

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN - ENTRANCE AND QUEUE

We find ourselves in front of a relatively humble, low slung structure with a river rock base and glass walls situated across from the Barnstormer. A large sign reads "EVERGREEN VISITOR CENTER". A banner beneath the sign reads "NOW OPEN - INCLINE RAILWAY TO GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN!"

We enter the queue through a pair of glass double doors and walk inside. We've entered the gift shop of the visitor center (the actual gift shop for the attraction). Directly in front of us is a ticket desk and a pathway that winds around the side of the room slowly upwards to an archway at the back of the room. Above the archway letters spell out "Museum and Railway Entrance". A large map of the Smoky Mountains is painted across the entire wall nearest us, providing an overview of the town of Evergreen. A big red dot with "You are here" rests near a line representing the incline railway, and further up the hill is another large dot labeled "Grandmother's Garden - Assumed Location"

We head through the archway into a small outdoor covered exhibit made up of various walls with large blown up photos and text printed on them in large type. Occasionally we can catch glimpses of the incline railway cars ahead. The exhibit functions as the main queue while guests wait to be pulsed through the funicular up the hill. There are four main sections to the exhibit:

-Evergreen the Logging Town: The origins of Evergreen as a logging town are briefly described.

-Planting of the Garden: The landscape scarred from logging, an elderly woman everyone just called grandmother suggested planting a garden so the community could heal.

-Evergreen the Resort Town: The garden grew so popular people came from miles around to see it.

-Evergreen Withers: Disagreements abounded about how best to take care of the garden, and in the process the garden was neglected and died. And with no garden to attract tourists, the town soon died as well.

We see the loading area for the incline railway up ahead and line up in front of a set of gates as we wait for our car to arrive. When it does we notice that the cars have clearly been around awhile, perhaps bought from another railway somewhere else and refurbished, but they look safe enough. The doors open and we board - standing room for about 25 people.

INCLINE RAILWAY

With a small jolt our car begins ascending the hill. The trip is short and only takes 20-30 seconds once the doors close. As they do a pre-recorded voice comes over the PA.

ANNOUNCER

(As modern public transit
announcer)

Hello and welcome to Dollywood!
Today, you're headed to the
speculated location of the once
renown Grandmother's Garden: a
thriving tourist attraction that
infamously fell into disrepair
when the community could not agree
how to tend it. Today, little is
left of the town of Evergreen and
only the memories of the garden
remain. Pigeon Forge, the Park,
and even Dollywood all sprung up
in the ensuing years nearby,
filling the role it once did.
However, Grandmother's Cabin is
still here and you're welcome to
explore. Be careful not to lose
track of time though. People are
often said to get lost in memory
around these parts. We're just
about there. Please keep your arms
and legs away from the doors,
they'll be opening momentarily.
Welcome to Evergreen!

Our car comes to a stop and the doors opposite us open leading us into a heavily wooded area with a small trail curving away into the distance.

THE HIKE - QUEUE PART 2

The trail snakes away from us out of sight into the forest, slightly uphill and to the left. As we make our way we notice stone foundations and chimneys hidden between the trees. The remains of a few wooden structures occasionally shelter the path. If we pay attention we might notice we pass by the remains of an old water clock slowly ticking backwards.

ARRIVAL AT THE CABIN

Then we see it: Grandmother's Cabin. The small cottage sits behind a few trees: half overgrown with moss and ivy.

It appears as if no one has entered or exited for decades. Curiously there are a few signs of life...a small vegetable garden is well tended thanks to an ingenious wooden mechanical contraption funneling water to it. It is connected to a set of weights and a large circular crank that we can wind or pull on and let gravity power it as the crank slowly ratchets back the other way. We can hear the clucking of hens from a coup that must be just around the corner. Large wind chimes (made by the park's blacksmith) hang from the trees gently ringing in the breeze. Smoke wisps up from the chimney.

A park ranger welcomes us. He manages the line as we wait in the covered area near the vegetable garden. When the time comes he opens the door to the cabin and directs us inside.

GRANDMOTHER'S CABIN - PRESHOW

The cabin is cozy, though neglected. Clearly no one has lived here in dozens of years. Everything is caked in a thick layer of dirt and grime. The room is dark; the only light comes from the open doorway and window. Even that light is dim; the windows are filthy. The plaster on the walls is cracked, and the wallpaper peeling. Otherwise, strangely, the room looks as if the occupant just left - some ancient knitting still sits on the arm of the rocking chair, various dishes and cooking utensils are still in the kitchen, and 18 cuckoo and other mechanical wall clocks adorn the walls, along with one large grandmother clock along the right wall. Evidence abounds of Grandmother's clock-making and gardening hobbies - strewn about carefully to form a corral for guests. Everything is dull and grey.

On the left wall, at the entrance to what appears to be the bedroom is an old radio. It plays Appalachian music from the 1920s. As we file into the room the song reaches it's end. We hear the voice of the announcer from earlier, now the host of a radio program, as guests continue to file into the room.

ANNOUNCER

(As NPR-type Host)

Wonderful, wonderful wasn't that just marvelous? A classic tune from Appalachian history. You're listening to WTYM. Now here's a lovely little clip from the archives: a clip of Grandmother herself being interviewed at the one year anniversary of the opening of the Garden.

Some radio sound effects. The tape being played back is clearly a very old field recording...the interviewer is clearly the same announcer we just heard, though now with a 1920's mid-atlantic accent.

ANNOUNCER

(As 1920s field reporter)

Well hello hello ladies and gentleman thank you for tuning in - we are here today on a most momentous occasion, a celebration of the phenomenon that's taking the area by storm, and that is of course Grandmother's Garden - a most splendid community garden that's attracting quite a bit of attention to the tiny town of Evergreen. And we have with us today a very special guest ladies and gentlemen, Ms. Grandmother herself. How do you do Ms. Grandmother?

GRANDMOTHER

Oh quite well, thank you. How do you do?

ANNOUNCER

Oh quite well thank you. Now Ms. Grandmother - this garden is quite something, and for the folks back home - Do you have any secret to taking care of this garden? Any words of wisdom those at home should remember?

The door to the room closes of its own accord.

GRANDMOTHER

Well of course...I don't think it's really that big of a secret after all. You water, and weed it, and tend it of course - all the gardenin' things. But of course the most important thing is to listen to it.

ANNOUNCER

Listen to it? Is that right?

GRANDMOTHER

Yes, of course! You must *listen* to the garden...

Suddenly the light in the room shifts...the recording abruptly stops...the phrase "Listen to the Garden" echoes around the room bouncing off the walls.

Our focus shifts to the central cuckoo clock, seemingly highlighted on the wall in light. We hear a mechanical ticking sound as the weights begin to move upwards.

Just then the clock comes to life. The bird pops out of the tiny doors at the top and bounces back and forth

CUCKOO 1
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

A beat

CUCKOO 1
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The hands on the clock begin to rotate backwards.

Another cuckoo clock begins to awaken. Then another. And another. A chorus of cuckoos. All the hands begin to rotate backwards. The weights beneath them start moving up and down, gradually getting longer. Music begins and the ticking intensifies.

A splash of color appears on the first clock in the center of the dial as years of dust and grime fade away. The color begins to spread across the entire clock. The same begins to happen with the other cuckoo clocks. The color spreads off the clocks onto the wall and begins to spread across the whole room - as it does the filth fades away, the cracks and tears in the wall begin to disappear. The room is lit from lamps that aren't yet lit.

As the color and light spreads across the room, the lamps illuminate as it passes over them. The room has completely transformed before our eyes, clearly now as it once was decades before. It's warmly lit, clean, and well appointed.

The picture frames on the wall now hang straight, filled with pictures of smiling humans dressed in early 1900s garb.

With one final musical flourish the transformation is complete and the clocks settle down. The room shines in golden splendor as the sun's rays shine through the window.

From nowhere and everywhere we hear the voices of a kind middle-aged man and woman.

MAN
What a memory.

WOMAN

A cuckoo memory. Is it really that hard to-

MAN

(Coughs)

Hrm-hrm. It appears we have guests.

WOMAN

Oh I see. Well why didn't you tell me. Welcome everyone!

MAN

Yes, welcome. We are voices of memory...long gone from this town but present as long as there are those to remember us.

WOMAN

No matter how inaccurately.

MAN

It's not exactly wrong.

WOMAN

It's not exactly right is it?

MAN

It's the nature of memory...it flows throughout time uniting the present and past carrying our legacies into the future.

WOMAN

Yes I know...but there's hardly anyone left to carry the legacy into the future...and without that the true memory will die.

MAN

Then what a fortuitous day this is! Look at all of them. The promise of the future lies within each of you right now.

WOMAN

I suppose...

MAN

What do you all say? Will you listen to the full story of what happened here?

The audience answers affirmatively

MAN

See...there you go.

WOMAN

Let's do it.

MAN

It's the story of a woman who was so important to us all, of the tradition she started. The garden had thrived, but it was in danger. It was a different time...

A ticking sound begins in the room. At that moment a butterfly flies in through the open window and lands on the center of the clock face of the grandmother clock. It is absorbed into the face as colorful light begins to fill the dial. It bursts in intensity as the elements of the clock start to recede from us, moving further and further back. Around the room, the hands on the various clocks begin ticking backwards as the light is sucked from around the room leaving only the grandmother clock lit, the windows black. The frame of the clock begins to stretch vertically, then horizontally revealing two glass doors. They swing open towards us revealing a hallway that stretches away from us, the pendulum now swinging far in the distance. A gardener team member emerges from the hallway and beckons us forward.

BOARDING

The sound of whistling wind carries down the long hallway as we pass through a long secret passageway. Light beckons from the end of the tunnel. We enter a circular, donut shaped room that curves around to the left and right - the interior of a wooden gazebo. The digital windows (Transparent OLEDs backed by dimmable glass) look out onto a bleak scene. Everything is sepia. The wind whips through a garden that surrounds the gazebo...or what is left of it. It clearly has seen better days. The plants are wilted and brown. The streams run dry. It is clearly dying...just as the story says.

MAN

Things looked bleak. The garden was dying.

WOMAN

We lost sight of the big picture. And while we fought the garden suffered.

A stab of music. We hear voices echo.

MEMORY 1

If we follow your plan there won't
be enough to feed my family!

Another stab of music. A plant dies.

MEMORY 2

Well if we do you what you want no
one will visit at all!

Two stabs of music. A statue topples. More plants wilt.

MEMORY 1

(echoing)

Why doesn't he understand?

MEMORY 2

(Echoing)

Why doesn't she just
understand?

Another stab. The music continues throughout abrupt, and
harsh.

MEMORY 3

You can't use that much water!

MEMORY 4

Well you'd rather it die of
drought?

MEMORY 3

(Echoing)

No one loves this garden as
much as I do.

MEMORY 4

(Echoing)

No one loves this garden as
much as me.

The cacophony increases as plants continue to wilt and a
rumbling begins to be heard.

MEMORY 5

No one cares that my
petunia's died!

MEMORY 1

(Echoing)

No one cares about my ideas.

MEMORY 2

(Echoing)

No one cares about my ideas.

MEMORY 3

I just want what's best for
the garden.

MEMORY 5

I just want what's best for
the garden.

MEMORY 4

(Echoing)

What's best for the
garden...

MEMORY 2

What's best for the
garden....

MEMORY 1

What's best for the
garden...

A deafening crash as the trellis collapses around us leaving us in the dark.

MAN

And then we heard a voice. A voice that we forgot to remember.

GRANDMOTHER

(Echoing)

You must listen to the garden.

The music begins to build as the trellis begins to rebuild itself. We hear it groan and crack as it raises.

MEMORY 1

I remember when she helped me find my mother's favorite watering can. It was such a simple, silly thing but-

MEMORY 2

She understood just how much it meant to me. I would have been all-

MEMORY 3

-alone and angry. But it was all a misunderstanding. She made me feel seen.

MEMORY 1

(echoing)
She made me feel heard.

MEMORY 4

She understood me.

MEMORY 5

She listened when no one else would.

MEMORY 2

(Fading)
She always made sure to be around when my parents were at it. Because of her I-

MEMORY 4

(Fading)
Always had enough books to read. Because of her I am where I am today.

The memories continue in the background softly, nearly unintelligible as the Woman speaks.

WOMAN

She gave us a gift: The gift of being heard: a seed of growth. And once received, we could begin to spread those seeds around.

MEMORY 5

(fading)
She was my number one cheerleader.

The music shifts as the garden begins to bloom into color.

MEMORY 4

I'm sorry your petunias died.

MEMORY 3

Maybe you we're right...we do need
to water more.

MEMORY 1

I was thinking, and actually
I think your plan has some
real strengths....

MEMORY 2

(Echoing)
Wow they really do care
about my ideas.

MEMORY 5

I think someone actually
understands.

The plants begin to bloom into color. Water begins to flow
in the streams.

MEMORY 2

(Con conversationally, as to
another person)
So...all of us pulled
together, and well here's
some extra food for your
family.

MEMORY 5

I never knew how much she
sacrificed.

MEMORY 1

Wow these tomatoes you grew
are so delicious!

MEMORY 3

Wow, you really love this
garden as much as I do.

The entire picture has changed to color...super saturated
rainbow light emanates from the plants towards us filling
the windows with color.

MEMORY 4

(Echoing)
Wow, he loves this garden as
much as I do.

MEMORY 5

We all want what's best for
the garden.

MEMORY 2

We all wanted the same
thing.

MEMORY 1

We all wanted the same
thing.

We hear a gentle breeze blow past the windows and the sound
of wind chimes. We feel the vehicle begin to rotate and
rise up. The beautiful garden on screen lowers out of sight
as we move into the rainbow colored sky. A subtle clock
ticking sound begins. As it slowly increases in volume we
hear the voice of grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER

The sound of listening: that is
 the sweet music the gardener wants
 to hear: the sound of life
 floating through the air like
 pollen from flower to flower. Only
 when she hears it do they blossom
 with sweet nectar.

The ticking of the clockwork is louder.

GRANDMOTHER

But it's not enough to listen just
 once. To water once. To prune and
 weed once. No. You must listen
 every day - like a clock that must
 be wound each day as the sun
 rises.

The ticking intensifies. The music builds. Dim light slowly
 begins rotating around the cabin clockwise mimicking a
 sunrise - illuminating wooden gears in the walls and
 ceiling we haven't noticed till now. They slowly rotate
 around as we realize we're in a huge cuckoo clock-esque
 machine. We hear a distant rooster crowing.

GRANDMOTHER

Honesty, Trust, Compassion. These
 are the specks of life that
 pollinate the world. From the
 tiniest of deeds a garden can
 grow...if we have the courage to
 listen.

We hear the echoes of the voices of the community again.
 Their voices are soft and unintelligible, but present
 nonetheless. The gears turn faster as the light swirls
 around the cabin. The windows are lit with a rainbow glow.

GRANDMOTHER

I am but one leaf on a vine. It
 takes an entire community to
 remember the legacy of those who
 came before, to carry on their
 legacy into the future. To
 remember why their ancestors came
 together in the first place and
 move forward together. But if they
 can do that, then no town is ever
 lost, no garden ever abandoned. It
 grows beyond the boundaries that
 were laid and the people who
 planted it.

(MORE)

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

It blossoms and thrives and spreads throughout the world, a symbol of the potential each of us holds to foster kindness in each other. It reaches beyond the horizon: a clock that will never stop ticking as long as we vow to keep winding it. And look at how that garden grows!

Rainbows flood the windows, we hear cuckoos and grandfather clock chimes as the carvings in the window frames come too life as the music plays triumphantly. The windows disappear, daylight flooding the cabin. As our eyes adjust we realize we're far in the air and can see for miles around. The music continues to rush around us as we take in the sights of the park, valleys, and mountains beyond. We gaze out the windows.

We're allowed a few moments to take it all in. The music begins to subdue.

MAN

We continued to work together and the garden blossomed year after year.

WOMAN

It became clear that everyone should have a chance to experience it.

MAN

And so the Great Smoky Mountain National Park was formed and soon the entire area grew into a destination for travelers across the world.

GRANDMOTHER

Our little garden has grown so much since it's humble roots. Look! Over there is the fire department, and there eagles fly all day long. Do you see Klondike Katie chugging up the hill? In the distance is Pigeon Forge...And there are my beautiful mountains.

We take in the sights. On summer days we feel the cool breeze blowing through the entire structure as the music plays gently in the background. And in the fall heaters keep us toasty as we gaze upon the vibrant fall colors.

At this moment, potentially, an original song from Dolly Parton plays.

The gazebo slowly begins to make it's way back down to earth

GRANDMOTHER

I leave you, my fellow gardeners,
and ask you to go forth and
remember to always listen to the
garden. Remember to always look to
the future with hope. We do not
mourn lost caterpillars. We
celebrate a blessing of
butterflies. May you fly to the
next flower and blossom too.

Her voice echoes off and we see the rainbow trail of a butterfly streak across the cabin windows as we come to land. We land in an actual garden that surrounds the gazebo.

WOMAN

Thank you gardeners for coming
here today.

MAN

We're so glad to share our
memories with you

WOMAN

Please as you leave, take a seed
from the garden and carry the
legacy with you, wherever you may
go, and let our memories live on.
Remember...

MAN AND WOMAN

From the tiniest of deeds a garden
grows.

As we exit the gazebo we're handed a cardboard "seed" printed on seed-embedded paper. On the front it reads "from the tiniest of deeds the garden grows". On the back various "seeds of ideas" suggest ways to get involved in your own community or connect with others.

We exit into the garden and through a tunnel that leads to a path that winds back to the funicular station. It's as if we've arrived back before this whole adventure started.

INCLINE RAILWAY - DOWN

We queue up at the top station awaiting the next car. Soon it arrives and we board. As the doors close we hear the voice of the announcer again.

ANNOUNCER

Thank you all for visiting the town of Evergreen and Grandmother's garden. Some claim the town was lost, but the way we see it, it blossomed into everything you see today. We hope you've enjoyed your time with us today and that it was filled with memories you'll want to listen to again and again. Please make sure to keep your arms and legs away from the doors as they will open momentarily. Thank you.