

NARNIA AUDITIONS 2023

PROFESSOR SIDES

(Low light. We're in a house. White drapes hang over tall objects. There are boxes around that have been packed up. The PROFESSOR enters OR suddenly shoots awake? He didn't expect to be here. He takes in his surroundings, the audience.)

PROF: This house...

(A whistle. He hears it.)

Is very strange. And even I know very little about it.

(A whistle)

How did I get...here?

How did you?

I suppose questions like that have very long answers

And I don't know how much time we have *(He sees a box)*

But we have some.

So we ought to do something with it.

(Opens the box, looks through the contents. He pulls out a handkerchief. Another whistle. Music. The ensemble approaches but freezes into statues when the PROFESSOR looks their way.)

And here I thought this was an empty house *(He opens more boxes.)*

If you look at anything long enough you can see the shadow of how it was
Different colours from different seasons

(He pulls out a lamp. A final whistle. Distant music.)

Strange indeed

And strange to be here...again

(The CHILDREN burst from different walls of the house. We hear BIRDS scatter through the rafters.)

PROF: It was Summer, it was long that year

Four children came to stay

Lucy, Edmund, Susan, Peter

They'd come from far away

CHILDREN: Hello? *(It echoes)*

PROF: Four children who, like siblings,
Were unlike as they could be
But they were more alike than they could know
And they weren't siblings, technically

SUSAN: So this is the house.

LUCY: It's huge.

EDMUND: It's old.

PETER: It has blackberry bushes!

PROF: You see, each had lost their parents
Each for reasons I'll leave out
As they're quite sad, and that
Was all before this all played out

EDMUND: Why is it so hot?

SUSAN: It's Summer.

PROF: See these four had been brought together
And together, moved around
And more than other families, tethered
For this family was found

SUSAN: Don't forget to *take off your shoes.

EDMUND: *Take off your shoes. I know. Why do you always make us do that?

PETER: It's polite.

LUCY: I don't like wearing shoes anyway. Hello? *(She runs off)*

PETER: Wait for me!

(The CHILDREN explore the main floor of the house)

PROF: This is Peter, he, the eldest

Had a heart as soft as lily
Next is Susan, with her iron will
Who never calmed, not really

And then Edmund, who pretended
That he didn't feel a thing
And last, the youngest, Lucy
Who believed in everything

LUCY: It's like a castle!

SUSAN: Careful! *(They freeze as LUCY almost tips over a vase)*

PROF: But, these are moments from the past
This happened long ago
And here they are again
But how or why, I do not know

(The CHILDREN are behind the PROFESSOR, LUCY holds out her hand to shake his, he turns around, suddenly inside the memory himself.)

LUCY: Hello. Are you the Professor?

PROF: I...am.

SUSAN: Do we call you Professor?

EDMUND: Professor of what?

PROF: *(To AUDIENCE)* I always hated that question.

PETER: Thank you for letting us stay here.

PROF: It's my pleasure.

EDMUND: What are we meant to do all day?

PROF: *(To AUDIENCE)* Now that question, I like.

PETER: Can we go in the garden?

PROF: Go wherever you please. It's your house now, too.

LUCY: What if we get lost?

PROF: Oh, I suspect you will. This house is very strange. But you'll find your way back.

PROF: Confused? That's fair. I'm much the same
But all should be explained
It seems, somehow, what happened here
Remains right here contained

PETER: Lucy, do you want to share a room?

LUCY: Yeah!

PROF: *(To AUDIENCE)* It's come back somehow all at once
What once was, in a blink

LUCY: *(Running back in)* There's so many rooms!

PROF: *(To LUCY)* Well, houses hold so much, that's why
They're called *households*, I think...