

Lucy – aged about 12

THE VOYAGE OF THE DAWN TREADER

C.S. LEWIS

Adapted by Glyn Robbins

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Bath in 1986, it has now been made into a feature film.

The Dawn Treader is a dragon-ship led by Caspian, the young King of Narnia, who has sworn to find the seven missing Lords, sent on a mission across the sea beyond the Eastern Ocean. On board are LUCY, Edmund and their cousin, Eustace.

The expedition has reached the Island of Silence ruled by a great Magician and inhabited by the invisible Thumpers. LUCY overhears the Thumpers planning to capture them. They are under a spell that can only be broken by a little girl – but it has to be done of her own free will. They are heavily armed and so LUCY agrees to help them.

In this scene she is upstairs in the Magician's house in a room lined with books. There is one huge book lying on a lectern. LUCY speaks aloud as she begins to turn the pages.

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Lucy

What a beautiful book. Without doubt the most beautiful book I have ever seen. What have we here? Spells, of course. Here's a cure for warts. Wash in a silver basin by moonlight . . . Well, I haven't got any warts, so that's no good. Here's one for toothache, and one for cramp, and another for lifting a swarm of bees. Fascinating. This one's for finding buried treasure, and here's another for remembering forgotten things – that could be really useful. Here's how to raise a wind, or fog, or rain, snow, hail or ice. My word, that's a very beautiful page. What does it say? 'A spell to make her that utters it beautiful beyond the lot of mortals.' Just think of that. To be the most beautiful woman on earth. Why princes and kings would come to ask for my hand in marriage; they would fight tournaments and mock battles for my favours; then perhaps the battles would become real ones and nation would fight nation for the honour of having me as queen and then Narnia would be laid waste together with all the lands around it. But that wouldn't matter, as long as every woman was jealous of my beauty and my power, and every man worshipped me but hopelessly, and oh! I will say that spell. I must say that spell.

[The page of the book becomes a picture of Aslan. The picture roars in anger, LUCY is very frightend and turns over the page quickly]

That was silly of me. I nearly got carried away. What's this next one? A spell that lets you know what your friends really say about you. That could be interesting. I'll say it quickly. *[She mumbles to herself]*

[The sound of a railway train]

How strange. That's a train. And that's a compartment, and there are my two schoolfriends. Marjorie Preston and Anne Featherstone.

[The page of the book becomes a picture of two girls sitting in a railway compartment . . .]

LUCY *[shouting]* Majorie Preston, you two-faced beast.

[The picture fades, and LUCY turns the page]

Well, I thought she was a lot nicer than that. I wonder if all my friends are the same. I don't want to know, really . . . Now what's this? A page with no pictures. Just some writing. What does it say? 'A spell to make hidden things visible.' That's it! That's the one I've been looking for.