

EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND NINE - THE LION

Original transcript edited by Ginko and Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 209.]

INTRO: Hey guys, quick plugs. If you didn't already know, I Have Been To The Future Volume 3 is out now on Bandcamp and streaming services. I Have Been To The Future Volume 3 is a collection of every vocal song in the show from Season 15 onward, so everything from "Every Part Of The Animal" to last episode's song "sos." In addition to being on Bandcamp as well as streaming services, Bandcamp codes are free for five-dollar-and-up patrons, so check that out. In more merch news, I still have magnets and five different stickers available in my Ko-fi shop, link in the description. They turned out great, and I figured out how to ship these magnets 'cause they're real magnets and not those silly, flat ones. So once again, that'll be in the description.

As far as regular plugs go, twitch.tv/woebegonepod. We beat Putt-Putt Goes to the Moon last Sunday. So if you want to see me play something else 'cause we already played that, that's twitch.tv/woebegonepod. And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon at patreon.com/woe_begone, where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, corkboards, Morkboards, and Morkboards. August is the third anniversary of the postcard tier, and I always do something special with the anniversary postcards, so you're not gonna wanna miss that if you like collecting things from the show. That's patreon.com/woe_begone. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains depictions of violence as well as a car crash. It also contains sudden and unexpected loud noises that I would classify as general action violence. Listener discretion is advised.]

[We hear outdoor campfire ambience.]

15: Gather 'round, one and all. It's time to tell the story of the legendary Lionhorse. Once upon a time, there was a foal no bigger than Bluster's eye. He grew up on the farm, right here in Bluster's Grove. His dream was to become a racehorse one day. He trained and trained, but his owner started pushin' 'im harder and harder. He went too far. One day, the young horse sprained his leg.

"If'n ya ever wanna race with the big boys," his owner said, "you're gonna have to run faster than that. I can give you a new leg. One that never gets tired." The young horse wanted to be a racehorse more than anythin', so he agreed. His owner gave him a new leg made out of metal. And that leg was faster than all his other legs. "Now your other leg looks tired," the man said. "I can getcha another leg. That'll make ya faster." So the young horse agreed, and the owner gave him a second metal leg.

Finally, the day of his first big race was upon 'im. He had been trainin' all his life, but he was still worried. The man said, "Ya know, I can give ya two more metal legs. After that, ain't no horse

gonna be as fast as you." The young horse was scared of what he'd be if his legs was all metal. But he said yes, and the man gave him two more metal legs, completin' the set.

Finally, the day o' the race came. The sound of the starter pistol cracked through the air, and he was off. The young horse ran as fast as his metal legs'd carry 'im. But he ain't ever run with other horses afore. They pushed him, distracted him, got in his head. He knew he was faster than them other horses, but they still left him in the dust. He wound up in last place after all that work. The young horse was inconsolable. The owner was, too. He died of a broken heart, leavin' the young horse an orphan.

The young horse wandered Bluster's Grove, lost and hungry and destitute, nowhere to go. One night, he found his way into the scrapyard after hours. The poor thing saw the sign outside and thought it meant scraps of food, not scraps of metal. He thought he was alone, but once inside, he found an old man sittin' there, like he was waitin' for 'im. "I seent your race, young horse," the old man said. "Them metal legs is mighty impressive, but your head's all wrong. I'm glad you found me, youngin. I can help with that. I can give you a metal brain. One made out of computers, one made out of Calculators and the essence of time travel itself. You'll be unstoppable."

The young horse was scared. He had already traded so much of himself in for metal parts. But he wanted to win. He wanted to be the ultimate horse, so he agreed. And the man gave him a metal brain. But this changed the young horse. He weren't the horse he were before. Somethin' was different about 'im. Primal. He opened his mouth to whinny, and a new sound came out. He didn't sound like a horse at all no more. His voice was low. Guttural. Distorted. It sounded like the roar of a lion. *[We hear a faint, distorted roar.]* He caught his reflection in a piece o' scrap metal there in that scrapyard. He didn't recognize himself. This sent the young horse into a fit o' rage. He killed that old man, stomped on his skull 'til his brain oozed out.

Now the Lionhorse wanders Bluster's Grove, lookin' for organic parts to steal to make himself into a real horse again instead of the metal lion-horse monstrosity he is. That's the monster what got 69. The Lionhorse was after his brains.

NUMBERED MICHAEL1: Now 15, that's the dumbest shit I heard since you invented that game where ya smash your hands with hammers.

NUMBERED MICHAEL2: Yeah, didn't Outlaw shoot 69? I swear there was witnesses. It was at the damn poker game.

15: Don't believe me. But if you hear the clang, clang, clang of his metal hooves and the growl of his distorted roaring lion's voice, it'll already be too late. He'll pick ya clean for parts.

[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.

[Time travel noise. Cowboy Chance has transported into the passenger seat.]

MIKEY *[over the radio]*: *[In the background.]* –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 gonna freestyle most of it. Uh, alright, here it goes. Uh, can someone turn on the music? *["half-earth theory" starts playing.]* Yeah, that's it. *[Raps to "half-earth theory."]*

COWBOY CHANCE: Ah! *[We hear metal clinking.]* Goddamnit!

MIKE: *[Startled.]* Ah! W-What the fuck? C-Chris? What– What's going on? How– How did you find me? E– Uh– Base doesn't know I'm here. ...Fuck. Did Mikey blab to everyone again? *[Quiet huff.]* That idiot! The conspiracy theories are rotting his brain...

COWBOY CHANCE: *[Pained.]* I ain't Chris, pilgrim. The name's Chance. What the hell am I sittin' on? *[We hear metal clinking.]* Spurs? Why do you gotdang spurs in your seat, Mike? You plannin' to ride some horses later?

MIKE: Hey, those were a gift from Michael. He said that I couldn't go to Texas without them. Why the hell did you transport into my car!? *[Road sounds fade out.]* I'm on a mission! See up there? You're distracting me.

COWBOY CHANCE: I know you're on a damn mission, ya idiot. I'm here to issue a correction. You can't get outta this here car. And you sure as hell can't crash 69's funeral. I already had to kill Tex and Outlaw in order to keep your sorry ass alive 'cause I couldn't figure out *[We hear the radio tune out.]* where you were when you was alive.

MIKE: *[Huffs.]* So Mikey didn't blab? Uh— But why should I believe you? Uh— We pull that shit all the time! "Oh, we did a correction already, you better believe us" when we didn't do shit. It's the best lie ever.

COWBOY CHANCE: I got a message from ya from the future, pard. *[Clears throat.]* "Edgar told me that he liked Merriweather Post Pavillion, but I found his secret RYM account, and he gave it two-and-a-half stars."

MIKE: *[Sighs.]* Okay, wow. Y-You're right. No one else knows that, so... I guess I believe you. And I will learn to forgive him one day... Now that we've established this is a real correction... did you say your name is Chance? It— It's not... Chris?

COWBOY CHANCE: You're damn right it is. Pleasure to meetcha, Mike. Now, we need to get a move on before them cowboys in that cemetery spot your car and put together what's goin' on.

MIKE: B— Y-You said that like you want me to drive away. You transported into the car, so you have a Calculator, right? So transport us outta here.

COWBOY CHANCE: Oh, I got a Calculator alright. And don't even think about tryin' to steal it and skedaddle. That's how you got in this mess. I got a gun, and I'll shootcha if ya try.

MIKE: *[Huffs.]* I'm not gonna to *[Brief sigh.]* skeda— a— whatever. You can't transport us?

COWBOY CHANCE: No sir. You brought your dang car. They can see it from over there! They'd see the car disappear.

MIKE: Okay, well problem solved, I'll pull around the corner, *[Road sounds resume.]* and then, w—

COWBOY CHANCE: Nope. Bluster's Grove's got too many folks lookin' for time travelin' activity. Not just Tex and Outlaw. There's Bluster, the Numbers. Hell, there's even rumors of a Lionhorse. That's "L-I-O-N," not a horse that's fibbin' all the time.

MIKE: So, one of those iterations up there is Tex, and one is Outlaw... which means that that's a— that's a cowboy Ty. This timeline is fucked. I-Is that part of this whole big correction that happened? 'Cause I'm here to get to the bottom of that.

COWBOY CHANCE: *[Whistles.]* Base don't know jack shit this time around, do they?

MIKE: No, we don't! If we knew anything, I wouldn't have driven down to Texas to see about a giant horse. But if future me says we need to get out of here, then fine. Where do I go?

COWBOY CHANCE: You wanna turn bleft up there and keep goin' for a bit. We ain't safe to leave the car 'til we get on the open road, out past the tank.

MIKE: I'm not leaving my rental car in Bluster's Grove. I'll be liable for g-god knows how much money, and all my money's in euros, and all my bank accounts are in the future.

COWBOY CHANCE: Buddy, yer gonna end up dead unless you get your priorities straight.

MIKE: I don't know what my priorities are, buddy. You're the one that seems to know everything! So start filling me in on what I need to care about so that I can be helpful. I-if you aren't Chris from Base, then who are you and where did you come from? You have a Calculator, Base doesn't. You sound like... that. W-What's going on here? You're a cowboy iteration of Chris? That doesn't make sense. Chris hates iterations, and he hates cowboys, and he hates being called Chance. Your existence is improbable.

COWBOY CHANCE: There's good reason for all that stuff, Mike. Chris don't know anythin' about me or my compatriots, and god willin' he never will. He's an unknowin' member of an anonymous council. The less we know about each other, the safer we all are.

MIKE: Except you know about the anonymous council, because you just told me about it. So it's not that anonymous.

COWBOY CHANCE: It ain't fully anonymous, unfortunately. I know Base don't know diddly-squat, but I reckon y'all know about propagation. I was in a bind a while back and needed an emergency extraction. Another member of the council showed up and got me outta there, and the rest is history. That's when I learned about the anonymous council. Before that, I was just some fella livin' in Bluster's Grove, drinkin' at the Outpost, shootin' pool with my buddy Bill, and watchin' them stupid numbered cowboys shoot each other dead over poker games.

MIKE: You didn't even know that you were an iteration? And... now what, you're part of a whole time travel organization?

COWBOY CHANCE: Us iterations what know about each other gotta look out for the ones that don't. Consider it a service I provide, outta thanks to the council for bein' rescued. If any sorry iteration needs a leg up the way I did, I'm there. Oh— Uh— You're gonna wanna hang another bleft up there at the golden Bluster statue and then head that-a-ways outta town. Don't slow down, and don't look back, and hope we don't get followed.

MIKE: That is one big statue... Is that real gold?

COWBOY CHANCE: Knowin' Tex and Outlaw? Prob'ly so. Between the money they take off o' them Numbers and what Outlaw finds in that scrapyard, they could make a gold statue no problem.

MIKE: You keep saying "Number" like I should know what that is. Uh, what is that? Is that like the Michael council around here?

COWBOY CHANCE: [*Scoffs.*] They ain't no council. Kinda the opposite, if'n ya ask me. They're about as organized as any flock o' Michaels can be, which ain't much.

MIKE: Yeah. One Michael is enough for me, thanks. Uh— You said earlier that Base don't know jack shit about nothin' or whatever this time around, right? Uh, what is "this time around"? There

was some sort of huge correction, right? Because that's why I'm down here. It feels like something happened, but we don't know what.

COWBOY CHANCE: The council thinks so, too, pard. When I saw ya down here, I reckoned ya already knew somethin', what with ya workin' for Beaumont and all.

MIKE: What do you know about me working for Beaumont?

COWBOY CHANCE: I mean, the council keeps an eye on Base, obviously. We gotta keep an eye on Chris. We can't have him accidentally stumblin' upon us.

MIKE: You're spying on us?

COWBOY CHANCE: We got a duty to protect him. And you shouldn't be worryin' about our little operation spyin' on ya. There's much bigger fish to fry, and you better believe they've got their eyes on ya. Not that it matters a lick. Y'all know even less about what's happenin' than I thought.

MIKE: For the record, the business end of my time here has not been helpful. Beaumont, TryLeg, the Ibis Society—none of them have told us anything. They've never mentioned a correction. And he hasn't had us do anything that hints at a correction, either. I don't think that they're responsible, and I don't think that they had us do it. Usually when we do corrective work, we remember that we did it so that we don't accidentally undo it later. So in this case we would probably be disconnected, debriefed, and then retired.

COWBOY CHANCE: I reckon they know somethin'. They're in the business o' knowin'. You don't get so wealthy that folks start spreadin' rumor that ya live on the Moon unless you got some sense what's goin' on and some boots on the ground to make sure it all works out for ya. And I mean real force, not you and Michael runnin' his errands here in 2025—

[We hear something metallic zoom past the car.]

MIKE: What the fuck was that? D-Did you— Did you see that? Something passed us.

COWBOY CHANCE: I got no clue, pard. I heard somethin', but I didn't see nothin'.

MIKE: It was like a-a silver f-flash, like maybe something metallic? At least as tall as the car. It just— It zoomed right by us, but I—I— I don't see it now... Uh— C— Was that... Could that have been the— the horse? C— The— The Bluster horse?

COWBOY CHANCE: Bluster's fast, but he ain't that fast, pard. We'd see him up ahead of us.
[Pause.] Unless... Unless the Lionhorse is real.

MIKE: Are you saying "Lionhorse"...? Because I'm gonna go out on a limb here and say that it's not real. I don't know what it is, but it's not real.

COWBOY CHANCE: It's a story that stupid old drunk Numbers tell each other. It's a myth about a big ol' metal horse. I dunno. Maybe there's a grain o' truth to it. Maybe we should make a u-turn up here. *[Something metallic zooms.]* We can head outta town the o—

[Brief time travel noise. The car screeches to a halt. Cowboy Chance and Mike yell in fear and surprise. Two big metal hooves crash through the hood of the car. We hear a distorted roar.]

COWBOY CHANCE *[overlapping Mike]:* Ah! Fuck! What's goin' on—?

MIKE *[overlapping Cowboy Chance]:* Jesus Christ! Ah—!

[Time travel noise.]

[The sound of the road has been replaced with eerie silence. They are in an enclosed space now, a large room with reverb, car and all.]

MIKE *[breathing heavily]:* Fuck, uh... uh— Chris? What the fuck was that!? Where are we!?

COWBOY CHANCE: That... was the damn Lionhorse. And it don't want us to leave Bluster's Grove.

[We hear metal creak as they emerge from the car, the doors bent out of shape.]

MIKE: *[Sighs.]* I guess I don't have to worry about the car anymore. This is as fucked as it's gonna get. *[They start to walk around.]* It's totaled, it's not going anywhere, and I'm never going back to the rental place again. *[Sighs.]* Or leaving this empty metal room, probably. Bu— Uh— Hey, we have the Calculator. Problem solved, *[Cowboy Chance presses some Calculator buttons.]* right? Like "beam me up, Scotty"?

COWBOY CHANCE: Calculator ain't workin'. Room's metal. Prob'ly sealed up with an array. Signal's got nowhere to go.

MIKE: Because of course it doesn't work.

COWBOY CHANCE: Best I can do is program a distress beacon to go out. It'll keep tryin' to transmit, but it might not make it to the council any time soon. You should send one, too.

MIKE: Uh— Send what, a-a distress beacon? I don't have anything to do that with.

COWBOY CHANCE: You ain't got no way to send a message to TryLeg if you're in a pickle, pilgrim?

MIKE: Nope. If anything happens to me or Michael, we hope that eventually the news of our demise propagates forward to Beaumont and that he cares enough to do something about it. It's actually worked out so far.

COWBOY CHANCE: Given our circumstance, I reckon it ain't worked as good as you say.

MIKE: So you said the thing we saw was called the– the Lionhorse? What is it? Is it a– a robot or a horse o-or what? A– A lion, I guess?

COWBOY CHANCE: This whole time, I thought it was just a spooky story that Numbers told to scare each other 'round the campfire. Accordin' to legend, the Lionhorse is a giant horse made entirely o' metal. Or, maybe it's just its legs? It depends on who's tellin' the tall tale, 'cause it's made up. ...Or at least I thought it was.

MIKE: I don't know what's made up and what's not, but something slammed two metal poles through the hood of the car. L-Look. See here? One, two. Like– Like two giant cylinders went through it. And it happened– It happened so fast, I barely caught a glimpse of what did it. So if you told me that it was a giant, metal horse, uh, I'd believe it. Except that's the silliest fucking explanation that's ever happened. That's– That's silly even for us, Chance.

COWBOY CHANCE: I reckon I'm startin' to put together a picture o' what's goin' on, pard. Outlaw Ty's always out in the scrapyard, findin' things to tinker with. He's got Tex's house armed to the teeth with arrays and DIY Calcs and all sorts of other crap. Tex has even got a TryLeg unit that Outlaw found out there.

MIKE: So you think that the Lionhorse is a weapon that Cowboy Ty Betteridge made out of TryLegs... *[Quietly huffs.]* I'm still trying to wrap my head around Outlaw Ty. Uh– He's like you? He talks like a– a cowboy? I s-shudder to think what that sounds like. But, uh– more importantly, who the hell's dumping Legs in a random scrapyard in 2025? Beaumont would have a fit about that if he knew. In fact, I know he doesn't know about that, because if he did, he would've sent me and Michael out here to stop it from happening whenever it started.

[Mike tries to start the car as Cowboy Chance searches the room.]

COWBOY CHANCE: Outlaw's defensive arrays might be why Beaumont don't know. And it ain't a "random scrapyard," it's the Bluster's Grove scrapyard where Outlaw Ty spends all his time. I reckon someone knows that Outlaw's gonna find all this junk.

MIKE: I don't know about random Cowboy Ty building an array that Beaumont can't crack... *[Stops trying to start the car.]* What are you... working on over there?

COWBOY CHANCE: Look, Mike, it's either figure somethin' out or wait around to die. We got a big, metal, locked door and nothin' else to work with. Can't knock it down, can't shoot it, so we gotta find another way out. The Lionhorse put us here, and it (or whoever's controllin' it) is gonna show up to retrieve us sooner or later, *[Stops searching.]* and I don't like our Chances of survival if'n we wait around for that to happen. You could help out, too, if'n ya want. Ya ain't gonna fix that damn car.

MIKE: Uh– I'm not trying to get it road-ready, I'm just seeing if it'll turn over so we can drive it through the wall or something. *[Briefly tries to start the car.]* Uh– Okay. Our working theory is that someone is attacking us with a horse made out of TryLeg units? Why would anyone wanna

do that? How would anyone even know to come after me? Mikey and Michael are the only two people that know that I'm in Texas.

COWBOY CHANCE: Well, accordin' to the campfire legend, the Lionhorse stalks the night and haunts Bluster's Grove, lookin' to get revenge on the one that stole his legs from 'im. Or his whole body, dependin' on who's tellin' the story.

MIKE: Okay... but it wasn't night, it was the middle of the day, and I ain't "the one what stole his legs from 'im."

COWBOY CHANCE: Well it's either that or one of the many sordid iterations that lurk in this blasted town saw us and sent the Lionhorse out to stop us from gettin' the hell outta dodge. That's the less fanciful answer, even though it's still got a big metal horse in it.

MIKE: Well, big metal horses aside, someone has caught us. So, what do you think they're gonna— *[We hear a distant, metal clang.]* d-d-do... *[A distant, distorted roar.]* um...

[A metal clang, slightly louder.]

COWBOY CHANCE: The ominous clangin' o' metal hooves leads me to believe they don't want anything good. *[A metal clang, slightly louder.]* Sounds like it's gettin' closer, don't it?

MIKE: Yeah, it does. I— I guess that's how much time we have on the clock. ...Hey, uh, Chance? Would you happen to have a lighter on you?

COWBOY CHANCE: I don't got nothin' brighter than the light on your phone if that's whatcha mean.

MIKE: No, I— I don't need the light... um... They're not gonna let us die in here, right? The point couldn't have been to kill us. The Lionhorse could've killed us when he stopped us on the road. All he would have had to do was impale the car a couple feet further. He would have crushed us no problem.

COWBOY CHANCE: Are you sayin' you wanna set one of us on fire, pard? 'Cause I ain't gonna volunteer.

MIKE: Not us, the car. If I set the gas tank on fire, the car will explode and start a huge fire. And it'll either blow something open or they'll have to open the room and come get us. So we'll get out one way or another.

COWBOY CHANCE: Or we could burn to death. That's certainly one way to get out.

[We hear another metal clang, slightly louder.]

MIKE: Are you sure you're not Chris? Because back at Base, Chris is always like *[Mocking.]* "oh, we can't do that, we'll burn to death." Look, the Lionhorse transported. That's how it got in

front of us. That means that they can do a correction if we die. And they want us alive, so they will. I'm not hearing a better *[A metal clang, slightly louder.]* plan from you.

COWBOY CHANCE: *[Sighs.]* I have some matches from the Outpost.

MIKE: Perfect. Let's get the fire going.

COWBOY CHANCE: This had better work.

MIKE: Whether it works or not, something is going to happen. So, get over by the door and get ready to run. Maybe pray to a god if you believe in one of those. Or, I— I don't know, hell, p-pra— pray to the Lionhorse. And if I don't make it out of here, let everyone know that I died a hero's death.

COWBOY CHANCE: Mike, I'm gonna tell 'em that you died tryin' to blow up your own car like an idiot.

MIKE: Hah! Joke's on you. They'll never believe that. I'm supposed to be the reasonable one. I built that reputation *[We briefly hear rustling.]* on purpose. *[Exhales.]* Okay! Here it goes. *[Ignites a match and drops it in the gas tank.]* Fire in the hole!

[We hear Mike run for a beat. There's a loud explosion followed by the sound of sprinklers, Mike breathing heavily, creaking metal, a beep, and the door opening. There are distant, distorted roars and metal clangs.]

COWBOY CHANCE *[in disbelief]:* It's open! Let's go!

MIKE *[breathing heavily]:* Go on! I'm comin'! Go! Go!

[Cowboy Chance and Mike scurry out of the room.]

[half-earth theory plays.]

The earth is the back of the moon
The truth will be available soon
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
The want to keep us in line
Want to keep us behind
But i refuse to stay blind
With the power of time
The truth that i seek
will be mine
It's the back of the sun
(the earth is the back of the sun
is the back of the moon
is the back of the earth)
it's the back of the moon
(the sun is the back of the moon
is the back of the earth
is the back of the moon)

[Scene transition.]

[Cowboy Chance and Mike walk into the reverberant main room of the warehouse.]

COWBOY CHANCE: You okay, Mike? You look a little singed.

MIKE: M-Me? Yeah, I-I'm— I'm fine. I think my eyebrows burnt off... W-What is this place?

COWBOY CHANCE: I think we're in Tex's warehouse.

MIKE: What— What is he keeping in here? I-I-It's too dark, I can't s-see. What are these? U-Uh— Giant vats... filled with... with what? I can't see shit. Do you know what these are?

COWBOY CHANCE: No sir, I don't know for sure. I've heard tall tales from the Numbers, but they all sounded like tall tales to me. But we're bein' chased by the dang Lionhorse, so *[Brief laugh.]* I don't know what's true anymore.

MIKE: There's gotta be an exit around here, right?

COWBOY CHANCE: Somewhere, yeah. Let's go—

[We hear the Lionhorse smash through the door and give a metallic, lion/horse cry while stomping around.]

COWBOY CHANCE: Fuck, he's here. Get down, Mike! Behind the vats!

MIKE: Agh. Fuck, ah— ah— What are we gonna do, Chance?

COWBOY CHANCE: Shut up and look for a dang exit!

MIKE: Look for an exit how? I can't see shit! *[Huffs.]*

[We continue to hear the sound of metallic hooves.]

MIKE: ...Chance? Where'd you go?

COWBOY CHANCE: *[Aiming.]* Just a little bit closer... *[We hear a gunshot.]* There!

[The Lionhorse whinny-roars, and we hear a metallic ricochet. The Lionhorse keeps approaching.]

COWBOY CHANCE: Find the exit or start shootin', pard! I could use some backup here!

MIKE: Backup? I don't have a gun!

COWBOY CHANCE: What do you mean you don't have a gun!? You're on a time travel mission!

MIKE: Yeah, and if you bring a gun to a time travel mission, it'd go off in the third act!

COWBOY CHANCE: It's exactly what we need, you dipshit!

MIKE: Well yelling at me isn't gonna make me have a gun.

[We hear another gunshot. This one hits a vat, which cracks and ruptures, sending liquid everywhere.]

COWBOY CHANCE: Fuck, fuck! I hit a vat!

MIKE: Ugh. What is this stuff, Chance? It's sticky.

[We hear the time travel noise. Stinky and Leg have arrived.]

STINKY: Did somebody say Stinky?

MIKE: What? No, I said sticky. How did you hear that?

LEG: We have been monitoring the situation.

COWBOY CHANCE: Who the hell are you?

MIKE: You have a TryLeg unit?

LEG: Transporting the dumbest losers I've ever seen in three, [**MIKE:** Transporting us to where? What are you do—?] two, one...

[We hear a distorted neigh, followed by the time travel noise.]

[Cowboy Chance, Mike, Stinky, and Leg arrive in 2030. It is quiet and calm.]

MIKE: Mm. We— We— We made it out? Fuck, it is bright in here.

COWBOY CHANCE: Made it no thanks to you. Who's this iteration o' yours? A coworker?

MIKE: I have never seen this man in my life.

STINKY: Hi, Mike. I'm Stinky, and this is Leg. W-We saved your life! I'm kind of a hero!

COWBOY CHANCE: Oh, good. You got my distress beacon? I assume the council sent ya.

LEG: We did not hear your puny beacon. I have been receiving data from four TryLeg units. I triangulated their spacetime coordinates and found the two of you there. You are lucky that Stinky is not fully Leglocked. You would have been horsed!

MIKE: Leglocked?

STINKY: Yeah, I'm kinda stuck in 2030. Uh, but I can leave for, like, a minute or two.

LEG: 189 seconds.

COWBOY CHANCE: You're locked to... 2030? Does that mean that we're in 2030 right now?

STINKY: Yup, and the best part is those New Year's glasses have the eyes where the zeroes are again. But... I guess it's already been New Year's, so that's not gonna happen for you.

BLOOPER (COWBOY CHANCE): The Lionhorse stalks the night and hunts Bluster's Grove, lookin' to *[Raspy.]* get revenge. *[Chokes.]* That wasn't— *[Clears throat.]* That wasn't me doing a voice, that was *[Coughs.]* actually me choking.

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

BLOOPER (COWBOY CHANCE): Mike, the door *[Laughing.]* unlocked! Let's o— It's open! Let's— *[Babbles.]*

[Brief start-stop of the closing theme.]

[END Episode 209.]