

EPISODE 3 ALSO ALSO FOR REALZ

DREW: Good evening, listeners. It defies explanation, but. We are here. Again.

HARRISON: The explanation is that we are awesome and people love us.

DREW: Yes. That is what defies explanation.

HARRISON: What is not to love about Advice Text-In Quarter Hour Followed by a Random Quasi-Debate?

DREW: That is not the name of the show.

HARRISON: No, it's not. Give us the intro while I open the Samoas.

DREW: You don't have to bring Samoas to every single episode of this show.

HARRISON: Yes, I do. One, they make you smile. Two, I'm trying to help my next door neighbor earn one of those high-achieving cookie-selling badges or whatever. So you're in luck, I'll keep you smiling and in Samoas.

DREW: It's... really not necessary, but I guess if it helps your next door neighbor...

HARRISON: Exactly. Have a Samoa and tell our listeners what our show is called.

DREW: Kaleidotrope.

HARRISON: Kaleidotrope! That's our show!

DREW: And we are Drew and... are you sticking with Rocky, Harrison?

HARRISON: No. I mean, it was very sexy. The listeners all agreed on that. But possibly *too* sexy for our show. You know?

DREW: I don't know anything about your ever-changing name.

HARRISON: My ever-changing *deejay* name. My real name stays the same. I don't change that weekly. That would be ridiculous.

DREW: Yes, you're right, and I'm well aware how much you strive not to be ridiculous.

HARRISON: [laughs with ridiculous fondness] Today I am trying out Deb. It's short for Debussy. What do you think?

DREW: I think that I'm confused about what sort of music show you thought this was.

HARRISON: Doesn't matter now, now it's an advice text-in show—

DREW: Or something.

HARRISON: —but I thought I'd stick with the musical theme because I think it's working for me. Don't you think?

DREW: Someone—anyone—please text us.

[Awkward moment of silence where no one texts]

DREW: Really? You guys are all just gonna make us work for it this time?

HARRISON: We've already been over this. Talking to me is never work. What'd you do this weekend?

DREW: What? Really? Small talk?

HARRISON: Hey, it's only small if you have a *small* weekend, Ant-Man.

DREW: And your weekends are.... Godzilla-sized.

HARRISON: My weekends are *Pacific Rim* kaiju-sized.

DREW [flatly] Really. What did *you* do this weekend?

HARRISON: What I do every weekend. Made a stash of peanut butter sandwiches and wandered the campus trying to bump into the Humans of Sidlesmith guy.

DREW: You... you read that column?

HARRISON: Cal? Religiously. Doesn't everybody?

DREW: His name is Calamum nomen, it means 'pen name' in Latin.

HARRISON: Yeah, but everybody calls him Cal.

DREW: Well, I don't... I don't really read his columns. Better things to do, I guess.

HARRISON: You should. It's my favorite part of the student newspaper. The way he can just slip into the background and write all these beautiful, hope-filled treatises on the people around him on campus — it's so much more than a 'man on the street' kind of thing.

DREW: Isn't it just... tawdry speculation about the lives of strangers, though?

HARRISON: Oh, no! Not at all. He puts himself into the process — he's speculating on his own life, his own desire for connection, while he speculates on their lives. He knows it could all be total bullshit, but he always writes with total self-awareness and grace, and I love that.

DREW: ...Oh.

HARRISON: And since part of the beauty is that no one knows who he is and he could be anyone on campus, I like to wander around trying to catch him in the act, so to speak.

DREW [unable to keep the amusement from his voice] You spend your weekend randomly accosting people sitting on park benches writing in Moleskines.

HARRISON: Well... yeah. [He laughs] So how about you? How do you spend your weekend?

DREW: [Laughs] Sitting on a park bench writing in a Moleskine trying not to be accosted by people like you.

HARRISON: Nah. I promise getting accosted by me is a pleasure.

DREW: ...I bet it is.

[Harrison and Drew text notification sounds]

HARRISON: Hey, look who it is! Stanwyck! It's a blast from the past!

DREW: From a whole week ago.

HARRISON: Still the past.

DREW: Suppose I can't argue with that. Well, I have something that's going to delight you.

HARRISON: Oooh, *delight* me? What could it be?

DREW: My text is from Lovejoy.

HARRISON: [gasp of delight] Oh, my God. They simultaneously texted us with updates! That is the most OTP thing I've ever heard.

DREW: [pretending to be resigned, but much more charmed] Of course it is.

HARRISON: Okay, okay, so here's what Stanwyck has to say. "Dear Drew and Deb, 'Claire de Lune' is one of my favorites so I think the new name is great."

DREW: Of *course* "Claire de Lune" is one of their favorites.

HARRISON: What is that supposed to mean?

DREW: Nothing. Go on.

HARRISON: [clears throat dramatically] "I just wanted to give you an update on my egg baby with Lovejoy. It turns out that Lovejoy has turned out okay to raise an egg baby with. It's working out." What does Lovejoy say?

DREW: Lovejoy says, "Dear Drew and..." [heavy sigh] "Deb, I think I've gotten Stanwyck to chill out a little bit and we have a much happier egg baby as a result."

HARRISON: Awwww.

[Drew notification sound]

DREW: Hang on. It's Lovejoy again. "What does Stanwyck mean, that I am 'okay'?"

HARRISON: Uh-oh. I don't think you're reading that with enough shock and outrage. They put six question marks after that "okay." [Harrison text] Oh, and now Stanwyck has responded with, "I am totally chill, I have always been chill, I resent the implication that I'm the one who needs to chill in this relationship."

DREW: So it's a *relationship* now?

HARRISON: A-*ha*.

DREW: You *wanted* this to happen.

HARRISON: I wanted nothing more than for baby Khaleesi to grow up in a nice nuclear family.

DREW: Right.

HARRISON: What can I say? I want little egg baby's life to... *go over easy*.

DREW: *NO*.

HARRISON: Plus, I wouldn't want Khaleesi's parents to get *eggspelled* for not doing an *eggcellent* job.

DREW: Oh, my god. Stop this at once.

HARRISON: Why? Are you suddenly finding co-hosting is not all it's cracked up to be?

DREW: Listeners, I'm sorry. Ordinarily I'd just play a song until all the badness went away, but—

HARRISON: —Aha! *Omelet you finish*, but Drew and Deb have the best DJ show of all time!

DREW: ...

HARRISON: ...

DREW: ...

HARRISON: ...

DREW: Um—

HARRISON: —*OF ALL TIME!*

[Both get texts at once]

DREW: Oh, thank god. From Lovejoy: “See, this is what I mean, Stanwyck constantly freaks out over nothing. If it's not grades, it's, ‘Oh, Lovejoy, you're going to break our egg-baby!’ Like, why so intense?” Okay, Lovejoy, coming from the person who uses six question marks in their texts, that may be a bit unfair.

HARRISON: Meanwhile, Stanwyck writes, “Lovejoy tried to instill a love of baseball into our baby by tossing it up and down while wearing a catcher's mitt! The resulting freak-out was an

entirely proportionate response to Lovejoy Michael Jacksoning our child, not some sort of unreasonable example of me not being chill!” Lovejoy, is that true? That does seem a bit irresponsible.

DREW: Am I the only one that remembers that this is an egg? If you drop it you can just replace it with another egg, it’s not like the professor would know. [HARRISON gasps] And isn’t this normally a project you do in high school? What class are these people even taking?

HARRISON: Maybe they *are* high schoolers? Listeners, if any of you are students at Stonybrook High, know you’re welcome to text in for advice any time.

DREW: Great, soon we’ll be the Teen Angst Half-Hour.

HARRISON: You’re the one encouraging our Egg Baby couple to drop their baby and replace it. That’s a pretty teenagery thing to do.

DREW: Are you implying I’m immature? I am completely mature.

HARRISON: I didn’t say that.

[Harrison text]

Stanwyck adds, “Lovejoy isn’t immature, I just don’t think they’re taking the egg project very seriously.”

DREW: [Drew text] Lovejoy responds, “It was a pointless freakout, and since I heard our egg baby humming ‘Sweet Caroline’ later I’m pretty sure we’ve got a fledgling Red Sox fan on our hands.” [Drew laughs] Nice. See? No harm, no foul — pun intended.

HARRISON [Sourly]: Okay, I'm banning all baseball references for the rest of this show.

DREW: Aww, come on, you're just mad I didn't laugh at *your* puns.

HARRISON: No, I'm not. I don't care if you laugh at my jokes.

DREW: I'm laughing on the inside. Really.

HARRISON: Why have Lovejoy and Stanwyck stopped texting us?

DREW: Maybe they are actually talking to each other. Like, in real life.

HARRISON: You mean, as opposed to us enacting their entire relationship for them?

DREW: [Laughs] Oh, no. We're not acting out their relationship.

HARRISON: No?

DREW: No.

HARRISON: How aren't we?

DREW: What?

HARRISON: How aren't we acting out a relationship right now? *Theirs*, I mean.

DREW: Well... for starters, if you were my egg partner and you made those puns I would immediately change partners.

HARRISON [smiling at him]: No, you wouldn't.

DREW: I wouldn't?

HARRISON: You should have another Samoa.

[He practically stuffs one in Drew's mouth; while Drew is munching, he gets a text]

HARRISON: What's it say?

DREW [starts to read, then trails off]: "Dear Drew, you should really just ask..." Nevermind.

HARRISON: Ooh, you can't just leave us hanging!

[Sound of Drew backing away from the mic hastily]

DREW: No! I've deleted it — Sorry about that, listeners. Sometimes we get... trolled.

HARRISON: It didn't seem trollish to me. [clears throat] Well, I'm just going to assume it said, "Dear Drew, you should really just ask Harrison to give you a whole box of Samoas."

DREW: Deb.

HARRISON: What?

DREW: Your DJ name.

HARRISON: Oh. Yeah. What can I say? You make me forget myself.

DREW: [flustered] I.. I mean... What?

HARRISON: I am just *saying* that you made a pun, too, and it was an awesome pun.

DREW: That... doesn't mean... I... approve of... puns.

HARRISON: How could you not approve of puns? Puns are adorable.

[Drew text]

HARRISON: The troll again?

DREW: Um. Yes. If someone could...text us for advice about, like, *your* love lives, that would be great.

[Harrison text]

DREW: What does it say?

HARRISON: They want advice about their love life.

DREW: Oh, thank God. [regaining his cynical stride] What unlikely scenario is it this time?

HARRISON: [calmly] They're a Veela.

DREW: Come again?

HARRISON [reads]: "Dear Deb, I've always been told I have the good looks that run in my family — blonde, waiflike, typical Anglican, you know the drill. But on my 16th birthday — oh, wait, I need a preppy 16-year-old voice — [reads, in his best Veela Prep voice] — my grandmother took me aside and showed me this book in the family library I'd never seen before, and apparently it's a guide to understanding the ancient Veela blood that flows through our

veins??? At first I thought she was doing some kind of weird roleplay for my birthday, but it was suddenly immediately apparent that she wasn't lying. My friends all started acting *really* weird around me — my best friend couldn't stop *smelling* me, which was super gross. Apparently Veela give off weird pheromones or something? — And the worst part of all is that the only person in my class who's *not* acting all weird about me is my worst enemy, Trisha, the head cheerleader and homecoming queen. We've been enemies ever since freshman year when we both wore the exact same pink miniskirt the first week of school, and *I* had to go home and change because of the stupid dress code, but *she* got to wear her outfit all day because her dad's on the school board, and — ugh, I hate her! With her perfect hair and her perfect YouTube tutorial makeup, and her perfect Korean skincare regimen, and her perfect life, and, just. Why is *she* the only person I can stand to be around right now? Why is *she* the only person *not* fawning over me? God, could you imagine if I could wield my epic Veela powers over her? That would be *badass*. But instead I just have, like, a sea of horny sophomores trailing after me and her rolling her eyes at me and making my life miserable because she's suddenly not the most popular girl in school anymore. What can I do about this? I didn't even think Veela existed outside of Harry Potter, but suddenly I *am* one. I haven't even gotten into the part about the wings. Help!!!!”

DREW: That is... Someone texted you all that?

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: That takes commitment.

HARRISON: They clearly really want our help. Well? What do you say, Drew? Advice for the surprise Veela?

DREW: ...They thought their grandmother was roleplaying for their birthday?

HARRISON: You're getting distracted. So. Surprise Veela. You didn't tell me your name, so I'm just going to call you Vee, hope that's okay. So, Vee, you should make out with Trisha and see if it activates your Veela soulmate bond.

DREW: *What?*

HARRISON: It's Vee's only play.

DREW: No. No. I disagree. You can't just... go around making out with people hoping they might happen to be your soulmate.

HARRISON: That's usually what people do, Drew. I'm figuring out that you don't do much dating, which is a real shame.

DREW: I — That's not — I'm saying, Trisha is her *enemy*.

HARRISON: Because they have the same taste in clothes. That's not a reason to be enemies, that's a reason to be soulmates. Double your wardrobe.

DREW: I... Well, I guess that's practical.

HARRISON: I'm just saying, for her professed enemy, Vee notices an awful lot about Trisha. Perfect hair, YouTube makeup, et cetera.

DREW: [getting into it] And really, I guess, when you think about it, the fact that Vee was forced to change her skirt and Trisha was not — that was not Trisha's fault. They were kids at the mercy of a patriarchal society and corrupt adults incapable of exercising unbiased thinking. So, really, I guess we don't have any evidence Trisha's *not* her soulmate.

HARRISON: There you have it. Make out with her, Vee. Report back.

DREW: I mean, assuming soulmates are a thing.

HARRISON: Drew. Soulmates are definitely a thing.

DREW: And they're just kids. I mean, kids shouldn't even be worrying about this stuff.

HARRISON: [snorts] In my experience, this is *all* kids worry about. Well, I mean. High school kids. Not, like, three-year-olds.

DREW: Thank you for that clarification.

HARRISON: Well, I'm just saying.

DREW: Why do you get such long texts? People are always writing you, like, novels. They're *texts*. They should be a couple of Autocorrect nonsense words followed by emojis.

HARRISON: Maybe it's because they like the sound of my mellifluous voice gently reading their missives and bringing their problems to life.

DREW: ...you know, on second thought, don't send me any long texts, the shorter the better.

[Drew text sound]

Oh, okay, this is from C, who writes..... [long, long silence]

HARRISON: Drew? Hello, Drew....? Hey, that looks like a long text. Are you... going to read it?

DREW: [sounding choked] ...Um. Yeah. I, just. Uh. Um.

HARRISON: Do you need another cookie?

DREW: No! I — Um. So C writes, “Hey, Drew. It’s a long story, but suffice it to say that to supplement my income on campus I’ve built up a thriving extracurricular business, if you get my drift. Unfortunately that’s meant doing a few favors for a few higher-ups in my line of work. One of them, we’ll call him Tatsuya, has been shamelessly blackmailing me for a while into—” uh, I don’t think I can read this part on the air, I’ll just skip down —

HARRISON: *Oooh.*

DREW: — “and even though I know what he’s doing is illegal and immoral — like, he’s basically coercing me into being his twinkie kept boy, surely that can’t be part of his mafia code or whatever — but he’s got these *muscles* and these *suits* and these *tattoos* and — I don’t want to be into it, but Drew, I am *so, so, into it*. What do I do?”

HARRISON: Um.

DREW: Um.

HARRISON: Um. [mumbles under his breath to Drew] Can we take breaks? Can we cut to commercial?

DREW [hissing] No, we can't take breaks while we're on the air, unless you finally want to *play a song?*

HARRISON: Um, no, um, I'm, I'm good. I think.

[Pause]

HARRISON: Well, I mean. I can see why he's into it.

DREW: Okay.

HARRISON: Oh, my god, you're so embarrassed, look at you. Good sex is not embarrassing.

DREW: I'm not *embarrassed* by good sex. That's not what this is. I'm... If I were reading this in a Yakuza manga or something, yes, I'd be into it. But in reality, having someone controlling your actions and forcing you to do things against your will is seriously creepy and not cool and opens the door to a bunch more not-cool tendencies you can develop toward having not-cool relationships.

HARRISON: That's true, all of that is true. And very important. But also, just dismissing the way you feel as "creepy" and "not-cool" isn't helpful and is really judgy toward yourself. If you're drawn to this relationship, then probably some part of you likes ceding all that control to someone. Someone big and muscled and powerful.

DREW: Focus.

HARRISON: Right. My point is that it's not a bad thing to know that about yourself, if that's true.

DREW: Yes, you should probably ask yourself why you're drawn to him. But even if you do legitimately like him, and like some of the things he makes you do —

HARRISON: — which is totally fine, by the way, you're not dirty or wrong for enjoying the physical pleasures of sex even if you're in a situation that makes you uncomfortable.

DREW: Yes. Thank you for saying that.

HARRISON: Really?

DREW: Yes. But even if you're into him and into the sex, you *have* to see that being blackmailed into a relationship isn't sustainable.

HARRISON: Well, maybe it could be if you—

DREW: No.

HARRISON: No?

DREW: Absolutely not. At some point it has to change, unless you want to be fucked up forever and never quite be sure whether any of your partners are really into *you* or just into the power trip they get from having control over you.

HARRISON: ...oh.

DREW: Also, at some point you have to choose relationships because *you* want them and not hide behind the passivity of letting yourself be blackmailed and manipulated into things you pretend you like because it's easier than... not.

HARRISON: Hold on. Lots of people get caught up in manipulative relationships before they realize what's happening, or because they're too scared to get out of them, and that's *not their fault*. None of this is *C's fault*.

DREW: I'm just saying, it's possible to be smarter, stand up for yourself before things get too far—

HARRISON: No. Stop. *Stop*. It's a horrible situation to be put in, to be blackmailed by someone you love, or think you love. And I'm not just talking about actual blackmail. Sometimes the people we love can hold all kinds of perceived faults or imbalances over us as emotional blackmail. And you not being able to recognize that in time, or being able to stand up to that — or recognize early enough that someone you trust is using your affections as a tool to manipulate you with — that's not something to *blame* yourself for. Do you understand? ...

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Uh, C, I mean. Text us to let us know if you understand.

[Tense silence broken by Drew's text sound]

DREW: C. "But what if he really wants me because he thinks he can't have me any other way?"

[Sigh] If he really thinks that, then he's being selfish and thinking only of how he can possess you, not how his actions will make you feel. Why he started it doesn't matter.

HARRISON: [pause, because I think it's probably obvious to Harrison by now that he should tread lightly on this subject?] You're right. I mean, of course you're right. This is a very bad basis for a real relationship.

DREW: Right. You should find relationships that don't involve blackmail.

HARRISON: But also, C knows Tatsuya — and it sounds like maybe there's more to this than blackmail? Like, in *this particular case*, they don't necessarily have to be *bad* for each other.

DREW: ...How would they possibly be good?

HARRISON: Well, it could be—I mean, just here, in this particular case, every case is different, but it's possible the tone of their relationship has been one where Tatsuya doesn't think C will listen to anything *but* a gruff and impersonal blackmail. I totally agree that this isn't sustainable as a relationship as-is, but I think C should be honest with Tatsuya, and let him know that they'd be interested in a real relationship where they're both fully consenting parties. I mean, then it wouldn't be blackmail and manipulation and lack of agency anymore, it would be their choice together.

DREW: This whole fairy-tale scenario where the blackmail comes from a true-love impulse is not the case. Or if it is, I'd be very, *very* surprised.

HARRISON: But that's the—

DREW: —If you say, 'But that's the trope,' I will walk out of this show.

HARRISON: [sharply] And that would be what we call emotional blackmail, well done.

DREW: That's not what I — [sigh] — I do agree with Harrison here. C, you need to talk to him — put aside all the negotiational shit and talk to him, as equals. If there's even a question that he might not want you outside of this fucked-up relationship you're in, that it really is just about having power over you and not Harrison's rainbow-rosy happy-ever-after, then you need to end things now. Preferably before you're more emotionally invested than you already are.

HARRISON: And I think that's smart, and I'm sorry that you were ever put in a position where love was twisted into a weapon instead of--

DREW: *What?*

HARRISON: Sorry. It's none of my business—

DREW: You're right, it's not.

HARRISON: —But I just don't — I *can't* believe that all relationships are destined to end up that way, even ones that begin as awkwardly as this one. If I thought that — if I looked at relationships like theirs and only saw cruelty and power trips instead of something genuine and passionate, I'd be...

DREW: What? You'd be like me?

HARRISON: ...I'd be lost.

[Silence]

DREW: You're right. If there's as much passion between them as there seems to be, then they should just talk it out. There's no reason they can't have a real relationship. And then, C, if you both find you miss the dub-con aspect of what you have now, or any of the other parts you wanted to explore, well, that's what roleplay is for.

HARRISON: That's... open-minded of you. Thank you.

DREW: I can be open-minded.

HARRISON: Well....

DREW: Look, just because I don't think every situation automatically lends itself to positive outcomes in relationships doesn't mean I'm not open-minded about the various forms relationships can take — or the fact that some relationships can go... very, very right.

[Charged silence (because they are staring into each other's eyes, hey); Harrison abruptly clears his throat]

HARRISON: I just mean you usually form a take on the relationships we get asked about very quickly. It's so decisive that I wonder if you miss opportunities to let things develop in your own love life.

DREW [snort]: Trust me, I know exactly how things develop in my own love life.

HARRISON: And how is that?

DREW: I fall in love, I screw it up, or get screwed over, no more love. [He forces out a laugh]
But then, that's how it works for everyone, right?

HARRISON: Not at Sidlesmith. At Sidlesmith you can start over — you can have all the love you want!

DREW: Can you? Is that why you came to Sidlesmith?

HARRISON: [with dignity] Yes.

DREW: And how's that working out for you?

HARRISON: I... I don't know yet. The jury's still deliberating.

DREW: Well, you heard it here first, everyone — check back next week for updates on Deb-slash-Rocky-slash-Rav-slash-Harrison's developing love story.

HARRISON: Not yours?

DREW: I'm just the host. No one cares about my stories.

HARRISON: Is that really what you think?

DREW: Considering I wouldn't even be here right now if it weren't for you, yeah, I think that's clear.

HARRISON: What?

DREW: This was my last shot at a permanent weekly spot. If you hadn't worked out, I was done.

HARRISON: But people *love* you. They keep your number programmed into their phones, they write into you every week.

DREW: No, they love *us*. I think that's different.

HARRISON: It doesn't have to be. That all-you-can-eat Sidlesmith love buffet doesn't have a 'we're closed' sign they put out just for you. I know you didn't come here for that, that's fine. But that doesn't mean it's not here for you anyway.

DREW: There is no "love buffet," and if there is, let's hope it's not cooked up by the same cafeteria staff behind the signature Sidlesmith delicacy "chicken with unidentifiable lumps and bits of string."

HARRISON: And they do love you, our listeners. I am just like your prism.

DREW: My prism.

HARRISON: I take the light you shine--

DREW: I don't shine light.

HARRISON: --and I turn it into a million tiny rainbows for our listeners' benefit.

DREW: ...That is oddly accurate for your role on this show, actually.

[Drew text. And again. And again. And again. And again.]

DREW: [distracted by the cacophony] What the hell?

[They deliver the next few lines over Drew text noises]

HARRISON: See? They love you. I think you'll find they're all text messages from our listeners explaining how much they love you.

DREW: That was an impressive gamble you just took there. What if nobody texted in?

HARRISON: Drew. That wasn't a *gamble*. They love you. They obviously love you. And I don't know why you're so surprised. Hal wouldn't've given you a new show if she hadn't wanted to keep around her star.

DREW: [scoffs] Whatever. I think she just wanted to try out the comedian who wowed her at open mic night with all his elaborate stories.

HARRISON: What? I don't think that's true. She told me you needed someone who'd keep you on your toes because all your other co-hosts had bored you. Sorry, other co-hosts.

DREW: [laughs at Harrison's incredulity] Okay, not really, my other co-hosts kept threatening to quit because I was too *abrasive*, and she thought maybe pairing me up with someone funnier than I was might take the edge off.

HARRISON: I am not funnier than you. You are hilarious, and I barely ever make you laugh.

DREW: That's not true.

HARRISON: I went to open mic night not because I'm especially funny but because I was like, fuck it, why not, I had nothing better to do and I thought I might meet--well, then I met Hal, and Hal said I should meet you, and I listened to your show one night, and I thought you... seemed like someone in need of Samoas so I... bring you Samoas.

DREW: ... Well. Thank you. I... like your Samoas.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: Oh, my God!!!!

DREW: [alarmed] What? What happened?

HARRISON: It's a librarian!

DREW: It's a... Okay?

HARRISON: Sidlesmith Librarian says--

DREW: Wait, they're literally calling themselves "Sidlesmith Librarian"?

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: How do you know they're actually a librarian?

HARRISON: You think they're pretending to be a librarian?

DREW: It got your attention, didn't it? You've got some kind of librarian...thing.

HARRISON: I don't have a librarian thing. Well, I mean, not an unusual amount of librarian thing. Doesn't everyone have a little librarian thing? Librarians are hot.

DREW: Are we just going to discuss sexual fantasies now, or read the text from the librarian?

HARRISON: Don't worry, I'll just read the text, you can stop blushing now.

DREW: I'm not blushing.

HARRISON: You're blushing *audibly*. Listeners, can't you hear Drew blushing?

DREW: *Anyway*. Sidlesmith Librarian says?

HARRISON: "Does your show do on-air interviews? Because I have lots to say." Isn't this exciting?!

DREW: [confused] Lots to say about what?

HARRISON: *Clearly* about Wendy and Lisa and the whole recall of the recall of the recall debacle. And probably about the Sidlesmith Valentine.

DREW: There isn't any—

HARRISON: Sidlesmith Librarian! We would love for you to come on our show and talk about Wendy and Lisa and also the Sidlesmith Valentine!

DREW: Hang on. We don't actually do on-air interviews.

HARRISON: Why not?

DREW: Because we... don't.

HARRISON: You're a journalist! I bet you will do a kick-ass on-air interview.

DREW: Well, I mean... I mean, probably, yeah, I could definitely--That's not the point. We haven't even checked with Hal about—

HARRISON: Hal's nodding. Interview is a go! Listeners, mark your calendars for a very exciting Sidlesmith magic discussion next week!

DREW: Well. Right. Librarian interview it is, then! School announcements. Students are reminded not to park in the faculty parking lots—

HARRISON: Unless you're hoping for a meet-cute!

DREW: That's... No, they shouldn't be hoping for a meet-cute with a professor, we have policies about that.

HARRISON: No, I mean a meet-cute with another student parking in the faculty parking lot. The thrill of the forbidden and all that.

[silence for a moment]

DREW: If you are using parking in the faculty parking lots to spice up your sex life, more power to you, I guess. Just remember to pay your fines on time before your car gets booted. Also, football season starts up this weekend--

HARRISON: Go, Fluffers!

DREW: Right. Rah. Rah. Rah. Anyway, with the start of football season, as everyone knows, that means the Sock Hop is right around the corner.

HARRISON: Oooh!

DREW: So now's the time to start thinking about who you'll want to present with a rose for the Rose Dance! A reminder that roses can be pre-ordered through the student union. Black roses are always very popular with a certain segment of the student population and usually sell out, so take advantage of the pre-ordering if you think you're going to need to express your love in a particularly goth way.

HARRISON: Or if you already know you have a special someone in mind, pre-ordering is a smart way to take some of the stress off. You know your rose is guaranteed!

DREW: And if you don't have anyone in mind, and don't even plan to attend the sock hop and just want to stay home binging Netflix, that's okay, too.

HARRISON: ...This concludes the Pragmatic Half-Hour with Drew and Harrison.

DREW: Deb.

HARRISON: Deb. Right. Yes. Drew and Deb.

DREW: See you Thursday for another thrilling round of... whatever this is.

HARRISON: It's called "fun."

DREW: Bye, listeners.

HARRISON: Bye!