



Auditions will be held on Saturday, February 4 and Saturday, February 11 from 10:00am-12:00pm. Please register for your 30 minute audition slot online at our website: www.xclaiminc.com

AUDITION SLOTS: Saturday, February 4 and Saturday, February 11 10:00a-10:30a, 10:30a-11:00a, 11:00a-11:30a and 11:30a-12:00p

Rehearsals begin Saturday, February 18 with read-through & parent meeting.

Rehearsal conflicts affect casting. We will try to work around some conflicts, but you can only perform the roles for which you can rehearse. If cast, the director accepted conflicts on your audition form, but later conflicts will NOT be accepted and WILL result in re-casting your role. **No conflicts beginning 2 weeks before production.**

Expectations, fees & expenses:

- \$60.00 Activity Fee—*Financial Aid available with completed application. 2017 Spring Performance Academy students receive \$15.00 discount.*
- \$25 minimum program ad sale requirement
- \$50 fundraising for production needs
- Personal undergarments/dressing, footwear and make-up for production as determined by costume designer
- A minimum of 10 volunteers hours for costumes, props, set, publicity or other production needs

Deadlines: Activity fees **at first rehearsal**; Ad sales **2 weeks before opening.**

Strike will occur following the final Sunday performance of each show. **ALL cast members MUST stay to strike.** A cast party will be held after.

Backstage & technical positions: in costuming, make-up, lighting and sound. Submit an audition form and interview with the director at auditions.

Contact info: For more info, visit the website www.xclaiminc.com or email: info@xclaiminc.com. Company Mgr: Jim Flowers – (270) 996-9238
Director: Christopher H. Cherry – (270) 777-5701

SYNOPSIS: Set during WWII in England, The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe is the story of four siblings evacuated from London to live in the English countryside. While at their host's estate, they encounter a magical wardrobe that is a portal to the land of Narnia, a place where magic is real, animals talk and children can be heroes.

CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS (*Character ages are given*)

ASLAN, Adult: Regal & powerful but kind & compassionate, rightful king of Narnia.

WHITE WITCH, Adult: At once cunningly sweet then strikingly wrathful; self-proclaimed Queen of Narnia and Aslan's enemy.

PETER, 13: The oldest of the four children who venture to Narnia. While a young man of integrity, he has had to play the role of parent perhaps too young and thus reflects a somewhat bossy persona.

SUSAN, 12: The second oldest of the four children who venture to Narnia. While compassionate, she also has had to play the role of parent a bit too young, and thus reflects a slight bossy persona.

EDMUND, 10: The second youngest of the four children who venture to Narnia. Cranky and temperamental, he sides with the witch without his siblings.

LUCY, 8: The youngest of the four children who venture to Narnia. Sincere and sweet, she leads her family in the adventure.

MR. BEAVER, Adult: A cranky pessimist, but at heart a true Narnian patriot who aids the children.

MRS. BEAVER, Adult: Plucky and boisterous, she also aids the children in their venture with a mothering hand and quick wit.

UNICORN, Adult: Spirited and naïve, s/he leads the quest after the White Stag and aids the Beavers in helping the four children.

CENTAUR, Adult: Bold and brave, s/he longs for Aslan's victory over the witch.

TUMNUS, Adult (but short): Quirky and nervous, the good-hearted faun gets mixed up in the wrong crowd.

FENRIS ULF, Adult: Grave, arrogant and militant, the wolf leads the witch's secret police.

DWARF, Very old: The crusty character serves as the witch's main servant and underling.

FATHER CHRISTMAS, Adult: As the embodied Spirit of Christmas, he leaves a profound sense of hope and cheer.

ELF, Young and short: Father Christmas' plucky assistant.

WHITE STAG, Adult: An elusive omen of good fortune, appearing rarely.

ASLAN'S ARMY: Various Narnian creatures who fight for Aslan in the final battle and stand by his side when he faces the witch.

WITCH'S ARMY: Various evil creatures who fight for the witch in the final battle and stand by her side when she faces Aslan.

AUDITION SIDES

WHITE WITCH: *Now – my dear. Bring them to my castle. It's between those two hills. You can't miss it. You'll smell Turkish Delight all the way. (She laughs seductively.)* Come, Dwarf, we must prepare for our esteemed guests. Oh, Edmund, my precious. Don't tell the others about me just yet. I want them to be – surprised – when they see me. Let's keep this visit our little secret. Don't spare the whip on the reindeer, Dwarf. We have much to do in a short time.

DWARF: Your majesty, I'm afraid we'll have to walk. The reindeer cannot travel without snow. They'll sink into the mud. . . . (*Bowing deeply.*) With pleasure, your majesty.

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? . . . 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. Peter and I shall join you momentarily. . . . Son of Adam. Look far into the distance where Narnia meets the sea. There is a castle. It is Cair Paravel of the four thrones. If the prophesy is to be fulfilled, you, your brother, and your sisters shall sit in those thrones.

LUCY: It's all right. It's all right. I've come back. Why, haven't you all been wondering where I was? I've been away for hours and hours. It was just after breakfast when I went into the wardrobe, and I've been away for hours, and had tea, and all sorts of things have happened. . . . No, Peter. I'm not just making up a story for fun. I was in the wardrobe. It's - it's a magic wardrobe. There's a wood inside it, and it's snowing, and there's a Faun and a Witch and it's called Narnia; come and see. . . . There! Go in and see for yourselves. . . . But - but where has it all gone? . . . No. It wasn't a hoax, I promise. Really and truly. It was all different a moment ago. Honestly it was.

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.

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.

PETER: Come on, Ed. It'll be a fun place to explore. But I'm not sure I like this housekeeper. (*Mimicking the housekeeper.*) "Please remember to always stay out of my way!" Hey, let's go look at that room that has all the swords and suits of armor inside. Come on, let's go to the sword room.

MR. BEAVER: Are you the Sons of Adam and the Daughters of Eve? . . . Quick, follow me. We are not safe here. Many of the forest creatures are our friends, but some are on *her* side, if you know what I mean. Here is my token. (*He shows Lucy's handkerchief.*) Mr. Tumnus dropped it so that we would know to expect you. Now please come quickly. We must get you safely to our King.

MRS. BEAVER: Welcome. I have some dinner for you. Fresh from the smokehouse outside. Before we eat, let us each say a word of thanks - and hope - for the coming events. . . . Good. Now enjoy the meal. How very honored we are to have the children of the prophesy.

UNICORN: Oh, good. It's you. I was afraid it was that awful Fenris Ulf. What is it? . . . You think that a human has been here? So where is this human now - if there was one? . . . If she's smart, she left Narnia the minute she had the chance - never to return. . . . Others? You mean humans? Two Sons of Adam - and two Daughters of Eve. Is it possible?

CENTAUR: Listen! I just heard the most wonderful news. They say *He* has arrived in these parts. And that *He* is on the move. They say he will likely appear at the Stone Table any time now. But what if the witch gets to the children first? Which of us can help them? They might be afraid of me. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver, will you help them - protect them from danger?

TUMNUS: 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.

FENRIS ULF: Who's there? Who goes there? Who are you, stranger? . . . 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 courtyard. An enemy of the Queen ultimately becomes a statue of stone. (*Laughs.*)

FATHER CHRISTMAS: I've come at last. The powers of the witch have kept me away for some time. But lately I've felt stronger - more like myself. That's why I'm making my rounds again. Well, are you ready for your gifts? First, Mr. Beaver, I have repaired your dam and mended the leak. And Mrs. Beaver, in the room next to the smokehouse, I've left for you a brand new sewing machine. (*to the children*) These are your presents. They are tools, not toys. The time to use them is near at hand.

ELF: You in there - make yourselves presentable to an esteemed visitor. . . . I resent that insinuation. I'm no dwarf. I'm an *elf*. . . . An elf, I said. . . . You're not mistaken. You're Lucy. This is Father Christmas in the flesh. Or in the fur, as it were. Tah-dah!