real wild road variety

by bysine

Summary

It was possible now, of course, that by the end of the next few months -- the length of one season of 1N2D, to be exact -- Jinyoung might transcend the circumstances of his name to become ‘the guy who got 1N2D cancelled’.

It kept him up at night, sometimes.

Then he would go out into the living room for a glass of water and find Jaebeom there with a plastic container of ox blood stew and the fucking wolf documentary on again, the sleeves of his ‘KBS Family Sports Day 2016’ t-shirt shoved up to his shoulders and one leg splayed on the coffee table. And that would keep Jinyoung up even more.

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A The Producers (2015) AU. Rated F for feral, H for housemates, and I for ‘I don’t know how I ended up writing this’.

Notes

So forochel messaged me last Monday to say ‘i realise like we’ve mostly been talking about how etheerally gorgeous jinyoung is, but also, I feel like I have been Remiss’, and followed that up with a picture of JB. Tell Me More, I said, and then this story drop-kicked my other WIP off the plate and demanded to be written.
And so here it is: a treatise on ‘the gap between feral doofusy jb and … feral whoa there jb’.

I know nothing about being a k-variety producer so everything is cribbed from The Producers (2015) and just… consuming a lot of variety shows over the years. I also cannot take credit for the JYP videoconferencing scene or the premise (among other things), which are all straight from the drama. Title from the tagline of 1 Night 2 Days.
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The thing, really, was that Jinyoung could get used to this.

To having Jaebeom's crap in his house, all three different bottles of deodorant cluttering the bathroom counter; the beers in the fridge; the box of Jaebeom's old CDs that Jinyoung was constantly tripping over in the corridor. Jaebeom's books in supermarket plastic bags and stuffed haphazardly in the shelf Jinyoung had emptied for him. Waking up in the morning and wandering out into the kitchen to find Jaebeom trying to stuff a freshly made 'bread kimbap' (usually just rolled up bread with a fried egg dripping from it, fulfilling neither the seaweed nor the rice components of a kimbap) into his mouth at the speed and ferocity of someone completing a penalty game on an episode of *1 Night 2 Days*.

Jinyoung had, in fact, introduced that very game as a morning challenge one episode in the recently concluded season, as a good-news-you've-won, bad-news-there's-a-new-challenge reward, which had culminated in a victorious but dismayed Chanyeol from EXO having to cram his hard-won breakfast into his mouth in record time. It hadn't helped the ratings, but it had made Jaebeom wink at him from across the conference table at the producers' update the next morning, which... Well.

One of the things a variety producer aimed for, a senior had once told Jinyoung, was the uncovering of The Gap: the moment where, in the course of the show, a celebrity's carefully cultivated public persona gave way to something else; something realer and often more endearing. So you had Lee Seung-gi in the golden age of *1N2D*, waking up puffy-faced in a sleeping bag and wandering dazedly through a freezing campsite while chewing on a fragment of dried squid. Or Lee Hyori on *Family Outing*, in boots and overalls, pulling weeds in the backyard of an old couple's house like she was your classmate's cool sister back for *chuseok*.

Jinyoung was very familiar with The Gap — intimately so, in fact — because Im Jaebeom was its living embodiment. There he would be, shirtless on Jinyoung's couch at one in the morning, mindlessly scraping rice crust straight from the pot after a night of drinking, while watching, for the nth time, that documentary about wolves that always made him cry.

And then the next day he'd be back at KBS, stalking across the *Music Bank* stage in that incredible leather jacket of his, glowing under the lights with a clipboard dangling from one hand while telling rookie girl group idols that they'd need to throw on a blazer over that see-through top or "oppa will get another letter from the Communication Standards Commission".

Even his hair would somehow make the transformation from messy to rakish.

It defied logic. And yet.

Jinyoung, in the meantime, was best known in the business as 'the other JYP PD-nim', which had once scored him a fifteen-second telephone conversation with Suzy's manager before she had realised he was "that KBS guy" and politely made an excuse to hang up. Jinyoung had, over the course of his television career, grown very used to the sighs of relief whenever he entered a meeting and everyone realised which Park Jinyoung PD would be attending.

It was possible now, of course, that by the end of the next few months — the length of one season of *1N2D*, to be exact — Jinyoung might transcend the circumstances of his name to become 'the guy who got *1N2D* cancelled'.
It kept him up at night, sometimes.

Then he would go out into the living room for a glass of water and find Jaebeom there with a plastic container of ox blood stew and the fucking wolf documentary on again, the sleeves of his 'KBS Family Sports Day 2016' t-shirt shoved up to his shoulders and one leg splayed on the coffee table. And that would keep Jinyoung up even more.

The day Chief Producer had given Jinyoung the ultimatum — recast and revamp the show in two weeks, or risk permanent cancellation — Jinyoung had stood outside the window of the variety department meeting room for a full minute watching his poor, sweet team of writers and ADs inside discussing concepts for the next season, just wallowing in the suffering he was about to bring upon them. Then Jackson had come up to the glass and rapped sharply on it, mouthing, "What is wrong with you?" and Jinyoung had had no choice but to go inside and tell them.

After breaking the news, after a weepy supper with the team at the pojangmacha behind the KBS building, Jinyoung had stumbled home to find Jaebeom asleep on the couch with a book smushed on his face, toes poking out from the bottom of the hideous throw that bore the exact pattern of a migraine aura.

"Wake up," Jinyoung had said, sitting down on top of Jaebeom's legs because this was his apartment and his couch, dammit, and digging a vicious elbow into Jaebeom's thigh.

"Fuck," Jaebeom had groaned from under his book, squirming around so he could kick Jinyoung in the butt. "What on earth."

Jinyoung had caught Jaebeom's flailing leg and used it as leverage to shove him up the couch. "Hyung. Stop taking up so much space."

Jaebeom had stretched, and bookmarked his page with something other than drool, and then nudged Jinyoung gently in the hip with one foot. "Bad day?" he had asked.

Jinyoung had closed his eyes. "Tell me your day was at least half as awful as mine."

"Well," Jaebeom had said, "I'm stuck taking starstruck rookies for on-the-job training for a week."

"Hm," Jinyoung had replied, unimpressed. "Go on."

"Also I scratched a really expensive-looking foreign car while trying to open my fucked up car door in the KBS parking lot and like, spent the rest of the day trying to contact the owner," Jaebeom had continued, "and it turned out to be one of the fucking rookies."

"That's it?" Jinyoung had said, curling his legs up on the couch and kicking at Jaebeom's knee until he retracted his foot.

"Yeah," Jaebeom had replied, shoving his toes back at Jinyoung's thighs. "My day was okay. What happened to you?"

Jinyoung had grabbed Jaebeom's foot under the migraine aura throw, meaning to push it away, but then he'd just held it, and said, "They might cancel the show."

"Oh," Jaebeom had said, eloquent as always. "Fuck."

"Yeah. Fuck."

And then they'd just sat there, Jaebeom patting Jinyoung on the shoulder with his other, unheld foot
(disgusting), sharing one of the packets of laver Jaebeom had inexplicably scattered on the floor beside the couch (for easy access, Jaebeom had said). Crunching in silence, salt flakes and oil on Jinyoung's fingers.

"Do you want to watch the wolf documentary?" Jaebeom had asked at one point, and Jinyoung had punched him in the thigh.

So, this. This he could get used to.

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He came across Jaebeom the next day at the lift lobby outside the second floor auditorium, blue-suited rookies trailing nervously in his wake.

"And here we have Park Jinyoung PD — no relation to the other guy," said Jaebeom to the interns, looking very much the cool, polished music PD in a gold-embroidered black letter jacket that Jinyoung had, just this morning, seen him dragging off the kitchen floor with an audible old-man groan. "Very busy planning the revamped 1 Night 2 Days."

"Daebak," said one of the rookies, probably remembering the 1N2D of yesteryear instead of the ratings clusterfuck of the past six months.

"How's it going?" asked Jaebeom, still in his charming, impress-the-rookies Im PD voice.

"You know how it is in variety," said Jinyoung with fake cheer, grumpily hitting the down button, "everything's fucked until it isn't."

In truth, it was unclear if anything would ever become unfucked. After the plummeting ratings of the previous season, all the celebrities they'd approached thus far had replied with various permutations of, "I'll do it if someone else does it," in a bizarre game of variety chicken.

Jaebeom stepped a bit closer; nudged Jinyoung with a shockingly unlinty elbow. "Where are you off to?" he asked, quieter now.

"To grovel," Jinyoung replied. "Chief Producer's exact instructions were, 'remind JYP of that time in 2012 when you fixed his plastic trousers with tape when they tore just before Open Concert, and also 'just hold on to his legs and beg'."

"I'm so sorry," said Jaebeom, with a grimace of sympathy. "Hey, you should grab a packet of their house granola at the start of that building tour they make everyone go on, it should tide you through that awful video presentation."

"I told his people I've seen the video presentation," Jinyoung replied.

"Do you think they care?" said Jaebeom. "Just take the granola and thank me later."

thank you, Jinyoung later typed under the conference table while crunching handfuls of granola through the interminable 'JYP changed our lives' showcase video, the sound of his own chewing still insufficiently loud to drown out the intermittent whispered 'JYP's.

No worries, replied Jaebeom. Have they got to the part where Taecyeon cries.

the whole video is taecyeon crying, which edition did you watch??? Jinyoung texted back.

Hahahahaha Jaebeom had texted back, without adding anything further, which was probably for the
best because this was also when Park Jin-Young had actually dialled in for the video call — which Jinyoung could absolutely have made from the KBS building, honestly.

"How did it go?" asked Youngjae, one of the ADs, when Jinyoung returned.

Jinyoung sighed. "He offered me 'JYP's biggest star'."

"Suzy?" asked Yugeoem, their youngest writer, in tones of wonderment.

"No, himself," said Jinyoung, to groans around the room (and Bambam's whispered 'JYP' of disappointment). "In the alternative, he'll let us have someone from Itzy."

"That's not a disaster," said Jackson, "considering who else has said yes." He flipped over the whiteboard the team must have been planning to use for maximum effect, revealing the names of four other cast members besides Wonpil from Day6, who had signed on out of goodwill from the time Jinyoung had spotted him for fifty thousand won when he'd guested on The Return of Superman. (Jinyoung had never gotten back the money.)

"What is this," said Jinyoung, stepping backwards and falling into a chair Youngjae capably placed behind him.

"Apparently Music Bank PD-nim called a few friends," said Jackson.

Ten minutes later, Jinyoung was rugby-tackling Jaebeom to the ground in the middle of a walk-and-talk meeting about where best to construct BTS' glass stage.

One of the Music Bank writers actually screamed.

"I'm buying you meat," said Jinyoung, braving the crunching pomade in Jaebeom's hair in order to plant a giant kiss on the top of Jaebeom's head, before sprinting off out of the auditorium.

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As with anything else, there were two versions of the story of how Jaebeom came to live in Jinyoung's house.

The version that Jinyoung remembered was as follows:

He'd been out for the 1N2D season wrap party (with the old cast, which had been made up of EXO's Chanyeol and five formidable older actresses, in a blatant concept-grab of Na PD's Noonas over Flowers), which had ostensibly been a celebration but had actually been rather muted and awful due to ratings having plummeted to the lowest in the history of the show. And so Jinyoung had gritted his teeth through the whole thing, playing the warm and friendly host in the face of the cast and crew's overwhelming dejection.

This had culminated in the saddest karaoke session Jinyoung had ever participated in, with Gong Hyo-jin and Chanyeol speak-singing Yim Jaebum's Scars Deeper Than Love while Jackson, Bambam and Yugyeom danced morosely and determinedly behind him, tambourines in hand, legendary actress Yoon Yuh-jung nodding along sternly like an empress dowager. It had been so dire that Jinyoung had broken his own rule about how much he usually drank, which had resulted in him yelling about how he wasn't drunk.

And then, suddenly, Jaebeom had been there.

"What," Jinyoung remembered saying, blinking dumbly at Jaebeom as if he might have been an
"Don't what me, you colossal sea lion," Jaebeom had told him, after exchanging greetings with the cast and crew. (Chanyeol had bowed several times with an excitement he'd never once shown in Jinyoung's presence.)

"What," Jinyoung had chirped, curling his arms around Jaebeom because the world had seemed less spinnny when he did that.

"Which part of the three second phone call that you made do you not remember?" Jaebeom had asked. "The part where you said 'Yah! Come here,' or the part where you hung up?"

"If he's at the 'what' stage of drunkenness, I doubt he remembers any of it," Youngjae had said, while the other ADs and writers scrambled up to bid farewell to Yoon Yuh-jung and the rest of the cast.

"Not! Drunk!" Jinyoung had replied emphatically, allowing Jaebeom to help him to his feet in order to perform the deepest bow it was possible to make without kneeling. "I'm sorry about the ratings," he remembered murmuring in the direction of Yoon Yuh-jung's floral socks. "I'm sorry I promised you'd get five CF deals, no sweat, and then made you sweat in a rice field."

He had remained in the bow, even when Yoon Yuh-jung had told him to get up and said he was a good kid and they should all just keep working hard. Then someone had suggested to Jaebeom that Jinyoung should maybe eat something more substantial, and the two of them had gone to the noodle place and Jinyoung had *maybe* stolen another shot of soju off of Jaebeom —

And then he had awoken, in his own bed, to the sound of things being moved around in the living room outside. When he had opened his bedroom door he had found Jaebeom there, still in last night's clothes, placing three plastic bags of books on top of the coffee table.

"What," Jinyoung had said, mustering up all his coherence for that one word.

"I guess I was right to expect that you wouldn't remember," Jaebeom had replied, and then he'd reached into the pocket of his jacket and pulled out a napkin from the jjajangmyeon place.

*I, Park Jinyoung, it had read, in Jinyoung's drunk but legible scrawl, hereby (sic) allow Im Jaebeom to live rent free in my apartment.*

And he'd signed it with a thumbprint made using what might have been jjajangmyeon sauce.

So that had been that.

(The other, fuller version of the story was that Jaebeom's lease on his existing place had expired three months before the lease on his new place would start, and the extension fee his current landlord had offered had been eye-wateringly high. And then Jinyoung had offered his room, insistent even in his drunkenness. So.)

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"He's in a conference call with Super Junior's managers about how the letters in their proposed backdrop are too big," said Mark, the lead writer for *Music Bank*, when Jinyoung had swung by Jaebeom's cubicle row.

Jinyoung hadn't even asked.

"Thanks," he said anyway, while Mark returned to his email about BLACKPINK's comeback
outfits.

Through the glass window of the meeting room, Jaebeom — in that lovely billowy black shirt that he wore with the top button undone because he was too fucking lazy to get the button back out from under the sofa — was gesturing forcefully with two hands, presumably to illustrate the aggregate width of the letters 'SUPER JUNIOR' relative to the actual size of the Music Bank stage.

"I'll… catch him later," said Jinyoung.

Mark nodded, put on his headphones, and went back to typing 'Please understand that we are a family show' in bold and underline. (Jinyoung hadn't meant to spy; Mark just had his screen permanently set to 130% zoom.)

Jaebeom came by ten minutes later, appearing at the window of Jinyoung's own meeting room with two cups of break room coffee, because he might eat all of Jinyoung's carefully-rationed cans of tuna in one sitting, but let it not be said that he was not also sometimes thoughtful.

"I just had a question," said Jinyoung, coming out of the room and taking the coffee gratefully. "You spent a week with the rookies for on the job training. Tell me honestly." He pointed, through the glass, at their new rookie PD, Hwang Hyun-jin. "Did they give me the dud?"

Jaebeom was silent for a moment as they watched Rookie Hwang try and fail, several times, to break a bundle of ten chopsticks against the backs of his thighs.

"He can't even do eight elephant spins," whispered Jinyoung. "There is a dent in that filing cupboard from when he fell against it trying to get up. How am I supposed to test any games for this weekend's shoot if he can't do elephant spins."

"Well," said Jaebeom at length. "That's the rookie whose car I scratched. I owe his dad six hundred thousand won."

"What?" said Jinyoung. "What kind of scratch costs six hundred thousand won to repair?"

"A five centimeter one on a fuck-off expensive continental car, as it turns out," replied Jaebeom, giving his coffee a contemplative, depressed slurp.

Jinyoung, unable to watch the rest of the team suffering any longer, rapped his knuckles against the glass. "Yugyeom, please would you demonstrate," he called.

Yugyeom looked up from his notes in dismay, and came over to slide open the window. "But you said my days of breaking chopsticks on my butt were behind me."

"Well," said Jinyoung, glaring at Rookie Hwang, "now they're not."

With a sigh, Yugyeom took the chopsticks, placed them behind his thighs, and yanked the string. The bundle broke one quick snap.

"There is a technique," Jinyoung said, deathly serious, while Bambam desperately tried to suppress a laugh by coughing.

"Hyunjin-ah, you can do it," called Jaebeom in the most halfhearted of tones, while Rookie Hwang looked extremely terrified at the sight of both Jinyoung and Jaebeom witnessing his failure.

When Jinyoung glared at Jaebeom, betrayed, Jaebeom shrugged. "I literally pay him in instalments of twenty thousand won every day," said Jaebeom. "I have to be nice."
"I could loan you the money, you know," Jinyoung said later that evening, when they were taking out the trash together at the end of the day. Or rather, Jinyoung was taking out the trash, and Jaebeom had dropped his staff pass in the car park and was out looking for it. He seemed remarkably calm for someone now staring down a thirty thousand won replacement fee.

"Don't worry about it," replied Jaebeom, crouching down on hands and knees to look under his car, his beautiful arms flexing under the streetlights —

Jinyoung really needed to get a grip. It was inconceivable that he was feeling all fluttery — like a teenage fan who'd spotted oppa coming out of stage door B — solely from the sight of Jaebeom in pushup position while wearing a ratty old Ilsan High School Track Team tank top.

Jaebeom hadn't even been on the track team, Jinyoung knew; he'd just borrowed the tank top from a classmate on a camping trip and hadn't gotten round to returning it before graduation. Now he wore it whenever he was running out of clean clothes, which was also whenever the universe decided that Jinyoung needed to suffer.

Jinyoung turned away, willing himself to look elsewhere — anywhere — when he happened to glance over at the opposite row and caught sight of a figure crouched between two cars.

"What on earth—" Jinyoung began, as the figure noticed him looking and visibly panicked, springing up and crouching down again as if they weren't sure whether to bolt or continue hiding.

"Hey," said Jaebeom, rising to his feet. "Isn't that—"

"Sunbaenim," said Rookie Hwang tremulously, now frozen in a half-squat. "Im PD-nim."

He was holding what looked like a KBS staff pass in his hand.

"What on earth are you doing here?" Jinyoung asked.

"I live… there," said Rookie Hwang, pointing up at the block of elegant and spacious luxury apartments that obscured all but a sliver of the sky from Jinyoung's bedroom window. He held up the staff pass in his hand. "I found… this."

"Um," said Jaebeom. "I'm guessing that's mine?"

And, suddenly, with a speed heretofore unseen, Rookie Hwang pressed the staff pass into Jaebeom's hand and bolted back home.

Or rather, he went at first in the wrong direction towards Jinyoung's apartment block instead, then ran round the end of the car park, squeezed his way through two bushes, and finally got to the correct side.

Jinyoung and Jaebeom watched his progress in silence, both wincing when he appeared to stumble over a plastic bag. He hopped on one foot to untangle himself, and then sprinted the remaining distance to the lobby of his parents' house.

"Do you think he will—" Jaebeom began.

"...I don't know if he would tell anyone," said Jinyoung at the same time.

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It didn't matter to Jinyoung whether or not anyone knew. It was a perfectly explainable, short-term
living arrangement between two colleagues who happened to also be friends. What he wasn't quite sure about, however, was whether Jaebeom minded.

Not that there was any time to worry about that, now that the shoot was almost upon them. Their already-cluttered cubicle row was exploding with items to be packed and brought along, from the giant plastic hammer that Yugyeom had spent an evening lovingly restoring for camera-readiness, to the cue cards Bambam would hold above his head, to the six bottles of fish sauce each of the writers and ADs would be carrying. A corner of Jackson's desk was now occupied by a growing pile of snacks that had been hand-delivered by each of the cast's management companies, with sincere requests to 'please take care of our so-and-so'.

The night before the shoot, Jinyoung returned to the apartment slightly past midnight to find Jaebeom fast asleep on the couch, the television having long since fallen into standby mode.

It was strange. Jaebeom didn't usually drink on a Thursday night, not before his early call for rehearsals before Music Bank the next day. And if he hadn't been drinking, he wouldn't usually end up outside on the couch.

Jinyoung considered, for a moment, whether it would be worth using precious nap-and-shower time before his own 4 a.m. start the next morning to wake Jaebeom; to sit on him like usual or prod at him until he got up and went to sleep in a proper bed.

Instead he just stood there and gazed at Jaebeom like an idiot, taking in Jaebeom's sprawled limbs under the migraine aura throw; his right arm flung over the side of the sofa in a way that would surely give him pins and needles in the morning; the arc of his left foot and his splayed toes poking from the bottom of the throw. Even slack with sleep, Jaebeom's face made Jinyoung's stomach do funny things.

It was a familiar feeling from their heady days in university when they'd first run into each other at that societies fair, Jaebeom that hoodie-wearing sunbae at the photography booth with his hair a shock of bleached blonde. Even then he'd been a particular sort of lovely in spite of his tragic sartorial choices. And when whatever initial spark between them seemed to have given way to easy friendship, Jinyoung had folded away the things he had felt and had told himself, this is good, this is perfect, happy to be pulled along in Jaebeom's orbit.

They'd fallen slightly out of touch after Jaebeom had graduated and gone off to work on his music. And then, a year later, Jinyoung had entered the KBS building for his interview, his mind full of idealistic things about how he wanted to 'document the world with youthful eyes', and walked straight into Jaebeom: in a blue job-hunting suit; hair dyed black; clutching his CV in one hand.

"I guess I'm selling out," Jaebeom had said, grinning that doofy, dangerous grin of his, and something in Jinyoung's chest had done its own doofy and dangerous flip-flop.

Jinyoung wondered what his younger self would say if he saw Jinyoung now, a full-fledged PD presiding not over some challenging work about biodiversity in underwater caves but a variety programme in which celebrities were sometimes forced to drink coffee spiked with fish sauce as a penalty for not hitting someone else on the head fast enough with a plastic hammer. If he saw Jinyoung now, standing over Jaebeom at close to one in the morning, trying somewhat futilely to push Jaebeom's arm back down by his side without waking him so he wouldn't have a numb arm the next morning.

Variety is a hard-earned skill too, young man, Jinyoung thought sternly to his younger self, while tucking Jaebeom's arm under the throw so he wouldn't just fling it up again once Jinyoung was done. And I have this under control.
Jaebeom mumbled in his sleep and twisted a little, throwing his other hand up over the end of the couch.

Jinyoung sighed, and shuffled off to shower.

Later, as Jinyoung was heading out of the apartment after a very unsatisfying two-hour nap, there was a rustling from the couch. Jinyoung paused in the middle of putting on his left shoe and looked over to see Jaebeom sitting up, cradling his numb arm and yawning impossibly wide.

"You're back," he mumbled through the yawn, teeth clacking together as he finished.

"I was, and now I'm going," said Jinyoung.

"Oh," said Jaebeom, not quite awake but looking genuinely, sleepily disappointed.

"Hyung, go back to sleep," Jinyoung told him. "I'll see you when I get back."

"Yeah?" said Jaebeom, blinking heavily.

"Sleep," said Jinyoung.

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Perhaps, thought Jinyoung, his luck was finally turning.

Actual miracle that was his cast aside, the shoot was also going impossibly well. Down in the water, ZE:A's Siwan and comedian Yang Se-Hyung were now wrestling each other on plastic pool floats in order to get to a rock, while Youngji, initially the last early bird to get up for the morning challenge, cut ahead of them in the water in a pair of flippers she had earlier stolen off Wonpil.

"How's the audio," Jinyoung murmured to Bambam, who made a face and a so-so gesture with his hand to indicate that it was a mess but a workable one.

The day before, the cast had voted off two members who would have to find their own way to the base camp with neither transport nor money, in a blatant ripoff, fully acknowledged onscreen, of the summer vacation episode of 2009. While Jinyoung had gone ahead with the other four, Youngjae, Yugyeom and Rookie Hwang had stayed behind while Lee Dong-wook and Wonpil had run around the KBS building trying to earn extra cash, up to and including (a) appearing on a radio show; and (b) cleaning BTS' glass stage at *Music Bank*.

*Lee Dong-wook has watched a LOT of 1N2D*, one of Yugyeom's updates had read, when Jinyoung had gotten a second to check on their status.

From Jaebeom: *I have an actual live broadcast to run, you know!!!! with a sweatdrop emoji. And then, doing a left-behind challenge on their first episode? too cruel :)*

Rookie Hwang had even managed to produce snacks from his backpack during their first day review meeting after the cast had gone to sleep, having somehow avoided the rookie mistake of packing personal items he would not get to use, such as shampoo and a toothbrush. This, of course, had now made him very popular with the team.

The reason for Rookie Hwang's success had later become apparent when he'd attempted, after the meeting, to give Jinyoung a very familiar combination of one packet of Vitamin C and two packets of instant coffee mix.
"I see Yugyeom taught you well," Jinyoung had said, by way of thanks.

"Oh, um," Rookie Hwang had replied. "Actually I ran into Im PD-nim when I was at the convenience store."

"Ah," Jinyoung had said, looking down and noticing now that it was the very specific brand of coffee mix Jinyoung that usually got. "I see."

Before Rookie Hwang could scurry off, Jinyoung had added, "I thought you should know that our living arrangement is a temporary thing—"

"—between leases," Rookie Hwang had finished, nodding vigorously. "Im PD-nim told me."

Afterwards, Jinyoung had tipped the Vitamin C powder directly into his mouth as he sat waiting for Youngjae's kettle to boil, and had tried not to pay attention to the bittersweet thing twisting in his chest.

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Maybe, Jinyoung revised his opinion, there was only a limited amount of television luck to go around.

The team had returned to Seoul past midnight on Sunday morning, upon which Jinyoung had slept for ten solid hours before crawling out of bed to go for a post-shoot dinner with the crew.

It was only at the dinner that he'd heard. Music Bank on Friday had suffered two mishaps: the first of which being the catastrophic moment when BTS had ripped off their jackets to reveal see through mesh tops with no prior warning to the production team; and the second being the moment where IU, having triumphed over BTS notwithstanding their see-through comeback concept, had taken a step backwards while singing her encore song and fallen straight into an open trapdoor that JYP had earlier used to vanish at the end of his performance.

"They're definitely looking at a summons from the Standards Commission," said Jackson, "and obviously IU's people aren't happy."

"She's not hurt, is she?" asked Bambam, as they watched the clip of IU falling entirely out of frame; the surprised "ah!"s from the crowd; the 1 second of broadcast dead time before Jaebeom must have made them cut to an early preview for the next programme.

"Just shocked, apparently," said Youngjae. "JYP uses a lot of crash mats. And those foam cubes as well."

"And to think we bothered Im PD so much during the rehearsal," said Yugyeom dismayed, while Bambam pulled up the other, equally viral clip of BTS on their ridiculous see-through stage, revealing their decidedly not-family-friendly see-through getups.

Even on the tiny mobile phone screen, Jinyoung could tell that Jaebeom hadn't been happy — could imagine him grimly calling the cuts in the broadcast room, the quick wide angle before a brusque close-up of Suga, the pre-planned pan away from the glass stage now truncated before a particularly egregious body wave.

Then the door to the restaurant slid open and Youngjae nudged Bambam violently, hissing, "turn it off."

They all glanced round to see Jaebeom and the dejected Music Bank team shuffling into the room.
Belatedly, Bambam hit the lock button on his phone, cutting off the tinny sounds of BTS' latest comeback single and the audience's breathless screaming.

Jaebeom had the exhausted look of a man who had probably spent all of Saturday being yelled at over the phone by IU's management and assorted KBS higher-ups, most of Sunday afternoon in prep meetings for the inevitable summons, and the rest of the time reliving, in high definition flashback, various moments of the disaster.

Still, something softened in his face when he saw Jinyoung, the tense hunch of his shoulders easing.

"PD-nim, come join us," said Jackson, while Youngjae and Rookie Hwang scooted down the long table to leave an empty cushion beside Jinyoung, and the rest of the team rearranged themselves for Mark and the other writers and ADs to slot in comfortably. One of the writers — the one who had screamed when Jinyoung had rugby-tackled Jaebeom the previous week — looked like he had been crying, the poor boy.

"I hope Im PD has been feeding you well," said Jinyoung, digging his elbow into Jaebeom's ribs as Jaebeom settled beside him, smiling at the writer as Jaebeom jumped.

"Speak for yourself," said Jaebeom, grabbing Jinyoung's arm with both hands and wrestling it away, pinning Jinyoung's elbow to his side and wedging his arm against Jinyoung's to keep it in place.

"Why are you making your team eat ramyeon at a barbeque place?"

"That's just Yugyeom," replied Jinyoung, knocking his knee against Jaebeom in retaliation.

At the far end of the table, Bambam leaned over to the rookie Music Bank PD and said, in an undertone, "They're always like that, just make yourself comfortable."

"PD-nim, thank you for accommodating our silly requests on Friday," Youngjae told Jaebeom, while Yugyeom paused in the middle of eating a huge mouthful of ramyeon to nod vigorously. "We're very sorry for any trouble we caused."

"It was a small thing, don't worry," said Jaebeom, while deliberately snaking one crossed leg out to press his damp, socked toe to Jinyoung's knee.

As Jinyoung brought his now-unpinned elbow down onto the side of Jaebeom's foot, he happened to make eye contact with Mark, who had witnessed this so often that he simply just blinked and reached for a menu.

Feeling chastened nonetheless, Jinyoung straightened up and grabbed his cup of barley tea. "On a scale of one to fucked, how bad is it?" he asked.

"Mildly fucked," Jaebeom replied, quite aware of his team still quietly listening. "But we'll live. We've seen worse."

"Yeah," said Jinyoung, well versed in KBS' greatest hits of live broadcasting gaffes, including that Music Bank episode in 2015 when there had been ten seconds of broadcast interruption in the middle of a Miss A performance, only for the transmission to come back on with a shot of Song Joong-Ki scratching his nose in a way that looked like he'd been picking it. Jaebeom hadn't been the main PD for Music Bank back then, but the whole team had been in the doghouse for weeks after that.

"Cheer up," said Jinyoung to Jaebeom's team. "Im PD's probably used the last of his life savings to pay for IU's 'sorry we let you fall through a trapdoor' flowers, so I'll buy you all meat today."

"How did you know," hissed Jaebeom, over excited cheers from both teams. "I just spent a fucking
fortune on those flowers."

"Remember when Kim Hee-ae sprained her ankle on that potato farm last season?" said Jinyoung. "That's when I found out that even the standard bouquet costs an arm and a leg and the production budget only lets you claim for fifty percent."

"Why do we work for this terrible company again?" Jaebeom asked, while shooting one of his ADs a death glare for even attempting to look at the premium cuts menu.

"Oh I don't know," said Jinyoung, with an exaggerated sigh, "maybe because I thought if I stuck around long enough another position might open up at tvN."

"You fool," said Jaebeom, snagging Jinyoung's chopsticks so he could start on the potato salad while watching the decimation of Jinyoung's wallet at the hands of both their teams.

Later, after everyone had eaten their fill and thanked Jinyoung profusely, Jinyoung had sat a very drunk Jaebeom down at the entrance of the restaurant to struggle with his coat while he said goodbye to the rest.

When the last of the group had stumbled into taxis or swayed over to the bus stop, Jinyoung looked over at Rookie Hwang, who was still hovering politely by a potted plant.

"Well," said Jinyoung, "if you're planning to walk back with us, you might as well help."

And so the three of them made their meandering progress down the Yeouido streets to Jinyoung's apartment, Jaebeom staggering between them, mumbling the usual nonsense about how "Jinyoungie you had a bowl cut" and about "that day you shook Lee Seung-gi's hand for the first time and didn't wash your hands for twenty-four hours".

"Shut up," Jinyoung gritted out, pinching Jaebeom's arm, which only made Jaebeom do the thing where he pressed his hand up against the side of Jinyoung's neck for no particular reason. "Fuck, you've still got gochujang on your palm, you monster."

Even weighed down under at least half of Jaebeom, Rookie Hwang could still find it in himself to giggle.

Jaebeom seemed to grow heavier and heavier as they progressed, such that by the time they reached the lobby of Jinyoung's apartment, they were all but dragging him.

"I can take it from here," said Jinyoung, trying to shoulder more of Jaebeom's weight, and then giving up and attempting instead to reach round and support him from the front instead.

"Um," said Rookie Hwang, as Jaebeom flopped heavily against Jinyoung.

"Fuck, no, I've changed my mind," Jinyoung groaned. "Get the lift and come back here to help me."

Together they managed to get Jaebeom into the apartment and onto the couch, where he fell almost immediately into a deep sleep. By this point, both Jinyoung and Rookie Hwang were sweating in spite of the chilly weather outside.

"Can I offer you anything?" said Jinyoung, out of a reflexive sense of hospitality. "Juice? Water?"

"Water, please," said Rookie Hwang, then gazed around the apartment with open curiosity as Jinyoung filled a glass.
While Rookie Hwang nervously drank his water, Jinyoung set about the task of Making Jaebeom As Un-Hungover As Possible, which included, in the following order: (a) wrestling him out of his coat; (b) dragging him up the couch so his feet didn’t dangle; (c) attempting to wake him so he could drink some water; (d) attempting (c) again; and (e) leaving more water, painkillers, and a hangover recovery drink on the coffee table if (c) and (d) were unsuccessful.

"Three months," Jinyoung grumbled under his breath as he grabbed Jaebeom under the arms and yanked him up. "Three months, and then you’ll have to get your own fucking coat off and pour your own glasses of water, and eat your own fucking paracetamol instead of snagging mine—"

Jaebeom mumbled something unintelligible and curled his face into the back of the couch.

"Are you done?" Jinyoung asked Rookie Hwang, somewhat brusquely. "You should rest, it's going to be a long editing week ahead."

"Thank you for the water," said Rookie Hwang.

"Thank you for helping with… this," Jinyoung replied, gesturing in Jaebeom’s general direction.

"I'm sure sunbaenim will miss Im PD-nim when he moves out," Rookie Hwang mumbled.

"I'm sorry?" said Jinyoung.

"If Im PD-nim said he moved in in February, and he's only here for three months," said Rookie Hwang, in the same stupidly analytical tone he’d used during his entirely unnecessary presentation on how casting popular idols might help with ratings, "wouldn't his new lease start next week?"

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It wasn't something Jinyoung could afford to think about, not with the broadcast deadline looming and three days' worth of footage to edit (on account of the cast having been split up on the first day). So instead Jinyoung rolled into the editing rooms in his comfiest clothing, texted his lunch order to Rookie Hwang, and got to work.

This was what he most enjoyed about the job: when there was good material, and it was easy to get into the groove of selecting the best of the best — the funniest shot of a cloud, the funniest angle, the funniest cut between what someone had said and the reaction on another cast member's face.

He hadn't thought he would like it, that first week he'd been unceremoniously dumped into the variety department as its newest rookie PD.

Then he had gone into one of the editing rooms to deliver the main PD's jjajangmyeon, and had found himself stumbling upon a masterclass in editing. That PD had cut a long scene of the cast having a bit of downtime into the most hysterical two minutes he had seen: winding each joke and each reaction tighter and tighter, inserting the right caption at the right time; action and reaction shots both serving to drive the drama and the humour of five people brushing their teeth in a living room while one of them tried to bounce a baseball on a mini baseball bat.

That had been it. He'd caught the bug, and had then proceeded to spend the next five years chasing after that perfect alchemy, over and over. Trying to push past the duds and failed executions, the frustrating days when all the footage was full of dead time and zero chemistry. Ignoring the numbers and the internet comments once he was sitting in front of the editing keyboard, and pulling from within himself that core of truth — so that whatever made it into the show was what had made Jinyoung belly laugh alone or giggle hysterically at two in the morning; what had made him fall in love; what had warmed and comforted him.
He'd gotten halfway through Lee Dong-wook's desperate appeal to the producer of *KBS Lucky 7* to let him and Wonpil appear on their morning radio show, when there was a cough and a rustling behind him.

With a frustrated sigh, Jinyoung hit pause on the clip and turned round, sliding one headphone off his ear.

"Yes?"

"I brought your lunch," said Rookie Hwang, holding up a takeaway box of jjajangmyeon.

Jinyoung glanced at the clock and was startled to realise that it was already close to one in the afternoon.

"And, um, I was also asked to give you this," Rookie Hwang added, setting down a cup of iced coffee beside the jjajangmyeon. It bore a condensation-soaked post-it which read, in Jaebeom's orderly scrawl, *'sorry & thank you!'*

Underneath, Jaebeom had drawn what might have been a drunk Jaebeom lying prone on the couch, but could equally have been a child's impression of a monitor lizard. It was difficult to tell.

Jinyoung rotated the cup so the post-it was facing the other way. He didn't have time for this.

"Grab a chair and a set of headphones," he said to Rookie Hwang instead. "This is the stuff you'll need to learn."

---

Jaebeom was in the living room when Jinyoung stumbled home three days later, screen-dazed, his brain still feverishly superimposing captions and music over everything he looked at.

Right now, for example, the sound of swelling strings accompanied the sight of Jaebeom gnawing on the collar of his t-shirt as he sat crouched on the couch, beer in one hand and half-nibbled convenience store sausage in the other, reading a book that he was holding open with his toes.

Then the narration kicked in, and Jinyoung realised the music had been coming from the wolf documentary, which was playing in the background.

"If you're going to launch yourself onto the couch," said Jaebeom, not looking up, "at least let me put down my beer."

Jinyoung had only ever once performed a proper high jump, at the end of a slightly terrifying semester of physical education classes in middle school. He now channeled all his training and latent skill into this one movement, bounding towards the couch and twisting mid-air to land beautifully on top of Jaebeom, knocking him backwards onto the cushions.

"Ow, fuck," groaned Jaebeom, who had somehow managed to hold his beer aloft amidst this attack, although the sausage, now on the floor, was a lost cause.

Jinyoung, who was nothing if not considerate, sat up for a moment (to a pained *oof* from Jaebeom, on whose stomach Jinyoung was currently sitting) and located Jaebeom's book, which he extracted, bookmarked, and placed gently on the coffee table before flopping back down again.

"Ugh, have you even showered?" said Jaebeom, breath puffing against the back of Jinyoung's neck for a moment. Then he wriggled to one side and performed the slightest of crunches in order that he
could take a swig of his beer without choking.

"Have you," countered Jinyoung, staring up at the ceiling and going completely limp on top of Jaebeom, not caring if the hood of his hoodie and possibly some of his hair was directly in Jaebeom's face.

"Yes," said Jaebeom irritably, draining the rest of his beer and lying back down again, shoving Jinyoung's hood aside and wriggling up again such that Jinyoung could comfortably lean his head back onto Jaebeom's shoulder. "I didn't realise you'd be done by today."

"I'm not," Jinyoung replied, letting Jaebeom hook his ankles over Jinyoung's. "I just came back to get fresh clothing while Rookie Hwang tries his hand at editing a segment."

"Wow," said Jaebeom, looping his arms over Jinyoung's chest, beer bottle poking against Jinyoung's ribs. "He must have really impressed you."

"He's — okay," said Jinyoung. "Has potential."

"High praise from Park PD," murmured Jaebeom.

Jinyoung laughed. "He should put it in his annual review."

They lay there for a moment, listening to the sounds of the wolf documentary still softly playing on the television. It was the part where one of the pups had gotten lost in the snow, at around the forty-minute mark of episode three.

"Hyung," said Jinyoung, after a pause.

"Yeah," said Jaebeom, his chest vibrating against Jinyoung's back as he spoke.

"Will you be moving out?" Jinyoung asked. "At the end of the month, I mean. Next week."

There was a pause.

"Yeah," said Jaebeom. "I guess. That's when my new lease starts."

"Okay," Jinyoung replied.

He thought he felt Jaebeom's arms and legs tighten around him for a second. Or it could just have been his imagination. It was hard to tell.

Jinyoung walked back to the KBS building, freshly showered and bearing more changes of clothing, to the soundtrack of Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* symphony; falling Yeuido cherry blossoms that you couldn't even properly enjoy under the streetlights hitting him in the face every now and again.

Fuck, it was ridiculous how miserable he was feeling about what, essentially, would be a return to his pre-February life. His pre-February life had been great: a quiet house, no unsorted trash, no having to leave Jaebeom notes about how 'IF YOU DON'T DO YOUR LAUNDRY BY THE WEEKEND I SWEAR'. Things would go back to normal.

The truth was, perhaps, that Jinyoung had spent close to a decade Olympic-level lying to himself about Jaebeom, and this was the universe's way of calling him out on it.

A cherry blossom petal landed directly in his mouth. As he stopped to spit it out, disgusted, the Tchaikovsky grew louder, tinnily and persistently, until two middle-aged night-time joggers, one with a portable speaker tied around her waist, overtook Jinyoung and continued down the street,
taking their music with them.

"Who the *fuck*," Jinyoung exploded, causing the poor joggers to burst into a sprint, "listens to *Tchaikovsky* while going for a run!"

---

"Chief Producer raised a concern," said Jackson, coming by the editing room with Youngjae.

"Fuck me," Jinyoung said, cutting a spare second from Rookie Hwang's work with a vicious tap of the keyboard. "What does he want now."

"He thinks," said Youngjae in a calming voice (while Jackson muttered, "No thank you"), "that if we air the footage of Lee Dong-wook and Wonpil at *Music Bank*, viewers might blame us for last Friday's broadcasting incident."

"And?" said Jinyoung, his voice going dangerously cold.

"And he suggested that we cut that portion," Youngjae finished.

There was a tense silence as Jinyoung leaned back in his chair, eyes closed. Rookie Hwang, who had thus far been watching this exchange in trepidation, scooted slightly away from him.

"Tell me," said Jinyoung at length. "Am I the main PD on this show, or is he?"

"You are," said Rookie Hwang fervently.

"Yeah, but he's CP," said Jackson, who was also correct.

Jinyoung sprang to his feet.

"Where are you going?" asked Youngjae.

"To grovel, obviously," replied Jinyoung. "But also I have an idea."

---

They filmed the additional coda on Friday morning, Lee Dong-wook rushing down from his nighttime drama shoot in order to meet them outside IU's dance practice studio.

"Are we really doing this?" he asked, shuffling towards the crew in his puffy coat, looking, for the fiftieth time, like he was deeply regretting his decision to ever join the show. (Jinyoung would know; he'd spent the past four days editing that exact face.)

Still, Lee Dong-wook was very kind. Wonpil, on the other hand, had simply bellowed "What the fuck" into his phone when Jinyoung had called him.

"Yes," said Jinyoung, with a manic determination that had made even Wonpil stop questioning him. Behind him, Yugyeom and another writer unfurled a handmade banner that read: 'WE DON'T KNOW IF WE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT BUT WE'RE SORRY ANYWAY', while Rookie Hwang pasted on a detachable piece at the top of the banner that said 'IU-sshi'.

"Her manager says she's okay," said Jackson, hanging up the phone. "And the cake is in place."

"We're already rolling," said Bambam, looking towards Jinyoung.
"I hate you," said Wonpil to Jinyoung, idol image be damned.

"No you don't," Jinyoung replied, and gave Lee Dong-wook the cue.

After they had interrupted IU’s dance practice to sing her an apology song (Super Junior's Sorry Sorry with every third beat removed due to copyright reasons) and presented her with symbolic cake she could neither eat not keep ("We can really only spare a slice," Wonpil explained with great embarrassment, "due to budget reasons.")., the banner having been hastily stuck onto one of the wall mirrors, they then produced a giant cardboard voucher (also hand-made by Yugyeom and Rookie Hwang) that promised three nap immunities should IU ever deign to appear on IN2D.

"Lee Seung-gi once ran a marathon to earn this," Lee Dong-wook helpfully informed her, with no cue card prompting required, while Wonpil gallantly produced a crumpled piece of tissue paper with which she could wipe away her tears of laughter.

And then, after they had finished the segment (rolling away the cake and rolling up the banner), they bundled into their vans and rushed back to KBS, where the rest of the cast was waiting in the lobby.

"It's a race against time!" Jinyoung called, even though it really wasn't. They could probably keep filming until three in the afternoon and still comfortably make it for the broadcast deadline.

In a mad scramble, Youngji and Siwan seized the cake trolley while Lee Dong-wook and Ryujin hurriedly ripped the 'IU-sshii' off the banner and replaced it with 'Music Bank'. They then set off at full tilt for the auditorium with the crew in fast pursuit.

"Park Jinyoung I hate you!" Wonpil cried as he ran, in an eminently reusable moment that he would come to regret over the rest of his time on IN2D.

They burst into the Music Bank auditorium. Then Jinyoung caught sight of the backdrop, and it was as if choirs of angels had burst into song.

"Are we going to have to sing 'Sorry ***ry in front of Super Junior?" asked Yang Se-hyung, aghast but also trembling at the comic potential.

"Look at PD-nim's face," said Wonpil, pointing an accusing finger at Jinyoung, while Youngji let go of the cake trolley to crouch on the ground, either from laughter or extreme embarrassment, or both. "LOOK AT THIS DEVIOUS B****RD."

But there was no time for Jinyoung to defend himself, for their haphazard entrance had now caught the attention of the Music Bank crew and the members of Super Junior who were doing their sound check in front of a massive 'SUPER JUNIOR' backdrop. If Jinyoung squinted, it was possible to tell that several inches had been lopped off the sides of the letters 'S' and 'R'.

As discussed, Lee Dong-wook and Ryujin scrambled up onto the chairs and unfurled the banner, which now said 'music bank WE DON'T KNOW IF WE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT BUT WE'RE SORRY ANYWAY'.

Siwan and Youngji wheeled the cake up to Jaebeom, who was sitting on a folding chair by the stage in a white mandarin collared shirt and the lapelless black blazer he'd once forced Jinyoung to buy for the Korean Producer Awards and had then later stolen from Jinyoung.

"All of you are too much," said Jaebeom, shaking his head as they approached, although he was unable to hide the laughter in his voice. "This is ridiculous. You are ridiculous." This last line was directed straight at Jinyoung, with a look that suggested that Jaebeom would probably have him in a headlock if not for the cameras.
"Why is there a hole in the middle of the cake?" demanded Super Junior's Heechul, coming over to the edge of the stage to investigate.

"IU-sshi cut out a slice," said Lee Dong-wook.

"She said it was supposed to represent the pit she fell into," Wonpil added.

Jaebeom had his face buried in his hands, his shoulders shaking like he was silently laughing. Or crying.

"We also prepared a song," Yang Se-hyung continued bravely, notwithstanding the fact that the rest of Super Junior had now come over to join Heechul. "It's a little bit embarrassing, but—"

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You are UNBELIEVABLE, read Jaebeom's text, after Music Bank had aired without a hitch.

thanks? Jinyoung replied, pausing in the middle of re-editing the last third of the episode to make space for the coda. and ***ry, he added, as an afterthought, complete with copyright asterisks.

hang in there, Jaebeom texted back, but Jinyoung had by then returned to the footage of Super Junior teaching Lee Dong-wook how to properly do the hand rub.

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Rookie Hwang's 30-second preview for the first episode of the new season opened with a black and white shot of the empty KBS building steps on which the start of almost every 1N2D trip was filmed.

Over it, he had superimposed the words: "the return of a show … you weren't really waiting for", accompanied by serious string music.

The next title read: "beloved by many … in its heyday" over a supercut of every time Lee Dong-wook had made a reference to an earlier season.

"Wow," said Jinyoung, "you really didn't pull your punches, huh."

And then: "a whole new cast …" accompanied by successive shots of each of the cast members in various stages of meltdown, including Wonpil shouting "Park Jinyoung I hate you!" while tearing down the KBS corridor.

"... returning to what you loved in the first place," read the last title, as the refrain of Lee Seung-gi's Let's Go On a Trip, as sung on live radio by Wonpil (feat. Lee Dong-wook), began to play over a montage from the episode — Youngji fast asleep on a folding stool right outside her tent; Lee Dong-wook and Wonpil picking glitter off a glass stage; Yang Se-hyung and Siwan racing each other to get to a rock; Ryujin brandishing a plastic hammer triumphantly in the air.

Finally, the words: "Real Wild Road Variety. 1 Night 2 Days" faded onto the screen.

As Jinyoung watched this, he was keenly aware of how Rookie Hwang was watching him, staring intensely at Jinyoung's face to study his every expression.

The screen blinked black. Jinyoung leaned back in his chair.

Rookie Hwang was practically vibrating with anticipation.
"It's fine," said Jinyoung. It was, in fact, rather good.

Rookie Hwang seemed to have gone mute with relief. The expression on his face was that of someone on the cusp of bursting into a tearful acceptance speech.

Jinyoung patted him on the shoulder. He jumped.

"Are you hungry? I'm hungry," said Jinyoung, who was always suddenly ravenous once they had an episode in the can. "Let's get food."

The usual jjajangmyeon place near the KBS building was a place that held many memories for Jinyoung, including the time that, as rookies, someone had mistaken Jaebeom for a member of Sechs Kies and Jaebeom had spent the rest of the night having a crisis over whether to be flattered or offended. ("They debuted in 1997!" he had cried at some point, while Jinyoung had held up pictures of each individual member against Jaebeom's face to try to figure out exactly which one that lady thought Jaebeom had been.)

And then, of course, there had been the Great Noodle Incident of 2015, when Jackson, then a junior writer on Return of Superman, had bet that Jinyoung would be able to finish more bowls of noodles than Jaebeom, which had: (1) been correct; (2) ignited Jinyoung's competitive spirit, resulting in indigestion for days; and (3) revealed to Jinyoung the exact sort of devious Jackson was.

As a result of this, Jackson's name had been the first on Jinyoung's list when he'd been offered a team, and Jaebeom, who had spent the next week having to purchase antacids and peppermint tea and listen to Jinyoung's resentful whingeing, had learnt that sometimes it was just better to let Jinyoung win.

And now, of course, there would also be 'the time Jinyoung had drunkenly offered his place rent-free for Jaebeom to live in and drafted a napkin contract for it', but. Well. It was not as if Jinyoung remembered any of that.

"You again," was what the restaurant ahjumma said to Jinyoung by way of greeting, when he and Rookie Hwang entered. She had, incidentally, also been instrumental in the awful Sechs Kies-themed surprise birthday dinner they'd thrown for Jaebeom a couple of years back, going so far as to help put up on the wall a grainy photograph, supplied by Jinyoung, of Jaebeom with his face half-buried in his bowl and the label "Eun Ji Won? Unsure." below it.

When the jjajangmyeon arrived Jinyoung dug in gratefully, happy to finally be eating noodles that weren't congealed together in the container from their journey on the back of a delivery bike. Beside him, Rookie Hwang slurped cautiously at his jjamppong, glancing at Jinyoung out of the corner of his eye every now and then.

"Is there something on my face?" Jinyoung asked, after the fifth time.

"Yes," said Rookie Hwang, pointing. "You have cucumber."

Jinyoung picked the cucumber strip off his cheek and ate it. Maybe this was the moment he was supposed to give Rookie Hwang some Insights into life as a producer; he wasn't quite sure. Certainly, Rookie Hwang was still gazing at Jinyoung's now-cucumberless face like he was expecting some gem of wisdom to fall from his lips at any moment.

"How did you find it?" said Jinyoung, finally. "Editing your first preview."

Rookie Hwang fumbled to put down his chopsticks. "It was…" he began. "It was hard to figure out what to put in."
"Yeah?" said Jinyoung. "And how did you end up choosing?"

"I, uh. I remembered what you said," Rookie Hwang replied, "about editing something honest."

"Ah," said Jinyoung, even though he had no recollection of ever saying this to Rookie Hwang.

"You said anyone can make something flashy, but... it was more important to make it honest," said Rookie Hwang. "So... I tried to use my truthful feelings."

Now Jinyoung remembered — he'd come in to the office one morning grouchy and annoyed, only to discover Bambam watching the latest *Infinity Challenge* preview on his phone (all running shots and *Inception* trailer horns), and had proceeded to launch into an impassioned and incoherent speech about artistic honesty.

He hadn't realised, at the time, that Rookie Hwang had been listening. Bambam certainly hadn't.

"So... you truthfully feel that 1N2D is 'the show we weren't really waiting for'? asked Jinyoung wryly.

"Ah! I, uh — no, I—" Rookie Hwang began.

Jinyoung laughed. "I'm joking," he said, turning to Rookie Hwang. "I think you did a good job of it. Of expressing your truthful feelings."

As he said this, he happened to look over at the wall of celebrity photographs beside Rookie Hwang.

Just two frames to the left of Rookie Hwang's face hung the "Eun Ji Won? Unsure." photo, which the restaurant *ahjumma* had never gotten round to removing. In it, Jaebeom was looking sideways at the camera in surprise, cheeks bulging, jjajangmyeon sauce on his nose, his beanie half slipping to reveal the soft edge of his hairline, KBS lanyard flung over one shoulder.

He remembered taking that photograph — a quick snap on his phone of Jaebeom beside him, wholly on impulse. Remembered Jaebeom reaching over and swiping at him right after; their ensuing wrestle, Jaebeom chewing the entire time and grumbling with his mouth full. Squashed noodle residue on the side of Jinyoung's ear and Jaebeom's elbow in the radish kimchi by the end of it because Jaebeom was a monster, clearly.

And even like this — no, especially like this, unguarded and rumpled and gross as Jaebeom could be — Jinyoung would look at him and still feel something shift and settle in his chest. An: *Oh. You.* A breathless sort of hello.

And — wow, Jinyoung thought to himself. Who the fuck was he to lecture someone else about honesty.

"...sunbaenim?" Rookie Hwang was saying.

"Fuck," said Jinyoung, grabbing his coat and his bag and then, belatedly, fumbling for his wallet and pulling out some cash, which he stuffed into Rookie Hwang's hand. "I'm sorry, I need to go."

"This is too much—" Rookie Hwang began.

"Keep the change, put it towards the car repair fund, I don't care," called Jinyoung, dragging on his coat as he stumbled out of the restaurant.

---
Jaebeom was standing in the living room tossing an armful of socks haphazardly into a cardboard box when Jinyoung returned.

"There's a reason for why I'm doing this," he said reflexively when he heard Jinyoung enter, clearly having not forgotten Jinyoung's scathing commentary on his standard of packing (or lack thereof) the morning he'd moved in.

("Were you forced to flee the country?" Jinyoung had demanded, after Jaebeom's 'Rookie Producer of the Year' trophy had tumbled forth onto the bed from within a trash bag full of t-shirts and underwear. "Were you being pursued by wolves?")

"Is it so that you can use your socks to cushion your mugs and plates?" asked Jinyoung, setting down his bag by the coffee table.

"...yes," said Jaebeom, after a guilty pause. Standing opposite Jaebeom now, in the familiar sea of Jaebeom's crap strewn across Jinyoung's formerly tidy apartment, all the words that Jinyoung had thought of on the way back seemed to have entirely deserted him.

"That's kind of gross, don't you think?" he said instead.

"I'll wash everything when I take it out again," replied Jaebeom, in a tone that suggested he wasn't quite convinced of this himself.

"No you won't."

Jaebeom laughed. "You're right," he said. Then he frowned. "Why do you look like you've been running?"

"Do I?" said Jinyoung, even as sweat continued to steam under his clothes.

Jaebeom strode up to Jinyoung and swiped his forearm across Jinyoung's damp forehead. "What's this, then?" he asked, brandishing his arm in Jinyoung's face.

And it was such a ridiculous — such a fucking Jaebeom thing to do; so familiar and unthinking, that Jinyoung was overcome for a moment by how stupidly... much he felt about Jaebeom.

"You are so fucking disgusting, hyung," said Jinyoung, his voice choked with emotion, with as much force as if he'd said I love you.

"No," said Jaebeom, oblivious, wiping the back of his hand against Jinyoung's sweaty hand against himself.

And Jinyoung couldn't help the sound that came out of him — a frustrated growl of annoyance at himself and all the feelings he was feeling but had no words for. Before he knew it, he had caught Jaebeom's hand and wrestled it back towards Jaebeom's face, to make Jaebeom wipe his sweaty hand against himself.

It was so easy, then, to fall into their usual scuffling. Except it wasn't their usual scuffling, because Jinyoung's chest was so full; his heart pounding, frantic, even as they jostled against each other. Even as Jaebeom stuck his free hand into the opening of Jinyoung's coat and dug fingers into Jinyoung's side; as Jinyoung shied away and then brought his elbow down to pin Jaebeom's hand against him.

He kicked and shoved against Jaebeom until they were stumbling against the couch; falling onto it
with an unceremonious thump and twin *oofs* of pain.

"What's gotten into you," grunted Jaebeom, squirming under Jinyoung so he could get one leg free to kick it against Jinyoung's hip, shoving him sideways into the back of the couch in an effort to get free.

Jinyoung didn't answer; just twisted his arm from Jaebeom's grip and dug his thumb into Jaebeom's armpit — technically cheating in the unspoken rules of their game, but he didn't care.

"*Fuck,*" Jaebeom yelled, jerking away from Jinyoung.

Jinyoung used this moment of distraction to wrench his other hand free. He wriggled backwards and pushed himself up to kneel on top of Jaebeom's thighs, making Jaebeom yell again as Jinyoung's knees dug into his quads. And now Jinyoung was grabbing Jaebeom's arms, pinning them against his chest, bearing all his weight down on Jaebeom to hold him there until finally, he felt Jaebeom go slack beneath him.

"Are you all right?" Jaebeom asked. He was breathing hard, looking up at Jinyoung with concerned eyes because *of course* he'd pick this moment to go soft and worried, to stop pushing back against the maelstrom of whatever the fuck Jinyoung was feeling.

When Jinyoung released his grip on Jaebeom's arms Jaebeom didn't immediately go in for the kill. Instead, he lifted one hand and, very gently, circled it around Jinyoung's wrist.

"What is it?" he said, utterly serious now.

Jinyoung should have — he should have taken Jaebeom out onto the cherry blossomed streets and told him there, with the middle-aged Tchaikovsky joggers and the petals falling into Jaebeom's hair under the streetlights. It would have been perfect, even if Jaebeom had said no. In this scenario of Jinyoung's imagining, at least Jinyoung would have properly said everything he needed to say.

But not like this, not Jinyoung kneeling speechless on top of Jaebeom's thighs after fighting with him for no particular reason other than the fact that this was how they *were*; Jaebeom lying confused beneath him while a million things raced in Jinyoung's mind.

He had to try, Jinyoung thought. He owed it to himself, and to Jaebeom, and to Rookie Hwang, who was, at this point, probably still at the restaurant trying to politely inform the *ahjumma* that that photo on the wall was not, in fact, of Eun Ji Won.

"I was at the jjajangmyeon place," Jinyoung began.

"Okay," said Jaebeom.

"And — uh," he paused, glancing off towards the coffee table, the television, anywhere that wasn't Jaebeom's face. "I realised that, um. *Fuck.*" Jinyoung took a deep breath. "You know how in the last episode of the wolf documentary, one of the adolescent wolves gets lost after chasing that deer?"

"Yes," said Jaebeom.

"And then the music goes silent and you're just watching that wolf just fucking like, tumbling in the snow because it was injured in the previous episode—" Jinyoung paused, and shook his head. "*Fuck,* why am I narrating this to you like you haven't already watched it five hundred times."

Jaebeom shrugged. "I don't mind," he said. "I like the part where the rest of the wolves come back."
"Yeah, and it turns out they've been searching for their friend and they've finally found each other," Jinyoung continued, "and the last two minutes are just like, long helicopter shots of the pack just moving through the snow, and the music is just going and your heart is soaring because it's perfect, it's so fucking perfect—"

"Yeah," said Jaebeom.

"That's how I feel about you," Jinyoung said, too-fast, watching the way Jaebeom's eyes widened, feeling Jaebeom's fingers tighten around Jinyoung's wrist.

"I'm sorry?" asked Jaebeom, his voice hoarse.


"That every time you look at me it feels like the last two minutes of *Running With Wolves*?"

"Yes," said Jinyoung, feeling himself turning red. "Okay, forget it," he said, pressing his other hand down on Jaebeom's chest so he could slide off Jaebeom, maybe go to his room so Jaebeom could finish his chaotic packing in peace.

But Jaebeom apparently still had some energy left over from their earlier scuffle, for the moment Jinyoung lifted one knee from Jaebeom's thigh, Jaebeom hooked his leg around Jinyoung's butt, wrapped his arm around Jinyoung's back, and tugged.

Jinyoung landed on Jaebeom with an *oof* of surprise, and immediately found himself wrapped in the most suffocating full-body hug of his entire life.

"You really feel that way?" Jaebeom mumbled into the fabric of Jinyoung's coat, both legs hooked around Jinyoung's, his arms squeezing Jinyoung like a vice.

"...can't fucking breathe," Jinyoung choked out.

Jaebeom loosened his hold. "Do you?" he asked again, and Jinyoung couldn't possibly feel this under all the fabric but he could swear Jaebeom was smiling against his shoulder.

"Yeah," breathed Jinyoung, "I really do."

"Good," replied Jaebeom, his voice stupid-happy and choked up the way it always got during the end credits of the wolf documentary, when Jaebeom would ask Jinyoung if he could take out the DVD while he just sat there with the collar of his t-shirt pulled up over his nose, smiling and crying at the same time, every time.

"Because so do I."

---

"So has Im PD moved out of your house yet or not?" Jackson asked on Monday at the ratings update.

Jinyoung froze, then turned to look at Rookie Hwang.

"Don't glare at him like that," said Youngjae. "It's not like we didn't know."

"You knew?" said Jinyoung. "How?"
"Maybe because we were right there sitting beside the two of you at the jjajangmyeon place?" said Jackson.

"Why," said Jinyoung, pressing his hands to the sides of his face, "do I not remember any of this."

"Because you're a total lightweight," said Bambam, before pausing to add a prudent, "PD-nim."

"Does everyone want know the ratings, or not?" asked Yugyeom, who had been standing by the whiteboard waiting to unveil the number for the past five minutes.

"Yes—" Rookie Hwang began confidently, but trailed off when he realised nobody else was replying.

"Is there anything else," said Jinyoung, glaring round at his traitorous, information-withholding team of connivers, "that I should know about that night?"

Youngjae shrugged. "It was the pretty standard hyung-is-falling-down-drunk stuff."

"Yeah," said Jackson, "you wrestled a lot, the ahjumma yelled at you, you ate his noodles instead of your own—"

"PD-nim kissed Im PD-nim on the cheek and told him you liked him like, five times," Yugyeom added, ratings reveal now forgotten.

Jinyoung's mouth fell open. "I what?" he yelped.

Youngjae shrugged. "Five times is pretty normal. Remember when we went for that beach cleanup thing last year and our team had drinks after?"

"Oh goodness, don't remind me," said Jackson.

"Remind me," Jinyoung demanded, despite his growing mortification, because he needed to know.

"Um," said Bambam, "do you really not remember telling Im PD-nim you liked him every ten minutes? And lying with your head in his lap gently putting fistfuls of sand into his hand like it was diamonds—"

"No," sobbed Jinyoung, "this has to be some sort of a joke."

"It's not," everyone chorused.

"To be fair, Im PD-nim says he likes PD-nim back like, every single time," Yugyeom said, as if this was meant to make Jinyoung feel any better.

Jinyoung rose abruptly from his seat. "I have to… go," he said. "I have a meeting. About." He cast around and said the first thing that landed in his head. "Props."

"Props," Jackson repeated.

"Yes," said Jinyoung. "Goodbye."

He turned and ran.

"Level 5 Conference Room," Mark called, as Jinyoung passed the Music Bank cubicle row.

Jaebeom was, indeed, in the conference room when Jinyoung burst through the doors.
So were all six members of BTS and the full phalanx of their managers, with an apology cake on the table that looked far nicer than the one Yugyeom had been able to rustle up. Jaebeom had been in the middle of saying something like, "Let's move forward from this," in his stern-but-forgiving Im PD voice, but he trailed off abruptly at Jinyoung's interruption.

"Park PD-nim," greeted Jimin, whom Jinyoung had, last season, persuaded to hike Mt Halla with a container of seaweed soup in a misguided attempt at an homage to My Name is Kim Sam-soon. Kim Sun-ah, who had been one of the five formidable actresses in the 1N2D cast that season, had not appreciated this. "Last night's episode was great."

The rest of BTS rose to their feet, bowing politely.

"I'm sorry," said Jinyoung, coming to his senses. "This was very rude of me. I'll wait outside. Also if anyone wants to appear on 1N2D..." he added, just to see Jaebeom's mouth twitch with a suppressed smile.

He paced the corridor while he waited, hearing the occasional bubble of laughter from the room. Maybe this hadn't been such a great idea; maybe he should have waited till lunchtime, at least—

Jaebeom pushed open the conference room doors with more strength than strictly necessary.

"What's going on?" Jaebeom asked, his serious Im PD face giving way to that ridiculous, perfect smile of his.

And — fuck, Jinyoung hadn't noticed this when he'd burst into the room earlier; that Jaebeom was wearing the gorgeous leather jacket that occupied a special place in Jinyoung's heart. Seeing it again now, he couldn't help but remember how Jaebeom had had to struggle to put it on this morning because Jinyoung had been doing his level best to kiss Jaebeom breathless.

"Um," said Jinyoung, quite aware that he was once again just staring at Jaebeom like a fool.

The conference room doors opened again, and BTS and their managers poured out.

"Park PD-nim, I'm interested!" called Jungkook as they filed past, earning himself an elbow from V.

"Yes, yes," said Jinyoung, waving generously. "You know who to call."

"At least the cake they gave me didn't have a hole in it," said Jaebeom, when BTS was out of earshot.

Then, after glancing around, he grabbed Jinyoung's arm and tugged him towards the conference room, pulling him inside and locking the doors behind them.

"What are you doing?" asked Jinyoung.

"Showing you BTS's cake," said Jaebeom, pressing Jinyoung against the table and kissing him hurriedly, with an eagerness that suggested he'd been thinking about doing this for the last five minutes of his apology meeting.

"It's very nice," Jinyoung murmured against Jaebeom's lips, not even glancing round.

Then he paused, remembering why he'd rushed over here in the first place.

"Wait," he said, putting a hand to Jaebeom's chest.

Jaebeom sighed as they pulled apart.
"Yes?" he breathed, winding his hands around Jinyoung's waist in a way that was very distracting.

"Is it true," said Jinyoung, "that every time I get blackout drunk, I, uh. I—"

"You kiss me on the cheek and tell me you like me?" Jaebeom finished.

"Oh, fuck," said Jinyoung, horrified.

Jaebeom shrugged. "It's a thing you do, yes."

"Why didn't you fucking say anything?" Jinyoung demanded.

"I mean," said Jaebeom, "you only said it whenever you were extremely drunk, and one time you also threw up on me right after, so. I guess I didn't want to… I guess I was afraid to put too much weight on it."

"You certainly weren't afraid to accept my offer to move into my apartment," said Jinyoung.

"That's different," Jaebeom replied. "There was a written contract."

"I can't—" Jinyoung began. "I can't even begin to— fuck. You mean all these years, I've been saying these things to you—"

"Words of love and affirmation," Jaebeom supplied.

"—and you were okay to just never mention it to me when I was sober?"

"In my defence," said Jaebeom, "I didn't know if you wanted me to. You draw these — I don't know — these fucking lines, like, sure, let's never talk about our feelings but we can wrestle on the couch for twenty minutes. Let's tell each other every single thing about our day and spend every free moment we have together and never fucking say a word about what that might make us."

"But hyung," said Jinyoung, sliding his hand under Jaebeom's jacket so he could press his fingers against the small of Jaebeom's back; ease Jaebeom closer to him so their world shrunk smaller. "You could've crossed those lines."

Jaebeom gave Jinyoung a wry sort of smile. "You always think I'm braver than I really am."

"You're a fucking idiot," said Jinyoung, "and so am I."

"I'm sorry," said Jaebeom.

"Well, I am too," replied Jinyoung, thinking of the months and years spent hoping desperately for something that his soju-loosened tongue had already claimed.

"Can I kiss you now," said Jaebeom softly.

"Okay," replied Jinyoung.

As Jaebeom leaned in, Jinyoung paused, and said, "As a general estimate, how many times have I actually confessed to you? Excluding Saturday night."

Jaebeom considered this seriously for a moment. "Honestly? Over the years? I've lost count," he said. "Maybe a hundred?"

"Wow," said Jinyoung, embarrassment creeping up his neck. He could feel himself starting to turn
"I did say I liked you back," said Jaebeom.

"Yugyeom mentioned this," said Jinyoung. "Every time?"

"Yes," said Jaebeom. "I did. Every time."

---

The ratings for the first and second episodes (Parts 1 and 2 of the Spring Vacation) came in at a respectable 11.3% and 12.5% respectively, with a late-hour spike in viewership in the first episode during the apology coda. Considering the dire numbers of the previous season, this was an unmitigated success.

"Now I guess all we have to do is keep it up there for the rest of the season," commented Lee Dongwook during the introduction portion of the next trip's shoot. "Look at Park PD, just grinning from ear to ear."

"Hyung, trust me," said Wonpil, "I've known Park PD for a very long time and when he smiles like that it's not a good thing."

"Yeah," said Yang Se-hyung, looking suspiciously at Jinyoung, who was sitting beside the camera, wearing his most innocent expression. "Why are you suddenly treating us to samgyetang in the middle of the night?"

Jinyoung smiled, aware of Youngjae turning the camera towards him, and held out an envelope for Ryujin to collect.

The night before, Jaebeom had laughed and shaken his head when Jinyoung had told him their plans for the next trip.

"You," Jaebeom had said, tucking his bare feet under Jinyoung's thigh as he kicked his legs out on the couch, "are utterly devious. And may at some point end up smothered in your sleep by Wonpillie."

"He wouldn't dare," Jinyoung had replied, looping an arm under the backs of Jaebeom's legs and curling his wrist up so that his hand could cup the front of Jaebeom's knee. "You wouldn't let him."

"I won't be there to stop him," Jaebeom had said, scooting forward towards Jinyoung, trapping Jinyoung's arm in the bend of his legs.

"Rookie Hwang will have to, then," Jinyoung had replied, while Jaebeom had leaned forward to take Jinyoung's hand and —

He'd fucking nipped it, and not in a sexy way; just a disgusting, I'm so overwhelmed with feelings that I'm going to bite you way. This had not been the first time he'd done this in the past weeks.

"Ow," Jinyoung had said, pointedly, but he hadn't twisted his hand away. "Why the fuck."

"Just imagining your face as Rookie Hwang tries to defend you from Wonpillie," Jaebeom had mumbled, rubbing his thumb over Jinyoung's skin. "Cute."

"My arm's going numb," Jinyoung had replied.

"Well, so are my feet," Jaebeom had countered, and neither of them had moved, just enjoying the
warm, uncomfortable tangle of each other as they watched the opening minutes of *Swimming With Sea Lions* (a project three years in the making, by the team behind *Running With Wolves*).

Then, because Jinyoung had been due to go off on his shoot in a few hours and would be vanishing into his editing cave thereafter, they had proceeded to not watch *Swimming With Sea Lions* in favour of accomplishing other, more pressing things.

Jinyoung was still thinking about him and Jaebeom not-watching the sea lion documentary when Jackson reached over and poked him in the shoulder.

'**Stop thinking about boning,**' Jackson mouthed, while the cast was now scarfing down the *samgyetang* like it was their last meal.

'**I'm not,**' Jinyoung mouthed back, in another feat of Olympic-level lying.

Jackson rolled his eyes.

"Are we just going to silently eat *samgyetang* on camera?" Siwan was asking.

"Think of it as mukbang," said Youngji, cheeks full of radish kimchi.

Silently, Jinyoung nodded to Jackson, who raised his whiteboard with the cue: 'open the envelope'.

They would finish this shoot on Saturday, after which Jinyoung and Rookie Hwang would need to rush-edit the footage. The first half of Sunday's episode would feature the end of the Spring Vacation and the other half, this ominous *samgyetang* prelude and the start of their current trip.

Then Jinyoung would crawl back to the apartment to sleep, and maybe Jaebeom would be there, sprawled out on the couch with a book on his face, or perhaps finally — because this was a daydream and Jinyoung could wish — properly unpacking, putting up his neglected Rookie Producer of the Year trophy in the space beside Jinyoung's twin one on the shelf, instead of continuing to leave it under various piles of laundry.

Jinyoung would step right up to him and there would be mumbled 'hello's, 'hi's, 'good, wonpillie didn't murder you'; arms and limbs tangling, a sleepy scuffle.

And this time, maybe this time, Jinyoung would kiss Jaebeom on the cheek and say, "I like you, hyung," and listen to Jaebeom say it back, and not forget it in the morning.

So, this. This he could get used to.

**EPILOGUE**

*1 Night 2 Days* Sweeps Awards at KBS Entertainment Awards

The revamped *1N2D* made an impressive comeback at this year's star-studded KBS Entertainment Awards. Held on 22 December, the Awards are the broadcast network's annual celebration of its greatest achievements in variety programming and entertainment.

The show's new cast took home the coveted Daesang (Grand Prize), while Lee Dong-wook and Day6's Wonpil were jointly awarded the Excellence Award in Variety. The show's writing team also received the Best Variety Show Writer Award while the programme garnered the most audience votes and was crowned the Viewers' Choice Best Programme.

The cast, comprising of Lee Dong-wook, Yang Se-hyung, Siwan (ZE:A), Wonpil (Day6), Youngji
and Ryujin (Itzy), gave a rousing special performance at the end of the night, singing the Lee Seung-gi classic *Let's Go on a Trip*. They did not forget to close with the season's special brand of "desperate honesty", by unfurling a banner addressed to the host of the awards and season 1 alumni, Lee Seung-gi, which read: 'Lee Seung-gi are you listening?? Call us if you want to guest on the show~~'.

This new season has delighted audiences with its refreshing candour and the revisiting of many well-loved themes from early episodes, such as the 'Scorching Heat Camp', which featured a guest appearance by BTS' Jungkook, replacing Siwan for the trip, and a 'Members vs Staff' challenge, which saw the production team losing bitterly at table tennis and having to sleep outdoors.

"I'm both excited and afraid to see what the team have planned for the coming year," said Lee Dong-wook during his acceptance speech. "As a fan of *1N2D*, it was fun revisiting the things that I loved about the series. But I'm amazed every shoot at how many great new ideas they have and I look forward to continuing with this cast and crew."

Wonpil, jointly accepting this prize, gave a special message to the current PD of *1N2D* at the end of his own speech, saying, "Yah, Park Jinyoung! I thought I was repaying you your fifty thousand won, but now I'm even more in your debt. Fix it!", to laughter from the audience which included Wonpil's JYP Entertainment CEO, also Park Jin-young.

Park Jinyoung PD was not present at the awards, but has become a familiar face to audiences due to his interactions with the cast. The preview for episode ten, simply entitled *1N2D: Our Park PD Is Very Good-Looking*, has been viewed almost a million times on YouTube. Park PD has insisted several times on camera that this clip had not been edited by him.

*1N2D* will return next year with their New Year's special, which is rumoured to feature a guest appearance from IU, who will surely wish to use the three nap immunities granted to her in the first episode of the season.

THE END

Chapter End Notes

The first line in my notes doc for this fic is: ‘Yeah so im writing a producers AU now fml’. Did I set out to write another workplace AU? The answer is no, but it happened anyway, because I wrote the words ‘The Producers remix of potato office au’ in the notes for *Re: re: potato* and my mind would not let it rest. I also have zero explanation for why the two of them are so disgustingly feral in this story, I guess they were just sublimating like… 10 years of Feelings into violent wrestling.

My thanks, as always, to the wonderful forochel, who suggested I write a short fluffy nesting fic and was then confronted with… this. To paraphrase the (imaginary) words of Wonpil, “Yah! I thought I was writing you a one-off gift fic, but now I have fathoms of fandom feels. Fix it!” (but like… don’t fix it, it’s okay <3). Thank you as always for covering this story with encouragement and enthusiasm, and for the steady stream of jb photos, without which this fic would not have been written. You are the censorship stars to my copyright-restricted Sorry ***ry. <33333

And finally, in case anyone is interested, here’s [Part 1 of the 1N2D Summer Vacation Episode](https://example.com) which is solid gold, A+, 10/10 would recommend Excellence.
1N2D Season 5 Episode 1 Recap

After the disappointment of the last season of 1N2D, I initially had no intention of recapping the new one, because the final few episodes of season 4 were just a tremendous slog to get through. But guys — this season has been so good that I couldn't resist. So, here's my recap of S5 episode 1: better late than never, I guess!

We return with a whole new cast, and the episode starts us off pretty conventionally with a bunch of pre-trip interviews. It's a bit of an eclectic group, with actor Lee Dong-wook (Goblin, Touch Your Heart) as the oldest member (who talks about his love for season 1 of 1N2D, something which becomes a bit of a running joke throughout the season when he turns out to have an almost encyclopaedic knowledge of past episodes), followed by Yang Se-hyung, who tells the production staff he's a little nervous being the only comedian in the cast. ZE:A member and actor Siwan (Misaeng) says he was looking for something different to do after his return from the army, while Day6's Wonpil straight up just says on camera that he once forgot to return fifty thousand won to Park Jinyoung PD (Note: the main PD for this show, a man who has discovered a thousand ways to mine his shared name with JYP for comedy), and Park PD has been holding it over his head ever since.

Wonpil: You're not going to play the footage, are you?

Park PD: I'm sure we can find it.

Wonpil: (frustrated) I'm not asking you to find it!

Sure enough, they immediately play the clip of Wonpil asking Park PD for money to pay for a baby spa on The Return of Superman, with the caption: 'Repay your debts promptly!'

Rounding out the cast are Youngji (formerly of KARA), who says she's looking forward to pitching tents, and Itzy's Ryujin, who says she's never watched the show before and hopes she can keep up with all the more experienced members. Here, the show helpfully cuts forward to various moments in the episode where she's basically politely savage to all of the guys, it's so great. (Caption: 'She'll be okay.')

The screen then cuts to black. A series of captions appear to explain that the theme of this season is 'desperation', and the production team has cynically decided to mine old episodes for ideas since everyone keeps saying things were better back then.

And then we're back on the familiar KBS steps with the new cast assembled, and as soon as Dong-wook is done with the introduction it is revealed to them that they will be voting off two members who will be left behind in Seoul with no money to get to Jangsu.

Dong-wook: Isn't this the summer vacation episode?
Youngji: (amazed) How do you remember this?

The nominations begin, with Wonpil immediately suggesting Dong-wook and Siwan, since they're both well-known actors who would probably be best able to hitchhike. But Siwan turns the tables on him by saying that he's just returned from the army and maybe nobody will remember him, so by Wonpil's reasoning, Wonpil, the JYP idol who recently went on a world tour, should be left behind. (Recapper's note: Is the production team even ALLOWED to randomly insert the whispered 'JYP'? In any case, they did.)

And so the happy four set off with the car and the money, while Dong-wook and Wonpil are left to fend for themselves with a rookie PD. While Wonpil tries to ask a departing Park PD for another fifty thousand won (tough luck, buddy), Dong-wook sits down on the steps to think, while ticking clock sound effects and like, *Back to the Future*-type font starts to blaze across the screen. (Caption: 'Time slip Dong-wook accesses memories from 2009')

Dong-wook: Do you trust hyung?

Wonpil: I'm sorry?

Dong-wook: I think I know how we can make some money.

Through some desperate persuasion, Dong-wook manages to secure himself and Wonpil an appearance on morning radio, where they are forced to work for their appearance fee by answering listeners' questions and singing. Dong-wook is not half bad but Wonpil obviously knocks it out of the park, and there's a moment where he riffs on Lee Seung-gi's *Let's Go on a Trip* so impressively that the producers caption it with 'Lee Seung-gi are you listening?? (Call us if you want to guest on the show~)'.

Mind you that all of Dong-wook and Wonpil's hard work is contrasted with the utterly carefree shots of the rest of the cast driving along the highway, with Ryujin talking about her debut journey and Youngji pulling out all the snacks she brought with her.

For Dong-wook and Wonpil, the radio appearance fee turns out to be insufficient for them to travel (Caption: '...this also happened in 2009. Shouldn't we learn from our mistakes?'), and so they head over to *Music Bank* to see if there are any jobs they can do. It turns out that not only does Dong-wook know the *Music Bank* PD, but the *Music Bank* PD had also been the one who persuaded Dong-wook to join 1N2D.

Dong-wook: Im PD-nim, you called me and said there would be a great opening for me on a KBS show and I thought you were going to offer me a spot hosting *Music Bank* like Park Bo-gum.

Wonpil: Technically you are on *Music Bank* right now.

Dong-wook: He's asking us to polish BTS' stage!

Im PD: It gets smudged easily. Glass is very difficult.

Wonpil also gets tasked with telling each of the performers that they are on standby, and the rookie PD asks how he feels about doing behind the scenes stuff where, usually, he would be the one standing on the stage. (Recapper's note: This is a direct reference to the 2009 episode where Lee Seung-gi was very depressed and embarrassed about having to do this.)

Wonpil: (running to BTS's green room) I don't care! I just want to get my money so I go to Jangsu and kick Park PD's a**!
Of course, this is the moment where they cut to the rest of the cast, who are forced to pause their car-ride sing-along because they have reached their lunch stop, which is a place serving Gwangyang bulgogi barbeque, a specialty of the region. On further questioning by Yang Se-hyung, Park PD admits that they're spending all the money they saved on not having to transport Dong-wook and Wonpil on this one meal. (HA.) The four members then each take turns to say a few touching words of gratitude to the other two, which is played as a voiceover to shots of Wonpil running from green room to green room and Dong-wook stepping in to mop the stage at regular intervals during BTS's sound check, the BTS members bowing bewilderedly to him every time.

While the happy four harmoniously play a mini-game to decide which two will be in charge of the tents that night (with Ryujin and Siwan also playing on behalf of their absent members), Dong-wook and Wonpil finally get the cash they need and head straight for transport, after thanking Im PD profusely.

Then the show abruptly returns to a black and white, slow motion replay of the moment earlier when Im PD agreed to let them help, freeze-framing on Im PD's generous and handsome smile (Recapper's note: That is seriously what the caption says, I'm not making this up). Next caption: 'Little did he know…'

The tone shifts abruptly as O Fortuna begins to play. KBS News 9 presenter Kim Tae-wook takes over the narration, as he describes the broadcasting incident that ensued in that evening's Music Bank. (Caption: 'Everything that could possibly go wrong… did.') It starts with a forensic replay of JYP's trapdoor exit, before moving into an all-angles examination of IU falling backwards into said trapdoor, followed by excerpts from all the news headlines from the following day.

Kim Tae-wook: (voiceover) The question now is… what was 1N2D's role in this disaster?

They revisit the various moments in the episode, complete with a news report bullet-point list of possible factors, including Lee Dong-wook's possible sub-par mopping diverting precious resources from an overtaxed crew, Wonpil's failure to tell IU she was on standby cheerfully enough, and Im PD being distracted by having to get his head writer to disburse money while the actual KBS claim comes through.

This deep-dive analysis ends on a blue screen with IU's headshot and a grainy still of Im PD holding out a mop. Caption: 'WE DON'T KNOW IF WE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT BUT WE'RE SORRY ANYWAY'

The next segment opens with a shot of Dong-wook hurrying towards the crew. A caption says that it is 8.15 a.m. and the staff has gathered outside IU's practice studio. Dong-wook and Wonpil stand by the door with a cake on a trolley and announce that they will be surprising IU with an apology.

Wonpil: Do we really have to do this?

Dong-wook: Well, we've already come this far.

Wonpil: There's a cafe across the street that we could go to instead.

But the decision has already been made and they enter the building, locating IU's practice room with the help of her manager and bursting in cake-first. There's also a banner (with the 'WE DON'T KNOW…' words), which is funny enough because it's so big Dong-Wook has to hold it above his own head in order to properly unfurl it, AND THEN Wonpil says that they also have something else prepared for her.

Now we flash back to what the captions tell us is a 6.30 a.m. meeting with a very grumpy Wonpil
and the production team back at KBS, in which they are discussing a possible song the cast could sing as an apology. Except the frontrunner at the moment appears to be *Sorry Sorry*, which Wonpil points out isn't even really a song about being sorry.

**Wonpil:** Do you even have the rights to perform *Sorry Sorry* on this programme?

**Park PD:** Just to be safe, we've decided to remove every third beat of the song.

**Wonpil:** You can do that in editing? Isn't that going to be a little tedious?

**Park PD:** Yes, so we thought it would be easier if you removed it from the start.

(It should be noted that after this point in the show, all further references to *Sorry Sorry* are bleeped out as *Sorry ***ry*. HA.)

And then we see that Wonpil has spent the next hour painstakingly writing out the lyrics to *Sorry ***ry* on butcher paper and like, crossing out the syllables they can no longer sing. Caption: 'All the musical talent of Day6's Wonpil… poured into this beautiful gift'. This is so beautifully *pointless*, I love it.

We return to Dong-wook and Wonpil in IU's studio, getting into position with the butcher paper and like, limbering up and stretching like they are getting ready for an arena concert.

**IU:** You really don't have to do this, I'm very touched as it is.

**Wonpil:** (Deadpan) No, no, we've already come this far.

It is a testament to Wonpil's musical skill that the editors can actually play a half-volume *Sorry ***ry* in the background to show how accurately he's not singing the third beats of the song. Then of course the music cuts off and it's just Wonpil awkwardly jerking his head in lieu of all the beats he's not allowed to sing, while IU is covering her mouth in shocked amusement. Dong-wook, who hasn't had a chance to rehearse, is totally lost and just stands beside Wonpil rubbing his hands at the correct moment and awkwardly following Wonpil's own pretty competent dancing.

Then it's time for them to cut the cake (even though IU can't eat it because she is avoiding dairy).

**Dong-wook:** You can at least keep the cake—

**Wonpil:** (grabbing his arm) Hyung, wait, wait…

It turns out they can only spare a slice because they need the cake for something else and couldn't get two cakes for budgetary reasons (Caption: 'Gwangyang bulgogi ㅠ_ㅠ').

**IU:** Don't they sell cake by the slice as well…

**Dong-wook:** (bowing deeply) We apologise for the messiness of our production team.

The camera turns and Park PD and all the writers are bowing too. Wonpil tells IU she can cut a slice from wherever she likes.

**IU:** Are you sure?

**Wonpil:** Yes, yes, anywhere!

**IU:** (joking) even if I cut from the middle of the cake?
Dong-wook: IU-sshi, I'm very sorry but who cuts from the middle of the cake?

IU: Wonpillie said anywhere! (Turns to crew) You caught it on camera right?

Park PD gives IU the thumbs up, and IU, at Wonpil's prompting, proceeds to painstakingly cut out a rectangular slice from the middle of the cake.

Dong-wook: IU-sshi, will you tell us what your artistic creation is intended to symbolise?

IU: Uh, the pit I fell into on Music Bank…

While Dong-wook and Wonpil burst into laughter, we get a slow motion flashback of IU tumbling offscreen over the sounds of the Moonlight Sonata. Then they top it all off with a voucher (it is massive) promising IU three nap immunities if she ever comes onto 1N2D, and the team is off.

Now it is revealed that while this was going on, the rest of the cast had gathered at KBS and have been practising Sorry ***ry using a photograph of the butcher paper lyrics and an actual recording Wonpil made for rehearsal purposes. (Ryujin: I was in elementary school when this came out! Se-hyung: Don't speak.) Given the composition of this cast, they do a far better job of the choreography.

Dong-wook, Wonpil and the crew return to KBS, and we discover that the rest of the apology cake is going to… Music Bank. I can't EVEN.

They race towards the Music Bank auditorium, and poor Wonpil is so tired and annoyed he shouts, "Park Jinyoung I hate you!" at Park PD, which of course automatically gets the headshot of JYP with a teardrop drawn on his face and another whispered 'JYP'. I'm weeping. Wonpil just makes it so easy.

When they arrive at the Music Bank auditorium they discover that this is the week of Super Junior's comeback, and chaos ensues. (Se-hyung: Are we going to have to sing 'Sorry ***ry in front of Super Junior?!) Park PD is beside himself in glee, he is so cute. Wonpil is outraged, Youngji is speechless, while Dong-wook and Ryujin dutifully unfurl the banner.

They wheel the cake up to poor, long-suffering Im PD, who is just sitting on a chair shaking his head as they approach.

Im PD: All of you are too much. This is ridiculous. You are ridiculous.

And then Super Junior come over to investigate, and poor Dong-wook and Se-hyung have to explain everything including the significance of the hole in the cake (cut to: Im PD with his face buried in his hands) and the Sorry ***ry dance they are going to have to perform.

Heechul: Sorry ***ry?

Dong-wook: We are truly sorry about this.

Youngji: They (production crew) were concerned we wouldn't be able to get the rights in time.

Leeteuk: If we sing it with you wouldn't it be okay?

The cameras turn to Park PD, who is shaking his head solemnly. (Caption: 'You've all worked so hard to practice Sorry ***ry!')

Shindong offers to do it with the group anyway, complete with third beats removed, but Im PD interjects that they still haven't finished their soundcheck. Super Junior is confident they'll be okay
(Caption 'Super Junior is Super Confident'), while Park PD now sheepishly tells Im PD that he "didn't plan for this to happen". Im PD tries to look stern but he just can't, he just keeps grinning, and Wonpil is like, "Im PD-nim can't say no to Park PD". (Recapper's note: Apparently the two PDs joined KBS as rookies in the same year and have known each other for a very long time, it's so sweet.)

Im PD: What are you going to do if anything happens during tonight's programme?

Park PD: I'll sing you a song.

Im PD: (laughing) I don't need that.

Park PD is rescued by SuJu, who say that they were pretty much done anyway and that their managers are fine with it (cut to: their managers eating cake).

'And so,' read the captions, and also Kim Tae-wook on voiceover (I honestly don't know what favour he owes Park PD), 'music history is made'.

The aspect ratio of the footage changes and we are treated to a full MV-style clip of Super Junior and the cast of 1N2D performing 'Sorry ***ry (1N2D edition)', complete with Super Junior themselves being thrown off by the missing lyrics. After some intensive one-on-one training with Heechul, Dong-wook can now dance the chorus, while Siwan, Ryujin, Se-hyung and Youngji capably sing backup for poor Wonpil (Captions: 'Day6 Wonpil ~~ MVP ~~').

They end with applause from the assembled Music Bank crew, who are all standing around eating cake. (Recapper's note: I had to rewind and pause for a bit to catch Im PD with cake in one hand and using his other hand to grapple with Park PD, hahaha. I guess they're really good friends.)

Dong-wook rounds up the apology ceremony with the 1N2D cast and and crew bowing deeply (Caption: 'Thank you for kindly supporting us!'). And with that, the cast go on their merry way.

I have TEARS IN MY EYES from laughing at this episode, and I've watched it twice for the recap. It just doesn't get old. :')

If you've read up to this point, thank you for joining me on this hilarious journey. Honestly, we've barely skimmed the surface in terms of the layers and layers of running jokes to follow in the coming episodes... like the constant and increasingly ludicrous return of Wonpil's "Park Jinyoung I hate you" clip, the EXCELLENT 'Hwang PD's corner' where the rookie PD interviews the cast members, at first about serious things like their thoughts on the trip but like... by episode five he's just asking them questions like how they feel about Park PD wearing a polo shirt for a change ("Personally, it made my heart flutter just a little!" Hwang PD reports cheerfully, after Siwan enquires as to the purpose of this corner and Youngji agrees that Park PD should wear more different types of outfits), and the production crew's escalating and futile attempts to get Lee Seung-gi onto the show.

I hope you enjoyed this, and I'm excited to continue recapping the rest of the season!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!