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## Themed Entertainment Writing Samples

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## Dark Ride – Pinky and the Haunted Castillo of Gory Gabriel

### Background

“The Haunted Castillo of Gory Gabriel” is an E-Ticket attraction intended to anchor a Captain Sabertooth theme park planned across 4.6 acres of land in the Dominican Republic. The ride’s story seeks to blend Terje Formoe’s beloved universe of characters and lore with the Caribbean’s own rich history of piracy. The attraction will feature favorite characters including Longfinger, Veronica, Pelle & Pysa, Pinky and of course Captain Sabertooth. Joining this colorful crew, guests will get the chance to explore the legend behind one of the Spanish Main’s most feared buccaneers - Gory Gabriel.

Guests will join cabin boy Pinky to sneak their way high into Gory Gabriel’s cursed castle aboard a 17th century ropeway in search of the lost treasure of El Dorado. Arriving at the castle, they will find the ghost of Gory Gabriel still haunts his old home and has unleashed his curse on Captain Sabertooth’s avaricious pirate band. A RoboCoaster G2 system allows Gabriel’s dark magic to possess the ropeway, sending Pinky and guests on a wild ride to save the crew, find the treasure, and brave the curse.

### Scene 1.1 - Exterior Queue - Luna Inn

An ominous Caribbean castillo looms high on an isolated hill (forced-perspective scenic). This decrepit dark-stoned palace was once the residence of the notorious Captain Gabriel. Since his death, no god-fearing man has dared to venture up the crumbling citadel’s rickety chairlift, for fear of unleashing the captain’s wrath.

Directly beneath the castillo’s forbidding precipices rests a cozy, freshly painted little tavern called the Luna Inn. Its sea blue exterior, accented by cheery red shutters and a soft yellow chimney make the building as appealing to the eye as the savory aromas (Aromatic EFX) wafting from the kitchen are to the nose of a hungry mariner.

But something seems off. The saloon doors to this otherwise meticulous establishment have been knocked off their hinges. Even more curious, the din of shattering glass and rowdy cheers can be heard pouring into the street (Directional Sound) - not exactly the kind of conduct you’d expect in a town full of merchants and dignitaries.

Intrigued, we make our way over to the entrance.

### Scene 1.2 - Interior Queue - Luna Inn Barroom

Once we set foot inside, it becomes clear that noises belong not to revelers, but raiders. Tables and chairs are overturned, shattered bottles and steins leak their contents on to the wooden floor and cutlasses, daggers, and axes litter the barroom from end to end. The scent of gunpowder is fresh on the air (Aromatic EFX). Smoking bullet holes riddle the inn’s red walls and bright, yellow ceiling. Several paintings on the wall appear to have been sliced by the blade of a sword.

This is not the work of ordinary robbers. This sort of destruction could only have been caused by pirates!

There is barely enough space for us to wind our way through the wreckage. At the far end of the inn stands a barren bar, robbed of all its libations. Through a transom above an elegant bronze liquor shelf behind the bar, two old, but lively voices can be heard bickering (Directional Sound). It’s none other than Luna Bay’s favorite innkeepers RED RUDY and AUNT BESSIE tending to their rogue-ravaged kitchen. Aunt Bessie chides Rudy for his “half-cooked idea” to open another inn away from their beloved Luna Bay. Rudy grumbles indignantly and tries to distract Bessie from her tirade by talking to her young niece, VERONICA.

After passing a few overturned tables, we find Veronica (Animatronic) in the middle of a pile of broken dishes half-heartedly mopping up the mess.

Despite all the chaos, she seems almost addlebrained with happiness as she mops rhythmically and hums. Every so often, we catch her love-struck gaze turn down towards her mop bucket. In it we see the face of a boyishly handsome young sailor with windblown blond hair peeking out from a blue bandanna reflected in the water (Projection). Her love-struck reverie is broken when she hears Rudy call out to her.

Just past Veronica, in a darkened hallway, we notice an open door that appears to lead into a back room. Determined to find the perpetrators, we press on. As we proceed, we can't help but notice the large portrait of a scarred, grizzled looking old salt in a regal blue frock coat and black cockaded hat on the wall next to the door. A dagger has been driven through the subject's craggy, menacingly featured old face. We glance down at the placard on the bottom of the picture frame. It reads: "Captain Gory Gabriel, 1585-1632."

### **Scene 1.3 - Interior Queue - Luna Inn Backroom**

Beyond the door, we find rows of casks stacked on top of one another. While a few of the barrels have been displaced and emptied of their contents, it's clear the liquor was not this band of marauders' main quarry. The smell of waterlogged wood and must (Aromatic EFX) indicate that this room has not been refurbished like the colorful barroom. In fact, decades of dust and cobwebs still rest undisturbed in the dimly candlelit space.

Maneuvering past the towering columns of kegs, we find that a makeshift opening has been blown in the back corner of the room. A smoking cannon (Prop with Smoke EFX) that has been forgotten at the side of the passageway is the obvious culprit. The lingering smoke proves that we are hot on the trail of these pirates!

### **Scene 1.4 - Interior Queue - Beggar's Cavern**

On the other side of the smoky opening, we are taken aback to find ourselves in a vast cavern, all but forgotten by time. An archaic pathway leads over a beautifully pure stream and a lively array of aquatic plants (Props). Sporadic rays of sun (Scenic Lighting) peek through small openings in the rocky ceiling.

Still, the natural serenity of this breathtaking grotto has been disturbed by pirates. A smoking hole in the rocky wall and a pile of rubble below indicates where the cannonball made contact, and echoes of the riotous swashbucklers wandering through the cavern's many passages mingle with the tranquil trickle of the babbling stream.

We notice the dust path is flanked by skull shaped torches that light the way down to the entrance of an ominous looking cave. Undaunted, we press on in our pursuit. Once we reach the cave's portentous mouth we pause, take a breath, and step into the darkness.

### **Scene 1.5 - Pre-Show - Corsair's Cave**

"Avast there, ya lubbers!" a raspy brogue rings out. With a startled jump, we turn around to see a seedy looking tar in a tattered bandanna and loose white shirt. The few beams of light leaking through the ceiling reflect off the sailor's deviously toothy grin. The pirate steps forward and motions us toward the center of the passage with mischievous decorum. We hesitantly comply. Once we are all collected in the center, we are met with the sight of a gaping tunnel barricaded by boulders and stalagmites.

Our consternation multiplies when the light from the entrance begins to retreat as we see our questionable host roll a large, flat boulder (SAE) in front of what seems to be the only way in or out of the cavern. What have we gotten ourselves into?

Suddenly, a distant flame appears in the tunnel, accompanied by faint murmuring (Projected Pre-Show Film). All are silent, attempting to make out the conversations.

VOICE: Shhh! Belay the talk you cowards!

We hear a gravelly baritone raise above the indistinct chatter.

The voices grow louder as the light gets nearer. We can start to vaguely make out the silhouettes of the oncoming party. It looks like a whole crew of pirates!

A flame blazes from a torch wielded by the party's ostensible leader. He appears to be reading something as he steps into the foreground. He is a tall, commanding presence bedecked in an elegant black frock trimmed in gold. His towering, jolly roger-emblazoned bicorne distinguishes him as the captain of the scruffy looking company. Curly black hair cascades from beneath the hat around an oblong face, powdered and pale like an aristocrat. His thick, well lacquered mustache wriggles around in contemplation.

This is not just any pirate... it's the feared CAPTAIN SABERTOOTH. He is surrounded by a posse of his noble pirates including LONGFINGER and twins PELLE and PYSA, who huddle around the captain as he attempts to decipher an ancient looking piece of paper.

Captain Sabertooth looks up and points dramatically to his left.

SABERTOOTH: The map says the entrance to Gabriel's castle is this way lads! Look lively now!

Longfinger looks away from the map and jumps as he notices that they are not alone. We have been spotted! He draws his sword and points it at us threateningly.

LONGFINGER: Captain, it looks like we've got some stowaways on this expedition of ours."

The rest of the crew instantly reaches for their swords and pistols. Sabertooth turns toward us brandishing his torch with menacing elegance.

A high-pitched voice echoes through the cave calling out, "Captain Sabertooth!" The pirates begin to quiver in fear, and Sabertooth looks around nervously.

Suddenly, a familiar looking boy in a blue and white shirt darts from behind a boulder on the left side of the tunnel. It's PINKY, Captain Sabertooth's cabin boy (Animatronic)!

The crew sighs in relief as Captain Sabertooth shakes his head and groans.

SABERTOOTH: Pinky, you insubordinate whelp! I ordered you to stay back and mind the *Dark Lady*. And now you've led these nosy lubbers right to us! Are you lookin' to get yourself marooned?

PINKY: I thought if I could help you find the cursed treasure, I could become a full-fledged pirate!

The whole company bursts into laughter. Pinky sulks, utterly embarrassed. Longfinger interjects and points his sword toward us once again.

LONGFINGER: Captain, what do we do with this lot?

The captain pockets the map and starts to reach for his sword but pauses.

SABERTOOTH: Ah! This sniveling rabble isn't worth the blood on my blade. Pinky! Since you've already disobeyed my orders, see if ye can't redeem yourself by staying here and making sure none of these miserable cockroaches try to follow us.

Pinky sighs reluctantly.

PINKY: Aye Aye, Captain.

SABERTOOTH: And if ye mess up this time, I'll be finding myself a new cabin boy and ye'll be finding yer'self at the end of the plank!

The rest of the crew chuckles quietly.

SABERTOOTH: Belay that you swabs! Treasure beyond your feeble imaginings awaits us!

The company runs off into an adjoining tunnel on the right. Longfinger stays back and tries to console the downhearted Pinky.

LONGFINGER: Pinky, I know you want to become a pirate more than anything. But Captain Sabertooth is right. A good pirate follows his Captain's orders.

Pinky sullenly replies.

PINKY: But I've been a great help to the captain before. During battles, raids, and plenty of treasure hunts.

LONGFINGER: Aye. But you're still only a boy, Pinky. And this isn't just another hunt. This is the cursed treasure of El Dorado. The fear of this treasure and Gabriel's ghost have kept the likes of us pirates away for decades.

PINKY: What is this whole curse thing about anyways?

Longfinger sighs. The sunbeams begin to fade until the room is completely dark.

LONGFINGER: Over a hundred years ago, Gory Gabriel and his fearsome crew sailed up a hidden jungle river and found the great golden city of El Dorado.

Suddenly, the room is alive with color as though it has become the very jungle of which Longfinger speaks (Projection Mapping). Fronds and flowers adorn the cave walls and where the tunnel opening was, we now see Gabriel and his men rowing up a river in longboats toward a gleaming gold tower. The call of tropical birds and rustling tree branches underscore the pounding beat of tribal drums.

LONGFINGER: Once they made landfall, the crew sacked the fabled city of gold, massacring its people and robbing them of their riches.

The walls around us turn to solid gold (Projection Mapping), and we watch in horror as a group of menacing pirates ransack the beautiful city. Blood begins to streak down the walls.

LONGFINGER: Gabriel and his men fought their way into the Emperor of El Dorado's grand treasure room. After dispatching the guards, Gabriel went for the emperor himself.

Blood continues to flow down the golden walls as we watch Gabriel and the gold-crowned emperor of El Dorado battle in the middle of the vast treasure room.

LONGFINGER: Before Gabriel could deal his final blow, the emperor raised his golden sword and said, 'He who abuses the power of El Dorado's treasures in life shall be cursed to guard it for an eternity after death.'

The golden walls are now totally saturated with blood. We watch helplessly as Gabriel brings his sword down upon the aged emperor. Gabriel smiles demonically and lifts the golden sword high into the air. A blood red sun glares off the blade, casting a blinding light into the room. The tribal drums go silent.

The light fades, and we wipe our eyes. We find ourselves back in the cave with Pinky and Longfinger.

LONGFINGER: Gabriel took as much treasure as he could carry back to his castillo. On the way back to collect the rest, his ship was lost in a hurricane.

Pinky exclaims in awe. Captain Sabertooth bellows in the distance after his first mate (Directional Sound). Longfinger hastens after the captain and calls back to Pinky.

LONGFINGER: Just follow the captain's orders Pinky. Don't leave this cave!

A mischievous smile lights up the boy's face and he gestures toward us excitedly.

PINKY: By myself, I may be just a cabin boy. But now I've got a whole crew to help me! I bet if we found the treasure for the captain, he'd make us all members of his pirate crew! Curse or no curse, this is our chance. Are you with me?

How could we say no? Pinky motions to us.

PINKY: Let's get going mates! Treasure's a-waiting!

He darts off in the tunnel. Light pours into the cave as our pirate host rolls another boulder (SAE) opposite the entrance to the cave. Excited for the journey ahead, we continue confidently into the light.

### **Scene 1.6 - LOAD - Ropeway Embarkation Terminal**

We step out of the cave, blinded by the sun. As our eyes adjust, we find ourselves in yet another wing of the cavern. Echoes (Ambient Sound) of crashing waves and seagulls through the rocky recesses cue us that this part of the cave is set right up against the shore. Through a large skylight on the far wall, we can see the sun setting over the ocean (Video Screen). In the foreground, a Leonardesque ropeway system loops cars continuously on an old lift. Awestruck, we make our way down a weathered wooden boardwalk toward the ropeway platform.

Faded signs that read admonitions like "Danger," "Cuidado" and "No Trespassers!" dangle from the side rails and cave walls. We're no cowards, but we can't help but feel nervous lumps form in our throats.

As we approach the boarding platform, we can hear the creaking of the large, horizontal wheel (SAE), elevated on its spoke, as it guides the chairs in their elliptical circuit from the rear of the embarkation area. At the base of the spoke, we see the waterwheel (SAE) that propels the pulley system. A stream of water flows

through a wooden trough to turn the wheel. Our skeptical eyes can't help but notice debris from an old dam scattered along the ground beside the trough. More pirate handiwork no doubt...

At the loading area, another member of the crew directs us to our ropeway car. The four-seat vehicles appear to be made from palm tree wood and canvas and is held together by well-tied nautical ropes. Once we are seated, we pull the restraints down over our shoulders and the chair begins to enter a dark, rocky aperture just out of view of the loading platform. A commanding Hispaniolan voice warns us to remain seated inside the car, lest we awaken any supernatural presences.

## **Scene 2 - The Climb**

Our car moves slowly through the dank, rocky passage. Suddenly, Pinky appears in a tunnel just off the right of the vehicle and runs up to the side (Projection).

PINKY: Everybody, ready?

We respond with a hearty "Aye Aye!"

PINKY: Alright! Remember... We get in, find the treasure, give it to the captain, and become true pirates! How hard can it be? Good luck mateys!

Pinky moves behind the car, and leaps onto the side! We can feel our chair sway as he climbs and lays down on top of the canvas canopy above us.

Our car tilts back slowly as we ascend to Gabriel's castle. Once our car exits the cavern, we are greeted with a stunning panorama of the whole harbor (Projection Dome across floor). To our left, we watch the last of the sun's crimson rays sink behind the ocean. On our right, we see the quaint Caribbean town light up its minuscule windows and streetlamps beneath a blanket of stars. The village seems to shrink as our car climbs higher.

On the air, we can hear Pinky singing an optimistic shanty over the sounds of the ocean. The music fades as our car nears the castle's highest turret.

## **Scene 3 - The Haunting**

Once our car enters the tower, the magic of the night is instantly suffocated by a lurid, green fog (Smoke EFX). The lush score gives way to unnatural creaks and groans that echo through the hall. The arcane stones in this dark, deserted room reek of the must and mold of ages. Through the mist, we can barely make out another elevated wheel at the end of the ropeway. But where are the rest of the cars?

Below us, cutlasses, pistols, and other pirate accoutrements are strewn about the ground. Just off the right side of the vehicle, we see Pelle and Pysa (Animatronics) huddling behind the wreckage of a detached ropeway car. Pinky calls down to them. The two look up with horror in their eyes and shush us violently.

PINKY: What's wrong? What happened to the crew?

The two tremulously point ahead to a dark corridor just to the right of the unloading area. Through the fog, we can just barely make out a glowing, green orb (Projection) at the very end of the hallway! The ropeway car begins to tremble unnaturally. This can't be good...

Pinky exclaims as we feel the ropeway car detach from the pulley. But where's the crash? Our wobbling car is levitating... and what's worse... its floating straight towards that ethereal light!

#### **Scene 4 - The Corridor**

As our car approaches the corridor, the air grows deathly still. This can't be good...

All at once, the entire hallway is engulfed in a supernatural green flame (Projection Mapping). The floor below us cracks in half and ghoulish music begins to blare out of nowhere. The suits of 16<sup>th</sup> century Spanish armor lining the hallway seem to be looking at us through their rusty helmets.

Suddenly, our car begins to accelerate down the hall towards the orb! A devilish laugh rings out and the suits of armor bring down their axes, barely missing us as we soar by. On the walls, we can see paintings of Gory Gabriel leering at us with all the warped glee of a sadistic garroter!

Bursts of green light erupt from the orb (Projection in Half-Dome) as our car reaches the banister at the end of the hallway. A deep, supernatural voice begins to sing, slowly and menacingly...

Our car tilts back and before our eyes, the orb erupts into a towering, skeleton-faced apparition, clothed in a tattered seaman's coat, threadbare captain's hat, and cumbersome mold-covered chains. His luminous, jaundiced eyes stare down at us. His decaying teeth click to the chilling cadence of his spectral cackle.

GABRIEL: Be these more foolhardy pirates here to pillage me treasure? No! There be too much lubber in ye to be with that Sabertooth's lot!

PINKY: Th... th... This be my crew!

The ghost laughs with hysterical foreboding.

GABRIEL: Ha! A thousand pardons young captain! In my time, pirates were more than scurvy little shrimps! But please, avail yourself of Captain GORY GABRIEL'S hospitality!

Gabriel's laughing visage dissolves into an army of hundreds of ghoulish skeleton pirates. The car rattles as the banister below us gives way. Down we plunge into a hellish void...

#### **Scene 5 - The Atrium**

Gabriel's ghostly armada shrieks by as our car tumbles down into darkness. Sparse beams of moonlight (Directional Lighting) peeking in from the castle's towering ceiling reveal high, tiled walls adorned in swords and disquieting paintings of Captain Gabriel's exploits.

Our car bobs and bounces as though possessed by Gabriel's supernatural powers. With a jolt, our car tilts forward, facing us straight down into what we can now see is a capacious atrium. Gabriel's poltergeists emerge in endless procession out of a large marble fireplace and chase Sabertooth's men up and down a crumbling staircase and across ornate Persian rugs (SAE Diorama). Some of the poor pirates even try to hide behind the Gothic furniture to no avail. Above the madness, a grotesque stain glass window depicts Gabriel's human face watching the scene with daggers in his eyes (Projection).

Our car lofts through the air, barely managing to avoid a flying buttress. Pinky grunts and groans, struggling to hang on as our vehicle is tossed about.

A ghost (SAE) flies right in front of our car and sends us tumbling upside down, closer to the floor. Just as the car levels out, the specter returns, forcing the car to turn sharply to the left.

We welter past a hole in the wall, where we catch a brief glimpse of other ghoulish bands wrecking cars full of pirates into the castillo's outer walls (Video).

We lurch to a halt! Someone... or something has the car in its grasp. Our entire crew screams as we feel our captor hoist our hapless vehicle over his head and lob it forward. We barrel uncontrollably through space towards the stain glass window depicting Gabriel's face (Projection)! The painting of the cursed captain animates and opens its mouth voraciously, as our car smashes through the window.

### **Scene 6 - The Banquet Hall**

Shards of glass fly as our battered ropeway car crashes down onto a massive dining table in the middle of a once-grand banquet hall (Projection in half-dome). It rumbles violently, sliding down the sturdy table and knocking away an endless array of antique dining ware.

We skid to a stop and take a deep breath... but we're not out of the woods yet!

A green mist quickly rolls in underneath the tables and transfigures into Gabriel's ghost at the head of the table. He chuckles drolly.

GABRIEL: Well, ye be made of sturdier mettle than I reckoned mates. 'Tis a pity your courage go to such waste. But I'm afraid your voyage is at an end!

With a cackle, Gabriel disappears and the green mist seeps between cracks in the stone walls and floors... this can't be good!

The entire room begins to tremor violently. Paintings and tapestries ornamenting the walls crash to the floor and suits of armor flanking the table collapse. As the quake grows more and more forceful, large stones and support beams tumble from the ceiling!

A gigantic crystal chandelier smashes onto the table before us, snapping it in two! The floor underneath implodes, and our drops down into a dark void (Drop platform).

### **Scene 7 - The Library**

Our car crashes to the ground into darkness. Debris can be heard raining down from above. A weak, but familiar voice calls out.

VOICE: Avast! Who's there?

Moonlight creeps in from above, revealing none other than Captain Sabertooth, helplessly trapped underneath what looks like a large globe (Projection in half-dome).

Pinky lets go of the car and leaps off to help the captain, who chides the young buccaneer.

SABERTOOTH: Pinky! You insolent brat!

The resourceful cabin boy scans the area. As more light pours in, we can see that our car has fallen into what must have been Gory Gabriel's subterranean study. Tall bookshelves sit up against the wall, and piles of maps and other curios litter the floor.

"Aha!" Pinky exclaims. He lifts a fallen beam and uses it to pry the gigantic globe off Captain Sabertooth. After some straining, he succeeds. The captain stands up and brushes himself off foppishly.

A ponderous stone from above crushes the globe in the very spot where the captain laid just moments ago. The captain jumps back with a fright, trying agonizingly hard to maintain his composure. Pinky picks up the captain's hat and offers it to him. He snatches it from him angrily and sneers at the lad.

SABERTOOTH: Foolish boy!

PINKY: I just saved your life!

SABERTOOTH: Saved my life? Ha! You prolonged my death! And sealed your own while you were at it! There's no escaping this one, boy!

The captain furiously kicks an old wooden chest sitting against the wall. It shatters and piercing golden beams emit from the wreckage. What could it be?

Sabertooth reaches down and carefully lifts a solid, gold sword with an ornate, skull-shaped hilt. He regards the weapon curiously.

PINKY: Wait! Longfinger told me about this sword!

### **Scene 8 - Final Confrontation**

Like something out of a nightmare, the library disintegrates instantaneously into a ghostly green whirlwind (Projection in half-dome).

The sword is blown out of Sabertooth's hand as he, Pinky, and our car are caught in the vehement vortex. All manner of debris tumbles through the gyre. We even catch glimpses of other pirates like Longfinger, Pelle and Pysa hurtling by.

Out of nowhere, a swarm of skeleton ghosts, circle and collect into the monstrous semblance of Gory Gabriel, who smiles menacingly down at his captives from the center of the maelstrom. We can hear a chilling pipe organ rise above the din. The maniacal wraith cackles deliriously and seizes Captain Sabertooth in his hand.

GABRIEL: So, this be the great Pirate King, Captain Sabertooth! Well now, yer majesty, ye'll watch as I destroy every last one of your piteous pirates and then... you will perish!

With a stroke of his large, gossamer hand, the fearsome Captain vaporizes a poor pirate caught in the wind into a cloud of dust. We can see Sabertooth recoil in horror as our car continues to spin around Gabriel. Below, we notice Pinky struggling vainly to catch the golden sword as it blows by him.

Gabriel continues his onslaught, pulverizing members of the crew before our horrified eyes. As our car spins around in front of his face, it's clear who his next victim will be.

He laughs at us and taunts.

GABRIEL: Not so brave now, are ye mates?"

His long skeletal fingers point directly at us, and our entire car begins to disintegrate into green dust (Projection mapping on vehicle). It looks like the end...

As the seconds tick toward our demise, we see Pinky manage to grab hold of the sword in one final attempt. With all his strength, he launches it directly in front of our car. Almost instantly, it dissolves into a cloud of green dust. We're saved!

Gabriel releases us from suspension and cries out in agony. His towering form dissolves into hundreds of shrieking skeleton ghosts who claw at the air in agonized futility. Their cries multiply as they are sucked into a spinning orb of green at the center of the vortex. The wind grows to a deafening roar, as the orb compresses smaller and smaller until...

The glowing globule explodes into a storm of green luminescent dust, sending our car and the rest of the pirates spinning out of control. The world around us is a blur as we feel ourselves crash through a stone wall into darkness.

### **Scene 9 - The Treasure Room**

Our car lands in a stream right next to a misting waterfall (Mist EFX and Audio EFX). Did we make it? Or did Gabriel take us down to Hades with him?

We float for a moment in the darkness. Then as we round the bend, a few stray moonbeams play off glistening mound on the shore. It's gold (Props in front of projected background)!

Off in the distance, we faintly hear Pinky's voice (Directional Sound).

PINKY: Captain, over here! I think they found it!

Torches on the wall magically illuminate to reveal an immense subterranean cavern with mountains of gold and jewels stretching for miles back into many passages. It's the treasure of El Dorado!

Cries of celebration (Directional Sound) reverberate through the cave as Sabertooth's pirate crew rushes headlong into the mounds of bullion. The elated pirates toss coins gleefully up into the air and shovel handfuls at a time into their pockets (Projected video).

Captain Sabertooth and Pinky run out from behind a large pile of gold near the shore (Animatronics). Pinky's stride is weighed down by a clunky golden necklace. Meanwhile, the captain airily sports a bejeweled, gold crown in lieu of his hat. He turns to his young accomplice.

SABERTOOTH: Pinky, today you showed yourself braver than any pirate I have ever known. You saved my life, and for this courageous deed I hereby name you the newest and noblest member of my fearless crew of pirates.

The captain tenderly puts his arm on Pinky's shoulder, and the room erupts jubilantly. Through an irrepressible grin, Pinky humbly thanks his piratical mentor. Sabertooth then motions toward us.

SABERTOOTH: And you mateys! For finding the treasure of El Dorado, and not stealing for yourselves, I name you all honorary members of Captain Sabertooth's crew.

We did it! Pinky and the rest of the pirates let out a loud huzzah in our honor! Underneath all the merriment the tune to one of Sabertooth's classic shanties swells, and the captain begins to sing. Soon the whole crew chimes in!

Our car floats around another bend, and it is time to bid our shipmates a fond farewell. Pinky waves at us excitedly.

PINKY: Thanks for your help, mates! Couldn't have done it without you!

Captain Sabertooth salutes us reverently as we float around a corner.

### **Scene 10 - Unload - Terje's Wharf**

Still reeling from our harrowing adventure, we barely take notice as our car rounds the bend and approaches a quiet quay. A sign hanging off the side of a lamppost reads "Terje's Wharf" in neat, white paint.

A friendly looking pirate helps us out of our ropeway car, and happily welcomes us to the crew. After gathering up our effects, we head on to our next adventure as proud pirates!

### **Scene 11 - Photograph Pick-Up - Rocky Alcove**

We follow a palm tree-lined lane up a gentle slope. To our left, we notice a rocky alcove where some other members of the crew are gathered. A fellow pirate hands us a golden coin - our cut of the day's spoils. But this coin has a QR code on its obverse.

Through magical openings in the rocky wall, we spot a still image of us soaring through the night in our ropeway car. By inserting our coin into a small aperture beneath these mystic vistas, our image is saved for us to download and look back on the time we became pirates under the great Captain Sabertooth!

## Story Coaster – The Curse of the Monkey Queen

### Exterior & Entrance

A hot desert sun burns brightly over the pointed precipice of a giant pyramid of Egyptian antiquity. Towering statues of fierce baboon guardians in golden disc headdresses flank the crypt's gaping entrance. They seem to beckon us towards the opulent doors embossed with a baboon in winged eyeliner and royal raiment.

Inside the pyramid, we enter down a narrow, sandstone corridor with low ceilings. Gas lamps hung from the ceiling illuminate the front pages from several different newspapers mounted along the walls, with double deck headlines. They read in bold, serif print: *Dr. Hammurabi Makes Archeological Find of the Century in Hamadrayas!*

### Sc. 1.1: Antechamber – Queue

The last persistent beams of sunlight disappear as we turn the corner into another dark stone block passageway. Flickering work lights hung from the dusty ceiling illuminate intricate wall hieroglyphs that portray upright monkeys worshiping some baboon divinity. Informational signs mounted at eye level explain that this pyramid is rumored to be the product of a hyper-intelligent species of baboons that left the jungles of southern Africa in pursuit of their monkey god's visions of prosperity in the Valley of the Nile.

Further down the corridor, we see some of the scaffolding from the excavation. Overhead we hear the wooden boards creaking. At first, we think it must be members of the dig crew, but soon we hear a high-pitched chattering. It sounds like... monkeys?

### Sc. 1.2: Cistern – Queue

Our trek down the long hallway leads us to a mysterious, blue-lit chamber, parts of which seem to stretch into infinity (Mirrors). We stay on high alert as we wind through the cavernous labyrinth of crumbling walls, cobweb encrusted statuettes, decrepit pillars, and rotting wood beams. Some of the columns are comprised of twistable baboon totems. When we spin the idols' bodies into alignment with their heads, enchanted episodes of ancient baboon life flash inside their large, widened eyes (Video monitors).

Circling around the center of the room, a stone well emanating an unnatural blue glow comes into view. A signpost next to the well explains that this watering hole may have been the "altar" where baboons sacrificed captured human interlopers to their god, Babi. From the bottom of the well, we hear intermittent monkey-like laughter.

### Sc. 1.3: Supply Storage Chamber – Queue

Exiting the dark cavern into a stone-block bunker, we squint in the glow of carbide lanterns. Our path is lined by fuel barrels and boxes of dynamite stacked to the ceiling. We take caution treading through the sensitive stock. Along the way, we spy curious eyes peeking through the cracked boards of the wooden boxes (Video monitors). Someone or *something* has found the heavy artillery.

The path is flanked by hooped barrels stamped "CAUTION! TNT!" in bright red on the side. Above our nervous murmurs, we hear sporadic knocking from inside the barrels! We notice a cadence to the knocking, almost as if whatever entities have infiltrated the arsenal are mimicking each other. Intrigued, we reach out and lightly rap on one of the barrels. Amazingly, we hear the exact same pattern beat back to us from inside!

### Sc. 1.4: Briefing Bunker (Preshow) – Queue

*Whew!* We breathe a sigh of relief when the wooden door at the end of the aisle opens toward us, and we exit into a high-bay, stone-block chamber surrounded by stacks of equipment and supplies.

An old reel-to-reel projector clicks on and illuminates a tattered screen. An ashy technicolor title card reads: *Hamadrayas Archeological Institute* in gold lettering. It fades to reveal the pith-helmeted Dr. Hammurabi. Carved into the wall behind him, is an intricate relief of an intimidatingly regal monkey.

The doctor decorously welcomes us to the long-lost Temple of Xelda, Queen of the Baboon. He calls our attention to the massive relief of the queen and explains that her advanced race of baboons settled the Valley of the Nile thousands of years ago, until being routed by the imperialistic Ancient Egyptians. This pyramid is her final resting place, built before the kingdom's mysterious disappearance. Today, only their "simple-minded" monkey descendants remain. Hammurabi adds forebodingly that this shrine is also where the baboons are rumored to have sacrificed their human war captives to Babi, god of the wild baboons.

"In a moment," continues Hammurabi, "You will step inside your very own excavation cart for an awe-inspiring tour." The shot cuts to footage of members of the dig crew loading into an excavation cart as the doctor briefs us on proper safety procedures. His briefing is interrupted by a trio of baboons who purloin his pith helmet and glasses. Off-screen we can hear the crew yelling at the baboons as the camera topples over, ending the footage. A stone wall opposite the chamber's entrance slides away to reveal a staircase leading to the pyramid's upper levels. It looks like it's time for our tour!

#### **Sc. 1.5: Stairwell – Queue**

The smell of mold sits heavily in the air as we ascend a dank, stone stairwell to our mine cart. As we climb the stairs, we notice that the wall's texture is provided vignettes relieved into the stone. Each scene seems to delineate Ancient Egyptian armies battling battalions of fearsome baboons.

Our attention is drawn overhead by the irritating howls of monkeys delighting in the echo of the pyramid's vacuousness. To try and stop them, we reach up and pull on the vines hanging down from the ceiling. The monkeys screech in annoyance. We can see vines just out of our reach swaying (SAE) as the unseated simians relocate themselves.

#### **Sc. 1.6: The Queen's Chamber – Queue**

Stepping out of the stairwell, we find ourselves beneath a vast network of scaffolding in a large chamber. Judging by the slanted block walls, it appears we are nearing the top of the pyramid. As we wind between scaffolding, we take notice of crates filled with artifacts like hand-carved figurines, cloth children's dolls, broken pottery, and ornate brushes that prove a fascinating physical history of the baboon society.

Soon, a muffled commotion turns our focus to the vast network of platforms overhead. Through the wooden planks, we can hear the disgruntled utterances of the dig crew as they continue to fight off their monkey intruders. Turning the final corner, we see two sets of dusty work boots dangling over the edge of a scaffolding platform (Hydraulic Props). Above, we can hear two workers gossiping over lunch about the strange, supernatural noises they have heard in the pyramid's tunnels. Their haunted accounts underscore our trepidation as we enter the cart loading station.

#### **Sc. 1.7: Loading Depot**

We tread out onto the rusty metal boarding platform, our jaws agape at the massive relief of Queen Xelda we saw in Dr. Hammurabi's welcome film. No movie could do justice to the monkey monarch's glimmering ruby eyes (lit by internal light source) that glower down at the track beneath it. She looks anything but welcoming. A smiling archeologist sporting dusty dungarees, a twill shirt, and light scruff, reassuringly loads us aboard the wooden excavation cart. After checking our restraints, he pulls on a large metallic lever that sends our cart creaking forward under Queen Xelda's gaze. There's no turning back...

### **Sc. 2: A: Artifact Storage Chamber**

With a jolt, our cart moves down the track and around a left turn. As we roll forward, we hear the sound of an old two-way radio searching for a frequency. Dr. Hammurabi's voice chimes in over the airwaves (Onboard Audio) and explains that he'll be guiding us on our tour. He makes a point to add that we've no need to worry about anymore rude primate interruptions.

### **Sc. 2: B: Artifact Storage Chamber**

We turn the first corner and enter a stone block chamber in the middle of excavation where a large subterrene (SAE) bores into a wall. Hammurabi explains that this particular chamber was a temple of worship for Babi and that his team has yet to explore many of its hidden passages. So, we will tour areas already cleared by the digging crew.

Our cart rolls to a stop in front of the crumbling, rock-carved tunnel. Dr. Hammurabi says we are waiting for the last of the crew to clear out the next chamber. As we stare at the craggy opening, we make out the skeletal snout of a vicious-looking baboon formed by the rocks. Two hollows above the entrance serve as empty, abyssal eye sockets.

HISS! Smoke shoots out of the rocky crevices (Smoke EFX) and some of the loose stones begin to teeter (SAE). We hear cracking and crumbling rocks (Audio) as the baboon face appears to splinter with fissures of light (Mapped projection onto rock). A deep, guttural chortle echoes through the chamber. Dr. Hammurabi innocently asks, "What the devil was that?"

### **Sc. 2: C: Artifact Storage Chamber**

A familiar laughter resounds as our carts rolls slowly ahead. On the other side of the cackling rockwork, a gang of monkeys (Animatronics) poke their heads out of the crates and boxes on the left, *monkeying around* with fragile artifacts. We see two monkeys playing tug of war with a track switch (Animatronics) just ahead. Their game has jammed the track in front of us between two separate lines. The track straight ahead of us leads into a well-intact, welcomingly lit tunnel (Mirror EFX). A track that veers off to the right is surrounded by hastily hand-painted signs that warn: *Danger! No Entry!*

As one of the playful primates pulls the switch to victory, we can hear the creak of the rusty old rails diverting us from the main line onto the hazardous offshoot. Over the radio, we hear Hammurabi panicking that we've been directed into a restricted area! Then, static.

### **Sc. 3: Main Dynamite Storage Bunker**

Our cart rolls tremulously ahead across a rickety, wooden bridge that curves through a large stone block vault covered with baboon hieroglyphics (simulated vehicle motion inside projection half dome). After we clear the bridge, we find ourselves passing through another corridor. The wall to our right appears relatively intact, but the one on our left is rigged with explosives for clearing. As we roll forward, we see the shadows of two baboons on the left wall. They appear to be tailing us! In front of the explosives is a sign that says: *END OF TRACK.*

We see shadows of some monkeys playing around in torch-lit alcoves ahead of us. This pristine looking passage has yet to be demolished and houses some small stacks of dynamite and a plunger. Two monkeys swing into the foreground. One of them falls on the plunger, igniting a fuse. Our cart follows as it quickly races to the stack of dynamite (simulated vehicle motion inside projection half dome). "Uh oh," the monkey utters sheepishly.

BOOM! Rock and shrapnel fly as the wall on our left explodes, obliterating the track in front of us! We feel heat and see smoke.

#### **Sc. 4: Backwards Spiral**

Our cart totters precariously on the broken track, causing us to see-saw forward and backward (simulated vehicle motion inside projection half dome). We hold our breath as we dangle helplessly over a stockpile of dynamite boxes below. To the left, we see a half dozen other monkeys standing amid the crockery and dynamite. They grin cheekily as they accidentally ignite fuses connected to the explosives below.

Another thunderous explosion rocks the walls sending the shattered shards of the priceless artifacts flying pell-mell. Smoke, wind, and heat fly in our faces as the force from the blast launches us backwards along the track at white-knuckle velocity.

#### **Sc. 5. Backwards Trajectory**

We continue to hurtle backwards up into a maze of narrow passages, barely missing the dozens of dimly lit bamboo scaffolding poles whizzing past us. We fly by piles of artifacts and then past a row of wobbling baboon sarcophagi (SAE). Over the radio, Dr. Hammurabi exclaims, "Careful! Those are priceless!" We hear prankster baboons laughing wildly at us from the side of the track. As the cart careens to the left, we see monkeys (still figures) hanging off the scaffolding! Or... are they baboons?

#### **Sc. 6. Treasure Room Part One**

The glint of gold catches our eye as our vehicle flies down the side of a grand treasure room. We are nearly blinded by the sight of tall golden baboon statues aglow with a supernatural luster as they stand watch over Queen Xelda's valuables. The track weaves between mounds of glittering valuables. Soon, our cart veers out of the treasure room as it continues to shoot backwards, lofting up into the air and banking hard down another dark hall, ricocheting like a bullet.

#### **Sc. 7. Cargo Dispatch**

CREAK! The wheels of our cart judder as it begins to slow from its tumultuous descent. We look around to find ourselves in a dark mausoleum. Overhead, we notice another track running perpendicular to ours on the left wall (Show Set). But this track appears to have fallen into serious disrepair. A dilapidated mine cart hangs precariously at the end of the broken-off rails directly over our track (Prop). It looks like the dig crew abandoned this area of the pyramid long ago. Could something have scared them off?

Our cart rolls to a stop. It's quiet... too quiet. After a beat, we feel our cart's basin tilt to one side as if trying to dump us! Just when it feels like we're going to topple out of the cart, the vehicle begins to slide to the right and down into the darkness below.

#### **Sc. 8. Slide Into Mausoleum**

Our cart rights itself as it rolls into a pitch-black chamber. "There you are! Thank goodness," Dr. Hammurabi fades back in on the radio. For a minute, it seems like we're out of danger. Then, we hear that sinister baboon cackle. A deep, gravelly voice bellows some grotesque-sounding command in Ancient Egyptian. Spectral shrieks chorus a chilling reply. Again, we lose Dr. Hammurabi's signal.

Rhythmic clattering pierces the grave silence. The dry, hollow sound reminds us of... BONES! Baboon skeleton arms (SAE) appear to our right and our left from cracks in the mausoleum wall. Their menacingly outstretched hands appear to push us down the track. As we roll forward, the headlight on the front of our car flickers on (LFX from ONBOARD light source), revealing huge spiders repelling down from the ceiling! Just then, we hear hissing all around us as giant cobras pop up and spray venom (Water EFX)!

### **Sc. 9. Lapidary**

When it looks like we're about to be snake food, our cart turns the corner into a dark cavity of the pyramid, and we a jolt to a stop. Directly above us, a massive saw (SAE) is suspended from the ceiling, parallel to our cart. Based on the crushed rock scattered about the floor of the chamber, it looks like the archeologists have been using the heavy equipment to cut stone. That familiar, malicious cackle echoes through the chamber once more (Sound FX).

An instant later, the giant saw spins into action, buzzing with deadly intensity (Sound FX). With clenched jaw we watch as the saw looms ever closer to our heads. We're done for!

To the left of the saw, we see a monkey standing atop a large stone, balanced precariously on a ledge (Video). Just as the saw bears down upon us, the monkey loses his footing, sending the stone rolling off the ledge. We watch the bolder tumble down and feel it smash the track supports beneath us (Vehicle motion effect).

### **Sc. 10. Sarcophagus Room**

Whoosh! Our cart drops an entire level just in time to escape the saw (Drop Platform). As we hit the ground, we launch into a curved room with sarcophagi lining the walls, each with the face of a baboon deity. Dust flies into our faces (Mist EFX and LFX) as our cart whips around another corner, just avoiding pulverization.

### **Sc. 11. Treasure Room Part 2**

We careen at high speed back to the other side of the golden treasure room, zipping past even more iridescent gold and jewels (props and LFX). As our cart speeds ahead, we see a crane hoisting a large crate of artifacts over the track (Show Set). It looks like we're going to lose our heads, but our carts dips below the crate, barely missing it. But we can't breathe easy just yet.

### **Sc. 12. Enter the Monkey God**

As we clear the crate, we come face-to-face with a massive stone head that glares at us diabolically (Set). Lights shoot out of the idol's malicious red eyes and glisten on its sharp fangs. As our cart accelerates straight toward the gaping mouth, we hear pounding drums. The baboons have all gathered beneath us, chanting, "Bah-bi, Bah-bi, BAH-BI." We've come face to face with the monkey god himself!

Our vehicle spirals uncontrollably into a void that echoes with bloodcurdling human screams of despair.

### **Sc. 13. Monkey's Last Laugh**

As we emerge from the abyss and decelerate, we see a group of monkeys (Animatronic, limited movement figures, and static figures) laughing at us among debris and artifacts. One yells "Bah-bi" into a vase as another pulls a rail track lever to slow us down even more. Together they jump up and down, celebrating how their antics have nearly scared us to death!

Finally, Dr. Hammurabi returns over the radio apologizing for the chaos. His entreaties are again interrupted by a swarm of monkeys. As the signal fades in a cacophony of chittering and mild expletives, we roll to a stop at an exit platform.

### **Sc. 14. Excavation Cart Unload**

Dungaree-clad attendants help us out of the cart and ask us how we enjoyed our tour, completely oblivious to the perils we have faced. Stepping out of our mine cart, our eyes are drawn to rows of glittering treasures near the pyramid's exit. A sign above the doorway reads: "Royal Exchequer."

As we head towards the cache of baubles, we pass a partially blown-out wall. Through the opening, we see Dr. Hammurabi running away from a rambunctious pack of monkeys in a contiguous chamber (Projection). We giggle as he frantically tries to shoo them away, and laments possibly losing his funding because of our tour-turned-nightmare. Fortunately, his secret is safe with us!

**-End-**

## Immersive Theater Experience – The Gren

### **Concept Statement**

Journey into a hidden treasure trove where you'll bring historical marvels to life wearing an enchanted Viking arm ring. With a wise seer as your guide, you'll encounter the greatest stories of Norway's voyaging history and meet one of its most renowned figures, conjured from the mythic past.

### **The Legend**

On the eve of the Viking Age in Scandinavia, the Elder Council of the mighty Ottarsung Clan would meet privately in mead-soaked fellowship to discuss the future of their people. As time went on and successful pillaging built their clan's settlement into a powerful village, the council erected a great longhouse for public discussions. While this fostered greater camaraderie among the clan, the elders still desired a place where they could meet away from prying eyes and politics.

So, they decided to build a hidden backroom in the longhouse known only to clan leaders and choice allies. To ensure the security of their secret redoubt, the elders decided each of them should present a common token to gain entrance. The village seer forged a small number of gold arm rings bearing the Ottarsung creed "We Journey On" and distributed them among the Elder Council. Legend says that the seer placed a powerful spell on these rings, giving them supernatural properties when presented inside the Elder Council's Hideout, known as the Gren or "foxhole."

Over the centuries, many illustrious figures passed through the Gren, from Leif Eriksson and Harald Bluetooth to modern explorers like Fridtjof Nansen and Roald Amundsen. All who have found their way here have left behind a memento of their adventures. Those who are fortunate to obtain one of the sacred arm rings and descend into this covert crossroads of Norse history discover an amazing trove of artifacts whose incredible exploits come to life through ancient magic. But also, far more. For the village seer still watches over this protected place and, through her magic, has learned to commune with legends long gone, each with their own tale to tell. What stories will they reveal to you?

### **The Experience**

We approach a great Norse longhouse with stone walls and a shaggy, sod roof. Following the queue past rune stones and Norse carvings, we walk through the door where a Viking sentinel secretly hands us gold arm rings and instructs us to put them on. Small groups are ushered into the longhouse, lined with rows of banquet tables cluttered with half-empty goblets of mead. Shortly after, the door behind us shuts ominously.

A great fire roars in a hearth at the far end of the longhouse. Distant sing-song whispers seem to call us toward it as if there is something more to discover. Above the large stone mantel is a tapestry depicting a stony-eyed, bearded man called "Halfdan – Last Chief of the Ottarsungs." One know-it-all guest (a planted cast member in disguise) remarks that the Chief's portrait is pointing down at the fireplace.

After scanning the scene, he call attention to an inscription on the stone pediment of the mantel. He notes it is the very same rune pattern that appears on our arm rings. However, one of the runes is etched deeper into the stone than the others, leaving an indentation about the same size as our arm rings. The curious guest removes his and places it into the stony depression.

Our eyes widen as the runic inscription glows a lurid green. Suddenly, the mantel appears to grow taller and wider as the flames swell! We draw back as a cloaked figure burst through the fire. She is a white-haired woman with a tall ornamental ashplant, who introduces herself as the village seer. The old woman chants loudly in Old Norse, disappearing the flames before our eyes. As the smoke clears, we see that the back wall of the hearth has disappeared to reveal a hidden passage. She motions us to step into the fireplace. We feel the lingering heat of the flames as we warily proceed.

Advancing down the dark, stone-walled corridor, we arrive inside a mid-sized room ornamented with historical treasures from the Viking Age and beyond. It is appointed like the private quarters of a great Viking chief, replete with the luxurious spoils of war. While the room's structure and wood paneling betray its aged and austere bones, its eclectic furnishings hint that a wide variety of individuals have passed through this hideaway over many centuries. The walls are hung with swords, axes, and bows belonging to Viking warriors, medieval knights, and Scandinavian Kings. Scrolls, logbooks, and maps litter a long desk along with navigational equipment spanning generations of exploration. Above the large, lavish wooden throne at the far end of the room, tapestries of the greatest explorers in Norse history leer sternly down at us.

As the door to the chamber shuts, the seer invites us to not be shy about touching these sumptuous relics, musing about "the stories they would tell if they could talk." As we reach out to touch the artifacts, our arm rings illuminate and bring them to life!

Skimming through an old bookshelf, scrolls belonging to the Viking explorer Naddod fly off and unfurl themselves, as his disembodied voice begins to narrate his travels to Iceland. When we reach for the sword of Harald Fairhair, our arm rings cause it to dismount and swing wildly as the Norwegian king's war cries from the Battle of Hafrsfjord resound through the room. Our arm rings animate a hornpipe said to belong to Erik the Red, making it levitate and fife a Viking shanty. As we interact with these enchanted treasures, we notice the tapestries of the great Norse leaders are laughing, bickering, and quibbling with each other.

The room and all its contents come to a hush as the seer raises her staff and begins to chant in Old Norse. She invites us all around a large gold mirror (reflective video monitor) hung on the wall, which she claims was part of the booty taken in the first Viking raid on Lindisfarne over twelve hundred years ago. As she continues to chant, music builds, and a mystical fog appears inside the glass. We gasp as the mist parts to reveal a ghostly reflection of Leif Eriksson (portrayed by a live actor from remote location). For the next fifteen minutes, we converse with the wraith of the great Viking explorer, asking him questions about his travels to Iceland, Greenland, and North America. In turn, we answer his queries about the modern world, humorously perplexing him with stories of "magic talking light boxes," deodorant, and dating apps.

After the ghost of Leif Eriksson dissipates into the fogs of time, the seer informs us that the hour is at hand for us to depart. But first, we must honor the age-old tradition of all who have passed this way and leave behind our legacy. We sift through our bags for gum packets, pens, and hair ties to ensconce in the Gren.

Once we find a place for our "legacy," the seer walks over to the throne and pulls down on a carved sword hilt projecting from its side. The throne rotates, revealing another passageway. She politely ushers us out, collecting our arm-rings as we leave. The tapestries of the great Viking leaders wish us farewell as we pass beneath them. Before we can turn around to say goodbye, the throne has turned back into place, leaving only an inconspicuous stone wall.

We follow the passageway back through the fireplace into the longhouse. The Viking sentinel collects our arm-rings as we leave. When we turn around to take one final look, we see the mantel has returned to its normal size and a fire once again blazes in the hearth. The portrait of Chief Halfdan is now posed majestically in his tapestry. Every trace of the Gren has vanished.

**-END-**

## Themed Audio Loop – Jungle Dispatch Radio Program

N/A	<p><b>SFX:</b> Audio should sound like a 1930s radio broadcast. It should be mastered in mono and have a fuzzy, grainy quality.</p>
0:00 0:19	<p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>STATION INTRO</u></b></p> <p><b>SFX:</b> Radio Chime Mixed with Monkey Chattering</p> <p><b>ANNOUNCER:</b> You're listening to WROK- affiliate of the Banyan Bob Broadcasting Corporation. The jungle's first (and only) name in news, entertainment, survival tips, and poison oak remedies. WROK- If you're hearing our airwaves, you are okay...probably.</p>
0:19 0:13	<p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>GRAPEVINE NEWS PROGRAM</u></b></p> <p><b>SFX:</b> Morse Code Radio Signal</p> <p><b>BETTER:</b> Good evening Mr. and Mrs. Tarzan and all the chimps in trees. Direct from the jungle, this is the BBBC Grapevine bringing a bevy of breaking buzz from broadcaster Ben Better.</p>
0:32 0:15	<p><b>BETTER:</b> Today's top tale: ROBBERY. A roistering riot of rhesus revelers ransacked rucksacks for rations by the river. The primate pillagers pilfered plentiful provender and absconded angry arborists for ample alimentation aloft. Tree surgeons take testy tone in testimony.</p>
0:47 0:15	<p><b>BETTER:</b> Meanwhile many macaws are molting, making for a multitude of mucous mishaps. Senior scientist Skip Skole suffered stuffed sinuses and sadly slipped on his slimy secretions, significantly scarring his scalp. Obstinate ornithologists opted not to opine on this outrage's off-putting optics.</p>
1:03 0:12	<p><b>BETTER:</b> Finally, fretful foragers fear famine as felinologist filches freshly foregathered foodstuffs to feed fourteen felines feloniously ferried in from Fairfax. The kitten caper could criminalize keeping cats at campsites.</p>
1:15 0:10	<p><b>BETTER:</b> This has been the BBBC Grapevine with Ben Better. Bye Bye!</p>
1:25 1:30	<p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>SONG 1: Corny Vaudevillian Ballad</u></b></p> <p><b>ANNOUNCER:</b> Tonight's demonstration of how to stop a charging alligator with a nail file has been cancelled, as the instructor has failed to return from a field study in alligator territory. Thank you.</p> <p><b>ANNOUNCER:</b> Will the owner of the 1935 jaguar please move it from the loading dock of the supply depot. He's starting to growl...</p>
2:55 1:30	<p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>CAMO CAMP AD</u></b></p> <p><b>ANNOUNCER:</b> WROK is sponsored in part by Col. Will Ceya's Camouflage Camp. Do you stand out in the crowd? Are you the center of attention? Don't worry, you can fix all of that at Camouflage Camp - a weeklong seminar where you'll learn to fade into the background and become dull, uninteresting, and invisible to EVERYONE. That's right EVERYONE! Colonel Ceya's patented camo techniques are proven to protect you against predators like tigers, bears, and of course, those ravenous in-laws. So, enroll in Camouflage Camp today, because in the jungle, the seen are cuisine.</p>

4:25 1:30	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>SONG 2: 1920s Dixieland Jazz</b></p> <p><b>ANNOUNCER:</b> This is a friendly reminder that capybara mating season is underway. Personnel are advised to wear wedding rings at all times. To singles exploring the area, remember to dress to impress! And don't overdo it with the shaving.</p> <p><b>ANNOUNCER:</b> This is a friendly reminder that tonight at 9PM, the Carnivorous Plant Garden Society will host its annual fundraiser. Members will be accepting hands and large heads in any amount. Er uh... Sorry, that's handouts and largesse in any amount.</p>
5:55 0:15	<p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>SLICE OF LIFE SHOW</u></b></p> <p><b>MUSIC:</b> <i>Upbeat Organ Theme</i></p> <p><b>ANNOUNCER:</b> And now WROK proudly presents Slice of Life with that savant surgeon, that marvelous medic, that Botticelli of the bone saw, Doctor Jon Gole Feeva.</p>
6:10 0:16	<p><b>JON:</b> Hello friends and welcome to Slice of Life where we cut deep into your questions about health and wellness in the jungle. Before we begin, I would like to raise awareness about an issue that is keeping many campers up at night - dysentery. (<i>beat</i>) Consider yourself aware.</p>
6:26 0:15	<p><b>JON:</b> Our first question today reads: "Dr. Feeva, I am a tree surgeon new to the jungle and was wondering how you catch malaria? Signed, Terry Mite." Well, Terry, I personally always catch Malaria with a mosquito net.</p>
6:51 0:27	<p><b>JON:</b> Next is a letter from one of my patients, Miss... uh... Choptmalegov. Sorry, I always butcher that one. "Doctor Feeva, last night I ate a tuna substitute for dinner and was up all night with cold chills, hot chills, and lukewarm chills. What should I do?" Well, it sounds to me like you should lay off the hokey poké. That should turn yourself around.</p>
5:18 0:19	<p><b>JON:</b> From Ivy: "Dr. Feeva, yesterday I woke up in my tent with a strange bite on my leg. I assume it's from a snake. How do I know? Signed, Possibly Poisoned Ivy." Ivy this is simple. Don't assume it's a snake bite. It makes an asp out of you and me.</p>
5:37 0:29	<p><b>JON:</b> Oh! It appears our final question of the day is a telegram from Les Payne. "Dr. Feeva: Got stung by rare hornet. Stop. Breaking out in hives and have heart palpitations. Stop. Please help. Stop." Tsk tsk. Poor fellow. Let's send a wire back.</p> <p><b>SFX:</b> <i>Telegraph Key</i></p> <p><b>JON:</b> Mr. Payne: Sorry about your bee hives. Stop. Holding breath for 30 minutes will help your heart. Stop.</p>
6:06 0:18	<p><b>MUSIC:</b> <i>Upbeat Organ Theme</i></p> <p><b>JON:</b> Well fellow campers, it looks like your time is up. Thank you for listening to Slice of Life. I'll see you under the knife!</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>MUSIC ENDS</b></p>
6:24	<p><b>-END-</b></p>

## Animal Stage Show – Treasures of the Jungle

### **Sc. 1. Audience Arrival [10:00]**

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A pulsating cadence of jungle drums welcomes guests as they approach the ivied-over entrance of the Wildside Theater. Distant, bestial noises can be heard echoing through the room. *SOMETHING lives here...* Suddenly, A flock of macaws soars over the audiences' heads from the rear of the theater, wildly croaking and cawing. Then, a parade of peacocks skitters across the stage trailed by a lumbering porcupine. Iguanas sprint up the trunks of trees spread across the rear of the stage as we see a pair of sloths slowly climb out onto a large branch. The jungle is ALIVE!

As the drums continue to pound, EVA, a wise Guardian of the Jungle enters. She cuts a regal appearance in a robe of leaves and a headdress of colorful feathers. She is trailed by her plucky footman YEN, who pulls an eclectic-looking cart laden with crates, and trunks of all sizes and description. In the center of the cart's bed is an ornamental golden chest. A hole-ridden banner hanging above the cart reads "Jungle Caravan Co." A donkey tied to the cart trails slowly. The drumming ceases as they halt their procession down center stage.

### **Sc. 2 Man is in the Jungle [3:00]**

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"RATTLE! RATTLE!" A caracara soars from overhead, sounding its resonant call. After a few passes over the house, it lands on Eva's arm. The crowd hushes as she consults her avian associate.

**EVA:** What's that Avonia? Hunters in the Jungle?!

Raising her arm, she casts off the caracara and orders her to find the intruder. The bird passes over the heads of the crowd before flying up into the rafters of the theater.

**MAN:** EEK! Aerial attack!

STEVEN DASH, a frazzled young man in a leather jacket and dusty wide-brimmed hat, swings clumsily in on a vine. Shouting frantically, he lets go of the vine and rolls onto the floor, knocking his hat off. A beagle chases after him and fetches the hat.

Eva stands in a defensive position as Avonia returns to her arm.

**EVA:** Stand back! We don't take kindly to poachers in this neck of the woods."

The young man stands up, brushes himself off, and takes the hat from his canine companion.

**STEVEN:** Poacher? You think I care about your birdie bodyguard? The only thing I'm hunting is treasure!

Eva raises a wary brow.

**STEVEN:** The name's Steven Dash, explorer extraordinaire. The *ladies* call me King of the Jungle.

The explorer shoots the audience an arrogant smolder. Steven's canine companion barks at him, as if to say, "what about me?!"

**STEVEN:** Oh! This is my trusty sidekick Nebraska. Rescued him from the shelter about a year ago.

**YEN:** A wise decision. Somebody had to bring the good looks to your expedition.

Steven shoots Yen a sarcastic smile.

**EVA:** Well... I do apologize for the misunderstanding. My name is Eva. As Guardian of the Jungle, it's my job to protect all the jungle's creatures. And it's my friend Yen's job here to transport them around the jungle. Even wild animals need a lift now and then.

**STEVEN:** So, you're like the jungle Uber?

Yen and Eva shrug at each other.

**EVA:** Who-ber?

As the explorer continues inspecting the caravan, he spies the glint of the golden chest sitting atop the cart and hurriedly places a nonchalant hand on Eva's shoulder.

**STEVEN:** Y'know Eve? Can I call you Eve? I think we could clear up this whole misunderstanding if you'd let me take a peek inside that shiny looking box up there.

He points to the iridescent treasure chest sitting in the cart. Eva laughs.

**EVA:** Only the *worthy* may open the Treasure Vault of Cambria.

**STEVEN:** They call me King of the Jungle! How much worthier could I be?!

### ***Sc. 3. Flight of the Falcon [4:00]***

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Eva chuckles as she hands Avonia off and removes a falcon lure from the folds of her robe. She swings it wildly around Steven's body. The crowd gasps as an aplomado falcon soars through a large hole in the overhead banner of Eva's pushcart. It swoops within inches of his head. He screams in panic.

**STEVEN:** That thing's a killer!

**EVA:** Falcons are skilled hunters, and that's a GOOD thing. They've kept mice, rats, and other rodents from overrunning the planet. Aplomado falcons are especially unique within the raptor family because they're one of the few species I've observed that hunts in pairs.

Eva begins to swing the lure again. Another falcon soars from behind the cart to join in the hunt. Dash stands petrified as the two birds of prey deftly swoop around his head.

**STEVEN:** Funny... I'm still not exactly feeling gratitude.

### ***Sc. 4. Sharing is Caracara-ing [3:00]***

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Yen returns with Avonia the caracara on his arm. To prove himself worthy, Steven must fly the bird himself.

**STEVEN:** Hey Nebraska, you wanna help a fella out?

Nebraska dashes excitedly over to his owner and lifts his paw to take the bird himself, but Eva kindly waves him away.

**EVA:** You're barking up the wrong tree on this one!

The guardian motions for the explorer to choose a brave participant from the audience. Steven selects an enthusiastic young boy in the front row. He kneels down and helps him don a falconry gauntlet. After Eva and Yen help demonstrate the proper way to cast off the bird, Dash hands off the falcon to the boy. He firmly supports the boy's arm as the audience joins in a countdown of "3... 2... 1..."

Cheers erupt as he successfully launches the bird into the air. It makes several passes over the crowd before landing back on the boy's arm. Eva and Steven congratulate him on his skill and bravery. Before dismissing her volunteer, Eva bestows on him a necklace strung with a wood totem depicting a caracara.

**EVA:** For your courage, I dub you honorary Guardian of Jungle Island.

After the boy returns to his family, Eva turns to Dash.

**YEN:** Alright fedora, now that you've seen a *pro* do it, it's your turn to give it a try.

Dash's eyes turn to the bird. With a gulp the timorous treasure hunter gloves up and takes the bird on his arm. He closes his eyes fearfully and casts off the bird. Avonia deftly soars to a totem pole at the rear of the theater. Taking a deep breath, Steven hoists his arm and summons the bird. The caracara glides gracefully onto his gloved wrist. His expression turns to one of surprise when the bird drops a shiny object in his hand.

**STEVEN:** A key!

#### ***Sc. 5. A Prickly Situation [5:00]***

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Fanfare plays as Steven fits the key into the treasure chest's bird-shaped lock. His excitement soon turns to exasperation as he finds the lid is still sealed shut.

**EVA:** Oh, I forgot to mention! It takes *three* keys to unlock the Treasure Vault of Cambria.

The explorer mutters as he bends over and tries to force the lid open. Meanwhile, Yen pulls a ramp down from the rear of his cart. An African-crested porcupine descends the plank with fully fanned quills. The audience chortles as the spiked creature wanders dangerously close to Dash's *derrière*. The explorer appears to prick his rear end on the fully fanned quills and jumps away shouting.

**STEVEN:** Evil pincushion!

**EVA:** Porcupines like Gustav often get a bad rap because of the misconception that they shoot their quills. But porcupines never use their quills for attack. The only time they're dangerous is when they're threatened.

**STEVEN:** You couldn't get me close enough to him to prove that.

Eva rolls her eyes.

**EVA:** Fine. I guess I'll have to find someone braver than you to make my *point*.

The guardian calls five volunteers up onstage and spaces the individuals evenly apart. After they are in place, she utters a command to Gustav, prompting him to fully bare his quills. Dash squirms.

A tense silence hushes over the room as the porcupine starts to weave in between the visibly nervous volunteers. Gustav contracts and expands his mane of quills as he winds between them, never so much as brushing a leg. Dash's eyes widen in surprise with the animal's every pulsation.

**EVA:** Despite their docile nature, African-crested porcupines hunted for their quills, used to make jewelry and other talismans. Because they like to eat root crops, I've even seen some farmers poison them. While their quills might defend against predators, only humans can prevent the threats they create themselves.

Dash's sarcastic expression softens as he listens to the guardian. Soon, he is fondly petting Gustav.

**STEVEN:** Guess I can't hold that crazy hairdo against you.

The guardian smiles and places a kindly arm on the explorer's shoulder.

**EVA:** Nature is a splendid tension. Its balance relies on the skills of both the hunters and the hunted.

As Eva dismisses the volunteers back to their seats, she hands each of them a necklace strung with a wooden porcupine totem. The audience cheers as Yen escorts Gustav back up the ramp into his carrier.

### ***Sc. 6. Cat Up a Tree [5:00]***

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**STEVEN:** Y'know, it seems like prey species either hide or strike a quick blow and skedaddle. But what if they're caught mano-a-mano? I mean, can any prey really hold their own in a standoff with a predator?

**EVA:** In the survival of the fittest, living to fight another day is every animal's instinct. However, I happen to know one incredible creature who can *land on its feet* when fending off predators.

Eva motions to Yen. The footman returns with a small spotted cat on a leash.

**STEVEN:** Didn't know they made travel-sized cheetahs.

**EVA:** This is Lady, and for your information, she is an African Serval. Servals are a predatory species that prey on rodents and birds, but I've seen them successfully fend off their own predators like hyenas, leopards, and lions by jumping up to 15 feet in the air!

**STEVEN:** Nebraska could jump higher than that glorified housecat any day.

He whistles for his dog, who comes running happily to his side. Eva asks the dog to jump as high as he can. Nebraska hops easily from the floor onto Yen's cart. Dash nods to his four-legged friend in satisfaction.

**EVA:** Impressive, but can he reach that branch up there?

She points to the limb of a tall tree upstage. Nebraska shakes his head "no way." On Eva's command, the cat leaps from the stage all the way to the outstretched branch of the tree and paws a shiny object loose from the branch, knocking it to the ground. Dash bends down to pick it up.

**STEVEN:** The next key! Now that's no two-bit tabby!

***Sc. 7. It Had to Be Snakes [:30]***

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Another flourish of fanfare fills the room as Dash turns the second key into place. Now staidier than before, he quietly wonders how to procure the key for the final lock. After calmly stroking his chin, Dash loses patience and once again attempts to tear the chest open.

Several comical attempts later, a blue-faced Dash turns toward the crowd with a quizzical look on his face. The audience gasps as two corn snakes slither up the explorer's arms. His body stiffens in terror.

**STEVEN:** Why... is it always snakes?

Yen deposits the snakes in a drawer of his cart. The flustered explorer scolds Eva.

**STEVEN:** Alright Eve, I've been hunted by killer birds, punctured my posterior on a porcupine, and been shown up by the Michael Jordan of cats! I must have proven myself worthy of this treasure by now!

***Sc. 8. It's a Long Story [6:00]***

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**EVA:** You know Steven, you're right. I'll give you the last key. But you've been through *so much*. How about a little massage?

**STEVEN:** Well sure! You build up a lot of tension being this rugged and dashing!

CLANG! Yen's donkey kicks a ceremonial gong. It is followed by ominous music as Eva and Yen disappear behind the cart. Dash lets out a girlish shriek, startled by the noise.

**STEVEN:** Well... uh... that was... zen.

His look turns to one of dread as mist steals into the room. Eva and Yen emerge each toting one end of a 10 ft. long Burmese Python. They chant in strange gibberish. Dash's eyes bulge as he draws back in horror.

**STEVEN:** Don't tell me that's my... my.... masseur.

**EVA:** Nope! You're hers!

Dash blanches pale as a ghost.

**EVA:** To obtain the final key, you, Steven Dash, must administer the ritual of the Reptilian Rubdown.

Dash motions to Nebraska for help, but the dog shakes his head adamantly "no" and buries his face in his paws. Instead, the explorer selects five volunteers from the audience. Eva and Yen direct them to support different lengths of the languid serpent. Steven grimaces as he begins to massage Medusa's upper back

**EVA:** "Despite what legend and lore will tell you, big pythons like this pose very little threat to humans. In fact, there have never been any human deaths by wild pythons in the United States. Still, the fact that they are wild here is a problem in itself.

**STEVEN:** How did a snake like this end up here anyways?

**EVA:** Humans started keeping these creatures as pets. Of course, once they reached their full size, many realized they couldn't provide them proper care and released them into the wild. With no natural predators, they have become invasive and caused numerous ecological problems, which hasn't helped their reputation.

Dash's expression softens, and he starts to rub the creature tenderly. After kneading Medusa's lengthy back, Eva calls for a round of applause for Dash and his brave volunteers. While Yen returns the snake to its carrier, Eva hands each of the volunteers a necklace strung with a wooden totem of a snake. Then, she then turns to her treasure-hunting friend.

**EVA:** You, Steven Dash, have displayed true bravery and compassion for nature's creatures. You've more than earned your treasure.

Eva whistles and Nebraska emerges from backstage. He carries a golden key in his teeth and lays it at the explorer's feet. Dash gives Nebraska a "really" look. Eva and the dog exchange a nod.

### ***Sc. 9. The True Treasure [1:30]***

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The lights dim as Dash approaches the chest. Mysterious music crescendos and the lights flickers supernaturally. The explorer takes a deep breath as he inserts the key into place. *This is it...*

He takes a pause and motions for Nebraska. The dog leaps up and paws at the key to unlock the chest.

WHOOSH! Flocks of doves and sun conures burst out of the open chest and soar around the room. A lush musical score swells as the massive bird formation dances over the audience. Steven looks on in awe.

**STEVEN:** I guess these animals are the *real* treasures of the jungle. Better than gold! And in their own way, they are guardians just like you.

Eva places her arm around Steven's shoulder.

**EVA:** Actually, it's not just me. ALL humans have the responsibility to act as guardians of the jungle. Manmade threats like habitat destruction, overhunting, and pollution pose a greater threat to the animal kingdom than any natural predator. No species can make more of a difference than us.

**STEVEN:** But what can I do to help?

Eva turns to address the audience.

**EVA:** All of you have already taken a valuable first step in learning about the jungle's creatures today. Now, you must be their voices in your communities. Tell their stories and rally your friends to champion their causes. Every step you take makes a difference, especially, when taken in unison with others.

Steven reaches out to shake Eva's hand.

**STEVEN:** I may have found my treasure, but it sounds like the real adventure is just beginning!

### ***Sc. 10. Curtain Call [1:30]***

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Music swells and a flock of macaws soars back and forth over the audience as the entire cast steps forward to take a bow. Nebraska dashes on from backstage to steal some of the thunder.

**STEVEN:** Thanks for joining in the treasure hunt! Have a wild day out there!

Steven and his dog run offstage. Yen taps Eva and points up to the sky to indicate the time.

**EVA:** You're right, Yen. We'd best be moving on. Our friends here have places to go and creatures to see!

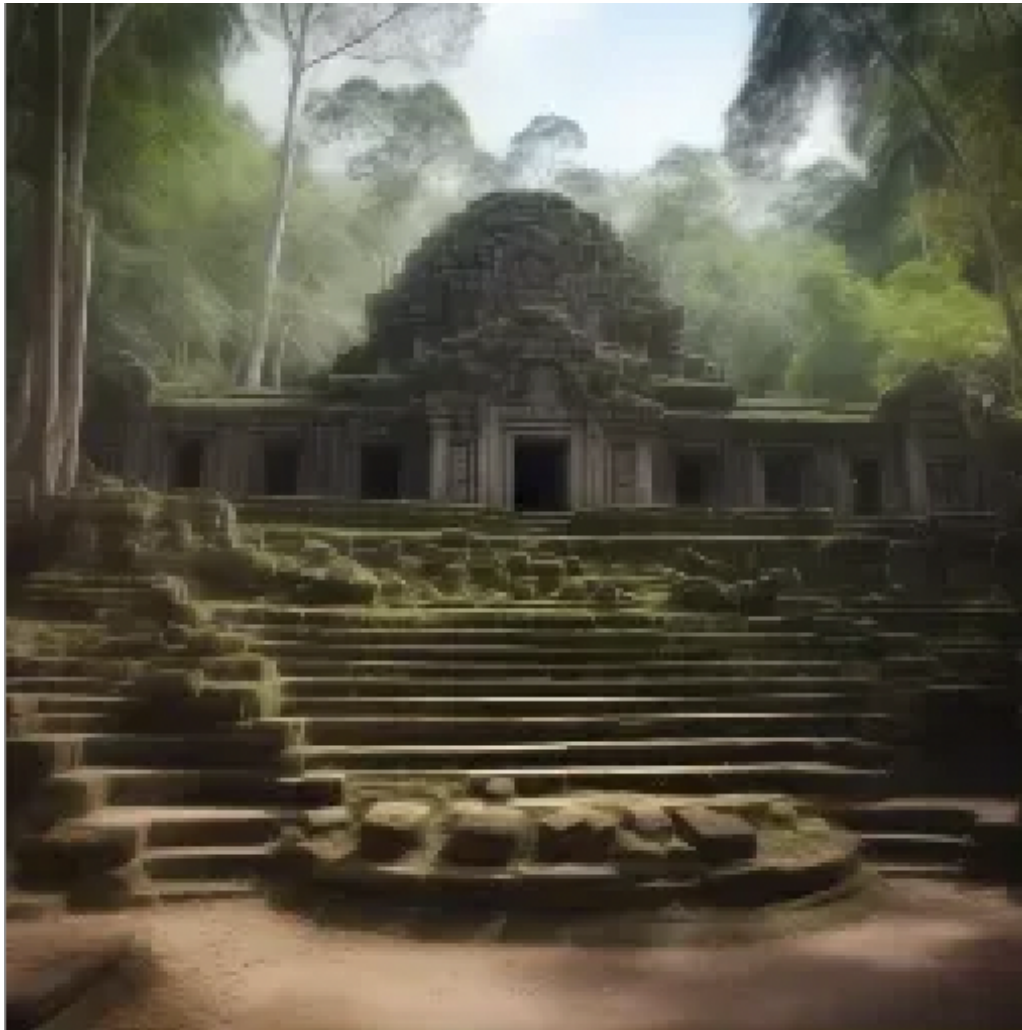
Eva and Yen disengage the breaks on their cart. They wave farewell and proceed offstage. The music ends.

***Epilogue [10:00]***

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Tribal drums play as ushers direct the audience out of the theater. After the last guests leave, the theater is closed to be cleaned and reset for the next performance.

**-END-**



## Park Backstory – The Legend of Guanaragard

### Vikings of the Caribbean

Over a millennium ago, in the year 999 C.E., the last survivors of a once mighty Viking known as the Ottarsung Clan set out onto a stormy northern sea in search of a new home. Sailing under the leadership of the fierce and fiery chieftainess Astrid, these voyagers joined the great Leif Erikson in establishing the Viking settlement of Vinland in what would one day be known as Canada. Alas, soon after the last timber was raised, Erikson betrayed Astrid, fearing her popularity and charisma a threat to his domain in this new land. Once again, the Ottarsung Clan was forced to wander the sea for a hospitable shore.

After years of roaming the Atlantic, a great hurricane wrecked the clan's longship on the sands of a tropical island later known as Hispaniola. There, they were cautiously greeted by the native Magua, a tribe of Taíno descent. Taking sympathy on the bearded, bedraggled horde, the Magua taught them how to live off the island's lush resources. To show gratitude for their invaluable succor, the Vikings shared with the islanders their mastery of seamanship, metallurgy, and other novel skills.

This vital exchange of knowledge begat a new blended community unlike any other in the Caribbean. The comity between the Vikings and the Magua was cemented by the marriage of Astrid to the cacique Aragarix. In celebration of their union, the newly merged people erected a village putting on full display their combined skill and knowledge. They called their new settlement Guanaragard, a fusion of Old Norse and Arawakan words meaning "the great commune."

By the late thirteenth century, Guanaragard had become one of the most respected and influential early Caribbean civilizations. Its leaders were revered for their wisdom and generosity and the quality of their goods was unmatched in craftsmanship. Guanaragardians' dominance of the sea and merchant fleet of over 150 longships had allowed them to establish a great trading network connecting the peoples of modern-day Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and Mexico. This consortium, known as the Systá, gave Guanaragardians the resources to expand their trading network into South America and around Cape Horn into the South Pacific. Meanwhile, the village's population swelled as trade voyages returned with foreign passengers, ready to make a go of it in the commercial capital of the old Caribbean.



## The Fight for Freedom

Guanaragard's focus soon turned inward from voyaging to developing village infrastructure for the booming population. During this time, Christopher Columbus made landfall on the newly christened island of Hispaniola and established a colony a short distance from Guanaragard. The Spaniards were baffled by the prosperity and modernity of Guanaragard and were able to ascertain the village's Scandinavian roots through investigation. Rather than risk the political crisis of revealing Norway's potential claim to the territory in a bloody war of conquest, the Spanish court quietly decided to allow Guanaragard its own sovereignty.

Outside the jurisdiction of Spain and its repressive oversight of trade, Guanaragard became a haven for European merchants looking to make their way in the New World. Its economy flourished as Europeans introduced modern luxuries and technologies, which the village's artisans were quick to adapt to manufacturing in their own distinct way. Guanaragardian goods were highly prized and Spanish colonists prospered greatly in their trade. So did English and Dutch pirates, much to the increasing chagrin of Spain's colonial governors. Even though Spaniards were welcomed into Guanaragardian society and took on positions of leadership in the village, tension with the Spanish crown continued to mount.

Simmering enmity erupted when a Spanish merchant attempted to auction off enslaved Africans in the Guanaragardian marketplace. Enraged at this injustice, the villagers captured the slaver and liberated his captives, prompting the colonial government to respond by forcibly installing a puppet dictator in lieu of Guanaragard's traditional cacique. Villagers absconded the onslaught into the surrounding jungles to mount a counteroffensive. What the Spanish publicly called a "civil war" was really a seven-year battle for Guanaragardians to reclaim their home. During this trying time, a freed African named Sergio emerged as a competent military leader. The former Bantu prince educated as a colonial gentleman helped villagers wage jungle guerilla warfare to eventually topple the Spanish occupation and reclaim Guanaragard for its people.

After emerging victorious, Guanaragardians were no longer content to abide the injustices and iniquities precipitated by colonial empires. With Sergio at the helm of the village's defenses, Guanaragard fortified against Spain's inexorable riposte. The valiant leader also raised a crew to help him decapitate the slave trade by attacking slavers arriving from Africa and liberating their prisoners. Aboard the notoriously swift ship the *Liberator*, Sergio and his crew liberated hundreds of Africans, returning them to safe harbor in Guanaragard. Despite Spain's best efforts, they could not quell the rebellion raised by Sergio and his crew of freedom fighters. It had expended so many resources in attempting to thwart his lawlessness, that it had begun to lose its control over the surrounding region. So, in 1605, the Spanish Crown gave Hispaniola's governor the authority to unleash his armies to destroy all towns on the island's north shore. Chief among their targets was Guanaragard.

Sergio knew even of Guanaragard's clever defenses could not repel the sheer numbers of the Spaniards, so with the help of the mystical Cacique Svarbax, he sought the aid of El Baca – a shape shifting demon said to defend property and livelihood for the right price. Impressed by the abolitionist pirate's impassioned plea, El Baca offered to render Guanaragard completely invisible to the aggressing Spaniards in exchange for Sergio's eternal soul. With no other recourse, the great leader agreed to sacrifice his freedom for that of his hard-won home. When the Spanish arrived outside Guanaragard with torches ablaze, they found nothing but wilderness. Sergio was never seen again, but El Baca had given the Cacique Svarbax the gift of immortality to keep the story of his demonic power alive among Guanaragardians.

## **The Final Stand**

When the dumbfounded Spaniards falsely reported Guanaragard destroyed, the village could exist in relative safety for the first time in over a century. While no longer a seat of colonial commerce, it became a hub for the Caribbean's burgeoning buccaneers. Piracy's Golden Age was practically launched from Guanaragard's Village Square. During the late 1600s and early 1700s, notorious rogues like Benjamin Hornigold, Blackbeard, and William Kidd all paid the pirate playground a visit. It also served as a valuable strategic point, located far away enough from colonial power centers to stage raids out of the reach of authority.

As colonial governments cracked down on piracy in the mid 1700s, Guanaragard became its last redoubt. Some famed buccaneers, including the long-lost Anne Bonny, used the village to wage an effective war of attrition against the British, Spanish, and French even after organized piracy had been all but eliminated. Meanwhile, Guanaragardians had reignited their battle against colonial oppression attacking the ongoing slave trade. The swift devastation of these short, but effective salvos helped Guanaragard's pirates evade capture for decades. But their luck was not to last.

In October of 1790, a crew of Guanaragardians set out to attack a slaver arriving in Haiti but was ambushed by a fleet of combined British and French navies. In an attempt to flee, the ship unwittingly led this flotilla back to its maiden port. As the villagers prepared for a futile final stand, Cacique Svarbax revealed to them the secret of El Baca's powers that had saved the village nearly 200 years before. In desperation, the sagacious leader conjured the fearsome spirit once again. But this time, his price was greater.

To prevent the destruction of Guanaragard and protect it forever, El Baca would isolate the village in time and space. As the rest of the world aged, the village and its people would remain as they appeared that day for eternity. It would be undiscoverable, invisible to all except those rare few possessing an adventurous spirit and pure curiosity. But to maintain El Baca's eternal protection, all Guanaragardians would have to pledge to remain there forever, never leaving the village past sunset. Those few travelers who discovered Guanaragard would only be allowed to remain in the village from sunrise to sunrise, lest they become permanent residents, bound by El Baca.

With a shared purpose of preserving the unique home they'd strove to build and protect, the citizens of Guanaragard consented to spirit's terms. In a tempest of wind, fire, and a hail of stones, the village and its people disappeared from sight, impervious to destruction, but also progress.

## **The Myth Lives On**

Keeping true to their pact with El Baca, Guanaragardians remained within the bounds of their village and preserved the way of life that they cherished. Over the next two centuries, only a handful of scientists, researchers, and noble rebels would happen upon the village, emerging with unbelievable tales consigned to legend. But these dalliances with the modern world sparked the desire to be discovered among more idealistic villagers, including a young inventor named Athena Swan.

When a party of scientists stumbled upon Guanaragard in the 1930s, the inventor had become enamored with radio technology and had attempted to discover its secrets herself. Working against reactionary objectors, Athena developed a steam-powered radio in the early 21<sup>st</sup> century and established contact with modern civilization. Only a couple years after this initial communication, Cacique Svarbax deemed the world was at last ready to learn the secrets of the village and opened the gates of Guanaragard to all those with the intuition and greedless curiosity to find their way there. With its gates reopened (at least until sunrise) the village now welcomes new generations of open-minded travelers, inviting them to live their own unbelievable legends.

## Character Profile – Captain Sergio

Born to the great Bantu chief Jabari, Prince Tembo was prized as a gift from the gods by his family. Growing up as the heir of his migratory chiefdom, the young Tembo enjoyed a life of travel and adventure as a child. Well-educated in the warrior arts of his people, he was a cunning fighter; but his ferocity never superseded the empathy that he felt for his adversaries. From a young age, Chief Jabari was confident his son would make a wise and great successor. Tragically, Prince Tembo's life took a dramatic shift in 1562, when a rival tribe succeeded in assassinating his father and capturing his people. The dethroned prince was sold to Spanish slavers in the colony of Sierra Leone. During his year of imprisonment, Prince Tembo witnessed the worst horrors man could exact on his own kind.

When Prince Tembo was ten, English privateer Sir John Hawkins raided the Spanish camp at Sierra Leone, capturing him and hundreds of others to sell on the island of Hispaniola. After a harrowing voyage across the Atlantic, the young prince was sold for a bag full of gold to Spanish nobleman Don Rafael de la Costa. Impressed with Prince Tembo's royal bloodline, de la Costa gave him the Christian name Sergio, meaning "servant." Sergio's understanding of protocol and decorum made him a valuable household servant. Within a month of his purchase, de la Costa made him major domo of his estate in the middle of a large coffee plantation. During his year of service to de la Costa, Sergio learned the skills of the European gentry – including fencing, horseback riding, sailing, and navigation.

When his master passed away, Sergio was sold off to the young slaver Santiago Garcia, who had recently arrived in the New World. Garcia organized an ill-advised slave auction in the village of Guanaragard, a haven for colonial rebels and abolitionists. The auction quickly devolved into a riot that liberated Sergio. He was invited by the villagers to remain under their town's protection. In his newfound freedom, Sergio moved from job to job, trying his hand at everything from metallurgy to woodworking. Eager to learn the ways of this new people, there was no job to menial.



Unfortunately, Sergio's liberty was not long to go unchallenged. In December of 1564, Guanaragard's treacherous Honor Guard captain, El Traidor, staged a Spanish-sponsored coup on the village that resulted in the assassination of Cacique Elgar. El Traidor liberated the imprisoned Garcia and dispatched his soldiers to round up the dozens of liberated Africans living among the villagers. Sergio was able to evade apprehension and decamped with other rebels to the surrounding jungle. Without a leader to unite them, the refugees feared their home was lost forever. But Sergio was not willing to let Guanaragard fall to tyranny.

A natural born commander, Sergio drew from his Bantu roots to plan battle strategies that would catch Guanaragard's invidious invaders off guard. His natural abilities as a leader and cunning as a warrior earned Sergio appointment as leader of the resistance. By 1570, Sergio's effective sorties had made Spain dubious of El Traidor's military competence. Much to the dictator's dudgeon, the Royal Governor began withdrawing their crippled forces. In a bold move to bring the Spanish occupation to a swift end, Sergio and a stealthy group of volunteers infiltrated the village to capture El Traidor. Sergio engaged the despot mano-a-mano duel, in which El Traidor took his own life after a sound defeat.

After reclaiming Guanaragard, villagers clamored to make Sergio the new cacique. However, the wise warrior felt he would be of greater use to the village as the commander of its rebuilt Honor Guard. With Sergio at the helm of the village's defenses, Guanaragard would no longer remain a tranquil village sustaining off trade with Spain.

At Sergio's urging, the new cacique, Svarbax, commissioned the construction of a fortified wall wrought of coral, rock, and the timbers of old ships to protect the city from foreign invaders. Cannons, catapults, and harpoons lined the crenellated battlements. Outside the village walls, Sergio engineered a new network of treetop pathways spanning the jungle perimeter, where the Guanaragardian Honor Guard could perch and stealthily repel invaders. The former Bantu prince found many ways to improve the organization of the Honor Guard and maximized the efficacy of their Mabulund combat style by infusing the Nguni stick fighting technique of his native people. By the end of their training, the new Guard could drive away any hostile forces without ever firing a shot.

In 1580, the New World slave trade was at its zenith and Caribbean waters were rife with European slavers freighting human chattels. Even those that did not carry enslaved people almost certainly carried profit from its wicked transactions. Sergio convinced Guanaragard's leaders that the most effective way to combat the evils of slavery was to wipe it out at its root. To bring their fight for liberty to the open seas, the Guanaragardians would need a ship. In that same year, Sergio led the village's shipwrights in a great refit of a 500-year-old longship to make it battle-ready.

During the late 1500s, Spanish and English privateers began raiding each other for spoils of war in the ongoing battle for colonial dominance. Sergio was all too familiar with these slavers' routes and plotted the perfect locations for his attacks. Aboard his vessel the *Liberator*, Sergio and his crew sailed from the shores off Guanaragard, sacking slave ships of every origin. After relieving vessels of their captives, Sergio and his crew would scuttle the ships and maroon the crews ashore on the nearest spot of land. Spoils raided from the ships were shared between Sergio's crew and the rest of the village. Over a period of 25 years, the crew claimed over 90 ships and liberated thousands of enslaved Africans, many of whom returned with Sergio to Guanaragard.

By 1605, the plunder perpetrated by pirates like Sergio and other enemies of Spain had severely hampered Hispaniola's economy. Towns on the island's northern shore had become cesspools of

illegitimate activity because of their distance from colonial authority seated in Santo Domingo. In concert with Spain's King Felipe III, Royal Governor Antonio de Osorio decided the best course of action would be to destroy all Hispaniolan settlements out of the direct jurisdiction of Santo Domingo. Guanaragard would be one of the governor's primary targets.

Cacique Svarbax convened an emergency meeting to discuss the course of action. After all feasible options had been thoroughly discussed and discounted, the members of the Village Thing decided to travel to Santo Domingo to surrender themselves to the Spaniards, in vain hope they would spare Guanaragard's villagers. Before the motion was carried, Cacique Svarbax related to the tale of an ancient forest-dwelling demon known as El Baca, said to possess the power to protect wealth, property, and livelihood. Against the admonition of the Thing, Sergio insisted that Svarbax lead him to El Baca's jungle lair.

On the following evening, the two trekked deep into the untrodden glades of the jungle before happening upon an eerily quiet clearing. Svarbax chanted an incantation in ancient Ciboney, inviting the spirit. Before their eyes appeared a massive, horned entity with charred black features and glowing red eyes. He addressed them in a voice that echoed all the world's avarice. Sergio pled his case to El Baca, explaining how Guanaragard had sought to purge the world of slavery and how the coming threat was poised to destroy its purity of purpose.

El Baca's heart was moved by Sergio's entreaty, so the demon offered the warrior a trade: he would render Guanaragard invisible to the oncoming Spanish armies in return for Sergio's eternal soul. After a moment's contemplation, Sergio offered the spirit his hand in accord, sacrificing his soul to save his people. In an instant, the spirit devoured Sergio, leaving no trace of Guanaragard's greatest champion. Some villagers say, on certain still, foggy nights, they have seen the great liberator captaining a ghostly sloop off the coast of Guanaragard, leading his spectral crew in stirring shanties about a world without the vice of slavery.

## Cruise Ship Musical – Foc'sle Folkways

LOGLINE: After a long day aloft, some musically inclined mariners gather 'round the rum barrel to share tittle, tales, and tunes in the tradition of their seafaring forbears.

CLIENT: Sea Cloud Cruises

CAST SIZE: 5 Actor/Singers/Dancers, 3 Musicians (Fiddle, Fife, Concertina), 2 Acrobats + Deckhands

DURATION: 35 Minutes

DESIGN RATIONALE:

Long before megaliners sweetened the seas with sybaritic ease, a sterner stock of seafarer plied the foam – stout of heart, hale of back, yet poetic of soul. The oaken spirit of the ancient mariner ventures on astride the prows of [Sea Cloud Cruises'](#) sailing yachts. This tardiest but steadfast scion of the Age of Sail beckons to the rare modern traveler who yens for discovery with a hempen warmth on his palm and a salt spray on his brow. Urbane yet sturdy, Sea Cloud cruisers fancy a turn around the capstan, an anthropology lecture, and a vintage madeira with equal relish. Their worldly sophistication is tempered by a layman's awe for nautical tradition and a desire to tack back to an epoch where a day of hauling sail might end with a ration of grog 'round the foc'sle scuttlebutt, with tall tales tuned to fiddle and fife.



DESCRIPTION:

As the mighty windjammer Sea Cloud make its nightly anchorage in some far-flung harbor, deckhands playfully impress Guests idling on the sun the deck into trimming the sails on the main. Little do they know that they are helping to ready the vessel for an evening of revelry. While the Bo'sun commands the

heaving horde, a brawny tar bears up a hefty rum cask from belowdecks, whistling a spritely tune. A shipmate in tandem totes a genuine, copper-hooped grog tub. The Bo'sun's stentorian cry of "Up sprits!" assembles Guests and seamen alike for a tot of rum mixed with lime juice and sugar water served in genuine pewter mugs.

Once an extra ration of rum is poured for those heaving the sheets, a pure, clarion tenor warbles from the main yard, "*Blow the man down, bullies!*" More voices join in the classic hauling shanty, drawing eyes skyward to behold eight singing SHANTYMEN descending the ratlines. Below, a MUSICAL MARINER pounds the tempo on a nearby barrel and is joined by others on the fiddle, fife, and concertina. Liveried in the plain uniforms of the Sea Cloud's crew, the performers are indiscernible from the other deckhands. The ship soon erupts in harmony, with crew and cruisers raising voices in rousing chorus.

When the SHANTYMEN alight the rigging onto the deck, the song accelerates into a lively hornpipe that gets everyone stomping, clapping, and kicking to the buoyant beat. At the number's finish, the SHANTYMEN'S sagacious leading hand, THE KILLICK, welcomes Guests for a night of old-fashioned "skylarking" – a recreational bout of strong spirits, stories, song, and games. His explanation cues a humorous shanty ruing a seaman's gambling woes. Amid ribald refrains, Guests are pulled from the audience to roll dice, arm wrestle, and compete in other comical contests with their shipmates. The hullabaloo takes to the rigging as two SHANTYMEN showboat with aerialist antics among the shrouds.



With the sun's fleet retreat into night, one SHANTYMAN produces a brass oil lantern, the flame whereof flickers high on the mainsail (with the aid of projection). Laughter quiets to reverent silence as THE KILLICK reflects on the camaraderie and vital catharsis nights of skylarking provided to homesick seafarers. He recalls wistful passages written by a sailor press-ganged into service, forced from his home

under direst duress. Ostensibly by the lantern's glow, the KILLICK visualizes the tale in larger-than-life hand shadows on the mainsail (i.e., animated projection content). As his narration dovetails with the SHANTYMEN'S medley of haunting sea ballads, the words of the account appear on the sail as if scrawled by some ghostly hand. During the final verse, a dynamic collage of authentic maritime logs, nautical art, and period portraits paint the stark adversity of the sailor's life from mainsail to topgallant.

After a poignant moment's silence, the KILLICK remarks how such nights were not just rife with tales of homes left behind, but of new lands on the horizon. Hearsay, yarns, and folklore from distant sands flowed unstaunched as mighty combers amongst sailors, spawning legends that loomed large in their superstitious imaginations. The KILLICK begins to regale Guests with a musical telling of a folktale from the very port-of-call they will explore on the morrow. Overhead, the projected lantern light morphs into culturally authentic imagery that accompanies a destination-specific song and dance. Whether the mainsail frays in spectral shreds for the story of Dominica's dread ghost ship or boots pound the deck to dance the Il-Maltija in Valetta's harbor lights, the vibrant pageantry powerfully portrays how sailors of yore celebrated the exotic cultures they encountered.

That jubilant spirit mounts toward the evening's end as the KILLICK's perorations honor the Age of Sail's daring spirit, the eternal cultural connections it forged, and the venerable legacy of those adventurous souls that bested nature's watery domain, a legacy in which Sea Cloud Guests have claimed a hard-won berth. The SHANTYMEN commence a stirring rendition of "The Leaving Shanty" as seminal moments of maritime history, from Magellan's circumnavigation to Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, seem to materialize in eddying embers on the vessel's mighty sails. Each depiction is a fiery poem of pointillism.



Suddenly, scores of voices resound from the heavens. Pinpricks of lantern light from the mainmast's yards and shrouds ignite to reveal the Sea Cloud's entire deck crew, who have journeyed aloft to incarnate the voice of their valiant ancestors. SHANTYMEN bid Guests to join in one last, crescendoing chorus before the KILLICK blows out the candle. The entire ship is left in spiritual silence as the ship's bell tolls first watch.

## Haunted Maze – Devil's Dame

LOGLINE: The centennial screening of a cursed silent film reveals the hellish fate of a fame-crazed starlet and her captive audience.

CAST SIZE: 30-40 Scare Actors, 3 Puppeteers

DURATION: 15 Minutes

### BACKSTORY:

It was 1927. A still burgeoning Hollywood was in thrall to a new force majeure taking entertainment by storm – talking pictures. As studios clambered onto cinema's latest bandwagon, a generation of mugging movie idols was outmoded overnight. One of these reluctant relics was Lucy Farian, a sultry silent film starlet freshly minted at the once titanic talent factory of Ninth Circle Pictures.

Sold as the silver screen's brightest new face, Farian's ill-fated star would fizzle aborning. Her leading lady debut in the gangster drama *Devil's Dame* came just one night after Al Jolson's *The Jazz Singer* sent sonic shockwaves through the film industry. The failed femme fatale would become little more than a footnote in the annals of Tinsel Town after she and a sparse audience disappeared on the night of her premiere.

One hundred years and reams of tired tabloid conjecture later, *Devil's Dame* and the rest of Ninth Circle's oeuvre have been purchased by second-rate video streaming service Reel E-Z. To earn some direly needed buzz, company executives have decided to celebrate the acquisition by screening the infamous film for only the second time in a century. Augmenting the intrigue, the one-night-only event will run the original 1927 reel at Hollywood's long-shuttered Persephone Playhouse – the very theater where Lucy Farian and her fans evanesced.

### DESCRIPTION:

"DEVIL'S DAME STARRING LUCY FARIAN-ONE NIGHT ONLY". New incandescent lights illuminate the serif title on the Persephone Playhouse's aged marquee with desperate dazzle. Their lurid yellow glow does little to obscure the hasty new paint job smearing the once-grand neoclassical movie palace. And yet, beneath the garish, uneven coloration and shoddy plaster patching, the original frieze depicting Pluto and his transient wife reigning over the Underworld's moaning grotesqueries commands a disquietingly stark dominion over the otherwise lackluster edifice.

Guests make a ballyhooed arrival down a red carpet with VIP invitations from Reel E-Z. A lush jazz score fills the opulently carpeted lobby adorned with original movie posters and production stills from *Devil's Dame*. The imagery teases the silent film's plot surrounding a misbegotten gang war precipitated by the murder of a Prohibition-Era mob boss at the hand of his conniving gun moll, portrayed by Lucy Farian. The starlet's beguiling beauty is unmarred by time, even 100 years later. In fact, there is something eerily eternal in her countenance, especially in the newspaper photos from the night of her disappearance.

A splendidly epauletted THEATER USHER ceremoniously motions Guests inside the compact but florid theater. The projector whirs as the *Devil's Dame* title card flickers onscreen. Silhouettes of front row spectators can be seen undulating along the lower edge of the frame. In the corner of the theater, an ORGANIST plays a melodramatic accompaniment to the opening scene. The film opens on the bootlegger boss "Devilish" Dan Doyle answering a late-night knock at his office door.

Onscreen, Guests see Dan open the door to a tight medium shot of a resolved Lucy Farian brandishing a tommy gun. She opens fire directly into the camera. To Guests' horror, her bullets riddle the movie screen and strafe the front row of the house. Blood bursts from the silhouettes of hapless moviegoers (i.e., water effects), splattering Guests as they hear the report Farian's fusillade. Her final shots dispatch the ORGANIST, whose corpse collapses onto the keyboard in a sustained dissonance.

Lucy appears to break character as she realizes the offscreen carnage she has inflicted. She tosses her emptied weapon and flees as the perforated movie screen peels open to reveal a passage into film. With the theater doors now locked behind them, Guests have no recourse but to journey into Farian's cursed celluloid realm. The droning of the organ is drowned by the dull, deafening roar of the projector as they step into the grayscale chiaroscuro of the 1920s crime film. Now standing in a Chicago warehouse office, the freshly murdered corpse of DEVILISH DAN DOYLE lies at their feet, prostrate in a puddle of black blood.



Suddenly, DEVILISH DAN'S savaged body lurches forward, seizing at Guests' ankles in one last protest of death. His mouth and diaphragm move as if he is screaming, but no sound issues from his lips. Limping from the floor, he removes a .38 special from his bloodied wool jacket and chases Guests out of his office into a dank, narrow alley shrouded by night. His bodily gestures are as emphatic and spasmodic as his silent facial expressions, as if this scene of the film was shot undercranked.

Just when Guests think they have finally evaded the massacred mobster, DEVILISH DAN darts from an alley adjoining the path ahead mere inches from their faces. Smoke bursts from the brick walls as he blindly fires his silent six shooter before finally expiring. The moment his body hits the ground, some of DAN'S GANG MEMBERS slam against chain link fences flanking the alley. Strobing streetlights cast long, demonic shadows on their scarred faces as they grasp at Guests through the fence. A quick attempt to escape leads down a short alley that terminates in a brick wall painted with an oversized caption card that reads "MURDERERS!"

Understanding that they have been framed for Devilish Dan's death, Guests flee his vengeful gang through the black-and-white warren of alleyways. Quiet bullets strike walls at every turn as malicious, miming MOBSTERS burst from dark recesses swinging pipes, chains, and crowbars. Guests are driven to seek refuge inside a seemingly abandoned meat-packing plant. Large, steaming stills signal that they have stumbled into the heart of Devilish Dan's bootlegging operation.

Around a corner, Guests proceed between precipitous racks stacked with casks of contraband spirits. The portentous trill of the projector remains the only audible sound, but a sinking feeling stirs as several of the barrels begin to roll on the shelves. Suddenly, lids fly from the cask as if kicked open, spraying Guests with a viscous, saccharine-smelling distillate. Inside the tuns, liquor-logged bodies bound at the hands and knees writhe noiselessly, wrenching liquid from their distended, livor mortis faces. Bedecked in glitzy white tie regalia, these captives seem unlikely victims for Devilish Dan's gang.



Before Guests can question this incongruity, a salvo of tommy guns bursts from the behind the barrels and impact at their feet. A sortie of GANGSTER rushes forth from the racks, firing indiscriminately. Guests retreat through an open freezer door just as one bullet strikes a still, triggering a silent explosion

that conflagrates the entire warehouse. Flesh can be seen melting from the voicelessly screaming faces of the GANG MEMBERS just as the door slams shut.

A fetor of rotting carcasses causes Guests to quicken their gate as they wind past the skinned corpses of cows and pigs suspended from meat hooks. In the dim meat locker's light scattered by the fog of hastened breath, the splayed silhouettes of the slaughtered animals look almost human. Suddenly, several of FROZEN CORPSES begin swinging on their hooks, some even leaping into the path ahead. Guests shriek as they race past a phalanx of fully skinned people. Bloodied icicles cling to the exposed bone and sinew of their zombielike visages. But even amid an inundation of adrenaline, Guests can't help but notice that these wretched souls still don their sartorial formal wear.

One final push through a curtain of butchered cattle leads into a windowless cinderblock room. A rusted sign above the door warns: "CAUTION! KILL FLOOR." On the opposing wall, fedora-clad silhouettes (i.e. video content) are seen on an observation platform directly above the of mouth of a chute to a smoldering incinerator. One of the figures pulls on a lever, shutting the door behind them. Clouds of noxious gas quickly billow from vents in the ceiling as three oversized hacksaws bear menacingly down on Guests. Facing a gory end, their only hope of escape is the incinerator chute.

The steady tick of the projector dulls to a distorted warble as Guests slide into the chute. They careen down nine speeding spirals past shrieking disembodied faces through intensifying smoke and heat. At the bottom, a familiar, soft-stealing tune sounds a path through the cinders. Guests startle as two hellishly horned DEMONS appear through the fiery fumes, sporting brilliant red usher jackets.



Almost as shocking as the sight of color is the wicked wights' genteel decorum as they silently motion the way down a luxurious red carpet between columns of hideous HELLIONS bedecked in black tie

finery. Guests dodge their ravening grasps as they stumble toward the torchlit marquee of Hades Hall, a palatial theater covered in Mephistophelean motifs. Overhead, the marquee reads: "NOW PLAYING: LUCY FARIAN -THE DEVIL'S DAME".

Inside the opulently grotesque theater, Guests are revulsed by the sight of DEMONS feasting on a human audience bound by golden chains to velvet seats. Blood and entrails cascade out of the riven waistcoats and gowns of *Devil's Dame's* ORIGINAL AUDIENCE MEMBERS. Their tortured faces contort in eternal agony, but no sound emits from their lips. Only the insatiable feasting of DEMONS is heard over a deafening reprise of *Devil's Dame's* ominous theme, wheezing from the theater's pipe organ.

Onstage, Guests see LUCY FARIAN performing on marionette strings puppeteered by THE DEVIL (i.e., large animatronic puppet) from above the theater's curtain. On the screen behind her flickers a film showing the shunned silent movie actress inking a satanic contract that guarantees she will always have a captive audience. As the movie ends, the gruesomely grinning DEVIL releases FARIAN's strings, leaving her limp on the stage. Opening his drooling, fanged maw, he screams a cacophony comprised of the many desperate cries of *Devil's Dame's* damned audience. All lights in the theater go dark as THE DEVIL rears voraciously down on the house. His flaming eyes are Guests' final sight as they become the newest members of Lucy Farian's ill-fated fan club.

## F&B ExperienceFeast – Tymes at Spellmont High

LOGLINE: Diners wield wands to conjure their own cafeteria lunch at a high school full of magically mischievous wizards, witches, warlocks, and sorcerers.

CAST: 4 Actors

DINING CYCLE: 60 Minutes

DESCRIPTION:

Hear ye! Hear ye! 'Tis lunch time at Spellmont High, East Camelot County's premiere educational institution for magic wielders. Extraordinary is the status quo at a high school of adolescent wizards, witches, warlocks, and sorcerers. And when its many quirky cliques convene for their midday meal, something *spelltacular* is always on the menu!



On approach, Spellmont High looks like a typical suburban public school but for its redoubtable stone walls, crenellated battlements, and a towering, lopsided spire around which Dexter, the school's bespectacled dragon mascot, flies in fire-breathing circuits. Warmed by his brimstone breath, Guests enter the school via a drawbridge over a moat rippling with mermaid tails, kraken tentacles, and evidence of other mythical marine life that appears to have escaped through the science lab's open window. Beneath the school's entry pediment, the whimsically whiskered PRINCIPAL ELDRITCH (i.e., restaurant host) welcomes Guests as "new students." Informing them that they are just in time for lunch, he ushers them inside with a winking assurance to overlook the tardiness for their first day.

Guests step beneath a portcullis into an august, castle-like corridor amidst passing period. Wooden chandeliers illumine walls lined with heavy iron lockers adorned with school decals and hastily crammed

with grimoires, witch's brooms, and other magical miscellanea. Glass cases arrayed with school *spell*-ing bee trophies and wall-mounted portraits of class superlatives (including "Most Likely to Curse a Spinning Wheel" and "Most Likely to Put a Sword in a Stone") add comical context about Spellmont's student body as Guests await the lunch bell.

RINNNGGG! The cafeteria doors fling wide to reveal the formidable, hair-netted frames of Spellmont's harried LUNCH HAGS (i.e., dining hosts). These weathered witches half-heartedly lead the "new students" on a tour of the lunchroom – a medieval banquet hall festooned with a superfluity of school spirit banners and pennants. Banished to the cafeteria's penumbras are the serving stations, reposing in cob-webbed neglect. As Guests queue up to collect their cutlery, the LUNCH HAGS sigh that they have abandoned their alimentary duties since Spellmont students have proven able to conjure any meal they please. After picking up a fork, knife, spoon, and *magic wand* from a rolling silverware cart, new students begin to take her meaning.

With wands in hand, parties are shown to their seats around what appear to be ordinary circular tables covered in velour tablecloths; but the HAGS yank away the fabric to reveal, instead, large cauldrons. The lackadaisical lunch ladies shove menus in Guests' hands. Rather than a list daily specials, these menus detail arcane spells for culinary conjuration. The HAGS huff off without any explanation, but a fellow CLASSMATE (i.e., server) soon approaches to help show new kids the ropes. Following the student's instructions, Guests rotate their wands over the cauldron and repeat a magic incantation. Jaws slacken with wonder as multicolored mist belches from the cauldron and goblets of water slowly rise from the depths of its ensorcelled basin.



Empowered to materialize their own meals, Guests use the menu to summon bottomless beverages and ample trays of *spellsbury* steak, dragon nuggets, and other Arthurian adaptations of classic school lunch

fare. But just like any high school, lunchtime's juiciest *beef* is not on the plate. Each table's CLASSMATE explains that they belong to one of the school's four main cliques: the preppy Wizards, the nerdy Sorcerers, the gothic Witches, and the delinquent Warlocks. Guests are recruited to one of these four factions by dint of where in the cafeteria they are seated. To prove allegiance to their peers, they must wield their newfound powers to prank their clique's adversaries.

Near the end of their meals, they join their CLASSMATE in casting surreptitious spells on rivaling tables. Guests on the other ends of these practical jokes may feel a direct blast of cold air or notice their seats subtly rise, lower, or even rumble. These guerilla gags quickly escalate when one table places a wintery hex on the school's fire deterrent system. As snow (i.e., snoap) torrents from the overhead sprinklers, the cliques declare an all-out "food fight!" Rather than tossing any actual morsels, CLASSMATES and Guests flick their wands at opposing parties' cauldrons to send condiments (i.e. colorfully lit jets of water), sprinkles (i.e., confetti), and fog bubbles shooting skyward.



This comestible conflict comes to an abrupt ceasefire as a crash of thunder petrifies students. PRINCIPAL ELDRITCH'S incensed baritone resounds over the school's PA, announcing that all Spellmont students have been suspended for the rest of the day. A unanimous cheer fills the cafeteria as CLASSMATES from all cliques congratulate each other on scoring a day off. With full bellies and wands in-hand, Guests parade out of the cafeteria past the reproachful phalanx of LUNCH HAGS, delighting in their magically mischievous first (and last) day at Spellmont High.



Thanks for Reading!