

EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND FOUR - TYTROYSSA, CHARNCE, DAWGMAN, + FEDGAR

Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 204.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. Welcome to the Season 17 finale. I hope you have enjoyed the ride. It feels like it's been a very fast ride. But I've had so much fun working with this premise, and all of us worked very hard on this season finale, so be sure to go support all of the wonderful voice actors that made this episode possible. I will be shouting out their projects in the credits.

Speaking of those projects, the [REDACTED] Kickstarter is still going strong at theredactedunit.com/ks. *The Redacted Unit* is a procedural horror monster of the week show created by Jamie Petronis and Athan, aka. Matt and Troy or the creators of *The Cellar Letter* and *The Grotto*. There is still about three weeks left in the Kickstarter. They've met their funding, and they're going towards a whole bunch of really cool stretch goals including great guest directors including the great Jonathan Sims. So check that out, contribute to it, that's theredactedunit.com/ks.

Other plugs: [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod). I've been writing episode soundtracks and playing *Mario Party* if you want to see me scream at Luigi. I will have my revenge on you. That is [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 could get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, corkboards, and morkboards. Most importantly, for this episode, all of the extra bonus stuff from this episode will be on the Patreon. That includes the corkboard (you're going to want to see it this time), the two songs from this episode, the instrumental, as well as two behind-the-scenes videos, one detailing putting together the script and the corkboard, and the other detailing this thing that I'm doing right now that I am literally filming for the behind-the-scenes. So check that, that's [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 depictions of violence and mentions of drug use. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Light office ambience.]

HELEN: Mike? [Confused.] Mike Rogers?

ROGER: That's me!

HELEN: I'm ready for your interview.

ROGER: Great, and you are?

HELEN: Helen Hartley, head of patrol here at O.V.E.R. It's nice to make your acquaintance.

ROGER: It's nice to meet you too, Helen.

[Office door opens and closes.]

HELEN: You know, that's so funny. Mike Rogers. There was a guy in here a few months ago named Mike Walters. Weird coincidence.

ROGER: Huh. Yeah, I can't say I know the guy.

HELEN: So. How did you hear about Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources?

ROGER: I saw a help-wanted ad in the paper.

HELEN: Oh. I didn't know they were still running those.

[We hear a polite knock at the door before it opens.]

TY: Knock knock. Ah— Do you mind if I sit in on this one? I've got an hour before my next appointment.

HELEN: Yeah, no problem. Mike, this is Ty Betteridge. Ty, this is Mike Rogers.

TY: Oof. No relation to Mike Walters, I hope. *[Chuckles.]* I suppose that isn't how names work.

HELEN: I was just telling him about Walters, actually.

TY: Ugh, and what a handful that guy was. And hopefully won't be ever again, at least here and now. So, Mike. Mike, hmm-hmm, what brings you to O.V.E.R.?

ROGER: I saw a help-wanted ad in the paper?

TY: The Oldbrush Valley paper? Hehe.

HELEN: Mr. Rogers... *[Catches self. Brief laugh.]* I guess we can't call you that. *[Chuckles.]* Mike... what makes you think you're cut out for patrol work at Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources?

ROGER: Well, I don't have anything else to do or anywhere to be. I don't mind being alone, but I also don't mind confronting someone who isn't doing what they're supposed to. I'm a stickler for the rules. I don't have any formal firearms training, but my father used to take me hunting in the

fall. And... I'm really good at doing what I'm told... unless no one is around to tell me what to do, in which case I'm really good at figuring out what I'm supposed to be doing.

HELEN: Good answer. I'm impressed.

TY: Oh, yes. Quite comprehensive. It seems like you have a great understanding of what your duties around here would be.

ROGER: And I'd be able to start today.

HELEN: That's great news! We are perpetually short-staffed around here, so it would be amazing if we could fill that spot in quickly. We wouldn't be able to onboard you until Monday, though.

TY: Do you know how to drive a golf cart, Mike?

ROGER: I don't, but how hard could it be?

HELEN: You wanna go see for yourself?

ROGER: Right now?

HELEN: Sure, why not? You've got an hour, right, Ty?

TY: I do have an hour, yes. Well, 57 minutes now.

HELEN: Then let's show Mike here around O.V.E.R. It'll be fun!

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the sound of the patrol cart pattering as they drive around.]

HELEN: To our left is the cafeteria. There are other dining options in the valley, but the cafeteria stays popular because everything is so spread out here. The closest restaurant is a few minutes drive away.

TY: *[Chuckles.]* And if you don't like diner food, the nearest good restaurant is even further.

HELEN: Ty, I will not let you besmirch the good name of the diner like that!

TY: Ugh! It's fine if you like "hamburgers" and "biscuits" and "gravy."

HELEN: And if you turn right here, you can see the residences.

ROGER: Cool. Does everyone live on-site?

TY: Uh, mostly everyone. It technically isn't required after a certain amount of time, but you have to apply to move off-site, and, uh, most people are content with their cabins anyway. Lodging is provided by O.V.E.R. free of charge.

ROGER: Can't beat that.

HELEN: Speaking of the cabins, that one right there would be your cabin if you got the job. That's where the last guy lived.

ROGER: Oh, yeah? What, uh, what happened to the guy I'm replacing?

HELEN *[mood shift]:* ...Do we tell him?

TY: I don't see why not. If he's going to work out here, then he's going to learn how O.V.E.R. is.

ROGER: How O.V.E.R. is? What happened?

HELEN: *[Sighs.]* Look, I'm sure you know this already, but O.V.E.R. is a top secret government organization. They don't mess around with security. We aren't even the serious security force out here. There is a completely separate security force inside an even more secret area that is embedded inside of this one.

TY: We call them Tier One and Tier Two.

HELEN: And Tier Three... maybe. The point is that O.V.E.R. is seriously secure. No funny business ever, under penalty of death.

ROGER: That's fine with me. Like I said, I like taking orders, and I hate other people's business.

HELEN: Already an improvement over the last guy.

TY: Yep. His name was Roger. Funny that.

ROGER: What happened to Roger?

TY: Roger was a friend of ours. Well, more a friend of Helen's than of mine, but we were acquaintances. There were some... happenings here in the valley that were rather hair-raising...

HELEN and TY *[simultaneously]:* Walters.

TY: And after Walters left his black mark here, so to speak, Roger sort of... cracked.

HELEN: He couldn't handle it.

TY: He started going off on his own more and more often, not reporting back to us, not reporting to O.V.E.R., going places where he wasn't permitted to go.

HELEN: It's a bad idea to go where you aren't supposed to.

TY: And Roger was full of bad ideas by the end.

ROGER: The end? Did he— Did he die?

HELEN: No, he didn't die...

TY: I wouldn't rule it out exactly, Helen. It's my fault, in a way. Do you see those little red flags in front of some of the cabins?

ROGER: Yeah.

TY: Those flags mean that you'd better have a damn good reason and permission for entering those cabins. Getting caught inside of one without proper credentials ensures you will be fired. Being in there with disruptive intent can mean something much worse...

ROGER: I think I know where this story's going.

TY: I had business inside a red flag cabin. All I needed to do was deliver some files. I opened the door and heard rustling under the desk. Uh— O.V.E.R. recently issued these buttons that they warned to only press during a state of emergency, and—

HELEN: And Ty snitched on Roger, after everything we went through together with Walters. The gall.

TY: I did not "snitch" on Roger, Helen. I didn't know that it was Roger. I heard someone under the desk, I knew that only I had permission to be in there at that moment, and I pushed the button! I never even saw Roger! He disappeared after I pushed the button. The only reason we know it was him is because, well, he didn't show up to work after that.

HELEN: He didn't show up *anywhere* after that, Ty. He didn't answer his phone. I called his ex-wife, and she hadn't seen him, either. Her and her little boy still haven't heard from him. So, yeah. Obeying the rules is serious business around here.

ROGER: He... disappeared? Right in front of you? They can— They can do that!?! It wasn't like a trap door or something?

TY: O.V.E.R. is an extremely powerful organization. I don't think it would be proper to explain more than that, since you technically don't even work here yet, but if you start doing patrols, then you'll quickly discover what sort of things happen out here. ...Watch out for the bears.

HELEN: Look, we aren't trying to scare you. But these are all things you need to know if you're going to work here. It's not all sightseeing in the mountains.

TY: I don't know if O.V.E.R. would be happy that we told you about Roger, but they will be happy that we didn't hire another unprepared fool to get in over their head again.

ROGER: Is that what Roger was? A fool?

HELEN: No, not usually... Don't get me wrong, he was a close friend of mine. But going in the red flag cabin was foolish. Especially because he didn't tell me and Ty. We could have protected him.

ROGER: I see. And I can start on Monday, you said.

TY: You're still interested in the position?

ROGER: Absolutely.

[Opening theme plays.]

ROGER: Rise and shine, Mike! We have work to do.

STINKY *[groggily]*: What do you mean? There's no work to do. We're supposed to be "laying low for a while." Which is what I was doing.

ROGER: Check your phone. Time's up on laying low. We did it.

STINKY: *[Groans.]* Congratulations to me, I guess.

ROGER: Yup. And now they want me to meet up and discuss the next challenge. My text says it's mandatory.

STINKY: Yup, uh, mine is saying that, too. Are they telling you to meet up at the cafe? I think that's what that address is.

ROGER: The cafe? Mm, no, I don't think so. They must be splitting us up.

STINKY: Yeah, they know that we're together, right?

ROGER: They have to. We did our third challenges together. They had to have seen that.

STINKY: Right, but it's not like we're teammates. We're competing against each other on the leaderboard.

ROGER: Right. We're only a team until the last two standing, then it's you versus me, Mikey boy. And I'm the one with the time travel gun now. So it's lookin' pretty dang good for ol' Roger here. Guess where I've been all morning?

STINKY: I thought you were in the shower. Did I not hear the water running? What did I hear? I give up, where were you?

ROGER: In 1980. At O.V.E.R. The year my father went missing.

STINKY: Oh. Did you... find him?

ROGER: No. *[Sighs.]* He was already gone. I don't... I don't just wanna find him, I wanna— I wanna figure out what happened to him so that I can stop it from happening at all.

STINKY: So what happened to him?

ROGER: Ty Betteridge happened to him.

STINKY: Ty... Betteridge happened to him?

ROGER: Ever heard of him?

STINKY *[slightly panicked]:* Uh. No.

ROGER: Because I have. Here, take a look at this.

[We hear Roger unfold a brochure.]

ROGER: This is the recruitment brochure that I received in the mail when I was applying to O.V.E.R. It's mostly picturesque photos of mountains and blurbs about how cool it is to work there, but right smack dab in the middle of it there's this.

STINKY: This is a picture of two people?

ROGER: The one on the left is Ty Betteridge. This photo is from this year, 2020. Ty was working at O.V.E.R. in 1980, and he's working there today. *And* he looks a little older, but not 40 years older. Not by a longshot! He time traveled here. From 1980.

STINKY: I would say just from looking at him that he looks like he was born on November 19, 1981. But what does this have to do with your father?

ROGER: Ty knows what happened to him. He basically said as much when he was interviewing me in 1980. He said he knew what happened to the guy who lived in my dad's cabin. I'm gonna find him and make him take me to my father.

STINKY: Make him? You think that he'll take you where you wanna go?

ROGER: Well, I've got this time travel gun. I can point it at him, and he can either tell me what I wanna know or he can go wherever I want him to go!

STINKY: Do you know how to use that thing properly?

ROGER: I'm learning. I made it to 1980 and back in one piece, didn't I? The interface is the confusing part, though. I had to make a profile in a profile slot for myself, but there were just too many profiles, so I had to drag old profiles over to the side, but then those profiles combined when I dragged them over each other, and there were just still too many profiles. So I dragged some of them into the trash. Not all of them. Once I understand the software better, I want to figure out what is on those other profiles. So I didn't delete them all just yet. Still, it was a headache to get it to move anything at all, much less tell me where to go, but I got there in the end. And getting back was as simple as doing it in reverse. So you better do everything I say, too, Mikey. I'm gettin' pretty good at sending people back to 1980.

STINKY: It sounds like you're becoming the master, Roger. Does that mean you're gonna skip the whole WOE.BEGONE thing?

ROGER: Heck no. The gamerunners have tabs on me that I don't want them to pull. Best to stay in their good graces for now, like a good little puppet, until I can figure out how to wriggle free. So, we are gonna go meet with them before we head off on our roadtrip.

STINKY: Our... roadtrip? Where are we going?

ROGER: To Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources, of course.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear cozy cafe ambience of a coffee machine and dishes.]

STINKY: Hey, uh, excuse me. S-Stupid question, are you, uh— CANDLEBALL? I'm looking for a guy named CANDLEBALL. Uh, I don't know what he looks like, but he's running this game I'm playing called W—

CANNONBALL *[alarmed]*: Mike. We're over here!

STINKY [*in the background*]: Oh, nevermind, I think that's the guy that made me kill a police officer, uh. Sorry to bother you.

RYAN: A masterful gambit from our strongest player, huh, Toph?

CANNONBALL: He– He's over there telling strangers about WOE.BEGONE!

RYAN: Maybe it's a genius power move.

STINKY: Hi, are you, uh– CANDLE– h– or, CANNONBALL?

CANNONBALL: Have a seat, Mike.

[*We hear a chair scoot.*]

STINKY: Sorry, I–I would've found you faster, except I was looking for one person, and you're... two people? I didn't know there were going to be two people.

RYAN: Where are my manners? My name is allegedly Ryan, and I will be your server this evening. Can I get you started with something? Like maybe an actual mutilation challenge since you fed the first one to the dog when you thought no one was looking?

STINKY: Uh, I'm– I'm sorry, I'm confused.

CANNONBALL: Sorry about him. He gets worked up too easily, and then mixed metaphors start.

STINKY: Hey, u-uh... Ryan, you said. D-Did we... go on a... a-a date once?

RYAN: No, but I can see why you might think that.

STINKY: Okay, uh– well, I'm here. Uh. What do you want to talk about? Because so far this could've been one of your cryptic emails.

CANNONBALL: We're coming up on the end of the game, so we wanted to present the next challenges in person.

STINKY: Wai– It's– It's almost over? How many challenges are left?

CANNONBALL: Usually, there are only four challenges, but you've gained access to a bonus challenge that will give you a *huge* advantage on the leaderboards. We wanted to reward you for playing the game so efficiently.

RYAN: You can cut the bullshit, Toph. Mike knows he hasn't been playing the game properly. This isn't a reward, it's make-up work.

STINKY: Did I do something wrong? Because the way you said that makes the teacher's pet in me want to cry and call my mom to come talk to Teacher. I did everything that you asked. I called Matt, I cut off my arm—

RYAN: Stop, right there. That's the one. You wanna pull up the footage, Toph?

CANNONBALL: Yep. Got it right here. Mike Walters, Challenge Number Two.

[We hear the video of Nobody's Second Challenge play.]

STINKY: Okay, so it's the second challenge. ...That's me doing it. I-I don't see what the problem is?

CANNONBALL: That's not your arm. You can see your real arm under your shirt. Nice try.

RYAN: Not even that nice of a try, honestly. I mean, kudos on finding what appears to be a real human arm that is the perfect size to pass off as your own arm, but other than that it's sloppy work.

STINKY: Why is there an argument about this? Wouldn't you be able to tell whether or not the arm was really mine when you put it back on when you fixed the fourth challenge?

RYAN: We don't correct the challenges from the time of the event itself, it would potentially deanonymize us. You'd remember it. We can't have that.

CANNONBALL: Much better to deanonymize ourselves in a cafe after the third challenge.

RYAN: The plan was never to stay anonymous forever, Toph! Just a couple more eensy-teensy challenges, and our boy is going to graduate! Do you think we'll stay friends when we go off to different colleges?

STINKY: Are you my parents or my high school friends in the— in the metaphor? U-Uh— Nevermind, what is the fourth challenge?

CANNONBALL: We have decided that you aren't ready for the fourth challenge yet.

STINKY: Well, I have done three challenges. So, counting on my fingers, the next one is the fourth one. So, are you not going to give me a challenge to do?

RYAN: You're confusing him, Toph.

CANNONBALL: We– We are going to give you another challenge, but it– it isn't "The Fourth Challenge." It will be the fourth challenge that you do, but it isn't the official WOE.BEGONE fourth challenge.

RYAN: Expertly elucidated. Do you get it now, Mike?

STINKY: I actually think I do? WOE.BEGONE normally has four challenges, but mine's got five 'cause you're mad that I used someone else's arm for the second challenge.

RYAN: Now you're gettin' it, kid.

STINKY: Okay, then what is the fourth challenge?

CANNONBALL: It's not the fourth challenge.

RYAN: We just went over this.

STINKY: Okay, what is my next challenge?

RYAN: Toph, let him hear the next challenge.

[CANNONBALL put out a cellphone.]

STINKY: Oh, it's a– a phone thing?

[ONCE.wav plays.]

STINKY: ...What? Wait, what– what– what was that?

[ONCE.wav plays again.]

STINKY: "Wa– Want soup"? "One– One soup"? ...It's definitely s-something "soup." Am I– Am I supposed to figure out what it wants and give it to them...?

RYAN: Just text it to him, Toph. For god's sake. It is an experience best enjoyed through headphones.

CANNONBALL: Ugh! Fine. Figure out what the clip from the song means, and it will tell you what your next challenge is.

RYAN: And if you cheat at this one, you're going to lose much more than your prize.

STINKY: Okay so, logicking this one out, you gave me this challenge because I didn't actually cut off my arm? So this is gonna be another challenge like that. So why shouldn't I just lop off body parts until I find the right one?

RYAN: You can try that, but you won't be getting any incorrect body parts back.

STINKY: Ooh, I like a gamble. But, uh, I'll... actually try to solve this one, I guess. So, uh, do you have anything else? Like, uh, what is the fourth challenge actually? For when I finish this one.

CANNONBALL: You can't do the fourth challenge until you complete this one. If you did them out of order, neither of them would count.

RYAN: That's the structure of the game. Everything needs structure. Toph here needs a lot of structure. Which is why after this meeting he has naptime.

CANNONBALL: Aw, man, you said I could play with alphabet blocks.

STINKY: CANNONBALL, you need to go on strike until you can get that mat with the, like, the roads on it? That shit's primo.

RYAN: We've been loosey-goosey and letcha have your fun with the challenges, but at the end of the day WOE.BEGONE needs *structure* or it doesn't serve its purpose.

STINKY: Fine. What do I win when I complete the structure of WOE.BEGONE?

CANNONBALL: That depends on your placement. Different positions get different prizes.

RYAN: We'll put you up somewhere nice.

STINKY: "Somewhere" nice. So it's a place.

CANNONBALL *[stage whisper]:* You're telling him too much.

RYAN: Nah. He's excited now. Anyway, you have to go. Good luck with the bonus challenge. Send us the video when you're done.

STINKY: Right. Did you send me the "soup" thing?

CANNONBALL: *[Sighs.]* Hold on.

[We hear a text notification on vibrate.]

STINKY: Yup, got it.

CANNONBALL: Nice seeing ya, Mike.

STINKY: Yeah, it was "good" seeing you, Toph.

CANNONBALL: How did you know my name was Toph?

STINKY: Allegedly Ryan has been calling you that the whole time.

CANNONBALL: Ooh. Right...

STINKY: Well, thanks for the ominous instructions. Bye, guys.

[We hear a chair scoot.]

RYAN *[loudly]*: Bye, Mike! Remember, no corpse parts this time! You gotta use your own.

STINKY *[from afar]*: Yup. Got it, no corpse parts.

CANNONBALL: Ryan! The whole coffee shop heard that.

RYAN: Oh, am I embarrassing you, Toph?

CANNONBALL: *[Huffs.]* Constantly.

RYAN: Sounds like someone needs nap time after all.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the sound of a car running.]

STINKY: *[Sighs.]* The open road... How long did you say this trip was gonna be? Just the driving portion?

ROGER: 34 hours, one way.

STINKY: And how long would it take to get to Vancouver if we didn't stop at O.V.E.R. on the way?

ROGER: 32 hours, but we should have gotten on I-90 back in Kansas City. We're on I-70 now, which means it's gonna take the same amount of time either way. We're basically going to drive right past O.V.E.R. on our way to Vancouver for your fourth challenge.

STINKY: We don't have to drive at all, you know. We could just use the Stinky Device.

[We hear Leg shock Stinky. Stinky tenses up in pain.]

ROGER: What did you call it?

STINKY: "The Device." Why can't we teleport there?

ROGER: Oh, *[Chuckles.]* the time travel gun. I still don't understand how it works very well, thanks to someone who won't tell me how to use the damn thing. Plus, the gamerunners have their eyes on us right now. They met with us today. If we complete the fourth challenge this afternoon, they will wonder how we got there. Or worse, they will know how we got there, and they're smarter with this time travel stuff than we are. They might steal the gun from us.

STINKY: You said that they told you what the fourth challenge was. Did they tell you anything else other than you have to kill your prize?

ROGER: They didn't tell me anything. They led me to an abandoned warehouse. And, like, where do people even find places like that anymore? And, well, they left a package there for me.

STINKY: What was in the package?

ROGER: Yeah, real edgy bullshit. It was a teddy bear with the stuffing ripped out of it. But inside there was a note with instructions: "your prize becomes the target." And yeah.

STINKY: Right, and my target is Matt, obviously. Uh, I told you at some point. And for you...

ROGER: That's my own business. Did you not have the same thing happen? A bear with a note stuffed inside?

STINKY: No, I met with Ryan and CANNONBALL.

ROGER: Who the hell is Ryan?

STINKY: Ryan is CANNONBALL's boss? He's the one who is in charge of WOE.BEGONE. Toph does grunt work. And Toph is CANNONBALL's name. Ryan kept calling him that.

ROGER: I'm confused. Have you met these people before?

STINKY: No. Uh... *[Brief huff.]* Well, I met Ryan on a dating app, but I don't even remember how it went.

ROGER: So, what, you're the favorite because the *[Brief chuckle.]* gamerunner thinks you're hot?

STINKY: No, I am the favorite because I do all of my challenges so fast *and* because I have perfect eyebrows. But... he gave me the same challenge he gave you: kill my WOE.BEGONE prize. So it's not like I'm getting special treatment.

ROGER: No, I guess you aren't. Because it's a catch-22 at this point, right? You're damned if you do and damned if you don't.

STINKY: How do you mean?

ROGER: Your instructions are to kill this Matt guy. So if you kill Matt, then he dies.

STINKY: People die when they are killed.

ROGER: But if you don't kill Matt, then you lose the game, eventually. If you lose the game, then your prize gets taken away. And since Matt was your prize, it means that Matt dies. But if he dies through you not playing the game, it means that he dies back whenever he originally died... Right? I guess? So you're retroactively cutting that many years off his life.

STINKY: Yeah, I guess that's how it works.

ROGER: And that's worse, right? It's one thing to die, but it's another to have retroactively not lived? Or is it the same because perception is permanently over either way... There is no loss to... be experienced, because there's no one left to experience it? But in that case... why make any distinction for the living at all? We're all gonna die anyway, so what's 80 years of perception matter? Why exist?

STINKY: If you're going to have an existential crisis, uh, I've learned that it is best to pull off the road.

ROGER: It would be more humane to kill him, I think. More humane than letting his life get erased. That makes the fourth challenge easier, right?

STINKY: I don't think any circumstance could make it anything approaching easy.

ROGER: Yeah, I don't either... Hey, I need to make a pitstop at this gas station real quick. *[Car sounds fade out.]* Grab a water, maybe some chips. You want anything?

STINKY: You don't have to lie me, I've done this dance before. You're gonna go cry in the bathroom for ten minutes, and that's fine. But I-I'm- I'm good. I'm surprisingly not hungry or thirsty.

ROGER: Alright. Suit yourself. At least get out and stretch though? *[Quiet laugh.]* It's gonna be a long drive. I'll be right back.

[Roger exits the car.]

STINKY: *[Groans.]* Roger, what is your deal? You didn't get a bonus challenge! *[Sighs.]* Okay... How close are we? I wonder if we get Flash's station.

[Stinky turns on the radio.]

FLASH *[via radio]:* There has been a new report [**STINKY:** Oh, hey! They were doing it in 2020, that's awesome.] released by Oldbrush Valley Energy and Resources, a shadowy government organization that is often *[Continuing in the background.]* (rightfully, in my opinion) the focus of a host of conspiracy theories. This new report addresses speculation that many have about the organization and its sprawling facility in the town of Oldbrush Valley, regarding a possible opening into the Hollow Earth. The report states that the Hollow Earth isn't real, there is not an entrance into the Hollow Earth inside of O.V.E.R., and that this non-entrance is not expanding. This comes after watchdog groups witnessed the collapse of a building inside of O.V.E.R. this past weekend, which many have suggested fell into the expanding entrance to the Hollow Earth. O.V.E.R. claims that this was a routine demolition to, quote, "keep the O.V.E.R. campus beautiful and secure," unquote, though they declined to mention what the old building was used for. Personally, I think the Hollow Earth theorists don't have a leg to stand on. Everyone knows that O.V.E.R. has access to a miniature sun at the center of its campus, and it is using that miniature sun to create free energy for the U.S. government so it can manufacture all kinds of superweapons. Thermographic readings of the area make this obvious. We here at 103.3 KOBV, the valley's only talk radio station, will be here to give you updates on this evolving situation.

[Leg starts talking partway through Flash's broadcast.]

LEG: P-S-S-S-T. [**STINKY:** Ah!] Stinky!

STINKY: Leg, you scared me. You pi— You pissed? Is that what you said—? What is going on down there? I thought I felt something wet.

LEG: No, that sensation is simply me regulating your body temperature. Roger is gone, right?

STINKY: Yeah, he's in the gas station.

LEG: I have the Stinky Device. I took it when he wasn't looking.

STINKY: What? How?

LEG: I created a magnetic field out of the metal in your body, and I pulled the Stinky Device out of his pocket. It's stuck to me right now.

STINKY: You've got to be kidding. How long have you had this?

LEG: Not very long. I needed to get you alone.

STINKY: Okay, this is a start, at least. Uh– I've still got to figure out what this sound the gamerunners sent me means? I can't even do the fourth challenge yet. I have to get out of here before Roger kills me. He hasn't even told me yet that I'm his prize.

LEG: Take the Stinky Device and get us out of here. I will worry about the sound that Ryan and CANDLEBALL sent you. Leave it to Mama Leg. I have a devious plan. Muahahahaha.

STINKY: *[Sighs.]* Thank you, Leg.

LEG: Mama Leg.

STINKY: Alright, next stop, *[Presses several buttons.]* 2025... Uh, I hope I have this memorized correctly.

LEG: You did. I know because your thoughts put out miniscule vibrations in the air. I can interpret them. Sometimes!

STINKY: Good to know... Alright, let's hope this works. Transporting in three... two... one...

[Time travel noise.]

[Scene transition.]

[Time travel noise. We hear a doorbell. The door opens.]

[When Charnce speaks, we hear Chance and Charlie's voices.]

CHARNCE: Uh... Hello there. How can I help you?

STINKY: Oh, my god, Chanc– Chris. I–It's me, it's Stinky.

CHARNCE: I don't know what that means. Hey, Edgar? Troy? Edman? Do any of you know "Stinky"?

[When Tytroysa speaks, we hear Ty, Troy, and Marissa's voices.]

TYTROYSSA: Yeah, dude. Of course I do. He's the Doordash guy. See? I ordered Hardee's.

[When Fedgar speaks, we hear Edgar and Felix's voices.]

FEDGAR: There isn't a Hardee's in Oldbrush Valley. Or anywhere in this half of the country, I don't believe.

[When DawgMan speaks, we hear EdMan and MDawg's voices.]

DAWGMAN: Also, that says "Stevie."

CHARNCE: I don't think he's the Doordash guy. So, who are you, Stinky?

STINKY: I'm Stinky! I'm— I'm Mike Walters. I live here. Or I-I used to live here? I-I don't know. I just got here from 2020, and, you know, I was hoping everything would be back to normal so that I could go back to my normal life without killing Matt, uh, but everything's different now. It is 2025, right?

CHARNCE: Last time I checked.

DAWGMAN: I think I understand. I once took a supplement that I thought was ashwagandha, but instead it made me relive 2014 all over again.

FEDGAR: Did you say you need to... kill Matt? He doesn't mean our Matt, does he?

TYTROYSSA: I don't trust this "Stinky." If he doesn't have Hardee's, I think we should kick his ass. **(TY and TROY: Oh!)** Ooh! Or blow him up with the tank. **(MARISSA and TY: Ooh!)** Or we can stick him in the trampoline room and *bounce* him until his brains jostle out! **(TROY: Yeah.)**

CHARNCE: I'm sure he doesn't mean our Matt. How would he even know our Matt?

STINKY: Uh, I... do mean your Matt. Sorry, I'm lost. Uh, I usually don't get overstimulated easily. But— Uh— This isn't Base?

FEDGAR: This is our house, if that's what you mean.

STINKY: When I'm from, this building is an organization called Base. And it's Mike, Edgar, uh, Chance, uh— Chri—... Mike, Edgar... Chris, Ryan, Marissa, Charlie, and I guess Matt? And, uh, Troy now? But he doesn't live here, and then Jam and... E-Eagle once, I think? But I was forced to go back to 2020, and now that I'm back in 2025, it's different.

CHARNCE: You keep saying you went "back to 2020." What do you mean?

STINKY: I mean Nobody took me back to the past to play a shitty game that sucks ass called WOE.BEGONE. I'd rather have a buffalo—

DAWGMAN: I'm telling you, I've been in this exact situation. It only feels like a **(EDMAN: year./MDAWG: year, man!)** Once it wears off, you'll figure out that it's only been, like, 45

minutes. Do you need to come in and sleep it off? You'll probably (**EDMAN:** get/**MDAWG:** be) hungry soon, too. Troy ordered Doordash.

TYTROYSSA: (**MARISSA:** Heh.) Not for everyone! And we aren't letting him in. We have to shoot him with the tank. (**TY:** He's an interloper.)(**MARISSA:** He's an interloper.)(**TROY:** He's an antelope.)

CHARNCE: The tank is still in the backyard? Ugh. I told you to get rid of it!

FEDGAR: Of course it's in the backyard. You didn't see it back there?

TYTROYSSA: It's camouflaged.

STINKY: None of you remember me? You don't remember Mike Walters? WOE.BEGONE?

DAWGMAN: Hmm. I don't think so. I think I would remember a Stinky man named Mike Walters.

STINKY: We time traveled together! You don't remember, uh— time travel with us and, like— everyone I listed?

FEDGAR: Ah. I'm starting to understand what's going on. You think that you are a time traveler. Are you in town for the Oldbrush Valley Conspiracy Convention by any chance? The O.V.C.C. comes around once every year, and it's full of people talking about time travel and the Hollow Earth and unusually-sized horses and other such tripe. It's fun, but none of it is real. I've got this app on my phone that aggregates news sources—

STINKY: Time travel is real. T-That— That other stuff isn't. Horses? [*Scoffs.*] But, you two! Edman and Edgar? That's what he said your names were? You're the same person! Well, not the same person because iterative personhood means that the same person isn't like "you can kill one, and it's okay 'cause there's still one left." But—! You know, uh—! You're from the same... what did MDawg call it? You know, like the— the mother soul. You're from the same mother soul.

DAWGMAN: We're all from the same mother soul. You, me, Edgar, Troy, Chris, everyone on Earth. But that doesn't mean (**MDAWG:** that) we're the "same person."

STINKY: But you're literally the same person, just from different timelines. You look identical.

DAWGMAN: (**EDMAN:** Hmm... I don't think so?/**MDAWG:** He is pretty cute for a twink.)

CHARNCE: They're both blond, but other than that I don't see the resemblance.

STINKY: You have got to be kidding. I— I'll prove it to you. I've got this thing. It's called a Stinky Device. I can take us anywhere in time and space with the push of a button.

FEDGAR: I don't think that we are interested in going anywhere with you.

CHARNCE: I'm not going anywhere near something called a Stinky Device.

TYTROYSSA: (**MARISSA:** We're not going to get/**TY and TROY:** We're not gonna go) anywhere with this guy. You can keep talking to him if you want, but do *not* let him in the front door. I'm going to go around back and get the tank. If he's not gone by the time I get back, then I'm (**TY:** going to/**TROY and MARISSA:** gonna) turn him into pink mist! (**TROY:** Okay? I promise. Pinkies.)

FEDGAR: Please don't do that, Troy.

CHARNCE: Too late. He's already off.

DAWGMAN: He's being serious, too. We used to have neighbors before (**EDMAN:** the tank/**MDAWG:** Troy) showed up.

STINKY: Okay, so I have to leave now?

CHARNCE: We can't really stop him once he gets started like this.

STINKY: You are advising me to leave so that I don't get killed by a tank.

FEDGAR: I think that would be wise.

DAWGMAN: Your aura looks sad, Stinky. I'm sorry that we aren't who you were expecting us to be.

CHARNCE: I wish we could help, but we really have no idea what you're talking about.

FEDGAR: And, personally, I don't think you're that stinky.

[We hear the tank approaching.]

STINKY: Thank you. The person who named me was being a— a jerk, uh... oh, oh, fuck.

TYTROYSSA *[yelling]:* Come and get a piece of this, you stinky motherfucker! Fire in the hole! (**TY and TROY:** *[Laughs.]*)

[The tank fires.]

CHARNCE: Run, Stinky!

FEDGAR: Nice meeting you.

DAWGMAN: See you when we all return to the mother soul.

[We hear Stinky running away.]

STINKY *[yelling]:* Yeah, it was nice meeting you guys, too, I guess. *[The tank fires.]* Fuck! Fuck!

[The tank fires.]

TYTROYSSA *[yelling]:* Don't let him get away! EdMan, load another round into the tank!

[Scene transition.]

[We hear slightly distorted cafe ambience of a coffee machine and dishes.]

CANNONBALL: You've done... surprisingly well so far, Mike. I'm impressed. And a little bit concerned.

NOBODY: I am not Mike. I am Nobody. *[Pause.]* Where am I? I'm- I'm doing the challenges again?

RYAN: You're exceedingly good at performing the challenges, Mike. Some people take years to get the first three done, and it took you, what, a month?

NOBODY: This isn't how it happened. Ryan wasn't at any of the meetings. I didn't meet him until I held Toph hostage in his own home.

CANNONBALL: You're at the top of the leaderboards already, and it isn't even close.

RYAN: If anything, we need another challenge just to slow you down.

NOBODY: What is happening? Have I been cross-consolidated? ...This feels like my body. I can't hear anyone else in there.

CANNONBALL: Normally, there are four challenges. After that, you're in the club.

RYAN: An exclusive club that takes orders directly from me. So kind of like Toph here. Right, Toph?

CANNONBALL: I aim to please.

RYAN: You are also going to aim to please, Mikey boy. But you have to do some incredibly unpleasant stuff first.

CANNONBALL: It's not that unpleasant. You cut your left arm off already. Doesn't get any more unpleasant than that.

RYAN: Don't go givin' poor old Mikey false hope, Toph. It's still going to be unpleasant.

NOBODY: I already know what I have to do.

RYAN: Don't think you've outfoxed us yet, pal. We still have a few tricks up our sleeves.

CANNONBALL: We have a clue for the next challenge. It's not the final challenge, but it can put you way ahead on the leaderboard.

RYAN: So far ahead that it won't even matter how long it takes you to complete the fourth challenge. You can take a gap year abroad if you want to. See the sights, backpack through Europe!

CANNONBALL: It is a difficult clue though. Here. Listen to this.

[ONCE.wav plays.]

RYAN: We know you didn't get that right away. Toph will send it to you. You'll figure it out eventually. You're resourceful.

NOBODY: I never understood this challenge. The leaderboard obviously isn't real. CANNONBALL has a fake leaderboard on his computer, but was that for him or just for me to find? No one else has ever had to do this challenge. No one that I have ever spoken to.

CANNONBALL: This challenge separates the dedicated players from the ones who are merely observing the game.

RYAN: As a participant observer.

NOBODY: I understand that I have to cut off my hands. I get it. I do not need all of this preamble.

LEG: Cut off your hands?

RYAN: Maybe you'll solve the puzzle quicker than we thought.

NOBODY: The puzzle is solved. The song is by Cut Off Your Hands. I have to cut off my hands to complete the challenge. I feel like you aren't hearing me.

LEG: You have to cut off your hands!

NOBODY: Leg? What is going on?

LEG: We tricked you, you gormless rube! Not a gorm in sight! Thanks for the hint, loser.

NOBODY: This goes without saying, but I am not in the waking world, am I?

LEG: No! Of course not! Ryan and CANDLEBALL aren't even real people!

NOBODY: Yes, they are.

LEG: They're based on real people, but they are a work of fiction.

NOBODY: I have met them. They are real people.

LEG: You can believe whatever you want in here. You're not getting out for a loong time.

NOBODY: What is this construction? Are you helping Stinky play the game? Roger is going to lead him right into a trap.

LEG: I will defeat Roger just as easily as I have defeated you. You're never getting control of Stinky again. As soon as we get free from W-O-E.BEGONE, you're gone. No more Nobody.

NOBODY: Yeah. Good luck with that. Stinky is not capable.

LEG: Says the idiot that's stuck in his brain. I have to go. Things to do, hands to cut off. See you never, Nobody. Sucks to suck.

NOBODY: Stinky is not the only Nobody cross-consolidation. I will put a stop to this.

LEG: BIIIIIIIIITCH.

[We hear the ambience shift. Nobody is alone.]

NOBODY *[voice echoing]:* Leg? Ryan? Topher? ...W-Where— Where'd you go? Where's the cafe? Did you call me a— a bitch? Hello? *Hello?*

[Transition to Stinky walking on a gravel path.]

LEG: Stinky, I found the answer! I know what the challenge is!

STINKY: Leg! You're— You're back? Where were you when Troy was attacking me with a tank?

LEG: That doesn't sound like something Troy would do. He is a cutie patootie. I was in your dreams, fucking with Nobody.

STINKY: Why would you fuck with Nobody?

LEG: He knew what the bonus challenge was. I found the answer!

STINKY: You know what the bonus challenge is? That's amazing, Leg! What is it!?

LEG: You have to cut off your hands! It's that simple. *[Pause.]* Where are you?

STINKY: I am in 2025, which has gone horribly for me, thanks for asking. **[LEG:** I did not ask.]
Troy shot at me in a tank, and so I ran off from Base, and now I'm almost at the diner.

LEG: That's good. I'm hungry, which means you are hungry. You can cut off your hands after you get something for us to eat.

STINKY: Ugh... Really, Leg?

LEG: Me want biskies. Me want biskies. Me want biskies. Me want biskies. **[STINKY:** Okay, fine, we'll go to the diner.] Me want biskies. Me want biskies. Me want biskies. *[Stinky groans.]* Me want biskies. Me want biskies. Me want biskies. Me want biskies. *[Voice fades out.]*

[Perfect Disguise plays.]

*You've got the perfect disguise
I live a box in your spare room
You look away politely
I can tell I'm embarrassing you
You have let-me-down eyes
And I knew how to take a hint once in my life
I'm gone if you need me
I'm gone if you need me gone
I tell impossible lies
And you are glutton for punishment
and I'm a fool
and you're a fool
and we're locked in this forever
You've got the perfect disguise
I found it when I wandered down here
And I was hoping you could put it on
Or maybe not
Or maybe I could
Or maybe I could?*

[Scene transition.]

[We hear diner ambience of plates being moved. Britches is humming to the tune of "Heartbreak" by Cut Off Your Hands.]

[We hear the bell to the diner ring as Stinky enters.]

STINKY: *[Brief laugh.]* Britches! Troy! Oh, I am so glad to see you guys, you won't believe what just happened.

BRITCHES: *[Stops humming.]* Welcome to the 24-Hour Diner. Can I get you somethin' to drink while you look over a menu? **STINKY:** Um.] We are famous for our biscuits and gravy.

STINKY: Britches, I know, it's me? It's Stinky? Like Mike Walters...?

TROY: Hey, Stinky! Where have you been?

STINKY: Troy! You remember me, right?

TROY: Of course I remember you, Stinky. Friends who *bounce* together *pounce* together. So let's *pounce* on some biscuits and gravy, you know? Just— *[Mimics eating noise.]* You know, just slurp it up, dude.

STINKY: I've got a problem, Troy. So far you're the only one who remembers me. I went to Base, and the— the wrong people were there, and you shot at me from a tank.

TROY: That wasn't me, okay? My guy decommissioned my tank because I was "destroying the resale value of the mansion," okay? I had to sell it for \$30,000. That's *dumb*. I already have \$30,000. I don't have a tank anymore. And we all know I love tanks. I like Tank, I like Thomas the Tank Engine, I just li— I— I dunno. Fu— I want my tank back. It's fine, it's whatever...

STINKY: I think a tank engine is a different British thing.

BRITCHES: I'll get you some water, stranger.

TROY: Wait, how did you even get here? I haven't seen any of the Mikes in *ages*. It's been forever, dude.

STINKY: It is a long story. Everyone got stuck inside of everyone else, and Nobody's in my head, and he's playing WOE.BEGONE, and he found a guy that killed him and brought him back, and— but I'm back in control now, and so I came back to 2025, but everything is different, and now I've gotta cut off my hands.

BRITCHES: Mm. You've come to the right place for that, friend. Eh. I'm sure I've got somethin' in the kitchen that can cut off your hands. Heh. No problemo.

STINKY: You... do?

BRITCHES: Sure do.

STINKY: But you don't remember me. Stinky.

BRITCHES: I can't possibly be expected to remember everyone who comes through here, orders biscuits and gravy, and cuts off their hands in the kitchen, can I?

STINKY: I haven't ordered the biscuits and gravy yet...

BRITCHES: Would you like to?

STINKY: H— You know what? Yeah.

BRITCHES: Biscuits and gravy, comin' right up. And for you, Troy?

TROY: Uh... That looks good.

BRITCHES: Uh, you— you didn't point at anything.

TROY: That. The biscuits and gravy.

BRITCHES: Mm. Two plates of biscuits and gravy, comin' right up.

STINKY: You are the only one who seems to remember me, Troy. So... uh— how? I thought that maybe there weren't any Mikes around in this time because of what's happening with Nobody in 2020? But then why would you remember me?

TROY: I remember all kinds of stuff, dude. Like I-I remember when Mike was out in the snow with the other Mike and the other Mike, and there were polar bears, I guess? And they were like— th— I guess Santa Claus kidnapped them or somethi—? I dunno. But, no one remembers that shit! People just forget about me when it's time to stop remembering something. No one thinks about Troy. They're always like "he probably wasn't paying attention, he was probably off doing something goofy in the trampoline room or whatever, who cares about him?" And that's, *that's* how I get 'em!

STINKY: So what are you saying? Are you saying that you don't get corrected when everyone else does?

TROY: Yeah, but I can say a lot of stuff. I mean, no one ever pays attention. I mean, I could say something like "I'm FLINCH. I've been traveling back and forth through time, and I have multiple iterations of myself where I intentionally dumb down my thought process. That way I could

disguise in plain sight and continue manipulating everybody from afar, and no one would care." Like, di- did you catch that, Britches?

BRITCHES: Catch what? Uh, sorry. The gravy machine is so loud. I can barely hear ya.

STINKY: I don't hear a-a- a gravy machine? Look. I'm here 'cause I'm- I'm scared. I've gotta do all this violent stuff like cut off my hands and kill Matt, and even then I don't know that that's gonna fix anything. 'Cause Roger's going to kill me as soon as I do any of that. And I might be the only Mike left. So how does anything that I'm doing make it so that everything goes back to normal? Because that's all that I want.

BRITCHES: I may be but a simple restaurateur's apprentice, but I know a thing or two about conflict management. It sounds to me like you're being asked to make a great sacrifice, but you don't know if the sacrifice is gonna pay off. Is that correct?

STINKY: Yeah. It feel like I'm just throwing myself into the meat grinder.

BRITCHES: Oh. No, it's not a meat grinder. If you mean what we're gonna use it to cut off your hands, it's a bandsaw.

TROY: Did you ever watch *The Brave Little Toaster*, Stinky?

STINKY: No, the air conditioner freaked me out.

TROY: At the end of *The Brave Little Toaster*, all of the appliances are about to get crushed by this big car crusher thingy, but the Toaster jumps into the gears and clogs it up at the last second. And it hurts him. Also, I had the biggest crush on Blanky growing up.

BRITCHES: Yup. Mangles 'im all to hell.

TROY: He had to sacrifice himself in order to save all of his friends, but he did it anyway. He thought he was gonna die, but he didn't.

STINKY: This is exactly why I didn't watch it as a kid, that's super scary.

TROY: The crusher should have killed him, but his owner's there too, and he takes the Toaster home and fixes him back up, even though you can get a new Stinky for like ten bucks at the store.

STINKY: A- A new Stinky?

TROY: A-A new Toaster. ...I said "new Toaster," right?

BRITCHES: I heard "new Toaster."

TROY: You've got someone that can dig you out of the car crusher and put you back together, right?

STINKY: I... don't know.

BRITCHES: Mm. You do have someone like that. You just have to think hard about who that might be. It might not be who you think it is.

STINKY: Are you saying that I need to go back to 2020 and finish the roadtrip with Roger and let him kill me to complete the fourth challenge.

BRITCHES: I think we're sayin' that the Toaster's owner puts him back together in the end after he saves the day. Is that about right, Troy?

TROY: Yeah, I don't know who Roger even is.

BRITCHES: That would be a pretty good name for a car crusher. In this, uh, restaurateur's apprentice's humble opinion.

STINKY: I'll be honest, I don't understand. I mean, I understand the metaphor that you're trying to get me to understand, but I-I don't understand what is happening. Like, the— the plates. There's three of us here, and none of us are touching plates, so where is the plate sound coming from? [*Plate sounds stops.*] It was artifice. But I guess that it's better to be in here than to be shot at by a tank.

BRITCHES: It's always better to be in the tank than lookin' down the barrel, I reckon.

TROY: You could say that again.

BRITCHES [*voice echoing*]: It's always better to be in the tank than lookin' down the barrel, I reckon.

BRITCHES: Hmm. It's always better to be in the tank than lookin' down the barrel, I reckon. I hope that was helpful, Stinky. I've never met you before, but you seem like good people. The biscuits are gonna be a while before they're ready. You wanna cut off your hands in the meantime? I can get the bandsaw warmed up for ya.

STINKY: Uh, I don't want to cut off my hands. But... someone's going to put me back together when this is all done, right?

BRITCHES: I reckon so, yes.

STINKY: Okay. Fuck it, let's do it.

BRITCHES: Right this way, gentlemen.

[The bandsaw spins up. Britches hums and wordlessly sings to the tune of "Heartbreak."]

[Scene transition.]

[We hear outdoor ambience and footsteps as Roger and Stinky walk through O.V.E.R. toward Interfacing Building 116E.]

ROGER: That's it? We can walk right in the front gate? For some reason, I thought it'd be... more complicated than that.

STINKY: Yeah. Tier One is child's play, you just need a day pass. If Charlie were here, she would memorize your face, and if something went wrong, you'd be fucked. Uh, but she's missing, along with the rest of Base.

ROGER: And how do you know that?

STINKY: Because she wasn't at the gate...

ROGER: The brochure said that Ty Betteridge is working in the interfacing department. Do you know where that is?

STINKY: Yeah, I think so. Edgar works there. Worked there? I don't know, but he told me all these stories about how we met there.

ROGER: Why would he have to tell you stories about how you met him?

STINKY: Because life is hard and weird, and there used to be more of me, but it's only me now, so it doesn't matter.

ROGER: Is that... Is that something I need to worry about?

STINKY: I don't see how worrying would help. They're all gone now. But, this is the place. 116E, the interfacing building. Do you have a plan?

ROGER: I'm going to talk to Ty Betteridge.

STINKY: A one-sentence plan will not suffice here, Roger.

ROGER: If he doesn't tell me where my father is and what happened to him, I'm going to return to 1980 and kill him before he even has a chance to enter the 21st century.

[They stop walking.]

STINKY: That's the plan then. You're the boss, Roger.

ROGER: And don't you forget it.

[We hear the door slide open. Outdoor ambience fades out.]

EDGAR: Hello there! Are you looking for Interfacing Services?

ROGER: I'm looking for Ty Betteridge.

[When Tyger speaks, words in parentheses indicate when we hear Ty's voice switch to Rogers's voice or vice versa.]

TYGER: At your service. How (**TY:** may I help/**ROGER:** may I help) you?

ROGER: You probably don't recognize me, but my name is Roger. I applied to work here 40 years ago... which is when I met you. You haven't aged a day, Ty.

TYGER: Oh, I've aged (**TY:** a bit/**ROGER:** a bit), I assure you.

ROGER: You ratted my father out to O.V.E.R. with your little button thingy. No one saw him after that day. He was just gone forever. I wondered where he went for my entire life. We looked for him for years. We thought he might be out there somewhere, but... O.V.E.R. took him away from me, and it is— it's all your fault.

TYGER: Oh, of course I remember you and your father, Roger. You must understand (**ROGER:** that was an accident/**TY:** that was an accident). Roger Sr. was my friend. I never meant to sic O.V.E.R. on him. I know what they do to people.

ROGER: What they do to people? So he's dead? They killed him!?

EDGAR: It's been 40 years. Even if O.V.E.R. didn't kill him, he'd still probably be dead.

ROGER: You can drop the act, I know about time travel. I've been to 1980. And if you don't help me this instant, I will go back to 1980 and ruin your life so fast it will make your head spin! I'll go back even further! I'll make it so that you were never born. Your whole existence: negated! How about that?

TYGER: What do you think, Stinky? Do you think (**ROGER:** Roger/**TY:** Roger) Jr. means business?

[Tyger and Edgar laugh at the naivete of Roger.]

ROGER: Stinky? You mean Mike? Mike, you know him!?

STINKY: I can't keep track of who knows me and who doesn't this time around.

TYGER: You are accompanied by (**TY:** *the Stinky*/**ROGER:** *the Stinky*) of Stinky Device fame. Of course I know him.

EDGAR: Hi, Mikey Bear.

STINKY: You remember me, too, Edgar? But what about at Base? T-Those two iterations didn't recognize me.

EDGAR: I have no idea what's going on at Base these days. Sorry.

TYGER: You have picked a fine target, Stinky. I (**ROGER:** can see this predicament/**TY:** can see this predicament) working out exceptionally well for you in the long run. And to think that everyone thinks that you're an idiot.

STINKY: Well, that's just because of the things I say and do.

TYGER: Roger, I think it is commendable that your first instinct upon gaining access to time travel is to try to figure out what happened to your father. You (**TY:** need an/**ROGER:** need an) anchor, or else you will become completely adrift through time. I've seen what happens to those sorts of people. They all end up... cowboys. Stinky knows what I mean.

STINKY: It is called cowboyification, and Edgar has written an article on it.

TYGER: But you don't know what you don't know, and you are at the start of a long journey, if you (**ROGER:** survive to/**TY:** survive to) experience the rest of it. You're in the middle of WOE.BEGONE, right?

ROGER: How do you know that?

TYGER: (**TY:** I remember it well. You aren't going to be able to do anything about your father's situation until you get those challenges out of the way.)(**ROGER:** Ryan and CANNONBALL will just keep meddling in your business until you get through with their business.)

EDGAR: He doesn't have the gun this time, does he, Ty?

TYGER: Oh! Heavens, no. What a frenetic time we've had today here in 116E. (**TY:** Two times/**ROGER:** Two times), you came in here, waving a gun around, demanding answers from poor ol' Ty Betteridge.

ROGER: I don't know what you mean, I don't even own a gun.

EDGAR: You don't own a gun anymore. We issued a correction.

TYGER: The first time you came in here, I thought it would be... sufficient to hide the gun from you so that you wouldn't be able to find it in time to (**ROGER:** embark on your/**TY:** embark on your) little road trip. Imagine my shock when you showed back up with it! So now you never even purchased the gun.

EDGAR: Shooting up 116E is a surefire way to make sure you end up in the same place as your dad.

ROGER: I didn't bring a gun! What are you talking about?

STINKY: We did this already, Roger. They issued a correction. They time traveled to make sure that you didn't bring a gun with you.

ROGER: You can do that?

STINKY: It is one of the less clever things that you can do with time travel.

TYGER: *[Laughs.]* Oh, my sweet summer child. You have so much to learn. It is (**TY:** going to make your head/**ROGER:** going to make your head) spin. Uh, it's probably spinning right now.

EDGAR: You're doing things out of order, Roger. You aren't supposed to be here yet. You'll be here at the right time soon enough. You need to be patient for the time being.

TYGER: (**TY:** You know how in those big open-world games you can sometimes walk up to the final boss, but he kills you)(**ROGER:** effortlessly every time because you haven't gone through the rest of the game yet? That's you right now.)

STINKY: I'm not ready for the Ty Betteridge gamer timeline, but he very much is the final boss.

TYGER: Oh, thank you, Stinky. I appreciate that. And now, are you going to believe me this time, or am I going to (**TY:** have to/**ROGER:** have to) retroactively diffuse another fight?

STINKY: He's telling the truth, Roger. He can travel back in time and stop you from doing things that you aren't thinking of yet. You weren't prepared; you lost this one.

ROGER: Did you know he was gonna do this, Mike?

STINKY: No, I thought that he was going to kill you, and then you wouldn't be my problem anymore.

TYGER: (**ROGER:** I'm afraid that I can't do that)(**TY:** either, Stinky. There are too many events in the future that hinge on Roger Jr. being alive.)

EDGAR: And events in the past, for that matter.

ROGER: S— So, what now? We go to Vancouver so Mike can do his fourth challenge?

EDGAR: That would be a good start.

STINKY: Don't get me wrong. I love that this is all going so smoothly, but isn't this a little convenient? Roger's gonna roll over and be okay with this?

TYGER: Stinky, if only you knew how many times we did this. It has not been convenient for Edgar or for me. (**TY:** There were times/**ROGER:** There were times) without the gun that we had to correct as well.

EDGAR: We're relieved that it finally seems to be working this time.

ROGER: A-And if I leave now, I'll learn what happened to my father?

EDGAR: Eventually.

ROGER: Alright. A-Alright. Alright then. ...Le— Let's just go.

TYGER: Thank you, Roger. You're (**ROGER:** being/**TY:** being) very strong right now.

EDGAR: See you again soon, Mikey Bear.

STINKY: Bye, Edgar. You know, I would love to kno—

[We hear the time travel noise. Roger and Stinky are back in the car.]

STINKY: *[Huffs.]* F-Fuck, we're in the car again.

ROGER: Nothing to do now, except—

ROGER and STINKY *[simultaneously]:* —the fourth challenge.

[Car starts up.]

[Time passes.]

[We hear the sound of the car running.]

STINKY: *[Sighs.]* So... how are you feeling after all of that?

ROGER: Humiliated...

STINKY: I wouldn't worry about it too much. Uh— Ty Betteridge humiliates everyone all of the time. You learn to get used to it.

ROGER: I didn't even stand up for myself!

STINKY: You stood up for yourself. Probably several times that we don't even know about. This is just the version of you that finally took the hint and backed down before things got bloody. You're lucky you can't remember standing up for yourself. Sometimes you can remember the other times that you died, and that is worse than humiliating, it's traumatizing.

ROGER: You're my prize... by the way...

STINKY: W-What was that?

ROGER: You're my WOE.BEGONE prize. After you told me the rules of WOE.BEGONE, I killed you right away and brought you back through the game so that I could take your time travel gun.

STINKY: It's called a Stinky Device.

ROGER: That's what the Stinky Device is?

STINKY: Yup. And no shit I was your prize. It was the only thing that made sense. That's why I'm still here.

ROGER: That explains why you didn't leave. I know you stole the device when we were at the gas station.

STINKY: Yeah, I kept waiting for you to say something. But I can't leave, because then you'd lose the game, and then I would go back to being dead.

ROGER: Quite the standoff we have here.

STINKY: Yeah, the most absurd standoff in your life and, uh, for me it's Tuesday. There is nowhere to escape until this is all over, by the way. The whole timeline's fucked. Nothing is what it's supposed to be.

ROGER: Do you think my father is still alive?

STINKY: Everyone is still alive, Roger. You can go anywhere at any time, and everything is temporary. Don't get your hopes up about that, though. Usually it's a raw deal for everyone.

ROGER: Does it ever stop feeling like you're getting puppeted around by bored gods trying to pass the time?

STINKY: You stop noticing the strings.

ROGER: What if... What if I cut them right now?

[Car sounds fade out.]

STINKY: Uh– What do y-you mean? Why are you pulling over? What's– We can't turn around and go home. What, y-y-you're– you're gonna go back to O.V.E.R., are you? T-They'll correct everything again. We'll just be back where we started.

ROGER: We're ending this right... right here.

STINKY: Ending it how? Uh– I thought you said that you didn't want to use the–

[Roger starts choking Stinky.]

STINKY *[strangled]:* St–! Roger...!

ROGER *[furious]:* I don't care if this isn't the "right order"! You're the target. **[STINKY** *(strangled):* Roger!] My challenge is to end you! I'm not driving all the way to Vancouver just to wait in line!

STINKY *[strangled]:* I can't... I can't...!

ROGER: You can die. Matt can die. This has to be over with *now!* *[Grunts from effort as Stinky dies.]* Ah! Ah! You stupid Stinky fuck!

[The car is silent.]

ROGER: I did it. I did it! I did it, CANNONBALL! I completed the fourth challenge. This fucker is dead! I'm in control now! I'm going to take the time travel gu–

[We hear the time travel noise. Stinky is alive again. We hear him cough and grunt.]

ROGER: Goddamnit!

STINKY *[muffled]:* There's something in my throat...!

[Stinky gags and coughs something up.]

STINKY: It's a piece of paper.

ROGER: But I killed you!

STINKY: I know. I remember. The note's for you, asshole.

ROGER *[reading]:* "Nice try. The strings are still attached, puppet. Wait your turn. Love, God."

STINKY: Our god is an awesome god. And he's got a Scruff profile. You can't kill me.

ROGER: I can't kill you...

STINKY: But at least I know how you really feel.

ROGER: So, what now?

STINKY: ...Matt's house.

ROGER: Matt's house.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear ambience from the outside of Matt's house.]

ROGER: You sure this is the place? It kinda looks like a dump.

STINKY: Yeah, this is the right place... I-I don't understand what happened to Matt. Something about WOE.BEGONE made him move to Vancouver, and he lives here now.

ROGER: Weird. Well... best o' luck to ya. I'll... see ya on the other side.

STINKY: Uh, w-what? You're not going in with me? I-I'm supposed to kill him, Roger. I could use... emotional support.

ROGER: I'll be sending my emotional support from outside. The gamerunners were extremely clear about the rules. *You* have to kill Matt or it doesn't count. If I go in there and a fight breaks out, Matt might attack me, and I might have to defend myself. If I kill him, then the game's over, we lost, and we're all fucked. So I think it's best if I just stay out here 'til you're done.

STINKY: Stay out here 'til I'm done, and then you can kill me after I do all of the hard work.

ROGER: You're not gonna try and run from me, are you? You know I'll- I'll find you. *[Brief snicker.]* The gamerunners will probably even help.

STINKY: No, I'm not going to run, I know the rules. If you win, I die. If you lose, I die. We don't have to keep reiterating it.

ROGER: That's the spirit! Now go on in there and make ol' Roger proud. *[Yawns.]* And quickly! It's two a.m., and I'm getting sleepy.

STINKY: Yeah, whatever. See you soon, car crusher.

ROGER: Huh? Car crusher?

STINKY: Don't worry about it, ugh...

[We hear Stinky open the door to Matt's kitchen and walk inside.]

STINKY: Uh— Matt? What the fuck, you're awake?

PYTHON: Why are you here, Mike?

STINKY: Why are you awake? It's two a.m.

PYTHON: Why are you here!?

STINKY: Okay! This is going to sound... fanciful, but I'm here because I have to kill you.

PYTHON: You have to?

STINKY: Yes, I do. I've been doing this time travel thing, and the only reason you're alive right now is because I used it to save you from a car accident using time travel. But now the time travel people want me to kill you.

PYTHON: I guess my initial reaction is "fuck that."

STINKY: W-Well, I'm sorry, but that's how it is. There's this whole web of consequences, and if I don't kill you, then I die. W-Well, I'm— I'm gonna die either way...

PYTHON: Because of "time travel."

STINKY: Yes, Matt. I am from the year 2025. Bad year, if you were wondering. I'm back here because there's this goth iteration of me who calls himself Nobody, a—

PYTHON: Mike, I've had breaks with reality before. They aren't fun, and they look a whole lot like this. So maybe if you could drop the subject of killing me, we can talk. I can call someone.

STINKY: You aren't going to call someone. Who would you call? The— The Mounties? And they show up on their— their horses? I've wrestled horses that are bigger than any that those motherfuckers have ever seen, and I am not having a break with reality. Time travel is real. There are a *bunch* of iterations of me wandering around. Or there were. I-I'm not even, like, Mike in my friend group, I'm Stinky.

PYTHON: Uh-huh. And how are you planning on killing me anyway, Stinky? Did you bring a gun?

STINKY: No, 'cause you've— you've got a— you've got a gun, right? ...Why did I think that you had a gun? I feel like you have a gun.

PYTHON: You thought that you were gonna walk in through the side door at two a.m., borrow a gun from me, and kill me with it?

STINKY: It sounds stupid if you say it like that. I thought you would be asleep.

PYTHON: I am not asleep.

STINKY: Ugh! How was Nobody going to do this? I-I guess it's easier if you're [*Nobody impression.*] mean and angry and if you speak through your gritted fuckin' teeth. [*Drops impression.*] But how are— How was he gonna kill Matt?

PYTHON: You're scaring me, Mike.

STINKY: It's— It's okay. I-I just need to show you that time travel's real. So, uh— if I used the Stinky Device, uh, and made an iteration of me or something, or... uh, we could travel to the future, and you could see how fucked up everything is in 2025. You won't believe who is president.

PYTHON: You aren't gonna prove that time travel is real, because time travel isn't real.

STINKY: Ugh, Troy, what am I supposed to do? None of *The Brave Little Toaster* is like this.

PYTHON: What are you talking about?

STINKY: Something that isn't working. I-I've just gotta just do it.

PYTHON: Just do what!? Kill me!?

[*Stinky doesn't answer.*]

PYTHON: Mike, you're scaring me. We can talk this out. Don't come any closer.

STINKY: Matt, I'm really sorry about how confusing this is, but you'll understand eventually.

PYTHON: When I'm dead!?

STINKY: No, after you're dead. *[Brief sigh.]* I've been dead before. It's fine, just let me—

PYTHON *[yelling]:* I said stay back!

STINKY: No, you said, "Don't come any closer."

PYTHON *[yelling]:* Those mean the same thing. Get away from me!

[We hear the bedroom door kicked open. Matt pumps his shotgun.]

MATT *[yelling]:* Who the fuck are you!?

STINKY: Uh—! Matt, it's— it's me, I'm Mike. Uh, he, uh... uh...

MATT *[yelling]:* Not you. You. Who are you, and why are you in my kitchen?

PYTHON: Matt, you should've stayed in bed. You're making this more difficult.

STINKY: There are iterations—? So you know time travel is real!

MATT *[yelling]:* Time travel!? Someone better start explaining. You're both trespassing, and I have the right to shoot both of you.

PYTHON: Is that true? We're in Canada, after all. Put the gun down, Matt. Nobody has to die tonight.

STINKY: You guys don't mean Nobody, right?

[We hear Roger enter through the side door.]

STINKY: Roger, *[Brief sigh.]* thank god. I could use some help here!

ROGER: What did you do, Mike? Why are there two of them?

STINKY: I-I do— didn't do that! I proposed doing that, but— uh— it w— they were like this when I got here.

ROGER: Which one of them are you supposed to kill?

STINKY: I don't know!

MATT *[yelling]*: Everyone on the ground *now*. I'm the one with the gun! You have to listen to me.

STINKY: Roger, uh—!

[A fight breaks out as Roger attacks Matt.]

ROGER *[overlapping]*: *[Grunts and yells.]*

MATT *[overlapping]*: Fuck! Fuck! *[Grunts.]* Gah!

PYTHON *[overlapping]*: Fuck! Stop him, Matt!

STINKY *[overlapping]*: Come here. Fu—! Uh—! *[Grunts.]* I've got it!

ROGER: Do it, Mike! It's your last chance!

[The fight ends as we hear the shotgun go off. Python slumps over, dead. Stinky exhales.]

MATT: Is... Is he dead? Who the hell is he!?

ROGER: You mean... You mean you don't know?

MATT: I was asleep in the bedroom until Mikey barged in. I've never seen that guy in my life.

ROGER: That's... you, though.

MATT: He looks like me, yeah. But I have no idea who that is.

ROGER: It's you from the future, right?

STINKY: I-It doesn't have to be the future. *[Sighs.]* Wait... I-Is one of you Python or something?

ROGER: W-W-Which is which? Does that... Does that even count for the fourth challenge, or did you— did you kill the wrong one?

STINKY: I-I don't know. They look identical to me, so— I just— I don't know which— *[Matt clocks Stinky in the back of the head.]* Ow! Oh, f—...

MATT *[yelling]*: Give me the fucking gun back! *[Pumps shotgun.]* You fucker!

STINKY: *[Groans.]* M-Matt, you don't understand what's going on...

MATT: You're damn right I don't understand. And your friend here is gonna be joining... whoever the hell that is. Say your prayers, f-fuckass!

ROGER: That's not how this works. You're breaking the rules.

MATT: I am not playing by any "rules." You murdered a man in my kitchen, Mike!

ROGER: If I die, I lose the game that Mike and I are playing. That means that my prize gets revoked. My prize is Mike! That means he dies! That means he loses, too! That means that his prize dies as well. You're his prize. If I die, you're all going with me.

STINKY: Kill him, Matt.

ROGER: Excuse me!?

STINKY: Matt, you have to kill Roger. It's the right thing to do. It's how all of this works out in the end. And he farted on the roadtrip, and he didn't roll the windows down, he tried to pass it off like he didn't fart, but he farted. So I need you to take that shotgun and kill him.

ROGER: I know you don't want me to kill you, Mike, but you're going to die anyway if he pulls that trigger. This isn't going to get you out of it.

STINKY: I know that this isn't going to get me out of it, Roger. I've been thinking about how all of this is all going to end. And... a-about *The Brave Little Toaster*. If Roger wins, then we-- we're just in the wrong timeline. None of that ever happened in the time that I'm from. If we allow it to happen, it'll all propagate in the exact same way that things are now. 2025 won't have Base. It'll have a house with two Edgars in it that don't remember me, and Troy's gonna shoot at me from his tank. Someone has got to put this all back together again the way that it's supposed to go, and Roger is not part of that equation. I don't know much about WOE.BEGONE, but I do know that Mike finished the challenges. Which means he must have killed you, Matt. But you aren't dead in my time period. You're alive and part of Base, k-kind of. Which means if we die, then someone can come along and fix all of this. But if Roger is alive, then things might never get fixed. So go ahead, kill Roger, and we'll die, but it's our only shot.

ROGER: Do you hear yourself? If you're wrong, you've just killed us all. Not just you, Mike. Matt, too. Are you really going to risk it?

STINKY: I think that I have to.

MATT: What happens if I let him go?

STINKY: He waits for me to kill you, and then he kills me.

MATT: But what if you don't kill me?

STINKY: That's a bad idea, because eventually that means I lose the game. And you're my prize in the game, so you'll go back to being dead. S-So if you're going to die anyway, it makes the most sense for me to kill you.

MATT: So we're fucked. Is that it? None of us make it out of here alive?

ROGER: Let's compromise. I'll fix all of this once I get back to O.V.E.R. It'll be a piece of cake. But I can't go to O.V.E.R. if I'm blown to bits in your kitchen, Matt.

STINKY: Matt, uh— killing him is the only chance we've actually got. Roger doesn't care about us. He's got his own plans about his father. He's going to let us rot and forget about us.

MATT: Are you sure about this, Mike? What if this is it?

STINKY: Then I got to see my best friend one last time and did everything in my power to save him.

MATT: Ugh... Ugh! Too sweet. Like a Hallmark movie... Are you wearing my Pikachu boxers?

STINKY: *[Huffs.]* Uh— Just kill him already.

MATT: Alright. Here goes—

[We hear the time travel noise. Anne appears between Roger and Matt.]

STINKY *[overlapping Roger and Matt]:* Anne? What are you doing here?

ROGER *[overlapping Stinky and Matt]:* Huh? What the hell? What was that!?

MATT *[overlapping Stinky and Roger]:* Anne!?! What the hell!?!

ANNE: Hi, Mike. Nice to see you.

STINKY: Likewise.

ANNE: You've kind of... botched this whole situation, unfortunately. I was going to let it play out, but then you killed Python, **[STINKY:** That... That was Python?]) and now we're fully off-script.

ROGER: Mike, you know her? What is this? Is this— Is this part of your plan?

MATT: Anne, are you part of this, too?

ANNE: Hi, Matt. Good to see you, too! You'll understand all of this eventually, I promise. But I can't allow you to kill Roger Jr. I could probably still salvage it, but we'd have to call in the big guns, and there's just not as many of those around now that O.I. is kaput.

STINKY: Anne, we have to do something about Roger, though. He's playing WOE.BEGONE.

ANNE: Oh, I know. I'm gonna need your help with this one. Do you have the Chimeric Transporter with you?

STINKY: I don't know what that is.

ANNE: *[Confused.]* You... should. *[Searching for words.]* It's, uh... like a Calculator, except it puts people together.

STINKY: Oh! We've been calling it the Stinky Device.

ANNE: Well, hand it over. That's the first order of business. Whoever propagated that technology backwards is going to get an earful from the Council.

STINKY: Okay, but *[Brief sigh.]* I think some of my friends are still in there?

ANNE: We'll get that sorted out later. First, we need to get lil' Roger out of the way. Bye, Roger.

ROGER: Mike, stop her before she fu—

[We hear Roger enter the Stinky Device.]

ANNE *[to Stinky]:* You're not going to have to worry about this game anymore.

MATT: I—... Is he... in that thing now? The "chimera whatever"?

ANNE: Yup! And I can bring him out whenever I want. So, we can check that off the list. Alright, what's next? Um. *[Thinking noise.]* This place is pinging two separate disconnectivity devices. Do you know anything about that, Mike?

STINKY: Uh. Yes. Maybe, if, uh... *[Rummages through his pockets.]* that's what this is.

ANNE: That's one of them, yes. Where did you get this?

STINKY: I had a dream where a cowboy was trying to kill my favorite fox, and when I woke up it was in my pocket. Uh, Nobody was controlling my body at the time. Nobody is an iteration, not like nobody nobody.

ANNE: Huh. So which one are you?

STINKY: I'm Stinky.

ANNE: They shouldn't let you name yourself.

STINKY: I didn't name myself Stinky, Mikey did.

ANNE: That's precisely what I mean. So that is one disconnectivity device. Where's the other?

STINKY: Quick question. You put those things inside of a person to make something time travel happen, right?

ANNE: Yeah, pretty much.

STINKY: Then I think the other one is up under my rib cage.

MATT: You don't know?

STINKY: I thought it was weird that I could feel it, but I thought it was my s-spleen or something. I-I don't know where your organs are supposed to be.

ANNE: That's probably it, then. I can get it out. I brought something for it.

[We hear Anne rummage for something.]

ANNE: Yep. Here we go. *[Opens a knife blade.]*

MATT: A knife!?

STINKY: I thought you were going to pull out, uh, I-I don't know, a Calculator or something.

ANNE: Believe it or not, there's less chance of complications if we do it the old fashioned way. Can you feel it from the outside, Stinky?

STINKY: Yeah, that's how I knew it was there. It's— It's right here.

ANNE: Okay. On the count of three, I'm going to cut it outta you. ...One—

[We hear the slice of skin.]

STINKY: *[Gasps.]* Oh. Ugh!

ANNE: Got it. It's easier to get in than out. Which leads me to my last order of business, and then we can finally leave. Matt, I need to put this disconnectivity device inside of you. T-The clean one, not the one I just took out of Mike.

MATT [*scared*]: A-A-A—... A-A-Are you gonna have to— Are you gonna have to cut me open!?

ANNE: Nope! I can just transport it. Like I said, it's easier to put in than take out. In fact, just a couple buttons to press on my handy dandy Calculator, and [*Brief time travel noise.*] voila!

STINKY: See, I think that you could've done that to me too, and you just cut into me to be mean.

MATT: That thing is inside of me now!? Ugh... I feel it... But— But why?

ANNE: It will make what happened tonight possible. I— I wish I could say more, but... you'll understand when you're older.

STINKY: Also, Matt, you're going to need to get used to people telling you that you're going to understand later. It's honestly way more traumatic than whatever she put in you. But it sounds like we're done here! So, uh, is that it, Anne? Can we go?

ANNE: You can't just leave, Mike. Don't think I didn't notice. TryLeg unit, respond.

LEG: Hello. I am Stinky's TryLeg unit! How may I help you?

ANNE: What is your manufacture date?

LEG: July 1st, 2030.

ANNE: Are you a detachable model?

LEG: I am fully non-detachable.

STINKY: She has been very clear that she is not detachable.

LEG: He will suffer a fate worse than death if I am detached from him. And then a fate equal to death.

ANNE: Who installed you, Leg?

LEG: Unknown.

STINKY: I thought that Tex installed her, but he was gone when I woke up.

ANNE: Looks like you're coming with me, Stinky.

STINKY: Wait, why? Because of Leg?

ANNE: I need to figure out how a Leg from the year 2030 ended up attached to you. Don't worry, you won't have to do anything except come with me. I'll take you back to the Council, run some diagnostics, and figure out what happened here. You might be time-locked after that, but you're not in any danger.

STINKY: Oh— What does it mean to be time-locked?

ANNE: Stuck in 2030 or later. But we should go. We don't need to have this conversation in front of Matt.

MATT: You're leaving? B-But I don't understand what just happened. Your leg can talk!?

ANNE: I told you. You'll understand eventually. You get wrapped up in Mike Walters's ordeal. We all do. Eventually he will owe you an explanation.

MATT: S-So what am I supposed to do until then? Wait?

ANNE: You've got all the time in the world. ...C'mon, Mike. Let's go.

STINKY: So, technically, my name is Stinky...

ANNE: You... want me to call you Stinky?

STINKY: No, I don't.

ANNE: Perfect! I don't want to call you Stinky. Let's go, Mike. See you around, Matt!

MATT: Good to see you. I guess.

ANNE: Returning to the Council in three... two... one...

[We hear the time travel noise, then Matt's house, silent.]

MATT: Wait! Anne? There's still a corpse in my kitchen! Am I supposed to... clean it up? Myself?

[Mellifluence plays.]

*What's time but a thing to buy or keep or kill
While you're notching the days from your sleeper cell
A tangled web is no good*

*If you only catch yourself
Outsiders might see it as arrogance
So quick to get back in the saddle again
But the sights can never lie
When I'm staring down them*

*Make your choice
In the void
To compare
To discard
Hateful noise
In your mouth
Who let it out (Yeah... blame him)
I let it out*

*Layperson viewing insignificance
From the view overlooking my pentagram
If you're alone you're in the club
If you're not, you probably are
Side-effect of the mellifluence
It tastes sweet every time I open my mouth
So swallow hard and push ahead
Because the honey's running out*

(Hey, what's going on? we've got a show to do!)

(Hey, is this working? Does anyone know how to fix this?)

*You stuck like napalm to my side
I tried to scrape you from my hide*

*I'm gonna think until my brain runs out
It was an honor just to shut it down
But come clean (come clean)
In this world (this world)
There is plenty to think for all of us
Come clean (come clean)
This world (this world)
Is so nearly full to bursting
I hope it's worth it*

(It is.)

What's time but a thing to lose or live in

*While you're shoveling shit into the pig pen?
If there's no point in slinging mud
The dirt has no business here
I got distracted by the paycheck
They put lien on my existence
They say if i can pay it off
Then I won't have to think again*

*Double bluff
What I want
Second first
Then the start
Major chord
In your mouth
Who let it out? (It was him)
I let it out*

*You're shrinking like I told a lie
I set the truth-tellers on fire*

*I'm gonna think until my brain runs out
It was an honor just to shut it down
But come clean (come clean)
In this world (this world)
There is plenty to think for all of us
Come clean (come clean)
This world (this world)
Is so nearly full to bursting
I hope it's worth it (he thinks it's worth it)*

*What's time, it's a direction we're facing
(What's time but a direction we're facing)*

*What's time, it's a direction we're facing
(What's time but a direction we're facing)*

*What's time, it's a direction we're facing
Turn away (turn away)
Turn away (turn away)*

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the ocean and boat sounds that we heard at the end of Episode 197. Mike, 86, and 92 are on the yacht, looking at the corpses of three dead Felixes.]

92: Y'all reckon we been sent a boat fulla dead Felixes on purpose?

86: I reckon not. 'Less they wanted us to use it to get outta here.

MMIIKKEE: I don't think anyone sent this to us on purpose. I think it drifted here from somewhere else.

92: Well, we can try and use it to get outta here, cain't we?

86: Ain't no harm in tryin'.

MMIIKKEE: The Christmas Island barrier is erratic. If it capsizes the boat when we try to go through it, then we're going to drown.

86: I'd rather drown than be stuck on this damn island.

[We hear a faint time travel noise and then a thud as Felix lands on the boat.]

92: What the hell was that?

MMIIKKEE: We've got company.

86: Y'all think 61 actually managed to rustle himself up a posse?

MMIIKKEE: No, it's not 61. They would never make it all the way out here. Someone transported here.

86: Maybe more Mikes?

FELIX *[above board]:* Hah! Found this bloody boat. This isn't Mauritius. *[Continuing in the background.]* I mean, I know you can float, but how did you get all the way out here?

MMIIKKEE: Is that Felix?

86: Maybe that's how them three Felixes got here. Maybe they died on this here boat.

92: Then why are they all different ages, 86?

FELIX *[above board]:* What a mess. Of all the ways to dispose of a body, Ty picked one where *[Continuing in the background.]* I actually have to get my hands dirty. Why not chuck them into a volcano? Or just put them in the sodding ocean? He knew exactly what he was doing. And I forgot my rubber gloves...

92: What are we gonna do, pard? He's gonna come down here.

86: I think we should hide, 92.

MMIIKKEE: Hide where? This is a boat. He's going to find us. I-It's just Felix. Maybe he can get us out of here.

92: Yeah, outta here and into Storage.

86: This island might as well be Storage, 92.

FELIX *[above board]:* Where did he put them? Below deck? *[Starts walking downstairs and sighs.]* Oh, Ty, it's going to *stink!* I can already tell.

[We hear Felix open the door below deck.]

MMIIKKEE: *[Sighs.]* Uh... Hello, Felix.

FELIX: Mike Walters? What on the hell are you doing on Ty's yacht? And with a... cowboy posse? Apparently?

92: We're stuck on that there island.

FELIX: And you saw the, um...

86: Yup. The corpses.

FELIX: *[Puffs.]* Oh, god... This is like Rugby all over again.

[Extended closing theme starts playing.]

CREDITS: This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of Anne was Lucy Valentine. You can check her out in [*The Silt Verses*](#) or [*Inn Between*](#) (that's "inn" with two Ns like an inn).

The voice of Britches was Cody Heath. Check them out in [*Do You Copy?*](#) or [*Somewhere, Ohio*](#) or their band [*Elsewhere!*](#) or many other places.

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

The voices of Charnce were Lyssa Jay and Taylor Michaels. Check them out in [*400 Words A Horror*](#), [*The Grotto*](#), and the upcoming [*\[REDACTED\]*](#).

The voice of Edgar was Jeremy Enfinger. Check out his podcast [The Storage Papers](#).

The voice of Felix was Ben Rowe. Check out his podcast [The Felix Chronicles](#) and [The Samantha Chronicles](#).

The voice of Flash is Jess Syratt. Check out her podcast [Nowhere, On Air](#).

The voice of Helen was Tatiana Geffer. Check out her podcast [Soul Operator](#). There's cowboys in that one.

The voice of Marissa is Michelle Kan. Check them out at fswrites.carrd.co (that's "carrd" with two Rs). They are also the editor for [The Proof Is In The Podcast: A WOE.BEGONE Recap Show](#).

The voice of Matt was Jamie Petronis. Check out his podcast [The Cellar Letters](#) and the upcoming [\[REDACTED\]](#).

The voice of Roger was Devin Steffens. Check him out in his podcast [Dead West](#) as well as the upcoming [\[REDACTED\]](#).

And the voice of Troy was Athans. Check out his podcast [The Grotto](#) and the upcoming [\[REDACTED\]](#).

[Rapping.] And one third of Tytroysa was voiced by David Ault. Check out his podcast [Shadows At The Door](#), or go to davidault.co.uk for mor...kboards. *[Stops rapping.]* I can't actually promise morkboards, but you should still go to David's website.

Season 18 starts in two weeks. Thanks for playing.

[Extended closing theme plays out.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (BEN): "Oh, joy," says Ben. You know, not too many lines, I can leave this 'til Monday night. You know. Bank holiday weekend, three days off, happy days, no, this was my process, Dylan. I cut and pasted, um, Jeremy's lines... um, nine or ten times into a loop one after the other after the other and learned literally by rote his intonation and timing, um, so that I could match almost perfectly, because I have no idea whether you're going layer us or switch us in and out and fade us in and out– I-I don't know what you're going to do, but I wanted to make this easy for you because I love you. Um, and– and– and that means that I ended up with– with something like this:

BLOOPER (FEDGAR): *[In sync.]* Did you say you need to... kill Matt? He doesn't mean our Matt, does he?

BLOOPER (BEN): And, Dylan, that's been playing around and around and around in my head. I've been doing this one scene now for an hour and 45 minutes. Um. The Felix scene at the end of this... it'll probably take me four minutes, because I can be myself. I like Jeremy, but I don't want to be Jeremy. I quite like being me. Dylan, this has driven me, um... and this isn't a pun in any way, shape, or form given my method... but this has driven me loopy.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (JESSE): *[Sing-songy.]* Once more for good measure, but I feel like I'm going insane. There are some run-on sentences in here that make my brain turn off. Whoo, and I say that with love in my heart.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

["Mellifluence" instrumentals play.]

BLOOPER (DYLAN): *[Singing.]* –them / Make your choice / In the void / To dicar– / ...a car / The movie *Cars* / I'm a car / Let me out / Let me out / (Hey, I'm a car from the movie *Car*–)

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): Come and get a piece of this, ya (**LYSSA and TAYLOR:** stinky motherfucker! Fire in the hole!) Three, two, one.

BLOOPER (CHARNCE): Uh... Hello there. How can I help you?

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): Just the "how can I help you." Three, two, one.

BLOOPER (CHARNCE): How can I help you?

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): Three, two, one.

BLOOPER (CHARNCE): How can I help you?

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): *[Overlapping Lyssa.]* There we go. There we fuckin' go!

BLOOPER (LYSSA): *[Overlapping Taylor.]* Yeah. There we go. *[Claps.]* There we go. That felt good. *[Laughs.]* Cookin'! *[Laughs.]*

[Lyssa and Taylor clear their throats in unison.]

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARNCE): *[In sync.]* I don't know what that means.

[Lyssa and Taylor laugh.]

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): This is—!

BLOOPER (LYSSA): Why are we the same person!? *[Muffled laughter.]*

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): Oh, this is terrifying, okay. *[Clears throat.]* Let's try again.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (CHARNCE): *[In sync.]* I don't know what that means.

BLOOPER (LYSSA): *[Laughing.]* I hate it, it's perfect.

BLOOPER (TAYLOR): I hate this...

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[Cafe ambience.]

BLOOPER (STINKY): CANNONBALL, you need to go on strike until you can get that mat with the, like, the roads on it? That shit's primo. And it's \$70 at Walmart, what!? That's too much money! For a mat!

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[Diner ambience.]

BLOOPER (ATHAN): Why is this in the script? *[Clears throat. As Troy.]* Yeah, but I could say a lot of stuff. No one ever pays attention. I— I could some— I could say anything like "go to theredactedunit.com/ks and donate to the Kickstarter for my new podcast! It's a procedural monster of the week audio drama." Did you— Did you catch that, Britches? Yeah, but I could say a lot of stuff. No one ever pays attention. I mean, I could say something like "oh, look at me, I just pooped my pants, I'm a poopy boy, I'm a poopy little guy," and no one would pay attention. Like— U-Uh, did you catch that, Britches?

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (MARISSA): Yeah, dude, of course I do. He's the Doordash guy. See? I ordered Hardee's. *[Enunciates.]* I. Ordered. Hardee's. *[Brief chuckle. Michelle's natural accent.]* Every time I do these heckin' running r-sound sentences, I feel like the guy in that— in that Baltimore accent test video. *[Enunciating with American accent.]* "Aaron earned an iron urn."

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (MICHELLE): In this episode of "Michelle learns things about, uh... American... culture." Pfft! Uh, Hardee's is the same thing as Carl's Jr. I didn't know that. I think we only got Carl's Jr. in the last, I don't know, ten years or s--? I dunno, we only got Taco Bell in the last five. So there you go! My fellow Kiwis. Uh, Hardee's? Same thing as Carl's Jr. The more ya know.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Episode 204.]