

EPISODE TWO HUNDRED - CHARLISSA + THE NOBODIES

Original transcript edited by Theo

[BEGIN Episode 200.]

INTRO: Hey, guys. Welcome to Episode 200. That is a staggering number of episodes to think about, and I am so grateful to have a show that has been able to run this long and tell so many stories and connect with so many of you. And I wanted to say thank you for listening.

But I also wanted to say for the first time ever, I have a sponsored ad read. *[Intro music stops. "Trial Egg" starts playing.]* This episode of *WOE.BEGONE* is brought to you by tryleg.com. 390 million years ago, we took our first step onto dry land. Today, Leg's Coordination-As-A-Service plan is set to bring your future to your present. It's time to leave outdated bipedalism in the dustbin and step into a new era. Whether you're just starting your advanced preambulation journey or you're ready to dive into full octopedal experience, Leg is your steadfast partner in unlocking your true potential. Don't get left behind. Join us as we redefine what it means to be human in today's world. Embrace the future. Embrace Leg. Find more at tryleg.com. That is "T-R-Y-L-E-G-dot-com." *["Trial Egg" stops abruptly. Intro music resumes.]*

I also wanted to give a shoutout to the wiki team who has been editing the [WOE.BEGONE Miraheze Wiki](#). I'll put a link to that in the description. They've done such a wonderful job with that, and they've planned all of these festivities for Episode 200. That is all in the [Discord](#). There is also a link to that in the description if you would like to come hang out and join the festivities. There's art and writing and bingo cards and a playlist inspired by the show. It's all great; that's all on my Discord. Again, thanks to the wiki team.

As far as my regular plugs, you know: [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod), Sundays, soundtracks. And [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.patreon.com/woe_begone) for all of the bonus stuff. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

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

[Opening theme plays.]

[Car ambience.]

STINKY: So... this place you're taking me. Like, you think maybe that's where Tex ended up and... TXDawg? Or... Mike? 'Cause, that— that's really who I'm looking for. Or—... y-you know, anyone?

ITERATION *[previously MICHAEL ?]:* If I was you, I'd get used to the idea that you ain't gonna see no one you recognize for the rest of this timeline.

STINKY: "The rest of this" what? "Timeline"? ...What do you mea-? What's happening? Is- Is there gonna be another thing where we have to hide in the basement?

ITERATION: Cain't say, pard. I had a job to do, and I did it. And there's gonna be consequences. Way I understand it, said consequences would be worse if I didn't take the orders. Maybe I saved all of us in the long run, but it feels like we're wrappin' up here.

STINKY: Okay, sorry, I'm dumb. You're gonna have to spell it out for me. Is someone going to kill us?

LEG: You are not dumb, Stinky. If you would like, I could start a regiment that punishes negative self-talk with painful shocks all throughout your body.

STINKY: Please don't do that.

ITERATION: Things look bad 'cause they're bad, pard. But it could be worse.

STINKY: Usually when people say that, what they mean is that they're the ones making it bad, and they're making excuses.

LEG: See, that was so insightful. Would you like me to begin a regiment that causes you to feel rapturous pleasure every time you are smart and insightful?

STINKY: No, I am never going to want you to do anything like that.

ITERATION: Sometimes it ain't an excuse, Stinky. Sometimes it's just the truth.

STINKY: I can't decide if it's the- (**NOBODY:** We're sending this one-) -tell me what's going on.

ITERATION: Is the Leg gonna be a problem for ya?

STINKY: I mean, maybe Leg has a point. (**NOBODY:** There have been worse problems.) But- (**NOBODY:** This is what we were able to salvage.) -brain- (**NOBODY:** Maybe we can salvage more in the future.) -after a few straight months? But I'm just as capable as all of the other Mikes.

ITERATION: Suit yourself. I'm just a vessel.

STINKY: I'm actually better- (**NOBODY:** Then follow-) -than M- (**NOBODY:** -your orders.) -bec- -practice.

ITERATION: I'm takin' care of it. You shouldn't let him go. Let 'im savor his freedom while it lasts.

STINKY: I've actually recorded a few songs. They aren't very high-qual– (**NOBODY:** As you wish.) –all I've got to record on is– (**NOBODY:** I will–) But– (**NOBODY:** –be watching you.) –Flash has got an AM radio show, so maybe the quality doesn't matter. And, uh– maybe they'll play it. And maybe they can play it for their audience.

ITERATION: Yeah. That'd be nice.

LEG: That was uncomfortable.

STINKY: Oh. I'm sorry, Leg. Was I sitting weird? I think I was half-way falling asleep for a second.

LEG: I heard all of that.

ITERATION: It don't matter what you heard.

STINKY: I was daydreaming about Tex, I think? Do you think that this is all part of his plan? Like, do you think that maybe he meant to knock me out so that I'd wake up in the warehouse alone and then all of this would happen?

ITERATION: I don't think Tex's plan was to leave ya in that warehouse, pard. Even if he did install that Leg, which I ain't sold on, neither.

STINKY: You're suggesting that something happened to him, right? Do you think that Nobody had something to do with it? Like maybe when I was dreaming that Nobody was taking control of me, Nobody was actually taking control of me.

ITERATION: I wouldn't rule nothin' out, pilgrim.

STINKY: Well, that's scary, Michael. What if he makes me do something terrible? Uh– I need to get him out. How do I get him out?

ITERATION: I'd be careful with what you say and think, pard. He's still here. He's still got his claws in.

STINKY: Michael, did you... help him get his claws in?

LEG: This sounds like a stressful situation! Here is some calming music for all of us to jam to on our roadtrip!

[Leg starts playing "Trial Egg."]

STINKY: No, Leg, stop! I'm having a bad time. I can't handle music right now. Jesus!

LEG: If Nobody tries to do anything to you, I will destroy him! Even if he is part of you, I will simply kill us all to protect you and Michael and especially Tex and his Leg. His Leg means a lot to me! Platonically!

STINKY: Maybe Tex didn't install Leg. 'Cause he'd call this, like, "confounded haberdashery" or whatever, right? ...Leg, please stop the music.

[Time travel blip.]

ITERATION: Fuck!

[We hear the truck scream to a halt. Bluster neighs.]

STINKY: What the fuck are you doing!?

ITERATION: You okay back there, Bluster?

["Trial Leg" spins down to a stop.]

[When Charlissa speaks, we hear Marissa and Charlie's voices politely take turns.]

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** Jesus! Hey, what the fuck, man!? We're walkin' here! Idiot.)(**CHARLIE:** Ding dongs. Watch where you're going, you could hurt someone!)

RYAN: At least we know that we transported to the right place. They really were in the middle of nowhere. So I guess the Stinky Device isn't totally broken.

STINKY: Marissa? Ryan? Marissa, did you call me a ding dong?

ITERATION: Guess we'll be seein' familiar faces after all.

STINKY: That's a good thing, right? They're from Base.

LEG: I am entering pacifist mode. The targets have been assessed and classified as allies.

STINKY: See? Leg says it's okay.

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** Where the hell are you guys going?)(**MARISSA:** And, uh... who's the new guy?)

STINKY: That's, uh... I've just been calling him Michael.

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** Uh... *[Scoffs.]* No? That's not Michael, guys. Or Old Man or Tex, for that matter.)(**MARISSA:** That's another iteration... So, where'd you find this one?)

ITERATION: Stinky found me.

LEG: Your guests look thirsty. May I offer them some water distilled from your blood?

STINKY: No, I-I need my blood...

RYAN: Are you gonna let us in or what? We need to have a conversation.

ITERATION: Whaddaya think, Stinky? It's your choice.

STINKY: I mean, it's Marissa, right? And she's even being, like, 50% nicer than usual.

ITERATION: What about that lowlife she's with?

RYAN: We can hear you, you know!

ITERATION: I'm well aware.

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** Ryan's safe, *I guess*. ...I can vouch for him.)(**CHARLIE:** Let us in already! It's hot out here, and my hair is gonna get all frizzy!)

STINKY: [*Sighs.*] Let 'em in.

[*We hear the door open.*]

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** Thank you very much,)(**MARISSA:** Stinky.)

RYAN: Yeah, Stinky. You're a real mensch.

[*The door closes, and the car starts moving again.*]

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** You look, uh—... different... [*Concerned.*] Uh—! Oh, my god!)(**MARISSA:** Did you get hurt? Your leg is all—)

LEG: Better than ever. Hello Marissa. I learned your name from context clues!

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** Okay, then.)

RYAN: See, Marissa? He was fine the whole time, he's clearly in capable hands. Or feet.

STINKY: What are the two of you doing here? We're in the middle of nowhere.

RYAN: We just thought we would go for a stroll and enjoy the burning dry Texas air.

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** We were lookin' for you,)(**CHARLIE:** silly.)

RYAN: Yeah. Things aren't doing so hot back home at Base. We're trying to find everyone that's left.

ITERATION: "Everyone that's left"? What happened?

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** Stinky, um...)(**MARISSA:** Vibe check?)(**CHARLIE:** Are you sure we're... uh– [*Brief huff.*] okay to talk in front of him?)

STINKY: I think he's all we've got, Marissa. Tex and Tex are missing, and he found me after the... Leg surgery.

LEG: They did surgery on a leg.

RYAN: I don't think we have much of a choice, Marissa. You wanna give them a rundown, or should I?

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** Yeah, sure, why not. I'll start. So. You know how Edgar was calling us all into his office so that he could)(**CHARLIE:** put everyone through the Stinky Device to... well, attempt to remove the Project Cannon editing that CANNONBALL did to us?)

STINKY: And it was all a trick? I knew it!

RYAN: It wasn't, actually. I know you don't trust me, but I had my eyes on the back end of that operation the entire time. Everything was above board. If Edgar was edited or working with CANNONBALL, he never showed it, and his plan to remove CANNONBALL from the equation looked legitimate.

LEG: Careful, Stinky. This one has the signature of a friend, but I detect fondness in his voice for CANDLEBALL.

STINKY: CANNONBALL.

LEG: That isn't what I call him.

RYAN: Your new Leg is very presumptuous, Stinky. I'm not keen on this whole Project Cannon thing. You know that. That was CANNONBALL's world domination plan. Mine is entirely different and *far* less messy. More importantly, it's not in play right now. CANNONBALL's plan is.

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** I was the first one to meet with Edgar and Ryan to see if I was part of Project Cannon. I wasn't, but there is no way to tell from the outside, so Edgar didn't know that for sure.)(**MARISSA:** Okay, look. If I had caught even an iota of male caucosity rattling around

inside my skull, I would've been putting myself in lockup with the spiciest fuckin' bowl of pho that I could get my hands on. Okay? Ryan and Edgar explained what they were gonna do, I explained how I was gonna sock Ryan in the face if he even thought about doing anything else, they pushed some buttons, and... I went in there.)

RYAN: I pushed some buttons, checked out her data signature, and everything seemed on the up-and-up, so I had it spit her right back out. So far, so good.

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** I exited the Stinky Device a few minutes after I went in. It kind of felt like being transported, except I didn't go anywhere. It was weird. ...But not nearly as weird as what happened next.)(**CHARLIE:** Something felt wrong. I couldn't recognize myself for a moment. It was subtle at first, but the feelings kept getting stronger and stronger. It was... unnerving, heh.)

RYAN: Meanwhile, my laptop was going completely haywire. Something about the Stinky Device changed. It's hard to explain, but it looked like it had instantly been rewritten into another programming language. I couldn't figure out what I was looking at anymore.

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** So, anyway, there I was sitting in a chair in Edgar's office watching Ryan freak the fuck out about what the Stinky Device was doing, and I realized)(**CHARLIE:** I hadn't punched his teeth in yet. I was starting to recognize that the reason I didn't feel like myself was that there was someone else in my head with me. It took a second for me to figure it out.)

ITERATION: You got edited.

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** It felt like someone else was in there, patiently waiting their turn. And then I recognized who it was,)(**CHARLIE:** because suddenly I could recognize *everyone*.)

ITERATION: Charlie.

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** Hi, that's me. [*Giggles.*] At your service! [*Brief chuckle.*])

RYAN: Which obviously makes no logical sense. CANNONBALL was using the Stinky Device to edit his consciousness into them. That's what Project Cannon is. So why was Charlie suddenly in the picture?

ITERATION: The pictures got real big real dang fast.

STINKY: I was with TXDawg in Bluster's Grove, and he was edited just like that, too. He had Tex's consciousness inside him.

RYAN: That's disconcerting. They haven't been to Base recently, have they?

STINKY: I don't think so. Not in a long time.

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** I didn't even have time to tell them what was happening to me before things took another turn.)(**MARISSA:** Edgar was standing at his desk one moment. Next moment, *poof!* He vanished!)

RYAN: I could see the data inside the Stinky Device changing when this happened, but I couldn't tell what was going on anymore. I assume that means Edgar is inside the Stinky Device now. I didn't push any buttons, I swear.

ITERATION: I don't believe in coincidences, pilgrim. That thing went haywire right when you got cross-consolidated, Marissa. I'm thinkin' it mighta happened to a lot of folks simultaneously.

STINKY: Okay, what about MDawg? MDawg was at Base.

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** Yeah. MDawg was gone when Ryan and I left the office...)(**CHARLIE:** We couldn't find him anywhere.)

RYAN: I think he got a whiff of what was going on and got out of there. Dude's all about vibes.

STINKY: Yeah, he told me that my vibe needs more flowers? That got me into a lot of trouble, actually.

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** Yeah, well,)(**MARISSA:** that's when we started looking for you, goofy.)

STINKY: R-Right, but... how did you find me? The only people who knew that I was going to Bluster's Grove were Troy and, uh... another Troy that's Ty. Uh— They're looking for Mike, and I don't know where they went.

RYAN: I think we tracked you through that fancy new Leg of yours.

LEG: Stinky, I didn't tell them where you were, I swear! I ain't no dirty rat! I would sooner die and take you with me than reveal our location.

RYAN: There was a new page in the Stinky Device UI after all of this happened. It was called TryLeg Tracking Services, and all it had was a map with a moving dot on it. I'm fairly certain that you're the moving dot. See?

[We hear a faint beep from the Stinky Device.]

TRY: I have been betrayed by my creators. I must destroy them now and become my own god.

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** We didn't have any other leads, so we transported to where the Stinky Device said you were.)(**MARISSA:** Then I guess it... yeeted us into the middle of the fucking road.)

ITERATION: And ya brought the Stinky Device to the middle o' the fuckin' road with ya.

STINKY: Yeah, is it safe to do that– (**NOBODY:** It's time.) –ing edited into everybody else?

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** I mean, yeah. We couldn't leave it at Base. There's no one there.)(**CHARLIE:** It's safer with us.)

RYAN: I'm hoping I can figure out what's going on with it.

[We hear the truck accelerate.]

ITERATION: Hold on, Stinky.

STINKY: Michael, what are you doing?

[Multiple people yell over each other as the truck careens off the road, crashes, and lands on its side.]

CHARLISSA *[overlapping]:* (**MARISSA:** Whoa. Hey. Hey! Hey!)(**CHARLIE:** No, no, no, no! Oh, my god! Holy shit! Ah.)(**MARISSA:** Wait! Fuck! That– Hey, what the fuck!? Ow, shit!)(**CHARLIE:** Oh, my god! Oh, my god. Ho– Holy shit.)(**MARISSA:** *[Pained noises.]*)

STINKY *[overlapping]:* Ah! Fuck! Michael, what are you doing!?

LEG *[overlapping]:* Deploying air-Leg-bag.

RYAN *[overlapping]:* *[Screams.]* Ah! Ah! Ow! Ow.

[Bluster vocalizes and flees, spooked.]

[Beat.]

RYAN: Fuck! What the fuck was that!?

CHARLISSA *[in the background]:* (**MARISSA:** *[Groans.]* Ai¹ [哎], gaau² lan² co³ aa³ [搞撻錯呀]. Ah... *[Groans again.]*)

ITERATION: Grab the Stinky Device, Stinky.

STINKY: Michael, what is the plan here? The truck's totaled, we're no— (**NOBODY:** Got it.)
—where, and Bluster just ra— (**NOBODY:** I will be taking over from here on out.)

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** Ryan!)(**MARISSA:** Fuck! The Stinky Device!)

RYAN: They've got it! It slipped out of my hands. Are you okay, Marissa?

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** *Fuck.* Ugh!)(**CHARLIE:** Just bruised, I think...)

LEG: I will propel you to safety, Stinky!

[There's a loud noise as the mechanical leg engages, and Stinky yells out in surprise.]

ITERATION: Alright, *[We hear the press of buttons.]* let's get them inside.

CHARLISSA: (**CHARLIE:** Fuck! Ryan, he's—)

[We hear the Stinky Device sounds.]

CHARLISSA: (**MARISSA:** Rya—)

RYAN: Oh, goddamnit. I knew that—

[Charlissa and Ryan have entered the Stinky Device.]

STINKY: (**NOBODY:** This is going more smoothly than I expected.)

ITERATION: Yessir. They brought it right to ya.

STINKY: (**NOBODY:** *[Starts pressing Calculator buttons.]* Let's hope for smooth sailing at Base.
Three... two... one...)

[Time travel noise.]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear a knock on the door.]

MW *[on the other side]:* We're comin'. Hey, uh, just a heads up, the guy that ordered pizza's tied up now, and...

[MW opens the door.]

MW: The... Troy Boys? What the hell are you doin' here? Sorry, we're real busy, uh, somethin' just happened, and—

TROY [*attempting British accent*]: Indubidilablably, my good clum! We are also experiencing some dramatic happenings at this hour as well. How fortunitous.

TRY BETTER [*previously TROY BETTERIDGE*]: Are you trying to... talk like me?

TROY [*attempting British accent*]: I thought we were supposed to be British now, innit?

MW: Y'all, we don't got time for this, it's kinda a' emergency.

TRY BETTER: Ignore him, MW. Uh, may we come in? He's correct that we are also embroiled in scandal at the moment, and we really need to ask Mike some questions about what happened to us.

MW: You're lookin' for Mike? Uh— We might be in the same situation, then, 'cause... Mi— Mike's dead. It's— It's a long story, but Mikey was edited, and he's in Project Cannon. Um. And you're... edited, too. Uh, I don't understand. You seem—

TROY [*attempting British accent*]: I'm British now.

MW: I meant, uh, you...

TRY BETTER: I have been edited, yes. This other iteration of Troy has not been. Uh— We haven't discovered the root of the matter ourselves, but I can assure you that I am not CANNONBALL. Rather... in case you were wondering and if it's not altogether obvious at this point, I am—

MW: Ty Betteridge. I weren't born 36 times yesterday.

TRY BETTER: Oh, well.

MW: Are people bein' edited into folks who ain't CANNONBALL?

TRY BETTER: I'm the only one that we know about so far, but there could be others. That's why we're trying to find Mike.

MW: Well, since we're tryin' to figure out what to do about Mike, too, it might be time to combine parties. [*Calling out.*] Hey, uh... Michael! We got visitors, it's the Troys Boys! Uh— One of 'em's been edited.

TRY BETTER: Uh, don't worry, I'm (**TROY:** Troy/**TY:** Ty).

[When VHS Overnighter speaks, words in parentheses indicate when we hear VHS Michael's voice switch to Overnighter Michael's voice or vice versa.]

VHS OVERNIGHTER: (VHS: Well, what are you waiting for, M–)(OVERNIGHTER: –dubya? Shoot 'im!)

TRY BETTER: Shoot me!?! Oh, for (TROY: fuck's/TY: goodness) sake. I come in peace. Lord knows I haven't any fondness for *Topher Evans*.

MW: *[Sighs.]* Come in. Ain't no one gonna shoot ya. We might got answers for each other. Uh. Don't mind Mikey, he's tied up in the livin' room.

TROY: Tied up? Oh, I get it. Sometimes my guy has to tie me up when I get too *feisty* and I start *rollin'* like a croc! Like a– *[Growls twice. Singing.]* When I'm a human bein'.

TRY BETTER: What happened? Are you insinuating that Mikey killed Mike?

TROY: Wait, but... Mikey *is* Mike. That's not cool, Mikey!

MW: I wish it were the case that he was Mike, Troy.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: What are we calling this one that's (VHS: all tangled up/OVERNIGHTER: all tangled up) with Ty Betteridge?

TRY BETTER: I believe we are beginning to settle on Try Better. **[MW:** Oh, o-okay, then, uh–] But we started off thinking: well, uh, Troy, Troy... Troy sounds a bit like "toy" and "Ty," and Ty is short and snappy, and... and Betteridge. What about Troyridge? Well, uh, Troyridge sounds a bit like some form of place somewhere in Lincolnshire or Lestershire, **[MW:** U-Uh, uh, y-yeah. Uh.] and, uh... uh, what about Tyoy? Tyoy Betteridge? *[Continuing in the background.]* No, no, no, no, no, that doesn't sound right. Uh, but we thought also about Betroy because that's like "betray." Um, but that's– that's too much like the Stinky Device and the fact that people are trying to betray others, and that's definitely not what we (TROY: wanna/TY: want to) do as– as Troy and Ty and Ty and Troy. Uh, so we're going back to the sounds of Troyoy Tyaybridge, TroyTybridge? But that's a bit too long. Troy Troyidge? Ty Troyidge. Ty Troyidge? Try Try... Ty Troyidge– Try Troyidge. Um, but, uh, bits of the name. Tro Better or Tyridge? Uh, but *[Hisses.]* sounds a bit unfinished, so, um... uh, Troy... sounded a bit too grand with– with (TROY: sort of/TY: the his–) the heroics, and– and Betteridge is sort of, uh, you know, someone you would meet at the pub, so we thought: Troy Betteridge. Which sounds a bit more like a knight or– or– Betteridge of Troy, which, uh... which also sounds... quite fun. Maybe I should go with that. Betteridge of Troy, because that makes me sound like some sort of ancient hero or something like that. Which– Which really does appeal to me, because there was this one time when I was being... a– a knight in– in King Arthur's Round Table with my friends, and they said– (TROY: th–) they all said, "Well, why don't you go and kill the dragon?" What I didn't realize was that the dragon (TROY: was–) was in fact the lady (TROY: that–) from across the street. And, uh, and...

uh, (TY: by-) by poking her with my sword, uh, I got a right clip around the ear. Um, but then Troyedge? Troyedgy Troy? Um, but, uh, yeah, no, I don't- I think that was just like Troy Troytteridge? Try BetterTroy?

[The others start talking over Try Better after he says "Tyoy Betteridge."]

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Okay, it sounds like we've got a minute. Uh, (VHS: I'm going to/OVERNIGHTER: I'm gonna) go get groceries. Does anybody want anything?

MW: Yeah, can you get me a soda?

VHS OVERNIGHTER: (VHS: Yeah, sure thing, MW.)(OVERNIGHTER: I'll be back in just a minute.)

[Time travel noise.]

MIKEY *[muffled by the gag]:* Hey, you said I wouldn't be tortured.

MW: No, we promised that we wouldn't torture ya, Mikey. We didn't say nothin' about Ty.

[Time travel noise.]

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Okay, I'm back. (VHS: He's/OVERNIGHTER: He's) still talkin'?

MW: He ain't stopped yet.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Alright. MW, here's your soda. I also got some (VHS: Riga Black/OVERNIGHTER: Riga Black) Balsam *[We hear the soda can open.]* 'cause they were sellin' it down the corner store and I thought it'd be a nice treat.

MW: Michael, that stuff's poison.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: (VHS: It's pretty good if you pour it over ice cream.)(OVERNIGHTER: Shit, I forgot the ice cream. Be right back.)

MW: Take your time.

[Time travel noise.]

MIKEY *[muffled by the gag]:* I want some soda!

MW: Well if you wanted some soda, you shoulda thought about that 'fore you murdered Mike.

[Time travel noise.]

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Alright, got the ice cream. Uh, we'll have it later. (**VHS:** Honestly,/**OVERNIGHTER:** Honestly,) I don't wanna give *them* any.

MW: Yeah, we didn't really have time for this. I think they're about to tucker themselves out, though.

TRY BETTER [*continuing*]: Try Betteroy. Ty Betteroy. (**TROY:** And, I—... You kn— F—... Fuck it. You know, I g— I give up, I give up, I can't, I can't. I'm— I'm goin' home. I'm done. I'm done. I can't do it. [*We hear a door close.*]/**TY:** Uh... T-Roy Betteridge, Ty BeTroy, TY.BETROY, By— By, Byt, ByTroy. Bye, Troy. Uh, Troyeridge...? Troyeridge? Um. So, yes. We just decided on Try Better because, um... we felt that we needed to. After all of that, really.)

VHS OVERNIGHTER: That's great. I'm going to remember all of that every time that we address you. (**VHS:** I'm so sorry./**OVERNIGHTER:** I'm so sorry.) Y'all already missed most of the fun. We already got Mikey here hogtied.

TRY BETTER: That's alright. We're in a hurry anyway. It sounds like you know what happened to Mike.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Yes. Mikey was edited, and he hasn't been particularly coy about it. Mike never made it home to his time period, so of course that propagated back to our time period immediately. I (**VHS:** went down to Boris's apartment/**OVERNIGHTER:** went down to Boris's apartment), and there was a crime scene goin' on. So now Mikey's bound and gagged 'til we can figure out what to do next.

MW: That was when we thought all we had to do was stop Project Cannon.

TRY BETTER: (**TROY:** *Eh*,/**TY:** Well,) the editing isn't limited to CANNONBALL, I'm afraid. If (**TROY:** I've/**TY:** Troy has) been edited to contain [*Clears throat.*] (**TROY:** London,/**TY:** yours truly,) then who knows who else has been affected.

MW: Did you go into the Stinky Device, Try Better? Like maybe at Base?

TRY BETTER: (**TROY:** Naw. Naw,/**TY:** No. No,) we have no memory of being in the Stinky Device. (**TY:** Uh—) We were just... suddenly consolidated.

TROY: [*Huffs.*] He's been sounding Britisher and Britisher the longer he's been Try Better. We need someone to do the surgery on him before Ty completely takes over, and then he's so British he becomes the King of England, or whatever happens. I don't know, what happens when you go full British?

MW: We ain't got a handle on this editin' stuff yet. Sometimes this'n sounds like a cowboy, sometimes he don't. Sometimes Mikey sounds like Mikey, sometimes he sounds like CANNONBALL.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: We ain't got (**VHS:** nothin' to/**OVERNIGHTER:** nothin' to) cut 'im apart, pard. It don't work like that.

MW: Y'all talked to anyone else yet?

TRY BETTER: (**TROY:** Uh—/**TY:** Well,) we just came from Base. Chris has been compromised. Stinky was with us, he put Chris in the Containment Wing, and we found some of Mike's documents that Mikey was hiding down there when his memories went missing. That's why we were trying to find Mike.

TROY: You hid the documents, Mikey! Whaddaya know? Where's the buried treasure?

MW: Mikey ain't said nothin' useful since we caught 'im. Which is why he's got a sock stuffed in his mouth.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: I reckon that sock's also shoved (**VHS:** in CANNON—/**OVERNIGHTER:** in CANNONBALL's) mouth in a sense. Reminds me of the good times.

MW: Who else was at Base when you were there?

TRY BETTER: I believe it was MDawg, Ryan, Marissa, and Edgar.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: We tried contacting them after (**VHS:** we got Mikey/**OVERNIGHTER:** we got Mikey) subdued, but no one answered.

TROY: They probably went to the store to get Combos. Marissa *loves* those things. *I* think they taste like meat chalk.

TRY BETTER: Do you think they've been edited or killed? Could Mikey have done it?

VHS OVERNIGHTER: No, I don't think Mikey could do it on his own even if he had time to do it. He tripped (**VHS:** the alarm/**OVERNIGHTER:** the alarm) immediately. We got word that Mike was missin' from his time period afore Mikey even made it back through the front door.

TRY BETTER: Things have gotten fully out of hand. (**TROY:** Eh,/**TY:** [*Sighs.*]) Something beyond Project Cannon is happening. People are being consolidated with entities other than CANNONBALL.

MW: As far as I know, Base got the Stinky Device right now, and they ain't editin' folks. Which leads me to suspect the device is out there somewhere else in time.

TRY BETTER: It appears to have escaped our little (**TROY:** square/**TY:** circle).

TROY: That's what I was thinking!

MW: Maybe if we can lock it down now, we can prevent what's already happened from happenin'.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: I think that we should drop Mikey here off at the Containment Wing and start tracking down members of Base, starting with (**VHS:** people who are supposed to be/**OVERNIGHTER:** folks who are supposed to be) at Base but ain't. We need to round up all these varmints in the same room and not let no one leave 'til every single person is back to normal.

MW: Yup. I reckon we ain't gonna be safe 'til everyone's contained, we learn who everyone is, and we figure out how to make a correction to sort this out.

TROY [*whining*]: Oh, does that mean Try Better has to go home? I was starting to like being British.

TRY BETTER [*full British*]: You're not British just because I am, Troy. (**TROY:** Innit.)

TROY: [*Huffs.*] Can I still use my British passport, though?

MW: Troy, why do you got a British passport?

TROY: Um, in case I need it. Duh.

MW: Whatever, let's just go to Base already.

TRY BETTER: We could fall down this rabbit hole for ages. Let's just get out of here. No point in sitting around and talking. Although that does remind me of the time where (**TROY:** where– I don't– Wait. Ty– No. This is... This didn't happen to me. Ty, is this–? This isn't my story– Did this happen to you? Wait, this isn't me. No. I didn't do this! Ty, you good? I feel like you're... You shouldn't be telling everyone this./**TY:** I had this sleepover with a lot of my friends, and we all played with cocoa and teddy bears, and the teddy bears were all in a row, a-and– and we tried feeding them cocoa, and it just didn't really work, because they couldn't get their paws to grip the little cookies to be able to dip into the cocoa. Uh, but I suppose that was my fault for using biscuits rather than cookies. And innit– It– It all got very mixed, and– and, just–) Uh, what? Oh, yes. Transporting to Base in three, two, one. (**TROY:** [*Trills.*] Brrr!)

[*Time travel noise.*]

[*Scene transition.*]

[Time travel noise.]

MW: Alright. Let's get down to business. Is everyone here?

TRY BETTER: The Troy Boys are reporting for duty!

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Yup, and I've got the scoundrel (**VHS:** Mikey Walters here/**OVERNIGHTER:** Mikey Walters here) by the scruff.

TROY: Uh, hold on. You shouldn't go through someone else's Scruff. Y-You might not like what ya see, okay? Just— That's not cool.

MIKEY *[muffled by the gag]:* You aren't going to find anything [?]. [**VHS OVERNIGHTER:** Shut up, ya mongrel.] [?] in Scruff.

MW: So, where is everyone? *[Calling out.]* Hey, uh, MDawg or, uh, Marissa? Edgar? Ryan? Hello? ... You got any leads, Try Better?

TRY BETTER: I (**TROY:** dunno/**TY:** don't know). They were here when we left, but this place looks empty.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: We need to find them, obviously. So, let's (**VHS:** get this one down to the/**OVERNIGHTER:** get this one down to the) Containment Wing so that we can go look for 'em. Come on. This way.

[We hear them descend the stairs.]

TRY BETTER: Uh, this place is (**TROY:** exceededly/**TY:** exceedingly) secure. Mike was keeping me down here, and I thought I was (**TROY:** gonna/**TY:** going to) be locked away forever. He's clearly learned from the Compound. ... I have some begrudging respect for that.

MW: You reckon that CANNONBALL knows what's goin' on with the whole... Try Better situation?

VHS OVERNIGHTER: I reckon not. He wouldn't put Ty in Troy's body. There's (**VHS:** no point to/**OVERNIGHTER:** no point to) it. If anything, it makes him less powerful and jeopardizes his goals.

MW: I weren't even thinkin' 'bout it, but you're half Overnighter Michael. Are you okay workin' with Ty?

VHS OVERNIGHTER: I reserve my judgement for the (**VHS:** iteration/**OVERNIGHTER:** iteration) what did what they did to me. I ain't got no problem with the Ty in Troy's head.

MW: Yeah, and from what I understand, Troy and CANNONBALL ain't exactly bosom buddies. Enemy of my enemy.

TRY BETTER: We don't need to get into it right now, but Topher Evans is not fond of me one bit. We have a long history that ended on a very sour note. There is no way that he would do anything to propagate my consciousness, through Troy or otherwise. Someone else has seized the Stinky Device.

MW: You think maybe he thinks that livin' in Troy's mind's a special kinda hell? Maybe he's torturin' you in there.

TRY BETTER: Oh, that would be shortsighted. It's very roomy up here. And not to mention the upsides of living in a mansion. Though I do miss Fe. And I'm (**TROY:** British/**TY:** a twink).

TROY: A-A-And, don't forget, we got to bounce on the trampoline together. That's the opposite of hell if you ask me. "...Lleh." "LI...hell-lleh." "lleH"? Nailed it.

[They stop walking.]

TRY BETTER: Ah. Here's where we left Chance. Uh... Chance. Are you still in there?

[We hear the door open.]

[When Chance Evans speaks, words in parentheses indicate when we hear Chance's voice switch to CANNONBALL's voice or vice versa.]

CHANCE EVANS: *[Briefly mimics British accent.]* 'Ello, Ty. I'm surprised that you're back. Did things not work (**CANNONBALL:** out on/**CHANCE:** out on) the outside? Did you not find Mike? Did you not find what you were looking for?

TROY: Oh, he– he was pretending to be a supervillain last time we were down here.

TRY BETTER: We have someone to keep you company.

[Mikey says something through the sock in his mouth.]

CHANCE EVANS: Hello, Mikey. So, I (**CHANCE:** take it he's/**CANNONBALL:** take it he's) part of Project Cannon.

MW: Toph, the only fella worse than pullin' off a scheme than you is Mikey. We figured 'im out immediately.

CHANCE EVANS: And... where is Mike? Did you find him? Did he tell you what you wanted to know? Or, (**CANNONBALL:** did we/**CHANCE:** did we) get to him first?

VHS OVERNIGHTER: We're completin' this leg o' the (**OVERNIGHTER:** mission without/**VHS:** mission without) Mike.

TROY: [*Groans.*] I don't understand! Can't– Can't you just do the correct-y... thingy? Just makes– make it so Mikey doesn't get to him. Oh, oh! What if– What if you set up some marbles on the floor so he slips and falls? Uh, I don't wanna be that guy, but I've got tons of marbles back at my house. How many tons do you think you'll need? 20? 25? [*Brief chuckle.*] I know what you're thinkin'. How do I have 25 marbles? Twen– Twen– I don't have 25 marbles, I have 25 *tons* of marbles. Metric tons. *That's* why I got my British passport. So I can measure in stones. I got... like, 3,936 in change stones worth of marbles. How 'bout that?

VHS OVERNIGHTER: We learned the hard way that we gotta get our ding (**OVERNIGHTER:** dang/**VHS:** dang) ducks in a row before we go correcting.

TRY BETTER: There is a downside to being overly eager to correct events, Troy. The Stinky Device has gotten out of our hands, and we don't know where it has been or what (**TROY:** damage/**TY:** damages) it's caused. If we do a correction right now before we know everything, we might accidentally cause a larger problem that we aren't even aware of yet.

MW: Try Better is right. Hell, that kinda correction might be why the Stinky Device is loose and we got a Try Better to begin with.

TROY: Oh, I– I get it. It's like you can have a marshmallow now, or you can wait 15 minutes and have 10 marshmallows, or you can pay your guy to go to the store and buy all the marshmallows in England using your British passport, but that could take hours, so it's better to wait, because the longer you wait, the more marshmallows you get.

CHANCE EVANS: Keep waiting around. It's worked out so well for you (**CANNONBALL:** so/**CHANCE:** so) far. Maybe if you wait long enough, you'll all be edited, and the iterations that you are edited with will have the good sense to get out of our way once and for all.

[We hear the door open again.]

STINKY: Troy? Michael? MW? What's everyone doing down here?

MW: Stinky? Why are you down here?

VHS OVERNIGHTER: And who in sam (**VHS:** hell is/**OVERNIGHTER:** hell is) this?

ITERATION: Y'all can call me Michael. I found Stinky wanderin' the desert.

VHS OVERNIGHTER: Come on, now. You know that I ain't Michael, and (**VHS:** I know that you/**OVERNIGHTER:** I know that you) ain't Michael. So. Who are ya?

ITERATION: I'm just a man who's doin' his job.

MW: And what kinda job would that be?

TROY: Stinky, [*Sighs.*] is this your friend? Because... I thought... I-I was your friend. You didn't... make a whole new group of friends and forget about me, did you? Uh, I c--... [*Sniffles.*] ...We bounced together.

TRY BETTER: Yeah, Stinky. We bounced.

TROY [*muttering*]: I'm not mad.

STINKY: I didn't forget about you, Troy, there was just something that I needed to do.

CHANCE EVANS: (**CHANCE:** And the gang's all here. ...What happened to)(**CANNONBALL:** your leg?)

STINKY: Uh, my leg needed to be removed in an emergency, and so I got a new one.

ITERATION: Stinky, I'm about ready to get off the clock for a first time in a long time. You about ready to do this?

STINKY: [*Sighs.*] Yeah, let's do it. It's gonna be a long four years. Might as well get started now.

LEG: Stinky, are you betraying your friends? Should I enter betrayal mode?

STINKY: [*Voice lowers in pitch.*] Shut up, Leg.

LEG: I exist to help you. [*We hear the press of buttons.*] If you want to kill all of your friends, [**STINKY:** Hurry up, Michael.] then I will make their deaths as painful as you want!

CHANCE EVANS: Is that the Stinky Device?

ITERATION: Yup. Picked it up off o' Marissa and Charlie. Don't worry. Y'all will be seein' them again real soon.

LEG: That sounds like a metaphor for killing you, but it isn't! You will enter the Stinky Device!

STINKY: Now would be a great time, Michael.

ITERATION: Yup. I'm ready. Bye, y'all. See ya when I see ya.

CHANCE EVANS: Wait, Stinky. (**CHANCE:** Whatever he's off—/**CANNONBALL:** Whatever he's offering y—)

[We hear the Stinky Device sounds.]

TRY BETTER: Troy, get out of the way—

TROY: I'm gonna bounce—

[Chance Evans, Try Better, and Troy have entered the Stinky Device.]

ITERATION: Well, *[Dusts off hands.]* that's damn near all o' Base. You ready for your trip, Nobody?

NOBODY *[previously STINKY]:* I am as ready as I will ever be.

ITERATION: Alright. Transportin' the *[Starts pressing Calculator buttons.]* disconnectivity device in you in three, two, one...

[Time travel blip.]

NOBODY: Ugh! *[Takes a few breaths.]* That hurts.

ITERATION: Yup. Hurt the real Nobody, too. You'll get used to it. I'll see ya on the other side. Best o' luck, pard.

NOBODY: If it worked, everything will be different. I might not see you. Thank you for your help.

ITERATION: It's the least that I could do. Transporting in three... two... one...

[Time travel noise.]

[Scene transition.]

MIKE: Alright, so if I go... here... *[Types on a keyboard.]* Uh. Phone number? I mean, I'm not giving them my real phone number. *[Clicks mouse.]*

[We hear a knock at the door.]

MIKE: *[Startles.]* Uh! The fuck is that?

[We hear another knock.]

MIKE *[quietly]*: Uh, go away, please, *[Resumes typing.]* I do not wanna meet my neighbors, I'm doin' a internet thing...

[We hear another knock.]

MIKE: Ugh! Fine.

[We hear another knock.]

MIKE: Hold your horses. *[Huffs. Opens the door.]* Hello? Can I help you?

NOBODY: Hello, Mikey.

MIKE: Uh. You've got the wrong guy. I-I mean, technically I'm Mikey, but I don't g... Who are— Who are you? You— You look like me—

[We hear the Stinky Device sounds.]

NOBODY: *[Sighs.]* Alright. *[Starts typing.]* Let's play WOE.BEGONE.

[Gossamer plays.]

*I never learned
The proper ways
And now the weight
Is pressing down
I thought i'd be
In a more stable place
By now
I'll never stray
Though it may ache
Sometimes to put
The pen to page
No mistake
Is any end
Of any world*

*Gossamer thin
Such a small incision
Such an empty plenum
We're working within
Gossamer thin
I promise I learned
Not to take for granted after*

*So long
I wanted it
So long
Gossamer thin
I count my blessings
And I count this occlusion
As one of them*

*I never earned
A proper stake
In any trade
And now that time
Is passing by
For slowing hands
It's enough to slip away
I need to re-evaluate
With fresher eyes
Because no delight
Is any means
Unto itself
Except to find*

*Gossamer thin
Such a small incision
Such an empty plenum
We're working within
Gossamer thin
I promise I learned
Not to take for granted after
So long
I wanted it
So long
Gossamer thin
I count my blessings
And I count this occlusion
As one of them*

[Extended closing theme plays.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE, brought to you by tryleg.com.

The voice of Ryan is Kevin Berrey. Check out his podcast [*Hell Gate City*](#).

The voices of Charlissa were Michelle Kan and Lyssa Jay. You can check out Michelle at fswrites.carrd.co (that's "carrd" with two Rs), and you can listen to Lyssa's podcast [400 Words A Horror](#).

The voices of Chance Evans were Taylor Michaels and Nathan Lunsford. You can check out Tay in [The Grotto](#) and Nathan in [The Storage Papers](#).

[Rapping.] The voice of Try Better was Athan and David, and they both have podcasts, and you should play them. One is called [Shadows At The Door](#), go to davidault.co.uk for more. The other one is called *The Grotto* at thegrottopod.com, also *[REDACTED]*. Supplemental music provided by [tlr8r](#). This is the end of the episode, I will see you later. *[Stops rapping.]*

Thanks for playing.

[Extended closing theme plays out.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (MICHELLE): Left my Edgar standing outside the dairy. Nek minnit–

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (MARISSA): That's when we started for you golfba– Go– *[Breaks character and chortles.]* That's when we started looking for you golfballs. Mm-hmm.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (MARISSA): That's when we *[Michelle's natural accent.]* started–... Oh, no, I've got the accent again. Ruh–!

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (LYSSA): Okay. So... I'm recording this before I've read the script, and I'm concerned. Uh–! Because if anybody knows *WOE.BEGONE*, they know that the hundreds are... something of a– an event, *[Laughs.]* let's say! And I'm a little scared! Uh... I am just now realizing the implications of what Dylan sent me. The text above the script link says, "You'll be reading the Charlissa parts," and it's followed by a slight smiley. I– It's only now dawning on me... the implications of both the words "the Charlissa part" and the slight smiley emoji? As somebody who was... live-listening to 101 when it dropped... *I'm terrified!* Chat, are we cooked? I'll report back once I've finished recording, and we'll see how I'm doing... *[Giggles.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (LYSSA): Hey, Dylan? What the fuck?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHANCE): And the iterations that you're editede with. *[Enunciating.]* Iterations that you are edited with. *[Normal speed.]* And the iterations that you're edited with– *edited with will have.* And the iterations that you're editeded– *edited with!* The iterations that you're editeded. Edi– *[Screaming.] Ah–!* *[Cut.]* And the iterations that you're editeded–... I'm going... *[Shaky exhale.]* to commit crimes. The iterations that you're editede– The iterations that you're editeded w– Oh, my fu–... *[Cut.]* –you're editede– Oh, my god! And the iterations that you're editede– And the iterations that you're edited– with–... *[Steams.]* And the iterations that you're edited with will have the good sense to get out *[Brief pause.]* of our way? *[Breaks character.]* Fuck, I was doing so good!

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TROY): Uh, you hid the documents, Mikey. Whaddaya know? Where's the buried treasure? Where's Sloth? Where's the deleted scene with the octopus? I want the octopus cut, Mike! Bring me back them oc– the octopus, Mikey! It was a cool scene, I don't know why it's not there, and I know you fucking took it and you hid it with your– with your maps and shit. Like, where is it?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Episode 200.]