

We are in the attic, day. Familiar attic sounds. We hear the crank of a music box, and then music: Erik Satie's *Gymnopaedie*. The voice of CODY ELWOOD, making a clandestine broadcast straight into your ears.

CODY

"What are the geographical limits of the Rosemary Hills area? This is only a contemporary concern. In the 12,000 year prehistory, before naming borders and boundaries became practical, one could not simply define what we now call Rosemary Hills as the limits of the eight square miles surrounding the golf course. Let us start tracking forward on the prehistoric chronology of the land of Rosemary Hills, tracing the shifting environments and the ebb and flow of animals and civilizations. Try to remove any preconceptions of the buildings, roads, and neighborhoods that you see today...

It is 25,000 B.C. in Rosemary Hills. Our town is buried under an enormous ice field two to three times as thick as the largest skyscraper in the world is tall. From there it will take some 14,000 years for the land on which you stand today to be exposed to the sun again. As the massive continental glacier melts, it leaves behind souvenirs of narrow ridges and piles of material called moraines, seen here today especially in the topography around the golf course, and putting the "Hills" in Rosemary Hills. Eventually, families of early humans wander into these gently rolling hillsides, walking together in bands of people as they follow the migration of the mastodons, mammoths and giant elk that graze on the dense forests, eccentric plant life and endless colorful flower beds of this exceptionally lush area. These early humans know a special place when they see one.

CODY

An exciting era begins locally from 8000-2000 B.C., in the Archaic Period. The inhabitants of Rosemary Hills react to significant changes in the climate and landscape; they continue to hunt but also become expert vegetation gatherers. The variety of new resources they acquire from the land give them more time to explore other activities and new interests. Concepts of art, religion and economics begin to evolve, then flourish and deepen. In the many archaeological sites discovered in the Rosemary Hills area, the predominant people represented are the savvy settlers of the Archaic period. Their descendants, the Woodland People, expand this golden age. Pottery is invented. Art and various other cultural activities become highly stylized. The arc of the prehistoric drama of Rosemary Hills takes us from a land entirely enveloped in ice, to the peak of the Woodland People's cultural complexity. It was a new dawn, a time of peace and prosperity, positivity and innovation. But unknown influences after 400 AD caused this rich aesthetic and cultural growth to fade out, and the people in the vicinity of Rosemary Hills returned to a simpler, more limited lifestyle for the next many hundred years."

The music box music has slowed to a stop. We hear Cody close the book.

CODY

People of Rosemary Hills  
 ...After a long Ice Age  
 We can have a new dawn.  
 A new golden age.  
 It's happened before. And it can  
 happen once again.  
 I know you're out there.

CODY

I know you've been waiting.  
 I know you've been hoping.  
 It has been a long time.  
 An icy time.  
 But you didn't forget.  
 No.  
 We can never forget.  
 The sun will shine on Rosemary  
 Hills again.  
 Because we remember.  
 We remember Wim Faros.  
 And we believe that when a tree--  
 wait, one second.  
 We remember.  
 We remember Wim Faros.  
 And we believe-

Cody holds up his phone to the microphone and plays the *It Makes A Sound* tagline, Deirdre Gardner saying, "When a tree falls is a forest, it makes a sound!" Somewhere far off, peacocks.

CODY

Live from the attic in a townhouse  
 at the edge of a golf course that  
 isn't a golf course anymore, in a  
 land where the giant elk and  
 mastodons and woolly mammoth once  
 roamed, *Wim Faros* also roamed  
 free. In a land where once the  
 Woodland People made pottery and  
 had complicated cultural  
 activities, later, *Wim Faros* made  
 the music. In a land where *Deirdre  
 Gardner* listened to *Wim Faros* make  
 that music back in the  
 1990s...live from that place,  
 standing on the very hills that  
 the glacier left behind, live from  
*Deirdre Gardner's* attic, it's me,  
*Cody Elwood*, in for *Deirdre  
 Gardner*, and this is *It Makes A  
 Sound!!!*

He hits *Deirdre's* signature wind chime.

CODY

Listeners, hello. Look, I don't  
 have much time. I know you  
 probably have lots of questions. I  
 know you've probably been  
 wondering what's up with the band.

CODY

I know you haven't heard from Deirdre since the concert at the clubhouse, and that's a long time. But as they say, time is a construct. I'm not totally sure what it means but it sounds like construction, and there's gonna be a lot of construction here in Rosemary Hills real soon. There's a bulldozer parked right by my house, which at first I thought looked kind of cool but it's really not cool cuz it's gonna bulldoze my house and they're gonna build a cemetery. So maybe time is like construction, because it creates and it destroys.

(small pause)

Anyway, I know you're wondering where Deirdre is. That's hard to explain quickly. Don't worry, she still remembers Wim Faros. Of course she does. It's obviously because of her, because of Deirdre Gardner, that we all remember Wim Faros. We all know that Deirdre showed us the way. Oh, and Deirdre knows that you loved the video of Ghost Deer, so, thank you. Thank you listeners. Thank you so much for commenting on the video, we at *It Makes A Sound* are really grateful, and we love all the comments, except for the mean ones, those are stupid and you should delete them. But Deirdre saw what you said back then, that you remember Wim Faros, and that Wim Faros lives. She saw it, and it made her so happy. She was so happy that she made us remember.

(pause)

I'm sure Deirdre wishes she could be here with you right now, listeners. But hang tight, because Deirdre will be back, she'll come back as soon as possible. And there will be more music with the band, and it will be awesome, and we will bring the music, lost but now found, straight into your ears, just like before.

CODY

It's just that, here in Rosemary Hills...things have been kinda tricky, schedule wise, not gonna lie. It has been...So, like, the concert, from the video? I mean that was incredible, of course, like, best day of our lives, and we are so glad you love our work. And please keep hashtagging-WimFarosLives. Keep spreading the word. It matters. Thank you so much. But um, so what you don't know is that after the concert there was some police activity--which totally happens sometimes at rock concerts, not a big deal in general, you get used to it, but it was kind of a thing, and Deirdre was--because she fronts the band, that means she leads it, she got in trouble for a little bit. And then a few months later we helped Emma move, into the nursing home, and so the band was mostly hanging out there, we had some gigs there, worked on our set. But Emma hasn't been feeling as well lately, so it's different now. And um, well, also now Rod's gone. So. You see, everybody has been thinking about where to move to, because if we live on the golf course we have to leave, but mostly like my Mom and everyone's just been talking about it a lot. But Rod actually did it, he moved. To a different state. He did it for love. And you know, it's tough, it's tough, man, but um...that happens in bands sometimes, love gets in the way. I'm happy for him because you're supposed to be happy when someone's in love I guess and Rod seemed really happy about it. I miss...we all miss jamming with him, though. Jamming's when you improvise with other musicians. He gave me a new drum set before he left, which is really awesome. And so I've been working on some new stuff.

CODY

So, yeah, listeners, as you can see, there's um, a few things that we at *It Makes A Sound* are figuring out right now, some technical difficulties, also very common with bands, which we are working on. My manager Tommy Neidhart was helping, but he's currently overseas. But it's all gonna be ok, it's all gonna work out. I know it will. And that's because of you, listeners. Because you are out there, and you remember Wim Faros, and you can say that you're with the band! You're with us. And that's why today is a very important day, because we have at last returned to the source. We are back in the attic where we all first harkened to Deirdre's call! We harkened! And now that we're back, we can continue our quest to unpack the attic, which led us to the music once, and will lead us to the music again! And so we harken! Harken! People of Rosemary Hills, can I get a hark??

He bangs the tiny gong.

CODY

Oh shhh, sorry, we can't be too loud.

(pause)

If you're just joining us, hello and welcome back to a special episode of *It Makes A Sound*. I'm Cody Elwood, drummer of the band, in just temporarily for Deirdre Gardner, coming to you from a historic location. Right here in this very attic, Deirdre Gardner discovered a cassette tape containing the only known recording of the first concert of Wim Faros, given here in the Rosemary Hills Clubhouse. As you know, that concert took place at my mother Tricia Elwood's 8th grade graduation party.

## CODY

We know that cassette tape was tragically eaten by, um...my mom's crappy old boombox, which is still right here, here is the scandalous boombox. And so, the voice of Wim Faros himself was never heard again. Not yet, anyway. BUT, what we found out, is that Emma, Deirdre's mom, Mrs. Gardner, she could remember the songs on the tape. And look, *here* listeners, here is the chalkboard, where we wrote down all of Wim's lyrics and chords. All of your favorite hits. Magic Eye! Sad but Not Depressed. Youth Grows Old. And more! Rod helped us find these chords. Oh look, here's the toy flute he used to play around with, it was funny, wasn't it?

Cody toots on the recorder.

## CODY

We used a lot of different things to make the music. Because Deirdre Gardner wanted all the people of Rosemary Hills to know what she knew. And so we all helped her. And we did it--we revived the music! Against all odds, just when you thought it couldn't be done, we did it together, we were a *band*, a great band, and one by one, we pieced together the songs from the Attic Tape and brought the music of Wim Faros back to life! Here in this attic! So let's take a moment to take it in. Let's breathe it in, breathe in the air of this historic space, this historic space, aaaaand breathe it out, aaand we're breathing it back in, and we will keep unpacking the attic! I mean, just today as I was unpacking the attic I made the very important discovery of that book!

CODY

It's called *From Prairie to Pavement: The Rosemary Hills Story*, and it's extremely interesting, and there's more-- the book says "Property of Rosemary Hills Library," but the thing is, we don't have a library in Rosemary Hills. And there's a card glued to inside of the book, I'm not sure why, but the card has a list of names on it, I don't know the other people, but at the top of the list is the name Deirdre Gardner, in her handwriting, with the date March 29th, 1990. So what we can conclude is that Deirdre took the book from the library---and maybe never gave it back. Buuuuut where would you bring it back to, where did the library go? It doesn't say in this book. In this book, there's still a library, there's pictures of the library, the actual library this book was taken from. So, listeners, what I am thinking is that---

We hear DEIRDRE GARDNER calling from a distance, at the bottom of the stairs.

DEIRDRE

Cody?

Pause.

CODY

Yeah?

DEIRDRE

Are you ok?

CODY

Yep. I'm fine!

(very soft whisper to the listeners)

I'm sorry listeners if I have to go. This has been a special episode of *It Makes A Sound* I'm Cody Elwood.



DEIRDRE  
How's it going up there?

CODY  
Uh--good. I got a lot of stuff  
down from the shelves. And I  
started to sort them into the  
piles that you wanted.

DEIRDRE  
Ok, great.

Pause.

CODY  
Um, oh hey Deirdre? What about  
everything on the desk? Which pile  
should I put it in?

DEIRDRE  
...um, the toss pile.

CODY  
But, no. It's...it's all the  
stuff. Like the boombox and the  
wind chime, the newspapers... oh,  
here's Wim's troll doll! The  
patriotic troll! Werther's  
candies. All the stuff we found in  
the time capsule.

DEIRDRE  
I don't need any of it, Cody. It's  
all just old and broken,  
and...it's just junk.

Pause.

CODY  
Do you want to come up and see?

DEIRDRE  
No. I actually, I have to get  
going--

CODY  
--Here's your weaving, Deirdre!

DEIRDRE  
I've got to head over to see my  
mom now, but that can go in the  
toss pile, too. I can't keep any  
of it Cody, there's no room. But  
then let's call it a day, ok?

DEIRDRE  
It's getting dark. You should head home.

CODY  
Oh. Yeah, ok.

Pause. Peacocks in the distance.

CODY  
Um...hey, Deirdre? Is it ok if I just stay a little longer and finish organizing a few more things? I'm almost done with this one pile.

DEIRDRE  
Sure, I guess. If it's, um, if it'd be ok with your mom that you're here.

CODY  
Oh yeah, it's fine with her. Totally fine.

DEIRDRE  
Ok.

CODY  
(pause)  
Ok.

DEIRDRE  
Ok. Thanks Cody. See you later.

CODY  
Bye, Deirdre.

We hear Deirdre walk away. A peacock squawks in the distance. The garage door opens and closes below.

Long pause.

CODY  
(softly)  
I love this weaving.

Long pause.

CODY  
If someone in the future found this in an archaeological dig, I think they'd think it was pretty cool.

Pause. There's a bit of fluttering at the window, a few peacocks have come to hang out on the roof.

CODY

There's peacocks on the roof.

Pause. The peacocks lightly coo.

CODY

Listeners. Maybe we're not part of a Golden Age. I don't think...the thing is, listeners, I don't know if the band can come back together. Everybody's leaving. I think that maybe it's like...we're all in the time with the unknown influences that make us limited. I don't know. I guess time is a construct.

(pause)

Deirdre actually asked me to pack up the attic, not unpack it. The thing is you *do* have to unpack things before you can pack them up again. I was starting to make a pile of things that might give her goosebumps. You know, the good kind? To remind her.

(pause)

That boombox should be thrown out, I guess, it doesn't work. And you can't plug it in or it shocks you. Which hurts a lot. It's really dangerous. I hate it. Well, maybe I'll just take it home...

We hear him walk over to the boombox, close the cassette holder, pick it up. The peacocks at the window squawk loudly in fear and warning, and fly away into the golf course. We hear tapping on a pipe from below.

CODY

What the--?

Cody runs over to the window. He opens it a little.

CODY

Hello? ...hey!  
There's someone down there, with a flashlight!

He runs down the stairs. Pause. On its own, a music box somewhere in the back of the attic starts playing, slowly. It's lovely, eerie. The tinny music comes and then goes.

We hear Cody running back up the stairs.

CODY

Listeners. If you're still there,  
listeners...  
It's dark. I didn't see anyone.  
But they left a box at the door. A  
little box, with a label:  
To Those That Made The Sound.  
(pause)  
Maybe they saw the light on in the  
attic. Can I...open it? It's for--  
us, right? OK, I have to open it,  
I'm opening it.

He tears open the box.

CODY

It's...a Crystal Pepsi?  
One bottle of Crystal Pepsi.  
And a note.  
"I am the voice of one calling in  
the wilderness. I am Wim Faros."

Pause.

CODY

The light is back!

He gets up and runs to the window. His voice echoes over the  
emptiness of the golf course.

CODY

Hey! Who's out there?  
(he gasps)  
Whoa. I thought I saw...  
But it's gone. It's dark  
again....Hello? Come back! You can  
come back, it's Cody! It's just  
Cody!  
...They're gone.

Peacocks in the distance. Crickets. The usual creaks of the  
attic fade to END OF EPISODE.