come back for him, I'm sure someone will.

MIKE: That trademark cowboy optimism, I guess.

MICHAEL: Now hang on to your hat, pard. We're going for a ride.

MIKE: Yeah, a ride to where? Where are we even going? I don't think it's safe to go back to Latvia.

[Time travel noise.]

[Outdoor ambience of birds and insects chirping.]

MIKE: Ooh, that was unpleasant. Michael, where are we?

MICHAEL: Just taking your suggestion, pard. It ain't like we got somewhere better to hide out right now. We should wait a little bit before we head back to Latvia.

MIKE: Michael, you brought us to Matt's house?

MICHAEL: You gotta do the talking. You're the one that wanted to rope him into this.

MIKE: Yeah, sure. I can do that.

MICHAEL: Alright then. Let's introduce ourselves. Shame I don't got my hat. Hope he can still tell I'm a cowboy.

[Sound of knocking on a door.]

[Closing theme plays.]

[END Intermission XXXV.]