

*** 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 anytime 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"

©MCMLXXXIX by
JOSEPH ROBINETTE

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

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE)

ISBN 0-87129-265-3

THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

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

CHARACTERS

ASLANa great lion
WHITE WITCHan 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 STAGan 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. *2 sets*

[TIME: The 1940's 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.

WITCH. A boy. A boy? Did you hear that, Dwarf? A boy. DWARF. He must be—a Son of Adam.

WITCH. He looks more like an idiot. Tell me—boy, how did you enter my dominion?

EDMUND. Through a wardrobe, your majesty. I'm not sure exactly how it happened, but in an instant I was here.

WITCH. A wardrobe? A passageway from the other world? The world of men! This could ruin everything. It could even be the beginning of the dreaded prophesy—unless—*(Her attitude suddenly changes toward EDMUND.)* My poor child. How cold you look. *(She helps him up and puts her arm around him.)* Dwarf, bring him something warm to drink. *(The DWARF exits.)*

EDMUND. Thank you, your majesty.

WITCH. Tell me, Edmund, my dear—Son of Adam—are there any more of you—*humans*, I mean—in these parts?

EDMUND. I have a sister, Lucy, who's looking for a faun.

WITCH. Ah, she must be the Daughter of Eve who escaped from that fool Tumnus. Well, let's see—you and Lucy, you say. That's only two humans. The prophesy said there would be four. So, there's nothing to worry about unless... You don't have any other brothers or sisters do you?

EDMUND. Yes. Peter and Susan.

WITCH *(alarmed)*. What? Where are they?

EDMUND. Still in the house where we're visiting... on the other side of the wardrobe.

WITCH *(counting on her fingers)*. Edmund, Lucy, Peter and Susan. Two Sons of Adam—two Daughters of Eve.

That's four—just as the prophesy has stated. This is horrible!

EDMUND. What's wrong, your majesty?

WITCH (*catching herself, then sweetly*). Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. I just meant—it's *horrible* that your dear brother and sisters aren't here with us now. I would take all of you to my castle. I would make them the Duke and Duchesses of this land. But you, dear Edmund—because you are special and I found you first—I would make you the Prince of Narnia.

EDMUND. Really?

WITCH. And someday you would be *King*.

EDMUND (*excited*). King? You mean it?

(The DWARF enters with a fancy copper bottle and a jewelled cup.)

WITCH. Ah, here is your delightful drink. Sweet and creamy and delicious. *(The DWARF pours the drink for EDMUND who tastes it.)*

EDMUND. It's wonderful.

WITCH. And you must have a little something to eat as well. What is your favorite candy?

EDMUND. Oh, that's easy. Turkish Delight.

WITCH. Then Turkish Delight it shall be. *(Almost magically, the WITCH produces a small colorful candy box which she opens and offers to EDMUND. He takes a piece of candy and eats it.)* Enjoy, my little prince.

EDMUND. It's the best Turkish Delight I've ever tasted. May I have more?

WITCH (*closing the box*). Of course. Back at my castle. I have rooms filled with Turkish Delight.

EDMUND. Then let's go there right now.

WITCH. First, you must fetch the others.

EDMUND. I can bring them another time.

WITCH. *Now*—my dear. Bring them to my castle. It's between those two hills. You can't miss it. You'll smell the Turkish Delight all the way. *(She laughs seductively.)* Come, Dwarf, we must prepare for our esteemed guests. *(The DWARF laughs derisively as he and the WITCH start to leave.)* Oh, Edmund, my precious. Don't tell the others about me just yet. I want them to be—surprised—when they see me. Let's keep this visit our little secret. *(She holds the candy box aloft tantalizingly as she and the DWARF exit.)*

WITCH'S VOICE (*off*). Don't spare the whip on the reindeer, Dwarf. We have much to do in a short time. *(Harness bells are heard fading in the distance.)*

EDMUND (*ecstatically*). Turkish Delight! Rooms filled with it! Yes, I will bring Lucy and Peter and Susan to the Queen. *(A pause.)* I'm glad she told me she was a queen—or else, I might have mistaken her for a witch.

(LUCY enters.)

LUCY. Edmund, this is terrible. I can't find Mr. Tumnus anywhere.

EDMUND. Perhaps we should go get Peter and Susan to help us find him.

LUCY (*pleased*). You really want to? I didn't think you liked it here.

EDMUND. Maybe the place does deserve a second look after all. Especially that large castle between those two hills.

LUCY. Good. We'll go get Peter and Susan.

EDMUND. And this time we'll get some coats out of the wardrobe. It's cold here.

LUCY. As I told you, it's all the witch's fault.

EDMUND. Oh, go on, Lucy. There's no such thing as a witch in Narnia.

(They exit. A moment later, MR. and MRS. BEAVER enter.)

MR. BEAVER. The broken dam will just have to wait.

MRS. BEAVER. Yes. This other business is much more important. *(Looking offstage.)* Look, there's the Unicorn. We will tell him.

MR. BEAVER. Mr. Unicorn. Over here if you will.

(UNICORN enters.)

UNICORN. Oh, good. It's you. I was afraid it was that awful Fenris Ulf.

MR. BEAVER. He left some time ago.

MRS. BEAVER. Dragging the unfortunate Mr. Tumnus with him.

UNICORN. How do you know?

MR. BEAVER. They passed right by us. We hid behind the dam.

MRS. BEAVER. Fenris Ulf didn't see us, but Mr. Tumnus did. And he dropped this so we would find it. *(She holds up Lucy's handkerchief.)*

UNICORN. What is it?

MR. BEAVER *(taking the handkerchief from MRS. BEAVER)*. We're not sure, but we believe it belongs to a human.

MRS. BEAVER. It has the smell of a Daughter of Eve.

UNICORN. You think that a human has been here?

MR. BEAVER. Yes, and that Tumnus let her go. That's why he was in such trouble with Fenris Ulf.

UNICORN. So where is this human now—if there was one?

MRS. BEAVER. Who knows?

UNICORN. If she's smart, she left Narnia the minute she had the chance. Never to return.

MR. BEAVER. *Or* to return with others.

UNICORN. Others? You mean humans?

MRS. BEAVER. Perhaps. Remember the prophesy.

UNICORN *(thinking out loud)*. Two Sons of Adam—and two Daughters of Eve. Is it possible?

MR. BEAVER. Who knows? We'll just have to wait and see.

(CENTAUR enters.)

CENTAUR. Listen! I just heard the most wonderful news. They say *He* has arrived in these parts.

MRS. BEAVER. Our King?

CENTAUR. Yes. And that *He* is on the move. They say he will likely appear at the Stone Table any time now.

UNICORN. This *is* wonderful news.

MRS. BEAVER. Mr. Centaur, we are expecting the arrival of children—*human* children. They could be here at any minute. If they reach *Him*, the prophesy will be fulfilled.

CENTAUR. But what if the witch gets to them first?

MRS. BEAVER. We must protect the children from the moment they arrive until they reach the Stone Table.

UNICORN. And keep them hidden from the witch.

MR. BEAVER. Exactly.

CENTAUR. But which of us can help them? They might be afraid of me.

UNICORN. They might not trust *me*. Unicorns are only make-believe in their world.

CENTAUR. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver, will you help them—protect them from danger?

MR. BEAVER. But—but—*(The voices of LUCY, EDMUND, PETER and SUSAN are heard off.)*

VOICES *(off)*. It's this way. Come on. I still don't believe you. It's here somewhere. Look for the lamppost. *(Etc.)*

CENTAUR. They're coming. Will you please take care of them?

MR. BEAVER. But—but—

MRS. BEAVER. Of course. I'll prepare some food for dinner. *(She exits.)*

UNICORN. Mr. Centaur, let us go and see if the good news you have heard is true.

CENTAUR. Yes, let us go immediately. *(He and the UNICORN exit.)*

MR. BEAVER *(to himself)*. But—but—what if the children are afraid of me, too—or don't trust me? I'd better hide until I can get my wits together. *(He exits.)*

VOICES OF THE CHILDREN *(off)*. Just a little further. That's it. Are you sure it's this way? Yes, I see the lamppost. Follow me. *(Etc.)*

(LUCY and EDMUND enter, followed by PETER and SUSAN. All are wearing overcoats too large for them.)

LUCY *(triumphantly)*. Now are you convinced, Peter?

PETER. Yes. I apologize, Lu, for not believing you.

SUSAN. It's so...different. And it's also very cold.

LUCY. That's why we borrowed these coats from the wardrobe, Susan.

PETER. Well, what do we do first?

EDMUND. Explore, of course. *(Pointing in the distance toward the witch's castle.)* Let's go in that direction.

LUCY. Don't forget where the lamppost is. That's our landmark. We'll need to find it when we wish to return home.

SUSAN. I think we should go back home now. It's scary here.

PETER. Don't be such a goose, Susan. Where's your sense of adventure?

LUCY. Whether we stay here or not, we must at least find poor Mr. Tumnus.

EDMUND. But you tried already. You couldn't even find his house.

LUCY. I would have sworn it was right over here. *(She goes to where Tumnus' "home" was, followed by the OTHERS.)*

SUSAN *(pointing to the note left by FENRIS ULF)*. Look. What's that?

PETER *(picking up the note)*. A message of some kind. *(He reads.)* "The former occupant of these premises, Faun Tumnus, is under arrest and awaiting his trial on a charge of high treason against her Imperial Majesty Jadis, Queen of Narnia."

SUSAN *(looking over Peter's shoulder, she continues reading)*. "Signed, Fenris Ulf, Captain of the Secret Police. Long live the Queen."

LUCY. Oh, no.

PETER. Who is this queen, Lu?

LUCY. She isn't a real queen at all. She's a horrible witch who makes it always winter and never Christmas in Narnia.

SUSAN. It doesn't seem safe here. What about just going home?

LUCY. But we must try to rescue Mr. Tumnus. It's my fault he's in trouble.

PETER. I suppose Lu is right.

SUSAN. Very well. But this place worries me.

PETER. Where should we look first?

EDMUND. I think we should look for something to eat.

PETER. Oh, you're always thinking about your stomach.

EDMUND. And you're always thinking about your clothes and your hair and how you look. *(He shoves PETER slightly.)*

PETER *(pushing EDMUND back)*. Well, if I looked like you—

SUSAN. Please, you two. Stop acting like—brothers.

LUCY. I just wish I knew where Mr. Tumnus was imprisoned.

EDMUND. Why don't we go toward that castle—between those two hills?

LUCY. Very well.

SUSAN. Perhaps it will be warmer there. *(They start to leave but are stopped by a thumping sound offstage.)*

PETER. What was that?

EDMUND. Nothing, scaredy-cat. Let's go. *(Another thumping sound is heard.)*

SUSAN *(afraid)*. Who—who's there?

(MR. BEAVER enters.)

MR. BEAVER. Are you the Sons of Adam and the Daughters of Eve?

PETER *(a bit nervous)*. We're—some of them.

MR. BEAVER. Quick, follow me. We are not safe here.

LUCY. What do you mean?

MR. BEAVER. Many of the forest creatures are our friends, but some are on *her* side, if you know what I mean. Come, let us go.

EDMUND. Wait a minute. I say we head for the castle. Who wants to listen to a silly beaver?

PETER. Stop being so smug, Ed, and pay attention to him.

EDMUND. How do we know he's a friend?

MR. BEAVER. Here is my token. *(He shows them Lucy's handkerchief.)*

LUCY. My handkerchief!

MR. BEAVER. Mr. Tumnus dropped it so that we would know to expect you. Now please come quickly. We must get you safely to our King.

SUSAN. Your king?

MR. BEAVER. Aslan!

LUCY *(reverently)*. Aslan.

SUSAN *(somewhat awed)*. Aslan.

PETER. The very name makes me feel brave and adventurous.

SUSAN. The name sounds like a delightful strain of music to me.

LUCY. It warms me up—makes me feel like summer.

EDMUND *(almost to himself)*. It gives me a bad feeling—like some mysterious horror.

PETER. Ed, what is wrong with you? You're acting so strangely.

EDMUND. How else are you supposed to act in a strange place? I say we go to the castle.

PETER. I say we go with Mr. Beaver.

LUCY. I, too.

SUSAN. And I.

PETER. Three against one, Ed. Come on. (*MR. BEAVER leads them to his "home."*)

MR. BEAVER. Mrs. Beaver, we're here! I found them—the Sons of Adam and the Daughters of Eve!

(*MRS. BEAVER enters with armloads of food as the OTHERS go into the Beavers' "home."*)

MRS. BEAVER (*setting the food on the table*). Welcome. I have some dinner for you. Fresh from the smoke-house outside.

SUSAN. Umm. It looks delicious.

LUCY. Yes, indeed. I'm famished.

PETER. We're very grateful for your hospitality—(*Gouging the sullen EDMUND.*)—aren't we, Ed.

EDMUND. I prefer Turkish Delight.

MRS. BEAVER. What, dear?

PETER. He said it looks—*perfect*. He's *delighted*. (*He glares at EDMUND.*)

MR. BEAVER. Before we eat, let us each say a word of thanks—and hope—for the coming events. (*ALL except EDMUND bow their heads and pray silently for a moment.*) Good. Now enjoy the meal. (*They begin to eat. EDMUND merely toys with his food.*)

MRS. BEAVER. How very honored we are to have the children of the prophesy.

SUSAN. What do you mean—"children of the prophesy"?

LUCY. I'm not even sure what "prophesy" means.

PETER. It's something that's predicted, Lu. Something that will probably happen.

LUCY. Oh. What exactly is the prophesy, Mr. Beaver?

MR. BEAVER. It is told in the form of a rhyme—

"Wrong will be right when Aslan comes in sight.

At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more.

When he bears his teeth, winter will meet its death.

And when he shakes his mane, we shall have spring again."

LUCY. Who is Aslan—a man?

MR. BEAVER. Certainly not. He is King of the Wood and Son of the Great Emperor Beyond the Sea. Aslan is a lion—the Great Lion. And we have heard that he may be in Narnia even as we speak. If it is true, we will take you to the Stone Table early in the morning so that you may meet him.

MRS. BEAVER. And help fulfill the prophesy.

PETER. But—how do we fit into all this?

SUSAN. We still don't understand about the prophesy.

MR. BEAVER. But you will. Listen to the rest of the rhyme—

"When Adam's flesh and Adam's bone

Sits at Cair Paravel in throne,

The evil time will be over and done."

LUCY. What does that mean—"Adam's flesh and Adam's bone"?

MR. BEAVER. It means humans.

MRS. BEAVER. You're the first humans ever to come to Narnia.

EDMUND. But what about the Queen—and the Dwarf? Aren't they human?

MR. BEAVER. You mean the *Witch* and the Dwarf. She'd like you to believe they're human, but they're not. They're evil through and through. Not a drop of human blood in them.

PETER. This Cair Paravel that you mentioned—how many thrones are there?

MR. BEAVER. Four. Two for the Sons of Adam—

MRS. BEAVER. —and two for the Daughters of Eve.

MR. BEAVER. And when they are filled, it will mean the end of the witch's reign—and her life. *(As they ponder the meaning of this, EDMUND slips unnoticed out of the "home" and exits.)*

PETER. Two—and two.

MR. BEAVER. You are the four.

SUSAN. It's quite a responsibility.

MR. BEAVER. It's quite a necessity. Can we count on you to help fulfill the prophesy—

MRS. BEAVER. —even though the adventure will be filled with danger? *(A pause.)*

PETER. I, for one, am ready.

LUCY. I, too.

SUSAN. And I.

PETER. What about you, Ed?

SUSAN. Ed?

LUCY. Edmund? *(They see the empty chair.)*

MRS. BEAVER. Where could he have gone?

SUSAN. Perhaps to get some air.

LUCY. Do you think he became ill? He hasn't looked well since we got here.

PETER. Wait a minute. He mentioned the witch—and also a *dwarf*. We knew nothing of a dwarf. Is there such a person?

MR. BEAVER. Yes. He drives the witch's sleigh.

PETER. That means Ed has met them.

MRS. BEAVER. And eaten her food, no doubt. He had that look. He is surely under her spell.

MR. BEAVER. He's probably well on his way to her castle by now.

PETER. Then we must go there and stop him.

MR. BEAVER. No. You mustn't go near the witch.

MRS. BEAVER. She would turn you all to stone with her magic wand.

PETER. But we have to get Ed back. All four of us are needed to fulfill the prophesy.

SUSAN. What shall we do?

MR. BEAVER. If Aslan is indeed in Narnia, we can ask him what to do.

MRS. BEAVER. Then we shall set out for the Stone Table first thing tomorrow.

MR. BEAVER. I say we set out right now. When Edmund tells the witch where we are, she'll come here and turn us all to stone. *(Harness bells are heard, off.)*

VOICE *(off)*. This is the place all right!

MRS. BEAVER. Oh, no.

LUCY. Is that—?

MRS. BEAVER. I'm afraid so.

MR. BEAVER. It seems the witch has arrived already. There's no time for escape. Be brave, young friends.

(An ELF enters and stands at the door.)

ELF. You in there—make yourselves presentable to an esteemed visitor.

SUSAN. It's the dwarf.

ELF. I resent that insinuation. I'm no dwarf. I'm an *elf*.

PETER. What's the difference? Either way, the witch is going to come in and—

LUCY. Wait a minute, Peter. There *is* a difference. (To the ELF.) An elf, you say?

ELF. An elf, I said.

LUCY. Elves aren't bad at all, if I'm not mistaken.

ELF. You're not mistaken. (Referring to PETER.) He's mistaken. (To LUCY.) You're Lucy.

LUCY. And you're clever—very clever, because you know my name.

ELF. I know.

LUCY. And you could only know my name—all of our names—if you travel with the one who knows everybody's name—

ELF. Name him.

LUCY. Father Christmas! (She and the ELF join hands and dance about laughing as the OTHERS cheer.)

MRS. BEAVER. Do you mean that Father Christmas is actually here?

MR. BEAVER. After all these years?

ELF. In the flesh. Or in the fur, as it were. Tah-dah!

(FATHER CHRISTMAS enters carrying a filled burlap bag over his shoulder. NOTE: FATHER CHRISTMAS is attired in furry, festive, yet somewhat rustic, clothing. He should not appear as a contemporary Santa Claus.)

ALL. Father Christmas!

FATHER CHRISTMAS. I've come at last. The powers of the witch have kept me away for some time. But lately I've felt stronger—more like myself. That's why I'm making my rounds again.

MRS. BEAVER. They say that Aslan is on the move.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. That must be the answer. Well, are you ready for your gifts? First, Mr. Beaver, I have repaired your dam and mended the leak.

MR. BEAVER (overwhelmed). Why, I—I—

ELF. A simple "thank you" will suffice.

MR. BEAVER. Thank you.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. And Mrs. Beaver, in the room next to the smokehouse, I've left for you a brand new sewing machine.

MRS. BEAVER (delighted). Oh, my—I—I—

ELF (pointing to MR. BEAVER). What he said.

MRS. BEAVER. Thank you.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. Peter, Son of Adam.

PETER. Yes, sir.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (taking items from his bag).

These are your presents. They are tools, not toys. The time to use them is perhaps near at hand. (He holds up a shield and a sword.) The sword and shield are yours. Bear them well. (PETER receives the gifts solemnly and silently bows to acknowledge his appreciation.) Susan, Daughter of Eve. (SUSAN steps forward.) These are for you. (He hands her a bow and a quiver of arrows.) Use the bow only in great need. (Giving her a hunting horn.) Blow this horn when you are in trouble, and help of some kind will come to you.

SUSAN. Thank you, sir.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. Lucy, younger Daughter of Eve.

(He holds up a small glass bottle.) In this bottle is a cordial made from the juice of fire-flowers. If you or your friends are ever hurt, a few drops will restore you. (He takes out a dagger.) And this dagger is to defend yourself. But use it only when absolutely necessary. (He gives the items to LUCY.)

LUCY. Thank you, Father Christmas.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. Well, we must be on our way.

We have many more stops tonight. It's wonderful to be working again. A Merry Christmas to all of you. And long live the true King.

ALL. Long live the true King! (*FATHER CHRISTMAS and the ELF exit.*)

MR. BEAVER. And we, too, must be on *our* way. We must travel quietly and cautiously. The witch's spies are everywhere. The gifts of Father Christmas may well be needed before this journey is over. Come, let us go.

(They exit. The WOOD NYMPHS enter and quickly remove the set pieces of the Beavers' "home" from the stage. They also remove the lamppost. A moment later, they bring out two or three set pieces suggesting the courtyard of the witch. After the WOOD NYMPHS exit, EDMUND enters the courtyard somewhat exhausted.)

FENRIS ULF'S VOICE (*off*). Who's there? Who goes there?

(ULF enters.)

ULF. Who are you stranger?

EDMUND. If you please, sir, my name is Edmund. I am a Son of Adam. I bring news of my brother and sisters. The Queen wanted to see them.

ULF. Very well. I shall tell her majesty. Meanwhile, stand still if you value your life, or you will be turned to stone like the others in the outer courtyard.

EDMUND. You mean those statues out there used to be alive?

ULF. Yes, until they crossed her majesty and paid the price. An enemy of the Queen ultimately becomes a statue of stone. (*He laughs menacingly and exits.*)

EDMUND (*nervously, trying to reassure himself*). Well, I'm sure they were all bad to the Queen or she wouldn't have turned them into statues. She was certainly nice to me. Nicer, I'll bet, than that old Aslan, or whatever his name is. I'm sure the others will like the Queen. She said she would make Peter a duke—and Lucy and Susan duchesses. But *I'll* be the prince—and someday the *king*. I'm going to love it here—staying with a Queen who is so kind and good.

WITCH'S VOICE (*off*). Where is the little fool?

(The WITCH enters, followed by ULF and the DWARF.)

WITCH. How dare you come alone! Did I not tell you to bring the others?

EDMUND (*frightened*). I did the best I could, your majesty. I just wanted you to know they're here in Narnia. I'm sure I can bring them to you after they've been to see Aslan. (*The WITCH screams.*)

WITCH. Never speak that name in my presence again.

EDMUND (*shaken*). Yes, your majesty.

WITCH. So, he has arrived, has he?

ULF. Perhaps it's only a rumor, your majesty.

WITCH. No. It must be true. Everything seems to be getting warmer. Even the snows in the fields are starting to melt. Where are your brother and sisters right now?