

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY FIVE - CHRISTMAS ISLAND, AU

Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 185.]

INTRO: [Off-mic.] Hey, uh, so, yeah. I need to get this episode of the show out, and I know it's Christmas, but I— I just can't make it, I've just got— I've got too much work to do, and... Yeah, I know, but if it doesn't go up, then... Yeah, I know, I know. Uh. Yeah...

The— The presents—? Just— For Riga? Just throw them in the trash, she doesn't need presents. ...I— I let her out earlier. She's a wild dog now, I don't have time for her, she's out in the woods somewhere, she's *fine*. And, uh, w-we'll try next Christmas, okay? I'll see you next Christmas, okay?

Alright. Love you, Mom. Bye.

[Normal volume.] Hey, guys, quick plugs. Merry Christmas to all who celebrate. I hope you enjoy this very vaguely maybe canon Christmas episode. I am still streaming on Twitch during the holidays at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. We've been playing a lot of *GeoGuessr*, and we might start a new series soon. So, if you wanna come check that out, that's 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 abscess— abscesses— uh, free abscesses, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, corkcuards, and— farquaad, and more. I have posted some sneak previews of *the american bison 3* over on Patreon for all patrons. The album's coming out in about a week, but if you want to hear some of it early, it is available for all patrons over at patreon.com/woe_begone.

Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

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

[We hear some island ambience.]

ALASKA: Hey, there, Nobody. You sleep well? Uh. How's breakfast? Uh. Bananas again, I guess.

NOBODY: Don't talk to me, Alaska.

ALASKA: Oh. Guess I was wrong. You're having cornflakes for breakfast, and someone clearly pissed in them.

TEX: Don't worry about him. He's always like that. Nobody's determined to be miserable. Ain't no way to live, I'll tell ya.

NOBODY: I wasn't talking to you, Tex, and this is no way to live. I don't want to be here.

TEX: Nobody wants to be here, pilg. It's just the way it is.

NOBODY: You're right. I am Nobody, and I don't want to be here.

TEX: You know what I mean.

ALASKA: That's kind of on you for picking that nickname, Nobody.

NOBODY: You wouldn't have to worry about it if you would just stop talking to me.

MIKE: *[Yawns.]* Morning, everybody. Hey, Alaska, Tex, Nobody. Are we having bananas for breakfast again?

TEX: Mornin', Mike. You know it. Bananas again. Breakfast o' champions.

ALASKA: Nobody doesn't want to be spoken to this morning, Mike.

MIKE: Oh, is it another day that ends in "y" already? Nobody, we're stuck here. You know that. You've been here for months. No one's coming to save us. This isn't the life that any of us wanted, but we're all here now. So, we'd all be better off if you didn't keep the walls up.

NOBODY: I did not request advice from you, Mike.

ALASKA: Hey, it could be worse. I was in Alaska before all of this. At least Christmas Island is warm, and there isn't anyone barking orders.

TEX: Yeah, Christmas Island was somethin' of an upgrade for ya. Weren't it, Alaska?

MIKE: Christmas Island is definitely an upgrade for Alaska. That place was terrible. I've been there. Agattu Island? Remote and freezing cold all the time. The only problem we have around here is crabs. I mean, don't get me wrong, they're a big problem, but they're surmountable.

TEX: Worst part is you can't even eat the dang crabs. Disgustin' little critters, fulla gross water on the inside. Tastes like socks.

ALASKA: Can we talk about the "Alaska Mike" thing for a second? I've been nice about it, but I was in Alaska for, like, two seconds, and then I got transported here. So, how am I still Alaska Mike? Tha— That was years ago, too! A— Nobody got to pick his own nickname!

TEX: Sorry, pilg. Alaska Mike's the name we called ya on the outside, so that's what we're callin' you inside this here dome. I don't make the rules.

ALASKA: The— The rules? Nobody makes the— N-No one makes the rules. Not Nobody. We get to decide everything. We are fully ungoverned out here.

MIKE: Uh, in here, technically. We're inside of a dome.

ALASKA: No, out here! We're just outside with invisible walls. I can smell the ocean from here. We're outside. The only thing is we can't leave. And I know that I'm not the only one who would like to reroll names. You all know that Stinky hates being called that, right? He's an adult man named Stinky. He's 34 years old, and his name is Stinky. It was a name designed to bother him. There's no reason that we have to keep calling him that.

TEX: Pilg, I can't keep 'em straight how it is now. I'd never be able to tell no one apart if they started changin' names on me. We already got Mikey, Mike, Stinky, Emdubya, MDawg, TXDawg (I don't even know why he's called that), O.V.E.R. Mike, Lieutenant, Overnighter Michael, Old Man. It's too damn crowded in here.

MIKE: It is not crowded in here, Tex. We can fit fifty iterations with one to a room each, and if those fill up, we can fit a hundred if we double up.

TEX: They'd better stop comin' 'fore we hit a hundred. I ain't gonna have no roommate. Just the thought of it gets my trigger finger itchy.

NOBODY: You don't even have a gun, you hillbilly idiot.

TEX: I'll make a gun outta sand and sticks and crab parts.

STINKY *[approaching]*: Oh, there you guys are! Hey, Nobody, uh, Mike, Tex, Alaska. Good morning.

ALASKA: Good morning, Stinky. Maybe you guys could call me Al? Like, short for Alaska?

STINKY: But your name isn't Al, it's Alaska. Uh, anyway, everyone's at the beach, we're looking for you.

MIKE: Stinky, why is everyone at the beach? Did something happen?

NOBODY: If there's a problem, then maybe Tex can solve it with his crab gun.

STINKY: I-I mean, maybe? If a crab gun brings people back to life? **[MIKE: No.]** Uh, I guess I need to know what kind of crab gun it is.

MIKE *[exasperated]*: Stinky, did someone else die?

STINKY: Yeah, Overnighter. On the beach. It looks like someone drowned him? There's signs of a struggle. That's why everyone's looking for you.

ALASKA: Stinky, did you say that Overnighter drowned? He couldn't see for shit, there's no way he was out there nightswimming.

MIKE: And there's no way that he'd see an attacker coming. Someone picked him as an easy target, I guess.

NOBODY: What's this about someone? Tex has been talkin' about killing iterations all morning. There's your culprit, Stinky.

TEX: I ain't kill no one 'cept that O.I. iteration, and that's 'cause y'all asked me to kill 'im.

MIKE: Well, I guess that O.I. Michael wasn't behind the murders after all. Damn it, uh— Just add it to the corrections log.

NOBODY: Mike, I thought that we were never getting out of here. What's the point of a corrections log?

MIKE: Because maybe someday someone will find it and fix all of this. I'm not giving up hope. I mean, not entirely.

STINKY: That's the Christmas spirit, Mike.

NOBODY: It is not Christmas, Stinky.

STINKY: You don't know that! This is Christmas Island, right? It could be Christmas. Anyway, I just came to say that Mikey and Michael and Old Man and MW and everyone else is on the beach with Overnighter's corpse. We're trying to round everyone up so that we can talk about what happened.

NOBODY: What is there to talk about? Overnighter's dead. Unless someone wants to confess, that's the end of the story. So, Tex, you wanna tell us why you did it?

TEX: You're gonna learn the price o' spreadin' rumors, Nobody. A tall tale like that can get a fella strung up, ya know.

NOBODY: Oh, so, what, you're gonna kill me, too, now?

TEX: Keep talkin', boy, and we'll see.

MIKE: Both of you, j– shut up.

ALASKA: Yeah, you're both so embarrassing. How did there end up being so many cowboys of me?

NOBODY: I'm not you, and I'm not a cowboy.

ALASKA: Anti-cowboy. Boycow. Whatever you are.

STINKY: MDawg thinks that the leg is responsible for the murders? I-I mean, he has a point, no one died before it showed up.

MIKE: Stinky, a metal leg is not what killed Overnighter. Granted, I don't know why the leg is here, but I– it's just a leg. It can sit on the shelf with all the other knick-knacks that fell out of the sky.

NOBODY: The bottom of that leg is fashioned into a cowboy boot. More signs pointing at Tex.

TEX: You hush up, or I'll hush you up, you goddamn varmint.

STINKY: Okay, okay. I didn't mean to come here and start any fights, I just wanted to tell you what was going on, and now it's all gotten out of control, and–

[Time travel noise.]

NOBODY: Just what we needed. More people.

38 *[confused]:* Uh– What? Where the hell are we? I– I had half a skunk I was gonna eat!

47: XL, was any o' this in your reports or whatever? You shoulda warned us.

XL: No, 47. This wasn't in any reports. I-I– I don't know what this is. I-It's really hot, though.
[Noticing the others.] Oh. Hello, there.

38: Howdy, fellow iterations. Uh, what's your numbers? I'm 38, this is 47, and this Mike iteration's called XL. I don't recognize y'all from the poker games.

STINKY: Numbers? Uh, well, my favorite number's, uh, 29, I guess? Uh– 2...8.

MIKE: Hello, newcomers. Uh, welcome to Christmas Island. You're going to want to take off those winter coats, it basically never gets cold here. It's, a... a bad time to show up, I guess? Uh, there's been a couple of– of murders. But don't worry about that, we're all about to go have

a meeting on the beach, and we will take care of that, and then I will come back here and get you all settled in. How does that sound? Good?

XL: Oh, uh. No need to s-settle us in, uh. I don't know what this is, but we're not supposed to be here, so if one of you could just transport us out...

MIKE: Uh, *[Brief laugh.]* if we could transport people out, we wouldn't be here. Uh, there's no Calculators, and there's an array that keeps us within about a mile radius? So, you're sorta stuck here.

38: Stuck here? What about my dang skunk? I was eatin' that.

MIKE: The skunk is back wherever you came from, I'm afraid. Uh, we've got bananas, though. So, dig in.

[Opening theme plays.]

MIKE: *[Unlocks and opens a door.]* Alright, uh, here we are. This is where you will be living for... the foreseeable future, I guess. Like I said, we can't exactly leave.

38: We're livin' together? I thought you said on the way over here that there was plenty o' room.

MIKE: There is plenty of room, but we like to keep everyone together because it creates a sense of community, and it's pretty hard out here, honestly, and it's harder if we go it alone, you know? It keeps morale high. Like, I'm in a band with Mikey and Alaska Mike, and we all live together, and we practice all the time, and it's great. But it's a pretty nice place, all things considered. You've got four bedrooms, so you each get your own. And there's a kitchen and a dining room table and a living room with some chairs, and there's a really great view of the ocean.

XL: Right, and, uh, a string of unsolved murders? Uh, how did your little meeting at the beach go, Mike?

MIKE: Well, XL, I'll have you know that it is now a string of *solved* murders, we think.

47: Well, whodunit, pard?

MIKE: Well, we're pretty sure it was O.V.E.R. Mike. Overnighter Michael and O.I. Michael used to play all these pranks on him, and they stole his picture of OVEdgar, and that was a whole week of dealing with that. And we think that he just snapped.

38: Well, what are ya gonna do with him now? Toss him in the dang brig?

MIKE: [*Sighs.*] Well... we don't have a place to keep prisoners. We have plenty of room, but we don't have anywhere that we can keep secure. So, we took a vote, and we decided that the best course of action was to... uh... take care of him.

XL: You *killed* him? ...A-And you're doing euphemisms about it?

MIKE: "Euphemism" is such a strong word. I-I prefer "flowery language." And I-I didn't take care of him, Lieutenant did. Because, I don't know if you guys know Lieutenant. He sort of likes doing that sort of thing.

47: Well, if'n he likes "doin' that sort of thing," don't ya reckon that maybe he's the one that did the murders?

MIKE: He has an alibi for both nights. Tex has this little poker night thing, but it's become this big production, and he does it basically every night. And most of the Michaels go to it, and he was there both nights the whole night.

38: Well, I guess if there ain't no more murders, then ya got your guy.

MIKE: He seemed pretty guilty, uh, but also he might've just been grimacing like that because he was being stabbed in the heart. [*Takes a breath.*] Anywho, there is a laundry room downstairs; it's always incredibly busy, because none of us have a change of clothes; I don't suppose that you guys do, either. There is a chore wheel; we will get you signed up on that in the morning. It will be really nice to have three more people doing chores, because *some people* aren't pulling their weight, and the only way that this works is if everybody is doing their part. If you want liquor, you're going to have to talk to Old Man about that, because he's hoarding all of the liquor on the island. So, good luck with that. And, like I said, there's poker night.

XL: I don't think we're very interested in poker night, Mike.

MIKE: Understood, I don't go, either. But I will leave you to it.

47: One more question: who the hell put this building here?

MIKE: We have no idea. All of us just started showing up here one by one pretty much like you did. Some people have been here for years. And we've never seen who put the building here, or who's running things, or any of that? But there's this whole building, and it's got electricity and heat and air and running water. Uh. Don't drink water out of the tap, there is water in the fridge.

38: That don't bother you none? That someone put us here?

MIKE: Yes, I tried being bothered for a very long time, 38. But, after a while, I realized that it wasn't getting anything done, and so I stopped doing it. Eventually, you will, too. But I'll let you get all settled in, I've got chores to do, and I'll see you in the morning. Oh, and the crabs are

stronger than you think they are, and they don't taste good. But I'm— I'm really going this time. Alright, bye, guys.

[Mike leaves, and we hear the door close and lock.]

47: We ain't actually stayin' here, are we? I don't like it. I miss the snow. I miss my cattle. What the hell's gonna happen to my cattle?

38: I reckon we got iterated, 47. Your cattle are bein' taken care of by the real 47.

47: We ain't been iterated, 38. Come off it.

38: We wouldn't know if we were.

XL: Uh, 38? 47? Uh, we have a problem. Namely, we have a roommate.

38: What do you mean, "we have a roommate," XL?

XL: That fourth bedroom that Mike mentioned is occupied. It's got Stinky's name on it.

47: Stinky? That varmint?

38: I think we oughta go catch Mike and tell him that that ain't gonna work for us.

XL: Should we, though? U-Uh, I-I don't wanna rock the boat, 'cause it sorta seems like people who rock the boat are getting murdered?

38: Yeah. By Stinky.

XL: I mean, he's not the same Stinky, is he? 38, I think you're right, I think we've been iterated, which means that that Stinky isn't the Stinky that did all of that to you. I say that we tough it out tonight, and we give it a chance, and we see how it goes, and we'll talk to Mike in the morning if we have a problem. How does that sound?

38: And if'n we wanna kill Stinky, we can blame it on the murderer.

XL: And if'n we wanna kill Stinky, we can blame it on the murderer.

47: Sounds good to me.

[Scene transition.]

XL *[asleep]: [Sighs.]* ...No, you're— you're a cow, you can't skunk me... idiot...

[We hear a muffled thump, and XL startles awake.]

STRANGER *[muffled]*: Shitshitshitshitshit.

XL *[quietly]*: ...What the fuck?

[XL opens his bedroom door.]

XL *[quietly]*: Stinky...

[We hear the door to the apartment unlock and open.]

XL *[quietly]*: Where is he going...

[We hear the door close and lock.]

XL *[quietly]*: Fuck. Fuck. Okay. Okay, um.

[XL walks up to a door and knocks.]

XL: Hey, uh, 38? Uh, 47? Uh, wake up, we have a problem.

[We hear one of the bedroom doors open.]

38: Ugh, XL. We're about to have a problem. What is it?

XL: Stinky just left the apartment in the middle of the night. I heard a noise, and I woke up, and I saw him leave.

38: I told ya he's the dang killer, pard.

47: Did he see you, XL?

XL: No, his back was to me, he was almost all the way out the door.

47: Well, what do we do now?

38: Well, first things first, y'all need to get out of the open. *[Opens his door further.]* Get in here!

[We hear 38's bedroom door close.]

47: Damnit it, XL. I told ya we shoulda gone to Mike, but naw. You wanted to stick around and meet Stinky and give him that damn porcupine quill medallion we made.

38: You didn't even eat none o' that porcupine.

XL: It was an act of goodwill, it probably just saved our lives, 'cause someone's getting murdered tonight, and it's not us! So, you're welcome.

38: I told y'all Stinky was trouble. And just 'cause he's out there killin', don't mean he won't come back here for some more.

XL: Yes, I was conflict-avoidant, and it led to more conflict, I'll do a therapy about it if we ever get out of here. So, uh, I guess what we do now is we go find Mike, and we tell him what's going on.

47: We caught the sucker red-handed.

38: I say that we wait right here. Take care of it ourselves. Prove our worth to Mike.

XL: He's already killed two Michael iterations, and we don't have any weapons. We're going to Mike.

[We hear the door to the apartment unlock and open.]

XL: Shit, he's back. *[Lowers voice.]* Shit, shit. What do we do? What do we do?

38: Get away from the door, and don't make a sound.

[We hear the door to the apartment close and lock.]

XL *[quietly]:* Waitwait, what are you doing?

[We hear 38 start moving his bed.]

38 *[quietly]:* I'm pushin' the bed in front of the door so he can't get in.

XL *[quietly]:* Well, do it quieter.

38 *[quietly]:* I'm doin' it quiet as I can, pilgrim.

[We start hearing footsteps.]

[38 finishes moving the bed.]

[The footsteps come to a stop, and then the door handle rattles.]

[After a pause, the door handle rattles louder.]

[After another pause, the door handle rattles even louder.]

[The door handle stops rattling. We hear footsteps, and then silence.]

XL *[quietly]*: Is he gone?

47 *[quietly]*: I don't know, pard. I sure as hell ain't goin' out there.

38 *[quietly]*: We'll stay in here until mornin', and then we'll go and tell Mike.

47 *[quietly]*: And then we're gettin' the hell outta here.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear outdoor island ambience.]

MIKE: Alright, uh, *[Quietly.]* one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. *[Aloud.]* Uh, hello, everyone! I think that's everyone. Uh, sorry to be doing this for the third day in a row, but I have some unfortunate news. Our dear friend Stinky was found dead this morning. It appears that someone beat him to death with the golden leg at some point in the night. His skull was caved in, and the golden leg was found laying on top of his corpse, covered in blood.

XL: Wait, Stinky died? Uh— I-I saw him leave the apartment in the middle of the night. We thought he was the murderer.

47: Guess Stinky weren't the one rattlin' our door.

38: Yup. I reckon we had a run-in with the real murderer.

MDAWG: That explains what TXDawg and I saw last night. We were trying to conduct a seance to talk to O.V.E.R. Mike.

TXDAWG: We don't think that O.V.E.R. Mike was the murderer.

MIKEY: Well, obviously he's not the murderer.

TXDAWG: Ghosts can be murderers, Mikey.

MDAWG: We were trying to contact O.V.E.R. Mike in the spirit realm, and we saw the golden leg there. We must have been able to see it because it was being used to murder Stinky.

MIKEY: Did you see Stinky there?

NOBODY: What they are describing is not real, Mikey. ...Idiots.

TXDAWG: We think that there might be a lag time between when someone dies and when their spirit can be contacted.

MDAWG: Stinky might have been clinging on to life for a few minutes, just barely. So, we only saw the leg.

LIEUTENANT: Yup. That'll happen if ya get sloppy with it. I think we might be dealin' with an amateur.

NOBODY: Do you think it was an amateur, Lieutenant? Are you sure it wasn't you?

LIEUTENANT: I'm pretty damn sure it weren't, pard.

MIKE: Alright, to get back on track, you two can vouch for each other? MDawg? TXDawg?

TXDAWG: Yes. We were together the whole night, and we did not leave the apartment.

MIKE: Great, uh, writing that down. And likewise, I can vouch for Alaska and Mikey.

MIKEY: Yup. Uh, we had band practice all night, because *someone* couldn't get the chords right.

ALASKA: Hmm. Yeah, it turns out that it's really hard to play a makeshift guitar made from things lying around the island?

MIKEY: It is a poor craftsman who blames their tools, Alaska.

ALASKA: That saying only applies if the tools aren't made of grass and coconuts and crab claws, *Mikey*.

MIKE: So, that's the three of us. Uh, I went downstairs to get my laundry, but I was only gone for a couple of minutes, and went right back up to the apartment.

NOBODY: I can confirm that they were practicing all night. It was insufferable. I could hear them through the walls.

MIKE: Is that your alibi, Nobody? Did anyone see you?

NOBODY: I hope not. I don't want any of you looking at me. I don't want to be here. I was alone in my room. I went to sleep. I woke up. I was told there was a meeting. I came here.

MIKE: Okay, but you have to understand that that's not an alibi. So, I'm going to write down, uh, "no alibi." Uh, how 'bout you, Old Man?

OLD MAN: Ugh. I was passed out.

MW: We can vouch for Old Man. He was at the poker game with me, Michael, Tex, and Lieutenant. He showed up wasted, bet all his crab claws on probably the worst hand I ever seen, and then we had to, uh, carry him back to his apartment.

OLD MAN: Was I... really at the poker game?

NOBODY: The poker nights are shady. They probably killed Stinky for that porcupine quill medallion that these three chucklefucks gave him so that they could have something to bet with besides crab legs or whatever.

MIKE: Nope, the medallion was still on Stinky's corpse when I found him this morning. I guess it's still there.

XL: Hold on, does— Nobody, how do you know about the medallion?

NOBODY: I don't understand the question.

XL: I gave that to Stinky last night. He didn't leave the apartment after I gave it to him until he left to go get murdered.

NOBODY: He didn't leave that you know about, you mean.

MIKE: Nobody, are you saying that Stinky left earlier in the night, and came back to the apartment? And that he met with you?

NOBODY: I'm not saying anything. I have done nothing to raise suspicion.

MW: Nobody, uh, maybe ya should be sayin' somethin'.

MIKEY: Yeah, MW's right. You saw Stinky, and you don't have an alibi?

LIEUTENANT: It ain't lookin' good for ya, Nobody. Looks to me like ya did it.

NOBODY: Heh. You're one to talk, Lieutenant. You're the one who runs around killing for fun.

LIEUTENANT: Yup, I sure do. But I'm a dang pro at it. I wouldn't kill Stinky with a dang metal leg. That's borin'. Ya gotta stick 'em good, let 'em bleed. Stinky probably got hit from behind, never knew what hit him. What's the fun in that? They gotta see ya do it so they know it weren't an accident. Plus, y'all know about everyone I killed. I brag about it all the time.

MIKE: Yes, you do, Lieutenant. Bu— But more importantly, you have an alibi.

MW: Yup. Lieutenant was with us all night. I was keepin' an eye on him 'cause o' the murders and all, and he didn't go nowhere.

MICHAEL: And I was keepin' an eye on Emdubya. Don't count him out just 'cause he's quiet. It's the quiet ones you gotta watch out for. Y'all underestimate him sometimes.

MW: Thank ya kindly, Michael. I appreciate that.

MICHAEL: Any time, pard.

TEX: And I was runnin' the table, pilg. I didn't even stand up but the one time time, 'cause I had to clock Old Man for gettin' too ornery.

OLD MAN: ...Well, that explains why I woke up with a dang black eye this mornin'.

TEX: So, none o' us coulda done it.

MIKE: And that brings us right back to Nobody.

NOBODY: I didn't do it, Mike.

XL: Then explain how you know about the medallion!

NOBODY: Stinky knocked on my door, and asked for a bottle of water. He said that he was out because those three drank all of them.

38: That ain't true, Mike. There's still water in our fridge. I drank one of 'em this mornin'.

LIEUTENANT: Well, yeehaw, we got us a culprit! Should I kill him, or should we vote first?

NOBODY: There is nothing to vote on, because I didn't do anything.

MIKE: I'm sorry, Nobody. I— You know I hate agreeing with Lieutenant, but I think that we should vote on it. Okay. Uh, how many of you think that Nobody is the murderer? *[Pause.]* Uh, that's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven hands. Okay, *[We hear a switchblade click open.]* and how many— Uh—

NOBODY: Hey, get your goddamn hands o—

[We hear Lieutenant start stabbing Nobody. Nobody gurgles.]

MIKE: Lieutenant, we haven't finished voting yet!

LIEUTENANT: There's thirteen o' us. Seven hands is a majority. He was gonna try to run for it. You can see it in his eyes. Look at 'im. He don't wanna die.

[Lieutenant stops stabbing Nobody.]

NOBODY *[strangled]:* You morons...

LIEUTENANT: Morons? You're the one what's gettin' stabbed to death like an idiot. Ain't no one gonna miss ya, ya miserable fuck. Good riddance.

[We hear Lieutenant stab Nobody one final time, and Nobody slumps to the ground, dead.]

LIEUTENANT: *[Dusts hands off.]* Well, that was fun. We killin' anyone else, or are we done here?

MIKE: Yeah, I think we're done here. Hopefully this is the last time we ever have to do this. Okay! Everyone's free to go. Uh, don't forget to do your chores from the chore wheel. Some of you haven't done your chores, some of you haven't ever done your chores, and it's starting to add up! And this place is turning into a pig sty, and I can't do everyone's work for them! So— Go.

MICHAEL: Hell yeah, let's motor. See ya at the poker game tonight, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: You know it, Michael. And this time I'm bettin' Nobody's fingers. How's that for poker chips?

[Scene transition.]

[We hear Mike knock on Old Man's door.]

MIKE: Old Man, open up, it's Mike.

[Old Man opens the door.]

OLD MAN: *[Groans.]* What the hell you want, Mike?

MIKE: Old Man, are you day-drinking now?

OLD MAN: I don't know if you noticed, but... there ain't shit to do around here, Mike. What the hell else am I supposed to do?

MIKE: Oh, I have a suggestion about that, actually. Uh, you could do your *chores*. You're supposed to burn the garbage this week. We don't have any other way to get rid of it, and the

more it piles up, the more it attracts those goddamn crabs! We already have an infestation, and it's getting worse.

OLD MAN: I'll take care of garbage when I sober up. I ain't startin' a— a big ol' fire while I'm drunk. ...I'll do it in the morning.

MIKE: Yeah, sure you will. You haven't done a single chore since you got here. Not a single one. Almost everyone else is pulling their weight but you. This can't go on any longer. So, we're gonna sit down at your kitchen table, and we're gonna figure this out. I'm coming in.

OLD MAN: Yeah, do whatever ya want, pard...

[We hear the door slam shut.]

OLD MAN: Look, Mike. It ain't— It ain't nothin' personal, it's just *[Sighs.]* I— I been havin' a time, and— uh. *[Startles.]* W-Why the hell do you have the le—? Mike, no—!

[We hear Mike strike Old Man with the golden leg, and Old Man's body falls to the floor.]

MIKE: Ugh... Guess I'm taking care of the garbage.

[Closing theme plays.]

BLOOPER (TEX): They'd better stop comin' 'fore we got a hundred. *[Pause.]* I ain't gonna have no roommate. Just the thought of it gets my tringer— tringer finger inky.

[END Episode 185.]