

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

It is a half hour after the end of Episode 4. We are back in the attic, and rain is lashing down on the roof. Thunder clap. (/ slashes indicate the moment to overlap the next line)

DEIRDRE

Ladies and gentlemen of Rosemary Hills. Today is a Really Big Day. This is your show, I mean, this is my show—I'm, I am your host, Deirdre Gardner, and this is my show, It Makes A Sound.

She hits the wind chime that is hanging on the rafter.

DEIRDRE

Hello. Just weeks ago, a cassette tape was recovered from a dusty attic in a suburban townhouse, a tape that contains the first public concert of our hometown genius, Wim Faros. And today, at long last, we have located a boombox from which we can play that tape. I'm shaking, is everybody shaking with excitement?

MRS. GARDNER

For the music.

DEIRDRE

Yes, Mom, that's right. We are here for the music. And that's why, listeners, we are all here together. For this very special event, I have assembled a studio audience here in the attic, a lucky chosen few here to witness first-hand the playing of the tape. Mom is here.

MRS. GARDNER

I don't know about that.

DEIRDRE
Say hello, Mom.

MRS. GARDNER
Hello Mom.

DEIRDRE
And my mother is right, this is a boombox and it has a cassette tape player. Hallelujah.

CODY
I risked my life for this.

DEIRDRE
Also, and also we have Cody Elwood/ son of Tricia Elwood, who is ten...who...well, came home with me because Tricia was suddenly called into work./

CODY
/Elwood-Nowakowski. It's hyphenated./I wanted to be with my boombox.

DEIRDRE
And I'd like to introduce to you, Rod Reeder/,

ROD
Oh. Uh.

DEIRDRE
Mom's new part-time nurse, who just started work this week. And how lucky for him that he is present here on today of all days. We welcome Rod/You can say hello if you'd like, Rod.

MRS. GARDNER
You like Rod, oh yes, now he and I were in the rainbow with the pigeon coop, you see?

DEIRDRE
That's right. You can say hello, Rod.

ROD

Uh, hello.

MRS. GARDNER

That's a whore flower for
Rosemary.

DEIRDRE

Today the code is cracked, the
gates open, and that which was
foretold will be...told...and we are
ready to make Rosemary Hills
listen again. Today, LIVE, in real
time, we will insert the cassette
tape into the cassette player.
Today we will press play, and
sounds will be made on It Makes a
Sound. I'm your host, Deirdre
Gardner, and this is the moment
we've been waiting for.

It seems very special, very
symbolic

MRS. GARDNER

(whispers)
Symbolic

DEIRDRE

--that this little audience
gathered here around the boombox--
let's gather around the boombox,
please--

CODY

(Overlapping)
/that's my boombox

We hear them shuffling to gather around the boombox. Rod guides
Mrs. Gardner into place.

DEIRDRE

--we all represent three different
shades of listener who need Wim
Faros's music in their lives.

Cody: the youth of our Rosemary
Hills. Cody told me, today, at his
during, uh, the last
episode...just about an hour ago,
that he didn't like music.

(Mrs. Gardner gasps)
I know.

DEIRDRE

I think that's going to change now. The day the music lived. Cody, maybe if you could stand more across from Mom, a little more to your left.

CODY

Like this?

DEIRDRE

Other left. There you go. And Rod. Rod, stand here, please. Rod, a non-native, a newcomer to Rosemary Hills. Who didn't feel the reverberations of Wim Faros in 1992, but now has a chance to encounter the artist who made this particular place to live special among all the places to live. And Mom, who struggles to remember, but was there. Was somehow imprinted.

MRS. GARDNER

Print me.

DEIRDRE

And is here now. And that's something. So listener, I ask you...are you a Cody, a Rod, a Mom?

MRS. GARDNER

(whispers)

Me.

DEIRDRE

Why do you need the music? Why do *you *need the music.

(pause)

OK. I think we are ready.

MRS. GARDNER

Steady Freddie.

We hear Deirdre inserting the tape into the boombox.

DEIRDRE

The cassette tape containing the concert known to us colloquially as the Attic Tape because of its discovery in an attic, known at the time as the Elwood Commencement because the concert was recorded at Tricia Elwood's 8th Grade graduation party, has been inserted into the boombox.

CODY

It's already plugged in, thankfully.

DEIRDRE

The first song that we will hear on the tape, as we know, of course, from Episode 3, is "I Am A Moment." Ladies and gentlemen, coming to you from a townhouse on the edge of Rosemary Hills Golf Course Community--

MRS. GARDNER

Rosemary remembers and rue!

DEIRDRE

Well, yes, Rosemary Hills wants to remember. And we stand here on the precipice of a musical renaissance.

Mrs. Gardner makes a sound as through she is about to fall off a precipice.

DEIRDRE

We stand. We look into the precipice. We press play. Without further ado...I don't have my glasses, this is the PLAY button, right?

CODY/ROD

Yes./

CODY

/Can I press it?

DEIRDRE

You're sure?/ No, you cannot. I'm
sorry. And now, at last...Wim Faros
is back in Rosemary Hills!!!!

Deirdre presses the PLAY button. We hear a few seconds of just
guitar, maybe drums, and then...the boombox eats the tape. It
is a gnarly sound. Rod, Cody, and Deirdre react

DEIRDRE

Oh my god, stop it. Oh. Press
stop! Oh my God no that's FAST
FORWARD!! Stop it! Help me stop
it!

The kerfuffle continues as the tape is consumed in a vicious
gobble. The boombox sputters. We hear the deck open and the
sound of a tangled spool of tape ribbon and plastic being
extracted from boombox.

ROD

Oh, that's really bad. That's not
salvageable.

CODY

Woah, that looks cool. Like eels
swimming on top of each other.

DEIRDRE

My tape.

ROD

Oh no.

DEIRDRE

The tape is ruined. Look at it.
That is the only copy! No! No. The
boombox did not eat my tape. No.
How is this happening??

ROD

Well, there could be several
reasons. Boomboxes... are not that
great. The tape maybe had a
foreign substance on the ribbon
that made it stick to the capstan
and pinch roller.

MRS. GARDNER

Pinch. Pinch!

ROD

It could be the drive hub too. But
it's probably the pinch roller---

DEIRDRE

It's all lost! They won't hear it!
Do you understand? It's lost.
Again. Nothing works. Oh my God,
no. I can't stand it. Nothing
stays...I can't stand it, I can't
do this!

Deirdre's agitation has agitated Mrs. Gardner.

MRS. GARDNER

I don't know you, no no m'am. Get
away from me--- HELP. HELP! She
keeps me here! By the 16th hole...
I'm in the hole! Rue to you!

Mrs. Gardner bites Deirdre.

DEIRDRE

OW! You bit me Mom.

Mrs. Gardner slaps at Deirdre

DEIRDRE

Mom, it's Deirdre!!!

ROD

Uh oh.

DEIRDRE

Oh Mom. It's me. It's ok. I got
her.

Mrs. Gardner is crying.

MRS. GARDNER

You stay!! you are the most lost
you devil loser/ Rue!

DEIRDRE

No, Mom.

ROD

You're ok Mrs. Gardner./Sorry,
Deirdre. Let me...

MRS. GARDNER
I am getting out of here!

ROD
Mrs. Gardner...ok, Mrs. Gardner,
listen--do you want some/ toast?

MRS. GARDNER
/No! No! Nonny nonny.

DEIRDRE
Mom.

ROD
You're ok, Mrs. Gardner. You're
safe. It's ok. Let's have some
toast. You like toast, right? We
like toast.

MRS. GARDNER
(whimpers)
I like toast.

ROD
Will you come with me?

We hear Rod taking Mom down the stairs. As they go...

MRS. GARDNER
I'll go toast the nice man here
I'll go and you are rue.

ROD
I like making cinnamon raisin
toast. It makes me feel better.
Careful on the stairs...

MRS. GARDNER
And rue to you, and rue, and rue.
(she sings softly)
Goodnight ladies.

CODY
I'm not a lady.

MRS. GARDNER and ROD exit. Long silence. The rain is still
pelting against the attic walls.

DEIRDRE
We lost him. We lost him. I'm the
only one who knows.

Silence.

DEIRDRE

Listeners. Oh, listeners, I'm sorry...I'm sorry Rosemary Hills. It's gone. I can't even play a cassette tape... And everything's lost. Again. There's nothing. There's no sound. Trees just fall. You know? Wim Faros is a tree that fell. Into nothing. I'm a tree that falls. And nobody cares. Mom doesn't remember that she's a tree. It's pointless. Do you know how lonely...? Your mother doesn't know you. We are the hole. Just noises in the attic. Nobody's listening. To. This. Nobody. Hears. You. Deirdre. Duh. You live in a vacuum. Mom's right. We're the 16th hole. Somehow that's right.

Deirdre cries.

CODY

It's raining really hard.

DEIRDRE

Oh Cody. I forgot you were here.

CODY

Deirdre? I'm sorry.

DEIRDRE

Thanks.

CODY

Boomboxes suck.

DEIRDRE

Yeah.

CODY

They really suck.

DEIRDRE

Yeah.

CODY
I really wanted to hear Wim Faros.

DEIRDRE
Me too.

Rod and Mom come up the stairs.

ROD
We come bearing toast!!

MRS. GARDNER
Tada.

ROD
Sorry. Hi. We made some toast if
you'd like it. We're feeling
better now, right Mrs. G?

MRS. GARDNER
Yes.

ROD
And...I, sorry, I brought my banjo
up here to the attic, is that ok?
I like to keep my banjo in the car
when I'm with patients...music can
help...it's calming. It's
like...my emergency banjo. I
thought Mrs. Gardner might like
it.

CODY
Are you in a band?

ROD
No.

DEIRDRE
Rod, I think it's best if we call
it a day. I'll pay you for the
whole shift. Cody, you should go
home. I need to...I don't know,
curl up somewhere.

MRS. GARDNER
"I Am A Moment." "Cul-de-sac"

DEIRDRE

Here Mom, give me the tape case,
ok?

MRS. GARDNER

DeeDee writes this here. Dee-da-
dum.

DEIRDRE

That's right. That's my
handwriting...

MRS. GARDNER

"Star 69." "Sad But Not
Depressed." "The Clapper." "Old
People."

DEIRDRE

Yes, Mom.

MRS. GARDNER

"Magic Eye." "Ghost Deer." "Youth
Grows Old."

DEIRDRE

She doesn't usually read...her
brain scrambles.

ROD

Are those the songs that Wim Faros
played at the concert?

DEIRDRE

Yes.

ROD

And the first concert was here in
Rosemary Hills?

DEIRDRE

It was here on the golf course. At
the clubhouse.

CODY

Wow. Right across from my house.

ROD

"Sad But Not Depressed" sounds like a good song for right now. Apropos, as they say. Do you remember it, Deirdre?

DEIRDRE

Oh, I don't know. I don't want to talk about it.

It is still raining hard. A very loud clap of thunder. Peacocks squawk. Mom mumbling: "fancy birds..." We hear Cody say, "There's some peacocks on your roof." Mom gets a bit fussy about the birds. The lights zap in and out.

ROD

I think the power is/ going out.

DEIRDRE

Oh God. No.

The lights go out.

DEIRDRE

Shit. It's out.

CODY

Ahhh!

MRS. GARDNER

It's the birds!! The bird lights away.

DEIRDRE

Is Mom sitting down?

ROD

Yep, she's here next to me. I'm right here Mrs. G, it's ok.

DEIRDRE

Cody?

CODY

I'm not scared.

DEIRDRE

Here, Cody, I got you. Stay here.

CODY

OK.

Rod strums his banjo

ROD

It's all good. Emergency banjo. Is there a flashlight?

DEIRDRE

I think over here, hold on...ow.

She bumps into something.

DEIRDRE

I found it.

She turns flashlight on.

DEIRDRE

Cody, here, take this. Can you shine it over here? There are some ancient candles here somewhere...ow...somewhere over here...ow. Here.

She settles back down and gives Cody flashlight. They light the candles.

CODY

Can I have some cinnamon raisin toast?

DEIRDRE

Yeah, of course, go for it.

Toast crunching

DEIRDRE

You ok, Mom?

Slight snoring.

ROD

All good. She fell asleep. She's fast at that.

Rod is lightly strumming the banjo. They settle in.

DEIRDRE

It's funny...at the concert, too.

DEIRDRE

I remember all the lights were turned off. When he got to that song. It must have been time for Tricia's cake.

CODY

What kind of cake was it?

DEIRDRE

I don't remember.

CODY

Oh.
(pause)

DEIRDRE

You know, I do remember. It was chocolate. Ice cream cake. From Dairy Queen.

CODY

Cool.

ROD

With those crunchy things? Those were good.

DEIRDRE

Mm. And Wim was lit only by glow sticks. It was so...awesome, I thought. I don't know where the glow sticks came from, he didn't have glow sticks up until that moment. Yeah, Tricia would probably say there weren't any glow sticks.

ROD

Do you remember any of the tune?

DEIRDRE

Yeah, of course. He had his guitar, the acoustic guitar. Baaah-baaam-dumm-baaaaaom. Laaa, laamm...no wait.

DEIRDRE

Baaam baaam dum bum bum...I wrote
some of the lyrics in my diary I
think.

Rod tries to play along. Deirdre is stumbling around trying to
find her diary...corrects him, he tries to play along, she
corrects him, etc.

DEIRDRE

It's not right on the banjo. It
was much more epic. There was
percussion, everything.

ROD

Oh, cool, how did he play
percussion at the same time as his
guitar and singing?

DEIRDRE

I don't know, but there was
definitely percussion. Can you
feel around for a velveteen diary?
It should be right around here,
maybe behind you.

ROD

Cody, you play drums?

CODY

No.

ROD

You play anything?

CODY

Video games.

DEIRDRE

Aha, here's it is. Cody can you
shine a light over here...there's
a line...where is it...it's
definitely from this song...yeah
there it is!

DEIRDRE

See I wrote "WF 92" next to it: "I don't mind the money, I don't mind the golf, but the fence around my favorite place, just kinda pissed me off. I'm not depressed, just--" Shit, no that's not it, wait.

Rod tries to play around with it. He gives Cody a rhythm to keep.

DEIRDRE

No, no, I have it, it's more like...
(she sings)
I'm not depressed--

Rod sings it like that.

DEIRDRE

Yes, that's much more like what it is.

ROD

Wait, no, that sounds like that Dave Matthews Band song.

DEIRDRE

No.

ROD

Don't you think so, though?
Listen, "Rweer, rweer, reer, reee"

He fudges the lyrics to something that sounds quite similar to the Dave Matthews Band song "Ants Marching"

DEIRDRE

No.

ROD

It's ok. Memories. That's what they do. It's funny, you substitute one thing for another.

DEIRDRE

But, then. No, that can't be.

ROD

Well maybe the chorus sounded
kinda close to that.

DEIRDRE

Wait, I know more of it:

She sings another part.

DEIRDRE

"Driving over..."
Oh my God, that is, that's, you're
right. That's not right.

ROD

Well, um, go back to the chorus
part, it kinda at first it sounded
like you were going up in a
different way and then with sad at
some point you went down...was it
maybe more like this?

He helps Deirdre find the right combination of chords.

ROD

I'm not depressed, I'm just sad
I'm not depressed, I'm just sad

DEIRDRE

Maybe.

ROD AND CODY

I'm not depressed, I'm just sad
I'm not depressed

DEIRDRE

Wait, Rod, I think that is right--

She sings with them

DEIRDRE/ROD/CODY

I'm not depressed, I'm just sad
I'm not depressed, I'm just sad
I'm not depressed, I'm just sad

Suddenly, MRS. GARDNER breaks through and sings out a stanza of
"Sad But Not Depressed" beautifully, clearly

MRS. GARDNER

Two blocks away my favorite place
to stay
in twenty-acre wood my imagination
played
I was just a child when I watched
it fall away
Bulldozed to the ground, yeah my
forest over-paved
Years of memories, climbing in the
trees,
Flattened by remorse, the polish
of the course

DEIRDRE

That's it. Mom. That's exactly it.

A big pause as they wait for more. Then Deirdre prompts Mom
with the chorus

DEIRDRE

(sings)
I'm not depressed

MRS. GARDNER

(sing)
I'm just sad.

DEIRDRE AND MRS. GARDNER

I'm not depressed, I'm just sad.

Rod begins accompanying on the banjo.

DEIRDRE AND MRS. GARDNER

I'm not depressed I'm just sad,
I'm not depressed I'm just sad.

MRS. GARDNER sings the rest of the song, remembering. Deirdre
joins in sometimes, remembering. Rod backs them up on banjo.
Cody, inspired, keeps a simple beat of percussion.

MRS. GARDNER AND DEIRDRE

Given a prescription,
Parents gave me pills
Follow up on Tuesday with Doctor
Satarill
Acting like the courses, closely
manicured
Putting something polished over
something natural
I don't mind the money, I don't
mind the golf,

MRS. GARDNER AND DEIRDRE
 But the fence around my favorite
 place, just kinda pissed me off

All four repeat the chorus, they finish the song together in
 harmony.

ALL
 I'm not depressed I'm just sad,
 I'm not depressed I'm just sad.
 I'm not depressed I'm just sad,
 I'm not depressed I'm just sad.

Pause.

CODY
 Whoa! I'm good at the drums!

A zap of the lights.

ROD
 The lights are back.

DEIRDRE
 Oh, Mom. You remembered Wim
 Faros's song.

MRS. GARDNER
 I saw that strange boy digging all
 day today with a shovel. Digging
 next to his trolls. Who did he
 bury down there, do you think? Oh.
 Hello, Deirdre, my girl.

DEIRDRE
 Hi, Mom.

The rain continues to fall hard on the attic roof.

Music outro. End credits.

It Makes A Sound is written by Jacquelyn Landgraf. Co-directed
 by Jacquelyn Landgraf and Anya Saffir. Sound designed and mixed
 by me, Vincent Cacchione. Original music composed by Nate
 Weida. With Jacquelyn Landgraf as Deirdre Gardner, Annie Golden
 as Deirdre's Mom, Nate Weida as Rod Reeder, and Melissa Mahoney
 as Cody. It Makes A Sound is a Night Vale Presents production.

For more information on this show and other Night Vale podcasts, go to nightvalepresents.com. We're excited to tell you that It Makes A Sound t-shirts and posters with the logo by artist Dave Watt, are now available. Follow the link on the show page to purchase. You can follow us on Twitter, Instagram, and Facebook, and unpack your attic at itmakesasound.rocks. Thanks so much for listening. Remember to check your capstans and pinch rollers, and remember Wim Faros.