EPISODE 10: The Bonus Ep(ilogue)

[There’s a song playing. Yup. A song.]

DREW: [out-of-breath] Hi! We’re here now. Sorry. We are here, you’re listening to Kaleidotrope on WFLUF and we played a song because--

HARRISON: Because we were running late. It’s a thing for us now. We *run late*. If you know what I mean.

DREW: Okay! I’m Drew and I’m here with--who are you being today?

HARRISON: Hmm, today I am going with Britt.

DREW: Britt. Short for…?

HARRISON: Mm-hmm.

DREW: [guessing] Short for Brittany?

HARRISON: No! Drew! I only do composers.

DREW: Short for… [incredulous] Short for Britten?

HARRISON: [pleased] Short for Britten!

DREW: How do you know about Benjamin Britten?

HARRISON: I’m offended! He is a gay icon!

DREW: Sorry, you just don’t usually… Sorry, I didn’t mean to impugn your knowledge of classical music.

HARRISON: Nah, I spied on your Spotify and you had a Britten playlist at the top.  So I listened. And then I Googled. You have good taste.

DREW: I do, yes.

HARRISON: [happy sigh]

DREW: We have a show. We’re supposed to be doing a show. We’re professionals.

HARRISON: We are. Very professionally concerned about our advice quarter-hour followed by random debate.

DREW: Do we have people to offer advice to? Didn’t we solve all the problems of the world the night of the sock hop?

HARRISON: Well, we definitely solved a couple of things *very* satisfactorily. If you know what I mean.

DREW: Are you just going to do this all episode?

HARRISON: People love it.

DREW: Oh, do they?

HARRISON: [sing-song] Oh, listeners!

[texts sound]

DREW: Wow.

HARRISON: “Dear Drew and Britt, We love it! Keep it up!” Awww. Thanks, Holly!

DREW: “Dear Drew and Britt, You’re very cute.” Huh.

HARRISON: “Dear Drew and Britt, This actually isn’t very different from your usual show, you always flirted constantly.” This listener in particular makes a very good point.

DREW: We weren’t flirting.

HARRISON: We were flirting.

DREW: Were we?

HARRISON: Oh, sweet Drew.

DREW: We were *bantering*.

HARRISON: We were flirting. Here. Have a Samoa. You look like you need one.

[Drew text noise]

DREW: [around his Samoa] Oh, look, it’s someone asking for advice. “Dear Drew and Britt, I’m hoping that you will have helpful words to give me.”

[pause]

HARRISON: About what?

DREW: I don’t know. The text ends there.

HARRISON: Well, that was anticlimactic.

[Drew text noise]

DREW: Aha! “Sorry, hit send too soon. Still getting the hang of these fancy… Earth… phones.” Oh, no.

HARRISON: Oh, no, what?

DREW: Listen to this. “You may remember me from the dance. I am now going by Galaxy Bling.”

HARRISON: Oh, the space dude?

DREW: “I have decided to stay on this planet. I have realized your people are actually profiting off letting the planet melt! A radical idea!” Oh, no. Galaxy. It is not a *good* idea.

HARRISON: Oh, dear.

DREW: “Do you have any advice for how to fit in here better?” Galaxy, good luck, none of us know how to fit in, we’re all just flailing around.

HARRISON: But, I mean, that’s what makes us all fit in.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: We’re all just flailing around worrying we’re not fitting in. *All* of us. And so by worrying that we’re all not fitting in together, we’re actually all fitting in together. See? It’s kind of like a double negative.

DREW: ...A double negative is like, “I won’t not do that.”

HARRISON: Right, this is *like* that. So, worrying about fitting in, Galaxy? That makes you the human-est human there is. Welcome to the planet, Galaxy Bling. We look forward to you helping us try to save it.

DREW: Well, that was very sweet.

HARRISON: You know, we should tell everyone what happened after the dance.

DREW: ...What… happened… after the dance…

HARRISON: Yes. To us.

DREW: ...What… happened… *to us*… after the dance…

HARRISON: Yes, Drew. Like how we haven’t been expelled. And you say *I* have a one-track mind.

DREW: Oh. Well. Yes. We haven’t been expelled. Which is why we’re still here to do this show.

HARRISON: We haven’t been sued, either.

DREW: We could still be sued.

HARRISON: What?

DREW: The Board has time to sue us. They don’t have to sue us right away. They can sue us later, after they talk to their lawyers.

HARRISON: Let’s look on the bright side and say that we’re not getting sued. Have another Samoa, dear.

DREW: Hmph.

HARRISON: And then Drew wrote a Humans of Sidlesmith column, which I hope all of you read, because it was *amazing*.

DREW: You only think that because it was about you.

HARRISON: No, I don’t. Here, I’ll tell everyone my favorite part of the column.

DREW: They’ve already read it.

HARRISON: They might not have read it. [clears throat for dramatic reading] “For a lot of years I hid huge parts of myself, behind frowns and cynicism and *noms de plume*. In a way, it’s a lot like how Sidlesmith was hiding behind tropes and origin stories and magic. It makes sense that I always felt at home here, even when I felt like I was an uneasy jagged piece that didn’t slide in smoothly. I don’t know that I’m going to stop hiding, any more than people are going to stop flirting with the baristas at Kishi’s. But now we can all do this knowing that people--the right people--are able to find us. You cannot believe all the ways in which Harrison and I are opposites. He’s cheerful and sunny and indefatigable, he has terrible taste in music and cookies and coffee, and the other day he told me that the 2005 *Pride and Prejudice* was better than the Colin Firth version. But he sees *me*, and he makes me feel like *I’m* what he wants to see, and I have no idea where this is going, but I want to see him right back. Humans of Sidlesmith, welcome to the post-magic era: more magic-filled than any of us thought. Long live the Fluffers.”

DREW: ...What was that?

HARRISON: What?

DREW: That...accent?

HARRISON: [happily] Oh! That’s you.

DREW: That’s not what I sound like.

HARRISON: [still sunnily] Isn’t it?

DREW: ANYWAY. Just so you know, listeners: he has that passage memorized.

HARRISON: I have that memorized.

DREW: Please, anyone, text us asking for advice before Harrison says any more sickeningly saccharine things.

HARRISON: *You* said those things.

[Drew text sound]

DREW: Thank God. Thank you, loyal listener. “Dear Drew and Britt, I am a long-time listener with a very real problem: Should I sleep with the Devil?”

HARRISON: Oh, well, that’s an easy one.

[the next two lines simultaneously]

HARRISON: No.

DREW: Yes.

HARRISON: You think they should sleep with the Devil?

DREW: If they want to, why not?

HARRISON: Why *not*? You need a reason beyond, It’s the Devil?

DREW: Well, I mean. If the Devil is hot and into it, just… use protection.

HARRISON: *Use protection*? You think Devil sperm is stopped by *condoms*? Have you never read a fairy tale?

DREW: ...I have never read any fairy tales about Devil sperm, no. Where are you getting your fairy tales? I want access to that website.

HARRISON: You can’t have sex with the Devil. There’s always a catch. He always extracts something. That orgasm does not come free.

DREW: I mean, if you got a lawyer and were really careful about it--

HARRISON: You’re going to outsmart the Devil with a *lawyer*?

DREW: Lawyers basically *are* devils. Just kidding, lawyers, please don’t decide to sue us.

HARRISON: I did not realize your type was *the Devil*.

DREW: My type is not the Devil.

HARRISON: But you’d sleep with him.

DREW: Is this about sex with the Devil or are you worried you’re not devilish enough for me?

HARRISON: No, it’s about sex with the Devil.

DREW: You are exactly the best kind of devilish. The kind I don’t have to worry is going to steal my soul with devil sperm.

HARRISON: Awww. But also. No matter how sexy the Devil is. No one should sleep with him. It only ever ends well for the Devil.

DREW: I promise not to sleep with the Devil.

HARRISON: What about our listener?

DREW: Listener, you’ve heard Britt: Don’t sleep with the Devil. I mean, if you know it’s the Devil. We haven’t even talked about how you would know it’s the Devil, but if you know, then don’t knowingly sleep with the Devil.

HARRISON: Often he has a goatee.

DREW: The Devil?

HARRISON: Yes.

DREW: I don’t think we should pigeonhole the Devil. He might not always have a goatee. He might not always be a “he.” We’ve actually been very narrow-minded and sexist in our assumptions here.

HARRISON: What if I grew a goatee?

DREW: ...What?

HARRISON: Would that help satisfy your Devil kink?

DREW: I… don’t have a Devil kink. What?

HARRISON: It sounds to me like you have a bit of a Devil kink.

DREW: No, I think what we’ve ascertained is *you* have the Devil kink. You’ve thought a lot harder about having sex with the Devil than I ever have. You’ve thought about the quality of his sperm. That’s some pretty intense thinking.

HARRISON: I was thinking logically about the repercussions of demon sex. You were thinking with your [clears throat].

DREW: Okay, maybe we should have someone else text in and not ask us about fucking the Devil. Listeners: literally ask us about *anything else*.

[text noises]

HARRISON: Oh, good. Genevieve wants to know--

DREW: Hang on, we’ll get to you in a second, Genevieve. This is advice for Harrison: You don’t need to grow a goatee. You really don’t need to worry.

HARRISON: About your Devil kink?

DREW: About anything.

[moment of silence]

HARRISON: That was a very sweet, romantic thing to say, which is very typical of you, honestly, and I appreciate it, but also… so you’re admitting you have a Devil kink?

DREW: What does Genevieve want to know?

HARRISON: Genevieve wants to know if there’s a difference between Devil sex and demon sex.

DREW: Oh, for god’s sake.

HARRISON: God sex is probably very different.

DREW: I am actively looking for listeners to text me and save me from this conversation.

HARRISON: I think, Genevieve, your question depends a lot on what religious background you’re coming from. Some religions basically refer to devils and demons interchangeably, but others make clear there’s only one devil, but a hierarchy of demons. If you started down at the bottom, with, like, a lesser servant demon or something, and then worked your way up through like the Leviathan all the way to Be-elzebub, then probably the intensity level and general deranged nature of the sex increases at each level.

DREW: ...

HARRISON: What? You could make the same argument with angel sex. Like if you’re down at the bottom with a seraphim surely the quality of angel sex would be lower than if you’re fucking Gabriel or Michael. Or, you know, God.

DREW: How extensively have you thought about this?

HARRISON: Please, I’m not the one with a devil kink, but some things are just obvious.

DREW: I’m speechless.

HARRISON: Then of course you have the nephilim which are supposed to be like a cross between humans and angels, which means you *know* they’re going to have some kind of enormous glowing—

DREW: Okay, moving on immediately.

HARRISON: —halo.

DREW: You look incredibly smug right now and it’s incredibly disconcerting.

HARRISON: How smug? Would you go so far as to say it’s... devilish?

DREW: Please, do not grow a goatee.

HARRISON: This has been such an enlightening conversation. Thank you, Genevieve. Next?

DREW: Can I have another Samoa? I really need another Samoa.

HARRISON: Aw, Drew, of course you can have some Samoas. I’m so glad I still brought Samoas to you even though now I know you don’t really like Samoas.

DREW: I mean, they’re fine.

HARRISON: I can bring some other cookie instead.

DREW: The Samoas have grown on me, though.

HARRISON: Isn’t it better that now we can eat the Samoas at the same time and not worry about our hands inappropriately touching?

DREW: I… wasn’t worried about that.

HARRISON: You were absolutely worried about that, and it was sweet. Also very clever because it meant I had a lot of fantasies about just touching your hand. I probably would have climbed right onto your lap if our hands had ever accidentally touched before.

DREW: Okay.

HARRISON: I’m just saying, you made me have a thing for your hands. Drew has great hands.

DREW: Let’s move on. Listeners? Anyone? Any text at all?

HARRISON: [mouth full of a Samoa] And now we can do all the inappropriate touching we want right here in the booth.

DREW: Probably Hal disagrees with you on that point.

HARRISON: Eh, Hal doesn’t care, she’s the biggest Harridrew shipper there is.

DREW: I will literally pay twenty bucks to the first listener to text in right now. [Harrison text] *Thank you*.

HARRISON: This is listener FFS.

DREW: My sentiments exactly, FFS.

HARRISON: FFS says, “Dear Drew and Britt, You might not remember Andromeda and me but we’re the listeners who were shipping the two of you way back when you two were still being complete idiots. But hey, we knew you were in-love idiots so we bought ourselves a bottle of champagne and are toasting our triumph.”

DREW: Their triumph? It’s our relationship.

HARRISON: Shh, let them have this. We’re happy for you two. Happy you were right.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: FFS again. “So please don’t fuck it up, you two.”

DREW: Inspiring pep talk.

HARRISON: We’re going to do our best.

DREW: We’re not going to fuck it up.

[pause]

HARRISON: Drew.

DREW: What? Why are you saying my name that way?

HARRISON: What way?

DREW: A… I mean, it’s a good way. I like that way. I’m just not sure why I’m getting it right now.

HARRISON: Because. Once upon a time you would have told me that your relationships always get fucked up. Once upon a time you *did* tell me that.

DREW: Well, I… Well.

[moment, punctured by Harrison text]

HARRISON: FFS again. “Btw, Andromeda and I are now total besties, so thanks for that!” Aww. Look at all the people we’ve brought together!

DREW: Not us.

HARRISON: Kind of us.

DREW: Okay, anyway. Moving on.

HARRISON: Now that FFS and Andromeda have checked in—Andromefuss?

DREW: Andromeffs, I think.

HARRISON: Mmm, Andromefuss is better.

DREW: We could go with Andromedeffs.

HARRISON: *Anyway*, we now know what happened to everyone.

DREW: I guess that’s true.

HARRISON: [gasps] We need to develop all new OTPs for us to ship!

DREW: Orrrrrrrr we could start playing music on our show instead of taking texts.

HARRISON: Nope!

DREW: Didn’t think so.

HARRISON: What we need are some new texters. Have at it, Fluffers.

[Drew text]

DREW: That was fast.

HARRISON: Who are our newbies.

DREW: Hang on. The text is from Fakeout and reads, “Not so fast, Drew and Britt. One last person you haven’t heard from and that’s me: Delilah’s formerly real boyfriend.”

HARRISON: [gasp] Delilah! The person who brought their real boyfriend to meet a fake family.

DREW: Yes, nice recap for the listeners at home.

HARRISON: I think I’m getting the hang of this radio business.

DREW: Fakeout says, “Despite your very good advice not to do it, Delilah did indeed subject me to meeting a fake family. And then I found out. And felt angry and betrayed. I thought Delilah and I had something real, and instead I was turned into a laughing stock for some actors to practice playing out a farce. I know that whole thing wasn’t your fault—you gave Delilah good advice—but wow, did that suck.”

[moment of silence]

HARRISON: Sorry, Fakeout. That’s terrible.

DREW: Not everyone’s like that. There are good people out there who can be trusted to… tell you the truth, and appreciate who you are, and not break your heart. You just have to find them, and sometimes finding them takes… longer than you wanted it to, longer than you thought it would. That doesn’t mean they’re not out there. You might never have seen a centaur, but that doesn’t mean they’re not real.

HARRISON: That was a really beautiful speech and I really hope centaurs are real now.

[Harrison text]

HARRISON: Oh, this is a text from Mariah, and Mariah says, “Dear Drew and Britt, I hate to admit this but I’m one of the actors Delilah hired for the fake family. I played the Black Sheep Sister. And while at the time I thought it would be fun to play the rakish rogue role, I didn’t realize how much harm we were causing Fakeout. I thought it was more like a silly prank, Delilah made it sound like they were constantly, well, faking each other out. Anyway, Fakeout, if you can find it in your heart to forgive me, I’d love to meet you and prove that Drew’s right and there are good people out there. You definitely seemed like one of them at the dinner. I’ll be at Kishi’s tomorrow at six.” [brief pause] Aw, and so it begins.

DREW: Another OTP?

HARRISON: Probably.

DREW: And you’re so sure that the person who didn’t think through the ramifications of faking out Fakeout will be the best person for him?

HARRISON: Hey, we all make mistakes. And this is as good a basis for a happy-ever-after as any.

DREW: You know, I don’t mean to bring the tone of this episode down—

HARRISON: Uh-oh.

DREW: —but sometimes OTPs don’t work out.

HARRISON: Oh, really?

DREW: Yes. I mean, let’s talk about, say, Jo and Laurie from “Little Women.” There’s an arguable OTP who don’t get to be together.

HARRISON: Please let’s not talk about Jo and Laurie, that was the first disappointment of my young romantic ingenue self.

DREW: See? OTPs don’t always get a happy ending. Look at Clarke and Lexa, or Willow and Tara, or, or Peter Parker and Gwen Stacy.

HARRISON: You’re wrong.

DREW: Did I miss the episode of The 100 where Clarke and Lexa live happily ever after?

HARRISON: Yes. You missed all seven thousand versions of it.

DREW: What?

HARRISON: Because every OTP you just brought up, every one you think didn’t get a happy ending, they got the *most* happy endings. Because their fans showed up and gave them every single type of happy ending they could think of. Canon ones and Omegaverse ones and coffee shop AU ones and arranged marriage ones and high school ones and college ones and grad school ones and retirements ones and white-picket-fences-with-kids-and-a-dog ones and on-the-run-from-the-law-dashing-art-thief ones and every one. Those OTPs: they get every happy ending in every universe. Their happy endings are *infinite*. There is no OTP who is ever parted as long as fans exist. When the OTP runs out of its own magic, the fans bring theirs.

DREW: So there’s magic all around us and most of it is fanfiction?

HARRISON: [laughs] Something like that.

DREW: What about us?

HARRISON: What about us?

DREW: How many happy endings do we get?

HARRISON: I only need one, as long as it’s infinite.

DREW: We have a few minutes left on our show.

HARRISON: Do we?

DREW: Yes.

HARRISON: Let’s play a song.

DREW: Let’s.

HARRISON: Good night, Sidlesmith.

DREW: Harridrew out.