

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY NINE - GOD DAMN

Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 179.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. It is the time of year for festivities for WOE.BEGONE over on Twitch at twitch.tv/woebegonepod. If you are listening to this on the day it comes out on the main feed, it is my birthday, which means that we are 12 days away from the fourth anniversary of the show, and I celebrate show anniversaries with a 24-hour livestream. Dates to be announced soon. But, in the meantime, I am still streaming every Sunday on Twitch over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. So come check that out if you'd like to be part of that. That is twitch.tv/woebegonepod. And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over 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, corkboards, and more. I might be relaxing in a hot tub for my birthday, but the goodies continue over on Patreon. I have things scheduled all week to get people excited for the season finale next week. So, go check those out, that's patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

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

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear TXDawg and Old Man doing dishes.]

OLD MAN: Dang it, MDawg! We're supposed to be cleanin' the dishes, not makin' more of 'em. You've eaten enough biscuits and gravy to feed a whole dang army. Put down your fork and help us instead o' sittin' there fillin' your gullet!

MDAWG: I was hungry!

TXDAWG: Don't be cruel to him, Old Man. He's still getting his energy back. If we're going to project out of here, we need all of the psychic energy we can get our hands on.

BRITCHES: If'n you could project your own way outta here, you wouldn't need my services, now would ya? Less talkin', and more cleanin'. And lay off MDawg. He didn't do nothin' to nobody. You people and your bickerin', do y'all ever get along?

OLD MAN: We're gettin' along a hell of a lot better now that Tex ain't here. Ugh. Good riddance.

BRITCHES: I can't even tell y'all apart. Dumbass cowboys, dumbass hippies, it's all the same to me. What makes Tex more trouble than you lot?

OLD MAN: He stole from us, and he took off on Bluster and left us in the fire to die. We told you that already.

TXDAWG: I'm confused. Aren't you a cowboy, too, Britches?

BRITCHES: Yessir. But I ain't a dumbass about it. And I asked what makes that Tex fella more trouble than you. Trouble is your middle name, friend. That's why you're beggin' me for help in the first place. That's why you're cleanin' dishes instead of already back home. You gotta earn your ticket.

TXDAWG: Karma will come for Old Man in due time if he wronged you like you say that he did. What did he do to you, anyway? It would make you lighter to unburden yourself from that knowledge. Literally lighter. A grudge weighs five grams. If you speak it aloud, that weight can finally leave your body.

BRITCHES: I don't know 'bout all that. All I know is that Old Man has made it pretty dang hard to forgive him.

TXDAWG: Help me understand, Britches. Is this about Skuzz? My understanding is that they ended up being alright, even after the bomb went off inside of Operose.

BRITCHES: If the worst thing Old Man did was put a bomb inside of Skuzz, we wouldn't be havin' this conversation, now would we? No. Old Man set all sorts of bombs, literal and metaphorical. Lots of people got hurt. I don't forgive and forget so easily.

OLD MAN: Look, Britches. I'm sorry, okay? I don't know what I'm gonna do, but I swear I'll try not to do it. All I got right now is this dishrag and my word, and if that won't do, I don't know what to tell ya. Sorry.

BRITCHES: That's *my* dishrag. Maybe you do got somethin' to offer me. As and you might have noticed when ya came in, the whole damn valley is on fire. And where there's calamity, there's you lot. So, what do you know about all this?

TXDAWG: Well, we're here because the fi—

OLD MAN: We don't know jack shit about the fire. We got sent here by who-knows, and as soon as we get outta here, we're kickin' someone's ass and puttin' the fire out. So, you don't gotta worry about that. Old Man'll come and save the day, just like he usually does.

BRITCHES: You know I wanna believe you, Old Man, I—... I just can't do it. I reckon you'd be here anyway, even if no one sent you. I... I can't say I know too much about you hippies, but you're married to the other hippie, right? The EdMan one?

MDAWG: Uh. ...What's this about EdMan?

BRITCHES: You ain't here 'cause o' him? I figured you were here to play firefighter and rescue 'im. But, what do I know?

MDAWG: Britches, what *do* you know about EdMan? Rescue hi—? From here? EdMan is here?

OLD MAN: Don't get too wound up, MDawg. Save your strength.

BRITCHES: It's not like I'm keepin' him in the back, or nothin'. But... he came in not long before you folks knocked. He had some questions. I didn't have many answers, but I helped him as much as I could, and he went on his way. You seriously didn't know he was here?

MDAWG: Britches? What the hell is EdMan doing here?

OLD MAN: I figured EdMan was dead, 'cause o' what happened inside o' O.I.

TXDAWG: Britches, this is important. When was EdMan here? Where did he go? What did he say about what he was doing?

BRITCHES: I— I don't think I should share that information in mixed company. I— I don't know who to trust, ya see. I probably already said too much, blabbin' about him bein' here. Um. He didn't seem lost or nothin'. He wandered in here like it was any other day.

MDAWG: Old Man, we need to leave *now*.

OLD MAN: What are we gonna do, MDawg? Wander around in the fire lookin' for him? Hell, can you even walk right?

MDAWG: You let me worry about how well I can walk. I— I'm— I'm bodacious, I swear. I'll— I'll manage. We need to find him.

OLD MAN: How's about we finish up these here dishes, and get a ride home from Britches? I did not mean for that to rhyme. We can come back here and find him when we have a Calculator and the rest of Base to help us.

MDAWG: No, we have to find him—!

[MDawg tries to stand up, and falls down.]

TXDAWG: Careful, MDawg. [**MDAWG** (*muttering*): Ow. Fuck, fuck, fuck!] Recenter yourself.

BRITCHES: Whoa, there, bub! Ah—! Ugh. You ain't in any shape to be runnin' out that door. Uh— You sit tight. ...You're gonna break somethin'.

TXDAWG: I do think that MDawg is right, Old Man. EdMan might be why we're here in the first place. Maybe we were destined to run into Britches because the King Of All Cosmos wants us to find EdMan. So EdMan could be the key to everything.

BRITCHES: Come on. Now, even I know that the King Of All Cosmos is from *Katamari Damacy*. It ain't no mystic thing.

MDAWG: Yes, TXDawg, exactly. I feel it. I feel the cosmos; it's telling me to find EdMan! It's— It's telling both of us. Can't you feel it?

BRITCHES: Now, what happens when you find EdMan, and there's two of you and one o' him?

TXDAWG: We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Come on, MDawg. Let's get out of here. You can lean on me. We'll go find EdMan. Maybe he'll have a way for us to get home.

OLD MAN: You goddamn hippies ain't goin' nowhere. That's cockamamie.

BRITCHES: I... hate to agree with Old Man, but he's right. That's cockamamie, y'all.

MDAWG: I do not care what is cockamamie. We need to find him.

TXDAWG: You aren't going to prevent MDawg and I from leaving, are you, Britches?

BRITCHES: I ain't gonna stop you. By all means, get the hell outta my diner. I could use the peace and quiet. But, I ain't keepin' 'im here alone. It's a package deal.

MDAWG: See, Old Man, you can't stay here. You've— You've gotta go with us. Uh— Be copacetic. What if this was your Edgar? What if it was your August?

OLD MAN: What if it was my what, now? I ain't got no one.

BRITCHES [*slightly mocking*]: What a sorry state of affairs.

TXDAWG: We're going to look for him, Old Man. You should come with us. There's strength in numbers. Multiple connections to the mother soul is a force multiplier. We'll be psychically stronger. We need to put out a fire with our minds, and we need your help.

BRITCHES: You didn't ask for my advice, Old Man, but I'm gonna give it to you anyway. These folks seem dead set on findin' him. I— I don't think you're gonna know peace until they find EdMan. So... go on. Get. I ain't sendin' you back without 'em.

MDAWG: The universe is offering us a sign, Old Man. You should listen.

OLD MAN: Ugh. Fine. Let's go look for EdMan. But when we burn to death out there, I want the whole world to know it was you knuckleheads that did this to us.

BRITCHES: I'll make sure your buddies know what happened to ya. Now, are you gonna pay for that biscuits and gravy platter, MDawg?

MDAWG: Uh, yeah, I can pay. I've got my card and bitcoin. Thanks for the food, Britches. I'm feeling much more bodacious now.

BRITCHES: Card system is down, friend. Whole town's on fire. In case you didn't notice.

OLD MAN: Here. I'll cover for 'im.

[We hear Old Man drop a bunch of coins on the table.]

OLD MAN: Keep the change.

MDAWG: Uh— Where did all those coins come from?

BRITCHES: This don't make up for what you done, you know.

OLD MAN: I weren't tryin' to make up for nothin'. Keep it. Let's go, fellas.

BRITCHES: Y'all take care now.

TXDAWG: Alright, MDawg, just get your arm around me. *[We hear TXDawg help MDawg up.]* Yup. Okay. Uh, focus your energy **[MDAWG: Yup.]** through your legs. Move your spirit along with your body. Yup. Okay. One step after the other.

[We hear the door chime as TXDawg and MDawg exit the diner.]

BRITCHES: Hey. Old Man. Let me ask you somethin'. Before you get outta here, I mean.

OLD MAN: What is it, Britches?

BRITCHES: You know what you did, don't you?

[Old Man doesn't answer.]

BRITCHES: You already done it.

[Old Man doesn't answer.]

BRITCHES: Get the hell out of my diner.

[Old Man leaves without saying a word.]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear a door open.]

CHARLIE: Oh! Mike! Ah! Good to see you. Come here! *[Embraces Mike.]* Geez. It really does feel like everyone's coming to see little old me today. I have no idea what on earth I did to deserve all this attention, but I'm never going to say no to a little bit of friend time.

MIKE: Yeah, uh, i-it's good to see you, too, Charlie. Uh, that's why I'm here, actually. A-All this attention you're getting. Uh— Base was here earlier, right?

CHARLIE: Yup! You know it. You just missed them, actually. They were only here for a few minutes, though, so you didn't miss too much. They asked a couple quick questions, stopped to say hi, that kinda stuff. Except for Marissa, *[Brief laugh.]* of course. But she took a quick nap after her shift, and she actually just left a few minutes ago, too, so... you've got some pretty bad timing, Mike. *[Laughs.]*

MIKE: Well. Actually. Uh, I sort of need to talk to you alone, actually. Uh, it would be nice to see them, but, um.... well...

CHARLIE: But... something's up? I've got an inkling about it. Just a small one, though.

MIKE: Uh. Yeah. I assume that they were here for the same reasons I am.

CHARLIE: Yeah, well. I'm all ears, friend. You know me. They said that they thought Mikey was up to some kind of scheme? But, you know how Mikey is. They wanted me to take a look at him, make sure everything was how it was supposed to be? You know.

MIKE: Yeah, uh, I'm not sure that everything is how it's supposed to be with Mikey? Uh, I led a meeting this morning at Base, and Mikey was there, but there was something really off about him. H-He didn't seem like himself? It was hard to put my finger on, i-it just... it felt like he was... I-I don't know, "improvising." **[CHARLIE: Mm-hmm?]** Like, he didn't say anything that conclusively demonstrated that he wasn't who he said he was, but it felt like he was skirting by at knowing things that Mikey should definitely know about. **[CHARLIE: Mm?]** I didn't say anything while I was there, because, well, if he isn't Mikey, I didn't wanna tip him off.

CHARLIE: Okay. Well. Here's what they told me. Kinda similar to what you just said. They said that they caught him in Edgar's office going through his stuff and that his story about why he was in there didn't add up. Mikey said that he was doing paperwork, and *[Brief laugh.]* you know he never does his paperwork, so they were rightfully a little suspicious. They seemed positive that he wasn't the iteration he said he was, so they came to the experts. Hi, that's me. *[Brief*

laugh.] I looked him over, and nothing seemed out of the ordinary. They weren't happy with the answer, but *[Sighs.]* what can I say, Mike? I couldn't lie to them and say that he was a different iteration just to make them happy. I thought maybe it was a test to see if I could actually tell the Mikes apart, or... maybe some kind of initiation into full-time Base, but... they swore up and down that he truly wasn't Mikey. Ugh... *[Pause.]* Uh— *[Sighs.]* I'm sorry, um. Where are my manners? *[Exhales.]* Little bit frazzled. Could I interest you in some coffee? I made some when Base showed up, but they didn't want any. Marissa drank six cups before she left, but there's still a lot left over. I always make twelve, just in case.

MIKE: Uh, coffee would be great, actually. I've been breaking 24 basically all week, and my sleep schedule is fucked.

CHARLIE: *[Huffs.]* Mike! What am I gonna do with you? You know you can't be doing that to your sleep schedule! It's so important that you get your hours in. ...Ugh. You're already reducing your life expectancy, so maybe don't make it worse? Just an idea? Grab a seat at the kitchen table. I'll get you some coffee, and we can talk about what's happening, alright?

MIKE: Alright. Thanks, Charlie. It's nice to talk to someone who's... you know, reasonable? Base is wacky at the best of times, *[We hear coffee pouring.]* and things just feel like they're getting wackier. With the Crust Punks running around, there's just so many people to keep track of, and they all have something going on, and I have a chart to keep everyone straight, but I haven't updated it, and now it's out of date, and *[Sighs.]* I'm just a mess.

CHARLIE: ...Cherish them while you can, Mike. Okay? Life is so short. And it's even shorter if you're a time traveler... despite how ironic that might be. You know... *[Sighs.]* I worry about my Marissa all the time. We've lost so many people. Like, what if something happens, and suddenly she's lost five years because she got trapped or stuck, or... something worse. Like Edgar's Lost Year, or...

MIKE: ...Or like Michael, you mean? He was alone longer than he was actually alive.

CHARLIE: *[Sighs.]* I'm sure that's hard for you, not having him around. Are you and the other iterations coping okay?

MIKE: We're— coping. There's definitely a void where he used to be. I'm— I'm managing, but it's been really tough on some of us. Uh, MW in particular isn't doing so hot. I visited him yesterday, and he's let the apartment get messy. It's— It's even more of a bachelor pad than usual, if you can believe that. I'm— I'm scared that he's festering out there, alone, and it's going to backfire on the rest of Base if we don't step in and do something.

CHARLIE: Well, I wouldn't worry, Mike. Honestly. MW's got a good head on his shoulders. I've— *[Brief laugh.]* Okay. Secrets time. I've never told you this before, but he reminds me of you in some ways. And I— I don't mean that in just the way that he's, like, quote, "the responsible one"? Like you are? No, I mean it more in that there's a *real* resemblance there. ...It's kinda hard to

explain, actually. Um... Well, let's see. I've got this sort of sixth sense for telling iterations apart, and you and him? Well, *[Brief chuckle.]* you guys kinda feel the same. I really can't describe how, though. Um. It's not that you look the same, or anything, it's more that you guys "are" the same in some ways, and... I don't even really truly understand it myself. I guess the same kind of "vibe" is maybe how I'd explain it? At least, I think that's what Michael would call it if he were here.

MIKE: I mean, I— I kind of get what you mean. MW held his own when we were trapped in Boris' saferoom together, maybe a little better than I did, honestly. But he's still a Mike iteration. He's still sorta panicky, even at the best of times, like we all are. Michael was a sheepdog, and look where that got him. Consolidated with Lieutenant and signed his own death warrant. And he was supposed to be the one in control.

CHARLIE: *[Brief laugh.]* Well, you guys are sorta panicky, but it's that *[Sucks in breath.]* Mike Walters charm, you know? As for Michael? Well. He made his own calculations, that's for sure. But... we were up against Operose, Mike. You know how powerful they are. Just because Michael died, doesn't mean that he didn't make the right decision, as hard as it is to understand that. This could be the best of all outcomes, for all we know.

MIKE: Charlie, I— I've been doing this too long, there is no best of all outcomes. Even if that is Mikey, something's going on. And he's not above going rogue himself. So, who knows what got into his head. It feels like the barometric pressure on the situation is dropping fast. So, there's going to be a storm soon, and it might be time to start piling up the sandbags.

CHARLIE: We'll weather the storm together, then.

MIKE: We'll weather the storm, or get carried off to Oz in a tornado. Oh, oh— *[Retches.]* Charlie, uh, uh— Excuse me. *[Makes further noises of discomfort, and stammers.]* ...I— I think something's wrong.

CHARLIE: Everything is going to be fine, Mike. We're resourceful.

MIKE: Charlie... oh, oh, **[CHARLIE:** Ugh. Thank god you drank the coffee.] what did you...? What did you do?

CHARLIE: I was a little worried there for a second. I really didn't wanna have to stab you? *[Mike continue to retch and struggle to breathe.]* It would've been so much more difficult. Way bigger of a hassle. And, ugh, I'd probably need to get the handcuffs out, and then you'd make so much more noise, it'd be a whole big mess and a hullabaloo, and I really just wasn't feeling it today, so... i— *[Huffs.]* Mike. Mi— *[Clicks tongue.]* Mike, if you're going to froth at the mouth, please don't do it on the tablecloth. I just washed it! Rude. And you don't know how hard it is to get blood out of nice white linen.

MIKE: *[Thrashes around.]* Charlie... i— it was— it was— him...

CHARLIE: Yeah. MW, you mean?

[We hear Mike dying.]

MIKE: I knew it. I knew it was MW... I knew...

CHARLIE: Look, Mike. It's not like I really want to do this, but you just couldn't trust the plan, could you? So, we did what we had to. We needed to get you out of the way for a little while, but it's just for a little while! I promise! Okay? I— I was assured that you'll be back once everything gets sorted out, just like that.

MIKE: You killed me.

CHARLIE: *[Clicks tongue.]* Just for a little while! So dramatic, gosh. This will all make sense once it's all over, I promise. But, for now... yes. You do need to die. Sorry, Mike.

[We hear Mike continue to die.]

CHARLIE: *[Huffs.]* There you go! See? It's so easy. And it's only gonna hurt for a little minute, and then it'll be fine, *[We hear Mike fall out of the chair.]* it'll be all over. Right? Shh... No, no, no. Shh. Quiet. Easy now. Okay? Don't make this harder than it has to be.

[Mike's thrashing slows down.]

MIKE *[quietly]:* I should have stopped him. I should have stopped him. I should have stopped him...

CHARLIE: Go on, Mike. There's no use sticking around anymore. Shh... It's okay. You're only causing yourself more pain.

[Mike dies. Charlie hums "The Bands That You Loved When You Were A Kid" as she dials a phone number and makes a call.]

TY *[through the phone]:* Hello, Charlie. Have you completed your little task for me?

CHARLIE: Yup! Sure have! Mike's dead. You owe me a tablecloth, though, Dr. Betteridge. The blood is never going to come out of this one, and I swear Marissa's a bloodhound. She'd figure out the whole thing the moment she walked through the door, I'm sure.

TY *[through the phone]:* *[Chuckling.]* Oh, yes, of course she would. Well, we can discuss compensation at the end of this whole ordeal. ...By the way, d-do you have a way of disposing of him? I can send someone if need be.

CHARLIE: Nope! Leave it to me. Not a problem.

TY *[through the phone]*: Oh, you're a saint for doing this for us, Charlie. I know MW is thankful. Uh, he's here with me, actually. Uh, say hi, MW.

MIKEY *[through the phone]*: *[MW voice.]* Uh. H-Hi, Charlie...

CHARLIE: Oh! *[Brief laugh.]* By the way, I meant to tell you... Base was here earlier this morning. They brought a Mike iteration with them for me to inspect, and don't worry, I played dumb, and I told them that it was Mikey, but it was definitely MW. I guess at some point he replaced Mikey? It was a pretty clever trick, I'll give you that! *[Takes a breath.]* Thankfully, I picked up on what he was putting down, and threw them off the scent. ...But you need to tell him to be more careful? Yeah? I could have accidentally blown his whole cover, just like that.

TY *[through the phone]*: That's curious. I'm with MW right now, and he hasn't said a word about a meeting at Base. MW, were you at Charlie's house this morning?

MIKEY *[through the phone]*: *[Stammering.]* Uh— I— I wa—

TY *[through the phone]*: I believe you've solved another mystery for me, Charlie. **[MIKEY:** *(Normal voice.)* Ty, wait!] Thanks for that. MW is quite the resourceful one, isn't he? He didn't clear this little escapade with me, but whatever works, right? So, this one here must be... Mikey, right?

CHARLIE: *[Pshaws.]* You would know better than I would.

MIKEY *[through the phone]*: Charlie, please!

TY *[through the phone]*: I knew that something was amiss, but I hadn't figured out the specifics yet. *[Turning attention.]* Oh, Mikey, with all due respect, and I have very little for you, if you attempt to run, you'll be dead before your body hits the ground. Stay exactly where you are, no sudden movements. *[Cowboy voice.]* Stick 'em up, pardner! *[Chuckles, and drops the cowboy voice.]* That's what MW would say, right?

MIKEY *[through the phone]*: Charlie, what are you doing? You're making a mistake!

TY *[through the phone]*: You're doing a wonderful job, Charlie. *[Sighs.]* Mikey. How many times. You made your bed, and now lie in it. It's time to pay up. **[MIKEY:** Charlie...] Charlie, I'll have to debrief you later, I've got to deal with this duplicate while I've got him here. Uh, if you clean up your... situation and await further orders, and, uh— well, again, *thank you*, Charlie. You are *such* a miracle worker.

CHARLIE: It's what I do. What can I say. Talk to you later, Ty.

TY *[through the phone]*: See you soon, Charlie. Toodle pip!

[We hear Charlie hang up.]

CHARLIE: *[Clicks tongue.]* Alright. Now the real work begins. God, Mike. Let's get you outta here. You messed up my whole kitchen. Too bad I can't make you clean it for me.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the ambience of the valley on fire.]

TXDAWG *[overlapping MDawg]*: *[Calling out.]* EdMan. EdMan! Hey, EdMan! EdMan, can you feel my aura? EdMan.

MDAWG *[overlapping TXDawg]*: *[Calling out.]* EdMan! *EdMan*, are you out here? I'm gonna astral project to you! I— Come to me when I— when I find you!

OLD MAN: We ain't never gonna find him this way, y'all. We don't even got a clue where he could be. It's a needle in a dang haystack. That's assumin' that there's even a needle in here at all. Britches has got a bone to pick with me. He coulda lied about the whole thing to get us outta the diner.

TXDAWG: I doubt that he was lying to you. Does Britches even know who EdMan is? They could've been contacted by a demon pretending to be EdMan, but I don't think that they made it up out of whole cloth.

MDAWG: I have the demon checklist memorized, so I could have administered it, but I think they really saw EdMan.

OLD MAN: *[Huffs.]* I have had it up to here with this woo-woo nonsense, both o' ya. Maybe Tex is the way he is 'cause o' all this tomfoolery you do, TXDawg. You ever think of that?

TXDAWG: I know that you only said that because you're frustrated, Old Man. I forgive you.

OLD MAN: I didn't ask to be forgiven, damnit! This ain't workin'! We need to go somewhere safe and regroup. I suggest we go back to the diner, tuck our tails 'tween our legs—

TROY *[shouting from in the cave]*: Help! Help! **[MDAWG: E—! EdMan!?!]** Someone help me, **[TXDAWG: Where— Where is that coming from?]** I'm stuck! **[OLD MAN: I think it's comin' from inside that cave.]** Tex? Bluster? Anyone, please! It's wet and cold in here! And the crickets want revenge! *Please!*

MDAWG: Did he say something about... crickets?

OLD MAN: I'll take care of this. *[Calling out.]* Who's in there? We're armed! You better come out with your hands up.

TROY *[from in the cave]:* I can't come out! My foot is stuck inside a rock. **[MDAWG:** I-Is that... Troy? TXDawg, did you sense him out here?]) And I can't put my hands up either, or I'll slip and I'll fall in further, **[TXDAWG:** No. Why is he out here?]) and I— I— I gotta keep the foot I have, I can't lose them both!

OLD MAN: Troy? Is that you in there?

TROY *[from in the cave]:* Tex? Tex, is that you? Oh, you came back for me! I— I knew, I knew you would come back. I told all the cave crickets that you weren't really gonna leave me here, and they didn't believe me. They just kept saying "chirpchirpchirpchirpchirpchirpchirpchirpchirpchirpchirpchirp," and I don't know what that means. I don't speak cave cricket, I only eat crickets. But, it sounded like they were making fun o' me, and I don't like being made fun of, especially by no crickets. And they're also really mad at me for being in their cave. I don't wanna be in their cave, but they won't listen or help, so I'm just here, and please, you gotta get me out.

OLD MAN: Troy! Have you seen Tex? Where the hell is he? Where's Young Bluster?

TROY *[from in the cave]:* They found me in my cave, and then the cave caved in, and then Young Bluster caved us out of the cave, but then he caved in the cave again, and Tex caved out of the cave, and I got stuck in the cave, and now you're at the cave, and I'm hoping you'll cave and help me out of the cave, 'cause I don't like being caved around my foot, and I'd rather be out of the cave, caving out there.

OLD MAN: *[Grunts.]* Alright, Troy. You hold tight. I'll come and get ya. *[To the others.]* Y'all wait here and keep a lookout. It could be dangerous. I'll grab Troy and get out. Should only take a second.

TXDAWG: Be careful, Tex. We don't know why Troy is there. It could be a trap.

OLD MAN: TXDawg, did you just call me Tex?

TXDAWG: Uh, not on purpose. Sorry.

MDAWG: Do I need to administer the demon checklist?

OLD MAN: Just don't do it again. I'll be back in a second.

[Old Man enters the cave.]

MDAWG: Hey, uh. TXDawg? Can I tell you something?

TXDAWG: Sure, MDawg. Lighten your load.

MDAWG: EdMan didn't give me the note.

TXDAWG: ...Excuse me?

MDAWG: I know what you're thinking, but EdMan didn't leave me the note that said "take me back with you." Someone did hand me the note, and I remember who handed it to me, but it was not EdMan.

TXDAWG: You're right, I did think that it was EdMan. Who was it then?

MDAWG: It was a Michael iteration. Things happened so fast. I don't know which iteration it was, but he handed me the note, and then the next thing I know, I blacked out.

TXDAWG: You don't t-think that it was Old Man, do you?

MDAWG: I'm saying that I don't know. But, Old Man could be up to something that we don't know about. I don't think that it's safe to fully trust him right now. You heard Britches. Old Man is up to more than he lets on. I think that maybe we all are. So, let's just be careful around him for right now. Okay?

TXDAWG: It couldn't hurt to be cautious.

[We hear Old Man and Troy emerge from the cave.]

OLD MAN: Troy, watch your head now. I bumped the ceilin' on my way in. Uh-huh. Alright. A— Careful now.

TROY: *[Sigh of relief.]* Thank you, Mr. Oklahoma. I— I thought I was gonna starve in there. You know, I ate a hundred cave crickets, but if they ran out, I don't know what I was gonna do. I'd have to eat rocks, or something, and I don't know what that does. Can you— Can you do that? Wait, should I have been eating rocks the whole time?

TXDAWG: You can eat one small rock per day and feel no ill effects.

OLD MAN: Troy, how long ago did Tex leave you in the dang cave?

TROY: I don't know. A couple of hours ago, I think? I'm not really good at telling time, sorry. I have a watch, but I don't know how to read the hands. I can tell you it was ups and slightly rights when he was here, and it's now ups and slightly less rights? I don't know if you know what that means, but I'm not sure. I used to have a watch with a calculator on it, and it also showed the

time on a screen. That thing was awesome! But I broke that one when I fell down in a different cave a long time ago. Sorry.

TXDAWG: Troy, I am glad that you are safe. Have you seen EdMan? Britches said that he was out here somewhere.

TROY: Who, the hand lotion guy?

MDAWG: Uh, E-EdMan. H-He's my husband. Uh, EdMan is an Edgar iteration, but—

TROY: Yeah, yeahyeahyeah. He had this, uh, this lavender hand lotion that he used to share with me inside of O.I. But the walls fell down, and everyone started runnin', and I haven't seen him since then. But somethin' happened, and I'm here, so that could mean he's out here somewhere, also? But if he's stuck in a cave, I'm sorry, he wasn't stuck in this cave. I don't think. I— I searched it pretty extensively. Unless... Unless he's a cave cricket now. ...Oh, man, if he is, I m— I might have eaten him. I'm sorry, but I— I didn't know.

OLD MAN: Troy, back up. You're sayin' you're from O.I.?

TROY: Um, yeah. [*Lying.*] Lieutenant made me a soldier and everything. Which is why I wasn't even scared a little bit when I was stuck in the cave.

OLD MAN: Troy, I saw you scratchin' your will into the walls of the cave. You were gonna leave Stinky your trampoline room.

MDAWG: Troy, are there other O.I. people out here? Is Anne out here?

TXDAWG: Is Eagle out here?

TROY: I haven't seen anyone, except for Mr. Texas and Mr. Young Bluster.

OLD MAN: Well, if that ain't just one more goddamn thing to keep an eye out for. If Eagle's out here, he could be bad news.

TROY: [*Huffs.*] Eagle? [*Huffs again.*] Eagle's really mean to me. One time, we were talking a flight, and we had seats adjacent to each other, and he put his luggage up in the top, but he put it sideways, and I couldn't move it 'cause it was too heavy, and I couldn't fit my bag 'cause he didn't put it in perpendicu— like, he didn't put it in— like, you know how you put it in lengthwise? He put it in widthwise. And, like, I can't fit mine widthwise in front of it, because it's too long, that way, but, like, if he'd just put his luggage in right or made it lighter, I could put my luggage in, and it was just really inconsiderate and rude. *And*, to make matters worse, when we landed, he got up and left, and he was in the row behind me! Dude! You have to wait your turn on the plane, and he just cut in front of me? And he didn't even bring his bag with him, he just walked off without a bag. And so I had to sit with a suitcase in my lap, and the stewardess was yelling at

me, and he didn't apologize; he didn't even take the bag; he didn't even need the bag! And it was really inconsiderate and rude, and honestly— that might not have been Eagle, but it *looked* like him. It looked like him in the eyes a little bit, and, so, honestly, I just— *[Huffs.]* I— I hope he's not out here. We should just probably go home, just be safe, like now, please, my ankle hurts, let's just— let's just go home, let's not even look for him.

OLD MAN: I wish we could go home, Troy, but we ain't got no way to get there. We're stuck here, too.

TROY: Oh. So, what do we do now, then?

MDAWG: We're going to keep looking for EdMan, and hope that the problem solves itself along the way.

TROY: Okay! *[Pause.]* How do we do that?

TXDAWG: The universe will guide us where we need to go.

[In The Fire plays.]

*In the fire
I'll leave the things that I brought
In the pyre
And rub my hands for warmth*

*I thought it was something subtle I had done
Until I adjusted to the light
Then I saw everything I was
In the fire*

*My disguise
The one who occluded who I was
The upside
Is that it got burned with the rest of them*

*I thought it was something amazing I;d done
Until I had a chance to look back
Now I know I'm only catching up
To the fire*

[Closing theme starts plays.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of Britches was Cody Heath. You can check them out in *The Grotto* or in their band *Elsewhere!*

The voice of Charlie was Lyssa Jay. You can hear her in *400 Words A Horror* or *The Grotto*.

The voice of Troy was Athan. Check out his podcast, you'll never believe this, *The Grotto*.

[Rapping.] And the voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. Check out his podcast *Shadows At The Door*, or go to davidault.co.uk for more; I also think he was in an episode of *The Grotto*.
[Stops rapping.]

[Closing theme plays out.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Oh, Eagle's really mean to me. One time, I was eating a burrito, and Eagle said, "That looks really good." But he said it in, like, a passive aggressive way, like he wanted me to offer him my burrito? But I was already halfway done eating the burrito, why would I give it to him, and he didn't ask for it, but he— he really implied that I should give it to him, and I felt guilty the rest of the day, and, like, why would I feel guilty? It's my burrito! I don't need to give it to him. So, I honestly— I hope he's not out here. We should probably just go home to be safe, like now, please, my ankle hurts, please, let's just go home?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Oh, Eagle? *[Huffs.]* Eagle's really mean to me. One time, we went go-karting, and I was in front of him, and he took a drift really, really cool, and I was bumping into the wall, and he got in front of me, and he didn't even apologize. Like, brother. Follow the rules of the road. I know we're racing, but, like, I wanna win. So, anyway, I just— I hope he's not out here. We should— We should probably just go home to be safe, like now. Please, my ankle just hurts, let's just go home, let's not even look for him, let's just go home.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Ea— *[Huffs.]* Eagle's really mean to me. I mean, one time, I was chasing a lizard down the corridor of my house, and Eagle was over, and I took the turn real tight and real fast, and he bumped into me, and he didn't even apologize! I mean, sure, I was the one running and creeping around corners chasing lizards crouched down outta sight, but, like, you could at least give a courtesy "I'm sorry." But he just kinda looked at me, he was like "what are you doing?" He said— He said, "Sorry? Excuse you," and— now that I think about it, he did say "sorry," but, like, his tone wasn't very apologetic? And I know I might've been in the wrong, but *[Blows a raspberry.]* i— I was chasing a lizard, okay? Like, he— d— Like, find your own lizard, or get outta my way, like, I have things to do. Anyway, I— *[Huffs.]* I just hope he's not out here. We

should probably just go home, just be safe, like now, please, my ankle just hurts, let's just go home, like, fuck Eagle.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Eagle? *[Huffs.]* Eagle was really mean to me. One time, I had to go to court for a traffic ticket, and I really didn't wanna get a ticket, and so I asked Eagle to be a character witness, and I finished showing that I didn't run the red light, it was only a shade of red, and it wasn't fully red yet, and Eagle got up there, and he said that I deserved a ticket. Dude! Like, don't even come to court with me to be a character witness if you're gonna slander me on the bench! And so they make him a whole thing, and I had to cross-examine him, and the judge was, like, "Why are you doing this? It's just a ticket. You're gonna get the ticket anyway, just pay the ticket." And I said, "Mr. Eagle, sir, can you explain to me why you would say these lies about the defendant?" And he said, "Dude, that's you. Like, don't say that," and then I said, "That's rude. Like, I just don't want a ticket, I'm just trying to lie to get out of it," and the judge said, "Bro, you can't say you're gonna lie in court! That's another ticket!" And I got two tickets 'cause of Eagle! And so, honestly, I don't even wanna find Eagle. Like, I hope he's not out here, we should probably just go home, just to be safe, like now. Please, my ankle hurts, let's just go home.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Eagle!? *[Huffs.]* Eagle was really mean to me. One time, I was out doin' a nature hike, right? And I saw Eagle flyin' around, and I said, "Hey, Eagle! Good to see you, man. How you been?" And he went, *"[Screeches.]"* And I said, "Eagle, it's me, Troy. Like, it's good to see you," and he went, *"[Screeches.]"* And I was, like, "Okay, dude. Go fuck yourself, then! I'm just gonna go home. Bye, Eagle," and he went, *"[Screeches.]"* Like, dude, you're not gonna even say "hi" to me? You're not gonna even say "bye" to me, at least? Like— *[Huffs.]* I hope he's not out here. We should probably just— Let's just go home, just to be safe. Like now, please? My ankle hurts, let's just— let's just go home.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): Everything is going to be fine, Mike. We're resourceful. *[Pause. Breaks character and laughs.]* Dylan. Oh, Dylan. Oh, Dylan, what did you do? Oh, yes! Oh, fuck yes! Oh, yes! Oh, my god. Are we getting villain Charlie? Holy shit. Oh, it's finally happening! Oh, it's finally happening. Oh, the Discord is not gonna be normal about this. Oh, no. I'm not gonna be normal about this. *[Giggles.]* Ah, yes. *[Giggles.]* Oh, this is *delightful*. I'm gonna channel my David Ault Ty Betteridge, let's go. *[Laughs.]* Oh, no, Jenah's gonna be so mad at me, this is Mike! Oh, god. Okay. Uh— *[Brief laugh.]* I'm gonna be mad at me. Oh, god. Okay. *[Chuckles villainously.]* Oh, I am having too much fun with this. *[Chuckles.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (LYSSA): *[Laughs.]* The stage dire— *[Laughs.]* The stage direction of "we cut to Jenah's live reaction." *[Laughs. Starts to talk, then laughs some more.]* You and I, same brain cell, Dylan. *[Laughs.]* Same brain cell. *[Laughs.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (LYSSA): Nobody is allowed to point out the irony of me lecturing people about their sleep schedule. No one. I swear to god. *[Brief laugh.]* No one's allowed to do it. *[Chuckles.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): *[Through the phone.]* Oh, Mikey, with all due respect, and I have very little for you, if you attempt to run, you'll be dead before your body hits the ground. **[MIKEY:** It's called the floor when you're inside, Ty!] Stay exactly where you are, no sudden movements.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): *[Through the phone.]* You're doing a wonderful job, Charlie. *[Sighs.]* Mikey. How many times. You made your bed, and now lie in it.

BLOOPER (MIKEY): *[Overlapping Ty in increasing volume.]* Where is the bed, Ty? Is it on the floor, or is it on the ground, 'cause it's called the ground when it's inside, Ty! Is that what you think? You think it's the ground inside, you think it's the floor outside? Is that what it's like in England, is that what it's like where you're from? Ty?

BLOOPER (TY): *[Through the phone.]* It's time to pay up. Charlie, I'll have to debrief you later, I've got to deal with this duplicate while I've got him here. Uh, if you clean up your... situation... and await further orders, and, uh— well, again, *thank you*, Charlie. You are *such* a miracle worker. *[Pause.]* See you soon, Charlie. Toodle pipski!

BLOOPER (MIKEY): *[Overlapping Ty.]* Is this why in England the second floor is called the first floor, and the real first floor is called the ground floor? Because if that's what you think it is, you think it's the ground? Ty?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Episode 179.]