

Days of our iLves

Episode 02 | Pillow Talk

Like sands through the hourglass, so are the Days of our i, capital L, v, e, s.

[Alarm clock]

TOM: Fred?

Fred, are you awake?

I just had the weirdest dream.

It was so strange.

There was no picture. It was all audio. We were in this soap opera with theme music and everything. You were this character named Rex something or other. A stupid made-up surname. So stupid I don't think just one person could come up with it. It would take at least two people, maybe even a committee. And you have this ridiculous voice.

FRED: Why are you always so negative about committees, Tom?

TOM: Easy for you to say. You don't work for YTG. Pardon me... [YG](#).

FRED: We've talked about this. If you're so unhappy, I don't understand why you—

TOM: Do you think your salary and benefits are going to pay the mortgage on this place?

FRED: Hey, you're the one who wanted to buy the [condo in Judy](#). I was happy in Gruberville.

TOM: And by the way, there's something I've never understood. If you work for CKRW, why are we always listening to CBC?

FRED: Maybe you should just tell me about your dream.

TOM: So you, "Rex," you're like this big swinging dick who just flew in from Yellowknife. And Susan and I—

FRED: Susan?

TOM: Yeah, Susan. The two of us are working for Tourism Yukon. We're interviewing you for a job in some new call center.

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The whole interview just seems wildly inappropriate. At one point, I think you actually expose yourself. Then you confess that Rex what's his name is really an alias, and the reason you want to move to Whitehorse is because it has lower rates of STIs than Yellowknife.

FRED: That's actually true.

TOM: Well, you would know, wouldn't you?

FRED: I make one stupid mistake at [Folk on the Rocks](#) and you're never gonna let me forget it.

TOM: I'm sorry. I'm trying. I'm really trying.

In the dream, I'm also making these repeated allusions to you having some kind of hideous facial disfigurement.

FRED: I knew it! You hate my nose.

TOM: Your nose is fine, Fred. I love your nose. Even when it's all snotty and stuffed up like it is right now. I think it was something a lot worse than an ugly nose, which you absolutely don't have. I think your "Rex" character might have been [mauled by a pack of dogs. Or maybe their owner](#). But, of course, I couldn't actually see what the disfigurement was.

Fred, was that you?

FRED: No way.

TOM: Really?

FRED: Swear to God.

TOM: Well, it certainly wasn't me.

For a while, the story even gets all meta. You admit you've got this shady past, but you say we should just ignore it because that would be good for the show's ratings.

FRED: I'm surprised you didn't wake up screaming. I know how much you hate that meta shit.

TOM: And the script of the soap opera... it was truly horrible. It made almost no sense. It's almost like my subconscious started playing with our characters and their voices before it figured out where the plot was going. But by the time it realized, it had too much invested to scrap everything and just start over.

There it is again.

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That's awful.

FRED: Maybe you should crack another window. A cross breeze might help a little.

TOM: And don't get me started on the technical flaws. There was this annoying hiss in the background.

FRED: I guess it's a good thing you woke up when you did.

TOM: It's true. I have no idea how my subconscious would have written us out of that ridiculous premise.

FRED: So, do you remember what was happening when you finally woke up? Were you falling? Were you about to die?

TOM: Oh, you know... it's hard to say. I don't really remember. Does it even matter? It all gets kind of fuzzy near the end.

FRED: I think maybe there's something you're not telling me.

TOM: What do you mean?

FRED: I mean, I know you're leaving something out. Your nipples always do that thing when you lie.

[Rustling of sheets]

Pulling the covers up isn't going to help.

TOM: Fine, I'll tell you. But I don't want you reading too much into it.

At the end of the dream, I went totally apeshit. I destroyed the office in a blind rage. It was totally over the top. Especially the sound effects.

I'm guessing no one's done so much damage to government property since that poor EA forgot to slip the Ritalin into Brad Cather's double double.

FRED: That doesn't really sound like you. You're all about this low burning, passive aggressive rage. What do you think set you off?

TOM: It's silly.

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FRED: Okay, it's silly. *And...*

TOM: It had something to do with Susan. It's like there was some sort of history between us. I'm not sure what, exactly. It was really ambiguous. Just more bad writing, I guess. And then the two of you seemed to be really hitting it off and I was, I don't know, getting jealous, I suppose.

FRED: About who?

TOM: *Whom.*

FRED: Jealous about me, or jealous about Susan?

SUSAN: Did someone say my name?

TOM: Morning, sunshine.

SUSAN: Holy shit. Who fired up the Dutch oven?

FRED: That would be you, Susan.

SUSAN: Wow, it's really potent in here. I guess I overdid it on the dairy yesterday.

FRED: We were starting to wonder if you'd ever wake up. You're quite heavy sleeper.

TOM: Not to mention a blanket hog.

SUSAN: Sorry about that. You wouldn't believe how exhausted I was. You guys were incredible last night. Both of you. I can't say enough about the teamwork. And that trick you did with the bike pump—that was fucking *amazing*.

FRED: All we did was re-inflate your tire.

SUSAN: Yeah, but you know how much I love that commuter bike. It was such a turn on. I don't think the sex would have been half as good without that extra bit of foreplay.

FRED: Just an idea: Have you ever thought about taking a bike maintenance course?

SUSAN: You know, I wasn't expecting anything other than dinner when you boys invited me over. And by the way, that thing... the whatchamacallit...

FRED: The "Butternut Squash"?

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SUSAN: Yeah, the "Butternut Squash." That was fantastic. How did you come up with that?

FRED: Tom saw it on Pornhub.

TOM: My memory's a little hazy, young lady, but I seem to recall you had two very big helpings.

SUSAN: Oh God, I couldn't get enough! How are they feeling this morning anyway?

TOM: Still a little tender.

FRED: Mine too. But at least my voice is back to normal.

SUSAN: That's right. You were hitting the high notes for a few minutes there.

I haven't had that much fun since I got [Better Bodies](#) confused with [Cannabis Yukon](#).

Are you sure you two are gay?

FRED: No....

TOM: Excuse me?

FRED: Yes.

SUSAN: Shit. It's almost seven. I'm gonna leave you guys to sort this out yourselves. I gotta be at work in half an hour.

It's been fun.

Call me.... *Seriously*.... Any time.