

EPISODE 5 WHO KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS EPISODE? NOT US!

HARRISON: Can I do the intro?

DREW: You can do the intro.

HARRISON: [begins making banging noises]

DREW: Wait, wait, wait, what is that?

HARRISON: [over the banging noise, which he does not pause in] It's a drumroll!

DREW: What? No. No, it's not.

HARRISON: Well, I mean, I was going to bring an actual drum but I didn't have time to run to the store because I've been so busy with this Sidlesmith Valentine business.

DREW: Can you stop with the drumroll, please?

HARRISON: Oh. Yeah. [drumroll stops] Sorry. It's just, you, like, just do the intro.

DREW: I do. I just "do the intro." That's what "doing the intro" is.

HARRISON: I think it needs a little more fanfare.

DREW: No, it doesn't.

HARRISON: Maybe some horns?

DREW: No horns.

HARRISON: We could have a horny intro?

DREW: Oh, God.

HARRISON: What about singing? Do you sing?

DREW: I'm not going to sing.

HARRISON: Ah, but *do* you sing?

DREW: I mean, of course I sing. Who doesn't sing? I sing along to the radio in the car. I don't sing on this show. This show is for *other people's music*. Not mine.

HARRISON: Are you a musician?

DREW: Not really my art of choice.

HARRISON: What's your art of choice?

DREW: Writing. Are you going to do the intro? Because if you're not going to do the intro, then I'm going to do the intro.

HARRISON: No, I'm doing it right now. This is Kaleidotrope! With Drew and Shah-sta!

DREW: Shosta.

HARRISON: [delightedly] Short for Shahsta-KOH-vich!

DREW: Have you actually ever listened to Shostakovich?

HARRISON: Nope! Don't think so! Maybe you could play him for me some time if we ever have a free moment on this busy busy advice show.

DREW: Incredible.

HARRISON: We should have a slogan, so I'm thinking: Welcome to the fluffiest thirty minutes of your night!

DREW: The fluffiest thirty minutes of their night?

HARRISON: That's us.

DREW: That is not us. We are not "fluffy."

HARRISON: We're a little fluffy.

DREW: We are not at all fluffy.

HARRISON: Our callsign is WFLUF.

DREW: So?

HARRISON: So I don't know if you've ever thought about that but that spells out W
Fluff.

DREW: That doesn't make us fluffy.

HARRISON: No, you're right, you are very tough and serious, not fluffy at all.

Listeners, Drew is very tough and serious, you should see the tough, serious
frown in his brow when he gets all frowny.

DREW: Can we just do our show?

HARRISON: [grinning] We are doing our show. This is our show.

DREW: You seem like you're in a really good mood.

HARRISON: I am. I have a Sidlesmith Valentine Plan. Want to see it?

DREW: Do I want to see your Sidlesmith Valentine Plan? That's...not a euphemism,
is it?

HARRISON: [laughs fondly] *Drew*. Silly. Here's my plan.

DREW: Oh, it's a Moleskine. It's...a very organized, detailed Moleskine. It's color-coded. This is quite the plan.

HARRISON: It's a bullet journal. My Sidlesmith Valentine Bullet Journal.

DREW: Oh, God.

HARRISON: Don't tell me you don't believe in bullet journals.

DREW: They're not some kind of myth or fable. I don't have to "believe in" them.

HARRISON: [sweetly] It's just that I know you're bad at believing in things.

DREW: Ha. Funny. Look, I hope you and your bullet journal find the Sidlesmith Valentine.

HARRISON: Do you?

DREW: Yes. Of course I do. I don't want you to be disappointed.

HARRISON: If I find the Valentine, will you believe in true love?

DREW: I don't...I don't *not* believe in true love. You think I don't believe in anything and that's not true. I believe in lots of things, I just think it's important not to get...

HARRISON: Yes?

DREW: Carried away, I guess I would say. In my experience, nothing good comes from getting carried away.

HARRISON: [snort] You would think that. Of course.

DREW: What? It's true. Think how many people have gotten in too deep into a relationship and then had some kind of tragedy befall them when it all went wrong or when one of them fell out of love but the other one was still invested, or when they just got weirdly co-dependent and obsessed — it's just a whole mess of potentially bad scenarios.

HARRISON: Okay, first, you need to stop watching so much Investigation Discovery.

DREW: Hey, that's a very informative channel—

HARRISON: Not when it conditions you to expect that every intense relationship that causes you to — gasp! — feel things for another human being is destined to end up in some sort of weirdly tragic true crime scenario.

DREW: Well, I wouldn't say *that* —

HARRISON: Do you actually read Humans of Sidlesmith? You should read it. The last Humans of Sidlesmith column was about getting carried away.

DREW: Oh. Well, I'm sure Cal wasn't talking about exactly *this* Valentine situation—

HARRISON: And that's where you'd be wrong, because Cal has good life advice that is applicable to all kinds of situations, and I think that you, Drew, would benefit from paying attention to Cal.

DREW [dully]: Oh, do tell.

HARRISON: Cal said it can be scary to get carried away, but that's also what's good about it, and sometimes it's the best thing that can happen, and you never know when it's going to happen or if it'll ever happen to you again, so if it's happening, you should let yourself enjoy it and cherish it. So there. Good things can come from getting carried away. Cal said so.

DREW [after a pause, a little wryly]: Well. If *Cal* said so. Who am I to argue with the great Cal?

HARRISON [primly]: Don't mock Cal.

DREW [laughing a little shrilly]: I'm *not* mocking Cal.

HARRISON: Well, then, don't mock *me*.

DREW: I'm not mocking anyone. You're right, Cal has a point. If you don't try to be open to the possibilities you'll never know what surprises might be in store for you. Life is just one giant Disney song waiting to happen to you.

HARRISON: I honestly don't even know how you manage to be this jaded.

DREW: Oh, I promise you, it's easy.

HARRISON: I *know*, and it makes no *sense*, you just— Argh.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Nothing. Let's take some texts, shall we?

DREW: No, I want to hear why you're simultaneously surprised and not surprised that I manage to be this jaded.

HARRISON [deep breath]: Look, you wanted this to be a professional radio show.

DREW: You broached the question.

HARRISON: I just think you have a lot of really nice things going for you and you don't always seem to take the time to appreciate them, because you're too busy seeing the potential downside in every given situation.

DREW: That's not true.

HARRISON: For instance. You have this nice pretty campus full of nice people and you're a smart student and people like you and you're pretty much the star of this radio station, and you ignore all that and prefer to mope about looking friendless and glum. Which, granted, is part of your charm, but surely you have to admit that it's a bit over the top under the circumstances.

DREW: I'm — what? I'm not the star of the radio station.

HARRISON: Oh, please. We've been over this, people love you.

DREW: Whatever. That doesn't have anything to do with failing to look on the bright side. People's affections are notoriously fickle, anyway. Remember, a month ago I was unlikable.

HARRISON: I can't imagine that ever being really true. I think you just weren't having a chance to shine.

DREW: You just called me jaded.

HARRISON: You *are*.

DREW: Right. Unlikable.

HARRISON: No, no, no. Those are two different things. You're jaded, but you're very likable. All of us like you.

DREW: Okay, can we not -- I mean -- you're -- What if there's no Valentine?

HARRISON: What?

DREW: What if Dorothea was telling the truth and there's no Valentine? You'd be devastated. Absolutely crushed.

HARRISON: I—

DREW: It's hard to do that to me. It is very hard to *disappoint* me. I'm ready for it. You might call it jaded, I call it preparedness.

[moment of silence]

HARRISON: See, this is why I'm simultaneously surprised and not surprised.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Because I know you, and I *know* you. I know exactly what you say, and I know exactly what you don't say. And I don't believe you. I don't think it is hard to disappoint you. But, even if it is, it's just like you to frame it in the negative.

DREW: ...How else would you frame it?

HARRISON: You might be bracing for disappointment, but that just means that you're always on the brink of being pleasantly surprised.

DREW: ...Oh.

HARRISON: Listeners! Let's talk about the Sidlesmith Valentine! Have you ever seen it? Do you know where it is? Let me know what clues I need to add to my bullet journal. Our phone lines are open!

DREW: The phone lines are just our cell phones.

HARRISON: I know, but wasn't that dramatic?

DREW: At least it didn't come with a drumroll.

HARRISON: Ha!

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: Ooh! Text from a listener, J. "Hi, Shah-sta. I want everyone to know that I've found the true Sidlesmith Valentine and her name is Marie." Awwwww.

DREW: What does that mean?

HARRISON: It means J is in love with a lovely person named Marie who sounds just wonderful, congratulations, J.

DREW: See, that raises an interesting point.

HARRISON: What interesting point?

DREW: It's a metaphor.

HARRISON: Yes. Indeed. Well spotted.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: Listener named Gloriana. "Hi, Shah-sta. I have also found the true Sidlesmith Valentine, their name is Johnson." Isn't that nice?

DREW: This has opened the floodgates now. You're just going to get a string of these all night long now.

HARRISON: That's fine--

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: This is from Oracle: "Shah-sta, I think the true Sidlesmith Valentine is you." Awww, well, that's *very* sweet, but trust me, I am not--

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: It's Oracle again. "Sorry, sent too soon, I think the true Sidlesmith Valentine is you and Drew."

DREW: [laughing in disbelief] Yeah, no, not so much.

HARRISON: Well, that's a very nice sentiment, thank you, but if anyone has any *clues* about where the Sidlesmith Valentine might be, that would be really helpful.

DREW: It's a metaphor.

HARRISON: Yes, Drew. I get it. They're all metaphors.

DREW: No, I mean, what if the Sidesmith Valentine is a metaphor? What if it's all just a myth? Does the myth of Persephone and Hades lose its power just because we know now what causes seasons?

HARRISON: [stubbornly] Yes.

DREW: Harrison...

HARRISON: It isn't a myth. This isn't some ancient society trying to explain an inexplicable thing. We know exactly what goes on here at Sidlesmith and we know exactly why. It was only a hundred and fifty years ago. Records exist. Sidlesmith were in love. They got married. They hid a magic valentine on campus so that everyone here would get a piece of that story. So that this can be a place where you really can find true love with your barista, or your nemesis, or the person down the hall whose packages you keep getting and they only order sex toys.

DREW: That's a very specific example.

HARRISON: *The point is:* This is the place where love doesn't get fucked up the way it does in the rest of the world. This is the place where love gets to *happen*. Meet-cutes for all!

[moment of silence]

DREW: Does the person down the hall from you keep ordering sex toys and they keep getting delivered to you?

HARRISON: Yeah, and actually, that's not cute and charming, it's fucking annoying.

DREW: [laughs fondly]

HARRISON: [suspiciously] What?

DREW: Nothing, you're -- you're you.

HARRISON: I... can't argue with that.

DREW: So did you talk to the person down the hall with the sex toys?

HARRISON: Well, I had to. I had to keep bringing his sex toys to him.

DREW: No meet-cute?

HARRISON: It turns out he was buying all the sex toys because he's dating an Internet porn star.

DREW: Makes sense.

HARRISON: They met when he bought one of those private chat room sessions, you know?

DREW: Do tell me more about your acquaintance with Internet porn private chat room sessions.

HARRISON: Ha, not without a couple of drinks in me first.

DREW: The Samoas don't count?

HARRISON: The Samoas count for lots of things, but not for Internet porn private chat room sessions.

DREW: Good to know.

HARRISON: We teach valuable lessons on this show.

DREW: It is very educational.

HARRISON: The fluffiest thirty minutes of their night.

DREW: [laughs] Or something. It's definitely something.

HARRISON: That can be our tagline: "Definitely something."

DREW: Kaleidotrope: Definitely Something? Would that make you want to listen to our show?

HARRISON: Well, I'd want to find out what was definitely something about it.

DREW: Listeners, we are taking texts about the Sidlesmith Valentine. If you've seen it, let Harrison — Shosta here know. We are also taking texts with suggested taglines, because I refuse to go with "definitely something."

HARRISON: We will also take catchphrase suggestions, too.

DREW: We'll take what?

HARRISON: You know. Catchphrases. We don't have any catchphrases. How do people know it's us?

DREW: They know it's us because I go by the same name every show, like a normal deejay, and I assure them that you are the same person every show, even though your name changes.

HARRISON: It wouldn't matter that my name changes every night if my catchphrase stayed the same. Cal has a catchphrase.

DREW: Oh, for — of course. Yes. Cal.

HARRISON: I'm just saying. As soon as I see *Hic est populus*, I think of Cal.

DREW: Do you see that a lot?

HARRISON: Only when I'm reading Humans of Sidlesmith.

DREW: It's just Latin. It means "Here be humans."

HARRISON: Right. I know that. But it's how you know you're reading Cal. The catchphrase.

DREW: And the fact that the column always has a "Humans of Sidlesmith" label and his pen name at the top.

HARRISON: That, too. All of that, and the catchphrase. We should do as Cal does. There's a reason he's my favorite.

DREW: He's your...favorite.

HARRISON: Yes. Yes, he is.

DREW: Of course he is. Of course.

HARRISON: What's that supposed to mean?

DREW: Only that he's an invisible unrealistic composite of the perfect man you've built into a fantasy in your head, completely removed from whatever he might actually be.

HARRISON: That's not true. He's real. He's not made-up. He's a real person who exists here on campus, and he's sharing his soul with the world through his columns.

DREW: And he's making sure he presents himself as positively as possible, exactly so romantic sops like you will react just like you're reacting.

HARRISON: Ugh, stop, you're making him sound all... all *Drew-y*.

DREW: *Drew-y*?

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: That's not a word.

HARRISON: It is a word. It's the adjectival form of "Drew."

DREW: You can't just turn every word into an adjective by adding a "y" to the end of it.

HARRISON: Yes, I can. I can, in fact, do exactly that, with every word.

DREW: Not coffee.

HARRISON: Coffee-y. Done.

DREW: No. That doesn't make sense. You can't just say "it's very coffee-y."

HARRISON: Why not? You just did.

DREW: But that just sounds like I'm saying "coffee" weirdly.

HARRISON: It's coffee-ee. With a glottal stop in the middle. And we're off the point.

Which is: Drew-y. Totally a word. It means cynical. And disenchanted. And alarmingly aware of your audience and, like, persona-y.

DREW: Right. Well. I guess that's why Cal's your favorite and I'm not.

HARRISON: Noooooooooo, that is not why you're not my favorite.

[awkward moment of silence]

DREW: Maybe we should move on...

[Drew text]

DREW: A text from listener FFS: "Drew, you're not Shosta's favorite because—"
Anyway.

HARRISON: I would love to hear what FFS has to say.

DREW: The thing about Cal is—

HARRISON: I thought we were moving away from Cal. Now we're back to Cal?

DREW: Yes, because all you know of Cal is his columns that are edited to within an inch of their lives and are crafted to be exactly the image he wants to present to the world. It's easy to have that be your favorite person, because you don't have to deal with all the unpolished bits of him, the bits where he doesn't say the perfect little aphorism in response to every question the first time around, the bits where maybe he says entirely the wrong thing and, oops, doesn't have a backspace button in real life. So I'm saying even if Cal exists and it's not all just an act and he's not cynical and playing to his audience but he is who he is, I'm saying even if that's true, it's an impossible standard and who's to say Cal would still be your favorite if you had to communicate with him in real time without the benefit of him being able to really think through and craft perfectly everything he says to be the most beautiful and romantic thing. [deep breath] So. Just. I mean, that's not fair,

to hold the rest of us to the standard of Cal, so that if we ever... say the wrong thing in the heat of the moment that it just... haunts us forever.

[moment of silence]

HARRISON: Okay. That's fair.

DREW: That's... oh. Really?

HARRISON: Yes. That's a fair point.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: This is from listener Andromeda. They say, "I don't know if Drew will read this on-air because he has a habit of cutting himself off so I'm texting you, Shosta, just to say that Drew's my favorite and I'll take him if—" Oh.

DREW: If what?

HARRISON: Never mind. You know what we should do? We should move on.

DREW: Oh. Okay...

[Harrison text sound]

HARRISON: Oh, look, it's Andromeda scolding me for cutting myself off. Okay, you know what, we should do a debate or something, since people don't seem to be texting in with anything useful.

DREW: I mean, people are texting in, maybe we haven't asked for the right topics tonight--Okay, it's going to bother me, you'd better just tell me.

HARRISON: Tell you what?

DREW: What Andromeda said.

HARRISON: Why? It's nothing. It's silly.

DREW: It's important.

HARRISON: It's not. It's just Andromeda. Do you even know Andromeda? I mean, do you want Andromeda?

DREW: No, I don't—I have no idea who Andromeda is. But I want to know what Andromeda thinks I have to change about myself for them to take me.

HARRISON: ...What?

DREW: I'm their favorite and they'll take me if I do what? It's always something and it's going to bother me until you tell me what it is so you might as well just tell me.

HARRISON: Oh, no, it's not... That's not what it was about. It didn't have anything to do with you.

DREW: Their statement about how I'm their favorite didn't have anything to do with me?

HARRISON: Not that part of it. Drew, there's nothing you should change about you. Nothing.

DREW: No, no, there are lots of things, I have heard them all before, it isn't anything new, I just like to keep proper records about what it is that I—

HARRISON: There is nothing you should change. Andromeda. About your text. The conditions aren't optimal for you, sorry.

DREW: What does that mean?

HARRISON: They know what it means. Okay. Debate time. [HARRISON text sound]
Andromeda. Again. "Fine, I accept these terms, but you'll have to make it up to me by giving me some juicy Drew-Shah-sta debate. And I mean serious debate this time. What are your thoughts on Johnlock?" No. Definitely not discussing Johnlock.

DREW: Wait, why not? I have things to say about Johnlock!

HARRISON: Not John Locke. Johnlock. Like, one word, no "e" at the end.

DREW: ...Yes, I know. I know what Johnlock is.

HARRISON: You have something to say about the Johnlock that is not the sixteenth-century philosopher?

DREW: He was seventeenth-century, and how could I not have something to say about one of the greatest love stories of the past two centuries?

HARRISON: John...lock.

DREW: Yes! John Watson and Sherlock Holmes! Who else could I possibly have meant?

HARRISON:John.... McCain.... and.... Lock.... heed-Martin?

DREW: [LOUD SIGH]

HARRISON: You just don't seem like the type to—

DREW: The BBC Sherlock is critically acclaimed and broadcast into millions of homes, and like every other student at Sidlesmith I have a Tumblr, so your assumptions are entirely unwarranted. Let's talk about Steven Moffat and queerbaiting, shall we?

HARRISON: Woah, woah, I think that's probably way too controversial a topic for our mostly drama-free—

DREW: Why, Shostakovich, you're suddenly Shosta-skittish?

HARRISON: I'm--I'm sorry, I'm *what*?

DREW: You've discussed our personal lives to an endless degree and you've happily enumerated all the personality flaws of yours truly in abundance, and now suddenly, Andromeda wants to know all about Moffat's continued dismissal of the raging homoerotic subtext in his own show, and you're reluctant to discuss? You don't want to talk about how queer identity is represented on the show as a titillating exploitative joke for the viewer?

HARRISON: Well, I think that's a one-sided viewpoint

DREW [snorting]: Unbelievable. Fine, let's hear the other side.

HARRISON: Firstly, I *haven't* discussed our personal lives to an endless degree, and secondly, the other showrunner, Mark Gatiss, is a queer man who's written plenty of complex queer storylines and characters and relationships into his works before, and he doesn't deserve to be harassed and thrown under the bus in such a simplistic fashion.

DREW:Oh.

HARRISON: But it's true, Moff-itt is a—

DREW [claps his hand over HARRISON's mouth]: Ha! Okay, we definitely can't get *that* personal.

HARRISON: [Muffled, attempting to talk beneath DREW's mouth]

DREW: Thank you for the text, really! I think we can all agree it's a complex subject with many sides and far more nuance than we have time to discuss here tonight. [Drew's phone dings] Oh, thank god. It's FFS again. "Dear Drew, get Shosta to text me Andromeda's phone number because we clearly have similar thoughts on certain" — okay, now, look.

HARRISON: Oh my god, is this — are they bonding over what I think they're bonding over? Do we have shippers?

DREW: What? No. No, we don't have shippers. No one is shipping us.

HARRISON: Because we are an every-ship radio show, we welcome any and all shippers regardless of pairing—

DREW: No, that is absolutely incorrect, we do not welcome Drew/Harrison shippers—

HARRISON: Drewison. Or Drewshah-sta, technically.

DREW: We are not calling our ship name Drewison. Or Drewshosta, or, or
Drewchaisky or Draaaaaav or — what am I even saying right now? No one is
shipping us.

HARRISON: Harridrew?

DREW: That sounds like some sort of infomercial home installation equipment.
Harridrew your tiles today and get your second order free! Just pay four
hundred dollars shipping and handling! And we'll throw in a device to make
sure you never trip over your own shoelaces ever again!

HARRISON: I think you're just being cynical again. Typical.

DREW: Or it sounds like an oil-and-gas company whose board members have all
been indicted for insider trading but they'll get off scot-free because our
criminal justice system only prosecutes the poor and the corporate oligarchy
that heads up this country is essentially lawless.

HARRISON: Are you done?

DREW: I can't help it, that's what Harridrew sounds like.

HARRISON: It sounds like the death of democracy and capitalism and the entire rule of law?

DREW: ...A little.

HARRISON: Okay.

DREW: My point is that no one is shipping us, that's weird.

HARRISON: No it's not. We're shipping everyone else who texts in.

DREW: That's different, they're *asking* us to ship them, by way of asking for advice about their love life. And anyway, we're not actually invested in whether or not their relationships work out or not.

HARRISON: We're... not?

DREW: No?

HARRISON: Then why do we ask them to send in updates every week? Why do we bother remembering their names and their progress from week to week?

DREW: Uh, because we're good at hosting this show?

HARRISON: Oh. Right. Everything's about the persona with you, again.

DREW: That's not true.

HARRISON: You're honestly telling me you don't care at all if Sabrina and Rosa go on their fake girlfriend wedding weekend and *don't* fall madly in love? After all your talk about what a horrible idea it was, et cetera, et cetera?

DREW: I...

HARRISON: You're not invested in Stanwyck and Lovejoy and little Khaleesi?

DREW: Well—

HARRISON: What about C and his gangster? I *know* you're invested in C and his gangster.

DREW: That's not the same as shipping them.

HARRISON: What's different about it?

DREW: It's different. I don't want them to get together in a dysfunctional relationship just because it'd be cute. I want them to be happy. You know, as people. Whether that means they end up together or not.

HARRISON: Okay. But everything you just said — that's what shipping *is*. Look, we all just want the people we care about to be happy. And sometimes that manifests as rooting for them to get together with the person they think could make them happiest. But it's still ultimately all about rooting for you to find what's best for you. That's what people want for you. That's why they want to ship you with... with whoever.

DREW (fondly): I can think of so many ships that completely contradict everything you just said, but okay.

HARRISON: Well. this ship — this totally hypothetical you-me ship that people are shipping — wouldn't be one of them. Our shippers just want you to be happy.

[moment of silence]

DREW: I *am*... [clears his throat] But shipping all these real people together... What if Stanwyck doesn't make Lovejoy happy? And vice versa?

HARRISON: Then we wouldn't ship them.

DREW: We don't know them. We can't possibly know enough about them to know what makes them happy.

HARRISON: We know how they talk about each other. We know they spend an in-ord-i-nate amount of time thinking about each other for the fact that all they have to do is not break an egg for a couple of weeks. We know that they can recognize each other based solely on *text syntax*. And we know that they seem to complement each other. It's a lot to go on.

DREW: I... guess...

HARRISON: And it's not like we really control their lives or something. If they don't want to be together, they don't have to be together.

DREW: You don't think we're... influencing their decisions?

HARRISON: Well, we're giving them advice. And the rest of the work is being done by the *Sidlesmith magic*. Speaking of, still waiting for any clues here! Anyone who's seen the Sidlesmith Valentine. Anyone at all.

DREW [sighing]: Look, I think maybe you're going to have to accept that there's at least a *slight* chance that nobody's seen it because it—

HARRISON: So help me, if you say 'because it doesn't exist' I'm going to march out of here and take my Samoas with me.

DREW: ...or because it's been buried in a library forever and was almost immediately buried again to keep it out of the hands of sinister college henchmen?

HARRISON: I'm going to find it. Mark my words.

DREW: If you *don't* find it, though —

HARRISON: Not an option.

DREW [fondly]: Well. I guess that's how you know it's a Harrison — er, a Shosta — adventure.

HARRISON: You mean it's stubborn and obsessive?

DREW: I mean it's optimistic. It's... Harrison-y.

HARRISON [instantly delighted]: Harrison-y!

DREW: Yeah, yeah, let's not immediately jump the shark with this linguistic aberration.

HARRISON: See? Your ability to balance my sense of whimsy with a healthy dose of snark, that's why people ship us. It's Harridrew-y.

DREW: Aaand too late.

HARRISON: Not to worry, FFS, I'll get you Andromeda's number and the two of you can ship it to your heart's content. But you have to promise to send us a follow-up!

DREW: Actually, don't you think it's weird we haven't gotten any follow-up texts tonight? Where are all of you?

HARRISON: Maybe they're off having successful relationships. Thanks to all the totally not fake *magic of Siddlesmith*. They're all too busy making out to listen to our radio show anymore. Sad. Our ratings will go down.

DREW: Hmmm. We haven't even gotten any advice text-ins.

HARRISON: Because everything is just rosy.

DREW: Well. Then we don't have much of a show.

HARRISON: Our *chemistry* is the show.

DREW: Ha. Like I said.

HARRISON [a bit hurt]: You don't think we have chemistry?

DREW: I... Well, I mean... Of course we have chemistry, I... balance your sense of whimsy with a healthy dose of snark, so... yeah.

HARRISON: Hmph. That didn't sound very convincing.

DREW: People are shipping us. We must have chemistry.

HARRISON: You don't feel the chemistry?

[beat]

DREW: What does it feel like?

HARRISON: *Drew.*

DREW: No, I'm trying to understand, like, does it feel a certain way?

HARRISON: I would have said... that it feels like this, Drew. It feels just like this.

Here, have a Samoa.

DREW: I like doing the show with you.

HARRISON: Thank you.

DREW: It was... boring, doing it with the others. I am never bored with you.

HARRISON: I am going to take that as a compliment because I know you mean it that way.

DREW: I'm not sure I'd want to do the show with anyone else, now.

HARRISON: Aww, Drew, *really?*

DREW: Look, none of my other co-hosts ever brought me Samoas *every single show*.

HARRISON: Fools, the lot of them.

DREW: Can I ask you something?

HARRISON: Of course you can.

DREW: What are we going to do for our show if people stop texting us?

HARRISON: Just sit here and talk, I guess.

DREW: People will listen to that?

HARRISON: Because we have chemistry.

DREW: Hmm.

HARRISON: You know it, by the way.

DREW: Know what?

HARRISON: That we have chemistry.

DREW: And how do I know that?

HARRISON: Because you haven't once suggested that we fill up this episode's time by playing a song. Not once. You just kept us on the air, talking. Because you know we have chemistry.

DREW: ...Oh.

HARRISON: Harridrew forever!

DREW: Um. Right. So, uh. We should. Uh. Campus news. Right. That's a thing.
That we do.

HARRISON: Go Fluffers.

DREW: Don't forget to buy your tickets for the Sock Hop, get your roses for the Rose Dance, blah blah blah. Chemistry students, don't forget the main atrium is closed after last week's explosion so you have to use the north-east entrance into the building. Also, rumors that the explosion was due to a chemical leak and not someone's ill-advised lab experiment have been greatly exaggerated.

HARRISON [in a stage whisper]: It's a *love potion*. A chemical aphrodisiac leak. A leak of *love*.

DREW: That's... not true. Except we have been asked to say that you're not allowed in the atrium, but if you go, make sure you bring a condom with you.

HARRISON: Ha!

[Drew text]

DREW: Oh. A text. At the end of the show.

HARRISON: Is it someone with a clue about the Valentine?

DREW: "Dear Drew, You and Shosta should totally go to the—" Okay, we're out of time for this episode. Just another day at Sidlesmith.

HARRISON: Where things definitely aren't in any way powered by magic.

DREW: Bye!

HARRISON: Insert catchphrase here!