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Dramatic Publishing



Based on C.S. Lewis'
The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe

Narnia

Book by Jules Tasca
Music by Thomas Tierney
Lyrics by Ted Drachman

Narnia

Based on C.S. Lewis' The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe Book by Jules Tasca. Music by Thomas Tierney. Lyrics by Ted Drachman. Cast: 10m., 6w. (extras; 7m., 4w. with doubling.) The first and most famous story of *The Chronicles of Narnia* has become a musical presentation of this unique, enchanted world filled with creatures and spirits of myth and fable, both good and evil, demonic and transcendent. The principal inhabitants, however, are the intelligent talking animals ruled by the majestic King Aslan, the great lion of Narnia. Though Aslan is often absent from the land (so that his very existence is doubted by some), he returns when the need for him is greatest. And entering Narnia at a moment of high adventure are some children—plucked from our world in unexpected ways to help Narnia and to learn from their Narnia odyssey lessons of courage, unselfishness and wisdom that will help them grow. Narnia wants to sing, and from the excitement of the opening song, “Aslan’s on the Move,” to the joy of “Narnia (You Can’t Imagine),” your spirits will soar with all those in Narnia. *Area staging. Code N01.*

Cover photo: Peoples Church, Beloit, Wis. Cover design: Jeanette Alig-Sergel.

ISBN-10 0-87129-381-1
ISBN-13 978-0-87129-381-7



9 780871 293817

01986



Dramatic Publishing

311 Washington St.
Woodstock, IL 60098
ph: 800-448-7469



Printed on recycled paper

www.dramaticpublishing.com

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 THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Based upon the work "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe" by
C.S. LEWIS

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(NARNIA)

ISBN 0-87129-381-1

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NARNIA

A Musical Play in Two Acts
For Ten Men, Six Women, and Extras*

CHARACTERS

ASLAN the Great Lion of Narnia
WHITE WITCH the evil Queen of Narnia
PETER PEVENSIE an English boy, about 13
SUSAN PEVENSIE Peter's sister, about 12
EDMUND PEVENSIE ... their younger brother, about 10
LUCY PEVENSIE their younger sister, about 9
PROFESSOR DIGORY KIRKE the children's uncle
MRS. MACREADY ... housekeeper at Marbleton Manor
MR. and MRS. BEAVER "Cockney" beavers
DWARF one of the White Witch's minions
FENRIS ULF head of the White Witch's
Secret Police
TUMNUS a faun
FATHER CHRISTMAS Santa Claus
WHITE STAG harbinger of luck/portent of
change in Narnia

TIME: Early 1940's
PLACE: Marbleton Manor, England...
and Narnia

*Various Good/Evil Narnian Creatures

NOTE: The parts of Aslan, the Professor and Father Christmas can be played by the same actor. Mrs. Macready and the White Witch can be played by the same actress.

PREMIERE PERFORMANCE

“Narnia” was first staged on December 6, 1985, by the PCPA Theaterfest in Santa Maria, California; Vincent Dowling, Producing and Artistic Director. The original cast included the following in the principal roles:

WHITE STAG Karen Gage
PETER Philip Brotherton
SUSAN Laurie Stevens
LUCY KT Vogt
EDMUND Lee Shackelford
PROFESSOR and ASLAN David Toll
MRS. MACREADY and WHITE WITCH Rosalind Harris
TUMNUS Thomas F. Pardoe
DWARF Edward K. Romine
MRS. BEAVER Kathleen Brady-Garvin
MR. BEAVER Eric W. Porter
FENRIS ULF John Robert Beardsley
FATHER CHRISTMAS George Maguire

Directed by: George Maguire
Musical Director/Conductor: Richard C. Wall
Orchestrations: Richard C. Wall and Brad Carroll
Scene and Lighting Design: Greg Timm
Costume Design: Ray C. Naylor
Choreography: Janet D. Bryant
Fight Direction: John Robert Beardsley

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The OVERTURE is played. Offstage voices join in to sing a wordless, mysterious chorus. Toward the end, the voices sing the lyric "Aslan's on the move" which repeats. Near the end of the overture, the WHITE STAG dances exuberantly and somewhat mystically on. He halts and peers out at the audience as if he almost sees them. Then he turns and makes a dramatic gesture to indicate that the play should begin.*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *The WHITE STAG dances off and the lights come up on the interior of Marbleton Manor, a magnificent but cluttered English country mansion. Off to the side, SL, is an ornate, antique wardrobe. PROFESSOR DIGORY KIRKE, a kindly middle-aged man dressed somewhat carelessly, enters. He leads on four English youngsters, PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND and LUCY PEVENSIE, carrying their luggage. PETER, SUSAN and LUCY are overwhelmed by the splendor of the place, but EDMUND is clearly unimpressed.*

PROFESSOR. It won't be like London out here, children. The air raids don't come out this far.

SUSAN. Oh, Uncle Digory. I just wish Mother and Father could be safe with us here.

PETER. Remember that Father said not to worry about them, and that the war would be over soon.

PROFESSOR. That's true, Peter. Don't worry, Susan.

LUCY (*looking about*). Isn't this the most super house you've ever been in? The gardens, the statues, that magnificent spire!

PROFESSOR. The history is all in the book.

SUSAN. What book? (*The PROFESSOR hands EDMUND the book. He glances at it without interest and hands it to PETER.*)

EDMUND. Who cares?

PROFESSOR. *Noted Manors and Castles of Great Britain.* Page 313.

PETER. Let's see - 311, 312, 313. Here it is, Susan.

SUSAN. "Marbleton Manor." *(She takes the book and begins to read from it.)*

(SONG: "DOORS AND WINDOWS")

SUSAN.

"MARBLETON MANOR, THAT GRAND MAUSOLEUM,
HOLDS MORE BRIC-A-BRAC THAN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
ITS ROOMS AND ITS GALLERIES RAMBLE FOR MILES,
A HODGE-PODGE OF ODD ARCHITECTURAL STYLES."

(She hands the book on to PETER.)

PETER.

"THE CELLARS AND DUNGEONS ARE ANCIENT AND STRIKING,
MOST PROBABLY CELTIC OR, POSSIBLY, VIKING.
THE MANSION IS GOTHIC IN MUCH OF ITS FEELING
THO' LATE ANGLO-NORMAN IN PARTS OF THE CEILING.
THE SPLENDID OLD TOWER IS HIGH ROMANESQUE
COMBINED WITH A VARIANT VERSION OF PERSIAN GROTESQUE."

(He hands the book to LUCY.)

LUCY.

"BUT THE WINDOWS AND DOORS ARE THE SOUL OF THE PLACE
AS THEY LIGHT SHIFTING PATTERNS OF SHADOW AND SPACE,

CREATING A STRANGE, UNFORGETTABLE
AURA OF GRIMNESS AND GRACE.”

(LUCY hands EDMUND the guidebook, but he snaps it shut.)

EDMUND. I don't care about windows and doors! I want to go home to London!

PROFESSOR. You don't care about doors and windows! Why, when I was your age, opening doors and windows gave me half my education. *(During the singing, PETER, SUSAN, LUCY and the PROFESSOR open and close the doors in the room with consummate ease. EDMUND can't get any of them open.)*

PROFESSOR.

DOORS AND WINDOWS
OPEN AND CLOSE
THEY HIDE OR EXPOSE
ALL THE WORLD TO YOUR VIEW.

GATES AND SHUTTERS
LOCK AND UNLOCK
TO BECKON OR BLOCK
WONDERS WAITING FOR YOU!

NOW, DOORS WILL NEVER YIELD
TO DOUBTERS WHO GO AROUND MOPIN',
BUT IF YOU'RE FULL OF HOPE
YOU'RE HOLDIN' THE KEY THAT WILL OPEN

EACH DOOR AND WINDOW
WINDOW AND DOOR
AND OPEN NEW WORLDS TO EXPLORE!
(Spoken.) I'm not talking about architecture, but the architecture of possibilities. Do you see?

SUSAN. I think I do. . .
DOORS AND WINDOWS
BOLT AND UNBOLT. . .

LUCY (*with a teasing look at EDMUND*).

...AND ONLY A DOLT
WOULDN'T WANT TO GO THRU.

ALL (*except EDMUND*).

AND YOU WILL FIND YOUR DOORS
WHEREVER YOUR DESTINY PLOPS YOU
FOR YOU AND YOU ALONE
DETERMINE WHAT SPURS YOU OR STOPS YOU.

PROFESSOR. That's it!

FOR IF YOU ARE OPEN INSIDE,
THEN DOORS AND WINDOWS
WILL STOP YOU NO MORE...

LUCY.

THEY'LL SWING THEMSELVES WIDE FOR
YOU...

PETER.

STAND RIGHT ASIDE FOR YOU...

SUSAN.

PLIANTLY SLIDE FOR YOU...

LUCY, SUSAN and PETER.

SURELY PROVIDE FOR YOU...

ALL (*except EDMUND*).

WONDERFUL WORLDS TO EXPLORE!

EDMUND. I want to go home!

(EDMUND opens a door as if to leave. MRS. MACREADY, a menacing-looking older woman, stands behind it.)

PROFESSOR. Oh, children. This is Mrs. Macready. She keeps house and conducts tours through the Manor. Mrs. Macready, Susan, Lucy, Peter, Edmund.

MRS. MACREADY. I want you young ones to understand. This old place of your uncle's is a museum. . .

EDMUND. Well, I don't like museums. . .

PETER. He doesn't like it because we all said we did.

SUSAN. Boys! Just to be contrary.

LUCY. He's always worse when Mother's away.

EDMUND. I am not, brat! *(He knocks LUCY's hat off.)*

LUCY. How dare you! *(She knocks EDMUND's cap off.)*

SUSAN and PETER try to break up the ensuing ruckus.

All four CHILDREN shout at once.)

PROFESSOR. Children! Children!

MRS. MACREADY *(loudly)*. Stop! *(All four CHILDREN stop.)*

PROFESSOR. Ah. . . Mrs. Macready will expand on that idea. I imagine she has a few words to say to you. I shall take your bags to your rooms, and return in a few minutes with tea and biscuits. And perhaps some chocolates. *(He exits with the suitcases.)*

EDMUND *(turning to LUCY)*. I prefer Turkish Delight.

MRS. MACREADY. Turkish Delight? I'd give the four of you a good caning! *(To EDMUND.)* Pick up that hat. *(EDMUND crosses to pick it up.)* And don't scuff your feet on waxed floors. Lift! Lift! *(After EDMUND crosses back, lifting his feet high to avoid a scuff.)* Now, listen. You weren't invited here to have a holiday. You'll continue with your schoolwork. And I see you all have that "I'm-going-to-explore-Marbleton-Manor" look. Forget it. The age of explorers is over. Understood?

CHILDREN. Yes, Mrs. Macready. *(MRS. MACREADY exits.)*

EDMUND *(being contrary)*. What a nice woman.

SUSAN. Then we all agree: we can't stand the witch and better keep out of her way.

LUCY *(looking around)*. Looking around isn't exploring, is it, Peter?

PETER *(disingenuously)*. I don't think so, Lu.

SUSAN *(looking off)*. Peter, look at the beautiful tapestries and paintings in there! *(She walks off.)*

EDMUND (*crossing L towards the wardrobe*). I don't want to see tapestries. I want to see swords and spears.

PETER. I'm going in here to look at the tapestries with Susan. (*He goes off R after SUSAN.*)

LUCY (*crossing to the wardrobe*). Edmund, look at this super wardrobe.

EDMUND (*trying, without success, to open the wardrobe*). Just an old wardrobe. Anyway, it's locked.

LUCY (*opening the wardrobe with ease*). No, it's not. And look, it's got coats and old gowns and furs. (*She steps into the wardrobe.*) It's enormous in here.

EDMUND. What're you doing in there? You're going to get into trouble, Lucy... Lucy? (*He follows LUCY into the wardrobe. Icy music underscores as the lights change. The wardrobe becomes a magical doorway into the frozen land of Narnia. EDMUND and LUCY enter beside an old wrought-iron lamppost, which stands rather incongruously in this snowy forest setting.*)

LUCY (*crossing C*). What happened? Why is it so cold? Where are we?

EDMUND (*crossing to LUCY*). I don't know. There was probably no back to that wardrobe. We're probably in the woods behind the house.

LUCY. But there's snow. How can there be snow this time of year? I'm freezing.

EDMUND (*pulling up his collar*). You're a baby. It's not that cold.

LUCY. And what's a lamppost doing here in the forest? (*She crosses away from EDMUND.*) Oh, let's do have a bit of a look 'round, Edmund.

EDMUND. But Uncle Digory's bringing tea and... oh, all right, but just for a few minutes. (*He strolls off R.*) Now don't get yourself lost. You hear?

LUCY (*crossing L and stopping*). Huh? Edmund? Where is he off to? Edmund?

(*TUMNUS, a faun - a half-man, half-goat creature - strolls rather absentmindedly on. He does not see LUCY, but she sees him and speaks.*)

LUCY. Hello.

TUMNUS (*startled*). Oh! My! You scared me. (*He scrutinizes LUCY intently.*) Are you a... Daughter of Eve?

LUCY. I'm Lucy. Lucy Pevensie.

TUMNUS. What they call a... a "girl."

LUCY (*laughing*). Naturally.

TUMNUS (*crossing back to LUCY*). Fancy that now. A human. (*He touches LUCY's face.*) Excuse me, but I've never seen a human before.

LUCY. What are you?

TUMNUS. I'm a faun, of course. My name's Tumnus.

LUCY (*shaking hands with TUMNUS*). I'm so pleased to meet you, Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS. Yes, yes. But how did you get here... to Narnia?

LUCY. Narnia? Whatever are you talking about?

TUMNUS. This is the land of Narnia. Where did you come from?

LUCY. I... I just came through the wardrobe.

TUMNUS. "War-Drobe." I've never heard of that country.

LUCY. It's not a country. It's just... just beyond the lamppost, and it's summer back there, Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS. It's always winter here... now. I remember summer, though. Fireflies and mushrooms and berries as big as your nose. (*A significant pause.*) Come and have tea with me and tell me of summer in the land of... "War-Drobe." Is there war in the land of "War-Drobe?"

LUCY (*crossing C*). Yes, a horrible war, but I can't stay and tell you about it. You see, my Uncle Digory is bringing us tea and I'm late now and I'm freezing, and I...

TUMNUS (*following LUCY*). I live just 'round the bend. There's a warm fire and tea and cakes.

LUCY. Cakes? Well... well, maybe, just a quick cup of tea and a cake and then I must...

TUMNUS. Oh, thank you! Thank you, Daughter of Eve.

LUCY (*correcting TUMNUS*). Lucy!
TUMNUS. Lucy... (*The lights fade as he and LUCY exit.*)

(*Lights come up on EDMUND who enters from another part of the stage.*)

EDMUND (*crossing upstage and then back downstage*).
Lucy! Lucy! Lucy, where are you? Just like a girl to lose her brother.

(*A sleigh enters L carrying the WHITE WITCH, a coldly beautiful, pale-complexioned woman, dressed in white and wearing a crown. The sleigh is pulled by several white REINDEER. A fat DWARF, who is constantly scratching himself, drives the team for the WHITE WITCH.*)

WHITE WITCH (*seeing EDMUND*). Stop! (*The sleigh stops DL.*) What is *that*?

EDMUND. Who, me? I... my... my name's Edmund.

WHITE WITCH. Well, my name is Jadis. *Queen Jadis.*
(*She waits expectantly for something, but EDMUND is confused.*)

DWARF (*a bit threateningly*). Bend your body there, you.

EDMUND (*bowing*). I beg your pardon, Your Highness, I didn't know.

WHITE WITCH (*incredulously*). Not know *me*, the Queen of Narnia.

EDMUND. Narnia? Where is Narnia?

DWARF. Where?

WHITE WITCH. Where? *Where?* This land of beautiful and never-ending winter is Narnia. And anytime I want it... (*She waves her wand and snow falls.*)... Snow.

DWARF. What control! What majesty!

WHITE WITCH (*looking closely at EDMUND*). What are you?

EDMUND. I'm a boy named Edmund, Your Highness.

WHITE WITCH. A boy? A human? A Son of Adam? How did you enter my kingdom?

EDMUND. I came through a wardrobe, Your Highness.

DWARF. A wardrobe... What's a wardrobe?

WHITE WITCH. So, a door from the World of Men!

EDMUND. If you'll excuse me now, I've got to find Lucy and go back.

WHITE WITCH. Lucy?

EDMUND. My little sister.

WHITE WITCH. Oh, a Daughter of Eve? And where is she? Where?

EDMUND. I don't know - wandering about somewhere.

I also have an older sister and an older brother.

DWARF. Why, that makes...

WHITE WITCH. *Four of you? Four?*

EDMUND. Uh-huh. I mean, yes, Your Highness. (*The WHITE WITCH and the DWARF exchange glances as the REINDEER become excited. The DWARF quiets the REINDEER with his whip.*) What's the matter? Why are you staring at me?

WHITE WITCH (*suddenly all solicitude*). My poor, lost little lamb. Are you cold?

(SONG: "TURKISH DELIGHT")

DO I DETECT A SHIVER?

DO I PERCEIVE A SHAKE?

OF COURSE, YOU MUST BE FREEZING THERE,

WITHOUT A COMFY COAT TO WEAR,

IT'S ALMOST MORE THAN I CAN BEAR,

IT MAKES MY POOR HEART BREAK.

MY PRECIOUS SON OF ADAM

HOW MIS'RABLE YOU LOOK.

COME SIT BY ME AND I'LL CONTRIVE A ROSY,

WARM AND COSY

LITTLE NOOK.

(*The WHITE WITCH nastily kicks the DWARF out of the driver's seat on the sleigh to make room for EDMUND.*

EDMUND sits next to her in the vacated seat and she

wraps her ermine robes around him.) There, isn't that better?

EDMUND. Yes, Your Highness.

WHITE WITCH.

AND WOULD YOU LIKE A WARMING DRINK?

EDMUND. Oh, yes, I *would*, Your . . .

WHITE WITCH (*cutting EDMUND off*).

HOT NECTAR OF AMBROSIA . . .

(*She gestures with her magic wand.*)

. . . CONCOCTED IN A WINK!

(*The drink magically appears on the branch of one of the trees which offers it to EDMUND. He takes it.*)

EDMUND (*taking a gulp*). I've never tasted anything so delicious!

WHITE WITCH (*craftily*). You think that's good? I'll give you something really enchanting.

THERE'S A TANTALIZING CANDY

NO ONE CAN RESIST.

ALL IT TAKES IS JUST A SINGLE BITE.

WHEN YOU TRY THIS CHOICE CONFECTION

SUDDENLY YOUR TONGUE WILL DO A GENU-

FLECTION.

TURKISH, TURKISH DELIGHT!

(*The WHITE WITCH waves her wand, magically producing a chalice full of sweets. She nudges the DWARF who brings it to EDMUND.*)

DWARF.

CAVIAR IS SIMPLY FISH EGGS;

CHAMPAGNE'S ONLY FIZZ;

TRUFFLES MERELY DULL THE APPETITE.

THEY DON'T GIVE YOU HALF THE THRILL OF

WHAT NO HUMAN BEING EVER GETS HIS FILL
OF . . .
TURKISH

WHITE WITCH.
TURKISH

WHITE WITCH and DWARF.
TURKISH DELIGHT!

*(EDMUND tries to reach for a piece but, not noticing,
the DWARF pulls the candy away as the WHITE WITCH
comes over to him.)*

TURKISH DELIGHT, TURKISH DELIGHT,
IT'S LIKE A WILD FEVER YOU'VE CAUGHT!
TURKISH DELIGHT, TURKISH DELIGHT,
IT'S LIKE A FLAME THAT CAN'T BE FOUGHT!

DWARF.
YOU'D TRADE YOUR MOTHER FOR THESE

WHITE WITCH.
GLEAMING CUBES OF LIME AND LEMON
QUINCE AND KUMQUAT, TOO,
SUGARED WITH A DUST OF SNOWY WHITE.
THEY ALL SHARE THAT SPECIAL SAVOR -
(TASTE "FORBIDDEN FRUIT" - I THINK YOU'LL
LIKE THE FLAVOR) -
TURKISH

DWARF.
TURKISH

WHITE WITCH and DWARF.
TURKISH DELIGHT!

WHITE WITCH *(to EDMUND, hypnotically)*.
DESIRE IT . . .
EMPOWER IT . . .
RECEIVE IT . . .
DEVOUR IT!

(*Spoken.*) Go ahead, take a bite. (*Finally, EDMUND, now at a fever pitch of desire, is presented the chalice of Turkish Delight. He consumes it ravenously.*)

EDMUND (*dreamily*).

SWEETER THAN THE SWEETEST HONEY,
CREAMIER THAN CREAM,
TAKES MY SENSES TO A DIZZY HEIGHT . . .

WHITE WITCH.

MORTALS ALWAYS LOSE CONTROL FOR

ALL (*including REINDEER, but not EDMUND*).

MORSELS OF A GOODIE THEY WOULD
SELL THEIR SOUL FOR -

ALL (*including EDMUND*).

TURKISH, TURKISH, TURKISH,
TURKISH, TURKISH, TURKISH
TURKISH, TURKISH, TURKISH DELIGHT!

WHITE WITCH. Dear Edmund, what good luck I found you! You see I have . . . no children of my own and, well . . . I have been looking all my life for a truly nice boy to bring up as . . . a prince.

EDMUND (*crossing closer to the WHITE WITCH*). A prince?

WHITE WITCH. To become king, of course, when I'm gone. He'd wear a golden crown. He'd eat what he liked, when he liked. He'd have dominion over all the lands and creatures of Narnia, and his every desire would be law the moment he uttered it. And nothing could grow or breathe or move in the whole kingdom unless "King Edmund" so willed it.

EDMUND. Oh, Your Majesty! I think I'm suited by temperament to be a prince, if you don't mind me saying.

WHITE WITCH. Oh, not at all. You *should* say. That proves you're cut from the right cloth. But I must see your brother and sisters before I make a final decision.