

# CC06: Nowhere to Everywhere

## RECORDER CLICKS ON

MISS TENOR: They say Arborwood Grove is haunted. They say that the floorboards creak and groan under the pressure of feet that haven't been there for decades. They say that the shutters rattle in a wind blowing from nowhere to everywhere, and that this wind will carry you away if you want it to. They say it's the wind of souls. Or of life. Or of death. Whatever it is, it is no ordinary wind. They say it is the wind that parts the clouds on still, moonlit nights. They say it is the wind that throws flames from one tree to another. They say it is the wind of every last word that has ever passed human lips. All of the "goodbyes" and the "sorry's" and the "pleases". All of the screams, the laughs, the sighs, the resolute nods of acceptance. The panicked shivering of fear. All generating wind, powering the gusts that blow through this world and to the next.

They say if you were to put a wind farm on the border between the living and the dead, you'd be able to power the entire world until people stopped dying. They say this wind follows an unshakeable path. They say that the living can walk this path, if they so choose, but that they will not remain living for long. They say that the path twists and turns, random yet precise, with no branches or forks. They say that the path takes the wind through every home once. In Arborwood Grove, they say, it passes through twice. They say a lot of things.

## THEME MUSIC

CREDITS: File CC, track six. Nowhere to Everywhere.

## BELLS CHIME

## MUSIC BEGINS

CAROLINE: Hello again, Miss Tenor. It's been a while. You probably

don't even notice, you can just listen to all of these in a row, but for me... I'm not certain how long it's been. Long enough for the seasons to change. For me to give up on you, and then decide that it doesn't really matter whether you hear this. Since finding this recorder, I am more me than I have been for a very long time. And I realized, once the weather turned too cold for Grove Nights... I was lonely. I have always been lonely.

So here I am again. It's snowing.

*(She sighs)*

I don't know. I haven't talked about very many nice things recently. Snow is nice. It was gentle when it started, just lazy flakes drifting down, melting almost as soon as they touched the road. But now it's coming down harder, piling up against the sides of the house. I'd almost call it a blizzard, if there was more wind. I almost wish there was more wind, to send the snow swirling and crashing around through the air. Something to shake the house, and whistle through the chimney, and send everyone scurrying under the blankets.

The town is under a blanket, though. I can see it, in my mind's eye. The snow piled up on the arches and gables of the theatre. The streets, still and silent. All the shop windows, so cold that one's breath would fog them up if one—

#### CELLAR DOOR SLAMS

CAROLINE:           What was that?

ANTHONY:           Flashlights on.

#### FLASHLIGHTS CLICK ON

#### MUSIC ENDS

CAROLINE:           I think there's someone here. Who on Earth...

ANTHONY: See? I told you we'd make it.

MARCEL: You told me this would be fun.

ANTHONY: Is it not?

MARCEL: Do I look like I'm having fun?

ANTHONY: ...Yes?

### FOOTSTEPS CREAK

MARCEL: I can't believe you actually dragged me all the way up here.

ANTHONY: You had three days to make me turn the car around.

MARCEL: I almost did. I should've just stayed on campus.

ANTHONY: Well, we got all the way here, so you can't bail on me now.

MARCEL: I know, I know. So what are we looking for?

ANTHONY: Take a guess.

MARCEL: You always do this.

ANTHONY: Humour me?

MARCEL: Ughhhhh.

ANTHONY: Marcel?

### DISTINCT FOOTSTEPS

MARCEL: You know, this is why nobody ever wants to go anywhere with you.

ANTHONY: And yet you came all the way to Canada.

MARCEL: If I didn't, you'd just come on your own.

ANTHONY: True. Now c'mon, guess.

### FOOTSTEPS STOP

MARCEL: Fine. Okay, so it's an abandoned house, but there's no trash and no squatters, so my first guess would be ghosts? But you don't usually go in for ghosts. So I'm thinking... secret government lab. Or maybe there's a clue here leading to a bigger conspiracy. Or. This isn't a house at all, is it? It's a spaceship.

ANTHONY: It's a house, Marcel.

MARCEL: Just a house?

ANTHONY: Depends on who you ask.

MARCEL: Aaaaand there it is! Conspiracy Theory Corner with Anthony Hall. I've been waiting three days for this.

ANTHONY: You could've just asked me in the car.

MARCEL: Oh sure, I could've asked, but there was no way you were gonna tell me anything until we actually got here.

ANTHONY: You know me so well.

MARCEL: Probably too well. So c'mon, what is this place?

### MUSIC BEGINS

ANTHONY: This is Arborwood Grove. It was built by Charles Carr in 1897, and nobody except him and his family ever lived here.

MARCEL: Arborwood... Same name as the town.

ANTHONY: Yeah, Carr was the founder.

MARCEL: So this is a historical site or something?

ANTHONY: Nope. And that's where it gets interesting. See, I follow this girl's blog, Amanda Tenor. She mainly does personal pieces and local culture—

MARCEL: Sounds like your kind of shit.

ANTHONY: Oh, it is. And she's good. Really good. Somehow manages to make small-town gossip pieces entertaining, you know? But anyway. One of her big... I don't want to say "obsessions", but that's kind of what it is...

Well, it's this house. It's the basis of almost every local myth and legend, because it's supposedly haunted.

MARCEL: Wait, sp there is a ghost?

CAROLINE: Yup.

ANTHONY: Like I said. Depends on who you ask. There's like, a bazillion different stories, and they all conflict with each other. And Amanda's been trying to trace these stories back to where they started, to figure out why people started thinking the house was haunted in the first place. It's really interesting. She's doing all this research into the history of the town, and its founder, and it's just incredible how distinct of a culture this town has, how ingrained this house is in the lives of everyone who lives here. But at the same time, it's not just...

I mean, how does someplace like this stay so intact, all these years? Look around! There's not a single smashed mirror or torn-up floorboard. All the furniture's still here. It's warm. Hundred-year-old insulation shouldn't work this well.

MARCEL: It's a sturdy house. So what?

ANTHONY: It's not just that. It's the fact that nobody's vandalized it. Nobody's stolen the stuff.

MARCEL: There might be security, or police, or something.

ANTHONY: It's not a protected historical site. The Carr family still technically owns it, but they live up in Yukon and haven't been back here since the 20's. And, there's a whole rite of passage where you have to spend a night in the house before you graduate high school.

MARCEL: Uh-uh. If there were kids hanging out here, they would've left garbage behind. Cigarette stubs, chip bags, condoms. Where's all that?

ANTHONY: Exactly! People are weirdly respectful of this place.

MARCEL: Or maybe they're just lying about spending the night here.

ANTHONY: Every single teenager in town? And the weirdest thing, out of all the weird things, is that nobody's tried to buy the land. Not even once. Think about that, Marcel. Not a single person, or organization, or anything.

MARCEL: Okay. I'll bite. That's a little odd.

ANTHONY: More than a little. And as far as Amanda knows, there's no real reason for it.

MARCEL: What do you mean?

ANTHONY: Nobody's died here. Nobody's vanished. The original family left under kind of mysterious circumstances, but other than that, nothing even remotely strange ever happened here.

CAROLINE: Excuse me?

ANTHONY: Or, if it did, it was covered up. Scrubbed off all the historical

records.

CAROLINE: Wait.

MARCEL: So how's your blogger gonna trace the stories back if the records have been changed?

ANTHONY: Word-of-mouth, mostly. And she was making surprisingly good progress up until about four months ago.

MARCEL: What happened four months ago?

ANTHONY: Remember how I said nobody ever mysteriously vanished here?

CAROLINE: Wait.

MARCEL: You're kidding.

ANTHONY: Nope. Amanda was staying the night, just to prove that nothing would happen. Made a post saying she'd be back the next morning with a full, unedited commentary.

MARCEL: But she wasn't?

ANTHONY: Radio silence ever since. I've been talking to the other people who read her stuff, and we all agreed somebody should check it out if she didn't come back. And then somebody found an article from the local paper about Amanda Tenor going missing. And get this? There wasn't a single mention of Arborwood Grove.

MARCEL: Oh, shit.

ANTHONY: You see why we had to come check it out?

MARCEL: We had to drive three days and cross an international border to get here. There was really nobody closer? Not even, like, her family or something?

ANTHONY: I don't think anybody in Arborwood read her blog. Or if they did, they never left any comments.

MARCEL: And let me guess. That's where the conspiracy theory comes in.

ANTHONY: You got it.

MARCEL: Maybe people just didn't want to read a blog about themselves?

ANTHONY: Maybe. But if it's a conspiracy, that gives me someone to blame.

MARCEL: Who could you possibly blame for this?

ANTHONY: Normally? Aliens.

MARCEL: *(Overlapping)*  
Aliens.

ANTHONY: But considering all this shit with the haunted house, I'm thinking maybe it's actually a paranormal thing.

MUSIC ENDS

CAROLINE: No, I...

MARCEL: You know, it's not your job to find her.

ANTHONY: It's been four months. What else am I supposed to do?

MARCEL: *(sighs)*

What are we doing here, anyway? Shouldn't we go talk to someone who might know what happened?

ANTHONY: We are.



MARCEL: What?

ANTHONY: That's what we're doing here. We're gonna hear the story from someone who was here the night Amanda vanished.

LONG PAUSE

MARCEL: Ohhh, no. Oh, no, no, no.

ANTHONY: Listen—

MARCEL: No. Anthony, I swear to God, if you dragged me all the way up here so we could talk to the ghost-

ANTHONY: Does it look like I'm hiding a Ouija board in my pants?

You don't have to check! I'm not! And I'm not talking about the ghost, I'm talking about Amanda. She brought a voice recorder with her when she spent the night here.

MARCEL: And it didn't turn up in the police investigation?

ANTHONY: Like I said, that article didn't mention the Grove. I don't think anybody looked here.

MARCEL: Oh. We gotta find that thing.

ANTHONY: Right? I'll start at the top of the house, you start at the bottom. We can meet in the middle.

MARCEL: Got it.

FOOTSTEPS RECEDING

WIND

MARCEL: Yup, just gonna... go investigate a creepy cellar in a

haunted house. Alone. During a storm. No problem. No problem at all.

CREAKY FOOTSTEPS RECEDING

CAROLINE: Missing? Miss Tenor, I... I should leave this for them to find, shouldn't I? I owe it to you, Miss Tenor. Someone has come looking for you, and you deserve to be found. But... If I give them the recorder I won't have it any more. But they'll hear me. But...

Wait. Wait, no. If they listen to it, I can just...

*(Clears throat)*

If you're listening to this, you probably know who I am. If you don't know, I'm Caroline Carr. I'm the ghost of Arborwood Grove. And I'd appreciate it immensely if you could leave this recording device behind when you leave. I rather enjoy talking into it. Okay.

CREAKY FOOTSTEPS

MARCEL: Okay. Done with the creepy-ass cellar, time to check out the... Creepy-ass music room!

WHOOSH OF CLOTH

MARCEL: Huh.

THE OPENING OF "HEART AND SOUL", PLAYED ON A PIANO

ANTHONY: *(distantly)*  
HOLY SHIT!!

PIANO CUTS OFF

EXTENDED, LOUD BANGS AND CRASHES, FOOTSTEPS

ANTHONY: Was that you?

MARCEL: Uh... yeah?

ANTHONY: Jesus Christ, Marcel! I thought-

MARCEL: You thought I was a ghost. Dude.

ANTHONY: I was alone in a haunted house, and some sinister, off-key music-

MARCEL: It was "Heart and Soul"!

ANTHONY: Played on an out-of-tune piano in a haunted house in the middle of the night!

MARCEL: Yeah, whatever. You find anything weird upstairs?

ANTHONY: I didn't really have a chance to look that hard.

MARCEL: Well get looking! I don't want to spend any more time in this place than we have to.

ANTHONY: Now who's afraid of the ghost?

MARCEL: I never said it was the ghost that was scaring me.

CAROLINE: (*gasps*)

It may be a coincidence, but Marcel is looking around the room, and... And she's staring right at me. She can't see me, of course, but... Maybe there's something...

MARCEL: There's something weird about this house. Man, let's just... find the thing and get out of here.

ANTHONY: Yeah. Okay.

CAROLINE: Oh, right.

RECORDER DROPS TO THE FLOOR

ANTHONY:           What was that?

MARCEL:            Came from over there, by the door.

CREAKY FOOTSTEPS

MARCEL:            Oh my God. Oh my God, is this it?

CLICK

MISS TENOR:       *(through the recorder)*  
Okay, everybody, this is Amanda Tenor, beginning her  
firsthand account of a night at Arborwood Grove. It's...  
Eleven fifty-four pm, Se-

CLICK

ANTHONY:           Holy crap. Holy crap! We actually found it!

MARCEL:            Wait. If the recorder was just sitting here that whole time...  
How come we didn't see it before? And... what made that  
sound?

ANTHONY:           Let's just get out of here.

MARCEL:            Right behind you.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

CAROLINE:         Goodbye.

MUSIC BEGINS

SHOVING ON CELLAR DOOR

ANTHONY:           What the hell? Is this thing locked now? Did somebody lock  
us in? Marcel, I- Somebody locked us in here!

MARCEL: No, they didn't.

ANTHONY: Then why isn't-

MARCEL: The snow. There's a shit ton of snow on top of the doors. We're gonna have to leave a different way.

ANTHONY: You mean, like, the front door?

MARCEL: You say that like it's a bad idea.

ANTHONY: It is.

MARCEL: Let me guess. Nobody's gone through that door for a century, and disturbing it now is going to upset the ghost?

ANTHONY: I mean, I can't say for sure, but-

MARCEL: And breaking a window is out of the question. No vandalism, right?

MUSIC ENDS

ANTHONY: You- You're not fighting me about it?

MARCEL: I'm just as surprised as you are.

ANTHONY: Wait, do you agree with me?

MARCEL: I don't know.

ANTHONY: Oh my God, somebody mark down the date, I just got Marcel Schmitz to admit that she thinks there is legitimately a paranormal conspiracy going on here.

MARCEL: I didn't say that.

ANTHONY: You're not fighting me, which means you agree with me, which means I finally won you over!

MARCEL: You know what? Fine. I'm freaked out, and exhausted, and apparently stuck in a house that we could easily just leave. So maybe I don't have the energy to waste on skepticism right now.

ANTHONY: I'm sorry.

MARCEL: Don't be. It's not like I wasn't expecting this.

ANTHONY: You were expecting to get trapped in a haunted house in the middle of a blizzard?

MARCEL: *(laughs)*  
Okay, so maybe I didn't expect this exactly.

So what do we do now? Call 911? Wait for the snow to melt?

ANTHONY: We listen.

CLICK

TAPE STARTS SPINNING

END MUSIC BEGINS

CREDITS: *They Say a Lot of Things* is written by Shannon Smyth and produced by Vienna Munck. Original music by Nathanael Kumar. This episode featured Max Kittleson as Caroline, and Meaghan Cassidy as Miss Tenor, as well as Pup as Marcel and Toby Duska as Anthony. For more information on the show, as well as transcripts and full credits, visit our website or check us out on Tumblr. Links are in the description. If you're enjoying the show, please rate and review us on your favourite podcast provider, and tell your friends about us so they can enjoy the show, too. And another thing you can do is send us a drawing, or picture, or description, of an owl. We'd really appreciate it. Thanks for listening, and until next time, happy haunting.

MUSIC FADES OUT

RECORDER CLICKS OFF