

## EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHT - THE CRAB

*Original transcript edited by Bloom, Ginko, and Theo and reviewed by Jenah*

*[BEGIN Episode 208.]*

**INTRO:** Hey guys, quick plugs. The third volume of WOE.BEGONE vocal songs, I Have Been To The Future Volume 3, comes out on Thursday. This new volume of vocal songs contains every song from Episode 175 onward, including this very episode. It will be available Thursday on streaming services like Spotify, Apple Music, and Deezer (which is real), as well as on Bandcamp at [woebegonepod.bandcamp.com](http://woebegonepod.bandcamp.com), where five-dollar-and-up patrons will get a free Bandcamp album download code. So check that out if you're looking for some tunes, that's [woebegonepod.bandcamp.com](http://woebegonepod.bandcamp.com).

In other news, I'm still streaming on Twitch at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](http://twitch.tv/woebegonepod), where every Sunday we write that week's episode soundtrack and then we hang out and play a video game. We hung out and listened to I Have Been To The Future Volume 3 and played GeoGuessr last Sunday. It was a lot of fun except for that one round where I said it's definitely not London, and then I clicked somewhere in America, and it was in London. I will never forgive myself. That is [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](http://twitch.tv/woebegonepod).

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon at [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](http://patreon.com/woe_begone), where you'll get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, corkboards, and Morkboards. One-dollar-and-up patrons get access to the corkboards where I outline what I'm going to do for the episode that week. The corkboard for Episode 208 is really interesting, because it has absolutely nothing to do with what actually happened in the episode for the most part. So check that out if you want a behind-the-scenes look into how things develop across the week as I am putting together the episode. That is [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](http://patreon.com/woe_begone).

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

*[Warning: This episode contains depictions of violence, both towards humans and crustaceans, as well as gun violence and a depiction of alcoholism. Listener discretion is advised.]*

*[We hear beach ambience and the sound of crabs clicking around.]*

**LIEUTENANT:** On your left there, Tex. A whole mess of 'em. Get 'em, pard.

**TEX:** Oh, I got 'em, *[Spears a crab.]* alright.

*[We hear two other crabs get speared.]*

**TEX:** Hell yeah.

**LIEUTENANT:** Three crabs down, 'bout a million to go. *[Spears a crab.]* Four down. *[Spears a crab.]* Five down.

**TEX:** You're about to be rich at poker night with all them crab claws, Lieutenant.

**LIEUTENANT:** I'm already rich, Tex, 'cause I ain't ever lose.

*[We briefly hear footsteps through sand.]*

**ALASKA:** There you two are! What are you doing out here? We looked all over the apartment building for you.

**LIEUTENANT:** Howdy there, Alaska. You lookin' to kill some crabs?

**ALASKA:** Uh— No, not especially. I-I was looking for you.

**TEX:** You oughta try it, Alaska. It gets the *[Grunts while spearing a crab.]* blood pumpin'.

**ALASKA:** I'm not going anywhere near a crab after what they did to Mike's finger.

**TEX:** *[Scoffs.]* Mike's got nine more o' them. Plus I'm better at amputatin' now, so it won't go so bad next time.

**LIEUTENANT:** If'n ya ain't here for the crab hunt, why ya out here, Alaska?

**ALASKA:** 61 is rounding everyone up on the other side of the shore. He says he saw Mike and the two Numbered Michaels heading out to the yacht? He thinks they're trying to escape.

**TEX:** They didn't take our raft, did they?

**ALASKA:** I think they did, actually.

**TEX:** Those fuckers. I shoulda cut the rest o' his fingers off when I had the chance.

*[We hear the yacht motor start.]*

**LIEUTENANT:** They're takin' off. Looks like we missed the boat, pard.

**ALASKA:** They're— T-They're just leaving us here? They're just gonna get away? They can't do that!

**TEX:** There's a lesson for ya, Alaska. Don't never get your hopes up, and don't never expect Mike Walters to save no one but himself.

**LIEUTENANT:** Come on, Alaska. Kill some crabs with us. Might make ya feel better.

**ALASKA:** *[Huffs.]* Fuck it. I'll pretend it's Mike. Hand me the spear.

**TEX:** Attaboy, Alaska. Here ya go. Go get 'em.

**ALASKA:** Okay, I just, uh... I just— ...Yeah? I just— Okay. Uh... *[Grunts while spearing a crab.]* I got it!

*[We hear the yacht sail to the edge of the dome and crash.]*

**ALASKA:** What the hell is that?

**LIEUTENANT:** Sounds like our compadres won't be goin' home after all.

**ALASKA:** The boat is c-crashing? Like, what, into the side of the dome?

**TEX:** I'd paddle out there, make sure they make it out alive, but... they took my raft.

**ALASKA:** We should head over to the other side of the beach where everyone else is. We can decide what to do.

**TEX:** Yeah, let's go.

**LIEUTENANT:** We can head over there, but there ain't nothin' to do 'cept use 'em for fish bait. They're goners.

*[They start walking. Crab sounds fade out.]*

**TEX:** Be a shame if 86 died. The 86 I knew back home was a terrible gambler. He woulda been in crab debt up to his eyes. I woulda took him for every crab penny he got.

**LIEUTENANT:** I guess the murder's gonna stop if Mike's the murderer like Emdubya says.

**ALASKA:** It ca— It couldn't be Mike, could it? I mean— He threatened me when I swept the floors too slowly in the lobby, but it's no— he's not a murderer.

**LIEUTENANT:** I'm just relayin' what Emdubya told me.

**ALASKA** *[quietly]*: Well, maybe table that discussion, 'cause we're here.

*[They stop walking.]*

**TEX:** Howdy, folks. Y'all come to watch the fireworks?

**LIEUTENANT:** I call dibs on Mike's stuff.

**MW:** Ain't no dibs to call, Lieutenant. They made it to a lifeboat out there. We can see 'em through the binoculars.

**ALASKA:** Can I look, MW?

**MW:** Go right ahead.

**TEX:** Since when've you had binoculars, Emdubya?

**MW:** I had 'em with me when I got here. I tried to tell y'all about 'em, but no one listens to poor ol' Emdubya. Maybe y'all should.

**ALASKA:** I can see them! Uh... 61? How many people did you say went out there?

**61:** There was three of 'em. Uh— E— 92, 89, and the new guy.

**MW:** He means Mike. 61, Mike ain't new, y'all are. Mike's been here longer than the rest of us.

**61:** He's new to me.

**NOBODY:** I hope that the murderer takes care of our new numbered population soon.

**61:** Well, I hope you're— S-Shut up, Nobody. I was right about them goin' on the boat, weren't I?

**ALASKA:** Guys, they're coming back with four people! Who is that? MW, look. That— That's not an iteration of us... I— Is it? It might be.

**MW:** I reckon that's Felix from the looks of it.

**ALASKA:** Oh my god, that is Feli— *[Calling out.]* Felix! Hi, it's me! It's Al! Um. Uh...

**NOBODY:** Excited to see your old friend from your Compound torture days, Alaska?

**ALASKA:** Hey, Christmas Island is a judgement-free zone, Nobody.

**NOBODY:** It absolutely isn't.

**LIEUTENANT:** What the hell is Felix doin' out here on Christmas Island?

**MDAWG:** His psychic signature doesn't feel normal. TXDawg, can you back me up on this? Do a telepathic scan of his soul.

**TXDAWG:** You're right, MDawg. It sounds really echoey. Do you think it might be bouncing off of the waves? Or maybe there are too many crabs? Crabs can cause interference in my experience.

**LIEUTENANT:** I've told y'all, if ya'd go crab huntin' with me and Tex every night, we could put a dent in their numbers and have more crab claws for poker chips. And less psychic interference, I reckon.

**MDAWG:** The ghost of the crabs actually makes the interference worse.

**NOBODY:** Your solution to everything is killing, isn't it, Lieutenant?

**LIEUTENANT:** Gotta have fun 'round these parts somehow.

**61:** Well, get ready to kill these sonuvabitches, Lieutenant. They thought they could escape on the yacht without us? They gotta pay. ...Kill 'em, feed 'em to the crabs.

**TEX:** Hold your dang horses, 61. They got Felix with 'em. He's gotta know what's goin' on. Them other Mikes mighta seen somethin', too. No one's gonna lay a finger on 'em 'til we can talk.

**LIEUTENANT:** Oh, I can make 'im talk, Tex, if'n that's whatcha want. I'm good at squeezin' little pipsqueaks like Felix 'til they squeal. He'll tell me everything I wanna know.

**MW:** Ain't no one squeezin' no one! Gotdang, Lieutenant. Cain't y'all go 15 minutes without goin' Lord o' the Flies? They're almost to shore. We gotta make a good impression. Maybe if Felix has sympathy for us, he can get us off the dang island. But he ain't gonna if we try to kill 'im.

**MIKE** *[from afar]:* Uh. Guys? Uh– Can you pull us in maybe? Uh– We crashed the boat. Uh– But Felix was on it. We've got Felix!

**MW:** Alright. I'm gonna go out there and help them get to shore. And when I come back, y'all better have your act together, 'cause we're about to have a new housemate.

*[Opening theme plays.]*

*[We hear beach ambience.]*

**MIKE:** Hi, everyone! Uh, I guess you're all here because 61 told you that we were trying to use the yacht to get off the island. And I–I– I guess you all saw that it– it didn't work. The yacht crashed into the side of the dome, and it sank! So we're back!

**LIEUTENANT:** Looks like you found a new friend while ya's out there. What the hell you doin' all the way out here, Felix? Run outta test subjects at the Compound?

**FELIX:** Hello, everyone! Heh. No, Lieutenant, there are plenty of test Michaels at the Compound still. I was sent here to retrieve Ty's yacht, the S.S. Careful. I used its onboard location services to track it down, but I didn't realize it was inside of the dome when I transported in. ...And transport into the dome only goes one way, so I can't transport out.

**MW:** You're sayin' you're stuck here with us on the Mike island?

**FELIX:** *[Laughs.]* No, you're stuck here with me! *[Brief chuckle.]* ...Yeah. Yeah, I'm stuck here. Stuck here with you...

**ALASKA:** S-So the Compound didn't give you anything in case you got stuck? No– Not even a Calculator?

**FELIX:** No. Uh... Sorry, um. Which iteration are you?

**ALASKA:** Y-You can call me AI. Uh– Please? I-I'm trying to get people to call me AI.

**MIKE:** That is Alaska Mike, Felix. Uh— You guys sent him to Alaska to, uh— deal with us. We don't have to go into that right now, but that's why he's Alaska Mike.

**ALASKA:** But you can call me Al.

**FELIX:** No, Al... Even if I had a Calculator with me (and I don't), it wouldn't work here. You can't transport back through the barrier, no one can. So, like you, I'm stuck.

**61:** Don't let these varmints change the subject. 92 and 86 deserted their own brother and tried to escape without me.

**TEX:** Them ain't your brothers, 61. They're the same sorta lowdown Number you are.

**92:** Tex is right, I ain't your damn brother. And it don't matter, 61. There ain't no way out. Mission failed. We're back here with you now. Hope you're happy.

**ALASKA:** Okay, the cowboys can bicker later. Felix, what's the deal with the yacht? Uh— How did it end up out here? Was it just... drifting in the ocean?

**MIKEY:** Yes, uh, follow up question: can Ty afford a yacht, or did they all have to pitch in, or is it a timeshare thing? Also, hi, I'm Mikey. People aren't announcing who they are, which is really frustrating. There is an org chart in the lobby of the apartment with pictures and everything that you can look at later. But right now Mike, 86, Lieutenant, and MDawg are on your left; 92, Tex, TXDawg, and me are on your right; and in the middle are you, Alaska, 61, MW, and Nobody.

**ALASKA:** You can call me Al. Like— Like the song? Like "You Can Call Me Al"? Like *[Singing.]* "If you would [ **FELIX:** W—... ] be my bodyguard, and I can—"

**FELIX:** Ty describes it [ **ALASKA:** *(Sighs, then mutters.)* Nobody ever wants to sing the song anymore... ] as a very clever piece of accounting, but in reality it's, um... *[Clicks tongue.]* it's a— it's a— it's a little... off-books, um, sort of party-once-a-year investment. Ty wrote it off as a business expense, and then I signed next to it because he told me to, you know, "team building" and— and— and stuff. Um, but the Compound is— is doing some, um, um, um— "routine" downsizing and trying to account for the assets. And, uh, I was going to quietly "account" for it myself, before anyone else found it and made a stink about it. But it drifted out to sea, and the rest is history.

**MIKEY:** Felix, does the Compound know you're out here?

**FELIX:** No. No, they don't.

**MW:** So they ain't gearin' up for a rescue mission.

**FELIX:** No, MW. Nobody is coming to rescue us.

**MIKEY:** But Nobody's right here. Ba-dum bam!

**MIKE:** We only have a couple of rules out here, Felix. The main one is that you can't say "nobody" unless you're talking to Nobody the iteration. And that might seem like a silly thing to have a hard and fast rule about, but you're gonna understand.

**61:** What are we gonna do with this Compound vagabond what washed up on our shore? I say we feed 'im to the crabs.

**MIKE:** 61, what do you mean, "what are we gonna do with him"? We're gonna do what we do with everyone that shows up to the island. We're gonna take him in, we're gonna give him a tour, we're gonna show him to his room, we're gonna put him on the chore wheel, all that stuff. He's one of us now.

**MW:** You sure are enthusiastic 'bout that chore wheel.

**ALASKA:** Mike is right. You're one of us now. Welcome to Christmas Island, Felix Mike.

**FELIX:** Felix Mi-? Wha- What-?

**MW:** Nice to have ya stayin' with us, Felix Mike.

**FELIX:** I-I-I-I- I'm not a Mike iteration. That's- That's- That's clear, right? I'm- I'm not, uh-

**TEX:** *[Brief chuckle.]* We heard that song and dance afore. That's what Nobody says, too. But a Mike's a Mike, and you're a Mike all the same, Felix Mike. For better and for worse.

**61:** I don't trust 'im, no sir. My brothers tried to escape. Felix Mike's boat's out there. This all stinks o' shit to me. I think he's gotta earn our trust... or crabs.

**LIEUTENANT:** Show some damn hospitality, 61. I know we're all out here standin' on the shore 'cause you told us Mike was makin' a jailbreak, but jailbreak's canceled. Good news is that Felix Mike is here now. He's our guest, so we're gonna damn well treat 'im like one. Got it? Everyone?

*[Everyone mutters a little agreement.]*

**LIEUTENANT:** That's what I wanna hear. Now, you wanna bring it home, Mike?

**MIKE:** Yeah... Thanks, Lieutenant, uh. That's all for this impromptu meeting, I think. Uh, everyone can go to bed now.

**MW:** Mike, it's six a.m. I ain't goin' back to bed.

**MIKE:** Fuck, we were out there all night? Uh, the sun's gonna come up. U-Uh- Everyone, go- go to breakfast or go back to the apartment or- or whatever. Just go somewhere! Get outta here! Go! Scram!

**MW:** Y'all heard the man. Now get! Scram! Skedaddle.

*[We begin to hear footsteps through sand, and multiple people talk over each other. Their voices and footsteps gradually fade out.]*

**MW** *[overlapping]*: Vamoose. Get gone. Take a hike. Get goin'. Clear out. *[Continues listing synonyms for leaving.]*

**ALASKA** *[overlapping]*: Okay, we get it, we're leaving.

**LIEUTENANT** *[overlapping]*: All you varmints get off the beach! I'm cookin' breakfast. Hope you like fried Nobody fingers. I'm just kiddin', Nobody. It's [?] a mystery.

**NOBODY** *[overlapping]*: This is going to end badly.

**TEX** *[overlapping]*: I'm glad somebody killed ya, 61. Even if it means you're here in hell with me. I don't see how we can [?] for sure any other iterations.

**MDAWG** *[overlapping]*: Nobody, if you like, we can lead you in some guided meditation. It might help with your attitude.

**MIKEY** *[overlapping]*: Is no one calling me [?] Mike because these Mike iterations will [?] making fun of me.

**NOBODY** *[overlapping]*: I don't have an attitude.

**TXDAWG** *[overlapping]*: You're stuck here for sure, Nobody. The least you can do is come to terms with it.

*[Only 92, 86, Mike, and Felix remain on the beach.]*

**86**: So I reckon we ain't tellin' the others 'bout the Felixes what we saw on that boat, huh?

**FELIX**: I would very, very much appreciate it if you did not tell them. The whole reason I'm here is to make sure that the... Felixes... never get found. And, um... and to clear up the expense report...

**92**: *[Brief chuckle.]* You ain't gotta worry about that no more, pard. They're sleepin' with the fishes.

**MIKE**: Yeah. I'll keep an eye on shore, make sure they don't start washing up.

**FELIX**: Yeah, no, no, I— I couldn't imagine anything worse than for, um... unexplainable Felix iterations to start washing up on a shore somewhere. Would be quite a saga.

**92**: Who the hell cares what them losers see? You're gonna get the three o' us off this island. Right, Felix Mike?

**86:** Yeah, what 92 said. We put on a show for them nincompoops. They're all gone now, so you can pull out that Calculator we all know ya got and get us the hell off this island.

**FELIX:** That, um, that wasn't a show. I'm actually stuck here. I don't have a Calculator, and even if I had one, it couldn't get us out of the dome! It's designed to prevent exactly that sort of escape. It's about time that people start listening to me.

**86:** No, no—! You're— You're sayin' we're— we're stuck *[We hear crab sounds.]* with... that drunk 61 and that snake Lieutenant and all these goddamn crabs!?

**FELIX:** Crab—? *[Pausing to notice the crabs.]* Um— *[Sighs.]* Yes. Yes, um... I'm afraid we are all stuck here with... what is a quite unimaginable number of crabs. Um— Have they been here the whole time?

**MIKE:** Yes, I would describe them as ever present. Tex and Lieutenant come out here and kill, I don't know, hundreds of them every night? And it still feels like there's more than when they started when they're done.

**FELIX:** Exponential crabs, my word, that is gonna take some getting used to...

*[Scene transition.]*

*[We hear a door open. Mike and Felix walk through the apartment building.]*

**MIKE:** Alright, so! This is the residential area, the one place that the crabs can't get you. Unless Tex brings the crabs inside the building again, which he... won't. We are pretty tightly clustered around this area on this floor and the floor below it. Uh, everyone lives here or there. Some people are more spread out, they want their space. The building can easily fit 100 people, so accommodating everybody's needs has been super easy.

**FELIX:** How many iterations have you got here on the island?

**MIKE:** Uh, let's see, uh— *[Rapidly muttering.]* one, two, three, four, five, six... *[Stops muttering.]* Uh... I-It's— It's 15 at this point, uh, counting you and me. I think. That number goes up and down so much, but everyone'll be at dinner, you can count then.

**FELIX:** The— The number goes up and down. *[We begin to hear footsteps and spurs.]* Bu— Uh— I-I know people get transported in... but how does the number go down?

**MIKE:** Well it's, uh, it's...

*[Tex and Lieutenant interrupt, walking the opposite way in the hallway.]*

**LIEUTENANT:** Well, well, well. *[Stops walking.]* If it ain't Regular Mike and Felix Mike.

**TEX:** Howdy there, fellas. Welcome to your new digs, Felix Mike.

**MIKE:** Felix, this is Lieutenant and Tex. You might already know that.

**FELIX:** Hello, hello. Um, i-it's nice to meet you both.

**LIEUTENANT:** You're actually movin' in, huh? I reckon you actually are stranded here. Plannin' on stayin' awhile?

**FELIX:** I keep telling everyone this, I am actually stuck here. Confined, caught, cornered, pinned down, penned, trapped, closed in, shut in, imprisoned, I am here with you in this cage. So I, um... I might as well get... settled in.

**MIKE:** Just some advice, Fe. It sounds like you're starting to develop a resentment. You don't wanna do that yet. You will go completely out of your mind. It's way too early for that. Give him a week.

**TEX:** Welcome to the island, Felix Mike. We're lucky to have ya. Enjoy your stay. And, if'n you wanna enjoy it best you can, we got a poker night every night. We're downstairs at the far end of the hall, so we don't disturb the quiet for the rest o' the folks. You should come and play cards with us.

**FELIX:** Tex, that's a very kind offer, but I... I think I'm gonna have to pass. I-I'm... terrible at poker. I'm awful, awful at bluffing. I have no idea how to lie. Um, it's- it's... Ty. You know what Ty did last time he made me play poker with him? Do you know what he took from me? He took from me my Goofy Movie VHS that I had specially signed by Goofy at Euro Disney. And so I'm never ev-

**LIEUTENANT:** Nonsense. You'll do fine, pard. Half the folks what show up barely know how to play. You're one o' the smarter iterations we got. 'Sides, we don't play for money or Goofy movies. We play for crab claws. *[Shakes a bag of crab claws.]*

**TEX:** We also got Nobody's fingers what we use for chips. But there's only nine 'cause, uh, I ate one on a dare.

**FELIX:** Well, um... thank you for the invite, chaps. I will definitely... consider it... if I'm feeling any better later on this evening, but... me and Mike had better go. He was about to show me to my room. And I, um... I think I'd like to lie down for a while before I play poker with anyone's fingers. *[Pause.]* Did you say "Nobody's fingers"? I saw him on the beach; he's definitely still alive.

**MIKE:** That's a different Nobody. He means the first Nobody.

**LIEUTENANT:** Hey, Mike. Where ya stickin' this'n?

**MIKE:** 328, right across the hall from me.

**LIEUTENANT:** Hell yeah. You're gonna be right above us, Felix Mike! We're down in 228.

**TEX:** Yeah, so you better not get too rowdy up there, Felix Mike. Don't keep us up all night, ya hear?

**LIEUTENANT:** But seriously, we'll keep an ear out for ya. Maybe if the murderer shows up to kill ya, we'll hear it happenin' and come to your rescue. Maybe even finally catch that motherfucker.

**MIKE:** Come to his rescue if he doesn't get murdered at the poker game, you mean.

**TEX:** We ain't never killed no one at that damn poker game what didn't deserve it, Mike. You know that.

**LIEUTENANT:** Yup. Sometimes someone keeps spellin' your gotdang name wrong, and ya got no choice left but to defend yourself. It's L-I-E-U-T-E-N-A-N-T.

**FELIX:** Yes, I will make a note of that, *[British pronunciation.]* Lieutenant.

**MIKE:** Careful, Felix, that wasn't a joke.

**LIEUTENANT:** It's alright, Mike. I allow for regional pronunciations. It was nice to get a proper introduction, Felix Mike. Will we see ya at dinner?

**FELIX:** Uh, yeah. I guess so. It was nice meeting the both of you.

**TEX:** Happy trails, pard.

**LIEUTENANT:** Nice meetin' ya, Felix Mike. Stay outta trouble, pard.

*[We hear footsteps and spurs as Tex and Lieutenant walk away.]*

**FELIX:** Those two could be trouble.

**MIKE:** Yeah, you'd think so, but they keep to their own, mostly. Tex only cares about ruling over his little poker game, so if you don't try to short him on crab claws, you'll stay in his good graces. And Lieutenant is actually pretty helpful. He is leading the charge to keep the crab population from overtaking us. And he's the one who takes care of murder suspects when the rest of us are too squeamish for it.

**FELIX:** Is that why the population keeps going down? There's actually someone committing murders on the island?

**MIKE:** Yup. No one can figure out who it is. We've held a bunch of trials, and we've thought that we've killed the "murderer" countless times, but every time it was the wrong guy. He's framing all the other iterations. You don't have anything to worry about, though. The murderer only seems to take out the ones that aren't pulling their own weight, which I don't suspect will be a problem with you.

*[We hear Mike unlock a door and open it.]*

**MIKE:** Anyway, here's your room, 328. It is fully furnished, just like the rest of the island. We don't know who set it up or why, but it functions like any other apartment building. There's a laundry room in the basement that is always busy because no one has a change of clothes. There's water in the fridge—don't drink the water from the tap, and whatever you do, do not drink water out of those crabs. If Lieutenant tries to get you to do that, he is pranking you. Other than the crippling loneliness, living on the island isn't that bad. It's kind of like a 24/7 vacation. Of course, there are still chores, and there is a chore wheel that I will add you to tomorrow. Everyone is expected to do their chores well and on time, and if you don't, there are consequences. Again, I don't expect this to be a problem for you, Felix.

**FELIX** [*suspicious*]: Mm, not— [*Brief chuckle.*] not at all. I'm happy to do what I can while I am here.

**MIKE:** Felix... while I have you alone for a second... what did you mean by what you said on the yacht? You said that this is "Rugby all over again." What does that mean?

**FELIX:** Ru—? Oh— [*Brief laugh.*] Oh, I didn't mean anything by that, it's just that Rugby was a terrible logistical gordian knot that no one could seem to untie. And I, um... well, I thought that... here I could just pop in and fix the Dead Felix Issue, but now I'm stuck. So it felt a bit like, y'know— you know, well— Well, that's all I meant by it. Actually I'm surprised you remember Rugby, considering it never happened. But, eh, I suppose that corrections seldom make it all the way out here into the dome.

**MIKE:** Corrections? You're saying that Rugby got corrected? Like, corrected out?

**FELIX:** Uh, no, not corrected directly, but it's downstream of an enormous correction that's going on. See, there's this huge cleanup underway, which is why I needed to find the S.S. Careful before someone else came looking for it. And we can't have three dead Felixes getting discovered or it would be a catastrophe. So, um, I guess if they're gonna get found somewhere, I'm glad it's here where the only witness can never leave.

**MIKE:** You seem extra certain that we can't ever leave. Why? I-Is this place real? Are we real? Or is this digital? Are we in some kind of digital storage somewhere? Like, do we exist? Well, no, 'cause we have to exist in some form that's connected to the world, don't we? Because you and the S.S. Careful are from the outside world, and the S.S. Careful floated in here, it didn't even transport. And you appear to be from the real world, and you got here, so... what's going on?

**FELIX:** The island's a sort of... "hot storage," I suppose? I mean, ha— has no one ever come here and evaluated the state of things?

**MIKE:** N-No. Uh— You're the first. There's only been Mike iterations, and none of them have left alive.

**FELIX:** Eh. Well, I can't imagine that's going to last forever. Mike, let me assure you, you are real. ...But there truly is no way out of here. You and everything else that washes up past the

edge of the dome truly are trapped here. Even if the powers that be decided to do away with hot storage, they'd correct the whole thing out of existence. They wouldn't let you go, you'd simply never exist in the first place.

**MIKE:** Hmm... Ah— That's not what I want to hear. You seem pretty calm about being stuck in hot storage for eternity.

**FELIX:** *[Caught in a lie.]* U-Um, stiff upper lip and all that, innit... Bruv. *[Sighs.]* The reality of the situation will... set in eventually. But right now I'm just... tired and a— a little overwhelmed from being called "Felix Mike" all day. Are they going to keep doing that?

**MIKE:** Yes, absolutely. It is very unlucky that you got a nickname on Day One.

**FELIX:** Well, maybe after a bit of a sleep I'll be refreshed enough to have an existential crisis about being trapped on an island with a whole load of Mikes for all eternity. But that's not for now. *[Pause.]* Hey. Is, um... Is turning into a cowboy an option?

**MIKE:** Turning into a cowboy is always an option, but it does not appear to be reversible.

**FELIX:** Well yeehaw, partner. Hah! Guess it's time to start collecting, um... what did he say the currency was around here, crab claws? From those awful crabs we saw on the beach?

**MIKE:** I would not advise approaching those crabs without some kind of weapon. They taste awful, and there is no reason to go anywhere near them. The crab claw economy is totally broken because Tex and Lieutenant are out there every night killing them and harvesting the claws. Those things are bad news. One of them got me by the pinky once. Tex amputated it at the joint, but h-he's a cowboy and not a doctor no matter what he tells you, and it got so infected he ended up having to cut the whole pinky off. Look, see?

**FELIX:** That is, um... quite something. Noted! Do not approach the crabs or, um, ask Tex for medical assistance, apparently.

**MIKE:** He is better than bleeding to death or dying of an infection, but that's about it. Uh— Is there anything else that you need from me?

**FELIX:** I don't think so. Thank you, but, um... heh, I'm sure I'll think of something later after I've had a bit of rest.

**MIKE:** Awesome. I am right across the hall if you need anything. And all of the other iterations aren't too far away. I have more that I want to talk about, but I guess we have all of eternity to go through that stuff, right?

**FELIX:** Are you sure you want to know any of that stuff, Mike? If you're going to be stuck here forever, then there isn't any point in knowing any of it. It's not going to help you. It's only going to make things worse.

**MIKE:** Yeah, I wanna know. Fuck it, make things worse. But I'll let you get some rest. It's nice to have you on the island, Felix.

**FELIX:** Thanks for your help, Mike, really. Thank you.

**MIKE:** Of course. Goodnight, Felix. See you at dinner.

*[We hear a door open.]*

**FELIX:** Goodnight, Mike. Cheerio.

*[Mike leaves, closing the door behind him.]*

**FELIX:** *[Sighs.]* Oh, what an utter mess you've gotten yourself into this time, Felix, all over those three stupid iterations! Christ... *[Takes a breath.]* Now... what did the manual say about emergency extraction from Christmas Island?

*[Scene transition.]*

*[We hear Lieutenant knock on Tex's apartment door.]*

**LIEUTENANT:** Wake up, Tex. We got work to do.

**TEX** *[muffled]:* I ain't huntin' crabs tonight, Lieutenant. Somethin' about dinner's got my stomach all tore up. We can go tomorrow.

**LIEUTENANT:** Well chug a ginger ale or somethin', pilgrim. Felix is on the move. We're gonna track that sucker.

*[Tex opens the door.]*

**TEX:** And how the hell you know that?

**LIEUTENANT:** His bedroom's right above mine. I've been listenin' all night. Ear to the ceilin' and everything. I just heard 'im walk right out the door. He ain't got nowhere to go! He's up to somethin'. It's time for a night hunt.

**TEX:** You don't reckon he's up to somethin', do you, Lieutenant? He's stuck here like the rest of us, ain't he? He probably just went on a walk.

**LIEUTENANT:** No sir, I don't believe 'im. I mean, you saw it too, didn'tcha? What he's got that he ain't tellin' no one?

**TEX:** You reckon he's got a Calculator? That don't make no sense, Lieutenant. Why wouldn't he just go home if that was true? He coulda done it the first time he got alone. Hell, he coulda done it right in front of us, what were we gonna do?

**LIEUTENANT:** It ain't no Calculator he's got, you nitwit! You didn't see it? That sonuvabitch has got a gun. A pistol. He's got a holster hidden on his left hip.

**TEX:** You gotta be kiddin' me.

**LIEUTENANT:** I ain't ever told a joke in my life, Tex. That boy's packin' heat. Maybe he is just out for a midnight stroll, but he's givin' us a chance. If'n we can kill him and take his gun, we can take over the whole island.

**TEX:** Oh, "we" can take over the whole island, huh, Lieutenant? Why would you rope me in? I know you ain't lookin' for a partner in crime.

**LIEUTENANT:** 'Cause that lowlife's got a gun and we don't. There's safety in numbers. Two of us can take him down easier than one. C'mon. We gotta get a move on, we're gonna lose him.

**TEX:** *[Sighs.]* Alright, fine, Lieutenant. Let's do it. I'd rather get the hell outta here, but havin' a gun would be nice, too. Someone needs to put Mike in his damn place. I weren't lyin' 'bout my tummy ache, though.

**LIEUTENANT** *[quietly]:* Hush up, let's go.

*[We hear them exit their apartment quietly and begin tailing Felix.]*

**LIEUTENANT** *[quietly]:* There he is. I told ya.

*[Felix seems none the wiser, nonchalantly humming to the tune of "Ol' Brush Valley." We hear a door open.]*

**FELIX:** *[Vocalizes percussion.]* It's a disgrace, yeah... *[Continues vocalizing.]*

*[The door closes.]*

**FELIX:** *[Briefly singing.]* Old Brush Vall– *[Vocalizes and hums.]*

*[Another door opens. The door closes, and we hear nighttime outdoor ambience and the faint sound of waves.]*

**FELIX:** We are the Flin– *[Vocalizes and wordlessly sings "We Are The Flinchites (Here Is Our Theme Song)" in the background.]*

*[The sound of waves fades out.]*

**TEX** *[quietly]:* Where the hell's he goin'?

**FELIX** *[in the background]:* *[Briefly singing.]* We are– *[Hums.]*

**LIEUTENANT** *[quietly]*: Well he ain't goin' back to the S.S. Careful, that's for dang sure. Shore's thataway. We're headin' into the jungle.

**TEX** *[quietly]*: When are we gonna jump the sucker?

**LIEUTENANT** *[quietly]*: Patience, Tex. We strike when the time's right.

*[We hear more walking as they go further into the jungle.]*

**FELIX**: *[Singing.]* We are the Flinchites. *[Hums and vocalizes.]*

*[Felix presses a switch of some kind that reveals an emergency hatch.]*

**FELIX**: Come on, Fe, you can turn this. You've been going to pilates with good reason! *[Turns the unused, rusty wheel of the hatch, grunting with effort in the background.]* Strong as a warrior! Go on, F—! Go on— Warrior! You're a warrior! Ah. *[Exhales once the hatch finishes turning.]* Excellent.

**TEX** *[quietly]*: The hell is that?

**LIEUTENANT** *[quietly]*: Looks like a damn escape hatch to me. I reckon he's got a way outta here after all.

**TEX** *[quietly]*: We gotta get in there.

**FELIX** *[surprised]*: Mike?

**LIEUTENANT** *[quietly]*: Get down!

**FELIX**: Oh, for fuck's sake!

*[We hear quiet rustling in the leaves.]*

**FELIX**: Mike, I can see you. Are you following me?

*[We hear more rustling as Mike emerges.]*

**MIKE**: Fine, you caught me. What the hell is this place, Felix? What are you doing out here?

**FELIX**: What I'm—? What are you doing out here, Mike? *[Scoffs.]* You should not have followed me.

**TEX** *[quietly, overlapping Mike]*: Did you know Mike was out here with us?

**LIEUTENANT** *[quietly, overlapping Mike]*: Naw, he musta been tailin' him, too.

**MIKE**: I'm glad I did, 'cause you're opening a— a fucking hatch or something? What is that? How did you know this was out here?

**FELIX:** Because I'm not an idiot. It's an escape hatch, Mike. Thank you for the hospitality, genuinely, but I'm going home now.

**MIKE:** Y-You— You knew a way out this whole time? W-Why didn't you tell me!? L-Let's go, let's get out of here! I-if you don't want the others to know, that— that's fine. Uh, just take me! Uh— We'll get out of here. I won't tell anyone. You can drop me off in the middle of nowhere like you did with Tex. Uh, I won't be a problem. No one has to know.

**FELIX:** No. No, I'm not going to be the one who let a Mike out of hot storage. Kaz would stop my lineage back at the first fish that crawled up onto land if he found out. No, you're staying right here.

**MIKE:** Felix. Felix. L-Look at me. I-I'm— I'm Mike. You know me. I've been through so much. And I hate this fucking island so much! You have to get me off of the island. Uh—! T-The— There's a— a murderer on the island, Felix! What good is putting all of these iterations in [*Briefly mocking.*] "hot storage" or whatever you wanna call it if we're all getting killed!?

**FELIX:** I'm not in charge of this project, but I assure you that inter-Mike conflict was controlled for in its construction. Because we always have to control the inter-Mike conflict. And besides, it's really, really obvious that you're the murderer. It frankly baffles me. I-I— I am astounded that you have managed to fool all those other halfwits for quite so long!

**MIKE:** Well, MW has figured it out, but I can't kill him because that would give it away, and no one listens to MW. How— How did you figure out that I'm the murderer? You just got here.

**FELIX:** I could hear your teeth grinding when you started talking about how people aren't doing their chores. And you said that the iterations being killed are the ones who aren't pulling their weight. It does not take Hercule Poirot to put the pieces together. Even an American detective like Columbo could work it out. And that's, that's why you turned into a serial killer, Mike. A self serial killer. Because of the fair allocation... of domestic work. And you believe that you can be trusted back in the real world. ...You're insane.

**MIKE** [*gritting teeth*]: Okay, first, Columbo is so good at solving murders that fans think he might be a supernatural entity. Second, chores are what we have out here, Felix. They are the only thing that ever needs to get done to keep the place from going to shit, and people still aren't doing them!

**FELIX:** You are expertly proving my point.

**MIKE:** These idiots are all iterations, Felix. They're all me! They don't count. I can kill them if I want to, and I do want to. I'm Mike Walters. They're dead, and Mike Walters is still alive. This is a form of self-improvement.

**FELIX:** I'm not Ty Betteridge, Mike. I don't believe those iterations are you, and more to the point, you don't believe that either. You killed them. ...And [*Sighs.*] I really really don't want to do

this, but, um... well. Now I have to kill you. *[Mike chuckles.]* You know where the hatch is, and I can't risk you getting out.

**MIKE:** No, uh— C'mon, Felix. You aren't going to kill me. Like you said, you aren't Ty Betteridge. Now Ty, that dude could kill me. But n-no— not you, we'll— we'll work something out.

**FELIX:** I really don't want to, Mike, but I have to. And it's going to haunt me forever. You're right. I'm not Ty. It's not in my nature. But there isn't any other option. And you know the worst thing about all of this? My therapist is Ty Betteridge. And he's not going to help me work through this, is he? He won't even understand why I'm upset about it!

*[Felix produces his pistol from his holster.]*

**MIKE:** Y-Y-You have a gun!? You've had a gun this whole time? That quick draw was really good. Who taught you to do that?

**FELIX:** Mike, please be quiet. If the others hear you, I'll have to kill them, too.

**MIKE:** You don't have to do this, Felix. S-Save yourself the— the Ty Betteridge therapy. God, he probably calls it "Thera-Ty" or "Ty-rapy," ugh... You're a good guy, deep down. You don't have to kill me.

**FELIX:** Thank you for the compliment, Mike. I have no idea why you think I'm a good guy. I'm sorry, I really do hate killing you. I'll feel bad about it for the rest of my life, but this is how your story ends. I'm sorry you won't know the answers to the questions you asked me. But you were better off not knowing them anyway.

**MIKE:** Okay, you don't have to be sorry, you can just not do it. Uh— Fuck this. *[Calling out.]* Hey, uh! Can anyone hear me? Uh— Felix is out here in the jungle! He's fou—!

*[A gunshot rings out, and Mike's body falls to the ground with a squelch.]*

*[Felix sighs.]*

**FELIX** *[sadly]*: Bloody hell...

*[Felix enters the hatch and disappears.]*

**TEX:** There it is, Lieutenant. That's our ticket outta here. Easy as takin' candy from a Stinky.

**LIEUTENANT:** Sorry, pard. There's only one ticket.

**TEX:** What are you talk—

*[Lieutenant stabs Tex.]*

**TEX:** Uh—! Why...? *[Grunts and groans.]*

**LIEUTENANT:** There ain't no use for another Tex out in the world, pard. I know your kind. I know about all them Numbers and what ya did to 'em in Bluster's Grove. I got folks I gotta get back to, [ **TEX** (*gurgling*): Lieutenant... ] and there ain't room for no megalomaniacal cowboy 'cept for me. Shh... Let go, Tex. It's time for that big poker game in the sky.

*[Tex dies.]*

**LIEUTENANT** *[quietly triumphant]:* Alright. Let's get the fuck outta here.

*[We hear the hatch open and shut again.]*

*[sos plays.]*

I hate everybody on this stupid fuckin' island Cuz it's just me on this stupid fuckin' island, well there's Me and cowboy-me and nobody And three dead felixes that I don't really count so I hate this stupid fuckin' island, I hate The crab meat on this stupid fuckin island, it's gross It pinched me and I had to get my finger amputated And a cowboy did it and it got amputated FUCK It's always on christmas island In the sense that it sucks and you're surrounded by People that you want to see once a year at most And they ask about my finger And they KNOW WHAT FUCKIN HAPPENED Here's a secret about christmas island: There's a murderer on christmas island and i know who it is Everyone who hasn't doing their chores Is gonna get a bullet to the back of the head I hate this stupid fuckin' island I hate this stupid fuckin' island But the SOS has gone unaddressed I wonder who I'll have to murder next

*[Closing theme starts playing.]*

**CREDITS:** This has been WOE.BEGONE. The voice of Felix was Ben Rowe. Check out his podcasts The Felix Chronicles and The Samantha Chronicles available on this very feed. Thanks for playing.

*[Closing theme plays out.]*

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

*[Beach ambience.]*

**BLOOPER (61):** I say we feed 'im to the crabs.

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

*[Beach ambience.]*

**BLOOPER (FELIX):** –unimaginable number of crabs. Um– Have they been here the whole time?

**BLOOPER (DYLAN):** *[Audio clipping.]* Get ready for a Gameger! I've been here the *[Audio slows down.]* who–

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

**BLOOPER (BEN):** So I've got some problems with, um... the next line or two, because it's not the British pronunciation of "lieutenant," it is the correct pronunciation of "lieutenant." *[Wrong answer buzzer plays.]* And, um... And it puts me right on edge seeing, um... seeing a script that says "British pronunciation please." Next time, Dylan, next time you want me to say "lieutenant" instead of *[American pronunciation.]* "lieutenant," I need you just to say "correct pronunciation please." *[Wrong answer buzzer plays.]* Next time you want me to *[American pronunciation.]* "lieutenant," just say... you know, just say words as if you don't care. *[Wrong answer buzzer plays.]* Um, that's what I'll do next time. But for now... I-I'll just say "lieutenant" because it's correct. *[Wrong answer buzzer plays.]* You can even spell it. The line before it tells me how to spell "lieutenant," and I know how to spell "lieutenant." *[Wrong answer buzzer plays.]* But there we... are.

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

*[Nighttime jungle ambience.]*

*[Felix produces his pistol from his holster.]*

**BLOOPER (MIKE):** W-What—? You have a gun? You've had a gun this whole time? Get ready for a gun-ger. I've had a gun the *[Audio pitches down.]*  
who-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

**BLOOPER (FELIX):** *[Overlapping Mike.]* Quiet. If the others hear, I'll have to kill them, too.

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

*[END Episode 208.]*