

IT MAKES A SOUND Season 2 Episode 8: Star 69/Coda
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Emma's room at the nursing home. Deirdre is with her. Emma is either asleep or silent. We hear Deirdre takes a big breath in, and out. She has her keyboard in front of her, and begins to play the opening notes of a song on her keyboard. Deirdre sings.

DEIRDRE

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo

Oo-oo-oo

oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo

oo-oo-oo

Who are you?

Did you change your mind?

Say goodbye to no one

Wish upon a star 69

Catch a falling star 69

Twinkle little star 69

...

Where are you down those miles of
line?

I always thought I'd find you

Was written in the star 69

Shooting for a star 69

Eyes were full of star 69

...

I'm calling on my own but no one's
on the telephone

I'm calling out alone, but it's
only dial tone, dial tone.

Reaching for a star that just
won't align

Say goodbye to no one

It wasn't our star 69

Making me see star 69

I gave up on the star 69

...

Then a call came down the line

Said, took you long to answer

We never thought you answer

We're waiting on your answer

I'd been lost in the star 69

Hoping for a dark place to shine

Couldn't see the starlight was

mine...

Deirdre plays a bit more, looking for what's next, humming some possibilities.

DEIRDRE

I'm still figuring out the ending.
It needs to...something like
this...like it needs to--meh, I
can't play and talk at the same
time. Ah, well.

She stops playing.

DEIRDRE

Do you like it?
(in response to a silent
acknowledgment from Emma)
Mm. Thanks, Mom.
(small pause)
But it needs to change at the end,
you know? Blossom into something
bigger, more cosmic, I think. I
think it needs electric guitar,
maybe. Just, bigger. Out into the
stars somehow. The boys will help
me. Anyway. Aren't you glad you
forced me to take those piano
lessons?
(pause.)
It's ok. You don't have to talk. I
know. I know.

Deirdre kisses Emma on the forehead. She moves to pick up
something from the floor.

DEIRDRE

It all started with this guy,
right?

She plays a little of Star 69 on the Cat Piano from season 1.
It goes Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow. Deirdre
laughs.

DEIRDRE

This was in Cody's big pile of
things for me. He put so much in
that pile, things he thought could
be treasures. The Throwaway pile
was so small and the Keep pile was
massive. This cat piano, Tink's
little broken birdcage, so many
dried flower bouquets, the ab
roller, my pyramid diorama, your
hair crimper, the music boxes.
This one is my favorite.

She winds the music box, opens it. From it, we hear the
familiar tinkle of Erik Satie's "Gymnopaedie."

DEIRDRE

You used to keep your nice earrings inside this, the rubies. Sometimes when you were at work, I would sneak in there, open the box, put on your earrings, put on your lipstick. I'd stare in the mirror as this song played. Pretend I was grown up. Pretend I was like you.

(pause)

Guess what? I took almost all of the stuff to Goodwill this morning. I said, I'm gonna choose ten things from this pile, and give the rest away. And then I chose 25 things. But-I gave away the rest!

(pause)

It's good. It's good. You would think that I kept the right things.

(pause)

And don't worry, I gave away the crimper. But not before I fully crimped my hair, and took a picture of it.

The door opens and PARK SONG hustles into the room, trailed by RENATA LUCIO and PHIL.

PARK SONG

Do you have any cash?

RENATA

Park. Hi Deirdre, are we interrupting?

DEIRDRE

Uh-it's ok.

PARK

Do you have cash?

DEIRDRE

Um.

RENATA

I don't know what this is about, Park was running down the hallway shouting and she told me to follow her.

PHIL

Me too, I don't know.

PARK

Yeah, yeah, I wanted Music Boy to see. Look for cash! Hurry, go, go.

DEIRDRE

Uh...

Deirdre gets her wallet and rifles through it.

DEIRDRE

Mm...I have...\$16?

PARK

That's it? No hundreds?

DEIRDRE

No...

PARK

Ay. [In Korean: these musicians, they're always broke]. Ok, give me the money.

DEIRDRE

Sure.

PARK

Ok, so here.

She hands Deirdre a sheaf of paper.

DEIRDRE

What's this?

PARK

You just bought Rosemary Hills Clubhouse.

PHIL

Woah.

DEIRDRE

What?

PARK

These people--they came to me, now that the construction's halted, they're staging a...what did they call it--an insurrection! No, an eco-something. Eco-revolution.

DEIRDRE

Who came to you?

PARK

They call themselves "Friends of Rosemary Hills." A bunch of tree-huggers! But they're ok. They've been planning a takeover, and now that the construction stopped, they're making moves.

DEIRDRE

Wait, why did they stop the construction?

RENATA

Didn't you hear? It was in the news today. They had to stop because they came across artifacts! They think there's a lot intact, like maybe a whole room of objects and tools used by...the ancient...oh, who was it?

DEIRDRE

...The Woodland People...?

PHIL

The Woodland People.

RENATA

Yes! You know! Isn't that interesting? History!

PARK

Yeah yeah, so these people came to me because they figured out the bank doesn't have the right to foreclose on the cemetery because they don't own the promissory note. Guess who does?

DEIRDRE

You do?

PARK

Well, now you do. I was on the board when we built the clubhouse. I guess we owned that note. I don't know, who can remember? They thought everyone on the board was dead. Not me, honey! These Friends of Rosemary Hills found me--I'm not dead yet! I talked to my lawyer, she said I can sell it to whoever I want as long as it's for less than the mortgage owed. \$16. Shit, you got a really good deal.

DEIRDRE

Park, this is--*thank* you, but--I don't know how to deal in any business--

PARK

You'll talk to these people. They have a plan.

PHIL

I'm looking them up, they have a website. They want to re-wild the golf course, let it revert to a natural state. And they want to make the clubhouse into a nature and art center.

PARK

I said, "Look, I have a friend who cleaned that clubhouse top to bottom for 30 years, she took care of that place and everyone in it. So I'm gonna sell the note to her daughter, and you can go talk to her." I said, "She cares about the place. She does music and artsy crafty things. Children seem to like her. Go talk to her."

DEIRDRE

But Park, you could make money off this.

PARK

Meh. I have money. I don't need more right now. I'm feeling charitable. And I like that this will maybe screw the banks! You're gonna have a bit of a fight, though. I thought you could have some fun. You need something to do. You can do your weird things.

RENATA

Park, this is amazing!

DEIRDRE

Park. I don't know what to say to you.

PARK

Whatever. Do whatever you want. Your mom would get a kick out of it.

Cody busts into the room, he's just hauled ass here on his bike and he's out of breath.

CODY
 GUESS WHAT GUESS WHAT GUESS
 WHAT???
 (he sees that they're all
 there)
 Woah. You're all here.

DEIRDRE
 What, Cody?

CODY
 They found--one sec---biked really
 fast--they found--the treasures of
 the Woodland People.
 And...they...they need local
 volunteers to help dig!! I'm going
 to help them dig! We can all help
 dig! And they might not be able to
 build the cemetery!!
 (he takes a big inhale)
 AND DEIRDRE IS GONNA OWN THE OLD
 HAUNTED CLUBHOUSE!!!

DEIRDRE
 How do you know this already?

CODY
 (still breathing hard)
 Tommy Neidhart's aunt is Park
 Song's lawyer.

PARK
 Dorothy?

PHIL
 That kid.

CODY
 ...Hey, your keyboard's here.
 And this stuff...you were in the
 attic, you found the pile.

DEIRDRE
 I did, Cody. It was such a great
 pile.

CODY
 It was? Did anything...give you
 goosebumps?

DEIRDRE

Oh yeah. Big time. It was a really good idea. Thank you for making it for me.

CODY

You're welcome!

DEIRDRE

I actually found a few other things still tucked away. Phil, I thought you might want this.

Deirdre pulls something out of a bag.

PHIL

Oh--what?? Is this a vintage Nirvana shirt?

DEIRDRE

Circa 1992ish.

PHIL

Oh my god. It's perfect. It's like-the perfect t-shirt. And it's like the best kind of soft.

DEIRDRE

Yeah, it's the perfect soft.

RENATA

Mm, yes.

PARK

Yeah, that's how you want it to be.

CODY

Let me feel--oh yeah, it's the perfect soft!

PHIL

This was yours?

DEIRDRE

Uh-uh. It was Emma's.

PHIL

Emma. You're so punk rock.

(pause)

Thanks, Deirdre.

DEIRDRE

Cody, I brought this for you.

She pulls something heavier out of the bag.

CODY

Oh, woah, cool--that looks cool...what is it?

DEIRDRE

Well, it's a thing. It's kinda anything. I thought...maybe you could keep your drumsticks in it.

CODY

It's pottery!!

DEIRDRE

Yeah. I made it. When I was your age. In the same class I made the weaving.

CODY

Woah-is it a peacock??

DEIRDRE

Yes, it's supposed to be a peacock.

CODY

That's AWESOME!! It's like a weird peacock. I love it. I'm gonna name it.

PARK

My peacocks were Cocksey and Pea.

PHIL

The O.G. peacocks.

CODY

What's OG?

PHIL

Original Gangster.

PARK

(louder than Phil)
Original Gangster!

Pause.

CODY

I'm gonna name it Ohgee.

PHIL

Word.

CODY

So, um...if Deirdre's keyboard is here, and my drums are here, and Phil has his guitar...

DEIRDRE

Yeah. Yes.

(pause)

Phil, show me that website. The Friends of Rosemary Hills.

Deirdre stands behind Phil as he scrolls through the site and reads the group's mission statement.

PHIL

"Rosemary Hills Golf Course has been festering for decades. The question not enough people have asked is, what is the highest and best use of this land? We know the answer: a nature reserve protected by the municipality and by the people. If our plan succeeds, Rosemary Hills would become part of the Willow Springs Park Preserve, expanding it to blah blah acres, blah blah blah. The acquisition protects thousands of linear feet of the river and would lead to an eventual revival of the wetlands, meadows, and forests native to the area. Blah blah. Trails can be built on the new property for hiking, snowshoeing, and cross-country skiing. Blahblah...If we win, this would be the third golf course that our land conservancy has successfully turned back to nature. It can be done-but only with your help! Activate now-join our mission by entering your email below."

DEIRDRE

Can I?

PHIL

Yeah.

DEIRDRE

itmakesasound@aol.com
I can write a message. "Hello. I'm Deirdre Gardner. It seems I own the clubhouse.

DEIRDRE

Please get in touch.

(pause)

Consider me a Friend of Rosemary Hills."

RENATA

Here, I'll put my email in there, too. Every name counts, right?

DEIRDRE

Yeah. Every name counts.

(Pause. She surveys the scene.)

Right. Well, Cody, Phil. I guess we've got work to do.

CODY

Like band rehearsal??

DEIRDRE

Yeah. Band rehearsal.

RENATA

Yay, band rehearsal!

PHIL

Uh. Yeah. Deirdre...I...I'm sorry, but I can't. I'm glad for you, this is cool, but people, they really know you...it's...too much, I can't--I'm in over my head. It's great for you, it is, and you Cody, but...I just came to Rosemary Hills to like, be--away. In the quiet. I came to get away. I can't do any public thing...I can't do an audience.

DEIRDRE

Phil. I think you can.

CODY

Yeah, Phil, we need you.

PHIL

No, you don't.

DEIRDRE

We do. We need you, Phil. You're with us, now.

PHIL

I just...the thought of...having an audience, of any kind, watching me, it makes me like, want to pass out.

DEIRDRE

We'll just...take it one thing at a time, ok?

PHIL

I won't be able to play. I can't do it.

DEIRDRE

I have an idea. But I have to check with Cody.

She walks over to Cody and whispers in his ear.

CODY

Yeah! That's a great idea! Here, Phil...

He grabs the wolf mask and hands it to Phil.

CODY

You'll wear the wolf mask, and it will protect you! Things feel different when you wear it, you'll see, you'll feel different. You can wear it whenever you want. And no one will have to see your face until you're ready. It will be your thing!

DEIRDRE

Ok? Let's try it. Let's just try, Phil.

CODY

And my thing will be the red coveralls and this peacock thing.

DEIRDRE

Ok. Cool.

CODY

Do you have a thing, Deirdre?

DEIRDRE

Yeah. I'll be the dumpy middle-aged woman at the keyboard.

PHIL
(Pause. Softly.)
Grunge rock.

DEIRDRE
Yeah, it's grunge rock.

Deirdre laughs. Pause.

DEIRDRE
Alright, let's get going. Park,
stay, have a seat. Renata, can you
stay?

RENATA
Oh, for a few more minutes.

DEIRDRE
Ok, here.

Deirdre hands Renata the tambourine.

RENATA
Aha, fun. I can handle this!

Renata shakes the tambourine.

DEIRDRE
And here, Park, play around on
this.

Deirdre gives Park the cat piano.

PARK
What is this?

Park presses some keys. It meows the notes. Park really gets a
kick out of that.

PARK
Oh! It's a cat! Meow meow meow.

She plays around with it.

PARK
It's a cat thing! That's cute.
Meow meow.

Cody is at his drums and he's playing a quiet little warm-up
beat for himself. Phil picks up his guitar.

CODY
What do we do, Deirdre?

DEIRDRE

Um. Ok. Well. I have a little new thing I'm working on, it needs work. I need help. So maybe you can...just...play along, everyone. See what comes out of you.

CODY

Ok!

RENATA AND PARK

Ok.

Pause.

PHIL

Ok.

DEIRDRE

Alright. Oh god. Ok. Here goes nothin.

Deirdre plays the opening of Star 69. She vamps until Cody finds a rhythm to support her on drums. Phil joins on guitar. Everyone experiments with their own inspired musical vibe. Renata plays the tambourine. Park adds Meow harmony whenever she feels like it. Deirdre encourages them. It's funky. It's scrappy. It works. They jam for a bit. Then, the drums drop out. Cody has stopped playing.

CODY

Um, you guys...

They stop playing.

CODY

Look out the window. Is everyone seeing that...or is it just me?

PHIL

No, we can see it.

RENATA

Aw!

DEIRDRE

Mom, look.

Deidre walks to the window.

DEIRDRE

There's a deer.

A pause. Then, a sound transition that pulls us out of this space and time. A rumble that grows into an electrifyingly loud sound, a tremendous shattering of glass. The glass disperses and flies into the wind. That wind unleashes over the golf course and knocks into a wind chime, many wind chimes. The chimes are alive and tinkling, waking us up, calling us, reverberating in our ears. Then, quiet. We might discern a leaky pipe, creaking, and out of an open window, crickets and a lone frog. We have been deposited back into the attic of a townhouse on the edge of Rosemary Hills Golf Course. Night. The voice of DEIRDRE GARDNER broadcasts straight into our ears.

DEIRDRE

Ladies and gentlemen and all fine people of Rosemary Hills: we have found the music. It had been lost, as so many things are lost, missing, disappeared, misplaced, vanished...every day, what falls into obscurity without anybody noticing, without anybody paying attention? What was locked in the attic?

(pause)

That is a question I have asked before, and that is the question, listeners, that needs our constant vigilance. For we can lose and lose, and be lost. We ourselves can get lost in the attic. Or we can lose and lose, and learn from losing. And be found. How? Through the darkness, we must keep running our hands along the walls, stumbling over the boxes, swatting away the cobwebs to find the light. Seek and ye shall find. Stop seeking and ye...won't find. In fact, ye can not even be found, because no one can see you sitting there in the dark. What are you doing there? What passerby roaming through the territory would know to look up toward the attic if your window remains dark? How do you not get lost in the attic? Well, first, turn on the light. And then begin your search, but not just for what is lost, because indeed in that search, often you will come up empty.

DEIRDRE

But you will never be empty-handed if you keep searching for what new treasures are yet to be found. When we turn on the light in the attic, after we illuminate all that we've kept precious, we must let the light do what light does-- move outward. Let it spill out the window, onto a tiny pocket of the golf course, and out into the world. That is the spirit of creation. That is its natural flow. *That, my friends, is the spirit of Wim Faros.* You remember Wim Faros. I remember Wim Faros. We must learn and re-learn again and again, as many times as it takes, that Wim Faros lives! Wim Faros is the light in the attic, and Wim Faros lights our way out of the attic!

(Small pause because in her enthusiasm she made a big gesture with her arms and knocked something over, it falls to the ground.)

Oops, sorry. I knocked that-what was it?

CODY

(quietly)

Oh-it's ok.

We hear something roll on the floor.

PHIL

Got it.

DEIRDRE

Oh, thanks, ok.

Deirdre resumes.

DEIRDRE

I know this, listeners, because I myself have spent a long time stumbling in the dark. Yes. Me. I know forgetting.

DEIRDRE

It was only when I returned to a Land of Forgetting, and unearthed from a dusty attic a cassette tape from 1992, that I began to more fully remember. Remember Wim Faros.

But Wim Faros is elusive. To us. We must be careful. We must pay attention. Attention must be paid. Because Wim Faros can easily slip through our fingers. We can lose him. In the land of forgetting, there are many confusing corridors. But I am here to tell you, that even then, Wim Faros is not lost. Not lost, no. Wim Faros has never been lost. He knows where he is. Wim Faros is exactly where Wim Faros has always been. And where Wim Faros will always be. Here, in Rosemary Hills.

(to CODY AND PHIL)

Ready? A 1, 2, 3, 4....

This cues the music played live with Phil on electric guitar and Cody on drums. They play underneath while Deirdre continues into the mic.

DEIRDRE

Wim Faros lives in the periphery. Wim Faros lives on the edge of Rosemary Hills, just on the other side of the fence. You have always felt him there, just over to the side of your vision, just a little to the left. Oh, there he is. Yes, there. Wim Faros lives just beyond the course. Wim Faros waits in the cul-de-sac, for you. Meanwhile, Wim Faros paints the white walls in technicolor. Wim Faros swings from the trees and communes with the trolls. He studies the inner life of golf balls, he considers what lies inside. Wim Faros blows bubbles into the frightened sterile air, he speaks truth to what is lame. He lifts up the fallen, the shy, the angsty, the strange, the ignored. He holds out his hand with an offering of candy. And he shines the light.

DEIRDRE

He is shining a light in the
 darkness. His flashlight cuts
 through the black, through the
 harsh chill of the lonely night,
 it splices across the vast
 wasteland of dry grass and tangled
 weeds, and straight into your
 soul. When you turn on the light
 in the attic, Wim Faros has found
 you, because you were seeking Wim
 Faros. Wim Faros lives in you.
 It's you. You can paint the white
 walls in technicolor. Wim Faros
 lives in me. And Wim Faros lives
 in us. We are the band. We honor
 the spirit. We make the music.
 Listeners, we play for you. **We Are
 Wim Faros!**

Deirdre joins them on her keyboard. They sing the ending to *69
 that they created together.

CODY AND PHIL

*Who is out there calling you
 Calling, will you answer?*

DEIRDRE, CODY, PHIL

*Everything is calling you
 Calling will you answer?*

CODY/PHIL

*When you wish upon a star
 When you wish upon a star 69
 You're not alone.
 No one is alone in Rosemary
 Hills...*

DEIRDRE

Maybe one day you'll look around

CODY

Round in the cul-de-sac_

DEIRDRE

*At the home that you made in the
 lost and found
 Maybe one day you'll look around*

PHIL

round in the cul-de-sac_

DEIRDRE

*Just open the door and invite the
town*

PHIL

*Back in the wild, the wildflowers
appear
and the green grass will grow and
grow and grow, my dear
Back in the wild, the wildflowers
appear
and the green grass will grow and
grow and grow, my dear.*

ALL

*Something's out there calling you
Calling, will you answer_
All the world is calling you_
Calling will you answer?*

DEIRDRE

*If you're lost from view,
I'll keep looking I'll remember
you*

ALL

*Who is out there calling you?
who is out there calling you?
who is out there calling you?
Who is out there calling you?
Everything is calling you.*

They keep playing, without vocals. Deirdre continues over the music:

DEIRDRE

*We believe in a Rosemary Hills
that knows no bounds, a Rosemary
Hills whose geographical limits
are blurred, an unrestricted
landscape without borders, an
ancient land that has always
belonged to Wim Faros, and belongs
to you. Listeners far and wide--
All Friends of Rosemary Hills:
Welcome home. Live from the attic,
I'm Deirdre Gardner, and this is
It Makes A Sound!*

The music continues to vamp. The drums come in strong.

DEIRDRE
 With me tonight, here on the
 drums, it's Cody Elwood.

Cody does a drum flourish.

CODY
 Can I get a hark?! Hark! Hark!
 Hark!

DEIRDRE
 And introducing someone very
 special to us all at *It Makes A
 Sound...*

CODY
 Drumrolls.

Cody starts a suspenseful drumroll.

DEIRDRE
 Drumrolls. Listeners, on electric
 guitar, it's our good friend
 Phil--oh my god, Phil, I don't
 know your last name!

PHIL
 Well, it's O'Connell.

CODY
 It's Wolf Man!

Cody howls like a wolf. Phil plays a sick riff on the guitar,
 and howls back. Some more howling.

DEIRDRE
 There you go! It's Phil the Wolf
 Man O'Connell on electric guitar!

PHIL
 Hey. Hey, um, everyone. Hi.

CODY
 Hello Phil! Hello listeners! It's
 us! Friends of Rosemary Hills. We
 are with you! We are here tonight.
 Live from the attic! We are Wim
 Faros. Wim Faros lives!

PHIL
 Wim Faros lives!

Cody and Phil repeat "Wim Faros lives" as they play to a
 bombastic ending. As Cody's last drum beat echoes through the
 attic...

DEIRDRE

That's right. We are Wim Faros.
Wim Faros lives. I'm your host
Deirdre Gardner, and I believe
that when a tree falls in a
forest, it makes a sound. Welcome
back to our show.

Deirdre Gardner hits the wind chime triumphantly. The sound
reverberates over the golf course and out across the Ether.

END OF SEASON 2.