

ELEANOR:

Welcome back friends!

CORDELIA:

Turns out, so far we are not cursed!

ELEANOR:

If you are new here, hi! I'm Eleanor! Ellie for short.

CORDELIA:

And I'm Cordelia! Cordie for short.

ELEANOR:

And this is. . .wait we don't have a name for this yet, do we?

CORDELIA:

I feel like it'll come to us eventually.

ELEANOR:

Yeah, probably.

CORDELIA:

Anyways, my sister and I got mailed a mysterious book!

ELEANOR:

It's not really a mystery, it was probably mom.

CORDELIA:

Shhhh!

ELEANOR:

But she sends us weird shit all the time! You know she does that thing where she goes shopping for things she doesn't need!

CORDELIA:

When she goes on her treasure hunts!

ELEANOR:

Exactly. She definitely found this somewhere and thought we'd like it.

CORDELIA:

I refuse to believe you're right.

ELEANOR:

Ugh, whatever. If you don't know what we're talking about, go back and listen to the first episode!

CORDELIA:

We should probably give a little backstory every episode, don't you think?

ELEANOR:

Why? Those listening should already know what we're talking about! Responsible listening!

CORDELIA:

Which is why I am going to explain more!

ELEANOR:

Ugh, fine!

CORDELIA:

Each week my sister and I are going to read entries from this mysterious book.

ELEANOR:

One of us will pick three, and the other picks one of those to read!

CORDELIA:

Yes! So, let's get started.

SOUND: book is opened.

CORDELIA:

Hmm. . .there are just so many contents. . .here we go!

(Reading from book)

"Doppelgangers, Imitators, and Twins: What To Do When Now There's Two, page three hundred and ninety four"

ELEANOR:

"Turn to page. . .three hundred. . .and ninety. . .four"

CORDELIA:

You did not just quote she-who-must-not-be-named.

ELEANOR:

It was so hard not to. She still sucks major ass though.

CORDELIA:

She does indeed. Next selection!

(reading from book)

"Small household management and chore delegation, page fifteen."

ELEANOR:

That sounds so boring!

CORDELIA:

Or useful. . . Okay! Jeez. And, the last one. . .

(reading from book)

"The Sudden and Urgent Change in Shoe Size, page thirty two."

ELEANOR:

Let's do the Doppelganger one!

CORDELIA:

Alrighty. . .page. . .three hundred. . .and ninety four.

SOUND: pages turning.

CORDELIA:

(reading from book)

"Firstly, The Reader is advised is to determine that you are, in fact, you. This is either incredibly simple or soul-wrenchingly complex, dependent on your natural tendencies towards introspection. As a rule of thumb, it is useful to at least consider the following each day: Where are you? How did you get there? Do you remember waking up today? For more advanced cases, identify a trusted ally to ask you the following prompts while carefully studying the bridge of your nose (if you cannot identify a trusted ally, this may be a poor indicator)"

ELEANOR:

Ooo who would be your ally?

CORDELIA:

Uh, you obviously. Wouldn't I be yours?

ELEANOR:

I mean ... yes if you're—

CORDELIA:

What?! You doppleganger bitch! How dare you?

ELEANOR:

Shut up! I was gonna say, "yes if you weren't busy" but like, 60% of the time you're shut up in your room, making no noise and pretending you do not exist.

CORDELIA:

Yes it's called grad school. Also, watch yourself, that's reference two.

ELEANOR:

Noted.

CORDELIA:

Alright then, if I was busy who would you ask?

ELEANOR:

Hmm, probably Mel. She knows you so well, I'd trust her.

CORDELIA:

Oh you know she's honestly a good choice. She would totally shoot a clone.

ELEANOR:

Is that what it says to do?

CORDELIA:

Oh no, it's like a little question chart:

(Reading from book)

"Hand the book now to your ally, that they may ask the following questions: One, What is the earliest memory you have? (Be sure to look for details rather than dates here, associative capacity is more telling than accuracy.) Two, What is your favorite body part? (Note, Do not allow peeking!) Three, How many fingers am I holding up? (Note: Hold up a foot or fresh fruit instead. Depending on your suspicions, a cross is also an acceptable option.)

Once you have achieved sufficient Self-Satisfaction, these same questions may be presented to the person(s)/potential duplicate(s) in question. However, a simpler solution is to suddenly and without context confront the subject of suspicion and declare that "I'm on to you, and I'm well aware. When the time comes, everyone else will know too." At this point walk away before any clarifications can be requested. This not only dampens the spirits of would-be replicates, but serves as a convenient catch-all for all scales, levels, and degrees of betrayal."

ELEANOR:

So weird. What's next?

CORDELIA:

That's the end.

ELEANOR:

Wait, is that it?

CORDELIA:

Yup, for this entry at least.

ELEANOR:

But that was so short!

CORDELIA:

Well you know, easy stuff: are you real? Has everyone in your life been replaced by a duplicant?

ELEANOR:

I want to read another one.

CORDELIA:

Weren't you the one who came up with the "pick 3 then pick 1" rule?

ELEANOR:

Yes and now I'm picking another.

CORDELIA:

Yeah that sounds right. You passed the test — you're definitely you. Okay, how about we read another one that I picked?

ELEANOR:

Let's do the changing shoe size one. Can I read it this time?

CORDELIA:

Sure!

SOUND: Cordelia hands the book to eleanor, she turns the pages

ELEANOR:

Alright, here we go.

(reading from book)

If the shoe fits, wear it. If it doesn't, and a combination of grave stakes and dire circumstances absolutely prevent the purchase of a more comfortable or viable size, continue as instructed.

FOOT TOO SMALL / BIG SHOES TO FILL: Let it be presumed that you have neither the means nor the option of a visit to a cobbler. Should you have time, some shoes may be shrunk by wetting them and then allowing them to dry. Should time be among your neithers, a variety of options still present themselves.

Full or partial insoles can work wonders, particularly when the difference is slight (though clearly still noticeable). A heel strip can also secure a sliding shoe for a more snug fit. For a show either too wide or long at the toe, cotton bandages or thin strips of fabric can be wadded into the front for comfort.

CORDELIA:

Oh, I've done that. Like those red pumps I have - super cute but just a litte too big.

ELEANOR:

(reading continued)

"FOOT TOO LARGE / SHOE TOO SMALL: Permanent damage is never ideal, so we will aim to be judicious. Find the sharpest knife you have – if a sharpener or whetstone is available, these would be a few minutes well spent. Next you'll need an open flame – a stovetop is quite reliable, but a set of matches can do in a pinch. Hold the knife over the flame for about 60 seconds, slowly moving along the length of the blade to sterilize all surfaces. Washing your hands is also advisable. If you can lay down a towel, do.

Begin at the heel. A small trim can go a long way here. If you'll need to be up and walking immediately, opt for whichever side of the foot you are least inclined to favor. If you can avoid walking in the foreseeable future, try to whittle a smaller portion from each side. Should this

prove insufficient, wipe down your blade and continue.

The majority of the toes on the human foot can be considered superfluous. The big and pinky toes contribute the most to balancing, but a cursory knowledge of footwear instructs us that a tight squeeze will probably affect the outer edges most. Start with the pinky, and remove one at a time, checking for fit between each.

Should you find that you have overcompensated, refer to the instructions above on stuffing the toe of the shoe. Gauze can serve a double function here.

While precision is key (now is certainly an occasion to measure twice), The Reader is also advised to work as quickly as possible. Any initial bursts of adrenaline will begin to fade, leaving the task at hand less desirable over time. Application of a bite stick will prevent damage to the teeth and--"

SOUND: book gets put down

CORDELIA:

Oh. . .

ELEANOR:

Oh my god. That just made me nauseous.

CORDELIA:

Ellie. . .what is this thing?

ELEANOR:

I. . .I don't know.

CORDELIA:

Why would mom send us something like this?

ELEANOR:

Maybe she didn't read it?

CORDELIA:

Maybe we should call her and ask her?

ELEANOR:

Yeah. . .I am. . . How could this. . .is this for real? Like, is this a joke?

CORDELIA:

I. . .I don't know. Everything about this book is just. . .weird.

ELEANOR:

Yeah. Can we call it for today?

CORDELIA:

Sure. We'll be back next week, folks, to call our mom.

ELEANOR:

Yes, we'll be back with an episode titled, "Hey Mom, Why Did You Send Us Nightmare Fuel?"

CORDELIA:

Seriously. Alright,

BOTH:

Bye, all.