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OCTOBER JONES & FISH WITH LEGS

Transcript.

Season 1, Episode 2: The Girl Who Cried Snake.

Aired October 19th, 2020.

[Music: a groovy, cheerful, optimistic theme song.]

Fish with Legs is a fish and a dreamer / She wants to help as best as she can

October Jones is a human teenager / She'll prove herself with smarts and her plans

If they don't stop these two snakes soon enough / A big evil monster will eat all their stuff

But the power of friendship 'tween a fish and a girl / Will save the world

Fish and October!

[THE CRYSTAL BALL TURNS ON WITH AN 80'S TECH NOISE.]

NARRATOR:

Let's begin. If you recall, we just met Fish with Legs, a fish with legs, who is one of four Elemental Creatures tied to a mysterious ritual. She just escaped an evil two-headed snake determined to perform the ritual to release an evil monster named Mamamorbus. After her escape, Fish with Legs met October Jones, an authoritative young human girl willing to help her.

[Music: heavy street festival drums blend with a jaunty, military, marching band jingle.]

FISH'S HEELS CLACK ON THE STONE.]

NARRATOR:

October and Fish with Legs are cutting through the crowded square of Cape Cap where some military themed fair is going on. October leads Fish out of the main party zone around to the back of the three tents dominating the space.

[FISH COMES TO A STOP.]

NARRATOR:

They fetch up behind piles of supplies and carts. The guards patrolling the area are wearing colourful quartered doublets below their armour, and flamboyantly feathered hats.

[A REPTILIAN COO.]

NARRATOR:

Also at the camp: big steed-sized lizards, with saddles!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh!! Are those giant iguanas? (gasps) Are we riding *giant iguanas to Breezil?* I've never ridden an iguana before.

OCTOBER:

No. We don't need the iguanas. (frustrated) And get behind me.

NARRATOR:

October crouches behind a set of crates and watches as a pair of guards patrol by.

[THE GUARDS STEP HEAVILY, THEIR ARMOUR CLINKING.

Music ends, drums continue.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Sooo how are we getting to the Plains of Breezil?

OCTOBER:

We're not going to Breezil.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Really? The snakes are going there to get the Elemental Creature of Air so, I was thinking we should get there first and... warn them? I don't wanna pull rank card but you are *teechnically* my servant, so...

OCTOBER:

Not your servant.

FISH WITH LEGS:

...Right, you're my best friend!

OCTOBER:

Not your best friend either. And we're not doing your thing.

FISH WITH LEGS:

What?! Why?

OCTOBER:

Just, follow me.

[Music: the drums fade away to a suspicious yet intriguing tune, heavy with hi-hat.]

NARRATOR:

October sneaks forward and rushes to the cover of another crate. Fish casually follows.

[FISH CLACKS LANGUIDLY AND UNSNEAKILY.]

OCTOBER:

(whispering)

Hurry up!

FISH WITH LEGS:

(whispering)

Dramatic audible siiiigh.

[FISH TROTS TO JOIN HER.]

NARRATOR:

She catches up with October.

OCTOBER:

(whispering)

We're seeing Manfred Splainer the Mighty. He's a war hero and he'll help us.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh, okay. Sounds good. *Genius* idea.

OCTOBER:

Shh!

NARRATOR:

October glances past the crate they're hiding behind.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(whispering)

Hey, not a judgment call, just wanna be on the same page since we're best friends and best friends share *everything*, are we sneaking in?

OCTOBER:

...Yes.

FISH WITH LEGS:

The Herovian Guard have weeeird practices. Back home with the Glbclb, if you're a guard that grants you certain privileges in regards to like... *not* sneaking around.

OCTOBER:

Technically... I'm a recruit.

Technically I.. just applied. *But* I'm a star candidate. So... No worries, I'm pretty sure...

This is a good plan.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh, I'm sure it is; you seem like, super smart. You're in my top three servants, no question.

OCTOBER:

Thanks, I guess.

FISH WITH LEGS:

And number one best friend.

OCTOBER:

Let's go.

NARRATOR:

October rushes furtively—

[PAUSE.]

NARRATOR:

Sneaky— to the blue tent and waves Fish over.

[FISH SAUNTERS SLOWLY.]

NARRATOR:

Fish joins her, looking curiously around. October peers quickly in all directions, then grabs a small knife from her boot.

[THE KNIFE GOES SCHWING.]

NARRATOR:

She cuts a slit into the tent,

[FABRIC TEARS, THEN A SMALLER SCHWING.]

NARRATOR:

stows the knife, and turns to Fish with Legs.

[Music ends.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

You know this is a tent, right... You can just walk in.

NARRATOR:

Right??

OCTOBER:

Trust me, I know what I'm doing. And let me do the talking in there.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Seems like a bit much, but... You know what? You're right. You're the one with the plan! You're the brains and I'm the muscle. Everyone knows that about October Jones and Fish with Legs.

OCTOBER:

Uh huh...

[SHE PSYCHS HERSELF UP.]

NARRATOR:

October takes a deep breath and slips inside.

[Music: military drum tattoo, which is joined by a heroic but intimidating trumpet.]

NARRATOR:

The tent is full of trophies and statues dedicated to the man lounging in the centre of the tent. He sits in a cushioned chair, admiring them with a tankard of milk in hand. The man is big, but his hat is bigger. The feather is the size of a human child or an adult fish with legs.

October emerges unnoticed, stepping easily through the high slit. Fish with Legs stumbles in behind her, trips on the edge of the new tent hole—

[FABRIC SHIFTS, AND WITH A HOLLOW THUNK AND A MINORLY CACOPHONOUS CLATTER, METAL RATTLES ON THE GROUND.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Ow!

NARRATOR:

—and knocks over a trophy. October turns and glares at Fish. Well what did, what did you expect, cutting so high off the ground? She's small. You could at least be a *considerate* vandal.

The man remains undisturbed.

OCTOBER:

(whispering)

Stay here. And don't touch anything.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(whispering)

Hey— (sighs)

NARRATOR:

October stuffs Fish behind some luggage or whatever and walks up behind the man.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(disappointed whisper)

Fine...

OCTOBER:

Manfred Splainer the Mighty. It is a great honour to meet—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Augh!

[A SLOSH.]

NARRATOR:

He jumps up, spilling his tankard of milk on the thick carpets.

[A THICK, UNPLEASANT SPLAT.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

How did you get in here?

OCTOBER:

Oh, I...

MANFRED SPLAINER:

You are aware that this is *not* the sign-up tent?

OCTOBER:

Yes. But, I'm not here to s—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

The sign-up tent is the *red* tent. This is the *blue* tent. My personal tent. For me. MANFRED SPLAINER, the Mighty.

OCTOBER:

Yes. I know! I'm actually here to ask for your help?

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Mm. Alright! But you're supposed to sign up in the red tent and then later on I will be in the green tent signing autographs. The blue tent is just for me. Manfred Splainer, the Mighty.

OCTOBER:

Captain Splainer, I am just—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Oh (scoffs) please...

[HE SETS DOWN HIS TANKARD.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Captain... Eugh. So formal. Call me Manfred Splainer, the Mighty.

OCTOBER:

Right! Of course. So sorry, Manfred Splainer, the Mighty. I just want to say, right out the gate... I am a *huge* fan.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Of course.

OCTOBER:

I can't *not* bring up the Siege of Sinkhole Sewer. No one else could have held back an invasion of mosquito people with only a match and their own two shoes.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Oh come on... (chuckles smugly) That was just, uh... *one* of my many amazing exploits.

OCTOBER:

Yes! And you have so many more! You're a legend, sir— I mean, Manfred Splainer the Mighty.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Well. Always nice to meet a fan.

OCTOBER:

It's truly an honour. I need to ask you—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

You're here for the Recruitment Fair?

OCTOBER:

Yes. I just signed up—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

In the red tent.

OCTOBER:

Yes.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

You seem like you'll have a successful and thrilling career with the Herovian Guard, Miss...

OCTOBER:

Jones. October Jones.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

That's a dumb name.

OCTOBER:

Yeah...

MANFRED SPLAINER:

I'm sure you'll earn a more spectacular and exciting title after you complete many wondrous exploits in the name of Herovia. Like me: MANFRED SPLAINER, the Mighty.

OCTOBER:

I sure hope so. I've always dreamed of—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Tell you this! Since you're, such a big fan that you're willing to break into the blue tent—my personal tent ...for me, Manfred Splainer the Mighty— I'll make an exception and give you an early autograph *signed by me*, Manfred Splainer the Mighty.

OCTOBER:

That would make my year. Thank you so much!

[FABRIC RUSTLE.]

NARRATOR:

October gets a thick notebook out from her apron. This is the notebook of a paranoid freak who has trouble making friends.

[PAGES FLIP, FLUTTER.]

NARRATOR:

Manfred flips through it and settles on one of the few empty pages. Loose maps and sketches flutter out as Manfred signs.

[SCRIBBLES. PAGES FALL THROUGHOUT.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

To my... dearest October, love... yours truly the one and only... Manfred Splainer, the Mighty.

[HE PUNCTUATES WITH THE PEN.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

...The handsome hero.

NARRATOR:

He hands the notebook back to October, who hugs it to her chest.

OCTOBER:

Thank you *so much* Captain Splainer— I mean, Manfred Splainer the Mighty. Um... But actually I have something for you...

MANFRED SPLAINER:

(dubious)

Oh... is that so?

NARRATOR:

October puts her book away and dramatically reveals Fish—

[FISH MAKES A SURPRISED NOISE, THE VALISE THUNKS.]

NARRATOR:

—by kicking over the valise she’s been hidden behind. With an unpracticed flourish, she presents her to Manfred Splainer.

OCTOBER:

Tada...

MANFRED SPLAINER:

What is that? A fish with legs!?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Hello, I’m Fish with Legs. I’m a fish with—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Why is that here!? Shouldn’t that... be in the water, or something!

OCTOBER:

No! I’m giving her to you. You need to take her to Herovia City!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Herovia City? No, I want to go to the Plains of Breezil. Audible sigh... You’re my best friend, so this is very hard for me, but... I don’t know if this servant thing is working out.

OCTOBER:

Just... Trust me.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Alright! You’re right! You’re always right! Other than this, you’re work has been *flaw-less* and you’ve always been a loyal friend, so... Let’s roll with this. Let’s see where this goes.

[MANFRED SLAMS HIS FIST ON THE TABLE.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Hey! What the hex is going on!?

OCTOBER:

Yes, of course Manfred Splainer the Mighty. So sorry.

[Music: a conspiratorial and super ominous droning synth chorus.]

OCTOBER:

This fish with legs is one of four Elemental Creatures who are the components of a dark summoning ritual that reaches into another world. I detained and interrogated it and learned that an evil two-headed snake is trying to unite the creatures to release Mamamorbus!

[Music ends.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

I am the Elemental Creature of Water! It's a big deal, I feel like people are really under-reacting to that.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Mamamorbus?

OCTOBER:

Yes!

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Oh, yeah... Sure. I get it.

OCTOBER:

Ha! I knew it, I knew you'd be on bo-

MANFRED SPLAINER:

But you're either too young or too old to try and lure me into checking under your bed for monsters.

OCTOBER:

...Huh?

MANFRED SPLAINER:

You can drop the bit, we both know Mamamorbus isn't real.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Uhh, what? Yes it is. Hey, whoa—!

NARRATOR:

October grabs Fish and lifts her up to Manfred's face.

OCTOBER:

This fish with legs is proof! I'm sure if we investigate, then—

NARRATOR:

Manfred pushes Fish to the side to talk to October unimpeded.

[FISH VOCALLY DISAPPROVES OF THIS HANDLING.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

It was cute at first, but... I don't have time for this.

OCTOBER:

They could be planning to attack Herovia for all we know—!

MANFRED SPLAINER:

You can't beat an army with a children's story, my girl. Much less the mighty Herovian State!
This fish? Is lying to you.

OCTOBER:

What?

NARRATOR:

October drops Fish.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Euch! Oww.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

These mystical creatures tend to do that.

FISH WITH LEGS:

That's not... not-racist.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Don't worry, it's happened to the best of us.

[Music: an emotionally whimsical folk lament.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

One time I was tricked by this cute little rabbit. I found it in the woods, wounded, so being the incredibly compassionate man that I am, I offered to help it. It told me it lived in a nearby cave. So I picked it up in my large masculine hand and then... Boom! It's a magic rabbit! It turns into a bear. I guess it feeds itself by luring beautiful muscular young handsome men to their deaths.

[Music ends.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Anyway, luckily I have the strength of two bears, so I bested that one bear in combat and...
Now I have this rug.

NARRATOR:

October and Fish with Legs glance down.

...They are indeed on a bearskin rug.

FISH WITH LEGS:

I'mmm a little bit uncomfortable...

OCTOBER:

Captain Splainer, please forgive me, but I *don't think* this fish is lying.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Yes, but it is.

OCTOBER:

I still think that—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Also: please call me Manfred Splainer, the Mighty.

OCTOBER:

I still think we should consider what Fish is—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Listen, sweetheart. I don't have time to deal with every single mystical animal little girls bring me. And believe me, it happens more than you'd think. I've heard about a lot of "Mamamorbuses".

OCTOBER:

I'm not some little girl. I'm a concerned Herovian citizen who wants to help protect her country from—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

No, you're just some deranged girl who broke into the blue tent, my *personal* tent, and tried to gift me some weird animal to earn my favor.

OCTOBER:

It's not a gift— Well, I, I mean... I hoped bringing this to you would help my application, but I also *really* think—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Were you hoping you'd soften me up... Maybe I'd put in a good word for you?

OCTOBER:

What? Nooo!

Maybe? I was kinda hoping you'd be so impressed and thankful that you'd take me under your wing and train me personally and—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Okay, excuse me!

OCTOBER:

—let me help you—

FISH WITH LEGS:

I feel like it's been a while since I have said things, so, y'know.

I wanna say some things! Okay, Mr. The Mighty? My servant is *very* reliable. In all my time with her she has never disappointed me. —Except for um... Yeah, you know what, yeah,

never! Okay? So, Mr. The Mighty I personally would be very interested in you *listening* to her. Please and thank you very much.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

I am not talking to a fish.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Uh! Unacceptable. Servant, punish him.

OCTOBER:

What? N-no, I—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Ah rightrightright, sorry, right.

Best friend, punish him.

[Music: intimidating military trumpet]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Did you just threaten me, fish?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Okay, say the whole thing next time. Fish with Legs. Capital F, capital L.

NARRATOR:

Manfred steps up to Fish with Legs.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

You don't seem to know who I am, fish. I am Manfred Splainer, the Mighty. Slayer of lions, enslaver of eagles. If Manfred Splainer the Mighty meets a weird mystical creature...? That creature is dead.

NARRATOR:

He taps his foot meaningfully on the damp bearskin rug, then looks Fish in the eye.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Nice to meet you.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh, I see how it is. You're one of "those" humans. Y'know, let me explain you one thing about fishes like me...

[FISH'S HOLY WATERSPOUT RINGS AND FIRES.]

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs shoots a jet of watery surprise, knocking Manfred to the ground.

*[MANFRED LANDS HEAVILY AND TUMBLES, SPLUTTERING.
Music ends.]*

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Guards!

[ARMOUR JINGLES AS GUARDS TROT UP.]

NARRATOR:

Two burly guards with tall, imposing hats step into the tent.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh snap.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Get these two out of my personal blue tent! It is only for me! MANFRED SPLAINER the Mighty!

NARRATOR:

One of the guards picks up Fish with Legs. The other grabs October by the arm.

[ARMOUR CLANKS AS THEY'RE RESTRAINED.]

OCTOBER:

Manfred Splainer—!

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Out!

[THE GUARDS TROT OUT WITH THEM, JINGLING, AND WE CAN HEAR THE FAIR AGAIN, DRUMS AND A CROWD. THE GUARDS TOSS THEM TO THE GROUND PAINFULLY.]

NARRATOR:

October and Fish with Legs are ejected from the tent and land in a heap on the flagstones of the town square. The reveling humans ignore them as they pick themselves up.

[FISH STANDS WITH A CLACK.]

NARRATOR:

There's a long line of expectant Manfred fans leading from the entrance to the green tent. Fish examines her shoes for scuff marks. October clenches her fists.

[Music: a subdued but still optimistic electric piano.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

So... my bad.

OCTOBER:

It's fine. I'll fix this. Follow me.

NARRATOR:

October stands and starts heading away from the tents.

FISH WITH LEGS:

What? Where are you going? Wait for me!

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs chases after her.

[FISH'S HEELS FADE INTO THE DISTANCE.]

And we'll find out where they're heading to..... next time. For now, let's stop.

[Music and sounds end.

THE CRYSTAL BALL TURNS OFF WITH A FINAL 80'S TECH NOISE.]

(Timestamp: 14:35)

[Music: cheerful credits theme.]

OCTOBER:

Hello... My name is October Jones. This is October Jones and Fish with Legs, the podcast. Thank you for listening.

Okay, I have a bunch more things to say...

The creators are Dexter Lavery-Callender, Elisabeth Nyveen, and Zoë Bujold. Blame them. The music is by Alexander Cruz.

(sighs) So, things didn't go that well with Manfred Splainer the Mighty today which is *great* because I spent *all* my time off for the past two months planning for the Recruitment Fair... (sighs)

Anyways, acting. The names just mostly repeat again. That's redundant. Alexander Cruz, Zoë Bujold, Erin Dunlop and Elisabeth Nyveen.

(huffs) Manfred Splainer the Mighty probably *hates* it here. Cape Cap is such a *boring* little town and then I *embarrassed* myself so he probably hates it even more! Today was supposed to be a great day. The one decent day in Cape Cap... And now I'll have to work twice as hard to prove myself to him. Thanks a lot, fish.

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Okay, done. May Herovia guide your blade, citizens. October Jones, future hero, signing off.

[Music: the ending jingle.]

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