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Dramatic Publishing

THE LION THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

ONE-ACT TOURING VERSION

Based upon the story by C. S. Lewis

Dramatized by
LE CLANCHÉ DU RAND



The Dramatic Publishing Company
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(THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE)

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THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

A Play in One Act
For One Man and One Woman

CHARACTERS

LUCY also plays Witch, Wolf, Statues
PETER also plays Mr. Tumnus, Edmund,
Mr. Beaver, Aslan

TIME: The present

PLACE: Right here

Maximum running time: 45 minutes

This adaptation is dedicated to Ken Grantham and Eric Booth, who have both labored long in Narnia.

THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

SCENE: *A bare stage. PETER and LUCY enter. PETER carries the box and LUCY carries the hat rack. LUCY sets down the hat rack to the right of the circle and hangs her coat on one of its hooks. After PETER has set down the box in the middle of the stage, he also takes off his coat and hangs it on the hat rack. Both sit on the box. LUCY is left of PETER. Both are intensely excited.*

PETER. Hello, my name is Peter.

LUCY. And I'm Lucy.

PETER. And we have an amazing story to tell you. This story is an adventure that happened to us when we were very young, as young as you are now...

LUCY. There was a lion and a witch and a wardrobe!

PETER. Not yet.

LUCY (*smiles and looks down*). Sorry.

PETER. The story began when we four children moved to this big house in the country and the first rainy day—

LUCY (*bursting out*). Everybody died!

PETER. Luuuuucy!

LUCY. What?

PETER. That's the end of the story...

LUCY. Oh, I'm sorry. Okay.

PETER. The story began when we four children moved to this big house in the country and the first rainy day—

LUCY (*jumping up and crossing DL*). Aslan and the witch had this huge fight and...

PETER. Lucy.

LUCY. What?

PETER. That's the middle of the story.

LUCY. Well, that's the most exciting part and...

PETER. It doesn't matter. You have to tell it in *order*.
One step at a time.

LUCY. Ooh. Okay. Sorry. (*A pause.*)

PETER. The story began when we four children moved to this big house in the country and the first rainy day—

LUCY. We were crowned kings and queens of Narnia and I met Mr. Tumnus. The White Witch turned everyone into stone statues...

PETER (*under Lucy's outburst*). We were exploring the house and we looked into this large empty room...
(*After Lucy's outburst.*) Lucy, Lucy, Lucy! Waaaaait!
What are you doing?

LUCY. I'm telling them the story!

PETER. I know, but you told the whole thing at once.
They won't understand the story. Begin at the beginning.

LUCY. It began with me!

PETER. Don't forget the three of us! (*He and LUCY laugh.*) I'm Peter and I'm the eldest and I was about fourteen at the time of this story...

LUCY. You were so good and brave!

PETER. And then there was our sister Susan and she was about twelve.

LUCY. Nice!

PETER. And then there was our brother Edmund. He was nine then...

LUCY. Yecch!

PETER. And you, Lucy, you were eight.

LUCY. Well, don't let's tell them. Let's show them.

PETER. What do you mean? Lucy, we can't show them Narnia. That's impossible! Lucy, there was a snowstorm, there was a lion, stone statues, a battle, flying. You can't show those things.

LUCY. Well, yes, we can! It isn't very hard. Ummm...
(*She crosses L, mimes making a snowball and throws it at PETER.*)

PETER. Oooh, no, you don't! (*He throws a snowball back at LUCY, who ducks.*)

LUCY. What's that?

PETER. Snowballs!

LUCY. And what's that? (*She mimes pulling out a sword. PETER mimes pulling out a sword.*)

PETER. Sword fight! (*The sword fight briefly, then PETER dies.*) You mean snowballs like the snowstorm in Narnia, and the sword fight like the battle against the White Witch? So? (*LUCY groans.*) Ooh, we could show!

LUCY and PETER. Magic circle! (*Both mime drawing the magic circle. Each makes a half-circle, from UC to DC. They make strange ritual noises.*)

LUCY. So – when we show things, we'll be inside the circle and when we tell things, we'll be outside the circle.

PETER. Show. Tell. And we can use the box. (*He takes their coats off the hat rack and places the box up, slightly to the left of the center of the circle.*)

LUCY. Oooh, great! And we can use the hat rack too.

PETER (*narrating right of the circle*). Okay. The story began when we four children moved to this big house in the country... (*He motions LUCY into the circle. She*

begins to mime moving along an imaginary wall from right to left.) ...and the first rainy day we were exploring the house... (He crosses to Lucy's left and joins in the mime. They move to ULC.)

LUCY. It's so dark in here.

PETER. These hallways go on forever.

LUCY. Yes.

PETER. Lucy, wait.

LUCY. What?

PETER. Here's a door.

LUCY. Let's go in. *(PETER mimes opening the door. He and LUCY go in.)* Wow, what a huge room!

PETER. High ceilings. Hello! *(Echo.)*

LUCY. And it's completely empty – except for this wardrobe! *(She mimes its volume.)* I wonder what's inside it?

PETER. Eh, just a bunch of old coats! Who wants to look in a closet. I'm going to look in the next room. *(He narrates outside the circle DR. LUCY mimes the actions.)* And I left Lucy alone in the room and she opened the door of the wardrobe and she pushed aside the coats and stepped into the wardrobe and closed the door behind her.

LUCY *(standing still)*. It's dark in here. Smells like mothballs!

PETER *(narrating as LUCY continues to mime)*. And she reached for the back of the wardrobe, but it wasn't there. And she reached further and further. *(LUCY mimes pushing the coats aside.)* And far away, she saw a light.

LUCY *(after initial fear at the new landscape)*. Snow! Trees! What happened to all the coats? *(She turns U. PETER places the hat rack in the circle right. LUCY*

turns and sees it.) A lamppost! A lamppost in the middle of a forest? What is this place? Oh, I'm so cold, so cold.

(She shivers and crosses DL. MR. TUMNUS enters UR, humming. LUCY freezes with fear. They see each other and scream. LUCY runs UC. MR. TUMNUS hides behind the lamppost, then circles LUCY as she counters DR.)

MR. TUMNUS. Are you an elf?

LUCY. No.

MR. TUMNUS. Are you a water sprite?

LUCY. No.

MR. TUMNUS. Are you a w-w-w-w-witch?

LUCY. No. No. No.

MR. TUMNUS. What are you?

LUCY. I'm a girl. My name's Lucy.

MR. TUMNUS. You're human?

LUCY. Yes.

MR. TUMNUS. Oooh. My name's Mr. Tumnus. *(He and LUCY shake hands.)* But are you really a human?

LUCY. Of course. I'm a girl. *(She sits on her haunches.)* What strange legs you've got – like goat's legs with black fur all over them.

MR. TUMNUS. Well, of course. I'm a faun.

LUCY. A faun? You don't look like a baby deer.

MR. TUMNUS. Not that kind of faun! But whatever happened to *your* hooves? And they've straightened your legs! *(He is upset.)* Oooh, I'm so sorry.

LUCY. No, no. These are girl legs. Are your horns real?

MR. TUMNUS. Yes, I've just polished them. (*Each strokes an imaginary horn on his head.*) Tell me, how did you get into Narnia?

LUCY. Into what?

MR. TUMNUS. Narnia.

LUCY. This is Narnia?

MR. TUMNUS. Yes. How did you get here?

LUCY. Through the wardrobe.

MR. TUMNUS. Ooh, I'm not very good at geography. I don't know the country of War Drobe. Is it far?

LUCY. No. It's near the lamppost.

MR. TUMNUS (*laughing*). I like you. Humans are funny. Tell me, would you like to come to my cave for a lovely cup of hot chocolate and cookies?

LUCY. Oh, I'd love to. But you will bring me back to the lamppost afterwards, won't you?

MR. TUMNUS. Of course.

LUCY. Oh, good! (*She takes Mr. Tumnus' right arm, circles L and steps out of the circle. She narrates DL.*) So Mr. Tumnus took me to his nice warm cave for some hot chocolate and cookies. (*She steps back inside the circle L of MR. TUMNUS. Both mime drinking.*) That's the best hot chocolate I've ever tasted, Mr. Tumnus. (*She hands him the cup and saucer.*)

MR. TUMNUS. Why... thank you, Lucy. I'll get you some more.

LUCY. What a nice cave you've got. (*She looks to the R of MR. TUMNUS.*) Is that a picture of your mommy?

MR. TUMNUS. Yes.

LUCY. She's beautiful! I see where you get your horns from. (*She turns UR, her back to the audience.*) And what pretty dishes you've got. (*She examines a dish.*)