

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY THREE - VHS OVERNIGHTER

Original transcript edited by Nugget and Theo

[BEGIN Episode 193.]

INTRO: Hey, guys. Welcome to Season 17. I hope that you are excited for a new season. I sure am. I have a lot of very ambitious plans, and I'm excited for you guys to be with me on the ride. As far as plugs go, I'm streaming on Twitch over 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 are very close to 1000 followers on there, and once we hit 1000 followers, I'm doing a juggling stream. So if you want to come see me juggle, go follow me over at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod). And if you'd like to support this show, you can do so over on Patreon at [patreon.com/woebegone](https://www.patreon.com/woebegone), where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, corkboards, morkboards, and smorkboards. There's a lot of cool upcoming stuff on the Patreon. \$10-and-up patrons are about to get the commentary for Episode 142, \$2-and-up patrons are about to get the February Q&A, and everyone is about to get the two-part behind-the-scenes video for the Season 16 finale. So if those sound fun to you, go check that out, that's [patreon.com/woebegone](https://www.patreon.com/woebegone). Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains a depiction of violence. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear the sound of boxes being unpacked.]

[We hear VHS Overnighter's voice fluctuate between sounding like VHS Michael and Overnighter Michael. At times, both voices are heard simultaneously, and words in parentheses indicate when their words diverge.]

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Alright. I've got a good feeling about this one, guys. I think it could actually be the liquor this time, and I could really use a break. I forgot that moving in was (**VHS:** going to/**OVERNIGHTER:** gonna) be so involved.

MW: Michael, I reckon that's the cleanin' fluid for the mop. Uh, you ain't gonna wanna drink that.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: So you're just gonna call me Michael the whole time I'm here?

MIKE: Well, you look like Michael, and you sound like Michael, and you're wearing a cowboy hat. [**MW:** And you smell like him.] And I'm heading back to my time period in a few minutes to go be with my Edgar, and I'm leaving you in charge to sheepdog, so you had better be Michael.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: That's fine with me. I just don't want any of (**VHS:** you getting/**OVERNIGHTER:** y'all gettin') your hearts broke.

MW: Naw, we know. Ye ain't Michael. Not really.

MIKEY [*distant*]: Hey, guys! Come check out what I found!

MIKE: What is it, Mikey?

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Tell me it's the liquor. I'm about ready to take my boots off and kick my feet up.

MIKEY: You should've taken your boots off already, Michael! You tracked dirt across the floor, and we live here now, so we're actually gonna have to clean it. It– uh... We are calling you Michael, right?

MIKE: We were just discussing that, Mikey. I think we are.

MW: Only other option's callin' him what. "VHS Overnighter"? That's a mouthful.

MIKEY: If you want my opinion, if we're all going to move back into Satellite Base, then we're gonna have to get comfortable with each other again. And no more undue suspicion. He's Michael for all intents and purposes. And this... [*We hear a tapping noise.*] is our dog-head cane! Remember this old thing? I-I thought we lost it, I thought it was gone.

MIKE: Hah! That puppy got us through some hard times. Sir Dogginton Esquire III, if I remember correctly. He was the only one that was there for us when the Flinchites roughed us up and we quit our job at O.V.E.R.

MIKEY: Okay, it's not important, but there's a certain someone that I think would pummel us if I didn't point out that Marissa was there, too, remember? She came to our apartment and everything. She dragged our lazy ass back to O.V.E.R.

MIKE: Well, yeah, she figured out the Hunter iteration thing. We couldn't exactly stay away. She did all that without even knowing that there was time travel involved. I'm scared of her.

MIKEY: Yeah, me, too, Mike. I hope she's not corrupted by the Project Cannon stuff. The– CANNONBALL's evil influence. She was in the Stinky Device; she could be compromised. And she is not the type of person that I want looking to kill me.

MW: If Marissa wanted us dead, we'd be good and dead.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Well said, (**VHS:** MW/**OVERNIGHTER:** Emdubya).

MIKEY: It's true, she could've killed me this morning if she really wanted to. Uh— She was trying to shove a live grenade in my mouth, but I think that was just a joke. ...Hey, what does this—

MW: Don't pu—!

[We hear a button press and a retractable blade shoot out from the bottom of the cane.]

MIKEY: Shit! ...T-There's a hidden blade on this thing!? That button was not on the handle when we bought that cane from the thrift shop. I know because I definitely would've pushed it on accident a long time ago.

MW: Yup. Michael installed it into the bottom of the cane a while ago. He put blades in lots of stuff, actually, uh. Don't put the toaster up past "four." It'll stick ya.

MIKEY: Michael, why? We have to live here. Mike gets to live in Boris's fancy apartment, and we're s-still stuck here? It's— It's— Nothing's fair. And I don't wanna play Russian roulette with the ice maker or whatever.

MIKE: Hey, I'm moving out today 'cause you guys are rescuing Boris. It's not like that apartment's unoccupied.

MW: And ya definitely don't wanna use the icemaker, pard.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: I didn't do nothin', pard. I ain't that Michael. I'm fine with bein' Michael as much as you want, and you can call me Michael. It is my name, after all. But y'all gotta know that I ain't him.

MIKEY: I know, it's difficult. It's just, this is the apartment, and you're Michael, it's—...

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Well, I don't feel like that Michael. Not really. This ain't even a normal consolidation. VHS Michael and Overnighter Michael had been separated a long time. Plus, that Stinky Device ain't no Calculator. It sorta feels like I'm drifting in and out? VHS Michael will think somethin', then Overnighter Michael will think somethin'. They don't always feel the same. I feel like I'm fluctuatin'. It's like the voice is changing back and forth in my head.

MIKEY: Well, however you're fluctuating, we can't tell. You're just Michael to us.

MW: Yeah, I can't tell, neither.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: That's prolly a good thing. We're movin' back into Satellite Base, after all. Satellite Base needs a Michael. That was the original plan.

MW: Needs a Boris, too, if we're listin' necessities.

MIKEY: We will get to Boris, MW, uh– one thing at a time. Let us get moved in before we start worrying about the mission. Edgar's got it all typed up; Boris is as good as saved.

MIKE: You guys had better rescue him soon, because I'm heading back to my time, and I'm not taking Bruno with me. I'm gonna leave him here, and he's going to be your problem.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Bruno ain't no problem. He's a good boy.

MW: He kinda is a problem if we're transportin' all over the place. We need Boris back.

MIKE: Michael, you're the one that told me that we couldn't get a puppy.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Mike, I been tortured for years since I told you ya cain't have a puppy. That ain't me no more.

MIKE: I know, and we should really drop it. You're our Michael now, and that's what's important. So, uh, maybe we consider this a completely fresh start. Like when we first formed Satellite Base. None of us knew each other then. It'll be just like old times.

MW: 'Cept I'm here.

MIKE: Right, and I'm returning to my home planet, so it's m-more like intermediate times. Uh– But still, fresh start.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Well, pleasure to make your acquaintance.

MIKEY: It's nice to meet you, too, Michael. Uh, where are my manners? Do you want the cane? I know that you were partially an overnigher. I don't know how much your body, uh...

VHS OVERNIGHTER: You can keep it, pard. I inherited VHS Michael's rugged good looks and strength for the most part. I don't need no cane.

MIKEY: Suit yourself. One of us is gonna use it to accidentally cut their toes off, thought it could be you.

MIKE: Alright, well, I'm gonna head out before my toes get cut off. Uh, I've gotta head downstairs and get all of my crap out of Boris's apartment, since he'll be needing it again. And I've gotta say goodbye to Bruno.

MIKEY: Hey, Mike, uh you want some company on the ride down there? Uh, I wanna pick your brain about a couple things. Uh, plus I need to hitch a ride back to Base, and we don't have a Calculator. And, uh, I can bring Bruno back up here. Saves you a trip.

MIKE: Yeah, uh, sure thing, Mikey. Uh, I'm gone, unless anyone needs anything from me.

MW: I cain't think o' nothin'.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Me, neither. Good seein' ya again, Mike.

MIKE: And it was nice to meet you, Michael. Sheepdog these two for me. They need it.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Can do, pard.

MW: See ya, Mike.

MIKE: Bye, everyone. You ready, Mikey?

[We hear a door open.]

MIKEY *[acting elderly]:* Yup, just let me hobble out the door with my cane here. *[Takes a few steps with the cane.]*

[The door closes. Mikey and Mike start walking through the hall.]

MIKE: You seriously need to be careful with that thing, Mikey. If there's a button that releases a blade, who knows what else is hidden in that thing. Poison, probably.

MIKEY: Okay, I'm not the kid brother, I can handle it. And it's always nice to have a weapon handy.

MIKE: Sure. So, what did you wanna talk about?

MIKEY: Uh. Let's get out of earshot first.

[They continue walking.]

MIKE *[quietly]:* So it is about MW and Michael, huh?

MIKEY *[quietly]:* Yeah, i-it's just... I don't know if I can trust them, like— you know what I mean? Like— It's not even because of the Stinky Device or Project Cannon. I-It's VHS Michael and MW. They nearly set everything on fire. Like, literally everything. And we're supposed to move on like nothing happened?

MIKE: Michael seemed more like he was being steered by the Overnigher and less by VHS Michael. A-At least from what I've seen. And MW is remorseful. ...I-I don't wanna be too harsh, but Base abandoned him, and he got manipulated because he was vulnerable. It could happen to anyone, and it *will* happen to any of you if you let it happen again. We're all in this together, Mikey. Just like the end of *High School Musical*, except less gay.

MIKEY: I– I guess you're right? I'm just– I-I'm worried about what happens if someone at Base is compromised by CANNONBALL. They could already be manipulating things.

MIKE: Well, Edgar has the Stinky Device, and he's learning how to use it. He wasn't at the showdown in Tier Three, so we know he's safe. *[We hear them stop walking. Mike opens Boris's door.]* And so as long as he's responsible, and he's Mr. Responsible, then we have nothing to worry about. Anyway, we're here.

MIKEY: ...Oh, uh, where's Bruno? *[We hear the door close.]* I thought he'd run right up to you.

MIKE: Bruno is probably in his room playing video games.

MIKEY: Bruno has his own room? I have to sleep on the couch at the Satellite Base!

MIKE: I know that Boris isn't exactly subtle about how rich he is, you know, with all the expensive guns and the fancy cigars and that big, gold chain he wears sometimes. But you don't really get a good idea of how rich he is until you live in his house for a couple of weeks. He's like Slavic Troy, almost. I mea- He's not that rich.

MIKEY: Are we sure that we should be reviving a super rich landlord? Uh– Shouldn't we be eating them or something? Should we be eating Troy?

MIKE: Boris gets a pass for saving our lives, and Troy gets a pass because we don't know what his deal is. Okay, so, you said you needed a ride back to Base... I mean, I guess you won't be living here full-time. You've– You've got a bed back home with a Panther in it. H– Wait, if I'm giving you a ride, how are you gonna bring Bruno upstairs? We can't do both.

[We hear the retractable blade shoot out of the cane.]

MIKE: Oh! Uh– Careful! You almost got my toes. I told you that it was–

[Mikey stabs Mike in the windpipe. He goes down spluttering and clawing at his throat. Mikey laughs.]

MIKE *[strangled]:* You're... edited...

[When Mikey speaks, we hear Mikey's voice briefly turn into CANNONBALL's whenever he makes a reference to Project Cannon.]

MIKEY: Save your breath, Mike. Welcome to (**CANNONBALL:** Project Cannon).

MIKE *[strangled]:* They'll figure you out...

MIKEY: Not in time, they won't. Anyway, this has been fun. Thanks for the advice. I will take it to heart. And I need to dispose of you now.

MIKE: Mikey...

MIKEY: Bye, Mike.

[Time travel noise.]

MIKEY: Ugh. I hate cleaning blood out of the carpet. ...Wait. T-This is old blood, this isn't even Mike's blood. Boris, what are you doing in here? Whatever. It's time to run some errands.

[We hear two time travel noises in quick succession.]

MIKEY: Okay, that was easier than I expected it to be. Uh, so, what's next. Uh. I-Is this Bruno's room?

[Mikey opens the door.]

MIKEY: Hey, there, Bruno. Let's get you upstairs. Who's a good pupper? Who's a good doggy? You are! You're a good doggy! And you're not gonna miss Mike at all, are you? You're not gonna miss him, no.

[Bruno whimpers.]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the time travel noise as Mikey arrives in the reverberant Ice Lair.]

STINKY: Hey, Mikey! I didn't know you were coming! Uh, Welcome to the Ice Lair! I-It's pretty cool, right? Get it? Cool?

MIKEY: Yes, Stinky, I get it. My mission finished up early, and I didn't have anywhere else to be, so they sent me here. Uh, I've gotta say, I did not miss this place.

MDAWG: I had forgotten that you were here in another life, Mikey. How did the mission go?

MIKEY: Ugh, poorly. And unexpectedly poorly, which is definitely the worst kind of poorly. All we were supposed to do was correct Boris's death, and we couldn't even find Boris. What a headache. That means that someone else probably got to him first, so he could be anywhere in time or space, alive or dead. I mean, probably dead, if I had to guess.

MDAWG: Do you have any idea why it went wrong?

MIKEY: No. Uh– Well, I'm not supposed to, but uh... *[Whispering.]* just between us Empty Heads, uh... I don't know if I trust that VHS Overnighter Michael guy.

STINKY: Who–? You mean– You mean just Michael?

MIKEY: That guy is not Michael, Stinky. That is how he wants us to treat him, though. But he's not. He's just a two-bit iteration like any of the others. VHS Michael is the reason the valley almost went down in flames, and the Overnighter is probably brainwashed by the Compound. And MW is way too friendly with him. So, I think they sabotaged the mission. They're up to something. And so now we have to take shifts looking after Bruno because Boris is still not back. Which means I have to spend even more time at the apartment. Ugh. So many bad memories there.

STINKY: Mikey, do you think that someone needs to... take care of this VHS guy?

MIKEY: Stinky, what? What are you suggesting?

STINKY: I know what it's like for a Michael iteration to be mean to me. You have to take care of it.

MIKEY: Uh, I'll– I'll keep that in mind, Stinky. Have you guys found anything interesting?

MDAWG: Nothing except for this big machine, *[Knocks on the machine.]* but that is pretty bodacious. I think that Edgar was hoping that there would be this big stockpile of time travel doodads. Maybe other devices like the Stinky Device? We were told to bring back anything even slightly groovy. So far, it's just the big machine. I have been keeping my third eye peeled for invisible technologies, but so far nothing.

STINKY: Do you know where any of the good stuff is, Mikey? Like, ooh! Like maybe a pinball machine! Like one where you can cheat and the restaurant owner doesn't come and yell at you?

MIKEY: No, I don't know where anything is, because I didn't know anything last time I was here.

MDAWG: Maybe you can check your mind palace, Mikey? Try to remember?

MIKEY: Ugh. I can try, MDawg, but it's not a mind palace, it's a mind pigsty. And it feels way different now that I'm back. I couldn't remember anything; I didn't even know about O.V.E.R. The only thing I knew about time travel was that CANNONBALL wanted the Stinky Device and that Base had it. So, I'm still getting caught up since Charlie helped me retrieve my memories.

STINKY: I mean, I can relate, Mikey. I don't know anything about anything, either. But, uh, O.V.E.R., that's what this stamp is, right? Here on the– the inside of the machine under the desk? Tha– The logo with the mountains? That's– That's the O.V.E.R. logo, right? Like, one of you's got a hat with it on it.

MDAWG: Stinky, all of us have clothes with that logo on it. I can even see it when I'm in the astral plane.

MIKEY: You're wearing a shirt with that logo on it right now. That is the O.V.E.R. logo.

STINKY: Oh! I-It is. I-I thought that was different mountains for some reason.

MIKEY: Wait, there's a logo under the desk? I never saw under the desk, because Ryan was always the one operating it. And he said that the building that it came out of blew up.

MDAWG: We know of one building in O.V.E.R. that blew up.

MIKEY: Do you think that this machine was inside of 357A? Like, maybe we're not wasting our time here after all.

STINKY: Well, if it was inside of O.V.E.R., then that means that it's powerful, right? Which means it can make me a pinball machine? What was Ryan using it for?

MIKEY: I don't know, I let him do all the work. Do you mind if I take a look?

MDAWG: I don't believe that is the most bodacious idea, Mikey.

MIKEY: And why is that?

MDAWG: Because we can't trust anyone yet. Everyone has been inside of the Stinky Device except for Edgar and Shadow. And I can't discern people by their auras anymore.

STINKY: Well, technically only one Troy went in? But none of them are here, because they're busy training to apply to work inside of Tier Three, because Charlie is in there, and they hate the new guard.

MIKEY: Who is the new guard? Do we know them?

STINKY: He didn't say.

MIKEY: Well, Troy's not using the machine, (**CANNONBALL:** Project Can-) or not. Uh- But seriously, MDawg, you don't trust *me*?

MDAWG: My instructions were to not trust anyone. It isn't anything personal.

MIKEY: This is silly, MDawg. We're all iterations. We've got the same mother soul. We're- We're all the Empty Heads, remember? None of us are caught up in (**CANNONBALL:** Project Cannon).

STINKY: Mikey, you've said it twice now. Who are the Empty Heads?

MIKEY: Uh, what do you mean? Uh, the Empty Heads are you, me, and Troy. Remember? Uh— 'Cause, like, everyone else is so serious all the time, so we're the Empty Heads?

MDAWG: You've never called us that before. Uh, I don't think that anyone should touch the machine until Edgar can get here. In fact, I'm going to call him and let him know that this is the only thing that we found.

MIKEY: MDawg, I'm not a mind reader, but I can tell that you think I've been edited.

MDAWG: I'm only a mind reader during certain phases of the moon, but I think I can read your mind, Mikey. We'll see what Edgar says when he gets here.

MIKEY: No, I'm not going to wait around to be accused, MDawg. I'm gonna get the hell out of here.

[Mikey start pressing Calculator buttons.]

STINKY: Mikey, you have a Calculator? Uh— Edgar said we're not supposed to have those.

MDAWG: Mikey, hand the Calculator over and we can resolve this peacefully.

MIKEY: MDawg, I swear to god, if you get any closer to me with your peace and love, *[Stops pressing buttons.]* then I'm gonna hit this button that opens the front door, and you're gonna have to deal with Lucky the polar bear. Stay back.

STINKY: Okay, but we're just gonna tell Edgar you're evil.

MIKEY: You're not gonna remember any of this, idiot.

MDAWG: Mikey, we can resolve this. We can get Project Cannon out of your head. Just let me—

[The front door starts to open.]

MIKEY: You're going to want to find an interior room with no windows. I'm going to keep trying this again until you let me use the machine.

STINKY: MDawg, should we hide—? The— The polar bear—

MIKEY: See you soon, MDawg.

[Bear sound. The front door stops opening.]

[Time travel noise.]

DYLAN: After the break, *Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show*. But first, a groovy song called "Exits."

[Exits plays.]

*Once the pillar has fallen
There isn't any getting it back
Getting it back
I held the world
In my shaky hands
And crushed it in my palms
All I wanted was you gone*

*Once the edges have softened
There's no turning back
The evidence for e everything against us
I thought that I would have another chance at
A degradation on my own terms but*

*There's too much to hold on in my head
I don't know where I'm going next*

*Give in
Your worst impulses can sing you like a chorus
If it's getting hot in here then
You should maybe check your exits
Give in
Sublimated rage you've taken out on innocents
Not to say that I am fully innocent
I just think we should be looking for an exit*

*If the villain is honest you can give him a name
You can recognize him staring in the mirror
Your can change your conscience on a whim or
You can stay the same*

*Is it a really a wonder that I've got your name
Inscribed across my back
I wear you like a badge of shame
Transmuting yesterdays*

*There are some things I left unsaid
I'll hold them in until my death
My death*

*Give in
Your worst impulses can sing you like a chorus
If it's getting hot in here then
You should maybe check your exits
Give in
Sublimated rage you've taken out on innocents
Not to say that I am fully innocent
I just think we should be looking for an exit*

*I lost track
I was at the threshold looking back
But I never liked what I saw
Or the act of looking at all
I marked maps
I was trapped inside topography but
If you come and witness me
I'm taking off
I'm not so lost.*

*Give in
Your worst impulses can sing you like a chorus
If it's getting hot in here then
You should maybe check your exits
Give in
Sublimated rage you've taken out on innocents
Not to say that I am fully innocent
I just think we should be looking for an exit*

[Scene transition.]

[Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show theme plays.]

*It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show starts now!*

*It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!
It's Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show!*

Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show starts now!

[We hear birds singing and outdoor ambience.]

[Skinner whistles while using a cordless drill.]

SKINNER: Let's see someone try to pull one over on us now.

[A car pulls into the driveway.]

SKINNER *[under their breath]:* Oh, shit.

[The car parks. Skinner frantically presses Calculator buttons.]

ROBERT *[calling up to the roof]:* Skinner! I cannot believe—

[Time travel noise.]

[Scene transition.]

[Thump of Skinner arriving inside via transport.]

SKINNER: *Fuck, fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, Jesus, fuck. [Sighs.]* The sun was behind me, right? He couldn't be sure it was actually me up there, right? Fuck! ...Uh. *[Gathering items.]* Laptop, charger, headphones.

[Skinner hurries down the hall and into the kitchen.]

SKINNER: Okay. He'll be here in... Alright, yeah, good. I got a few minutes. Everything's fine. It's fine. Everything's gonna be fine.

[Skinner pulls out a kitchen chair, sits down, and starts typing.]

[Footsteps approach.]

MAGNOLIA *[surprised]:* Oh! Shit, Skinner, hey! ...You're out of your room!

SAX: Heh! Is it a holiday or somethin'?

[Skinner stops typing.]

SKINNER: Hah. I feel like you all need more excitement in your lives if me working from the kitchen is so remarkable. You're acting like you just spotted a yellow-bellied sapsucker.

MAGNOLIA: "A yellow—" what?

SAX: Ugh. I do *not* want to know.

SKINNER: It's a fucking bird, you freak.

MAGNOLIA: Oh! I didn't know you watch birds, is it rare?

SKINNER: Yeah, I think so. Or, at least, Robby-Bobby flipped his lid when he saw one last month, so I assume it's uncommon around here at least.

MAGNOLIA: So... why are you working out here today? *Not* that we don't want you out here, 'cause, like, of course we want you out here, it's just... unlike you.

SKINNER: Uh... Well. *[Brief laugh.]* It's been suggested that I spend too much time alone in my room. Plus, I just fed Old Man's spiders, and my skin is crawling.

[Skinner resumes typing.]

MAGNOLIA: Understandable.

SAX: You didn't have to move 'em into your room. You could keep 'em in Old Man's old room. It's not like anyone's usin' it. I mean, if they freak you out.

SKINNER: Oh, come on, Old Man's room freaks me out *way* more than the spiders do. All those pictures of horses and spurs and— *[Shudders.]*

SAX *[deadpan]:* Heh, yeah, ooh. Absolutely terrifyin'.

MAGNOLIA *[helpfully]:* Well, I mean, uh, Flash was saying there's some really hostile energy in that room.

SAX: Well, I'm sure we could find a new home for the spiders.

SKINNER: Don't worry about it.

SAX: Don't you hate spiders?

SKINNER: I don't hate them. They... freak me out.

SAX: Heh. There's a difference?

SKINNER: Obviously—

MAGNOLIA: Of course there is.

[Skinner briefly pauses typing.]

SAX: Ah, I don't get it. You and Old Man used to butt heads constantly while he's alive. And now taking care of his spiders, which you hate!

MAGNOLIA: They don't hate spiders, they're afraid of them.

SAX: Nah. I still don't understand the difference.

MAGNOLIA: I mean, Sax, look, it's— it's like me and water slides. Right? *[Skinner groans under their breath.]* I'm terrified of those massive waterslides at amusement parks, but... I don't begrudge their existence. Lots of people like them! I don't want to deprive people of something that brings them joy.

SAX: Well, sure, heh. That's you.

MAGNOLIA: Your point being?

SAX: ...Well, I mean. Come on. We're talkin' about Skinner here.

MAGNOLIA: What's that supposed to mean?

[Typing stops.]

SAX: Well, do they really seem like the type to worry about depriving people of somethin' that brings them joy? Uh— No offense, Skinner.

SKINNER: Uh, some offense, fuck you very much. And Old Man and I got along fine. ...We just enjoyed getting on each other's nerves, alright?

[Typing resumes.]

[Muffled thuds from overhead.]

SAX: What's that? Is somethin' on the roof?

SKINNER: Uh, probably squirrels. ...Or racoons.

MAGNOLIA: I'm pretty sure racoons are nocturnal.

[We hear a muffled cordless drill.]

SKINNER: *[Stops typing.]* Fine. Maybe they're rabid racoons.

MAGNOLIA: I'm just trying to help!

ROBERT *[from outside]:* Skinner! I cannot believe you!

[Door opens, and heavy footsteps approach.]

SKINNER *[to Magnolia and Sax]:* I've been here this whole time. You two saw me, right?

MAGNOLIA: Yes?

SAX: Skinner? What are you—?

ROBERT *[irritated but calm]:* Oh, there you are.

SKINNER *[charming]:* Heh. Hey, Bobby, what's up?

ROBERT: What's up? First—

SKINNER: Hah. "First"? You gotta list for me?

ROBERT: First, I thought you'd like to know Wesker's vet appointment was this morning.

SKINNER: Shit. That was today?

ROBERT: Yes, don't worry. I took him. He's fit as a fiddle. I also purchased the chicken feed on my way back that you said you would pick up last week.

MAGNOLIA *[whispering to Sax]:* Maybe we should leave?

SAX *[whispering to Magnolia]:* Maybe we should get popcorn.

SKINNER: Okay, in my defense, I did buy some, I just forgot it in the trunk.

MAGNOLIA: For a week!?

SKINNER: Mags. Not helpful.

MAGNOLIA: I was surprised!

ROBERT *[increasingly irritated]:* Yes, I did notice the bag of chicken feed in the trunk. When I went to load the bag I had just purchased into the car.

SKINNER: Well, now we don't have to buy chicken feed for a while, right? Everybody wins!

ROBERT: Then I stopped by the library to check the lost and found for your hoodie. And while I was there, I picked up those books on 1970s and 1980s fashion that you had on hold.

SKINNER: Thanks?

ROBERT: And now I come home and find you on the roof and setting up those security cameras.

MAGNOLIA: Wait. *More* security cameras?

SKINNER: Oh, calm down, Magpie, they're facing the driveway in the backyard. And it's to protect you and all of our friends, by the way. If one of us goes missing, my surveillance could give us a lead and a chance at issuing a correction. So, you're welcome.

MAGNOLIA: Go missing?

ROBERT: I told you that you needed fall protection. I bet you didn't even tell anyone you were heading up there. This house has a roof with a 10/12 pitch, which is incredibly dangerous to be walking on.

SKINNER: Oh, come on, Bobby. You're an accountant, not an insurance adjuster, give me a break.

[Uncomfortable silence.]

SKINNER: ...Fuck, I shouldn't've—

ROBERT: I should get back to work. I've got some client calls.

SKINNER: Robert, look. ...I know you're probably pissed—

ROBERT: I really do need to get back to work. *[Skinner sighs.]* We can discuss the roof later.

[Footsteps retreating.]

SAX: Eugh, yikes.

SKINNER: *[Groans through hands.]* Fuck.

MAGNOLIA *[whispering]:* Hey, Sax, are— are they... you know?

SAX *[whispering]:* Uh, no idea. I've never gotten a straight answer out of either of them.

SKINNER: Hey, Statler and Waldorf, do you two mind? ...Jesus.

MAGNOLIA: So, Skinner, uh... Did– Did you wanna talk about–?

SKINNER: I got shit to do. Kitchen's all yours.

[Closing theme starts playing.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of CANNONBALL was Nathan Lunsford. You can check him out in *The Storage Papers*. He doesn't know that he's in this episode.

Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show was written and sound edited by JustJenah. You can check them out in *400 Words A Horror* or *The Grotto*. The voice of Skinner is JustJenah.

The voice of Magnolia is Pine Gonzalez. Check out their new show *Forged Bonds*.

The voice of Sax was Shaun Pellington. Check out his show *Wake of Corrosion*.

And the voice of Robert was Alex Telander. Check out his podcasts *Ostium* and *Circè*.

Thanks for playing.

[Closing theme plays out.]

BLOOPER (DYLAN): It's clear that they can't hear the voice switching back and forth, right? Because if they could hear the voice switching back and forth, this would all– this season would be over, uh, immediately. It's like "oh, uh, I can tell that you've been edited by CANNONBALL, because his voice keeps coming out of your mouth."

BLOOPER (DYLAN): *[Grating voice.]* Woah, dude, that was *radical*. We're gonna take a quick break and listen to some tunes, and then we'll be back with *Skinner's Untitled Crust Punk Show* here on *WBG!* *[Growls, then hacks. Normal voice.]* Nope! Nope!

[END Episode 193.]