

EPISODE 119cold open

NARRATOR

Let's begin.

Okay... So last time was kiiind of a bummer. October and Fish are now in Herovian custody, which--

Yeah, the Crab too. I didn't forget, I just didn't think it was as relevant.

So I thought y'know, in comparison, Team Villain might lighten things up a bit. Granted, last time they were subduing a wild elk and controlling its mind... But I'm sure that was a one-off.

Anyways, Meanwhile, back on the blimp...

Simon and Sarfunkel are in their fancy ergonomic snake chair. Sarfunkel is studying the books scattered across their boardroom table. Simon is limply flopped.

SIMON

(sighs) Sarfunkel... Are you finished yet? Can we do something not boring now?

SARFUNKEL

No. Our work is far from complete. Soon the Crab will acquire the Fish and contact us, and in the mean--

SIMON

Sure, but that's not now, so...

SARFUNKEL

And in the meantime, I must ensure the success of Muscular Giraffe's ritual so we may claim the Elemental Creature of Air.

SIMON

But that--

SARFUNKEL

Until then, I must continue to seek out the location of the Elemental Creature of Earth.

SIMON

(sighs)

NARRATOR

door creak Oh, here's Bees in a Trench Coat.

(CONTINUED)

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Master Sarfunkel, Master Simon.

SIMON

Hey, Bees in a Trench Coat. How are you? Bored? Me too.

SARFUNKEL

Ignore him.

SIMON

Rude.

SARFUNKEL

Bees in a Trench Coat, report.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We have landed, Master Sarfunkel.

SIMON

Yes! Finally!

SARFUNKEL

(a sigh) We will be out shortly.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Yes, Master Sarfunkel.

NARRATOR

shutting door Bees in a Trench Coat leaves. And, uh-- zzt. The blimp is in a hangar... And the hangar is in a village. And the village is in a forest and the forest is in a mountain range. Very snowy --I guess they haven't gone too far since the elk thing-- Wait! I know where we are. This frigid mountain range is New Monia.

The village stands out, colourful even from this distance. A lot of orange and yellow decorations.

Zt. The blimp floats in an airy wooden hangar, maybe a storey off the ground. The hangar is wooden and functional-looking like a workshop, with smooth, curvy lines carved decoratively into every spare surface. Artsy.

A strut of scaffolding reaches out to the hatch near the blimp's nose, which Simon, Sarfunkel, Bees and Muscular Giraffe are using to disembark. The snakes have a practical-looking satchel between their necks and a scarf each. Muscular Giraffe sports an elegant neckwarmer, which really brings out his eyes. The bees are in a trench coat.

hangar

PAPAYA

Howdy, folks. May Saya protect you. I'm Papaya Elfman, welcome to my garage.

NARRATOR

A solid-looking elf, heads over to them.

PAPAYA

So what can I do ya for?

SARFUNKEL

Greetings, we--

SIMON

Papaya, hello, pleasure to meet you. My name's Simon and this is my brother Sarfunkel and that's our pilot Muscular Giraffe and this is our hench-bees Bees in a Trench Coat.

PAPAYA

Twins! That's lucky. You've got good taste, for tourists, there aren't many places up here in the mountains with a bigger Sayafest festival than us.

SIMON

ahem Festival?

SARFUNKEL

No.

PAPAYA

That's why you're here, right? For Sayafest?

SIMON

No, but go on.

PAPAYA

It's only the biggest elven holiday of the year! Every winter solstice we celebrate the sun goddess Saya with blessings, gifts, food, singing, dancing and a big ol' bonfire party in the town square. The whole town's gonna be there, myself and the brood included.

NARRATOR

Simon's jaw drops. Sarfunkel's clenches.

SIMON

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

SARFUNKEL
No.

SIMON
There's a party.

SARFUNKEL
No.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT
What is the function of this gathering?

PAPAYA
Well to thank Saya for protecting us year 'round. But of course there's no better way to spend the darkest, coldest night of the year than with those you love most, eh?

SARFUNKEL
Indeed. However, we are not here for the holiday. We seek to retrieve an ingredient for Muscular Giraffe so that he may perform a ritual. Do you have any Very Special Salt.

SIMON
Very Special Salt?

SARFUNKEL
It's an elven name. Some of the nuance is lost in translation.

PAPAYA
Well I'm sorry you won't be participating in the celebration, but you might find some Eri-koi-swolya in town.

SARFUNKEL
Excellent. Now we must--

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT
Master Sarfunkel, may we make a request?

SARFUNKEL
Yes, Bees in a Trench Coat?

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT
If it is not inappropriate, we would like to claim a vacation day while you and Master Simon find the salt.

SARFUNKEL
Oh. If that--

SIMON

Granted. Muscular Giraffe, you get the day off too!
Vacation day for everyone!

SARFUNKEL

Hold on--

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Thank you, Master Simon, Master Sarfunkel.

NARRATOR

The bees head toward the hangar exit.

SIMON

May Saya protect you, Bees in a Trench Coat!

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We shall reconvene at the bonfire tonight. May Saya
protect you both.

NARRATOR

They bow and exit the hangar.

PAPAYA

So I suppose you just want me to watch the blimp while
you head into town?

SARFUNKEL

Indeed. Um... Muscular Giraffe, would you like... to...
come?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe looks skeptical.

SARFUNKEL

I... Okay... Then we shall make our way into the
village, brother, and find what we came for.

SIMON

Very Special Salt.

SARFUNKEL

Indeed.

PAPAYA

May Saya protect you.

SIMON

May Saya protect you, Papaya, you've been a delight.
See you at the bonfire, Muscular Giraffe!

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

Simon and Sarfunkel slither down the stairs to the exit as Muscular Giraffe awkwardly waves, staying next to Papaya, who eyes him.

PAPAYA

You don't speak, friend?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe lifts one shoulder ambivalently.

PAPAYA

Fair enough.

NARRATOR

Papaya glances at the blimp.

PAPAYA

This thing could use a bit of work... Looks like it's been through a lot.

Simon and Sarfunkel

NARRATOR

zzp. Simon and Sarfunkel leave a furrow in the new snow as Sarfunkel steers them singlemindedly toward the town square. Log buildings painted red ochre with birch bark roofs line the pitted road.

In the centre of the square sits an important-looking stack of logs. Orange-yellow garlands are woven through the air above, anchored by the surrounding buildings. Booths and stalls line the edges of the square all covered in more swoopy, organic carvings with thick curves and thin straights. Lots of elves around. Festive-looking.

SIMON

So... what do you want to do with the rest of our vacation day?

SARFUNKEL

I would like to find some Very Special Salt.

SIMON

I saw some elves eating snow cones, so I definitely want to try that. And everyone is wearing these fun yellow hats, so we should maybe get some of those.

NARRATOR

Everyone is indeed wearing knitted yellow hats.

(CONTINUED)

SARFUNKEL

Ah. This elf seems to be a baker. Perhaps they can direct us toward the salt.

SIMON

Sarfunkel. I know you want this salt, but I think we need to have a little self-care day maybe?

SARFUNKEL

Brother, I work hard scheming and plotting so that one day we may awaken Mamamorbis. Until that day, I will not rest. I would think you of all people would understand my motivation.

SIMON

Okay then...

SARFUNKEL

Come.

NARRATOR

Sarfunkel slithers them to a tent held up by silvery wood, tended by a tall slender elf in a robed gown. Their long braid of silvery hair pools behind them as they sit behind the table carving a small chunk of wood with a knife. Before them is a silver platter covered in familiar bread rolls.

SARFUNKEL

Greetings. I require your assistance.

NARRATOR

The elf stands gracefully, setting down their carving.

LEIPAYA ELF

Hello. May Saya protect you on this wonderful solstice day. Can I interest you in a very exciting business opportunity?

SARFUNKEL

No. I am in search of--

LEIPAYA ELF

How about a bread roll? One small bite is enough to fill the stomach of a grown man.

NARRATOR

The elf offers the platter enticingly.

SIMON

Don't mind if I do.

NARRATOR

Simon strikes, plucking a piece of bread from the elf's platter.

SARFUNKEL

I am in search of Very Special Salt.

LEIPAYA ELF

Eri-koi-swolya?

SIMON

Mmm... This bread is wonderful.

LEIPAYA ELF

Leipaya bread is made with ingredients even more exotic, rare, pure, and traditional than Eri-koi-swolya. Each ingredient is harvested and gathered by elves who work tirelessly to craft this exquisite bread, so that you can live the Leipaya lifestyle.

SIMON

Wow, tell me more about this lifestyle.

SARFUNKEL

Simon. I know you know this is a scam.

LEIPAYA ELF

gasp Scam? Leipaya is not a scam.

SIMON

Yeah, Sarfunkel. It's a lifestyle.

SARFUNKEL

Do you or do you not have Eriko-- Very Special Salt?

LEIPAYA ELF

I may have salt... but I *definitely* have a special two-for-one Sayafest offer, available exclusively to twins. It's your lucky day! At Leipaya we believe all twins have a unique bond just like the twin goddesses Saya and Kuyu.

SARFUNKEL

Thank you, that will be all...

NARRATOR

He turns to go, Simon keeps them put.

SIMON

What's this?

LEIPAYA ELF
This?

NARRATOR
The Leipaya elf picks up their little wooden carving.

LEIPAYA ELF
It's my Sayafest carving. You carve something important to you. Then tonight at the bonfire they'll all be thrown in the fire. The flames will carry them up to the goddess Saya herself, and she'll protect them over the upcoming year. I'm making my star-friend, Plum.

SIMON
Oh, that's so fun.

LEIPAYA ELF
If you act now, our limited-time Sayafest two-for-one special comes with two wooden blocks for carving. (quickly and quietly) Knives sold separately.

SIMON
(gasps) Let's get some.

LEIPAYA ELF
You won't regret it!

SARFUNKEL
Absolutely not.

SIMON
Sarfunkel, you need a break. So you don't have your special salt. I think you need to take a moment to appreciate what you do have. You have me. And Bees in a Trench Coat, and Muscular Giraffe.

LEIPAYA ELF
Family is what Sayafest is all about. And here at Leipaya, all our sales-maidens are like family. We want to celebrate you with our--

SIMON
Ignore the elf. All I'm saying is, you can get the salt later. What's the point of unleashing Mamamorbus if you're too exhausted to enjoy it when it happens?

SARFUNKEL
Very well, brother. I... I see your point.

SIMON
Fantastic.

SARFUNKEL

How much for the wood?

LEIPAA ELF

65 Pearls.

SARFUNKEL

65 Pearls for two pieces of wood!?

LEIPAYA ELF

(laughs) No, no, no...

NARRATOR

The elf ducks under the table and drags out a large wooden crate.

LEIPAYA ELF

The special also includes two dozen loaves of bread, two sales-maiden's handbooks and two elven gowns.

SIMON

Yeah... We're not paying for that.

LEIPAYA ELF

Pardon me?

SARFUNKEL

Of course not. *hiss*

LEIPAYA ELF

Ah!

NARRATOR

Sarfunkel lunges forward and bites the elf in the neck. Simon's eyes roll and flash green, as do the elf's. Simon's head falls limply to the side. The elf --or I guess Simon now, because mind control-- opens the crate.

LEIPAYA ELF (SIMON)

Wood for you, wood for me...

NARRATOR

The elf-slash-Simon grabs the... balsa wood? Looks like balsa--from the crate and hands them over to Sarfunkel. He slides over the elf's wood knife too, which Sarfunkel sticks in his satchel.

SARFUNKEL

Simon... I know I work too much. But I do it for you. So that one day Mamamorbus will be liberated from eternal imprisonment, free to roam this realm once more. With both of us there to revel in the spectacle.

(CONTINUED)

LEIPAYA ELF (SIMON)

May Saya Protect you, Sarfunkel.

SARFUNKEL

May Saya Protect you, Simon.
Now release this elf.

NARRATOR

Simon's head rolls back upright, neon green-eyed. The elf's eyes flash too, wide-eyed and confused.

LEIPAYA ELF

What--

SIMON

Thank you for all your help.

SARFUNKEL

Yes, a most amusing diversion. May Saya protect you.

NARRATOR

The snakes make their exit, leaving the elf and their ethereal marketing scheme behind. That was cute, in an evil kinda way. Two brothers, working together, to release a cosmic horror on the world for reasons unknown. Sweet.

Yeah, I would love to see what Bees in a Trench Coat is doing with their day off. Let's see... zp. zzp.

bees

Bees in a Trench Coat is cruising around an elfy little market under a free-standing roof, leaving no footprints. A semi-full basket is hooked in one of the coat's bent elbows. Their gloves wriggle fretfully at the ends of the "wrists". Fretful? Uh... Distressed, but it's a metaphor, so fidgety.

They browse the various tables, each bearing collections of interesting little items laid neatly out on sparkly cloths. Bees hovers by a few before stalling in front of a green cloth with pine needle embroidery. The elf vendor is decorated similarly.

GREEN ELF

How you doin'? May Saya protect you.

NARRATOR

Bees stares at them.

GREEN ELF

Ookay then. Bit of a strange elf...

NARRATOR

Bit more staring, this is uncomf--

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We are seeking a 'gift'.

GREEN ELF

Ah, that greatest of holiday traditions: the last-minute shopping. What are you after?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We do not know. We have never done this before.

GREEN ELF

Well you're getting gifts for your kids, right? What are they like?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Indeed... For our children.

GREEN ELF

Yes. I know. It's Sayafest. So what are--

ORANGE ELF

Have you considered a productive past-time to light up those long winter nights? Nothing better for Sayafest than a brand new hobby!

NARRATOR

A second elf, in vivid orange with dangly earrings, leans in from the next table up the line.

GREEN ELF

Bug off, Plum. Wait your turn. (to Bees) So? Your kids?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

They are high-strung. Passionate. Scaly. Very evil.

ORANGE ELF

Evil? Um... Maybe they'd be interested in taking up crochet...?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Perhaps. Simon quite enjoys artistic endeavours. Arts and crafts.

GREEN ELF

What's he like?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Unfocused... but quite charming. We'd like to find something quiet for him to do while his brother works.

(CONTINUED)

ORANGE ELF

Small house?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

No, they share a body.

GREEN ELF

Twins! That's lucky, especially tonight.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Splendid.

GREEN ELF

So what's the other twin like?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Sarfunkel is in some ways very unlike his brother. He is hard working and single-minded. We do not know what to get him.

GREEN ELF

Hm... Maybe--

ORANGE ELF

This crochet starter kit?

GREEN ELF

Plum!

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Sarfunkel finds fibre arts frustrating, but Simon would like that. We'll take one.

GREEN ELF

How 'bout this lovely set of--

ORANGE ELF

An enchanted book?

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Oh?

GREEN ELF

(sighs)

NARRATOR

The orange elf holds up a limp book with a picture of a unicorn on the front. Colours wash across the cover in a hypnotizing display.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

What is the topic of this book? Is it a bestiary?

(CONTINUED)

ORANGE ELF

You, uh. You colour in it.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Mesmerizing. We'll take one. But Sarfunkel wouldn't like it.

BLUE ELF

Model centishuttle? It's to-scale!

ORANGE ELF

What?

GREEN ELF

What?

NARRATOR

A third elf, in a tie-dyed blue ensemble, leans in hopefully from the other side of the green elf.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

No. While they both like those, Sarfunkel gets frustrated when his train schedules are delayed by Simon's dinosaur attacks.

BLUE ELF

What about a little clockwork elk?

NARRATOR

Bees prods a mechanical elk, it jigs to life and waddles slowly off the table. It lands on the floor, spinning on the ground as its walk-cycle slows.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Perhaps for Simon.

NARRATOR

The Blue Elf picks up the little elk and adds it to the growing pile of gifts for Simon.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

It appears finding a gift for Sarfunkel is more difficult than anticipated.

GREEN ELF

I'm sure you'll find something.

BEEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We are unsure. We do not have the rigorous training in gift selection the three of you clearly have.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN ELF

Training? You don't need training to give a gift.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Then how are you certain you are offering the optimal gift?

GREEN ELF

It's not about finding the optimal thing. It's just a way of showing you care about people. Showing you know them and think about them.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Hm...

GREEN ELF

You care about those twins?

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Indeed. These snakes are very dear to us.

ORANGE ELF

Snakes? An elf with snakes?

GREEN ELF

Then I'm sure you'll know just what to get him.

NARRATOR

Bees' attention has been pulled away from the conversation. They're staring fixedly over the elf's shoulder where a small elf is scattering salt across the snow behind the tables.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

What is that child doing?

NARRATOR

The elves all look.

GREEN ELF

Salting the vendor path. It breaks up the ice when it gets too thick. So we don't slip.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

And you use Very Special Salt to do this?

GREEN ELF

Um... Yep.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

This is the perfect gift for Sarfunkel.

(CONTINUED)

GREEN ELF

Alright then!

NARRATOR

The Green Elf spins around, takes some salt from the child and fills a small cloth bag with it. Bees in a Trench Coat fills the basket with Simon's gifts and makes the necessary exchanges.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Thank you for teaching us about gifts.

GREEN ELF

You're very welcome. May Saya protect you.

NARRATOR

Bees in a Trench Coat floats their way out from under the roof and rises into the sky.

GREEN ELF

By the silver hair of Kuyu...

ORANGE ELF

That elf is flying!

GREEN ELF

Elves haven't flown in 1000 years!

BLUE ELF

It's a Sayafest miracle!

NARRATOR

Bees disappears into the growing dusk as the three elves watch on in awe. Around them, other vendors are starting to pack up and head out as the town closes down for the festival. Yeah, that was cute. I never knew Bees was so soft. Speaking of cute... What? I like him, what can I say? Meanwhile, back in the garage...
zzp

Muscular Giraffe

NARRATOR

Ah. There he is. Looking studly as ever.

Muscular Giraffe is slumped in an elfwood chair against one of the hangar walls. His hefty arms are folded moodily across his broad chest. Papaya is hoisted in the air by a harness, dangling above the blimp.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

--plucked the baby from the garden after three turns of the moon all right and proper, not like these

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAPAYA ELFMAN (cont'd)

young-sprouts these days and their slapdash "first thaw" philosophy. I tell you, town meetings are a circus these days with all these hippy dippy young folk and their "ideas".

NARRATOR

They twist in the harness to look down at the alluring giraffe.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

But now you know how I got all my kids. Children, I mean, not little goats. What do giraffes call their children anyway, is it a foal? A giraffe-let? I bet the necks give you trouble, eh? So long.

Here, pass me the ballonet probe.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe reaches down to the open toolbox at his feet and pulls out a twisty thing. He stands and tosses it athletically up to the mechanic far above. Papaya grabs it neatly and drops the other, rounder thing they were holding. Muscular Giraffe trots a few steps and snatches it out of the air with gymnastic grace. He replaces it in the toolbox while Papaya uses the twisty whatever on the blimp somehow. I dunno, I'm not a blimp mechanic.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

It's real handy having you around, Muscular Giraffe. Usually my apprentice would be here to chuck tools at me, but I gave them the day off for Sayafest. If Plum would date someone like that, I'd be happy. You have kids?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe shakes 'no'.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Well they're the lights of my long-stalked life, but the decisions they make, eeeesh. An elf wants certain things for their kids: to enjoy their childhood, to find their calling, to meet their Friends and get to gardening! Excuse my language. But Plum's with one of those Leipaya maidens right now. Every time my darling child visits I'm terrified they're gonna start trying to sell me bread! Now Pineapple, that kid understands about tradition! They're not chasing after one of those bread-peddling traitors, pandering to outsiders. Ha, like we need human approval. It's basically a cult, Leipaya? A capitalist cult. They're like this blimp: elf on the outside, Herovian on the inside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAPAYA ELFMAN (cont'd)

Although... usually a blimp isn't quite this elf on the outside. Where's all the military insignia?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe dismissively cuts his hand sideways.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

A pleasure craft? Woo-ee, it's been a while since one of those made it up here. But I don't see the license tag... Who owns it?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe does jazz hands.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

You? Sure, pull the other one. No... Really?

Hold on, Muscular Giraffe, is it even Herovian?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe shakes his head smugly.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Not Herovian! I've never seen a blimp that didn't fly their flag, even my master mechanic hasn't. I thought they stamped all the independent operations out during the war. But this blimp isn't that old.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe shakes his head.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Who's the other pilot, that tall drink of water in the trench coat? They a giraffe too? A rogue operation like this, dodging the authorities no doubt. A long enough coat hides everything, here I am thinking they're an elf!

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe points a defiant thumb at his chest.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Get out of town! You fly this thing all by yourself?

NARRATOR

They rappel down in the harness to ground level and land lightly facing Muscular Giraffe. They clap him on the shoulder, which has no effect.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Good on ya, Muscular Giraffe! Fight the hu-man! Where'd it come from, if you don't mind a little curiosity.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe goes a bit stiff, then slowly reaches for his neck. He fishes out a little locket necklace, opens it, and holds it out to Papaya, looking away.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

(sympathetically) Aw.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe's big shoulders slump a bit. Within the locket is a tiny rendering of a youthful version of Muscular Giraffe and an older, even more rugged giraffe. They're clearly related.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

This was your co-pilot?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe nods sharply.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

And he's with the stars now, eh? That's a shame. I'm sorry, Muscular Giraffe.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe shrugs and sniffs, putting the locket away.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

I can't imagine... kids are a collective affair around here. But it's always hard to lose someone. No kids, no parents, no grandparents. At least you've still got some family.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe looks confused.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

The mysterious one and those slithery fellows.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe looks skeptical, then shakes his head dismissively.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Come on now, Muscular Giraffe. My mouth does its fair share of running, but that doesn't mean my eyes don't work. They care about you. And I can tell you care about them.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe shrugs, brushing Papaya off.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Well setting aside your thoughts on the matter, it's nice to have company. Since I let everyone else out early today. Kinda lonely with no one else around.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe rolls his eyes at Papaya's meaningful look.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Just my two seeds worth, pay no mind.

NARRATOR

They finish a stretch and check the sky. It's nearly dark out.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Lookit the time! You're a fascinating individual, Muscular Giraffe, but we'd better get moving if we're gonna finish up before nightfall. Plus then I gotta pick up Persimmon's doohickey, feed the elk, check on the beds, (devolves into muttering)

NARRATOR

They start hoisting themselves back up the rigging line, but Muscular Giraffe catches their ankle.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Can I help you? We're burning daylight. And it's the shortest day of the year!

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe jerks his head at the door. He wants Papaya to secure the perimeter.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

You want me to leave?

NARRATOR

Oh. Muscular Giraffe nods solemnly. Papaya hits the ground again.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Are you sure? I haven't finished yet.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe points to the toolbox, himself, then gives a thumbs up.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Well... Well, thanks!

NARRATOR

They strip off the harness.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

You're a real stand-up giraffe guy. May Saya's warmth protect you on this darkest of nights, my friend.

NARRATOR

They throw their arms around Muscular Giraffe, who gently pats their back. They release him and head door-wards.

PAPAYA ELFMAN

Don't stay too late now, I'm sure your people are waiting for you.

NARRATOR

They pull a festive yellow hat out from their pocket, put it on and jog out into the cold.

Muscular Giraffe rests a hand on the side of the blimp as he looks out a window. There's snow falling against the darkening sky. A vibrant glow lights up the centre of town. Must be the party.

Muscular Giraffe flips open his locket and stares at the photo inside. The two giraffes are standing proudly in front of a much cleaner version of the blimp. The older giraffe has his arm tightly around the young Muscular Giraffe, who bears it happily with a huge grin.

He shuts the locket and looks up at the real blimp. He sighs and starts rigging himself up. Zp.

bonfire

NARRATOR

Down at the town square, the bonfire party is in full swing. Elves are chatting, laughing, drinking warm drinks, wearing their festive hats. Just generally having a great time.

Off to the side there's a group of Leipaya elves all dressed in elaborately fancy gowns doing a flowy dance. The vendors from the market are telling a very exciting story to a small group.

ORANGE ELF

And then they flew off!

GREEN ELF

I swear it was a Sayafest miracle!

NARRATOR

And there's Papaya walking in! They're immediately attacked with kisses and hugs from about half a dozen children.

Ah! And Simon and Sarfunkel are right up near the bonfire, coiled on a log and draped under a blanket with their matching scarves and new matching yellow hats. Simon is carving away at his wood block. Sarfunkel sips a drink with berries bobbing in it.

SARFUNKEL

Is it nearly complete, brother?

SIMON

(muffled) Almost...

SARFUNKEL

Excellent.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Excuse us, Master Sarfunkel. Master Simon.

NARRATOR

Simon drops his stuff. Bees in a Trench Coat hovers unexpectedly behind them with their basket.

SIMON

Saya's blessings, Bees in a Trench Coat! How was your vacation?

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Educational. And yours?

SIMON

It was nice! Sarfunkel relaxed.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Splendid.

SARFUNKEL

Indeed. It was... refreshing.

SIMON

We got this for you!

NARRATOR

Simon ducks under the blanket and emerges with a festive yellow hat for Bees. It's got a bauble.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Apparently they're very important.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

Thank you. We have acquired gifts for you as well.

NARRATOR

Bees in a Trench Coat doles out Simon's first pre--

SIMON

Oooh! Colouring book! Look at this little elk! *gasps*
Crochet kit!? Sarfunkel I'm making us a double scarf.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

And for you, Master Sarfunkel...

NARRATOR

Bees in a Trench Coat hands them the small cloth sack.

SARFUNKEL

What is this?

SIMON

Oooh!

NARRATOR

Simon dives in and opens it for his brother. Within,
crystals gleam in the firelight.

SIMON

Bleh! Salty.

SARFUNKEL

Bees in a Trench Coat, you found the Very Special Salt?

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

May Saya protect you, Sarfunkel.

SARFUNKEL

Thank you, Bees in a Trench Coat.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We are being watched.

NARRATOR

Bees in a Trench Coat rotates. Standing off at the edge
of the gathering is--

SIMON

Muscular Giraffe!

NARRATOR

He gives them a small, distant nod of acknowledgment, smiling uncertainly.

SARFUNKEL

Greetings, Muscular Giraffe. Is your work complete?

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe shrugs, wrinkling his neckwarmer.

SARFUNKEL

Very well. We can finish tomorrow.

SIMON

This hat is for you.

NARRATOR

Simon unearths another yellow hat. Muscular Giraffe steps in.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

And we have a gift for you as well.

NARRATOR

He comes closer, drawn towards the warmth. He gently holds the hat as Bees in a Trench Coat presents a bottle of wine.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

We are aware that you enjoy collecting intentionally aged grape fermentations. So we purchased this for you.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe takes the bottle and cradles it.

SARFUNKEL

May Saya protect you, Muscular Giraffe.

NARRATOR

He looks around at Bees and the snakes, a sincere smile taking over his face. He pulls them all into a hug. They're crushed firmly in his beefy arms. Bees' coat deforms slightly.

SIMON

(happy sigh)

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe lets go and cheerfully puts on the hat.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Okay, now sit. Muscular Giraffe next to me. Bees in a Trench Coat next to Sarfunkel.

NARRATOR

Bees "sits". Muscular Giraffe settles in under the blanket. Simon collects his carving from the snow.

SIMON

Now that we're all here... Tada!

NARRATOR

He reveals it. Still kinda rectangular, but--

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT

It is us.

SARFUNKEL

Simon carved this as a sacrifice to the goddess Saya, so that she may protect our family on our journey to Mamamorbus.

NARRATOR

Muscular Giraffe puts his arm around the snakes as Bees settles into the warmth of the bonfire. Simon throws the carving into the flames. It smoulders, catches, adding another thin plume of smoke to the mass held by the bonfire's walls. The smoke rises through the hole in the weave above, the garlands flickering where they're hit by the light. Luminous against the deep blue sky. The four of them sit on the log in a row, watching the fire. Together.

Well that was very nice. All homey-feeling. I'm all warm and fuzzy. Hm? Yeah. Sounds nice. Let's stop.