

PERUSAL SCRIPT



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Newport, Maine

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WINTERBLÜM

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WINTERBLÜM Song List

ACT ONE

#1 -- Winterblüm Prelude

Scene 1 -- MILENA's home

#2 -- Winterblüm -- MILENA

Scene 2 -- Gluda's Cottage in Winterblüm

Scene 3 -- A fjord

#3 -- Winterblüm (Reprise1) MILENA

Scene 4 -- Wharf

#4 -- Until The Spring -- PIRATES

#5 -- Bad News -- PIRATES, DOLK, GRYMSKURK

Scene 5 -- Pirate Ship -- night

Scene 6 -- The Ship -- morning

#6a -- Bad News (Reprise) -- PIRATES & GRYMSKURK

#6b -- Winterblüm (Reprise 2) -- MILENA

Scene 7 -- Gluda's Yard

#7 -- Gotta Look Out -- ELSKA & DUGLIG

Scene 8 -- Winterblüm Palace

Scene 9 -- Winterblüm Streets

#8 -- Give Me Time -- MILENA

#8A -- Give Me Time (Reprise) -- MILENA

Scene 10 -- Country Market

#9 -- When Love Comes To Me -- TRUGEN & GLUDA

Scene 11 -- Palace Secret Chamber

#10 -- For Goodness Sake -- GLITTRA & GRIMSKURK

Scene 12 -- Throne Room

#11 -- A Little Vice -- ISIGORM & FRUTENSVART

Scene 13 -- Royal Stables

Scene 14 -- Outside the Cottage

#12 -- Warm -- MILENA

#13 -- Gotta Look Out (reprise) -- MILENA, DUGLIG, DOLK, GRYMSKURK, FRUTENSVART, ISIGORM, ENSEMBLE

Scene 15 -- Outside the Cottage

#14 -- You Are The Reason -- ELSKA, GUDLIG

Scene 16 -- Country Market

#15 -- Winterblüm (Reprise 3) MILENA

Scene 17 -- Outside The Cottage

Scene 18 -- Limbo

#16 -- When Love Comes To Me -- TRUGEN

Scene 19 -- Outside the Cottage

Scene 20 -- Throne Room

#17 -- For Goodness Sake (Reprise 1) -- GRYMSKURK & GLITTRA

Scene 21 -- Country Market

Scene 22 -- Limbo

#18 -- For Goodness Sake (Reprise 2) -- GRYMSKURK & GLITTRA

Scene 23 -- Inside the Cottage

#19 Warm (Reprise1) -- MILENA

Scene 24 -- Outside the Cottage

Scene 25 -- The Palace

Scene 26 -- Limbo

#20 -- Give Me Time / When Love Comes To Me (Reprise) -- MILENA & TRUGEN

ACT TWO

Scene 1 -- Country Market

#21 -- These Days -- GLUDA

Scene 2 -- Inside the Cottage

Scene 3 -- Winterblüm Square

Scene 4 -- Inside the Cottage

Scene 5 -- The Palace

Scene 6 -- Outside the Cottage

Scene 7 -- Outside the Cottage

#22a -- There's Nothing Left -- TRUGEN

#22b -- There's Nothing Left (Reprise) -- MILENA & TRUGEN

Scene 8 -- Winterblüm Square

#22c -- There's Nothing Left (Reprise 2) ENSEMBLE

Scene 9 -- Royal Highway

#23 -- Winterblüm (reprise 4) -- MILENA

Scene 10 -- Outside the Cottage

#24 -- This Night -- GLUDA

Scene 11 -- The Palace

Scene 12 -- Inside the Cottage

Scene 13 -- Winterblüm City

Scene 14 -- The Palace

Scene 15 -- The Cottage and other locations

Scene 16 -- The Ministry

#25 -- Warm (Reprise 2) -- TRUGEN

Scene 17 -- The Palace

#26 -- Winterblüm Finale -- MILENA, TRUGEN & COMPANY

#27 -- Curtain Call

Characters (7M 8F + citizens, animals(non speaking), guards, pirates, frost-fairies, & ice-demons)

MILENA an adventurous, capable, flaxen-haired, 18-year-old lass

GLUDA her ‘grandmother’

TRUGEN Gluda’s 17-year-old foundling, “son”, strapping and blonde

IZIGORM King of Winterblüm

GLITTRA His consort

GRYMSKURK . . . Chief of Police

FRUTENSVART . . . Overling of Public Works

DOLK an old sailor

DUGLIG Gluda’s neighbor

ELSKA Duglig’s wife

GROCER

GROCER’S WIFE

WARTEN their ugly son, late teens

GERTA Milena’s foster-mother

BJORN Her foster-father

USKI Milena’s pet husky

GUNTHER Grymskurk’s pet wolf

MUSKY Duglig’s pet musk-ox

THE LITTLE GEYSER

PIRATES

FROST-FAIRIES

ICE-DEMONS

GRAYLINGS (townspeople)

BLUGGARDS (guards)

ARCTIC ANIMALS

WINTERBLUM A Musical – Book, Music & Lyrics by **Mark Ogden** 7M 8F(or 8m 7f) + citizens, animals(non speaking), guards, pirates, frost-fairies, & ice-demons. 90 minute. Several interior and exterior locations in a fluid setting. Costumes of Old Norway, from a more magical time. **(Perfect for Professional, University/College, Community, High School, Youth groups, TYA)** An older youth must have freedom. He or She, depending on which version you choose, is ready to leave Foster Parents and find the origins that he/she has left behind, and head to a land that is no longer filled with light. A past that has been kept hidden out of fear is what is waiting to be discovered by the questing youth. But so many things stand in the way of the quest, including the leader of this forgotten land who has magical powers. But there are many things besides memories that need to be awakened in our hero or heroine. A musical as FROZEN as the recent film delight! This is available now for PREMIERE production. And you get to choose the version you want. A Hero, or a Heroine!
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ACT I

MUSICAL #1 -- WINTERBLÜM PRELUDE

SCENE 1 -- *Medieval Norway. Spot on MILENA, a beautiful, flaxen-haired lass of 18, stuffing clothes into a satchel.*

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL #2 -- WINTERBLÜM

MILENA:

THERE IS A PLACE, REMARKABLY RARE,
WHERE COLORFUL GEYSERS RISE HIGH IN THE AIR
AND TOWERING PINES GROW EVERGREEN.
STRAWBERRIES GROW LUSCIOUS AND SWEET.
IN WINTER A STREAM CAN PROVIDE YOU STEAM HEAT.
AND SLUSH ON THE STREETS IS NEVER SEEN IN
WINTERBLÜM! A BURSTING BLOSSOM IN THE SNOW.
WINTERBLÜM! YOUR NORTHERN LIGHTS WILL ALWAYS GLOW.
SOON I'LL BE BACK HOME, NEVER MORE TO ROAM.
PLEASE OPEN UP AND MAKE SOME ROOM.
I STILL RECALL YOUR SWEET PERFUME, WINTERBLÜM!

[Lights up on UNCLE BJORN, polishing eye-glasses and AUNT GERTA, mending a coat.

MILENA crosses to them]

MILENA: Perfect weather to start a journey.

GERTA: Must you go, Milena?

MILENA: There's a magnet pulling me back.

GERTA: Back to what though?

BJORN: A dangerous place!

MILENA: I'm not afraid. I've got to find Grandmother.

GERTA: . I hope poor Gluda's alive.

MILENA: It's only been ten years.

BJORN: You don't remember the terrible war. You remember Vinterblüm as a child. Not how Izigorm overthrew the King.

MILENA: Izigorm! I'm eager to meet him.

GERTA: There's no stopping her, Papa.

MILENA: I'm traveling light. Don't think I'll even need a coat.

GERTA: Of course, you'll need a coat.

BJORN: And all the gold your Aunt has sewn into the lining.

MILENA: Gold!

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BJORN: Gold you deserve for working so hard all these years.

GERTA: For being the daughter we couldn't have.

MILENA: Thank you, Uncle Bjorn, Aunt Gerta.

[GERTA gets a picnic basket and they cross downstage]

GERTA: Is your little boat ready?

MILENA: I hope I can get a good price for it. Enough to buy my passage over.

BJORN: Vell, you built it sturdy -- like everything you do.

[She takes the basket as they exit]

SCENE 2 -- WINTERBLÜM. Outside a sagging Cottage. **GLUDA**, a spry old woman, and **USKI**, a husky, are carrying firewood.

GLUDA: Uski! Settle down! What are you so happy about?

[Lights intensify. She gazes up, shielding her eyes]

Well, hello, Stranger!

[Suddenly, TRUGEN, a handsome, blonde, 17-year-old, enters with an easel and a half-finished picture. He sets it up and begins to paint. USKI frolics]

TRUGEN: Grandmother! The sun's out.

GLUDA: For a moment or two.

TRUGEN: I was beginning to think we'd never see it again.

GLUDA: It won't stay, son. Look at all the clouds.

TRUGEN: I hate this awful weather!

GLUDA: I know it's hard, Trugen, **since** your parents gone, no one your age to talk to, no lasses you particularly like...

TRUGEN: ...Or that you like either.

GLUDA: (ignoring him) At least we escaped the Plague. We can thank the Great Goddess for that.

TRUGEN: Uski, get away. You'll knock everything over!

GLUDA: Now you've got to say something cheerful. Something cheerful for every something gloomy.

TRUGEN: Oh, Grandmother – all right. I think I'll paint flowers around the cottage like there used to be.

GLUDA: Yes! Roses and marigolds blooming year 'round. Ever since Izigorm became King, the Goddess has been very angry.

[The sun disappears again]:

TRUGEN: Come back. I want to finish my--

GLUDA: I told you it wouldn't...

[They wait. The sky darkens]

I'm afraid it's not coming back.

[TRUGEN slams down his brush and dashes off, knocking over the easel. USKI retrieves the brush]

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GLUDA: Trugen!

(shaking her head, she scans the sky. Angrily. She clenches her fists then catches herself)
So hard to love this place, but we really must try. What other choice have we got?
[She picks up the easel and they exit]

SCENE 3 -- MILENA guides her boat down a majestic fiord.

MILENA: Winterblüm! East of Iceland and west of Norway and north of them both. A big, beautiful island smack in the middle of the Arctic Sea. All covered with forests and meadows. You'd think it would be cold there, but it's not. Not even in winter. The ground is always warm and there are hot springs everywhere. And steam caverns and geysers!

MUSICAL #3 -- WINTERBLÜM (Reprise)

LAND OF MY BIRTH, FRAGRANT AND FAIR,
NOWHERE ON EARTH CAN BEGIN TO COMPARE.
EVERYTHING THAT I LOVE IS-THERE ... IN ...
WINTERBLÜM!
A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SPOT.
WINTERBLÜM!
A DIFFERENT KIND OF CAMELOT.
DEEP INSIDE I YEARN.
SOON I WILL RETURN.
I DON'T BELIEVE THEIR TALES OF DOOM.
LET THE MAGIC NOW RESUME,
WINTERBLÜM!

[She reaches into the basket, finds a jar and opens it]
Pickled herring! My favorite! Hmm! I wonder what that is -- way up ahead
[Lights dim as she slurps some down]

SCENE 4 -- A Wharf. Enter several shrieking VILLAGERS followed by fierce PIRATES whose skin color is blue green. They brandish spears and axes.

PIRATE #1: *(pointing to some barrels)* Pick those up and get moving!
[Elsewhere, a PRIEST and two WOMEN are hiding]

WOMAN: Surely we're safe here in the church. Surely they won't --
[PIRATES discover them! Enter rugged KAPTEN GRYMSKURK. His skin is pastel blue. On

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a chain he holds back snarling GUNTHER [GOON-ter], a rapacious wolf]

GRYMSKURK: Everybody out! There's work to do!

PRIEST: *(displaying a golden Celtic cross)* Take our treasures. Take whatever you wish, but spare us, please!

GRYMSKURK: Keep your gold! Unless you know a way to cook it!

MUSICAL # 4 -- UNTIL THE SPRING

PIRATES:

WE'RE NOT HERE FOR GOLD.
WHAT WE WANT IS WOOD AND GRAIN.
JEWELS AND GOLD WON'T STOP THE COLD
OR EASE THE HUNGER PAIN.
WE ARE FAR FROM CRUEL.
KEEP YOUR PURSE AND KEEP YOUR RING.
ALL WE WANT IS FOOD AND FUEL
TO LAST UNTIL THE SPRING.

GRYMSKURK: Tear down those storage sheds. And that church! Come on, Gunther. Let's head back to the ship.

[ALL exit. Enter MILENA]

MILENA: Pirates! Pirates from Winterblüm. The rumors are true I guess. They've got a huge Dragon-ship and it's flying the Blümian flag -- and their skin is blue! What should I do? Help the villagers or stay hidden? Help I suppose -- because somehow, somehow I've got to get aboard that Ship!

[He hears something and hides. Enter the PIRATES and VILLAGERS]

PIRATE #2: All right, fetch that lumber.

[They obey and start out. MILENA throws her satchel and basket in a crate and joins them. Lights up on DOLK, a weathered seaman, standing atop the gangplank]

DOLK: That's right. Right up here.

(directing a VILLAGER)

Right over there.

MILENA: They said to take this to the galley.

DOLK: Why? What's in it?

MILENA: Uh -- pickled herring.

DOLK: Well, good! Down there.

[MILENA steals off. DOLK turns his attention on the others. Suddenly, a warning bell sounds. PIRATES and VILLAGERS scatter in all directions. MILENA clammers into a lifeboat just as GRYMSKURK and GUNTHER ascend the gangplank]

GRYMSKURK: Make sail posthaste.

DOLK: Aye, Kapten.

(calling up to the rigging)

Make sail posthaste!

[A LOOKOUT shouts from off]

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LOOKOUT: Ships at three leagues!

DOLK: The Fleet, Kapten?

GRYMSKURK: Most likely! But we'll outrun 'em. We always do! Right, Gunther?

(GUNTHER is ravening beneath the dinghy)

Find something, Gunther?

[GRYMSKURK strides over and whips off the tarp]

MILENA: Uh -- hello! I'm Milena.

GRYMSKURK: *(calm, calculating)* I see. What brings you aboard my ship, Milena? Down, Gunther!

[PIRATES notice and start to gather]

MILENA: I want to go to Winterblüm. I would've asked back at port, but you were sort of busy.

PIRATE #1: Hey, a stow-away!

PIRATE #2: A pink one!

GRYMSKURK: Why do you want to go to Winterblüm?

MILENA: I was born there! I want to see it again. It's so beautiful. So magical!

PIRATE #2: Beautiful?

PIRATE #3: Magical?

DOLK: Easy, mates. It's clear she hasn't been there for a while. She doesn't know.

MILENA: Know what?

MUSICAL # 5 -- BAD NEWS

GRYMSKURK: Things have changed.

PIRATE #1: And not for the better!

WE'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS.

WE'VE GOT SOME SAD NEWS FOR YOU.

DOLK:

SAD, BUT TRUE.

GRYMSKURK:

EVERYBODY'S TURNING BLUE.

PIRATE #1:

BLACK AND BLUE.

PIRATES:

YOU WILL, TOO!

GRYMSKURK: Winterblüm is freezing over.

MILENA: Freezing over!

PIRATES: *(variously)*

WE'VE GOT SOME HEADLINES

ABOUT THE BREADLINES.

NO ONE HAS FOOD; NO ONE HAS WORK.

EVERYBODY'S IN THE MOOD

TO GO BERSERK.

GRYMSKURK:

CANCEL YOUR DREAMS.

DOLK:

EXPECT THE WORST.

GRYMSKURK:

SOON ALL YOUR SCHEMES WILL BE RUBBLE,
YOUR BUBBLE WILL BURST.

PIRATES:

DOES THIS DISTRESS YOU?

MILENA: I don't believe it!

PIRATES:

DOES THIS DEPRESS YOU?

MILENA: Not at all!

PIRATES:

THIS ABYSMAL, DISMAL NEWS?

MILENA: I know when I'm being gulled.

GRYMSKURK: Really? Glance ahead.

LOOKOUT: Iceberg! Iceberg off the port bow!

MILENA: An iceberg! I've never seen one.

GRYMSKURK: It won't be the last.

DOLK: Just what we need.

GRYMSKURK: Dolk, old man, I thought you liked icebergs.

DOLK: As much as I like sharks.

GRYMSKURK: (*pointing back at the Fleet*) Same with those seadogs. A few more and they'll turn tail.
[Suddenly, they hear clicks]

PIRATE #2: What's that?

DOLK: Dolphins!

PIRATE #2: This far north?

MILENA: Kapten, I'm sorry I stowed away.

GRYMSKURK: No, you're not. You're sorry you got caught.

MILENA: I'm willing to work. I know how to build boats.

GRYMSKURK: Well, men, shall we take her to Winterblüm? Or just half-way there?

PIRATE #1: Toss her overboard.

DOLK: Naw, let her work.

PIRATE #3: Then toss her overboard.

GRYMSKURK: (*pointing to a damaged boat*) See that? Fix it.

MILENA: Thank you, Kapten.

GRYMSKURK: I'll just let the King decide what to do with you.

LOOKOUT: Fog ahead! Fog up ahead!

GRYMSKURK: Fog and icebergs. What luck!

DOLK: Luck? He calls that luck!

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

[Lights dim as the mist rolls in]

SCENE 5 -- *The Ship. Night. DOLK at the Helm steers nervously. MILENA rebraids some rope. Suddenly, there are clicks. MILENA jumps up.*

MILENA: Helmsman, quick! Steer to starboard!

DOLK: What?

MILENA: Steer to starboard!

[She grabs the wheel and turns it hard right]

LOOKOUT: Iceberg off the port bow!

DOLK: Barnacles, mate! How-did you see it? How do you see ‘em?

MILENA: I don’t see ‘em. I hear ‘em!

GRYMSKURK: *(emerging thru’ the fog)* You hear them?

MILENA: Not the icebergs. The dolphins! Wherever they are, the icebergs aren’t!

GRYMSKURK: Well, what do you know -- talking fish. Try it, Dolk.

DOLK: Aw, no, Kapten. Let her keep the Wheel. She’s got some special gift.

[More clicks. MILENA steers hard left]

LOOKOUT: Iceberg off starboard!

DOLK: She’s got supernatural powers.

MILENA: No, I don’t. I ...

GRYMSKURK: Tell you what, ‘Sorceress’, get us past these icebergs and you’ll have earned your passage.

MILENA: Oh, yes, sir.

[GRYMSKURK strides off. MILENA concentrates as the lights dim]

SCENE 6 -- *The Ship, the next morning. DOLK is at the Helm. The fog is lifting. MILENA lies asleep on some grain sacks. Enter GRYMSKURK and GUNTHER.*

GRYMSKURK: I see we’ve survived.

DOLK: Look at her. Exhausted.

GRYMSKURK: Magic is hard work.

LOOKOUT: Land ho! Land ho!

MILENA: *(waking suddenly)* Land? Are we there?

[She stumbles to the Rail. PIRATES enter]

DOLK: Aye, pretty near. Feel the sea -- how slushy she is.

GRYMSKURK: *(looking thru his spyglass)* Winterblüm! ‘Beautiful, magical

MILENA: May I?

GRYMSKURK: Why not? Why postpone the shock? Look for the forests along the mountaintops.

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PIRATE #1: Kapten, do we have to unload? Or can we make the Graylings do it?

MILENA: Graylings?

PIRATE #2: And she says she's from Winterblüm!

PIRATE #3: The commoners! Us nobles types is blue-blooded.

GRYMSKURK: See those forests?

MILENA: Where are they? Where are all the trees?

PIRATE #2: Cut down.

DOLK: They was dyin' anyways.

MILENA: Dying?

GRYMSKURK: Would we steal wood if we had wood?

DOLK: And let's hope we've stolen enough 'cause when the harbor freezes over.

GRYMSKURK: Nobody goes anywhere but the graveyard.

MILENA: No!

MUSICAL #6a -- BAD NEWS (Reprise)

PIRATE #1: Poor lass. Look at that stormy face.
YOU'VE HEARD OUR BAD NEWS.

PIRATES:
YOU'VE HEARD OUR DIM VIEWS.
WE KNEW YOU'D WEEP
AND WAIL AND SHOUT.

GRYMSKURK:
THAT IS WHY WE'VE TRIED TO KEEP
ALL THE REALLY UPSETTING THESE OUT.

PIRATES:
WE KNEW WE'D SHOCK YOU.
WE KNEW WE'D ROCK YOU
WITH OUR GHASTLY, NASTY NEWS.
WITH OUR DIM, GRIM, SAD, BAD NEWS.

GRYMSKURK: Welcome home, Sorceress!
[He strides away. The OTHERS disperse]

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL # 5B -- WINTERBLÜM (Reprise2)

MILENA: Good thing I'm back. And not a moment too soon!
WINTERBLÜM!
THEY SAY YOU'RE IN A WRETCHED STATE.
WINTERBLÜM!
I'M CERTAIN THEY EXAGGERATE.

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DEEP INSIDE I'VE YEARNED.
NOW I HAVE RETURNED
AND SOON I WILL DISPEL THE GLOOM.
I DON'T BELIEVE THEIR TALES OF DOOM,
WINTERBLÜM.

[Lights dim slowly]

SCENE 7 -- *The Yard between Gluda's Cottage and Duglig's Hut. GLUDA and TRUGEN are drawing water from a little hot pool.*

GLUDA: At least we still have our hot spring.

TRUGEN: Hot?

GLUDA: Well, warm. But it takes a lot of wood to heat water even this hot. And wood is dear, dear, dear.

ELSKA: *(from off)* Out! All of you!

[A MENAGERIE of Arctic animals bursts out of Duglig's hut chased by delicate ELSKA wielding a broom. DUGLIG, an elfish fellow, follows]

DUGLIG: They only wanted to be by the fire.

ELSKA: Then build a fire out here!

DUGLIG: But Elska --

ELSKA: I know they follow you here. I know you have animal magnetism. I know you're worried about them, but I won't have a zoo in the kitchen!

MUSICAL # 7 -- GOTTA LOOK OUT

YOU'VE REALLY RUINED MY REGULAR ROUTINE.
YOU'VE CAUSED ME NOTHIN' BUT TROUBLE.
YOU THREW A WRENCH IN THE WHEELS OF MY MACHINE.
MY OVERTIME HAS BEEN DOUBLE.
YOU TOOK THE LIFE THAT I USED TO KNOW
AND TURNED IT INTO A CIRCUS SHOW

(MUSIC CONTINUES. MUSKY, a musk-ox, pokes his head out and moos)

That's it! You sleep outside till they all have cages!

(to MUSKY)

Out!

[MUSKY trots out; she storms in]

GLUDA: Better do as she says. You'll never have a child with you sleeping out here.

DUGLIG: Aw, she won't really make me --

[She hurtles a pillow out the door]

TRUGEN: She won't?

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[GLUDA and TRUGEN carry their buckets inside]

DUGLIG: *(tying MUSKY to a tree)* Sorry, Musky. Unless you want to go back to the Tundra.
(MUSKY snorts)

Not much to eat I know.

(MUSKY licks him)

That's right. I'll take care of you.

GOTTA LOOK OUT,

GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR MY GOOD, GOOD FRIENDS.

GOTTA PROTECT THEM,

GOTTA MAKE SURE THEY'RE SAFE AND SOUND.

THERE IS NO DOUBTS

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT MY HAPPINESS DEPENDS

ON HAVING MY FRIENDS,

HAVING ALL MY FRIENDS AROUND.

[Enter LORD FRUTENSVART, the Overling of Public Works, a prissy snit. With him are two menacing GRAYLINGS. DUGLIG doesn't notice them. ELSKA, GLUDA and TRUGEN appear in their respective doorways]

DUGLIG:

GOTTA LOOK OUT,

GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR MY DEAR DEER FRIENDS

FRUTENSVART: Do these creatures belong to you?

DUGLIG: Uh -- why?

FRUTENSVART: We've had a complaint.

[DUGLIG glances at ELSKAI]

ELSKA: Don't look at me. I only complain to you.

DUGLIG: You don't think Aunt Gluda ...

[They glance toward her. She descends her stairs]

GLUDA: These animals belong to me.

FRUTENSVART: Animals are not allowed in the City.

GLUDA: We're not in the City.

FRUTENSVART: Oh, yes! All of Rosewood Park has been annexed. For tax purposes.

GLUDA: Oh, has it, Lord Frutensvart?

FRUTENSVART: You know who I am?

GLUDA: The Overling of Public Works. Of sewers and potholes. So why don't you go fix some city streets?
And leave us country-folk alone?

FRUTENSVART: Listen! You have three days to get rid of those creatures or we'll get rid of them for you.

GLUDA: Get out of here!

FRUTENSVART: The King will hear about this.

GLUDA: The King is a murderous tyrant.

FRUTENSVART: And he'll hear about that!

[He skips off trailed by the GRAYLINGS]

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

GLUDA: Go on, tell him. Tell that fat old walrus he's bleeding the kingdom dry!

[Blackout]

SCENE 8 -- WINTERBLÜM Palace. KING IZIGORM who indeed resemble's a walrus sits enormously on the Throne. His skin is royal blue. At his feet is a stupid POLAR BEAR. **MILENA** stands before him, **GRYMSKURK** and **DOLK** farther back. **GLITTRA**, the King's voluptuous consort, lurks nearby.]

IZIGORM: So you saved my ship? Unfortunately, I was trying to get rid of these rogues?

GLITTRA: Congratulations, Kapten, on another successful voyage.

(cryptically)

Now we can keep our fires burning.

GRYMSKURK: All winter, Your Grace.

IZIGORM: I understand you're an orphan.

MILENA: Ja, my parents died when I was just a baby.

IZIGORM: Pity. But you're certainly grown up now. Winterblüm could use some me blood -- even if it is pink.

And I have just the job for you.

MILENA: Job?

IZIGORM: Herding my reindeer. I want two hundred brought here immediately.

MILENA: Why?

IZIGORM: Impertinent, isn't she, Kapten? For preservation. The peasants are poaching them left and right.

MILENA: I don't know. I really want to find my --

GRYMSKURK: For what it's worth, he's also letting you live.

IZIGORM: If you leave now, you can be at the Caribou Camp by tomorrow.

(to DOLK)

You'll go, too.

DOLK: Aye, Sir, Your Majesty.

MILENA: But my grandmother --

IZIGORM: For some reason you fail to see that this is not a request.

DOLK: Let's shove off, mate.

MILENA: *(gritting)* Thank you, Your Majesty, for your kindness.

[They leave hurriedly. IZIGORM strokes the beard]

IZIGORM: She's going to be trouble. Find out all you can: where she goes --

GRYMSKURK: Routine stuff.

IZIGORM: Somehow I think I've seen her before. But that's impossible, right?

[Lights dim]

SCENE 9 -- MILENA and DOLK pass thru' WINTERBLÜM City. Frightened GRAYLINGS scuttle by. A

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

BLUGGARD, one of Royal Police, stands guard.

MILENA: Look at those people! They are gray. Just like the men at the Dock.

DOLK: It's a sickness, miss. Or the weather. Who's to say?

MILENA: And the buildings! The streets! They're falling apart. When did all this -- deterioration start? When Izigorm grabbed the throne?

DOLK: Before that. King Kraftig started cutting the trees and neglecting the roads.

MILENA: How does Grymskurk fit in?

DOLK: He's Head of the Police. Izigorm's right arm. They teamed up when Izigorm was the Overling of Commerce. They got Kraftig to raise taxes and then overthrew him on the charge that he was overcharging.

MILENA: Fine bedfellows! And you? How do you fit in?

DOLK: I don't! I'm just an old sailor who wants to keep breathin'.

MILENA: Are you married?

DOLK: Was. But she died long ago.

MILENA: I'm sorry.

DOLK: Well, life's a dreary sea, miss. But whataya do? Just keep swimmin'.

MILENA: What are they doing?

DOLK: Breadline. We queue up for everything these days.

MILENA: But why stand in line? Why not get busy and grow more food?

DOLK: Because nothin' will grow. Every year's a bit colder. Winter starts earlier. Spring comes later. A lot of folks left at first, but now that's illegal. Otherwise, no one would stay.

MUSICAL #8 -- GIVE ME TIME

MILENA: Well, I'm staying!

I AM HERE; I'VE SURVIVED.
AND I WILL NOT WASTE ANOTHER MINUTE.
IN GOOD CHEER I'VE ARRIVED.
AND THE WORLD WILL BE BETTER
FOR MY HAVING BEEN BORN IN IT.
GIVE ME TIME TO GATHER STRENGTH.
THERE ARE MOUNTAINS YET TO CLIMB
AND I'LL CONQUER THEM AT LENGTH.
IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO STRETCH MY WINGS.
DEEP INSIDE ME IS A SONG I MUST SING.
I JUST NEED TIME TO TUNE THE STRINGS.
I'LL REFINE; I CAN SHINE.
GIVE ME TIME.

DOLK: This way, miss. This way to the Deer Camp.

MILENA: Wait! Why am I going? Why am I doing this?

DOLK: To keep breathin', mate. They're testing you.

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

MILENA: They certainly are! Look! A hot pool full of trash. How can people be so stupid?

DOLK: ‘Cause fear makes you stupid, mate.

MILENA: But what are they so afraid of?

DOLK: Everything. Mostly freezing to death.

MILENA: I’m not afraid. I’m here to turn things around.

DOLK: And how will you do that? Cast a spell?

MILENA: Dolk! Stop spreading rumors. I’m not a sorceress. All I’ve got up my sleeves are two arms, two arms that are willing to work. And I expect you to help me. We’re going to raise a banner and rally the people around it.

DOLK: Not without serious sorcery we’re not.

MUSICAL # 8A -- GIVE ME TIME (Reprise)

MILENA:

GIVE ME TIME
TO STRETCH MY WINGS.
DEEP INSIDE ME IS A SONG I MUST SING.
I JUST NEED TIME TO TUNE THE STRINGS.
I’LL REFINE; I CAN SHINE.
GIVE ME TIME.

MILENA: Hey! Isn’t that Rosewood Park over along the foothills? That’s where my Grandmother lives!

DOLK: It’s up to you, miss. I’m going on as commanded.

MILENA: Let’s just circle around. What’s it going to hurt?

MILENA:

AND A PLACE

TO MAKE MY MARK

JUST A LITTLE BIT OF SPACE

TO LEAVE A TRACE.

TO LIGHT A CANDLE IN THE DARK,
A SPARK DIVINE.

I CAN SHINE!

GIVE ME TIME!

DOLK:

I WILL HELP IF I CAN.

I AM ONLY ONE MAN.

A SPARK DIVINE.

WE CAN SHINE.

[Pose, applause. MILENA strides off. DOLK throws up his hands and follows. Lights dim]

SCENE 10 -- A Country Market. GLUDA, TRUGEN and USKI are shopping.

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

MILENA: Dolk! That's her! My Grandmother!

[USKI starts barking and leaping on her]

Uski! You remember me!

GLUDA: Milena? Milena!

[She lifts her and whirls around]

MILENA: You're alive! I've found you.

GLUDA: Careful, dear. The ribs aren't what they used to be. Look at you! In my mind you've stayed so little?

But what are you doing here?

DOLK: It's quite a story.

MILENA: Oh, this is Dolk. I met him on the ship.

GLUDA: And this is Trugen. Trugen, this is Milena!

TRUGEN: So you're the one Uski belonged to.

[Their eyes meet. Hers sparkle. His question. USKI jumps on him. He grimaces. MILENA pulls him away]

MILENA: I'm the one, ja, fella? I can't tell you how nice it is to see people who are pink. Everyone else is so
(for DOLK)

-- under the weather.

GLUDA: When did you get here?

MILENA: Just this morning.

GLUDA: You're planning to stay with us I hope. We'll get a nice salmon for supper.

DOLK: The King has commanded us to bring in some caribou.

GLUDA: What? The King?

DOLK: We have to go immediately.

GLUDA: Outrageous!

MILENA: Ja! But I'd better obey him.

GLUDA: I guess you'd better! But we'll have a long talk when you get back. There's so much you need to know.

MILENA: You're not angry?

GLUDA: Yes, I'm angry! But not at you, dear girl. Ah, Trugen, look who's home!

TRUGEN: *(dubious)* It's wonderful ...

[USKI barks]

GLUDA: He wants to go along.

MILENA: Is it all right?

TRUGEN: Yes, take him. Please.

[She looks at him quizzically. He forces a smile]

MILENA: Goodbye. We'll hurry.

[They go. GLUDA and TRUGEN stare]

GLUDA: I never thought I'd see her again. But why has she come back?

TRUGEN: *(underwhelmed)* Really?

GLUDA: Trugen! Don't you like her? She liked you. And now I know! Now I know why I've lived this long!
To see you happily married.

TRUGEN: To her?

GLUDA: What adorable children you'll have.

TRUGEN: Grandmother!

GLUDA: Ah, yes! I can sleep easier now.

TRUGEN: You always said I could marry whomever I wanted.

GLUDA: You can. But she's the one. A gem. A princess!

MUSICAL #8 -- WHEN LOVE COMES TO ME

TRUGEN: But I don't feel anything. You're supposed to feel something immediately.

GLUDA: Nonsense!

TRUGEN:

LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO MAGIC.

ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE UNDER ITS SPELL.
LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAGIC

YOU FEEL YOUR HEART RACE
WHEN YOU SEE HER FACE.
IT CLICKS INTO PLACE.
MAGIC -- THAT'S HOW IT MUST BE
WHEN LOVE COMES TO ME.

GLUDA:
Magic?

Magic.

GLUDA: No, Trugen, love doesn't appear out of nowhere. You have to make it. And it takes effort. A heart needs to be used.

TRUGEN:

HERE'S MY HEART -- AND I MUST ADMIT
I HAVEN'T MADE VERY GOOD USE OF IT.

HERE'S MY HEART -- AND IT YEARNES TO SING,
BUT CAN'T GET EXCITED ABOUT ANYTHING,
OR ANYONE I'VE MET.

GLUDA:

Yet.

Yet.

SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT THAT NOTION
IS CLEARLY NAIVE INFATUATION.
YOU JUST HAVEN'T LEARNED --
LOVE HAS TO BE EARNED
THRU' SACRIFICE AND FRUSTRATION.

No!

LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAGIC.

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

Magic!

ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE HEARING A BELL.
ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE TRAGIC.

TRUGEN:

YOU DANCE ON A CLOUD.
GLISTEN OUT LOUD.
FEEL FREE AND PROUD.
MAGIC -- THAT'S HOW IT MUST BE
WHEN LOVE COMES TO ME.
HERE'S MY HEART -- AND IT LONGS TO FLY.
ALL IT NEEDS NOW IS A REASON WHY.
AND THEN MY LIFE CAN START.
THEN MY LIFE CAN START.
HERE'S MY HEART.
LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAGIC,
JUST LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE.
ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE TRAGIC.

GLUDA:

Tragic?

The stronger the wind, the stronger the tree.

MAGIC!

TRAGIC?
LISTEN TO YOU!
MY DEAR, IT'S NOT TRUE.

Yes!

MAGIC -- THAT'S HOW IT MUST BE
WHEN LOVE COMES TO ME.

[GLUDA shakes her head as the lights dim]

SCENE 11 -- *A secret chamber in WINTERBLÜM Palace. GRYMSKURK, shirtless, shaves in the shadows. GLITTRA appears in the doorway.*

GLITTRA: Good. You're here.

GRYMSKURK: Ready and waiting. We're you followed?

GLITTRA: Followed? Do you think he knows?

GRYMSKURK: No. gut of course, he suspects. That's why he's King.

GLITTRA: King for now.

GRYMSKURK: Shut the door. Shut the door, you pretty witch.

[She does. He embraces and kisses her roughly]

GLITTRA: I always love it when you've been at Sea. It stirs you up.

GRYMSKURK: *(still kissing)* Yes, it does.

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

GLITTRA: Darling, wait. I've thought of a better way to do it.

GRYMSKURK: You have?

GLITTRA: I mean -- kill Izigorm.

GRYMSKURK: You have?

GLITTRA: Yes, look.

(taking a cork from inside a small purse)

The bottom half is poison. Next time I open a bottle of wine, I'll taste it as usual and it will be fine. But then, while you distract him, I'll switch corks and tip the bottle gently until the poison dissolves. Do you see?

GRYMSKURK: Clever! And you thought of it?

GLITTRA: Yes, I thought of it! When shall we do it?

GRYMSKURK: You really want to be Queen, don't you?

GLITTRA: Your Queen.

GRYMSKURK: I suppose you want a huge wedding?

GLITTRA: Of course. And a huge honeymoon.

GRYMSKURK: That can be arranged.

MUSICAL # 10 -- FOR GOODNESS SAKE

GLITTRA:

MY, OH, MY, YOU'RE SUCH AN OMINOUS GUY,
THE KIND OF MAN WHO GETS WHATEVER HE WANTS.

GRYMSKURK:

MY, OH, MY, I ALWAYS JUDGE A MAN
BY THE KIND OF FASCINATING LADY HE FLAUNTS.

GLITTRA:

AND YOU ARE SO FANTASTIC.
SOMEHOW YOU SAUNTERED RIGHT OUT OF MY DREAMS.

GRYMSKURK:

MY, OH, MY, IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS WHY
I GO ALONG WITH YOUR SINISTER SCHEMES.

BOTH:

DO BEWARE.
WE'RE QUITE A DANGEROUS PAIR.
I'LL STICK TO YOU LIKE GLUE.
FOR SOMEONE SO WICKED
YOU DON'T LOOK HALF-BAD.
AND WHEN I'M WITH YOU I LOOK GOOD, TOO.

[They blow out candles]

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL # 11 -- A LITTLE VICE

SCENE 12 -- *The Throne Room. IZIGORM is signing a Writ for FRUTENSVART. The POLAR BEAR sniffs at him.*

FRUTENSVART: Th-thank you, Your M-Majesty, I'm glad you think it's right to exterminate those creatures.

IZIGORM: Right? I didn't say that, you idiot. It's not right at all. That's the beauty of it.

MAN WAS BORN INTO A WORLD OF SIN.

IF YOU DON'T SIN, MY MAN, YOU DON'T FIT IN.

IN WANTON, WICKED PLEASURE

MAN WAS MEANT TO TAKE DELIGHT.

WHY ELSE WOULD THE PREACHERS TEACH US WRONG FROM RIGHT?

VIRTUE'S FOR IGNORING.

THERE'S SIMPLY NOTHING TO IT.

EVIL'S NEVER BORING.

THERE'S SO MANY WAYS TO DO IT!

VICE IS SO NICE.

IT'S THE SPICE OF LIFE.

LUST IS A MUST UNLESS IT'S JUST YOUR WIFE.

WAR? I ADORE ALL THE GORE AND THE HORRIBLE STRIFE.

SO DON'T THINK TWICE.

THE WORLD CAN BE A PARADISE

IF YOU WILL ADD A LITTLE VICE TO YOUR LIFE.

CRIME IS SUBLIME ANY TIME OF YEAR.

FRUTENSVART:

FRAUD? I APPLAUD.

IZIGORM:

MURDER MAKES ME CHEER.

FRUTENSVART: Rah!

SIN IS A GRIN.

IZIGORM:

WELL, PERHAPS, SIN IS MORE LIKE A LEER.

WHICHEVER'S TRUE

I'M SURE THERE SOMETHING RIGHT FOR YOU.

FRUTENSVART:

SOMEDAY I MIGHT GET INTO VOODOO

IZIGORM:

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO.

BOTH:

JUST ADD A VICE OR TWO TO YOUR LIFE!

[Blackout]

SCENE 13 -- *The Royal Stable. MILENA, DOLK and USKI herd Caribou into a corral. GRYMSKURK appears.*

GRYMSKURK: Back already?

DOLK: Four days, that's all. And not a gust of trouble. Milena looked at those deer, said, 'To the Palace' and off they went.

GRYMSKURK: The sorcery continues. Maybe I ought to make you stay here.

DOLK: Aw, Kapten, let him go.

GRYMSKURK: Dolk! What kind of spell has she cast on you?

MILENA: Can I go, please?

GRYMSKURK: (*flipping DOLK a coin*) Don't you want your pay?

MILENA: Can I take it in wood?

GRYMSKURK: You're not stupid, are you? All right two cords.

[DOLK is chagrined]

MILENA: Only two?

GRYMSKURK: All right -- one.

MILENA: Sorry. Two?

GRYMSKURK: One! A week. If you come and work for me.

MILENA: For you?

GRYMSKURK: For the kingdom.

MILENA: For King Izigorm.

GRYMSKURK: For whoever might be in power.

MILENA: There may be a change?

GRYMSKURK: Change is inevitable.

MILENA: And -- would you be -- in a position of authority?

GRYMSKURK: I already am.

MILENA: Let me ask this: do you think Winterblüm can be turned around?

GRYMSKURK: As in 'change the weather'?

MILENA: No, fix the streets, replant the forests. All the things Izigorm's not doing.

GRYMSKURK: Anything's possible.

MILENA: You'll let me do it?

GRYMSKURK: You're the Sorceress.

MILENA: All right, fine. I'm the Sorceress. I'm glad you think things need improving.

GRYMSKURK: I'm glad you're glad.

[MILENA whistles for USKI and they breeze off]

GRYMSKURK: Trail hER. Report every morning.

DOLK: Aye, Kapten.

GRYMSKURK: And remember where your bread's buttered.

[Lights dim]

SCENE 14 -- *Outside the Cottage. GLUDA and DUGLIG break kindling.*

GLUDA: So she made you sleep out after all.

DUGLIG: The meany!

MILENA: *(from off)* Hello!

GLUDA: Oh! It's Milena!

[She arrives, arms full of groceries. USKI pulls a cart full of wood. ELSKA and TRUGEN come out]

MILENA: Look! Presents!

ELSKA: Presents! And you don't even know us!

GLUDA: This is Duglig and his wife Elska.

DUGLIG: I've got to tell you! Those deer aren't going to be saved. They're going to be slaughtered! To feed the Police!

MILENA: But the King said there were poachers --

DUGLIG: That's because he declared them to be Royal Property. But they really belong to the People!

MILENA: I wish I'd known. Grandmother, why didn't you say something?

GLUDA: I didn't get a chance.

MILENA: Well, the Police can just eat fish like everyone else. Look, I bought a salmon.

GLUDA: Wonderful!

MILENA: Look at this place! All the memories! But it's so run-down

GLUDA: I got old, my girl. And poor.

MILENA: Well, I'm here now. And I'm not poor. And we're going to restore this place to its former glory!

TRUGEN: Glory?

MILENA: *(handing her groceries)* Here, Grandmother. Duglig, help me unload the wood.

(to TRUGEN, holding up the salmon)

This needs cleaning.

TRUGEN: So clean it.

ELSKA: I'll do it. I love salmon.

MILENA: Great. To work, everybody!

[USKI trots to the woodpile. MILENA & DUGLIG follow]

TRUGEN: Who does she think she is?

ELSKA: A god-send I say.

GLUDA: A long-lost girl who wants to help us.

TRUGEN: Who wants to take over!

(exiting)

And you expect me to marry her!

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

DUGLIG: Guess what? Milena said she'd help me build some cages.

ELSKA: Good!

DUGLIG: So -- can I sleep inside tonight?

ELSKA: No. Not until they're built!

MILENA: We'll do it tomorrow. And fix the chimney. And scrape the old paint.

GLUDA: Well now, everything doesn't have to be done in one day.

MILENA: In one week! Then I start fixing the city.

GLUDA: The city?

MILENA: Grymskurk hired me.

GLUDA: Grymskurk is a scoundrel!

MILENA: I know. But he's agreed to let me clean things up, turn things around.

GLUDA: Turn things around? It can't be done! Winterblüm has been cursed!

MILENA: Cursed? Oh, Grandmother ...

GLUDA: Well, it's true. The Goddess is very angry. People are greedy and selfish and cold of heart. That's why they're turning gray. That's why Winterblüm dying.

MILENA: No, Winterblüm's not dying! The people are just afraid. That's what makes them greedy. And stupid! But things'll get better if we try to make them better.

MUSICAL #12 -- WARM

LET THE ICE THICKEN.
LET THE NIGHTS LENGTHEN.
LET THE EARTH SHAKE,
BUT, SOMEHOW WE WILL SURVIVE.
OUR WITS WILL QUICKEN.
OUR HEARTS WILL STRENGTHEN.
FEARLESS WE'LL FIGHT
TO KEEP OUR FIRE ALIVE.
AND NO MATTER HOW BITTER THE STORM.
I'LL SPEND FOREVER KEEPING YOU WARM.

GLUDA: Milena, I'm sorry, but 'forever' is a promise you can't keep.

MILENA: Grandmother, what's wrong? Why are you so angry?

GLUDA: I'm not angry. Just weary ... weary.

[She goes inside]

MILENA: Duglig, what do you think?

DUGLIG: I -- I don't know. I know that people can't seem to have babies anymore.

ELSKA: But we're not wicked! We're not greedy!

DUGLIG: She didn't mean us.

ELSKA: Maybe we have been cursed!

[She exits crying]

DUGLIG: Elska! Milena, can we start on those cages? Can we start right now?

MUSICAL # 13 -- GOTTA LOOK OUT

MILENA: Might as well.

GOTTA LOOK OUT, GOTTA LOOK OUT
FOR MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS.
GOTTA PROTECT THEM, GOTTA MAKE SURE
THEY'RE SAFE AND SOUND.

BOTH:

THERE IS NO DOUBT, THERE IS NO DOUBT
THAT MY HAPPINESS DEPENDS
ON HAVING MY FRIENDS, HAVING ALL MY FRIENDS AROUND.

[Lights dim. Spot on DOLK spying]

DOLK:

GOTTA LOOK OUT, GOTTA LOOK OUT
FOR MY NEW-FOUND FRIENDS.
GOTTA BE CAREFUL,
GOTTA TRY NOT TO GET UNNERVED.

[Spot on GRYMSKURK & GUNTHER spying on DOLK]

GRYMSKURK:

THERE IS NO DOUBT, THERE IS NO DOUBT
THAT MY INFLUENCE EXTENDS
BY HAVING MY FRIENDS,
HAVING ALL MY FRIENDS OBSERVED.

[Spot on FRUTENSVART spying on GRYMSKURK]

FRUTENSVART:

GOTTA LOOK OUT, GOTTA LOOK OUT
GOTTA SEARCH AND SCOUR
FOR ANY INFRACTION
OR TREASONOUS ACTION ANYWHERE.

[Spot on IZIGORM]

IZIGORM:

THERE IS NO DOUBT, THERE IS NO DOUBT
I MAINTAIN MY WEALTH AND POWER
BY HAVING MY SPIESS HAVING ALL MY SPIES OUT THERE.

[Lights up on an ENSEMBLE, the wicked people of WINTERBLÜM]

ENSEMBLE:

GOTTA LOOK OUT,
GOTTA CONCENTRATE ON YOU-KNOW-WHO.
GOTTA MAKE SURE THERE'S PLENTY OF STOCK ON MY OWN SHELF.
THERE IS NO DOUBT, THERE IS NO DOUBT

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

WHAT THE WORLD IS COMING TO.
SO GOTTA TAKE CARE,
GOTTA LOOK ... OUT ... FOR ... MY ... SELF!

[Blackout]

SCENE 15 -- *Outside the Cottage. MILENA is on the roof fixing the chimney. DUGLIG is feeding the animals.
Enter GLUDA and TRUGEN with a tub of laundry.*

GLUDA: You're up early.

MILENA: I wanted to get this fixed.

GLUDA: Trugen's made some muffins. He's an excellent cook. When he wants to be.

MILENA: Say, Trugen, I haven't asked you. What's your explanation of --

GLUDA: Milena, please. Let it drop. We're only going to disagree -- and things are dreary enough.

MILENA: Oh, all right. But now you have to say something cheerful.

TRUGEN: Not you, too!

MILENA: Something cheerful for every something gloomy. Isn't that what you taught me, Grandmother?

TRUGEN: She makes me do it all the time.

MILENA: Yes, but she won't do it herself.

GLUDA: Yes, I do! I say cheerful things all the time.

TRUGEN: Actually, you don't.

GLUDA: You're siding with her?

TRUGEN: No! But I don't see much to be cheerful about. So why pretend?

MILENA: I'm not 'pretending'. I think --

GLUDA: Enough! Enough bickering!

MILENA: Then say something cheerful.

GLUDA: Milena, I -- Very well! I'm glad you're fixing the chimney.

MILENA: You're welcome.

(jumping down)

It's done.

TRUGEN: And what 'good deed' are you going to do now?

MILENA: Well, I was going to start painting the house. But since it doesn't seem to matter, I guess I'll go into town!

GLUDA: Milena, calm down.

MILENA: I didn't come back to fix chimneys! I came back to see the geysers and the forests, to feel the sunshine! And I'm not ready to give that up -- no matter how hopeless you think things are!

GLUDA: Dreams die hard. I know, I know.

MILENA: I'll do my 'good deeds' somewhere else!

[He strides off]

GLUDA: Trugen!

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

TRUGEN: Well, who asked her to come here? We were doing fine without her!

GLUDA: My son, that's just not true.

TRUGEN: But you don't agree on anything.

GLUDA: He's still a girl. A girl who needs our love.

TRUGEN: You love her.

(exiting)

I'd rather love a lemming!

DUGLIG: Aunt Gluda, can I have a muffin?

ELSKA: *(from her doorway)* No! Don't. 'Cause I've made breakfast.

DUGLIG: Breakfast for me?

ELSKA: No, for the King!

DUGLIG: Does this mean you're not mad any more? You'll let me come inside? You'll let me sleep in my own bed?

ELSKA: Don't push your luck!

MUSICAL # 14 -- YOU ARE THE REASON

ELSKA:

TRULY, IT'S A WONDER I HAVEN'T GONE INSANE.
I'M NOT ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT:
YOU'VE REALLY SCRAMBLED THE THOUGHTS INSIDE MY BRAIN
LIKE A HURRICANE HAD HIT IT.
ONCE I WAS STANDIN' ON SOLID GROUND.
YOU FLIPPED THE UNIVERSE UPSIDE DOWN.
YOU'VE REALLY RUINED MY LIFE AND YET IT'S TRUE --
WITHOUT YOU I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO.
YOU ARE THE REASON
I GET UP IN THE MORNING.

DUGLIG:

YOU ARE THE REASON
I STAY UP EVERY NIGHT.

ELSKA:

FROM THE VERY START
YOU UPSET MY APPLE CART.
YOU MADE ME LOSE MY MIND, BUT FIND MY HEART.

BOTH:

YOU MADE ME LOSE MY MIND, BUT FIND ... MY HEART!

[Lights dim]

SCENE 16 -- *The Country Market. MILENA is inspecting some shriveled apples. The GROCER crosses to her. He is bald, his skin a pale pink with gray patches. DOLK spies from behind a fence.*

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

MILENA: Morning. How are you?

GROCER: How do I look?

MILENA: Uh -- fine.

GROCER: Aw, what do you know?

MILENA: These the best apples you've got?

GROCER: Best anyone's got.

MILENA: How much?

GROCER: A Kraftig a piece.

MILENA: What!

[The GROCER'S WIFE and WARTEN, their ugly son, both gray with pink patches, cross to them]

GROCER'S WIFE: Fool! He doesn't have any money anyway.

MILENA: *(displaying her purse)* Don't I?

WARTEN: Do -- and you're rich, too. I'm Warten.

MILENA: Ja, you certainly are.

GROCER: Just what I need. Another tax collector.

MILENA: I'm not a ... Do you treat all your customers this well?

GROCER: Hey, what do you want from me?

MILENA: Actually, your opinion. Some information.

GROCER'S WIFE: Information?

MILENA: And I'm not a spy either.

(loudly)

Am I, Dolk? Come on, Dolk. You can hear better over here.

DOLK: Sorry, miss. Grymskurk sent me to --

MILENA: I figured as much, but I've got nothing to hide.

(to the GROCER)

Now -- tell me why everyone's letting a little cold spell make them so rude and cranky.

GROCER: Listen! You try making a living when nobody has any money because the tax collector comes every week!

MILENA: So why not do something about it? I've got a million ideas -- if I can find people to help me.

WARTEN: I'll help you

GROCER: Look, you can't change the weather. You can't stop the sunspots.

MILENA: Sunspots?

GROCER: Right! The sun's got spots and it's burning out.

GROCER'S WIFE: Nonsense!

MILENA: I agree.

GROCER'S WIFE: It's the Trolls! They've let their furnaces go out.

DOLK: That's a new one.

WARTEN: That's what our Druid said. They crave the blood of a beautiful maiden and are demanding a sacrifice. I'd volunteer, but she has to be pink! Utterly pink for some reason.

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GROCER’S WIFE: But the King won’t do it. Starving people are easier to control.

DOLK: That’s true.

GROCER: I still say it’s sunspots. And you can’t fight that.

MILENA: You can fight tax-collectors.

GROCER: And get yourself beheaded.

MILENA: Stop, please. Everyone’s got a different explanation. And a different excuse!

WARTEN: What do you think is causing it?

MILENA: What do I think? I think the Trolls are really Druids who have talked the Great Goddess into letting the furnaces on the sun go out!

WARTEN: Possible. Very possible.

[Lights dim. Spot on MILENA]

MUSICAL # 15 -- WINTERBLÜM (Reprise3)

MILENA:

WINTERBLÜM!

WHAT ON EARTH IS HERE?

WINTERBLÜM!

WHY IS EVERYONE SO QUEER?

I’M OAN HONEST YOUTH.

I NEED TO KNOW THE TRUTH.

I’M SURE IT’S NOT WHAT THEY PRESUME.

PLASE HELP ME DISPEL THE GLOOM,

WINTERBLÜM!

[Spot dims]

SCENE 17 -- Outside the Cottage. DUGLIG is playing ball with USKI and a SEAL. Enter FRUTENSVART with the Writ followed by two burly GRAYLINGS.

FRUTENSVART: I said we’d be back.

DUGLIG: But look. Now all the animals have pens.

FRUTENSVART: Wasted effort.

DUGLIG: *(pointing off)* What’s that?

FRUTENSVART: Just a wagon ... A Gaol-wagon!

DUGLIG: But you can’t put them all together in there. They might hurt each other.

FRUTENSVART: Pity.

(to the GRAYLINGS)

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Well, go on. Get busy. Start with that ox!

[Apprehensively, the GRAYLINGS exit. ELSKA peeps from her doorway. GLUDA and TRUGEN watch from their porch]

GLUDA: Trugen, we've got to do something.

TRUGEN: What?

GLUDA: You're clever. Think. Think.

(crossing angrily to FRUTENSVART)

Get out of here. These animals are pets. You're not taking them anywhere.

FRUTENSVART: Oh, yes, we are. I have a Writ!

TRUGEN: Yes, take them. Get rid of them! I agree with you, Your Lordship. They're a nuisance.

DUGLIG: Trugen!

TRUGEN: Except for that seal. I sort of like him.

FRUTENSVART: Well ... I don't know.

TRUGEN: Thank you, Your Lordship. So I can keep him?

FRUTENSVART: Oh, all right.

TRUGEN: But by all means take the rest!

(pointedly to ELSKA)

Do you need any bags to put them in?

FRUTENSVART: Bags? Whatever for?

[ELSKA understands and disappears into the Hut]

TRUGEN: Yes, get them out of here. Except -- I need some ptarmigan feathers. For a hat.

FRUTENSVART: We'll gladly leave some feathers.

TRUGEN: But I don't want white feathers. I want the reddish ones they have in summer. Please -- it's only one little ptarmigan.

FRUTENSVART: Oh, all right.

TRUGEN: And that fox. I need his pelt for a muff for grandmother.

FRUTENSVART: We'll gladly leave his pelt.

TRUGEN: Except -- the muff has to be white. He's not nearly white enough yet.

[ELSKA stalks FRUTENSVART from behind with an open gunny sack]

DUGLIG: *(having caught on)* And we need Musky to make perfume.

FRUTENSVART: Perfume! Why do I have the feeling I'm being ...

[ELSKA plunges the bag over his head. USKI holds it down as DUGLIG grabs a coil of rope. He and TRUGEN wind it around the bag. Enter the GRAYLINGS trying to rope MUSKY. He butts one of them hard, knocking him silly. He kicks the other. When USKI and DUGLIG try to tackle them, they both dash off. ELSKA pushes FRUTENSVART over and TRUGEN wraps the rope around his ankles]

GLUDA: *(picking up the Writ)* Oh, my! How clever we are!

TRUGEN: We are?

[MILENA and DOLK enter out of breath]

MILENA: We saw the Gaol-wagon. What's all this?

GLUDA: Thanks to Trugen the Overling of Sewers and Potholes has been taught a lesson.

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FRUTENSVART: (*flailing*) You'll pay for this! Pay, pay, pay!

MILENA: I'm sorry we didn't come sooner.

TRUGEN: We didn't need your help.

MILENA: I guess not. But what are you going to do now?

ELSKA: Really. What if those Graylings come back?

DUGLIG: With a bunch of their friends?

DOLK: And what about him? You can't leave him in there forever.

MILENA: Well, Trugen.

TRUGEN: I don't know! I can't think of everything!

DOLK: He's sure to run to the King.

MILENA: Let him.

GLUDA: Milena, you don't know Izigorm. He's quick to blot his enemies.

MILENA: Is he? What about Grymskurk?

(*to DOLK*)

In fact, why don't you go tell Grymskurk all about this?

DOLK: But then he'll know you caught me spying.

MILENA: As if he doesn't know already.

DOLK: (*exiting*) You're probably right. Probably right.

ELSKA: That fellow isn't so bad.

DUGLIG: Even tho' he is Bluish.

TRUGEN: (*to MILENA*) But see -- how you order everyone about?

MILENA: I didn't order --

TRUGEN: Yes, you did.

GLUDA: Oh, can't you two stop quarreling and fall in love?

[*ALL stare at her stunned*]

TRUGEN: I ... I'm not sure I deserve the honor.

MILENA: Maybe you'd rather be sacrificed to the Trolls.

TRUGEN: What?

MILENA: Never mind. I'm going to let that furball out of the bag.

(*to DUGLIG, not ordering*)

Would you care to accompany me?

[*They cross away*]

MUSICAL #16 -- WHEN LOVE COMES TO ME (Reprise)

TRUGEN: Grandmother, how could you?

GLUDA: How could I not?

[*Blackout. Spot on TRUGEN*]

TRUGEN:

WHY DO I FEEL FAINT?

WHY DO MY HANDS SHAKE?

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

WHAT A SUDDEN CHANGE OF COURSE
A LIFE CAN TAKE.
I MAY BE TALL AND STRONG.
BUT, SHE MAKES ME BLANCH.
YES, SHE IS IMPRESSIVE --
AS AN AVALANCHE!
I'VE HEARD AN AWFUL LOT ABOUT ROMANCE.
REGARDING HER AND ME -- THERE'S NOT A CHANCE!

LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAGIC.
ALL OF A SUDDENLY YOU'RE TOTALLY SURE.
LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAGIC.
IT DOESN'T COME SLOW.
ONE LOOK AND YOU KNOW. ONE GLANCE AND YOU GLOW.
MAGIC -- THAT'S HOW IT MUST BE
WHEN LOVE COMES TO ME!

SCENE 19 -- Outside the Cottage. The next morning. MILENA and DUGLIG are painting. DOLK arrives with a satchel.

DOLK: Milena! I've got bad news! Izigorm wants more deer!

DUGLIG: No!

DOLK: And he wants us to go today.

MILENA: I think he wants me out of the way.

DOLK: Truth is, mate, he wants you dead! But the Kaptan talked him out of it. Talked him into this expedition.

MILENA: Really? Then we'd better go.

DUGLIG: Milena!

MILENA: And you're going with us!

DUGLIG: Me! Never!

MILENA: But you'll enjoy it. Because we're not going to bring 'em in. We're going to let 'em loose!

DOLK: Milena!

[Blackout]

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SCENE 20 -- *The Throne Room. IZIGORM gives audience. GRYMSKURK & GLITTRA observe.*

FRUTENSVART: Y-Y-Your Majesty, if only you knew the hu-hu-miliation I suffered at the hands of those ...

IZIGORM: Spit it out, Frutensvart. It's nearly supptime.

[The POLAR BEAR licks his chops]

FRUTENSVART: We were j-just t-trying to impound some an-an --

IZIGORM: Calm down. You act like you're afraid of me! Glittra, give him some wine.

GLITTRA: *(throwing a sinister glance at GRYMSKURK)* Wine?

GRYMSKURK: *(the go-ahead)* Why not?

IZIGORM: Now -- on with your brief report.

FRUTENSVART: We were J-just t-trying to --

[GLITTRA arrives with bottle and goblet]

IZIGORM: Well, drink up. See if it tastes -- funny.

[He sips and waits to die. The King then extends his flagon, GLITTRA pours then goes to GRYMSKURK and fills his cup. He drinks. FRUTENSVART sips, IZIGORM guzzles]

All right, you were impounding some animals when --

[GLITTRA surreptitiously switches corks and gently shakes the bottle]

FRUTENSVART: When this wr-wretched old woman and her p-pink neighbors attacked us.

IZIGORM: Attacked you? Excellent wine, Glittra. I'll have more.

GLITTRA: More?

[She crosses, uncorks the bottle and pours]

GRYMSKURK: So -- you were attacked and humiliated by an old woman?

[IZIGORM quaffs deeply. GLITTRA holds her breath]

FRUTENSVART: And her pink neighbors. And a pack of vicious animals. And your Majesty, you should have heard the nasty things she said about you!

IZIGORM: *(feeling a twinge)* Nasty?

FRUTENSVART: She said you were a murderous tyrant, a fat old walrus --

IZIGORM: *(grabbing his belly)* P-Poison! How did you -- When did you -- I was watching your every -- Uh! Agh! Help me, Glittra, Grymskurk, help me!

[Eyes rolling, he collapses]

GLITTRA: Guards! Guards!

[Two BLUGGARDS burst in]

Seize him! Seize the little snit! He's poisoned the King!

FRUTENSVART: No! I didn't. I swear it.

[They grab him]

GRYMSKURK: To the dungeon, men. Posthaste.

FRUTENSVART: No, it wasn't me! It was them! I loved the King. Like my own mother!

[They are gone. GRYMSKURK checks for a pulse. The BEAR sniffs at the body]

GLITTRA: Feel anything?

GRYMSKURK: Nothing.

GLITTRA: Me neither. Except relief.

GRYMSKURK: That was strong stuff.

GLITTRA: I can't believe it's over.

GRYMSKURK: (*picking up the crown*) The King is dead. Long live the King.

GLITTRA: The King is dead. And the Throne is two tons lighter!

MUSICAL # 17 -- FOR GOODNESS SAKE (Reprise 1)

GRYMSKURK:

MY, OH, MY, WHY THAT WAS EASY AS PIE.
AND NOW THEY'VE HAULED HIS 'ASSASSIN' TO GAOL.

GLITTRA:

YES, OH, YES, I SIMPLY HAVE TO CONFESS
I DON'T KNOW WHY WE'VE BEEN SAVING THAT WHALE.

GRYMSKURK:

YOUR PLAN WAS AWFULLY CLEVER!

GLITTRA:

I'M JUST A NATURAL KNOCKOUT IT SEEMS.

GRYMSKURK:

MY, OH, MY, IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS WHY
I LIKE YOUR HORRIBLE, ADORABLE SCHEMES.

BOTH:

FOR GOODNESS SAKE!
WHAT A PAIR WE MAKE.
LET IT BE UNDERSTOOD
WE'RE BOTH CUNNING AND STUNNING
AND BEAUTIFULLY BAD.
AND THAT'S WHY WE GET ALONG SO GOOD.

[Lights dim]

SCENE 21 -- *The Country Market.* MILENA, DUGLIG, DOLK and USKI stop for a rest. The GROCER and his WIFE eavesdrop.

DUGLIG: I still don't believe it. Those Bluggards actually believed we were closing the outpost.

DOLK: They believed it 'cause they wanted to. 'Cause they wanted to get out of that frost-bitten, bear-infested icebox!

MILENA: And this Writ came in handy. When they saw the King's seal

DOLK: You do have powers. Powers of persuasion!

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

MILENA: More than that. I made a whole herd of deer disappear.

DUGLIG: But what will happen when the King finds out?

GROCER'S WIFE: You haven't heard? He's dead?

DOLK: Dead?

GROCER: Poisoned by Lord Frutensvart! If you believe the rumors.

MILENA: Which I don't. But if he's dead, we're off the hook.

DOLK: Maybe so.

MILENA: I suppose Grymskurk will take the throne.

DOLK: Who's going to stop him?

MILENA: Not me. But I sure want to talk with him.

DUGLIG: Now?

MILENA: No! Oh, no. Right now we're going home to celebrate like everyone else!

[Lights dim. Spot on GLITTRA and GRYMSKURK]

MUSICAL # 18 -- FOR GOODNESS SAKE (Reprise 2)

GLITTRA & GRYMSKURK:

DO BEWARE!

WE'RE QUITE A DANGEROUS PAIR.

LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE.

WE'RE VICIOUS, SUSPICIOUS

AND DELICIOUSLY BAD.

AND WE'LL NEVER CHANGE FOR GOODNESS SAKE.

NO, WE'LL NEVER CHANGE FOR GOODNESS SAKE.

[Lights dim]

SCENE 23 -- Inside The Cottage. That night. They celebrate. Even TRUGEN is joyful.

DUGLIG: Sure like this cider, Aunt Gluda.

MILENA: A toast! To Izigorm, the Icy Worm.

GLUDA: May his soul freeze and boil and melt and freeze and boil and melt forever.

MILENA: With him gone things are bound to improve.

GLUDA: Let's change the subject.

[She crosses to a chest of drawers]

DUGLIG: After all, we're celebrating.

ELSKA: A little too much.

GLUDA: Trugen, I have something for you. Something I've been saving a long time.

(displaying a huge crystal ring)

Don't get too excited. It's just an Icestone. But it's been in the family for a few hundred years. And now it's

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yours.

TRUGEN: Twist my arm.

GLUDA: (*slyly*) Here, Milena ... Help him with it.

TRUGEN: Wait a minute. What is this?

GLUDA: Milena, take it. Now Trugen, hold out your hand. It doesn't mean anything.

MILENA: No, it doesn't.

[She places the ring on his finger]

GLUDA: But it could!

[The ring is too small. TRUGEN quickly removes it]

TRUGEN: Oh! It doesn't fit.

GLUDA: (*displaying a gold chain*) I was afraid of that. But here -- you can wear it around your neck.

[She threads it and fastens it on]

TRUGEN: Thank you.

GLUDA: Now I think I'll turn in. Been quite a day.

DUGLIG: Quite a day.

[He burps]

ELSKA: Come on, you. We're putting you to sleep.

[They cross to the door]

DUGLIG: 'Night, everybody. Congratulations.

[He's referring to their 'engagement'. They're embarrassed. Wind blasts as he opens the door]

ELSKA: Oo, that wind! Sorry.

[They go. MILENA chucks another log on the fire]

GLUDA: Well, goodnight, you two.

(suggestively)

Oh, I'm going to sleep soundly tonight. Probably won't hear a thing.

[She goes into her bedroom]

MILENA: You're shivering.

TRUGEN: Hand me that quilt.

MILENA: Come closer to the fire.

[Tentatively, he does. She wraps the quilt around him]

Look how it sparkles. How you sparkle.

[He covers the ring]

No, please. Let me look.

[He takes his hand away. She reaches for the ring and he tenses]

There's a fire frozen inside.

TRUGEN: Is there?

MILENA: Yes.

[She kisses him. He is motionless. She kisses him again. He catches his breath]

Trugen, I only want to make your life better. I only want you to have everything you deserve.

MUSICAL # 19 -- WARM (Reprise)

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TRUGEN: I know. I know

MILENA:

LET THE ICE THICKEN.
LET THE WIND BLUSTER.
LET DRIFTING SNOW PILE UP
EVER HIGHER AND HIGHER.
MY PULSE WILL QUICKEN
TO SEE THE LUSTRE
OF YOUR BRIGHT SMILE
AS WE LIE BESIDE THE FIRE.
AND NO MATTER HOW BITTER THE STORM,
I'LL SPEND FOREVER KEEPING YOU WARM.

WARM IN MY ARMS
ONE WINTER FOLLOWING ANOTHER.
HARM? YES, WE'LL FACE MANY HARMS.
BUT THE COLDER LIFE'S STING,
THE CLOSER WE'LL CLING TO EACH OTHER.
YES, NO MATTER HOW BITTER THE STORM,
I'LL SPEND FOREVER KEEPING YOU WARM.

TRUGEN: Milena, it's late. We'd better go to -- I mean -- I'd better go to bed.

[He starts for his alcove]

MILENA: 'Night, Trugen.

TRUGEN: *(touching the ring)* This doesn't mean anything ... But it could.

[MILENA goes behind a screen. TRUGEN lies down. GLUDA appears in her doorway, beaming as the lights dim]

SCENE 24 -- *Outside the Cottage. RUGEN and DUGLIG are painting again. GLUDA offers them biscuits and milk. MILENA is on the porch.*

GLUDA: Right out of the oven. Right out of the goat.

MILENA: *(teasing DUGLIG)* But Duglig wanted more cider.

DUGLIG: *(rubbing his head)* Not this morning. But last night was worth it. To health and happiness.

GLUDA: Yes, health and happiness. Milena, isn't that what you really want?

MILENA: Of course.

GLUDA: Then don't abet that ruthless pirate, Grymskurk! Stay here with Trugen and me. Get married. Have

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

children. Don't worry about the world out there.

MILENA: I can't. That's not enough.

GLUDA: Why not? Oh, I know 'why not'. It's in your blood.

MILENA: Grandmother, I know how you feel. But Izigorm's dead now. Won't that make the Goddess happier?

GLUDA: No! Because the people haven't changed. They're still selfish and ...

MILENA: Then do something about it. Go preach on the street corner or something.

GLUDA: Well, maybe I will! Maybe I will!

MILENA: And I'm going to see Grymskurk!

[She exits]

GLUDA: Trugen! Trugen, get my coat. Yours, too. We're going into town.

TRUGEN: Grandmother, no! Nobody's going to listen.

GLUDA: Exactly my point. And I'm going to prove it.

TRUGEN: Agh! I wish she'd go away forever

[Lights dim]

SCENE 25 -- *The Palace. GRYMSKURK, be-crowned, slouches on the Throne. GLITTRA, in black, lying on a new polar bear, is petting GUNTHER.*

GRYMSKURK: Do I look regal enough?

MILENA: You look uncomfortable.

GRYMSKURK: I do?

(sitting up straight)

How's that?

MILENA: I have to say it was quite sudden -- the King's demise.

GRYMSKURK: Completely unexpected. Even I was shocked. And poor Glittra devastated!

MILENA: When's the funeral?

GRYMSKURK: We're not having one. Considering the crisis, the gold can be better spent. And frankly, his body's disappeared!

MILENA: What?

GRYMSKURK: The Coroner took him to the Morgue, but when I went down a few hours later, the body was gone! And the Coroner, too!

GLITTRA: Obviously, a conspiracy.

MILENA: Obviously. But what really happened?

GRYMSKURK: Well, aren't we bold? Glittra, she'll ask anything!

GLITTRA: Frutensvart poisoned the King. That's exactly what happened!

MILENA: And what will happen to him?

GRYMSKURK: He'll have a fair trial. Then be hanged. Which should make your Grandma happy.

MILENA: That's right. Dolk told you.

GRYMSKURK: Yes, Dolk. Looks like you've found a friend. A disciple!

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

MILENA: A soldier in the fight to save Winterblüm. And it's really possible now. You understand what needs to be done.

GLITTRA: What needs to be done?

MILENA: Well, fix the streets, clean up the trash, plant new trees. We need to plant crops with a shorter growing season. Harvest more kelp. Reduce the taxes and ...

GRYMSKURK: Hold it! You haven't given this much thought, have you?

MILENA: Somebody's got to.

GRYMSKURK: Luckily, there's a vacancy in Public Works.

MILENA: So you agree? You won't stand in my way?

GLITTRA: Your way!

GRYMSKURK: Down, Glittra! Yes, go ahead. But one step at a time. Start with the garbage.

MILENA: The garbage?

GLITTRA: It was on your list.

MILENA: All right! This is wonderful!

(exiting)

I'll let you know what I'm doing.

GRYMSKURK: Why not?

GLITTRA: The nerve!

GRYMSKURK: Don't worry. I can handle her.

GLITTRA: Can you? Can you handle an avalanche?

GRYMSKURK: Sooner or later her bubble will burst. Her shiny innocence will rust. And then she'll really be valuable!

[Lights dim]

MUSICAL #20 -- GIVE ME TIME / WHEN LOVE COMES TO ME (Reprise)

[Spot on MILENA and soon -- Spot on TRUGEN]

MILENA:

THINGS HAVE BEEN GOIN' FAIRLY WELL.
BUT STILL, THERE'S A LOT I'VE GOT TO PROVE.
SOON I WILL CAST THE PERFECT SPELL
AND MAKE THE PERFECT MOVE.

TRUGEN:

HERE'S MY HEART! AND IT YEARN'S TO SOAR,
TO HAVE SOMEONE OR SOMETHING WORTH BEATING FOR.
AND THEN MY LIFE CAN START.
THEN MY LIFE CAN START.
HERE'S MY HEART.

MILENA:

PERUSAL SCRIPT – Winterblüm – by Mark Ogden

GIVE ME TIME TO SHOW MY STRENGTH.
THERE ARE MOUNTAINS YET TO CLIMB
AND I'LL CONQUER THEM AT LENGTH.
IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO STRETCH MY WINGS.
DEEP INSIDE ME IS A SONG I MUST SING.
I JUST NEED TIME TO TUNE THE STRINGS.
I'LL REFINE! I CAN SHINE!
GIVE ME TIME.

TRUGEN:

LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAGIC.
JUST LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE.
ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE TRAGIC.
IT DOESN'T COME SLOW.
ONE LOOK AND YOU KNOW.
ONE GLANCE AND YOU GLOW.
MAGIC! THAT'S HOW IT MUST BE
WHEN LOVE COMES TO ME.

MILENA:

SO GIVE ME THE BRAVERY
TO CHANGE THE THINGS THAT I CAN CHANGE.
AND GRANT ME SERENITY
TO ACCEPT WHAT I CAN'T REARRANGE.
TO KNOW THE DIFF'RENCE BETWEEN 'EM --
GIVE ME WISDOM ... AND GIVE ME TIME.

MILENA:

AND A PLACE --

TO MAKE MY MARK.

A LITTLE BIT OF SPACE

TO LEAVE A TRACE,

TO LIGHT A CANDLE IN THE DARK

A SPARK DIVINE; I CAN SHINE.

GIVE ME TIME!

[Spots dim]

TRUGEN:

LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAGIC!

ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE UNDER ITS SPELL.

YOU FEEL YOU HEART RACE

WHEN YOU SEE HIS FACE

IT CLICKS INTO PLACE.

THAT'S HOW IT MUST BE.

WHEN LOVE COMES TO

ME!

End of ACT I

18 pages in ACT TWO