



“The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe” Audition Packet

Audition Scene 1 – Lucy and Tumnus

LUCY: Hello.

TUMNUS: (*Startled*) Oh! My! You scared me. (*Looks at LUCY intently*) Are you a... Daughter of Eve?

LUCY: I’m Lucy. Lucy Pevensie.

TUMNUS: What they call a... a “girl”?

LUCY: (*laughing*) Naturally.

TUMNUS: Fancy that now. A human. Excuse me, but I’ve never seen a human before.

LUCY: What are *you*?

TUMNUS: I’m a faun, of course. My name’s Tumnus.

LUCY: (*shaking hands with TUMNUS*) I’m so pleased to meet you, Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS: Yes, yes. But how did you get here... to Narnia?

LUCY: Narnia? Whatever are you talking about?

TUMNUS: This is the land of Narnia. Where did you come from?

LUCY: I just came through the wardrobe.

TUMNUS: “War-drobe.” I’ve never heard of that country.

LUCY: It’s not a country. It’s just... just beyond the lamppost, and it’s summer back there, Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS: It’s always winter here now. I remember summer thought. Fireflies and mushrooms and berries as big as your nose. (*pause*) Come and have tea with me and tell me of summer in the land of “War-Drobe.” Is there war in the land of “War-Drobe”?

LUCY: Yes, a horrible war, but I can’t stay and tell you about it. You see, my Uncle Digory is bringing us tea and I’m late now and I’m freezing, and I...

TUMNUS: I live just ‘round the bend. There’s a warm fire and tea and cakes.

LUCY: Cakes? Well... well, maybe, just a quick cup of tea and a cake and then I must...

TUMNUS: Oh, thank you! Thank you, Daughter of Eve.

LUCY: Lucy!

Audition Scene 2 – Lucy and Tumnus

LUCY: Did you say before that it’s *always* winter here?

TUMNUS: Always winter – and never Christmas. And never spring, either. It was once, a long time ago. I remember when these woods were green and warm and the White Stag roamed and if you caught him, you’d be granted three wishes. A time when all the creatures of Narnia loved one another and danced gaily beneath a golden sun...

LUCY: How beautiful you make it sound. (*TUMNUS cries*) What’s the matter?

TUMNUS: I’m crying.

LUCY: (*handing her handkerchief to TUMNUS*) But why?

TUMNUS: At the wicked faun I've become.

LUCY: Whatever do you mean?

TUMNUS: I've... I've... I've gone to work for *her*, for the White Witch.

LUCY: Who?

TUMNUS: The White Witch.

LUCY: Who is she?

TUMNUS: She calls herself the Queen of Narnia, but she's the one who keeps it always winter... and never Christmas.

LUCY: How awful. What work do you do for a woman like that?

TUMNUS: (*ashamed*) I'm a kidnapper. The wolves, her secret police, they trained me. "Want to have some cakes and hot tea, little girl or little boy?" That was one of our lessons. Can you believe I'm supposed to lure an innocent Daughter of Eve to my cave here and hand her over to the White Witch?

LUCY: You wouldn't do a thing like that. You're much too sensitive a faun.

TUMNUS: Don't you understand? I *am* doing it! I have orders from her. If I ever see a Daughter of Eve or a Son of Adam, I am to hand him or her over to the secret police.

LUCY: You mustn't do that to me. I'm your friend.

TUMNUS: I *can't* do it. Even if she turns me into stone as she has so many others, I can't do it. I didn't know what humans were like. I could never turn *you* over. But can you forgive me for what I meant to do?

LUCY: Oh, yes, don't worry.

TUMNUS: (*takes LUCY's hand*) The crown of creation, that's what you are. Dear Lucy. But you must be off at once now, and be careful. The forest is full of her spies.

Audition Scene 3 – Edmund, Witch, Dwarf

EDMUND: Lucy! Lucy! Lucy where are you? Just like a girl to lose her brother.

WITCH: (*Seeing EDMUND*) Stop! What is *that*?

EDMUND: Who, me? I... my... my name's Edmund.

WITCH: Well, my name is Jadis. *Queen* Jadis. (*She waits*)

DWARF: *Bend* your body there, you.

EDMUND: (*bowing*) I beg your pardon, Your Highness, I didn't know.

WITCH: (*incredulously*) Not know *ME*, the Queen of Narnia?

EDMUND: Where is Narnia?

DWARF: Where?

WITCH: Where? *Where*? This land of beautiful and never-ending winter is Narnia. And anytime I want it to, it snows!

DWARF: What control! What majesty!

WITCH: What are *you*?

EDMUND: I'm a boy named Edmund, Your Highness.

WITCH: A boy? A human? A Son of Adam? How did you enter my kingdom?

EDMUND: I came through a wardrobe, Your Highness.

DWARF: A wardrobe. What's a wardrobe?

WITCH: So, a door from the World of Men!

EDMUND: If you'll excuse me now, I've got to find Lucy and go back.

WITCH: Lucy?

EDMUND: My little sister.

WITCH: Oh, a Daughter of Eve? And where is she? Where?

EDMUND: I don't know – wandering about somewhere. I also have an older sister and an older brother.

DWARF: Why that makes...

WITCH: *Four of you? Four?*

EDMUND: Uh huh. I mean, yes, Your Highness.

Audition Scene 4 – Edmund and Witch

WITCH: Dear Edmund, what good luck I found you! You see I have... no children of my own and, well... I have been looking all my life for a truly nice boy to bring up as... a prince.

EDMUND: *A prince?*

WITCH: To become king, of course, when I'm gone. He'd wear a golden crown. He'd eat what he liked, when he liked. He'd have dominion over all the lands and creatures of Narnia, and his every desire would be law the moment he uttered it. And nothing could grow or breathe or move in the whole kingdom unless "King Edmund" so willed it.

EDMUND: Oh, Your Majesty! I think I'm suited by temperament to be a prince, if you don't mind me saying.

WITCH: Oh, not at all. You *should* say. That proves you're cut from the right cloth. But I must see your brother and sisters before I make a final decision.

EDMUND: They're nothing special at all. Why must you meet them?

QUEEN: Ah... it's the law. A prince in Narnia must have his relatives carefully scrutinized. You understand. You get a prince and then find out that one of his relatives is a bad sort and the whole kingdom is tainted.

EDMUND: Oh, I see, but...

WITCH: But you... you are the one to be prince. I have already given you my word. And I'll... I'll make your brother and sisters courtiers. Under you.

EDMUND: Way, *way* under me?

WITCH: Way, way. Of course.

EDMUND: In that case, I'll do my best to get them to come, Your Majesty.

WITCH: Oh, more than your best. *Do it.* But don't tell them about me. Let's keep your crowning a surprise.

EDMUND: Oh yes, Your Majesty. A surprise it'll be. But, Your Majesty, before you go, could I possibly have a bit more Turkish Delight?

WITCH: (*laughing evilly*) No, but at my home, I have rooms full of Turkish Delight and a prince need do nothing all day but eat it.

EDMUND: Where is your home, Your Majesty?

WITCH: You see those two hills there? You will find my home just beyond the forest that lies between them. Come soon with your brother and sisters.

EDMUND: Me... a prince! My every wish a command!

Audition Scene 5 – Peter, Susan, Aslan

SUSAN: Peter, you must say something to him.

PETER: Me?

SUSAN: You're the eldest. He must tell you what we're to do.

PETER: (*Gaining courage*) We have come – Aslan.

ASLAN: Peter, Son of Adam; Susan – Daughter of Eve. Welcome. Step closer, all of you.

SUSAN: Oh, so very pleased to meet you, Great Sir. I feel so much less unnerved now.

ASLAN: That is because you were meant to be here; meant to rule Narnia from the castle that is the seat of the true kings and queens – Cair Paravel. Look children.

PETER: Yes?

ASLAN: See the great river, winding its way through the forest of Talking Trees? Skirting the dawn-lost mountains, flowing league after league till it meets with the sea?

PETER: I see...

ASLAN: Right there, upon the hill a ruined castle stands. It once was the house of all our glory, Cair Paravel.

SUSAN: Cair Paravel?

ASLAN: Four thrones are waiting for the promised kings to come – four thrones that are rightfully their due. And if you prove worthy and true, Sons of Adam and Daughters of Eve, the four thrones are waiting for you.

SUSAN: Why are there four thrones?

ASLAN: The ancient prophecy may soon now come to pass. This land may be as it used to be – a land that is proud and glad and free, and you may fulfill your destiny in Cair Paravel.

PETER: So... then we *are* the four, the “Adam’s flesh and bone” of the proverb that the Beavers told us?

ASLAN: Yes, you are the four.

SUSAN: With all due respect, sir. I don’t know if this is the family to sit on thrones. Especially if there are some here in Narnia who don’t want us. So if you could just use your power to get that brat Edmund back, we’ll simply be on our way home and you can find four others.

ASLAN: There are no others. And what happens from now on will not be simple. Rest for a moment. Then my friends here will go with you to find Edmund. We must have him back.

Audition Scene 6 – Aslan and Witch

WITCH: So Aslan is back.

ASLAN: As the old prophecy foretold.

WITCH: Oh, yes, and you live by the letter of every prophecy and law, don’t you?

ASLAN: You know I do.

WITCH: You have to. Otherwise all in Narnia will die by water and fire.

ASLAN: What is it you want here?

WITCH: I want the fulfillment of the Law – down to the very last letter. I know what’s due me and I seek only justice. You can’t refuse me what is mine without question. The law is perfect and its claims are unchanging. Who could dare to defy the deep magic from the dawn of time!

ASLAN: And what is it you claim under the Law and the Deep Magic of the Emperor?

WITCH: I claim the boy as my legitimate victim. I have the right to take the life of a traitor. And that this human is the vilest of traitors who would dare to deny? You must yield to me this little liar’s blood, or Narnia itself will perish in a holocaust of fire and flood.

ASLAN: At the start of time and history, the magic was established by supreme decree. Created in his wisdom and his justice by the emperor beyond the sea.

WITCH: Truly vengeance is mine!

ASLAN: All of you stay here. She and I must speak further.

WITCH: Speak further? The Law is clear – all traitors are mine to kill, and I claim Edmund.

ASLAN: We will speak further!

Audition Scene 7 – Beavers, Peter, Susan

Mr. BEAVER: Come outta there! Yes, you! Come on out! Aer ya with the wicked one or are ya not?

PETER: Who are you?

Mrs. BEAVER: Don’t you be askin us questions, lad. What’d ya scavengers want ‘ere? Where’s Tumnus?

Who busted up 'is cave?

SUSAN: Not us! I'm a friend of Mr. Tumnus.

Mr. BEAVER: 'Ow do we know yer not somethin' the Witch brewed?

SUSAN: The Witch? There's really a witch?

Mrs. BEAVER: Oh, eye, lass.

PETER: *What* are you?

Mr. BEAVER: I'm a beaver, I am. And this is me bickerin' wife. (*Mrs. BEAVER gives him a poke with her elbow.*) Wha'd'ja do that for? (*The BEAVERS bicker, ad lib, until PETER cuts them off*)

PETER: We came to meet Mr. Tumnus, and we found the cave like that. And we also found this note. (*Hands it to Mrs. BEAVER*)

Mrs. BEAVER: Just wot I feared.

SUSAN: Please tell us what's going on.

Mr. BEAVER: (Whispering) Yer humans, ain't ya's?

PETER: Yes, we're humans.

Mrs. BEAVER: Shh! Hush! Hush!

Mr. BEAVER: She means to say humans ain't save 'ere. That's wot this 'ere note means.

SUSAN: Why must we be quiet? There's no one here but us.

Mrs. BEAVER: There's trees, Ducky. Most of 'em are on *our* side, but som'd tell'er, the Witch.

PETER: Tell her what?

Mrs. BEAVER:

Well, tell 'em.

Mr. BEAVER: Not 'ere. Not 'ere. I thought I just saw an elm tree clench its branches.

Mrs. BEAVER: Then come on over 'ere, you children. Toodle-loo, Elm Tree and may yer mum come down wif a blight!