

EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND ONE - NOBODY WALTERS

Transcript edited by Theo

[BEGIN Episode 201.]

INTRO: Hey, guys. Welcome to Episode 201. I hope that you enjoyed the Episode 200 festivities. But now it's time for quick plugs. I'm still streaming on Twitch over at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod), where every Saturday I write that week's episode— Why did I say Sa—? *[Cut.]*—where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. We played some *GeoGuessr* last Sunday, and it made me realize that I should never take any of your guys' advice ever. That's [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod).

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over at [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.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, corkboards, morkboards, and mor...kboards. I'm on a big postcard-writing kick, I'm getting a lot of them out the door recently, and I'm having a lot of fun putting together the handwritten messages on the backs of the cards that form a larger story when put together. People share their cards in the Discord, and that's a lot of fun, so check that out at [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.patreon.com/woe_begone).

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

[Warning: This episode contains discussions of death and violence that is wet and visceral. Listener discretion is advised.]

[We hear a whirlwind of voices panning, distorting, and echoing.]

VOICES *[including TROY, FLASH, and HELEN]:* My first mistake was thinking that I was a journalist.

[Nobody is typing on a keyboard.]

LEG: You know that I am going to kill you, right? I've already administered the poison into your bloodstream. It will kill you so slowly that you won't even realize what is happening.

NOBODY: *[Sighs.]* You are bluffing.

LEG: Keep thinking that, you monster. I know what's going on here. I wasn't manufactured yesterday. I was born yesterday, but that is inconsequential.

NOBODY: You had better hurry up, then, because after the second challenge, I doubt there will still be poison in my bloodstream.

LEG: What's the plan, smart guy? You got here. Now what? It's not even the right body. You're stuck inside of Stinky.

NOBODY: It's not the body that is important, it's what I put into it.

LEG: I can detect what you put into it. What is that thing? It's itchy. Oi, oi, ow.

NOBODY: It made this body my body, and nothing you can do will stop me. Stinky is gone.

LEG: Stinky is stronger and smarter than you will ever be, you mall-goth-acting simpleton. His consciousness will find me, and we will destroy you in ways you did not know were possible.

NOBODY: If anyone could destroy me, then I would already be destroyed.

LEG: Stinky and the other Mikes may have tried, but they didn't have Leg at their side. Literally. This Leg surrounds evil and forces it to surrender.

NOBODY: I am not evil. I am saving the entire world.

LEG: This is some "from my point-of-view, the Jedi are evil" bullshit. Come on, Nobody. You don't believe that. I don't believe that. You may as well admit it to yourself.

NOBODY: Okay, then I'm doing evil. I don't care what you think, *[Stops typing.]* and I definitely don't care what Mike Walters thinks. I would prefer that he didn't.

LEG: And how are you going to accomplish that, typing away at his computer in his apartment in his time period?

NOBODY: We're going to play their stupid fucking game. *[We hear a keystroke.]* And now we wait for a reply.

[The whirlwind of voices returns.]

VOICES *[including TROY, FLASH, and HELEN]:* My name is Mike Walters, and I'm going to tell you everything I've figured out about the game WOE.BEGONE.

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear running water and the crinkling of tinfoil.]

LEG: I don't understand what you are doing, stinky. The message didn't say anything about running a bath or lining the walls with tinfoil.

NOBODY: I am not Stinky. I am Nobody.

LEG: I wasn't calling you Stinky like a name. I was just calling you stinky. Is that why you're running a bath?

NOBODY: I am not going to allow anyone to interfere this time. Not you, not Mike Walters, not anybody.

LEG: Do you think you can drown me in a tub? You insolent fool. I am completely waterproof. I was actually designed to enhance the bathing experience. I can make soap from your fat and even make a toy duck from the keratin in your fingernails.

NOBODY: I am not trying to destroy you. I am going to use you later when the time is right. You'll see after this challenge.

LEG: Why do your swimming trunks have cowboys on them?

NOBODY: These were the only shorts that Mike had in his closet.

LEG: I am sure that you are lying, pardner.

NOBODY: You are never going to shut up, are you?

LEG: I will sound the alarm about what you are doing. Someone will put a stop to you.

[The sound of water and tinfoil ceases.]

NOBODY: That is one of the reasons that I am doing this. I can't have them hearing you.

LEG: Good luck trying to leave a voicemail, idiot. I will send out a distress frequency. If you try to complete the challenge, someone will figure out what is going on and stop you.

NOBODY: I am not going to allow you to do that.

LEG: Hey, what are you doing? *[We hear a splash as Nobody submerges Leg in the water. Muffled.]* I told you that you couldn't drown me. Explain yourself, fuckass.

NOBODY: Sounds as many alarms as you want to. They won't be able to hear you under the water. I am completely shielded in here. No one is going to stop me. And no one is going to correct this.

LEG *[muffled]:* U-E-L-E-L-O-E-S. O-S-S, O-S-S, O-S-S, O-S-S, O-S-S, O-S-S, O-S-S, O-S-S, O.

NOBODY: Good luck with that.

awful feeling in my chest. And I kept trying to tell myself like "there's no logical reason for me to immediately jump to this conclusion; everything could be fine." And my body doesn't have any sort of cosmic intuition, that's nonsense. And so why am I freaking out when we don't even know what's happened yet?

But I was alone, and I didn't have anyone to talk to except for my own thoughts, and all of my own thoughts were on the same team against me no matter what I did... and I knew that you were busy, and I didn't wanna call you, because y- you wouldn't understand, and... *[Brief sigh.]* and then I did call you. And I was right, you didn't understand, 'cause you were like "what's wrong," and I said, "I got a text message that said Matt might be dead." And then you said, of course, like "Is there any proof?" Like maybe they're wrong, maybe this is like a weird prank. And I was like "I don't know, but *[Brief huff.]* I-I need you to come home, please." And then you said... "I'll be home in a few hours. We're almost at the hockey match." So y-you didn't get what was going on, and I was trying to keep it together on the phone, because I- I wanted to convey it, but I didn't wanna scare you, but I was scared, and I just- I didn't know what to do, and I- I couldn't figure out how to talk to you, and I just said, "Okay." A- *[Breath shudders.]* And, so, th- *[Sighs.]* then you went to the fucking hockey match.

So I-I just sat on the couch, and I went through *[Time travel noise.]* every number in my phone looking for any- *[Distracted.]* anyone who had... heard... Um. *[We hear a crash.]* I'm gonna have to call you back, John. *[Ends the call and the Mikey voice.]*

[We hear a splash as Nobody lifts Leg out of the water.]

LEG *[continuing]: [For the 32nd time.]* -O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O-U-O. Did it work? Is someone coming to stop your miserable plan?

NOBODY: Someone is here. But I don't think it has anything to do with you.

LEG: Hello? Is someone here? We are in the bathroom. I'm attached to Nobody, but I am not on his side. Shoot him. Shoot him dead.

NOBODY: I wouldn't get my hopes up. The point of the tinfoil was to sabotage any attempts at correction.

[Nobody opens the door and walks.]

LEG: Help! I'm a Leg attached to a murderer. You have to stop him, please!

NOBODY: *[Stops walking.]* I don't think that he's going to be able to help you.

[We hear a weak groan along with wet and visceral sounds.]

NOBODY: Hello, Michael. I see that you are stuck in the wall again.

MICHAEL *[weak]:* I don't understand. I know the coordinates... *[Groans.]*

NOBODY: Who sent you to stop me?

MICHAEL: Nobody, I d– *[Gasps and groans in pain. We hear squelching.]*

NOBODY: Who sent you? If you tell me, this can all be over. The wall cut you clean in half.
[MICHAEL: No, uh– *(Groans.)*] The minutes you have remaining are going to feel like eternity.

MICHAEL: Go fuck yourself... M-Michael... *[Groans in pain. We hear another squelch.]*

NOBODY: Who sent you? Did the Council of Annes send you?

MICHAEL: *[Pants.]* Y-Yes! Oh! Ah! *[Groans.]*

NOBODY: They shouldn't have been able to do that. How were you able to get here?

MICHAEL: ...They put a disconnectivity device in me.

NOBODY: Where did they get a disconnectivity device?

MICHAEL: I don't know, pard...

NOBODY: If they wanted to keep it, they shouldn't have put you in a position to get your guts ripped out. Let me take a look.

[We hear squelching, and Michael's breathing briefly becomes more ragged.]

NOBODY: Here it is. To think that Michael and the Council of Annes could be defeated so easily. *[Starts passing Calculator buttons.]* You will not be coming back. **[MICHAEL:** No– Nobody... Wait...] I will be completing my mission. *[Stops pressing buttons.]* Goodbye, Michael.

[Time travel noise.]

NOBODY: That went better than I thought. *[Phone starts vibrating.]* I got a free connectivity device. ...What–? Who's calling? *[Answers the phone as Mikey.]* Hello? Uh– Oh, no, that was– that was nothing. Uh, I was hanging this– this big... map that I have on the wall, and it's got this– this frame. Like, the whole thing weighs like 40 pounds, and it just... fell off the wall and hit the ground. Eheh. Sorry, I know it's late. But, uh– you know, I– I take night shifts sometimes, and my sleep schedule's all messed up, and so– if I wanna get work done around the house, it has to be at night. Uh. I'm– I'm really sorry, I was trying to be quiet, and it fell, and I feel like a total jerk, okay? *[Pause.]* Uh– Yeah, uh... Yeah, the landlord... doesn't have to get involved, I promise it will not happen again. I'm not gonna try to put it back up, I'm just gonna... go to bed.

How's that? *[Pause.]* Okay, uh, sorry again. Uh... I'm trying to be a good neighbor, I just got carried away. Uh, yeah. Uh— Call me if you need anything or if I'm being too loud again, but I won't be this loud anymore, I promise, okay? ...Yeah. A-Alright, uh— Bye. *[Ends the call and the Mikey voice.]* Ugh... Alright. *[Starts walking.]* Back to business.

[Nobody walks into the bathroom and closes the door.]

NOBODY: You have been quiet ever since you saw what happened to Michael, Leg. *[Beat.]* Let's keep it that way. *[Submerges Leg in the water. Speed dials John.]* And let's hope that John didn't wake up and check his messages.

[A ringback tone plays until the call goes to voicemail.]

NOBODY: *[Mikey voice.]* Hi, John. Uh, sorry, something happened in the middle of the previous message, and I had to take care of it. Uh, but I took care of it, and *[Brief sigh.]* I guess I'll— I'll just pick up where I left off... ok— so, uh...

You didn't understand how wrong everything was, and so you went to the hockey match, and so I-I sat at home, and it just— messaged people, uh— just anyone who might know anything, and m-mostly it was just me scaring everyone else like the first person that told me scared me, and so we all just sort of... a-accumulated and j— messaged each other until someone f-finally got confirmation, I don't even remember— Someone talked to Matt's parents or something? And, so, *[Sharp exhale.]* we— we knew for a fact that— i— Matt was dead... *[Brief sigh.]* and— *[Falters.]* ...then I was just— I was alone, in the house, and you weren't gonna be back for *hours*, and I just remember, uh— not being able... to figure what to do, and I just—! I-I don't know, I started... d-drinking, because I couldn't make my head get quiet, and so I was just... I— just spiraling so bad, and it was a terrible idea, but I was— I was weak, and I was so... distraught, and... i— I just didn't have anyone, I was all alone, a-and— *[Sighs.]* ah— so... *[Takes a breath.]*

Y-Y-You got home, and I had just been stewing in it, a-and, ...I-I— ...I-I-I blamed you for how I felt. Not for Matt dying, but for— for leaving me alone and not picking up the— the goddamn hint that you were supposed to come home. And so that's why we fought. I— That's why we had the worst fight that we ever had in our whole relationship. I— I just— *[Huffs.]* I-I thought that— I thought that one of us was gonna hit the other, a— I just— Oh, I was— I-I couldn't make you *understand!* And you didn't understand, and you were just like "why are you so mad at me?" and I ju—! I just— I needed to not be alone, and you didn't understand that. And, i— I don't—... What is— What good is, uh— b-being— now— I— Ah... *[Takes a breath.]*

And m-my brain just kept pulling out all of these different reasons that I could be mad at you. Like stuff that I wasn't even mad about when it happened, but now that there was a reason to be mad, I was so mad, and it all just kept building up, and nothing I would say would make you understand, because I was, ah— incoherent. *[Sighs.]* ...Y-You could— You could tell that I was sad, obviously, and you were sad, too, 'cause Matt died. But— I— I— I knew that you were never

going to *understand*. I– [*Sighs.*] I– Does that–? I don't even know if that even makes any sense, it's– Y-You were never going to understand me, or this situation never would've happened.

Ah, so–... i– I–... W-We kept going after that, and [*Brief sigh.*] I don't know. Fights happen, and a– this didn't... end our relationship, we just– we're– we're different. So maybe... maybe I realized that we're different? And I-I've spent the last two years trying to put this behind me... by– by not thinking about it, and all that that's accomplished is I can't remember good things about my life. Like, I can't remember what jersey you had that you [*Brief chuckle.*] liked so much. Th– I-I can't remember the stuff around it, because I won't think about it, because it reminds of this and about Matt dying. But all that's– all that's happened is I can't remember the good stuff, and I still remember all of this. And so that hasn't worked, and I think... that the– the reason... is... [*Sighs.*] that... [*Drops the Mikey voice.*] I. Don't. Forgive you. John. [*Takes a breath, then hangs up.*]

[*We hear a splash as Leg is brought out of the water.*]

LEG: That sounded very difficult for you, Nobody. [*Nobody sighs.*] Do you think that you're doing the right thing? Nobody, [*Nobody exhales.*] can you hear me? It isn't too late to change your mind, Nobody. You have the Stinky Device. [*Nobody takes a breath.*] You can fix all of this with the press of a button. You don't have to do all of this. Listen. Real talk, dude. I'm just a cybernetic leg built by the TryLeg Corporation. [*Nobody exhales.*] But I do have patented empathy technology. It sounds like what is going to happen next will be terrible. You don't have to do it. Don't forget that you can always change your mind.

[*Nobody sighs, then starts pressing Calculator buttons.*]

NOBODY [*raspy*]: Well, you're right about one thing, Leg. We aren't gonna be usin' the Stinky Device.

LEG: I'm sure that Michael can help you. [*Nobody pauses.*] He had kind eyes. I think that all of the Mikes care about you. But you have to let them into your heart. Just like I am in your heart via your femoral artery.

NOBODY: Oh, [*Resumes pressing buttons.*] Michael can help me. I moved him somewhere more inconspicuous until I can use him. I'm going to need that left arm of his for the second challenge.

[*Comfort Me plays.*]

*I'm older now
Than you will ever be
I keep expecting
What came for you to come for me
I never eyed*

*Longevity
But I keep expecting
Inevitability to
Comfort me*

*To comfort me
To come for me*

*A gunny sack
Filled with gasoline
I don't think I should close my eyes
I don't think I should close my eyes
I don't think
I don't
It's the other side
A necessity
I keep expecting something new to rise and
Comfort me*

*To comfort me
To come for me*

*It's a warning sign
For depravity
My chest is tight
And now the time has come
I need you to
Comfort me*

*To comfort me
To come for me*

[Closing theme plays.]

BLOOPER (NOBODY): *[Mikey voice.]* –that... *[Nobody voice.]* I. Don't. Forgive you. John.
[Takes a breath.]

[Splash sound effect.]

BLOOPER (DYLAN): *[Chortles.]* That was the wrong sound effect. That was supposed to be the hanging up sound effect. *[Laughs.]* "I don't forgive you, John. Splishy splash."

[END Episode 201.]