

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe: A Children's Musical

Based on the book by C.S. Lewis

Adapted for the stage by Ann Garau

Lyrics by Ann Garau

Music by Salvatore Garau

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This adaptation is an original dramatic work based on *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* by C. S. Lewis.

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CHARACTERS

LUCY

EDMUND

SUSAN

PETER

WHITE WITCH

ASLAN

MR. BEAVER

MRS. BEAVER

MR. TUMNUS

PROFESSOR

FATHER CHRISTMAS

MAUGRIM

DWARF

(optional) TWO WHITE HORSES / REINDEER

LIST OF SCENES

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. The Professor's House / Lucy Discovers Narnia

DANCE: "Snow"

SCENE 2. Mr. Tumnus' House for Tea

SONG: "Memories of a Golden Age"

SCENE 3. The Professor's House / Lucy Returns from Narnia

SCENE 4. Narnia / Edmund Meets the White Witch

SONG: "Temptation"

SCENE 5. The Professor's House / Peter and Susan Consult the Professor

SCENE 6. The Professor's House / All Four Children Enter Narnia

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. Narnia / The Children Meet Mr. Beaver

SCENE 2. The Beaver's House

SONG: "Prophecy"

SCENE 3. The White Witch's House / Edmund's Betrayal

DANCE: "Snowstorm"

SCENE 4. The Woods / Father Christmas

SONG: "Awakening of Narnia"

SCENE 5. The Thaw / White Witch Journeys to the Stone Table

SCENE 6. Meeting Aslan

SCENE 7. Stone Table / Aslan's Sacrifice

SONG: "Aslan's Lament"

SCENE 8. The Battle

MUSIC: "Battle"

SCENE 9. Victory / Coronation

SONG: "Victory"

SONG: "Coronation"

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Act 1

Scene 1

Stage dark. Opens with "Overture", which includes Churchill's voice predicting the Battle of Britain. As the music finishes, one yellow spotlight comes onto the Professor.

PROFESSOR: Once, there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy.
(Second light comes on, showing the four children sitting together in tableau)

They lived in London, but you must remember how all the children were sent away from London during the war because of the air-raids. Sent away from their parents, you know, into the countryside, to live with anyone who could take them in and keep them safe from the bombs. Well, as it happened, these four children were sent to me. I'm an old professor, living by myself in a big old house, right in the heart of the country – so you see there was plenty of space for children. Even if I wasn't exactly used to young people.

Well, these ones were perfectly well-behaved, for the most part, but of course they had nothing much to do all day.

(Children rise and begin to explore. Professor continues speaking without pause.)

So before long they began to poke about and explore my house – from top to bottom – going up all the staircases and along all the corridors, and into all the rooms. And for some reason the youngest one, Lucy, found herself particularly fascinated by one room in particular –

(Lucy peels off from the others, goes back, to investigate wardrobe. Other children exit stage-left. Professor makes very short pause, then continues speaking.)

- which was odd, because there was nothing in it except for a large wardrobe. Well, after a while she decided to open the wardrobe to see what was inside, and then she decided to step in, squeezing in among the soft, warm fur coats that she found. But as she took another step in, and then another step, she discovered something very strange indeed. The wardrobe seemed to have no back to it. And as she wandered in deeper and deeper *(lights fade to black)* she soon found that she was no longer moving through coats at all, but rather...

Professor exits stage-right. White light comes on. Lamp-post is upstage right.

LUCY: I say! These look like trees! And this cold stuff is snow! This is the strangest wardrobe.
Should I go any further? There's the other room - I can always get back if anything goes wrong.
What is this place?

CHORUS: *(dancing, not singing) "Snow". Movements should be graceful and regular, to give the impression of gently falling snowflakes and the general feeling of beauty. Students may hold some kind of paper snowflakes in their hands, or may be dressed in white to mimic snowflakes themselves.*

It's absolutely beautiful. But – oh, how strange – a lamp-post. Now why would anyone put a lamp-post in the middle of a wood?

(TUMNUS enters from stage-right, carrying an umbrella. He has pan-pipes hanging on a cord around his neck. He sees Lucy and jumps so badly that he drops his umbrella on the ground.)

TUMNUS: Goodness gracious me!

LUCY: Good evening.

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

LUCY: *(confused)* My name's Lucy.

TUMNUS: But you are – forgive me – what they call a girl? You are in fact Human?

LUCY: Of course I'm human.

TUMNUS: *(Still in a state of innocent excitement)* To be sure – terribly sorry – it's just that I've never met a Son of Adam or Daughter of Eve before. *(He stops suddenly, remembers he must entrap her, and his tone of voice becomes very charming.)* I am delighted. Allow me to introduce myself – my name is Tumnus.

LUCY: 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: Why, 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. Have you come from the Wild Woods of the West?

LUCY: I – I got in through the wardrobe in the spare room.

TUMNUS: Alas, if only I had worked harder at geography when I was a little faun, I should no doubt know all about those strange countries.

LUCY: They aren't countries – they're only right back there. At least, I think so. It's summer there.

TUMNUS: Meanwhile, it is winter in Narnia, and it has been for ever so long, and – *(makes his decision; change of voice – from this point to the end of the scene he is over-eager and slightly manic)* – 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, would you do me the great honor of having tea with me?

LUCY: Thank you very much, Mr. Tumnus, but I was wondering whether I should be getting back.

TUMNUS: It's only just beyond that hill. And there'll be a roaring fire – and toast – and sardines – and cake.

LUCY: Well, that is very kind of you. But I shan't be able to stay long.

TUMNUS: Excellent, excellent! If you will take my arm, Daughter of Eve... off we go!

(LUCY links arms with TUMNUS, and they proceed in wandering fashion around stage until they stop at center stage left. As they walk, they continue to speak.)

LUCY: You said it didn't used to be winter, Mr. Tumnus?

TUMNUS: Oh dear me, no! In the old days, oh what summers we used to have! The whole wood green and laughing. The dryads – those are the tree-spirits, you know – used to come out and make merry, and the nymphs would come out of the wells and join in, and we fauns would play our pipes for them. And then there are the dwarfs – they live underground, and they'd invite us down for wonderful feasts...

Scene 2

TUMNUS is still speaking as they reach his home. LUCY sits down with her knees drawn up, and rests her head on them as he continues. TUMNUS kneels down next to her and takes out his panpipes.

TUMNUS: ...And then, whenever old Bacchus himself would show up, why the streams would be flowing with wine instead of water, and the whole forest would festival for weeks on end! That was before the winter, of course. *He looks closely at the drowsy girl, then pulls out his flute and begins to play softly.*

CHORUS: *(singing) “Memories of a Golden Age.” (This may also be choreographed).*

Throughout the song, Mr. Tumnus mimes delight in these happy memories; but toward the end, he is reminded of the role that the WHITE WITCH has played in ruining Narnia, and realizes the gravity of his own alliance with her. He finishes crumpled on the floor with his face in his hands.

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

TUMNUS: It’s no good now, you know.

LUCY: No good? *(scrambles to her feet)* What do you mean? But I must go home – the others will be worried about me. Why – Mr. Tumnus, whatever is the matter? Mr. Tumnus! Aren’t you well? Do tell me what is wrong! What on earth are you crying about?

TUMNUS: Oh! Oh! I’m such a bad faun!

LUCY: I don’t think you’re a bad faun at all – you’re the nicest faun I’ve ever met! Mr. Tumnus! *(gives him her handkerchief)*

TUMNUS: You wouldn’t say that if you knew! I don’t suppose there has been a worse faun since the beginning of the world.

LUCY: But what have you done?

TUMNUS: I’ve taken service with the White Witch, that’s what. 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 of Narnia under her thumb. It’s she who makes it always winter. Always winter, and never Christmas.

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

TUMNUS: *(intense shame – faces audience; every now and then he glances over to her and then quickly away as he can’t look her in the eyes.)* That’s the worst of it – I’m a kidnapper for her, that’s what I am. Would you believe I’m the sort of faun to meet a poor innocent child in the wood, and pretend to be friendly with it, and invite it home to my cave, all for the sake of lulling it to sleep 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: *(slowly)* Well, that was pretty bad. But you’re so sorry for it that I’m sure you’ll never do it again.

TUMNUS: *(Turns to partially face her. Remains unable to fully face her.)* Daughter of Eve, don't you understand? It isn't something I have done. It's something I'm doing right now. This. Very. Minute.

LUCY: *(startles back)* What do you mean?

TUMNUS: *You* are the child. I had orders that if I ever saw a son of Adam or Daughter of Eve in the wood, 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 to tea, and all the time I've been meaning to wait until you were asleep and then go and tell her.

LUCY: Oh, but you won't, will you? *(Voice rising – increasing agitation)* You mustn't, Mr. Tumnus!

TUMNUS: *(Turns away, lost in miserable self-reflection, looking down at himself. Feeling his tail, horns and beard as he names them)* And if I don't, she's sure to find out! She'll have my tail cut off, and my horns sawn off, and my beard plucked out... And if she is especially angry, she'll turn me into stone, and I'll only be a statue of a faun in her horrible house!

LUCY: I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Tumnus. But please let me go home.

TUMNUS: *(Hesitates, then turns to her fully for the first time.)* Of course I will. I've got to. I see that now. I hadn't known what humans were like before I met you. But we must be off at once. I'll see you back to the lamp-post. I suppose once we're there, you can find your way back to Spare Oom and War Drobe?

LUCY: Yes, I think so.

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. Can you ever forgive me for what I meant to do?

LUCY: I won't give it another thought. And I do hope you don't get into trouble on my account.

TUMNUS: I... would you mind if I kept the handkerchief?

LUCY: Of course you may!

TUMNUS: Let us be off, then. And quietly!

(As LUCY re-enters wardrobe, lights dim to black. TUMNUS exits.)