

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

NARNIA

The Short Musical Version

Based on

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe

by

C.S. LEWIS

Book by

JULES TASCA

Music by

THOMAS TIERNEY

Lyrics by

TED DRACHMAN



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING

P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois”

©MCMXCV

Book by

JULES TASCA

Music by

THOMAS TIERNEY

Lyrics by

TED DRACHMAN

Based on the work *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*
by
C.S. LEWIS

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(NARNIA: The Short Musical Version)

Cover design by Susan Carle

© The Dramatic Publishing Company, Woodstock, Illinois
ISBN 0-87129-565-2

NARNIA

The Short Musical Version

For 8 (4 men, 4 women) to 12 actors with doubling

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
MR. and MRS. BEAVER	"Cockney" beavers
DWARF	the White Witch's slave
FENRIS	a wolf, head of the White Witch's Secret Police
RYWETH	another wolf, one of Fenris's lieutenants
TUMNUS	a faun
FATHER CHRISTMAS	Santa Claus
CRUELIE	an evil Narnian
WHITE STAG	...	harbinger of luck/portent of change in Narnia

Approximate running time: 70-90 minutes

TIME: Early 1940s

PLACE: Marbleton Manor, England and...Narnia.

Role Breakdown

PROFESSOR DIGORY / FATHER CHRISTMAS / ASLAN
PETER / DWARF
SUSAN
EDMUND / RYWETH / ANOTHER WOLF
LUCY / A CRUELIE
TUMNUS / MR. BEAVER / FENRIS
MRS. BEAVER / WHITE STAG
WHITE WITCH

ACT ONE

SCENE: The OVERTURE is played. Offstage voices join in to sing a wordless, mysterious chorus which changes to the repeated lyric phrase "Aslan's on the move." 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 dim. We hear the sound of bombs dropping and exploding and the voice of a British Broadcasting Company news announcer.

BBC ANNOUNCER. This is London Radio, September fourth, nineteen-forty-one. The unending war against the Nazis is now tearing our families apart. Because of the nightly firebombing, thousands of schoolchildren have been sent away from their parents to stay in the countryside with friends and relatives. And here in London, twenty-three persons have still not been accounted for from last night's bombing. In other news...

(Voice of the ANNOUNCER fades out as the lights come up on the interior of Marbleton Manor, a magnificent but cluttered English country mansion. Off to the side, L, is an ornate, antique wardrobe. PROFESSOR DIGORY KIRKE,

a kindly middle-aged man dressed somewhat carelessly, enters. He leads on four English brothers and sisters, 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 a book. He glances at it without interest and hands it to PETER.*) "Marbleton Manor." (*She takes the book from PETER 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 HODGEPODGE OF ODD ARCHITECTURAL STYLES.” (*She hands the book 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 and LUCY gaze about admiringly while EDMUND appears bored.)

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!**

(Speaking.)

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 (*speaking*). 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, & PETER.

SURELY PROVIDE FOR YOU...

ALL (*except EDMUND*).

WONDERFUL WORLDS TO EXPLORE!

EDMUND. I want to go home!

PROFESSOR. Oh, Edmund. Why don't you all play a game to settle Edmund down. I'll call you for tea in half an hour.

PETER (*as PROFESSOR exits*). We'll play hide-and-seek. Edmund, you're it! (*PETER spins EDMUND around as the OTHERS all run to hide. LUCY opens the wardrobe and enters it.*)

EDMUND (*crossing to the wardrobe*). I saw her go in. I'll find her right off and listen to her whine.

(EDMUND enters the wardrobe. Icy music underscores as the lights change. The wardrobe becomes a magical doorway into the frozen land of Narnia. EDMUND and LUCY stand beside an old wrought-iron lamppost.)

LUCY. My heavens! Snow! Snow, Edmund. Freezing icy snow!

EDMUND. Just pipe down, Lucy. How could there be snow this time of year?

LUCY. I'm cold.

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

LUCY. Where are we?

EDMUND. I'll find out. Just wait here by this lamppost. (*He goes off.*)

LUCY (*looks around and sees that he's gone*). Edmund! Edmund! Don't leave me alone!

(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 looks her over with some perplexity.*) Are...are...are you a Daughter of Eve?

LUCY. I'm Lucy.

TUMNUS. What they call a...“girl”?

LUCY (*laughing*). Naturally.

TUMNUS. Fancy that now! A human. Here. Right here...Excuse me, but I've never seen a human before.

LUCY. Oh? What are you?

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

LUCY (*shaking hands*). Well, I've never seen a faun before. This is all so strange.

TUMNUS. Tell me, how did you get here...to Narnia?

LUCY. Narnia? What's that?

TUMNUS. This is our world—"Narnia."

LUCY. Your...Oh, I see...I'm in another place. It's summer where I come from. (*She shivers.*)

TUMNUS. I'm sorry, you're freezing. (*A touch of slyness.*) Why don't you come to my cave for, uh, hot tea and cakes.

LUCY. Oh, cakes! You have cakes here?

TUMNUS. Oh yes. (*They start to move off as lights begin to fade.*) Where do you come from?

LUCY. I just came in through the wardrobe.

TUMNUS. "War-drobe." Is there war in the land of "War-drobe"?

LUCY. Yes, a horrible war...(*The lights fade as TUMNUS and LUCY exit.*)

(*Lights come up, as EDMUND enters from another part of the stage.*)

EDMUND. Lucy, Lucy, where are you? Lucy! Just like her to get lost. Just like her to...

(*MUSIC: "WHITE WITCH'S ENTRANCE." The WHITE WITCH, a coldly beautiful, pale-complexioned woman dressed all in white, wearing a crown and carrying a wand, enters on a sleigh pushed by an ever-scratching DWARF.*)

WITCH (*to DWARF as she sees EDMUND*). Stop! (*The sleigh stops.*) What is that?

EDMUND. Who? Me? I...I'm Edmund.

WITCH. Well, I'm the queen. The Queen of Narnia. (*She waits expectantly, but EDMUND is too astonished to react appropriately.*)

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

EDMUND (*bowing*). I beg your pardon, Your Highness. I must be lost...where am I?

WITCH. This is Narnia, my land of beautiful, never-ending winter.

DWARF. And any time she wants it...

WITCH (*waving wand*). Snow! (*The DWARF throws a handful of snow which flutters down on EDMUND. She laughs with delight then addresses EDMUND as she scrutinizes him closely.*) What kind of creature are you?

EDMUND. Creature? I'm a boy, Your Highness.

WITCH (*upset*). A boy? A Son of Adam? A human?...Are there others like you here?

EDMUND. Well, Lucy's with me...and my other brother and sister are back at the house.

DWARF. Why that makes...(DWARF totals it up on his fingers.)

WITCH. Four of you? Four?

EDMUND. Uh-huh. I mean, yes, Your Highness. (*The DWARF and WITCH exchange meaningful glances, then both scrutinize EDMUND intently.*) What's the matter. Why are you staring at me? (*He shivers.*)

WITCH (*pretending concern*). My poor, lost little lamb. Is there anything you want?

EDMUND. Well, I'm hungry.

WITCH. Hungry? I have just the thing.

(SONG: "TURKISH DELIGHT")**WITCH.**

**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
GENUFLECTION,
TURKISH, TURKISH DELIGHT!**

(She waves her wand and magically produces a chalice full of sweets. The treat is kept away from EDMUND who is hypnotized by it until the end of the song.)

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—**

WITCH.**TURKISH...****DWARF and WITCH.**

**TURKISH DELIGHT!
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...**

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,**

DWARF.

TURKISH...

DWARF and WITCH.

TURKISH DELIGHT!

WITCH (*to EDMUND hypnotically*).

DESIRE IT...

EMPOWER IT...

RECEIVE IT...

DEVOUR IT...

(*Speaking.*)

Go ahead, take a bite.

(*Finally, at a fever pitch of desire, EDMUND 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—**

WITCH.

MORTALS ALWAYS LOSE CONTROL FOR

DWARF & WITCH.

MORSELS OF A GOODIE THEY WOULD
SELL THEIR SOUL FOR—

ALL THREE.

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

WITCH. Dear Edmund, what good luck I found you! You see, all my life I've been looking for a truly special boy to bring up as—a prince!

EDMUND. A prince!

WITCH. Yes, "Prince Edmund." And someday, "*King Edmund*"!

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

WITCH. Not at all—that is *exactly* the way a prince should feel. But before we can proceed with your crowning, there is one thing...

EDMUND. What's that?

WITCH. Your brother and sisters—you must bring them to me.

EDMUND. But why?

WITCH (*offhandedly*). Oh...just one of our Narnian traditions—the family of the new prince *must* be present to see him crowned. After that, of course, they would become mere courtiers—servants—under you.

EDMUND (*dubious*). Way, way under me?

WITCH (*eying him closely*). Way, way. But for my prince, I have storehouses full of Turkish Delight, to eat whenever you like. There, in our palace, across the frozen lake. (*She points off.*)

EDMUND. Storehouses full?

WITCH. Yes. Bring the others to me as soon as you possibly can but keep this all a secret from them—that will increase the fun. You can all walk across—the ice is safe. My wolves will meet you on the other side.

EDMUND. Wolves?

WITCH. They won't hurt you. They'll take you to me. Remember, I have all the Turkish Delight a prince could want. (*She pushes EDMUND off.*) Go. (*She steps into her "sleigh" and whips the DWARF with her wand, as the DWARF pushes her off.*) Stop scratching. Quick! The Palace! Summon Fenris and his wolves! Tell him humans are here! (*Lights fade.*)

(*Lights come up on LUCY and TUMNUS having tea.*)

TUMNUS. Sugar?

LUCY. Two, please. Mr. Tumnus, why is it always winter here?

TUMNUS. Oh, child, don't even ask about that now.

LUCY. What do you mean? Is it something horrible, Mr. Tumnus? (*TUMNUS looks away.*) Hasn't it ever been spring?

TUMNUS. Yes, a long time ago. I remember when the White Stag roamed and if you caught him, you'd be granted three wishes. The woods were green and warm and all the creatures of Narnia loved one another.

LUCY. How beautiful you make it sound!

(**SONG: "NARNIA" ["YOU CAN'T IMAGINE"]**)

TUMNUS.

**YOU CAN'T IMAGINE
HOW BEAUTIFUL IT WAS!**

**BEFORE THE SNOW CAME
HOW BEAUTIFUL IT WAS!
JUST THINK OF SPRINGTIME
BECOMING SUMMER,
THAT'S HOW IT ALWAYS WAS
IN NARNIA.**

**THE DAYS WERE WARM THEN,
THE SKIES WERE ALWAYS CLEAR.
THERE WERE NO STORMS THEN
AND PEOPLE FELT NO FEAR.
THOSE DAYS OF HEAVEN,
THAT MAGICAL GLOW—
YOU HAD TO BE THERE
IN NARNIA TO KNOW!**

LUCY.

**WHERE DID SUMMER GO?
AND WON'T IT EVER COME AGAIN?**

TUMNUS.

**NO QUESTIONS, CHILD—
IT ISN'T SAFE TO PRY.**

LUCY.

**WON'T FLOWERS BUZZ WITH
BUMBLEBEES' SWEET HUM AGAIN?**

TUMNUS.

THOSE DAYS ARE ALL GONE BY!

LUCY.

I CAN'T IMAGINE
HOW WONDERFUL IT WAS!

TUMNUS.

WE ALL FELT FREE THEN,
NOW NO ONE EVER DOES.

BOTH.

BECAUSE THE SNOW CAME,
THE ENDLESS SNOW—

TUMNUS.

BUT LIFE WAS LOVELY
ONCE LONG AGO.

BOTH.

YOU HAD TO BE THERE
IN NARNIA TO KNOW!

LUCY (*to TUMNUS who is crying*). What's the matter?

TUMNUS. What a bad faun I've become! I serve the White Witch.

LUCY. A witch? Here?

TUMNUS. Yes. She *calls* herself the Queen, but she's the one who keeps it always winter here—always winter and never Christmas.

LUCY. How awful!

TUMNUS. It's worse than that. You see, I'm a kidnapper. The wolves, her secret police, trained me. I'm to lure innocent children like you to my cave and hand them over to the White Witch.

LUCY. You wouldn't do that.