

ELF. You in there-make yourselves presentable to an esteemed visitor.

SUSAN. It's the dwarf.

ELF. I resent that insinuation. I'm no dwarf. I'm an elf.

PETER. What's the difference? Either way, the witch is going to come in and-

LUCY. Wait a minute, Peter. There is a difference. (To the ELF.) An elf, you say?

ELF. An elf, I said.

LUCY. Elves aren't bad at all, if I'm not mistaken.

ELF. You're not mistaken. (Referring to PETER) He's mistaken. (To LUCY.) You're Lucy.

LUCY. And you're clever-very clever, because you know my name.

ELF. I know.

LUCY. And you could only know my name -all of our names - if you travel with the one who knows everybody's name-

ELF. Name him.

LUCY. Father Christmas! (She and the ELF join hands and dance about laughing as the OTHERS cheer.)

MRS. BEAVER. Do you mean that Father Christmas is actually here?

MR. BEAVER. After all these years?

ELF. In the flesh. Or in the fur, as it were. Tab-dah!

(FATHER CHRISTMAS enters carrying a filled burlap bag over his shoulder. NOTE: FATHER CHRISTMAS is attired in furry, festive, yet somewhat rustic, clothing. He should not appear as a contemporary Santa Claus.)

ALL Father Christmas!

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.

MRS. BEAVER. They say that Aslan is on the move.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. That must be the answer. Well, are you ready for your gifts? First, Mr. Beaver, I have repaired your dam and mended the leak.

MR. BEAVER (overwhelmed). Why, I-I-

ELF. A simple "thank you" will suffice.

MR. BEAVER. Thank you.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. And Mrs. Beaver, in the room next to the smokehouse, I've left for you a brand new sewing machine.

MRS. BEAVER (delighted). Oh, my-I-I-

ELF (pointing to MR BEAVER). What he said.

MRS. BEAVER. Thank you.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. Peter, Son of Adam.

PETER. Yes, sir.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (taking items from his bag). These are your presents. They are tools, not toys. The time to use them is perhaps near at hand. (He holds up a shield and a sword.) The sword and shield are yours. Bear them well. (PETER receives the gifts solemnly and silently bows to acknowledge his appreciation.) Susan, Daughter of Eve. (SUSAN steps forward.) These are for you. (He hands her a bow and a quiver of arrows.) Use the bow only in great need. (Giving her a hunting horn.) Blow this horn when you are in trouble, and help of some kind will come to you.

SUSAN. Thank you, sir.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. Lucy, younger Daughter of Eve. (He holds up a small glass bottle.) In this bottle is a cordial made from the juice of fire-flowers. If you or your friends are ever hurt, a few drops will restore you. (He takes out a dagger.) And this dagger is to defend yourself. But use it only when absolutely necessary. (He gives the items to LUCY.)

LUCY. Thank you, Father Christmas.

FATHER CHRISTMAS. Well, we must be on our way. We have many more stops tonight. It's wonderful to be working again. A Merry Christmas to all of you. And long live the true King.

ALL Long live the true King! (FATHER CHRISTMAS and the ELF exit.)