

A CELEBRATION OF TWELFTH NIGHT 2025

The Chorus of Westerly

Vilma Side

Vilma the Robber Girl:

Why are you here in *my* woods?

Gerda:

Your woods?

Vilma the Robber Girl:

Yes! I am Vilma and these woods are *mine*! (laughs)

Vilma the Robber Girl:

So, I ask you again! Why are you here!

Gerda:

I seek the Ice Queen! She has frozen my village and taken Jan, my love. You *must* let me go!

Vilma the Robber Girl:

You're going nowhere! In fact, you're going to stay here and join us!

Gerda:

No!

Vilma the Robber Girl:

Yes! (*mockingly*) We'll be best friends! You'll see!

Gerda:

Friends? Don't you have enough friends already?

Vilma the Robber Girl:

These guys? I'm their boss, not their friend!

Gerda:

You can't kidnap someone and force them to be your friend!

Vilma the Robber Girl:

I can do whatever I want!

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Child 1,2,&3 Side

Three Children:

Father Christmas!

Father Christmas:

You three! Are you all right?

Child3:

What's going on?

Child1:

The whole village is frozen over!

Father Christmas:

I see that. But how are you not frozen along with everyone else?

Child1:

We went out of the village to find a gift for Gerda...

Child3:

Yeah, we wanted to surprise her, but (*sheepishly*) we kinda got lost...

Child2:

And when we found our way back into town it was all frozen over.

Father Christmas:

What do you know of the Ice Queen?

Child1:

Grandmother told us about her...

Child2:

But *she* said it was only a story...

Child3:

And now *she's* frozen too...

The children start to cry.

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Father Christmas:

(bringing The Children in close) Come now. *(he comforts them)* We are here with each other and the light of hope is not yet extinguished. A path to pushing back this foul, cold magic can still yet be found.

Child1:

We can help you search for the path!

Child2:

Yeah! We can go looking for people and ask if they know anything!

Child3:

I'll ask *everyone!* Hey Crow! Do *you* know what's going on?

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Children (age 9 - 12) Side

Devils:

Black spirits and white!
Red spirits and grey!
Mingle! Mingle! Mingle!
You that mingle may!

Round, round, round,
about, about, about!
An ill come running in,
And all thy good keep out!

Black go in and
Blacker come out.
At thy going down
We give thee a shout!

Potbangers:

These noisome pests your hearth would breech
to eat up all your food.
They'll trip your feet, as you would dance,
and spoil your happy mood!

Let not them stay, but raise your pots
And give a merry chase!
We know a rhyme, and so do you,
To drive them from this place!

Now Devils from this hall dispel
And evil disappear!
Let Love and laughter now protect you
All throughout the year!