

THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

SUNDAY AUDITIONS FOR THE CHILDREN – PG 5-6 – Peter, Susan, Edmund, Lucy

SUSAN: What an exciting old mansion!

EDMUND: I think it's boring.

SUSAN: Oh, Edmond.

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 the old professor. Isn't he a dear?

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 suits 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 and a 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 explore 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 aren't 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 quite an adventure- quite an adventure indeed. (*She exits off, R.*)

PG. 15 – 16 – Edmund, Lucy

EDMUND'S VOICE: (off). Lucy, you're crazy. It's just a big, old wardrobe like any other big, old wardrobe with lots of coats inside. It's stuffy – and dark – and cold.

(EDMUND enters.)

EDMUND: Cold? It was warm in the wardrobe. (***He is astonished at his new surroundings.***)

(LUCY enters.)

LUCY: But now we're in Narnia.

EDMUND: Narnia?

LUCY: You didn't believe me. I wanted to tell Peter and Susan as well. But you were the first one I found. And I wanted to get back here as soon as possible.

EDMUND: I thought you were teasing, but I guess you were right after all.

LUCY: Now the first thing we must do is see if Mr. Tumnus, the faun, is safe. I hope the White Witch didn't get him.

EDMUND: Witch? There's a witch here in Narnia?

LUCY: An evil witch who has a magic so that it's always winter in Narnia – but never Christmas. (***Looking about.***) Now where on earth – I mean, in Narnia – is Mr. Tumnus' home? I thought it was right over there. We have to go look for him. Come, Edmund.

EDMUND: I'll stay right here, thank you. I have no desire to go traipsing off after some silly faun. I'll be here at the lamppost – *if* I stay. I'm not sure I like it here.

LUCY: Please don't leave without me. I'll be right back after I make sure Mr. Tumnus is okay. (***She exits.***)

EDMUND: Narnia, eh? I didn't believe Lucy, but she was right. It's a fascinating place, I'll admit. But all this business about fauns and witches and

PG. 22 – 24 – Susan, Edmund, Peter, Lucy

(*LUCY and EDMUND enter, followed by PETER and SUSAN. All are wearing overcoats too large for them.*)

LUCY: (*triumphantly*). Now are you convinced, Peter?

PETER: Yes. I apologize, Lu, for not believing you.

SUSAN: It's so ...different. And it's also very cold.

LUCY: That's why we borrowed these coats from the wardrobe, Susan.

PETER: Well, what do we do first?

EDMUND: Explore, of course. (*Pointing in the distance toward the witch's castle.*) Let's go in that direction.

LUCY: Don't forget where the lamppost is. That's our landmark. We'll need to find it when we wish to return home.

SUSAN: I think we should go back home now. It's scary here.

PETER: Don't be such a goose, Susan. Where's your sense of adventure?

LUCY: Whether we stay here or not, we must at least find poor Mr. Tumnus.

EDMUND: But you tried already. You couldn't even find his house.

LUCY: I would have sworn it was right over here. (*She goes to where Tumnus' "home" was, followed by the OTHERS.*)

SUSAN: (*pointing to the note left by FENRIS ULF*). Look. What's that?

PETER: (*picking up the note*). A message of some kind. (*He reads.*) "The former occupant of these premises, Faun Tumnus, is under arrest and awaiting his trial on a charge of high treason against her Imperial Majesty Jadis, Queen of Narnia."

SUSAN: (*looking over Peter's shoulder, she continues reading*). "Signed, Fenris Ulf, Captain of the Secret Police. Long live the Queen."

LUCY: Oh, no.

PETER: Who is this Queen, Lu?

LUCY: She isn't a real Queen at all. She's a horrible witch who makes it always winter and never Christmas in Narnia.

SUSAN: It doesn't seem safe here. What about just going home?

LUCY: But we must try to rescue Mr. Tumnus. It's my fault he's in trouble.

PETER: I suppose Lu is right.

SUSAN: Very well. But this place worries me.

PETER: Where should we look first?

EDMUND: I think we should look for something to eat.

PETER: Oh, you're always thinking about your stomach.

EDMUND: And you're always thinking about your clothes and your hair and how you look. (*He shoves PETER slightly.*)

PETER: (*pushing EDMUND back*). Well, if I looked like you –

SUSAN: Please, you two. Stop acting like – brothers.

LUCY: I just wish I knew where Mr. Tumnus was imprisoned.

EDMUND: Why don't we go toward that castle – between those two hills?

LUCY: Very well.

SUSAN: Perhaps it will be warmer there. (*They start to leave but are stopped by a thumping sound offstage.*)

PETER: What was that?

EDMUND: Nothing, scaredy-cat. Let's go. (*Another thumping sound is heard.*)

SUSAN: (*afraid*). Who – who's there?

1)

MONDAY AND TUESDAY AUDITIONS FOR THE ADULTS

PG 7-10 – Mr. Beaver, Mrs. Beaver, Unicorn, Centaur, Fenris Ulf, Tumnus

A cold wind blows as snowflakes fall. A WHITE STAG enters quickly, pauses, sniffs 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 exhaustedly.)

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 Stag 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. His dam 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 in Narnia, Mr. 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 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.

MRS. BEAVER: I think Mr. Centaur is right.

2)

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 Tumnus. 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, too, if we're 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.*)

ULF: Who was just here? What was that flurry of activity?

TUMNUS: (fearfully). Probably – just a blizzard, sir.

ULF: Probably the enemy. But they scatter swiftly on the arrival of Fenris Ulf, Captain of the Queen's Secret Police. Now, why were you late coming to your post again this morning?

TUMNUS: But I really don't think I'm needed here, sir. A child of Adam and Eve has never come this way before.

ULF: But one will come someday, and it's your job to trap him. In fact, a child of Adam and Eve may come along even today. (*He sniffs.*) There is the smell of a human in the air. And remember, if he comes and you let him escape, you know what the Queen will do to you.

TUMNUS: Turn me into a stone statue?

ULF: At the very least. Now, I must check on the other sentinels. Maintain your post, knave.

3)

TUMNUS: Yes, sir. Whatever you say, sir. (*ULF exits.*) Oh, how did I ever get myself in this fix? My Father would be so disappointed in me. Oh, well, if I'm lucky, maybe a human will *never* come this way. (*A pause.*) But if one does, I can take him to the Queen, and she'll reward me. But that would be wrong – I think. Oh, I'm perplexed – as usual. I don't know what to do – except what I usually do when I'm perplexed. Play my pipe.

1)

PG 10-12 – Tumnus, Lucy

(*TUMNUS begins to play a tune on a reed pipe. A moment later, LUCY enters at R. She backs into the area looking about as though confused and surprised. She does not see TUMNUS nor does he see her. The two bump into each other. TUMNUS drops his pipe.*)

TUMNUS: Goodness gracious me!

LUCY: Oh, I'm terribly sorry. (*She picks up the pipe and gives it to him.*)

TUMNUS: Who are you?

LUCY: My – my name is Lucy.

TUMNUS: Lucy – are you a daughter of Eve?

LUCY: A what?

TUMNUS: A daughter of Eve. A *human*.

LUCY: Of course I'm human.

TUMNUS: Good. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus. I'm a faun.

LUCY: (*shaking his hand*). I am very pleased to meet you Mr. Tumnus.

TUMNUS: May I ask, O Lucy, Daughter of Eve, how have you come into Narnia?

LUCY: Narnia? What's that?

TUMNUS: It's this. All the land that lies between this lamppost and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the Eastern Sea is Narnia. How did you get here?

LUCY: It's very hard to explain. You see, I was exploring with my sister and two brothers –

TUMNUS: Oh, there are four of you. Will the others be coming as well?

LUCY: I don't know. I'm not even sure how I got here. We were visiting this house in the country, and I climbed into a large wardrobe in a spare room.

TUMNUS: War Drobe? Spare Oom?

LUCY: Spare room. Yes. Then I realized there was no back to the wardrobe. And suddenly, I was here in – in –

TUMNUS: Narnia. Oh, you'll be glad you came. And I hope the others will find their way here, too, so that I can show all of you our beautiful country – and introduce you to our lovely witch – uh, *Queen*.

2)

LUCY: (*looking around*). Everything seems so – magical.

TUMNUS: Oh, it is. And you can be anywhere you wish in Narnia – quick as a wink. For instance you can take a trip to the distant castle Cair Paraval – (*A light comes up on the outline of a castle.*) Or the home of the mighty wi -, uh, Queen. (*Another light silhouettes a second castle.*) Or you may wish to picnic at the great stone table.

(*The WOOD NYMPHS enter and put the Stone Table in place U.*)

TUMNUS: Or perhaps you would like to visit the home of two of our forest friends – Mr. and Mrs. Beaver, for example. (*The WOOD NYMPHS quickly set up a few chairs and a table at L.*) Or even my own humble abode. (*The WOOD NYMPHS set up two or three small furniture pieces at R. On a small table are a teapot and two cups.*) Tumnus Towers, I call it. I like fancy names for simple things.

LUCY: (*in awe*). It's a fascinating place.

TUMNUS: Perfect for the imagination – with a bit of help from the Wood Nymphs. (*He waves to the WOOD NYMPHS as they exit.*)

LUCY: There's only one small problem here, as I see it.

TUMNUS: Yes?

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 use 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 "home," 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 stops playing his pipe.*)

TUMNUS: No!

1)

PG 20-22 – Mr. Beaver, Mrs. Beaver, Unicorn, Centaur

MR. BEAVER: The broken dam will just have to wait.

MRS. BEAVER: Yes. This other business is much more important. (*Looking offstage.*) Look, there's the Unicorn. We will tell him.

MR. BEAVER: Mr. Unicorn. Over here if you will.

(*UNICORN enters.*)

UNICORN: Oh, good. It's you. I was afraid it was that awful Ferris Ulf.

MR. BEAVER: He left some time ago.

MRS. BEAVER: Dragging the unfortunate Mr. Tumnus with him.

UNICORN: How do you know?

MR. BEAVER: They passed right by us. We hid behind the dam.

MRS. BEAVER: Fenris Ulf didn't see us, but Mr. Tumnus did. And he dropped this so we would find it. (*She holds up Lucy's handkerchief.*)

UNICORN: What is it?

MR. BEAVER: (*taking the handkerchief from MRS. BEAVER*). We're not sure, but we believe it belongs to a human.

MRS. BEAVER: It has the smell of a Daughter of Eve.

UNICORN: You think that a human has been here?

MR. BEAVER: Yes, and that Tumnus let her go. That's why he was in such trouble with Fenris Ulf.

UNICORN: So where is this human now – if there was one?

MRS. BEAVER: Who knows?

UNICORN: If she's smart, she left Narnia the minute she had the chance. Never to return.

MR. BEAVER: Or to return with others.

UNICORN: Others? You mean humans?

MRS. BEAVER: Perhaps. Remember the prophesy?

UNICORN: (*thinking out loud*). Two Sons of Adam – and two Daughters of Eve. Is it possible?

2)

MR. BEAVER: Who knows? We'll just have to wait and see.

(*CENTAUR enters.*)

CENTAUR: Listen! I just heard the most wonderful news. They say *He* has arrived in these parts.

MRS. BEAVER: Our King?

CENTAUR: Yes. And that He is on the move. They say he will likely appear at the Stone Table any time now.

UNICORN: This *is* wonderful news.

MRS. BEAVER: Mr. Centaur, we are expecting the arrival of children – *human* children. They could be here at any minute. If they reach *Him*, the prophesy will be fulfilled.

CENTAUR: But what if the witch gets to them first?

MRS. BEAVER: We must protect the children from the moment they arrive until they reach the Stone Table.

UNICORN: And keep them hidden from the witch.

MR. BEAVER: Exactly.

CENTAUR: But which of us can help them? They might be afraid of me.

UNICORN: They might not trust *me*. Unicorns are only make-believe in their world.

CENTAUR: Mr. and Mrs. Beaver, will you help them – protect them from danger?

MR. BEAVER: But – but – (*The voices of LUCY, EDMUND, PETER and SUSAN are heard off.*)

VOICES (off). It's this way. Come on. I still don't believe you. It's here somewhere. Look for the lamppost (*etc.*)

CENTAUR: They're coming. Will you please take care of them?

MR. BEAVER: But – but –

MRS. BEAVER: Of course. I'll prepare some food for dinner. (*She exits.*)

UNICORN: Mr. Centaur, let us go and see if the good news you have heard is true.

CENTAUR: Yes, let us go immediately. (*He and the UNICORN exit.*)

MR. BEAVER: (*to himself*). But – but – what if the children are afraid of me, too – or don't trust me? I'd better hide until I can get my wits together. (*He exits.*)

1)

PG 32-34 –Fenris Ulf, Edmund, Witch, Dwarf

(*EDMUND enters the courtyard somewhat exhausted.*)

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 statues 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 statue 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 statues. She was certainly nice to me. Nicer, I'll bet, than that 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?

2)

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 prophesy 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 begins 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!

1)

PG 37-40 –Fenris Ulf, Edmund, Witch, Dwarf, Aslan, Peter, Animal

ULF: Well – (**Mockingly.**) – so the great Aslan *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 despatch 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 wound, 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.**)

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 your numbers – and also in your faith to accomplish the task. (**ALL agree.**) The children will stay here with me.

ALL: (**as they leave.**) I think he went in that direction. Here is a trail of blood. He turned north at that grove of trees. Quickly follow him. (**Etc. They exit.**)

ASLAN: (**to PETER.**) You have forgotten to clean your sword. (**PETER wipes each side of the blade on the ground.**) Now, hand it to me and kneel, Son of Adam. (**He takes the sword as PETER kneels. He strikes PETER on each shoulder with the flat of the blade.**) Rise up, Sir Peter Fenris -Bane. Your new name will tell the world that you were the destroyer of the evil wolf. Always maintain your courage. And whatever happens, never forget to wipe your sword.

PETER: Yes, Aslan.

ASLAN: And now, let us go to the pavilion to await the others. If all goes well, they will return with your brother.

(**They exit. A moment later, EDMUND, who is exhausted, and the DWARF, who drives him with the whip, enter. The WITCH enters close behind.**)

WITCH: It will be difficult to reach the Stone Table before the humans do – unless they were delayed along the way. Surely Fenris Ulf will bring word to us soon.

EDMUND: (**dropping to his knees.**) Please – your majesty – may we rest- just a bit?

2)

WITCH: No, you young fool, we must continue to move ahead. I said move!

(The DWARF raises his whip to strike EDMUND, but stops when ULF enters stumbling and collapses at the feet of the WITCH.)

WITCH: What's this?

ULF: *(struggling to speak).* Your ...majesty.

WITCH: Fenris Ulf! Who has done this horrible thing to you?

ULF: The other ... Son of Adam ... at the bidding of As – As -

WITCH: No! Do not dare to speak his name.

ULF: But he ... is here ... at the Stone Table. *(The WITCH screams.)* Now let me go into yonder thicket ... where I may rest ... forever. *(He drags himself along the ground.)*

WITCH: *(in agony).* Fenris Ulf! My Captain. They have slain him. *(ULF exits.)*

DWARF: *(nervously).* Now the prophesy will surely come true.

WITCH: *(with resolve).* No! There are four thrones in Cair Paravel. If only three are occupied, the prophesy will never be fulfilled, and *He* can never rule over Narnia.

DWARF: Then we had better do what we have to do at once.

WITCH: Prepare the victim. *(The DWARF pushes EDMUND prostrate to the ground.)*

EDMUND: *(in great fear).* No, please ... what are you going to do with me?

WITCH: The very same that your wretched brother did to my beloved Captain. *(She takes out a dagger and raises it above her head. Suddenly, offstage VOICES are heard.)*

VOICES: *(off).* There they are! Quick! After them! *(Etc.)*

WITCH: What is that?

DWARF: The Forces of Aslan!

WITCH: We are outnumbered. Quick, we must disappear.

(The WITCH and the DWARF quickly hide behind trees as the OTHERS enter in a rush.)

ALL: Is he dead? He's all right. He only fainted. Where are the Witch and the Dwarf? Quick, let us get the boy back to Aslan. *(Etc. They lift EDMUND and carry him as they exit. The WITCH and DWARF slowly come out of hiding.)*

3)

WITCH: (*with anger and determination*). Very well, my old adversary – Aslan. Aslan ... yes, I *can* speak the name, for he will soon be mine. The Deep Magic is on my side. Perhaps he has forgotten the Deep Magic, but I shall remind him. (*A pause.*) Dwarf, we must summon our allies to meet us as soon as possible. Call the Ghouls, the Boggles, the Ogres. Bring forth the Cruels, the Spectres, the Hags. This is war! And we shall fight with one aim in mind – to end forever the name of Aslan! (*They exit quickly.*)

