

## EPISODE NINE HOLY SHIT HOME STRETCH!!!!

[There's a GIANT SILENCE — NOTE THIS EP CONTAINS NO JINGLE INTRO]

LONGWORTH: .... *What?*

DREW: .... Ha ha ha. Just kidding. We'd totally never trick you by telling you the microphone was off and then letting you say something incriminating into it.

HARRISON: Because it's not like this is a campus fueled entirely by familiar and predictable plot elements.

DREW: Or like the name of this radio show is *Kaleidotrope*.

HARRISON: Oh! I thought you named it that because you wanted it to be about exploring cool psychedelic and indie music.

DREW: Harrison, we haven't played a song in weeks. I'd say the name has expanded in meaning.

LONGWORTH: EXCUSE ME. Do you mean to tell me we've been broadcasting the entire time?

DREW: Hal never was a very good listener. [Hal sends him feedback through his headset] Ow!

LONGWORTH: This is — what I said before — that was entirely just a joke. A well-meaning, well-played joke to help liven up the Sidlesmith sock hop!  
[Hollow laughter]

HARRISON: No, we can totally confirm. There's no magic at Sidlesmith. If you hadn't already figured that out from the giant fight we had earlier.

DREW: It was an emotional moment. Not really a fight.

HARRISON: If we ever had to fight I'm glad we fought over that. Because now it's over and the cat's out of the bag, and hopefully we'll never have anything this *dramatic* going on again.

DREW: Somehow I doubt that.

HARRISON: Only fake-dramatics, when we're fake-dating, having fake-fights.

DREW: Fake-sex?

HARRISON: Real-sex.

LONGWORTH: Are you two... really on the air right now?

DREW: Yes. It's fine. Sidlesmith fluffers, if you're paying attention — and I'm given to believe that you are — there never was a Sidlesmith. But there *is* a Sidlesmith, and that's more important.

HARRISON: [clearing his throat] "This document represents the full and entire agreement between Harriet Sidlewood and Henrik Coopersmith. This agreement was made February 14, 1861, and is effective immediately."

DREW: What are you doing?

LONGWORTH: Yes, what are you doing?

HARRISON: I'm reading the contract. The real Sidlesmith contract. Everyone should know. Everyone should know that *we* are Sidlesmith. Not this.

LONGWORTH: You stop that at once!

DREW: Or what? You'll drag him away like you did Dorothea?

RANDOM VOICE 3: JUSTICE FOR DOROTHEA!

LONGWORTH: Or I'll have you both expelled! Do you want to be thrown out of school over some silly contract?

HARRISON: ...[to Drew] is she really still threatening us right now? She did get that we're broadcasting this, right?

DREW: I don't think she's quite convinced.

LONGWORTH: Ugh, just — give me that!

HARRISON: Wait, stop — [sounds of a scuffle] Hands off!

DREW: Hey! Back the fuck off, don't you *dare* touch him. You don't want to ruin the Sidlesmith sock hop, do you?

[Murmurs of displeasure from THE CROWD]

LONGWORTH: ...Fine. Go ahead, read it. No one will believe you anyway. Some old piece of paper dug up from who knows where?

HARRISON: Hmm, and earlier you were so *certain* she'd stolen school property.

LONGWORTH: Well. Everyone knows Dorothea had *issues*.

RANDOM VOICE 4: Check out her GoFundMe!

LONGWORTH: What?

DREW: Huh. "Justice for Dorothea." Looks like the student body has started a crowdfund to help her sue the school for her job back.

HARRISON: Wow. That's a lot of money they've raised.

DREW: Looks like you've got bigger fish to fry than the two of us.

LONGWORTH: That's a laugh. [To Drew] You're not getting off this easily. This is entirely your doing.

DREW: Thanks, I'm honored.

LONGWORTH: DON'T THINK YOU'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THIS.

[beat]

HARRISON: Wow. That really just happened.

RANDOM VOICE 5: When are you doing the giveaways?

HARRISON: Oh, for — here. [PICKS UP A RANDOM SWAG BAG, FLINGS IT INTO THE AUDIENCE]

RANDOM VOICE 5: Thank you!!

DREW: I don't think you're supposed to hurl the swag bags at people. What if a bag of saltwater taffy knocks someone unconscious? We could get sued.

HARRISON: We've already been threatened with expulsion, getting sued is probably fine.

DREW: Well, we are about to go all in on this contract thing. You have a point. [Calls to audience] HERE, CATCH! [Sounds of swag bags being flung!]

HARRISON: As I was saying, what I'm about to read is the original contract between Harriet Sidlewood and Henrik Coopersmith. This contract makes it clear that they not only *weren't* in love, they actually had to write in legalese for how they were going to interact with each other.

DREW: It's pretty intense. If you're into legalese, this is a big moment for you.

HARRISON: "The aFOREmentioned parties, having agreed to enter into a partnership to construct an educational facility for the town of Stoneybrook, further agree that the aFOREmentioned partnership shall be limited solely to financial investitures and all relevant decision-making concerning the business of enacting said school as heretofore defined herein. The parties affirm herein that all forms of interaction between them are *ipso facto* solely due to their shared business interests and represent no further common ground or mutual interest."

DREW: They literally wrote up a contract affirming that they hated each other.

HARRISON: I'm not done. "The parties further affirm, covenant, and promise herein that any semblance of friendship existing between them is a front which should not be construed in any way as an indicator of real affection or

deeper interest, and that once both parties have mutually received the trusts their parents have been withholding until such event as the first anniversary of their marriage, they will forthwith remove themselves from one another's vicinity and restrict *inter alia* their interactions and communications solely to that which concerns the school itself as hitherto and thitherto defined."

DREW: And apparently the only people they hated more than each other were their parents.

HARRISON: Hear that, listeners? Sidlesmith had a *real fake relationship*!

DREW: Built, apparently, on mutual avarice. That is the *least* Sidlesmith thing that has ever happened.

HARRISON: The myth that they were trying to use the school as an excuse to be together was actually the opposite of what was really happening: they both wanted to build the school, but couldn't actually stand each other!

DREW: When you think about it, it's one of the most effective frauds ever perpetrated. They managed to convince everyone that they really loved each other. In a way, it's kind of astonishing that somehow the legend of Sidlesmith, and all the legendary Sidlesmith relationships that followed,



grew up around all that animosity. Like, they formalized their hatred but the legacy they left behind was... all love.

HARRISON: *Drew.*

DREW: Harrison.

HARRISON: Are you saying that maybe the real Sidlesmith magic was the friends we made along the way?

DREW: Oh my god. Yes.

HARRISON: Ha!

DREW: I can't even pretend to be horrified by that right now.

HARRISON: No. You can't. You've lost all ability to pretend to be horrified by what a terrible, lovely romantic you are. Also.

DREW: Yes?

HARRISON: I think it *is* very Sidlesmith.

DREW: [suspiciously] ...Me?

HARRISON: [laughs] Well, yes, you're *very* Sidlesmith, even though you like to pretend you're not. But no. This whole story, the whole Sidlesmith contract thing, it's very... They wanted the money so that they could go off and be who they wanted to be.

DREW: Is that what they did?

HARRISON: What?

DREW: Harriet and Henrik. You researched them. What did they do with the rest of their lives?

HARRISON: I... didn't really find out. There's not a lot of historical information on what they did after they founded the college, especially since they kept being seen together in public whenever some big event happened with the school. But I do know Harriet Sidlewood was apparently super influential in bringing skiing to the U.S.

DREW: Really?

HARRISON: Yeah! She was always bringing groups on trips to Switzerland and would spend weeks skiing and teaching the rest of them how to ski. And she was always hopping around trying to find ski-friendly mountains.

DREW: Wow. So basically she took the money and did whatever she wanted.

HARRISON: See? That's very Sidlesmith. It's exactly what you've been saying, Drew. They both chose to be exactly what they wanted to be. It's really the most Sidlesmith thing I've ever heard. Wouldn't you say?

DREW: I'm really happy you're feeling so much better about this.

HARRISON: Are you kidding? I feel... amazing.

DREW: [inhaling sharply] How much longer is this broadcast?

HARRISON: No idea.

DREW: Too long.

HARRISON: [teasing] Aww, is your sense of romance drying up? We haven't even seen the rose dance.

DREW: Exactly. *Seen*. We have to broadcast through it.

HARRISON: It'll still be lovely.

DREW: I'm just saying. It could be lovelier.

HARRISON: Hmm.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: [sings] *Bah humbug*.

DREW: ...What?

HARRISON: [sings] *Bah humbug*.

DREW: You watched *Rent*?

HARRISON:: I *listened* to *Rent*, you said the movie is terrible.

DREW: You remembered I said that?

HARRISON: Yes. Of course yes.

DREW: Oh.

HARRISON: I remember every moment. I'm always going to remember.

DREW: This broadcast is definitely too long.

RANDOM VOICE 6: Hey, do you have any more giveaways to do?

DREW: Sure. Here.

RANDOM VOICE 7: Aren't you supposed to do a drawing?

DREW: I just did. I drew this bag from under the table and now I'm handing it to  
you.

HARRISON: Just take the bag.

RANDOM VOICE 7: Okay. Thanks.

LOVEJOY: Hi, guys.

STANWYCK: Hey, Drew and Harrison?

LOVEJOY: Harrison and Drew!

STANWYCK: I think technically Drew comes first, like, chronologically. Also  
alphabetically.

LOVEJOY: But the namesmush is Harridrew.

STANWYCK: Portmanteau. It's a portmanteau. Just saying.

LOVEJOY: It's a *ship* name, geez. Whatever, anyway, look who we brought to see  
you!

HARRISON: Little Khaleesi! Oh my gosh, you got her a little throne and a blue dress  
and everything!

DREW: That would make you... Lovejoy and... Stanwyck?

LOVEJOY: Ugh, I told you they wouldn't remember us as distinct people.

STANWYCK: It's because our mnemonic devices aren't contextually clear enough.

Sure, you love joy, but what does that really *mean* in the context of an egg project? And yes, one might associate me with Old Hollywood legend Barbara Stanwyck, but what does a femme fatale have to do with raising an egg baby?

DREW: I'd say quite a bit, actually, if you're going to have her take over the iron throne.

HARRISON: Is she going to have to face off against all the other egg babies in battle?

LOVEJOY: No. Although that would be pretty epic.

STANWYCK: No one is challenging little Khaleesi in battle.

LOVEJOY: [snickering] They could call it the Hungry Games. [STANWYCK gasps in horror] Relax, I'm just joking. [To Harrison, in a stage whisper] See what I mean? He's always like this.

STANWYCK: [a bit glumly] It's true, I am always like this.

LOVEJOY: Aww, you're fine.

DREW: So you two are... getting along okay.

LOVEJOY: [considers] Yeah, I guess so. I mean. I think we both know I'm the weak link in this nuclear family.

STANWYCK: What? That's not true. You keep me from being a helicopter parent.

LOVEJOY: Huh. I guess I do. And you keep me from using Khaleesi for batting practice.

HARRISON: So... friends?

LOVEJOY: Huh. Yeah.

STANWYCK: Friends.

LOVEJOY: We should hang out sometime.



STANWYCK: Really?

LOVEJOY: Yeah. When you're not worried about grades, you're actually pretty cool.

STANWYCK: Thanks. Uh. My first name's Parker.

LOVEJOY: My first name's Keating.

STANWYCK: Keating. Nice. This feel like real progress, Keating.

DREW: You...never called each other by your first names before this?

HARRISON: Shhhh!

LOVEJOY: Well. [clears throat] Good talk.

STANWYCK: Oh, yeah! We almost forgot to mention. We're going to make her  
middle name *Harridrew*.

HARRISON [gasps in excitement]: Really!

DREW: Oh, my.

LOVEJOY: Khaleesi Harridrew Lovewyck.

STANWYCK: Wait, why not Stanjoy??

LOVEJOY: That doesn't sound like a real name.

STANWYCK: Well, neither does Lovewyck.

[THEY MOVE AWAY, BICKERING]

HARRISON: Uh.... thanks?

DREW: Bye?

HARRISON: I think they're going to be okay.

DREW: [dubiously] Really?

HARRISON: Yeah, they'll be super-happy.

DREW: [chuckling fondly] You are... quite something.

HARRISON: Am I? Why?

DREW: You just see happiness *everywhere*.

HARRISON: Happiness *is* everywhere. Look, sometimes it's a grand passion and sometimes it's a quiet passion and sometimes it's just finding a friend, like Lovejoy and Stanwyck. It's all happiness. Everything is happiness.

DREW: I'm going to give you this one, because I am, for some reason, feeling in an optimistic and charitable mood tonight.

HARRISON: For some reason?

DREW: Can't think why.

VIVAN: Excuse me. While everyone's checking in, I thought I'd check in as well.

HARRISON: Absolutely. And who are you?

VIVAN: I'm Vivan. I'm the person with the truth serum.

HARRISON: [sympathetically] And the unsexy hospital stay.

VIVAN: Exactly. And I've been thinking: If there are no magic tropes, why did I keep drinking unknown chemicals?

DREW: A question for the ages.

VIVAN: From now on, I am going to meet people in ways that don't require me to drink dubious chemicals.

DREW: I think that's a really good idea.

VIVAN: [earnestly] I now get what you were saying, Drew, all along. Things mean more when we choose them for ourselves, when we make conscious decisions to choose different paths. And I am going to make a conscious decision not to drink weird chemical concoctions.

HARRISON: [teary-eyed] Drew and I are so proud of you.

DREW: Are we?

HARRISON: This is your first step toward loving *you*.

VIVAN: Thank you. I think so, too. Thank you, both of you. You've changed my life.

[moment of dignified silence]

DREW: If we can convince people not to drink unknown chemical formulas created in labs, then I feel we've done our jobs as... advice text-in quarter hour deejays, or whatever our official title is.

HARRISON: Harridrew.

DREW: No, that's not our official title.

LATTE: [coming up to the booth] Wait, wait, can you point Vivan out to me in the crowd?

DREW: Why?

LATTE: I'm Latte, and I'm thinking maybe it's time to look for someone outside of the confines of a coffee shop. I've also spent a lot of time ingesting chemicals trying to find love. I think we might have a lot in common.

DREW: Vivan? You have a potential suitor here.

VIVAN: [returning] Hi. I'm Vivan.

LATTE: I'm Latte.

[awkward moment of silence]

HARRISON: Maybe you two should dance.

LATTE: Oh, yeah, that could work.

[beat]

DREW: So...

HARRISON: They're going to be fine, too.

DREW: Okay.

HARRISON: I mean, together, separately, it doesn't matter. Either way, they'll be fine. Not everyone has to end up in a relationship, you know?

SAM: That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about.

HARRISON: Oh! Hi! Drew, do you know who this is?

DREW: No.....

HARRISON: It's Sam! Our school quarterback!

SAM: Hey.

DREW: Oh! Hi! And how are things going?

SAM: So it turns out my two wide receivers are in love with each other. Pretty romantic for them, not so much for me.

HARRISON: Aww.

SAM: But I've been thinking, about everything everyone's been saying. If there's no Sidlesmith magic--

HARRISON: [solemnly] Only the magic *inside ourselves*.

SAM: Then I guess, thinking it through, when we play football, we could just...play well. I mean, like, we could play well the whole game. Instead of always making sure we come back to win in the last minute in the most dramatic fashion. We could, like, lead the whole time maybe. Do you think that would work just as well?

DREW: I think so, yes. Other sports teams in fact aim for that.

SAM: [thoughtfully] Huh.

HARRISON: Go, fluffers?

SAM [gravely]: Go, fluffers.

HARRISON: And who are you?

FLUFFHARDER: Here's a hint. Go, Fluffers!

DREW: We've already talked to the quarterback.



FLUFFHARDER: No, silly. I'm the fluffharder.

HARRISON: [gasps] Oh! Hi! Do you go to school here?

FLUFFHADER: No. My porn star did. Remember? He finished his dissertation and left?

HARRISON: Yeah.

DREW: How's he doing on the other side of the country?

FLUFFHARDER: He misses me. We're giving a long distance thing a try.

HARRISON: Aww, that's nice.

FLUFFHARDER: Yeah, I thought I would find it challenging to fluff him from across the country but it turns out I am excellent at phone sex.

DREW: Well, that's... great. We're... happy for you?

FLUFFHARDER: So if you're ever at a loss of what to do for half an hour, I can totally take up some airtime for you.

HARRISON: We'll be sure to let our producer know.

FLUFFHARDER: Anyway, I just wanted you to know that my porn star and I are working hard at our relationship, and at choosing each other, even long-distance. I have a good feeling about us. He's sweet. He even sent me a long-distance rose for the dance.

HARRISON: Awwwww.

FLUFFHARDER: I told him I'd give him his own rose later. If you know what I mean.

HARRISON: This is great. Isn't all of this great? Look at all the people we've helped. Look at all the people who are now making choices about how they want their lives to go, about what will make them happy.

DREW: And that could be a person or it could be deciding to play a football game really well.

HARRISON: Exactly. There are all sorts of things that can make you happy, and all sorts of personal relationships as well. Maybe Lovejoy and Stanwyck won't ever be anything more than friends, but friendship is still important.

DREW: Is that everyone? I feel like we've heard from almost everyone.

HARRISON: Not our Adelaide.

DREW: Oh, yes. Our *Guys and Dolls* folks. Where are you three?

HARRISON: Probably having a hot threesome as we speak.

DREW: Adelaide, Torgo, Nicely-Nicely, if you're out there, we hope things are going — well, nicely nicely!

HARRISON: Check in, but feel free to wait until after the third orgasm.

DREW: Okay.

HARRISON: Because there's three of them.

DREW: Yes.

HARRISON: I didn't mean sequentially. Although, I mean, more power to them, I guess. But then it wouldn't be the third, it would be the ninth, right?

DREW: I think Hal would really like us to stop talking about orgasms.

HARRISON: You're right. We'll save that talk for later.

ROSA: You're looking for the OT3, right?

HARRISON: Rosa!

ROSA: Hi again.

SABRINA: Nice job with the mic trick earlier.

DREW: Sabrina?

SABRINA: That's me!

ROSA: See, Drew? I brought her by to show you that her eyes really do sparkle, I didn't have to make anything up the way you were worried I might.

SABRINA: We are already the best real fake girlfriends ever. [They kiss, it's lovely]

ROSA: Mmm. But. Um.

SABRINA: You were saying?

ROSA: Was I—what was I saying?

SABRINA: Something about musicals?

ROSA: Oh! Right. Yes. I just dragged Sabrina over here because I think your *Guys and Dolls* crew are currently making out on the dance floor.

HARRISON: Ooh, really? Where? — Ah. Wow.

DREW: That's.... Okay, the short one has to be Torgo, right? Torgo has some smooth moves.

HARRISON: *And* they're all somehow managing to dance.

DREW: Is that dancing? Looks more like a refined sway.

HARRISON: With... gropage.

SABRINA: Whatever it is, it looks like something I want to be doing to my girlfriend  
post-haste.

ROSA: Yes! Best sock hop ever! [They retreat giggling]

HARRISON: Okay. So, actually, Adelaide and company, no need to report in, we can  
see you guys are doing just fine.

DREW: Congratulations.

SPACE DUDE: [Urgent and out of breath] Excuse me, but I think there's been some  
kind of mistake.

DREW: A...?

HARRISON: What kind of mistake?

SPACE DUDE: There is no spaceship here.

DREW: What?

SPACE DUDE: I have to ask, have you been sending me any coded messages?

Because you're not following any of the accepted codes.

HARRISON: Coded messages?

DREW: Who are you?

SPACE DUDE: The name's Flintlock. Grey. Flintlock.

DREW: I'm *sorry*?

SPACE DUDE: But you can call me Pluto Silver.

DREW: ...Pluto Silver?

SPACE DUDE: Do you like Jupiter Metallic better?

DREW: Do I like it *better*?

SPACE DUDE: In some parts, I'm known as Zero. Blaine Zero.

DREW: In what parts?

SPACE DUDE: Well, if I'm being honest, all of them. All the parts.

HARRISON: What is happening?

SPACE DUDE: You can also refer to me as Brawn. Brawn Chaser.

DREW: I'm going to need a chaser after this conversation.

HARRISON: Is there something we can do for you?

SPACE DUDE: I haven't been able to find my spaceship. I came through the  
spacetime portal expecting to be able to get to the working version of the  
Granula 8000 in order to fly it back through the portal in order to transport  
thousands of desperate citizens off of the melting planet Zardulon before it  
fully evaporates, only there was no Granula 8000.

DREW: How do you lose a spaceship?

HARRISON: That's what you focused on in all of that?



SPACE DUDE: I *told* you, I came through a spacetime portal! I don't have time for this. Lives are at stake!

DREW: [sighs] Listen. Cosmos Gemstone. Look around you. You're at a sock hop. There are no spaceships here. And the planet's not melting. Well. The planet *is* melting but not the way you're talking about.

SPACE DUDE: ...Are you *sure*?

HARRISON: I think your spacetime portal dropped you off in the wrong place.

SPACE DUDE: [skeptically] I guess that's *possible*...

HARRISON: [brightly] But, while you're here, you should get yourself a rose and enjoy the dance!

SPACE DUDE: [affronted] You want me to dance while Zardulon is *melting*?

DREW: I would just really enjoy it if we could find a way to end this conversation.

HARRISON: Look, you said you went through a spacetime portal, so whatever  
timezone you're in right now, it's different from the one in which thousands  
of people are burning to death or whatever. So while you're here, you might  
as well cut footloose, is all I'm saying.

SPACE DUDE: ...foot... loose?

DREW: Look, Broth—

SPACE DUDE: *Brawn*.

DREW: —dancing while the planet melts is kind of what we Earthlings do best, so,  
join the local culture.

SPACE DUDE: I... guess... Hey, can I borrow that Cosmos Gemstone name? That was  
pretty good.

DREW: Knock yourself out.

WENDY: Hey, uh. Space... Dude?

SPACE DUDE: Why, yes, Miss... Earthling.

WENDY: Wendy. I'm Wendy.

SPACE DUDE: Wendy. I'm... Cosmos.

WENDY [laughing]: Right.

SPACE DUDE: It's a name in progress.

WENDY: Well. Would you care to progress to the dance floor? You can tell me how you got your name.

SPACE DUDE: Ah. Well. It's an interesting story, actually. I believe I have much to learn from these two gentlemen who head up your Earth command center.

WENDY: You mean... those two?

SPACE DUDE: They seem young but very self-assured.

WENDY [giggling]: Sure, space cowboy. Come on.

[SPACE DUDE departs]

HARRISON: You know. He was onto something.

DREW: No, he was *on* something.

HARRISON: I'm just saying. We *could* move our radio show to a spaceship.

DREW: No. No, we couldn't.

HARRISON: Because our show wouldn't be like the other spaceship shows.

DREW: What other spaceship shows?

HARRISON: Any other spaceship shows.

DREW: There are no other spaceship shows.

HARRISON: You know why we wouldn't be like other spaceship shows?

DREW: Because there are none?

HARRISON: Because it has *us*.

DREW: Us on a spaceship.

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: Still not a good idea. It would have us only until I manually disconnected my air supply and jettisoned into space to avoid the ignominy of being on a radio show on a spaceship.

HARRISON: I would follow you. It would be very romantic.

DREW: No, it wouldn't. It would be self-destructive and unhealthy and please, those of you in a relationship, if your significant other disconnects their air supply and jettisons themselves into space, please do not follow that person. Please let them go.

HARRISON: I'LL NEVER LET GO.

DREW: Oh, god.

HARRISON: If this is our tragic end, then, for the sake of our love, I give up on my spaceship idea.

DREW: Thank you.

HARRISON: See? We're compromising! We're doing great!

DREW: We are. We might even make it until the end of this show.

HARRISON: Ha. You know. I know there weren't magic tropes. But.

DREW: But?

HARRISON: If we *were* in magic tropes, it turns out we were in, like, two.

DREW: Really?

HARRISON: Yes! The bickering opposites trope—

DREW: —naturally.

HARRISON: — and the Shop Around the Corner trope.

DREW: That's a trope?

HARRISON: Yes! Two people spar in the light of day but are secretly falling in love thanks to an anonymous identity only one of them knows about!

DREW: I love that movie.

HARRISON: Of course you do.

DREW: I wasn't really trying to send you anonymous messages. I don't think.  
Maybe a little.

HARRISON: It wouldn't have mattered anyway. I knew it was you. I *knew*.

DREW: Harrison.

HARRISON: You... Humans of Sidlesmith... Drew. You gave up your column for me.

DREW: It's fine.

HARRISON: But that's not... Part of the point was that no one knew who you were.  
Everyone loved Cal.

DREW: It doesn't matter. It mattered more to me that you... Look, what you said before in the library—

HARRISON: No, that's all over, I was being panicky and lashing out.

DREW: No, it matters. Listen. I don't want to make you doubt, I don't... I want us to believe *together*. Not in some kind of magic trick, but just in the fact that we're two flawed, messy people in a flawed, messed-up world who keep reaching for each other. I want that -- kind of a lot -- and I'm not always the best at going to get it. As you now know, I'm much better at writing about it. But I don't want to be, and you've been... You make me want to leap with you. I think we can make it.

HARRISON: [Harrison is charmed but Drew could say *anything* at the moment and Harrison would be charmed] I thought it was relying on the safety of the possibility of the trope that was making me brave. But I think it was you. You're right. We don't need anything else. We just need to both choose to leap together.

[P.A. in the background: "It's the time you've all been waiting for! Rose dance time! Get your rose and get your partner!"]



[moment of silence]

DREW: I... didn't get you a rose, I didn't—

HARRISON: Drew.

[moment of silence]

DREW: You... got me a rose?

HARRISON: I got you a rose. It's for you. You can take it.

DREW: You...

HARRISON: Drew. I got you a rose. Did you not think I would? I wasn't obvious  
about it?

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

HARRISON: I mean, I knew there was a chance you might not want it, or, might be  
affronted at the whole idea of the rose exchange or something, and I know  
you get antsy about surprises, but I couldn't — I couldn't not get you a rose.

Even if you didn't want it. I wanted you to... I really wanted to give you my rose.

DREW: I... thank you. I—I'm glad.

HARRISON: Really?

DREW: Yes. I... I *love* it.

HARRISON: Oh.

DREW: I really... [Drew is speechless]

HARRISON: Can I have this dance, Drew?

DREW: Yes. I mean, no. We can't dance. We have to sit here and... not dance.

HARRISON: You're a really good dancer.

DREW: We're not dancing. We're sitting here broadcasting.

HARRISON: Shh. What are you talking about? This is the best dance of my entire life.

DREW: You chose a red rose for me?

HARRISON: Classic, I thought. Do you like it?

DREW: Yes.

HARRISON: If we were dancing right now, I'd be tripping over my own two feet because I'd be too busy staring at you to watch where I was stepping.

DREW: If we were dancing right now, I'd be pulling you in closer to me while I made you laugh by eyerolling at the music.

HARRISON: You would. I love this song.

DREW: You don't even know this song.

HARRISON: Don't care. It's my favorite.

DREW: This is the part where I would dip you.

HARRISON: No way are you capable of dipping me.

DREW: You said I was a really good dancer!

HARRISON: Yeah, well, you are full of surprises. Fine. You can dip me.

[They're speaking slower, as though they're imagining themselves getting caught staring into each other's eyes on the dance floor and forgetting to dance at all]

DREW: And then I'd pull you up and... we'd be closer than ever.

HARRISON: This is... this is the part where I'd lose my breath.

DREW: ...This is the part where I kiss you.

HARRISON: *Drew*. **[HELLO POSSIBLY WE SHOULD LET HARRISON'S ACTOR AD LIB THIS LINE js]**

RANDOM VOICE 8: Hey, you guys, Dorothea's crowdfund already made goal!

[Cheers]

DREW: Can we end this show? I think we should end this show.

HARRISON: We're supposed to broadcast through the end of the rose dance.

DREW: Don't care.

HARRISON: Are you... saying you have other places to be?

DREW: I think you know exactly where I need to be right now.

HARRISON: You're right. You've been listening to Kaleidotrope on WFLUF, and this is  
Harrison and Drew—

DREW: Harridrew.

HARRISON: *Drew.*

DREW: —Signing off.

RANDOM VOICE 9: You never did the raffle!

DREW: Look, JUST TAKE THE WHOLE TABLE, we're done here.

HARRISON: Good night, Sidlesmith.