

## EPISODE 4 ETC.

DREW: Good evening, fellow Sidlesmith students and friends!

HARRISON: The word you're looking for is "fluffers." Good evening, fellow Fluffers!

DREW: No, that will never be the word I'm looking for.

HARRISON: Why not? That's their name.

DREW: Yeah, but it's... They are the *Fluffers*.

HARRISON: It's just meant to refer to fluffy things!

DREW: It's ridiculous. Do you think I want to have to say, "Yes, I'm a fluffer," whenever anyone asks if I'm a Sidlesmith alumni? I came here because they have a great communications school and they gave me more scholarship money than the other schools, not because I wanted to be a *fluffer*. Do you think I want that listed on my resume?

HARRISON: I guess it depends on what kind of jobs you're applying for.

[Drew text]

HARRISON: You've got a text.

DREW: We just started, it's not the time for texts.

HARRISON: So you're just going to ignore the texter's very important text?

DREW: [sigh] From [Drew hates saying this name] Fluff Harder, ""I'm a real actual fluffer and fluffing is really hard work."

HARRISON: Yeah, it's true. **It's a mis-no-mer.** They should be called something else. Like...Fluffhards. That's what we should do from now on.

DREW: Why?

HARRISON: To clear up confusion as to whether we're referring to the football team or fluffers in the pornography industry. The football team we will call "Fluffers," and the pornography fluffers we will call "Fluffhards."

DREW: Why are we going to be spending a lot of time talking about pornography fluffers—

HARRISON: Fluffhards.

DREW: —on this show?

HARRISON: It'll probably come up. We've already had one text in.

[Drew text]

DREW: I suppose you want me to read that text, too?

HARRISON: *Yes.*

DREW: It's Fluff Harder again: "Also, I'm in love with my star pornography actor, what should I do?"

HARRISON: Aww! Probably you should go for it.

DREW: Is your advice always to go for it?

HARRISON: *Yes.*

DREW: You've never encountered a situation where you think you shouldn't go for it?

HARRISON: Well, those situations exist, of course, but, on the whole, you're better going for it and seeing what happens. Otherwise how will you ever find your trope?

DREW [UNDULY PLEASED IN HIS LITTLE ROMANTIC SOUL]: Well. As I was saying, we are, for some reason, back again.

HARRISON: And that reason is that it's Thursday and this is our regular time slot.

DREW: And we remain...

HARRISON: Popular. The word you're searching for there is "popular."

DREW: Is it?

HARRISON: [laughs] Sorry, folks, we're having linguistic difficulties tonight.

DREW: Difficulties caused by our differing worldviews on just about every conceivable subject.

HARRISON: [grinning] Seriously, who thought this pairing was a good idea again?

DREW: [smiling back] I have no idea. So. Harrison. What is it tonight?

HARRISON: [dreamily] Hmm?

DREW: Your DJ name, what'll it be?

HARRISON: Oh. Um. I dunno — you pick.

DREW: *Me?*

HARRISON: Sure. You've disapproved of all the others.

DREW: That's because your taste in classical music is very, 'Wow! That's What I Call Figure Skating Championships!'

HARRISON: [Laughs] So what would you pick, then?

DREW: Franz.

HARRISON: Franz?

DREW: Sure. For Franz Liszt, Franz Schubert, Franz LAY-AR, Franz Yoseph HIGH-DIN, Franz Ferdinand, take your pick.

HARRISON: Which of those is your favorite?

DREW: ... uh. I dunno. Schubert? No, probably Franz Lehar if we're being honest. My grandmother used to watch *The Merry Widow* with me on BBC Four.

HARRISON: Aww. Drew. That's lovely.

DREW: Yeah, it—whatever, it was a long time ago.

HARRISON: We should watch it.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: You and me. We should watch it.

DREW: It's really not—

HARRISON: What are you doing this weekend?

DREW: Um.

HARRISON: I've never seen *The Merry Widow*, surely the way to see it is with an expert.

DREW: I'm not an—I'm not an *expert*.

HARRISON: Still.

DREW: I mean. I'm. This weekend.

HARRISON: The days of Saturday and Sunday, commonly referred to as "weekends." Actually, that includes Friday for me because I don't have class on Fridays. Today is the first night of my weekend and I am spending it with you.

DREW: Oh. Okay. That's, like, cool. Except. I'm um. Writing?

HARRISON: Writing?

DREW: Like. Papers. And stuff. Like, stuff like that. For school. I have a lot of homework. Like. I mean. You can probably just watch *The Merry Widow*. It's not, like, complicated or anything. You don't need an explainer for it.

HARRISON: ...Do you not— ??

DREW: Well, I mean. I'm sure you're very busy, this weekend, with all of your friends and stuff. You don't have to, like, pity-invite me to watch some random operetta.

HARRISON: Why do you think it's a pity invite?

DREW: Because I'm sure you're very busy. I'm sure your weekends are already fully booked with... tropes. Packed to the gills with tropes. Right?

HARRISON: ...Right. Packed to the gills, that is definitely how I describe my weekends.

DREW: Well, then, in that case, we'd better get started so you can get on with your gloriously busy weekend.

HARRISON: It's not — I mean, I still want to —if you still want —

[Drew text]

DREW: Oh, look! A text! We have a text from a loyal listener. "Dear Drew, Harrison is trying to—" Never mind. That was another troll. Should we get on with our show? We are looking for

texts, because that is what we do on this show, we take texts, but not...like...troll texts, no more troll texts, can we have a text about...not...me? [Drew text] Oh, good, look, it's Lovejoy. Harrison, aren't you happy to hear from Lovejoy?

HARRISON: I think that probably depends on what Lovejoy has to say. What's *he* doing this weekend?

DREW: Um. Well. Lovejoy says, "Hey, Drew. I'll save you with an update. Stanwyck and I have talked and it turns out we're mostly on the same page about how to raise Khaleesi, and I've agreed not to toss her around in the baseball mitt and Stanwyck's agreed not to worry so much about scary clowns kidnapping her etc, so lately things have been great. I think I'm going to take us all out for a family night to Chucky Cheese. Thanks for the advice."

HARRISON: Awwwwwwwww.

DREW: That is one excellent update, Lovejoy, thank you.

HARRISON: Awwwwwwwww.

DREW: Anything to add besides cooing?

HARRISON: No, I'm not done cooing yet.

DREW: Should we take a musical break while you recover from all the cuteness?



HARRISON: Just give me this moment. It has rescued the evening for me.

DREW: ...Oh.

HARRISON: Okay, I'm done now. I think. Okay. Yes. But it's good to spend some time cooing.

When good things happen to people, nice things like this where you end up at Chuck E.

Cheese with your egg baby partner, you're allowed to appreciate them and coo.

DREW: Well, I mean, there's nothing--

HARRISON: [claps a hand over Drew's mouth] *And* not worry about what horrible thing might

befall them in the future. They're going to Chuck E. Cheese with their egg baby Khaleesi.

It's wonderful.

DREW: [mumbling]

HARRISON: Are you going to say something negative? Let the record show, listeners, that Drew

is shaking his head no. I shall allow you to speak.

DREW: Thank you. What I want to say is that having an *egg* at a Chuck E. Cheese doesn't seem

like the safest--

HARRISON: You liar, that is totally negative!

DREW: It's not negative! It's realistic! Realism is not automatically negative.

HARRISON: It's true, sometimes practicality can be romantic. That wasn't the romantic form of practicality.

DREW: I wasn't trying to be romantic.

HARRISON: I've noticed. My afterglow from the egg baby news has faded, can we have another text, please? [Harrison text] Aha. I have one here from our friend Rosa! "Hi, Harrison—" hi, Rosa! "I'm happy to report that Sabrina and I are taking your advice — Sorry, Drew —"

DREW: Did she really say that?

HARRISON: Yes, see, it's right there. "Sorry, Drew — and we are proceeding with project fake girlfriends. We've even made up a great first-kiss scenario to tell people. About how we actually met the first day of Freshman orientation and bonded over how much we both hated the way *The 100* ruined Clexa, and we wound up hanging out at Rosebud Cafe and then making out. And we didn't find out until later that we were roommates! How's that for a story?"

DREW: That is...certainly quite a story.

HARRISON: I think it's sweet. Don't rain on their parade.

DREW: Whatever, Fanny.

HARRISON: Who?

DREW: Fanny's the one singing that song, it's an iconic Streisand perform—anyway, Rosa and Rosa's roommate, listen up, because I'm going to give you some advice on how to nail this fake dating thing.

HARRISON: ...Really?

DREW: Yes. Don't make the story too elaborate. You want people to fill in the gaps — to give them just enough to go on to draw their own conclusions about whatever they think your relationship might be. So you don't worry about getting the details exactly right. Get the broad strokes. What's important is you sell people on the emotion. So it's okay to say, "I really don't remember, I just remember the way her eyes sparkled, or the way she smiled at me," or whatever. But, you know, just... This is why this is dangerous, because you'll — you'll start to think maybe it's not all just an act, and maybe you really *do* care about how their eyes are sparkling, and you're not just performing for an audience, and then—Just be careful. With yourself. You're not going to fuck the act up, that's not what you need to be worrying about. You need to worry about the fact that you might play the part too well.

HARRISON: You think... you don't think that a good performance doesn't have at least a little bit of truth in it?

DREW: I think it's dangerous to assume your partner is interested in you just because they're willing to — to play along.

HARRISON: Oh — oh. But if they're both playing the part together, why couldn't a real love blossom from that?

DREW: Because love should be based on something real, not a joint fantasy they built up together.

HARRISON: I don't know, building an elaborate prank to help you get through an awkward social function together seems pretty real to me.

DREW: But... you can't assume you're on the same page just because you're *pretending* to be.

HARRISON: Yeah, but ... Drew. Don't you think that when you know, you just... know?

DREW: I... Well. I guess we'll have to let the experts tell us. Rosa, Sabrina, report back and let us know how it goes.

HARRISON: Right. And you might try practicing the girlfriend kisses so you don't mess it up in the real live performance.

DREW: Yep. You do that.

HARRISON: Well. You don't want them going in fully unrehearsed. [Harrison text] Oooh, our blasts from the past continue, here's an update from Wendy. "Dear Drew and Franz--" Just for future reference listeners, tonight's name is spelled F-R-A-N-Z. Anyway, "Dear Franz,

the library has declared our book lost! I'm pretty sure Lisa's stolen it." Oh, wow. That's not cool, Lisa. Well, later tonight we're going to hear from the librarian so—

[Drew text]

DREW: Wait, here's Lisa. "Dear Drew and Franz, please tell Wendy that she's the one who stole the book. I don't have it, the library told me that it was missing, too."

HARRISON: Well, then. The mystery deepens. You know what's at work here?

DREW: [resigned] A trope?

HARRISON: A trope! It's the Sidlesmith magic playing matchmaker for Wendy and Lisa. The book has mysteriously gone missing! Now Wendy and Lisa will have to work together to find it! Stay tuned for next time!

DREW: ...You didn't steal the book, did you?

HARRISON: What? No! Drew, do you really not believe in the Sidlesmith magic?

DREW: [heavy sigh] Harrison. You want me to believe that there is some kind of magical creature that is going around stealing books?

HARRISON: No. Not like that. Just...that there's magic on campus that causes circumstances, whatever they are, to align in such a way as to encourage love. To encourage people to

meet and love each other and be happy. It's not a magical creature, it's...environmental magic. Look, next show we should interview on-air a magic expert.

DREW: A magic expert?

HARRISON: A Sidlesmith expert.

[Drew text]

DREW: Oh, good, another text. "Dear Drew and Franz, I have a pretty good life. After all, I am the quarterback for the Sidlesmith...[with exaggerated difficulty] Fluffers."

HARRISON: Go, Fluffers!

DREW: "As you know, I win every game in exciting, dramatic, come-from-behind fashion, with a Hail Mary pass in the final seconds. It's the only worthwhile way to win a football game!"

HARRISON: It's the trope.

DREW: [ignoring him] "But, despite the constant adrenaline rush of our fairy-tale wins each game, I have a problem."

HARRISON: Oh, dear.

DREW: Well, you knew that was coming, that's why people text in to our show.

HARRISON: What's the quarterback's problem?

DREW: "I am desperately in love with—"

[beat of silence]

HARRISON: What? What's with the cliffhanger? Who's she desperately in love with?

DREW: She... she just comes right out and says it. Who she has a crush on. She just says it.

HARRISON: Oh, my God. Is it you? Does she have a crush on you?

DREW: What? Why would she have a crush on me?

HARRISON: Drew, why *wouldn't* she have a crush on you? Twice a week people get to just listen to your voice crooning in their ears giving good advice about life. Of course she has a crush on you.

DREW: I don't give good advice.

HARRISON: It's good advice.

DREW: I don't *croon*.

HARRISON: You could do more crooning, it's true.

DREW: Harrison, you are on the radio just as much as I am. Maybe she has a crush on *you*.

HARRISON: Oh, sure, yes, that's possible. I just think you're the more likely target.

DREW: And that makes zero sense.

HARRISON: I just counted the ways in which it makes perfect sense!

DREW: Well, you're wrong, she doesn't have a crush on me, she has a crush on her wide receiver!

[moment of silence]

HARRISON: [gasp] Oh, my God, that is the *best* trope! Oh, my *God*. Why don't they make out after every stunning victory? Why are we being deprived of this as a *school community*?

DREW: This is a disaster.

HARRISON: Sam. You have to go for it. The whole school is behind you.

DREW: How did you know what her name was?

HARRISON: she's the *school quarterback*?



DREW: ...is that something people know the name of?

HARRISON: Yes????

DREW: Oh.

HARRISON: And you throw shade at me for not knowing the names of musical theater characters.

DREW: Getting back to Sam, obviously she doesn't have any choice now. Yes, she has to go for it, the wide receiver knows how she feels.

HARRISON: Well, there's more than one wide receiver on the football team.

DREW: ...Oh.

HARRISON: You really don't go to the school football games, do you? Of course you don't. You probably sit at home and watch *The Merry Widow*. By yourself. Your preferred way of watching *The Merry Widow*.

DREW: I don't—

HARRISON: Anyway, she has a crush on a wide receiver, but we don't know which one, and neither do they. So really what Sam's done is just launched rampant speculation about which wide receiver has captured her heart.

DREW: Oh, God. Well, that's terrible. Sam, you have to clear this up, it's not fair for your wide receivers to live in confusion like that. Find the one you want and tell them how you feel. I'm sure it'll be fine.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: This is from our listener Vivan: "Dear Drew and Franz, Drew's advice is always to tell people how you feel, and that is my exact problem. I'm taking Chem 101, and my lab partner thought it would be a great idea to fool around with some of the chemicals in the lab."

DREW: No. Bad idea. Why would that be a great idea? Bad, bad idea.

HARRISON: Vivan continues, "It turned out to be a bad idea."

DREW: Vivan should have texted into us before making the decision to fool around with chemicals in a lab.

HARRISON: Oh, my God, listen to what happens next: "The formula we came up with has a weird effect when you drink it. It forces you to tell the truth. Surprise, I went and told my crush I have a crush on them and now it's super-awkward. What do you think about that, Drew?" Sorry, it specifically calls you out, see?

DREW: I think...they fooled around in a lab with chemicals and then *drank* whatever they created? Sorry, Vivan, you might be calling me out but from where I'm sitting I'm feeling a bit superior to you in my life-choice skills.

HARRISON: Yeah, I don't... Let's be clear, listeners, do *not* do anything that Vivan did in this text. They're all terrible ideas. He was only saved by the Sidlesmith magic tropes.

DREW: No, he wasn't. What?

HARRISON: He invented a truth serum. Total trope.

DREW: Oh, God.

HARRISON: But *even though* it's a trope, please don't do this, listeners.

DREW: No. Please don't. Everything about this is a terrible idea and at worst you'll *die* and at best you'll end up like Vivan, mortified because he spilled out the truth to his crush without *planning* it first. Those of you who I have advised to go for it, please think it through before just blurting out your feelings. Don't crash their Dungeons & Dragons game with your proclamations of love. Volunteer to be the boring ranger nobody else at the game night wants to be instead. Don't distract them from that really huge exam they're studying for. Help them memorize their note cards. Or offer to bring them plenty of caffeine and energy drinks. Choose your moment. Maybe bring them their favorite treat. Surprise them with tickets or — or a movie night. Wear something you know they

like. Say nice things about how great they are. Make sure they know you're having trouble keeping your eyes off them. Don't make it all about you.

[moment of silence]

HARRISON: Ugh.

DREW: What? That's good advice.

HARRISON: It's *fantastic* advice. God. It's really, really good advice, Drew.

DREW: ... Okay.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: [forcing himself to focus] Oh, look, next up we have a message from Miss Adelaide!  
Remember her?

DREW: Unwitting member of our one true triad? How can I forget.

HARRISON: She writes to let us know that Torgo came to talk to her, and, quote, "it turns out we're both crushing on the same guy!"

DREW: Nathan Detroit. Congrats, Nathan.

HARRISON: No! Nicely-Nicely Johnson. Who's that again?

DREW: Nicely-Nicely is our hot underrated supporting actor. You have excellent taste, Torgo and Adelaide. What next? I'm guessing if she's 'fessing up, he knows, right?

HARRISON: Right. She continues, "so after we talked it over, we both talked to him, and, well — the three of us are all going on a date tomorrow night and I'm so excited. Even if it doesn't turn into more, they're both so much fun and I love hanging out with them. It's going to be a great time."

DREW: Listeners, I just want you to know that Harris—Franz is beaming so broadly right now, if he smiles any harder he's going to Care Bear Stare the walls of this recording booth to smithereens.

HARRISON: That's a total exaggeration.

DREW: Is it? Glad something else could rescue your evening. Congratulations, Torgo, Adelaide, and Nicely-Nicely. Way to rock the boat, if you catch my drift.

HARRISON: I don't get it.

DREW: We should really do something about your musical theatre references.

HARRISON: Well, the ball's in your court, Mr. Don't Rain On My Parade.

DREW: Right. [swallows] Well, I mean.

HARRISON: Yes?

DREW: I—if you're not doing anything tomorrow night. Maybe—

[Muffled noises] What?

HARRISON: Is that the—

DREW: Oh. Yeah, hi, come on in.

DOROTHEA: Is this the right place?

HARRISON: Sure, have a seat! Folks, we have an amazing treat tonight, it's Dorothea, the  
librarian we promised you last episode!

DOROTHEA: Am I — I'm not too late, am I?

DREW: No. You've... perfect timing. [Flatly] Thanks, Hal.

DOROTHEA: Right.

HARRISON: Great! So. I'm sure our listeners have lots of questions about why recalls of recalls of recalls aren't a productive use of the library's resources, and we just heard an interesting development from Wendy and Lisa about the book going missing, so if you'd like to—

DOROTHEA: It's all a lie. All of it.

HARRISON: The book's not missing?

DOROTHEA: Who cares about the book? There are much more important issues at hand. I'm here tonight to tell everyone the truth. They've been trying to silence me, all of them, the head librarian, the board of trustees, but I can't — not since I found out the truth about Sidlesmith.

[Shocked silence]

DREW: Uh... Maybe this isn't the right venue for—

DOROTHEA: I've seen it.

DREW: Seen what?

HARRISON: [gasps] The Valentine?

DOROTHEA: No. What I've seen... it's far worse than anyone could guess. There is no valentine. There's no spell. There is no magic at Sidlesmith. There never has been any magic at Sidlesmith.

HARRISON: What???

DREW: Um. Okay.

DOROTHEA: I was on my regular shift last Wednesday when one of the contractors for the renovation work we've been doing on the older parts of the library came to me and placed an odd box in my hands. He had no idea what he was handing over — he just said some of his workers had found it in the rubble. They assumed it was an old jewelry box or a lost trinket of some sort, but I knew immediately what was inside it.

HARRISON: No.

DREW: Wait. Hold on. Who found this again? What exactly was it?

DOROTHEA: A triangle-shaped box, about letter-sized if you'd folded a letter up like origami and tucked it inside. I knew — somehow I just *knew*, the moment my fingers touched it. I waited until they'd gone, until everyone had gone. And then I opened it.

[long dramatic pause]

DREW: [finally, pushing the dramatics along] Well? What did you see?



DOROTHEA: Have you ever felt something shatter inside you in the space of a single moment? It was.... It was like everything went cold inside me and around me, all at once. I just kept thinking about those two poor girls, the ones who'd spent the last fortnight flirting over their library recalls. How none of that means anything now. None of it's true. It's never been true.

DREW: You...felt all that because of what was in the box?

HARRISON: You're lying. She's lying!

DOROTHEA: I slept on it and then went to the head librarian, who told me to forget I ever saw the box and what was inside it. She tried to take it from me. But I snatched it back and went straight to the board of trustees. I was sure that the moment they knew that they'd — they'd take some sort of action. But instead, they told me that no one could ever know — that no one could ever know that Sidlesmith was built on a lie! They told me if I told the truth they would fire me and make sure I never worked as a librarian ever again — it was horrible! I talked to my lawyer about filing a complaint but my lawyer didn't believe me. I know that no one will believe me — and who could blame them? I grew up in Stoneybrook and ever since I was born, I've known the one ultimate truth about our little town — this is the place where everyone gets a happy ending. But now — everything's wrong. This isn't supposed to be my trope! This *isn't my trope!!!!*

DREW: Can you — wait, back up. What exactly did the board of trustees do to you after that meeting?

DOROTHEA: First they pressured me to give up the box. I said no. And they let me leave. But ever since, I've had the distinct feeling that I'm being followed. I've gotten strange phone calls at odd hours of the night. I'm sure they've had someone follow me home. I even googled my lawyer and discovered he's one of the trustee chairwoman's best friends! I don't know who to trust! Today I went to Kishi's and when I came back from a bathroom break, I discovered my backpack had been moved two inches across the bench from where I *know* I left it. And the box — the box was inside the backpack. I'd placed a wedge of paper between the lid and the outer edge of the box so that I'd know if anyone tried to open it in my absence. And when I opened the box, *the paper had fallen*. Someone had *dislodged* it!!

DREW: Did they take what was inside the box?

DOROTHEA: No. Because I'd already hidden it.

HARRISON: She means there was nothing there because there wasn't anything inside the box to begin with. This is all just — a *story*. Thank you, Dorothea, for wanting to come on the show and speak with us, but I think you need to leave —

DOROTHEA: You're wrong. I took what was inside the box and I hid it somewhere safe. Somewhere they couldn't destroy the truth.

DREW: If what you found inside the box is so important — if it really does prove conclusively that Sidlesmith doesn't run on magic — then why can't you tell us what was in it? Why not share it with the world? Do you need help making copies? We can help you—

HARRISON: Drew, what are you doing? Don't encourage her delusion like this.

DOROTHEA: It's not just proof that there's no magic. It could destroy everything that Sidlesmith represents — everything this place stands for. There'd be no coming back.

DREW: I seriously doubt that.

DOROTHEA: *You don't know!* You don't know — the things I've seen... there's no way to unknow the truth. There's no going back for me. But you can all... you must understand. Sidlesmith *isn't what you think*. You're all living a lie. It's one giant lie!

HARRISON: She's lying.

DOROTHEA: Why would I lie? I am destroying my life by coming here and telling you the truth.

DREW: And why would you do that? So what if Sidlesmith doesn't have magic--

HARRISON: *Drew!*

DREW: Why would you destroy your life, as you say, to come here and tell us all about it? Why not just keep quiet, the way everyone has apparently kept quiet about this for years?

HARRISON: Nobody's kept quiet. This isn't some massive conspiracy theory. Drew, stop this.

DOROTHEA: Because everyone is living a lie! Even if it's a happy lie, wouldn't you rather know that it's a lie? Wouldn't you rather seek to live in *truth*?

[moment of silence]

DREW: That's an admirable—

HARRISON: It's *not true*. I don't know why you would come on our show just to say hateful things, but—

[sounds of struggle and commotion]

DREW: Wait — who are you? Hal, did you let these men in—?

DOROTHEA: I told you, I told you they'd come for me!

HARRISON: What the — stop, what are you doing?

DOROTHEA: Unhand me! You can't muzzle the truth!

[HARRISON and DREW shout for the men who've entered the studio to let Dorothea go]

DOROTHEA [shouting, as she grows more distant]: It's the truth! Sidlesmith is a lie! Tell them all!

You have to tell them!

[shocked moment of silence]

DREW: This would be why we don't conduct interviews on-air.

HARRISON: Drew.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: You don't believe it, right?

DREW: Harrison. She's probably just a librarian driven over the edge by too many recalls of recalls of recalls. I mean, think about her story. Some construction worker uncovered some piece of paper that reveals Sidlesmith doesn't have magic? I mean, what could the piece of paper say?

HARRISON: [relieved] Right. You're right.

DREW: I guess it could say "Sidlesmith doesn't have magic." I guess that would be pretty conclusive.

HARRISON: [newly alarmed] What? No! That wouldn't prove anything! That could just be...a prank! A mean prank played by mean people who don't believe in happy endings!

DREW: She did just get dragged out of here by some pretty official-looking people.

HARRISON: So?

DREW: So. If there's no merit to her story — if there's no piece of paper out there floating around that proves Sidlesmith's entire college identity is a fabrication — then why go to the trouble of abducting her in mid-interview? Who cares what nonsense she blathers on an inconsequential text-in show?

HARRISON: [uncertain how to interrupt Drew's train of logical reasoning] They probably took her away for her own safety.

DREW: Maybe.

HARRISON: They probably heard how absurd the stuff she was saying was and so they took her away for her own safety.

DREW: [noncommittal and thinking about other possibilities] Mmm.

HARRISON: I mean, there is no piece of paper. Her story's not true. Because Sidlesmith does have magic. Sidlesmith does give people happy endings. We listen to them on our show all the time.

DREW: Well...

HARRISON: If there's a piece of paper, why isn't it on the Internet somewhere? Why didn't she post it to some blog? Or send it to WikiLeaks?

DREW: WikiLeaks? You think WikiLeaks cares about some college myth about magic?

HARRISON: It's not a *myth*. Magic is obviously real.

DREW: Right, but just because we all know witches and wizards and magical creatures exist doesn't mean that Sidlesmith has been under a spell for the last 150 years.

HARRISON: Well then how do you explain all the happy endings?

DREW: I dunno, maybe these people are all getting really good *advice*?

HARRISON: [sulks]

DREW: Let the record show, listeners, that Harrison seems to be doubting the power of our combined relationship wisdom.

HARRISON: It just doesn't make sense. Maybe she wouldn't send it to WikiLeaks. But she could have copied it a million times and then had it dropped on campus from planes flying overhead. She's a librarian, she has access to the copy machines, she can definitely make a million copies.

DREW: ...And fly them over campus?

HARRISON: Or put them all over on bulletin boards. On every table at Kishi's. Before you go into the dining hall. *Anywhere*. She's done none of that. Her story can't possibly be true.

DREW: Or she's done none of that because she's a little paranoid and not making the most logical choices at the moment. She could have really hidden this document to keep it safe to make sure people would take it seriously and not just dismiss it as some kind of joke or fake news or something.

HARRISON: I can't believe you're on her side.

DREW: I'm not on anyone's *side*, Harrison, I'm just—

HARRISON: You know what I'm doing this weekend? I'm finding the Valentine.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: You can't prove a negative. You can't prove there's no magic at Sidlesmith. But I can prove that there *is*. I'll find it. I'll find the Sidlesmith Valentine, or else I'll find whatever she hid, wherever she hid it. Listeners, pay no attention to the woman behind the bar code scanner. I'm going to figure this out.

DREW: Are you really sure this is the best use of your—



HARRISON: — Yes. Yes, I'm sure this is the best use of my time. Someone's got to prove her wrong, and it might as well be the innocent bystander flung suddenly into the middle of a shadowy world of intrigue and conspiracies, and do you know why?

DREW [weakly]: ...Because... that's the trope?

HARRISON: You bet your ass that's the trope. It's just like Cal said.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Cal. The Humans of Sidlesmith columnist. He wrote in his column this week that finding love on this campus is like looking for a four-leaf clover: you can say all you want that it's luck, but really, it's you choosing to wander through a sunny meadow with your eyes wide open to the possibilities.

DREW: That's *not* — I'm pretty sure believing in magic is the total opposite of what he meant when he wrote that.

HARRISON: Yeah? Well I'm not closing my eyes to the possibility of this myth we all love and put faith in being true. I'm going to find the Sidlesmith Valentine and then you're going to read it out loud on air so everyone will know. I want them to hear it from you.

DREW: Me? Why does it have to be me? Harrison, whatever you're trying to prove, you don't have to prove yourself to *me*. Where do I come into it?

HARRISON: No, it has to be you. Because everyone knows you're the de facto representative for all the skeptics and nonbelievers and agnostics on this campus, and when they all hear you explaining, on air, that the magic is real, then they'll *all* embrace how much joy and happiness there is here, all around them.

DREW: *Harrison*. You know that I *do* believe in joy and happiness and love, right?

HARRISON (distracted): Hmm? Yes. Of course.

DREW (exasperated by Harrison's distraction): Okay, regardless of who does and doesn't believe in joy and happiness, you, Harrison, you cannot make yourself personally responsible for bringing that joy and happiness to every single person at Sidlesmith.

HARRISON: I know. But... I want them to have hope. And when you tell them the truth, they will.

DREW: Oh. ...Is... is that the only reason? That you want it to be me? [Scoff] You sure you don't want to send it in to the great Cal and have him print it up instead?

HARRISON: [Not really registering Drew's tone because he's lost in his own thoughts] Mmm. No. No. It has to be you. I bet she put it back in the library. That's the only place that makes sense.

DREW: And this hunt is going to take you... all weekend, is it?

HARRISON [totally caught up in PLANNING]: Yeah. I'll have to scope out the renovations, dig through the archives, and obviously research Dorothea's entire life history as well as the entire history of the campus.

DREW: Uh. Yeah. Great. And on that note, folks, it looks like we're completely out of time today. Join us next time, for.... Some sort of update, I guess — hopefully with fewer on-air kidnappings. Uh, Harrison?

HARRISON: Oh, right, sure. Bye.

DREW: Um. So. See you next week.