# NARNIA

## ACT 1

### Scene 1:

(Stage in darkness.
Recorded voice:)

This is the BBC. The Government Evacuation Scheme officially began today with thousands of London's children boarding many trains bound for rural towns and villages in designated areas. School age children, mothers with their younger children, pregnant women and disabled persons were amongst those who travelled to host families, possibly for the duration of the war (echo last words)

**"FOLLOW THE RAINBOW"**
(THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN SINGING THE SONG ARE STANDING BEHIND THE BACKDROP OR, IF NO BACKDROP IS USED ARE STANDING ON PLATFORMS OF VARIOUS LEVEL AT THE BACK OF THE STAGE)

Mrs McC: Well do come in, children. We've been expecting you! I'm Mrs McCready, the housekeeper….oh……(PROFESSOR ENTERS DOWNSTAGE LEFT) and here is the Professor.
Peter: How do you do, sir?
Prof: Very well, thank you, my boy. You are Peter, the eldest?
Peter: Yes, and this is my brother, Edmund and my sisters, Susan and Lucy.
Prof: I'm pleased to meet you all. I suppose you must be tired after your trip. We'll leave you to settle in. Mrs McCready will let you know when it's dinnertime. (PROFESSOR EXITS DOWNSTAGE LEFT. IVY AND BETTY, TWO MAIDS, ENTER DOWNSTAGE RIGHT)
Mrs McC: Ivy,Betty, take this luggage through to the children's rooms. (THEY NOD AND SMILE TO THE CHILDREN AND TAKE THEIR BAGS)
(EXIT MRS McCREADY, IVY AND BETTY DOWNSTAGE RIGHT)
Peter: We've fallen on our feet and no mistake. That old chap will let us do anything we like.
Susan: I think he's an old dear
Edmund: Oh, come off it! Don't go on talking like that.

Susan: Like what?

Edmund: Trying to talk like Mother. (LOOKS OUT OF A WINDOW) Of course it would be raining!

Susan: Do stop grumbling, Ed. Ten to one it'll clear up in an hour or so. And in the meantime we're pretty well off. We've got lots of books and games and things.

Peter: Not for me. I'm going to explore in the house.

All: Oh yes, let's!
(THEY START TO MOVE TO THE PART OF THE STAGE WHERE THE WARDROBE IS)

Peter: Nothing there!
(ALL EXIT DOWNSTAGE RIGHT EXCEPT LUCY)

Lucy: Just an old wardrobe…..(SHE LOOKS INSIDE) but look at all these fur coats!…. so lovely to touch……..(SHE CLIMBS INSIDE. LIGHTS GO OFF WITH JUST A SPOT ON THE WARDROBE) Gosh, where am I? (SHE PEEPS OUT) Phew! I thought I was lost! Thank Goodness I left the door open. This must be a simply enormous wardrobe! I wonder, is that more mothballs? There's something soft under my feet. How strange! And the coats feel prickly, just like branches of trees. (LIGHTS UP SLOWLY TO FULL STAGE)

(DURING THE BLACKOUT, THE BACKDROP OF THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE IS LIFTED OR IF NOT USED THE PROPS ARE REMOVED AND THE SCENE CHANGES TO THE FOREST IN NARNIA)

**Scene 2:**

(COMES OUT AND STARES AROUND HER)
OH!!!

Lucy: **"SOMETHING IS STRANGE"**

Lucy: Well would you look at that! I can still see the open doorway and that empty room, so I can always get back if anything goes wrong.
(ENTER MR TUMNUS UPSTAGE LEFT CARRYING PACKAGES AND HOLDING AN UMBRELLA. HE CROSSES TO THE RIGHT OF LUCY, THEN SEES HER, GETS A BIG FRIGHT AND DROPS THE PACKAGES HE IS CARRYING)

Tumnus: Goodness gracious me!

Lucy: Good evening!

Tumnus: Good evening, good evening. (NERVOUSLY) Excuse me – I don't want to be inquisitive – but should I be right in thinking that you are a Daughter of Eve?

Lucy: My name's Lucy

Tumnus: But you are – forgive me – you are what they call..... a girl?

Lucy: Of course I'm a girl.

Tumnus: You are in fact ..... Human?

Lucy: Of course I'm human

Tumnus: To be sure, to be sure. How stupid of me! But I've never seen a son of Adam or a daughter of Eve before. I am delighted. That is to say - (HESITATES) – delighted, delighted. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus. (THEY SHAKE HANDS)

Lucy: I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr Tumnus.

Tumnus: And may I ask, O Lucy Daughter of Eve, how you have come into Narnia?

Lucy: Narnia? What's that?

Tumnus: This is the land of Narnia, where we are now; all that lies between the lamp-post and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea. And you? You have come from the Wild Woods of the West?

Lucy: I got in through the wardrobe in the spare room.

Tumnus: Ah, if only I'd worked harder at geography when I was a little Faun, I should no doubt know all about those strange countries. It's too late now!

Lucy: But they aren't countries at all. It's only just back there – at least – I'm not sure, it's summer there.

Tumnus: Meanwhile it is winter in Narnia, and has been for ever so long, and we shall both catch cold if we stand here talking in the snow. Daughter of Eve from the far land of Spare Oom where eternal summer reigns around the bright city of War Drobe, how would it be if you came to have tea with me?

Lucy: Thank you very much, Mr Tumnus, but I was wondering whether I ought to be getting back.

Tumnus: It's only just round the corner, and there'll be a roaring fire - and toast - and sardines – and cake.

Lucy: Well, it's very kind of you. But I shan't be able to stay long.

Tumnus: If you take my arm, Daughter of Eve, I shall be able to hold the umbrella over both of us. That's the way. Now – off we go.(THEY WALK AROUND THE STAGE ENDING UP UPSTAGE RIGHT AT MR TUMNUS'S HOUSE WHICH THEY ENTER)

And here we are. I'll just put the kettle on.

Lucy: Now you must tell me all about the land of Narnia.

Tumnus: Oh, Daughter of Eve, then I will never be able to stop!

Lucy: Well then, tell me just a little!

SONG: **"NARNIA"**

Tumnus: Not that it isn't always winter now.

INSTRUM **"NARNIA"**

Lucy: Oh Mr Tumnus - I'm so sorry to stop you, and I do love that tune – but really I must go home I only meant to stay for a few minutes.

Tumnus: (gloomily) It's no good now you know.

Lucy: No good? What do you mean? I've got to go home at once. The others will be wondering what has happened to me. (MR TUMNUS PUTS HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS AND STARTS TO SOB. LUCY GETS UP FROM HER CHAIR AND GOES OVER TO HIM)
Mr Tumnus, whatever is the matter?
Mr Tumnus, Mr Tumnus (SHAKING HIS SHOULDERS) Don't! Don't! What is the matter? Aren't you well? Dear Mr Tumnus, do tell me what is wrong.
(HE CONTINUES CRYING) Mr Tumnus! Do stop. Stop it at once! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big Faun like you. What on earth are you crying about?

Tumnus: Oh – oh – oh! I'm crying because I'm such a bad Faun.

Lucy: I think you are a very good Faun. You are the nicest Faun I've ever met. (SHE GIVES HIM HER HANDKERCHIEF AND HE BLOWS HIS NOSE LOUDLY)

Tumnus: Oh – oh – you wouldn't say that if you knew. No, I'm a bad Faun. I don't suppose there ever was a worse Faun since the beginning of the world.

Lucy: But what have you done?

Tumnus: My old father, now, that's his picture over there, he would never have done a thing like this.

Lucy: (impatiently) A thing like what?

Tumnus: Like I've done. Taken service under the White Witch. That's what I am. I'm in the pay of the White Witch.

Lucy: The White Witch? Who is she?

Tumnus: Why, it is she who has got all Narnia under her thumb. It's she who makes it always winter. Always winter and never Christmas, think of that!

Lucy: How awful! But what does she pay *you* for?

Tumnus: That's the worst of it. I'm a kidnapper for her, that's what I am. Look at me, Daughter of Eve. Would you believe that I'm the sort of Faun to meet a poor innocent child in the wood, one that had never done me any harm, and pretend to be friendly to it, and invite it home to my cave, all for the sake of lulling it asleep and then handing it over to the White Witch?

Lucy: No, I'm sure you wouldn't do anything of the sort!

Tumnus: But I have!

Lucy: Well….(pauses to think) well…that was pretty bad. But you're so sorry for it that I'm sure you will never do it again.

Tumnus: Daughter of Eve, don't you understand? It isn't something I *have* done. I'm doing it now this very moment!

Lucy: What do you mean?

Tumnus: You are the child! I had orders from the White Witch that if I ever saw a son of Adam or a Daughter of Eve in the woods, I was to catch them and hand them over to her. And you are the first I have ever met. And I've pretended to be your friend and asked you home for tea, and all the time I've been meaning to wait till you were asleep and then go and tell *Her*.

Lucy: (SHE DROPS DOWN ON TO HER KNEES IN FRONT OF HIM) Oh but you won't, Mr Tumnus. You won't, will you? You really mustn't!

Tumnus: And if I don't, she's sure to find out. And she'll have my tail cut off, and my horns sawn off, and my beard plucked out, and she'll wave her wand over my beautiful cloven hoofs, and turn them into horrid solid hoofs like a wretched horse's. And if she is extra and especially angry, she'll turn me into stone and I shall be only a statue of a Faun in her horrible house until the four thrones at Cair Paravel are filled – and goodness knows when that will happen, or whether it will happen at all!

Lucy: I'm very sorry, Mr Tumnus, but please let me go home.

Tumnus: Of course I will. Of course I've got to. I see that now. I hadn't known what Humans were like before I met you. Of course I can't give you up to the Witch; not now that I know you. But we must be off at once. I'll see you back to the lamp-post. I suppose you can find your own way from there back to Spare Oom and War Drobe?

Lucy: I'm sure I can.

Tumnus: We must go as quietly as we can. The whole wood is full of *her* spies. Even some of the trees are on her side.
(THEY WALK OUT AND BACK TO THE LAMP POST. LUCY LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY AT THE TREES AS SHE PASSES THEM)
Do you know your way from here, Daughter of Eve?

Lucy: Yes, I can see the wardrobe door

Tumnus: Then be off home as quick as you can. And – c-can you ever forgive me for what I meant to do?

Lucy: Why of course I can (SHAKES HIS HAND) And I do hope you won't get into dreadful trouble on my account.

Tumnus: Farewell, Daughter of Eve. Perhaps I may keep the handkerchief?

Lucy: Of course!

**Scene 3:**

(BLACKOUT)
"PROF'S HOUSE"

Lucy: I'm here, I'm here (coming out of the wardrobe door) I've come back. I'm all right!
(ENTER PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND DOWNSTAGE LEFT)

It's all right, I've come back!

Susan: What on earth are you talking about, Lucy?

Lucy: Haven't you all been wondering where I was?

Peter: So you've been hiding have you? Poor old Lu, hiding and nobody noticed! You'll have to hide longer than that if you want people to start looking for you!