

Musical Intro: *When a tree falls in the forest and no one's around to hear it, it makes a sound.*

Strong wind against the attic walls. A mystical lilting tune plays on the recorder, perhaps it reminds us a little bit of that flute solo in the beginning of the *Titanic* theme song. It underscores Deirdre's intro.

DEIRDRE

Wim Faros reaches out his hand
from the past and invites us to
let the world hear his sound
again. Hello, I'm Deirdre Gardner,
in Rosemary Hills, and this is a
very special episode of *It Makes A
Sound*.

She hits the wind chime hanging above her on a rafter.

DEIRDRE

Today-Rod, Rod, hey Rod, Rod!

The tune has been coming from Rod playing recorder, having a fine time. He stops playing.

ROD

Oh sorry?

DEIRDRE

Can you stop that, please? It's
distracting.

ROD

Oh sorry, I just found it over on
that shelf over there. Sorry.

DEIRDRE

It's ok. It's ok.
Wim Faros reaches out, like sinewy
roots of a tree climbing up,
bursting forth, gasping towards
the surface; we break the Earth to
receive him. His spirit can't be
contained, it stretches out beyond
the decades, we stretch, too--our
fingers pulse towards him,
anticipating his gifts. He hands
us...a box. Full of treasures.

DEIRDRE

Among them, a laminated sleeve...containing...a cardboard coaster marked with the date 6/21/92. Scribbled upon it, like hieroglyphs...the Music of the Attic Tape.

MRS. GARDNER

She's sort of funny.

DEIRDRE

And Mom...My mom remembers the songs. Somewhere, they are perfectly archived in her brain. She is our north star. And it is up to us to jog her memory. Right, Mom?

Mrs. Gardner shakes her tambourine and generally makes herself known. Rod toots the recorder in support.

DEIRDRE

Welcome to today's episode. Delicately placed on the table before me is that coaster, bearing the insignia of Rosemary Hills Club House: sprigs of Rosemary, hovering over a hill, on a golf course. Now, it is covered with notations-his cheat sheet, for the songs he'd play at Tricia Elwood's 8th grade graduation party. Are they straightforward? For the non-genius: no.

MRS. GARDNER

Oh no.

DEIRDRE

Sometimes there are strings of lyrics, knotted up around each other, sometimes letters are backwards, or whole words are swapped. At times, chords seem to be sprinkled haphazardly next to the lyrics, in tiny letters.

DEIRDRE

Luckily, I have created a system of organization which will make it easier to see and untangle the information on the coaster, and cross-reference it with other lyrics we have verified from the purple velveteen diary, or the memory of Mom, or the memory of Deirdre Gardner. Borrowing techniques of historians before me, I have here on a large chalkboard on wheels all the information we have so far, charted onto a graph. And, um, I have also been using my, uh, my toy piano test out some of these chords...now, I admit it's a somewhat limited test, but I have been trying to figure them out by sound.

ROD

You did a lot of work.

DEIRDRE

Yes. Thankfully with me today to aid us in our quest is another special guest: Rod Reeder, Mom's part-time nurse, and an actual amateur musician.

ROD

It's very detailed, it's like a hospital chart, but different. You have good handwriting.

DEIRDRE

Thank you. Listeners, as Rod can see, I have attempted to separate out lyrics one line at a time, and these arrows, see Rod, in a separate color chalk point to the chords that most likely go with each lyrical line.

ROD

What's this square mean down here with the big question mark?

DEIRDRE

That's for the big unknowns, for instance, um, track 6: "Star 69," we don't seem to have lyrics to that at all. Also—um, you know, things like the Deirdre Gardner connection, the "DGC" as I've written here. Um—why was a newspaper clipping containing my picture in the time capsule, how does this affect the music? Things like that. Big unknowns.

MRS. GARDNER

Who knows?

DEIRDRE

So today, our goal is to take the information deciphered from the coaster to restore the songs on the cassette tape recording of Wim Faros's first concert, played here on the golf course, in 1992.

We hear Deirdre pouring two cups of coffee.

DEIRDRE

The cassette tape lost, found, and currently inaccessible due to an unforeseen technical malfunction. Rod and I are ready, we are caffeinated, right? We have our coffee, grab your coffee listeners, let's go.

Rod, in the background, asks Mrs. Gardner if she needs a pillow, if she's comfy, etc.

DEIRDRE

Rod, looking at the chalkboard—
Rod, oh sorry, when you're done over there. Rod, looking up here--
is there anything that jumps out at you as an easily identifiable melodic sequence?

ROD

Are you sure you're cozy, Mrs. G?

Deirdre sips her coffee

ROD

Oh, uh. Hm...no. Well, maybe...no.

ROD

I mean, we have the chords, that's super, but it's hard to know what, you know, the rhythm and style of the line is.

DEIRDRE

Well, that's ok. As someone once said, "Begin anywhere."

ROD

Ok, how bout... here? Um.

He plays a few chords from the chalkboard on the piano.

DEIRDRE

Actually...let us begin...here. See here on the coaster these notes that run along the top edge? Here they are written out on the board. Do you see? So now, let's cross reference that with what is written on the left-hand edge. I think they might match, am I right that the first one is kind of like this?

Deirdre plays a basic chord on the keyboard. She speaks these lyrics as she slowly clunks her way through a chord sequence.

DEIRDRE

"Round in a cul de sac, only way out, turn back
Either way, my life is stunted by this one way, dead end track"

This lyric is from his song titled, "Cul-de-sac." Track number seven on the Attic Tape.

ROD

Um, here, let me just, excuse me.

Rod takes over the keyboard and swiftly, expertly plays a round of chords.

DEIRDRE

Oh! Wow. Rod, ok.

DEIRDRE

That's very good, how do I do
that—wait, slower, slower, it's
slower than that. Yeah. Oh, yes.
That's right! That's right. Now,
wait, show me how to do that.

Rod guides Deirdre's hands through the chords.

DEIRDRE

I'm doing it! Ok, so it was like,
(she plays and sings)
Round in the cul-de-sac, one way
out...
Is that the tune?

ROD

Uh, sure, sounds great. It sounds
like there's another, you have to
go back to this chord here. How
about this?

He helps her on the piano. Deirdre sings along.

MRS. GARDNER

Oooooh yes. Yes. Sure that is the
best fish dip.

ROD

You like that Mrs. G?

DEIRDRE

Listeners, Mom lights up as we
play this part of the song. Mom...
can you help me sing, what comes
after that part?

Rod plays and Deirdre and Rod sing. Mrs. Gardner repeats the
lyric after them, so together they are singing the one line of
cul-de-sac over and over in a round.

MRS. GARDNER

That is nice icy man. He is a
fork.

DEIRDRE

She remembered all of his other song, she had it exactly, it was like she was present with Wim Faros in 1992.

ROD

Uh yeah, well, sure, music is amazing. For patients like Mrs. G. Singing and rhythm playing, these things don't need a lot of mental processing, but the rhythmic cues she hears get the brain's motor going anyway. So, tunes and rhythms and rhymes she knew a long time ago can remain intact in a brain no matter what. Like. An automatic spark.

MRS. GARDNER

Spark.

DEIRDRE

Listeners, an automatic spark. That's why she can recite some poems and speeches from her acting days. So, we have to accurately find the exact rhythm and tune to trigger her memory? We just need to get it right and she'll be with us.

ROD

Well, ya know, sometimes. No matter what, music is, like, good. Helps with her mood, can stimulate or sedate. It's great for agitation management.

DEIRDRE

Mom knew that music, though. She was there at the clubhouse. Plus, that cassette was like all I played for a year. Let's try again.

Deirdre and Rod attempt the song again, with confidence. Mrs. Gardner joins them. It's pretty, but they are just looping this one line around and around.

DEIRDRE, ROD, AND MRS. GARDNER
Round in the cul-de-sac, one way
out, turn back, either way my life
is stunted by this one-way dead
end track.

Someone is coming up the stairs.

MRS. GARDNER
The damn birds are after us. From
inside the house. There!! Squawk!

CODY
Hi, what's up?

DEIRDRE
Cody, how did you..?

CODY
I rang the doorbell but nobody
came, and then I tried the door
and the door was open so I came
in. I was supposed to go to Tommy
Neidhart's house after school but
I told Tommy that we should come
here and Tommy said that he would
never come here after what you did
to his property, and he said I
should be careful too, and watch
out, in case you got mad, and I
told him to shut up. I said,
actually, I want to play here
instead of with him. So that's why
I came here and I texted my Mom
that I coming here and that you
would watch me, and she said fine,
and thanks, because she has to
work for a few more hours and she
always says that I'm not
stimulated enough, and I told her
you guys are really super
stimulating, and I want to help
find Wim Faros and I don't care
what you did to Tommy Neidhart.

DEIRDRE
Oh. Well, I appreciate that, Cody.
I'm glad you came over. We're
working on the songs.

MRS. GARDNER

What did you do?

ROD

Yeah Deirdre, what did you do to Tommy Neidhart?

DEIRDRE

Oh-I, it's nothing. I broke his iPhone.

CODY

She threw it out the window! She was our substitute teacher! And Tommy was playing with his iPhone during class and she tossed it out the window! We heard it go crack!!

DEIRDRE

It's all...fine, it's all been taken care of. Cody, you know, it's good that you're here. We'll need someone to document our work today, what lyrics and chords go together for each song, what worked, what did not. Ladies and gentlemen, another special guest...a surprise special guest on today's show: Cody Elwood-

CODY

Nowakowski.

DEIRDRE

-Research assistant. He will take notes.

CODY

Uh...on my iPhone?

DEIRDRE

No, we're noting all of our findings on the blackboard. With the colored chalk. Here you go.

CODY

I've never used chalk.

ROD
That's sad.

MRS. GARDNER
You love chocolate pancakes.

DEIRDRE
That's right, Mom. Listeners, we will come back to track #7, "Cul-de-sac," but for now let's move on to a different song to see if Mom has a more specific response. She's kind of like a Ouija board...

CODY
I want to look. Hmm. Listeners: I'm researching. I like this one, all the exclamation points. It says... "Help! I've fallen!!! And I can't get up!!!!!"

MRS. GARDNER
"Clap off... the Clapper."

ROD
Classic.

DEIRDRE
Yes Mom, that's right, that was the commercial. But then, there was Wim Faros's song. Which was a piercing critique of capitalism.

CODY
What's capitalism?

ROD
Um, take your iPhone, for example...

DEIRDRE
We'll explain later, Cody, ok?

ROD
Here are the chords that you've written next to it. Is this anything?

He plays an upbeat, twangy reel on the banjo.

DEIRDRE

Mmm. No, no, no. It was way more intense. Could you maybe try it on the keyboard? It was a controversial song. Powerful. It was a stunning choice to play Tricia's 8th grade graduation, it sent a message. I can almost feel the social tension of that moment. It was more dissonant, more like, grrreer, hurrah, ahh, beer

She is trying to convey something growly and punk-angsty. Rod tries to follow her lead. Cody grabs something and percusses. Mrs. Gardner is stomping her feet. They work there way towards a dirge, with Deirdre fronting,

DEIRDRE

"Help, I can't get up, I've fallen"... then like,
"frozen dinners"...
"grim reaper"...
"beepers"...
"Help, I can't get up, I've fallen"

Mrs. Gardner belts out the Clapper commercial theme

MRS. GARDNER

(sings)
Clap on, clap off, the clapper

DEIRDRE

(sings)
Help, I can't get up, I've fallen,
call the reaper, with your beeper.
Beeping...Help, help...frozen
dinners...

MRS. GARDNER

(sings)
Clap on, clap off, the clapper.

DEIRDRE

Yes Mom, that was the commercial, that's the commercial, guys. What about Wim Faros's protest song. Do you remember, you used to thump your mop on the floor when I'd sing it, in rhythm...

Deirdre thumps around to demonstrate and Mrs. Gardner and Cody thump along with her, singing The Clapper jingle. Cody knocks over Deirdre's cup of coffee on the desk. Rod stops playing.

MRS. GARDNER
Messers! Windex!

DEIRDRE
Save the coaster!

ROD
Got it.

CODY
I'm sorry!

DEIRDRE
It's ok, look, it's fine.

ROD
I'll grab some paper towels.

He goes downstairs.

MRS. GARDNER
Oh no. Get it.

DEIRDRE
It's ok Mom, it's just a little coffee. Easy.

MRS. GARDNER
What a mess.

CODY
I can clean it. It was an accident.

DEIRDRE
The coaster's fine, Cody, it's ok. Right, Mom, just a little spill. An accident.

MRS. GARDNER
I'm on it.

DEIRDRE
Hold on, Mom, we'll clean it up in a second, don't worry yourself. Ok, I think that is too confusing. Mom, look up here with me. Let's pick another song to look at.

ROD
Here we go.

MRS. GARDNER

Windex.

ROD

I brought Pine-sol.

DEIRDRE

Oh we don't need that, it's just coffee...

ROD

I know, but you know, she's a pro. She likes to spray. Here Mrs. G, I'll get the floor you get the table, what do you say?

MRS. GARDNER

Aye aye put a cap on my captain.

Mrs. Gardner sprays and sprays and wipes the desk, rhythmically She subtly hums a little nod to, "Matchmaker matchmaker make me a match..."

DEIRDRE

Thank you everybody. Ok. Very good. That's very clean now, Mom, thank you. You want to keep wiping the table? That's ok, but here, sit down, get comfy. OK Rod, Cody, back to the chalkboard. Rosemary Hills, I'll draw your attention to—what was number nine on the cassette. "Youth Grows Old." Cody, See those lyrics in pink, you you youth.

CODY

Yes, here. There's a lotta yous. "You you you you you you you you youth grows old in Rosemary Hills. Green grass will grow and grow with chemicals."

DEIRDRE

Good, that's right. Now Rod, look to those chords in pink there. Can you play them for us?

Rod plays that chord on the banjo.

DEIRDRE

Fabulous.

DEIRDRE

And I will add piano now, if you
can just show me where to put my
fingers. Is that right, that's
what I thought.

He does, and Deirdre plays the simple piano chord in rhythm.

DEIRDRE

Ok, so it goes like this
(sings)
"You you you you you you youth
grows old in Rosemary Hills.

Rod follows her.

DEIRDRE AND ROD

(sing)
You you you you you you youth
grows old in Rosemary Hills.

DEIRDRE, ROD, AND CODY

(sing)
You you you you you you youth
grows old in Rosemary Hills.

DEIRDRE

Oh, yes, this sounds great! Yeah,
here's how it went. Like a
cascade. Yeah. Repetitive.
Experimental. Moody.

Deirdre, Rod, Cody sing together. Cody keeps a simple beat.
It's kind of lovely, an incantation. Mrs. Gardner joins in.

DEIRDRE, ROD, AND CODY

You you you you youth grows old in
Rosemary Hills.

MRS. GARDNER

(sings)
You you you you you you youth
grows old in Rosemary Hills.

DEIRDRE

Yes, Mom, that's right.

ROD

Very good, Mrs. G, sing with us.

MRS. GARDNER
 (sings)
 You're so alone. So alone in
 Rosemary Hills.

DEIRDRE
 Good, Mom! But different lyrics,
 ok? Now it goes like this.
 (she sings)
 Green grass will grow and grow and
 grow and grow...

Cody joins her in harmony.

DEIRDRE AND CODY
 Green grass will grow and grow and
 grow and grow.

MRS. GARDNER
 (sings)
 You you you you you you you
 you you you you you you

As Mrs. Gardner continues, Cody and Rod support her in harmony

MRS. GARDNER
 (sings)
 You're so alone. So alone in Rose.
 You're so alone. So alone. Alone
 in Rosemary Hills.
 Youth, youth grows old. I'm so
 alone. So alone in Rosemary Hills.

ROD
 (sings softly)
 Green grass will grow and grow and
 grow and grow.

MRS. GARDNER
 The party is over, we have to go
 home. Don't cry, Deirdre. All
 clean.

DEIRDRE
 That was so pretty, Mom. And sad.

ROD
 Beautiful, Mrs. Gardner.

CODY
 I like your voice.

DEIRDRE

That isn't the way the song went,
Mom. But is that how you feel
right now?

MRS. GARDNER

I feel pretty and sad.

DEIRDRE

You're so pretty, Mom. I'm sorry
you're sad. I understand.

ROD

The music, it sometimes brings out
the emotion from its earliest
associations.

CODY

Was your Mom at my mom's party
too?

DEIRDRE

She was there. But not as a guest.
Mom was the cleaning lady at the
clubhouse, she was working that
night.

CODY

I don't like cleaning.

MRS. GARDNER

Amen, honey funny.

DEIRDRE

Mom, Tricia Elwood's party. Wim
Faros in concert. What was it like
that night?

MRS. GARDNER

Fahrenheit.

DEIRDRE

Wim Faros.

CODY

WIM FAROS!

MRS. GARDNER

You love to go to the pie in the sky with With Farenheit.

DEIRDRE

That's a good way of putting it, actually. It was the first time I felt like that.

MRS. GARDNER

Loving that's awful. It's awful. You're awful. HOW AWFUL! Oh no.

DEIRDRE

I think she means...unrequited... admiration can be difficult.

MRS. GARDNER

Deirdre and Wim sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g. Deirdre and Wim sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g-m-i-s-s-i-s-s-i-p-p-i

ROD

It's ok Mrs. G...

DEIRDRE

Wait, she's remembering... the end of the party. I was alone in the conference room, listening to Wim Faros. Everybody else had gone outside. But Wim played on. I was sitting in the back of the room, with my cassette recorder. Kayleen Becker came in to get a slap bracelet she left on a chair. She started yelling that, over the music. "Deirdre and Wim sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g..."

Mrs. Gardner joins in this chant, then Cody too.

DEIRDRE

I was mortified. Wim stopped playing, suddenly--like a spell was broken.

DEIRDRE

Kayleen's was the only one in the room. Wim Faros looked at me, the look on his face was...so vulnerable, like he just emerged from a cocoon. He held my gaze for what felt like an hour. And then, and then-he turned away, and walked to the table behind him, and opened a Crystal Pepsi. And I ran out of the room. To find Mom.

MRS. GARDNER

Pepcid AC.

DEIRDRE

You could hear it all on the tape. I never erased that part. I could never erase any of it.

MRS. GARDNER

Kayleen Becker is a spoiled fucker duck.

DEIRDRE

Truer words have never been spoken, Listeners.

CODY

She said the F word.

ROD

She does sometimes, she's allowed.

CODY

Cool.

DEIRDRE

Rod, don't you think-this is sense memory! The Pinesol. The cleaning. The melody. That made her remember Kayleen Becker. And she almost remembered the song, but she felt the emotion. It brought her back, in some ways, to that time. But if she was there, in that familiar place...

DEIRDRE

(pause)

Mom. We have go to the Clubhouse. People of Rosemary Hills: I know how we can get all the songs back. If we go the location, if we do this WHERE IT HAPPENED...we can recreate the environment of Tricia's party. We'll set the stage, the place, the air, the smells, and then we'll get the sounds. We'll summon them. So that Mom and I can remember.

ROD

But the clubhouse...how could you get in? Isn't it private property?

DEIRDRE

Well, I mean, we could literally just walk in. Nobody's paying any attention to Rosemary Hills Golf Course Community, if you haven't noticed. I assure you, nobody in a million years would notice us.

CODY

But it's haunted.

DEIRDRE

Oh Cody, no. It's just old and abandoned, places like that can always seem scary but it's not scary it's just...old and abandoned.

CODY

But when Ralphie ran away I had to go over there to find him and I heard things.

DEIRDRE

I'm sure, the wind on those shuttered windows is probably really loud. There's nothing to be afraid of, it's just a big old fancy house. You'll see.

MRS. GARDNER

Fancy birds.

CODY
But they're gonna tear it down.

DEIRDRE
What do you mean?

CODY
They're tearing it down. They're gonna build a cemetery. And that's gonna be even scarier.

DEIRDRE
Who's they?

CODY
I don't know. My mom said.

ROD
The local government. I guess?

DEIRDRE
They can't tear it down. It's a historic landmark.

ROD
Really?

DEIRDRE
It should be.

MRS. GARDNER
Uh-oh.

Mrs. Gardner gets up.

ROD
Where you going, Mrs. G?

MRS. GARDNER
Toast.

ROD
You hungry?

MRS. GARDNER
You are toast.

ROD
Well wait for me, I'm coming. You
know I like making toast. I'll
just...go with her...

We hear Rod follow Mrs. Gardner down the stairs.

DEIRDRE
Ladies and gentlemen. We have a
call to action. And I have a plan.
Together, we have been getting
closer and closer to fully
restoring the music of Wim Faros.
From the outset of our journey--we
have been working hard...on
remembering how to remember,
haven't we?

CODY
Yes.

DEIRDRE
Figuring out HOW to Unpack the
Attic.

CODY
Yes.

DEIRDRE
Yes. Wim Faros, through his time
capsule, gave us a bridge from the
past to the present. He is telling
us to walk that bridge. He is
showing us how, don't you see? He
is telling us...to go to the
Clubhouse. I know that will work.
I am certain that if we enter into
the hallowed grounds where the
concert was on June 21st 1992,
into that convertible conference
room where Wim Faros himself took
the stage for The Elwood
Commencement--we will be able to
complete the songs. I feel it.

CODY
I feel it, too.

DEIRDRE

I feel it.

CODY

I feel it, too, Deirdre!

DEIRDRE

Ok! So. On the next episode of It Makes A Sound...join us, and these Hills will come alive with the sound of music once more!!!!

CODY

It's alive!! Can I do the chime?

DEIRDRE

Yes you can.

Cody hits the wind chimes on the rafter.

(Music outro. End credits)

It Makes A Sound is created and written by Jacquelyn Landgraf. Co-directed by Jacquelyn Landgraf and Anya Saffir. Original music composed by Nate Weida. With lyrics by Nate Weida and Jacquelyn Landgraf. Sound designed and mixed by me, Vincent Cacchione. With Jacquelyn Landgraf as Deirdre Gardner, Annie Golden as Deirdre's Mom, Nate Weida as Rod Reeder, and Melissa Mahoney as Cody Elwood. It Makes A Sound is a Night Vale Presents production. For more information on this show, to buy merch, and to learn about other Night Vale podcasts, go to nightvalepresents.com. You can follow It Makes A Sound on Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, and Tumblr, and you can support the show by writing a review on iTunes, we'd really appreciate it. Thank you for listening. Right now, a bottle of Crystal Pepsi is listed at \$1,000 on eBay, but slap bracelets are around 5 bucks.

(Music outro. End credits)

We'll meet again in January. All of us at It Makes A Sound wish you a memorable end to 2017, and we hope you'll remember to give a little toast to Wim Faros.