



Audition Excerpt

Prologue: Peter, Susan, Edmund & Lucy

SCENE. (In front of the main curtain or a scrim for children enter. From oldest to youngest they are: PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND, and LUCY. All except EDMUND look about in wide-eyed destination.)

SUSAN. What an exciting old mansion!

EDMUND. I think it's boring.

SUSAN. Oh, Edmund.

PETER. Come on, Ed. It'll be a fun place to explore.

LUCY. I'm glad mother and father let us come out to the country for a few days.

SUSAN. I'm going to love staying here with an old professor. Isn't he a deer?

PETER. Yes. But I'm not sure I like his housekeeper (Mimicking the housekeeper.) "Please remember to always stay out of my way!" (they laugh. PETER points off, R.) Hey, Let's go look at that room that has all the swords and suit of armor inside.

SUSAN. You go ahead, Peter. I think I'll go back down to the library and look through some books. How about you, Lucy?

LUCY (pointing off,L). That room over there seems very interesting.

EDMUND (crossing a few steps L and looking off). There's nothing in it but an old clock in the big wardrobe.

LUCY. But it's the largest wardrobe I've ever seen. I want to take a closer look at it. (She exits off, L.)

PETER. Come on, Ed.

EDMUND (unenthused). I'd rather for outside.

PETER. But it's raining. Let's go to the sword room.

EDMUND. All right. But only till we can go outside.

SUSAN. Don't get lost. It's almost time for dinner.

EDMUND. Oh, Susan. Stop talking like mother. (He and Peter exit off, R.)

SUSAN. Well, somebody needs to be in charge since mother and father are here. (Looking off, L.) Lucy! (Crossing L.) Come downstairs to the library with me. It'll be a lot more fun than an old room with nothing but a wardrobe in it. (Peering off.) Lucy?... I thought she went in there.

(Crossing back C.) I guess she changed her mind. (Looking about as she smiles.) Well... I think our stay here is going to be an adventure – quite an avenger indeed. (She exits off, R. The prologue ends of the curtain – or scrim – rises to reveal a setting which suggests a wooded area.)



Audition Excerpt

Scene 1: Unicorn, Mr. & Mrs. Beaver, Centaur

(The cold wind blows the snowflakes fall. A WHITE STAG enters quickly, positive, sniff the air, then exits hurriedly. A moment later a UNICORN enters breathlessly. He searches in vain for the WHITE STAG, then gives up.)

UNICORN. I'll never catch him. Never.

(MR. and MRS. BEAVER enter exhausted late.)

MRS. BEAVER. Hello, Mr. Unicorn.

UNICORN. Oh, good morning, Mrs. Beaver...Mr. Beaver.

MR. BEAVER. What's so good about it?

MRS. BEAVER. (To UNICORN.) What are you doing out so early?

UNICORN. I was trying to catch the white stag. But I missed him again.

MRS. BEAVER. Well don't give up. The white stand will bring you good fortune if you catch him.

UNICORN. I know.

MR. BEAVER. It will take more than good fortune to help any of us.

MRS. BEAVER. Poor dear. He's in a bad mood. This damn broke last night.

MR. BEAVER. It's more than that. It's this blasted cold weather. I'll never get used to it.

UNICORN. But it's always cold weather Narnia, MR. BEAVER. BEAVER. Beaver. There's nothing to be done about it.

(A CENTAUR enters.)

CENTAUR. Maybe there is something to be done about it.

MRS. BEAVER. And what's that, Mr. Centaur?

CENTAUR. We can I hope and pray that our King will soon return.

MRS. BEAVER. We keep hoping and praying, but he has not been seen for years. Not in my time— Or even in my father's time.

CENTAUR. Then we must all have more faith.

MR. BEAVER. I think Mr. Centaur is right.

UNICORN. I think so, too.

MR. BEAVER. I think—we should break up this meeting in a hurry.

CENTAUR. Why is that Mr. Beaver?

MR. BEAVER. Shh. Listen. (Off, voices are heard.)

VOICE OF FENRIS ULF (off). Come on, you! No more stalling.

UNICORN. It sounds like Fenris Ulf.

CENTAUR. Not that scoundrel.

VOICE OF TUMNUS (off). I'm terribly sorry, sir.

UNICORN. And Tumnus, the Faun.

MRS. BEAVER. Poor Thomas. How did he ever get himself mixed up in that bad business.

MR. BEAVER. Whatever the reason, he's in a mess. And we will be two, if we are seen by that rascal Fenris Ulf.

UNICORN. Mr. Beaver is right. Goodbye, everybody.

CENTAUR. Goodbye. And don't forget to pray diligently for the return of the King.

(ALL agree and exit quickly just as FENRIS ULF, a wolf in military attire, enters holding TUMNUS, a faun, by the scruff of the neck. ULF looks about suspiciously.)



Audition Excerpt

Scene 2: Tumnus & Lucy

LUCY. It's so cold. It was summer just a few minutes ago--where I came from, I mean.

TUMNUS. In the land of Spare Oom?

LUCY (laughing). Yes.

TUMNUS. Well, to be truthful, it is always winter in Narnia, but you'll get used to it. I hope. Meanwhile, why don't we repair to Tumnus Towers for a spot of tea to warm us up.

LUCY. Very well. I can see no harm in it.

TUMNUS. None at all. (He leads her to his "nome," and they enter. He pours tea.) The Wood Nymphs have even brewed tea for us. Here you are. (He serves her a cup, and she drinks.)

LUCY. Thank you. It's delicious. (He begins to play his pipe.) I'm so glad I met you, Mr. Tumnus. You're a very nice faun. (A pause as she nods dreamily to the music.) And your music is lovely. It makes me so warm and sleepy. (She closes her eyes for a moment. TUMNUS abruptly starts playing his pipe.)

TUMNUS. No!

LUCY. What--what is it?

TUMNUS. It's not true.

LUCY. What's not true?

TUMNUS. I'm not a nice faun. In fact, I'm a very bad faun. (He sobs. LUCY hands him her handkerchief.)

LUCY. Not at all. You're the best faun I ever met.

TUMNUS. How could I be when I work for her? (He dries his tears with the handkerchief.)

LUCY. Her? Who?

TUMNUS. The White Witch, that's who. Oh, she calls herself a queen, but she's the evil ruler of Narnia. She's the one who makes it always winter here. But she never lets us have Christmas.

LUCY. What kind of work do you do for the witch?

TUMNUS. I'm a kidnapper. I'm supposed to kidnap innocent children and bring them to her.

LUCY. I'm sure you wouldn't do anything of the sort.

TUMNUS. But I'm doing it--at this very moment. (He moves towards her. She recoils.)

LUCY (frightened). What do you mean?

TUMNUS. I'm supposed to take you to the witch. (He takes her arm firmly, but gently.)

LUCY. But you won't, will you, Mr. Tumnus?

TUMNUS. If I don't turn you over to the White Witch, she'll cut off my tail, saw off my horns, pluck out my beard--and worse, she'll turn me into a stone statue with her magic wand.

LUCY. Maybe she won't know I was here. Will you please let me go home? (After a moment, he releases her.)

TUMNUS. Of course I will. I didn't know what a human was like before I met you. But now that I know you, I can't give you up to the witch. I'll take you back to the lamppost. From there you can find your way back to War Drobe in the land of Spare Oom.

LUCY (deeply relieved). Thank you, Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS. We must go as quietly as we can. The woods are full of her spies. (They leave his "home" cautiously. He looks about, then speaks in a low voice.) Can you ever forgive me for what I meant to do?

LUCY. Of course. And I hope you won't get into dreadful trouble on my account. (She starts to exit off, R.)

TUMNUS (waving the handkerchief toward her). Farewell, Daughter of Eve. Oh, may I keep your handkerchief as a reminder of our pleasant visit?

LUCY. Certainly (She waves and exits.)



Audition Excerpt

Scene 6: Fenris Ulf, Edmund & the White Witch

FENRIS ULF'S VOICE (off). Who's there? Who goes there?

(ULF enters.)

ULF. Who are you stranger?

EDMUND. If you please, sir, my name is Edmund. I am a Son of Adam. I bring news of my brother and sisters. The Queen wanted to see them.

ULF. Very well. I shall tell her majesty. Meanwhile, stand still if you value your life, or you will be turned to stone like the others in the outer courtyard.

EDMUND. You mean those statutes out there used to be alive?

ULF. Yes, until they crossed her majesty and paid the price. An enemy of the Queen ultimately becomes a statute of stone. (He laughs menacingly and exits.)

EDMUND (nervously, trying to reassure himself). Well, I'm sure they were all bad to the Queen or she wouldn't have turned them into statutes. She was certainly nice to me. Nicer, I'll bet, than that of old Aslan, or whatever his name is. I'm sure the others will like the Queen. She said she would make Peter a duke--and Lucy and Susan duchesses. But I'll be the prince--and someday the king. I'm going to love it here--staying with a Queen who is so kind and good.

WITCH'S VOICE (off). Where is the little fool?

(The WITCH enters, followed by ULF and the DWARF.)

WITCH. How dare you come alone! Did I not tell you to bring the others?

EDMUND (frightened). I did the best I could, your majesty. I just wanted you to know they're here in Narnia. I'm sure I can bring them to you after they've been to see Aslan (The WITCH screams.)

WITCH. Never speak that name in my presence again.

EDMUND (shaken). Yes, your majesty.

WITCH. So, he has arrived, has he?

ULF. Perhaps it's only a rumor, your majesty.

WITCH. No. It must be true. Everything seems to be getting warmer. Even the snows in the fields are starting to melt. Where are your brother and sisters right now?

EDMUND. They were at the home of the Beavers. But they may be on their way to the Stone Table to meet As--uh, to meet Him.

WITCH. We must capture the children before they reach that creature.

EDMUND. Capture? But why?

WITCH. Quiet, you! I shall never allow the prophecy to come true. Never! Dwarf, make ready the sleigh for our journey. We must leave immediately.

DWARF. Your majesty, I'm afraid we'll have to walk. The reindeer cannot travel without snow. They'll sink into the mud.

WITCH. Then we shall go on foot. Fenris Ulf, Chief of my Secret Police, you are the fleetest of all my army. Go ahead of us. Overtake the humans before they reach the Stone Table. Kill anything in your path--especially the Beavers for harboring the enemy.

ULF (bowing deeply). I hear and obey, my Queen. (He exits quickly.)

WITCH. Dwarf, tie the hands of this human behind his back and drive him ahead of us with your whip.

DWARF. With pleasure, your majesty. (He brings to tie Edmund's hands with a piece of rope.)

EDMUND. But--but--your majesty, what about my Turkish Delight? You said--

WITCH. Silence, fool.

EDMUND. But I'm hungry.

WITCH. Enough of this stalling. We must be off. Move! Move!

(The DWARF cracks his whip as EDMUND, in tears, exits, followed offstage by the DWARF and WITCH. Moments later, the BEAVERS, PETER, SUSAN, and LUCY enter at the other side of the stage.)



Audition Excerpt

Scene 7: Aslan

(ASLAN, a great lion, enters. He is surrounded by his FOLLOWERS, animals of the forest.)

FOLLOWERS: Aslan! Aslan! Aslan! All hail--Aslan! (He embraces them as they move to the Stone Table.)

MRS. BEAVER. He's here. He's here at last.

MR. BEAVER (to PETER). GO speak to him.

PETER. No, you first.

MR. BEAVER. Sons of Adam before animals.

PETER (somewhat reluctantly). Very well. (He puts the sword under his arm, military fashion.) Come on, everybody. Let's go. (They advance slowly, in awe, toward ASLAN. PETER speaks a bit nervously.) Aslan--we have come. (They kneel.)

ASLAN. Welcome, Peter, Son of Adam. Welcome, Susan and Lucy, Daughters of Eve. Welcome He-Beaver and She-Beaver. But...where is the other Son of Adam?

MR. BEAVER. He has tried to betray his brother and sisters and has joined the White Witch, O Aslan.

PETER. It was partly my fault, Aslan. We were arguing. That may have pushed him in the wrong direction.

LUCY. Please--Aslan. Can anything be done to save Edmund?

ASLAN. All shall be done. But it may be harder than you think. Meanwhile, let a feast of celebration be prepared in yon pavilion. You will find food and drink in abundance there. (ALL react favorably as they start to leave.) Peter and I shall join you momentarily. (He puts his arm around PETER as the OTHERS exit.) Son of Adam.

PETER. Yes, Aslan?

ASLAN. Look far into the distance where Narnia meets the sea. There is a castle.

PETER. I can see it.

ASLAN. It is Cair Paravel of the four thrones. If the prophecy is to be fulfilled, you, your brother, and your sisters shall sit in those thrones.

PETER. Yes. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver explained it to us. But don't all four of us have to sit together?

ASLAN. Yes.

PETER. Then what about Edmund? What if the White Witch--(A loud trumpet-like sound is heard on a horn offstage.) What was that?

ASLAN. Your sister's horn.

PETER. Aslan, will you protect us from him?

ASLAN. No, but you will.

PETER. Me? (ALL express concern.)

ASLAN. Stand back! Let the Prince win his spurs.

(ALL form a semicircle U away from PETER as ULF enters.)

ULF. Well--(Mockingly.)--so the great Asian has returned. My Queen will be interested in this news. But before I go, would the "mighty one" like to test my strength? (ASLAN motions toward PETER who reluctantly, nervously holds up his sword and shield. ULF laughs scornfully.) Are you so afraid of Fenris Ulf that you designate a mere mortal to fight in your stead? Well, I shall make short work of him--just as my Queen's army will dispatch you and your cowardly crew in the wink of an eye. (With a ferocious growl, he lunges toward PETER, knocking him to the ground. PETER quickly regains his composure and the two fight fiercely. After a long struggle, PETER plunges his sword into ULF who howls and holds his wounds, exiting in the direction from which he came. The OTHERS cheer PETER who is weary and exhausted.)

ASLAN. Well done, my son. You have given the beast a mortal wound. But let us hope he reaches the witch before he dies. (ALL are puzzled.)

1st ANIMAL. But why, O Aslan?

ASLAN. So that all of you can follow him and rescue the other Son of Adam (ALL express reluctance to do so.) Do not fear. Your strength will be in you numbers--and also in your faith to accomplish the faith to accomplish the task. (ALL agree.) The children will stay here with me.