

EPISODE 8 IDK LOTS OF STUFF'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN

DREW: Uh. [feedback noise] Yeesh, sorry about that. Still getting the kinks worked out here at the annual Sidlesmith sock hop. Um. Hey, everybody. It's just after eight o'clock... you're listening to, uh, Kaleidotrope on 89.2 WFLUF The Fluff. I'm your... your host, Drew — just, uh, just one host tonight. And just... Drew... nothing... Just Drew. If you're only just joining us, we've had a bit of a — a snafu, you might say. But. Um. Now I'm here at the Sidlesmith gymnasium and the sock hop is just about to get underway — er. Sorry, hang on, Hal is — right. Hal is instructing me to say that the sock hop is already underway, it started promptly at 8:00, and the fact that nobody is dancing to the Monster Mash currently is completely irrelevant to the existential question of whether the dance is or is not underway. Yet. ... Um.

[pause, faint sounds of cheesy 50s music in bg]

So. We've got a lot of... fun things in store for you tonight. Sooooo fun. So. Much. Fun. Um. Starting at 8:30 we're going to be giving away WFLUF grab bags full of swag and surprises. I feel like that's risky, like, who wants a bag full of surprises, who knows what that could be, it could be, like, I don't know, a snake or something -- Hal says I need to tell you it's not a snake, it's... good surprises. Those are all good surprises. Lucky you who wins this grab bag full of guaranteed good surprises.

And we've also got the raffle for our fantastic trio of special sock hop prize giveaways set up here at the booth, so you can stop by and enter to win! [this is a

sarcastic exclamation point] Also, just for the record, my phone is currently turned *off*—what? No, Hal, I'm not doing the whole advice thing tonight. We had a whole *structure*, Harrison was supposed to announce— yeah, I've noticed it's just me, that's why I'm not doing advice, I'm just going to do a highly professional broadcast of this super festive and enchanting dance. What, you think I'm going to completely bomb this? Just because I'm doing it alone and no longer have someone around who actually *cares* that we're giving away a romantic dinner for two to Farinelli's, or that we actually have balloons! [completely un-yay-like] Yay! Balloons. [Zero enthusiasm] You can come over and make... balloons. For the dance. As you... enter a drawing for a romantic dinner, or a whole night of free rides for two at the Stoneybrook carnival.

But wait, there's more. You could even win a romantic getaway trip for two over spring break to sunny Daytona Beach. Because nothing says 'true love forever' like copious amounts of alcohol and wet t-shirt contests. *Ow*. Sorry, Hal. Fine. You'll also be staying right on the ocean in a romantic suite complete with a jacuzzi courtesy of our partner, Loveline, Stoneybrook's very own Travel and Escort Service.

Really? It's a travel agency *and* an escort service? Of course it is. Of course we can't have even one thing that's not connected to true love, because this entire town is obsessed with romance. [Heavy sigh] I mean... it's great that you have an all-in-one way to both hire an escort and whisk them away to a private island somewhere. Ha. I guess our gangster boytoy C would be into this. [He laughs, then remembers Harrison's not there to share the joke with him and abruptly cuts off]

Right. Anyway. Come by the booth and snag some station balloons, enter the drawing, get a grab bag. What? Wait, what? No, they don't -- *Fine*. And say hi. I guess you can stop by and say hi, Hal says. If you really feel like you need to say hi to me, which I don't really know why you would, and, full disclosure, Harrison is not here so don't... don't stop by hoping to talk to him, because he's not... here. [pause; sound of music] Who's in charge of the music at this thing? Is the music always this terrible?

RANDOM VOICE 1: Just tell us what the Valentine says!

DREW: No, I... I mean, I... I can't, I, I didn't—

RANDOM VOICE 2: You brought it with you! We heard you!

DREW: I know, I've got it, it's safe. But I—it's not my place to... I didn't want...

I'm a journalist, all right? I'm supposed to observe and report the truth and be as accurate and objective as I can, no matter what. I'm—I'm *trained* to see Sidlesmith — to see all of this — without the rose-colored glasses. That's how I'm supposed to view it even when— when the rest of you can't. And as a journalist, I should be telling you all the truth. I know that.

But I guess somewhere along the way I, I drank the Sidlesmith kool-aid or something, because I... [long pause; Drew is seriously debating what he says next here, what he *wants* to say next.]

It doesn't matter. It just doesn't matter. What the Valentine says doesn't matter. That's what I wanted Harrison to... That's what I wanted everyone to... [with growing confidence] You know what matters? I'm going to tell you what matters. My squirrel story. No, Hal, stop, this is good. People need to know this. *People* [he means Harrison] ... should know this.

My squirrel story goes like this: It was raining. It had been raining forever. And I was outside, in the rain, with the squirrel, because I was trying to watch people. I was trying to watch people, and how they dealt with the rain, with this giant monsoon all over campus — like, did they scurry through the rain, did they stop and slosh through puddles, did they look miserable when their shoes got wet or did they just grimace and soldier on, or did they take their time and dawdle and laugh and look up at the sky —

— and I was sitting there, trying to imagine who they were, what I couldn't see, only the rain was so furious and cold, and it was a bad day, and *everyone* just looked so focused on where they were going and shivering and exhausted and sick of the weather, and everyone I looked at, I just thought, what is the *point*, we're all just bustling past each other and we never even *see* each other. And then I was sitting there trying to decide whether to pack it in and give up and suddenly this squirrel tried to eat my lunch right out of my sandwich bag — like I'd left it sitting next to me on my bench and there was this squirrel just going for it. And I was so startled I just let the squirrel take half my sandwich.

And then — I went to chase it away, and this squirrel — it was a red squirrel, not a grey squirrel, the grey squirrels around here are mean, have you noticed? The red ones are pretty chill, though. The red squirrel just kinda stared back at me like, what are you really going to do about it? And as we were looking at each other, in the middle of all that rain, I realized that this, this goddamn squirrel was the only other living thing I'd had a connection with the entire day. The only thing on campus I'd felt drawn to was the fucking squirrel that tried to eat my lunch and then I—I tried to process that, because that's what I do, only it was too big, it felt like it was too, I don't know, too much, too hollow or overwhelming or something. So I gave up and went through the rest of my day, and then I— [he swallows] — and then I met someone.

I met someone. And he was... it was like the rain hadn't touched him at all. And he gave me cookies, and he kept *smiling* at me. And it was... it was nice.

And, um. I went back to my apartment and I tried to make sense out of that whole day, and maybe — huh. Maybe you'll remember what I said. In fact, you probably have it memorized. But I don't, so I have to read what I wrote. I turned off my phone, but I'm still carrying the notebook around with me.

Right. Here's what I said.

' There's a line from one of my favorite movies, one of those old movies my mom and I used to watch on TCM, that goes, "the time to make up your mind about people is never." It's not a particularly profound aphorism, or at least it isn't until you forget

it. And I forgot it. Out there in all that rain I forgot myself, and I forgot about everyone else — for a moment I became a pure cynic, a narcissist coasting on the fumes of my own depleted ego, frustrated because in the middle of my shitty day, I had run empty on human interaction. I forgot how to give and take positive things from all the people around me. I forgot how to be anything besides cold, wet, and bitter.

But then I made a friend, if we're allowed to call people friends after a first meeting. I made a friend who surprised me, someone whose optimism was like a shot directly to the veins. The thing about this particular meeting was that I'm used to people surprising me, but I'm not used to being the one who's seen through, at least not right away. I'm the one who's always watching everyone else. I wasn't used to being the one who was getting looked at.

And I realized something. I realized that it takes a special kind of person to look at someone who's trying hard to shield themselves off from the rest of the world, the way I was that day, and somehow decide not to pressure them to loosen up, or else ignore them and leave them alone. It's rare you find someone who will instead see that you've built a wall around yourself, some kind of personal tortoise shell, who'll just... let you be yourself, let you hide there until you're ready to come out.

But they're out there. I met one of them. And it made me want to poke my head out of my little shell and look around again. After all, the rain's finally stopped. And I have a feeling we're going to be left with a lot of puddles to splash around in. Up til now I've always been more of a puddle jumper. But I bet my new friend is a

splasher. They seem like a splasher. And, well, there's no fun splashing around in puddles by yourself.'

[pause]

You said you wanted to know who wrote that, to know the person behind those words. It was me. I'm Cal. The first day we met, I ate lunch in the rain with a squirrel because I was trying to write something for the column, and I couldn't tell you because I couldn't give away the secret. But now I don't— I don't really care about the column anymore. I mean— I do — I wrote the Humans of Sidlesmith column because I care about people and I want the best for everybody on this campus and I was in love with how, how bright and full of possibility you all were. But then I met you, Harrison, and... and here are some quotes I never put in the column.

I don't even *like* Samoas. I just eat them because you are so damn delighted about it, and I can't *help* myself. I don't even know, maybe I'm starting to like Samoas at this point, I'm not even sure any longer.

You make me feel *seen* like no one ever has, and you make me want to, to look every person I meet in the eyes so maybe they can get even a tenth, a tiny reflection, of the connection I feel whenever you look at me.

You make me consider things I've never thought about doing with anyone, ever.

Like, silly fun things, like how the other day when I was walking across the arboretum, I started to fixate on the dandelions, and I couldn't stop wondering if you'd ever played the dandelion game, and I could just see you with dandelion fluff

all in your hair, and I closed my eyes and pictured you surrounded by this whole field of wishes we'd made together, and I wanted that, I wanted that so much.

And the truth is — the truth is that I don't believe in Sidlesmith magic, and you were right, I thought that made me... smart. Cleverer than the rest of you. Wiser. Safer, in my tortoise shell, and then I met you, and I don't believe in magic, I believe in you. *You* are magic, Harrison. You're the only magic anyone could ever need, you and the way you believe in people and the way you look at life, the way you look at *me* — You are the best magic, you are better than any dry, dusty story we were told about people who aren't around anymore, because you're here, and you're real, and you're right now, and I don't want you because of some trope, I don't want you because of some pink and white Valentine predestining us to be together, I want you because *I want you*, and because I need to believe that everybody chooses each other. I need to— believe that maybe somehow you might still choose me. And maybe that wouldn't be magic — at least, not the type of magic you're talking about— but it would be... It would be magic *to me*. To know, that free of tropes, and predestination, and fate, and soulmates — if none of that exists — if you can do anything you want and be with anyone you want, if you could do *that*, and if you could still want *me*, that's... I can't think of anything more magical than that. Than having the power to choose, and looking across at another person, and thinking, Of every other possibility, you're the one I want. That's... how I feel. And if that could be how you feel, then...

[long pause; everything is dead silent; even the music in the background has stopped; Drew suddenly realizes that everyone really is *listening* to him]

And I... have... paused the dance. I have literally stopped the dance. Okay. That was not what I — I didn't intend for — Okay. So. What we should do is probably, like, move on, or something. We should probably do a giveaway. I think we're giving stuff away, Hal, right? Hal? Hal is... weeping. So I am apparently on my own and I swear that I had notes somewhere here about exactly what I was supposed to —

[commotion, as of someone crashing to a hasty stop at Drew's recording booth]

DREW: [has no idea what to say] Harrison! Hiiiiiiiiiiiiii.....

HARRISON: [out of breath] Sorry. I was — running. I — went for a run.

DREW: I... can see that. Do you need some water?

HARRISON: No — no — I wasn't coming — to the dance -- and then people said — I should turn on our show—

DREW: I really think maybe you could use some water--

HARRISON: You don't like Samoas?

DREW: I... don't like Samoas.

HARRISON: [he is catching his breath now] I kept bringing them — because they made you smile.

DREW: [pause] It wasn't the Samoas making me smile.

HARRISON: [choked up] *Drew*.

DREW: Harrison.

HARRISON: [trying to pull himself together] Move over. You're a mess. You're doing a terrible job with the giveaways.

[general commotion as Harrison gets settled]

DREW: You were supposed to handle the giveaways.

HARRISON: I know. I'm here now. Introduce us.

DREW: Who are you tonight?

HARRISON: I... I'm the person choosing you. I'm Harrison, and I choose Drew. Not because of a trope, not because of a Valentine, not because of magic. I choose you for the most amazing reason of them all. I choose you because you're *you*, and you're so bright, and funny, and sweet, and you care so much, about everybody that texts in and all the people on this campus who you want to choose happiness, and you *see* me, and I'd gotten so used to not being seen, to just... not being seen. I went to that open mic night, the night that Hal came, just because I wanted somebody to see me, and the day I met you — the day I met you and you looked at me like you didn't know what to make of me but you really couldn't wait to know more — that day you looked at me like *that*, I went home through the rain and I thought, I bet Drew would be great at the dandelion game. I choose you, every Tuesday and every Thursday and every day in between. I choose you.

[VOICES FROM THE CROWD: "Awwww!" "Kiss already!" "Hey, what about the giveaway?!"

"Shhhh!"]

DREW: [smiling like *crazy*] You're listening to Kaleidotrope, and we are Drew and Harrison.

HARRISON: Harridrew.

DREW: No.

HARRISON: [teasing] I missed the first part of your speech to me, can you redo it?

DREW: [teasing back] Also no. Did you really think I would be great at the dandelion game?

HARRISON: No, I just wanted to try to be as romantic as you were being, I have no idea what the hell the dandelion game even is.

DREW: Wishing on dandelions. You never wished on dandelions? *You?*

HARRISON: Er. No? I didn't really grow up around fields.

DREW: Really. You're a city person? You don't really strike me as a city person.

HARRISON: Small city. I'm from Rochester.

DREW: Huh. I'm from Gloucestershire.

HARRISON: Gloster?

DREW [with the infinite patience of someone who's had to do this many times before]:

Gloucestershire.

Harrison. Gloster. Sure.

Drew: Right. Gorgeous county. Very pastoral.

HARRISON: That sounds lovely.

DREW: You would *love* it.

HARRISON: [beaming] I'm sure I would. I hope I get to see it — some day. I mean.

DREW: I have a feeling you will.

HARRISON: You would... probably hate Rochester.

DREW: Nah. I definitely wouldn't hate everything about Rochester.

HARRISON: Wow. That was...

DREW: Romantic? I can be romantic.

HARRISON: That was a *line*. Listeners, you heard it, too, right?

DREW: No! I was just... talking.

HARRISON: And now you're blushing again.

DREW: You *always* make me blush.

HARRISON: I love making you blush.

[They stare at each other; after a long moment in which they realize mutually that they can't start making out because they're on air, Drew clears his throat pointedly]

DREW: *SO. Giveaways.*

HARRISON: Right. Um. There are swag bags around here somewhere. And we're going to... uh. Be giving them away! Just as soon as we find them.

DREW: I think you knocked them off when you flew into the table.

HARRISON: Collateral damage.

DREW: Totally worth it.

WENDY: Hi. Drew? Harrison?

HARRISON: Hi! Yes! That's us. Harridrew.

DREW: Still not Harridrew.

WENDY: Wow, it's... you guys look different than I was imagining. That's good though. You look good together.

DREW: You listen to the show?

WENDY: Yeah. I— well. I'm Wendy.

HARRISON: Wendy, library Wendy?

WENDY: Yeah. That's me.

HARRISON: Wow! That's great, it's great to see you. [To Drew] Did you know we would have real
live *guests*?

DREW: I think everyone's just here for the dance.

WENDY: Yeah. Lisa's here. She's out on the dance floor now.

HARRISON: Oh... she didn't ask you to dance with her? It's not time for the Rose Dance, maybe
she's waiting til then.

WENDY: I don't think that's going to happen.

DREW: She started flirting with Latte's barista, remember?

HARRISON: Is that who she's dancing with?

WENDY: I think so.

DREW: Are you okay?

WENDY: Yeah. That's kind of what I wanted you both to know. I think... I'm fine.

HARRISON: Really?

WENDY: Yeah. I think it was kind of a fun idea, that we'd fall in love over this book and it'd be this
super charming cliché, but in reality we were both just really stressed out by our research

projects, and after we tore the book apart I realized... I'm not ready for a relationship. I'm too stressed. And I think I'm kind of a boring person. I need to work more on making time for myself instead of holing up in the library every day.

HARRISON: That sounds like a good resolution, except for one thing.

WENDY: What's that?

HARRISON: You, Wendy, are not a boring person. Are you kidding? You turned your boring research work into an adventure. Your next adventure is just around the corner.

WENDY: Huh. Wow. Thanks, Harrison. Thanks, Drew.

DREW [Ruffling Harrison's hair because he can do that now]: Don't thank me, I just sit next to him.

WENDY: No, really. Thanks, both of you. I'm gonna... go find someone fun to dance with, I think. Even if that means dancing with myself.

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DREW: Good luck. [beat] Wendy. Who knew she had it in her?

HARRISON: Maybe *that's* the Sidlesmith magic.

DREW: The power of self-acceptance?

HARRISON: Maybe.

DREW: Are you okay? I know you were disappointed about how that trope turned out.

HARRISON: Yeah. Is Latte okay? We should check in on Latte.

DREW: Latte, if you're out there, buddy, let us know how you're doing.

ROSA: Harridrew!

DREW: That's not a thing.

ROSA: It is *so* great to finally meet both of you. I thought you'd both be taller.

DREW: We're sitting down.

ROSA: I thought Harrison would have a longer torso.

HARRISON: I do! I'm just slouching! Here, I'll straighten up.

ROSA: Aha. I knew it.

DREW: We're still exactly the same height while seated.

HARRISON: Nope. Totally taller.

DREW: Are you one of our troopers?

ROSA: Yes! I'm Rosa. Of Rosa and Sabrina.

DREW: Fake girlfriends going to the wedding together?

ROSA: Yes!

HARRISON: Yes! Of course! Rosa! It is so great to meet you!

ROSA: Drew, I just wanted to tell you that you were totally right about what a mess it made things to pretend to be dating.

DREW: Well... I'm sorry to hear that, but... yeah.

ROSA: No, no! Don't apologize! My roommate's sister's wedding is back on, and she and I are still going to go together.

DREW: As friends.

ROSA: No, as *real* girlfriends.

HARRISON: Excellent!

ROSA: Who are pretending to be fake dating!

DREW: ... Come again?

ROSA: It's great. We're so happy. We're going to be *pretending* to be fake dating the whole time we're there, but secretly we'll already know that all our rampant sexual tension is totally not in our heads, so we can enjoy pretending to have all these agonizing 'does-she-like-me?' encounters while actually looking forward to the moments when we can fake pretend-kiss but really kiss, and so on.

HARRISON: Huh.

ROSA: It's going to be great. We've already practiced the scene where our hands accidentally brush and we both want to hold hands because it's what real girlfriends would do but we don't

know if it's what *fake* girlfriends would do but we both want it so much we just can't *help* ourselves, and... [happy sigh]. Yeah. You were so right. This is way better than faking it.

DREW: I'm not sure what's happening.

ROSA: Oh! I have to run to get my rose before the rose dance. Bye! Good luck!

HARRISON: Wow.

DREW: Um.

HARRISON: Can *we* —

DREW: No.

HARRISON: Not even a little bit?

DREW: No, not even a little bit will I fake-date you.

HARRISON: But it sounds like fun!

DREW: It sounds complex. It sounds like a logic puzzle.

HARRISON: A logic puzzle with *sexual tension*.

DREW: I... I would prefer a logic puzzle *without* sexual tension.

HARRISON: Oh, see, that's a good line.

DREW: Can we just real-date for a little while before we try to fake-date?

HARRISON: Absolutely. That's probably the best way to do it.

DREW: The best way to fake-date is to real-date first?

HARRISON: The best way to do anything is to real-date first, probably.

DREW: Are you going to want to roleplay every single trope?

HARRISON: Mmm, probably.

DREW: This is going to be so interesting.

HARRISON: You can't wait.

DREW: Fine, I can't wait.

HARRISON: You can't wait for the moment when we know each other well enough to fake-date each other effectively.

DREW: Yes. That moment. I can't wait for... all the moments.

HARRISON: This is so great. Listeners, is this the greatest sock hop *of all time*? Because it definitely is.

DREW: Even with... everything that happened in the library?

HARRISON: Only some of what happened in the library matters. And mostly what matters from the library is the way you looked in that suit when I fell off the ladder and into your arms.

DREW: Okay.

HARRISON: Blush! If you're playing along at home, drink!

DREW: See, though, this is what I mean — this *is* the real Sidlesmith magic at work.

HARRISON: The Drew blush drinking game?

DREW: No, not the — that's not a thing.

HARRISON: Oh, *that* is definitely a thing, I am making that a thing.

DREW: Okay, but that's not the Sidlesmith magic. That's—that's all you.

HARRISON: And you. It's both of us. It's Harridrew.

DREW: Also not a thing.

HARRISON: You're just going to be blushing all the time now, aren't you? Is this radio show going to turn all our listeners into alcoholics?

DREW: Focus, please.

HARRISON: You say that like it's easy to do while you're blushing right next to me, but I'll try.

What's the Sidesmith magic? Not faking it?

DREW: Exactly. Or... or knowing that you're faking it and *choosing* it. Whatever you call it — self-acceptance, not faking it, making a choice — the magic of it is leaving yourself open to the possibility. It's what you're so good at. It's why you're such a perfect fit for Sidlesmith.

HARRISON: I... well. Don't act like you're not. You made such a fuss about not fitting in here when all along you were the biggest Sidlesmith romantic of all.

DREW: That's an exaggeration. You're biased.

HARRISON: I am not exaggerating that on a weekly basis you gave all of Sidlesmith reason to believe in hope for human connection and happiness.

DREW: Okay, that's... that's a huge overstatement.

HARRISON: And you didn't tell anyone what we found in the library.

DREW: I think you know I didn't do that for Sidlesmith.

HARRISON [draws in a sharp breath]: Yeah, you did. At least a little.

DREW: Okay. Maybe a little.

HARRISON: But *most* of it was for me.

DREW: Correct.

LONGWORTH: Are you Harridrew?

DREW: Yeah, we— Trustee Longworth?

LONGWORTH: Hand it over.

DREW: Hand what over?

LONGWORTH: You know what.

HARRISON: What's happening?

LONGWORTH: What's happening is that I've just come from an emergency meeting of the board of trustees concerning whether to expel the two of you for flagrant theft of school property, blatant violation of school rules, and, and vandalism!

DREW: "Flagrant" and "blatant" are totally unnecessary adjectives in that sentence.

HARRISON: We didn't steal school property, and we didn't violate any rules.

LONGWORTH: You were very loud in the library, young man!

HARRISON: We... okay. Fine.

DREW: Not an expellable offense.

HARRISON: People are loud in that library *all the time*. There's always OTPs having lovers' spats and... lovers'... not-spats... in the library. Drew and I were completely unnoticeable. Totally under-the-radar.

LONGWORTH: You were *doing some sort of thing* with your *phone*!

DREW: Livestreaming. He was livestreaming.

HARRISON: Oh, true, I was doing that.

DREW: There's nothing in the student handbook about livestreaming from the library.

HARRISON: [stage whisper] Have you actually read the student handbook?

DREW: Yes.

[beat]

HARRISON: [stage whisper] That's kind of hot.

DREW: Shh. So, unless you have something you want to complain about other than totally innocuous Facebook-live-ing.

LONGWORTH: You— is that thing on?

DREW: The mic? It is a live radio broadcast, so, ye—

LONGWORTH: Kill it. End the broadcast, cut the feed, whatever you do.

HARRISON: I don't think you're allowed to—

DREW: No problem. Hal, you heard the man, kill the broadcast. [beat] Okay, you're all set.

LONGWORTH: It's off?

DREW: Of course. Now what's this about us getting expelled?

LONGWORTH: I have come from the Trustees to demand you hand over the item you found in the library.

DREW: You mean the Sidlesmith Valentine.

LONGWORTH: [Snorts] Please. Let's cut to the chase. You hand it over and you won't be suspended.

DREW: How do we know that what we found is what you want?

LONGWORTH: What do you mean?

HARRISON: He's right. If we hand over what we found, and it's not what you were expecting, you could accuse us of hiding whatever you *were* expecting.

DREW: Doesn't seem much like a fair trade to me.

LONGWORTH: Oh, for the love of — look, you were looking for the Sidlesmith Valentine, following directions left to you by a librarian—

DREW: Dorothea.

HARRISON: You kidnapped her from our studio.

LONGWORTH: I'm sure she's fine.

DREW: You're *sure* she's *fine*? What have you done to her?!

LONGWORTH: The point is that she had stolen school property and whatever she hid down there that was subsequently found by you belongs to Sidlesmith—

HARRISON: False, she didn't steal anything. A construction worker found an object in the dirt and gave it to her.

DREW: So whatever she found belonged to her, and if she hid it for us to find, then I'd say finding it means it belongs to us.

LONGWORTH: [sneering] Finders, keepers? Is that what your argument boils down to?

DREW: It's legitimate. Possession is nine-tenths of the law, Google it.

LONGWORTH: This is outrageous! You have a duty to the student body of Sidlesmith — to the *heritage* and the *legacy* of Sidlesmith! — to ensure that any historical artifact pertaining to the campus is turned over to the proper authorities.

DREW: Why, so you can keep exploiting people like Dorothea? Like us?

HARRISON: So you can keep using the Sidlesmith magic as a marketing gimmick?

LONGWORTH: Oh, please, we all know exactly what you two found, which is exactly what Dorothea found, which is that there *is* no magic at Sidlesmith.

[BEAT]

DREW: A little louder for the audience at home?

[END]