

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

EPISODE 202

NARRATOR

Let's begin.

Last time we only saw October and Fish very briefly. October was still reeling from her bee sting and Fish was about to have an epic fight with an evil skeleton wizard on an ice dragon. But... You wanted to be in charge of the story so we mostly hung out with team villain instead of seeing that awesomeness.

Their blimp crash landed on the mysterious Totally Regular Island where everything is a turtle. Simon and Sarfunkel are out looking for a pearl and an egg to cure the illness Muscular Giraffe sustained in the crash. Meanwhile, unbeknownst to them, Phiona and Buster, their captive Elemental Creatures, make a prison break...

Where do you wanna start? Fish with Legs? The snakes? Buster and Phiona? The snakes it is.

PEARL

NARRATOR

Simon and Sarfunkel slither along the jungle floor, their satchel dangling between their necks. As they go deeper into the jungle everything is a turtle...

SIMON

Oh look, turtle lemurs. Look, Sarfunkel, they're lemurs, but they're turtles.

SARFUNKEL

Yes. I see.

SIMON

Excuse me for trying to distract myself. Our friend is terminally ill and all of our dreams are in jeopardy.

SARFUNKEL

Muscular Giraffe will be fine, Simon.

SIMON

Well you should hope so. The last time you spoke to him you insulted his skill and claimed to own his blimp.

SARFUNKEL

What? No, I merely--

SIMON

Yes you did. It was right after you doubted my skill and told me what to do with the butterfly.

SARFUNKEL

Is there something you'd like to discuss, brother?

SIMON

Hm. No. Let's focus up. We need to help Muscular Giraffe. He's sick.

SARFUNKEL

Very well...

SIMON

So where are we going to find a clam?

SARFUNKEL

You mean mussel. Pearls are found in mussels.

Right?

SIMON

I don't know, don't look at me like I know. If one of us would know it would be you. You're so smart and such a great leader and you know exactly how to cure wizard-illnesses and how to deal with prisoners.

SARFUNKEL

(Sigh)

I am willing to listen to your--

SIMON

We should ask Bees in a Trench Coat about the pearls. Bees in a Trench Coat?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Yes, Master Simon?

NARRATOR

The little bee riding on top of Sarfunkel's head perks up.

SIMON

Hey Bees, how are you?

SARFUNKEL

Bees in a Trench Coat, how go the blimp repairs?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We are doing well. There was very little damage from the crash, but our analysis revealed that the blimp is in thorough need of a wash.

SARFUNKEL

That's good to hear.

SIMON

Bees, We have a question.

SARFUNKEL

(sigh)

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We would love to be of service, Master Simon.

SIMON

So that pearl we're looking for. Do you think we'll find it in a clam? Or a mussel..?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Hm. We have some drones in the library... We are searching... Both clams and mussels can produce pearls. As can oysters.

SIMON

Oh. So we were both right. How lovely.

SARFUNKEL

Indeed. Thank you, Bees in a Trench Coat. That will be all.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Very well. Please alert us if you have further need of our services, Master Sarfunkel.

SARFUNKEL

You were right about the clams, brother. Are you pleased?

SIMON

What? I just wanted to be sure we were looking in the right place. Muscular Giraffe is depending on us.

SARFUNKEL

I did not intend to undermine you when we discussed the butterfly.

SIMON

The butterfly?

SARFUNKEL

I have been trying to be more accepting of your ideas, brother. I would appreciate if you would still respect mine.

SIMON

Look! A turtle frog!

SARFUNKEL

Yes. Something that usually isn't a turtle is a turtle, how fun. Now can we please--

SIMON

No, look where it's going!

NARRATOR

Their tail swings around to point as the turtle frog disappears into a pond extending out from the mouth of a cave.

SARFUNKEL

Ah. Well spotted, brother.

NARRATOR

The snakes slither over to the cave. It's deep, but they stay near the entrance by the pond.

SIMON

Look at all the turtle-clams, Sarfunkel!

...Or turtle-mussels. I don't know the difference.

NARRATOR

Through the water, an endless carpet of bivalve tortoiseshell mulluscs cling to the rocks. I don't know if they're mussels or clams either, so I'm going with the broadest terminology. Well it makes things clearer for me.

SIMON

This should be easy...

NARRATOR

Mmm... Probably not... I happen to know that pearls are fairly uncommon... Maybe I should turn the speed up so-- Oh. What? Why? We should fast forward through this. It's gonna be so boring. Okay... I guess we could do that instead. If you think it's a good decision. I just hope we don't miss the pearl... Seems important.

[Zp.]

MG

Meanwhile, back on the blimp... Muscular Giraffe is curled up on his heart-shaped bed, swaddled in his silk robe and silk sheets.

[Giraffe Sniffle]

He snuffles and wipes his nose with a handkerchief. It's deep purple with some gold squiggles stitched in the corner.

[Giraffe cough]

In his other hand he has his locket. It's open, showing the photo of him and the other, older, giraffe in front of the blimp. He stares at it for a moment.

[knock]

Bees in a Trench Coat hovers into Muscular Giraffe's room.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Muscular Giraffe. We have prepared some tea for you.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe blows his nose and stashes away the locket as Bees in a Trench Coat places a cup of tea on his zebra print bedside table. He nods to Bees in thanks.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

You are welcome.

NARRATOR

Bees in a Trench Coat lingers as Muscular Giraffe sits up to take a sip of his tea.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We hope you are not upset with Sarfunkel for claiming to own the blimp.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe scowls and shakes his head dismissively.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We know it was through great effort that you came to own it.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe's face softens.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

And do not worry about its well-being. We are taking good care of it. Now get some rest.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe smiles. Bees pats him on the head and floats to the door. What? Yeah, let's go.

BREAKOUT

Elsewhere on the blimp... Phiona the phoenix waddles down a hallway with Buster Fly the butterfly on her head.

PHIONA

Tell me about the Cattle of the Winds. Because I've been having trouble reconciling being the ultimate authority with
(MORE)

PHIONA (cont'd)

the power the sustain life and... Kinda not caring about mortals.

BUSTER FLY

Hey, listen Phiphi, we're in the middle of a daring escape right here. So whaddya say we put some breaks on this ethical dilemma.

PHIONA

Sure, sure... I happened to notice though... That the cows lived very modestly in Windmillia. Which was weird to me because the birds in the Magma Isles would build these huge utopias and then it would all go to their heads and it'd all collapse, and then they would make a new utopia and... blah blah blah...

BUSTER FLY

You're a fascinating figure Phiphi the fire phoenix, but I must say that my mind is a tad preoccupied by a fear of a swarm of bees with one brain, a long-necked ungulate strongman and between one and two snakes, depending on how you do the math.

PHIONA

Oh. You're really into this escape thing, huh?

BUSTER FLY

Yes! I need to get back to the cows! They can keep me safe!

PHIONA

Hm. I was like you once. When I tried to escape, I thought the only possible place for me was back home. You'll outgrow it eventually.

BUSTER FLY

How reassuring.

PHIONA

Why do you think you're so concerned with getting back?

BUSTER FLY

Please. I promise you Phiphi, your wonderful wandering mind will wonder no more once we've won the day and evaded these--

[Buzzing]

NARRATOR

Uh oh.

BUSTER FLY

Bees. Sh. I beg you darling, follow my lead.

PHIONA

Oh yeah. I thought that was clear. I will literally do whatever you want.

NARRATOR

Buster floats down to the ground and creeps to the corner, peering around. A single bee is in the hallway, scrubbing at a cosmetic scorch mark on the floor with a tiny sponge.

BUSTER FLY

No need to fear, my feathered Phiphi. My compound eyes count a single bee.

NARRATOR

Phiona peeks around and spots the bee.

PHIONA

Alright. What do you want me to do?

BUSTER FLY

Well those buzzin' badguys are a hive mind, if I'm not mistaken.

PHIONA

Yes.

BUSTER FLY

And this means, if one notices us, they all notice us.

PHIONA

Yes.

BUSTER FLY

So by the calculations of this crude butterfly's cranium, we have two courses. We sneak past or--

PHIONA

You want me to kill it? I'll kill it.

BUSTER FLY

You know, for a moment there I was starting to regret recruiting you and your rudely random reasoning, but looks like I made the right call.

PHIONA

Okay, murder it is.

NARRATOR

She hops up and beats her wings a few times for altitude, then glides quick and silent down the corridor. Before the bee notices she's there, she swoops over and crushes it in her beak. She lands gracefully at the other end. Buster flaps over and resumes his place on her head.

BUSTER FLY

Nice work. Let's keep going.

PHIONA

(coughing)

I think I ate the sponge.

BUSTER FLY

You're immortal, you'll be fine.

NARRATOR

Buster pats the fine feathers of her head and she continues her waddle.

[Zzzp.]

POND

NARRATOR

Simon and Sarfunkel are... They're still by the pond. Yeah, you were right. Although if we'd sped up they would have found it. Yeah, whatever. Agree to disagree. They have a giant pile of smashed turtle-mollusks next to them, and another of intact shells. Simon holds a rock in his mouth, and Sarfunkel positions a mollusk in a mucous-y rock hollow they're using to keep them still.

[crack. shloop.]

SARFUNKEL

No pearl.

NARRATOR

Sarfunkel tosses the smashed mollusk and grabs the rock. Simon positions the next.

[crack. shloop.]

SIMON

No pearl.

NARRATOR

Another discarded, another in the staging area. They're taking turns with the rock.

[crack. shloop.]

SARFUNKEL

No pearl.

NARRATOR

It's a smooth maneuver, they've clearly been doing it since we left.

[crack. shloop.]

SIMON

No pearl.

[crack. shloop.]

SARFUNKEL

No pearl.

(beat)

Brother. It's your turn. Brother?

SIMON

This is hopeless.

SARFUNKEL

We must persevere, brother!

SIMON

Rest in peace, Muscular Giraffe. I'll never forget the way your strong hands gave the most soothing massages...

SARFUNKEL

Can we please continue our search!?

SIMON

Muscular Giraffe, a kind wizard, mechanic and friend...

SARFUNKEL

Simon! He's not dying!

SIMON

He will if we can't find this pearl...

SARFUNKEL

No he won't. But if we find this pearl his recovery will be swifter.

SIMON

(sighs)

NARRATOR

Simon flops limply from Sarfunkel's neck.

SIMON

How can you be so heartless. Muscular Giraffe is probably lying in his bed, wrapped in his luxurious linens, endlessly reflecting on how cruel you were to him.

SARFUNKEL

I do feel some regret over my conversation with him. But what better way to apologize than to collect the ingredients for his cure?

SIMON

Um... You could say sorry.

SARFUNKEL

Perhaps, but--

SIMON

Oh wait I forgot. You don't know that word.

SARFUNKEL

If you have an issue you would like to discuss, I will gladly discuss it. If not, I would appreciate your cooperation.

SIMON

Oh is this another one of your compromises?

SARFUNKEL

Brother...

SIMON

Fine, you want to know what's on my mind. Um... The fish is gone. Her and her human found the Elemental Creature of Air at the same time as us. They'll probably find the Elemental Creature of Earth before us. We're never gonna find Mamamorbus. The Herovians are gonna catch us. And you were way too mean to the butterfly!

SARFUNKEL

(sigh)

I am also concerned about the fish... But if the she continues to fight against us, that means she'll continue to put herself in vulnerable positions... Positions which eventually, we will exploit. And her human companion is only a child. She is no threat to us or our plans.

SIMON

Oh for sure, because humans have never tricked us before. She probably works for SPOOCKI, Sarfunkel! She's probably hunting us down to bring us to Area 52!

SARFUNKEL

Simon, why must it be every problem all at once with you?

SIMON

Oh I'm sorry if my feelings are inconvenient for you.

SARFUNKEL

This is why I must be firm in my leadership. If I leave you to yourself, you panic. If I leave Muscular Giraffe to himself, he crashes the blimp.

SIMON

Uh, that was not his fault. Way to blame the victim.

SARFUNKEL

I'm sorry if you felt undermined with the butterfly. Is that what you want to hear?

SIMON

Well it was, but then you were rude about it.

SARFUNKEL

(sigh)

Can we finish acquiring the ingredients.

SIMON

Fine.

NARRATOR

Simon assesses the clean pile and pulls out a turtle-mollusk, dropping it to the rocks.

SIMON

You were right about this island. This turtle gimmick is getting old.

NARRATOR

He picks up the rock.

[crack]

Sure. But leaving them twice before they find the pearl seems risky...

[Zp]

BLIMP ESCAPE

Phiona sneaks down yet another hallway.

BUSTER FLY

This hovering helium balloon is a maze of homogenous hallways!

PHIONA

Yup.

BUSTER FLY

How far did you make it last time to tried to escape? Could you even find the darn door!?

PHIONA

Me? Oh, I got out. Yeah... But we were over the Specific Ocean, so I couldn't hide or land... And the bees caught up with me.

BUSTER FLY

Hold on a second. That means you know how to get out!

PHIONA

Yes.

BUSTER FLY

Well which way is it!?

PHIONA

You have made nearly every possible wrong turn.

BUSTER FLY

And you said nothing?

PHIONA

You said to follow your lead. I followed your lead.

BUSTER FLY

(sighs deeply) You're being deliberately dimwitted, you addled albatross! Get us to the door!

PHIONA

Okay boss.

NARRATOR

She turns and takes wing, speeding down the way they came.

BUSTER FLY

Whoa whoa! Lady, if you perpetuate this pace, I predict we'll be perceived by--

[Buzzing]

NARRATOR

Phiona comes to an abrupt hover, face-to-face with a small squad of bees carrying a soapy bucket.

[Buzzing]

The bees drop the bucket and charge toward Phiona and Buster. Phiona backwings, sending them tumbling in the air. Her powerful wing beats keep them at bay.

BUSTER FLY

Ah! Do something, Phiona!

PHIONA

Hey, honestly... I kind of find you're doing a bad job of leading.

BUSTER FLY

Just stop those bees!

PHIONA

(sighs)

NARRATOR

Phiona's beak emits a tongue and then an intense blast of fire that engulfs the hallway in front of her. The bees flee, hiding from the flames.

[Angry buzzing]

BUSTER FLY

They've definitely noticed us!

NARRATOR

Phiona soars down the smoking hallway, Buster huddled on her neck, as a new cloud of bees streams in the hall behind them.

PHIONA

That's the door!

NARRATOR

They enter the observation deck, and Phiona speeds for the same porthole Fish jumped out of way back when. Phiona doesn't slow--

[CRASH]

--bursts through the glass, pointy beak first, and out into the humid open air of Totally Regular Island like a rocket. They should just call it the escape hatch at this point. A thick column of bees blasts out the hole after her, and she spins to wash the outside of the blimp in fire.

The bees that were tending to the exterior of the blimp scatter, abandoning their work to pursue Phiona and Buster who soar into the jungle. They-- What? yeah I agree. This is a good point to switch. Keeps up the stakes and the tension. Good call.

[Zp.]

EGG

NARRATOR

Oh. Good, but not perfect. Simon and Sarfunkel have moved on, we must've missed the pearl moment. Well, I did tell you so. Hang on.

[Zp.]

Okay, not too far away, Simon and Sarfunkel are coiled under a bush watching a huge bird with a red-feathered breast and a hard turtle shell on its back. Its thick, powerful legs are folded under as it nests on the ground. It's pretty much the same size as them.

SIMON

Why won't it move!?

SARFUNKEL

It's time for us to act, brother. Do you think you can stay on task?

SIMON

Don't need the attitude.

SARFUNKEL

Well thus far today you have been somewhat... unpredictable.

SIMON

That's because you're bad at predicting people with feelings.

SARFUNKEL

I simply wish to ensure that when we engage this bird--

SIMON

Let's go. I've got this.

NARRATOR

They slither out from their hiding place and head for the bird. It notices them immediately and stands, opening its wings wide.

[defensive bird squawks]

SIMON

(Hiss)

SARFUNKEL

We must get close to strike it.

NARRATOR

The snakes slither closer. The bird holds its ground.

[squawk]

SARFUNKEL

Feign a strike. Lure it out.

SIMON

(Hiss)

NARRATOR

Simon feints at the bird's ankle. It turns, takes a quick intimidating step toward them, then hops back to its nest.

SARFUNKEL

We won't be able to pull it away from that nest.

SIMON

Then bite it.

SARFUNKEL

Excellent idea, brother. Feign another attack, I'll bite the wing.

SIMON

Yes, Sarfun--

BEE FROM THE TRENCH COAT

Master Simon, Master Sarfunkel. We have an urgent--

SARFUNKEL

Not now, Bees in a Trench Coat. Go, brother.

NARRATOR

Simon strikes again--

SIMON

(Hiss)

NARRATOR

--and the bird flaps aggressively as Sarfunkel dives in fangs first. But the angle is wrong, and the wing bats his face away.

SARFUNKEL

Ouf!

NARRATOR

His brother dazed, Simon makes a go for the egg, revealed in the nest, But the bird drives down with a taloned foot, beating him in the side of the head.

SIMON

Ah!

SARFUNKEL

Ow!

NARRATOR

The bird pecks, but they avoid it, sidewinding back out of reach. They ready themselves for another attack, eyes forward.

SARFUNKEL

Are you alright, brother?

SIMON

I'm fine. Let's go again.

SARFUNKEL

This time I'll attack and you snare.

SIMON

Yes.

[squawk]

SARFUNKEL

Back!

NARRATOR

They dart back as the bird attacks them, then coil to spring. The bird lunges, and they go, Sarfunkel flashing his fangs and swaying. He strikes at its face and dodges the peck, keeping its attention as Simon and their tail stay low and with a snap, trap its legs together. The bird falls, struggling, Simon curling around its wings and neck to pin it and Sarfunkel bites, spits feathers, bites again as it rears and--

SARFUNKEL

(growl/hiss)

SIMON

I'm slipping!

SARFUNKEL

Let me bite it, then--

NARRATOR

The bird bucks wildly, and a wing escapes and clocks Sarfunkel across the jaw, buffets Simon's head. Simon tenses, winding tight. Sarfunkel spits red, twists for the bird's thigh and strikes, but it's already weakening, Simon squeezing it as its struggles slow and then stop. Its head slides limply to the dirt. Sarfunkel removes his fangs from its leg as Simon releases its neck.

SARFUNKEL

That was uncalled for, Simon.

SIMON

It's what she taught us.

NARRATOR

Their body unravels from the ruffled bird and slips past it to the nest. Sarfunkel stashes the large blue egg in the satchel.

SARFUNKEL

Violence is a tool Simon. And we use it with restraint.

SIMON

Bees in a Trench Coat. What was your message?

NARRATOR

Sarfunkel frowns as the bee by his ear perks up.

BEE FROM THE TRENCH COAT

Master Simon, Master Sarfunkel... We have unpleasant news...

SARFUNKEL

What is it?

BEE FROM THE TRENCH COAT

The prisoners have escaped.

NARRATOR

Uh oh... They are not happy about that. Yeah, okay. Let's stop.