

EPISODE 1 FOR REALZ

DREW: Good evening, ladies, gents, ladygents and all of you other Sidlesmith troopers out there.

It's just after eight o'clock and you're listening to Kaleidotrope on 89.2 WFLUF The Fluff. I'm your beleaguered host, Drew, and this is... (heavy sigh) You know what, I'm not even going to bother with the usual pleasantries. Today is a shitty day. I know it, you know it, let's all wallow in it together, shall we? Not only has it been raining so hard that the whole campus is currently accessible only by gondola, but the milk in my fridge was expired this morning, there was a bike parked in my bike rack spot — I mean, a gondola floating in my gondola spot — right outside the audio-visual department, and now, in *very* interesting news, I have been informed by my producer that the new co-host is going to be late.

Late. On his very first day. Having a *late* co-host seems like it defeats the purpose of having a co-host at all, wouldn't you say? So. In the interest of waiting for my new co-host to decide to show up, I have been asked to "kill some time" by talking to all of you. Which is ironic, if you think about it, because the reason we even have a new co-host to begin with is because I wasn't considered "likable" enough when talking to all of you. And please don't text me that I've misused the word "ironic" because literally no one in the universe knows how to use that word correctly anymore. Much like the word "literally," actually — and "actually," now that I mention it. And this is all a very likable monologue. Wouldn't you say this is likable, Hal? Hal, my producer, claimed I'm not "likable," but I think all this is very "likable." Hopefully you can hear my air quotes in there.

[text notification sound]

DREW: See, that sounds like an incoming text. Which is amazing, because I haven't actually given out the station's phone number. I'm not even sure the station can *accept* texts. So one of you is actually texting me on my personal cell phone solely to interrupt my program to talk about irony, and this is me *pointedly ignoring* you.

Right. Where was I? My co-host is... still not here. So I'm going to talk about the music I *would* be playing if this were still a bi-weekly music show, and not a bi-weekly show where Drew sits around waiting for co-hosts to show up. Let's start with *not* playing the Smith Street Band's "Wipe That Shit-Eating Grin Off Your Punchable Face," which incidentally is also what I said to the squirrel that stole my lunch today. This is a great rock band out of Australia with a stridently progressive folk-punk vibe and—

[text notification sound]

Really? What could possibly — "The squirrel didn't steal your lunch. Squirrels do not have enough consciousness to have the proper *mens rea* to steal your lunch." Okay, I especially don't take texts from law students.

[text notification sound]

DREW: "How did the squirrel get your lunch? Seems like you should be able to fight off a squirrel."

First of all, that is assuming things about my size versus the squirrel's size and assumptions

can be a harmful thing, you know. Second of all, I know that *I* don't have rabies. I don't know that about the squirrel. It wasn't a fair fight.

[text notification sound]

DREW: "Would you rather fight 100 squirrel-sized Drews or one Drew-sized—" Okay, now *look*—

[clatter of door opening and closing and HARRISON getting settled]

HARRISON (breathless): Hi.

DREW: Hi.

HARRISON: Sorry I'm late.

DREW: Oh, no worries. Your schedule is clearly more important than the radio station's schedule.

HARRISON: I brought cookies. You should have some. It would make up for not having any lunch.

DREW: How do you know I didn't have any lunch?

HARRISON: I was listening.

DREW: No, but how did you know to bring me cookies? I just told the story about--

HARRISON: Oh, I was bringing cookies anyway. How fortuitous, right?

DREW: Why were you bringing cookies?

HARRISON: To be...nice...?

DREW: Were you late because you were stopping for cookies?

HARRISON: No, I was late because there was this sheep.

DREW: There was a what?

HARRISON: Anyway. Hearers! He is bigger than a squirrel, so I can confirm that fighting one Drew-sized squirrel would probably be a shuffle-off-to-Buffalo in the wrong direction.

DREW: ...What?

HARRISON: A bad idea. Unless the Drew-sized squirrel was currently distracted stealing someone's lunch, because then our hearers could probably sneak up from behind and do whatever it is you do when you're fighting a human-sized squirrel.

DREW: They're listeners.

HARRISON: What?

DREW: They're not hearers. They're listeners.

HARRISON: Everybody says "listeners." I thought we could do "hearerers." It could be our thing.

DREW: We don't have things.

HARRISON: Well, not yet, but we *will* have things, like, in the future.

DREW: What future?

HARRISON: Our co-hosting future.

DREW: Our...co-hosting...future.

HARRISON: Yeah. Be optimistic, Drew! This is going to go so well!

DREW: Why don't you just tell the listeners--

HARRISON: The hearers.

DREW: Why don't you just tell everyone out there listening—

HARRISON: And hearing!

DREW: —who you are.

HARRISON: With pleasure. I...am Rav.

DREW: ...Rav. That's what you're going with?

HARRISON: It's short for "Ravel."

[long pause]

HARRISON: Do you think Vel would be better?

DREW: ...No. No, I do not.

HARRISON: Good. Because I love Rav, it's so me. Ooh! Or maybe I could reverse it and be Levar.

DREW: At least Levar is an actual name.

HARRISON: Rav is totally a name. I know a Rav. Nice guy. Big fan of Ravel, actually.

DREW: You do not know a Rav.

HARRISON: I could know a Rav! There are Ravs everywhere. Ravs are legion.

DREW: Not on the Sidlesmith campus. We've got more work on diversity to do.

HARRISON: I think we should ask our hearers!

DREW: No, we don't encourage people to—

HARRISON: Text us if you know any Ravs!

DREW: ...text us.

HARRISON: What?

DREW: We don't encourage people to--

HARRISON: My phone number is 555-0168.

[different text notification sound]

DREW: ...text us.

HARRISON: "My name is Rav." Ha!

DREW: That's not Rav. That's Ray.

HARRISON: How do you know?

DREW: He texts me on air all the time.

HARRISON: I thought you didn't encourage people to text you.

DREW: I *don't*.

[Harrison's text notification sound]

HARRISON: Another Rav!

DREW: That's Penelope.

HARRISON: How can you tell?

DREW: Because it says "Penelope" right there on the screen.

HARRISON: Nope. I don't see a Penelope. There is only Rav.

DREW: Oh, my—

HARRISON: All is Rav.

DREW: —Look, I'm sure you're funny in other circumstances and there's probably—

HARRISON (talking over him): *Raaaaaaaaaav*.

DREW: —some reason Hal picked you out of the open mic lineup at Trevor’s, but this is a serious radio show. Twice a week we put on music and we discuss trends and there are *themes*. It’s not a call-in show. Or a text-in show. Or a—

[Drew’s text notification sound]

HARRISON: Ooh, that one’s for you.

[Long pause]

DREW: ... Fine. “I believe your squirrel story. Last week a squirrel stole my Writing Comp paper right out of my hand as I was on my way to class.” [Acerbically] Great. Thanks so much for the support.

HARRISON: See? You’ve got a believer. This is why text-ins are awesome.

DREW: Do you even like music? Because this is a show about music.

HARRISON: Can I ask you a question about the squirrel story?

DREW: There is no “squirrel story,” I just mentioned— Argh. What’s going to happen if I say no?

HARRISON: I’m probably still going to ask you the question.

DREW: I figured.

HARRISON: The squirrel was out in the rain?

DREW: Obviously. Where else would it be?

HARRISON: Okay. So why were *you* out in the rain?

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Why were you, Drew, grouchy misanthrope who hates nature, eating your lunch
outside in the rain?

DREW: I — I don't — Why don't you tell us why you were late?

HARRISON: I like music.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: You asked me if I like music. I like music. I like Ravel. It's why my name is—

DREW: You're really going to double-down on this?

HARRISON (right up against the mic, as dramatically as possible): RAV.

[pause]

DREW: So what was it? Overslept? Traffic jam? Got stuck behind a slow herd of cyclists biking
uphill?

HARRISON: Do you always have to have a logical explanation for everything?

DREW: Just when it results in me getting stuck ad-libbing about rodents on air.

HARRISON: If it helps, I thought you ad-libbed very nicely.

DREW: There's no reason, is there.

HARRISON: There's definitely a reason you were eating your lunch in the rain. And you're not willing to share, so I'm taking my story to the grave.

DREW: Fine. But this — all of this — will now end.

HARRISON: Hmm?

DREW: You're listening to Kaleidotrope on WFLUF The Fluff and we're going to kick things off with a little Jukebox the Ghost from 20—

HARRISON: Hearers, text us if you want to know Drew's lunch story!

[Immediate series of text notifications from both phones]

HARRISON: Oh, look, the hearers want to know your lunch story.

DREW: They're *listeners*, and they also want to know why you were late.

HARRISON: Should we just tell them at the same time?

DREW: ...What?

HARRISON: Like, on the count of three, we'll each tell our stories.

DREW [an outburst]: Look, I'm *not going to tell you*, okay? It's none of your business, I don't even know you, and—it's just a freaking sandwich. You can keep your story about buying cookies or whatever it was that made you late, at this point I don't really care.

HARRISON [completely unfazed]: They're Samoas.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: The cookies, they're Girl Scout Cookies. I know most people really love the Thin Mints best but I'm a caramel kind of cookie monster, so I brought us Samoas. [Harrison gets a text] Oh, hey, someone just texted, "Tell Drew to give us his phone number so we can text him.'

DREW [sounding utterly defeated]: Sure. Fine. Whatever. It's clearly going to be my last night to host this or any broadcast ever again, and my dreams of becoming the next Anderson Cooper, not the CNN host Anderson Cooper but the sneaking-around-foreign-countries-broadcasting-on-Channel-One-like-he-was-still-in-high-school-just-so-he-could-get-his-big-break Anderson Cooper, will die with my attempts at righting this demolished ship, so fine. My phone number is 555-0134. Text away. Vinyl Morghulis. All DJs must die.

HARRISON: You know what would make this better?

DREW: Nothing. Nothing would make this better. [Drew's text notifications sound merrily]

HARRISON: If you had a Samoa. Come over to the caramel dark side with me.

[Sound of Drew having a cookie while being longsuffering]

HARRISON [with his mouth full]: So what's it say? Your texts.

DREW: Hmm? Oh. "Drew, I have a problem. My professor won't believe a rodent ate my homework, what should i do?" *Seriously?*

HARRISON: Ooh, it's advice time!

DREW: It's not advice time, we don't give advice, this isn't Ask Drew.

HARRISON: No, it's Ask Drew and Rav.

DREW: It's not that, either.

HARRISON: What Drew *means* to say is that you should talk to your professor and ask for an extension, but explain to them that the rodent was an R.O.U.S., like a Drew-sized R.O.U.S. And if that doesn't win them over, just tell them about how stressed you've been this semester, and how you've been feeling like everything's snowballing, and you've never been good at not avoiding things until they're blowing up in your face, the way snowballs do after they get really big—

DREW: That's an avalanche.

HARRISON: —and just tell them that and ask for another chance. Professors understand, they see it all the time.

DREW: But don't fuck it up this time. If you get a second chance, don't blow it.

HARRISON: Yeah, something like that. See, that wasn't so bad!

DREW: Can we play music now?

[More incoming texts]

HARRISON: Nope, we've got more texts. "Love the new format!"

DREW: It doesn't say that.

HARRISON: Yes, it does. It even uses the hearts emoji all around it, see?

DREW: ...Can I have another Samoa?

HARRISON: Yes. "Love the new format! Can you tell me if there is a difference between rats and squirrels, other than one has a fluffier tail?" This is an excellent question, especially for a school whose mascot is, as you know, the Fluffer.

DREW: This is a terrible question. Rat tails have nothing to do with collegiate athletics, and anyway, we're not a science show.

HARRISON: True. We're an advice show.

DREW: No, we're not. We're a music show.

HARRISON: Do any of your texts talk about music?

DREW: But it doesn't matter, because we don't—

HARRISON: Look at your texts and have another Samoa.

DREW: "Dear Drew and Rav."

[pause]

HARRISON: What does it say after that?

DREW: Hang on, I'm trying to process that it starts with "Dear Drew and Rav."

HARRISON: It's very polite.

DREW: I need another cookie.

HARRISON: What else does the text say?

DREW: It says...Actually, this is good. "Dear Drew and Rav, I am taking a biology class--"

HARRISON: Maybe we *should* have a science show.

DREW: "--and we have to raise an egg baby with a partner, and I have been paired with someone who totally doesn't get me and keeps completely derailing the project to turn it into something totally different. What should I do?" This is such a great question, listener.

HARRISON: Hearer.

DREW: I am dealing with a similar issue myself--

HARRISON: Ooh, are you?

DREW: ...Yes.

HARRISON: Is that why you were eating your sandwich in the rain by yourself with a squirrel?

DREW: That's not what happened.

HARRISON: Well, you won't tell us what happened, so I've made up the story in my head, and that's how it goes.

DREW: Let's get back to giving advice. A sentence I never thought I would say on my *music show*.

HARRISON: Yes. Advice. How are you dealing with your similar situation?

DREW: Very poorly, actually. I'm dealing with it very poorly.

HARRISON: Have another cookie. Dear egg partner, I think you should— [Harrison text notification] Oh! Hang on. This is excellent! "Dear Drew and Rav."

DREW: Why do people keep starting their texts that way? They're *texts*.

HARRISON: It's *polite*. "Dear Drew and Rav, Pretty sure I am the partner being complained about, and that complaining is totally unfair. I'm just trying to make the project fun and interesting."

[Drew text]

DREW: "How can that person know they're my partner? It's a big class and this issue could be between any of the pairings—"

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: "I know it's you, Lovejoy, because of the syntax you're using!" Oooh, excellent rebuttal. What does your person say?

DREW: I don't know. That this is ridiculous?

[Drew text]

DREW [flatly]: “How can you know my syntax? We’ve known each other for two days. This is exactly what I’m talking about.”

HARRISON: That’s wrong. They’re writing in all caps and look how many exclamation points they used. You have to read it with expression!

DREW [with ever so slightly more expression]: “How can you know my syntax! We’ve known each other for two days! This is exactly what I’m talking about!”

HARRISON: That didn’t sound very all-caps. People are going to stop texting in to you if you can’t accurately convey their emotional texts.

DREW [deadpan]: Oh, no. What will I do if people stop texting me. I might actually be forced to *play music*.

HARRISON [without missing a beat]: Well, that wouldn’t be very much like an advice show.

[Both phones ding]

DREW: “Look, Stanwyck, you’re practically planning to set aside a trust fund and send this egg off to college and I’m not even sure I’m ready to be a parent!”

[Harrison Text]

HARRISON: “Lovejoy seems to want me to do all the work while he kicks back and plays the cool dad. Typical.”

[Drew Text]

DREW: “If Stanwyck wants me to help all he has to do is ask, but I’m overwhelmed with his litany of plans for our baby’s future success.”

[Harrison Text]

HARRISON: “Then Lovejoy should just *talk to me like a normal person instead of texting into a radio advice show.*”

DREW: This isn’t a—

HARRISON: Shh, don’t break the scene.

[Drew Text]

DREW [with a huge sigh]: “You’re also texting into a radio advice show.”

[Pause]

HARRISON: Stanwyck? Ohmigosh, Stanwyck? Where’d you go? [Phone dings] Oh! “Fine, let’s stop texting into the advice hour and talk about this in person. Over coffee? Kishi’s in an hour?”

DREW [phone dings]: “Fine. But just to get it out there, we are not naming the baby Khaleesi.”

[Pause] Is that it? Did we fix it?

HARRISON: We fixed it. We nailed it! Excellent work, my bro.

DREW: Please, never again.

HARRISON: Hey, Lovejoy and Stanwyck, be sure to text us back and let us know how the project progresses.

DREW: They're raising an egg baby. It's probably going to progress to an omelet.

HARRISON [gasp of horror]: Oh, wow, that is just *cruel*. Just because you had to eat lunch in the rain with a squirrel—

DREW: I didn't eat lunch *with* the squirrel.

HARRISON: —doesn't mean that you should belittle other people's *children*.

DREW: It's not a child. It's an egg.

HARRISON: Important question: If Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall in front of you, would you help him, or would you eat him?

DREW: ...Well, I wouldn't eat raw egg. Is there a large stove nearby?

HARRISON: Oh, my God.

DREW: He's an *egg*!

HARRISON: A *sentient egg*.

DREW: Not after he falls off the wall, he's not. [HARRISON gasps] Look, your question is pointless, it's like, it's like being horrified at poor Appalachian farmers who keep the roadkill after a traffic accident. If you really want an ethical scenario, we should be looking at the cause of Dumpty's fall. Were the structural foundations of the wall intact? Was he pushed by a

recalcitrant character from another nursery rhyme? Could regular exercise have given him quicker fall-avoiding reflexes? And above all, was there anything I could have personally done to have prevented it? If the answer is no, then I say grab a skillet.

HARRISON: I apologize, folks, for the sudden detour into 'accidentally clicked the wrong Reddit link' territory. [DREW snorts] Drew here's just having a sudden moment of Libertarian misanthropy while he waits for the next text-in question from our hearers.

DREW: How dare you.

HARRISON: No one asked the baby-killer in the room to speak.

[Drew text]

DREW: Ha! Someone wants me to speak!

HARRISON: I thought you didn't encourage people to text you?

DREW: I...don't...but if they're going to do it anyway, they might as well be timely about it.

HARRISON: Is it Lovejoy again? Is there already an egg baby development?

DREW: "Are you two just going to randomly talk about things? Because if so, I want to hear your thoughts on Gossip Girl, because I loved that show and then they ruined it by giving us a taste of what could have been and then leaving it a soulless joyless husk, and I know it's been half a decade, but I'm NEVER GETTING OVER IT."

HARRISON: You all-capped that very well, nice job.

DREW [dripping with sarcasm]: Thanks.

HARRISON: Anyway, thanks very much for the suggestion, but I'm sure Drew doesn't—

DREW: OKAY, LISTEN. I'm assuming your handle, Serena VdW, is an alias, because if you really *are* Serena, then you owe us all an explanation as to why your taste in men is inversely proportional to your taste in scarves and statement necklaces.

HARRISON: Eh, I wouldn't say that. She had that whole sequins thing.

DREW: She dated *Carter*.

HARRISON: Oh. True. Clearly worse than sequins. Carry on.

DREW: *And* you owe us all an explanation for why you didn't keep Blair from getting back together with *actual rapist* Chuck Bass.

HARRISON: *Yes!* I mean, I reluctantly shipped it because I just want Blair Waldorf to be happy and fulfilled— ugh, don't make that face at me, *Blair deserves happiness and fulfillment!*

DREW: Sure, but the vapid nihilism of *Gossip Girl* isn't going to give it to her. Instead, it's going to give her Chuck the rapist, and a bunch of classy headbands and an Elie Saab wedding dress, and say, good enough. That's *why* we like *Gossip Girl*.

HARRISON: No, that's *why cynics* like *Gossip Girl*. But I just wanted Serena and Blair to rescue each other from all the madness, maybe find something wholesome and real and kind together amid all the noise of their lives.

DREW: Were we even watching the same show? Serena, 'oh, whoops, I accidentally made a snuff film' Van Der Woodsen? You want Serena, the woman who nearly got a girl drowned and befriended Georgina Sparks and *never learned from her mistakes* and kept dating Dan Humphrey, to do the co-rescuing?

HARRISON [sniffs]: Yes.

DREW: Well. They always were better together, I'll give you that much.

HARRISON: In the book they kissed.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Gossip Girl. I read *all* of the books before they were made into the TV show, back when I was barely old enough to pick out books on my own, and I gravitated straight to the girly Young Adult books with the girls in like silk lingerie on the cover, because I was fascinated, and I was in that phase where I couldn't quite understand whether I wanted to fuck girls that gorgeous or wanted to *be* girls that gorgeous. And anyway, in the first *Gossip Girl* book, it's mentioned that Serena and Blair once made out when they were alone together in a hot tub. And I was blown away because I'd never read anything like that in a book before. It was just a kiss, but it meant so much to me. So I kept reading and reading the series, and then watching the TV show, waiting for it to come up again... and it never did. And I guess in a way, I'm still waiting for them to figure it out.

DREW [really touched]: Wow.

HARRISON: Wow?

DREW: Yeah. I'm sorry you never got that happy ending.

HARRISON: Well. Blair got hers.

DREW: If you close your eyes to the fact that Chuck is a rapist who was clearly going to cheat on her.

HARRISON: If you... do that, yes. I mean, that was the problem with the show, right? It was terrible at remembering who its characters were from season to season and what their storylines had been. And it was frustrating, because the only thing the show was consistent about was that Humphreys make waffles. A lot. And that Vanessa never had a single interesting thing happen to her. And I resent the fact that in the world of *Gossip Girl*, if I want Blair to be happy, that means she does it with Chuck, but, well, I'm going to take the end at face value there and call Blair happy. So Blair got the happy ending she wanted, and Serena got... whatever.

DREW: What about you?

HARRISON: Me?

DREW: Did you ever figure out whether you wanted to...

HARRISON: Oh! Whether I wanted to make out with girls or be girls? [Laughs] Mostly boys. All around.

DREW: Ah.

HARRISON: But some days I'm kind-of... in-between.

HARRISON: I'm like one of Serena's Louis Vuitton bags — I pair well with everything.

DREW: Good.

HARRISON: Good?

DREW: I mean, I'm glad you... recognized that and seem happy with yourself.

HARRISON: Well, I'm a work-in-progress but who isn't? And you watched *Gossip Girl*.

DREW: I... yes. Well, I mean. Didn't everyone watch *Gossip Girl*?

HARRISON: Hmm.

DREW: What's that for?

HARRISON: Nothing.

DREW: No, no. That was a thoughtful hmm.

HARRISON: It was. I'm just thinking things.

DREW: What... sort of things?

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: Ooh. Our hearer writes, "Can we get back to the Humpty Dumpty discussion, because I always thought it was suspicious that Jack and Jill fell down the hill, too. Why was everyone always falling? Drew's definitely right that that should be examined more closely."

DREW: Thank you...what's our hearer's name?

HARRISON: It's Rav.

DREW: [heavy sigh]

HARRISON: No, for real, that's what it says. "My name is Rav." See?

DREW: [heavy sigh] Do we still have more Samoas?

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: Good. [around the cookie in his mouth] Regardless of his being named *Rav*--

HARRISON: You shouldn't make fun of people's names.

DREW: His name isn't *Rav*. But anyway, he makes a good point.

HARRISON: Lovejoy and Stanwyck, if you're still listening, please keep baby Khaleesi safe from falling.

DREW: I think they said they weren't naming the baby Khaleesi.

HARRISON: Well, whatever you decide to name your baby, let us know, and keep it from falling.

DREW: Well, this has all been very...interesting, but maybe we should play a song now and—

HARRISON: But we still haven't heard your squirrel story.

DREW: Still with the squirrel story?

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: "Joss Whedon--"

HARRISON and DREW [in unison]: Nope.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: Thank God, another text. "For real, tell Drew we want to hear the squirrel story."

DREW: You're all conspiracists looking for clues to a nonexistent fable.

HARRISON: We'll get it out of him. [Stage whisper] *He just needs time.*

DREW: I don't need time to tell a stupid story about a stupid squirrel in the stupid rain.

HARRISON: That was a lot of "stupid"s.

DREW: Appropriate stupids.

HARRISON: You need another cookie. Would it make you feel better if I tell you why I was late?

DREW [sulkily]: No. I don't care anymore. [pause] Okay, fine, tell me why you were late.

HARRISON [calmly]: A sheep.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: A sheep.

DREW: A sheep made you late.

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: You saw a sheep just wandering around on the Sidlesmith campus.

HARRISON: Oh. No. Not on campus — but I really feel like we *should* have sheep wandering around, given that our mascot is the Fluffer. Like, who should I talk to about getting fluffy sheep installed on campus?

DREW: [very patiently] Where, then, did you run into the sheep?

HARRISON [getting antsy]: On the road.

DREW: And?

HARRISON: Well. It. Stood there. Being a sheep. And... it was too big to just bike around. What if it had attacked me?

DREW: I don't think sheep attack.

HARRISON: Says the man who was attacked by a squirrel *only just today*.

DREW: It wasn't — [sigh] right. So. What next?

HARRISON: That's it. That's all. There was just a sheep in the middle of the road, I can't explain it, it happened, it's one of those inexplicable things, and I just, I froze and didn't know what to do because I don't know what to do when a sheep is blocking your route to school! And I didn't want to approach it because I didn't want to make it mad at me, because I also don't know how to deal with angry sheep. So I had to stop and wait for the sheep to move, and that's why I was late, but I didn't want to tell you that because clearly the mystery is better than the real thing.

DREW: I wouldn't say that.

HARRISON: Really?

DREW: Apparently, there is an insatiable appetite on the Sidlesmith campus for stories about random animals.

HARRISON: So are you going to tell your random animal story now?

DREW: No.

[Drew's phone dings]

DREW: Aha. Text from a hearer who wants to know.... how long we've known each other, really.

Really? We just met. That's not obvious?

HARRISON: I think the hearer is implying they appreciate our on-air chemistry. Thank you, hearer!

DREW: Our...what?

[Drew's phone dings]

DREW: "Are you guys going to the Sock Hop?" What? No, I'm not going to the—

HARRISON: —oh my gosh I can't wait. I love it, the '50s cosplay, the hokey music, The part when we all place a single, perfect rose into the bouquet of Harriet Sidlewood so that later, just before the Rose Dance, we can pluck it out and give it to the person who we think most embodies the pioneer spirit and true devotion of Henrik Coopersmith. That's my *favorite*.

DREW: Okay, one, hokeyness shouldn't automatically be considered a *draw*, and two, they don't actually do the rose-plucking anymore, because the bouquet got too big and no one could find their own rose. Roses started being stolen and given to the wrong person, it was chaos.

HARRISON: Whatever. We all know the Rose Dance was infiltrated and the bouquet ceremony was sabotaged on purpose.

DREW: ...by *who*?

HARRISON: Hmph. Big Florist.

DREW [laughing and trying not to]: Big. Florist.

HARRISON: Yes! They wanted to end the Rose Ceremony so they could sell us all individual flowers for the event, and it worked! Now the Rose Dance is preceded every year by months of, 'Don't forget your roses!' The commercialism totally ruins the magic.

DREW: The magic.

HARRISON: Of course.

DREW: Come to Sidlesmith, get a happy ending. That magic.

HARRISON: Well. Yes.

DREW: Seriously? You believe all that?

Harrison: Do I believe the school history we're taught from the day we take our first campus tour?

Of course I believe it.

DREW: You believe that Sidlesmith were star-crossed lovers who secretly eloped and then built the whole college as a giant excuse to gain public acceptance for their grand love affair, all while evading the scorn of their families.

HARRISON: Yes. And I believe they intended Sidlesmith to be a place where wayward souls like the two of them would always have a place to call home.

DREW: Of course you do. You believe in the sanctity of Humpty Dumpty. Let me guess. You love the Sidlesmith nursery rhyme.

HARRISON: It's an *anthem*. You mean the unofficial Sidlesmith anthem.

DREW: It's a limerick. It rhymes. It's totally a nursery rhyme.

HARRISON: I disagree.

DREW: [clears throat]

Little Miss Harriet

Was forbidden to marry yet,
so she and Henrik eloped.
In love with all knowledge,
The two built a college,
And the —

HARRISON: — the Sidlesmith magic awoke. I think that's a lovely anthem. Don't you think that's lovely?

DREW: It doesn't matter if it's lovely, it doesn't actually make sense in the context of—

HARRISON: Pfft, it's sweet. And what's so hard to believe? We know they built the college together despite being from two notoriously antagonistic families, and it seems to me if you're going to try to get people to accept your scandalous love affair, there's no better excuse than, 'Mom, Dad, our love is so pure that it's going to build a library for all of Stoneybrook to enjoy.' I mean, what parent's going to object to that?

DREW: I think the expected response from a parent to that would be, 'If you build a college with your trust fund money then how will you afford to eat afterwards?'

HARRISON: Look, they were *rich*. They just did things like that in those days. Just, like, built libraries and bath houses and stuff.

DREW: Bath houses?

HARRISON: Stuff like that.

DREW: This raises the important question of why Sidlesmith failed to build a bath house on campus.

HARRISON: They were too busy building libraries. Are you really not going to the Sock Hop?

DREW: I have successfully never gone to the Sock Hop. I hope to graduate without ever going.

HARRISON: But that would be bad luck!

DREW: I think it would be worse luck to go to some dance just to be unequivocally told that I don't properly embody "pioneer spirit." I mean, not that I *want* to embody the pioneer spirit.

[pause]

[crankily] What?

HARRISON: ...Nothing. In other campus news, Confetti Fridays at the student union will start up again next week!

DREW: Oh, joy.

HARRISON: So be sure to bring your favorite person with you on Fridays and shower them with love and lots of sprinkly pink paper!

DREW: You know, I could have gone to Cambridge. In England. It's a great school. You may have heard of it? I bet they play actual music on their radio shows.

HARRISON: Oh, look! I think we're out of time!

DREW: Thank God.

HARRISON: This was fun!

DREW: Was it?

HARRISON: C'mon, even you were calling them "hearers" by the end. They all *heard* it.

DREW: I choose my battles.

HARRISON: Can I come back on Thursday if I bring more Samoas?

DREW: No. Thanks for listening, listeners, to...whatever this was, that was supposed to be a show about music, and, I don't know, whatever, thanks for listening to Kaleidotrope, we are your hosts Drew and Rav.

HARRISON: Harrison.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: It's not Rav. It's Harrison. My name is Harrison.

DREW: ... Harrison.

HARRISON: See you Thursday!