

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SIX - MDAWG WILL PROTECT US

Original transcript created and edited by Orion

[BEGIN Episode 126.]

INTRO: Hey guys. Welcome to the Season 11 mid-season finale of WOE.BEGONE. I hope you've been enjoying the season so far. As always, there will be an intermission episode for next week. But in the meantime, plugs.

I'm still streaming every Sunday at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every week I write that week's episode soundtrack, hangout with my dog, and play a video game. My dog, Riga, is an angel and the sweetest dog in the world, and Hollow Knight is a very difficult game that she distracts me from. And if you would like to join the chat and distract me as well, come join me over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon at Patreon.com/woe_begone. Where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, and more. This is the last call for the one-year anniversary, August 2023, postcard. If you sign up by August 31st, I will send you the postcard and all of the little goodies that come with it. So far there are 91 people in that tier, and that is a lot of work, but it is going to be a lot of fun. So if you'd like to contribute to my workload, head over to Patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons, [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

MW: [Sighs.] Well, it's the big day. You ready, Michael?

MICHAEL: Uh, well, I'm as ready as I'll ever be. Assumin' it happens today.

MIKEY: Nah, it's gotta be today. Today's when Jamilla told us that O.V.E.R. is moving the Boulders. So if not now, when?

MICHAEL: Whenever the hell Ty Betteridge says it's gonna be, pilgrim.

MIKEY: [Sighs.] It'd better be today. Edgar transported me all the way out here, and if I have to stay here, you're gonna make me sleep on the couch, right?

MICHAEL: We can invite Bruno for a sleepover if'n ya get lonely.

MIKEY: My adrenaline is already up, my training is fresh, I'm ready. Thanks to Ty's physical training, I can do one, yes, *one* pull-up. How about that! That is sort of a miracle, if you consider how many injuries I've sustained to my shoulders. So now [Clap.] is the time [Clap.] to strike. [Clap.] Before I get a chance to screw up my shoulder, again.

MW: How many pull-ups you think you're gonna be doin' on this mission, Mikey?

MIKEY: I just told you, exactly one! And that one pull-up is gonna come in so clutch, considering that we don't have the Calculators and we've got to move our own bodies for this one.

MW: Yeah, it's a real shame that Base got both of 'em for this one. I'm jealous they got trainin' on how to transport a movin' object. So, we're just gonna have to settle for a beat down this time. I've gotta admit, that physical therapy of Ty's has got me feelin' strong.

MIKEY: Yeah, I feel pretty damn good right now. Though, I don't want to think about what they did to us in, quote, "physical therapy". When they chipped my hand, the pain went away in a split second. Ty called it "topical time travel" because he thinks he's clever. He's not clever, he's just British. So I wonder if physical therapy is similar but to our whole bodies, maybe?

MW: How long's it gonna last, do ya think?

MIKEY: It's been a while, and my hand still doesn't hurt. Maybe it never wears off. You're bein' pretty quiet over there, how you doing, big guy? You ready to march your troops into battle?

MICHAEL: Yeah, yeah. Time to get killin'.

MW: C'mon man, you're Michael the cowboy, you gotta rile us up a little.

MIKEY: Yeah Michael, you love killing.

MICHAEL: No, I don't.

MIKEY: Look, I'm sorry that the Compound hurt you, Michael. It's my fault, I thought that giving them the key would make them go easy on you at least. I was- I was gonna blackmail them. I was going to tell them that I knew that they were working with Jamilla, and then threaten to report Jamilla to O.V.E.R. and the words were right on the tip of my tongue and *[Awkward chuckle.]* I-I couldn't do it, I'm sorry.

MW: Ya gotta open up about what they did to ya, Michael. It's healthy.

MICHAEL: I'll live, pilgrim. I've been hurt worse before. And you ain't draggin' Jamilla Gardener into this. They gave us everything they had so that we could be free. You ain't gonna turn on 'em like that. I'm just... lickin' my wounds is all.

MW: You played the situation right, Mikey. Ty was elated to see that key. Said it's gonna make our mission a lot safer and a lot more stable. Maybe that was his plan all along, you know how the Compound is.

MICHAEL: Yup, you're damn right, Emdubya. Mission's gonna go perfect. Now, we gotta get ready to kick some ass and take some names, pilgrims.

MIKEY: So, the enthusiasm turns on... just like that?

MICHAEL: Mikey, my boy, have you heard from Base team yet this mornin'? What's Edgar got to say? I need a status update.

MIKEY: Yeah, uh, Edgar texted me a few minutes ago, let me pull that up... apparently, there's nothing in the boxes yet. They are waiting for, quote, "relevant items and a mission brief," which I assume Edgar will read and then take the lead on.

MW: Wish we got a mission brief. Would put my mind at ease.

MIKEY: Would it really, though?

MICHAEL: We don't need no dang mission brief. We're Michael fuckin' Walters, pard.

MIKEY: Well, *you're* Michael fuckin' Walters. I hate this plan personally. Ty going to put us in the field, quote, "suddenly and without warning," and have the mission brief in our minds when we get there? There are only so many ways that I can imagine him pulling that off, and I don't like any of them.

MW: He's either puttin' stuff in our brains or he's consolidatin' us.

MIKEY: My thoughts exactly. He could consolidate us with some continuous-correction-Mike that's maybe already done this mission? Or he could consolidate us with a, quote, "docile Mike" that they have been prepping in the Compound. A Mission Mike if you will, just made and trained only for this mission. Which would mean that there's more Compound Mike in the world and less of us, just fuckin' great.

MICHAEL: You're gettin' ahead of yourself, pard. Buck up. You don't know how it's gonna shake out. 'Sides, Ty wouldn't do that. He knows how sore ya are about consolation right now.

MIKEY: He absolutely would— whatever, it doesn't matter. I'm not Mikey anymore anyway. I might as well pick out a new name.

MW: Well, Emdubya's taken.

MIKEY: They're all taken. The well has run dry on nicknames.

MICHAEL: Ya could always go by our middle name, pard. Hell, we could call ya—

MIKEY: Stop, stop, stop! I am not using our middle name for any reason in any context, thank you very much.

MICHAEL: Well then, we could give ya a cowboy name. The Outlaw. The Gambler. The Rambler. The Wanderer.

MIKEY: No, I'm not going to be a cowboy. No cowboy nicknames, sorry to disappoint.

MICHAEL: The hell you ain't, Mikey. One day, maybe not day but soon.

MIKEY: Soon?

MICHAEL: Soon is a relative term.

MIKEY: Well, hopefully I'll die before then. Maybe today, inside of Tier Two or Operose or wherever the hell they're sending us. I feel like we're cannon fodder.

MICHAEL: Nah, this ain't no suicide mission. I've been on those before, and this ain't that. This here's Ty's first shindig since the Great Correction. It's gonna set the tone of things to come. He ain't gonna kill off his best soldiers in his first battle. I'm afraid you got a long life ahead of you, Gambler.

MIKEY: I do not consent to being called Gambler. Just call me Mikey.

MICHAEL: Welcome back, Mikey.

MIKEY: And this could easily be an excuse to kill all of us off, and replace us with docile Compound iterations. Have you wondered about why he's keeping Base separate from us? It's not like it's a split between Base and Satellite Base. I'm with you guys. He put all the Mikes together and he's giving us this weird, special treatment. He can do whatever he wants to us during this mission, and Base will never know.

MW: Mikey, they can replace us with Compound iterations any time they damn well please. They don't have to wait for an excuse and they don't have to hide it from Base. They can tell Edgar to his face, and he'd have to grin and bear it. If Ty wanted to replace us, he'd do that already.

MIKEY: He already tried it with you, MW.

MICHAEL: And we showed him he can't do it. He knows what happens if he tries to pull something like that again. I gutted that fake Emdubya like a fish.

MIKEY: Michael!

MICHAEL: What? Y'all are the ones that wanted me to get in the killing mood, Gambler.

MW: Now, we don't know what Ty was trying with the fake Emdubya. It ain't like he's done it since and he's had plenty of opportunities. And he's in a position where he don't even need opportunities, he could just do it. All signs point to Ty wantin' us alive and out in the world for whatever reason.

MIKEY: Hmm, don't be so coy, MW. I saw you talking to Boris this morning about the potential of never coming back. What did you tell him exactly?

MW: That the three of us were goin' somewhere, and that the apartment might be empty awhile. Maybe a long while. He nodded sternly like he knew exactly what I was talkin' about and he said *[Ukrainian accent.]* "Happy hunting. Pup Bruno will wait for you." *[Normal accent.]* and uh, he gave me this. *[MW spins a gun's chamber.]*

MIKEY: He just... gave you a revolver? For free?

MICHAEL: I believe that there's a Colt Python and a damn fine lookin' one at that.

MIKEY: Yeah, it looks really expensive.

MW: Well, we all know that Boris is loaded in a couple senses of the word. I refused at first, as is customary, but he insisted that he actually wanted me to have it, so I took it.

MICHAEL: Beats the hell out of that peashooter that they gave you at O.V.E.R., Mikey.

MIKEY: Well, most things do, but I don't think that guns are going to be very effective wherever we're going anyway. Depending on where that is, the strongest weapon at our disposal seems to be either Marissa crashing a patrol cart through a gate or mystical grass that eats you if you fall into it.

MICHAEL: It ain't mystical, it's time travel grass. You know, I've got some theories on that. We've seen handheld time travel before. Hell, we got the damn Calculators. But what if there was something else like... a substance you could put in the water and then the lawn care fellas could just spray it on the grass. Course if ya got grass, you're gonna get critters **[MIKEY:** Uh huh...] and you gotta figure out what to do with 'em, *[Mikey's phone buzzes]* since you probably don't wanna transport a horse to wherever you're sendin' your grass captives. They could just ride out on the horse Wild West style...

MIKEY: Michael, we have an incoming text from Edgar. Please.

MW: What's it say, Mikey?

MIKEY: Uh, looks like it's go time, at least for Base. They just heard a bunch of stuff drop into boxes and they're about to start going through it. Nothing has been opened yet.

MW: Are they allowed to tell you all that?

MIKEY: I have no idea. But it looks like they are in charge of getting where they're going, themselves, and they are leaving as soon as they are familiar with the mission brief.

MW: Does that mean that our mission is about to start, too?

MICHAEL: I ain't a bettin' man, but I'd bet on it.

MIKEY: What? Michael, of course you are. I'm not the gambler, you are. You bet me fifty dollars this morning you could throw a paper towel into the trash from across the kitchen.

MICHAEL: Always a safe bet, pard. You gotta know when to hold 'em and know when to fold 'em.

MIKEY: You lost!

MICHAEL: Well, you won't ever let me give ya nothing. I gotta trick ya into letting me take care of ya, somehow.

MIKEY: Oh, bullshit. You didn't lose on purpose.

MICHAEL: I can hit that shot every time, pal. If'n I want.

MIKEY: I saw the regret in your eyes, Michael. You tried and failed, admit it.

MICHAEL: You know what? Rematch. Right fuckin' now. Hundred bucks says I can hit it twice in a row.

MIKEY: Bring it on, I could use the money.

MICHAEL: You're gonna regret the day that you crossed Michael the Cowboy, you lily-livered gamblin' son—

[Time travel noise.]

[Opening theme plays.]

[Time travel noise.]

[Mikey, Michael, and MW grunt from the transport.]

MICHAEL: Ty, fuck, I thought you're supposed to be good at this.

MW: Goddamn.

MIKEY: Ugh, what is all this?

MW: *[Sighs.]* Is everyone okay?

MICHAEL: We're fine, Emdubya.

MIKEY: Yeah, I'm fine but did any of you have "we're gonna land in a weird little room" on their mission bingo card? This feels like somebody's junk room.

MW: Uh, shouldn't at least one of us know why we're here? I thought Ty said that we'd know the mission brief when we got to where we're goin'. I don't know nothin'.

MICHAEL: I've got nothin' either. Except, this ain't a junk room, fellas. There's the door, it's a rollin' garage door. Looks like we're locked in here.

MIKEY: Yeah, I'm the same Mikey that I was when I left the apartment. Do you think that Ty fucked up the transport? Like, maybe we were supposed to be consolidated with some iterations that were being housed here, but instead of being consolidated, our... coordinates got switched?

MICHAEL: Ty ain't one for accidents.

MIKEY: Well, he's not perfect, either. But we don't have any way to communicate with him and we didn't receive the instructions that we were supposed to receive, so I think that our first order of business should be to get the hell out of here. I'm starting to feel claustrophobic already.

MICHAEL: Lock's on the other side of the door, pilgrim. We can't pick it, or break it, or nothin'. We're locked in here. We ain't goin' nowhere.

MW: Well, I got a fancy new gun, Michael. We could try to shoot our way out. The walls look pretty thick, but I think we got enough ammo to make a hole in one of them.

MICHAEL: You're just itchin' to play with your new toy, ain't ya?

MW: Well, what's the point of bringin' a gun on the mission if I cain't use it?

MICHAEL: Let's hold our horses on that idea, Emdubya. As much as I love shootin' shit, I don't want bullets ricocheting all over the place. Let's do some more thinkin' before we start shootin'.

MIKEY: We need to come up with a good idea fast, Michael, the clock is ticking. How long until a room this big runs out of oxygen?

MICHAEL: A long time, pilgrim. I ain't worried about that.

MIKEY: Hey... is this... my acoustic guitar? Guys, come check this out.

MW: Yup, that's ours, alright. It's got that scratch on the bottom from when we dropped it tryin' to look cool playin' in front of John.

MIKEY [*signing and strumming an out of tune guitar*]: John, you are so special. John, you are great. [*Chuckles. Stops playing.*] I still got it!

MICHAEL: Hey y'all, look over here. I used to have this shirt, too. All these plaid ones, actually. Ain't full cowboy gear, more like lumberjack stuff. I didn't graduate to western style button down shirts until I came back to Mikey's time, but these's mine.

MIKEY: Oh god, the cutoff plaid's here, too.

MICHAEL: Hey there, I'll defend cutoff plaid. It gets hot in the summer, partner. Sun's out, gun's out.

MW: Yeah, and Edgar's a big fan of it.

MICHAEL: That's the real defense right there.

MIKEY: Okay, so why are we in a room with a bunch of our old stuff and... [*Grabs an object.*] Rafael Muslani novels? *Street... Streetlamp Folly?* What even is this one? [*Moves objects around.*]

MW: Oh, I heard of that one. There's a T.V. movie based on that one but I don't know how closely.

MICHAEL: That's the one about aliens, right?

MW: Well, they're all about aliens, Michael, you're gonna have to be more specific.

MICHAEL: Yeah, well, these aliens were weird little guys. I remember likin' that'n.

MIKEY: Fuck. This isn't our stuff, this is Edman and MDawg's stuff.

MW: What? Are you positive about that, Mikey?

MIKEY: You were both there, this is the storage unit. This is where they took all that stuff that Matt saw them put in the U-Haul.

MW: I guess they iterated all our stuff for MDawg.

MIKEY: But w-why would we be here? Why would Ty send us to the storage unit? Is— maybe there's something to find here? Uh, maybe we'll know it when we see it?

MICHAEL: That don't sound right. Ty gave us the Boulder key with the intent of us usin' it. We ain't nowhere near any Boulders. Why would he have us bring it?

MW: Are you sayin' Ty Betteridge did not bring us where?

MICHAEL: I'm sayin' that we're what Edman and MDawg have been hidin' in storage, pard.

MIKEY: And Edman and MDawg are connected to this whole Boulder thing. They were iterated by Anne, and Anne is working for Operose, and Operose has a set of Boulders.

MW: So, Operose is retaliatin' against Ty and is takin' some of his pieces off the board.

MIKEY: Fuck, Operose is gonna kill us, we're sitting fucking ducks here.

[Mikey sighs deeply and begins banging on the metal door.]

MIKEY *[shouting while banging]:* Help! Help! Fuck, can anyone hear us? Help! *[Stops banging.]*

MICHAEL: I don't think that Operose is about to be outsmarted by bangin' on the door. We're gonna have to wait until they're ready for us.

MW: Mikey, you sure you don't know what's goin' on? Aren't you supposed to be like, half MDawg or somethin'?

MIKEY: I'm not half MDawg. And everything I remember from being MDawg is a big blur, and he didn't know anything to begin with. And then I started all of those consolidations and *[Grunts.]*

MICHAEL: Well, maybe if you didn't fry your brain on purpose like that, we'd be able to get our asses outta here. You were worried about runnin' out of oxygen earlier. How long we got until you start coughin' up blood from those failed consolidations, pard?

MIKEY: I... coughed some up about an hour before we left the apartment.

MICHAEL: What?!

MIKEY: I didn't say anything because I didn't want you to worry about me, but now I'm worried about me. I think I've got about a day? Before things start to get worse.

MICHAEL: Well, you got a day to figure out what MDawg was thinkin' then, Mikey. Come on, think! Think!

MIKEY: You can't give me orders like I'm— fucking— Bruno, Michael.

MICHAEL: I know, cause Bruno's a good dog.

MIKEY: Hey, fuck you.

MICHAEL: Nah, fuck you, Gambler. You're playin' games with your life that we worked hard to give you. The only reason we know about Edman and MDawg's storage facility is cause Matt Daddy put his life on the line to figure out what was goin' on with 'em. Don't let that be in vain.

MIKEY: Excuse me, Matt Daddy?

MICHAEL: It's a nickname like Edman and MDawg.

MIKEY: We can't do this right now.

MICHAEL: I'm tryin' to get through to that MDawg inside ya. I know that you're in there, ya mangy, hippy curr. Tell us what the fuck went on.

MIKEY: Michael, stop. That's not how it works. You're wasting time.

MICHAEL: MDawg, what is goin' on? Tell us, right fuckin' now!

MW: Think hard, MDawg. What are we supposed to do? Why are we here? You know this.

MIKEY: Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop. [*Shaky breath.*] Please. N-No, it's just me, it's Mikey. I-I-I don't think that MDawg knew anything anyway, and now I can't think. Please. Please stop. Please, please, please.

MW: Sounds pretty convenient that MDawg don't know anything. You believe 'im, Michael?

MICHAEL: Not as far as I can throw 'em. I know he's been lyin' about how much he knows about MDawg. I think he could've set this whole thing up.

MW: Are you a traitor, MDawg? Ya sold us out to Operose for a nice payout? Is that how you and Edman keep the bills paid in that fancy house of yours?

MICHAEL: Might have to bring out the Colt Python sooner than I thought, Emdubya.

MIKEY: Shut up! Shut up. Edman and MDawg are not traitors, they're gonna help us, uh, they... Edman [*Frantic breathing.*] Edman is cured, okay? Operose cured him. He doesn't die when the other Edgar iterations die. [*Pause.*] Okay?

MICHAEL: What kind of tall tale is this, Mikey?

MIKEY: I saw everything for myself. That's what you took the fall for at the Compound, Michael. I sent an iteration into O.I. and they found a file about Edman and MDawg, and in the file it said Edman is cured. He's cured, Michael.

MICHAEL: He cain't be. I spent so many years tryin' to figure out what was wrong. Me and Edgar tried everything. You're lyin' to me.

MIKEY: I'm sure you tried everything, but you didn't have what Operose has.

MW: Michael, if he's tellin' the truth, wouldn't that mean that... your Edgar's alive, right now?

MICHAEL: H-How would my Edgar be alive?

MW: Edgar consolidated with Edman durin' the Hunter Timeline. Wouldn't that mean that he's cured, too? Where is your Edgar, Michael?

MICHAEL: I... I-I don't know.

MIKEY: What? Wouldn't you, y'know, *know* if your Edgar was alive? Wouldn't you remember it?

MICHAEL: Not necessarily.

MIKEY: Michael, when you start getting curt, I can tell that you're hiding something. What are you hiding from us?

MICHAEL: Stuff that ain't allowed to propagate.

MW: You're bein' awfully fishy, Michael.

MIKEY: Michael, did you *kill* Edgar?

MICHAEL: How fuckin' dare you.

MIKEY: I've killed Edgar a couple times, myself. Is that what happened?

MICHAEL: No, it isn't.

MIKEY: Then why don't you know if your Edgar is alive or dead?

MICHAEL: I-If Edgar is alive, he ain't tried to contact me.

MW: And why wouldn't Edgar contact you, Michael?

MIKEY: What aren't you telling us? What happened? Did you get divorced or something? He's alive again and doesn't want you back in the picture— *[Michael begins choking Mikey.]*

MICHAEL: You son of a bitch.

MIKEY *[choking]:* Let go...

[Michael breathes heavily.]

MIKEY *[choking]:* You needled me, it's your turn.

MICHAEL: You don't know what you're talking about, Mikey. *[Mikey begins loudly struggling for air.]* I might be tough, but you can still hurt me.

MW: Ugh, this is Chessboxin' all over again. Let go of him, Michael.

MICHAEL: Fine!

[Mikey gasps for breath. Michael begins grunting, then sobbing.]

MICHAEL *[shakily]:* I'm...

MW: It's okay, Michael. Whatever it is, you can tell us.

MICHAEL: I ain't the only Michael. There was another iteration of me in my time period. He didn't come back when I did, he stayed there. It didn't matter back then, Edgar was long gone. It didn't matter how many of us there were, we didn't have to fight over an Edgar cause there-there was no Edgar. *[Breath becomes shaky.]* We was all alone. Edgar could be alive in my time period. But if there is, there's a Michael waitin' for him, there's no Edgar waitin' for me. I'm-I'm sure of that

MIKEY: Michael, I'm sorry, you should have told us.

MW: I know what it's like to not have an Edgar anymore, Michael. I can help ya.

MICHAEL: There's a whole mess of shit like that, that y'all cain't know. Who knows what I fucked up propagatin' that just now. I mighta put us all in even worse danger.

MIKEY: You can't worry about that now, Michael. We need to get out of this storage facility. You can deal with that later.

[Rolling door begins to open.]

MIKEY: What the fuck! Did I make that happen by asking for it? Was I just supposed to ask for the door to open?

MW: Wish that would've happened before we all got in a big-ass fight.

MIKEY: Fuck, it is bright outside.

MICHAEL: Emdubya, draw your weapon.

MW: Already did.

MIKEY: Who are you?!

UNKNOWN MIKE: Hey, everyone. You can put those guns down. Welcome to Vancouver, I hope your transport wasn't too uncomfortable. We did the best we can.

MIKEY: Fucking MDawg.

MDAWG: *[Chuckles.]* Nice to see you, too, Mikey. I've been meaning to chat with you, I just got brought up to speed.

MIKEY: And where is Edman?

MDAWG: He's at a different location, dealing with the Base side of operations. Don't worry, he and Base are perfectly safe.

MICHAEL: Why are we here, MDawg?

MDAWG: Well, as you know, things are shaking up a little bit. You guys knew that you were about to go on this big mission, that was our cue. O.I. activated us and well, I'm here to protect you.

MW: What do you mean, activated you?

MDAWG: *[Laughs.]* I don't know, it's complicated. I just thought that activated sounded cool. I can explain more, but we should really wait until we're at headquarters. This makeshift safe-house is pretty damn secure, but pretty secure isn't gonna cut it right now. So we'll just chill out and head over there, how does that sound? Take it easy. Oh, hey! That's my guitar! I knew that Edman snuck it in here when I wasn't looking.

[Closing theme plays.]

AFTER-CREDITS (DYLAN): Riga, come here, there's treats! There's treats, Riga. Yeah, there's treats. For bein' such a good girl, layin' there while I record the episode. Come 'ere. Come 'ere. Do you have anything you want to say?

[Riga sniffs the mic and licks it.]

AFTER-CREDITS (DYLAN): Can you sit? You're a good dog, can you sit? Yes, can you lay down? Oh my goodness! Oh my goodness! You're such a good girl! Oh my goodness! Oh my goodness! Oh my goodness!

[END Episode 126.]