

EPISODE TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN - THE CENTAUR

Original transcript edited by Noveltea and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 213.]

INTRO: Hey guys, quick plugs. I'm still streaming every Sunday over at twitch.tv/woebegonepod, where every Sunday I write that week's episode soundtrack and then we hang out and play a videogame. I just beat *Donkey Kong Country* and celebrated my dog's second anniversary gotcha day, and so now we're moving onto something new. I don't know what... I don't know what. Anyway that's twitch.tv/woebegonepod.

If you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over 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, postcards, corkboards, and morkboards. It is not too late to sign up to receive the August postcard. August marks the three-year anniversary of the post cards, and our anniversary postcards are always a lot of fun. Last year the voice actors wrote the post cards and wrote a story about the Ren Fair, which is available on the main feed and patreon. And I'm excited to bring you what we've cooked up this year. Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains depictions of violence and drunkenness/intoxication. Listener discretion is advised]

[We hear radio static and tuning before a broadcast starts.]

MIKEY *[over the radio]*: Folks, if you are listening to me this morning on *The Beast Unleashed* on 103.3 KOBV, the Voice Of The Valley, then I have gone missing! That's right. All that talk about the powers that be not wanting you to hear me wasn't bluster after all! Not that you didn't believe me, dear listeners, but most people don't. And now I'm gone! This message was programmed to go out if I didn't show up to *The Beast Unleashed*. There is also the possibility that I got food poisoning *[Soundboard "food poisoning" effect.]* or got into a fender bender on the way to the studio, but do you know what is more likely, folks? That I have been kidnapped! I'm probably on the moon! Your gracious, charismatic, handsome host flew too close to the sun—or should I say Moon even though they are both the other side of the Earth!—and they came to take me away, haha! Which is why I need your help tonight! It is time to bust out the telescopes, hell, even the binoculars if you can't find a telescope! Point them at the full moon tonight, folks! Point them across the sky to that other side of the earth, because the earth is the back of the moon! I need you to look for me. The moon is where they keep the dissidents. On the moon. Because there is no way back. Look for me there. Get the word out. Send help. I'm probably stuck on the moon! And you could be next! Help me! Unleash The Beast! Hashtag "UnleashTheBeast"! *[Pause.]* No. Play the music.

[half-earth theory instrumental plays.]

MIKEY *[rapping]*: Yeah... okay.
The beast unleashed

Unleash the beast
I'm stuck on the moon
That's where they put me
Probably cause
The powers that be
Wanna silence me
In a prison made of cheese
Cause the moon is made of cheese
And the moon is the earth
It's the other way around—

[Radio turns off.]

[Opening theme plays.]

[Time travel noise.]

[We hear the distant sounds of poker night at the Outpost Tavern: Numbered Michaels talking, the clinking of spurred boots walking, muted music behind doors, nighttime ambiance.]

M: This is it pard? This is where Tex lives? Cause it looks pretty sketchy to me, A. I ain't sure we should be looking round here for help.

A: We don't get to pick and choose who we go to for help right now, M. Containment's been breached. We need all the backup we can get before our cute little village gets plum wiped off the map.

M: I'm just saying ain't too late to turn back. We can figure this out on our own.

A: I got the worst feeling that we can't figure it out on our own. And last time I talked to Tex, he told me, "I'll see you again, pard. You'll know when the time comes." And I think this was the time he was talking about.

M: *[Sighs.]* Alright, A. You're the boss. So, if you're sure, I'm sure.

A: I'd bet my damn hook on it, M, and the stump underneath.

[We hear a muted gunshot from inside the Outpost.]

M: Shit! Get down, A! We're under fire!

A: Settle down, M. That came from inside. It ain't poker night if someone don't die. That's how they get it started. C'mon. Let's go investigate. It'd be suspicious not to.

M: Okay... You're the boss.

A: And get your damn act together, pard. You ain't in the village no more. You're shaking like a shaduke at dinnertime. Straighten up and let's get in there. Now say "yes sir."

M: This place is already doing stuff to you, A.

A: We gotta blend in, M. And it's 2 now. I'm 2, and you're 3. So don't call me A no more. You'll blow our cover.

M: Yes sir, 2.

A: That's more like it. Let's go.

[We hear footsteps as they approach the Outpost.]

A: Howdy there, pard! Me and my compatriot here are looking for poker night.

92: Howdy yourself. What's your number, pilgrim?

A: Well I'm 2, and this is my associate 3.

92: *[Suspicious.]* You're 2, you say? I ain't never heard of 2 coming to poker night. You got any proof?

[We hear A's hook hand click.]

A: Well I've got this dang hook attached to this dang stump of mine, pard. I reckon Tex has told y'all that story.

92: He sure has pard. Now, what happened to your voice?

A: Lost it in a screaming match with a mountain lion, 's what.

M: Pardon me for asking, but what happened in there just now? We heard gunfire?

92: Same ol', same ol'. Someone went and shot the messenger. 53 this time. Unlucky son of a bitch. It was gonna happen to whoever broke the news. They're auctioning off his rings after the concert if you're interested. He was a ring guy.

M: What was the news he broke?

92: Well, 2 and 3, y'all picked a funny time to show up. I figure you're looking for Tex? That about right?

A: I wouldn't mind seeing the old bastard. Why? Is the news that he's dead?

92: Ain't no one sure. No one's seen him in days. Bluster and Outlaw ain't seen him neither. Tex never misses poker night. Not a single one. And if he did miss one, he'd correct it to make sure he got here. And he ain't here. So folks are getting riled up. That's the news 53 had to break. He

went by the house with a few other Numbers, and Tex still weren't there. So now 53's got a bullet twist his lookers, and we still ain't got no Tex. So I reckon poker night's canceled. Y'all are free to look around the Outpost, grab you a drink. Just don't kill no one else. I gotta clean that up, you know.

A: Maybe uh, if you don't mind me suggesting, maybe 3 and I could run Tex's poker night tonight? We're old friends with Tex, you know. And he wouldn't want a good night to go to waste.

92: Ain't up to me. Ask Bluster. He's around here somewhere. I reckon Tex is dead anyway. That's the only reason he wouldn't be at his own poker night. So we gotta figure out a plan sooner or later.

A: I'll ask him. Thanks for the skinny... I don't know if you told me your number, pard.

92: 92. I'm the bouncer round these parts.

A: Well thank you very kindly, 92. We'll see you at the table later, I hope.

92: I hope so, too. *[Pause.]* Hey, 2? Did you really do all that stuff Tex told us about? All them gunslinging tales?

A: Well I don't know what Tex told you. But... yeah, probably. Be seeing you. *[Tongue click.]*

[Saloon doors open. See-Through is playing in the background.]

M: Well that sure did go smooth. What stories was he talking about. You... gunslinging?

A: You don't gotta worry about that 3. That life's far behind me. I don't wanna talk about it. I'm starting to get worried I'm gonna have to.

M: And what happened to the real 3? The one I'm saying I am?

A: That fella died a long long time ago. Weren't pretty. But his life weren't pretty, neither. *[Sighs.]* I reckon we should shut up and enjoy the show for now. We can find Bluster once it dies down.

[Cheers and applause as the song ends.]

15: Alright, I got one more for you. This one here's one I wrote when I was in the Outpost, about an hour ago, sitting on the toilet. I ain't usually one to cry on the toilet, but I made an exception this time. And I ain't cried this much since I invented that game where you smash your hands with hammers. Anyway, this one is called "Where Are Ya, Tex?"

[Where Are Ya, Tex plays.]

*Where are ya Tex
We don't know how to deal
Without you*

*The cards go unplayed
The words go unsaid
Without you*

*You're a mean son of a bitch
You killed a man just to scratch an itch
But that don't mean
You can just leave
You've got hate in your heart
Keeping us from falling apart
When the beer dries up
Who will fill our cups?*

*Where are ya Tex
We're scared that we're next
Without you
We pull out our guns
Shoot 'em into the sun
Without you*

*Outlaw and Bluster's wondering too
What the hell did they do with you
We'll find you
This isn't like you
We were gathered here to play
But no one else can run the game
Like you used to
We're gonna find you*

*Where are ya Tex
We don't know how to deal
Without you
The cards go unplayed
The debts go unpaid
Without you*

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the shuffling of cards and riffling of poker chips. 2 is dealing to 3, 15, 21, 50, and 92.]

A: Alright, fellas. Ante up. Gotta get this show on the road.

92: Where's Bluster?

A: Bluster had to leave early. Said he got a show tonight at that jazz joint down the road, Blusta Groove. Some of the other Numbers even skipped poker night to go see him.

92: So you're gonna run this game without a pit boss?

A: What the hell would I need a pit boss, 92?

92: I dunno. I reckon if someone cheats...

A: Ain't no one gonna cheat.

21: 'Cept maybe your friend number 3 over there.

M: Hey now, 21! I ain't done nothing.

15: You came in here with the dealer's what you did.

A: Yeah, and you came in here with a guitar case full of who knows what, and we ain't said nothing to you, 15.

15: It's full of guitar, you varmint. You saw me on stage.

M: You know what? Maybe we should play poker. I'm in. Fifty to start.

A: Thank you, 3. We're gonna be here all night at this rate.

92: Call and raise a hundred. You deal awful slow, number 2.

A: Well I got a dang hook for a hand, 92. Sorry I ain't as fast as Tex. Where y'all reckon he's at by the way?

21: 50's going around the Outpost telling folks he turned into a damn centaur.

M: What do you mean turn into a centaur?

21: He's saying Tex and Outlaw were working on some kinda horse exoskeleton for him so he could run around just as fast as Bluster.

15: This is just another game of telephone. He misheard the dang Lionhorse story! And that Lionhorse ain't even real!

92: No, 15, the Lionhorse is real. Centaur Tex ain't, though.

21: Bluster ain't real, neither. That's two fellas in a suit. Horses can't play the dang saxophone. I'll call.

15: I'll call too. Bluster's real, 21. You see him every dang week. You been on his back.

A: Y'all, I was there when Bluster was born. He's the real deal.

92: You and Tex really do go all the way back, huh?

A: Yup, sure do. That's why I'm here.

92: Is it true what he told us about your hand?

A: I reckon that depends what he told you.

21: He told us this big ol' story about some rustlers... and dynamite.

A: Then he probably told you the truth, 21.

92: Well, I'd like to hear it straight from the horse's mouth, if you don't mind.

A: *[Sighs.]* If you want. So there we was, pinned down by some rustlers what were trying to steal our cattle. That's what we did for work back then, cattle drives. So some varmints showed up in the middle of the night trying to rustle 'em. They didn't know we was there and so we ended up in a shootout. Now, Tex always carried some dynamite in his pack, in case we needed to make our own path. And we were outnumbered five, maybe six to one. These fellas were just gonna wait 'til we were out of ammunition and shoot us dead. So I knew what I had to do. I grabbed the dynamite out of the pack and lit it up. I went to throw it, and then I heard a bang and then a squish. I looked down, and my hand was laying there in the dirt, still holding onto the dynamite. Those fuckers blasted it clean off my arm with a shotgun. So I picked up my hand in my other hand, and I tossed the whole damn thing at the rustlers. I don't know how many of 'em I got, but I know I got some of 'em. It was enough to let us slip away. That's the whole story. Tex bandaged me up, and I bought the hook in town next time we made it there. He broke down in tears when he thanked me for saving his life, but I reckon he didn't tell y'all that part. That was the closest we ever been to being shaduke meat up to that point in our lives.

15: ...What the hell's a shaduke?

M: I'm all in, too.

92: You sure are confident in your hand, 3.

M: Yeah I am, 92. It's a good one.

92: Well if you're all in, I'm all in.

15: Fuck it. Pit boss ain't here, Tex ain't here, I ain't gotta settle no debts tonight. I'm all in, too. How about you, 21?

21: I reckon I gotta at this point.

A: I appreciate that we're finally getting a move on. Alright, show 'em, boys.

15: I gotta king-high. I reckon y'all are bluffing.

21: Read 'em and weep, 15. Two pair.

M: I got a full house. Told y'all I had a good hand. And no, I ain't cheating.

92: *[Chuckles.]* It's a shame you boys wasted all your good luck on this hand, 'cause you all came up short. Time for y'all to read 'em and weep. Four aces.

21: Well I guess 3 weren't cheating after all.

15: Hold on a minute, I'm counting six aces.

[We hear multiple guns cock.]

M: You wanna explain yourself there, 92? You been accusing folks all night.

15: He reckoned he could get away with it because he's the bouncer.

21: And 'cause the pit boss is off playing the saxophone at Blusta Groove.

15: I ain't telling you how to run your game, 2, but Tex woulda already been picking clean 92's corpse by now.

92: Now why y'all so sure it was me cheating and not 3? We don't even know that varmint!

15: 92, you had your hands under the table the whole time 2 was telling his story. You got sloppy.

21: I'd establish my authority if I was you, 2. Can't have people pulling stuff like this.

92: 15 is framing me! I'm innocent. 3 can keep the pot. I don't care. Just don't kill me. I got a good thing going on here at the Outpost.

A: Alright, how about this? *[Cards shuffle.]* 3 and I will head out back with 92 to sort things out. Y'all go back in there 'til we get back. And don't say nothing to no one about cheating. Understand?

15: You can dump him on top of 53 out there, and we'll take 'em both to the pit later.

A: Whether I kill this lowlife is my business and not yours, 15. Go back out there and play a song or something. 21, *[Snaps fingers.]* get a round of drinks for everyone. Just take it out of the pot. Understood?

21: Can do, boss.

A: Damn right. 3, 92 *[Snaps fingers.]* let's go.

92: Yes sir.

[We hear them walk out the back and slam the door shut behind them. Outside ambiance.]

A: You put me in a tough spot, 92.

92: Hey look, I'm sorry! But I let y'all in! Even though I know that sorry sucker you call a companion ain't no number and he sure as hell ain't 3. But I reckon you really are 2! And Tex says the reason you don't come around no more is 'cause your heart's too big for this killing business. So maybe we can let bygones be bygones... and I can tell you where I reckon Tex is hiding out?

M: You know where Tex is?

92: I've gotta good guess. If he's still alive and still in Bluster's Grove. And I can take y'all there. My truck's parked right over there.

A: Alright 92. You're gonna take us there. M, keep your gun on him. And if he makes any false moves, we'll make what happened to 53 look like a day at the beach.

92: M, huh? I knew you ain't no number.

A: Shut up and drive, 92.

[Scene transition.]

[Radio static plays as it tunes to a broadcast.]

MIKEY *[over the radio.]:* Okay, I should be safe in here. I hope. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Okay, um. Okay, uh. Where is it, um. Uh... Hey there, folks. I just wanted to issue a quick apology about my last broadcast. First of all, thank you so much for using the hashtag UnleashTheBeast and trying to find me, that means a lot to me, but um. I'm not missing. This has all been a misunderstanding. *[Deep inhale.]* The truth of the matter is, I really did get food poisoning. As you probably already know, a rival to the 24-hour diner has opened up in Oldbrush Valley called the Meat Eagle. I didn't go there cause I thought it'd be good, I went there to see how bad it could be to Meat Eagle. And I was... I was right, folks. I was right. Don't ever Meat Eagle. Since then, um, I've been in extreme danger. My stomach has been in extreme danger. I don't know when I'll be back. This might be goodbye for now. I'll be back soon I hope. I'm not on the moon or the sun, except, you know, they are the back of the earth so we're all there all at the same time. But don't look for me there. Just... whatever you do don't... Meat Eagle, okay? Stay far away from their gourmet cheeseburgers. Marissa, Edgar, Chris? Can you hear me? Stay far away from the cheeseburgers, or else! Um, so this has been *The Beast Unleashed*. I don't have... I can't play any music where I'm at, so I can do a cappella, I guess? Uh, okay, um... *[Starts vocalizing a rhythm and clapping to the beat.]*

MIKEY *[Rapping nervously.]:* The eagle is rancid
He'll put you in a trance kid
He'll take you down to Texas
He'll poison your breakfast *[Clattering, sound of objects being knocked over.]*
Hey, stop, stop!

[Radio static and de-tuning.]

[Scene transition.]

A: Alright, M, what'd that bastard say the code was?

M: It was 68852989.

[The keypad beeps with the correct code input. The door swings open.]

A: Alright, we're in. Let's find our old pal Tex.

M: What the hell is this place, A?

[We hear footsteps as the two enter the warehouse. Their voices echo.]

A: I don't know. All I know is 92 said Tex'd be here.

M: Did Tex... do all this?

A: I sure hope not.

M: Who is that...? In the vat, I mean.

A: I don't know, M. We're just gonna find Tex. And we're gonna get out of here.

TEX *[strained]*: Who's there? Don't come any closer.

M: A, is that him lying over there? What the hell's he lying next to?

A *[calling out]*: Tex, is that you? Oh god, oh. What the hell happened to you?

TEX: Who are you? How'd you get... *[Deep, wet breathing.]*

M: Looks like he got impaled on that scrap metal. Is that a foot?

A: That's a whole damn Lionhorse, M. Look Tex, *[TEX: Who are—]* I ain't got time to explain who I am. We'll reactivate you back at the village. *[Tex groans and takes ragged breaths.]* I'm gonna get you the hell out of here ok. We're gonna get you patched up and I'll let you know what's going on. Gonna get you out of here buddy. Ok, transporting out of here in three, two, one.

[Time travel noise.]

[Closing theme plays.]

[See-through plays.]

*Quit pacing
you're making me anxious
time has a bitter flavor
when it's wasted
on quick favors
intangible meteoric halos
mastered in the shadows*

*If it won't be sorely missed
don't put all your life in this now
or you'll never get it out
if you don't give me some time
you will catch me by surprise and I'll
flee, reluctantly*

*I haven't phased out
as many routines
as I plan to
so don't get used to
the way I have always seemed
like I intended to be
was always see-through*

*If none of us get out alive
we have all wasted our time
commiserating essentially nothing
but if it helps alleviate,
I will help enunciate the sound
of coming down*

*It's a hawk or it's a dove
peace that's used against us
it's a blanket made of blood
how easy it is to hurt what we love*

*If no sign's left to signify
I will take it as a reminder
not to read too far
I could never speculate
on a future clear as mud
wipe it clean, shrug and move along
is what I've done.*

[Brief start-stop of closing theme.]

AFTER-CREDITS: Please no one else subscribe to the Patreon so that I can keep saying "tiggie diggle" every episode, or if you do subscribe, just make your name "tiggie diggle."

[END Episode 213.]