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*Dramatic Publishing*

# **The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe**

Based upon the story by C.S. Lewis

Dramatized

by

**JOSEPH ROBINETTE**

**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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JOSEPH ROBINETTE

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

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(THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE)

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# THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

A Full Length Play  
For a cast of 16 performers and extras\*

## CHARACTERS

ASLAN ..... a great lion  
WHITE WITCH ..... an evil queen  
LUCY, EDMUND, SUSAN, PETER ..... children  
MR. & MRS. BEAVER ..... forest animals  
UNICORN, CENTAUR ..... forest animals  
TUMNUS..... a faun  
FENRIS ULF .. a wolf, head of the Witch's secret police  
DWARF ..... a servant to the Witch  
FATHER CHRISTMAS..... a bringer of gifts  
ELF ..... Father Christmas' helper  
WHITE STAG ..... an elusive omen of good fortune

## EXTRAS

ASLAN'S FOLLOWERS ..... forest animals  
WITCH'S ARMY ..... evil villains  
WOOD NYMPHS ..... stage helpers

PLACE: A mansion and the Land of Narnia.

TIME: The 1940s or the present.

\*An optional intermission is designated in the script.  
With the exception of the four children, all characters may  
be played by males or females.

# THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

## PROLOGUE\*

SCENE. *In front of the main curtain—or a scrim—four children enter. From oldest to youngest they are: PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND, and LUCY. ALL except EDMUND look about in wide-eyed fascination.*

SUSAN. What an exciting old mansion!

EDMUND. I think it's boring.

SUSAN. Oh, Edmund.

PETER. Come on, Ed. It'll be a fun place to explore.

LUCY. I'm glad Mother and Father let us come out to the country for a few days.

SUSAN. I'm going to love staying here with the old professor. Isn't he a dear?

PETER. Yes. But I'm not sure I like his housekeeper. (*Mimicking the housekeeper.*) "Please remember to always stay out of my way!" (*They laugh. PETER points off, R.*) Hey, let's go look at that room that has all the swords and suits of armor inside.

SUSAN. You go ahead, Peter. I think I'll go back down to the library and look through some books. How about you, Lucy?

LUCY (*pointing off, L*). That room over there seems very interesting.

EDMUND (*crossing a few steps L and looking off*). There's nothing in it but an old clock and a big wardrobe.

LUCY. But it's the largest wardrobe I've ever seen. I want to take a closer look at it. (*She exits off, L.*)

PETER. Come on, Ed.

EDMUND (*unenthused*). I'd rather explore outside.

PETER. But it's raining. Let's go to the sword room.

EDMUND. All right. But only till we can go outside.

SUSAN. Don't get lost. It's almost time for dinner.

EDMUND. Oh, Susan. Stop talking like Mother. (*He and PETER exit off, R.*)

SUSAN. Well, somebody needs to be in charge since Mother and Father aren't here. (*Looking off, L.*) Lucy! (*Crossing L.*) Come downstairs to the library with me. It'll be a lot more fun than an old room with nothing but a wardrobe in it. (*Peering off.*) Lucy? ...I thought she went in there. (*Crossing back C.*) I guess she changed her mind. (*Looking about as she smiles.*) Well...I think our stay here is going to be quite an adventure—quite an adventure indeed. (*She exits off, R. The Prologue ends as the curtain—or scrim—rises to reveal a setting which suggests a wooded area.*)

\*The Prologue is optional. The play may begin when the curtain rises on Narnia (p. 7).

## SCENE ONE

SCENE: *The stage is basically bare except for a few trees and foliage and a lamppost at R. Several different levels may be used for the play's various locales. A backdrop—or a cut-out silhouette—at the rear suggests distant castles. The simple set changes will be done by three (or more) WOOD NYMPHS during the course of the play. No curtain is necessary between scenes. Simple lighting changes may be used to define the various locales as each is used.*

*A cold wind blows as snowflakes fall. A WHITE STAG enters quickly, pauses, sniffs the air, then exits hurriedly. A moment later, a UNICORN enters breathlessly. He searches in vain for the WHITE STAG, then gives up.*

UNICORN. I'll never catch him. Never.

*(MR. AND MRS. BEAVER enter exhaustedly.)*

MRS. BEAVER. Hello, Mr. Unicorn.

UNICORN. Oh, good morning, Mrs. Beaver... Mr. Beaver.

MR. BEAVER. What's so good about it?

MRS. BEAVER *(to UNICORN)*. What are you doing out so early?

UNICORN. I was trying to catch the White Stag. But I missed him again.

MRS. BEAVER. Well, don't give up. The White Stag will bring you good fortune if you catch him.

UNICORN. I know.

MR. BEAVER. It will take more than good fortune to help any of us.

MRS. BEAVER. Poor dear. He's in a bad mood. His dam broke last night.

MR. BEAVER. It's more than that. It's this blasted cold weather. I'll never get used to it.

UNICORN. But it's always cold weather in Narnia, Mr. Beaver. There's nothing to be done about it.

(A *CENTAUR* enters.)

CENTAUR. Maybe there is something to be done about it.

MRS. BEAVER. And what's that, Mr. Centaur?

CENTAUR. We can hope and pray that our King will soon return.

MRS. BEAVER. We keep hoping and praying, but he has not been seen for years. Not in my time—or even in my father's time.

CENTAUR. Then we must all have more faith.

MRS. BEAVER. I think Mr. Centaur is right.

UNICORN. I think so, too.

MR. BEAVER. I think—we should break up this meeting in a hurry.

CENTAUR. Why is that, Mr. Beaver?

MR. BEAVER. Shh. Listen. (*Off, voices are heard.*)

VOICE OF FENRIS ULF (*off*). Come on, you! No more stalling.

UNICORN. It sounds like Fenris Ulf.

CENTAUR. Not that scoundrel.

VOICE OF TUMNUS (*off*). I'm terribly sorry, sir.

UNICORN. And Tumnus, the Faun.



MRS. BEAVER. Poor Tumnus. How did he ever get himself mixed up in that bad business.

MR. BEAVER. Whatever the reason, he's in a mess. And we will be, too, if we're seen by that rascal Fenris Ulf.

UNICORN. Mr. Beaver is right. Goodbye, everybody.

CENTAUR. Goodbye. And don't forget to pray diligently for the return of the King.

*(ALL agree and exit quickly just as FENRIS ULF, a wolf in military attire, enters holding TUMNUS, a faun, by the scruff of the neck. ULF looks about suspiciously.)*

ULF. Who was just here? What was that flurry of activity?

TUMNUS *(fearfully)*. Probably—just a blizzard, sir.

ULF. Probably the enemy. But they scatter swiftly on the arrival of Fenris Ulf, Captain of the Queen's Secret Police. Now, why were you late coming to your post again this morning?

TUMNUS. But I really don't think I'm needed here, sir. A child of Adam and Eve has never come this way before.

ULF. But one will come someday, and it's your job to trap him. In fact, a child of Adam and Eve may come along even today. *(He sniffs.)* There is the smell of a human in the air. And remember, if he comes and you let him escape, you know what the Queen will do to you.

TUMNUS. Turn me into a stone statue?

ULF. At the very least. Now, I must check on the other sentinels. Maintain your post, knave.

TUMNUS. Yes, sir. Whatever you say, sir. *(ULF exits.)*  
Oh, how did I ever get myself in this fix? My father

would be so disappointed in me. Oh, well, if I'm lucky, maybe a human will *never* come this way. (*A pause.*) But if one does, I can take him to the Queen, and she'll reward me. But that would be wrong—I think. Oh, I'm perplexed—as usual. I don't know what to do—except what I usually do when I'm perplexed. Play my pipe.

*(TUMNUS begins to play a tune on a reed pipe. A moment later, LUCY enters at R. She backs into the area looking about as though confused and surprised. She does not see TUMNUS nor does he see her. The two bump into each other. TUMNUS drops his pipe.)*

TUMNUS. Goodness gracious me!

LUCY. Oh, I'm terribly sorry. (*She picks up the pipe and gives it to him.*)

TUMNUS. Who are you?

LUCY. My—my name is Lucy.

TUMNUS. Lucy—are you a daughter of Eve?

LUCY. A what?

TUMNUS. A daughter of Eve. A *human*.

LUCY. Of course I'm human.

TUMNUS. Good. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus. I'm a faun.

LUCY (*shaking his hand*). I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS. May I ask, O Lucy, Daughter of Eve, how have you come into Narnia?

LUCY. Narnia? What's that?

TUMNUS. It's this. All the land that lies between this lamppost and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the Eastern Sea is Narnia. How did you get here?

LUCY. It's very hard to explain. You see, I was exploring with my sister and two brothers—

TUMNUS. Oh, there are four of you. Will the others be coming as well?

LUCY. I don't know. I'm not even sure how *I* got here. We were visiting this house in the country, and I climbed into a large wardrobe in a spare room.

TUMNUS. War Drobe? Spare Oom?

LUCY. Spare *room*. Yes. Then I realized there was no back to the wardrobe. And suddenly, I was here in—in—

TUMNUS. Narnia. Oh, you'll be so glad you came. And I hope the others will find their way here, too, so that I can show all of you our beautiful country—and introduce you to our lovely witch—uh, *Queen*.

LUCY (*looking around*). Everything seems so—magical.

TUMNUS. Oh, it is. And you can be anywhere you wish in Narnia—quick as a wink. For instance you can take a trip to the distant castle Cair Paravel—(*A light comes up on the outline of a castle.*) Or the home of the mighty wi—, uh, *Queen*. (*Another light silhouettes a second castle.*) Or you may wish to picnic at the great Stone Table.

*(The WOOD NYMPHS enter and put the Stone Table in place U.)*

TUMNUS. Or perhaps you would like to visit the home of two of our forest friends—Mr. and Mrs. Beaver, for example. (*The WOOD NYMPHS quickly set up a few chairs and a table at L.*) Or even my own humble abode. (*The WOOD NYMPHS set up two or three small furniture pieces at R. On a small table are a teapot and*

*two cups.*) Tumnus Towers, I call it. I like fancy names for simple things.

LUCY (*in awe*). It's a fascinating place.

TUMNUS. Perfect for the imagination—with a bit of help from the Wood Nymphs. (*He waves to the WOOD NYMPHS as they exit.*)

LUCY. There's only one small problem here, as I see it.

TUMNUS. Yes?

LUCY. It's so cold. It was summer just a few minutes ago—where I came from, I mean.

TUMNUS. In the land of Spare Oom?

LUCY (*laughing*). Yes.

TUMNUS. Well, to be truthful, it is always winter in Narnia, but you'll get use to it. I hope. Meanwhile, why don't we repair to Tumnus Towers for a spot of tea to warm us up.

LUCY. Very well. I can see no harm in it.

TUMNUS. None at all. (*He leads her to his "home," and they enter. He pours tea.*) The Wood Nymphs have even brewed tea for us. Here you are. (*He serves her a cup, and she drinks.*)

LUCY. Thank you. It's delicious. (*He begins to play his pipe.*) I'm so glad I met you, Mr. Tumnus. You're a very nice faun. (*A pause as she nods dreamily to the music.*) And your music is lovely. It makes me so warm and sleepy. (*She closes her eyes for a moment. TUMNUS abruptly stops playing his pipe.*)

TUMNUS. No!

LUCY. What—what is it?

TUMNUS. It's not true.

LUCY. What's not true?

TUMNUS. I'm not a nice faun. In fact, I'm a very bad faun. (*He sobs. LUCY hands him her handkerchief.*)

LUCY. Not at all. You're the best faun I ever met.

TUMNUS. How could I be when I work for *her*? (*He dries his tears with the handkerchief.*)

LUCY. Her? Who?

TUMNUS. The White Witch, that's who. Oh, she calls herself a queen, but she's the evil ruler of Narnia. She's the one who makes it always winter here. But she never lets us have Christmas.

LUCY. What kind of work do you do for the witch?

TUMNUS. I'm a kidnapper. I'm supposed to kidnap innocent children and bring them to her.

LUCY. I'm sure you wouldn't do anything of the sort.

TUMNUS. But I am doing it—at this very moment. (*He moves toward her. She recoils.*)

LUCY (*frightened*). What do you mean?

TUMNUS. I'm suppose to take you to the witch. (*He takes her arm firmly, but gently.*)

LUCY. But you won't, will you, Mr. Tumnus?

TUMNUS. If I don't turn you over to the White Witch, she'll cut off my tail, saw off my horns, pluck out my beard—and worse, she'll turn me into a stone statue with her magic wand.

LUCY. Maybe she won't know I was here. Will you please let me go home? (*After a moment, he releases her.*)

TUMNUS. Of course I will. I didn't know what a human was like before I met you. But now that I know you, I can't give you up to the witch. I'll take you back to the lamppost. From there you can find your way back to War Drobe in the land of Spare Oom.

LUCY (*deeply relieved*). Thank you, Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS. We must go as quietly as we can. The woods are full of her spies. (*They leave his "home" cautiously.*)

*He looks about, then speaks in a low voice.)* Can you ever forgive me for what I meant to do?

LUCY. Of course. And I hope you won't get into dreadful trouble on my account. *(She starts to exit off, R.)*

TUMNUS *(waving the handkerchief toward her)*. Farewell, Daughter of Eve. Oh, may I keep your handkerchief as a reminder of our pleasant visit?

LUCY. Certainly. *(She waves and exits.)*

TUMNUS *(creeping back toward his "home" and entering)*. I hope none of her spies saw me. I feel ever so much better about everything. Starting now I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I'm going to be a much better—

*(FENRIS ULF enters. He rushes into Tumnus' "home.")*

ULF. Ah, ha! *(TUMNUS drops to his knees trembling.)*

TUMNUS. Oh, no.

ULF. Tumnus, your treachery has been detected. You had a human in your very grasp and let her go. *(He grabs TUMNUS roughly and brings him to his feet.)* The Queen will deal with you—Tumnus the traitor! *(He breaks a piece of furniture.)* I order this house destroyed! You won't be needing it any longer, betrayer of the Queen.

*(The WOOD NYMPHS enter and quickly disassemble the "home," then exit with the pieces.)*

ULF. This document will serve notice to other traitors who may have the same notion as you. *(He hangs a note on a nearby tree branch, or simply lets the note fall to the ground where the "home" was.)* Come, Tumnus.

Soon your name will be written in stone—your very own! (*He laughs menacingly and exits, dragging TUMNUS with him.*)

EDMUND'S VOICE (*off*). Lucy, you're crazy. It's just a big, old wardrobe like any other big, old wardrobe with lots of coats inside. It's stuffy—and dark—and cold.

(*EDMUND enters.*)

EDMUND. Cold? It was warm in the wardrobe. (*He is astonished at his new surroundings.*)

(*LUCY enters.*)

LUCY. But now we're in Narnia.

EDMUND. Narnia?

LUCY. You didn't believe me. I wanted to tell Peter and Susan as well. But you were the first one I found. And I wanted to get back here as soon as possible.

EDMUND. I thought you were teasing, but I guess you were right after all.

LUCY. Now the first thing we must do is see if Mr. Tumnus, the faun, is safe. I hope the White Witch didn't get him.

EDMUND. Witch? There's a witch here in Narnia?

LUCY. An evil witch who has a magic so that it's always winter in Narnia—but never Christmas. (*Looking about.*) Now where on earth—I mean, in Narnia—is Mr. Tumnus' home? I thought it was right over there. We have to go look for him. Come, Edmund.

EDMUND. I'll stay right here, thank you. I have no desire to go traipsing off after some silly faun. I'll be here at the lamppost—if I stay. I'm not sure I like it here.

LUCY. Please don't leave without me. I'll be right back after I make sure Mr. Tumnus is okay. *(She exits.)*

EDMUND. Narnia, eh? I didn't believe Lucy, but she was right. It's a fascinating place, I'll admit. But all this business about fauns and witches and—*(The sounds of harness bells are heard off, followed by the voice of the WITCH. EDMUND quickly tries to hide behind a tree or the lamppost.)*

WITCH'S VOICE *(off)*. Hold there! Tie the reindeer to that tree, Dwarf.

DWARF'S VOICE *(off)*. Yes, majesty. Consider it done.

WITCH'S VOICE *(off)*. Now, let us follow the smell of the intruder.

*(The DWARF and WITCH, who carries a wand, enter and see the cowering EDMUND.)*

DWARF. You there!

EDMUND *(very frightened)*. Who? Me?

DWARF. Yes, you! Kneel in the presence of the mighty ruler of Narnia.

EDMUND. But—but I am kneeling.

DWARF. Lower! *(EDMUND falls prostrate to the ground.)* That's more like it.

WITCH. What, pray, are you?

EDMUND. I'm—I'm—my name is Edmund.

WITCH. Is that how you address a queen?

EDMUND. I'm—I'm sorry... your majesty. I thought you were—a witch.

WITCH. A witch? *(She laughs loudly.)* I am a queen. The Queen of Narnia. Now, I repeat—what are you?

EDMUND. I'm—I'm a boy—*(Adding quickly.)*—your majesty.