

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

EPISODE 201

NARRATOR

Let's begin.

Okay! Good news! Last time I super-special-promised we'd get back to October and Fish and... we are! Finally! I won't deny it took a while, we checked in on Rion from that other universe and watched Crab Crab MD and Mario Nera hook up through a cozy family romocom in Warm Puddle. But now... we're back! I found them, because I care about you and I'm the best. So, quick recap:

October and Fish finally managed to warn Buster Fly, the Elemental Creature of Air, about the snakes. Too late to matter though, Simon and Sarfunkel showed up and captured him! Plus they already had the Elemental Creature of Fire, a phoenix named Phiona, which meant they were 2 fourths of the way to summoning big Mamamorbus. October and Fish escaped, but October was stung by Bees in a Trench Coat in the chaos! And apparently she's allergic to bees, so it's like a big deal. We now find them...

[Zp]

DRAGON

NARRATOR

Desperately fleeing through a desolate, charred forest. Fish is sprinting, dirt flying from the heels of her battle stilettos. A woozy October is draped over her back, clutched in her little fins.

OCTOBER

(moaning)

NARRATOR

October's eyes are glazed over, she's struggling to breathe.

FISH WITH LEGS

It's okay October. Just breathe, just breathe. It's all gonna be okay.

*[Distant Roar. Flapping of large wings.]*

FISH WITH LEGS

Uh oh...

OCTOBER

(moaning)

NARRATOR

Fish with Legs takes cover behind a rock and searches the grey sky.

*[Roaring and louder flapping]*

A tall obsidian tower touches the clouds in the distance behind her, a massive luminescent opal shard mounted between two prongs on the top. Nothing is following them, just swirling clouds. Or wait, not clouds, but the camouflaged craggy belly of a white--

FISH WITH LEGS

Dragon!

OCTOBER

(groggy)

What?

*[Dragon screech.]*

FISH WITH LEGS

Ah!

NARRATOR

The giant dragon comes around the tower, emerging from the cloud cover like a monster from the deep. A spooky skeleton sits behind the crest of the dragon's head, holding onto its horns for support.

SKULLATRON

There they are!

FISH WITH LEGS

Eep!

NARRATOR

Fish hefts October up again and runs. The dragon rises with a formidable flap of its wings, then tucks them in and dives down toward Fish and October.

FISH WITH LEGS

Nope! Nope! Nope!

NARRATOR

Fish slides under a scorched log as the dragon swoops past them, spraying the forest with a cloud of frost.

FISH WITH LEGS

October... Wake up! Wake up!

NARRATOR

Fish gives her a couple of slaps.

FISH WITH LEGS

Come on! I can't fight Skullatron and his Ice Dragon by myself! I need an October plan! Like right now. Well... Like a while ago actually. At this point, we're way past plan station! That was like four stops ago when we were dealing with the forest ogre's demon wolves!

OCTOBER

Demon... Wolves?

FISH WITH LEGS

Please wake up!

NARRATOR

Fish gives October a less-than-delicate healing kiss.

OCTOBER

(moaning, groggy  
adlibs)

[Slow flapping descends]

FISH WITH LEGS

Why is it suddenly ice-cold...?

OCTOBER

(groggy)

Fish... Behind you...

[*Slow dragon breathing*]

NARRATOR

Fish turns slowly. The dragon lands, staring them down, each exhale adding icy mist to the air.

[*dragon snort*]

It bows its head to the ground and Skullatron gracefully steps down, wielding a long golden scepter. No, I have no idea who this guy is.

FISH WITH LEGS

Okay... Time to be brave.

SKULLATRON

Herald of Water... Hand over the orb of truth and no harm shall come to you or your friend...

FISH WITH LEGS

But... What about the villagers?

SKULLATRON

My Queen will deal with the villagers.

FISH WITH LEGS

No!

SKULLATRON

They should not have defied her! Now they shall pay with their lives!

FISH WITH LEGS

Not if I have anything to say about it!

NARRATOR

The skeleton plants the scepter into the ground, holding it firmly.

SKULLATRON

Errorem-Tay incutio-ay in-ay or-cay iscis-pay ante-ay e-may!

FISH WITH LEGS

Fish with Legs karate powers!

NARRATOR

Fish runs toward them. Purple smoke emanates from the scepter, forming into animal shapes that prowl around them. She leaps into the air and comes down foot-first. Skullatron meets her with the scepter, as more purple smoke leaks from his eye sockets.

FISH WITH LEGS

Grr!!!

SKULLATRON

Raah!

[Zp.]

Meanwhile, back on the blimp... What? We're back in the swing of things, so the cliffhangers are back too. Well it's been so long, I want to check on team villain too. I'm sure they've been scheming. Then we'll get back to classic Fish and October adventures, I promise. No, we don't have another unicorn on our hands. Actually you know what? Yes, we do! Because I stand by the unicorn decision.

PRISONERS

NARRATOR

So. Like I was saying. Back on the blimp. Simon and Sarfunkel slither into the cargo hold. Sarfunkel is holding a platter full of sliced meats and sliced oranges in his mouth. The room is big and mostly empty, but the walls are all stacked with crates and random stuff. They slither over to Phiona the phoenix's concrete crate. Simon takes the meat from the platter and drops it into one of the holes.

SIMON

Here you go Phiphi. We got more of that smoked ham you love. Enjoy. We're still looking for the salmon. Sorry, we're in a blimp.

NARRATOR

Next to the crate is a table with a generously spacious terrarium on it. Buster Fly the butterfly is inside, lounging among the foliage and small rocks. He perks up as the snakes approach. Sarfunkel sets the platter on the table.

BUSTER FLY

Well if it isn't this biddable butterfly's favorite pair of reptilian relatives.

SIMON

Oh. It's always fun to come down and see you, Mr. Fly. You have such a great attitude. And you do that fun word play stuff.

BUSTER FLY

Well I try to pursue positivity. Which is an easy endeavor with caring captors like you two characters.

SIMON

Oh. Thank you.

SARFUNKEL

Indeed. Thank you...

NARRATOR

Simon lifts the lid of the terrarium and Sarfunkel drops the orange slices in.

SIMON

So you're enjoying the terrarium? Comfortable? Spacious?

BUSTER FLY

Absolutely, Mr. Simon. This is one terrific terrarium. I have never had such an exemplary experience being a  
(MORE)

BUSTER FLY (cont'd)

prisoner. And between you, me and the bees... I've had my fair share.

SIMON

Well we only need you for the ceremony of the five elements so there's no use making this painful for anyone.

SARFUNKEL

Indeed. However I find it prudent to warn you, Herald of Air, that if ever you were to attempt an escape, you would be put in a box. Just as the phoenix was after her attempt and just as the fish will be when she is finally reclaimed.

NARRATOR

Buster glances over to the crate beside the table.

BUSTER FLY

(gulp)

SIMON

Yes... But you wouldn't do that, right?

BUSTER FLY

Of course. Don't wanna... upset anyone.

SARFUNKEL

Excellent.

BUSTER FLY

B-But if you have a moment, boys. I had an idea or two I'd like to run by you.

SARFUNKEL

Is that so?

SIMON

Oh, we'd love to hear you out.

BUSTER FLY

See... I was thinking. Maybe if I am a particularly well behaved prisoner I could... perhaps... get some perks out of that. Maybe some grapefruit slices mixed in with my oranges... Or if I'm particularly well behaved I could get some time out of the cage? Just to spread my wings. I won't try to leave or nothing. Maybe I'll just do some chores for you or--

SARFUNKEL

Bees in a Trench Coat takes care of blimp maintenance and the associated chores.

BUSTER FLY

Right, I was just spit-balling--

SARFUNKEL  
And they do not require assistance.

BUSTER FLY  
Of course.

SIMON  
Sorry. Maybe we can talk about the grapefruit slices.

BUSTER FLY  
Oh... Okay.

SIMON  
Seeya.

NARRATOR  
They slither out into the hallway.

SIMON  
So you think we could do the grapefruit thing? Compromise with him?

SARFUNKEL  
The terrarium is already a compromise. I would have kept him in a tin can.

SIMON  
That's harsh. He seems harmless.

SARFUNKEL  
As did the fish. Yet when you gave her a hot tub, she escaped.

SIMON  
Well I'm not giving him a spa day, I'm giving him some citrus.

SARFUNKEL  
You are too lenient with the prisoners. Compromising gives them power, power gives them confidence, and confidence helps them escape. We must keep our focus on our goal.

SIMON  
(bitter)  
Okay. Fine. Whatever. Let's not compromise. I'm happy with that.

SARFUNKEL  
Do you disagree, brother?

SIMON  
Oh no, you don't wanna hear what I have to say, because then you'd have to compromise with me and I'd have power.

SARFUNKEL

You are my brother, not a prisoner.

SIMON

Oh wow. Thanks for clarifying.

SARFUNKEL

(sigh) Brother, when we are in the presence of the prisoners, it is important that we--

*[Thud]*

NARRATOR

What was that?

SARFUNKEL

What was that!?

NARRATOR

Something made the whole blimp shake!

SIMON

That made the whole blimp shake!

NARRATOR

Hey.

SARFUNKEL

We must return to the bridge. Brother, quickly.

NARRATOR

And now we must return to-- What really? You wanna watch team villain? Aw... But I miss October and Fish. No, what do you miss? Ugh. Fine! You make the call! But if we miss anything good it's on you.

*[Zp]*

BRIDGE

NARRATOR

Zzzzp. On the bridge-- Mmmm... On the bridge Muscular Giraffe is leaning over a cauldron muttering some incantations. Bees and their trench coat are also there.

MUSCULAR GIRAFFE

Oc-hay aures-ay on-nay offendit-ay erat-fay od-quay avigo-nay.

NARRATOR

Thick grey storm clouds are visible out the front viewport. Flashes of lightning illuminate the bridge and shade

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Muscular Giraffe with a tasty bit of chiaroscuro. It's an art thing. He looks really good in this lighting.

His biceps tense as he stirs the contents of the cauldron. The stressful situation is making some flattering veins bulge on his forearms. Okay, yes I'm glad we got to see some giraffe, but it's not the narrative call I'd make.

SIMON

Whoa. Where did this storm come from?

NARRATOR

The bridge door bursts open as Simon and Sarfunkel slither in.

BEEES FROM THE TRENCH COAT

Master Sarfunkel, Master Simon. We had just sent drones to find you.

SARFUNKEL

What is going on!?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe gestures broadly at the storm outside.

SARFUNKEL

Of course there's a storm! I can see that!

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe rolls his big brown eyes.

SARFUNKEL

I saw that too.

BEEES FROM THE TRENCH COAT

We were flying above the sea when the storm hit very suddenly.

*[thunder crack]*

NARRATOR

Lightning strikes, shaking the blimp. Muscular Giraffe grabs the spoon in his cauldron and shifts it around like a control yoke. The snakes slide a bit before bracing themselves, and the view out the port zigzags wildly through the lightning and clouds.

SARFUNKEL

Muscular Giraffe. Navigate us out of this storm.

SIMON

I think that's what he's doing...

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe rolls his eyes and nods as if to say "duh."

SARFUNKEL

And cease talking back to me. This is my blimp and I demand the respect of my crew.

SIMON

Well technically it's his blimp and we're renting it...

BEEES FROM THE TRENCH COAT

Perhaps it is best if we stay back and allow Muscular Giraffe to concentrate.

SARFUNKEL

Muscular Giraffe!

SIMON

Did you not just hear Bees?

SARFUNKEL

Watch out!

SIMON

Oh my Wy-eld... Evade! Evade!

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe's eyes go wide as he spots a whirling hurricane ahead. It twists, pulling in and spitting out clouds and bolts of lightning.

Muscular Giraffe grips his spoon tightly and tilts it forward. He squints, focusing on the vortex ahead, the flickers of lightning illuminating the speckles of green hidden in his brown eyes. What a maverick.

SIMON

Ah!

SARFUNKEL

Muscular Giraffe...

NARRATOR

He leans in and the blimp surges forward. They are sucked into the vortex and get whipped around before they suddenly stop and find themselves floating peacefully in the eye of the storm. Muscular Giraffe looks at them all smugly.

BEEES FROM THE TRENCH COAT

Well done, Muscular Giraffe. We always had faith.

SIMON

Oh I did not. I thought we were gonna die.

SARFUNKEL

Muscular Giraffe, I may have mistakenly--

*[kachow!]*

NARRATOR

A bolt of lightning spears the bridge, lighting up Muscular Giraffe from the inside! The bolt passes through, leaving a scorch on the floor, and Muscular Giraffe slumps.

SIMON

Muscular Giraffe!

NARRATOR

The entire blimp shakes, knocking Simon and Sarfunkel over, as the ocean becomes visible through the viewport.

*[Zzzp.]*

The blimp plummets from the sky, tumbling toward a small, perfectly oval island. Oh. This isn't that tense, really... Less of a plummet and more of a jerky glide. The blimp makes a leaf-like descent onto the vaguely circular island and gently crashes near the centre, cushioned by sand.

*[Zzp.]*

A few stray bees buzz around the bridge examining the results of the crash. There's lightning damage in a couple places and a bunch of scattered... Bridge stuff. Bees are tending to the weary Muscular Giraffe as Simon and Sarfunkel slither in tight, anxious circles.

SIMON

How is he?

SARFUNKEL

How soon till we can be back in the air?

SIMON

Is he gonna make it!?

SARFUNKEL

Did the blimp take any damage?

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

The blimp took minimal damage, Master Sarfunkel. And Muscular Giraffe is conscious but ill. We suspect he has lightning sickness--

SARFUNKEL

Lightning sickness?

SIMON

Is he dying!? Oh no, he's dying isn't he... Oh no...  
Muscular Giraffe!

SARFUNKEL

I'm sure he'll be fine, Simon. Right, Bees in a Trench Coat?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Indeed, Master Sarfunkel. Lightning sickness is quite curable. Unfortunately, it is a wizard illness...

SARFUNKEL

And?

SIMON

And Bees in a Trench Coat can't heal him... Oh, poor Muscular Giraffe. I always thought of you as family. Like an uncle... or maybe a cousin.

SARFUNKEL

Bees in a Trench Coat?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We do not currently know the treatment, but we-- What is it Muscular Giraffe?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe wearily raises a hand and mimes writing.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Yes, of course.

NARRATOR

A few bees fly out from the trench coat with a pad of paper and a pencil. Muscular Giraffe takes it and starts writing.

SARFUNKEL

What is it? What is he writing?

SIMON

It's his will. Oh...

(sigh)

I want your vintage wine collection. Sarfunkel and Bees wouldn't appreciate it the way I could.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe drops the pencil. The bees look over the page and tear it off. They hover so the snakes can read it.

SARFUNKEL

A mango, a pearl and a bird's egg...

SIMON

What?

SARFUNKEL

This must be what we need to cure him.

SIMON

This will cure you, Muscular Giraffe?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe nods wearily.

SIMON

Bees, do we have any of this on the blimp?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

No.

SIMON

Let's go outside and look. Come, Sarfunkel.

SARFUNKEL

Hold on, brother. Bees in a Trench Coat, where are we? What can we expect?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We are out scouting, and it seems we are on... Totally Regular Island.

SARFUNKEL

Ugh.

SIMON

Really? I like this place. It's kind of fun.

NARRATOR

Totally Regular Island. The name rings a bell... Yeah, it is kinda generic.

SARFUNKEL

The novelty does not entertain me. Bees in a Trench Coat, we'll go retrieve the things on Muscular Giraffe's list. Tend to him and put this blimp back in order.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Yes, Master Sarfunkel. Shall a drone join you to maintain contact?

SARFUNKEL

Yes.

NARRATOR

A single bee flies out from the trench coat and lands by Sarfunkel's hypothetical ear.

SARFUNKEL

Come brother. Let's hurry.

NARRATOR

So... Now can we get back to October and Fish? Okay, that is an interesting idea, but I don't want to miss out on October and Fish. We just found them!

Okay how is that not like the unicorn!? Yeah, you want to stay here and we're gonna miss out on an awesome fight with an evil skeleton man and his ice dragon. Okay, fine. You know what? We'll do whatever you want. You make the calls. Sure... Looks like it's villain day.

*[Vrrrt.]*

TOTALLY REGULAR ISLAND

NARRATOR

Simon and Sarfunkel leave the slightly canted ground-balloon. They've got a satchel hanging from the crook of their necks, the bag on Simon's side. Yeah... I think we've been here before. Not with these guys, but I recognize this island.

The blimp is in a clearing surrounded by jungle. And I guess the storm has lifted because this island is sunny and lushly verdant. Yes. Verdant, green. We've been over this. Wait! Oh! Totally Regular Island! This is the place with the name that thinks it's clever.

Yeah, it isn't a regular island. It's the island where everything is a turtle. Yeah, yeah, everything. The seagulls are turtles, the iguanas are turtles, the ants are turtles. The only things that aren't turtles are the turtles! I'm just kidding, the turtles are obviously also turtles.

SARFUNKEL

What a ridiculous island.

SIMON

Ooh look! Turtle-tapir! That's fun. You don't think that's fun?

NARRATOR

The turtle tapir is more tapir than turtle. It's got fur, an extendable leathery neck and a long tapir nose-trunk. And a turtle shell, of course.

SARFUNKEL

I had hoped we wouldn't return for some time...

SIMON

Yeah... I kinda assumed we'd be ready when we came back.

SARFUNKEL

Nonetheless. We are here. Let us complete the task at hand.

SIMON

Do you think that counts as a mango?

SARFUNKEL

What?

NARRATOR

Their tail points at a tree that mostly looks like a mango tree, but the trunk is covered in rough scales and the big orange fruit peek out of either side of a turtle shell.

SARFUNKEL

Hm... I'm not sure...

SIMON

Let's ask the bees. Bees in a Trench Coat?

NARRATOR

The bee on Sarfunkel's head perks up.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Yes, Master Simon? Excuse our lack of attention, we have begun our analysis of the crash and there is much to examine.

SARFUNKEL

That's alright, Bees in a Trench Coat.

SIMON

We just have a quick question.

SARFUNKEL

Ask Muscular Giraffe if it is an inconvenience that all the ingredients will be... turtle-shaped.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Give us a moment, Masters. (beat) It should not matter.

SARFUNKEL

Excellent.

NARRATOR

The snakes slither to the tree and wrap themselves around the scaly trunk. They easily make their way up.

SARFUNKEL

Reach, brother.

NARRATOR

Simon reaches for the mango.

SIMON

Ugh... (muffled) got it!

NARRATOR

He stashes the mango in the satchel.

SIMON

I think we're nailing this.

NARRATOR

Hey, I don't want to come off as overly critical, but I think a wizard skeleton would've been more exciting than that. Oh? Well, if you insist... You don't have to convince me to take a peek at that long neck.

[Zp.]

#### BLIMP CHECK IN

NARRATOR

The bees are all over the blimp, inside and out. They're buzzing around the hull repairing damage, and a net of them is inspecting the balloon for tears. Just generally tidying up. What an efficient hive mind.

[Zp.]

Muscular Giraffe is in what I can only hope is his bedroom, sleeping. He's wrapped in a luxurious silky robe and deep purple silk sheets, resting on a heart-shaped bed. The walls hold, respectively: an alchemist's bench with potion ingredients and tools, a nice wine rack, leopard print upholstery, and three brightly-coloured paintings of MG's luscious self.

[Virile Giraffe coughs]

Oh, poor thing sounds terrible! Hm? What, that's it? Okay, you're the boss.

[Zp.]

The cargo hold is mostly in order... Pretty much unaffected by the crash--except for how Buster Fly is on the verge of a daring escape! But don't get smug about it. It looks like his terrarium fell over in the crash, he's shoving at the lid to get it ajar enough for him to slip through.

BUSTER FLY

(grunts) Move! Move!

NARRATOR

The lid scooches open, a titanic effort by Mr. Fly. Why not just use wind powers? You have elemental powers, remember? Yes, I'm aware he can't hear me. Buster wiggles his way through the gap, wings just scraping through, and crawls on top of the terrarium.

BUSTER FLY

Alright, now we're talking business.

NARRATOR

He flutters up and glides over to Phiona's crate on the ground, perching by one of the air holes.

BUSTER FLY

Say, what's the word fire bird?

PHIONA

(weary)

What's that? Who's there?

NARRATOR

She speaks! The phoenix stirs in her cramped cell.

BUSTER FLY

It's me, your neighbor, Buster Fly the butterfly, Herald of Air.

PHIONA

(gloomy)

Oh... What do you want?

BUSTER FLY

I'm curious to know a few things about you. Because I saw you spitting fire at those cows, but you looked real sad about it and now you live in a box. So, are you cozy with them snakes or are you team Buster?

PHIONA

The snakes ripped me from my home and wore me down to nothing. They shed me of my beliefs and forced me to commit the most horrible acts.

BUSTER FLY

Sounds like team Buster. I got two two words for you: Break. Out.

PHIONA

What's the point..?

BUSTER FLY

Yeesh. Listen, it's Phiona, right?

PHIONA

Mhmm...

BUSTER FLY

This is our chance. We just crash landed, that means we're on land. That means there's somewhere for us to run to.

PHIONA

My actions mean nothing. And if my actions mean nothing, my decisions mean nothing. So I've decided to not make decisions anymore.

BUSTER FLY

Isn't that a decision?

PHIONA

(oddly cheerful)

Oh. Yeah. Touché.

BUSTER FLY

So... Break out?

PHIONA

Meh. Why not?

NARRATOR

He flutters over to the front of the crate and lifts the exterior latch, freeing Phiona. She steps out and stretches her wings.

BUSTER FLY

Alright. Follow my lead.

PHIONA

Sure. And FYI, I'll do whatever you want. I'm totally cool with violence, if that's your deal. If it's not, whatever.

BUSTER FLY

Well that's good to hear, because I was hoping you'd be the muscle.

PHIONA

Totally cool. Intimidation, torture, I'm here for all of it. I used to uphold a strict vow of nonviolence, but then, you know how it goes... You get mind controlled, you're forced commit war crimes and then you're like "was that really me or just the mind control?" And then you're like "does it matter? The deed is done. The trauma is there."

BUSTER FLY

Hey, maybe we can talk while we go, I think those bees--

PHIONA

You know... It's kinda nice to meet another Elemental Creature. I wanna hear your story. Because back in the Magma Isles they really depended on me to run the show. But watching generations be born, grow up, and die off you get this like... big picture of how society works and it makes it all--

BUSTER FLY

Swell. Now let's head out.

NARRATOR

He lands on her head.

PHIONA

Oh. Right, right, you wanted to escape. Sorry. As I said, I will do anything you tell me to. I have no restrictions and I care about nothing.

NARRATOR

She heads for the door. I'll admit it, I'm interested to see what these two get up to. But... I also want to know why that forest was charred? That was an *ice* dragon, where did the fire come from? And Skullatron mentioned a Queen... And what's the Orb of Truth? But I guess you'll be the one to decide if any of those questions get answered. For now... Let's stop.