

SCRIPT

**A SALAD SPINNER'S SONG  
(DAS LIED DER SALATSCHLEUDER)**

Radiodocumentary by  
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DURATION : 4:50 min

ATMO: MUSIC BOX PLAYING SOFTLY

**Grandma:** yes, well done!

**Frederik:** Granny?

**Grandma:** Yes? Can you play again?

WOMAN'S VOICE: I have so many questions for you .

WHISPERING VOICE: I have so many questions for you.

**Frederik:** Granny!

**Grandma:** Yes, Frederik?

**Frederik:** Granny... SNEEZES

**Uncle:** And it is a relatively new that one can communicate with him...

WOMAN'S VOICE: What does your world look like?

WHISPERING VOICE: What does your world look like? What do you hear?

**Grandpa:** He will certainly produce a lot of associations, but that's hard to understand.

**Grandma:** His sense of hearing is markedly sharp.

WOMAN WHISPERS: What does the world sound like?

**Grandpa:** And he also connects something (ideas) with talking, right?

**Grandma:** He can also sing very nicely, he gets the tone right...

MUSIC STOPS

**Grandma:** Bravo! SHE SINGS THE MELODY

**Uncle:** Otherwise, the first contact you have with little children is visual, so that you smile at each other, or you point at things. With him that didn't work.

WOMAN WHISPERS: What does darkness look like?

**Mother:** I want to try that – Frederik, we'll shut the light and then light this lamp here –  
KLICKING – MUSIC BOX PLAYS ROCK'N'ROLL

**Mother:** Do you see this?  
FREDERIK WHIMPERS

**Uncle:** Therefore, during the first two years he was more or less in his own world, at least for me, not really present tfor me at he times I saw him.

WOMAN: What does the world sound like – to you?

GUITAR STRING

**Frederik:** Rock'N'Roll!

DRUMMING ON GUITAR CHORDS; BOY SINGS; BELL SOUNDS;

SALADSPINNER BUZZES

**Grandpa:** He makes music with everything, even with the salad-drum, erm, the salad spinner, and with everything that gives a sound. And he enjoys that.

SOUND OF A MARBLE RUN; BOY LAUGHS

**Oma:** SINGS Nonono... DRUMMING ... you would rather be drumming, right?

**Frederik:** I'll now play a song from the drying rack!

DRUMMING ON DRYING RACK; SINGING

**Oma:** Well, the two of us sometimes have an interplay, he drums first and then I follow, and when I change something, he smiles and plays after me. Or he does something different.

TWO DRUMS PLAYING

**Frederik:** Granny? Shall I play a song with the mixer?

**Oma:** Yes, you can do that (LAUGHS)

**Frederik:** RHYTHMIC SOUND OF MIXER; SINGING

**Oma:** I think you could also play a quiz with him, where you knock on something and he says what it is. He would know immediately.

SOUND OF AN EGG SHELL BREAKING

**Frederik:** (AND FAMILY LAUGHING) WOMAN! Let me crack it...

**Uncle:** Well, because he is living in a very acoustic world...

**Frederik:** Egg cracking. I crack an egg – Attention!

**Uncle:** As he is missing a visual (capacity) completely...

**Frederik:** I'm gonna send you a sound-quiz, of me cracking an egg...

WOMAN / WHISPERING VOICE: What is tone? A sound?  
What do you hear?

BELL RINGS

**Frederik:** Little bell! Ring-a-ding-ding! This is like a balance bike's bell...

**Oma:** He hears every sound, he can also tell who just coughed or who was walking next to him, for instance.

WOMAN /WHISPERING VOICE: Who are we? And – Who are we- for you?

**Mother:** SINGS LULLABY

**Opa:** That is certainly an interesting question – what a person is imagining, when he hears, or listens to someone talking or reading to him...

**Onkel:** When you can see, that means it is something steady, because the things you see are around you all the time. But what you hear, that you just hear and then you have to keep it in mind and you have to construct the world from that inside your head.

WOMAN /WHISPERING VOICE: What is imagination? What is memory?

WOMAN: Was ist Vorstellung? Was ist Erinnerung?

**Uncle:** And then you realise that for him it works in this very different way.

**Frederik:** Mommy!

MUSIC BOX PLAYS SOFTLY; WOMAN PUTS FREDERIK TO BED; TALKING WITH LOW VOICES

WOMAN/ WHISPERING VOICE: Who am I?  
WHISPERING VOICE: Who are you?

**Frederik:** (SLEEPY) I've seen Rock'N'Roll-light, the Rock'n'Roll-light... And falling asleep...

THE END