

## EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND SIX - THE BULL

*Original transcript edited by Ari and Theo and reviewed by Jenah*

*[BEGIN Episode 206.]*

**INTRO:** Hey guys, quick plugs. There are new stickers and a new magnet in the Ko-fi shop, link in the description. I'm really excited to bring these to you guys, I love the designs, there's a mirror-finish WOE.BEGONE logo, a circular O.V.E.R. logo, EdMan and MDawg stickers, and a holographic *Cowboys* album art sticker, as well as a two-and-a-quarter-inch O.V.E.R. logo fridge magnet that is a real magnet and not one of those flat things. So check that out in the Ko-fi shop, again the link is in the description. As far as regular plugs go, I'm still streaming on Twitch at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://twitch.tv/woebegonepod), where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack and then we hang out and play a videogame. I think *Diddy Kong Racing's* getting a little too difficult for me, so we might switch over to something else. I'm still on an N64 kick, so maybe *Iggy's Reckin' Balls?* Again, that is [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://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://patreon.com/woe_begone), where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, corkboards, and Morkboards. Things are truckin' right along in commentary land, I just posted the commentary for Episode 150 of WOE.BEGONE, so if you sign up at the ten-dollar-or-up level, you can listen to at least 150 commentaries. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

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

*[Opening theme plays.]*

*[We hear radio static and road noises from the inside of Mike's car.]*

**MIKEY** *[over the radio]:* It's a full moon tonight, folks! You know what that means. Everybody and their cousin is talking about how the "Moon," so-called, is "real" and they can "see" it with their, quote, "eyes." Well, real eyes, realize, real lies, folks. *[Soundboard "r-r-r-real lies" effect.]* They want you to believe that the *Moon* is real. That's how they getcha. If you believe that the Moon is real, you are playing *directly* into their hands. Because the truth is, get ready for this, the truth *is* that the Moon... is... the backside... of the Earth! That's right, folks! The Flat Earth people are wrong, the Hollow Earth people are wrong, everyone is wrong. The Moon's the other side of the Earth. We all live on *this* side of the Earth, packed in here like sardines. And that's exactly what they want! Meanwhile, there's a whole other half of the planet, so-called "Moon," that is uninhabited. Or should I say *mostly* uninhabited. Because that's the whole scheme, folks. Convince everyone that the Moon is far away and uninhabited and inhospitable. That way, the world's richest people have half the planet to themselves! I've gotta admit, that's a foolproof plan. But my eyes are open. I'm not gonna be fooled anymore. That's the Half-Earth theory. Don't believe their bull. *[Bull mooing sound effect.]* There's a whole extra half of Earth that has been kept from us in order to keep us poor, docile, *[Soundboard "d-d-d-docile" effect.]* and not

asking questions. So start asking yourself this question: why can't I live on the Moon with all of the rich people? What makes them so special? Always ask these kinds of questions, folks! Never stop questioning authority.

Now, to end my segment today, I've written a rap song about the Half-Earth theory. Well, I mostly wrote it. I'm gonna freestyle. Actually, I'm [MIKE: Mikey, no, no!] gonna freestyle most of it. Uh, alright, here it goes. Uh, [MIKE: No!] can someone turn on the music? [*"half-earth theory" starts playing.*] Yeah, that's it. [MIKE: I'm gonna call the station, I'm gonna stop this. Fuck, I'm too late.] The Earth is the back of the Moon / The truth will be available soon / And it's also the back of the Sun / Depending on the way that it's spun / The powers that be don't want us to see / They wanna keep us—

[*We hear static as Mike turns off the radio with great prejudice.*]

**MIKE:** We are going to have a chat when I get back to Oldbrush Valley. [*Road noises fade out.*] ...W-Wait, wait, is that— is that them? Is— Is that Ty?

[*Mike gets out of the car.*]

**OUTLAW TY:** Is this everyone, Tex? You, me, and Bluster?

**TEX:** Yup. 'Tween us and that tumbleweed, I reckon the gang's all here.

[*We hear a tumbleweed tumble in the background.*]

**OUTLAW TY:** What about 12? Weren't he and 69 best buds? I thought *he'd* at least be here.

**TEX:** 12's dead, pard. I threw him in the pit myself.

**OUTLAW TY:** [*Sighs.*] Guess I missed that. Does that mean I'm the only one what's givin' a eulogy today?

**TEX:** Sure are. You should get on with it, pilgrim. I ain't got all day.

**OUTLAW TY:** Right. [*He clears his throat and begins reading.*] Friends, family, gigantic horses: [*We hear Bluster snort.*] we are gathered here today to celebrate the life of Iteration 69. Gunned down in his prime, far too soon. [*He stops reading.*] Tex, I-I don't wanna say all this. I was the one what shot 'im dead.

**TEX:** You shoulda thought of that 'fore ya shot 'im, Outlaw.

**OUTLAW TY:** He drew down on ya! I was savin' your dang life! I didn't wanna kill him!

**TEX:** Shoulda thought of that before ya became a dang outlaw. Just read the eulogy.

**OUTLAW TY** *[reading]*: We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of Iteration 69. Gunned down in his prime, far too soon. 69 was a friend, musician, fiend, troublemaker, and outlaw. None of them other iterations are here to say their goodbyes, and that's for a good reason. He was trouble. But most folks around here *are* trouble. 69 was a tough sumbitch, and he should be remembered. Life was always tough for him. Folks made fun of him for his iteration number, and it made him into a loner. He was always on edge, and that weren't no different the night I killed him. We don't get to choose who we are. Life made 69 hard.

**TEX**: Outlaw! Phrasin'!

**OUTLAW TY**: Dang it, you wrote that part!

**TEX**: I figured you were gonna improv! Take all the stupid shit I wrote and make up your own words! Keep goin', just punch it up a little.

**OUTLAW TY** *[reading]*: 69 was mean as a snake, and everyone knew it. But I'll never forget, while he was lyin' on the cold, hard floor in the back room of the Outpost, bleedin' out and waitin' for death, how his tough exterior faded away. Under all of that posturin' was an... an it—an iteration that was kind, sweet, and— and carin'. I'll never forget what he said to me in that final moment. He said— *[Stops reading.]* Ugh, Tex, he ain't said none of this shit, you cut his tongue out last year!

**TEX**: He deserved it, too, pilgrim. I wrote what he shoulda said. Keep readin'.

**OUTLAW TY** *[reading]*: He said, "Outlaw, I done played my whole hand, but it ain't too late for you to do somethin' with *your* life. Do something great with it." I didn't know what that meant until long after he was already gone. What *should* I be doin' with my life that I'm not already doin'? That got me thinkin' about Tex and Bluster and how we all made a pact to look after each other, no matter what. And that made me recommit to my work here in Bluster's Grove. I've been diggin' in the scrapyard every day since 69 died, lookin' for parts to make our defenses even more effective. I've been redrawin' blueprints and draftin' up new ones day and night, so if'n we end up under attack, we're prepared. I like to think that my work has already propagated forward to help us in the future. It has already been quieter in Bluster's Grove since 69 died than it has ever been. In a way, he sacrificed himself so we could live a better life. And I think that's admirable. That is what I want us all thinkin' about as we lay down 69 for his final dirt nap. Thank you.

*[Tex applauds, and Bluster neighs.]*

**TEX**: That was beautiful, Outlaw. Bluster thought so too. See, he's cryin'.

**OUTLAW TY**: Horses don't cry, Tex. They ain't even got tear ducts.

**TEX:** He's cryin' on the inside. *[We hear Bluster neigh.]* You can tell. He's gonna make a sad TikTok about this. You can see it in his eyes.

**OUTLAW TY:** Why are we even doin' all this? It's just the two of us. We could've thrown 69 in the pit with the others and grabbed a beer at the Outpost. Now we're out here in the heat gettin'... et up by bugs.

**TEX:** 'Cause you spin a good yarn, Outlaw. I'm gettin'... et up by feelings. I just... Glad to see ya up there talkin' for a minute. But I— I am itchin' to get outta here, speakin' o' bugs. Plus my AC ain't workin', I'm startin' to overheat.

*[We hear crunching footsteps coming toward Tex and Outlaw Ty.]*

**OUTLAW TY:** Your AC? Tex, you ain't pushin' buttons on the Leg again, are ya? Because it ain't—

**MIKE** *[from afar]:* Hey, excuse me, uh, hi, uh—

**OUTLAW TY:** 'Scuse me, sir. Who are you, and what's your business here? This is a private service.

**MIKE:** Uh, yeah, I'm— I'm really sorry to interrupt, but, uh, it's just, uh—

**TEX:** Ya ain't interruptin'. We're on our way. Let's go, Bluster.

**MIKE:** No, please don't go! Uh, I— I think I was looking for you. Uh, I heard that there was an iteration of Michael down here in Texas, and I-I wanted to check out what's going on. So, uh, you are...

**TEX:** The name's Tex. And this here's Outlaw.

**MIKE:** And Outlaw is... Outlaw Ty... Betteridge, right?

**OUTLAW TY:** One and the same, pilgrim. Can we help ya?

**MIKE:** You know, it doesn't even phase me that you talk like that, and I think that says a lot about me, but yes, you can help me. I am operating out of a Base in Latvia, and myself and my associate... uh, we heard about the two of you, uh— because we saw Bluster's TikTok, uh, I guess? Uh, a crow showed it to us, but that— we can brush past that. What I want to know is: is this a Satellite Base of some kind? And, if so, a-are you under orders to be here in Bluster's Grove?

**TEX:** I don't reckon I know what a "Satellite Base" is. I'm the head honcho 'round here, if'n that's what you're wonderin'. Some folks call me the honorary sheriff. *[He pauses.]* The sheriff don't, though.

**MIKE:** Alright, well, you know what Base is, uh, I assume. The— The one in Oldbrush Valley? Uh, I'm— I'm with them. But not— not officially? I'm doing a different thing in this time period, but I am... interfacing with them, I guess you'd say? Uh, I asked Mikey about Bluster's Grove, and he had never heard of this place, and he doesn't know anything about you, so I came down here to, you know, see for myself, see if I could learn anything. Uh, for instance, uh, your reason for doing whatever this operation is during this exact time period? Like, what's going on.

**TEX:** We ain't talkin' business today. This is a funeral, if'n ya hadn't noticed. The eulogy don't come with a Q&A section after.

*[There is a loud electric shock from Tex's Leg.]*

**TEX:** Ow! *[Huffs.]* Son of a bitch. *[Metal clangs.]*

**MIKE:** Um, is everything okay? That sounded painful.

**TEX:** It's fine. My damn Leg's on the fritz.

**OUTLAW TY:** Dangit, Tex! I told ya that you can't go turnin' extra functions on until I can figure out what needs fixin'. It'll shock ya something fierce. I'm headin' to the scrapyard after this to find somethin' to fix it with. You're gonna be the next one in the pit if you keep on tamperin' with the temperature regulations like that!

**TEX:** It's too damn hot out here, pilgrim. I'm 'bout to die of a heat stroke. And this damn Leg's supposed to cool me down. I had to try.

**MIKE:** That was your Leg that shocked you? As in a Leg unit? In 2025? I have all sorts of questions, like, uh, where did you find it? Or, what—

**TEX:** You need to scram, pard. I said I ain't answerin' no questions. Not now, not ever.

**OUTLAW TY:** Don't tell him to scram, Tex. Where are your manners? He's from Base. Didn't you say that ya had questions for Base if'n you ever heard from 'em? Questions like "what happened to TXDawg?"

**TEX:** TXDawg is gone, Outlaw. And I reckon he ain't never comin' back. He's just as dead as 69 over there. Deader, even. If'n he was comin' back, he woulda come back. Base ain't got no answers. *[He gets into the saddle.]* I'm leavin'. You need to go back where ya came from, Mike. Alright, Bluster, let's ride.

*[Bluster nickers.]*

**TEX:** We'll see ya back at the base, Outlaw. Figure out what this Basey wants and shoot 'im dead when you're done for good measure.

*[Bluster clops away.]*

**OUTLAW TY:** *[Sighs.]* That's why they call him the Bull, I reckon. The horns are out. He sure doesn't seem to like *you*, pilgrim.

**MIKE:** I-I should go without saying, but please don't shoot me. I'm not just a—what did he call me? a “Basey”? Are we— We're inventing insults now? Something fundamental about the Mike Walters timeline appears to have changed, and we're trying to figure out what happened. Uh, I'm Mike, by the way. That might have been obvious.

**OUTLAW TY:** What, just Mike? No number? No roman numeral?

**MIKE:** No, uh... just Mike, thank you? Uh, some people call me Latvia Mike 'cause I-I live in the Satellite Base, uh, in Latvia? Out by... the Compound, where you're... from, presumably?

**OUTLAW TY:** I ain't close to them Compound folk, if'n that's what you're insinuatn'.

**MIKE:** Yeah, I can i-imagine, what with, um... this. I don't think things are going very well at the Compound, but they're going even worse at Base. And maybe not that well here, either, right? From the look of things? You know, we can help each other out if you don't shoot me.

**OUTLAW TY:** I ain't gonna shoot ya, pard. That was the Bull being the Bull. Fulla bull *shit*. He's been ornery ever since I shot 69. He says *he* wish he'd been the one to do it. I ain't never seen a Number's death get to him that way.

**MIKE:** Uh, I guess I'm sorry to hear that? Uh, but if you're not gonna shoot me, would you be willing to answer some questions? And, in return, I don't know much, but I'll tell you everything I know, too.

**OUTLAW TY:** I'll answer your questions, stranger. If'n you let me hitch a ride to the scrapyard.

**MIKE:** Yeah, I can do that. I parked around front.

**OUTLAW TY:** Alright then, pard. Let's hit the road. But I reckon you're about to realize you ain't know what ya signed up for.

**MIKE:** Well, maybe you haven't, either. How do you feel about talk radio?

*[Scene transition.]*

*[We hear a cacophony of machinery and very faint background chatter.]*

**OUTLAW TY:** Mike, I reckon that's the worst radio show I ever heard. Does Mikey believe all that crap, or is it some sorta act?

**MIKE:** *[Sighs.]* Isn't that the question. Edgar wrote this whole paper on performative personalities in Mike iterations, but I can't say that I understand it. Mikey says that this is an act, but I can't remember the last time he got into something this much, so I'm starting to get worried.

**OUTLAW TY:** Maybe you should be worried, pard. Your iterations can get drawn to that sorta thing. We used to have an iteration like that 'round here. He was always talkin' about "auras" and "kombucha" and "astral planes" and "mother souls." We called him TXDawg. Like a... Texas MDawg.

**MIKE:** Okay, I know what Texas is. I-I don't know what an MDawg is. Is that a performative Mike iteration? Uh, what happened to him?

**OUTLAW TY:** We ain't got no clue. He up and vanished a couple o' weeks ago, but not... *regular* vanished. That fella stopped existin' like he was never born. Some fella musta pulled a correction and then corrected 'im out. Don't know who would wanna do that, though.

**MIKE:** That's funny. We also think there's been a huge correction. That's why I'm here. That's what I was trying to tell Tex before he rode off on that big horse. Base is trying to figure out what happened and if we should try to reverse it or if things are better now. The problem is we don't remember anything about how things were—

**OUTLAW TY:** Hey, when I put in the code, can you lift up on the gate? It's a lot easier with two people.

**MIKE:** Uh, yeah, sure.

*[Outlaw Ty enters the code, and Mike grunts as he lifts the gate.]*

**MIKE:** What are you looking for in this scrapyard that's so valuable? You said you were gonna find something to fix Tex's Leg unit? Are you gonna actually find something out here in a, a—like, in a pile of trash? Because that's a really specialized piece of equipment that doesn't exist in 2025.

**OUTLAW TY:** Wouldn't be the wildest thing I found out here. Hell, this scrapyard is where I found that Leg in the first place. I dug it right out of a pile not 20 dang feet from where we're standin'. It was all busted up, o' course, from bein' in the trash, but it weren't nothin' a little solderin' couldn't fix.

**MIKE:** You *found* the Leg unit? In this scrapyard? The— The full Leg?

**OUTLAW TY:** It ain't no ordinary scrapyard, that's for sure. I'm lucky I found the place. Everything we got back at the house, I built outta scrap I found out here. If folks show up with guns, we got physical defense systems. If they show up with somethin' more... *temporal*, we got temporal defense arrays. Tex needs a new Leg, there's scrap to make a new Leg out here.

**MIKE:** Wow, it sounds like you and Tex are all kitted out out here. Do you have... Calculators?

**OUTLAW TY** [*suspicious of the inquiry*]: Are you interested in DIY time travel gadgets, Mike? Is that what this is all about?

**MIKE:** No! ...Y-Yes, but it's— it's not just that. I asked because Base doesn't have any Calculators, or anything else, for that matter. They don't have any arrays or transport tech of any kind. Nothing. And, technically, Michael and I are back in this time period for an unrelated purpose, so we were dropped off here without any Calculators. Base has been making do by breaking into Tier Two of O.V.E.R. and using the security program any time they want to transport *anything*. It's not sustainable. It is an extremely vulnerable position for them to be in, and I know they're going to get caught. Which is why I was so excited to see that there were other iterations around. Maybe some with technology.

**OUTLAW TY:** Alright. It's becomin' clear what you're after, pard. You wanna say hi, grab a Calculator off us, and mosey on down the road. Did I get that right?

**MIKE:** It isn't like that! I asked you to prom as a joke, but now that we're together, I really see what's beautiful about you. Really, it would be awesome to get a Calculator, but I also have a longer view on things than that. Base would benefit greatly from partnering with other organizations or, you know, even just other iterations like Tex. Once Base is powerful and well-equipped enough to establish ourselves in this time period, we would be able to reciprocate by sharing resources and manpower. There's strength in numbers, after all. It's a win-win.

**OUTLAW TY:** I don't reckon the Bull is gonna think so. And we got Numbers, pilgrim. We buried one today.

**MIKE:** Okay, first off, you've gotta stop giving him cool nicknames. Edgar's paper has a whole section on how cool nicknames enable performative personality Mikeys. But, going back to numbers, you were burying a guy named 69? W-What does that mean? Who are the Numbers?

**OUTLAW TY:** Wow... They really don't know jack shit up there in Oldbrush Valley, do they?

**MIKE:** No, we really don't. Like I said, I think our memories got corrected [*A piece of metal shifts.*] and—

**OUTLAW TY:** Don't touch that! **[MIKE: Shit! Um–]** It's radioactive.

**MIKE:** U-Um, okay, uh, am I... going to be... okay?

**OUTLAW TY:** I reckon so. But don't get a CT scan for a couple of months, just to be safe.

**MIKE:** Well, if I can't bring home a Calculator, at least I can bring home some radiation poisoning. Tell me more about the Numbers. Are they all Michael iterations?

**OUTLAW TY:** I done said too much. Tex is gonna be pissed at me for tellin' ya half o' what I did. Hell, I'm gonna get the horns for hitching a ride from you, but I gotta get this scrap metal home somehow.

**MIKE:** You can't mean this scrap metal. Outlaw, this is huge. We're gonna put this in my backseat?

**OUTLAW TY:** That was the plan, pilgrim. Ya didn't think we were leavin' here empty-handed, did ya?

**MIKE:** I-I mean, that– that's... that– that's– that's fine, I'll... I-I– This is a rental, I'll lose my deposit... W-Whatever. And in return, you are going to help me talk to Tex about partnering with Base, right?

**OUTLAW TY:** I'll return the favor, pard, but I can save ya some time and tell ya he ain't gonna agree to it. Ain't no way. That old Bull is too dang ornery, I'll tell ya what.

**MIKE:** Outlaw. Ty. Listen to me. You have to help me. I'm not in my own time period. I'm from the future. I am in my own past, and my husband is far away in our present, alone. He's going to die soon relative to my time period and age. I am about to lose him forever. Every second that I'm here, I'm losing time that could be with him. The work is important, helping my friends and my fellow iterations is one of the most important things in the world to me, but, in the back of my mind, I am *constantly* calculating how much time is left on the ticking clock. I want to help Base, but I want to be able to go home. Having a Calculator would change my life. Even being allowed to *borrow* one every now and then and go sleep in my bed with Edgar would be the best thing that has ever happened to me. Without the right equipment, work in this time period is... difficult. Base is so vulnerable. They are within striking distance of O.V.E.R. at all times, and O.V.E.R. could just crush them at any moment like so many bugs. And so could any number of malicious actors. We saw *Eagle* inside of Tier Two last time I was there. I'm worried about my friends, and I'm worried about my husband, and I'm worried about this timeline where it seems like there's all this stuff that used to be the case that we can no longer remember. So is there any way that I can get Tex to understand what is at stake here and show me some compassion?

**OUTLAW TY:** I'll help as best I can, but don't go gettin' your hopes up, ya hear? He weren't always the Bull. He used to be a... cuddly teddy bear. But the world... done pulled out all his stitches. His heart ain't so easily moved like it used to be.

**MIKE:** All I'm asking is for a chance to convince him.

**OUTLAW TY:** You help me lug this back to the car, and we'll talk to Tex. But remember: The Bull Has Horns. Bloody horns at that. Just ask the Numbers.

**MIKE:** We have a deal, Outlaw. *[He pauses.]* Uh, how are we going to fit this in my backseat? It's huge.

**OUTLAW TY:** We'll make it fit.

**MIKE:** If you say so. *[He pauses.]* We should start heading back. Okay. Lift on three. One... two... three!

*[Metal scrapes, and they strain to lift it.]*

**OUTLAW TY** *[grunting]:* No! From the knees! Mike, from the knees!

**MIKE:** Yeah, I'm trying with my *knees*, Outlaw! *[He sighs. Metal clangs on the ground.]* What is this thing made of!?

**OUTLAW TY** *[breathing heavily]:* Tungsten! And osmium. Densest element in the periodic table.

*[Scene transition.]*

*[Metal clangs. Mike and Outlaw Ty grunt.]*

**OUTLAW TY** *[straining]:* Yup, you can set it down right here on this table... Yup, yup... Easy now... Careful not to crush that...

**MIKE:** Yeah, uh, is that a— is that a Calculator?

*[Bluster nickers.]*

**OUTLAW TY:** *[Sighs.]* Howdy there, Bluster. Didn't see ya there.

**MIKE:** Hey Bluster, uh, good horsey... Uh, what are you gonna use this heavy-ass piece of metal for, Outlaw?

**OUTLAW TY:** All kinds o' stuff. I can machine it into parts for... anythin' I need: Calculators, repairs to the Leg unit, arrays, you name it. *[Outlaw noise.]* You can do anything with a CNC router and some elbow grease these days.

**MIKE:** Yeah, so is this Calculator on the table functional? Uh, because if–

*[Shotgun cocks.]*

**TEX:** Hold it right there, you varmint.

**OUTLAW TY:** Come on, Tex. He's a friendly iteration. We don't gotta do all this.

**TEX:** He ain't friendly. He's an interloper. In *my* house.

**OUTLAW TY:** He ain't an interloper. You should... listen to what he's got to say.

**TEX:** We don't take in strays no more, Outlaw. Never again.

**MIKE:** Well, good news, I'm not a stray, and I don't want to be taken in. I want to help you guys out. Outlaw told me about how things are going down here, and... I think we might have been targeted by the same correction at Base. He said you had an iteration that got corrected out? Uh, Dog... something?

**OUTLAW TY:** He *means* TXDawg.

**MIKE:** Right, uh, TXDawg. It seems like you guys didn't get the brunt of the correction, because you can remember stuff like that. At Base, we don't even know what we don't know. We're cut off from whatever happened. And we don't have any Calculators or anything, so we can't figure it out on our own. We're looking for help. So, you scratch our back, we scratch yours?

**TEX:** I ain't lookin' to get my back scratched. It's mostly scarred up.

**OUTLAW TY:** *[Huffs.]* You really oughta hear him out, Tex. He makes a lotta sense. Now, don't go givin' me the horns over this, but... I think helpin' out Base... it'd be good for ya. You're an iteration, same as all of 'em. You can trace yourself back to Base at some point. And they ain't doin' so hot. They're breakin' into Tier Two just to do... simple transport work. Mike said they ran into Eagle recently. They're bound to get caught– I'm surprised they haven't been already. And if they get caught, the consequences can propagate down on our heads.

**TEX:** Well, Outlaw, if they're that much of a liability, I reckon we should kill 'em ourselves. Save us the hassle.

**OUTLAW TY:** Don't get ornery with me, you old windbag! We just got back from a dang iteration funeral! You're really gonna shoot your way outta this predicament? In front o' Bluster?

**TEX:** Bluster's seen worse. Hell, he's done worse. As deputy sheriff of the Numbers, he's shot a man dead just for jaywalkin'. And we won't need no funeral for this Mike. Just throw 'im in the pit. You wanted to meet the Bull, Mike Walters? You're about to get the horns, son. And you're lyin' about Base. Ain't nothin' y'all can do to help me.

**MIKE:** Well, you're right, we can't help you *yet*. Uh, we're not in a good position *right now*. But Michael and I aren't in this time period to work for Base. You said your Leg unit was acting up, right? Michael and I work for Bradford Beaumont, CEO of TryLeg Corp and founder of the Ibis Society. W-We can talk to him. We'll explain that we found an old Leg unit in this time period, which he'll be super excited about, and he'll send out a repair technician or... send you a whole new unit! Or, he can send instructions for Outlaw, and then Outlaw can—

*[Gunshot.]*

**MIKE:** Ah, fuck! Tex, that almost hit me!

**TEX:** Ain't no one gettin' nowhere near my Leg, least of all that bastard what made it. Do you know how much trouble this dang electric leg is? It's too complicated. It's always breakin'. Outlaw is spendin' half his time in the scrapyard tryin' to fix it. It shocks me every hour on the hour for no reason, and it won't stop tryin' to *[Mocking robot voice.]* "reestablish connections" *[Normal voice.]* with that damn Stinky and his fuckin' Leg. I'd cut the fucker off if Outlaw didn't think it would kill me. Hell, I still might.

**MIKE:** Hold on, I'm getting misconstrued. I'm not here on Bradford's behalf or something. I just work for the guy so that I could travel to this time period to help Base. And he's my ride home because, unlike you, I don't have a Calculator. But since I do work for him, we can work something out. If you want to, I mean.

**TEX:** You can start by tellin' Stinky to fuck off.

**MIKE:** I don't know who "Stinky" is, but if they've got a Leg unit, it should not be hard to find them and tell them to... fuck off.

**OUTLAW TY:** Wha—? You don't remember Stinky? He's not at Base with you? I figured he was livin' there.

**MIKE:** No one living at Base is named Stinky. We've got Mikey, Edgar, Chance, Shadow, Marissa, Charlie, and... Troy. Wait, is Stinky a crow? 'Cause Michael named all the crows, and they're his flock, and some of them he won't let me talk to, which is a whole thing, uh, so I don't know their names.

**OUTLAW TY:** Stinky is a Mikey iteration. Last time I heard about 'im, I *know* he was livin' at Base. He ain't the type of fella you forget, neither. I reckon he got corrected out the same time as TXDawg did.

**TEX:** Stinky weren't corrected out, Outlaw. He tries talkin' to me every single day o' the week. 'Cept Tuesdays, for some reason. But six days a week, that dang Leg o' his is tryin' to make contact with mine. Problem is my Leg's all busted up and old and can't decode the signals he's sendin' it. Plus, it's dumb as a rock and cain't talk 'cause the speaker got mangled 'fore I got it, so I cain't answer his Leg even if it could decode the signal, which it cain't. Stinky is alive and annoyin' as hell, just like always.

**MIKE:** If this Stinky iteration has a Leg unit installed, it would be trivial to find him. TryLeg could probably triangulate where he was based on the signals that your unit is receiving. Uh, kind of like a "Compound trace" sort of thing? Bradford is kind of the Ty Betteridge of SmartLeg technology, uh, no offense to any Ty Betteridges in the room.

**OUTLAW TY:** None taken. I don't associate with the Compound. So... whaddaya think, Tex? I think Mike's got somethin' to offer us, and we have somethin' to offer him. And it'd be nice to have some professional instruction on how to work that dang Leg so I can see how it's supposed to work in the first place. I can fix up a Calculator for Base so they don't have to keep poking the O.V.E.R. bear, and Mike can visit his home time period. They can get established, you can get your Leg fixed, and they can help us out once they get their house in order. I think he's right that there's a propagation risk if'n O.V.E.R. were to decide it was time to... nip 'em in the bud. I don't know how that would propagate to you, Tex. And once we get all that figured out, we can try and figure out what happened to TXDawg.

**TEX:** No sir. I'm puttin' my foot down. *[His Leg clanks on the ground.]* We got what we need here. We got enough iridium to protect this house from time travelers, long as we don't draw too much attention from the wrong folks. And Base will draw that attention. It's a death warrant. I know 'cause I signed it afore, and I'm too smart to sign it again.

**OUTLAW TY:** Tex, that's not fair to the other iterations.

**TEX:** I ain't never been fair, and I ain't gonna start now, pilgrim. The best thing to do is pretend this never happened. Base's business ain't our business. If'n the Compound came knockin' on our door, you wouldn't ink a deal with 'em, would ya?

**OUTLAW TY:** That's different, and you know it, Tex.

*[We hear something move.]*

**TEX:** It'd have the same result, pilgrim. Both of us endin' up in the pit. *[He pauses.]* Get your hands out from behind your back, Mike.

**MIKE:** Uh, huh? What, is— is there a-a problem?

**TEX:** The Calculator was on the table. I saw you, you [**OUTLAW TY:** Mike...] low-down thief.

**OUTLAW TY:** Oh, Mike, tell me ya didn't. After I stuck my dang neck out for ya.

**MIKE:** I-I-I don't know what you mean! I never saw a Calculator!

**TEX:** Block the door, Bluster.

*[Bluster whinnies. Hooves clop across the floor.]*

**TEX:** Put it down, Mike. You'll be dead 'fore ya can punch the coordinates in. And Base ain't got no Calculators. Ain't no one showin' up to save ya. You're goin' in the pit.

**OUTLAW TY:** Set the Calculator back down, Mike. Tex, don't shoot.

**TEX:** He ain't just gettin' the horns, Outlaw. He's in the damn china shop now. Hold still, varmint, and it won't hurt too ba—

*[Gunshot rings. Outlaw Ty groans, and Bluster neighs.]*

**TEX:** Fuck, fuck!

**MIKE:** What the fuck is going on?

*[Outlaw Ty cries out. A second gunshot sounds, and we hear objects shatter.]*

**TEX:** Outlaw! Fuck, this fucker brought backup!

**MIKE** *[panicked]:* Uh— Fuck. Fuck!

*[There's a third gunshot. Bluster continues to vocalize.]*

**TEX:** Bluster! Get outta here! *[The door bursts open.]* Go into town [**MIKE:** Outlaw's...] and tell 'em what's happenin'!

*[Bluster leaves.]*

**TEX** *[breathing heavily]:* Outlaw... I'm hit.

**OUTLAW TY** *[spluttering]:* Tex... I I—

*[The room goes quiet except for Mike's breathing and Tex's death rattle. Footsteps sound across the floor.]*

**TEX:** Why are you here?

*[There's a final gunshot, and Tex goes silent.]*

**COWBOY CHANCE:** Good riddance, ya bastard. Come on, Mike. We need to go.

**MIKE:** Chris!? What the fuck? Did you follow me from Base? W-Why are you here?

**COWBOY CHANCE:** I'm not Chris. And we need to leave, pronto. We gotta correct this before Bluster makes it to town, or there's gonna be hell to pay.

*[Closing theme plays.]*

**CREDITS:** This has been WOE.BEGONE.

The voice of Cowboy Chance was Taylor Michaels. You can check him out in [The Grotto](#) or [Forged Bonds](#) or the upcoming [\[REDACTED\]](#).

*[Rapping.]* And the voice of Outlaw Ty was done by David Ault. Check out his podcast, [Shadows At The Door](#), or go to [davidault.co.uk](http://davidault.co.uk) for more. *[Stops rapping.]*

The Earth is the back of the Moon, thanks for playing!

*[Closing theme plays out.]*

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (MIKE):** –scratch yours?

**BLOOPER (TEX)** *[gradually more witch-like]:* Nah, I ain't lookin' to get my back scratched, it's mostly scarred up 'cause I'm a *[Normal Tex voice.]* witch.

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (OUTLAW TY):** Yeah, I reckon so. But don't get a CT scan for a couple o' months, just to be safe. In fact, do you know how radiation actually works? Just in the whole "risk analysis"— No, you probably don't. And, to be fair, when I'm speaking in this accent, I really don't wanna be... doing any long speeches. I'll leave that— *[He laughs.]* I'll leave that for the other one.

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPER (OUTLAW TY):** Weren't nothing a little soldering couldn't fix.

**BLOOPER (DAVID):** "In America, this word is pronounced SAW-der-ing." Come on, America, there's an "L" in there. But then, *[He laughs.]* ah... English is a difficult language. Yesterday my cousin Jane said she was an aeroplane. But I wanted further proof, and so I pushed her off the roof. Right! *[He clears his throat.]*

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPERS (OUTLAW TY):** Questions like "What happened to TXDawg?" "Is Troy really Flinch?"

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPERS (TEX):** Outlaw, phrasin'!

**BLOOPERS (OUTLAW TY):** C'mon, Tex. You should know I don't read scripts before I start 'em!

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

**BLOOPERS (OUTLAW TY):** But we don't get to choose who we are. Life made 69 hard. *[He giggles with the same maturity as a teenaged boy, then clears his throat.]*

*[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]*

*[END Episode 206.]*