

Blizzard

A original story from the world of Narnia

Written by Niyazi Unugur

Created in collaboration with the Highgate Orange Company 2023-24

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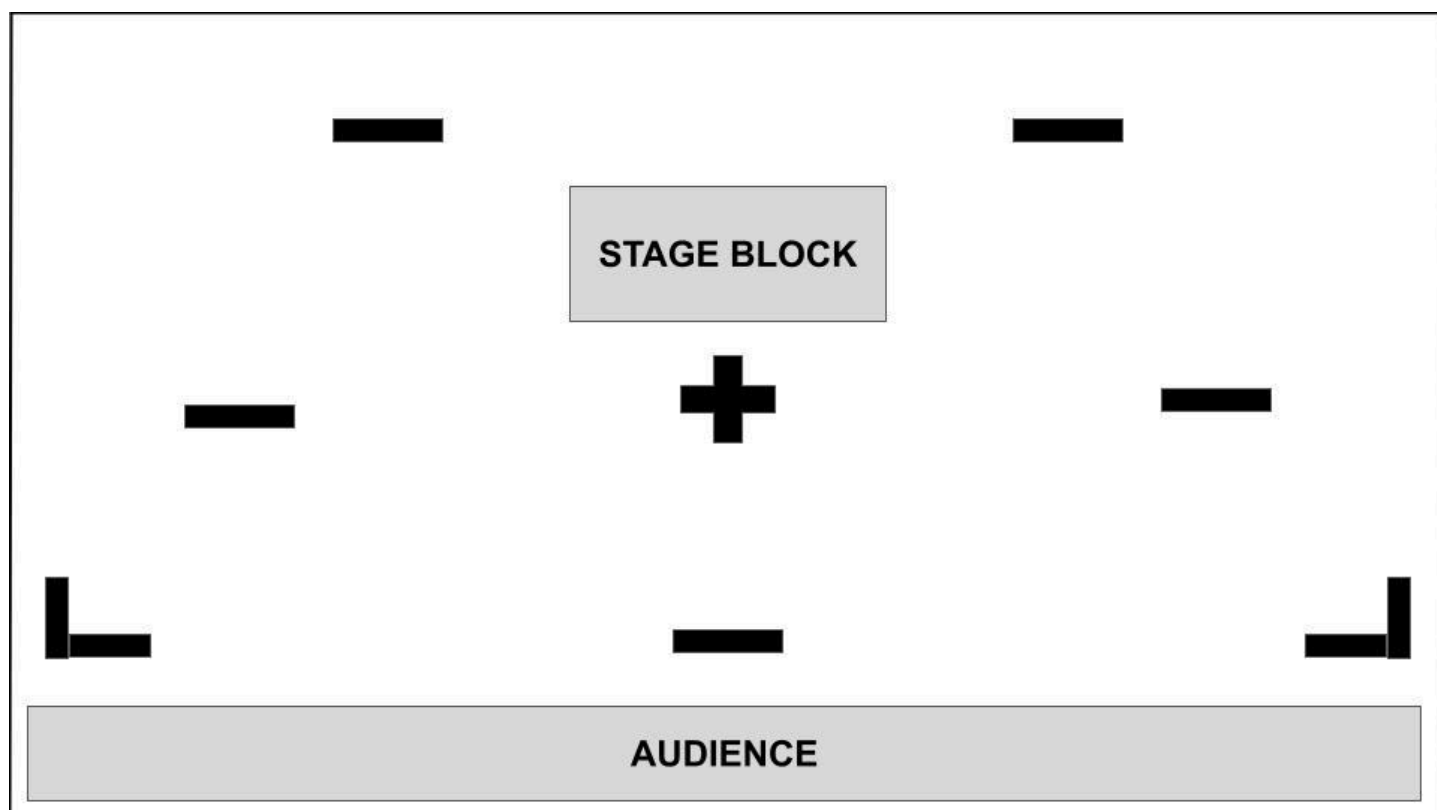
FOREWORD

Set in the world of Narnia, "Blizzard" unravels the enigmatic origins of the formidable Ice Witch 'Jadis.' The play follows a group of unsuspecting prisoners who are thrust into an icy odyssey, finding themselves transported through frozen terrains. As they navigate the treacherous journey towards The North, Jadis, accompanied by her malevolent dark army, seeks to unleash a cataclysmic event that will usher in The Age of Winter, Narnia's second era, also known as The Long Winter. This play blends elements of fantasy and adventure, offering a chilling exploration of power, destiny, and the frozen depths of Narnia's secrets.

This play was inspired by the role-play sessions with the Highgate Orange Company of 2023-24.

Using the 'Role That Dice' system, the pupils explored an immersive world in an improvised drama setting. Through this process the pupils created the characters, lines and narrative for this play.

STAGING DIAGRAM



PROLOGUE

CARETAKER LEADBELLY enters the stage, broom in hand, and starts sweeping downstage, illuminated by a spotlight. As she meticulously attends to her duties, she spots a mark on the floor. With a sense of urgency, she retrieves a cloth from her utility belt and begins to vigorously clean the blemish. Midway through her task, she catches the gaze of the audience, breaking the fourth wall, and decides to address them.

CARETAKER LEADBELLY

(looking directly at the audience)

Ah, good evening, dear patrons!

(with a smile, removes hat and places on chest)

Welcome to Narnia.

I am Caretaker Leadbelly, guardian of the hallowed halls of the Archenland Academy.

(pause)

As the first age draws to a close, the lands dance gracefully,

A melodic cadence that resonates the harmonious coexistence of Narnia's diverse creatures and magical beings. Tonight, we embark on a journey into the heart of Narnia's past.

(looks beyond the audience, as if peering into another realm)

Our tale unfolds in the icy North,

Where the winds of Mount Ettinsmoor carry ancient whispers.

(pause)

In this enchanted land, a shadow stirs.

(pause)

Unbeknownst to a clan of Orcs,

As they ready their celebrations for the Autumn Solstice.

A cold blizzard heralds in from the North.

A prelude to the arrival of a chapter in Narnia's history,

That will unfold both enchantment and peril.

(serious)

The Age of Winter.

And the coming of Jadis.

The Ice Queen.

So, dear audience, settle in, for tonight we spin a tale of origins...

CARETAKER LEADBELLY exits and the spotlight fades.

SCENE 1: VILLAGE.

*The stage is set with a picturesque orcish village adorned in autumn colours. HAWI, an orc with a **GUIAR**, strums a melodic tune as the lights go up. HATI rests her head on her sister HAWI'S shoulder. RIVER, ARA, AVA and JEWEL nearby, watching the scene unfold. The air is filled with the anticipation of the upcoming harvest. As HAWI finishes her song, the orcs gather in a circle, their excitement palpable.*

HATI

(smiling)

Your music always brings warmth to my heart, sister.

RIVER

(nodding)

The autumn harvest is upon us!

(standing)

And, this year's celebration will be unforgettable!

ARA

I've been practising my axe throwing.

Butter hasn't got a chance this year. I tell ya!

That trophy will be mine!

JEWEL

Just two more sleeps!

I've been looking forward to this for weeks.

HATI

We all have.

And we are all deserving of a great day, for our hard work and efforts.

HAWI

The tribe has plenty to celebrate.

Our lady of the forest has blessed us with a bountiful harvest!

AVA

This harvest party will be a feast for our senses.

(looking around)

And the decorations are looking pretty good!

If I do say so myself!

RIVER

(excited)

I heard the pumpkins are enormous this year.
Haroosh will be extra proud!

HAWI

You know, the seer was out last night,
She said something ominous beckons from the north.
A blizzard, maybe?

HATI

(dismissively)

Rumours, my dear sister.
The seer's visions are cryptic, at the best of times.
We face challenges everyday and always prevail.

JEWEL

Let's not let rumours dampen our spirits.
The celebrations will be a testament to our resilience and hard work.

ARA

Hawi, play us another?
A song of celebration!

*HAWI plays the **GUITAR** a more upbeat tune this time.*

A jovial setting is transformed to chaos as HAROOSH, RAY and BUTTER burst onto the stage in a rush, panic etched across their faces.

HAROOSH

(frantically)

Everyone up!
Gather only essentials!
We're under attack!

RAY

(urgently)

A strange magic is sweeping through the village.
Grab what you need.
Make it quick.
We have to leave, now!

RIVER

(exasperated)

We can't leave!

The harvest festival?!

The piggy back race!

AVA

(nodding)

Listen, something's terribly wrong.

We cannot stay here a moment longer.

I sense a powerful and dark magical energy approaching.

BUTTER

(concerned)

There's no way we will all make it out of the village!

I'll buy us some time.

(raises her battle axe)

You all get a head start through the woods.

Run along now!

Suddenly as BUTTER tries to stand and run, the entire scene freezes.

JADIS, the Ice Witch, enters the stage leading in her four generals, DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR and ZORAAN.

JADIS

(smirking)

What a quaint little village.

Frozen in time, just as I like it.

JADIS approaches the frozen characters, her icy touch causing them visible discomfort. DRAZZAN, with a sinister smile, steps forward, examining the frozen orcs.

RAZAAD

Very good my queen!

DRAZZAN

(mockingly)

Oh, how precious.

Caught in the chill of their own ignorance.

RAZAAD, her eyes glinting with malevolence, surveys the frozen scene.

RAZAAD

(whispering)

The beauty of their despair is almost poetic.
Look at them, alive but prisoners in their own bodies.

OZAAR, with an air of arrogance, glances at the village with disdain.

OZAAR

(sarcastically)

Ugh Orcs - such unsophisticated creatures.
Did they honestly think you could escape our Wardress of The North.

ZORAAN

(stoically)

These are but mere mortals.
Look at their defiance, fleeing in the face of our immense power.

JADIS

(selecting Hati, Hawi, and Haroosh)

Bring these three with us.
They have what I need and we have what we came for.
We continue south, to Arcenland.

DRAZZAN

(looking at Jadis)

And what of the others, my Queen?

JADIS

Let them thaw out.

As they revel in their triumph, the stage darkens, leaving the village frozen in an eerie stillness. The mysterious blizzard intensifies, casting an ominous shadow over the once-vibrant orcish village.

SCENE 2: THE ARGENLAND ACADEMY.

ELLANOR, EVE, JOLA, JADE, EVA, WILLOW, ANI and EMERALDA sat in the classroom abuzz with excitement as the children, a mix of humans, half-elves, and elves, chatter animatedly. Books are scattered across desks, and colourful banners adorn the walls. The atmosphere is charged with anticipation.

ELLANOR

(gesturing to the window)

Did you see the snow this morning?
In Narnia? In autumn?

EVE

(nodding)

Our grandma says it's a sign of something magical about to happen.

JOLA

(smirking)

Magical or not, it's strange.

JADE

It's related to the Festival of the Moon!
I heard whispers that the moon will shine brighter this year.

EVA

Brighter moonlight means more enchanting festivities!
I can't wait!

The children nod in agreement, their eyes shining with curiosity.

WILLOW

(raising an eyebrow)

Unless the rumours about the forest spirits getting angry are true.

ANI

(mockingly)

Oh, don't be such a worrywart, Willow!
Besides, we're in Archenland.
The safest place in all of Narnia, right?

EVA

Forest spirits? Really?

You've been reading too many fairy tales.

WILLOW shrugs, unconvinced.

JOLA

Well, whatever the reason for the snow,

It won't stop us from enjoying the festival.

EMERALDA

I heard there will be a lantern ceremony by the river!

EVA

(dreamily)

Sooooo romantic.

The children continue to chatter, their imaginations running wild with thoughts of the upcoming festival.

WILLOW

(serious)

We shouldn't ignore the snow.

What if it *is* a warning?

ELLANOR

A warning?

From who?

EVE

I don't know, but our grandma always said,

"When nature speaks, we must listen."

MADAME NESU, a calm and composed Faun with a warm yet firm demeanour, enters the bustling classroom. The children quickly quiet down, their eyes turning towards her with respect.

MADAME NESU

Your grandmother is wise.

I should know - I taught her!

(pause)

Good morning, my dear scholars.

PUPILS

Good morning Madame Nesu.

MADAME NESU

Today, we continue our exploration of Narnia's rich history.

Last lesson, we delved into the depths of Narnia's first age,

The ancient prophecies, and the rise of the great Lion, Aslan.

(pause to notice the uncomfortable silence before continuing)

As we prepare for the Festival of the Moon,

Let us remember our lessons from history.

Now, who can tell me the name of the first king who ruled Narnia during its Golden Age?

An uncomfortable silence fills the room.

EMERALDA

Madame Nesu, is it possible the recent snowfall is an omen?

MADAME NESU

Weather can indeed carry meaning, Emeraldalda.

And natural events can be omens,

But interpreting them requires wisdom and caution.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN enters.

MADAME NESU

Good Morning Headmistress Dawn, to what do we owe the pleasure?

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

Good morning Madame.

Attention, one and all!

I come bearing urgent news from the Arcenland towns guard.

(looking out of the window)

The weather outside has taken a turn for the worse.

A fierce storm is sweeping into Archenland,

Making it unsafe for anyone to leave the academy grounds.

JADE

What about our families?

Are they safe?

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

Your families will be safe, rest assured.

As an extra caution the mayor has decided to initiate a lockdown.

Now no one will be allowed to leave the premises until the weather clears and it's safe to do so.

EMERALDA

How long will the lockdown last?

What about the Solstice Festival?

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

I'm afraid the festival will have to be postponed until the lockdown is lifted.

Safety must come first, even in times of celebration.

A scream is heard from offstage. The classroom falls into an eerie silence, broken only by the sound of another scream piercing the air, sending a shiver down the spines of the pupils.

MADAME NESU

Stay calm, young ones.

It might be nothing more than a frightened animal.

The room remains in a tense hush as HEADMISTRESS DAWN and MADAME NESU begin leaving to investigate, addressing the pupils with a calm yet resolute demeanour.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

Madame Nesu, accompany me to investigate the source of the scream.

In the meantime pupils, please remain here.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN and MADAME NESU exit.

JOLA

What could be happening out there?

That sounded serious.

ANI

Maybe we should go check on them.

They might need our help.

EVE

Madame Nesu and Headmistress Dawn will figure it out.

ELLANOR

Eve's right.

They're experienced magic users and more than capable of looking after themselves.

WILLOW

If there's something wrong, we can't just stay here.

What if someone's hurt?

The door creaks open, NESU and DAWN enter quickly to guard the children.

The menacing figures of JADIS, DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR and ZORAAN now enter.

CARETAKER LEADBELLY is held in a painful spell downstage.

RAZAAD

Ah, the courageous and wealthy children of Archenland Academy.

What a pleasure to finally meet you all.

Even if we did bring the bad weather with us.

OZAAR

By order of your mayor,

The Arcenland Academy is now under new leadership.

DRAZZAN

And your new headmistress insists on your co-operation.

(firmly)

And she demands obedience.

ZORAAN

The first order on the agenda.

Arcenland Academy is to be relocated!

We will be sending you all north!

The pupils exchange horrified glances, realising the gravity of the situation.

They stand up strong in protest.

JADIS

Oh, how delightful. Defiance.

We do enjoy breaking spirits.

CARETAKER LEADBELLY struggles in pain as JADIS turns her quarterstaff, strangling the life from within her.

CARETAKER LEADBELLY

Please!

Stop!

CARETAKER LEADBELLY freezes in a pose of pain.

JADIS

Anyone else?

Silence fills the classroom as the atmosphere in the becomes charged with an otherworldly energy as the generals, DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR and ZORAAN, raise their hands in unison.

The air shimmers with an eerie, bluish glow as the generals begin to cast a powerful magical spell. Their collective spell weaves around the room, swirling and converging upon the pupils in cannon. The pupils, in a mixture of fear and resistance, feel an invisible force tightening around them. As the generals continue their incantation, translucent chains of magical energy materialise, snaking through the air. The chains wrap around the pupils, binding them in an otherworldly embrace. The pupils, unable to break free, struggle against the magical restraints. Their movements become slow and deliberate, as if caught in a surreal dance of captivity. Finally, they are frozen by the shackles of the dark magic.

SCENE 3: THE GATES OF ARCHENLAND.

HAROOSH is downstage centre, sharpening her daggers. HAWI enters soon after.

HAWI

(looking around cautiously)

Haroosh, we need to talk.

This alliance with Jadis – it's a dangerous game we're playing.

HAROOSH

I know, Hawi.

But we cannot deny the power she wields.

If we want to survive, we need to remain on her good side

(leaning in)

For now.

HAWI

(whispering)

Survival, yes, but at what cost?

The cost of our honour?

The cost of the tribe?

The cost of our family?

(pause)

Hati – she's everything.

HAROOSH

(agrees)

I understand, Hawi.

That's why I made the pact with Jadis.

We support her, we do what she asks, but under one condition –

Hati remains unharmed.

(grimacing)

Jadis is powerful.

We tread on thin ice.

But as long as she keeps her end of the deal,

Hati is safe.

We all are.

As they speak, JADIS, the Ice Witch, glides in with her generals – DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR, and ZORAAN. Their presence brings an unsettling coldness to the cave.

JADIS

(smirking)

And - what might you two be discussing in the shadows?

HAWI

(respectfully)

Wardress of The North.

We were just expressing our commitment to your cause.

HAROOSH

(nodding in agreement)

Indeed, but we have a condition, my lady..

JADIS

(raising an eyebrow)

A condition?

You are in no position to make demands, orc.

HAROOSH

(firmly)

It's a condition for our unwavering loyalty.

We'll support you, we will do whatever you ask,

But our sister, Hati, we need to see her.

To speak with her.

JADIS

(smiling)

Such sentimental creatures, you orcs.

(thinking)

You value your family, I see.

Very well, I accept your terms.

Hati shall remain untouched.

We can arrange a visit later this evening.

We are nearly at the castle.

Our new home.

(pause)

Let's never forget who holds the true power here.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 4: THE JOURNEY NORTH.

The group freeze frame to show the transitions to a barren, icy landscape. The prisoners, from Archenland, ELLANOR, EVE, JOLA, JADE, EVA, WILLOW, ANI, EMERALDA, HEADMISTRESS DAWN and MADAME NESU are held in a metal cart. The atmosphere is frigid, and the prisoners are shivering from the biting cold. HAWI and HAROOSH stand guard over the Archenland prisoners. The generals, DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR, and ZORAAN, watch on, as JADIS revels in her triumph, unaffected by the harsh conditions.

ELLANOR

(gazing at the icy landscape)

Our academy, once a haven of safety, warmth and laughter.
A time, meant for joy and celebration,
Instead replaced by the endless icy expanse.

EVE

(observing classmates struggling)

We are pulled in metal carts through a desolate enchanted landscape.
I see my classmates, shivering and huddled,
Enduring the biting cold of frozen elements.
The lack of food only amplifies our suffering,
And the once enchanting snowfall,
Now feels like an omen of our hardship.
Yet, I sense a stubborn determination to endure.

DRAZZAN

(chuckling)

Such futile struggles.
These creatures believed their way of life could go on forever.
Now, they're on a one-way journey to serve the Ice Queen's grand design.
But more on that later -
Northward we go, leaving warmth and their wretched civilisation behind.

JOLA

(gazing at the frozen trees)

The leafless trees stand like frozen skeletal sentinels, watching our every move.
Their branches, adorned with crystal icicles.
The cold is relentless, making each hour through the frozen tundra a struggle.
The biting wind whispers through the frozen branches,
Our once lively chatter is replaced by the haunting echoes of our silent journey.
It's as if the very elements conspire against us,
Freezing not just our hopes but our very spirits.

JADE

(looking at the icy chains)

The landscape, painted in white and greys.
It stretches beyond the eye, into desolation.
The magical chains shimmer with an eerie glow,
Binding us in captivity.
The cold feels even colder as we head north,
And the generals' sinister presence intensifies the frosty grip on our hearts.
I long for the warmth we left behind.

ZORAAN

(stoically)

The Ice Witch's influence stretches far and wide.
These prisoners, once the future leaders of the free world!
Now reduced to silent figures in a frozen expanse.
We transport them to a fate they can't escape.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

(gazing at the frozen pupils)

This was not the education I envisioned for the children of Arcenland.
The academy, our sanctuary of learning - invaded by these dark forces.
I see their faces etched with a mixture of fear and determination.
As the cold bites deeper, I feel a responsibility to shield them from the looming threat.
The warmth of hope shall not be extinguished.
I carry the weight of their safety,
Knowing that breaking this chilling enchantment is a task that I must complete.

EVA

(observing classmates' unease)

The generals move with unnatural grace against the frozen canvas,
Their dark silhouettes casting long shadows in the low sun.
I see the unease in my classmates' eyes,
Their struggle against the biting cold evident.

(catching a snowflake from the air)

Snowflakes, once beautiful and mysterious,
Now feel like icy daggers entrapping us in this perpetual winter,
The warmth of our beloved Archenland becomes a distant memory with every moment that passes.

RAZAAD

(looking at the prisoners)

They try to resist, believing that their defiance matters.
Little do they know, they're just pawns in a much bigger game.
Their spirit will crumble under the weight of her power.
And a new age will come to pass -

WILLOW

(looking at the frozen river)

The morning of the second day of travelling,
We cross The Great River.
Once a source of life, now it lies beneath a thick layer of ice.
I catch my reflection in the frozen lake, distorted.
And the metallic wheels creak against the frozen ground, echoing our journey.
I long for the comforting embrace of our beloved Archenland,
Both in temperature and in our hearts.

EMERALDA

Dark magic lingers its shadow upon our journey,
The flora, once teeming with life,
Now lies dormant beneath the icy grasp of winter.
As the cold becomes an ever-present companion on our winter odyssey.
I long for the vibrant hues of autumn Archenland.
The corridors of our academy echoed with laughter and the pursuit of knowledge.
But now, those echoes are drowned in the ominous silence of this desolate realm.

OZAAR

(disdainfully)

Orcs and humans, elves and half-elves – it matters not.
Mortals, in the end, are all the same.
Powerless against the might of the Ice Witch.
Their futile resistance only makes this journey more entertaining.

ANI

(gazing at the looming ice castle with defiant eyes)

It is midday when the ice castle emerges on the horizon,
A spectral behemoth cloaked in foreboding shadows.
Its spires pierce the grey sky like frozen shards,
The very air seems to crystallise with an otherworldly chill.
The once resolute flames of our spirits now flicker,
Challenged by the pervasive darkness that enshrouds this icy realm.
The cold, already biting, seems to intensify as we enter the realm of the Ice Witch.

MADAME NESU

(eyeing the generals with a knowing look)

The ice castle stands as a formidable sentinel of captivity,

Casting a malevolent aura that echoes our defiance.

As we move closer to our final destination a far greater danger reveals itself.

We are not merely prisoners.

We are tributes,

Jadis - might you be the calamity from the North that the prophecies spoke of?

What it is you are trying to bring about?

ELLANOR

(gazing at the icy landscape)

Our academy, once a paradise

The castle's towering presence seems to harbour secrets,

And with every step toward its ominous gates,

The shadows of our fate darken,

Revealing the chilling truth that awaits us within its icy walls.

The ensemble unfreeze as the generals, DRAZZAN speaks out.

DRAZZAN

Hold it there!

(to Haroosh)

You, Orc -

Show our guests from Archenland to their room.

HAROOSH

Not without my sisters!

DRAZZAN

We need to talk to her first - alone.

HAWI

That wasn't what we agreed -

JADIS

(interrupting)

What we agreed, was that you would do as I command.

And I command you to take our prisoners to their room.

Or -

JADIS raises her hand, and the air itself seems to freeze. The temperature drops as she draws the life force out of HATI, her body shuddering involuntarily.

HAROOSH

OKAY - stop!

Okay!

HAROOSH leads the prisoners out and HAWI follows at the rear.

DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR, ZORAAN, and JADIS move upstage to HATI and FREEZE.

SCENE 5: MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT.

RAY, AVA, RIVER, ARA, BUTTER, and JEWEL, a determined group of orcs, watch on through the snow-covered landscape. Their breath visible in the cold air, they follow the tracks left by JADIS and her entourage, determined to reach the Ice Queen's destination and free their kin.

RAY

(grimacing)

We've been tracking them for two days.

The cold here is relentless!

AVA

(nodding)

Stay hidden.

We can't afford any mistakes.

Hati, Hawi, and Haroosh are counting on us!

BUTTER

(eyeing the surroundings)

You know, those siblings.

Their arcanas combined, is like none we have seen before.

And, Hati's magic is unlike *anything* the elders have *ever* seen.

(pause)

We should have known evil would come for her.

If we can get to Hati, maybe she can turn the tide in our favour.

RIVER

(agrees)

The Ice Queen won't know what hit her when Hati unleashes her powers.

ARA

We need to strategize carefully.

Remember -

(leaning in, her eyes gleaming with determination)

Attacking head-on may play into Jadis's hands.

We should wait for the perfect moment, catch them off guard.

JEWEL

(nodding in agreement)

We can't afford to be impulsive.

We need a plan.

BUTTER

(tapping her battle axe)

Patience is a virtue, my clan.

We make our attack when they least expect it.

ARA

(looking at the distant tracks)

What about using the terrain to our advantage?

There are natural formations that could provide cover and aid our approach.

JEWEL

(smiling)

That's a good idea.

We use the elements to cloak our movements.

It'll give us the element of surprise when we decide to strike.

RIVER

And what about a diversion?

I can create illusions with my arrows,

Draw their attention away while the others move in.

BUTTER

(smirking)

I like that.

Confuse them, keep them guessing.

It might buy us the time we need.

AVA

(looking at each member)

We wait for the right moment, use the terrain for cover,

Create a diversion with an illusion,

And then unleash Hati's magic when they least expect it.

RAY

(Serious)

What if -

What if stopping the prophecy means,

We have to prevent Hati from using the Weave of Arcana altogether?

The elders spoke of sacrifices for the greater good.

If Hati's powers pose a threat to Narnia, we must be prepared to make the hard choices.

We can't let sentiment cloud our judgement.

If Hati's magic has the potential to bring about the Age of Winter -

BUTTER

Enough!

(complete silence)

We're talking about killing Hati?

One of our own!

AVA

(firmly)

And what if she's the key to stopping the prophecy without bloodshed?

Killing her should be the last resort.

We can't ignore the bonds that tie us together.

The aura in Hati is a gift, not a curse.

We must find a way to guide her,

To help her master the weaves of arcana.

JEWEL

(looking outward)

This path we're contemplating,

It is shrouded in darkness and the unknown.

(pause)

The fate of Narnia hangs in the balance.

As the orcs continue to discuss their strategy, the mountain stands witness to their determination, the snow-covered landscape masking the impending clash between the warmth of orcish unity and the icy grip of Jadis and her generals.

SCENE 6: JADIS' CASTLE. INTERROGATION CHAMBER.

DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR, ZORAAN surround HATI.

DRAZZAN

(smirking)

Hati, the great wielder of magic.

Your reputation precedes you.

(inspecting her closely)

I must say, I'm surprised you're an orc.

Such a ugly race.

RAZAAD

(leering)

We've heard tall tales of your abilities.

The way you are able to manipulate the very fabric of reality.

JADIS

(leering)

Show me -

OZAAR

(mockingly)

It's a simple request, my dear.

Channel the weave.

Show us the extent of your power

ZORAAN

(smiling malevolently)

Why resist?

Your magic can be a gift to us all.

HATI, standing defiantly, refuses to succumb to their demands.

HATI

(voice unwavering)

I won't channel.

My magic is not a puppet for -

For whatever it is you're trying to do!

I have heard the prophecies about you.

A darkness from the north to bring forth a calamity that will engulf the realms.

I refuse to be a catalyst for such destruction.

JADIS

(raising an eyebrow)

Prophecies, dear Hati?

Fables spun by those who fear the unknown.

Your reluctance only prolongs the inevitable.

Stubbornness is a futile defence.

RAZAAD

(laughing)

Perhaps a demonstration is in order.

The generals raise their hands, weaving dark magic around HATI. The room shudders with an ominous energy as invisible forces attempt to pry open the gates of her resistance.

HATI

My magic is a force of creation.

A gift bestowed upon me to protect the balance of the realm.

I won't pervert its purpose to satisfy your lust for power.

There is a responsibility that comes with wielding such abilities.

A responsibility I will not shirk.

(gritting her teeth)

You won't break me.

JADIS

(coldly)

We'll see about that now - won't we.

DRAZZAN

Let's make this more... persuasive.

The generals intensify their magical assault, the forces wrapping around HATI, squeezing, constricting. She winces in pain, but her determination remains unbroken.

RAZAAD

(snarling)

Release the weave.

You cannot prevent the unpreventable, Hati.

HATI

I refuse to channel!

OZAAR

Enough of this futile resistance, Orc!
You may think your ideals are noble,
But they will crumble in the face of our dominion.

ZORAAN

Your defiance is impressive, but it will only lead to more suffering.
Your magic can be a beacon of prosperity under our rule.
Embrace the weaves of arcana!

RAZAAD

Do you not realise?
Your fate is intertwined with ours.
The threads of destiny have woven us together,
And there is no escape from it.

DRAZZAN

Let me show her the consequences of defiance.

DRAZZAN's directs a surge of power towards HATI, aiming to exploit any vulnerability in her defences. The magical assault becomes more focused and ruthless.

HATI

I refuse to channel.
I will not channel!

ZORAAN

The longer you resist,
The more pain you invite upon yourself.
Surrender now.
And we may spare you further agony.

OZAAR

Your fate is sealed.
Embrace the darkness.
Channel!

Despite the escalating torment, HATI clings to her resolve, determined to protect the sanctity of her magic and the balance of the realms. The battle of wills and magic continues, each side refusing to yield. HATI grits her teeth as the magical pressure increases, a silent scream building within her. Yet, she holds onto the fragments of her strength, refusing to unleash the aura.

SCENE 7: JADIS' CASTLE. PRISON CELL.

The prison cell is dimly lit, the cold stone walls closing in on the group of prisoners. MADAME NESU, HEADMISTRESS DAWN ELLANOR, EVE, JOLA, JADE, EVA, WILLOW, ANI, and EMERALDA sit huddled together on a cold, hard floor, their faces etched with worry.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

Enough of this silence!

(calling out)

We demand answers!

MADAME NESU

Be cautious.

Her guards seem very hostile.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

We deserve to know why we're here!

MADAME NESU

(hushed)

There's more at play here than we can comprehend.

I believe we were transported with a powerful creature, one of great arcana.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

What are you talking about?

MADAME NESU

During our journey North, I sensed something,

A force, ancient and powerful.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

A force?

In all my years as a headmistress, I've never encountered -.

MADAME NESU

Believe me.

There is more to the world than we can see.

We must tread carefully.

They exchange worried glances as they absorb the gravity of MADAME NESU's words.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

(resolute)

We need answers.

I won't sit idly by while they keep us in the dark.

Guards!

I demand an audience with Jadis!

The prisoners, ELLANOR, EVE, JOLA, JADE, EVA, WILLOW, ANI, and EMERALDA, exchange uneasy glances, grappling with their fears and uncertainties.

ELLANOR

(worried)

What if they never let us out?

What if we're stuck here forever?

EVE

(fighting back tears)

I just want to know what's going on.

This uncertainty is torture.

JOLA

(nervously)

We should have never gone on that journey.

It was madness.

JADE

We must stay strong.

And united.

EVA

(whispering)

I'm scared.

What if we never see our homes again?

WILLOW

(resolute)

We can't lose hope.

We'll find a way out of this together.

ANI

I just want to know what happens next.

The unknown is the worst part.

EMERALDA

We can't let fear divide us.
Madame Nesu, Headmistress -
What will we do?

The prisoners share a silent glance of fear.

HATI is roughly thrown into the cell, she clutches her wounds, visibly shaken and manic from recent torture. She sits apart from the others, trying to keep herself together.

HATI

(muttering and repeating to herself)

I refuse to channel...
I will not channel..

The girls exchange concerned glances and approach HATI cautiously.

ELLANOR

(softly)

Are you alright?
What happened to you?

HATI

(muttering and repeating to herself)

I refuse to channel...
I will not channel..

EMERALDA

(angry)

You're bleeding?
Who did this to you?
What's going on?

HATI stops muttering and continues avoiding eye contact

EVE

You don't look good.
We need to help you.

WILLOW

Who are you?
What's your name?

HATI

Hati. I'm Hati.

ANI

Hati, what happened to you out there?

HATI

(looking around anxiously)

Questions.

Pain.

Torture.

That's what happened.

JADE

Wait a minute.

Orcs! We were travelling with two other Orcs.

Are you...?

HATI

(suddenly interested)

Travelling with Orcs, you say?

Describe them.

JOLA

One had a guitar, the other had a distinctive scar across their face.

HATI's eyes widen in recognition.

HATI

(teary-eyed)

Hawi... Haroosh...

ANI

You know them?

HATI

They're my siblings.

We were separated during the chaos.

I thought I'd lost them.

The girls exchange sympathetic glances, realising the shared connection in their unexpected companions. Suddenly, a war horn bellows through the prison, echoing off the cold stone walls.

EVA

(alarmed)

What was that?

ELLANOR

It sounds like a war horn.

JOLA

This is bad.

We need to find a way out of here.

JADE

How?

The doors are barred.

And the walls are solid stone.

EVE

Maybe there's a hidden passage,

Or a weak spot in the structure.

WILLOW

Or maybe we could overpower the guards.

ANI

I don't like this at all!

EMERALDA

Courage Ani.

Together we *will* find a way out of this.

HATI

(firmly)

I'm not leaving without finding my siblings.

EVA

Then let's make a plan.

We'll find a way out of here and reunite you with your family.

HEADMISTRESS DAWN

What's happening?!

(waits for a response which does not come)

Guards!

SCENE 8: JADIS' CASTLE. THRONE ROOM.

The resonance of war horns reverberates through the air as the orcs – RAY, AVA, RIVER, ARA, BUTTER, and JEWEL – stealthily slip into the Throne Room, seamlessly melding with the shadows. DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR, ZORAAN and JADIS stride into the scene, their eyes scanning vigilantly for intruders, with HAROOSH and HAWI closely trailing behind.

DRAZZAN

The fortress is impenetrable.
Reveal yourselves, pitiful creatures!

RAY, AVA, RIVER, ARA, BUTTER, and JEWEL exchange resolute glances, readying themselves for the impending confrontation. The orcs maintain their concealed positions within the shadows.

ZORAAN

(noticing something on the floor)

There's a disturbance.
Remain vigilant.

JADIS raises her hand, prompting DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR, and ZORAAN to assume a defensive formation, encircling her.

RAY, AVA, RIVER, ARA, BUTTER, and JEWEL emerge gradually from the shadows, encircling JADIS, DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR, and ZORAAN.

RAZAAD

You imbeciles!
We offered you mercy,
Yet you chose the path of demise!

RAY

(roaring)

Your malevolent deeds will not go unchallenged!
Orcs demand justice!
For the emancipation of our kind!

AVA

(determined)

We stand for the downtrodden!
Today marks the end of your reign of darkness!

RIVER

Jadis, your tyrannical rule has shrouded the North for far too long.
My arrows shall pierce through the dark shadows you've created.

ARA

For every orc who endured your oppression,
We fight with the vigour of a thousand warriors!

JEWEL

Elements, bear witness to this moment!
Together, we resist the forces seeking to extinguish the light!

BUTTER

Ice Witch of The North.
Our fight extends beyond our kin,
We fight for every creature in Narnia!
(axe pointed at Jadis)
Your reign of terror ends today!

OZAAR

Ready your arcana!

DRAZZAN, RAZAAD, OZAAR, and ZORAAN intensify their magical energies, maintaining their defensive stance.

HAROOSH

Hawi, secure the prisoners and lead them to safety!
Go!

HAWI exits swiftly, while HAROOSH joins the orcs in their strategic formation. A resounding roar from the orcs heralds the commencement of an epic, slow-motion battle, rich with magic and weaponry. The battle ensues seamlessly into the next scene, as the prisoners embark on their escape from the imposing castle.

SCENE 9. ESCAPE FROM JADIS' CASTLE.

HAWI rushes into the prison cell, where pupils, teachers of Archenland, and HATI are held captive. An emotional embrace between HAWI and HATI, and with urgency in her voice, HAWI directs all the prisoners to hasten their escape.

HAWI

All of you!
Follow me!

The slow-motion battle continues upstage, providing a chaotic backdrop as the prisoners navigate their way through the diverse challenges within the castle. As the escapees traverse the stage in various physical forms, the tension escalates.

In the play's climactic moments, JADIS takes HAWI as her prisoner.

JADIS

I will not tell you again!
Channel the weave!

HAWI pleads with desperation, urging HATI not to comply.

HAWI

Hati!
Please, don't do it!
It's what she wants.

JADIS

Channel the weave!
(pauses)
Have it your way then -

JADIS ruthlessly ends HAWI's life. HATI, unable to hold back her emotions, releases a resounding roar and launches a fierce counterattack on JADIS. All eyes turn towards the epic showdown between HATI and JADIS. The prisoners, orcs, and even JADIS's generals observe in astonishment as JADIS is seemingly defeated, brought to her knees.

JADIS

(mockingly)
You underestimate my power, Hati.
But now, I understand yours.

JADIS's cunning ruse to manipulate HATI into channelling the weave of arcana has worked. In a shocking turn, JADIS uses the power to initiate a cataclysmic event, ushering in the Age of Long Winter. The prisoners, orcs, and JADIS's own generals unwittingly become energy cells, amplifying the potency of her magical spell. In a climactic explosion of energy, everyone collapses to the floor, leaving JADIS alone standing on the stage.

JADIS

(smirking)

Behold my power.

I will use it to reshape the very fabric of Narnia.

A time of unyielding cold and unending darkness, has dawned upon this land.

The Age of the Long Winter has arrived.

The chilling aftermath of Jadis's revelation lingers, leaving the audience in a tense anticipation of a new and foreboding era that promises to unfold.

SCENE 10. THE AGE OF THE LONG WINTER.

JADIS stands motionless on the stage, enveloped in an eerie stillness, while a haunting melody plays. Gradually, the lifeless forms of both children and orcs begin to stir, each one ascending from the ground. In a haunting sequence, they take their turns delivering chilling monologues, their voices echoing through the silent and haunting atmosphere.

RAY

Jadis released a cataclysmic spell that would plunge Narnia into a frozen abyss..
And on that day, we unwittingly became the conduits of her power.
Our own life essence was sacrificed for the sake of her ambitions.
The very magic that coursed through us,
Served only to deepen the frost that wrapped its icy fingers around all Narnia..

JEWEL

Jadis' power was as relentless as her ambition.
For the next one hundred years,
She would hold dominion over all of Narnia.
She brought an unending night.
A darkness that seeped into the souls of all beings.

RIVER

I was born in the stone of Mount Ettinsmoor,
Where the flames once roared and the earth was fierce.
Jadis, in her thirst for power, extinguished the warmth,
Turning our people into mere shadows of what we once were.
Over the next one hundred years we would become slaves.
Our cultures and ways would be forgotten in the frost.

AVA

We were a proud people, bound by loyalty and strength.
But now, our people, what was left of them, would seek refuge in the South.
The very ground they tread upon is frozen.
They became slaves to her eternal winter,
Prisoners in a realm of despair.

BUTTER

Once, our banners soared high,
And our war cries echoed in the Mountains of Ettinsmoor.
Now, those banner are but a tattered relic of a time long past,
Our homeland became a frozen tomb,
And the memories of warmth were lost in this eternal frost.

ARA

But we are not defeated.
In the shadows, where hope seems lost, a spark of resistance lingers.
The Long Winter may have claimed our homeland,
But the fire of defiance still burns within our kin.
The orcs of Ettinsmoor will endure,
Awaiting the day when warmth returns to thaw the icy chains that bind us.

EMERALDA

Our home, Archenland, once the bastion of Narnia's prosperity,
Would spend a century beneath the relentless grip of The Long Winter.
The castles, once bathed in the golden glow of sunlight,
Would stand as silent monuments to a forgotten time.

ANI

Narnia would witness the rise of her greatest foe,
The ebb and flow of seasons broken.
None foresaw a winter so unyielding,
A darkness so consuming.

WILLOW

Fields frozen,
And the forests but skeletal remnants of life.
The earth, once rich and yielding,
Would become a barren wasteland.

JOLA

The humans and elves that remained fought valiantly,
Defending the South against the onslaught of Jadis' Armies.
But the enemy they faced was not a foe of flesh and blood.
She was a sorceress.

JADE

Even elven weapons would be powerless against the frost that claimed them.
Everything was lost in the eternal ice.

ELLANOR

In the annals of Narnia's history,
This era will be remembered as the time when Narnia itself wept.

EVA

But even in the darkest depths of winter,
A flame would flicker.
The peoples of Narnia battered and broken,
But yet they were not defeated.

EVE

The Age of The Long Winter endured for 100 hundred year,
But so too did the resilience of spirit.
And for as long as the embers of hope continue to smoulder,
We wait for the dawning of a new age -
And the return of Aslan.

The monologues fade into the chilling wind as the stage dims, leaving the audience in solemn reflection on the cataclysmic events that have unfolded. The Age of The Long Winter has descended upon Narnia, and the echoes of despair linger in the hearts of all.

- END



BLACK BOX
DRAMA SCHOOL