

EPISODE 2: I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN WYOMING ANYMORE

Via: When we all fall asleep where do we go is a complex question with a simple answer. We go to the Pizza Hut in town. You know the one I'm thinking of right? Well you should, it's the place where your nightmares come from...

{Play Intro}

Via: Good Evening listeners... or perhaps you prefer the negativity of the world; if so then bad evening listeners a very bad evening I wish upon you. I'm your host, Via or I'm one of your hosts. Sky isn't here and that seems to be because I'm not here either, I am somewhere very far away from our radio Station. I know this because our radio station has a 360 degree view of the town and is made of glass. It kinda looks like what the people called a "burger" in the olden days. At least I think that's the word. I will need to ask Marjorie and Sharon when I get back. But the radio station is certainly not where I am now, dear listeners. No I am in a booth of some sort- a booth with a door, of all things! A door with a window. Oh, no. Ohhhh no, listeners. I don't think we are in Wyoming. As you all know only the Heldewyns have doors, so wherever I am must be extremely wealthy. Back home in Wyoming all us common people have is holes in the ground which you can pay the witches to put protection spells and charms on. But I can see a sign from where I sit apparently I'm in "Caramel"? Yeah, I think I'm in Caramel.

[Knock Knock]

Sarah: You're taking too long in there, I need to record!

Via: Dear Listeners, I think I'm possibly about to be saved by Marjorie. Marjorie I'm in here.

[Door Open Noise]

Sarah: Um what...

[Telephone Ringing]

Via: Listeners, I think I may have slipped into an interdimensional void. For Marjorie is calling me but she is standing here right behind me.

Sarah: My name's not Marjorie, it's Sarah. I'm not sure who in the world you are talking about, but I'm going to another booth. (under breath) Weirdo.

[Door Close Noise]

Via: Ah well this is especially strange indeed friends. I'm going to answer the phone now. Hello Marjorie this is Via.

Marjorie: Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? I'm not really 100% sure on the rules of interdimensional phone calls.

Via: Yes I can hear just fine Marjorie.

Marjorie: Wow! Amazing! Totally wicked! Now, do you know where you are-ch?

Via: I think I'm in some place called "Caramel" or maybe Carmel I don't know it looks like a school of some sort.

Marjorie: Oh, no... not dimension 3-4-2-9!

Via: What? What's wrong with dimension 3-4-2-9???

Marjorie: It's so BORING! All the people there are the same, and all of them have too many PROBLEMS! Wyoming is much, much more fun. I particularly enjoy stealing Old Man Gary's rake and watching him get confused.

Via: Oh, well I'm sure it's not that bad- wait. Did you say you steal Old Man Gary's rake?? That's YOU?

Sharon: Hey! I helped!

Marjorie: Right, I can't take all the credit, Sharon helped as well.

Via: Well then...

Marjorie: Anyway! We called you because Sky has assigned us with the role of searching and rescuing you from wherever you may be! Which is dimension 3-4-2-9.

Sharon: What?! She's *there*? Ugh. I thought I might get to at least have some *fun* on this trip.

Via: Is my Sky okay and in the studio?

[Click]

Via: Hello? Hello? Marjorie? Sharon? Anybody? Well, listeners, it seems I'm alone in a different dimension again. Well I feel like this would be a good time for Traffic. In Traffic today I see a teenage boy walking in the hallway. He is wearing a brown top hat and a gray shirt with a strange holster on a belt. This town is very strange indeed its illegal to have a holster in Wyoming. All weapons need to be kept in your hat. There seems to be a lot of students in this hallway for what I assume to be a class period going on. In fact there seems to be a lot of students in the first place. And now: A letter from our dear friend, Miss. Elaneous.

Miss Elaneous (softly): I know about that dream you had last night. You know the one I'm talking about don't you? You know the one you had between 12:28:46am and 2:55:13am. I won't say it out loud because that's cruel to share something really dark secrets like that. But I'm onto you, ohh, I'm on to you.

News Stuff Via: Thank you for those words Miss Elaneous, I'm sure they were deeply appreciated by our listeners. In news this week the witches of Wyoming, where I currently am not, were selling protection spells for pet ravens. Not phoenix's, or pterodactyls, or blue jays, just ravens. If you have not met the witches you are clearly living under a rock. The witches start with Starshine, the eldest. She has dark blue skin with silvery spots kinda like freckles and purple hair. No, we don't really know what's up with that, nor do we care to ask. Then there is Phoebe, a peroxide blonde, ya know... the kind that only comes in a bottle? And she has black roots, yet somehow that's her natural hair color. And the youngest is olive. She is super tall with golden, almond-shaped eyes and red hair the same shade and heat as fire. The closer you get to her, the hotter you'll get. They are the 14-times great-grand-children of Marjorie and Sharon who I hope will be coming to rescue me soon. Buy the Wyoming Witches' potions now, before it's too late.

[Telephone Ringing]

Via: Speaking of Sharon and Marjorie, that's them right now. Yes? Hello, Marjorie, it's Via have you figured it out yet

Marjorie: Ah yes Via, we have it all figured it out. Are you currently broadcasting?

Via: Yes Marjorie, I have been broadcasting since before you called me the first time.

Marjorie: Oh okay. Well then, change of plans.

Via: What do you mean a change of plans?

Marjorie: Well I was going to get you now but you can't just leave in the middle of a broadcast!

Via: So what your telling me is that you won't bring me back until I finish this news broadcast?

Marjorie: Precisely, just continue with the weather and I'll see you soon... oh would you look at that Sharon needs me so we will see you when our brownies are out of the oven I mean uh when your broadcast is done buh-bye now

[Click]

Via: Wait, no! Marjorie! Ugghhhghhhh. Welp I guess it's time for the weather. I currently cannot tell what the outside weather conditions are, as I am trapped in this room. But, boy, is it cold in here. I mean, really! Who keeps their thermostat below 71.2 degrees Celsius? Gosh what Heathens these Carmelites are. If I'm being honest listeners I have to say I'm really missing everyone. Of course I'm missing Sky but, I'm also missing Old Man Gary, Marjorie, Sharon, Dan the Man, and Eric. I can't believe I'm saying this but I also miss Karl the intern. I really just want to go home. In the city calendar this week Monday has decided it's not going to exist this week and does not want to be questioned about it. Tuesday is the day you will see your worst

nightmares so make sure to take they day off from work so you can sleep all day. Wednesday ...
uh listeners a large hole of blue and purple light is tearing a rift in the space above my desk. I-

(cut to silence)

Ending Of Show:What's what in Wyoming is a production of Skylar Greaves and Via Sarjent for 91.3 WHJE of the Greyhound Media Network. This episode was written and produced by Via Sarjent and Skylar Greaves. Sharon was Sophia Konkoly. More shows like this can be found on Whje.com. Questions, comments, concerns DM us @whatswhatinwyoming on Instagram. Today's proverb is leave it to Batman.