

EMMA GARDNER'S room at the Rosemary Hills Nursing Home. In the background, a Korean drama is playing on TV. PARK SONG is visiting Emma and DEIRDRE GARDNER. *[Brackets] indicate that she is speaking in Korean.

PARK SONG

Everything has a season. Life goes up and down. When I came to Rosemary Hills, it was a good season. For me! I made money in America. Success as a golfer. I was rich, a widow. Young. I was free. Took my new money, built myself a beautiful house surrounded by golf. I was a big fish in a small pond. With big birds!

Now, no more money. For me or Rosemary Hills. [Ah well.] But I was an investor when they built nursing home. Now I get to stay here for free! [Lucky me! Ah well.]

I remember your mother at the clubhouse. Always a nice woman. Always funny. Charming. (to Emma) Yep, I remember you, now, my friend! [I remember I'd see you in the clubhouse locker room, and say,] "Hello, what's new, any men?" You'd say, "you could swing a dead cat around here and never hit a...haha I won't say what in front of your daughter! Hahahaha. You were fun.

(to Deirdre)

But I don't remember you.

DEIRDRE

Right. Well, I was around. I was pretty quiet. You were fancy to me. Intimidating. Park Song the Golf Champion. You were the most important person at the golf club.

PARK

Yes.

DEIRDRE

What I remember most was your nicotine patches...remember, you used to wear 4 at once on your arm?

PARK

Four? Ha. No. Never. Sometimes I would wear one and keep smoking. Loved it. (pause) Why--do you have any cigarettes?

DEIRDRE

Oh, uh, no. Sorry. I don't smoke.

PARK

Too bad. What do you do? To pass the time.

DEIRDRE

Hm. Ah, well, you know--what needs to be done in a day. The time goes.

PARK

You could take up smoking.

DEIRDRE

I don't think so. I'm trying to give up my bad habits.

PARK

Well, take up something, girl. Right, Mama? She needs to take up something. [Gather the rosebuds while she may]. Can't feel sorry for yourself. Don't do that.

DEIRDRE

Well, no, I'm not.

PARK

Mhm. Well, don't. There's lots of ways to live a life. That's a bad way.

DEIRDRE

I mean, I'm just putting all my attention towards my mom right now...

PARK

Ooh, wait, turn up my show, this is important. Hurry, turn it up!

We hear the Korean drama more prominently. Suspenseful music plays.

PARK SONG

Ooohhh...ooohh...

PARK SONG

Now see, ok, that guy there was her first great love.

DEIRDRE

Wait, him? He's so much younger than her.

PARK SONG

Yeah. When they were in high school, they had a very sweet romance. But on the day of his birthday, she was going to throw him a surprise party, and she needed to get him out of her hair to set up. So she told him she left her homework at school and could he go get it, you know, to throw him off the scent. But while he was going in to pick up her homework for her, he got hit by a car, and he DIED! But then--he comes back to life, in the same spot, at the high school. Only now, it is twenty years later! And he is still as he was, a high school boy, but she has grown older. So their love remains, but they are tragically separated by time.

(Pause)

DEIRDRE

Crazy.

PARK SONG

And she lives in a convent. And has taken a vow of silence.

(Pause)

And she's dying of cancer.

DEIRDRE

No.

PARK

Oh yes. She was consumed by her heartbreak, and it turned into cancer! That happens, you know. But now--he is back. He's alive! And what she is is a silent dying nun.

They watch for a while.

DEIRDRE
I don't think--

PARK
Shh. Wait. I've been waiting for this part all year. He's finally found her. See, they are wheeling her out to the gate. She's going to see that it is really him.

They watch. Park Song reacts to the show in Korean, responding to the characters with approval/disapproval/surprise. We hear a scream from the television.

PARK
It's him!!

We hear in the background, in Korean, "It's you! It's you!"

PARK
Oh no.

Sweeping romantic music.

DEIRDRE
No. (gasps) She died??!!!!

PARK
Oh. Oh. She died in his arms.

From the television, we hear the teenage boy weeping as the music swells.

PARK
So sad. So sad.

We hear the closing music.

PARK
It's got good music, too.

DEIRDRE
Wow. That was intense.

PARK
Did you see that, Emma? Boy, that was sad. A forty year old woman, dying in a skinny teenager's arms. All those lost years. You can turn it down now. I don't like the next one that's on, it's stupid.

Deirdre stands and gets the TV remote, and turns the television off

DEIRDRE

You know, Park, I don't...what you said--I really don't think that I'm feeling sorry for myself. I'm not.

PARK

That's a good show, huh, Emma? Woo. She died in his arms. What a tragedy.

DEIRDRE

I'm not feeling sorry for myself, that's not it--. Taking care of my mom is what I'm meant to be doing right now. I want to be with her. To care for her the way she deserves. That's my work. I'm doing it for her. That's the season I'm in. Maybe it's not, you know, anything like the season you had here when you were my age. I mean, it's a very different time and Rosemary Hills is a very different place. But, you know, it's fine. It's fine. Because. This is my season.

PARK

Yes, it's an important season. But you have to keep reaching forward, too. Especially for your son.

DEIRDRE

Oh, no. I don't have--Cody's not my son.

PARK

What, who is he?

DEIRDRE

He's...well, he's a family friend.

PARK

A little kid wants to hang around here? American kids are scared of old people. He just comes to see you? And your mom? That's pretty good. That older kid, too, the weird one, he's always around here.

PARK

Nice for you, to have company. I mean, I never liked kids. Then again, they never liked me! But you got a following, Emma, my friend! Or maybe it's you.

DEIRDRE

Ha. I don't think so.

PARK SONG

Maybe you're more fun than you look.

DEIRDRE

Maybe I am.

PARK

Shit, you must be!

Deirdre laughs a little.

PARK SONG

[There now, that's a nice laugh].
That's a good laugh.

A hesitant knock. PHIL is standing at the door, with his grandma Nancy in a wheelchair.

PHIL

Um. Hey.

PARK SONG

Hay is for horses.

(pause)

PARK SONG

Don't just stand in a doorway,
it's creepy.

DEIRDRE

Hi, Phil. Hi, Nancy.

PHIL

Renata said I had to, well/

DEIRDRE

Yeah.

PHIL

/report here every day at this
time. For the music therapy.

DEIRDRE

Sounds like you--got yourself a job, huh?

PHIL

Well. Renata sort of forced me to do it. They're um, they're paying me. Not a lot, just a little bit...I'm supposed to help with rehabilitation. I'm going around to a few rooms. To sing.

DEIRDRE

Uh-huh. Renata thought I should be here with you, while you, uh, do your thing. That my mom would benefit most from having us both here.

PHIL

Well. OK.

DEIRDRE

Seems like a set up.

PHIL

Yeah. I think so.

PARK SONG

Get into the room, will you, it's making me nervous.

DEIRDRE

Come in, Phil. You can put Nancy over here, where the sun comes through.

Phil wheels Nancy into the room.

DEIRDRE

There you go, Nancy.

PARK SONG

Hiya Nancy, what's new?

Silence.

DEIRDRE

Um, Park. Do you want to stay for Phil's mandated music therapy session?

PARK

No.

PARK

I want to go back to my room and think about what happened on my show.

We hear her walk to the door.

PARK

Goodbye, Emma, my friend. Goodbye Nancy. Bye music boy. You should learn to play the organ, now that's a good instrument.

Park leaves. .The door slam behinds her. Long pause. Phil shuffles.

DEIRDRE

Well, ok, let's do this if we're doing it. Mom, Phil's here to see you. Let's--. You can...um. You can sit on the chair. I'll sit on the bed with her. I have to rub her legs, I haven't done that yet today. It helps/with circulation.

PHIL

/Yeah, that's good for the circulation./Yeah, it is.

He sits, takes out guitar.

DEIRDRE

Just go ahead and start. I just--um, her lotion's in the bathroom. But--you can start.

She goes into the bathroom. We hear the light and fan turn on.

PHIL

(he whispers to Emma)
Hiya Deirdre. It's me, Wim. Did you miss me?
(he reacts to something Emma does)
I missed you, too.

Deirdre comes out of the bathroom

DEIRDRE

Got it. Mom, I'm gonna rub your legs, ok? Here we go. Well. So.

PHIL

Uh.

(pause)

DEIRDRE
Music therapy. Go ahead. Commence.

PHIL
Well, I'm not used to
having...it's weird that you're
here looking at me.

DEIRDRE
Well, it's weird that you're here
looking at me.

PHIL
Oh. I could go--

DEIRDRE
No. I just mean, if you don't want
to play, I won't tell Renata, it's
fine--

PHIL
Well, I'm not gonna--bother you,
so um, maybe I should. Oh--hah--

DEIRDRE
Woah, Mom. Ok.

PHIL
Ha. She won't let go of my hand.

DEIRDRE
That's the most strength she's
shown in awhile. Good squeeze,
Mom. That's really good.

PHIL
Really good squeeze. Um, don't
worry, Emma. I can stay for
awhile. If it's cool.

DEIRDRE
Yeah. Fine.

PHIL
(pause)
How's um--has she talked, or sang,
since?

DEIRDRE
She can. Right, Mom? You can. See,
she's alert. But she's been quite.

DEIRDRE

Well, there might be aphasia or apraxia, that means--

PHIL

Yeah. I know.

DEIRDRE

But, they're not really sure, because, well, she's been really quiet. It's been really quiet. We don't seem to feel much like talking, right Mom?

PHIL

I get that.

(pause)

Well, um, I came to play you some music, Emma. I hope you, uh, sing along, if you want to. Out loud, or in your head. She's still squeezing my hand though.

DEIRDRE

Here, Mom, he needs his hand back to play. You can take my hand. Oh you don't want to? All right.

PHIL

Thanks. Ok:

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly,

Rosemary's green,

When I am king, dilly dilly,
you shall be queen:

Who told you so, dilly dilly, who
told you so?

'Twas mine own heart, dilly dilly,
that told me so.

DEIRDRE

Funny. That song's been in my head.

PHIL

I was just in with, um...Helen? She wanted to sing it. It must be contagious.
Well, uh, you know, sing along--

PHIL

Call up your men, dilly dilly, set
them to work---

DEIRDRE

There's another verse.

PHIL

Really?

DEIRDRE

Yeah, it goes, "If you should die,
as it may hap, You shall be
buried, under the tap; Who told
you so, pray tell me why? That you
might drink when you are dry."
Dilly dilly.

PHIL

Oh. Dark.

DEIRDRE

Yeah.

PHIL

I don't think I should sing that
part for music therapy.

DEIRDRE

No, probably not.

(Pause)

How did you learn to play?

PHIL

My grandma gave it to me when I
was little, and I just...picked it
up.

DEIRDRE

It's very pink.

PHIL

It was hers.

DEIRDRE

That's cool.

PHIL

I listened to It Makes A Sound.

DEIRDRE

Oh.

PHIL

I binged it.

DEIRDRE

Oh.

PHIL

I was really into it.

PHIL
I mean, it gets better as it goes
along..

DEIRDRE
Oh.

PHIL
But, I liked hearing it. All of
it.

(pause)

DEIRDRE
Well. What you don't hear is the
surprise ending, that there is no
Wim Faros.

PHIL
Yeah...

(Long pause)

DEIRDRE
I can't believe people have
listened to it. It's so
embarrassing.

PHIL
No, it's not.

DEIRDRE
Does it make me sound crazy?

PHIL
No.

DEIRDRE.
Really?

PHIL
You sound passionate. Mostly you
sound fun.

DEIRDRE
Really.

(Pause)

PHIL
I mean, I'm not the best judge of
fun. But yeah, I think so.

DEIRDRE
It's mortifying.

PHIL
No. It's good, really. (Pause) I
love hearing Emma sing the songs.

DEIRDRE
Yeah.

PHIL
Her voice.

DEIRDRE
Yeah.

PHIL
She was like, an actress?

DEIRDRE
Yeah. Well, you know, amateur
theater--around Rosemary Hills.
She was always really outgoing and
creative. She's fun. Mom, you are
a fun person.

PHIL
My grandma used to sing, too. She
had a pretty voice.

DEIRDRE
Oh yeah, Nancy?

PHIL
You have a pretty voice, too.

DEIRDRE
Oh. No. I don't think so.

PHIL
You don't like singing anymore?

DEIRDRE
No, it's. It just that--it's not
really my thing. Mom sang. We used
to sing--I mean, we sang around
the house... But without her, it's
like--it feels wrong. But mostly--
I'm just, I'm just trying not to
get too swept up in nostalgia,
because it's not very good for me.

PHIL
Yeah. Word. People used to die
from it.

DEIRDRE
What?

PHIL

From nostalgia. They thought it was a disease, or a virus. In people who left home. Like soldiers, sailors, the enslaved. On death certificates, it would say, "Died of nostalgia."

DEIRDRE

Really??

PHIL

Yeah. Nostos means homecoming. Algos means pain. Nostalgia. They thought maybe some people had an extra bone in their body that caused it. Doctors used leeches, to try to suck it out. Or sometimes they'd bury people alive, to scare it out of them.

DEIRDRE

No way.

PHIL

Or public ridicule.

DEIRDRE

Huh.

PHIL

Another cure was to just send people back home.

DEIRDRE

Well, yeah--

PHIL

But even that didn't always work.

(long pause)

DEIRDRE

Right.

PHIL

But, you know, nostalgia's cool. Whatever. I think I totally have that extra bone, too.

DEIRDRE

Yeah.

Renata enters

RENATA

Hello, hello chickadees. I'm just popping my head in. I see our new music therapist has arrived on time.

PHIL

Yeah.

DEIRDRE

He did.

(silence)

RENATA

Well. I'm no expert, but...this doesn't sound like music.

PHIL

Sorry.

RENATA

It's not music therapy without music. So let's get cracking. Your fans demand the music!

(pause)

Right, Emma? Nancy?

Phil starts to play Lavender's Blue again

RENATA

Oh Phil, why don't you play some of your own songs?

PHIL

That's ok.

DEIRDRE

You write songs?

PHIL

No.

RENATA

You do. He does.

PHIL

I only have pieces of things, nothing is finished.

RENATA

That's ok. You know what they say, nothing's ever finished, it's only abandoned. Right, Deirdre?

DEIRDRE

I've never heard that.

RENATA

Well, they say it. Look, I'm counting on you, Phil. Emma's counting on you. And Helen needs her catheter changed. But I'm not leaving until you play a song. Do you want the weight of Helen's catheter on your shoulders?

PHIL

No.

RENATA

And I'm sure Deirdre wants to hear what you've written.

PHIL

No she doesn't.

RENATA

Yes she does.

PHIL

Do you?

RENATA

She does.

DEIRDRE

Uh. Sure.

PHIL

Um. Ok. Well, Emma helped me write this one. Remember, Emma? When I thought you were Deirdre. And you thought I was Wim Faros.

Phil nervously begins the song.

PHIL

*If your whole body's a skeleton,
well hey--
Dress up in your velvet suit
We'll be sipping a sea-salted
regimen--without oxygen
Sinking down, sinking down through
our secret route
* *
I'm a sand dollar
I'm a mystery of the deep
Down beyond all the traffic*

PHIL

*Past the schools of the fish
talking cheap
We laze all day in the desert,
making clones. Feel at home with
the bubble sounds
Feasting on heavy metals
We're going down, we're going down
I'm a sand dollar
Two thousand feet underground
No running around underwater
Stay home in my sand dollar town*

RENATA

Look, Phil. Look at Emma smile.
That was great, huh, Emma? Yeah.
She liked that, huh, Deirdre?

DEIRDRE

Yeah. She did.

PHIL

It's just a thing. It's not done
at all.

RENATA

Well, so Deirdre can help you
finish it. Music is the best help
for Emma right now, it's so good
for her brain. And here we have
two musicians, so aren't you
lucky, Emma? I leave it to you
pros. Ok, I'm off--Helen's
waiting. Bye bye, have
fun...music, music.

Then we hear Renata singing down the hall.

RENATA

*The Hills are alive with the sound
of music!*

Pause.

PHIL

Well.

DEIRDRE

Mom, remember when we found that
huge sand dollar on the beach?

PHIL

I've never been to the ocean, but I'm into sand dollars.

DEIRDRE

This one was so big, and perfect. You know how when you shake it, it has this little rattle? So that whole day my mom was like, hopping around the beach, shaking it, and singing this silly little song she made up...DeDe-dee-dee-dum Found a sand dollar...my DeDe dee dee dum...She wanted me to crack it open, but I didn't want to. I didn't want to ruin it. I held onto it for so long. It was on a shelf in my bedroom. And one day I reached for...something... off the shelf and I knocked it to the ground and it broke open. Do you know what's inside them?

PHIL

Yeah, the remains of the mucous membranes that helped it break down algae.

DEIRDRE

Well, I mean. I guess. But they look like this perfect star. And then the star breaks into five doves.

PHIL

I've never seen that.

DEIRDRE

I brought it to my mom, and she said, "Well, it's about time, DeDe. You finally released the doves."

(pause)

PHIL

Actually, I'm not even sure I've ever seen a real dove. Have you noticed there's like, no birds around here?

DEIRDRE

There's like thousands of peacocks.

PHIL

Oh, yeah. I forgot they were birds.

DEIRDRE

Yeah, they're more like raccoons.

PHIL

Word.

DEIRDRE

Did you grow up in Rosemary Hills?

PHIL

No. But I was sent here a lot to stay with my grandma. Sometimes for a few weeks, or a few months, I'd never kinda know how long I'd have to stay. But I liked it, it was better here. There used to be a pool? Nobody used it. I would go to the deep end and swim to the bottom, and just sit there, underwater. I could hold my breath for so long. Like, possibly record-breaking long. It's silent underwater. That's what I liked.

DEIRDRE

But you play music. Which is the opposite of silence.

PHIL

You think it's the opposite?

DEIRDRE

I don't know. It feels like it.

PHIL

I think noise is the opposite of silence. And music feels like the opposite of noise.

DEIRDRE

(pause)

Word.

They sit.

PHIL

It looks like the I Am Wim Faros people are gone.

DEIRDRE

Oh, yeah. I guess so.

PHIL

But a lot of people know about Wim Faros now. About you. Cuz the internet.

Pause.

PHIL

So what are you gonna do?

DEIRDRE

I don't know.

PHIL

Yeah. It's like when I was little and I would play hide and seek and I was so good at hiding that everyone would just give up trying to find me and go home. And I'd be like, I guess I win. So, I guess you won.

DEIRDRE

No. No, it is not like that. I didn't win. I'm not winning anything--I mean, it's just--what am I supposed to do, here with my mom? From a nursing home? I can't--I mean, what is supposed to happen? Whoever these few people are--if they want Wim Faros, they're not gonna find him. If they want a band, they won't find it. And if they came for Rosemary Hills, to like, take in the sights... well, they're really not gonna find much.

PHIL

I think they came--

DEIRDRE

And look, I'm not feeling sorry for myself, I just--I am busy, ok? I am with my mom. I need to be here with her. And then there's the house--I have to pack everything up and I've barely started. So what am I gonna do?

DEIRDRE

And--I don't know anything about the internet, and I can only play intermediate piano, and I'm not fun, and Tim Farris is probably, I don't know, a banker somewhere. Or maybe a park ranger. So I don't know what I'm supposed to do, what am I supposed to do, with these people, whoever they are--??And I'm not depressed like everybody seems to be telling me, I'm just...

PHIL

Sad. Yeah, word.

DEIRDRE

I just think I'm responding appropriately to my circumstances.

PHIL

Yeah.

Long pause.

DEIRDRE

So what are you going to do? When...when they kick everyone out and build the cemetery?

PHIL

I don't know.

DEIRDRE

Your parents?

PHIL

No. Just Nancy.

He fiddles around on the guitar a bit.

PHIL

Maybe I'll go to Scandinavia. Like Kurt Cobain.

DEIRDRE

What do you mean--he went there?

PHIL

No, I guess not. In my mind, that's where he is. And also that's where Wim Faros is. In my mind.

DEIRDRE

Oh.

PHIL

Do you think Sand Dollar sounds
like a Wim Faros song?

DEIRDRE

I don't know, Phil, like I said--

PHIL

Cuz I thought maybe.
Maybe you would think so.

DEIRDRE

Oh.

PHIL

Never mind though. I'm sorry.

DEIRDRE

No. It's...it's a song. No it's-I
think it's, it could be a good
song.

PHIL

Yeah?

DEIRDRE

The first part, I think it might
be catchy.

PHIL

It's not anything it's probably
nothing.

DEIRDRE

I mean, the thing about--

PHIL

Yeah?

DEIRDRE

I don't know. I don't really know.

PHIL

Yeah I know.

Pause.

DEIRDRE

Do the first verse.

PHIL

*If your whole body's a skeleton,
well hey-dress up in your velvet
suit*

DEIRDRE

Good imagery.

PHIL

*We'll be sipping a sea-salted
regimen, without oxygen sinking
down, sinking down through our
secret route*

DEIRDRE

That's even better than I thought
it was. Go ahead.

PHIL

*I'm a sand dollar
I'm a mystery of the deep
Down beyond all the traffic
Past the schools of the fish
talking cheap*

DEIRDRE

That's kind of on the nose.

PHIL

Right.

DEIRDRE

I feel like it should be--like you
know where the party is, like-if
you just went down further on your
own. I mean, I guess it's a party
for one. Like what you said, when
you were in the pool. Um--

I'm a sand dollar...something
cool...in the deep. Down at the
something something party...while
the world above is asleep.

PHIL

I like that. What about
*Imma sand dollar only glow in the
deep. Down---down---down at the
burrow...purple burrow party...*

DEIRDRE

Ooh. What's that?

PHIL

I don't know just like...the sea
floor I guess.

DEIRDRE

I like it.

PHIL

*...down at the purple burrow
party. While the world up above is
asleep.
We laze all day in the desert,
making clones. Feel at home with
the bubble sounds
Feasting on heavy metals*

DEIRDRE

I mean, drop the "s."

PHIL

*Feasting on heavy metal
We're going down, we're going down*

DEIRDRE

How about "bringing the party
down, we're going down"

PHIL

That's better.
*I'm a sand dollar
Two thousand feet underground*

DEIRDRE

Well wait hold on... you said-you
started with that velvet suit
thing, so you've set yourself
up...

PHIL

The velvet underground?? Sweet.

DEIRDRE

Yeah

PHIL

Yes. Yes. Wait, so
*I'm a sand dollar, only glow in
the deep
Down at the purple burrow party
while the world up above is
asleep.
We laze all the live-long day in
the desert, making clones, feel at
home with the bubble sound.*

PHIL
*Feasting on heavy metal-pebble
 specials!*

DEIRDRE
 Ha

PHIL
 (Deirdre sorta sings along
 with him)
*Bringing the party down,
 We're going down...
 I'm a sand dollar.
 I'm the velvet underground.
 Yes, love it.
 Something something underwater
 Ba da bum bam...
 It takes work...*

DEIRDRE
It takes work to stay underwater

PHIL
It takes work just lying around.

DEIRDRE
 Yeah. There you go.

DEIRDRE AND PHIL
*It takes work to stay underwater
 It takes work just lying around*

EMMA
 (very faintly)
 Eee ee eee ee...

PHIL
 Emma's singing.

DEIRDRE
 Hey...Mom? Are you singing?

EMMA
 Yes.

DEIRDRE
 Oh good, good, that's so good. Can
 you talk to us, do you feel like
 talking?

EMMA
 -innng. Ing

DEIRDRE

Sing. Maybe you can sing, too? Do
you want to sing with us?

PHIL AND DEIRDRE

*I'm A Sand Dollar
Only Glow in the Deep
Down at the purple burrow party
While the world up above is asleep*

EMMA

Dee ee ee ee ee

DEIRDRE AND PHIL

*We laze all the live-long day in
the desert,
Making clones. Feel At home with
the bubble sounds (ooh ooh ooh)*

EMMA

Oooh-oooh

PHIL AND DEIRDRE

*Feasting on heavy metals, pebble
specials
Bringing the party down (we're
going down)*

EMMA

Owwwwwn

PHIL AND DEIRDRE

*I'm a sand-dollar,
I'm the velvet underground
It takes work to stay underwater
It takes work just lying around*

EMMA

Dee dee dee, foun san doll

EMMA

Dee dee-dee ee-ee

DEIRDRE

*I'm a sand dollar
The stuff that I'm made from is
doves
It's takes work to stay underwater*

EMMA

aaaaaaay

DEIRDRE

*When you know there's a sky up
above*

EMMA

Dee-eee-ee-ee-um

DEIRDRE AND PHIL

*Dede dee dee dum...found a sand
dollar...Dede dee dee dum....*

Phil with some final strums.

EMMA

(faintly)

Goofaros.

PHIL

Hey...that was really good, Emma. Or
maybe--should I call her Deirdre?

DEIRDRE

Either, I guess. Both.

PHIL

That was really cool, Deirdre.

DEIRDRE

It's good to hear your voice, Mom.
It really makes me happy.

EMMA

Yeahhhh.

DEIRDRE

Yeah.

PHIL

Yeah.

EMMA

Morrrrrre hepper.

DEIRDRE

Happy?

EMMA

Hellllp-errr. Get bam bam help.

DEIRDRE

You need help, Mom? What do you
need?

EMMA

Bam bam bam bam bam.

DEIRDRE

Oh. Yes. Right. (*she laughs*)
You're right, Mom.

PHIL

It looks like, with her hand,
she's--

DEIRDRE

Yeah. I know what she means.

PHIL

I think she's drumming?

DEIRDRE

She is. She's trying to
say...she's telling us we need a
drummer.

END OF EPISODE.