

## CUTTINGS FOR *PRINCE CASPIAN* AUDITIONS

**Susan, Peter, Edmund, Lucy** (4 – 2 f, 2 m)

**Susan:** Only four minutes until our train comes. Are you ready Lucy?

**Peter:** At least half an hour more for us. What a bore.

**Edmund:** Why do the holidays have to go so fast?

**Lucy:** *Giving a sharp cry as if she has been stung.*

**Edmund:** What's up Lu? Ow!

**Peter:** What on earth – Susan, let go! What are you doing? Where are you dragging me to?

**Susan:** I'm not touching you. Someone is pulling me. Oh – stop it!

**Edmund:** I felt just the same. As if I was being dragged along. A dreadful pulling – ugh!  
It's beginning again.

**Lucy:** Me too. Oh, I can't bear it.

**Edmund:** Look sharp! *(He grabs Susan's hand)* All catch hands and keep together. This is magic – I can tell by the feeling. *(To Susan)* Quick!

**Susan:** *(Reaching out to Peter who then grabs Lucy's hand)* Yes! Hold hands. Oh I do wish it would stop – oh!

**Trumpkin, Pevensies** (5 – 2-3 f, 2-3 m)

**Lucy:** But we want to be here, don't we, if Aslan wants us?

**Trumpkin:** Meanwhile, what are we to do? I suppose I'd better go back to Caspian and tell him no help has come.

**Susan:** No help? But it *has* worked. And here we are.

**Trumpkin:** Um–um–yes, to be sure. I see that. But – well – I mean – I'm very glad to meet you of course but they were expecting – well, if you see what I mean, help. They'd been imagining you as great warriors. As it is – we're awfully fond of children and all that, but just at the moment, we're in the middle of a great war –

**Edmund:** You mean we're no good.

**Trumpkin:** Now pray don't be offended. I assure you, my dear little friends –

**Edmund:** *Little* from you is really a bit too much. I suppose you don't believe we won the Battle of Beruna? Well, you can–

**Peter:** There's no good losing our tempers. Let's fit ourselves and him with armour from the treasure chamber and have a talk after that.

**Edmund:** I don't quite see the point–

**Lucy:** Hadn't we better do what Peter says? He is the High King. And I think he has an idea.

**Trumpkin, Nurse, Young Caspian, Lucy (4 – 2-4 f, 1-2 m)**

**Trumpkin:** (*Voice-over continuing*) The person he loved best of all was his nurse, and his favourite time of day was when the toys were all back in the cupboard and Nurse would start in on the most wonderful stories.

**Nurse:** And so that's what he told them, he *did*. He said, "*Wrong will be right when Aslan comes in sight, At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more, And when he shakes his mane We shall have spring again.*" And so it was, and always has been, whenever *He* comes back.

**Young Caspian:** But have you never seen Him, Nurse?

**Nurse:** No, my dear. He's never been here in my time, nor even in my father's time. But, believe you me; he's every bit as true as the Dwarfs and Talking Animals. Well that's enough for now, my little son of Adam. Sleep, and dream of those days when the trees were friendly – and the fauns danced with the dryads and – (*Caspian goes to sleep*) there now – and may we see Him again, Aslan, the true King.

*She blows out the candle. Lights fade out. Front tab closes.*

*Voice-over:*

**Lucy:** And the fauns danced with the dryads ... just think, Peter, he got to hear everything – all the battles and adventures and the White Witch, and Mr. Tumnus and the Beavers, and I'm sure she told him all about Aslan.

**Trumpkin:** Anyway – it was all very nice. And good of his old Nurse to tell him all about us true Narnians. But, filling a young boy's head with all the old stories – well, I tell you, she was taking a risk that old dear was and it was bound to come out one way or another. And sure enough, before long it did...

**Dr. Cornelius, Prince Caspian (2 m)**

**Dr. Cornelius:** You must leave the castle at once and go and seek your fortune in the wide world. Your life is in danger here.

**Caspian:** But why?

**Dr. Cornelius:** Because you are the true King of Narnia: Caspian the Tenth, the true son and heir of your father, King Caspian the Ninth. Long life to your Majesty.

**Caspian:** What does it all mean? I don't understand.

**Dr. Cornelius:** Did you never wonder why, as son of King Caspian, you are not King yourself? Miraz is a usurper. Once your dear mother died, all of the great lords who had known your father mysteriously died or disappeared. And finally Miraz persuaded the seven noble lords, the only Telmarines who did not fear the sea, to sail beyond the Eastern Ocean, and, as he intended, they never came back. And when there was no one left who would speak a word for you, his flatterers begged *him* to become king. And of course he did.

**Caspian:** Do you mean he now wants to kill me too?

**Dr. Cornelius:** That is almost certain.

**Caspian:** But why now? I mean why didn't he do it a long time ago if he wanted to? And what harm have I done him?

**Dr. Cornelius:** He has changed his mind about you because of something that happened only two hours ago. The Queen has had a son. Now that he has a son of his own he will want him to be the next King. You are in the way. He'll clear you out of the way.

**Caspian:** Is he really as bad as that? Would he really murder me?

**Dr. Cornelius:** He murdered your Father. I can tell you the whole story. But not now. There is no time. You must fly at once.

**Caspian:** You'll come with me?

**Dr. Cornelius:** I dare not. It would make your danger greater. Two are more easily tracked than one.

**Caspian:** Shall I never see you again?

**Dr. Cornelius:** I hope so, dear King. What friend have I in the wide world except your Majesty? But in the meantime, speed is everything. Here are two gifts before you go. A little purse of gold and something far better. This is the greatest and most sacred treasure of Narnia. It is the magic horn of Queen Susan herself which she left behind when she vanished from Narnia at the end of the Golden Age. It is said that whoever blows it shall have strange help. It may have the power to call the Kings and Queens back from the past, and they will set all to rights. It may be that it will call up Aslan himself. Take it, King Caspian: but do not use it except at your greatest need. And now haste.

**Susan, Lucy (2 f)**

**Susan:** (*Entering DSL with Lucy; in a small voice*) Lucy.

**Lucy:** Yes?

**Susan:** I see Him now. I'm sorry.

**Lucy:** That's all right.

**Susan:** But I've been far worse than you know. I really believed it was Him yesterday. When He warned us not to go down into the fir wood. And I really believed it was Him tonight, when you woke us up. I mean, deep down inside. Or I could have, if I'd let myself. But I just wanted to get out of the woods and – and – oh, I don't know. And whatever am I to say to Him?

**Lucy:** Perhaps you won't have to say much.

**Trufflehunter, Nikabrik, Cornelius, Hag, Wer-Wolf, Caspian (6 – 1-4 f, 2-5 m)**

**Trufflehunter:** His Majesty is the King to whom you have sworn allegiance.

**Nikabrik:** (*Sneering*) That was only court manners. You know – and he knows – that this Telmarine boy will be King of nowhere and nobody unless he gets some help.

**Dr. Cornelius:** Perhaps your new friends could speak for themselves? You there, who and what are you?

**Hag:** (*Coming forward*) Worshipful Master Doctor. I'm only a poor woman I am, and very obliged to his Worshipful Dwarfship for his friendship, I'm sure. His Majesty, bless his handsome face, has no need to be afraid of an old woman. I have some little skill which I'd be glad to use against our enemies. For I hates 'em. Oh yes. No one hates better than me.

**Dr. Cornelius:** That is all most – er – interesting. I think I now know what you are, madam. Perhaps your other friend would give some account of himself.

**Wer-Wolf:** (*Coming forward*) I'm hunger. I'm thirst. When I bite, I hold till I die. I can lie a hundred nights on the ice and not freeze. I can drink a river of blood and not burst. Show me your enemies.

**Dr. Cornelius:** And it is in the presence of these two that you wish to disclose your plan?

**Nikabrik:** Yes. And it is by their help that I mean to execute it.

**Caspian:** Well, Nikabrik, we will hear your plan.

**Nikabrik:** No one knows the truth about the ancient days in Narnia. We tried the Horn and it has failed. If there ever were such people as the Kings and Queens either they have not heard us, or they are our enemies –

**Trufflehunter:** Or they are on their way.

**Nikabrik:** You can go on saying that till Miraz has fed us to the dogs. The stories tell of other powers beside the ancient Kings and Queens. How if we should call *them* up?

**Trufflehunter:** If you mean Aslan, then –

**Nikabrik:** You may drop Aslan out – either he's dead or he's not on our side. No, I was thinking of someone else.

**Caspian:** Whom do you mean?

**Nikabrik:** I mean a power so much greater than Aslan's that it held Narnia spellbound for a hundred years.

**Caspian, Doctor and Trufflehunter:** The White Witch!

**Nikabrik:** Sit down. Don't take fright at a name as if you were children. We want power. Do not all the stories say that the Witch defeated Aslan and killed him?

**Trufflehunter:** But they also say he came to life again.

**Nikabrik:** Yes, they *say*. But he seems to just fade out of the story after that. Isn't it more likely that he didn't come to life and the stories say nothing more because *there's nothing more to say*? But it's different with the Witch. She ruled for a hundred years of winter. There's power. There's something practical.

**Caspian:** But heaven and earth! Haven't we always been told she was the worst enemy of all? A tyrant ten times worse than Miraz.

**Nikabrik:** She was good to us Dwarfs. We're not afraid of the Witch. And so, since you can't help my people, I'll go to someone who can.

**Caspian:** Is this open treason, Dwarf?

**Peter, Honeysnuffle, Trumpkin, Reepicheep** (4 – 1-3 f, 1-3 m)

**Peter:** Marshals will stand three on each side. You cannot be one, Caspian, as we are fighting over your right to the throne.

**Honeysnuffle:** (*Sucking his paws*) If you please, your Majesty, I'm a bear, I am.

**Peter:** To be sure you are and a good bear too, I don't doubt.

**Honeysnuffle:** Yes. But it was always a right of the bears to be a marshal of the lists.

**Trumpkin:** (*Whispering*) Don't let him. He's a good creature, but he'll shame us all. He *will* suck his paws. In front of the enemy, too.

**Peter:** He's quite right. The Bears did have that privilege.

**Honeysnuffle:** Please, your Majesty.

**Peter:** You shall be one of the marshals. But you *must* remember not to suck your paws.

**Honeysnuffle:** (*In a shocked voice*) Of course not.

*He absent-mindedly puts his paw in his mouth.*

**Trumpkin:** (*Bellowing*) Why, you're doing it this minute!

*He whips out his paw and pretends he hasn't heard.*

**Reepicheep:** Sire! (*As Peter looks around and finally notices who is speaking*) Sire, I have among my people the only trumpeter in your Majesty's army. (*Peepiceek comes proudly forward playing his trumpet*) I had thought we might have been sent with the challenge.

Sire, my people are grieved. If I should be a marshal of the lists, it would content them.

**Peter:** (*Gravely*) I'm afraid it would not do. Some humans are afraid of mice –

**Reepicheep:** I had observed it, Sire.

**Peter:** And it would not be fair to Miraz to have anything in sight that might take the edge from his courage.

**Reepicheep:** Your Majesty is the mirror of honour. (*Bowing*) But if anyone present wishes to make me the subject of his wit, my sword is ready for service – whenever he has leisure.

**Miraz, Glozelle, Sopespian** (3 – 3 m or 1-2 f)

**Miraz:** There! See what a pack of nursery tales our nephew has sent us.

**Glozelle:** (*Glancing at the parchment*) By your leave, Sire. If the young warrior we have just seen is the King Edmund mentioned in this writing, then I would not call him a nursery tale but a very dangerous knight.

**Miraz:** As to this insolent challenge, I suppose there is only one opinion among us?

**Glozelle:** Most infallibly to refuse it. Though I have never been called a coward, I would say the High King must be even more dangerous than he (*Pointing to Edmund*) – why, on your life, my Lord King, have nothing to do with him.

**Miraz:** Do you think I am asking if I should be afraid to meet this Peter? I wanted your counsel on the policy of the matter; whether we, having the advantage, should hazard it on a wager of battle.

**Glozelle:** For all reasons, the challenge should be refused. There is death in the strange knight's face.

**Miraz:** (*Thoroughly angry*) Are you trying to make it appear that I am as great a coward as your Lordship? You talk like an old woman, Glozelle. What say you, Sopespian?

**Sopespian:** Do not touch it, Sire. Your Majesty has excellent grounds for refusal without any cause for questioning your Majesty's honour or courage.

**Miraz:** Great Heaven! Are you *also* bewitched today? Do you think I am looking for grounds to refuse it? You might as well call me coward to my face.

**Glozelle:** No man of your Majesty's age would be called a coward for refusing combat with a warrior in the flower of his youth.

**Miraz:** So, I am to be a dotard, with one foot in the grave as well as a coward. I tell you, with your womanish counsels you have done the opposite to what you intended. I had meant to refuse it. But I'll accept it!

**Glozelle:** We beseech you, your Majesty – (*Miraz flings the parchment at Edmund and bawls his acceptance as the front tab closes behind the Lords*) I knew he'd take the bait. But I'll not forget he called me coward. It shall be paid for.

**Aslan, Borden, Larkin** (3 – 1-3 m, 1-2 f)

**Aslan:** And now – the Telmarines. (*The Telmarines enter SR*) Men of Telmar. This is the true king of Narnia – King Caspian the Tenth. (*Cheers from the Narnians*) Henceforth Narnia will belong to the Talking Beasts and the Dwarfs, the Dryads and the Fauns. Any men of Telmar who choose to make Narnia their home will live in harmony with these creatures. Will any here swear allegiance to the new Narnia? (*Two come and kneel before Caspian and are received into the crowd*) Welcome sons of Telmar.

**Borden:** You won't catch me staying here with a bunch of performing animals.

**Larkin:** No fear. And ghosts too. That's what those dryads really are. It's not canny. I don't trust 'em.

**Borden:** Don't want to stay with that awful lion. Take us off to his den and eat us one by one most likely.

**Aslan:** Peace. For those of you who do not want Narnia as your home, I will send you back to your own country, which I know and you do not.

**Borden:** We don't remember Telmar. We don't know what it's like.

**Larkin:** We don't even know where it is.

**Aslan:** You came into Narnia from Telmar but you came into Telmar, many generations ago, from the same world to which King Peter belongs.

**Larkin:** (*Whimpering*) He's going to kill us. Send us right out of this world.

**Borden:** Listen to that! Might have guessed we didn't belong to this place with all its nasty, unnatural creatures. We're of royal blood, you'll see.

**Aslan:** (*Growling*) Peace. You are descendants from a shipload of marooned pirates who drank and quarrelled and sometimes killed one another. In one of their frays, six fled with their women and fell though a chasm between that world and this. So you see, King Caspian, from whom you are descended?