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OCTOBER JONES & FISH WITH LEGS

Transcript.

Season 1, Episode 3: The Perks of Being a Hat-Maker.

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 a fish with legs who escaped a blimp, captained by a two-headed snake set on uniting four magic creatures to release an evil monster. Our fish then met October Jones, a regular human girl who tried to get them some help from human hero, Captain Manfred Splainer the Mighty. A plan which failed miserably.

[Music: a cheerful small-town flute ditty.]

NARRATOR:

October and Fish with Legs are now wandering away from the fair where they spoke with Manfred. October leads the way at a brisk pace. Fish has to jog a little to keep up.

[FISH'S HEELS CLACK ON THE COBBLESTONES.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Where are we going?

OCTOBER:

My home.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(gasp) Slumber party?

OCTOBER:

It's the middle of the day.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Please, pretty please? Oh, I never had one.

[SHE PAUSES.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

(disparagingly)

I grew up in this secret hidden tropical *paradise* where I never got to have real friends, or do anything fun. I just had to do whatever my High Priestess said... Yuck.

OCTOBER:

We're not going there to sleep. My parents are very important people. They'll know what to do with you.

[FISH TROTS TO CATCH UP.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

You need their permission to have a slumber party?

OCTOBER:

We're not having a slumber party!

FISH WITH LEGS:

How important are we talking? Because I know some pretty important people.

OCTOBER:

Um...

[FISH STOPS WALKING.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

I am one. Like, me and the other Elemental Creatures... You get us in a room together and you got some *real* power.

OCTOBER:

You said.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Like I'm an ageless being who has existed for roughly a century kind of power?

OCTOBER:

Right...

FISH WITH LEGS:

Like I spent nearly my *entire life* protected by a bunch of secret monks because so many people would take advantage of me for their own *gain* kind of power.

[THEY START WALKING AGAIN.]

OCTOBER:

Well, *I'm* not taking advantage of you if that's what you're trying to insinuate. I just think we can both benefit from helping each other.

[OCTOBER STOPS, FISH STAYS WITH HER.]

OCTOBER:

I protect you and help stop Mamamorbis, then Manfred Splainer the Mighty will appreciate my efforts, and, he might reconsider making me his protégé, and, you of course will get what you want, uh—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Soo on a scale of zero to like me and *my* destiny stuff... Where are *your* parents?

OCTOBER:

Um... W-well, they're the exclusive hat supplier for the entire Herovian Guard.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh, wow! Uh, I assume that's very impressive.

OCTOBER:

Yeah. They're a *really* big deal.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Cool stuff! Y'know, as a fish... I have very little interest in hats.

OCTOBER:

They actually built the whole company from scratch.

FISH WITH LEGS:

They just don't stay on my head.

OCTOBER:

They're the most important thing to ever happen to this town, no question.

FISH WITH LEGS:

It's the fin.

OCTOBER:

They basically own Cape Cap now.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Wait. So you're like... super rich.

OCTOBER:

Well— None of it is mine. I just work in the factory.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Okay, that, that doesn't really—

OCTOBER:

The whole company is staffed by my siblings and their families. The Joneses are like half the population of Cape Cap.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Uh, what?

OCTOBER:

Come on.

NARRATOR:

Okay, so they walk. Some more. Fast forward? Fast forward.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL FIRES UP AND STARTS FAST-FORWARDING LIKE A VCR.]

NARRATOR:

Over the course of their walk, the road beneath their feet has become dirt as they cross the edge of the town. Only a few stray huts separate them from the massive looming factory. It's a big, grey, featureless square that sits like a blight on the bluff overlooking the river.

[PAUSE.]

NARRATOR:

Bluff? ...Let's just say cliff.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL CLICKS AND RESUMES PLAYING IN REAL TIME.]

NARRATOR:

October and Fish go inside the monolith.

[ECHOEY CLACKING FROM FISH'S HEELS ON THE TILE.

Music: a saxxy corporate muzak.]

NARRATOR:

The reception is a high vaulted room guarded by a young human woman at a pristine desk and an impressively detailed stone statue of a large hat. The receptionist wears a grey outfit identical to October's. But neatly pressed and not disgusting. She is entranced by her paperwork, as October and Fish approach her.

OCTOBER:

Hey March, how's it going?

MARCH 14:

Name slash date of birth?

OCTOBER:

October 19th 104 Jones.

FISH WITH LEGS:

What? Your name is, um—?

[PAPERY SOUNDS ACCOMPANY MARCH'S SHUFFLINGS.]

NARRATOR:

The receptionist pulls out a big agenda and peruses it without looking up.

MARCH 14:

October 19th 104? What are you doing here? You're not scheduled for today...

OCTOBER:

I know. I took the day off to go to the Recruitment Fair, but while I was there I met—

MARCH 14:

You're supposed to be on vacation. And you know the policy. "Insurance will not cover any injuries that occur on the factory floor while the employee is not on shift." So it's in the entire family's best interest that you just go directly to your quarters.

OCTOBER:

I just wanna see Mom and Dad.

MARCH 14:

Well Mr. and Mrs. Jones aren't here. They're out of town with January 2nd meeting with representatives from the Beret Emporium. (conspiratorially) You didn't hear it from me... but we're buying them out.

Anyways, if you want to meet with management...

NARRATOR:

She shuffles her papers.

MARCH 14:

September 30th 96 is here.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Sooo does everyone in your family have their birthday as their name?

OCTOBER:

After the first couple dozen kids, my parents stopped naming us.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh... Neat.

NARRATOR:

March neatens her paperwork and looks up.

MARCH 14:

What the hex is that?

OCTOBER:

Oh, right. March 14th, this is—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Hi, I'm Fish with Legs. I'm a fish with legs. I'm the Elemental Creature of—

MARCH 14:

Okay, that thing cannot be in here.

OCTOBER:

Well, this is what I want to show Mom and Dad. She's one of four elemental creatures—

MARCH 14:

Oh, October 19th... You know I love your tricky ways. But I can't help with any jokes right now, it's end of quarter! I don't have time for any hilariousness. Unless you're going to prank April 27th again, that was classic.

OCTOBER:

Huh?

MARCH 14:

When you hid his rounding jack in the hummus? And he couldn't make... (laugh, then deadpan) You're a genius. I'm losing it just thinking about it.

OCTOBER:

You're thinking of the *other* October 19th.

MARCH 14:

Oh. Which one are you?

OCTOBER:

104. That was 98.

MARCH 14:

Oh. You're the off-putting government conspiracy one.

OCTOBER:

Yeah...

MARCH 14:

Okay. Whatever.

[SHE STAPLES SOMETHING DERISIVELY.]

MARCH 14:

Still don't care about your fish. Take it somewhere else.

OCTOBER:

(sigh)

[HEELS CLACKING, AS BEHIND THEM MARCH CONTINUES STAPLING.]

NARRATOR:

October and Fish step away from the reception desk and huddle for a little chat by the big hat.

OCTOBER:

Let's go to my quarters.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Slumber party?

OCTOBER:

No. I have a new plan.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Slumber party laterrr...?

OCTOBER:

(totally insincere)

Euh, sure.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(whispering)

Victoryyy.

NARRATOR:

October goes through a door with Fish following.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL FIRES UP AND STARTS FAST-FORWARDING LIKE A VCR.]

NARRATOR:

It leads to the residential area. They climb a whistly staircase and go through a few more utilitarian doors. October opens the door to a broom closet.

Timestamp: 6:16

[THE CRYSTAL BALL CLICKS AND RESUMES PLAYING IN REAL TIME WITH THE CREAK OF A POORLY MAINTAINED DOOR.]

NARRATOR:

Oh wait, I think it's her room. ...Sad!

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

NARRATOR:

It's very small and cramped and without windows. The floor is littered liberally with stacks of books and sacks of dye. And the walls, where you can see them, are a constellation of thumbtack holes. But most of the space is taken up by a thick layer of her distinctive marked up maps and a *bunch* of Manfred merch.

[FISH STEPS INSIDE AND ACCIDENTALLY KICKS SOME METALLIC CLUTTER.]

NARRATOR:

A lot of it looks home-made. The whole space feels obsessive and unpleasant. October climbs and weaves her way over and through the mess to a claustrophobic living area wedged into one corner. A cot sits against the wall with a bag tucked neatly underneath.

[OCTOBER'S JOURNEY IS ACCOMPANIED BY A COMCALLY ELABORATE SERIES OF SOUND EFFECTS.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

This is a nice, um... You live here?

NARRATOR:

October grabs the bag.

OCTOBER:

Okay. This is all we need. I'm ready to go.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh. That's— That's all we're getting?

OCTOBER:

Yep. Aside from my research...

NARRATOR:

She turns and gestures around at her garbage pile.

OCTOBER:

This is everything I own.

NARRATOR:

She pats the bag.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Research?

OCTOBER:

Yeah! The Herovian government has been hiding things for *years*.

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

OCTOBER:

That's why I wanna join the Guard. So I can get access to the truth... Mamamorbus! They claim it's not real, but it is. The Bloodthirsty Beast of Acular Forest? They claim it *is* real, but *I* think it's a cover up for Area 52. And hedgehogs... There's something weird about them, right? Like those aren't normal. An adorable mouse with spikes? Sounds made up.

[*Music ends.*]

FISH WITH LEGS:

We clearly come from different worlds. I'm accustomed to a certain level of luxury? Like back home, with the Glbclb, for at least an hour a day I get to sit on this golden pedestal while everyone else gets in a circle and prays to me for a bountiful harvest.

[*OCTOBER NOISILY RETURNS.*]

FISH WITH LEGS:

A lot of pressure, definitely... Which is kind of why I ran away. The pressure. Anyway, and that's also kind of why I went with the snakes... The luxury.

OCTOBER:

You went willingly with the snakes?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Well I was *tired* after all the running away from home I just did. And they offered me a ride in a blimp and some virgin mimosas. What else was I to say?

OCTOBER:

Uh... No?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Well I didn't *know* they were tricking me at the time.

OCTOBER:

Never heard of stranger danger?

FISH WITH LEGS:

They seemed very nice, just like you.

OCTOBER:

Again, I'm not tricking you if that's what you're insinuating—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Okay, well I'm feeling a little attacked right now, so umm...

OCTOBER:

You asked me for help, I just—

FISH WITH LEGS:

—mmm new topic! Where are we going with your bag?

OCTOBER:

Oh, uh... Right. The Plains of Breezil.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Whaaaaat!? Breezil! That's exactly where I want to go! I knew you'd turn out to be a great servant!

OCTOBER:

You're welcome?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Alright, October, tell me what's up. What's the deal, BFF? What's going on in that awesome genius servant mind? You know what? Promotion. You're an adviser now. Advise me.

[Music: Hi-hat, bass, and guitar in a rolling planner's groove.]

OCTOBER:

Right. My parents aren't around, so they can't help us or give us transportation.

FISH WITH LEGS:

This is bad.

OCTOBER:

Yes. And the next hat shipment is only leaving at the end of the week. We can't wait that long.

FISH WITH LEGS:

No, those snakes are already on their way to get to the Elemental Creature of Air.

OCTOBER:

Yes, time is of the essence. But, I have a solution.

FISH WITH LEGS:

I knew it, I never doubted for a second! You always have a plan. Everyone knows that. You plan, I execute. Perfect record.

OCTOBER:

We're going back to the Recruitment Fair and we're stealing two riding iguanas.

FISH WITH LEGS:

I do *not* know how to ride an iguana.

OCTOBER:

We're stealing one riding iguana.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Perfect number of iguanas.

OCTOBER:

We're riding that iguana to—

FISH WITH LEGS:

(singing)

Breezil!

OCTOBER:

Herovia City.

FISH WITH LEGS:

I, I thought you were gonna say Breezil, but.. I-I like this too! Tell me where we're going with this!

OCTOBER:

There, we'll... uh, supply up, and uh, *then* we can go to—

FISH WITH LEGS:

(singing)

Breezil!

Ah see, I *knew* it. Equal contribution to this plan.

OCTOBER:

And then we can protect—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Protect the Elemental Creature of Air and save the world from Mamamorbis.

OCTOBER:

Exactly.

[Music ends.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Same page.

OCTOBER:

Absolutely.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Amazing. You're the best adviser a fish could ask for. What a genius brain. Number one adviser of all time.

OCTOBER:

Thank you, Fish with Legs.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Biggest brain in the world. Number one schemer. Top ten brightest futures ever. New exclusive—

OCTOBER:

I'm loving this energy, but we gotta go.

[THE DOOR CREAKS PAINFULLY.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yep, yep, you're right. Now it's my time to shine. I will flawlessly execute your plan.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL FIRES UP AND STARTS FAST-FORWARDING LIKE A VCR.]

NARRATOR:

So as Fish with Legs and October navigate their way out of the supply closet, I will admit that up until this moment, I didn't realize that Breezil is a pun.

[PAUSE.]

NARRATOR:

The Elemental Creature of Air lives there, so *Breeeze-il*. Like, wind.

[PAUSE.]

NARRATOR:

You didn't notice either?

[PAUSE.]

NARRATOR:

Oh. Good.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL CLICKS AND RESUMES PLAYING IN REAL TIME.

Music: Herovian drum tattoo and a jaunty trumpet.]

NARRATOR:

October and Fish go back to the fair and hide behind the same crates they used the last time they snuck up on a tent. Five luscious iguanas decked with ornamental tack are chained to a post, with two hatted guards on standby.

[THE IGUANAS BLARG, THEIR CHAINS JINGLING. MORE GUARDS PATROL.]

NARRATOR:

It's some distance to the iguanas from the crate fort, open but scattered with smaller boxes and large barrels. It's pretty, the sun is lower now so the space is lit with light bouncing off the colourful tents. Ah, there's Manfred. Coming from the blue tent, his personal tent.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL'S VIEWPOINT CHANGES WITH A NOISE LIKE A CAMERA SHUTTERING. CONTINUING IGUANA JINGLES, CLOSER NOW.]

NARRATOR:

He approaches one of the iguanas and gives it scratches around the bridle fitted to its snout.

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(affectionate greeting)

Blarg, blarg. (licking noises)

NARRATOR:

She starts licking him! Aww.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

How are you, Cherry Blossom? You alright?

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(cheerful assent)

Blarg blarg. (licking)

MANFRED SPLAINER:

(chuckles, then sighs) Don't worry, we'll be out of this terrible, boring town soon.

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(if you say so)

Blarg blarg blarg blarg.

NARRATOR:

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a dead tarantula.

[HER TONGUE SHOOTS OUT TO SNAG THE SNACK.]

NARRATOR:

Cherry Blossom snatches it out of his hand and devours it.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

(pet voice)

(chuckles) Good girl. (kissy noises)

NARRATOR:

He gives her kisses on top of her head. Her ribbon-y lizard tongue darts out and licks Manfred all over the face. A guard approaches Manfred from behind.

DRAGONFLY GUY:

(clears throat)

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Ahhahruh m hrum, ha hrum hrum, mhhm.

NARRATOR:

Manfred spins around and composes himself.

DRAGONFLY GUY:

Sir, I have the dragonfly you requested.

NARRATOR:

The guard presents Manfred with a hawk-sized dragonfly that rests on his arm.

[THE DRAGONFLY'S WINGS BUZZ.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Thank you, corporal.

NARRATOR:

Manfred pulls a small scroll out from his pocket and fastens it to the tail of the dragonfly.

[A JAUNTY POP AS HE OPENS THE SCROLL CAPSULE.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Send this to The Citadel of the High Council. I have a suspicion I'd like to confirm about that fish...

DRAGONFLY GUY:

Yes sir.

[Music: ominous hum?]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

I get presented with many strange animals with strange stories, but there was something different about this one...

DRAGONFLY GUY:

Of course, sir.

[SILENCE.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Go!

DRAGONFLY GUY:

Oh— I...

MANFRED SPLAINER:

What are you still standing around for!

DRAGONFLY GUY:

Did— Did you have anything else to..? I-I'll go.

NARRATOR:

The guard awkwardly walks away as Manfred gives his iguana a last kiss.

[JINGLES, A BIG MWAH, LIZARD COOS, A LOVING TONGUE STRIKE.]

MANFRED SPLAINER:

I'll see you later, cutie.

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(bye...)

Blarg...

NARRATOR:

As he returns to his tent, October turns to Fish with Legs.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL'S VIEWPOINT CHANGES WITH A NOISE LIKE A CAMERA SHUTTERING.]

NARRATOR:

Uh, they're way too far to have heard the ominous conversation.

OCTOBER:

Alright, he's gone. On my mark—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Goooooo!

*[Music: high energy, bouncy action piano.
FISH CLACKS AWAY AT HIGH SPEED.]*

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs makes a mad sprint toward the iguanas!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yah!

NARRATOR:

She acrobatically dodges all obstacles in her path.

[METAL SINGS AND IS INTERRUPTED BY BODY SMACKS.]

The guards begin pulling out their swords, but Fish with Legs karates all over them and in an instant they've dropped to the floor. October just watches and does nothing. Great hustle, October.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(sighs to self) Hah, alright. (calling) October! Come on!

OCTOBER:

Right!

NARRATOR:

October runs to catch up with Fish with Legs and kneels by Cherry Blossom.

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(inquisitive noise)

[LIGHT METAL CLICKS, THE LIZARD CHAINS.]

NARRATOR:

She pulls some lock picking tools from her apron and gets to work on the lock keeping the iguana chained to the post.

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

('what are you doing over there' noises)

OCTOBER:

(hums of concentration)

[FABRIC RIPS.]

NARRATOR:

Manfred bursts through the rip in the back of the blue tent, presumably drawn by the yelling and karate noises!

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(plaintive yowl)

MANFRED SPLAINER:

(struck)

Cherry Blossom...!

OCTOBER:

Got it!

[METAL CLICK, A RUSTLE.]

NARRATOR:

The lock falls as October stores her tools back in her apron.

[HEAVY FEET START RUNNING.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Let's go!

NARRATOR:

October climbs onto Cherry Blossom's back as Manfred Splainer the Mighty barrels toward them. October scoops up Fish with Legs and throws her onto the iguana behind her.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Great teamwork! What a dream team!

NARRATOR:

October whips the reins wildly and without skill! Cherry Blossom rears and breaks into a lizard sprint away from the camp. Manfred chases them but falls behind as they escape beyond the outskirts of town on their stolen steed. The awkward dragonfly guard catches up with him, out of breath.

DRAGONFLY GUY:

Sir, what should we—

MANFRED SPLAINER:

I. Want. My. Iguana. *Back.*

DRAGONFLY GUY:

Yes, sir. Shall we pursue?

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Of course we're pursuing! I made a grave mistake not taking that fish when I had the chance... Why did I doubt myself? Everything I do is always perfect.

DRAGONFLY GUY:

I-Indeed, sir. You are... so perfect.

MANFRED SPLAINER:

Let's get to work.

DRAGONFLY GUY:

Yes, sir.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL'S VIEWPOINT CHANGES WITH A NOISE LIKE A CAMERA SHUTTERING. CHERRY BLOSSOM HAS A RAPIDFIRE RUNNING GAIT.]

NARRATOR:

Up ahead, Cherry Blossom runs with Fish with Legs and October on her back. For... some time.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL FIRES UP AND STARTS FAST-FORWARDING LIKE A VCR.]

NARRATOR:

October sits in the front holding the reins while Fish with Legs holds onto her from behind. Oh a field, yes.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL CLICKS AND RESUMES PLAYING IN REAL TIME. CHERRY BLOSSOM IS PANTING AND RUNNING.]

NARRATOR:

They speed into the field with Cape Cap far in the distance.

OCTOBER:

(nervously)

Alright, girl. Slow down.

NARRATOR:

Cherry Blossom does *not* slow down.

OCTOBER:

I said slow down!

NARRATOR:

October pulls tightly on the reins.

[TACK JINGLING.]

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(annoyed growl, panting)

FISH WITH LEGS:

It doesn't seem like she's listening to you...

NARRATOR:

October continues struggling to control Cherry Blossom. She clearly doesn't know how to treat a lady.

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(more growling)

FISH WITH LEGS:

Have you done this before?

OCTOBER:

Of course!

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

Raargh!

OCTOBER:

No.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Could, could I have a try?

OCTOBER:

Sure. I mean—

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs climbs over October and takes the reins. She holds them gently and pets Cherry Blossom with her fin.

[Music: a soothing and sincere synth harp tune.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Hey Cherry Blossom, listen... I know you miss your best friend, but now I'm also your best friend. And as your best friend, I'd like to say take it eeeeasy! We have a long ride coming up. We have to go all the way to Herovia City... and then Breezil... and then who knows! Maybe we'll have to find the last two Elemental Creatures! So you probably want to conserve your energy for now. I know you won't let us down, because you're a good girl, but y'know, self-care is important. And so is friend-care, so what do you say?

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(tired blargs)

NARRATOR:

Cherry Blossom slows down.

FISH WITH LEGS:

We'll have so many adventures together. What a team! October Jones, Fish with Legs and Cherry Blossom. Three best friends! Saving the world together and having lots of fun along the way.

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(dubious)

Blarg.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yeah, that's right.

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(but you're okay)

Blarg blarg blarg!

OCTOBER:

Thanks...

FISH WITH LEGS:

Do you want to try again?

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(no way)

Blaaarg.

OCTOBER:

I think I'm good back here... I'll navigate.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Satisfied sigh.

[Music ends.]

NARRATOR:

October scoots further down the saddle and sits facing backward. She takes out her crazy-person notebook and flips to a map. She studies it and makes notes as she talks.

[PAGES TURN, SCRIBBLING.]

OCTOBER:

It's a three day ride to Herovia City. We'll stop to get some food, and supplies—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Audible gasp!

OCTOBER:

(stressed)

What?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Three day ride?

OCTOBER:

Yeah. Is that an issue...?

FISH WITH LEGS:

So we'll have to camp?

OCTOBER:

Yeah. And there are some towns between Cape Cap and Herovia City, so—

FISH WITH LEGS:

So all *I'm* hearing is, uh... slumber party??

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(yay)

Blarg!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh! Oh, and now we're three! So it's a *real* slumber party!

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

(excited noises)

OCTOBER:

Yeah... Sure. Slumber party. Why not.

[Music: a soft synth denouement.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yes!

CHERRY BLOSSOM:

Blarg! Blarg!

NARRATOR:

She pulls out a worn coloured pencil from her apron pocket and starts to draw. Fish snags a piece of grass as they leave the clearing and puts it in her mouth.

[CHERRY BLOSSOM PUTS ON A BIT OF SPEED AGAIN.]

NARRATOR:

And so our heroes continue to ride through large swathes of mind-numbingly identical forest.

[PAUSE.]

NARRATOR:

Eh? Are you sure? Well, Muscular Giraffe is a pretty attractive package, I can't fault you there. Plus I get a real kick out of those bees. Okay, you convinced me. Meanwhile, back on the blimp...

[Music: a gnarly and dramatically evil electric guitar riff backed by synths.

THE CRYSTAL BALL'S VIEWPOINT CHANGES WITH A NOISE LIKE A CAMERA SHUTTERING.]

NARRATOR:

Oh, neither of them are... there... But the two-headed snake is there, sitting at their boardroom table in their fancy ergonomic snake chair.

[THE CHAIR SQUEAKS AND ROLLS AS SIMON FLOPS BACK AND FORTH.]

SIMON:

(groaning & sighing pointedly multiple times)

[Music ends.]

SARFUNKEL:

Simon. What's—

SIMON:

(with a slight hiss to the S. Simon always sounds like this.)

What are we going to do, Sarfunkel?

SARFUNKEL:

I have a plan, brother. And although the fish might—

SIMON:

We *lost* the fish, we have *no* idea where the Elemental Creature of Earth is and we are *still* woefully unprepared to capture the Elemental Creature of Air!

SARFUNKEL:

As I was saying, brother. I have it under control.

SIMON:

Do you, Sarfunkel?

[CREAK OF A DOOR.

Music: menacing and mysterious electric guitar and synth.]

NARRATOR:

The swarm of bees in a trench coat enter.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT:

(doubled voice. Bees always sounds like this.)

You summoned us, Master Sarfunkel?

SARFUNKEL:

Ah. Bees in a Trench Coat. Thank you for coming.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT:

How can we help you, sir?

SARFUNKEL:

The closest settlement to where we lost the fish was a small town called Cape Cap. Go there. And see if you can find out where our... *friend* has gone.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT:

Of course, Master Sarfunkel. Will that be all?

SARFUNKEL:

Yes, Bees in a Trench Coat. Thank you.

BEES IN A TRENCH COAT:

Very well, sir.

[CREAK OF THE SAME DOOR.

Music suddenly cuts off.]

NARRATOR:

The bees bow and leave the room.

SARFUNKEL:

While Bees in a Trench Coat hunts down the fish with legs, you and I will help Muscular Giraffe prepare for the coming assault on the Elemental Creature of Air's temple. Nothing will stop us from freeing Mamamorbus.

[Music: short, ominous synth sting.]

SIMON:

Yes, yes, yes!

NARRATOR:

Oooh. Ominous. But... sweet? I'm... hungry, are you hungry? I could go for some soup. Let's stop.

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

Music: cheerful credits theme.]

MARCH 14:

Hi. I'm March 14th 97 Jones, and thank you for listening to October Jones & Fish with Legs. Created by Dexter Lavery-Callender, Elisabeth Nyveen, and Zoë Bujold. With music by Alexander Cruz.

And thank *you* for visiting JonesHats, Herovia's premier source of headwear. We're glad you're here.

This podcast was made possible by Sarah Krnjevic, Alexander Cruz, Takeshi Fukushima, Dexter Lavery-Callender, Zoë Bujold, Erin Dunlop, and Elisabeth Nyveen, whose voices have been invaluable to the project. Just like my hard-working coworkers-slash-siblings are invaluable to the continuing success of JonesHats.

Out on the factory floor, they work tirelessly to bring you the hats you love. Burns, scalds, strains and twists are no obstacle to the Jones kids. Why don't we meet some?

April 2nd works the proprietary hat press, July 18th is our master crankist, and little March 26th crawls under the machines to collect fallen tools. Oh March 26th, you scamp!

Rate and review your experience with JonesHats, and the podcast. Follow “octoberandfish” on instagram and facebook. And send a messenger dragonfly to octoberandfish@gmail.com to chat or discuss quality assurance practices.

[Music: a saxxy corporate muzak.]

MARCH 14:

As the exclusive hat suppliers to the Herovian military, we take pride in our company values. Like integrity, efficiency and of course, family. We value the little people, everyday folk like you! That’s why we’re expanding! We’re proud to announce the newest addition to the JonesHat family. A new JonesHat location in Treedale, the former site of the Beret Emporium. Can’t wait to see you there!

JonesHats: we care about your hair.

[Music: the ending jingle.]

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