

## EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ONE - ENGINEERING

*Original transcript by Theo, edited and reviewed by Jenah*

*[BEGIN Episode 151.]*

**INTRO:** Hey, guys, quick plugs. Welcome back to Season 13; I am excited to keep things going. I am still streaming every Sunday on Twitch at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod), where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. We just finished Act Three of *Kentucky Route Zero*. So if you want to come see me finish that up in the next couple of weeks, that is [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod). And if you would like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon at [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](https://www.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. All of the January and February postcards are out, and people have really been enjoying the story. Each postcard comes with a handwritten message from one of the characters, and all of the postcards put together tell a larger story about something going on in the valley. It is a lot of fun to see people compare their postcards in the Discord, so if that sounds fun to you, that is [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](https://www.patreon.com/woe_begone) at the \$15 level. Special thanks to my 10 newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

***[Warning: This episode contains depictions of gun violence and death. Listener discretion is advised.]***

**NOBODY** *[fitfully asleep]*: No... Stop... Stop... D-Don't call me Mikey, I'm— No, I'm— I'm serious... I'm seri... No... I'm Nobody. Nobody... If you keep calling me Mikey, I'm gonna quit... I'll— I'll do it... Put— Put the spear away, Anne... I'm not a goldfish, *[Helen giggles.]* I'm Nobody...

**HELEN** *[singsongy]*: Mikey! Time to wake up!

*[Nobody wakes up, startled.]*

**NOBODY**: Wha—? *[Stammers.]* Who's there!? I-I'm not Mikey. What do you want!?

**HELEN**: Sorry for the late night visit. Mikey.

**NOBODY**: I'm serious. Don't call me that.

**HELEN**: But, um, we've been doing some research on your little toys, and we have some questions that only you can answer. I'm gonna need you to come with me.

**NOBODY**: Absolutely not, Helen. This isn't the arrangement. You have the technology. You can figure it out yourself, or you can give it back to me. I'm not your tech support.

**HELEN**: That's exactly what you are, Mikey boy.

**NOBODY:** Stop it.

**HELEN:** *[Brief laugh.]* I know you're used to calling the shots, but... this is my territory. I'm in charge here, little Mikey boy.

**NOBODY:** You know, Helen, you win more flies with honey, or whatever. I— I just woke up... Stop it...

**HELEN:** Here. Put this on. We're leaving.

**NOBODY:** I... I don't know what this is. Is this a burlap sack?

**HELEN:** Exactly. We're taking you on... a field trip. Somewhere that we can talk in private, an undisclosed location. I know you've got your bag of tricks, and we don't want you figuring out where we've taken your... devices, and then using time travel shenanigans to get to them.

**NOBODY:** Don't start thinking like a time traveller, Helen. It's a bad road to go down. You figured out corrections pretty fast.

**HELEN:** I sure did! I've done a lot of thinking about this stuff the past couple days. It is quite the head-scratcher, trying to figure out how it all works. Put the bag on, Walters.

**NOBODY:** Nothing good comes from figuring this stuff out, Helen. You don't want to do this. I'm protecting you. You don't want to get involved.

**HELEN:** *[Scoffs.]* You are not protecting me. You're protecting yourself. Now, put the bag on your head, or things are going to get western in here.

**NOBODY:** And— Don't say "get western." It makes you sound like a cowboy.

**HELEN:** I don't see anything wrong with that.

**NOBODY:** I don't have time to explain it to you, you're just gonna have to trust me. Cowboys and time travel do not mix.

**HELEN:** I don't trust you. *[Cowboy voice.]* So maybe I will be a cowboy.

**NOBODY:** *[Sighs.]* Helen, I have known thousands of cowboys—

**HELEN** *[muttering]:* "Thousands"?

**NOBODY:** —And a cowboy, you are not. I think I've got a pretty good read on you. You're all hat, and no cattle. You've got a gun pointed at me, but it's a prop. You're never going to use it. You

would never shoot me. You are nice and kind and gentle. Plus, if you kill me, I won't be able to answer all of your stupid tech support questions.

**HELEN:** You don't have me figured out at all, Walters. You don't know what I'm capable of. We don't need you, you're convenient. But if we didn't have you, we could figure it out on our own. It would just take longer.

**NOBODY:** Well, I know that you don't shoot first and ask questions later. And you want answers fast. So you're not going to shoot me. If you were, then why even come here? You have the Calculator. If you wanna "figure it out on your own," then fine. Figure it out on your own time, and let me—

*[We hear a gunshot. Nobody cries out in pain.]*

**HELEN:** Like I said! I have been doing some thinking about how all of this time travel stuff works. You come from some time in the future when Jerry's all grown up. That Calculator thing allowed you to come back here to 1980. So I don't see why I couldn't go back in time to this moment, and stop myself from shooting you... after you cooperate, of course. It's that "correction" thing you were talking about.

**NOBODY:** Helen... Helen, I'm— I'm wounded... *[Grimaces.]* Badly. *[Stammers.]* I don't think you hit anything vital, bu— i— It's just my shoulder, but... you know as well as I do I could still die... It's— It's in the O.V.E.R. firearms training. Y-You don't shoot to wound someone. No matter how accurate you are, you could still bleed out.

**HELEN:** So you'd better hurry up, and help us. Right, Walters?

**NOBODY:** Ugh. Your son is so much like you, do you know that? This is exactly the sort of thing that I'm talking about. This is what happens when you get involved in time travel. This isn't you, Helen. This isn't the same person that interviewed me. This is a dark spirit that was lurking inside of you, and is taking the opportunity to break out. This always happens when someone falls down the rabbit hole. Time travel is going to destroy the nice woman that you once were, and you're gonna be like me. You're going to be Nobody.

**HELEN:** Hmm. You know what? I think I'll take my chances. Put the bag on your head, Walters.

**NOBODY:** We're... doing this, Helen? We're really doing this?

**HELEN:** Yep. We sure are.

**NOBODY:** Ugh, fine.

*[Nobody puts the bag on his head.]*

**NOBODY** *[muffled]*: But if I'm going to go through all of this for you, then you can't call me Mikey, okay?

**HELEN**: *[Chuckles.]* No promises.

*[Opening theme plays.]*

*[We hear the sounds of a car driving.]*

**HELEN**: Careful there, Mikey. If you lift that bag up any further, I'll have no choice but to shoot.

**NOBODY**: If we're going to talk, then I'm lifting the bag up past my mouth. I'm not going to be muffled by the bag for the whole ride, and my name isn't Mikey.

**HELEN**: Okay. But I've got my eye on you.

**NOBODY**: Keep your eye on the road, please.

**HELEN**: Let me worry about that, Mikey.

**NOBODY**: *[Huffs.]* Helen. I am begging you, not "Mikey."

**HELEN**: Why do you care so much, anyway? It's just a cute little nickname. Mikey. I think it fits!

**NOBODY**: There is already a Mikey, and I don't want anything to do with him.

**HELEN**: There's another Mikey? As in, another version of you, or something?

**NOBODY**: They are called iterations, and Mikey is not one that I'm fond of. I am not him. I don't want to be associated with him in any way. I am not Mikey. I am Nobody.

**HELEN**: Okay... Dramatic.

**NOBODY** *[muttering]*: Whatever.

*[There is an awkward pause.]*

**NOBODY**: So, what is the plan, Helen? You're taking me out to the middle of nowhere so that I can give you a tutorial on how the Calculators work?

**HELEN**: Well, it's not just me. Roger and I messed around with it a little bit, but it wasn't obvious how to use it to send someone through time. We've got a buddy in Logistics & Engineering who's a bit of a computer whiz, so... we handed the safe off to him. He has been learning everything that he can about it. We're meeting with him. He'll be the one with questions.

**NOBODY:** Your... buddy? You're roping in even more people? Helen, you don't understand how dangerous that is. You might have been thinking about how all of this works for a couple of days, but back in my time people have spent years conceptualizing time travel, and all of the different ways that it can spin out of control! The more people you tell, the further that information is going to spread! And I'm not talking normal "operations security." This information doesn't just travel from person to person. It spreads across the timeline. Across timelines, plural. It gets to later iterations of people with different allegiances and motivations. You can't put the cat back in the bag. We call this "propagation." And it is impossible to predict the ramifications of the actions that you take. You can't predict how this buddy of yours will propagate that information.

**HELEN:** Don't patronize me, Walters. I wouldn't have handed the safe over to him if I didn't trust him. Operations security is part of his job. Me and Roger are just Tier One patrol management. My associate in Logistics & Engineering actually knows about these sort of things. Besides, why would I take the advice of someone who has already lost? You think that you know your purpose, but you've failed. So maybe this is God's plan for you. This is your purpose. You were sent here to hand this technology over to me.

**NOBODY:** God's plan? God isn't real, Helen. Sorry. That was blunt, and maybe a controversial opinion in 1980, but I'm not trying to make a philosophical argument. I'm telling you about my experience. I have died hundreds of times, maybe. Thousands? I couldn't keep track even if I wanted to. And nothing happens. There is pain, there is weakness, and then there is nothing. Not blackness, not eternal slumber. Nothing. There is no afterlife to go to, good or bad. I would have already been there. There isn't room for a god inside of my experiences. No one is given a purpose from on high. The organization that I work for gave me my purpose, which was to come back to 1980, and sabotage O.V.E.R.

**HELEN:** You can believe whatever you wanna believe. It sure does look like something guided you directly to me, though. You said you've died thousands of times. How did that happen?

**NOBODY:** Organizations mostly kill each other as a deterrent. I'm alive, obviously, so, in this timeline, they did not successfully kill me. They are rarely successful. The goal is to remove the enemy from the equation with the understanding that it is probably temporary. Killing someone sets back their plans, and hopefully maximizes pain so that they consider giving up. Killing someone like me for good would require more coordination and resources than simply putting a bullet in my head.

**HELEN:** How does me shooting you in the shoulder compare to that?

**NOBODY:** It is tremendously painful. I have a fairly normal pain tolerance, but some people are really good at overcoming pain. You can cut their limbs off, and they'll just smile at you. Speaking of, you don't happen to know a guy named Eagle, do you? He's not here in 1980.

**HELEN:** I don't think so... But I don't know everyone.

**NOBODY:** I thought that I would ask. In my time period, he's a big question mark. And he has a very high pain tolerance, unlike me. For me, it hurts just about the same every single time. So, yes, Helen, you have put me in excruciating pain.

**HELEN:** You're better at handling it than I would be.

**NOBODY:** Then you had better toughen up, because I am about the bare minimum. If you want to mess around with time travel, you will get hurt, you will get shot, you will bleed, you will suffer, and you will die. And you can return things to, quote "normal," but... you'll remember what it felt like. And, eventually, something will happen where you won't be able to reverse it. And then you'll just suffer. That's what you're getting yourself into.

**HELEN:** Good to know...

*[There is a lull in the conversation.]*

**NOBODY:** Hey, Helen? Can you... answer a question for me?

**HELEN:** Sure.

**NOBODY:** Why does Hunter have an incredibly thick midwestern accent?

**HELEN:** What do you mean?

**NOBODY:** You sound completely normal. Like, standard American accent. What people sometimes call "no accent," even though it is one. Hunter, on the other hand, sounds like a character out of *Fargo*. *[Pause.]* Uh. *Fargo* is a movie and a TV show, and everyone in it talks exactly like Hunter. Like, *[Imitates Hunter's voice.]* "Alright then, bud. I'm gonna shoot ya, and take over your Base, okie dokie? How's that sound? Ope! Time for you to die, pal. I made tater tot hotdish."

**HELEN:** That was a *really bad* Midwestern accent.

**NOBODY:** My impression of your son is not what is on trial here. Why does he sound like that? Was he lying about where he's from? Is it a cover?

**HELEN:** *[Laughs.]* No, no, no. Uh, no, nothing like that. Jerry is definitely a daddy's boy. His father is from North Dakota. We were living there before we moved down here when I got a job at O.V.E.R. His father tends to lay it on pretty thick. Jerry must get it from him.

**NOBODY:** "Pretty thick" is an understatement. That is the first thing that anyone notices about Hunter.

**HELEN:** So. Hunter gets involved in all of this time travel stuff when he grows up? Did he... really say all that stuff about killing you?

**NOBODY:** Oh, yeah. He has really leaned into it. Hunter has killed me in all sorts of ways. Don't get me wrong, though. You raised a nice boy. Everyone thinks that he's actually really nice. He would give you the shirt off of his back. Just... not me. We were best friends for a while... Well, he was my best friend when I moved out here to O.V.E.R. I don't know about the other way around. He had some friends named, like, Jamie and Harlan, that I didn't even know. As much as I would like to say that it was, it wasn't really his fault that he killed me. The technology forced him to do what he had to do in order to survive. Which meant killing me in cold blood. He was pretty gleeful about it. Imagine him standing over me, me bleeding to death on the floor of my cabin, him grinning from ear to ear after having shot me. Imagine adult Hunter, I mean, not... four-year-old Jerry. And then he tells me to stay dead, and [*Quietly imitates a gunshot.*] lights out. Nothing. That's where everything that we're doing now is headed in 40 years.

**HELEN** [*working things out*]: Sure, except... no. Right? ...That's not what *happened*. He killed you, sure, in some other timeline. But he didn't kill *you*. You're here with me. So, all that other stuff never happened, right?

**NOBODY:** You are correct that it didn't happen to me in this timeline. But I remember it happening. And it can and probably will happen again. It is difficult to conceptualize, but not everything that didn't happen didn't happen.

**HELEN:** But the— Things are different now. You made sure of that. I know about it now, and I'm his mom. I can make sure it doesn't happen, because you "propagated" the information to me. Is that how it works?

**NOBODY:** I did propagate information to you, yes. But I don't think that this is a problem that can be solved by grounding Hunter. Just because you know about it, doesn't mean that anything is possible. With time travel, it is tempting to think about it that way, but it isn't true. Not everything is possible. And what is possible isn't something that you can control. Which is why you need to be careful.

**HELEN:** You keep saying things like that. "Be careful!" "Trust me." Being careful and trusting you are two different things. You're not exactly in a position to ask for trust, Walters.

**NOBODY:** Suit yourself. I'm done talking. Let's just... turn up the radio until we get there.

*[Keen To The Interference plays.]*

*I drove you down the median  
You wanted to compromise  
I told you I'd handle it*

*You were never satisfied  
I told you to compensate  
You're leaning out the side  
Are you keen to the interference?  
Are you keen to the interference?*

*I mastered the confidence  
Embedded inside a white lie  
I told you i'd handle it  
I couldn't handle what's inside  
I know we were never safe  
There's monsters lurking outside*

*Are you keen to the interference?  
Are you keen to the interference?*

*Maybe we pulled this thread  
As far as it will go*

*From the outside  
There's a picture  
That gets painted  
I will not find  
In a lifetime  
The perspective  
To change it  
In my old ways  
At my own pace  
I will follow  
Present myself  
At the mouth of the beast  
Ready to be swallowed*

*I entertained a bad idea  
I'm not willing to get caught  
I told you I'd handle it  
I don't know why that's what I thought  
I climbed to the top of it  
I plugged myself in at the source  
Are you keen to the interference?  
Are you keen to the interference?*

*Maybe the signal dies here  
As far as it will go*



*[Scene transition.]*

**HELEN:** We're here. Get out of the car, Walters.

*[We hear the doors open and shut while the conversation continues.]*

**HELEN:** *Don't forget* that I have a gun. My associate in there has a gun, too. You already know that I am willing to shoot you. And this would be a convenient place to kill you and hide the body if we wanted to.

**NOBODY:** You don't have to hide bodies if you've got a Calculator. You just shoot 'em off into the ocean.

**HELEN:** Thanks for the tip. I am serious, though. One false move, and Jerry won't have been the only Hartley to have killed you.

**NOBODY:** And you accused me of being dramatic. Understood, Helen.

**HELEN:** Damn right, "understood."

*[We hear a door open.]*

**HELEN:** Alright, go in. *[Door closes.]* We're here! Okay, Walters. You can take the bag off now. Slowly.

*[We hear the rustle of fabric.]*

**HELEN:** Okay, Walters, this is my associate, Ty—

**NOBODY:** *[Groans.]* Fuck. Fuck! Of course it is! Fuck. I should have fucking known. Jesus. Of course it is.

**HELEN** *[perplexed]:* What are you talking about?

**NOBODY:** Ty fucking Betteridge is what I'm talking about. Who else but Ty *fucking* Betteridge. *[Grunts.]* Well... You caught me, Ty. I got sloppy, and Helen got the upper hand. But please—leave her out of this. For god's sake, she does not know what she's dealing with.

**TY** *[very confused]: [Clears throat.]* Pardon me, uh—... H-Helen, h-how does he know my name?

**HELEN:** I have no idea...

**NOBODY:** Ty... You don't know who I am... do you?

**TY:** Should I know who you are? Helen told me that you just started at O.V.E.R. I'm in Logistics & Engineering. I don't know why I would run into a random patrol guard.

**NOBODY:** Okay, well. If you don't remember, then it's not important. Nice to meet you.

**HELEN:** Ty's in the future with you. Isn't he?

**NOBODY:** You figure out things too fast for your own good, Helen.

**TY:** Everyone's in the future if you wait long enough! Are— Are you saying that you know me from your time period, Mr. Walters?

**NOBODY:** We have met... once or twice.

**TY:** Interesting. It sounds as though we've met many more times than that, but, well, we don't have time to get a full history out of you on this occasion, I'm afraid. Some other time, perhaps. It seems like something quite worth knowing about. Oh! But regarding these devices that you brought with you, though, I have been tinkering around with them since Helen brought them to me a couple days ago, and uh... Well, I have some questions about how they work.

**HELEN:** And you are going to answer him in ways that are *helpful*, Walters. No jerking us around. Once you teach us how to use the Calculator, we will use it to stop me from shooting you in the shoulder tonight.

**TY** *[surprised]*: You actually shot him, Helen?

**NOBODY:** I lost so much blood that now I'm hallucinating that Ty Betteridge is here.

**HELEN:** He left me no choice! I needed him to know that I mean business. Besides, it was only his shoulder.

**TY:** Well, I suppose he got the point. Are you ready to cooperate, Mr. Walters?

**NOBODY:** Ask me quickly before I bleed out, Ty.

**TY:** Excellent. ...My first question is more logistical than anything. These are normal electronic devices from your time period, right? So there are... batteries inside these things?

**NOBODY:** Rechargeable batteries, correct.

**TY:** Ah... And how do you get the battery out to replace it?

**NOBODY:** You don't. You plug the device directly into the wall.

**TY:** I see... Curious. Well, I should be able to rig something up to charge these devices, but batteries don't last forever. Eventually, the internal resistance will become too great, and it will die for good. What do you do then?

**NOBODY:** Usually you just buy a new one. It's one of the dumber things about living in the future. If the battery goes out on the computer or the phone, you'll have to keep it plugged into the wall. The Calculator takes a special kind of battery. I did not bring another one with me. If it runs out, it's done.

**TY:** Huh... Sounds like capitalism is definitely having its way, then.

**NOBODY:** 1980 has a lot to do with that, actually.

**TY:** So, putting the Calculator aside for a moment, the other two devices that you brought with you appear to be quite powerful. Though I admit I can't figure out very much to do with them.

**NOBODY:** The infrastructure that powers most of what is useful about those devices won't be in place for another 30 years.

**TY:** *[Chuckles.]* You forget about the Department of Defense Black Ops budget; I'm sure they will be coming along a lot sooner than 30 years. They are quite interesting, nonetheless. As soon as I can figure out how to take them apart, I should have a better idea of how they work. It would be nice to be able to build more of these things, and especially this so-called "Calculator." *[Chortles.]* Oh, ah, yes! I'm just getting why you call it that; the buttons on it look like the buttons on a calculator, how charming. The Calculator is why we are here today, as I am sure that you are aware. Helen says that she saw you using it to move objects through space and time. I would love to confirm that for myself.

**NOBODY:** You've had the Calculator for two days, and you haven't confirmed what it does yet?

**TY:** I have not. If it does what Helen says it does, then it is a massive technological breakthrough, undoubtedly. But is also extremely dangerous. So I have been exceedingly cautious with how I use it; I don't want to damage *it* or any timelines, or get myself killed trying to get it to work. The experiments so far have been slow and methodical. I don't understand the interface, so I haven't changed any of the inputs on the screen. All of the settings are the way they were when I got it. I rigged up a machine to push the buttons remotely so that I don't accidentally send myself through time, and I have been experimenting with moving objects of various sizes. I have been able to notice an effect! ...Unfortunately, that effect is that the object disappears from the room. That very well could be time travel, but it is not scientific to work backwards from a conclusion. All I've witnessed is the objects disappearing. *[Chuckles.]* They could have been turned into vapor for all I know.

**NOBODY:** You didn't change any of the settings. They are the same as when I used it last?

**TY:** That is correct.

**NOBODY:** Then you have been putting random crap in the secret dropbox at my organization in my time period. What have you been sending them?

**TY:** Oh, just little bits and bobs. A... half-eaten apple, a... a few sweets, a deck of cards, a... a bowling ball, my childhood flimbobble that I brought with me from Britain, uh... two pints of gravy, a wardrobe, three ironed shirts and one non-ironed shirt, uh... let's see what else, there was an owl... that got in the way, uh... I'm sure there's other things, uh, but, um—

**NOBODY:** Ty, you are filling my personal dropbox with crap. My team has been instructed not to open it until I get back. I'm gonna have to clean all that out; that apple's gonna rot in there!

**TY:** Oh, yes! I microwaved some tea. And I sent that as well.

**NOBODY:** So you made this enormous mess under the guise of science, and you still didn't figure it out?

**TY:** My apologies. I didn't know where they were going. Perhaps you can help prevent me from sending more things to your dropbox. H-How do I use this device to send objects to a place and time of *my* choosing?

**NOBODY:** [*Grunts in pain.*] Sorry, um...

**TY:** Mr. Walters?

**NOBODY** [*sluggish*]: ...There... There are... coordinates, uh, there's— there's a system...

**HELEN:** Are you okay, Walters?

**TY:** Well, you did shoot him, Helen.

**NOBODY:** [*Struggles to speak.*] I can't... catch my breath...

**TY:** Is he going to be okay?

**HELEN:** Yes, he's going to be okay. It's just his shoulder!

**TY:** You know the firearms training said to never shoot someone with the intent to wound them...

**HELEN:** I *know*! He didn't leave me *any other option*. We're fixing it as soon as he teaches us how to fix it. So, Walters, tell us more about these coordinates.

**TY:** They definitely aren't normal coordinates, they can't be. GPS coordinates aren't accurate enough to do what he claims to be doing. I-Is this device using a different system?

**NOBODY:** You have... GPS? ...In 1980?

**TY:** Of course we have GPS, O.V.E.R. is a government operation. Remember the Department of Defense Black Ops budget?

**HELEN:** What are you using instead of GPS?

**NOBODY:** You can't use GPS... because the Earth is moving. Um... You'll launch out into space... We had a h-hamster... Chubbums... the Wondergirl... She— She's out there... Rest in peace, Chubbums... *[Struggles to breathe.]*

**TY:** I think we're losing him, Helen. That didn't make any sense. "Chubbums the Wondergirl"?

**HELEN:** Then he had better start talking. What do you use instead of GPS?

**NOBODY:** A database that... doesn't exist yet...

**TY:** Is there a way for us to get access to this database?

**NOBODY:** I can get you... access... but you have to let me go back to... my time...

**HELEN:** Not happening.

**TY:** We could try to figure it out. Trial and error, and all that. We know what the current inputs are. I could look at them and do some math, and see if I can figure out how they account for the Earth moving through space. Can you give us a headstart on that, Mr. Walters, so that we can get this all sorted out for you?

**NOBODY:** ...I have... coordinates... memorized...

**HELEN:** *[Huffs.]* It's time to cut to the chase, Mikey! You are fading. Help us figure this out so that we can correct the gunshot.

**NOBODY:** I'm not Mikey... I can correct it... Give me the calculator...

**HELEN:** No.

**TY:** Should we do something, Helen?

**HELEN:** It's up to him.

**TY:** I don't like this side of you. I don't think I've ever seen you act this way.

**HELEN:** It's just tough love. Tell us how it works, Walters.

**NOBODY** *[strangled]:* No—... Helen—...

**TY:** I don't like this, Helen, he's dying right in front of us. I've never seen someone die before.

**HELEN:** He's not going to die. If you can do the correction, then you can tell us how to do it.  
*Talk.*

*[Nobody is silent.]*

**TY:** We're losing him, Helen. Mr. Walters! Oh, look, we can't just let him die. I'm going to render first aid; get the car ready. *[Ty stands up.]* We need to take him to the hospital; we can get more information out of him after he heals.

**HELEN:** I don't think taking him to a hospital's a good idea. Sit back down.

**TY:** He needs help. We need to get him to the hospital. We don't have any other options. Mr. Walters. Mr. Walters, can you hear me? ...Can you hear me? *[Nobody exhales.]* Can you say the alphabet backwards?

**NOBODY:** Z...

**TY:** —No, it's "zed." Zed.

*[We hear a commotion as Nobody leaps to his feet and makes a break for the Calculator.]*

**NOBODY:** Ha! You fuckers bought it!

**TY:** Helen!

**HELEN:** I *told* you, Ty! Jesus Christ.

**TY:** The Calculator— You little shit! Helen, he's going for the Calculator!

**NOBODY:** Got it.

*[We hear a gunshot, and Nobody is hit.]*

*[Time travel noise.]*

*[Nobody groans as he lands inside the dropbox.]*

**NOBODY** *[wheezing]*: Fuck... I dropped the Calculator... I'm stuck in the dropbox!

*[Closing theme starts playing.]*

**CREDITS**: This has been WOE.BEGONE. The voice of Helen Hartley was Tatiana Geffer. Check out their podcast *Soul Operator*. I'm in that one. And the voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. *[Rapping.]* Check out his podcast *Shadows At The Door*, or go to [davidault.co.uk](http://davidault.co.uk) for more. *[Stops rapping.]* Also, to Tatiana and David, uh, surprise! I changed the ending. Thanks for playing.

*[Closing theme plays out.]*

**BLOOPER (TY)**: Uh, a rubber duck. Uh, an Epson printer. Uh, some nail polish, a few gift cards... Uh, a cactus! Uh, there was some... gaffer tape. Um... a... a hamper that was sent to me for my birthday last year. Um, some string lights. Uh, an old cine film camera. Uh, an engagement ring! Um, some stickers. Uh, a keychain. Uh, uh, lanterns and toothpicks. Uh, I might've sent my passport as well, which could be an issue, I really should get that back... Uh, stamp markers, hair curlers, kneesocks, um... a— some clippings, uh, of a mustache that I had in a bag that I was keeping for... some reason, I'm sure that I— I really had some very good reason at the time that I was doing it. Um, velcro. Uh, a crazy straw or two. Uh, some curly shoelaces... Um... Uh... A William Shatner mask that, uh, *[Laughs.]* I was getting ready for, uh, celebrating Halloween? Uh, a... uh, a stress ball. Uh, my old pair of platforms. A stuffed dog. Um... a Himalayan salt lamp. Uh... some aluminium cans. Uh, a few balloons. Uh, a chair! Two cha— three— four chairs, five. Five chairs. Five... Maybe six chairs. Um. My... laundry. An inflatable raft, some glow sticks... Uh, a goat. Um... An eagle... Uh, several flowers... A watermelon! Ten watermelons. Uh... some goggles. Uh... a clock. An Atari. ...Oh. That's not come out yet. *[Chuckles.]* It's 1980.

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

**BLOOPER (HELEN)**: Stuff and things, timey-wimey... bingle-bongle, dingle-dangle, yippity-doo yippity-dah.

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

**BLOOPER (HELEN)**: Careful there, Mikey. If you lift that bag up any folder, I— Folder? ...Folder... That's not the word. Hmm.

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

**BLOOPER (TATIANA)**: I can't believe Helen and Ty are best friends. They're best friends now, your honor... "Best Friends"! That's the song. Uh, insert clip here, Dylan. *[Laughs.]*

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

*[END Episode 151.]*