

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

An echoey enclosed space, bare walls and linoleum. Ambient noise in the back, male voices coming through police radios, in a consistent low drone, somewhere far down the hall.

Deirdre is in an interrogation room in the St. Clare County Police Department. DETECTIVE PAM ORLAND sits across the table from her, a recording device between them.

ORLAND

If you could state your name again, for the record.

DEIRDRE

Deirdre Gard..

ORLAND

Oh, here, speak more into the microphone.

DEIRDRE

I'm Deirdre Gardner.

ORLAND

Alright. Once again, I'm Detective Pam Orland of the St. Clare County PD. Ms. Gardner was read her Miranda Rights and is willing to answer my questions without an attorney present. Do you understand your rights, Ms. Gardner?

DEIRDRE

Yes.

ORLAND

OK. Do you need more water?

DEIRDRE

That's ok.

ORLAND

Good tap water we have around here. All through the county.

DEIRDRE

Mm.

ORLAND

Don't know how lucky you are to grow up drinking good tap water until you go away and taste how bad it can be.

DEIRDRE

That's true.

ORLAND

How long have you been back in Rosemary Hills?

DEIRDRE

A little less than a year.

ORLAND

You enjoy golfing growing up?

DEIRDRE

No...I...I've never golfed, actually.

ORLAND

Hm. Shame to not like golf growing up on a golf course.

DEIRDRE

My grandmother bought a townhouse when the course was being built. She died before she moved in. So we—my mother and I—we lived in it. My mom, she worked at the Clubhouse. She's—she's been here, for a long time.

ORLAND

I see. And why don't tell me about why you and your crew entered Rosemary Hills Clubhouse today?

DEIRDRE

Well, to be honest, I didn't think really anybody would mind. Or pay attention. There hasn't been much going on over there, you know? At all. For over a decade.

ORLAND

Mm-hmm.

DEIRDRE

Like, nothing.

ORLAND

We train our K-9s over on the old course, sometimes. Like today.

DEIRDRE

I did not know that, but that is a smart use of space.

ORLAND

We think so.

DEIRDRE

We were there with really good intentions. We were honoring a very important resident-former resident of Rosemary Hills. He was a musician. But he was much more than a musician. And he gave his first concert in the Clubhouse, back in 1992.

ORLAND

Who was that?

DEIRDRE

His name is Wim Faros.

ORLAND

OK. I'm going to show you this picture, taken at the scene today. There's graffiti on the wall. "Remember Wim Faros." What can you tell me about that?

DEIRDRE

Um, yes. I wrote that. I did. I did the graffiti. It was-well, I guess it was protest art. Yes, it was a protest. I hear there are plans to tear the clubhouse down and build a cemetery. I believe this is wrong. People don't realize that this is an important historical site. I was making a statement.

ORLAND

I've lived around here all my life. I don't remember-well, any major concerts back in the day at the Clubhouse. Maybe a few recitals.

DEIRDRE

Well it was a small private event.
At the time.

ORLAND

I see.

(pause)

Where is Wim Faros now?

DEIRDRE

...I don't know.

ORLAND

Are you in contact with him?

DEIRDRE

I'm not.

ORLAND

Can you tell me about some of the
other paraphernalia we found in
the room with you?

DEIRDRE

Well, I wouldn't say paraphern--
these were important objects
significant to Wim Faros. Like the
things we found in his time
capsule.

ORLAND

You found a time capsule.

DEIRDRE

Look, it's—I know—sounds wild—but
we were only there trying to
remember the songs from the
concert. That's all. There was a
cassette tape, *the* cassette tape,
but it got destroyed, so we had to
find another way. And my mom...you
saw, she's been...gone, for a while
now, but she can remember his
songs, she has been triggered by
the music and certain other
things. Like music, environment,
sensory things. It's been quite
amazing. She was—she is—a
fantastic woman. She was always so
fun. And I was so serious.

DEIRDRE

And I figured that if we brought her back to the Clubhouse, and tried to, I don't know...conjure... elements of the concert from 1992— you see, she still holds these memories in her brain somewhere, she just needs—the right sparks.

ORLAND

Mm.

(pause)

Do you believe that Wim Faros has special powers?

DEIRDRE

Well , not like wooo...but I mean, in that way, that I said, his music does. Yes.

ORLAND

Ms. Gardner, did Wim Faros guide you to the clubhouse today?

DEIRDRE

I-I think he did.

ORLAND

He led you there?

DEIRDRE

Well, I mean, he inspired the trip, yes.

ORLAND

Have you given him any money, or gifts?

DEIRDRE

What do you—no. Oh no! No, no. Oh god, this is not a cult, or a pyramid scheme, or anything like that. No no no no no no.

ORLAND

Did you think that, inside the clubhouse, doing what you were doing, that Wim Faros would return?

Pause.

DEIRDRE

No.

DEIRDRE

ORLAND

I'm going to show you a few other pictures sent over from the scene... this, chart—

DEIRDRE

Yes. The chalkboard.

ORLAND

Did you bring this to the premises?

DEIRDRE

I did. Well, Rod did, he rolled it over, it's on wheels. See, this is all musical, do you know music?

Silence.

DEIRDRE

Those are the lyrics and chords, some of the lyrics and chords, from the music that Wim Faros played at the concert. It was on the coaster. He took notes on a coaster, a Rosemary Hills Clubhouse coaster. That he saved for us. It was in the time capsule.

ORLAND

Mmm. Who's handwriting is this?

DEIRDRE

That's my handwriting.

ORLAND

And how about over here, this is different, it looks like maybe a child's handwriting?

DEIRDRE

That's Cody—uh, that's *coded* script, just some shorthand really, that I scribbled to take notes. It's mine, I wrote that too, it just got a bit messy down there.

ORLAND

And how about this?

DEIRDRE

Oh, that's a packet of seeds. From Wim Faros' time capsule. You see, Mom led us to it, she remembered seeing him digging...back in the 90s. He buried several highly symbolic items in there, like, uh, an American troll doll, remember those? And golf ball art, candy—you would understand these more in context--and a packet of seeds. To be planted someday in the future. He had a lot of foresight.

ORLAND

Are you aware that these are cannabis seeds?

DEIRDRE

Oh.
(pause)
No, I was not.

ORLAND

So you are in possession of a bag of cannabis that you say you found in a time capsule.

DEIRDRE

I didn't realize...I don't smoke it. I was never into it. Really. Just like, no interest. I didn't know. I thought they were flower seeds. Like lilacs. Some poetic flower. I was going to plant them for him.

Pause.

ORLAND

So, can you tell me where you were living before you came back to Rosemary Hills?

DEIRDRE

In the city.

ORLAND

And what did you do out there?

DEIRDRE

I worked at a museum. I did the bookkeeping. I was also a volunteer guide.

ORLAND

I see. And you came back here for your mother?

DEIRDRE

Yes. Wm, she, uh, well, it got bad pretty quickly. Her memory. And everything. Much faster than I had expected. She's only got me. We've always been, each other's person.

ORLAND

That's hard to deal with on your own.

DEIRDRE

Mm.

Pause.

ORLAND

Remember Wim Faros.

DEIRDRE

That's right...

ORLAND

Deirdre, is Wim Faros still living?

DEIRDRE

Yes.

(pause)

I mean...yes. I mean, it's difficult to find much about him now. But he has always been mysterious, like that, you know. He wouldn't be on, like, Facebook. No. He was a true artist, from very young, a melancholy genius, as they say. Or a solitary genius, whatever they say. I imagine that he lives off the grid somewhere...on the road, or in Europe. Morocco, maybe. Australia. Actually, he really seems to have a thing for Australia. So maybe it's Australia. Who knows. You can make art everywhere.

ORLAND

You knew each other, as children?

DEIRDRE

We didn't know each other. We saw each other. On the periphery. Well, I was on the periphery, he was more, a main event. For me.

ORLAND

Not a lot of children lived on the golf course.

DEIRDRE

Yeah. You could swing a dead cat and never hit a kid in Rosemary Hills. Or tie a few dead cats together and swing and still not hit a kid. That's what my mom used to say.

Silence.

DEIRDRE

I know, it's a weird phrase, I guess. Who swings dead cats? I wonder where that came from. It's pretty morbid, right?

Pause.

ORLAND

So Wim Faros-nice name. Was he your teenage crush?

DEIRDRE

No. Uh...no. That's so limiting. No. I mean, you have to understand—you live here, you know what it's like. Wim changed things. He cracked everything open. His music, his very presence around the golf course, back then—he helped it sparkle. He made a very manicured, bland, sanitized place seem authentic. Different and special. He knew things. He was an artist, he inspired, he made life feel MORE, that sense of more, that there is so much more. You know? He awakened those thoughts, he unlocked possibilities...it felt so big, but so delicate at the same time. Do you know what I mean?

ORLAND

Sure, that's exactly like my teenage crush.

DEIRDRE

But his music...look, Pam, Officer-Detective, if you heard the music, you would know. If you could listen. You would get it. That's all I want. That's why I was in the clubhouse. When I found that cassette tape in the attic, I remembered it all. I've been trying to bring back the music.

ORLAND

For who?

DEIRDRE

For everyone. For Rosemary Hills. It will change the whole environment. Bring a pulse back, give us something to excite us, or unites us.

ORLAND

Well I know the golf course is in rough shape. It's a problem. But this town's not so bad, as towns go. A place is a place, right? If you have your people.

Pause.

DEIRDRE

I think that things have been forgotten.

ORLAND

Like what?

DEIRDRE

I mean, what's the history? I mean, once there was less people, and more place. And then suddenly there was more people, and more money, and now there's less people, and less money, and less place, but what matters here? Here. What is the REASON to exist in a place? What's the there...here? Do you understand?

ORLAND

It sounds like maybe you are trying to find a reason for yourself. And feel certain things again.

Deirdre laughs bitterly.

DEIRDRE

Oh, I'm feeling things. Believe me, I have been feeling a lot of things. And my mom, and Rod, mom's nurse, and C-well, we are just trying to restore the music. And remember the sound that was made on that golf course. That's important, it's important to this specific place, it makes it significant.

ORLAND

Deirdre, do you think Wim Faros will save you in some way, or save your mother?

DEIRDRE

Look, my mom remembers his music. We've been getting somewhere. And she's happier. She is singing again. She's more like herself. That really matters.

ORLAND

I'm sure it does, but you brought her to trespass into a space that is not safe.

DEIRDRE

It is perfectly safe.

ORLAND

It is an abandoned, moldy, condemned property where feral peacocks make their nest.

DEIRDRE

Well, I didn't know about the peacocks. Look, really, I see what you--I'm not crazy. I know that Wim Faros was just a boy. Who lived at the end of the cul-de-sac on Camelia Road in the 90s. On the other side of the fence.

DEIRDRE

But he was special, not just crush special, really special. Gifted. And his music meant a lot to me. And to my mom. And so, it meant something for Rosemary Hills. And should be heard.

ORLAND

Wait a second, the cul-de-sac on Camelia Road. Are you talking about the Farris boy? Timmy Farris?

DEIRDRE

No.

ORLAND

In the two-story bungalow at the back of Camelia Road? Yeah, that used to be the Farris's place.

DEIRDRE

Faros.

ORLAND

I remember Tim from back in the day. Sweet kid. For awhile, he came around the station a lot. To pick up his pop. After his mom died. He always had a guitar on his back. We felt sad for that boy.

Pause.

DEIRDRE

...His name was Tim Farris?

ORLAND

I haven't thought about him in a long time.

DEIRDRE

I...I thought his name was Wim Faros. That's how I heard it. Back then.

(pause)

Oh.

Silence.

ORLAND

Ms.

ORLAND

Gardner, I know it's hard to be a caretaker. I've been there. It's very lonely.

Pause.

ORLAND

I know it's hard to feel hope. Believe me. And everything's out of your control. But-it's one thing to fantasize, and it's another to dwell on something that can't be, and make other people your accomplices in illegal activities that feed your fantasies. Do you understand me?

A siren in the distance

DEIRDRE

Yes.

ORLAND

I think you need to get some help.

DEIRDRE

That's why I have Rod—my Mom really likes him, he's a good nurse. And an amateur musician.

ORLAND

More help than that. It's going to get harder. Rosemary Hills Nursing Home has good facilities, and they're great there. I know this firsthand. And I think it would help to see someone who can help you process through this time.

DEIRDRE

I see.

ORLAND

Look, there's resources, we'll put some together, ok? We'll do that. I'm gonna go now and get them started on your paperwork.

DEIRDRE

You won't press charges?

ORLAND

Oh, no, Ms. Gardner, we definitely will. Oh yeah, you've got criminal trespass, commercial burglary, and possession of cannabis. There's no bones about it, that's a Class A misdemeanor.

DEIRDRE

...a classy misdemeanor?

ORLAND

No. A Class A misdemeanor. There's nothing classy about crime.

DEIRDRE

Uh-huh.

Pause.

ORLAND

But we'll get to work on setting your bail.

DEIRDRE

I have to get back to my mom. I've been here all day. It's just Rod with her.

ORLAND

I know. Someone will come get you, and let you know what's next.

DEIRDRE

I see.

Detective Orland walks to the door and opens it. She turns back to Deirdre.

ORLAND

Tim Farris did seem like a special kid.

Orland exits, the door closes behind her. Deirdre is alone. She sits for a moment in silence.

DEIRDRE

(to herself)

I think it was a pretty classy misdemeanor.

Silence. We hear Deirdre breathing deeply.

DEIRDRE
 Timmy Farris.
 (pause)
 Timmy Farris. Oh my god. Oh my
 god. Oh, Mom...

She starts to break down, but stops herself.

DEIRDRE
 It's ok. She's ok. You're ok.

She sings softly and slowly to calm herself:

DEIRDRE
 (sings)
 I'm not depressed, I'm just sad...
 I'm not depressed, I'm just sad.
 (pause)
 Two blocks away, my favorite place
 to stay, in a 20-acre wood my
 imagination played
 I was just a child when I watched
 it fall away, bulldozed to the
 ground, yeah my forest overpaved
 Years of memories, climbing in the
 trees, flattened by remorse, the
 polish of the course.
 I'm not depressed, I'm just sad.
 I'm not depressed, I'm just sad

The door has opened and closed quietly. CODY has snuck into the
 room. He sings with her.

CODY AND DEIRDRE
 (sing)
 I'm not depressed, I'm just sad.

DEIRDRE
 (whispering)
 Cody!

CODY
 Hi Deirdre. Are they gonna lock
 you in jail??

DEIRDRE
 How did you get here?

CODY
 I rode my bike.

DEIRDRE
 No, how did you get in here?

CODY

I just walked in. This place is so big, and like, nobody's here. I came in, and hid, and just waited til that lady left, and then I opened the door. Like a ninja!

DEIRDRE

Does your mom know?

CODY

No, she's at work. She doesn't know about the clubhouse. But she likes that we're friends.

DEIRDRE

Oh my g--So do I, Cody, but you can't be here. The cops don't know that you were with us and we need to keep you out of trouble.

CODY

But Deirdre, I have to tell you something about Wim Faros--

DEIRDRE

Cody, you have to go. We'll talk later. Go!

CODY

Deirdre--

DEIRDRE

Cody, Cody, I'm so sorry. I maybe did something that wasn't very good. I thought it was. I thought it was an important thing we needed to do, to remember Wim Faros, and his music. But I brought you into the Clubhouse and that wasn't right, it was stupid, ok? I'm sorry, I don't know, I've been--so tired, I shouldn't have taken you to a scary place, I didn't mean to--

CODY

But Deidre, Tommy Neidhart followed us--

DEIRDRE

I know, it's ok, Tommy Neidhart is a good friend to you, he's smart.

DEIRDRE

He should be mad at me, he's trying to protect you.

CODY

He took a video.

DEIRDRE

What do you mean?

CODY

He took a video in the Clubhouse. Of us singing Ghost Deer. With the lights, and the air freshener, and the bubbles, and the graffiti.

DEIRDRE

Oh no.

CODY

Yes. And when the peacocks came out, and the dogs barking. He got it all. And he posted it on YouTube, and Instagram, and Twitter, and everything.

DEIRDRE

Oh God. Ok, Cody ok. I know your mom is going to have a lot of questions, and I will talk to her as soon as I can—

CODY

It went viral. The video.

DEIRDRE

What?

CODY

It's like super, super popular, Deirdre, look. Look at YouTube...

From his iPhone, he plays Tommy's video taken at the Rosemary Hills Golf Course Clubhouse. We hear EMMA GARDNER, ROD, CODY, and DEIRDRE singing "Ghost Deer," from Episode 8. From the phone—

ROD

...2, 3, sing!

ALL
 (singing)
 Hey deer, why you walking around
 here, don't you know there ain't
 no more trees where the greens
 be...

The video continues to play under the dialogue.

DEIRDRE
 Oh no.

CODY
 Look-554,017 views!

DEIRDRE
 But. How? Turn it down, turn it
 down. It's only been like five
 hours...

CODY
 Things happen really fast on the
 Internet.

DEIRDRE
 What's this? Under comments.
 rememberwimfaros.

CODY
 That's our hashtag. They think
 we're a band. Look. Deirdre,
 lookread the comments!

DEIRDRE
 (scrolling through)
 "Wim Faros is my spirit animal"
 "wtf is this" What is WTF?
 "That old lady slays. She's like
 Kate Bush. Wait, IS that Kate
 Bush?? Is she alive???"

CODY
 Can I read one?--"Love the Hamlet
 rap, we're studying Hamlet right
 now in class and this is better."
 This one's fancy, read this one...

DEIRDRE

(reading)

"Wim Faros seems like an expansive homage to the wild vocals, the dissonant chords, and theatrics of the best experimental avant-garde bands of the 70s to the weirdest of 90s metal bands. I like them." Oh. My. God.

CODY

There's so many more! Look

(he reads)

"How did they train the peacocks? Peacocks are awesome. This is cray, I love it."

"I just can't with this, this is so annoying and dumb and boring." Well, you're dumb and boring and annoying Lord Hopscotch34! And your screen name sucks!

DEIRDRE

Cody.

CODY

"A multi-gener..?"

DEIRDRE

Let me see, move your finger. Generational.

CODY

(reading)

"A multi-generational band, I wish my grandma could sing like that." Hashtag "remember Wim Faros." "off da hook" Ooh, look, "WIM FAROS LIVES!!!" Wim Faros lives. I like that. What's this one?

DEIRDRE

That's...Cyrillic? They saw this in Russia??

CODY

Woah, Russia, cool!

(scrolling through more comments)

Hashtag "Remember Wim Faros." hashtag rememberwimfaros, hashtag rememberwimfaros.

DEIRDRE

They keep writing that. Remember
Wim Faros.

Pause.

CODY

They think we're Wim Faros. The
band.

DEIRDRE

Oh no, we have to stop this. What
do we do?

CODY

But it's really cool! Everybody
thinks so.

DEIRDRE

But they don't know...that's not Wim
Faros. We're not him. They're
wrong. Oh my god, this is...bad,
it's crazy. The internet is crazy.

CODY

They like his music, though. Or,
our music. They like it. Most
people, at least. Not Lord
Suckscotch.

DEIRDRE

People don't know what they're
looking at.

CODY

But, Deirdre. You told us to
remember Wim Faros and we've been
remembering Wim Faros and then we
started singing and I do the
drums, and it's so fun. And you've
been telling the listeners to
remember Wim Faros, and I tell
them that, too, but maybe they
weren't doing it, because, um, I
don't know if anybody knew about
your show.

DEIRDRE

But this is not. Doing that.

CODY

But where IS Wim Faros??

CODY

(pause)

I mean remember when I ate the gum, you said Wim Faros lived inside me now and also that he lived inside of Rod cuz the kool-aid and your mom, and you, and that it was very special? And now look, because of Tommy's video, all these other people, like a TON of people, and Russians, are saying remember Wim Faros. With a hashtag. So, aren't they kind of doing what you wanted? Don't be mad...

DEIRDRE

I'm not mad, Cody, I...I'm just...ah...

CODY

Maybe happy?

DEIRDRE

I don't...know.

CODY

I'm happy. I think that we're a good band. I worked hard on the drums because I really like it. I'm gonna refresh the page.

DEIRDRE

The numbers just went up! This is insane.

CODY

Deirdre, I know!

DEIRDRE

Can you start the video again?

Cody plays the clip again.

ROD

...2, 3, sing!

From Cody's iPhone, we hear the crew singing Ghost Deer from the top. Deirdre and Cody watch.

DEIRDRE

The video does make it look like-a wild performance. In a-dark, dramatic venue. With props.

CODY

This part is my favorite. With the bubbles. And when Emma does the speech is my favorite. And when the dogs bark. No actually, the peacocks at the end, that part's my favorite. That part's crazy.

In the pause, we hear EMMA GARDNER's voice.

EMMA

(singing)

Weird deer, how you suddenly appear...

DEIRDRE

Mom's voice.

Deirdre and Cody continue to listen in silence.

DEIRDRE

You are really wailing on those drums, Cody.

CODY

Is wailing good?

DEIRDRE

Yeah. It's kind of awesome.

CODY

Awesome.

DEIRDRE

Wow. Mom is really rocking out. She always could.

Pause. The video is still playing in the background.

CODY

Deirdre, when you do your next show—

DEIRDRE

Cody, no—there can't be any more shows.

She stops the video.

DEIRDRE

No more shows. I'm in trouble.

CODY

But you have to, it'll be the best one yet. And you could start it with me playing the drums, and Rod will play banjo, and you'll do keyboard, and Mrs. Gardner will shake the tambourine, and then we'll get louder, I'll drum really loud and. And we'll have peacocks! And they'll squawk. And maybe we'll get a dog, too, can we get a dog? And then you'll hit the chime and then you'll say "PEOPLE OF ROSEMARY HILLS: WIM FAROS LIVES!" Like the hashtag.

DEIRDRE

That's...well, I mean, that' a good intro.

CODY

See, it's like-you're Wim Faros. And I'm Wim Faros. And we're all Wim Faros. The Band. They'll hear us.

DEIRDRE

They'll hear us. Because now they're listening. We went into the Clubhouse, and we made...sounds... and they heard us, and they're listening.

CODY

They're listening. People in Rosemary Hills! And everywhere! Russia!!!

DEIRDRE

Shhhh, Cody...we have to stay quiet in here. We really have to stay quiet

CODY

Ok, Deirdre. But not out there, right? Cuz we're a band now, and bands make music!

(yells)

BECAUSE WIM FAROS---

DEIRDRE

Shhhhh!

CODY
(whispering)
Wim Faros Lives.

Pause. Deirdre takes this in.

DEIRDRE
Wim Faros...lives.

The ambient noise of the police station cross fades into cymbals crashing. A ROCK FANTASY VERSION OF GHOST DEER blasts straight into our ears. DEIRDRE, CODY, ROD, AND EMMA, with full studio treatment, backed with electric guitar, snares, and the like. The song crescendos triumphantly, and ends with one final hit of the wind chime. The wind-chime reverberates into silence.

END of season 1.

(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 design and mixing by me, Vincent Cacchione. Featuring Jacquelyn Landgraf as Deirdre Gardner, Roberta Colindrez as Detective Pam Orland, and Melissa Mahoney as Cody. With voices of Nate Weida as Rod, and Annie Golden as Emma Gardner.

It Makes A Sound is a Night Vale Presents production. A special thanks to Shelby Phillips for her social media help, to Dave Watt for creating our logo, to Night Vale Presents Executive Director Christy Gressman, Director of Marketing Adam Cecil, and our publicist Christine Ragasa. And of course to Joseph Fink and Jeffrey Cranor.

Hello, this is Anya Saffir, and on behalf of our creative team, thank you for listening to It Makes A Sound.

Thanks to our advertisers, we have been able to bring this story to your ears for free. But it's only you—yes, you, listener, who can help sustain the creation of the show.

If you have enjoyed your sojourn to Rosemary Hills, please know that every individual act of support tangibly reverberates through the Ether. And so, we hope you that you will help us make some sounds about It Makes A Sound! Tell your people, and beyond... take to social media, or other media, or write a handwritten letters. Remember letters? Tell your childhood friends, tell your music teachers, your nurses peacock enthusiasts, golfers, anyone. Buy a t-shirt or poster, write a review on iTunes, or wherever you are listening. Hold up that metaphorical lighter for Wim Faros. It truly makes a difference, and we are grateful to you so thanks, thanks, and ever thanks.

You can write continue to write to Deirdre Gardner at itmakesasound@aol.com and to unpack your attic on itmakesasound.rocks. And most of all, remember Wim Faros.