

The Credible Adventures of October and Fish: Episode 114

EPISODE 114

NARRATOR

After escaping Area 52, October Jones came clean to Fish with Legs about her manipulative plan, but the two still agreed to travel together through Aculard Forest. Caught in a dangerous storm, they sought shelter in the creepy old castle Chateau Puppy, inhabited by the friendly, but mysterious pug Abby Pawistive. She set them up with rooms, but keeps going on about some "event".

dracula prep

Fish with Legs has made herself comfortable in her room. It's almost cavernously large, blows the October room scale out of the water, with a massive plush canopy bed dead centre. It has wrought iron pillars and elaborately carved head- and footboards. The bed is black with red sheets, keeping with the rest of the castle's decor, and piled high with embroidered cushions. Fish with Legs is sitting at a secretary shredding paper.

knock* *knock

FISH WITH LEGS
Who is it?

ABBY
It's me. Abby.

FISH WITH LEGS
Oh. Uh...

NARRATOR
She gathers all her paper shreds into a pile and looks frantically about the room.

FISH WITH LEGS
Give me a minute!

NARRATOR
She rushes to the bed and guts a decorative pillow case. She shoves all the paper into it, then sits casually on top of the naked pillow on the bed.

FISH WITH LEGS
Enter.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

Abby cracks the door open.

ABBY

Hey, Fish with Legs...

FISH WITH LEGS

Oh. Hello Countess Abby Pawsitive. What a pleasant surprise for you to arrive at my door with no advance notice.

ABBY

I know I couldn't find any pajamas that fit your particular... body type...

FISH WITH LEGS

Yes, because I am a fish.

ABBY

But I found this, and I thought it might fit you.

FISH WITH LEGS

Oh my moon goddess! Is that a cape!?

NARRATOR

Abby is indeed holding a cape. It is made from a velvety black material and features a tall stiff collar.

ABBY

You like it?

FISH WITH LEGS

Of course! It's a cape! Wait... Why do you own a long black cape with a tall collar...?

ABBY

For regular reasons.

FISH WITH LEGS

Mmmhmmm...

ABBY

So if you like it, I'll just leave it with you...

NARRATOR

Abby places the cape at the foot of Fish's bed.

FISH WITH LEGS

Thank you so much. You're so kind.

(CONTINUED)

ABBY

I know. It's almost a compulsion. I see two young maidens wandering through the woods on a rainy night and... I can't help it. I need you in my castle. I just start obsessing over how to lure you in here.

FISH WITH LEGS

Lure us in?

ABBY

Oh! I didn't, though. But I did notice you two wandering in the forest from the window. All... damp. I was hoping you'd find the castle. And you did. I just... wouldn't want anything terrible to happen to two innocent young women... It makes me want to bundle you up and make you stay forever!

FISH WITH LEGS

Okay...

NARRATOR

Fish with Legs glances at the window. It's still pouring rain. From the window is a view of the path October and Fish took up to the castle.

ABBY

Anyways. I'll get going... To my event. Which is in the forbidden basement. Downstairs. Down the hallway. Which again, I request you stay away from...

FISH WITH LEGS

I will definitely not snoop.

ABBY

Thank you. I would hate for my event to be... Unsuccessful...

NARRATOR

Abby backs out of the room with a flash of canine canines and closes the door. Fish with Legs leaps out of the bed and rushes back to the desk. She continues vigorously tearing paper... *vrrt* for a long time. Eventually she seems satisfied with the mound of shreds on the desk. She gathers it all into her pillowcase.

FISH WITH LEGS

Alright. Let's sneak. New and improved. Now 100% October free. You are strong. You will get through this. Do not dwell on the idea that if she betrayed you, she was never really your friend and if she wasn't your friend then you have never really had a friend because you spent your entire life unable to connect with others beyond superficial relationships where

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FISH WITH LEGS (cont'd)
people find you either adorable or useful. (beat) I'll probably need light.

NARRATOR

She grabs her pillowcase full of confetti in one fin and crosses to a candelabra mounted on the wall at the perfect height for someone the size of a Fish with Legs or an Abby Pawsitive. She takes the candelabra out of its sconce. She struggles to open the door, as she has no free fins. She-- oh, there you go. A good grip with her mouth and she open it with a twist of her head.

FISH WITH LEGS
(muffled)
Success!

snooping
She does a passable sneak down the hallway, pauses at the bathroom where she last saw October. She nudges the ajar door open with her foot. No one's there. None of their stuff either. October absentia.

FISH WITH LEGS
(sighs)

NARRATOR

She gets back to her walking. Vrrrt... She's made her way downstairs, but pauses again before the pointy entrance to the dark corridor that leads to the forbidden basement. Buuut she goes in anyway.

FISH WITH LEGS
Hm... Spooky corridor...

NARRATOR

It's sparsely lit. Dim, lonely candles squat on the stone walls between yellowed portraits of dignified pugs. Their eyes follow Fish as she ghosts by in her bubble of flickering light.

FISH WITH LEGS
Think happy thoughts: Mimosas. Hot tubs. CranBERRIES. Slumber parties...

NARRATOR

She edges uneasily over to a painting of a pale pug dressed in deep crimson, and inspects the squiggles on a brass plaque set into the wall beneath.

FISH WITH LEGS
Count Vladimir Pawsitive the Terrible...

NARRATOR

She looks up at the painting.

FISH WITH LEGS

You got it right, Vlad... If the world is terrible, then you should be terrible. Call me... Fish with Legs the Liar. Because I said I wasn't snooping, but look at me now. I'm snooping. I'm the dark misunderstood Fish with Legs. Living on the wild side.

NARRATOR

Her eyes drop to her bare feet, then she keeps going.

FISH WITH LEGS

Basement... What looks like a door to a basement... You?

NARRATOR

There's an old, dark-wooded door, bound with metal brackets and a big iron lock. It's unlatched, but looks heavy. Fish with Legs sets her candelabra down and slowly pushes it open.

FISH WITH LEGS

Oh... A windowless room with nothing but an open coffin in it... Nothing to read into here.

NARRATOR

She gently closes the door. She looks, down the corridor is another, similar door. Carved into the stone lintel are heavy, spiked squiggles that Fish squints to read. She cautiously tiptoes closer.

FISH WITH LEGS

(reading)

Basement... Forbidden... Do not enter unless invited. (beat) I feel like that doesn't apply to me.

NARRATOR

She touches the door; it swings open silently. Invitingly. Fish descends the spiral stone staircase.

catacombs

And ends up abruptly in a dark, dank catacomb.

FISH WITH LEGS

Oh. Okay... No... I'm changing my name... I am Fish with Legs the spooked. I am spooked.

NARRATOR

She creeps forward, defensively clutching her confetti sack.

(CONTINUED)

FISH WITH LEGS

Mimosas... Hot tubs... CranBERRIES... Slumber parties... Mimosas... Hot tubs... CranBERRIES... Slumber parties...

distant, eerie screeeeech!
No, nonono, no, nope!

NARRATOR

She spins and powerwalks back down the corridor from whence she came.

FISH WITH LEGS

Um... Stairs? Where are you?

NARRATOR

The stairs are nowhere to be seen. She breaks into a jog, splashing in the faint puddles on the cobbled ground, but they do not appear. She's definitely past where she came down at this point. She stops. Skulls leer at her from crevices in the wall.

FISH WITH LEGS

Okay. Feeling of being spooked, I now promote you to super scared.

slow, splashing steps, gradually approaching

NARRATOR

Something else is down here. Fish shrinks with fear. The wet steps approach relentlessly from outside the aura of her candelabra's sputtering light. From behind her. Fish with Legs tucks the pillowcase against her body with the elbow of her fin and slowly, stealthily, draws out a handful of shredded paper. As the footsteps draw up behind her, a trembling shadow with stringy black hair and gleaming teeth looms over her head.
Fish--

FISH WITH LEGS

Gah!

FIGURE

(shrieks)

NARRATOR

A spray of confetti slashes across the figure's chest, they drop a knife and-- **clang**

FISH WITH LEGS

Fish with Legs karate powers!

FIGURE

Wait, it's--!

FISH WITH LEGS

Hyahh!!

FIGURE

mousy noise

NARRATOR

Fish with Legs karates the figure to the ground and jumps back, brandishing her candelabra threateningly at the figure shrouded in white.

FIGURE

(groans)

FISH WITH LEGS

...October?

OCTOBER

Ow...

NARRATOR

October lies in front of Fish with Legs massaging her stomach.

OCTOBER

Yeah.

NARRATOR

She stretches painfully to grab her knife.

FISH WITH LEGS

Why don't you have a light!? You scared the blarg out of me! You're lucky I'm not wearing my battle heels!

OCTOBER

I... (clears throat) I heard a noise... and it scared me and... I dropped it. While running away.

FISH WITH LEGS

Well lucky for you I totally kept my cool and I still have my light.

NARRATOR

October sits up on the ground, flipping away the hem of her billowing white nightgown so she can sheathe her knife in her boot.

OCTOBER

What are you doing down here? Snooping?

FISH WITH LEGS
Yes. You too?

OCTOBER
Yeah.

NARRATOR
She crawls back to her feet. The swooping lace edges and ruffled cuffs of the nightgown are now a bit grubby and damp.

OCTOBER
There's something fishy about Abby, right?

FISH WITH LEGS
Fishy? These expressions reveal a lot about Herovian culture...

OCTOBER
What's with the confetti?

FISH WITH LEGS
Well Abby is obviously a Dracula.

OCTOBER
A Dracula?

FISH WITH LEGS
Yeah. Fangs? Sucks blood? Hates light?

OCTOBER
That would explain why there was no mirror in the bathroom...

FISH WITH LEGS
And why I found a windowless room with nothing but an open coffin in it.

OCTOBER
Nothing to read into there.

FISH WITH LEGS
I said the same thing!

OCTOBER
Ha. Great minds. So, the confetti?

FISH WITH LEGS
Well back home with the glbclb, they taught me all about Draculas. And one of their little known vulnerabilities is counting things.

OCTOBER

Okay...

FISH WITH LEGS

So if you throw a bunch of little things on the ground, they can't chase you because they have to stop and count it all.

OCTOBER

Alright. Never heard that one, but sounds good.

FISH WITH LEGS

And if that doesn't work, I also shoot holy water.

OCTOBER

So why bother with the confetti?

FISH WITH LEGS (CONT'D)

Now, even though I'm obviously expertly prepared to run into a Dracula... Do you know where the stairs are?

OCTOBER

You can't find them either?

FISH WITH LEGS

Oh no...

OCTOBER

What?

FISH WITH LEGS

Abby is the Bloodthirsty Beast of Aculard Forest.

OCTOBER

I told you, that's just a cover story for Area 52.

FISH WITH LEGS

The legend says that the Bloodthirsty Beast lures its victims into its magical maze where they get disoriented and lost as they're funneled into the centre. And then, every night at midnight, the beast harvests its trap and feeds on whatever helpless creature it finds there.

OCTOBER

Midnight...?

FISH WITH LEGS

Yeah.

OCTOBER

Abby said her event starts at midnight.

FISH WITH LEGS

Oh no... The event is eating us isn't it?

OCTOBER

Yup.

FISH WITH LEGS

I take back what I said about you, world! You're not grey and empty of happiness! You are beautiful! And worth being in! Please! Save us from our terrible fate.

OCTOBER

Yeah, okay. We're getting out of here.

FISH WITH LEGS

Yes! October plan! Please give us a plan. Top 20 deceivers under 20! So evil and devious, yet so clever and thorough.

OCTOBER

Okay, my plan is... I have a plan. I'm making a plan. The plan is coming to me...

screeeeech

My plan is go the opposite direction of that screeching.

FISH WITH LEGS

Genius.

NARRATOR

Fish with Legs thrusts the candelabra at October.

FISH WITH LEGS

Here. You go first.

OCTOBER

What? Why?

FISH WITH LEGS

If you go first, I'll forgive you.

OCTOBER

...Really?

FISH WITH LEGS

We'll see.

OCTOBER

(sighs) Just give it to me.

NARRATOR

October grabs the candelabra and draws her dirty old knife. Fish huddles, resentful but practical, against the backs of October's legs. They make their four-legged way sneakily down the catacomb corridor. Will they be caught by the Bloodthirsty Beast? Will they repair their friendship? Will we return to the main plot? We'll have to wait and see. Let's stop.