

**EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY FOUR - Å, NO**  
*Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah*

*[BEGIN Episode 184.]*

**INTRO:** Hey, guys. Quick plugs, it's the regular plugs. I'm still streaming on Twitch over at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://twitch.tv/woebegonepod), where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. It has been a pretty chill time recently, and I will be streaming during the holidays. So, these next couple of Sundays, if you want to hang out and get cozy, I will see you there. If you want to support me, you can do so on Patreon over at [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](https://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, porstcuards, cuems...b-barbs, and... burps. I have got to stop making this the last thing I do before I upload the episode. Patreon is one of the first places that I tease new things like music, and so if you'd like to hear some of that, that's [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](https://patreon.com/woe_begone). Why would he say that? Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

***[Warning: This episode contains very brief violence and a description of medical experimentation. Listener discretion is advised.]***

**STINKY:** Hey, Mike. Hi, MDawg. I have a message... from CANNONBALL.

**MIKE** *[without missing a beat]:* Kill him, MDawg.

**STINKY:** Wait—

**MDAWG:** Mike, I can't kill Stinky. H-His soul.

**MIKE:** Fuck his soul, MDawg. Kill him.

**MDAWG:** I'm not going to kill Stinky.

**MIKE:** Ugh, what is the point of a lackey if I still have to do everything myself? Fine, *[Cocks pistol.]* I'll do it.

**MDAWG:** Mike, put the gun down, and breathe.

**STINKY:** Oh, it's really not a big deal, MDawg. Uh— Mike can't kill me, uh, no one can. I'm invincible now. That's one of the reasons that I wanted to talk to you. I went to Bluster's Grove, and Tex tried to shoot me, and he ended up shooting himself. And so then I went to Yellowknife, and 47 tried to stab me, and he ended up stabbing himself. *[Brief laugh.]* It's all this new technology thing that I have?

**MIKE:** Well, luckily there is a simple way to test your hypothesis, Stinky. MDawg, get away from him. We'll kill him, and then we'll search his body for this new tech or whatever.

**MDAWG:** We aren't testing anything. Chill out. We can test his energy if you really want me to, but I will need a lemon. A fresh one. The bottle of lemon juice in the fridge just won't do. I've already tried.

**MIKE:** Okay, I'm moving towards shooting both of you and finding a new lackey.

**STINKY:** Is he like this all the time now, MDawg?

**MDAWG:** It has been a spiritually bothersome couple of weeks. Mike, you can't kill me. There's an uprising underway at Base, and I'm the only one on your side. I am building a psychic barrier to protect you, but it isn't finished yet. You need my help. Stinky went through all of the trouble of finding us. Let's hear what he has to say, shall we?

**STINKY:** Thank you, MDawg. I'm glad that not everyone around here is so bloodthirsty. Uh, now, I have a prepared [*Searching.*] ...statement, uh... somewhere, uh. Fuck, where'd it go?

**MIKE:** Is, uh, that it, on the ground there?

**STINKY:** Oh. Yup! There it is! Okay. [*Grabs the paper.*] I keep losing these notes all over the place. [*Clears throat.*] "Hello, Mike Walters. This is CANNONBALL." Uh, that's what the note says. I'm not CANNONBALL, CANNONBALL's this Topher guy. Uh, he wrote the note. Okay, so, uh. "You have proven to be a difficult subject to track down. A powerful, new technology has fallen into my lap, something that exceeds anything your team has either found or built. Therefore, it is now in my best interest to either extend a hand towards you in the name of cooperation or to raze your entire organization into the ground. The choice is yours, Mike. Go with Stinky"—uh, I'm Stinky—"and become the backbone of my organization, or hang up the spurs and perish forever." Ooh. "It's been a long road. Maybe you're ready to retire. But if not, Stinky will lead the way." Uh, I guess I am Stinky. I'll— I'll lead you out of here. Uh, that— I— He didn't say what to do? But I guess... it'll make sense once you do whatever you're gonna do.

**MDAWG:** CANNONBALL is issuing us an ultimatum, Mike. What do we do?

**MIKE:** Well, we're definitely killing Stinky now. Uh— Get out from in front of him, MDawg! He just threatened to kill all of Base.

**MDAWG:** Stinky, we would like to negotiate a position that grants us both peace and freedom.

**STINKY** [*muttering*]: Okay, so I push this and this.

**MDAWG:** What are you holding?

**STINKY:** Uh. Yeah, uh, Toph said that if I'm ever in a bind and I need out, I can just push... this button, and this one, and... Go!

*[We hear more button presses, and nothing happens.]*

**STINKY:** U-Um. Go. Go. Go. Fuck. Uh. I-It's not working. The screen's all... weird and rainbowy? Uh. The fu-? Do I have another note that explains what to do if it doesn't work?

**MIKE:** Hand over the device, or I shoot, Stinky. You're wearing on my patience.

**STINKY:** I told you, you can't shoot me! Tex tried to shoot me, and he shot himself in the chest. I watched him die. Uh- He's fine now.

**MIKE:** Well, let's see how it goes now that your device is out of order.

**MDAWG:** Stinky, I think he really is going to shoot you. You might wanna hand the device over.

**STINKY:** Ugh! Fine! Stupid thing. I didn't have to push buttons before, it just worked. But... C-CANNONBALL's gonna come get me, you know, 'cause he knows where I went, and so that means he knows where you are.

**MIKE:** Yeah, I'm gonna fix the problem of our location, too. MDawg, is Base prepared for an R.S.C. scrub?

**MDAWG:** Not particularly. Shadow is still out in the field. We need to call him back.

**MIKE:** We don't have time for him to make it back. We don't know exactly where he is, and he doesn't have a Calculator, so we're gonna have to move on without him. We'll come back later.

**MDAWG:** Chance is going to be furious with you, Mike.

**MIKE:** He is already furious at me, MDawg. He'll be grateful that he'll be alive in order to be angry. *[Starts typing.]* Okay, performing the R.S.C. scrub in three, two, **[MDAWG:** This is a bad idea.] one...

*[Time travel noise.]*

**STINKY:** Wai- Uh- What just happened-? Did you move every- everything, are we somewhere else? I-It looks really cold outside.

**MIKE:** Yes, Stinky, I moved the entire Base. Welcome to Å, Norway. We passed through dozens of randomized secure coordinates to get here. CANNONBALL is going to have to start tracing us from the beginning.

**MDAWG:** I could sense CANNONBALL's gaze before, but it's gone now. I think we're safe.

**MIKE:** Excellent. Tie up Stinky's hands. He is a prisoner of war until stated otherwise.

**MDAWG:** I thought there was a moratorium on hogtying since there aren't any Michaels around.

**MIKE:** Well, I did not say hogtying, MDawg. Just tie his hands together. God– Don't just leap to hogtying.

**MDAWG:** Stinky, may I please see your hands? I can read your future from your palm lines while we're at it.

**STINKY:** Shouldn't all of us have the s-same palm lines...? [*Huffs.*] Fine. Look, I didn't want to be on CANNONBALL's stupid team. He stole me while I was looking inside of O.V.E.R. But he's got all this cool tech, and he killed Tex for me, and he knows where I am at all times so I couldn't get away from him, and he keeps threatening to kill me before I was ever born, and I think that would kill all of you, too. Uh, so–

**MDAWG:** It's okay, Stinky. Remember to breathe. CANNONBALL should not be able to see where you are anymore. What Mike did isn't untraceable, but it will make things hard for him. And the next time we move, it will become even more difficult to tell where we are.

**MIKE:** Hey, what the hell is this thing, Stinky? I thought it was gonna be a Calculator, but it's very obviously not. Uh, what did CANNONBALL say that it does?

**STINKY:** I don't know what it is, it's the thing that CANNONBALL gave me, i-it does whatever he wants it to do.

**MIKE:** And it connects via USB-C, so it is light-years above the Calculators. I mean, that's practically the future. If, uh, it's not a paperweight, I mean.

**STINKY:** I-I don't know what happened, it's never crapped out like this. I-It's worked every time I've needed it to.

**MIKE:** Well, the lights are on, the screen is on, I can cycle through the menus. I'm not gonna touch anything just yet. You remember how wacky the first few days with the Calculators were. Uh, rest in peace, Chubbums. But, it appears to be working.

**STINKY:** Then why didn't it work when I was trying to defend myself?

**MDAWG:** I think that I might be responsible for that.

**MIKE:** MDawg, you can't actually do things with your mind, we talked about this.

**MDAWG:** There are many things that I can do with my mind, but that isn't what I mean. I don't talk about it much, but I'm always covered in extremely strong neodymium magnets. They're sewn into my clothes. Mike, do you remember when I got up from dinner the other day and didn't come back?

**MIKE:** Yeah, I thought it was weird.

**MDAWG:** I had to get up because two magnets were pinching either side of my leg, and I couldn't get them off.

**MIKE:** MDawg, that sounds terrible. Why would you do that to yourself?

**MDAWG:** Magnets are supposed to be good for you, I think.

**MIKE:** Well, I can't argue with results. Good work, MDawg. Maybe I can use this as a bargaining chip to ease the tensions around here. I stopped a hostile takeover by CANNONBALL.

**[STINKY: And Stinky.]** See? I'm the good guy. Everyone else just needs to realize it. We need to have a meeting about this. Hold on. I'm getting on the intercom.

*[We hear Mike press the intercom button.]*

**MIKE:** Attention, members of Base. This is Mike speaking. MDawg and myself have just intercepted a threat to Base. If you are near a window, you might have noticed that our location has changed. We had to depart Ulaanbaatar early. We are now in Å, Norway. But before you think "oh, no!"—like "Å," and then "N-O" is the country code for Norway—uh, I would like to assure you that the threat to Base has been fully neutralized, in no small part due to the heroic, uh... magnetic actions of MDawg. Everyone's presence is requested in the living room in 30 minutes to discuss what has happened and what steps should be taken next. And, as always, "requested" is Dictator Mike for "required," so I will see you there. Thank you.

*[The intercom ends.]*

**MIKE:** Alright, Stinky. Time to parade the prisoner of war in front of the troops. I think I'll let them decide what to do with you. And they aren't very happy right now. Maybe what they need is a little bit of ritual sacrifice.

*[Opening theme plays.]*

*[We hear footsteps in a reverberant empty hallway.]*

**TROY1:** You know, I don't think we're supposed to be in here. Mike's been really mean ever since he became the king, and I don't wanna get yelled at again.

**TROY2:** Ugh, don't be such a baby, dude. Mike isn't scary at all. Eagle was way scarier when I was in Operose, okay? One time, he was trying to hit an apple off my head with a bow and arrow, but, like, it was actually, like, just a— like, a gun, and also I didn't have an apple on my head, okay? Mike's a teddy bear compared to that. Plus, *[Huffs.]* why would someone just leave the door propped open if we weren't supposed to go in? It's just Storage. There's probably just, like, I dunno, cleaning supplies or whatever in here. You know, housekeeper stuff.

**TROY1:** Okay, fine... You don't— You don't think my guy is in here, do you? I had a guy in my house, and he'd clean it and let me in when I forgot my key, and Mike made me leave him in my house before we went on the world tour. Do you think he could be in here, or is he just holdin' down the fort?

**TROY2:** Well, there's only one way to find out, it's Storage. They can store anything in here, they can definitely be storing your guy, no problem.

**TROY1:** *[Sighs.]* That would be great. I need to ask my guy what my medication is, because I ran out of it, and I don't remember what it's called. So it's really convenient we're here. I'm glad we built the Troy Boys, man. You're— You're pretty smart, Troy Number Two.

*[We hear them stop walking.]*

**TROY2:** Hold on, hold on. Number two!? I'm the real Troy. You're my imaginary friend Troy, you're fake Troy.

**TROY1:** Uh, no. I'm the real Troy. You're the fake one that they found in the cave or whatever. I— I was here first.

**TROY2:** Okay, okay. We can figure this out. What if... neither of us is fake.

**TROY1** *[simultaneously]:* ...we're— we're both fake?

**TROY2:** What? No, how— how could we both be fake?

**TROY1:** I don't know. I just— I didn't wanna be alone if I was the fake one.

**TROY2:** Well, which of the Mikes is fake? Because if one of us is real and the other's fake, then there must also be a real Mike, right?

**TROY1:** Hold on, it's— it's Mikey, isn't it?

*[We hear them start walking again.]*

**TROY2:** Mikey's gone. No one's seen him since before Mike took over, so he can't be the real one.

**TROY1:** *[Huffs.]* Then I don't know, man. Mike, I guess.

**TROY2:** Right, so I don't think any of them are fake. They're all just... eh, different. So, maybe we're both real, but we're both different.

**TROY1:** You know, most of the Mikes are cowboys. Does one of us have to be a cowboy? I mean, I rode Bluster once. It wasn't that bad, I guess, if we– if we need a cowboy. I could– I could do it...

**TROY2:** Tell you what: you can be a cowboy once we get outta here, but only if you want to. Or, if we find a cowboy room in here with cowboy clothes in it, then obviously someone has to be a cowboy. So let's just– let's just keep looking.

*[They walk in contented silence for a short while, their footsteps reverberating against the bare walls.]*

*[We hear Troy1 pick up a folded piece of paper from the ground.]*

**TROY1:** Wait, huh, what? What's this?

**TROY2:** Whatcha got there?

**TROY1:** It's– It's a note or something. It was on the ground out here.

**TROY2:** Oh, does it have, like, money in it? Like a birthday card?

**TROY1:** No, it just has a lotta words. ...Honestly, too many words.

**TROY2:** Okay, well, what does it say?

**TROY1:** Uh, it says a lot of things... and I don't know what most of these words mean. I mean, like, "continuous correction"? There aren't any pictures or anything, I don't know how I'm supposed to read this.

**TROY2:** Uh, it seems like something that Mike would take away from us if he saw it? Just keep it somewhere safe for now, and let's keep looking.

*[We hear Troy1 stash the note, followed by continued walking.]*

**TROY1:** So... if neither of us is fake... then how do we tell each other apart?

**TROY2:** I mean, I can tell that I'm me, because I'm me, and you're you because you're not me, right? I feel like we can just do that intuitively.

**TROY1:** Yeah, I know, but, like, what if someone wants to ask one of us out on a date to the movies, and not the other one. What do they call us?

**TROY2:** Well, if you wanna be a cowboy, you could be CowTroy. And I was in Operose, so I'll just be, I don't know, Tr-O.I. And we can still call each other Troy, because we know that we're not talking about ourselves, right?

**TROY1:** Yeah, that makes sense. And I— I'll change my name to something else if I decide I don't wanna be a cowboy. I mean, cowboys are mean sometimes, and I don't like being mean, but also sometimes they have to be mean to protect the people they love? And I do wanna protect the people I love, and riding Bluster's really fun, but it made my thighs hurt, and... *[We hear Troy1's voice gradually become more distant.]* I— I'm scared if I was a cowboy that my thighs would, like, hurt all the time? Is— Is that why cowboys walk like that in the movies? Like, real wide-like?

**TROY2:** Hey, Troy, catch up! I— I got somethin' over here.

*[We hear Troy1 catch up, and they both stop walking.]*

**TROY2:** What do you think it means?

**TROY1:** *[Examining.]* Huh, it's, uh... It's like a gold plaque that says Troy on it. So what? I've got a dozen of these back at my house. My guy polishes them every month.

**TROY2:** Yeah, but this one's on this door.

**TROY1:** I mean, maybe our stuff is in there? Maybe my guy's in there with the rest of the plaques?

*[We hear Troy1 try the door handle.]*

**TROY1:** Uh, it's locked. Do you have a key or a password or like a fingerprint or like a bigger key or somethin'?

**TROY2:** No. Do you?

**TROY1:** Uh, no. I— I'll be honest, I was kinda hopin' I was the fake Troy, and you were the real Troy with all of the important stuff on him, like keys and passwords and, like, lizards and stuff?

**TROY2:** Well, what do you think we should do? I mean, I guess we could ask Mike about it, bu—... Troy? ...W-Where'd you go?

*[We hear Troy1 yell as he launches himself at the door full force. The door rattles, but does not move. Troy1 groans in pain.]*

**TROY2:** W-Why? Why would you do that!?

**TROY1:** *[Groans.]* I was... I was trying to get the door open, dummy.

**TROY2:** That's not how you get a door open, man! When I was in O.I., Eagle taught me how to bust down a door. You're not supposed to use your shoulder! You're supposed to, I dunno, kick it right beside the lock.

**TROY1:** Oh, okay. Like...

*[We hear Troy1 yell as he kicks the door.]*

**TROY2:** No. Not like that. You need to drive your other heel into the ground, and just, like, lean into the kick.

**TROY1:** Man, if Eagle and you are, like, best friends now, and he taught you all this, then you just do it!

**TROY2:** I can't. My ankle's still sprained from being in the cave during the fire. You've— You've gotta do this on your own. It's time to cowboy up, CowTroy.

**TROY1:** Okay, but... if I get the door open, that means that I'm the real Troy.

**TROY2:** No, that's— that's not fair! I-I taught you everything you know! If anything, we're both the real Troy.

**TROY1:** ...You know what? Deal. *[Lowers pitch.]* It was a *[Clears throat. Cowboy voice.]* pleasure doin' business with ya, Real Troy.

**TROY2:** You, too, Real Troy. ...I believe in you, get the door.

*[Troy1 breathes in, then successfully kicks down the door. We hear some strange noises as Storage spits out Troy3 into the post-Storage area.]*

**TROY3** *[disoriented]:* Mike. Please, Mike. I told you, Mike, I don't know anything, Mike. I would tell you anything if I knew anything, Mike, **TROY2:** U-Uh. T-Troy? Troy, hey! Calm down. I-It's okay.] and I don't know anything, Mike, so please don't do anything to me, Mike. I'm cooperating. I'm cooperating, I'm cooperating. I'll do anything you say, s-say. I'll get in the consolidation-whatever again. Please don't hurt me, don't hurt me, don't hurt me anymore, please. **TROY2:** We're not— We're not Mike.] Please, um. I'm sorry, I'll— I-I told you, I'll do anything...

**TROY2** [*bewildered*]: Uh, Troy! Troy, hey—! Ca— Calm down, man. It's— It's okay. We're not— We're not Mike.

**TROY1**: I told you that both of us were fake.

**TROY3**: Where am I? ...I'm— I'm outside of the room. Did you come to get me outta here?

**TROY2**: I mean... n-no, to be honest, but we— we could. While we're here, I guess.

**TROY1**: What were you— What were you talking about just now? Has— Has Mike been hurting you?

**TROY3**: ...I'm... o-okay... Just a second ago, Mike was here... there. And he was running some tests on me. Mike was here, and he was running some tests on me. And he— he cut my finger off.

**TROY1**: I mean, we've been in this hallway for, like, a million seconds, and Mike was not here, right?

**TROY2**: No, I mean, maybe it was a dream?

**TROY3**: No, no, Mike— Mike was here, and he... he chopped my finger off, and then he... I don't know, he said something about switching to "overnight"? But, my finger's back, see? S-See the re— S-See the red line right here? That's— That's where he cut it, and— and it's back now, though.

**TROY1**: Then maybe he just sewed it back on? Maybe?

**TROY2**: No, CowTroy, there aren't even any stitches.

**TROY3**: Please, please, you have to help me. You have to tell me where we are and what's going on, and we need to get outta here. I—I— I don't— I don't know how much longer I can take it in there.

**TROY1**: I mean, what do we do? We can't take him outta Storage, we would get in so much trouble.

**TROY2**: Well, hold on, weren't we doing a mutiny against Mike already? This Troy could join forces with us against Mike. Plus, it's against the rules to punish someone for trying to escape. It's human nature, of course they're gonna try to escape.

**TROY1**: Wait, what rules? There are rules about this?

**TROY2:** Yeahyeah, they're Eagle's rules, at least. One of the Michaels killed him with a coathanger once when he was trying to get free? Eagle was upset when he came back alive, but he didn't punish the Michael. He said it was human nature or something? And Mike isn't as evil as Eagle. At least, I d– I don't think he is. Right?

**TROY3:** Please. I-if you let me outta here, I can help you with Mike or Eagle or the dishes or anything, please. You said there's a mutiny. Who's doing the mutiny? I'm in, I'll help with anything, please, you have to get me outta here.

**TROY1:** Okay, yeah, so me and MW and Marissa and Chris and Ryan and Tr-O.I.—he– he's Tr-O.I., by the way, and I– I-I'm CowTroy, by the way. At least, for now, I guess. It... We're really looking for a room full of cowboy clothes. That way I can b-be... A-Anyway, everyone's doing the mutiny except for Mike and MDawg.

**TROY3:** I mean... o-okay. You're–... You're CowTroy. You don't– You don't sound like a cowboy, though.

**TROY1:** I know. I'm– I'm gonna be honest with you? I haven't really been confident enough to fully commit? And it was just the two of us... so it was fine, but now that you're here, I'm– I'm having trouble telling if I'm talking or if he's talking, and so I might have to, to be honest with ya.

**TROY3:** O-Okay. I mean, it should be easy, if it's everyone but the two of them. I-I bet we can come with a plan by the time we get outta here. *[A little antsy.]* But I– I *really* think we should get outta here. I-I– I can't go back in there again.

**TROY2:** You're right. Let's go. We'll come up with a plan on the way back.

*[We hear them begin the walk back.]*

*[We hear a beep, and Mike's intercom announcement from the previous scene starts playing throughout the hall.]*

**TROY1** *[attempting cowboy voice]:* Do you think this kinda sounds like a cowboy? Like, is this– Do you think this works?

**TROY2:** No. Man. It doesn't sound right. It's– It's– You're a little off. It's like a deeper– *[Deepens voice.]* It's like a deeper sound, like this.

**TROY1** *[deep cowboy voice]:* Oh, you're sayin' I should do somethin' like this, maybe?

**TROY2:** That was pretty good, actually. I like that.

**TROY1** *[continuing deep cowboy voice]:* Thanks, partner. I appreciate you.

*[Scene transition.]*

**TROY1** *[mid-sentence]*: –Right, and he's Tr-O.I. because he's from Operose. So that would make me CowTroy. A– Because there are so many Troys now, so we thought– *[Clears throat.]* Or rather, we *reckoned* that one of us should be a cowboy.

**CHANCE**: I'm not so sure about that one, Troy. Mike has been on the warpath against cowboys recently? I don't think he would like it if there was one at Base.

**TROY1** *[gradually dropping the cowboy voice]*: U-Um. O-Oh, okay, I mean, I just still think... I mean, one of us should be a... cowboy still, I feel like, but... maybe not me if he's... Do you? No? Do you wanna be a–? Chance, can you be CowTroy?

**MARISSA**: Yeah, well, he's still sore about the whole MW situation, so... What do you think, Emdubya? You've been pretty quiet there.

**MW**: I ain't got no opinions about nothin'. I'm just tryin' to keep my head down and stay outta trouble.

**MARISSA**: Oh, wait! Wait! Hang on a second. *[Beat.]* I think he might actually be onto something there. This could actually be the perfect opportunity for... spite cowboyification. Yeah? Yeah? Think about it, guys. With Mike still crabby about the whole Emdubya thing, he would lose his shit! It would be the funniest act of petty revenge possible. What say you, Emdubya? *[Cowboy voice.]* There room on that bandwagon for a few more partners, partner?

**MW**: I said I don't got no opinions about nothin'. I'm just tryin' to keep my head down and stay outta trouble.

**TROY2**: But, I mean, you're gonna help us with the mutiny, though, right, MW?

**MARISSA**: *[Shushes Troy2, then whisper-yells.]* Don't say it out loud!

**TROY2**: Sorry, sorry, I– y-you're... *[Whispers.]* you're– you're gonna help us with the mutiny, though, right, MW?

**MW**: I don't got no opinions about nothin'. I'm just tryin' to keep my head down and stay out of goddamn trouble.

**CHANCE**: I think he might be broken.

**MARISSA**: Yeah, well, can't say I blame him.

**TROY1** *[cowboy voice]*: This isn't because I hit you with a snowball earlier, is it? I-I thought we were havin' a snowball fight, that– that can't count.

**MW:** *[Sighs.]* No, Troy. It ain't. And for the love of god, stop talkin' like that.

**MARISSA:** Don't worry, Emdubya, I'll avenge your honor. I just finished the blueprints for an ice mech even bigger than the last one that I didn't actually get to build because we had to skedaddle, I guess.

**CHANCE:** Yeah, I didn't even get to go outside in Ulaanbaatar. ...U-Ulaan– Am I– Am I saying that right? That's how Mike says it, but every single pronunciation guide I look at says something different.

**MW:** It's close enough.

**MARISSA:** Oh, boo-fucking-hoo for you. At least you actually got to see any of it. Some of us were stuck in solitary the whole time. You know, I was so bored that I actually started holding my breath to see if I could "project my spirit into the astral plane" like MDawg is always talkin' about.

**MW:** Ain't none of that shit real. Ain't no place you go when ya die.

**MARISSA:** Yeah, well, I actually passed out for a hot second, so. Could've been! I don't fuckin' know! ...Wait. Isn't Ryan out on a mission without a Calculator right now? ...The fuck is he?

**CHANCE:** He is *still* in Ulaanbaatar, as far as I know. I have a bone to pick with Mike when he gets here.

**TROY1** *[continuing the cowboy voice]:* Alright, I-I found a note, by the way–

*[Time travel noise.]*

**MIKE:** Uh, everyone, gather up! Oh, uh. Everyone is here, u-uh, great, uh. Hello, everyone! And thank you for being so punctual.

**TROY1:** Stinky, you're– you're safe! It's so– I'm so glad!

**STINKY:** Troy, are you a cowboy now?

**CHANCE:** Where the hell did Stinky come from?

**STINKY:** Rude.

**MARISSA:** So, uh. Were his hands already tied up when ya found him, or was that a you thing? ...Hey, Stinky.

**STINKY:** Hi, Marissa, he tied me up.

**MIKE:** Uh— I will be answering questions today, and I'm getting to that. Stinky here is an official prisoner. Of war. *[Dramatic pause.]*

**CHANCE:** A prisoner of... what war?

**MIKE:** A prisoner of the war between CANNONBALL and Base. You heard that right. Stinky has been working with the enemy. He and CANNONBALL have been using this thing right here to track us down. He's why I had to move us to Norway on such short notice. They found us in Ulaanbaatar, so I had to do a whole R.S.C. scrub. It's not a permanent fix, but it should buy us some time. CANNONBALL is attempting to take over Base, and he's using Stinky for the dirty work. The Stinky work, if you will.

**MARISSA:** *[Gasps.]* Stinky! I didn't know ya had it in ya! I'm impressed! So, we're gonna lure CANNONBALL out into the open now we've got his new BFF. Neat! It'll be just like what CANNONBALL and Ryan tried to pull with me and Ravi. Uno reverso, let's go!

**STINKY:** I— I didn't want to work with Topher **[MIKE: Quiet, Stinky.]** CANNONBALL guy, i-it just— I-I— He— He captured me, and—

**MIKE:** Quiet, Stinky. I'm leading the conversation.

**CHANCE:** What about Ryan?

**MIKE:** Ryan? Uh— Stinky hasn't even brought up Ryan, I don't think, and he's got all these notes in his pockets, and none of them mentioned Ryan, either. This is entirely CANNONBALL's project.

**TROY1** *[whispering to Troy2]:* Notes? I mean, I— I found a note.

**TROY2:** Troy. Hush.

**CHANCE:** I mean my Ryan, Mike. You know that's what I mean. He wasn't at Base when you moved us. He doesn't have a way back home! We have to go back for him!

**MIKE:** That's just a logistical issue, I'll figure it out. Right now, we have to focus on keeping Base safe.

**MARISSA:** Which entails what, exactly?

**MIKE:** I think that backwards-engineering this device that Stinky had would be a start. Me and MDawg got it away from him before he could use it, thank god. MDawg disabled it.

**MDAWG:** Hi, everyone. Uh, my clothes are magnets, and so the field—

**MIKE:** That's enough, MDawg. Figuring out the new contraption is the first order of business. History rhymes, right? We got the Calculators off the Arbiters when we started Base. Now we have a whole new toy to kick off our second era. It's poetic.

**STINKY:** It was supposed to kill you, and it should've worked, and also *[We hear a door open.]* what are Arbiters.

**MIKE:** You can thank your continued existence **[MW: Troy?]** that it failed, Stinky.

**CHANCE** *[confused]:* Troy?

**STINKY:** When...?

**TROY1:** W-What-? I-I- I didn't say anything. Also, I'm CowTroy now.

*[We hear Troy2 elbow Troy1.]*

**MIKE:** CowTroy-? No, we're not doing that.

**TROY1** *[overlapping Mike]: [Drops cowboy voice.]* Ow. Why would you-? *[Huffs.]*

**MDAWG:** Is something going on?

**MARISSA:** What the fuck? Where'd that one come from?

**TROY2:** Okay, now! Get him, Box Troy!

**MIKE:** What is-?

*[We hear Troy3 sucker punch Mike in the back of the head. He goes down in a heap.]*

**TROY3:** That's for my finger, you- you piece of shit!

*[Multiple people talk over each other.]*

**TROY2** *[overlapping]:* He's down! Quick! Tie him up or something!

**MARISSA** *[overlapping]:* Yeah! Get his ass, Troy!

**MW** *[overlapping]:* Someone take the Stinky Doodad away from him before he gets up.

**TROY1** *[overlapping]: [Resuming cowboy voice.]* Hey, two Troys and a CowTroy.

**CHANCE** *[overlapping]*: Have... there always been three Troys?

**MARISSA**: Fuck yeah, mutiny! Whoo! *Hoo, hoo, hoo!* Ah, yoink! Sorry, Mike, but all your Base are belong to us now.

**MDAWG**: Are we just going to allow Marissa to have Stinky's device?

**STINKY**: Uh– H-Happy mutiny, everyone. Can you untie me, though?

**MARISSA**: Yeah, yeah, hold your dang Blusters. Let's get everyone tied up *before* we start untying people, yeah?

**TROY1**: Should we hogtie 'im? Because I'm– I'm supposed to be a cowboy now. ...That's what Michael's always doin'.

**MW**: No more goddamn hogtyin'.

**MARISSA**: Oh, come on, pard. Ain't hogtyin' part of the cowboy experience? ...You got him, Chris?

**CHANCE**: Oh, yeah, *[Brief laugh.]* he's not going anywhere, are you, Mike? *[Pause.]* Mike? ...Mike?

*[We hear Chance lightly slap Mike awake.]*

**MIKE**: *[Grunts.]* My head. Stop... How long was I out for? *[Groans and coughs.]*

**MARISSA**: Long enough, buddy. Well, at least he's conscious. We might need to be more careful about hitting Mikes in the head, though. It's already jelly in that skull. It goes solid and then liquid and then... gas? Well. I guess it's already full of hot air in there.

**TROY1**: That there Troy was in the Storage place. We– We broke down the door, and we got 'im outta there. He said Mike's been experimentin' on 'im and cuttin' off his fingies and stuff.

**MARISSA** *[pretending to be shocked]*: No. Not our Mike. Not Mike "Ty's BFF" Walters! Oh! Say it ain't so! *[Drops pretense.]* Hey, *Animal Farm* ain't an aspirational tale, jackass. *[We hear Mike groan quietly.]* If I find out there's an iteration of me in there, you're dead fucking meat.

**MIKE**: MDawg, do something about them.

**MARISSA**: Yeah, MDawg. You gonna protect your grand leader over here?

**MDAWG**: No. I'm sorry, Mike. I think cosmically this was the correct decision. You have been rather bodaceless as of late. We need to radically realign the energy around here.

**CHANCE:** Good dog, MDawg.

**MARISSA:** Womp womp. Too fuckin' bad for you, I guess. So. Who's gonna be in charge here now that we've deposed the dictator?

**TROY1:** I mean, if my people need me, then I will begrudgingly accept this position of power, and treat my duties with the upmost honor and respect. For my first order of business, I would ask that every Thursday, we have cake for dinner and ice cream for dessert. *[Beat.]* For my second order o' business, I decree that all doors must remain unlocked to the buildings, for I cannot keep knockin' on the windows when I lose my keys off the dangly. And I'd like to be able to get inside. *[Beat.]* For my third order of business—

**MARISSA:** And it's Chris. *[Sighs.]* Nice try, Troy. Congratulations, Chris! Looks like you're the boss now.

**TROY1:** Sorry, I'm— I'm CowTroy.

**MARISSA:** Ah, no. I don't think so.

**MDAWG:** I second Chris.

**MW:** Third.

**STINKY:** Fourth, if I get to vote, I guess.

**MARISSA:** GG on the promotion, Chris. Time to dust off them ol' game master skills and use 'em to get us back on the ol' dusty trail, yeah?

**CHANCE:** That's fine with me. I can run the Base. We'll find Ryan and get to the bottom of this CANNONBALL stuff. How hard could it be?

**MARISSA:** *And* we gotta get my girl back.

**MW:** And we're still missin' Edgar.

**CHANCE:** Yeah, there's a few messes that need to be cleaned up, and we left a lot behind on the way here. Can this device help with that, Stinky?

**STINKY:** Uh, maybe? Uh— I-I don't know. Mostly, it works on its own, or it does what I put into it, but I don't know what I'm putting into it, I'm just pushing the buttons that CANNONBALL says.

**CHANCE:** Eh, we'll figure it out.

**MARISSA:** So, what do we do with this loser in the meantime?

**TROY3:** Oh, I— I can probably help. There— There's an empty Storage room that has my name on it we could use.

**MARISSA:** Oh! Well, that sounds just perfect. Come on, then, Oh Great Leader Mike Walters. It's about time you experienced what you've been putting everyone else through.

*[Closing theme starts playing.]*

**CREDITS:** This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of Troy was Athan. Check out his show [The Grotto](#). I play a cowboy in it.

The voice of Marissa was Michelle Kan. Check them out on social media at [fswrites](#).

And the voice of Chance was Taylor Michaels. You can check him out in [The Grotto](#), or in [The Department of Variance of Somewhere, Ohio](#), or [Forged Bonds](#), or a million other places at this point.

Thanks for playing.

*[Closing theme plays out.]*

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

**BLOOPER (TROY2):** Ugh. Don't be such a baby, dude. Mike isn't scary at all. Eagle was way scarier when I was in Operose. I would sometimes see him ride a motorcycle, and he didn't even put a helmet on. Okay? Mike's a teddy bear compared to that.

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

**BLOOPER (TROY2):** Pfft! Don't be such a baby, dude! Mike isn't scary at all, okay? Eagle was way scarier when I was in Operose! One time, I saw him walk by a fire alarm, and he didn't even, like, make a note of where it was, okay? Mike's like a teddy bear compared to that.

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

**BLOOPER (MARISSA):** Man, you are such a fuckin' bonehead for real, Mike. Did you really think this wouldn't come back to bite you in the ass? I'm a Hong Kong girlie, dipshit! Scrapping for independence is our national fucking pastime! Ce<sup>1</sup> [嘩!]! What are we gonna do with you.

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

**BLOOPER (MARISSA):** Yeah, well. He's still sore about the MW situation, so... What do you think, Emdubya? You've been pretty quiet over there. *[Michelle's natural accent.]* I cannot stress enough... how hard it is to say... running "r"-ending words like "*over there.*" Every day, I am tested. God gives his silliest battles to his funniest clowns.

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

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** Am I—? Am I saying that right? That's how Mike says it, but every single YouTube guide I look says something different. That was— I— "Every YouTube guide I look says something different."

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** Hmph. That's a good dog, M— Nah, that— that was too mean.

**BLOOPER (CHANCE):** I can run the Base. We'll find Ryan and get to the bottom of this CANNONBALL stuff. How hard could it— *How hard could it be?*

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

*[END Episode 184.]*