

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY SIX - TTXDAWG

Original transcript edited by Theo

[BEGIN EPISODE 196.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. I'm still streaming every Sunday over on Twitch 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 just hit 1,000 followers on Twitch, and I have promised a juggling stream, which will be one week from this Sunday, meaning the stream will be on April Sixth. It should be a lot of fun, because it combines two of my favorite things: juggling and showing off. So check that out at twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over at patreon.com/woe_begone, where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, corkboards, and morkboards. The first morkboard is out. I wonder what that means. That's patreon.com/woe_begone.

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

[Warning: This episode contains violence, gun violence, knife violence, horse violence, and death. It's a pretty wild one. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Nighttime outdoor ambience. There's music coming from inside the Outpost Tavern.]

[Bluster neighs.]

[The bar door swings open, and "Good Directions" plays loudly. We hear Tex walking.]

61: Tex, please. This is all one big misunderstandin'. *[The bar door swings closed, and the music becomes muffled.]* You gotta believe me, pard.

TEX: If'n it's a misunderstandin', then hand over my money.

61: I don't got it, Tex. I-I don't got it.

TEX: Then it ain't a misunderstandin', you fuckin' drunk.

61: You don't gotta do this to me, Tex.

TEX: If'n I don't, the rest of those ingrates will think it's safe to steal from me. You made your choice, 61.

61: Tex, please... Bluster!

[Bluster vocalizes.]

TEX: Bluster ain't gonna help ya, 61. Hell, he's killed more men than I have. So, suck it up and take it.

61: TXDawg? Please? Tex is gonna kill me.

TEX: He ain't gonna help, neither.

[When TTXDawg speaks, we hear TXDawg's voice transition into Tex's voice. Words in parentheses indicate when the switch happens.]

TXTXDAWG: I'm sorry, 61. I'll see you on the other side. Fucking (**TXDAWG:** give it/**TEX:** give it) to 'em, Tex.

61: Tex, please. I-I got a— I got a family. I got a husband.

TEX: A husband who won't have to worry about no piece o' shit drunk losin' their money every weekend.

61: Tex, I'll do anything!

TEX: I'm tired of the grovelin', 61. *[Pulls out revolver.]* So long, pilgrim.

61: Wait, Blu—

[We hear a gunshot, and 61's body falls down with a splat. Tex lights his pipe.]

TXTXDAWG: How much did he owe you, pard? (**TXDAWG:** 6—/**TEX:** 61) was a drunk. He got what was comin' to 'im.

TEX: Every varmint here tonight owes me his life. Take 61 to the grave and toss him in with the rest. Take his wallet. Good riddance.

TXTXDAWG: Can do, chief. Good (**TXDAWG:** riddance/**TEX:** fuckin' riddance.)

[Tex goes back inside.]

[Someone wearing spurs approaches.]

92: Howdy, TXDawg. Howdy, Bluster. Is that 61? He don't look so hot.

TXTXDAWG: That is him, I'm afraid. He has transcended this astral plane to meet (**TXDAWG:** the great bo—/**TEX:** the great bottle) o' whiskey in the sky. I gotta take him to the grave tonight. Bastard thought he could pull one over on Tex.

92: Another one bites the dust. How much did he owe Tex?

TXTXDAWG: Tex didn't say. Probably not much. He (**TXDAWG:** owes/**TEX:** owes) Tex everything.

92: Tex sure does think that. It was always a matter o' time with 61. Hey, uh. Who's playin' in there right now?

TXTXDAWG: 15 is finishing up right now, and then (**TXDAWG:** the sta—/**TEX:** the stage) is free for any o' you ingrates to make a racket in my establishment.

92: I guess 66's still refusin' to play 'less he gets paid?

TXTXDAWG: Tex says that 66 gets paid in (**TXDAWG:** his continued/**TEX:** his continued) survival. With that mouth o' his, he's lucky he don't end up like 61 here. 'Cause I'd shoot him down so fast he'd die 'fore he hit the ground. I don't believe you told me your number, pard.

92: What is this, TXDawg? We're checkin' folks at the door now?

TXTXDAWG: I could peer into your soul if that would be easier. We can't be too careful since the Stinky Device. Now, what's (**TXDAWG:** your number/**TEX:** your number), pard? Or is this gonna be difficult?

[Bluster neighs.]

92: I ain't tryin' to start trouble, Bluster. Just wonderin'. W— You're damn right we gotta be careful. I'm 92, pilgrim.

TXTXDAWG: And what (**TXDAWG:** is/**TEX:** is) in that case? Contraband?

92: No, sir, just my guitar. Thought I'd play a little tune I wrote tonight. About all the stuff that's been goin' on.

TXTXDAWG: I can see the guitar with my third eye, but (**TXDAWG:** could you/**TEX:** could you) open the case for me, 92?

92: Why, you think I got a weapon in there, TXDawg? Hell, I got a weapon in my damn holster.

TXTXDAWG: No, I'm checking for signs of Stinky. (**TXDAWG:** He's/**TEX:** He's) Bluster's Grove's most wanted. Got a wanted poster and everything. Dead or alive.

92: Not too alive, I hope. But I gotcha. Can't be too careful when Stinky's still out there. Been any sign of that lowlife?

TXTXDAWG: Not in this realm, not yet. You can (**TXDAWG:** take a copy/**TEX:** take a copy) of the wanted poster, if'n ya want.

92: Nah. I ain't gonna forget that lily-livered face long as I'm above snakes. Hopefully next time ya see me I'll be wearing me some Stinkskin boots. Speakin' o' revenge, is, uh, 86 in there? He owes me a pretty penny.

TXTXDAWG: I haven't seen him, but (**TXDAWG:** I ha–/**TEX:** I ain't) been watchin' the door all night, pard.

92: Well, keep a lookout for him, wontcha? I might need to make a trip to the grave myself tonight.

TXTXDAWG: I can do that. Have fun in there. And (**TXDAWG:** if'n you get into/**TEX:** if'n ya get into) a duel, be sure to bring that outside.

[92 enters the bar, and there is a beat of ambience.]

STINKY: Hey, um. MDawg. What is going on?

TXTXDAWG: The name is TXDawg– Oh– Holy shit. Stinky? (**TXDAWG:** What the hell/**TEX:** What the hell) are you doin' here?

[Bluster neighs.]

TXTXDAWG: (**TEX:** Slow your bones, Bluster!)

STINKY: Uh– I'm not Stinky, uh, I'm– I'm Mikey. Uh– W– I've got, like, memories, right? So, like, I don't know S-Stinky– No, I have. No, 'cause I have memories, so I know Stinky, but I don't know... being Stinky.

TXTXDAWG: I oughta kill you (**TXDAWG:** right here/**TEX:** right here), pilgrim. Look around.

STINKY: Yeah, I know the last time that I was here, uh– th– I got into it with Tex, but you kno– I wasn't in control of the... situatio– Is that–? That guy's– That guy's dead. A-And that poster has my face on it.

TXTXDAWG: You are wanted (**TXDAWG:** dead or/**TEX:** –ead or) alive, Stinky. For crimes o' leg theft and general Stinkiness.

STINKY: There's a \$100,000 reward? Can I turn myself in? Like, alive? 'Cause Troy gave me \$100,000 last month, but I spent it.

TXTXDAWG: It does say "Dead or Alive," but hearing folks (**TXDAWG:** talk about what they mean/**TEX:** talk about what they mean) by "alive," I don't think you wanna experience that, pard. They wanna have some fun with ya.

STINKY: Why did you use this picture of me? It's so stupid. You should've texted me, I'd send you a better picture.

TXTXDAWG: We chose it because they hate lily-livered (**TXDAWG:** flower children/**TEX:** flower children) around these parts. (**TXDAWG:** And it was the only picture we had of you.)

STINKY: Aren't y-you a "lily-livered flower whatever"? You're, like, you're literally MDawg.

TXTXDAWG: I'm literally a lot of things, Stinky. And I didn't say that I hate 'em. They do. (**TXDAWG:** I get a/**TEX:** I get a) pass, because I'm Tex.

STINKY: I only had those flowers in my beard because we were all having a picnic, and Edgar thought it would be cute to put flowers in everyone's beards. And that's when I learned that all of the iterations are allergic to those flowers. So, it's not like we're ever doing it again.

TXTXDAWG: I don't (**TXDAWG:** think that/**TEX:** think that) explanation's gonna calm 'em down none.

STINKY: And I'm not 5'10"! You— You know that, we're all the same height. Michael is lying about being six-feet tall, but we're not 5'10" either.

TXTXDAWG: (**TXDAWG:** Which/**WITCH TEX:** Which) Michael?

STINKY: No, there is no "Witch Michael."

TXTXDAWG: Look, Stinky. I ain't got nothin' against you. In fact, I (**TXDAWG:** got some questions/**TEX:** got some questions) I need to ask ya. But ya can't be here. You're a sittin' duck.

STINKY: You have questions for me? I have questions for you! Uh— S-Starting with your word choice, but— Uh—! I don't even wanna be here! I-I don't know how to play poker! Uh— Wait, is that the one with the— the flop, the turn, and the river? Uh— My friend Phil Hellmuth taught me that one, I think. Uh, I'm looking for— for Mike, for Latvia Mike. Have you or anyone else in Bluster's Grove seen Latvia Mike?

TXTXDAWG: I have heard a tall tale or two. Cain't trust nothin' no one says at poker night, though. (**TXDAWG:** A lot/**TEX:** Lots o') tall tales.

[We hear 86 approaching.]

STINKY: Well, we have a big problem at Base, and we need to find Mike pronto. Uh— Can I at least hear the tall tales you've been hearing?

86: Howdy, TXDawg. What's the holdup? You guardin' the door tonight?

TXTXDAWG: I (**TXDAWG:** am checking everyone—/**TEX:** am checkin' everyone's) numbers tonight. (**TXDAWG:** *[Whispering.]* Go!)

86: Yeah, I see someone shot a number zero right in 61's forehead. Who's this then? What's your number, pal?

STINKY: I-I'm, uh, I was just telling, uh, MDawg that I'm 86.

86: Hah! Fat chance, bucko. Your type don't even use that system. And *I'm* 86. *[Pause.]* Hey. You're Stinky, aintcha? **[STINKY:** No! I'm—] Yeah, you look just like the wanted poster.

TXTXDAWG: We all look like the wanted poster, 86. We're (**TXDAWG:** all fro—/**TEX:** all from) the god dang mother soul!

86: Now don't you defend him, TXDawg, 'cause I know it's him. Your head's worth a hundred grand, ya varmint. So maybe if you're real quiet and come with me, I can keep that head attached to your body.

STINKY: Uh— TXDawg? Don't listen to him, defend me!

86: I think I figured out what's goin' on here. You wanna split the hundred grand, TXDawg? I mean, technically you found him first. I'm bigger, so I'll hold him down, *[TXXDawg cocks his weapon.]* and you can get—

[We hear a gunshot. 86 gasps in pain.]

TXTXDAWG: Split the money, my ass. (**TXDAWG:** Stinky, we need/**TEX:** Stinky, we need) to get you the hell outta here, or you're gonna get killed!

STINKY: Well, yeah, now I'm definitely gonna get noticed, you killed him!

TXTXDAWG: That isn't how it works out here. Numbered Michaels die every poker night. There's always something going on. He (**TXDAWG:** almost/**TEX:** almost) fell on the corpse of the last fella.

STINKY: You're talking a lot more Southern than I remember.

TXTXDAWG: Well, you remembered wrong. Here, help me get him and 61 up on Bluster. We'll (TXDAWG: ride out to the grave/TEX: ride out to the grave), and we'll get you the hell outta here.

STINKY: I need to find Mike.

TXTXDAWG: You can't find Mike if you're dead. Unless he is also dead, at which point you will find him immediately. But (TXDAWG: that isn't/TEX: that ain't) the plan tonight. Bluster, let's pick these fellas up and get to ridin'. We need to get Stinky outta here now.

[Bluster nickers.]

TXTXDAWG: Alright, Stinky. Hop on. Time to ride.

[We hear them get on Bluster.]

TXTXDAWG: Let's go, Bluster. Giddy up. We gotta get the hell outta dodge.

[We hear Bluster start to trot.]

TXTXDAWG: (TEX: Stinky, I'll explain on the way. But you've gotta swap some stories with me, pard.)

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear desert ambience as they ride at a considerable pace.]

TXTXDAWG: Things ain't been the same in Bluster's Grove since that Michael showed up and put us in the Stinky Device, but it ain't off in the way that I thought it would be. These folks ain't part of Project Cannon. 'Course, I don't know that for sure. I can't see into their hearts, only their soul consciousnesses. But I've been talkin' to 'em, and I don't think they're Project Cannon. They ain't been makin' moves, either. They're all strugglin' a little bit with what is goin' on, but (TXDAWG: they don't seem like they want/TEX: they don't seem like they wanna) do CANNONBALL's biddin'. Bein' a Numbered Michael ain't like bein' at Base. They don't travel in time; they don't got Calculators; they don't answer to no one. 'Cept Tex, they answer to him. I don't know how they made it out of the Stinky Device without CANNONBALL gettin' cross-consolidated into 'em. But somethin' happened to 'em. Somethin' I can't explain.

STINKY: Something that made you into a cowboy, perchance?

TXTXDAWG: You are one to talk about lexical irregularities. "Perchance" is a large word for a Stinky (TXDAWG: outlaw like yourself/TEX: outlaw like yourself). But I guess you figured out that same incident turned me partway into Tex.

STINKY: Yeah, I've got some experience on what that looks like. So, you're Tex now?

TXTXDAWG: In a sense. I have been edited. I don't know how or why. And I try to keep him at bay most of the time, but he'll (**TXDAWG:** rear his/**TEX:** rear his) ugly head and get me talkin' like a certified Podunk cowboy, I tell you what. And feelin' like one, too. Tex has got memories, Stinky. Wild memories you wouldn't believe. I cain't even process 'em.

STINKY: Does Tex know that you're Tex?

TXTXDAWG: He sure as hell does not, just as sure as my third eye is open and attuned to 432 Hz. I've got beaucoup (**TXDAWG:** things I need to figure out/**TEX:** things I need to figure out) 'fore I tell him. But I got questions for you, Stinky. The Stinky Device is still at Base, ain't it? So, how'd this happen? How'd I end up like this?

STINKY: I have no idea. You're right, the Stinky Device has been under lock and key by Edgar ever since we got back to Base. He and Ryan are working on a solution to the Project Cannon problem? Apparently it involves bringing people into Edgar's office one by one and putting them into the Stinky Device and... unediting them? Or seeing if they've been edited? I don't know how it works. I'm scheduled to go in there, but it's not my turn yet, and I'm scared.

TXTXDAWG: Sounds like a (**TXDAWG:** recipe for/**TEX:** -pe for) calamity, pard.

STINKY: It probably is. But there's something else that's going on that isn't Project Cannon. There's a Troy that got consolidated with Ty? Mike was keeping him in the Detainment Wing at Base, and that was before I showed up with the Stinky Device. He figured out that Troy was edited with Ty even before I got there. And he's a lot like you, using words that Troy wouldn't use. But— S-Something else is going on, it's not Project Cannon.

TXTXDAWG: That means that the Stinky Device is loose, right? Somewhere in time, someone is using it—either the one that you brought to Base or some other one—and (**TXDAWG:** they're editin'/**TEX:** they're editin') folks left and right.

STINKY: I hate to catastrophize, but I hope it's one person, 'cause you're all different. Like, VHS Overnighter's one way, and then Try Better's a completely different way.

TXTXDAWG: What in the (**TXDAWG:** probiotic nutritional supplement is a/**TEX:** probiotic nutritional supplement is a) "Try Better"?

STINKY: That's the— the Troy Ty. Uh— You're different than all of them. It feels more like you're switching back and forth really fast.

TXTXDAWG: Yes, I can feel my aura flickering. I'm pushin' Tex down as hard as I can, pard. He's had my trigger finger itchy ever since I saw you. And he wants answers for what happened with his leg. And then once he gets answers, he wants revenge. Which is (**TXDAWG:** not

bod—/TEX: not bodacious). I want my goddamn leg back. I won't be talked out of it. Outlaw Ty made me that leg. And I have to keep forcin' him back down. It's like I wanna reach out and throttle ya.

STINKY: Well, I don't know where his leg is. The— The Stinky Device did that all on its own. Maybe CANNONBALL would know? Uh— CANNONBALL, who is dead. Uh— Chance is Project Cannon, and, uh, I think Mikey might be, too. MDawg thinks that something strange happened when Mikey visited us at the Ice Lair.

TXTXDAWG: And where are Chance and Mikey now? Is (TXDAWG: someone keepin' an eye/TEX: someone keepin' an eye) on 'em?

STINKY: Chance is handcuffed to a toilet in the Detainment Wing, and I don't know where Mikey is. The reason that we're looking for Mike is 'cause we're hoping that he knows more about what's going on. 'Cause he figured it out first. And hopefully he figured out more than he let on, and, uh— maybe that's why he's missing? I— We thought maybe he came down here because the Numbered Michaels all got put in the Stinky Device, and... me and the Troys checked all the obvious places, and we're out of ideas. VHS Overnighter and MW said that Mike went home, but he's not there.

TXTXDAWG: I'm worried about him. Maybe (TXDAWG: you would have found/TEX: you would have found) 'im if I killed ya after all. That can still be arranged, ya know.

[Bluster halts.]

TXTXDAWG: Alright, we are here. Welcome to the grave, Stinky. Try not to get too close for your soul's sake. Luckily we don't (TXDAWG: have to dig this time/TEX: have to dig this time). It ain't like Rugby.

STINKY: "Like— Like Rugby." Rugby like Mikey's journal? How—? What about Rugby?

TXTXDAWG: I always forget that you haven't been to Rugby. Hell, I didn't do the diggin'. But (TXDAWG: Tex did, so/TEX: Tex did, so) now I remember. Miserable stuff. But this time we don't gotta worry 'bout none o' that. Bluster's just gonna chuck 'em in there.

[Bluster snorts.]

TXTXDAWG: (TEX: You wanna *[Cocks revolver.]* jump in there, too, pard? I can make it quick for ya.)(TXDAWG: I'm sorry, that wasn't me.)

STINKY: MDawg, p-please don't kill me and dump me in a pile of Michaels.

TXTXDAWG: You're going to be fine, Stinky. Tex wants to kill you, but I'm in control. And Tex wants answers more than he wants to kill you, so you're completely safe. I won't contact you in

the astral plane like I used to as long as Tex is here, so he has to play nice. Also, if (**TXDAWG**: we're going to get you into poker night/**TEX**: we're gonna get you into poker night), you gotta take 61's clothes, pard.

STINKY: Uh– You– You want me to take his c-clothes? I-I don't want to wear a dead man's clothes.

TXTXDAWG: You'll be fine. There isn't any blood on them. They do kind of smell like liquor, though. Just put 'em on. We (**TXDAWG**: can't have people/**TEX**: cain't have people) knowin' that you're Stinky the flower child.

STINKY: That picture wasn't my idea! It took six hours for my sinuses to clear. Ah–! And I'm– I'm not– I– Wh– You want me to take his pants? I'm not taking his pants off of him! That's... indecent.

TXTXDAWG: Then (**TXDAWG**: why did you wear shorts/**TEX**: why did you wear shorts) to goddamn poker night?

STINKY: Because it's hot in Bluster's Grove! It's Texas! I-I didn't know I'd be an undercover cowboy.

TXTXDAWG: Okay, fine. Just take his shirt and his hat. But don't say that I didn't warn you. And if it's (**TXDAWG**: too much dang hassle, I can just/**TEX**: too much dang hassle, I can just) kill ya right here.

STINKY: TXDawg, please, you're scaring me.

TXTXDAWG: Sorry. He is under control, I promise. Put on 61's clothes, and then we'll (**TXDAWG**: toss them into the/**TEX**: toss them into the) grave and head back.

[Bluster snorts.]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear rain and thunder as the iteration drives to the site in Rugby.]

[He parks his car, gets out, grabs a shovel from the car, and walks through mud.]

[Once at his destination, he begins digging.]

[He digs up the body that was buried by Mike and Michael and makes a phone call.]

ITERATION: Howdy. *[Pause.]* Yup. He's still out here. Want me to put him on the line? *[Pause.]* Yup. Connectivity o' the events is still solid. Sorry to break it to ya. You still want me to go

through with it? *[Pause.]* Yup. It's still gonna be the price I quoted ya. *[Pause.]* No, sir. Cain't budge on it. Disconnectivity devices are expensive contraband in this day and age. And if I'm gonna get my hands on one, I need cooperation and resources. That stuff's dangerous medicine. *[Pause.]* I don't care if ya ain't happy 'bout it. It ain't gonna change what needs to happen. *[Pause.]* Yeah, how 'bout this: how 'bout I let the dang rain fill this grave back up, *[Starts walking back.]* and you give me a call when you can give me what I need. *[Hangs up.]*

[The iteration sets the shovel back in his car. He gets in and drives off.]

[Episode One of Outside Tier One plays quietly on the radio.]

JAMILLA *[via radio]:* Oldbrush Valley. It's a place that you have heard about, even if you don't think that you have. Fans of early 20th century folk and Americana music might recognize the name from an old folk song from 1929, "Ol' Brush Valley," with "ol'" being spelled the ol' timey way. But even if you don't have a collection of Folkways CDs, you will definitely remember the attack on Oldbrush Valley a couple years ago that made national news and turned a mysterious building into a smoking crater. That building, Building 357A, was inside of a place called Oldbrush Valley Energy And Resources, or O.V.E.R. for short. Think Area 51's cooler, older cousin. And though O.V.E.R. technically does work with "energy" and "resources," its closely guarded secrets are much more pernicious than the name suggests.

There are dozens of conspiracy theories about what goes on inside of O.V.E.R., some of them more credible than others. Stories about alien spacecrafts, laser guns, the Hollow Earth, time travel... put a pin in that last one. What's really going on is a rabbit hole that one could easily fall down, but I want to focus on something that's a bit more... within my grasp. I can't tell you what is hiding in the deepest recesses of O.V.E.R., but I *can* tell you a story about people. People on the margins of power; people who are not as powerful yet as they want to be, even though they are already extremely powerful—

[Radio turns off.]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear a raucous bar scene.]

92 *[on stage]:* Alright. This here song, uh. I think it's somethin' near and dear to all of us, uh. So... It's called "It's Gonna Stink."

[It's Gonna Stink plays.]

*Since I been in the Stink Device
I just ain't been the same
If I ever see that Stinky fiend
He'll know nothing but pain*

*I'll rip his carcass plum apart
Until only his head remains
There are some fates that are worse than death
Than a bullet in the brain*

*It's gonna stink to be Stinky
When I am done with him
He stole the leg from under Tex
I'll tear him limb from limb from limb from limb*

*I've known every single kind of death
From drowning to the flames
I'll make sure stinky gets what's his
On his way to the grave
When he begs for mercy
I'll pretend it didn't hit my ears
There are some fates that are worse than death
And Stinky's fate is clear*

*It's gonna stink to be Stinky
When I am done with him
He stole the leg from under Tex
I'll tear him limb from limb from limb from limb*

*Every Michael in this burned out bar
From 1 to 92
Has a bone to pick with this idiot
Who made us come unglued
We will rise up, brothers in arms
And tear his world apart
There are some things that are worse than death
For Stinky, death's a start*

*It's gonna stink to be Stinky
When I am done with him
He stole the leg from under Tex
I'll tear him limb from limb from limb from limb*

[He finishes the song, and the other Michaels cheer.]

92: I'm 92. Thanks for listenin', y'all.

[Applause continues for a while, and there's chatter in the background.]

[We hear the front door swing open.]

STINKY [*quietly*]: We're— We're just gonna go in the f-front door? I— Can't we go in the back? I-I feel like everyone here wants to kill me, uh, because he just sang a song about it?

TXTXDAWG: Sorry, the backdoor is booby trapped, because someone tried to rob Tex of all of the poker winnings. So if someone walks back there, (**TXDAWG**: they get their head blown off/**TEX**: they get their head blown off) by a shotgun. Happens a couple times a week.

STINKY: Uh— Wait, that— that's real? That actually happens?

TXTXDAWG: Once or twice every poker night. (**TXDAWG**: Most people/**TEX**: Most people) here ain't sober.

STINKY: Okay, so how do we get to Tex in the back room?

TXTXDAWG: You are going to stay calm and remember to breathe, and Bluster is going to stand in between you and the Numbered Michaels, so hopefully they don't see you. (**TXDAWG**: Are you ready, Blus—/**TEX**: Are ya ready, Bluster?)

[*Bluster nickers.*]

TXTXDAWG: They won't hurt Bluster, he's sacred. So (**TXDAWG**: stay close to him/**TEX**: stay close to him), and everything'll be dandy.

STINKY: Okay, MDawg, I trust you.

TXTXDAWG: Don't trust me, trust (**TXDAWG**: Bluster/**TEX**: Bluster). Let's go.

66 [*drunkenly*]: Bluster, ya *old* sonuvabitch! I still ain't been paid for my last show, ya know. I-I don't perform for free! Hey! Uh, TXDawg. Can you get this goddamn horse to pay me? I know he's got *Bluster* money. He ain't hurtin' for cash, and I am, I got a goddamn landlord to answer to. It ain't fair! Me and the rest of the Six Shooters got bills to pay.

TXTXDAWG: It's going to have to wait, 66. We're (**TXDAWG**: in the middle of/**TEX**: in the middle o') something.

66: What's the alternative? You're gonna have 92 here singin' his— his tears-in-my-beers song about Stinky. Hey, if you want *real* talent, you're lookin' at 'im. Hmm—! Hey!

TXTXDAWG: 66, we're looking for Tex right now. (**TXDAWG**: I'll pass/**TEX**: I'll pass) on what you said—

66: Hey! Uh, didn't I see you on a poster...?

TXTXDAWG: No, he's with 61, he's (**TXDAWG:** XXX–/**TEX:** XXXVIII–)

66: *Bullshit.* That's fuckin' Stinky! I know that dumbass mug anywhere. Why you got Stinky with ya? What's goin' on here?

TXTXDAWG: 66, I will (**TXDAWG:** explain this to you/**TEX:** explain this to you) later, we gotta go.

66: You got a high price on your head, boy! [*Huffs.*] And I got bills to pay. I'm sorry, TXDawg. I'm callin' dibs on 'im.

TXTXDAWG: You don't want to do this, (**TXDAWG:** 66/**TEX:** 66), I can explain.

66: Hands in the sky, you Stinky sonuvabitch. [*Cocks his revolver.*] You, too, TXDawg. You're comin' with me. Dead or alive, like the poster would say.

92 [*from on stage*]: Hey, what's goin' on out there? Is that– Is that 66?

66: Mind your own goddamn business, 92, ya fuckin' hack!

[*Numbered Michaels chatter, picking up on the fact that Stinky is here.*]

92 [*on stage*]: Stinky? If Stinky's here, I want a piece of him! And none o' y'all touch him 'til I can get off this goddamn stage. I got plans for that fucker! Hand 'im over, 66!

66: Over my dead body!

92 [*on stage*]: That can be arranged. [*Cocks his weapon.*]

[*Many Michaels talk over each other. Someone shoots, and a chaotic firefight erupts in the bar.*]

STINKY: MDawg? Where are you!? Where are you!? Where are you!? Bluster!

[*Bluster neighs.*]

92: There ya are. [**STINKY:** Fuck!] Hidin' under the table like a goddamn kid. If it ain't Mr. Stinky Device. You like my song I wrote about ya?

STINKY: Uh, I caught parts of it.

92: We're about to have some fun. I don't even want the money. They ain't even gonna be able to identify you when I'm done. You're gonna pay for what you did to my brain.

STINKY: I didn't do anything, it was CANNONBALL.

92: That's okay. I ain't askin' for a confession.

[We hear a knife go into Stinky's leg. Stinky yells out in pain.]

92: I'm gonna take your leg just like you took Tex's. Hold still.

STINKY: *[Struggles.]* MDawg! Ah!

92: I'll kill TXDawg, too, if I gotta.

STINKY: Bluster, help me!

[Bluster blows his nostrils.]

92: Bluster! Help a cowboy out here. I found Stinky! He's why we went in the dang Stinky Device. You ain't a traitor, is ya? 'Cause I got enough bullets for everyone. Even horses. 'Cause Stinky here, he—

[We hear a terrible, wet crunch as Bluster comes down on 92's head. Stinky calls out in terror.]

STINKY: Oh, my god, Bluster... You killed him...

[Bluster neighs.]

STINKY *[pained]:* Bluster, find MDawg... My leg...

[We hear the ongoing din of gunfire and property destruction as the Numbered Michaels fight each other and try to find Stinky. After some time, we hear Tex's metal leg clang against the floor. The bar goes quiet.]

TEX: Who has dared to disturb the peace of the Outpost Tavern Bar and Grill?

NUMBERED MICHAEL *[far away]:* Stinky's here, Tex. He killed 92.

TEX: ...Stinky? TXDawg!

TXTXDAWG: I'm here, Tex. Stinky's hit. His (**TXDAWG:** leg/**TEX:** leg). It's bad.

TEX: Bluster, get TXDawg outta here. Stinky, you're comin' with me. You got some explainin' to do. *[Calling out.]* Rest o' y'all, bury your dead. We got poker in 30 minutes.

[Good Directions plays.]

*I think the one you're having problems with
Well he isn't really here
I thought we had an understanding
Can't you see between my ears?
It's both a blessing and a curse
Cause i can catch you by surprise
But that is all assuming i want
To catch you by surprise
Caught many times for what i thought
Was just an innocent mistake
Nobody's hurt when I turn words
Into another passion play
Assuming nobody is someone
Because I set it up that way
But I can downplay all the shifting eyes
And just shift them away*

*Because it is tough
Here in the moment
While I am roughin' it
In the cold*

*I think the desperation's found a place
To get its hooks inside
I'm not the one that's shooting daggers
Because i t's not my turn to hide
Too many times to count, I counted
And i checked when i was through
Knew every inch of sagging skin
That I could take calipers to
So tell me why in trying times
The world seems to get so clear
I cannot buy enough discretion
To get me out of here
And if my hands can show a trade
Then these hands might suit me well
Bash my skull against the wall
Until I repeat myself*

*Because it is tough
Here in the moment
While I am roughin' it
In the cold*

*And I'll take
Like it's never been taken back
And you'll need more
Than good directions
To get to where I'm at*

*Because it is tough
Here in the moment
While I am roughin' it
In the cold*

[Closing theme plays.]

BLOOPER (DYLAN): *[Singing.]* Have a bone to pick with this idiot / Before you say another word, Javert

[END EPISODE 196.]