

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY FIVE - TROY BETTERIDGE

Original transcript edited by August and Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 195.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. I'm still streaming on Twitch over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hangout and play a video game. We have 993 followers right now, and when we hit 100 followers I'm doing a juggling stream, so if you want to see me juggle, go give me a follow over there. I also got a new mechanical keyboard, *[Starts typing on keyboard.]* and I'm playing a whole bunch of typing games, because I think that's a lot of fun. This new keyboard can really *thock* *[Aggressive keyboard noise]*. This last Sunday I played *Blood Typers* with Taylor Michaels of *WOE.BEGONE* and *The Grotto* fame, and it was a lot of fun, so if you'd like to see that, go check that out at twitch.tv/woebegonepod. *[Stops typing.]* I'm going to leave the characters that I typed for the background of this section in the episode description on the Patreon, so enjoy that, too.

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...kboards*. For instance, if there are a lot of songs in an episode, the best place to get them is on the Patreon. Why would I say that? That's patreon.com/woe_begone.

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

[Opening theme plays.]

[Outdoor ambience.]

[When Troy Betteridge speaks, we hear Troy and Ty's voices simultaneously for the most part. Words in parentheses indicate when their words diverge.]

TROY BETTERIDGE: So, it goes like... this? What... Step here, step there, move, shuffle... (TROY: and) shake the booty? What? Oh. I don't know, Charlie, this whole thing has me feeling just a little bit daft. (TROY: You know?)

CHARLIE: Shh! You can't talk like that anymore! Somebody is going to hear you. Yes, you look "daft." That is the entire point. Haven't you met Troy before? You're goofy. He's goofy. He's goofy silly, even! You need to be as goofy as possible if you're going to fit in with the other two. It's just how it has to be. You've got too many brains stuffed up in there. Try turning them off a little bit.

TROY BETTERIDGE: Okay. So like, like this? Oh, look, I'm afraid that if– if I'm too goofy, then everyone will think I'm taking the piss. (TROY: You know? I'm not pissing. Wait, am I pissing?)

CHARLIE: You do get it! See, that is exactly how goofy you need to be! *[Giggles.]* Come on. Troy is still in there, I know he is. So, dig in deep, take a deep breath if you need it, and use that. Be so goofy that no one ever takes you seriously. Think about it as like a little vacation from being... Ty, you know? That's the goal, anyway. You have to put that side fully in control. Let it take over. Let Troy guide you.

TROY BETTERIDGE: Are you sure about that? Because any time I "go with the flow," I end up back at the mansion bouncing on a (**TROY:** fucking/**TY:** blasted) trampoline. If I'm (**TROY:** gonna/**TY:** going to) accomplish anything, I can't do whatever Troy feels like doing, I— And don't get me started on those other two iterations. Uh— One time, this one iteration decided to (**TY:** get—) to get some marshmallows. (**TROY:** Right?) And then he proceeded to eat every single one of them right in front of me, and you should've *seen* how big his mouth had got with all of those marshmallows being stuffed in and stuffed in! And all the time I was saying, "Well, I would like one of those," and— and he was just going *[Muffled noises]*. Which of course meant "no, no, no, you can't have any, because you're not a real Troy iteration." Which, to me, was just really, really annoying (**TY:** and—) and really upsetting and quite sad. *[We hear footsteps approach.]* So, I tried to find my own marshmallows, (**TY:** and—) and that was that. But if I'm going to accomplish anything, I can't do whatever Troy feels like doing. (**TROY:** Except I really feel like going on the trampoline, so maybe I should do— Well, hold on, that's not— hmm, that's not a bad idea, though.)

STINKY *[overlapping Troy Betteridge]:* Uh, am I interrupting something?

CHARLIE: *[Loudly clears throat.]* Stinky! Uh, hi! Oh my gosh, I wasn't expecting to see you here today. What brings you to O.V.E.R.?

STINKY: Hey, Charlie. Hey, Troy. Uh, you know. I was at Base, and we're back in Oldbrush Valley now, and I needed a break, so I decided to take a walk and clear my head, and I guess I just ended up here. There aren't that many roads in Oldbrush Valley. Basically all roads point to O.V.E.R.

CHARLIE: That's a long walk, Stinky.

STINKY: Ugh, tell me about it. The other Mikes worked here, so they're used to walking, but I'm not. But... you know, I just— I needed to clear my head, I thought I could pop in, see if anyone's here. Hey, uh. Shadow's working today, right? Uh— I thought I could stop by and say hi to him on his patrol? And, you know, see my main man Troy.

TROY BETTERIDGE: (**TROY:** Oh!/**TY:** Ah!) Stinky! Stinko. Stinkmeister!

STINKY: Yeah, uh, Troy...guy. Uh— So that's what I'm doing here. What are you doing here, Charlie? Visiting your old job already? Do you miss Tier One that much?

CHARLIE: Oh! Just passing through. The only way in there is through here, so I get to say hi to Troy every single day. Sometimes I bring him breakfast, too. His guy is not allowed here, so if I can help, it's the least I can do. Plus, honestly, I have to set up correction points at every single gate at the start of my shift anyway, so it makes life a little bit easier. Kill two birds with one stone and all that. The correction points are for security purposes. Everything can get reverted back to here if something goes wrong that way.

TROY BETTERIDGE: I've been telling Charlie all about the new guard. I hate the new guard so much, dude. I mean, when we're doing the change-over dance, he puts his elbow there, and then he puts his other elbow there. (**TROY:** Which isn't right! And it's not right! And—/**TY:** And I keep telling him that even though) I'm not quite... right... (**TROY:** like, I'm not/**TY:** you know,) totally on it, but I know that the elbow doesn't go there, and the elbow (**TROY:** does not/**TY:** doesn't) go there. A-And it's all to do with the knees and how you use those and— and the thighs! (**TROY:** The thighs! The bitch forgot about the thighs, guys./**TY:** I mean— I j— I just— I just don't understand it, and then—! [*Sighs.*]) Charlie's gonna pass on my complaints to management for me. And then... (**TROY:** ...she's gonna come back and work with me. Right?/**TY:** ...come back and work here, right? Oh, pretty please? Pretty please with a— with a cherry on top?)

CHARLIE: I can't come back, goofy. I'm sorry, I would love to spend more time with you at the gate, but it just can't happen. I have so many responsibilities inside of Tier Three now. And I can take what I'm learning in there and use it to help Base. That's the most important thing, isn't it? All of it's important work, but especially that. I already helped Mikey get his memories back. I know there's so much more I can learn if I just stick around.

TROY BETTERIDGE: (**TROY:** [*Sighs.*]) Okay, but... I've been trying for days to get a job in Tier Three, and it's super hard, no matter how much I train with the other Troy duplicates. I don't even know if I'm gonna get hired. I mean, I have to, because we're training so much and there's three of us and that's three times the work we can do! Plus I hate the new guard and I need to get out of here, so they have to let me out of here, right? (**TROY:** Right? Right?)

CHARLIE: Aw, Troy... Look, I just don't want you to get your feelings hurt if they end up not choosing you, okay? It's less of a reflection of you and more of a reflection of O.V.E.R as a whole. I was extremely lucky getting this job. It's incredibly competitive to get into Tier Three. You know Marissa wasn't even able to get a job there. I promise you, I'll put in a good word for you, but I'm really new, so I'm not really sure my word means much yet. ...But—! You're fine here at the gates. Y-You are! I still get to see you every single day when I come to set up the correction points. And on top of that, when I'm here, you can complain to me as much as you could possibly desire about how much you hate the new guard. Doesn't matter who they are or what they say, I am all ears. And, you know, I'll also still see you at Base, or when you have people over at your mansion for a trampoline party, or even when it's three a.m. and you need someone to open a pickle jar. I'm here. All you gotta do is ask.

STINKY: Three a.m.? Uh— Troy, aren't you here at three a.m.? Working?

TROY BETTERIDGE: That's why I have to call Charlie. If I was at home, I'd have my guy do it, but my guy isn't allowed to be here.

STINKY: Charlie, you sanction this? Because that usually makes it worse.

CHARLIE: Pfft, what can I say? I'm strong. And also, Marissa is a pro at opening jars, and she taught me all of her secrets. Also, genuinely, it's just nice to keep an eye on things. *[Pointedly.]* The front gate is a very informative place. Y'know. *[Sighs.]* ...Oh, gosh. Okay, look at the time. I really have to go. I still have to set up all the other correction points at the other gates, so I really gotta run. It was incredibly nice to see you, though, Stinky. And, uh... Stinky. By the way? I know you wanna see Shadow, but Mikey is in there right now, and you are not a part of the approved iterative structure for your set of iterations inside of O.V.E.R. I don't really care, but you could get in some serious trouble if the wrong person saw you. I wouldn't risk it. Better to stay out here and talk to Troy. Okay? Alright? Um... With that, I gotta go! *Bye!*

[Charlie starts walking, and the gate closes behind her.]

STINKY: Uh-huh. I— I think I get it. Alright, uh... Thanks, Charlie, bye.

TROY BETTERIDGE: Bye, Charlie! (**TROY:** Don't—) Don't forget about me!

CHARLIE: Ugh! *Troy*, I would *never*.

TROY BETTERIDGE: But what about if they do... time travel (**TROY:** stuff/**TY:** shenanigans) to you? (**TROY:** I don't want them to— to *[Schwoop noise.]* shwoop you up, you know?)

CHARLIE *[getting further away]: [Brief laugh.]* Troy, I'll be fine, I promise. I'm running, I have to go, I'm late. I will see you guys later. Bye, Troy! Bye, Stinky!

STINKY: See ya, Charlie. It was nice to see you.

TROY BETTERIDGE: ...So, she said that like you were supposed to do what she says. "Stay out here and talk to Troy," and I'm Troy. So I guess I shouldn't let you into O.V.E.R. She's really smart about this kind of stuff.

STINKY *[emphasizing]:* Yes, her emphasis was extremely deliberate.

TROY BETTERIDGE: You're not going to try to go in, are you? Because I could stop you. I have handcuffs and another pair of handcuffs and a gun, and a second gun because I lost the first one and they gave me another one but it turns out I didn't eat the first gun in my sleep after all like I told them I did—it was actually in my desk—so now I have both of them because they still think that the first one is missing; also my house has lots of guns in it, because I started buying as many as I could when all the evil people started trying to kill us. So I could stop you if I

needed to is what I'm saying, but I don't (**TROY:** wanna/**TY:** want to) do any of that, and Charlie said no, and she's smart, so you shouldn't go in.

STINKY: Yeah, Troy, I'm not trying to go in. Do you know what she meant about "approved iterative structure"? I never heard that before. What does that mean?

TROY BETTERIDGE: Oh, probably new Tier Three stuff. She's learning all kinds of stuff in there. Which is why I'm learning to be tough, so I can go in there and learn stuff, too. I think it means if you go in there (**TROY:** someone's gonna/**TY:** someone is going to) shoot you. So, can I help you with something? I've got pickles at my desk.

TROY1 [*muffled*]: Hey, you forgot to ask her to open the jar!

STINKY: Troy, did you maybe forget someone in a suitcase?

TROY BETTERIDGE: Oh, nevermind. I don't have pickles, because I forgot to get Charlie to open the jar. You can come out now, Alterna-Troy. She's gone.

[*We hear Troy1 emerge from a zipped suitcase.*]

TROY1: Ugh! I don't know how much longer I was gonna last in there. That was gettin'— That was gettin' kinda dicey.

STINKY: Troy—... why is there another one of you in a suitcase?

TROY1: Oh, I didn't want to get the Other Troy in trouble with Charlie.

TROY BETTERIDGE: I wish you wouldn't call me "Other Troy." (**TROY:** I mean/**TY:** After all), what's wrong with "Alterna-Troy"? The whole nomenclature is unnecessarily confusing.

STINKY: Uh— "Nomenclature"? Where are you picking up big words?

TROY1: But you are Other Troy! You're the one from the box! We didn't even know you existed until we let you out of prison! And you didn't remember to be mean to Stinky. We're never gonna get to work in Tier Three unless we act tough. [*Sternly.*] Now. Stinky. I heard what Charlie said while I was in that suitcase back there. You aren't authorized to be here, because iterations and... and c-case. So, I-I suggest you move along before we get the authorities involved. Hop, skip, and a jump, buddy. N— Time to go. See ya.

STINKY: Troy, you're the authorities that would get involved. Ah— Don't puff your chest out, you look weird.

TROY1: Nevertheless, as it may be and as it is, it comes to pass. If you resist, I, Troy, am going to punch you with 25% of my full power, which, after all my training, will knock you unconscious

but probably—I stress, probably—not kill you. That... is what we've been training for. Also, you can't have any pickles, even if I break the jar open like we did last time, so just... stand back, Other Troy. I'm— I'm preparin' to punch Stinky, I'm Donkey Kong-ing his ass, I'm— I'm revvin'. I'm gettin' ready for it.

STINKY: Uh— Please don't punch me.

TROY1: You can say "please," I might, though! I might still do it!

STINKY: I'm not going to try to sneak into O.V.E.R. I wanted to see Shadow, but I don't wanna risk running into Mikey. Not even for the reasons that Charlie said, actually? I just, uh...
[Quietly.] Between you and me, I don't know if I can trust him?

TROY BETTERIDGE: (**TROY:** Oh/**TY:** Ah), you mean because of his left eyebrow.

STINKY: I don't. What's wrong with his eyebrow?

TROY BETTERIDGE: Uh— Charlie's been teaching us about how to spot the different iterations. Mikey came through the gate earlier, and his left eyebrow was ruffled up like he had been rubbing it.

TROY1: Yeah. Charlie noticed that CANNONBALL did that when we were in the mission control for the thing.

TROY BETTERIDGE: The Dark Dome.

STINKY: I thought we called it the Shadow Dome?

TROY1: Yeah, that's it. Uh, Stinky, did you exist when we did that? No? Shut up, then.

STINKY: Rude. I existed, I'm in my thirties, I'm a full-grown man!

TROY BETTERIDGE: (**TROY:** Uh,) Stinky was still with the Cattle Drive Mikes when we were in the Shadow Dome.

TROY1: Uh, we weren't at the Shadow Dome. We were at Hunter's house eating tater hot tot tot...tot.

TROY BETTERIDGE: *[Grunts.]* Yes, of course. My mistake, I misspoke. Uh, the important thing is that we are all suspicious of Mikey, too. It might be a bad idea to go in there.

STINKY: And it might be a bad idea for Shadow to *be* in there. Someone needs to warn him.

TROY BETTERIDGE: (**TROY:** Uh,) Maybe we can help with whatever problem you're having.

STINKY: I didn't say that I came here because I had a problem.

TROY BETTERIDGE: You didn't walk all the way here from Base because you were bored.
(**TROY:** Come on.)

TROY1: Yeah, don't you have sciatica or something? I feel like the cowboy ones are always like "dang, my sciatica."

TROY BETTERIDGE: Actually, Troy, light physical activity such as walking can help with sciatica. Walking decreases inflammation and increases mobility. But that's not why you're here, is it, Stinky? Something happened at Base, didn't it?

STINKY [*trepidatiously*]: Ugh... Yes, something bad happened at Base. And I don't know who I can trust. I-I thought that I could trust Shadow maybe because he probably hasn't been edited. But, uh... [*Quietly*.] y-you know, can I trust you?

TROY BETTERIDGE: Of course you can trust us, Stinky. We haven't been edited. We're the Troy Boys! Troy Boys, Inc.! (**TY:** And we're absolutely not FLINCH.)

TROY1: Uh, Charlie trusts us. Is that enough?

TROY BETTERIDGE: (**TROY:** Excellent/**TY:** [*Betteridgely*.] Excellent) point, Alterna-Troy. Charlie set up a correction point before she left. If there's an emergency, she can correct everything back to this point and stop it.

TROY1: Oh, well, actually, she can do it even if it isn't an emergency. Yesterday she used it to tell me to remember that I broke the pickle jar and not to step on the glass, and I barely stepped on any glass that day. The next day I stepped on a lot, but that— that wasn't from the same pickle jar, that was a different one. So it's fine.

STINKY: [*Huffs*.] I'll level with you, Troy Boys. I really want to trust you, because I'm not supposed to trust anyone, and the person who told me that's a liar, so clearly I'm supposed to trust someone, but I don't know who. And maybe I really am the only one who isn't the werewolf or whatever. Uh— But if that's the case, then just go ahead and kill me, because I'm obviously not cut out for this.

TROY BETTERIDGE: (**TROY:** Oh/**TY:** Ah), so it *is* about the Stinky Device.

STINKY: Yes, it is about the Stinky Device. Look, I heard about—... uh, something, and then I— I found... s-someone, and we found the something, and I need help deciphering it? And someone is in some kind of locked-up place—? I-I d— I don't feel comfortable talking here.

TROY BETTERIDGE: Uh, maybe a change of venue is in order? The mansion is safe. That's why Charlie, Edgar, and Shadow used it for their Base rescue mission.

TROY1: Ooh! And the gargoyles have laser eyes! They can [*Laser noise.*] chop intruders into pieces. [*More laser noises.*]

STINKY: "Gargoyles"... The— The garden gnomes? But— Uh— I'd love to head over there, but aren't you supposed to be manning the gate?

TROY1: Oh, I'll stay here and hold down the fort. My— My buttcheek still hurts from being suplexed through the table this morning. You guys go on ahead; I'm gonna sit here and take it easy. There's gonna be bouncing at my house, and my buttcheeks cannot handle that right now.

STINKY: There doesn't have to be bouncing. In fact, maybe there shouldn't be?

TROY BETTERIDGE: There is going to be bouncing.

[Scene transition.]

["trampolines" plays.]

[The song continues to play loudly. We hear the sound of bouncing as Stinky tries desperately to relay what has happened while jumping on a trampoline.]

STINKY [*out of breath*]: So we got back from the Ice Lair. And Chance was being, like, way too nice to me and it was super eerie, and I sat on some glass and it hurt my buttcheek, and I figured that that all meant that he was evil now and he probably wanted me to sit on the glass. And I-I knew about the journal, so I told him that we could go find it. And we went down to the prison. And he found the journal in the tank of the toilet. So I stabbed him in the butt like he stabbed me if that's what he meant to do. [*Music changes to "BOUNCE."*] And then I locked him in there. And I pushed a desk in front of the door. So he's still down there. And he said that everyone else in the house was edited and that they were going to kill me or whatever they wanna do. So I took the notebook. And I ran, and that's when I found you. But not everyone can be edited, 'cause if everyone's edited, then I'm fucked. But if I was in the Me Device and I'm not edited, there have to be others. So. Can we please turn down the music?

TROY2: Aw, but I really like this song. It's from this artist from my favourite show? Uh, Tw1nkStar? And he— I had him— I paid him to make a special version just for me.

STINKY: Troy, I can't even hear what you're saying.

TROY2: Ugh, fine. Trampoline Robot, could you please turn the music off?

ROBOTIC VOICE: I die every time the music stops, but your wish is my command. I love you, Troy. *[We hear a spark.]* Shutting down...

TROY2: You made him sad.

STINKY: You made him say that! Computers don't have to be sad!

TROY BETTERIDGE: So, Chance is still in the prison bathroom? Did you tell anyone about him? (TY: And– And– And–) And the notebook is real? It's not something you made up to get him to go down there?

STINKY *[out of breath]:* No. I haven't told anyone but you. How are you not out of breath? I don't know who's edited and who isn't. If I tell the wrong person, they're gonna just let him out. I–I– I've got the journal right here. I didn't know for a fact that it was real, I just knew that Mikey had a journal, and he gave it to Michael, and there were two Mikeys, so there should be two journals. Uh– The journal's really strange. It started out, and it's– it's Michael writing, and then I guess he lost it? And Mikey found it, and he started writing about how all his memories were gone. And then Chance put him in the prison, and that's where it gets really weird. Mike was on the other side of the hall, and Mikey was talking to Mike through the door about all sorts of things. Like, they talked about you a lot.

TROY2: Me? I– I mean, I get it. Mikey's my best friend. Or, he was my best friend, but now his eyebrow's different, and that means he's evil, so he's not my best friend anymore. He's my enemy like *Eagle*. Not quite that bad, but *[Huffs.]* I'm gonna hit him so hard the next time I see him. And I'm not talkin' 25% power punchin' like we've been practicing. I'm talkin' 100%. Straight-up Hadouken. *[Grunts.]* Like a combo, like that luxe combo deluxe meal. Pa pow.

TROY BETTERIDGE: I was down there for a long time, you know. I was there the entire time that Mike was in charge of Base, many times over if you count the time travel. Uh, what did they say about me?

STINKY: Uh... I'm not sure that I should tell you. Mike was trying to figure out who you were and where you came from, and you either didn't know or you were pretending not to know, and he thought he had some answers, but he wanted to run more tests.

TROY BETTERIDGE: (TY: Uh–) Did he describe the tests, Stinky?

STINKY: No. But, I mean, I can imagine. I saw what you were like when you came out of there.

TROY BETTERIDGE: I was wondering if he thought that he was getting revenge.

STINKY: Revenge for what?

TROY BETTERIDGE: (TY: Oh, it was a misunderstanding. I didn't deserve to be down there. It's not his fault that he didn't understand, but everything after that was his fault. I could have gotten him out of that mess if he'd only let me out, but by the time the other Troys got me free, so many other gears were already in motion. *[Sighs.]* It all worked out in the end, I suppose.)

STINKY: Troy, is the reason that you were down there related to how you know the word "nomenclature" now?

TROY BETTERIDGE: I'm surprised it doesn't say. I'm surprised that you noticed.

STINKY: There are some... interesting hypotheses in that book. That isn't really what I want to talk about, though? What I want to talk about is this...

[Pages flipping.]

STINKY: Alright, it's, uh, it's right here, uh— S-Stop bouncing... Fine, I'll bounce with you. It's— It's right here. It's, uh, it's the last thing in the notebook, uh, after all the entries, right here. Uh, S— "SNOWIS"—uh, S-N-O-W-I-S, all one word—"FROM MIKE." "SNOWIS FROM MIKE." Uh, he circled it a bunch of times.

TROY2: Didn't you say that CANNONBALL has an ice palace? Maybe that's where the snow is from.

STINKY: No, uh, 'cause that iteration of Mikey didn't go to the Ice Lair. And why is "SNOWIS" all one word? Why write something in code in the journal at all since it's his own journal?

TROY BETTERIDGE: Uh— Because it's not a message for him. It's a message for whoever found the journal, which is us. I don't know if he knew that or not, but "SNOWIS" is a clue for us to decode.

STINKY: Okay, since you know that, does that mean that you know how to decode it?

TROY BETTERIDGE: I need to go to the bathroom.

TROY2: I-I get it, Other Troy. We've been bouncin' on the trampoline and chuggin' Kool Aid Jammers all day. And everyone knows bouncin' jostles the pee loose, but you're gonna have to hold it in. I-I think we're really close to a breakthrough here. Can it wait? Just— Just— Just wait!

TROY BETTERIDGE: No, Troy. We all need to go to the bathroom.

[Scene transition.]

[Background noise of crowds, birds, and footsteps.]

ITERATION: Hey, uh, excuse me. Yeah, uh, you, miss. Could you, uh, take a picture o' me in front of the sign with the flags in the background? I-I'd do it myself, but I gotta be holdin' this here newspaper with the date on it. It's for a project I'm workin' on. *[Pause.]* Oh. I see ya lookin'. *[Phone starts vibrating. His ringtone is "Dr0pb0tt0ms."]* I-It's okay, it don't hurt no more. ...Dammit. Uh— Nevermind, I gotta take this. Yep, sorry. Sorry. *[Answers the phone.]*

Howdy, pard. How can I help ya? *[Pause.]* Yup, I'm right here in the geographical center o' North America. Makin' sure I get seen. But there ain't nothin' to do right now 'cept wait. So in the meantime I gotta be here. *[Pause.]* Yup, that's the problem with linear time, ain't it. Takes time for stuff to happen, but that's what you're payin' me to do. And I will remind you that these are billable hours. *[Pause.]* Hey. You're the one that wanted this done, so it's gonna get done by the books, or it ain't gonna get done at all. *[Pause.]* No, sir. I will call you when the time is right. Do not call this number again. *[Hangs up.]*

[The iteration starts walking.]

ITERATION: *[Groans.]* Too many cooks in the goddamn kitchen... Oh, well. *[Gets into his car.]* On to the next one.

[Car starts up and drive off. The radio is turned on quietly, and we hear the news report from Episode 73.]

REPORTER *[mid-broadcast]:* ...The attack occurred moments ago in Oldbrush Valley, inside of the mysterious compound known as Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources, or O.V.E.R. Maps of the area provided by inside sources indicate that this building was known as Building 357A, though the purpose of this building remains classified. The footage you are seeing now is from a drone on nearby private property. Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources, famous among conspiracy theorists for its classified operations and high security, is not allowing reporters or photographers into the compound at this time and have yet to release a statement. It remains to be seen who perpetrated the attack or why, how many people were injured, or the motivation behind the attack. We will continue to update you as it continues to develop. Back to you, Brent.

[Scene transition.]

[Stinky, Troy Betteridge, and Troy2's voices echo in the Detainment Wing.]

STINKY: So, yeah. Chance-CANNONBALL kept calling it the Detainment Wing? I don't know if that's an official term or an evil, edited, Project Cannon term, but I don't like it.

TROY BETTERIDGE: That's what Mike called it, too. It's a euphemism. I wasn't being detained, I was being studied.

TROY2: Do you think that there could be more Troys down here? Maybe they could help us get into Tier Three. I mean, we'd be stronger.

TROY BETTERIDGE: It's possible. There could be many more subjects down here. There's room for it. But that isn't why we're down here. Are we close, Stinky?

STINKY: Uh, yeah, we're here, I think. Uh, hello? *[Knocks.]* CANNONBALL, are you in there?

[Stinky opens one of the doors.]

[When Chance Evans speaks, we hear Chance and CANNONBALL's voices crossfade back and forth.]

CHANCE EVANS *[through bathroom door]:* Welcome back, Stinky. That didn't take very long. Was I right? Was everyone upstairs part of Project Cannon? I knew it. Are you part of Project Cannon now, too? Or were you too scared to even go up there and find out?

STINKY: *[Mocking.]* "Oh, I knew it, I'm on the calendar." That's what you sound like, dude!

TROY BETTERIDGE: You thought that was Chance?

TROY2: I think he sounds like Sephiroth.

CHANCE EVANS *[through bathroom door]:* Troy? You brought Troy down here. What the hell for?

STINKY: Because we need in the bathroom that you're in.

CHANCE EVANS *[through bathroom door]:* Is there something in here that I should know about?

STINKY: You don't need to know anything. Troy, are you sure that it's in here?

TROY BETTERIDGE: It has to be. The clue from the journal only makes sense if you've been down here a long time. It has to mean this exact bathroom. It's the same as the bathroom that I had in my cell. I wouldn't be surprised if it was an exact duplicate.

CHANCE EVANS *[through bathroom door]:* "Duplicate"? Is that the Troy iteration that was down here, Stinky? You went out to find someone, and you found *that* iteration of Troy? God help us all, you idiot.

STINKY: That iteration of Troy is why I'm back down here. He's the one that figured out the clue.

CHANCE EVANS *[through bathroom door]:* I had some conversations with Mike after I put him in the Detainment Wing. He ran quite the battery of tests on "Troy," trying to figure out where this particular "duplicate" came from. This was before Base knew what the Stinky Device was

capable of. He didn't know about editing yet. Project Cannon had yet to begin, but he had a hunch. I think it's safe to say he was right.

STINKY: You're saying that this Troy is edited?

TROY2: What? Other Troy is edited? You're CANNONBALL? [*Scoffs.*] That's so lame, dude. I mean, I-I taught you how to punch at 25%. I thought we were bros. We bounced. We *bounced*.

TROY BETTERIDGE: No, I'm not CANNONBALL, you philistine. Though I have been "edited," as they say. Apologies for not being forthright with you from the outset. You see, the truth is, I'm—

CHANCE EVANS, STINKY, and TROY2 [*simultaneously*]: Ty Betteridge.

STINKY: Yeah. Mikey wrote in the journal that that was Mike's main hypothesis, but he couldn't be sure and had to run some more tests, so I didn't wanna say anything. But, yeah, obviously.

CHANCE EVANS [*through bathroom door*]: How did you do it, Ty? When did you get access to the Stinky Device? Or do you have one of your own? Did you reverse engineer it at the Compound? Do you have Cole and all of your other top minds on the project? Project Betteridge?

TROY BETTERIDGE: I don't know how it happened.

CHANCE EVANS [*through bathroom door*]: He can edit you, too, Stinky. Even you, Troy. You could be Troy Betteridge, just like him.

TROY2: No, no! You can't do that. The Compound is too complicated. I would never be able to do Ty stuff in there. I mean, unless I— Can I have my own Felix? Maybe?

TROY BETTERIDGE: I'm not going to edit anyone.

TROY2: Fine, I'll compromise. If I can't have my own Felix, I want my own Bluster.

STINKY: They don't have Bluster. Bluster's not from the Compound. Is he? Would that explain the bigness? No, Bluster's from O.V.E.R. in the future... right? So, he's not from the Compound, Troy.

TROY2: I know, but he's my friend.

STINKY: You need to stop being friends with trampoline robots and horses. Uh, so, uh, Troy...Ty...

TROY2: Try Better.

STINKY: Yep, that works. So, Try Better. Does the Compound have the ability to edit people like the Stinky Device does?

TROY BETTERIDGE: I told you, I don't know. I don't know how Troy got edited in the first place, it's not like I was part of some Compound project to infiltrate the Troy Boys. I was minding my own business, doing my own work in the Compound, and (TY: then) suddenly I was consolidated with Troy. I'm as in the dark as you are. I'm—! Look at me. I'm a twink!

STINKY: Eh. Twinks aren't so bad. Edgar's a twink.

CHANCE EVANS *[through bathroom door]:* What color Ty are you, Troy Betteridge?

TROY BETTERIDGE: I think we've done far too much talking, it's time to get in that bathroom. Are you ready, Stinky? Troy?

TROY2: I was born ready. Well, I-I was born a baby. But I was ready as a baby, and I'm ready now. I've been ready the whole time. I've been— I was ready in the womb.

STINKY: Yeah, we can push the backstory or whatever to next season. Let's do this.

TROY BETTERIDGE: Alright. Get prepared. Brace yourselves. Three... two... one... Now!

[Door opens.]

[There's a brief scuffle.]

STINKY *[overlapping]:* Makes sure he doesn't find it before us, Try! And by Try, I mean Troy-Ty. But not Try, but you should try. You should try really hard, but n— you're— Try.

TROY2 *[overlapping]:* I got him! Come here!

CHANCE EVANS *[overlapping]:* Hey! Hey! *[Struggles.]* Hey! Hey— Let go of me!

[Scuffle ends.]

CHANCE EVANS: Okay, okay, fine! I surrender. *[Handcuffs click.]* God, you're strong. When did you get so strong?

TROY2: I've been bouncing, motherfucker. I'm strong, and I'm nimble.

STINKY: Hell yeah, Troy. You are a tough guy now. Hey, you find it yet, Ty?

TROY BETTERIDGE: (TY: I—) I'm working on it. It's stuck!

STINKY: "It's stuck"? What is it? *[Pause.]* I-It's... It's the bathroom exhaust vent? W- How do you know that?

[The vent cover falls to the floor.]

TROY BETTERIDGE: It's not "SNOWIS." Mikey had it upside down. It's "SIMONS." It's the company that makes the vent. I used to lay on my back staring up at the same vent in the bathroom in my cell. He must have hidden something from Mike behind it.

TROY2: Are you gonna cooperate, or am I going to have to punch you 25%, CANNONBALL?

CHANCE EVANS: I'm handcuffed? I can't do anything except co-operate.

TROY2: You know what? Talkin' like that, I'm gonna handcuff your feet, too, so you can't run away. Keep up- Keep that mouth up... Keep that mouth up, you're gettin' 30%.

CHANCE EVANS: I'm not going anywhere, you buffoon. You still haven't solved anything. The rest of Project Cannon will come for me, and now you have a Ty Betteridge to worry about on top of that? Congratulations! You're surrounded by enemies on all sides.

STINKY: No, we're allies with the Compound now. We had that big negotiation after we brought their Ty back from the Me Machine. You're still Chance, you should know that.

CHANCE EVANS: Are they real allies, though? Ty, do you feel like an "ally" after everything that Mike did to you?

TROY BETTERIDGE: (**TROY:** *[Sighs.]*) I found it. Uh, and you don't have room to talk about inhumane conditions, CANNONBALL. (**TROY:** Uh-) Besides, do you know how many ethics forms I have to print out on a daily basis?

STINKY: Uh, probably none recently, right?

CHANCE EVANS: He's going to do to you exactly what he did to me. Mark my words. You know this already. History is repeating itself.

STINKY: If history repeats itself, we'll fix it with time travel.

TROY BETTERIDGE: Troy, you have my permission. Punch CANNONBALL, 25%.

TROY2: *[Pops knuckle.]* Gladly.

[Punch at 25%.]

CHANCE EVANS: Ow! Not cool, man. You better be careful. This is Chris's body after all? Being left in the wrong position for too long can cause permanent circulation issues. You don't want him to get hurt.

STINKY: It'll be fine. Hey, Ty? So, what is it, what did you find? What is "SNOWIS FROM MIKE"?

TROY BETTERIDGE: It's... (TY: *[Sighs.]*) Mike's file on me. *[Flips through file.]* Everything he did, corrections and all. I remember some of these tests, but not all of them. I might have been down here longer than I realized.

STINKY: So... what do we do now?

TROY BETTERIDGE: We need to find Mike Walters.

[Fists plays.]

*I'm up to my neck
In counteroffers
I'm splitting open
I feel excluded
When I am reading
The future
I do this all the time
I'm tired of your warnings
An omen tells the time
You think I wouldn't notice*

*The cycles were already built in
You should have taken note when you filled in*

*I'm already automatic
Don't know who I am or what I did
But I know that I tore these walls down with my god damn
I don't want to fight about it
I built a war machine and it gets hungry for me
It'll beat you with its god damn
If you belonged then you would know
If there was any danger
Don't wanna get aggressive
But if I'm cornered I still know that it's an option
I'll beat you with my goddamn
Fists.*

*Dodged a nearly fatal
Encounter
With monsters invented to suffer
I get erased when
Replaced with
A favorable model
I do this all the time
I'm tired of your warning
The battery ran dry
The gears are barely turning*

*But you didn't see me kick the gear shaft
I'm patiently waiting for what's left*

*I'm already automatic
Don't know who I am or what I did
But I know that I tore these walls down with my god damn
I don't want to fight about it
I built a war machine and you are not invited
It'll beat you with your god damn
If you belonged then you would know
If there was any danger
Don't wanna get aggressive
But if I'm cornered I still know that it's an option
I'll beat you with my goddamn
Fists.*

*And braver men than me
Never know that they're machines.*

*I'm already automatic
Don't know who I am or what I did
But I know that I tore these walls down with my god damn
I don't want to fight about it
I built a war machine and it gets hungry for me
It'll beat you with its god damn
If you belonged then you would know
If there was any danger
Don't wanna get aggressive
But if I'm cornered I still know that it's an option
I'll beat you with my goddamn
Fists.*

[Closing theme starts playing.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of CANNONBALL was Nathan Lunsford. Check out his podcast [The Storage Papers](#).

The voice of Chance was Taylor Michaels. You can check him out in [The Grotto](#).

The voice of Charlie was Lyssa Jay. You can check her out in [400 Words A Horror](#) and [The Grotto](#).

The voice of Troy was Athan. Check out his podcast [The Grotto](#).

The songs "trampoline," "BOUNCE," and "Dr0pb0tt0ms" were provided by Tw1nkStar. You can check them out in [The Grotto](#).

[Rapping.] And the voice of Ty Betteridge was David Ault. I think he's in [The Grotto](#); he's in [Shadows At The Door](#); go to davidault.co.uk for more. *[Stops rapping.]*

Thanks for playing.

[Closing theme plays out.]

[BOUNCE plays.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): –it's not a bad idea, though.

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): *[Loudly clears throat.]* Stinky! Uh, hi! Oh my gosh, I wasn't expecting to see you here today. What brings you to O.V.E.R.?

BLOOPER (STINKY): Hey, Charlie. Hey, Troy. ... You know, I was– I was at Base, and we're back at Oldbrush Valley, so I decided to take a walk and clear my head, and, you know, I ended up here. There aren't that many roads out here. Basically all roy royds point to roy. Who's Roy? Roy, are you in this episode?

BLOOPER (DYLAN): *[Witch voice.]* Yeah, I'm Roy, I'm a witch! *[Normal voice.]* What is wrong with me? What is wrong with me?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHANCE): Are they real allies, though? Ty, do you feel like an ally after everything that Mike did to you? *[Laughing.]* Or are you still egregiously homophobic? *[Sniff.]* Oh, no... *[Laughs.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): I'm– I'm full of piss, as I said earlier, my balls are full of piss.

BLOOPER (TY): And, of course, pee is stored in the balls. *[Chuckles.]*

BLOOPER (TROY): Full of piss. *[Breaks character and laughs.]* I just heard David's line. David and I are on the same fucking wavelength, dude. Pee is stored in the balls. Amen, brother.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): I'll be fine, I have to go, stupid! *[Breaks character.]* "Stupid–"? Ooh, no. *[Cackles.]* Oh, no! *[Laughs.]* Oh, no. Mean Charlie. *[Brief laugh.]*

BLOOPER (CHARLIE): I'll be fine! I have to grow, goofy. "Grow goofy"? I am– Wowie zowie, words are hard. Okay! *[Claps hands together, then briefly laughs.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TY): Okay, so it's just a– a what, a jump to the left... yes, a-and then a– a step to the right? Uh... Uh, put your hands on your hips, and then you... bring your knees in tight, yes? Uh– Oh, this is– It's squeezing. Uh... But it's the– the– the *what?* The pelvic thrusts? Hah! Dear me. Well, yes, they would drive you insane, wouldn't they. Um. Okay! Well, let's do the guard-change dance again!

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Episode 195.]