

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

One Hour after the end of Episode 5.
Rod is alone downstairs in the townhouse, tooling around on his banjo. He whistles along.

ROD
(sings)
I'm Not Depressed, I'm Just Sad.
I'm not depressed, I'm just sad.
Not depressed, just sad...

The front door opens, footsteps.

RODY
Hello?

Cody comes charging in.

CODY
Hey Rod! Rahhhhhwr I'm a mud monster!!

ROD
Wow, you guys are...yep, really muddy. How'd it go?

DEIRDRE
Where's Mom?

ROD
She's taking a nap.

DEIRDRE
OK. Bring the baby monitor.
Everybody to the attic.

They head up the stairs, Rod telling Cody to not get the walls muddy. Aaaaand now Deirdre is at her desk in the attic.

DEIRDRE
Ladies and Gentlemen. Hello. This is It Makes a Sound. On our last episode, just an hour ago, my mother remembered something, and gave us an incredible clue into the history of Wim Faros. She said these words: "I saw that young man digging today with a shovel. Digging next to his trolls. What do you think he buried down there?"

ROD

(sotto voce)

I think she said "Who did he bury down there?"

DEIRDRE

Perhaps it was one of the most goose-bump-inducing moments of our lives. It was like, like traveling in a time machine with Mom to the day in 1992 when she happened to drive past the cul-de-sac on Camelia Road.

Was it true?? WAS there something buried in what used to be the garden of what used to be the front yard of what used to be Wim Faros' modest two-story bungalow, on the other side of the fence from Rosemary Hills Golf Course Community???

Listeners. There was something.

CODY

There was something!

DEIRDRE

We have the answer. We found it. We have it. It's here. Rod, please describe what I am holding in my dirt-covered hands to the audience?

ROD

Tupperware.

DEIRDRE

It is a medium size air-tight container that must have been inserted into the earth decades ago by Wim Faros.

CODY

It was awesome, there were worms everywhere, like everywhere. I took one. Look.

ROD

Oh yeah. That's nice.

DEIRDRE

And on today's show--we open it
and examine the contents LIVE!

ROD

OK.

DEIRDRE

I am Deirdre Gardner, I am coming
to you from an attic in a
townhouse on the edge of Willow
Springs Golf Course Community in
Rosemary Hills. Today has been...a
really incredible day.

CODY

It has.

DEIRDRE

For all of us. Together, we have
had highs, and lows, and near-
miraculous surprises, and it's
only mid-afternoon. Welcome once
again to It Makes A Sound, where
wonders never cease.
In our last episode, together, we
experienced intense devastation
when The Attic Tape was savagely
eaten by Tricia Elwood's boombox.
Then Mom, my Mom, had a beautiful
and rare moment of clarity induced
by Wim Faros' music, and said
something that led me to believe
that back in the day Wim Faros
buried something in his garden. We
heard Mom's clue, and it was up to
me to see if there was something
to uncover. So what did I do?
I grabbed an old shovel and I ran.

CODY

And I helped!

DEIRDRE

And Cody Elwood ran after me.

CODY

Mmm-hmmm!

DEIRDRE

Together, we crossed the fairway,
climbed-

CODY

We climbed!

DEIRDRE

-through overgrown reeds and knotted sand traps, until we got to the fence. The fence that was built in the early Nineties, the fence that separated the old part of town, the original town of Rosemary Hills, from the golf course. We can make out that fence in the distance even from here, out of the small smoky window of the attic. The fence that butts up against the back of Wim Faros's two story bungalow,

ROD

Oh yeah, I can see it.

DEIRDRE

The fence that curls upward at the bottom perhaps because of a run in with a Chrysler LeBaron convertible. The fence that curls up enough for... someone small like Cody to fit under.

CODY

I'm not that small, you're just big.

DEIRDRE

We made our way across that fence-

CODY

She fell.

DEIRDRE

--and we arrived at the abandoned property of the Faros residence. Rotting wood still outlines the small garden around the mailbox where Wim Faros used to assemble his trolls in various tableaux. We dug.

CODY

We dug!

DEIRDRE

And we dug.

CODY

We dug a lot.

DEIRDRE

First the earth resisted, and
denied, but--what did we do?

CODY

We dug!

DEIRDRE

Until the earth crumbled, and
yielded, and offered forth the
past into the present.

CODY

It was a mess. We dug up the whole
thing, Rod.

ROD

That's so cool, Cody.

DEIRDRE

Listeners, today we take a great
leap forward towards communing
with Wim Faros. When I open this
box, I will touch what no one has
touched since Wim Faros last
touched it nearly twenty-five
years ago. His fingerprints
directly onto mine. Wow. And here
we go.

CODY

Rod...could we do drums?!

ROD

Sorry?

CODY

Aren't you supposed to have music
for big events?

ROD

Uh, you mean a drumroll?

CODY

Drum rolls.

DEIRDRE

You're right Cody, go ahead.

ROD

Here, Cody, take these.
(he drums on a toy drum with
his hands)
Go like this.

ROD

Rod shows him how to do a drum roll. Cody repeats.

DEIRDRE

Ladies and gentlemen--

CODY

Ladies and gentlemen, she's opening the tupperware!! Wim Faros' Magic Tupperware!!

DEIRDRE

It's open. Oh, the smell! It smells like the 90s.

ROD

...like Teen Spirit? Ha, Ha.

CODY

What's in it, what's in it??

DEIRDRE

Well. There are several different bundles wrapped in newspaper. Ooh. I will now open the first bundle.

CODY

Drum rolls!

Cody drum-rolls. We hear her opening.

DEIRDRE

In the first packet we have...It's a troll doll, it's one of his trolls. Of course.

CODY

Ohhhhhhhh

DEIRDRE

It is a Russ Troll with red white and blue hair, wearing a dress consisting of white blouse, a blue belt with stars, and a red skirt.

ROD

Patriotic.

DEIRDRE

Of all his trolls, this one. Fascinating. To make us first think of America.

DEIRDRE

It must be subversive. Somehow.
Hm. Ok.

She rustles through the newspaper

DEIRDRE

In the next bundle...

CODY

Drumrolls.

Cody drums. Deirdre opens the next treasure.

CODY

Cool!

DEIRDRE

Ahhh. Four golf balls, cut in
half.

ROD

That's pretty neat, I didn't know
they looked like that.

DEIRDRE

Oh yes, oh yes, it's...compressed
rubber in different color layers.
All poured in there. For specific
reasons of...like, bounce...and,
spin.

CODY

They look like planets.

DEIRDRE

Yes, Cody, exactly

CODY

Can I see them?

DEIRDRE

Yes, listeners.
(to Cody) Take them.
Like beautiful planets. There is
pink and blue and grey and one is
yellow and orange and red.

CODY

I like the yellow

DEIRDRE

They shimmer. An object...so...ubiquitous of this place. He found the hidden colorful world contained within beaten up abandoned golf balls. Yes. Exactly.

CODY

What else?? Drum rolls!

Cody drums.

DEIRDRE

Oh. Listeners. Seeds. Literally, here's a packet of seeds! He gives us seeds. Different kinds. Rare seeds. What a gorgeous idea. Wim Faros, we shall plant these seeds. Thank you.

CODY

What's this big one?? Drumrolls.

He drums. Deirdre opens a big package.

ROD

Haha, nice!

CODY

(reading)

Kool Aid Squeeze, Koala Yummies, 6 Tongue Splashers, a packet of Dunkaroos and Shark Bites. It's candy?

DEIRDRE

And Werthers.

CODY

My Grandma ate those. That's candy. She died though.

ROD

I'm sorry to hear that Cody.

DEIRDRE

It's more than that. (I'm sorry, too, Cody). This is a time capsule! Ladies and Gentlemen, you're listening to It Makes A Sound.

DEIRDRE

I'm Deirdre Gardner, we are opening the time capsule buried by Wim Faros. Could it be...that these... these are my Halloween Werthers from 1992?? It's a sign.

CODY

We're opening a time capsule!!

ROD

Is there anything else?

DEIRDRE

Well wait, wait, there's plastic at the bottom...wait, it's a laminated sleeve, something's in here...is it a note, please be a note. It's a coaster! There's writing on it.

CODY

What does it say, what does it say?

DEIRDRE

Oh my God. This must be Wim Faros's handwriting. I know these coasters, it's from Rosemary Hills Clubhouse. It must be—oh my...is it? I think—it's lyrics to the songs. Some of the lyrics.

ROD

And some chord notations! Hey hey.

DEIRDRE

A date! Here. He wrote the date: 6/21/92. Listeners: that was the date of Tricia's 8th Grade Graduation Party. This is from the concert.

ROD

And his chord charts. You know, like his cheat sheet.

DEIRDRE

We have his cheat sheet. On this coaster.

CODY

What did he cheat on?

ROD

Whoa, buddy, your tongue is really green.

DEIRDRE

Cody! Did you eat one of Wim Faros's gum balls?

CODY

.....no.

DEIRDRE

Cody! I think that you might not be telling the truth.

CODY

I didn't.

DEIRDRE

Well--well, well--that's good. Because...you know, it paints your mouth forever. Right, Rod?

CODY

What?

ROD

Oh yeah. Splashers. Green tongue forever. We all knew that as kids. So, good thing you didn't.

CODY

I did it! I did, I'm sorry I did it. I didn't want my tongue green forever I just wanted to taste it! ...I love gum.

ROD

Well, that gum is over 20 years old. How was it?

CODY

It was so good. I swallowed it.

DEIRDRE

Oh, Cody. Listen, you just have to tell the truth. Because you told the truth, your tongue won't stay green forever.

ROD

Just many, many hours.

DEIRDRE

But Cody, everything from the time capsule is really important, and special, and amazing, and rare, because it belonged to Wim Faros. So we have to keep all of it really safe, ok? It's sacred. That was sacred gum. It wasn't right to steal it, but--

CODY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

DEIRDRE

I'm not mad at you. Do you know what this means? It means that you have a little piece of sacred Wim Faros memorabilia inside you now. Wim Faros is part of you. In your guts. So that's a really special responsibility.

CODY

I feel special.

DEIRDRE

Good.

We hear MRS. GARDNER coming up the stairs.

MRS. GARDNER

Everything is wet! The flood is after me. Hello?

DEIRDRE

Oh. Mom. I'm coming.

ROD

I got her. Hi, Mrs. Gardner. Let me help you up the stairs. OK never mind, you're very fast.

MRS. GARDNER

All the paper on the floor. Pick up your mess. Messers!

DEIRDRE

Sorry, Mom.

ROD

It's ok Deirdre. I'll pick it up Mrs. G, you don't have to.

Rod and Mrs. Gardner are picking up the paper

DEIRDRE

Mom, we found what Wim Faros buried. What you saw. It was a time capsule. We found it, thanks to you.

MRS. GARDNER

This here is a pretty girl.

CODY

I'm a boy.

MRS. GARDNER

You, look, you, look you, you are nice in that picture. Sweet girl.

CODY

That's not me.

ROD

Hey, Deirdre, look. This piece of newspaper he used for wrapping. The Rosemary Hills Gazette?

DEIRDRE

Can I see, Mom? Oh my gosh, the Gazette...

(she gasps)

What!?

MRS. GARDNER

What!

CODY

I want to see.

(he reads from the Gazette)

"Above: Deirdre Gardner, 12, of Willow Springs, stands next to her award-winning weaving at Rosemary Hills Middle School's Fall into Arts Competition." That's a picture of you?

DEIRDRE

Yes. It is. It is. From when I won the art contest. What could...? The coincidence...I can't...this must mean something...

Deirdre pulls it together.

DEIRDRE

Ladies and Gentlemen, in Wim Faros' time capsule, the newspaper, a piece of the newspaper, that he used to wrap his treasures--around 1992--- there's me. I'm in the paper. I was in the paper, for my weaving. I don't know what...how...the serendipity of it...from the Gazette...

ROD

The paper is from 1991.

MRS. GARDNER

That's a stunner.

DEIRDRE

What?

ROD

The Rosemary Hills Gazette. With your picture. Is from '91. Not '92 Maybe he... saved it?

DEIRDRE

But...no...he didn't really know me. I was just...in the periphery. It's true that it's an amazing... But, he didn't know me, he saw me sometimes around the golf course, but...

Mom, Cody, Rod are talking in the background...

MRS. GARDNER

All the glass doors and glass onions and glass. Where's the Windex, pretty girl?

CODY

Me?

MRS. GARDNER

Who else.

CODY

I'm a--

MRS. GARDNER

Pretty girl?

CODY

Um..yes.

ROD

Nice, Cody.

DEIRDRE

I can't believe it. My picture. He must have just grabbed it...right? I mean, people keep newspapers...for kindling...and packing...maybe? Um. Ok. Listeners. We are obviously just at the beginning of understanding the full significance of these magnificent relics. Um. There will be debate and much unpacking...of the various interpretations of why Wim chose these particular objects to encapsulate.

Deirdre takes a deep breath.

DEIRDRE

But most thrilling for now, is that we have--the gift of the music. Across the decades, exactly in our moment of need--a cheat sheet--

ROD

Uh, a chord chart

DEIRDRE

-scribbled words and chords, to remember. And I am positive, I am positive, Rosemary Hills, that with the aid of this coaster, we will be able to restore with exactitude all the songs on the Attic Tape.

ROD

I mean, this here,
 (he reads from the coaster)
 "Weaves the weaver the imperfect,
 weaving something.
 Tying knots to hide the frays.
 Geez the writing is tiny. Uhh...
 "see those...hats?" No, holes:

ROD

"See those holes and gaps mid-sentence. I speak gaps and holes"

Couldn't that be...you know, about that picture?

DEIRDRE

I think...I think...it does sound like me.
But I, I had no idea. I hated that weaving.

ROD

C7/G...does that look like..a D or B? This...

Rod is trying out Wim's chord combos and quietly trying to fit the lyrics, underscoring Deirdre's thoughts.

DEIRDRE

I was so embarrassed that it won a prize. Look at my face in the picture, I'm grimacing. All I could do was make that weird, ugly, uneven thing By age twelve...do you know... King Tut had reunited Egypt? We had learned that in school. And I lived in a world where Wim Faros existed. Not in a world where he knew I existed. But that...must be. It's me. Wim Faros knew me. Maybe he liked my weaving. My face and my art is in his time capsule.

CODY

I think your weaving looks really cool.

DEIRDRE

You know, Cody. Thanks. I do too, now. I see it.

ROD

Let's sing it.

MRS. GARDNER

Me too, me too.

DEIRDRE

We only have that first verse,
guys. I don't remember it.

ROD

Well, maybe we can...figure
something out.

MRS. GARDNER

Figure it out!

ROD sings theses lyrics out:

ROD

Weaves the weaver the imperfect,
weaving something.
Tying knots to hide the frays.
See those holes and gaps mid-
sentence. I speak gaps and holes

He keeps strumming and sings a little descant

ROD

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na,
na, na, na, na na

DEIRDRE

Did he write, "na na?"

CODY

That was good!

MRS. GARDNER

Sounds pretty.

Cody joins in on the descant.

ROD AND CODY

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na,
na, na, na, na, na, na, na

ROD

Go on, Deirdre...

DEIRDRE

Go on? With what? I don't remember
this.

ROD

Well, you can...riff.

MRS. GARDNER

Riff! Riff! Riff!

MRS. GARDNER AND CODY
Riff! Riff!

DEIRDRE
Um...ok ok.

Rod and Deirdre collaborate. They "exquisite corpse" the song, making up lyrics back and forth. Cody and Mrs. Gardner sing backup.

DEIRDRE
Weaving weaver chose her colors
Maybe turquoise, maybe blue?

ROD
That's what won you an award

DEIRDRE
All we see is black and white now

ROD
Loose knot's my flattened chord

MRS. GARDNER joins in with a performance art scat using Gertrude's monologue about Ophelia's death, from Hamlet. Rod and Cody continue to play under her, and lightly sing "na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na na...."

MRS. GARDNER
Weaving weaving weeping willow
grows aslant a brook

DEIRDRE
Yeah mom, go on. Sing, can you
sing it?

MRS. GARDNER
When down her weedy trophies and
herself fell in the weeping brook
Crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and
long purples
Alas then she is drowned
Drowned, drowned. I'm singing! I'm
singing!
Weaving weaver weeping willow wove
in...Windex!

DEIRDRE
Wow!

ROD
Keep going, keep going.

DEIRDRE

OK.

(she sings)

Little weaver wove in something

CODY

(sings)

That won her an award!

ROD

(sings)

Hands know things before the rest
does

DEIRDRE

(sings)

What's the weight upon the yarn?

ROD

Yeah, what's the weight? Keep
going, keep riffing!

DEIRDRE

Ah!

(she sings)

Weaving hater, weaving maker

ROD

(sings)

You're a hating weaving winner
hater

MRS. GARDNER/CODY

Hate! Hater! Winner! Weaver!

MRS. GARDNER

Drowned!

ROD

(sings)

You have more to say, but you've
said things already
You'll see it someday maybe

DEIRDRE

You guys. You're so crazy

MRS. GARDNER

Again!

ALL SING

Weaving hater, weaving maker
You're a hating weaving winner
maker

ALL SING
 You have things to say but you
 said things already
 You'll see it someday maybe

Together they finish their poetic/musical happening, and it was pretty exhilarating for them.

DEIRDRE
 Well, that sounded nothing like
 Wim Faros. I mean...those weren't
 his lyrics.

CODY
 But...I think it sounded really
 cool.

ROD
 Hey, me too.

MRS. GARDNER
 Me too. And me too.

DEIRDRE
 ...Well, yes. It was cool. Very
 interesting. But not right.

ROD
 Mrs. Gardner---was that
 Shakespeare?

MRS. GARDNER
 It's cool.

DEIRDRE
 She played Ophelia in Rosemary
 Hills Community Theater, when I
 was little. Mom was an actress. As
 a hobby, you know. But she was
 really good. Didn't I tell you
 that? They also performed at the
 clubhouse. I think she's got a lot of
 Hamlet lines in her.

MRS. GARDNER
 Ta-da. Bravo. Thank you.

They all clap and hoop for Mom.

MRS. GARDNER
 Bravo! Thank you. You're too kind.

DEIRDRE

Yes, that was great, mom.
Everyone. Very musical. And very
good progress on the drums, Cody.

CODY

Thank you, I practiced.

DEIRDRE

But we can go beyond...thematic...
improvisation. Wim Faros gave us a
time capsule. We have his coaster
now, and we will use everything on
it to replay his music.

MRS. GARDNER

Ta-da. Thank you.

Cody and Rod clap.

ROD AND CODY

Yay, hooray!

DEIRDRE

Wim Faros will SING, he will sing
inside of you, as he sings inside
of me. And as he sings inside of
my Mom, somewhere in there, with
the Shakespeare.

MRS. GARDNER

Thank you.

Mrs. Gardner applauds for herself.

CODY

Does he sing in me?

DEIRDRE

He will sing inside of Cody, our
young neighbor, who ingested Wim
Faros' Splashers gum today, thus
consecrating himself to the music.

MRS. GARDNER

Consecration!

She applauds.

CODY

Yes! And...does he sing in Rod?

DEIRDRE

And Rod. Yes, in him, too. Rod---
drink the KoolAid.

ROD

What?

DEIRDRE

Will you, um, could you, I don't
know-maybe take a sip of Wim
Faros's Kool Aid Squeeze? As a
symbol. As a way to commune with
the artist.

ROD

It's very, very old.

DEIRDRE

Please, Rod, it's important. It's
symbolic, Rod.

ROD

OK Deirdre. I will.

He snaps off that little plastic thing.

ROD

Wow, it tastes exactly like it
did.

CODY

Can I try?

ROD

Sure.

CODY

Yum!

DEIRDRE

People of Rosemary Hills: I'm
Deirdre Gardner. These are my very
special guests, Rod Reeder, Cody
Elwood, and Mom. This is It Makes
A Sound.

They all applaud.

CODY
Hooray, It Makes A Sound!

DEIRDRE
We thank Wim Faros for the tremendous gift that he has given us. He has left us the blueprint to his music. The work is laid out before us: we must decipher and decode his tiny scrawl containing lyrics and chords. We are ready and willing soldiers, we are special agents, here at the front lines of genius. And we will begin now-

CODY
Deirdre. I have to pee.

MRS. GARDNER
Uh oh. Oopsie!

ROD
Oh, uh...I can take him. Can you help me Mrs. G? Why don't we go downstairs and show Cody the bathroom.

MRS. GARDNER
Isn't that fun?

ROD
Sorry to interrupt Deirdre.

MRS. GARDNER
Sorry! Sorry!

DEIRDRE
Go ahead. I'll be right down to help.

Rod, Cody, Mom go downstairs. Mom still saying "Sorry! I beg pardon, Sorry Charlie," etc.

DEIRDRE
Listeners. We have everything we need. Leave it to me. You leave it to me. I will take the coaster, I will transcribe the tiny handwriting, I will untangle the chords. I shall take the sword from Wim's stone, so that we may at last have his music.

DEIRDRE

Prepare yourself for our next episode, when the music of Wim Faros will return to your impatient ears.

(pause)

But also in the meantime, if you have any information about Wim Faros that you think should be shared with our listeners, or have expertise in repairing analog technology, you should still contact me at itmakesasound@aol.com. Thank you, and 'til next time. Comrades.

Deirdre hits the wind chime on the rafter.

(Music outro. End credits)

It Makes A Sound is written by Jacquelyn Landgraf. Co-directed by Jacquelyn Landgraf and Anya Saffir. Sound designed and mixed by me, Vincent Cacchione. Original music composed by Nate Weida. With lyrics by Nate Weida and Jacquelyn Landgraf. With Jacquelyn Landgraf as Deirdre Gardner, Annie Golden as Deirdre's Mom, Nate Weida as Rod Reeder, and Melissa Mahoney as Cody Elwood.

It Makes A Sound is a Night Vale Presents production. For more information on this show and other Night Vale podcasts, go to nightvalepresents.com.

It's holiday time, and might we recommend It Makes A Sound t-shirts and posters for all the Wim Faros fans on your list? If you want them in the next few weeks, you gotta order now, we dispatch a flock of peacocks to get them to you, and they take their winter vacation very seriously.

Follow the link on our show page to purchase.

(Music outro. End credits)

You can follow It Makes A Sound on Twitter, Instagram, and Tumblr, and an easy, nice way to show your support is to write a review on iTunes, we'd really appreciate it. Thanks so much for listening. Remember to seal your time capsule in airtight containers, and remember Wim Faros.