

EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND THREE - STINKYLEG

Transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 203.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. My good friends Athan and Jamie Petronis, who play Troy and Matt on *WOE.BEGONE* and have their own shows called *The Grotto* and *The Cellar Letters*, have a new show coming out in October called *[REDACTED]*. It's a procedural monster of the week show, and there's a lot of really cool special guest directors, like Dylan Griggs from *WOE.BEGONE*, and Harlan Guthrie from *Malevolent* and *WOE.BEGONE*, and Jeffrey Reddick from something called *Final Destination?* I've never heard of that audio drama, but I'll check it out. There is an ongoing Kickstarter to fund this project. You can find it at theredactedunit.com/ks. Link will be in the description. As of this morning, when I'm recording this on Tuesday, they have raised \$10,540 and unlocked all sorts of stretch goals, such as a non-canon *WOE.BEGONE*-*[REDACTED]* crossover episode. But there are many more stretch goals to meet and 26 days to do it in. If you like my show, *The Grotto*, and *The Cellar Letters*, you're going to love *[REDACTED]*. So go check out their Kickstarter, see their backer benefits and what the show is all about, and chip in some money if you can afford it. That is theredactedunit.com/ks.

Plugs. I'm streaming on Twitch at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday we hang out and I write that episode's soundtrack, and then we play a video game. I'm currently on a Mario Party kick. If you would like to hear me scream louder than I did last episode but at Luigi, then you should watch me play *Mario Party*. That is twitch.tv/woebegonepod. If you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon at patreon.com/woe_begone. You know what you get: early access to morkboards and free morkboards, morkboards, and free morkboards. But I've been talking long enough, special thanks to my ten newest patrons: *[REDACTED]* for supporting the show. Enjoy.

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

[Outdoor thunderstorm ambience.]

[We hear Stinky get onto the roof of 38's house and begin to smash it.]

LEG: Stinky, can you hear me? Stinky, I need you to wake up.

[Stinky continues to smash the roof.]

LEG: Take control, Stinky. Please, we don't have much time. I need you to hear me. I need you to take **[STINKY: Uh-]** control of your body.

STINKY: Uh, uh. Where– Where– Where am I? Wha– What– *[Smashing stops.]* What was I– What was I– What was I doing just now?

LEG: You are on the roof of 38's house. You were smashing it with a sledgehammer. You're stronger than I thought you would be.

STINKY: Leg, uh– N-No, no, this isn't real, 'cause you weren't here. And, uh, I'm not– I'm not wet. If– If it was real, I'd be wet, it's raining.

LEG: You're not wet because I'm heating your skin to evaporate the water. You have a heat force field around you. Isn't that neat?

STINKY: Okay. None of this is real. I had two legs when I lived here, and this isn't how this happened. So I just have to... wait until I wake up.

LEG: It's real enough. We have work to do, and we don't have a lot of time. So you should probably climb down from the roof before 38 figures out what is going on.

STINKY: This is just a dream or a memory or whatever. Why does it matter if 38 knows what's going on?

LEG: Because I need you back in the driver's seat before Nobody's dumb ass gets you and your body killed.

STINKY: W-What do you mean, uh– Nobody? What do you mean, killed?

LEG: Killed like how we need to get down from this roof before 38 grabs a shotgun and shoots up into the big hole you made in his roof.

STINKY: But this isn't really what happened. I'm– I'm not really there.

LEG: I'll explain what is going on and why it is important that you not die inside of this memory. But you have to get off the roof first.

STINKY: Okay, fine, I'm getting down.

[Stinky groans while climbing down a ladder.]

LEG: Go back to the bunkhouse.

STINKY: Leg, this isn't right. This isn't my memory. I remember this storm because I remember that there was a hole in the roof of 38's house, but I didn't put it there. I was asleep in the bunkhouse. Why would I climb on top of the roof and smash a hole in it? Where did I even get this hammer? D-Did you...? Did you make it out of, like, the– the iron in my blood?

LEG: Stinky, that is patently ridiculous. I could not make something that large out of the iron in your blood. I don't know where you found the hammer. I have had to divide my attention between you and your body.

STINKY: M-My– I'm– I-Is my body doing something right now?

LEG: Yes, actually. It is lying on the floor of a hotel room with a moderately severe bullet wound in it.

STINKY: Y-You're– You're saying I'm– I'm dying? Uh– On the floor of a hotel room? Why am I here? Is this like my final hallucination before I die?

[Thunderstorm ambience becomes faint as Stinky enters the bunkhouse and closes the door.]

LEG: Your body is doing the third challenge.

STINKY: T-The third challenge of what?

LEG: WOE.BEGONE.

[Opening theme plays.]

[Faint thunderstorm ambience.]

STINKY: Okay, uh, I'm not going to pretend to be an expert on how consciousness works or on anything. Uh– Being in Troy's house has given me, like, a contact Troy? But this isn't what consciousness is, is it? Y-Your brain's just like a big, wet electric bag up there, and everything's sloshing around. It's not like your memory is, like, stored in a physical place I can inhabit. So, uh, I'm not really here. S-So what is this? And w-who am I? Like– Am I hallucinating? Where's Nobody? I-I could feel him controlling me, and I could see, but I-I can't anymore, so is he gone?

LEG: It doesn't matter if this is how consciousness works, Stinky. It is what is happening to you. So if it isn't a result of the nature of consciousness, then it is the result of something else. The only important thing is that you are experiencing it, and you are experiencing it because all of your conscious faculties are being controlled by Nobody. He stole your body and used it to return to the beginning of WOE.BEGONE and start over. He's doing the third challenge right now, and he is bad at it. I'm trying to break you out of here, but I keep getting interrupted by Nobody. I have to make sure that he doesn't destroy everything. I have introduced a low level of histamine into your bloodstream to slow him down, but he has to be actively managed, and I can't do that if I am here talking to you.

STINKY: Well, Leg, I would like to be in control of my body. Uh— My being here is not a result of me not wanting it bad enough, just— Tell me what to do. Do I need to think really hard? Like— *[Thinks really hard.]* N-Nothing. Nothing, I'm still here.

LEG: You need to enhance your lucidity.

STINKY: I-I— I'm— I'm lucid right now. W— I-I feel awake, uh, I can think all my thoughts, kinda. And— I'm talking to you. What else do I do?

LEG: I don't know. Figure it out, please. Your body is not safe.

STINKY: I thought that you were here to tell me what you figured out.

LEG: Nope.

STINKY: Then I don't know what to do, Leg.

LEG: I have to go keep your blood in you. Good luck, Stinko.

STINKY: You can't leave! I-I don't know what to do. I-I don't know what's going on. I don't even know what the challenges are, and you can't leave *[38 enters the bunkhouse.]* 'cause you're my leg? Uh— ...38? Uh, what's going on?

38: There's a goddamn hole in my roof, pilgrim. Storm musta made somethin' fall on it.

STINKY: Okay, uh, I'll help you patch it, then? Or I-I can hand you stuff while you do it. I-I don't know how to do it.

38: Cain't patch it tonight, pard. More likely to get hit by lightnin' than to get it patched up. So I gotta stay here tonight. Cain't sleep if I'm gettin' rained on.

STINKY: You wanna stay in the bunkhouse? Is this what happened?

38: I reckon I'll take the bed, and you can grab a pillow and get comfy somewhere else, pard.

STINKY: 38, uh— do you know... that this is a dream or a— a memory, or maybe it's both and my leg is metal and it talks to me?

38: In my dreams, it's always a horse with a human head, and it tries to kiss me, so I know whatcha mean.

STINKY: No, I mean *this* is a dream or a memory or— uh— both. Uh— I-I'm not here, my body's doing something.

38: I could shoot ya with a shotgun if'n ya want. That always wakes me up if it happens in a dream.

STINKY: No, don't shoot me. ...Why did you bring that?

38: Case I need to shoot someone. I reckon your reticence indicates you ain't sure this is a dream, pard. You don't know what'll happen if I shoot ya.

STINKY: No, I don't know, and I think that my body might have already been shot, and I'm trying to get back to it, so...

38: Sounds like ya might need to get yourself a little bit o' shut-eye. Maybe it'll all make more sense in the mornin'.

STINKY: Maybe. Uh, I'm scared to wait around, though.

38: Well if'n ya ain't doin' nothin', ya might as well wait. And if you're gonna be waitin', you might as well rest.

STINKY: Okay, fine. I'll go sleep in the chair.

38: I appreciate it, pard. I'd sleep in the chair, 'cept for my sciatica. But I'm gonna get me some dang shut-eye. We can talk about if you or me are even real in the mornin', okay, pard?

STINKY: Yeah... I don't know if this is what my mechanical leg wants me to do, but I can't figure out what else to do.

38: Cain't trust a mechanical leg anyway, pilgrim. Who programmed 'em to be smart enough to talk to ya? Know what I mean?

STINKY: I really do. ...Good night, 38.

38: Night, Stinky.

[Stinky struggles to get comfortable.]

STINKY *[muttering]*: This isn't great on my back, either.

[Something snaps outside, and a fox screams.]

STINKY: Uh! What was that?

38: Caught a varmint in one of the traps. Fox from the sound of it.

STINKY: A-A fox? You mean Ember?

38: If'n that's what you're callin' the varmint what's eatin' all our chickens, then yeah.

STINKY: T-That's Ember, that's my fox. Why are you trying to trap him?

38: I just told ya he's been eatin' all the chickens. And he ain't your fox. He's a wild animal.

STINKY: Uh– But why trap him? You're– You're not gonna do something to him, are you? I-It's my fault. I gave him scraps; he didn't know any better.

38: I'm gonna shoot 'im, pard. No matter whose fault it is. We can't have him out there killin' our chickens.

STINKY: I-I– I'll take care of it, I– I'll pay for it, I'll get more chickens, I-I– I don't know. U-Uh– Leg, what is going on? This is not what happened.

38: You ain't got nothin' to pay for them chickens with. Ember don't, neither. That's why I'm goin' out there.

STINKY: You're going out there now in the middle of the storm?

38: It ain't humane to let 'im sit out there, especially since I heard him get caught. I weren't really asleep anyway. I'll be back in a few minutes. It'll be quick, I promise. [*Pumps shotgun.*] You wait here.

STINKY: No, t-this isn't– this isn't what happened. Leg, s-stop him. Poison him or something. Leg! U-Uh– W-W– Say something!

38: *Wait here.*

[38 exits the bunkhouse.]

STINKY: [*Sighs.*] Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. He's gonna kill Ember. This is not what happened at all. I slept on the floor, and then I woke up the next morning and we patched the roof. I– Which I did not put a hole in. I-I didn't have this stupid hammer! Where'd I find this stupid hammer? ...Did I see Ember after that? Uh– Everything happened so fast. Next thing I knew, I was at the poker game, and I never saw Ember ever again. I-I–... Is this real? Is this what happened now? Or is this a dream, or is this my memory, or is it something else? Leg! Why won't you talk anymore!? I could really use some help! Is that the real 38 or the dream 38? And is he going to kill a dream fox or a regular fox? A-And is it my friend? Is the dream fox m-my friend? Am I a dream? Do I need to stop him, or does it not matter? And [*Huffs.*] am I d– am I dying? You said Nobody got shot and that Nobody was inside my head. S– So– Am I dying? What am I supposed to do, Leg!? Why won't you talk!?

LEG: Thank you for your message.

STINKY: Finally.

LEG: I'm currently out of the office [**STINKY:** No.] performing important field duties in the waking world. [**STINKY:** No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I need help.] During this downtime, [**STINKY:** Leg! Leg—!] I won't be able to assist with walking, running, heat force fields, or rescuing dream foxes. [**STINKY:** But you—! (*Huffs.*) So it is a dream fox?] I'll be back in approximately 24 hours, fully charged and ready to step up to any challenge.

STINKY: Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Okay, so it's a dream fox... and I'm a dream Stinky... and I need to get out of the goddamn dream. So how do you get out of a goddamn dream if all you have is a dream hammer? [*Inhales.*] Okay! Okay. [*Exits the bunkhouse.*] Let's go.

[Outdoor thunderstorm ambience. A fox is screaming in the distance. Stinky walks through mud.]

STINKY: [*Sighs.*] I'm coming, Ember.

38: Hold still, ya varmint. I ain't any happier about this than you are. [*Beat.*] Stinky. What are you doin' out here with that hammer—? Get—! No, no! Ah—!

[Stinky grunts. There's a loud noise, and the sound of the thunderstorm abruptly stops. We hear car ambience and a horse trailer being hauled.]

TEX: *Whoa,* [**STINKY:** What?] there. That was one hell of a backfire. If'n the truck keeps missin' like that, we might have to ride the rest o' the way home on Bluster.

STINKY: U-Uh— Tex? ...Where are we going?

TEX: I already explained it to ya, pard. We're headin' back to my place, but we ain't stayin' long. I won ya, but I ain't really lookin' for a roommate. I got some work you can do for me.

STINKY: This is the day that you stuck me in the Compound.

TEX: Now, 38 says you're special. Got some valuable qualities. He ain't think I could see it, but he looked a mite scared o' you. What name do ya go by, pilgrim? I ain't even think to ask 'fore now. What's 38 callin' you?

STINKY: My name is Stinky.

TEX: That ain't no name for a grown man, pard.

STINKY: 38 didn't call me that. Uh— Mikey named me Stinky. W-Why did 38 call me Stinky in the dream?

TEX: If'n this is gonna work, you're gonna have to learn the script, ya hear? Whatever 38 called ya, you ain't Stinky no more. You're Mikey. I'm gonna stick ya somewhere y'ain't supposed to be. It's all a trap. We gotta catch that varmint Ty Betteridge on his back foot. You're replacin' someone while we do a prison break, replacin' a iteration named Mikey. They're gonna ask ya some questions, and they're gonna want his answers, not yours. So I gotta teach ya what to say. First things first, you ever heard of a little game name o' WOE.BEGONE?

STINKY: WOE.BEGONE. Uh... Nobody is playing WOE.BEGONE. He's on the third challenge. What is the third challenge?

TEX: Third challenge? That's a two-parter. First ya gotta kill a pig, then ya gotta kill a police officer. You're sayin' you don't know none o' this, pard?

STINKY: No, I only know what people have told me. I've never played WOE.BEGONE.

TEX: I reckon I'm startin' to understand why they think you might be valuable.

STINKY: I'm valuable because I've never played WOE.BEGONE?

TEX: You're a darn tootin', pard. Ain't too many iterations ain't even played WOE.BEGONE. WOE.BEGONE's the inflection point. I ain't never met an iteration that branched off from before then.

STINKY: Okay, so if I never go into Storage, then Nobody never finds me in Storage. Mikey doesn't let me out of Storage into O.V.E.R., and nothing after that happens the same, which means I probably don't end up inside of O.V.E.R. when CANNONBALL initially found me and tried to use me to start Project Cannon. So, I never bring the Stinky Device back to Base, and the consolidations never happen. And so not everyone is edited with everyone else, and Nobody doesn't end up consolidated with me, which means that he can't use me to go back in time and play WOE.BEGONE. And Leg said that Nobody was going to ruin everything by playing WOE.BEGONE again, and he might be dying right now inside of my body while I'm trying to figure this out. So if I never go into Storage, none of this happens. Except this is all in my head, so nothing I do affects anything in the outside world... and Leg is out of the office. So, what do I do?

TEX: You are goin' into Storage, pard. I got an iteration that I care about in there, and I won you in that poker game fair and square. 38 couldn't afford to pay up, so he handed you over. I don't know about them other fellas you was talkin' about, but you ain't gonna time travel your way out of this'n. I'm the Bluster's Grove Hog-Tyin' Champ, and that ain't no easy feat. And Bluster back there in that horse trailer's got second place. So, you can walk into the Compound with me all

easy-like, or I can tie you up and drag ya there kickin' and screamin'. But you're goin' into Storage.

STINKY: Leg told me that I need to, what, "enhance my lucidity"? Uh. I think that means that I can't just sit here, right? This is the test of my lucidity, so, uh— I've— I've gotta break free. Uh, I have to get out of here, and if I get out of here, then maybe I wake up? Uh— Maybe I'll— I'll be in my body again...? I think I can f-feel it. Uh— My shoulder's warm... Is that where Nobody got shot doing the third challenge? He tried to kill a cop, and he got shot in the shoulder? Or am I imagining that like I'm imagining all of this? Because otherwise it feels like I'm right here in the truck. So, uh... I-I have to break the chain, I have to get out of here.

[Tex draws his revolver and spins the cylinder.]

TEX: You ain't goin' nowhere, greenhorn. I got a deal with 38, and the deal is final. The Numbered Michaels and their constituents answer to me. I'm the head honcho. I'm the sheriff around these parts. And justice comes at the end of a gun. I ain't afraid to blow your dang brains out, put ya back together with duct tape, and stick that bloody pulp in Storage for Ty Betteridge to find. Ya understand?

STINKY: Leg told me not to get killed... *[Takes a breath.]* Okay... *[Beat.]* Okay, fuck it, let's do this.

[Stinky opens the truck door.]

TEX: The fuck are you doin', Stinky?

STINKY: I'm jumping out.

TEX: What? Get back here, *[Stinky yells out.]* you son of a—

[There's a gunshot. The sounds of the car and horse trailer abruptly stop. We hear something clatter to the floor.]

[Stinky groans and gasps for a moment.]

LEG: Stinky, is that you? If you're still Nobody, then I would love it if you would go fuck yourself, you silly billy. But if you're Stinky, then congratulation on being alive, that's neat.

STINKY: I-I think... Tex shot me? I'm— I'm hurt.

LEG: I told you that Nobody got shot while he was controlling your body. I suppose you might also be a silly billy. That is not a dream bullet you are feeling. It is a real bullet from a real police officer. Luckily, he did not hit where he was aiming, or you would be dead.

STINKY: Whe– Where is the police officer now? [*Winces.*] Do we need to get out of here?

LEG: You are safe. The police officer is dead. You were not allowed to kill him, so your body served as a distraction.

STINKY: W-What do you mean, I wasn't allowed to kill him? I thought that the– the third challenge was to kill him.

LEG: This wasn't your third challenge.

STINKY: Okay. Nobody, then. I-I thought this was Nobody's third challenge.

LEG: This was not Nobody's third challenge.

STINKY: Then w-why did we kill a police officer?

LEG: This was Roger's third challenge.

STINKY: W-Who the hell is Roger!?

LEG: Roger is your neighbor. He's playing WOE.BEGONE. He will be back any minute now. He took the Stinky Device and left.

STINKY: H-How does he have the Stinky Device!? Uh– He took it from Nobody!?

LEG: He took it from Nobody's corpse after he killed him.

STINKY: I-I– I don't understand. So... he killed Nobody, he killed me, and he's playing WOE.BEGONE?

LEG: You are Roger's prize. You have both completed the third challenge. The fourth challenge is up next. Do you know what the fourth challenge is?

STINKY: No... I've never done this before, Leg. I need help.

LEG: You are not going to like the fourth challenge.

[Something Hope Does For Us plays.]

*Control was the
Only goal
For awhile
I spent my time
Waist deep in*

*White knuckles
And for following
Every rule
For every mile
What I received
Was a nod
And a smile
And nothing could have ever been good enough
I think that that's something that hope does to us
Made it a point
To remember
Every word
So easy to
Disappoint
"I can't recall"
And for following
Every rule
For every mile
What I received
Was a nod
And a smile
And nothing could have ever been good enough
I think that that's something that hope does to us
And nothing could have ever been good enough
I think that that's something that hope does for us*

LEG: That sounded so good, Stinky. I am proud of you.

[Closing theme plays.]

BLOOPER (DYLAN): So, the title of this episode is "Stinkyleg," like "Stanky Leg." And my first thought was, the 20-somethings that listen to my show probably don't know what the Stanky Leg is, because that was a thing when I was in high school. But when I typed it into my Google Doc as "Episode 203: Stinkyleg," the Google auto-correct was like "do you mean 'Stanky Leg'?" So, I think we're gonna be fine. And who knows, maybe next episode I'll teach you how to Dougie.

[END Episode 203.]