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OCTOBER JONES & FISH WITH LEGS

Transcript.

Season 1, Episode 1: Let's Begin.

Aired October 19th, 2020.

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

*FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, AND A COUCH CREAKS.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Okay, what do you wanna watch? I mean, not *watch*... Yeah, I know you can't see – I apologize. What do you want me to watch *for* you? What do you want described to you?

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yeahhh well I chose last time.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yes, I just said I chose last time.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

And the time before that— Okay, I get it!

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

The crystal ball is right here, so you can choose: keep complaining about how I always choose who we spy on or take advantage of my generosity and *choose*. Who we spy on.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

I thought so.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

*[RUBBING HANDS TOGETHER.]*

Alright crystal ball, show me what you got.

*[A BUTTON IS PRESSED, AND THE CRYSTAL BALL TURNS ON WITH AN 80'S TECH NOISE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

We have a— princess in a bed. She's just sleepin'.

*[THE PRINCESS SNORES.]*

**NARRATOR:**

We haaaaave...

*[A DIAL SWITCHES CHANNELS, CUTTING OFF ALL PREVIOUS SOUND. THE CLANKS OF SWORDS AND ARMOUR IN BATTLE.*

*Music: a peppy and chaotic chiptune combat theme.]*

**NARRATOR:**

We have a knight! Fighting a bunch of goblins, ooh very violent, not for me.

*[THE DIAL SWITCHES. THE BATTLE IS REPLACED BY A BUBBLING HOT TUB.*

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

**NARRATOR:**

We have a fish in a hot tub. Okay.

*[THE DIAL SWITCHES. THE TUB IS REPLACED BY LARGE, POWERFUL WING BEATS.]*

**NARRATOR:**

We have a majestic, winged horse— uhh, what? Oh, the fish.

*[PAUSE. WING BEATS CONTINUE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yeah, I'd also like to know why there's a fish in a hot tub.

*[THE DIAL SWITCHES BACK TWICE, OVERSHOOTING TO THE BATTLE BEFORE SWITCHING AGAIN TO END ON THE HOT TUB.*

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

(Timestamp: 1:46)

**NARRATOR:**

So there's a fish in a hot tub, right? A live fish, to be clear. The hot tub is in a featureless wood-panelled sauna room. One door. Heated towels. Drink service. You know, the works. And this fish is positively lounging. I'm talking about luxury. Fish luxury. *Fluxury*.

The fish is holding an orange, fizzy drink in a huge champagne flute. That glass is like the size of a golf trophy in this thing's fin.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Ahhh~ May the gods bless you, virgin mimosa. You are truly the best the world has to offer, and you are exactly what a fish needs after a long day of running away from home. *Now let me drink youuu.*

**NARRATOR:**

The fish clutches the comically large glass with both fins and gently tips it toward her mouth to—

*[A SPLOOSH.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Ah snap!

**NARRATOR:**

—ope. She drops the glass in the hot tub water.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Mimosa? Mimosa! Where are you? Ah, mimosa—

*[SPLASHING AROUND.]*

**NARRATOR:**

She frantically searches around the hot tub for the fallen drink.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Aha!

*[A TRIUMPHANT SPLOOSH.]*

**NARRATOR:**

And she pulls the glass out from the tub, scooping up some bath water along the way.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Oh, mimosa... What has become of you...

**NARRATOR:**

She examines the glass... Please don't drink that. I guess she's a fish though, is that gross for a fish?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

I *probably* shouldn't, right?

**NARRATOR:**

Probably not!

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

(to herself)

Probably not. Audible sigh...

(Timestamp: 3:04)

*[A DEJECTED SPLOOSH.]*

**NARRATOR:**

She drops the glass in the tub and sta— and *stands*?! (gasp) Revealing her long lady legs, apparently! This is a fish with legs.

*[FISH HUMS AS SOUNDS ACCOMPANY HER MOVEMENTS. HER BARE FEET SLAP ON THE TILE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

She gets out of the hot tub, with her legs. Puts on a towel and *walks* to the door, on her *legs*, and pokes her head out into a... deserted hallway.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Hey..! Hello? I spilled my virgin mimosa, can I get another? ..Hello!

Euch, terrible service on this blimp.

**NARRATOR:**

(incredulously pleased)

Are we on a blimp? Lemme zoom out.

*[ANOTHER 80'S TECH NOISE AS THE CRYSTAL BALL ZOOMS OUT. SEAGULLS CALL, AND THE BLIMP MAKES A LOW DRONE AS IT FLIES.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yep. This is a blimp. Hot tub with a fish with legs, on a blimp. You cool with that?

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Cool, let's continue.

*[THE CRYSTAL BALL MAKES A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT NOISE ZOOMING BACK IN.]*

**NARRATOR:**

The fish with legs is still in the sauna room, putting on some shoes. The heels add significantly to her height.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yeah, I'd still say she's only about a metre tall. And she has tiny fishnet stockings, too. She's adorable. She stops and checks herself in a foggy mirror.

*[THE CLACK OF HIGH HEELS.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Looking good, Fish with Legs!

**NARRATOR:**

Is her *name* Fish with Legs or is she just saying that she *is* a fish with legs... Anyways. She heads out into the hallway.

*[FISH'S HIGH HEELS CLACK.]*

(Timestamp: 4:13)

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Hey! Excuse me! Hellooooo?! Fish with legs without a mimosa over here!

*[SHE STOPS WALKING.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

I said *mi-mo-sa!* Virgin *mi-mo-sa?* Can I please have one? I spilled mine.

*[A DOOR CREAKS. THERE IS A FAINT BUT MENACING HUM.*

*Music: short, mysteriously fantastic folk music.]*

**NARRATOR:**

A *mysterious figure* in a full-length trench coat exits a room further down the hall.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Finally! Hey there, creepy trench coat butler... You're the butler, right?

**NARRATOR:**

The figure gives the impression of staring at her ominously from under their all-concealing trench coat and tilted fedora combo.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yeah, popped collar, the whole shebang.

*[FISH CLACKS FORWARD A BIT CLOSER.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

I spilled my mimosa and I was won...dering.... (nervous noise).

*[Music: menacing and mysterious electric guitar and synth.]*

**NARRATOR:**

The figure slowly walks toward her and stops just in front of her face, towering over the tiny fish with legs.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Won...dering... iff I could *replace* my mimosa?

**NARRATOR:**

The figure extends a gloved hand, places it on top of Fish's head, and... spins her around.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Are they this way?

**NARRATOR:**

The figure pushes her down the hall back to the door to her hot tub room.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

No, I, I was just in there!

**NARRATOR:**

The figure shoves her in—

*[FISH STUMBLES AND MAKES A NOISE AS SHE'S SHOVED.]*

**NARRATOR:**

—and closes the door.

*[DOOR CREAKS AND LATCHES*

*Music cuts off.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Fish with Legs, I have a hunch that *that* was suspicious.

(Timestamp: 5:27)

**NARRATOR:**

Yeah, I think her name *is* Fish with Legs.

She cracks the door open and pokes her head out into the hallway again to peek.

*[DOOR OPENS.*

*Music returns.]*

**NARRATOR:**

The figure walks... back down the hallway and enters the door they came from.

*[THE DOOR DOWN THE HALL CLOSES.*

*Music cuts off again.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Fish with Legs... slips out of the door and quietly makes her way to where the figure disappeared.

She presses her... ear... do fish have ears? Anyway, the side of her head is against the closed door.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Murmur, murmur, they say “murmur” a *lot*. Wait! (gasp) Audible gasp! Did they say scheme? (gasp) I think there’s scheming going on behind this closed door.

**NARRATOR:**

The plot thickens... The fish turns the handle slowly and eases the door open slightly. She sidles in sideways, sneaky-like.

*[THE DOOR CREAKS QUIETLY. FISH IS STILL CLACKING AS SHE STEPS SLOWLY INTO THE ROOM.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

(tensely)  
Sneaking...

**NARRATOR:**

Inside, the mysterious figure sits at a table along with a *big* two-headed snake and a majestically rugged and... virile giraffe. There’s a big map pinned up on the wall, and a bunch of nerd junk piled up along the edges of the room. None of them notice the door or the fish, who—

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

*Eavesdropping...*

**NARRATOR:**

—not-so-silently settles down to eavesdrop. Snakehead number one speaks.

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

**SNAKE 1:**

Next, we fly to the Plains of Breezil. This will not be nearly as easy as catching the fish. The Elemental Creature of Air is heavily guarded.

But I have a plan.

Muscular Giraffe, have you looked over my notes?

**NARRATOR:**

The muscular giraffe nods.

**SNAKE 1:**

(with relish)

Excellent. Find a way to destroy the barrier, and we will gather any ingredients you need.

**NARRATOR:**

Muscular Giraffe nods again.

**SNAKE 1:**

In the meantime, my brother and I will investigate the Elemental Creature of Earth. Much still eludes.

*[Music ends.]*

**SNAKE 2:**

(with a faint hiss)

Ohhh, we're still so far...

**NARRATOR:**

That was snake number two's voice.

**SNAKE 1:**

Don't lose heart, brother. We can still—

**SNAKE 2:**

It feels like we'll never find Mamamorbis!

*[Music: ominous hum.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Wait, did half of that snake just say Mamamorbis?

**NARRATOR:**

Mamamorbis? Huh. Isn't that the—

**SNAKE 2:**

What's that?

*[Music: short, ominous synth sting.]*

**SNAKE 1:**

The fish!

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Oh! Uhh...

**NARRATOR:**

They all turn and notice her! She's not hidden, due to either disinterest or lack of aptitude.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Ohh! Hey, y'all. What's up? Scheming?

**SNAKE 2:**

Wha— What? Nooo, just uh, uhh—

**SNAKE 1:**

Uh, plotting...!

**SNAKE 2:**

—conversing...

*[AN OFFICE CHAIR ROLLS BACK.]*

**SNAKE 1:**

(quietly)

Let *me* deal with this?

**SNAKE 2:**

(also quietly)

No— I can handle this, okay?

**SNAKE 1:**

*Can* you?

**SNAKE 2:**

(semi-convincingly)

Yes!

*[THE ROLLING CHAIR RETURNS.]*

**SNAKE 2:**

So. (clears throat) Like, how much did you hear?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

(high-pitched and noncommittal)

Ummmmmm!

I was just looking for a mimosa.

**SNAKE 1:**

(frustrated noise) Seize her.

*[Music: menacing and mysterious electric guitar and synth.]*

**NARRATOR:**

The figure in the trench stands and drifts toward the fish without touching the ground.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Muh-oh.

**NARRATOR:**

Fish with Legs spins and books it out of the room. The floating figure in the trench coat blasts off the ground and zips after her, chasing her down.

*[FISH'S FRANTIC CLACKS AND THE MENACING HUM OF THE FIGURE FADE INTO THE DISTANCE.]*

**SNAKE 1:**

I *told you* a hot tub was not a suitable cell!

**SNAKE 2:**

I just *thought* it would be nice. A happy prisoner is a compliant prisoner!

(Timestamp: 8:35)

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

**NARRATOR:**

Fish with Legs flees down the empty hallway of closed doors. The trench coat is flying fast, almost horizontal on her tail. They round the corner and the fish skids to a stop in an observation deck in the belly of the blimp.

A dead end.

Huge windows line the room. The trench coat fills the doorway, blocking off the only entrance... Fish with Legs backs up against the wall as the trench coat floats relentlessly forward.

*[Music ends.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Hey, ominous trench coat person! Love the look. Great choices, fashion-wise. We have that in common!

**NARRATOR:**

She gestures to her stockings and shoes.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Fish-*net* stockings, get it?

**NARRATOR:**

The trench stops.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Because I'm a *fish*? So yeah, uh... one fashion lover to another, let's cut a deal here, huh?

**NARRATOR:**

The trench undoes their buttons and the coat hits the floor, revealing a bunch of... bees...

*[A FLOP OF CLOTH. THE MENACING MUFFLED HUM IS NOW DISCERNIBLY A SWARM OF BEES BUZZING.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

(clearly horrified)

Oh, a bunch of bees in a trench coat. (laughs nervously) That's– that's cool...

*[Music: the slow but accelerating synth beat of a tense chase theme.]*

**NARRATOR:**

The bees encroach upon her.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

(shrieks)

*[HER SHOES CLACK ALL OVER AS SHE RUNS IN PANICKED LITTLE CIRCLES.]*

**NARRATOR:**

The fish desperately glances around at all the massive windows that dominate the observation deck.

The blimp is above a large body of featureless water. She focuses on a small emergency exit porthole. The bees clump into a swarm and move threateningly closer to try and cut her off.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Yeah, no thanks!

*[FISH'S MAGICAL WATERSPOUT RINGS LIKE A STRUCK BELL WHEN SUMMONED AND BLASTS LIKE A FIREHOSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

A jet of water sprays out from her mouth, cutting a path through the wall of bees!

**NARRATOR:**

The fish with legs springs to the emergency door, opens it, and leaps out into the open air. The swarm of bees buzz after her.

*[THE WIND WHISTLES AROUND THEM AS THEY FALL, LEAVING THE CHUG OF THE BLIMP ABOVE. THE BEES BUZZ.]*

**NARRATOR:**

As she plummets, the fish with legs glances up at the bees diving after her. She streamlines herself and picks up speed. The bees spread themselves into a thick cloud, closing in on Fish. She struggles as they buzz around her in free-fall.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

No! No, bees!

**NARRATOR:**

But before they can get a grip on her—

*[A BIG SPLOOSH.]*

**NARRATOR:**

—she pierces the surface of the water and dives deep below. The bees all pull up to avoid the splash. Safely under the surface, the fish watches them swarm helplessly above.

(Timestamp: 10:21)

*[Music: a soft synth denouement.*

*FISH'S LIMBS GURGLE LIKE A PROPELLOR AS SHE MOVES THROUGH THE WATER.]*

**NARRATOR:**

She swims away, both wiggling her tail and kicking with her legs. She swims intently. For a while. There's... water. She swims some more. There is further swimming.

I'm gonna fast-forward through this, if that's cool with you?

*[Music ends.*

*THE SOUNDS OF FISH SWIMMING ARE CUT OFF AS THE CRYSTAL BALL FIRES UP AND STARTS FAST-FORWARDING LIKE A VCR.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Aaaand... land! Finally.

*[THE CRYSTAL BALL CLICKS AND RESUMES PLAYING IN REAL TIME. A RIVER FLOWS.]*

**NARRATOR:**

The water has narrowed into a river that winds through some wild brush before streaming through and bisecting—

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yeah, dividing in two—a small human settlement. The town is built around a river, a series of bridges links the two halves.

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

**NARRATOR:**

A monolithic factory dominates the landscape.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Monolithic? Uh, large and uniform.

(Timestamp: 11:04)

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Oh! Thank me, civilization.

**NARRATOR:**

Ahh, barely. She emerges from the river under a quaint little bridge on the edge of town. It's pretty rustic, there's dirt everywhere and painted wooden signs hanging over shop doorways. And thatch.

This is one of those vaguely folksy medieval places? Homespun, but like: industrializing.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

YES, humans! Humans love me.

*[WATER SLOSHES.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Fish with Legs climbs out of the river and heads for a bridge, where a human parent and child in matching brownish-tan robes are beginning to cross.

*[TWO SETS OF SEDATE FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Hey, humans~! What's up! I'm Fish with Legs, I'm a fish with legs, I'm the Elemental Creature of— hey, wait! Wait!

*[THE TWO FOOTSTEPS ARE A BIT LESS SEDATE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

She trails off as the humans, perturbed, elect to ignore her, quickly passing her by and crossing the bridge.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Heello! Important fish in need!

**NARRATOR:**

The humans walk faster. The child breaks into a run.

*[THE FOOTSTEPS MAINTAIN SPEED AS THEY FADE INTO THE DISTANCE.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

...Wow. That stings a little. But I persevere.

**NARRATOR:**

Fish with Legs goes the other way across the bridge and wanders further into the town, her shoes clacking on the cobblestones.

(Timestamp: 12:05)

*[FISH IS WALKING AND TALKING.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Hello!! HeLLO?? Where *is* everybody? It's me, Fish with Legs! Don't you wanna *admire* me, I'm very admire-able.

**NARRATOR:**

The town seems deserted...

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Oh you're right, I hear it. There are distant crowd noises.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Is that the distant noises of a crowd?

*[A CROWD IN THE DISTANCE MAKES NOISE, WHICH GROWS AS FISH CLACKS TOWARD IT. LOTS OF PEOPLE CHATTING INDISTINCTLY TO EACH OTHER IN A JOVIAL FASHION.*

*Music: booming festival drum patterns, muffled.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Fish with Legs hurries down the road, which leads to the town square.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Oh, woow, so exciting!

**NARRATOR:**

It's full of people and life, gathered for a fair with flags and tents and despicable merriment. Humans of all ages going in and out of the tents willy-nilly! And children running... everywhere.

The square is dominated by three technicolour tents, pitched along one side behind a shiny suit of armour with a truly *spectacular* hat, strung up on a tall stick. ...Actually most of the humans are wearing hats.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Alright! Showtime.

**NARRATOR:**

As Fish with Legs enters the crowd, the people start to noticeably part around her. She seems to think the attention is positive.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Hello everyone, I am Fish with Legs! I'm a fish with le— wait, hey wait, what...

**NARRATOR:**

The surrounding humans dissipate, *trying* to ignore her.

*[THE SOUNDS OF THE FAIR FADE.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

What is *happening* today?

(Timestamp: 13:11)

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

**NARRATOR:**

A single human teenage female walks up to her. Kind of a swaggering thing, but not very impressive-looking. She has a big leather work apron over a ratty grey tunic and a small matching cap that attempts to hide her greasy hair. She stands imposingly in front of Fish with Legs who stares up at her, being only about half the human's height.

*[Music ends.]*

**OCTOBER:**

(disapproving)

Excuse me, mystical creature. What are you doing here?

*[FISH APPROACHES THE HUMAN.]*

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Hey! What's up? Thanks for like, acknowledging me; I think that's a minimum...

**OCTOBER:**

Are you lost? I can bring you back to the forest, if you need.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

No, I'm not lost. Well— Okay, I mean *yeah*, I am, but... okay. (sigh) I am Fish with Legs, I'm a fish with legs. I'm the Elemental Creature of Water and I'm very far from home, so, um. Help? Yes?

**OCTOBER:**

And... what exactly do you need help with?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

*Well*, I just got chased by these bees that work for these two snakes that have one body that's trying to destroy the world! So... I guess I gotta deal with that or something?

**OCTOBER:**

...What?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

To which bit?

**OCTOBER:**

*All* of that?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

I need some servants and some transportation, could youuu like—?

**OCTOBER:**

Okay. Listen, fish: we're trying to have a nice recruitment fair. The Herovian guard is in Cape Cap today and they're enlisting some young soldiers? They have games for the kids, everyone is having a good time. But your weird... *fish*-ness? Is really making everyone uncomfortable, so I'm gonna have to ask you to *leave* and—

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa, what? What *is* this? Bizarro upside-down land?

**OCTOBER:**

...No, this is Cape Cap.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Do you know who I am?

**OCTOBER:**

A fish with legs?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

No. I am *Fish with Legs*, capital F, capital L?

**OCTOBER:**

Okay, well *I* am October Jones, member of the Herovian Guard, and I would like you out of my recruitment fair.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

(with extreme doubt)

October? Y'know, that's— That's kind of a ridiculous name.

**OCTOBER:**

Says Fish with Legs.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Anyways. I-I am one of the four Elemental Creatures with *unimaginable* power hidden throughout the world, and I was just captured by two snake-heads one body, a *muscular* giraffe, a *swarm* of bees in a trench coat, who I *heroically* ran away from so I could warn, y'know. Someone. That they wanted to release Mamamorbuuus.

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

**OCTOBER:**

Mamamorbus?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Yeah. Terrible monster, eats worlds? Ring a bell?

**NARRATOR:**

Yes! It does, we know Mamamorbus... Yeah, we watched those heroes—

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yeah, they all got eaten.

**OCTOBER:**

You don't need to explain Mamamorbus to *me*. I know more—

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Its greatest hits include destruction, domination, massacre... Pretty well-known.

**OCTOBER:**

Yeah! I know! No one else in this dumb town cares, but *I* know. I've spent years trying to convince people here that Mamamorbus is real.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Uh, it's very real and a very real problem. Do you guys not learn about it? Back home, with the (unintelligible gurgle), all I learned about was Mamamorbus and the four Elemental Creatures.

*[Music ends.]*

**OCTOBER:**

...Glubglub?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

(the same unintelligible gurgle)

**OCTOBER:**

Glub... club.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

(the unintelligible gurgle again, henceforth known as Glbclb)

**OCTOBER:**

...Okay, I have no idea what you're saying. But, you're an Elemental Creature? You helped banish Mamamorbis?

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Yees! And those snakes want to use *me* to get it back.

**OCTOBER:**

Let's go.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Ah, thank you, finally! You can be my new servant and maybe best friend? Ehn? I'm feeling a *connection* here, right? You need to find us some, okay, transportation? We're going to the Plains of Breezil. Oh also, do you know how to make a virgin mimosa?

*[Music: a triumphant synth trumpet with a vaguely military vibe.]*

**OCTOBER:**

Um... no. I'm not your servant. But I *will* bring you to someone who can help us out.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Okay, but. What about the best friend thing? Do you like pedicures?

**OCTOBER:**

Just come with me.

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

I got no fingies but I got toesies!

**NARRATOR:**

October starts cutting through the crowd, dragging Fish with Legs behind.

*[THE FAIR FADES BACK IN.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Aaaand... this is about when your attention span usually depletes itself.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

Yeah, I thought so.

*[PAUSE.]*

**NARRATOR:**

I like this fish too!

[PAUSE.]

**NARRATOR:**

Yeah, I'd love to come back. Uhh, but for now: let's stop.

[Music ends.

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

(Timestamp: 17:00)

[Music: cheerful credits theme.]

**FISH WITH LEGS:**

Ehehem.

Hi! I'm Fish with Legs. I'm a fish, with legs. I'm the Elemental Creature of Water and I would like to thank *you* for listening to "October Jones & Fish with Legs", the podcast starring me! It was created by Dexter Lavery-Callender, Elisabeth Nyveen, and Zoë Bujold, who all seem like *lovely* people. Just like my new best friend, October Jones.

And with music by Alexander Cruz, who also seems *lovely*. And featuring the voices of: Takeshi Fukushima! Dexter Lavery-Callender! Zoë Bujold! Erin Dunlop! Elisabeth Nyveen! All lovely lovely loooovely peeeople~!

And if you *lovely* people would like to keep up to date with me and *my* podcast that stars me... Follow us @octoberandfish, on Fehsehbook, *Instah*gram, and whatever podcast places you find your lovely podcasts.

Oh, yeah! You can also email, we have an email, yes. We have an email that *is*: uhh, um... Oh here, octoberandfish@gmail.com! Use that to send emails! To us. If you want.

Um... yeah, so, that's it. See you next time! Bye!

[Music: the ending jingle.]

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