



Alison
Thomas-Visgar

Writer | Director | Choreographer
Themed Entertainment Portfolio

*Story-driven attractions and live experiences
rooted in character, emotion, and guest engagement*

Contact:

Phone: (631) 327-5465
Email: atvisgar@gmail.com
www.atvisgarcreative.com

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Come Make Music: A Jungle Adventure
Interactive Toddler Musical Stage Show
Overview

Overview: *Come Make Music: A Jungle Adventure* invites toddlers and their grownups to join a friendly jungle guide and playful animal friends on a musical adventure filled with original songs, movement, and audience participation. This is a 25-minute, performer-led, puppet-supported musical designed for intimate, high-energy venues where children and grownups share the experience together.

Why This Project: This project reflects my approach to early childhood entertainment: respecting young audiences as capable participants while using age-appropriate pacing, tone, and theatrical storytelling to make learning joyful.

Key Features:

- **Interactive Musical Learning:** Children explore loud/soft (dynamics), fast/slow (tempo), high/low (pitch), and beat (rhythm) through songs, movement, and guided participation.
- **Character-Driven Storytelling:** Playful animal characters model musical concepts, encouraging imitation, emotional connection, and play.
- **Inclusive and Accessible:** Created for ages 18 months–5 years with sensitivity to attention spans, sensory needs, and developmental stages.

Outline:

Scene 1: Welcome to the Jungle

Remi the jungle guide and Bongo the Monkey introduce music as something everyone can make. The opening song invites immediate audience participation.

Scene 2: Loud & Quiet

Guests explore musical dynamics through playful call-and-response, learning how loud and quiet sounds work together.

Scene 3: Fast & Slow

Cherry the Cheetah and Bongo comically demonstrate tempo through guided movement, encouraging full-body participation.

Scene 4: High & Low

Rio the Parrot and Simon the Snake introduce pitch as guests experiment with high and low vocal sounds.

Scene 5: Finding the Beat

Guests discover rhythm by clapping, stomping, and feeling a steady beat connected to their own heartbeat.

Scene 6: Jungle Dance Party

Musical concepts come together in a celebratory finale where guests choose their own movements and dance freely with their animal friends. A brief musical reprise encourages guests to keep making music.

WE MADE MUSIC, YES, IT'S
TRUE,
MUSIC LIVES IN ME AND YOU!
YOU CAME WITH US AND NOW
YOU SEE,
ALL THE THINGS THAT MUSIC
CAN BE!

Come Make Music: A Jungle Adventure
Interactive Toddler Musical Stage Show
Script

SCENE 0: PRESHOW

Guests are surrounded by a brightly colored jungle setting filled with oversized leaves, swinging vines, and playful scenery. Gentle jungle sounds and cheerful music play as guests settle on the floor and prepare for an interactive musical adventure designed especially for toddlers and young children.

NOTE: This production is to be fully underscored and tightly timed to music. All dialogue, songs, and transitions are performed over continuous musical underscore. REMI is to be played by a host while the animal characters are presented as puppets, allowing for expressive movement, playful comedy, and direct connection with the young audience.

SCENE 1: WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

Music swells as REMI, a friendly jungle guide, runs onstage. A bright musical flourish punctuates REMI's landing center stage, where they greet the audience with excitement. Throughout the show, playful music underscores the dialogue with flourishes and accents highlighting the action.

REMI: Hello friends! Welcome to the jungle! My name is Remi. I'm so happy you're here. Today, we're going to explore something very special... something all around us. We're going on a musical adventure!

BONGO the Monkey pops out from behind a tree.

BONGO: Did someone say banana adventure?

REMI: *(Surprised, then delighted)* Oh! Look everyone... It's Bongo the Monkey! Let's say hello. Hello Bongo!

Pause for Audience response. Bongo enthusiastically waves.

REMI: Are you ready to learn about music today?

BONGO: Music? What's that? Can I... eat it?

REMI: No, Bongo! You can't eat music. You make music, you hear music, you can even feel music! It just so happens that this jungle is full of amazing music.

BONGO: So... it isn't a banana?

SONG: COME MAKE MUSIC

REMI: Silly monkey.

COME MAKE MUSIC, MAKE A SOUND
MUSIC'S WAITING ALL AROUND
IN YOUR HANDS AND IN YOUR TOES

BONGO:
I FEEL MUSIC IN MY NOSE?

REMI: Sure!
MUSIC HAPPENS EVERYWHERE
IN THE JUNGLE

BONGO: In my hair?

REMI: Maybe.
LISTEN CLOSE AND HEAR THE TUNE

BONGO:
I EAT MUSIC WITH A SPOON!

REMI: No!
COME MAKE MUSIC, MAKE A SOUND
MUSIC'S WAITING ALL AROUND

BONGO: Oh... I see!

REMI & BONGO:
COME WITH US AND YOU WILL SEE,
LET'S FIND OUT WHAT MUSIC CAN BE!

SONG END

SCENE 2: LOUD & QUIET

BONGO: (*Singing loudly, to his own tune*) COME MAKE MUSIC, MAKE A SOUND
(*Directly in REMI's ear*) YEAH!

REMI: Ouch. That was loud, Bongo.

BONGO: Music *has* to be loud. (*To Audience*) Right, everyone? Repeat after me:
BOOM BOOM!

Pause for Audience response.

REMI: Music *can* be loud. But it can be soft too. (*To Audience*) After me, now:
(*Whispering*) SHH, SHH!

Pause for Audience response.

Nice work everyone!

SONG: LOUD & QUIET

BONGO: Suuuuuure YOU can be quiet but...
I LIKE IT LOUD
I LIKE TO SHOUT
TO BANG AND BOP AND JUMP ABOUT

I LIKE IT LOUD
BOOM BOOM!

BONGO cues Audience.

AUDIENCE:
BOOM BOOM!

BONGO: One more time!
BOOM BOOM

AUDIENCE:
BOOM BOOM

REMI:
SOMETIMES QUIET IS THE THING
THAT MAKES THE MUSIC REALLY SING

SO, I'M QUIET
SHH SHH

REMI cues Audience.

AUDIENCE:
SHH SHH

REMI: Even softer!
SHH SHH

AUDIENCE:
SHH SHH

Underscore continues.

REMI: You see Bongo, loud and quiet are *both* important parts of music.

BONGO: (*Confused*) What do you mean?

REMI:
(*Quiet, building*) WHEN WE LISTEN...

AND WE WAIT...
IT MAKES THE LOUD SOUND

BONGO:
(Realizing) REALLY GREAT!
BOOM BOOM!

AUDIENCE:
BOOM BOOM

REMI:
SHH SHH

AUDIENCE:
SHH SHH

BONGO and REMI playfully trade loud and soft sounds.

BONGO:
BOOM!

REMI:
SHH!

BONGO:
SHH!

REMI:
BOOM!

BOTH:
(Loudly, in harmony) AHHHH!

(Whispered, delighted) OH YEAH!

SONG END

REMI: You've got it! Music is best when the loud and quiet work together!

Sound of fast animal footsteps.

Wait... did you hear that? It sounds like something really... fast!

SCENE 3: FAST & SLOW

Fast footsteps. CHERRY the Cheetah zooms onstage, colliding with BONGO. BONGO falls.

BONGO: Whoaaa!

CHERRY: What's going on here? I heard some loud sounds.

BONGO: (*Popping up, proudly*) That was me!

CHERRY: Sounded good. Well... gotta go!

Begins to run off and crashes into BONGO again.

REMI: Wow, Cherry! You're going very fast!

CHERRY: Well, that's the only way to be, Remi! I zip, zip, zip!

BONGO: (*Trying to run*) Me too! Zip, zip... whoaaaa!

BONGO trips and crashes.

Maybe I'm better at going slow.

REMI: (*To Audience*) Cherry the Cheetah thinks fast is the best way to move. You know, music can move in lots of ways... fast and slow! Try it with us!

SONG: FAST, FAST, SLOW

REMI: When the music is fast, move fast like Cherry.

CHERRY: Like this!

CHERRY models a fast Cheetah movement and gestures the audience to follow.

REMI: Perfect. And when the music is slow, move slow like Bongo.

BONGO: Like this!

BONGO models a slow Monkey movement and gestures the audience to follow.

REMI: That's right. Now here we go!
(*Quick tempo*) SOMETIMES FAST, SOMETIMES FAST
MUSIC FLYING, FLYING PAST
ZIPPING FEET ZOOM RIGHT BY
BLINK YOUR EYES! WHOOSH! BYE BYE!

Come on everyone! Let's move fast to the music!

Fast musical interlude as CHERRY and REMI demonstrate fast movement and the Audience follows along. Song continues.

CHERRY:

FAST IS FUN! FAST IS FREE!

BONGO:

FAST FEELS KINDA... SLIPPERY. (*Slips*) Whoaaaa! (*Crashes*)

REMI:

(*Tempo Slows*) SOMETIMES SLOW, SOMETIMES SLOW
MUSIC SOMETIMES HAS TO GROW
GENTLE STEPS AND EASY SWAY
MOVING SLOWLY IS THE WAY

Let's try out moving slow! How slowwwwwly can you move?

Slow musical interlude as BONGO and REMI demonstrate slow movements and the Audience follows along. Song continues.

BONGO:

SLOW IS NICE! SLOW IS BREEZY

CHERRY:

I GUESS SLOW IS PRETTY EASY

REMI:

(*Medium Tempo*) SOMETIMES FAST, SOMETIMES SLOW

CHERRY & BONGO:

SLOW GIVES FAST SOME ROOM TO GROW

ALL:

SOMETIMES FAST AND SOMETIMES SLOW
THAT'S JUST HOW THE MUSIC GOES!

SONG END

REMI: That was great everyone!

CHERRY: I guess slow isn't so bad after all. Well... gotta run! (*Stops*) I mean... walk slowly...

CHERRY runs off.

REMI: Silly Cheetah.

SCENE 4: HIGH/LOW

Bird wings flutter. RIO the Parrot swoops in and lands on a high tree branch

RIO: Hello down there!

BONGO: Where is that sound coming from?

RIO: Up here, Bongo!

REMI: It's Rio the Parrot! Hello up there, Rio! *(To Audience)* Rio loves to be up high in the trees.

RIO: *(Spreading wings proudly)* Care to join me?

REMI: *(Suddenly nervous)* Who? Me?

BONGO: *(Excited)* In the tree? That's my favorite place to be!

BONGO runs off and reappears next to RIO, having "climbed" the tree.

BONGO: I LOVE climbing up high! Are you coming, Remi?

REMI: Ummm... way up there? I think I'll keep my two feet on the ground for now. Heights... well... they aren't my favorite.

REMI sits beside the trunk of a nearby tree. A soft slithering sound is heard.

SIMON: *(Offstage)* You could ssssay that a sssssecond time...

SIMON the Snake appears beside REMI.

REMI: Simon! What are you doing here?

SIMON: All this talk of shimmying up high is giving me the shiverssss.

REMI: *(Relieved)* Me too, Simon. Me too.

REMI looks up at RIO and BONGO, then down at SIMON.

REMI: *(Thinking aloud)* Hmm... Rio and Bongo like to be up high. Simon and I like to stay down low. *(Realizing)* That sounds a lot like music!

BONGO: Music?

REMI: Yes! Music can swoop high like this... *(Singing on a high note)* LA LA LA!
and music can snake low... *(Singing on a low note)* LOW LOW LOW!

BONGO: I don't get it.

REMI: Listen and learn, Bongo, listen and learn!

SONG: HIGH AND LOW

REMI:
HIGH NOTES FLY WHERE BIRDIES SING
LOW NOTES CAN BE JUST THE THING
LOW HIGH LOW HIGH
ON THE GROUND OR TO THE SKY!

REMI: Take it away Rio!

RIO:
SWOOP HIGH SWOOP HIGH, HEAR ME SING
MY NOTES AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER'S WING

BONGO:
IT'S MY TURN- I'M UP HERE... EEEK!
EVEN IF ITS JUST A SQUEAK!

SIMON:
TRY LOW, SNAKE LOW, HEAR MY SOUND
LOWER DOWN AND HUG THE GROUND

REMI:
LOW NOTES RUMBLE, RICH AND DEEP

BONGO:
(*Falling asleep*) MAKES ME WANT TO GO TO SLEEP!

Underscore continues.

REMI: Can you try a high note with Rio?

Rio sings a high "LAAA" and Audience repeats.

BONGO: (*Waking with a start*) I'm awake! (*Matches Rio's note, a little less pretty*)
LAAA! I did it!

REMI: Now a low note with Simon...

Simon sings a low "LAAA" and Audience repeats.

BONGO: Listen to this! (*Matching Simon's note.*) LAAA. My voice can stretch!

REMI: You've got it!

RIO:
HIGH NOTES UP WHERE BIRDIES SING

SIMON:
LOW NOTES CAN BE JUST THE THING

BONGO:
LOW HIGH LOW HIGH

ALL:
ON THE GROUND OR TO THE SKY!

SONG END

RIO: Join me up high in the trees anytime, my friends! Bye bye!

SIMON: Or me, low on the ground! Sssssee you ssssooon!

RIO and SIMON exit and BONGO returns to the ground.

SCENE 5: FINDING THE BEAT

REMI: Wow! We've made so much music today.

BONGO: And there hasn't been a single banana in sight.

REMI: Silly Monkey. *(To Audience)* We discovered that music can be loud and soft... fast and slow... high and low... But there's one more thing hiding inside music.

BONGO: Is it a banana?

REMI: No, Bongo. It's something you can feel... right here.

REMI puts hand on BONGO's chest.

REMI: Can you feel that? *(to Audience)* Put your hand on your chest, close your eyes, and listen.

Pause, a soft heartbeat pulses rhythmically.

BONGO: My heart is... dancing.

REMI: That's it! That steady *thump-thump... thump-thump.... thump-thump*. That's the *beat*. The heart of the music! Let's find the beat together. Clap... clap... clap... clap...

Slow, steady. Audience joins in.

BONGO: I feel it! The music is marching!

REMI: Yes! The beat makes the music move and it helps *us* move with it! Let's find the beat with our feet. Stomp, Stomp, Stomp, Stomp!

Stomping together, the underscore intensifies. Layered jungle and animal sounds build, as if the jungle is waking up to the music. Unable to resist, BONGO begins to dance.

BONGO: What's happening Remi?!

REMI: Remember when I told you this jungle is full of amazing music? Well, I guess the jungle wants to dance to the beat... and we all get to join in!

SCENE 6: JUNGLE DANCE PARTY

SONG: JUNGLE DANCE PARTY

REMI:

MUSIC CAN BE HIGH OR LOW
SOFT OR LOUD, FAST OR SLOW

WE MOVED LIKE A CHEETAH
A MONKEY
A SNAKE
OH, HOW I LOVE THE MUSIC WE MAKE

IT'S A MUSIC ADVENTURE, JUNGLE FUN
A MUSIC ADVENTURE, LET'S DANCE EVERYONE

All the animals friends dance on as the beat continues.

Welcome back, friends!

Music drops to a simple, steady rap groove.

RIO:

I LIKE THAT SOUND, ALL AROUND
WAY UP HIGH OR ON THE GROUND

SIMON:

FEEL THE BEAT WAY DOWN LOW
SMOOTH AND SLOW, JUST LET IT FLOW

CHERRY:

MOVE WITH THE RHYTHM, FAST OR SLOW
FOLLOW THE BEAT AND OFF WE GO!

BONGO:

THAT'S THE WAY THE JUNGLE GROOVES
WITH THIS BEAT YOU'VE GOTTA MOVE!

Music begins to build.

ALL:
IT'S A MUSIC ADVENTURE, JUNGLE FUN
A MUSIC ADVENTURE, LET'S DANCE EVERYONE!

Underscore continues.

REMI: Let's all dance together! Follow along. First, flap your wings to the beat with Rio. Flap... flap... flap! Now you!

Audience flaps wings with RIO.

Now, slither low like Simon. Ssss...sssss...ssss. Here we go!

Audience slithers with SIMON.

Now, move fast like Cherry. Zip... Zip... Zip. Your turn!

Audience dances fast with CHERRY.

BONGO: Don't forget about me!

REMI: I could never forget about you, Bongo! Dance loud like Bongo! BOOM... BOOM.. BOOM....

Audience follows along with BONGO.

REMI: Now choose your very own dance moves and remember to have fun! Together now, one... two... three!

ALL dance with Audience in final chorus.

ALL:
IT'S A MUSIC ADVENTURE, JUNGLE FUN
A MUSIC ADVENTURE, LET'S DANCE EVERYONE!

IT'S A MUSIC ADVENTURE, JUNGLE FUN
A MUSIC ADVENTURE, LET'S DANCE EVERYONE!

SONG END

REMI: Great dancing everyone! Now, it's time to say goodbye to our special jungle friends. Goodbye Cherry!

CHERRY: Gotta run!

REMI: Bye bye, Rio and Simon!

RIO: Keep soaring!

SIMON: Or sssssslithering!

REMI: I had so much fun with you today, Bongo!

BONGO: Me too! I didn't even think about bananas once! Ooooo.... Bananas. That DOES sound delicious...

BONGO rushes off in search of a banana.

REMI: Silly Monkey. *(To Audience)* We learned so much about music today. I'm proud of you. Now remember: keep exploring, keep listening, and keep dancing!

SONG: COME MAKE MUSIC REPRISE

REMI
WE MADE MUSIC, YES, IT'S TRUE,
MUSIC LIVES IN ME AND YOU!
YOU CAME WITH US AND NOW YOU SEE,
ALL THE THINGS THAT MUSIC CAN BE!

SONG END

(Improvised greetings) Goodbye everyone! Thanks for coming! See you next time!

Up-tempo jungle music plays as REMI waves and exits with a musical flourish. Jungle sounds continue as Audience exits.

The Tempest: Through the Storm

Dark Ride Concept

Overview

Overview: Original dark-ride inspired by Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, reimagined as a family-appropriate water ride designed to engage both Shakespeare enthusiasts and first-time audiences.

Why This Project: This concept reflects my approach to adaptation: honoring source material while translating layered themes into impactful guest-centered experiences. Classic dark-ride storytelling conveys a powerful message about forgiveness, reconciliation, and repair.

Concept Summary: Guests enter the remains of a shipwreck and travel back in time to board longboats moments before its destruction, drawn into a supernatural tempest conjured by the exiled sorcerer Prospero. Guided by the spirit Ariel, riders endure the storm, explore an enchanted island, witness love, folly, and reckoning, and ultimately experience Prospero's choice to relinquish vengeance in favor of mercy.

Narrative & Experience: The attraction unfolds through immersive scenes blending dynamic sets, animatronics, projection, and atmospheric sound design. Guests are carried through a range of thrills and emotions, from grief and betrayal to young love and a crashing storm, before reaching a powerful act of forgiveness and returning to a tranquil harbor, carrying reflections on compassion and grace.

NOTE: This project is one of many attractions in my pitch for a Literature themed park. Visit www.atvisgarcreative.com to read!

Storms may come and go... but forgiveness, once chosen, endures

The Tempest: Through the Storm

Dark Ride Concept
Experience Narrative

Scene 1.1: View of the Shipwreck (Exterior)

A weather-beaten galleon lies along the shore, its shattered masts and splintered hull clawing upward like the remains of a colossal, fallen creature. Strange markings trace the sand and a flickering, unnatural light glows within the wreck, whispering of a tale unfinished. Drawn forward, guests step into the world of *The Tempest*.

Scene 1.2: Through the Shipwreck (Exterior Queue)

Guests follow a narrow path beneath a tilted mast as whispered voices echo through the wreckage.

“We split, we split, we split!”
“All lost! To prayers, to prayers!”

They cross the threshold into the shattered belly of the galleon.

Scene 1.3: Inside the Galleon (Interior Queue)

Guests find themselves in a dim, cramped interior covered with tattered maps, furious sketches, and waterlogged journals all centered on the memory of Prospero. Voices from the past whisper betrayal and exile.

“Twelve year since, thy father was the Duke of Milan.”
“By foul play, as thou say’st, were we heaved thence.”
“He whom next thyself of all the world I loved.”

It is as if the chamber itself is alive with Prospero’s memory and is haunted by his betrayal.

At the chamber’s heart, a final journal entry reveals the voice of Alonso, King of Naples, consumed by remorse for his role in Prospero’s undoing.

Journal Entry of Alonso, King of Naples (Excerpt)

The storm above rages on. Unyielding, unbroken, and resolved to cast our vessel into oblivion. The men whisper a name I have never escaped: Prospero. It is as though the storm itself screams: Revenge! Regret! If he lives... would he forgive me? Should he forgive me? If these winds are his doing, then let them take us. Let the skies fall and the masts splinter, for I have earned the judgment that comes. Forgive me, old friend, if any mercy remains.
- Alonso, King of Naples, in sorrow.

The voices fall silent as guests move upward, and backward in time.

Scene 1.4: Ship deck and Longboats (Interior Queue and Loading)

Guests emerge onto the ship's deck as it once was, trembling beneath an oncoming storm. Deckhands urgently guide them forward on to 17th-century longboats as a seasoned voice rings out.

DECKMASTER (Prerecorded): Ho! Take heed good crew. This vessel cannot weather the fury of this cursed storm. Abandon deck whilst the fates permit. These longboats be all the hope left to us. Sit close and hold fast. The tempest bears upon us, and mark my words, within its heart there moves a power most foul. At the next thunderclap, we push off... into the storm!

Thunder cracks. The boats push off.

Scene 1.5: Tunnel Entrance (Pre-Show)

As the boats glide toward a dark tunnel, the storm shifts from chaos to supernatural. Golden lightning skims the tunnel walls, forming fleeting runes and spiraling motifs that vanish the moment they are seen.

A soft, playful voice stirs from nowhere and everywhere.

ARIEL (singing): Come unto these yellow sands...

Ariel appears, playful and luminous, introducing Prospero's story.

ARIEL: Welcome, travelers! A duke wronged, a kingdom stolen, a daughter raised in exile... and a storm to set all things right. And I? Why, I am but your harmless spirit guide. Here to keep you safe as best a simple sprite may.

Golden lightning ripples across the walls surrounding the boats, revealing visions. Prospero conjuring. The galleon sinking. Caliban crouched in shadow. Miranda and Ferdinand embracing. Ariel darts between these images, stitching them together. A fearsome thunderclap erases the images.

ARIEL: Fear not the tempest's roar. 'Tis but my master's art. A storm stirred to reckon wrongs and wash away the stain of treachery. Only what is pure shall safely pass through... the tempest.

The boats have slipped out of the tunnel and into a darkened, cavernous chamber.

ARIEL: My master calls. I must away.

BOOM! The storm returns with the unmistakable fury of Prospero's mighty power.

Scene 2: The Tempest

The storm explodes to life. Walls of cascading rain appear through projection and practical mist. Waves crash against unseen cliffs. Thunder ricochets like cannon fire. The longboats buck and sway as though caught in a monstrous current.

A commanding voice pierces the din.

PROSPERO: Hast thou, spirit, performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

The boats ride the storm.

ARIEL: I flamed amazement! Jove's lightnings, the precursors of the dreadful thunderclaps!

A massive shadow of the galleon appears in a flash with mast cracking and sails shredding before vanishing into the depths of the sea.

The boats tilt, then tilt even more.

ARIEL: Be collected! No harm shall touch thee... I hope.

The boats pitch forward, then with a flash of light, they plunge. Sudden stillness follows.

Scene 3: The Island Revealed

The island glows softly in the distance, alive with quiet magic.

ARIEL: Safe ashore! See how quickly quiet follows chaos? Storms frighten and islands... islands teach.

Bioluminescent plants pulse gently as the boats push forward into a moonlit lagoon.

ARIEL: Of my Master's will, we enter the isle which listens closely to the hearts of those who wander it. Let us see who we discover. The players are scattered, beaten, and battered. What has the tempest unearthed within them? Within you? Vengeance? Love? Forgiveness? Freedom? Onward!

Scene 4: Love at First Sight

Miranda and Ferdinand meet, suspended in a moment of wonder and disbelief.

ARIEL: Ah! Love at first sight, a most dangerous magic... and one even my master cannot command. But not all eyes look on with wonder...

From the shadows, Caliban watches, unseen and resentful.

ARIEL: Come! Let us leave our lovers and turn our gaze to mischief, merriment, and foolish folly.

Scene 5: The Drunken Plot

Firelight flickers and laughter rises as Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano dance and drunkenly plot.

ARIEL: Behold a rebellion born, like many before it, of wine and wishful thinking.

Stephano raises his bottle. Trinculo sways in a stupor. Caliban looks eagerly at the two.

ARIEL: These two dream of wearing a crown... though they could scarce keep their footing long enough to keep it upon their heads. And this sorry sight hungers for a new master to provide a salve for old wounds. Folly. New masters, same old mistakes.

The frivolity continues as the clowns dance around the fire.

Scene 6: The Carousel of Remembrance

The air cools as the canopy thickens.

ARIEL: What became of the noble lords cast from the ship? Were they claimed by the sea? Fear not. Those who betrayed my master many seasons ago and set him adrift upon these shores have survived. Fortune, or my master, it seems, has not yet finished with them.

The boats approach a clearing where the island has shaped a natural proscenium. Music seeps into the space: theatrical, eerie, and winding like clockwork.

ARIEL: Allow me to present my master's finest invention- a carousel of remembrance. Not a ride of childish delight... but one of conscience. Each turn brings its sorry riders face to face with the weight of their own misdeeds.

Three tableaux rotate, as though mounted upon an invisible wheel, each depicting a particular facet of Prospero's vengeance.

ARIEL: My master means to ensure that no lesson is forgotten.

Its inhabitants are trapped in a cycle of reckoning and regret.

Scene 6.1: Alonso's Grief

Alonso kneels. In his hands, he clutches his son's tattered doublet which is unmistakably salvaged from the wreck.

ARIEL: Alonso, a father who believes his son lost to the sea.

A soft shimmer passes across the clearing revealing an ephemeral outline of Ferdinand.

ARIEL: Sorrow teaches what words never could.

Scene 6.2: The Interrupted Betrayal

Antonio leans conspiratorially as Sebastian stands rigid, torn between hesitation and desire, considering betrayal.

ARIEL: Even after disaster, see how quickly the old habit of betrayal reawakens. Power once tasted is not easily forgotten. My master watches closely. Will the betrayals of the past repeat themselves?

Scene 6.3: The Vanishing Banquet

Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian sit at the table, ready to indulge in a lavish feast. As the nobles lean closer, the food disappears.

ARIEL: You men of sin have eaten well upon my master's fortune. And now you shall taste remembrance.

Lightning flashes, momentarily revealing the looming silhouette of an imposing, winged harpy.

The scene resets. The Carousel continues to turn and the lessons repeat.

ARIEL: Be at ease, dear guests. All is well. I do enjoy a bit of spectacle, when the lesson calls for it, of course.

Scene 7: Prospero Revealed

The path widens as the boats drift into a quiet clearing.

ARIEL: And now, dear friends, the lessons have been shown... perhaps it is time we unmask the teacher.

Prospero's dwelling appears modest, lived-in, and filled with gentle magic. A pot scrubs itself beside the hearth. A quill writes steadily in an open book, pausing now and then as if to consider the next word. An endless fire crackles softly.

ARIEL: My master. Prospero. Once Duke. Now scholar. Sorcerer. Father.

Prospero warmly addresses the guests.

*PROSPERO:
Behold, sir king, the wronged Duke of Milan.
I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
Set roaring war.
Yet all this was in care of thee...*

His staff pulses with light as Ariel responds.

ARIEL: Your compensation makes amends

PROSPERO: The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.

He lifts his gaze toward the sky, returning to his thoughts and wordlessly sending the boats on.

ARIEL: We leave my master to his work. Let us see how his lessons have taken root.

Scene 8: The Lessons Take Root

Reunion spreads across the island. Alonso embraces Ferdinand. Caliban stands among his companions, no longer monster nor servant. Antonio remains apart but contemplative.

ARIEL: Lessons need not shout once they are understood.

Scene 9: Forgiveness

Prospero faces Alonso.

PROSPERO: Most cruelly didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.

Alonso bows deeply with repentance and reverence.

PROSPERO: But virtue I will free from vengeance.

Prospero forgives.

ARIEL: Thus ends the reckoning. What remains... is mercy.

Light blossoms across the clearing. A release earned through repentance and grace.

ARIEL: Ah... there it is. The work is finished, and the island rests at last. The lessons have been learned, the wrongs weighed, and the storm laid down to sleep. There is nothing more to ask of you here.

Scene 10: Release

The boats drift away from the island's edge as open water surrounds the guests. Above, the night sky widens. It is vast, quiet, and strewn with stars.

ARIEL: The hour itself now bends.

Prospero's voice is heard, reflective and vulnerable:

*PROSPERO:
Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own.*

The familiar magical motifs that once coursed through sand, wood, and storm rise and connect with the stars themselves. The night sky awakens, alive with Prospero's magic.

PROSPERO:
I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

A swell of music begins.

ARIEL: To the elements be free.

Ariel flits among the stars, trailing light. The magic follows, weaving a spellbinding dance across the sky. At the musical crest, Ariel and the magic pulse together one final time then gently dissolve into starlight, becoming, at last, a part of the heavens themselves.

The last traces of magic fade, leaving only moonlight upon the water.

PROSPERO:
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Silence follows as the boats drift beneath the stars, carrying guests back toward the present.

Scene 11: Return to the Present

Dawn breaks as the boats glide past the familiar wreck of the Galleon, now quiet and weathered. A friendly harbor town welcomes them safely home.

Scene 12.1: Seaside Town (Exterior Deboard and Exit)

The boats ease into a peaceful dock in a coastal port town alive with the gentle rhythms of daily life. Traces of old magic linger here, barely perceptible. The sound of the sea follows as guests exit carrying with it the quiet suggestion that storms may come and go... but forgiveness, once chosen, endures

Scene 12.2: Portraits & Likenesses (Photo Pick Up)

A small storefront displays hand-drawn portraits of Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano beneath a crooked sign:

“Portraits & Likenesses, Est. After the Tempest”

Here, guests depart with a memento and the assurance that everyone in the adventure found their way toward something better.

Where Did All the People Go?
Original Short Story (Seuss Inspired)
Overview

Overview: Original short story drawing inspiration from the whimsical language and moral clarity associated with *Dr. Seuss*, while consciously speaking to older readers and nostalgic fans of classic children’s literature.

Why This Project: *Where Did All the People Go?* demonstrates my ability to study and replicate the voice of a beloved IP while using that language to address contemporary themes. It reflects my interest in stories that invite responsibility through warmth, humor, and emotional clarity.

Story Concept & Structure: Set in a Seuss-like world of exaggerated characters and playful verse, the story follows Artie, a small bug who wakes to discover his once-bustling city is abandoned. As Artie searches for answers, he encounters personified embodiments of environmental neglect. A rolling heap of garbage, a polluted cloud, and a fish trapped in oil-slicked waters each offer their own perspective on why humanity has vanished. Artie’s unwavering faith in humanity is rewarded when the humans return, having learned that loving the world means caring for it, and that mistakes, big or small, can be mended through effort, responsibility, and change.

**Today Artie sleeps ‘neath a bluer sky,
And the ground below is clean and dry.
The water is once again clearer and wetter,
And the planet we love is
much,
much
much better.**

Where Did All the People Go?
Original Short Story (Seuss Inspired)
Story

Artie the bug sleeps in a den
In a city like yours, mine, Margie's, or Ben's.
He lives on the Earth, day after day.
You live here too, I think I can say.

Artie counts sheep: one, two, three, four.
He woke with a start when he counted no more.
After thinking some thoughts about numbers and such,
Artie listened outside and heard... not very much.

“Where are the horns, the hubbub, the halloos?
My city is busy. There's always to-dos.”
Artie looked in the street and saw nothing to see.
Then he looked at himself and saw nothing to be.

Where did all the people go?

So, he jumped out of bed with a hop and a skip,
Put on his sneakers, and zipped up his zip.
He started his day with a new kind of plan:
To find out what happened to his fellow man.

Artie buzzed outside and whiffed a great whiff,
Then wrinkled his nose and sniffed a great sniff.
“That smell! What is it?” Artie asked with a groan.
Then he heard a reply in the form of a moan.

Garbo, the great greasy garbage, rolled past.
(Your mother would bathe him, and bathe him quite fast.)
“Excuse me, Garbo, excuse me, please,”
Asked Artie politely, withholding a sneeze.

Where did all the people go?

Garbo coughed a great cough and batted some flies,
Then began to respond (to Artie's surprise).
“The people,” he laughed, “why, they're gone. Flew the coop.
And good riddance, I say. They're a terrible group.

They throw me down without thinking a thought.
So it's time that they left and were taught a good taught
About keeping the garbage out of the road
And into the cans where it's supposed to be throwed.

They kick me around like a ball, or less,
But they never knew I could cause such a mess.
In the rivers and lakes and streams and creeks,
They throw me once, but I last for weeks.

They throw and throw and throw and throw,
And now they can't live here. Now they know."

Artie looked at Garbo with a definite frown.
The words Garbo said, they just brought him down.

"I know my people. I know they are good.
They'll come back and throw you right where they should."

Garbo sighed a deep sigh and rolled down the street,
And Artie looked for people to meet.

He watched the sky, which was covered in grit.
It once was quite blue, and now it's a pit.
He remembered the days he played with sweet Sun,
But now she hides, and that fun is done.

Clint the Cloud smugly sits her place,
Puffing and huffing with a terrible face.
Clint looked at Artie, who felt scared and weak,
And glared when poor Artie dared to speak:

"Where did all the people go?"

"The people, you ask? They packed up and flew.
See that soot in the sky? What else could they do?
They don't give a hoot 'bout air they inhale.
They smoke up their smoke to sell their big sale."

Artie just turned and walked away.
His humans weren't mean. Not them. No way!

"I'm sorry, Sir Cloud, but I cannot believe
That the people I love would just up and leave."

Then he saw the greasy black sea.
He said to himself, "This is NOT meant to be.

The seashore is bright, breezy, and bluey,
Not this: slimy, grimy, and gluey.”

Frida the Fish cried out from the goo,
“I knew someone would see, and that someone is you.
The ocean is not meant to look this way, NO,
But oil is dumped, and the dumpers just GO.

My family can’t live in this mucky galoop.
Fish can’t walk away like that human group.”

“I don’t understand!” Artie snuffles and cries.
“My humans are good. They won’t pass you by.”

“It may seem that way, dear, but they

Waste!

Waste!

Waste!

Waste!

Never thinking about the rest of the space.
Not about loving the land and the sea that is theirs,
About fixing and mixing the wears and the tears.”

With teary eyes, Artie tells the fish,
“I want what I want, and I wish what I wish.
I know my people are

Good!

Good!

Good!

Good!

They will come back to fix the things that they should.
So, I’ll sit in this spot beside this black lake
Until they return and fix this mistake.”

It rained and it rained red, red-hot rain
From a black sooty sky to a garbagy plain.
And Artie just sat, a positive bug,
Hoping and hoping for one human hug.

For days and days, Artie stayed in that spot
Until one happy hour, 9:16 on the dot.
Messy brown hair appeared over a hill,
Attached to the head of a small boy named Bill.

He was covered in dirt and grime and mess,
But Artie let out a shout, nonetheless.

“Bill! Where did all the people go?”

And then Bill spoke in a very small voice:
“We left, Artie. We made the wrong choice.
We threw all the trash down onto the ground.
We let all the smoke fly up and around.
We threw the goo in the waters, you see,
So Earth was no longer a nice place to be.

But once we flew off and looked down from the sky,
We missed it, we loved it, and knew we must try
To fix the trash, the smog, the gal-up,
Because messes are made, but must be cleaned up.”

Artie the bug buzzed, whooped, and gleamed.
“I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!” he screamed.
“My people are good. They will clean up what’s wrong,
And the world I love will be back before long.

And trash will be thrown in the cans where it should,
And smoke will be cleared the best way it could.
And the water will not have slimy gross glop,
But will be a clean place where fishes can flop.”

And as Artie jumped and hooted aloud,
More humans arrived and formed a great crowd.

“We love our Earth, and so you will see.
We’ll save it and make it the best it can be.”

Today Artie sleeps ‘neath a bluer sky,
And the ground below is clean and dry.
The water is once again clearer and wetter,
And the planet we love is

much,
much
much better.

The Festival of Resurrection
Immersive Horror Musical Stage Show
Overview/Key Moments

Overview: *The Festival of Resurrection* is an original musical stage show created for an immersive horror event, blending musical spectacle, dark humor, and classic horror tropes with a story-driven emotional core. Produced September 2023.

Why This Project: *The Festival of Resurrection* demonstrates my interest in immersive storytelling that entertains and unsettles. Designed for adult audiences, it showcases my ability to create layered narrative experiences. The audience can simply enjoy the glittering surface of toe-tapping musical numbers and physical comedy or engage more deeply with the unsettling implications beneath.

Concept & Structure: Set during Nightfall at Old Tucson, the performance masquerades as a celebratory vaudeville-style revue honoring the miracle of resurrection. Guests are welcomed by charismatic ringmaster BJ Barrett, who introduces a series of performers who were once dissidents and are now resurrected and controlled entertainers- a triumph of rehabilitation and control. As the show progresses, cracks appear beneath the performers polished smiles. Musical numbers that begin as flashy crowd-pleasers become tools of domination. By the finale, the audience is left to question their own role in applauding a world that punishes resistance and rewards compliance.

**Death is the least of your worries, my unenlightened friends.
Death is not the end.
And now... Goodnight!**

Key Moments:

1. Introduction: A Stairway to Paradise

The resurrected performers enter lifeless and hollow, only to be animated at BJ Barrett's command set to an eerie adaptation of Gershwin's classic, *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise*.

2. The Claret Sisters: Pettiness Replaces Power

Rose and Ruby Claret, once revolutionary threats and now conjoined twins against their will, bicker endlessly in a hollow parody of celebrity entitlement.

3. Virgil's Resurrection

A newly executed dissident, Virgil is resurrected onstage in real time and set to music. An unsettling juxtaposition of the physical comedy of a newly undead learning to dance and the horror of BJ's exacting control.

4. The Silver Lining

Hattie's solo begins as a forced anthem of optimism which fractures when she removes her mind control pendant. For a moment, the audience glimpses the strong, revolutionary woman she once was, but the illusion is crushed as BJ's reprise of *I'll*

Build a Stairway to Paradise mixes with Hattie's *Look for the Silver Lining* in a chilling medley.

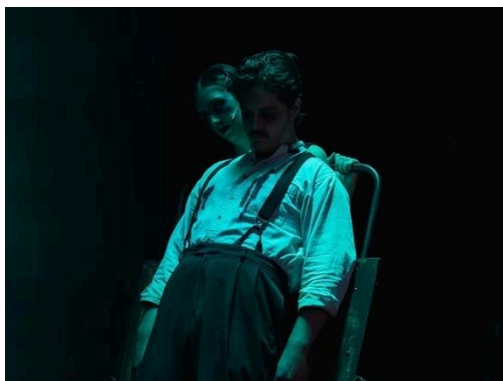
5. Finale: Applause as Threat

As the performers' forced smiles fade into undead stillness, BJ abandons his charismatic veneer and delivers a final message: death is not the worst punishment. Resistance only earns resurrection.

6. Interstitial Sets: Deepening the world

Short, transitional "staircase" sets deepen the world and its inhabitants. Hattie and BJ's unsettling and deeply imbalanced relationship is exposed through a series of duets including *Be My Little Bumblebee*. Elsewhere, the Claret Sisters' quiet grief and resignation are featured in an original song adapted from the traditional ballad, *The Twa Sisters*. Within the broader environment of a fully immersive Halloween event, these moments are optional discoveries which allow audiences to engage casually with the spectacle or choose to uncover the darker emotional and narrative threads beneath the surface.

Visit www.Atvisgarcreative.com for Music Samples



Thank you for Reading!