

ACTUALLY THIS IS EPISODE 6 NOW OOPS

DREW: So.

HARRISON: So.

DREW: Here we are again.

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: Kaleidotrope.

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: Your hosts, Drew and...?

HARRISON: Harrison.

DREW: Harrison? Really? You don't want to go with, I don't know, Coltrane? Jagger?

HARRISON: Do you want me to go by Jagger for the evening?

DREW: I... I don't know, not really, you just seem a little subdued.

HARRISON: I'm not subdued.

[silence]

DREW: So how's it going?

HARRISON: I haven't found the Valentine, if that's what you're getting at.

DREW: Harrison, no one's seen the Valentine in 150 years, maybe you just need to be patient.

HARRISON: Right. Just because I haven't found it doesn't mean it's not out there.

DREW: Exactly.

HARRISON: Hang on, I thought you didn't believe the Valentine even existed.

DREW: I mean, I... don't, I'm just trying to be encouraging.

HARRISON: Of my pointless wild goose chase? You can just say it if that's what you mean.

DREW: That's not what I mean, I just... I re-watched *The Merry Widow*.

HARRISON: Did you?

DREW: And, I don't know, I remembered how much of the plot revolves around misunderstood communications of love, and just... misinterpreting the things that lovers say, or don't say, and I just think, we're sitting around here debating an ancient *Valentine*.

HARRISON: Can we stop talking about the Valentine now?

DREW: Fine. Fine. I didn't mean...

HARRISON: Maybe we should just go straight to texts. Text us tonight, people. We need texts.

DREW: [uncertainly] Okay. I mean, if you want. [pause] I think you'd probably really like *The Merry Widow*.

HARRISON: Because it's all about pointless wild goose chases and misunderstandings about true love?

DREW: Because it's a good story and it has a happy ending.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: "Dear Harrison, Thank you for searching for the Sidlesmith Valentine, I hope you find it, the suspense is killing me!" Oh, God.

[Drew text]

DREW: Oh, here's a more usual text. About Kishi's. You should like this. It'll cheer you up. It's from a listener going by Latte, ha, cute, isn't that cute?

HARRISON: Yeah, sure, adorable.

DREW: "Dear Drew and Harrison, The other day I went for coffee at Kishi's, as is my wont." Good use of wont, Latte. "Except that usually my regular barista flirts with me and draws little hearts with the foam and little kitty-cats on my cup and today: nothing! What's going on?" with multiple question marks.

HARRISON: *What?* The barista isn't flirting with them???

DREW: I mean, it could be that the barista is distracted right now. Has a big exam coming up or—

HARRISON: No, no, no, the baristas at Kishi's *always* flirt.

DREW: Well, that frankly sounds exhausting.

HARRISON: I don't know what to make of this. Did you order a drink without foam, maybe? You know it's harder for the baristas to flirt if they don't have foam to work with.

DREW: Why can't they flirt over just a simple cup of coffee?

HARRISON: Oh, my God, do you go to Kishi's and just order *coffee*?

DREW: ...Yes?

HARRISON: You can't do that. You have to give them a little bit to work with. If there's foam then—

[Drew text]

DREW: It's Latte. "I ordered the same drink I always order!!!!" See how I read that with a lot of expression because of how many exclamation points he put in there?

HARRISON: This is bad. This is terrible.

DREW: Look, maybe he was just having a bad day—

HARRISON: Baristas at Kishi's do not have *bad days*. We are *Sidlesmith*.

DREW: Yes, the Sidlesmith Fluffers, rah, rah, rah.

HARRISON: [gasp] And we didn't win the football game this weekend!

DREW: Everyone loses a game sometimes—

HARRISON: Not us!

DREW: Look, maybe Sam the quarterback was distracted because she got together with her OTP.

So. Jagger. This weekend I saw a sheep on the Quad. What do you think about that?

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: It's Sam. She didn't get together with her OTP!

DREW: I... I mean, there's time still. I'm sure they just didn't—

HARRISON: She says he says he doesn't feel the same way. This is impossible.

DREW: [trying to be soothing] It's not impossible. It happens sometimes. Maybe this just wasn't her trope, okay? Let's think about some advice to give that will fix this.

HARRISON: [thoughtfully] You're right. Must not have been the right trope. Maybe that's what's happening with the coffee shop person, too. Latte.

DREW: [relieved] Right. Exactly.

HARRISON: [slowly, thinking] Okay, so, if Sam's trope isn't any of the wide receivers, what could it be?

DREW: Well, I mean.

HARRISON: Yes? Do you have an idea?

DREW: I mean, maybe she just needs to...keep looking.

HARRISON: Keep looking?

DREW: Yeah, like, I don't know, she...meets some people who aren't wide receivers.

HARRISON: You mean the cheerleaders?

DREW: I mean *other people*. She meets new people. She could have a completely different trope waiting out there for her.

HARRISON: Do you really believe that?

DREW: I don't know if I would call it a "trope," but, like, yeah, you never know who you're going to meet and when and how.

HARRISON: Meet-cute.

DREW: You might not have a meet-cute. Not everybody has a meet-cute.

HARRISON: Everybody at Sidlesmith has a meet-cute.

DREW: Have you had a meet-cute?

HARRISON: Wow. Low blow, Andrew.

DREW: I don't—I didn't mean it like that, I meant, like, this has been a terrible show, can we just start over?

HARRISON: No, we can't just start over. It's live.

DREW: I mean, like, can we metaphorically start over? You're listening to Kaleidotrope on WFLUF and we are just starting over. I'm Drew and I'm here with— [Drew text] —with a text, apparently.

“Dear Drew, I have a question. Why are you so obsessed with *The Merry Widow*? Shouldn't you be into something newer than an Edwardian operetta? Why not something more recent like *Dear Evan Hansen* or *Hamilton* or, hell, *Rent*?” Well. That's a little personal, don't you—

HARRISON: Drew probably dislikes the newer stuff. Right?

DREW: No. I mean. I don't dislike things *just* because they're new. I like a lot of newer musicals.

HARRISON: Well, let's debate one of them.

DREW: We're not supposed to debate one of them until the debate portion of the evening, later on in the show.

HARRISON: Let's do it now. You said yourself everything's wrong with this episode anyway so why not upend the structure?

DREW: Yeah, but — [sigh] — You don't know anything about musicals.

HARRISON: So? I can make up an argument for why it's good and you can tell me why I'm wrong.

DREW: An argument for this musical you know nothing about.

HARRISON: Sure.

DREW: Okay. *Les Miserables*. Go.

HARRISON: Ooh! I know this one. It gave us that weird meme of Russell Crowe staring sadly through a window.

DREW:okay.

HARRISON: And it gave us Anne Hathaway's Sinead period, with her whole shaved head thing—that was that movie, right?

DREW: I don't think you're supposed to just make up stuff based on the movie.

HARRISON: Fine. *Les Miserables* is good because it's... *less miserable* than other shows.

DREW: Actually, it's considerably more miserable than many other shows.

HARRISON: Shh, you're ruining my clever little play on words.

DREW [letting out a long suffering sigh]: You know what, whatever, you can have this one.

HARRISON: Ha! I like this game. Pick another one.

DREW: Hmph. *Rent*.

HARRISON: *Rent!* *Rent* is a good musical because... it's a harrowing saga of tenement life in New York? During the AIDS crisis? And... everyone gets their rent paid?

DREW: [Laughing] Something like that. Actually, *Rent* is one of those shows people love to hate and hate to love. I think I'm somewhere in the middle.

HARRISON: Why?

DREW: It's just frustrating. On the one hand it's got a magnificent score and sumptuous love songs and an incredible sense of time and place and all that raw energy that makes it so compelling — and on the other hand, the characters are all really obnoxious, the climax to the plot is stolen from *Reality Bites*, and the whole thing is predicated off of the assumption that there's something so special about *these* particular artists that they don't have to grow up and pay their rent just like the rest of us — even though when it comes down to it, we just don't see Roger and Mark and Maureen actually *being* that clever and brilliant. I mean, "What you own" is an anvilicious disaster. And Roger's song for Mimi isn't anywhere near as powerful or as poignant as "Without You" or "I should tell you" or "Would you light my candle" or any of the duets they have together — and maybe that's the whole point, but it's hard to justify why your artistic genius allows you to live rent-free in the Village in a loft the size of Macey's when you haven't got the talent to back it up. Collins and Angel, sure, they're both brilliant in their own ways, but they're sort of shunted to the side as like these gay angels whose personalities get refracted through the lens of how giving they are to each other and their friends. And that's the other thing, because, like, you can't even resent the show for its unearned pretension, even though this 'we're artistically entitled to live rent-free' attitude seems so hard for us to grasp from where we're standing, because it's based on Jonathan Larsen's real life, and all these people are losing their friends right and left, and when they sing "No day but today," you know they really *mean* it — they don't have time to fucking care about paying the rent when they're dying in America, and Reagan lived through the first five years of his administration, when people were dropping like flies from

the disease, without ever once uttering the word “AIDS” in public, and Jonathan Larsen *died*, and how can you criticize any part of that — [he breaks off, sniffles] — honestly, fuck *Rent*.

HARRISON: *Drew*.

DREW: [trying to recover his composure] Don't even get me started on the movie, the movie is just terrible.

HARRISON: Hey. It's Chai.

[pause]

DREW: [obviously relieved] Really?

HARRISON: Really. Let's start over, let's do it right. I'm going with Chai.

DREW: [delighted now] Is it short for Tchaikovsky?

HARRISON: You got it.

DREW: Excellent. So we are Drew and Chai and feel free to text us, especially about successful love stories right now.

HARRISON: Successful OTPs.

DREW: Successful OTPs.

HARRISON: I'm working on it.

DREW: Working on what?

HARRISON: The meet-cute thing. It's a work-in-progress.

DREW: [uncertain how to respond] ...Oh.

[Drew text]

DREW: It's a listener requesting an update from the egg parents.

HARRISON: Oooh, yes, Lovejoy and Stanwyck! We'd love to hear if Lovejoy convinced Stanwyck to relax.

DREW: Or if Stanwyck convinced Lovejoy to be more responsible. Wait. Which is which? Did we just get them mixed-up?

HARRISON: I don't know. To be honest, I have a hard time remembering which is which.

[Drew and Harrison texts]

DREW: It's Lovejoy. "How can you not remember that Stanwyck is the uptight one who is going to suffocate our child to death with his overprotectiveness."

HARRISON: Stanwyck says, "How can you not remember that Lovejoy is the completely irresponsible one who is going to get our child turned into an omelet."

[moment of silence]

DREW: Well.

HARRISON: That doesn't sound very happy and uplifting, Lovejoy and Stanwyck.

DREW: I'm sure they're just--

HARRISON: It doesn't sound like it's going well.

DREW: --going through a rough patch, I mean, raising a child together is difficult, everyone's bound to fight a little every now and then...

[Drew and Harrison texts]

HARRISON: Stanwyck says, "I am not overprotective. Our child is an egg. He is extremely fragile."

DREW: Lovejoy says we should remember who he is because he is the fun one who *loves joy*.

HARRISON: He has a mnemonic for his name?

[Drew text]

DREW: Oh, he also says that we should remember who Stanwyck is because he's just like a cynical film noir femme fatale.

HARRISON: What is that supposed to mean?

[Drew text]

DREW: And finally: Lovejoy wants to remind us that their egg child uses she pronouns.

HARRISON: I don't understand what happened. They were going to Chuck E. Cheese together!

Lovejoy and Stanwyck, do not let Chuck E. Cheese destroy your trope!

[Both of them get simultaneous texts]

DREW and HARRISON [in unison]: "Too late."

DREW: Okay, wait, just because this particular assignment is going badly—

[Drew text]

DREW: Oh, look, it's Adelaide with an OT3 update for us. I'm sure this is going well. "Dear Drew and Chai, Torgo and Nicely-Nicely are totally into each other, I'm just a third wheel."

HARRISON: [gasp]

DREW: Okay, see, but the *positive* reading of this is that *two-thirds* of the OT3 is going really well.
Just not Adelaide's part.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: It's Torgo. "Dear Drew and Chai, Adelaide's wrong, she and Nicely-Nicely are totally into each other and *I'm* the third wheel."

[Drew text]

DREW: And, for the first time ever, Nicely-Nicely: "I don't know what Torgo and Adelaide are talking about, *they're* into each other and *I'm* the third wheel."

HARRISON: Oh, my God. This is terrible.

DREW: No, it's not. Don't you see what we've uncovered?

HARRISON: That none of them are happy and all of them are miserable?

DREW: That they just need to talk to each other, because they're all feeling left out of the relationship. This is just the natural growing pains of an OT3. It's a lot of people and people's feelings to negotiate. Not to mention anatomical parts.

HARRISON: This is a nightmare.

DREW: I'm sure they can figure it out.

[Drew text]

DREW: It's Vee the Veela. [Reads, in his best Veela Prep voice] "Dear Drew and Chai, Terrible advice."

HARRISON: [groans]

DREW: "I kissed Trisha and not only is she not my soulmate but now she's going around telling everyone I'm a horrible kisser and I kiss like an anteater. What do you have to say for yourselves?"

[moment of silence]

DREW: Well, I mean, an anteater seems like it would be pretty good with its tongue and that would come in really handy in a lot of circumstances—

HARRISON: Stop. Stop. For the love of God, please stop.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: Oh, no. Oh, it's the fluffharder.

DREW: The... what?

HARRISON: Remember we were going to call fluffers fluffharders? Like, not Sidlesmith fluffers.

Actual porn fluffers. Are now called fluffharders.

DREW: I think I blocked out that that was ever a thing we thought we were going to need to say a lot on this radio show. How naive of me.

HARRISON: Oh, no, this is terrible. Her porn star just finished up his dissertation and got a job on the other side of the country. He's not going to be making porn anymore.

[pause]

DREW: I mean, I assume that's a good thing for the porn star. I assume he's happy to be done with his dissertation. People generally are. Congratulations, anonymous porn star.

HARRISON: But don't you see? It's terrible for the *trope*.

[Drew text]

DREW: It's Vivan, the truth serum guy.

HARRISON: [resigned] What inconvenient truths has he spilled and what relationships has he ruined?

DREW: [American accent] "Dear Drew and Chai, This time when I drank the chemical concoction--"

HARRISON: Hang on. What are you doing with your voice?

DREW: It's my Vivan voice.

HARRISON: You have a Vivan voice?

DREW: Well. Now I do.

HARRISON: Hang on. That thing you were doing with Vee's text. Was that supposed to be a prep girl voice?

DREW: Yes?

HARRISON: Huh. Well. That needs work, but aside from that the point is: You're doing voices for me? This is what it's come to? You've actually started to do texting voices?

DREW: ...I can stop if you--

HARRISON: No, no. Do your Vivan voice. It is the one bright spot in a sea of breaking tropes.

DREW: [beat of reaction] Okay. [resuming Vivan voice] "Dear Drew and Chai, This time when I drank the chemical concoction, it just made me really sick and I had to go to the hospital."
[normal voice] That's... Please stop drinking chemical concoctions, Vivan.

HARRISON: Did he at least meet a hot doctor and/or nurse?

DREW: Well, I'm sure he—

[Drew text]

DREW: [Vivan voice] “Tell Chai no, I didn’t get to meet anybody hot, I just had to walk around in a very unsexy gurney throwing up, it was nothing like I’d been led to believe a hospital stay would be like.”

HARRISON: [gasping dramatically]

DREW: Calm down. Hospital stays aren’t supposed to be sexy.

HARRISON: No. Don’t you understand? The magic is... it’s breaking or something. It’s all falling apart.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Maybe it’s because they dislodged the Sidlesmith Valentine from its longstanding hiding place.

DREW: But the librarian put it back again — or claimed she did.

HARRISON: No — she just said she hid whatever was in the box somewhere, presumably somewhere on campus.

DREW: And you spent all weekend looking for it.

HARRISON: *No*, I spent all weekend looking for the Sidlesmith Valentine. Which may or may not be what was in the box.

DREW: Well, given that she said it wasn't actually a Valentine, how can this not-Valentine be ruining the Sidlesmith magic?

HARRISON: I don't *know*! But clearly that's what's happening.

DREW: Okay, hang on, it's too early to jump to any conclusions. We need to hear from more of our fabulous tropers. If any of you have updates — hopefully nice ones — let us hear from you.

[DREW text]

DREW: “Dear Drew, Wendy here. Lisa and I finally found the book and we attempted to share it.”
Oh, good! They found the missing book, they're partnering up, see? Things aren't totally bad.

HARRISON: Hmph.

DREW: “Except then when we were attempting to read it over coffee at Kishi's, We each yanked it a little too hard and...” oh.

HARRISON: And what?

DREW: “...and tore it in half.”

HARRISON: Oh, *no*.

DREW: “And then when we were arguing about who was going to pay for the library damages, this hot barista comes over and just starts *chatting Lisa up*, right in front of me.”

HARRISON [gasps]: No! What if this is the barista who normally flirts with Latte?

DREW: We don’t know that—

HARRISON: —No, we do, everything is all wrong, it’s all off-kilter.

[Drew text]

DREW: Oh, look, it’s Rosa. “Hi, Drew and Chai, Just wanted to say that our whole fake girlfriend plan is stalled because Sabrina’s sister isn’t getting married anymore. Weird, right? But now there’s no reason for a fake girlfriend!”

HARRISON: *No reason for a fake girlfriend????*

DREW: Okay, surely not *everything* is— [Drew text] — Oh, it’s from C, our unwitting gangster plaything. They write, “Heyyyyy, no problems here, still happily being blackmailed into questionable sex.” Er.

HARRISON: Great. That’s just GREAT. We’ve broken everyone except the one guy whose relationship was already so broken it doesn’t even matter—

DREW: We haven’t broken anyone. They’re all fine. [Sound of Harrison angrily throwing an empty sleeve of Samoas at Drew]

DREW: Um. Do you want some Samoas?

HARRISON: No, I don't want any Samoas, the Samoas are for *you*, unless you're going to tell me next that you don't even like Samoas!

DREW: No, I— I still like Samoas.

HARRISON: Well, that's just—oh.

DREW: I... I still like you bringing me Samoas.

HARRISON: Oh. I... right. Of course you do. Because why wouldn't you? It's not like this is a trope or anything. It's not like there's anything here to... to break or go wrong.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Never mind. Can we just get on with the advice-giving portion of the evening?

DREW: No, wait, should we—

HARRISON: Stanwyck and Lovejoy, your egg assignment is over in, what, two more weeks? Just make a schedule for who watches the egg and then take turns watching the damn egg, there, done. You don't have to look at each other or talk to each other and as long as you don't actually break it, you should be fine. It's easy, really. Just don't make a big production out of it and you'll be fine and then you can turn in the egg project and go your separate ways.

DREW: Well. That's. A little—

HARRISON: Right. Sam the quarterback. Up until this past weekend, you've had an undefeated *career* at Sidlesmith, which makes you one of the best quarterbacks in the country, and even though you've always managed these dramatic come-from-behind wins, you know you can't win them all, right? So for some reason, your wide receiver isn't into the nation's next Heisman Trophy winner, which probably means he's taken one too many hits to the helmet, and he should definitely have that looked at. And Sidlesmith should consider switching to tag football. As for you, you should probably go make out with someone hot and single and available, just to get the edge off and remind yourself what a total catch you are.

DREW: Harrison, don't you think this is all a little—

HARRISON: It's Chai, remember, we're starting over, I'm Chai and you're Drew. Next up, Wendy and Lisa. I—you know what, you two have been squabbling over a stupid library book for weeks, when there are clearly so many more important things out there for you to worry about. You're probably not right for each other. Wendy, let it go, let Lisa flirt with the barista. And Latte, if you're still listening to this, either give *your* barista your phone number and tell them to call you, or give up and move on. [To Drew] There, how was that for practical advice?

DREW: Terrible. That was terrible.

HARRISON: Why? It's what you'd've said.

DREW: But it's not *you*. They aren't listening for the Drew and Drew show.

HARRISON: Then what? If the tropes are breaking, what does any of it matter anyway? Nothing is certain and everything's just a matter of chance.

DREW: Right, exactly. That's how it's *supposed* to be—that's how all of us are supposed to be. Don't you see? This could be exactly what Sidlesmith needs.

HARRISON: You think Sidlesmith needs to be plunged into total chaos and trope anarchy?

DREW: I think *life* is total chaos and trope anarchy.

HARRISON: Right, and that's what makes Sidlesmith so—

DREW: So *pointless*, if nobody's ever making a choice, if it's all just *tropes*.

HARRISON: *Pointless*? Everyone was happy, and you're saying it was all—

DREW: What if I were to kiss you right now?

HARRISON: [breathless] W-What?

DREW: You said yourself this isn't a trope, nothing matters, and everything's uncertain, so if we're not a trope, I shouldn't want to kiss you, right?

HARRISON: I--but--do you want to kiss me?

DREW: Yes. I want to kiss you desperately. It's really kind of all I think about lately, how much I want to kiss you. So why don't we just go for it? Show that we don't need tropes to be happy?

HARRISON: Because—because--that would ruin everything. Why would you want to make this — this thing, whatever it is —into some sort of experiment? Ugh, see, that’s just another example of how fucked-up all of this is! I don’t *believe* you!

DREW: I sit here and tell you that I, Drew, want to kiss you, Harrison, I just say it straight out, no games, and you don’t *believe* me?

HARRISON: I — everything is — nothing is — the tropes are breaking and —

DREW: You’re so focused on tropes and meet-cutes and some story you’re writing inside your head that you don’t even see me sitting right here in front of you.

HARRISON: We’re in the middle of a crisis and you, you just—

DREW: Come have coffee with me. And watch *The Merry Widow* with me. And just, forget about all of this. Forget about whether we’re fitting the script, forget about if the trope’s progressing properly, just... we could have coffee. And Samoas. And I could introduce you to, like, musical theatre. Music in general, really.

[pause]

HARRISON: I *can’t*. Because if I — if you kiss me right now, then it’s all wrong, then the trope is all wrong and it’s doomed, and I — I don’t want *this* to be doomed along with everything else. I don’t want to jinx us the way Lisa and Wendy and Lovejoy and Stanwyck and everybody else got jinxed.

DREW: They didn't — that's not — You won't be convinced that you and I could just have something special together with or without the Sidlesmith Valentine until you *find* the Sidlesmith Valentine and prove that the magic is real.

HARRISON: Yes. And find a way to fix whatever is broken so that it won't break us, too.

DREW: [huff] Fine. I'll — I'll help you. I guess.

HARRISON: You will? Drew, that's — that's good of you.

DREW: It isn't good of me, I have a very selfish motivation behind this. But if we find it, whatever we do or don't find, that's it. No more hunting, no more excuses.

HARRISON: Do you think that's what I'm doing? Do you think I'm making *excuses*? Because I want to make sure that we do this the right way?

DREW: No. I think you really believe this. I think you really believe in all this Sidlesmith magic, and that there's some external force holding all of us together, and that it's the key to that happy ending you want so badly. I can't even be *angry* with you for this nonsense, because it's part of who you are, that you're so dedicated to the fairy tale. I'm just saying, we do it your way right now, but if your way doesn't work, we try it my way.

HARRISON: And your way is... we just start making out and hope we're soulmates?

DREW: [with a smile in his voice] That's usually what people do, Harrison. I'm figuring out that you don't do much dating, which is a real shame.

HARRISON: Thank you. For helping me find the Sidlesmith Valentine. It means a lot to me.

DREW: Yeah, sure, anytime.

[long awkward pause]

HARRISON: Hal is, like, gesturing wildly at us.

DREW: Oh, ignore Hal, she's always — Oh. *Oh*. We're still on the air.

HARRISON: We're what?

DREW: Our radio show. We're in the middle of our radio show.

HARRISON: Oh, my God, you're right.

DREW: Yes. So. I guess we should. Do a show-related. Thing.

HARRISON: Yes. One of the things we do on this show.

[An incoming fusillade of texts on all sides]

HARRISON: What.... is happening?

DREW: We're getting lots of— “Oh em gee, Drew, I can't believe it took you so long.” Well. Yes.

Look, I'm not normally so unprofessional, but—

HARRISON: “Harrison, this is a backwards development, you need to BE CAUTIOUS.” In all caps.

“You don't want to break your trope.” Well, thanks, I guess, that's—

DREW: “Drew, you jackass, quit playing games with Harrison's heart”? Okay, now, look—

HARRISON: “Dear Harrison, Drew totally wants to”—um, nevermind, I can’t read that one on the air.

DREW: “Don’t do it, Drew, you’ll break the trope just like... you’ve broken everyone else’s.” Oh.

HARRISON: “You’ll break, too. Everything’s breaking.”

DREW: Okay. Everybody. Thanks for all the *advice*, but I think we should put a moratorium on texts about *our* relationship. If you have any *questions* for us, you know what to do.

[texts sound]

HARRISON: “Dear Chai, My question is: How is Drew as a kisser?”

DREW: Questions about *your relationships*.

[Resounding silence]

HARRISON: We’ve broken everyon—

DREW: We haven’t broken everyone. It’s just... later in the show than we usually ask for texts.

[Drew text sound]

DREW: [triumphantly] See? Here we go. A text. This is from Delilah. Hello, Delilah. Delilah says, “Dear Drew and Chai, I’ve got this boyfriend I really love and it’s going great.” See? See, Harrison? *Not broken*.

HARRISON: [skeptically] Uh-huh. There’s a reason she’s texting in to us. Keep reading.

DREW: “I want to test to make sure he’s really in it for the long haul, you know, thick and thin, ups and downs, better, poorer, et cetera. So I’m going to hire a bunch of actors to pretend to be my family. They’re going to be absolutely horrifying, the worst people you can imagine, and if my boyfriend still wants to be with me after all of that, then I know he really loves me. Good plan, yes?”

[moment of silence]

DREW: “P.S. I think you and Chai will totally make it, you’re a cute couple.”

[another moment of silence]

DREW: So, I mean, the postscript is nice, right?

HARRISON: This person... is bringing her real boyfriend... to meet her fake family.

DREW: Apparently.

HARRISON: *That is the reverse of the trope.*

DREW: Okay —

HARRISON: No. Not okay. The trope is that you bring your *fake boyfriend* to meet your *real family*.

DREW: Delilah. Trope aside. This is a terrible idea. If your boyfriend loves you, then he loves you.

And if you have doubts about whether that love comes with qualifications, or is conditional on something, then you should talk to him about it. I know that’s scary to do. I get that. I get that it’s fucking terrifying. But you deserve to be loved without strings attached, without

feeling like one wrong move will change his mind. And he deserves to be given the chance to love you like that without you tricking and manipulating him into it. Imagine how he'll feel once he finds out you didn't trust him enough to just *talk* to him. And, even after you talk to him, if you doubt him, then your relationship probably won't work, because that doubt will nibble away at you and become a self-fulfilling prophecy. So... talk to him, and find a way to trust him, and if you can't, or if his love does come with reservations, then... walk away. Because you deserve a relationship where you feel loved to your very core, where you feel like you can relax. Everyone deserves that.

[moment of silence]

HARRISON: [audibly choked up] Can you hand me the Samoas? I really need a Samoa.

DREW: ...Sure.

[moment of silence]

HARRISON: [more composed] Hal is having a fit again.

DREW: Oh. Right. We should move this along. Um. Announcements. Do we have any campus announcements?

HARRISON: If you have any clues about the Sidlesmith Valentine, *please* text me.

DREW: Or me. I'm helping with this effort.

HARRISON: [happily] Right. Yes. That's right. Text us both. It's Drew and Chai, on the case! Should I pick a detective-related name instead of a music-related name for next time?

DREW: Surprise me.

HARRISON: I can do that.

DREW: I know.

HARRISON: [happy little hmm]

[moment of smiling sappily]

DREW: Oh! The Sock Hop!

HARRISON: Yes! I can't believe we almost forgot! Listeners, we have the best news!

DREW: Well, I don't know if it's the *best*.

HARRISON: You're right, it would be best if we found the Valentine. But *next best*.

DREW: I... don't think it's next best, either, but let's just move on and make the announcement.

HARRISON: Can I do it?

DREW: Yes.

HARRISON: Drew and I will be broadcasting *live from the Sock Hop!* That's right, we'll be there to give you all the action, including the highly-anticipated rose dance. So if you're going to the Sock Hop, stop by to say hi, and if you're not, you can listen to us, and it'll be just like you're there.

DREW: [not sounding excited] *So* exciting.

HARRISON: [amused] Rah, rah, Fluffers!