

## White Witch, Edmund, Dwarf

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 - (The sounds of harness bells are heard off, followed by the voice of the WITCH. EDMUND quickly tries to hide behind a tree or the lamppost.)

WITCH'S VOICE (off). Hold there! Tie the reindeer to that tree, Dwarf.

DWARF'S VOICE (off). Yes, majesty. Consider it done.

WITCH'S VOICE (off). Now, let us follow the smell of the intruder.

(The DWARF and WITCH, who carries a wand, enter and see the cowering EDMUND.)

DWARF. You there!

EDMUND (very frightened). Who? Me?

DWARF. Yes, you! Kneel in the presence of the mighty ruler of Narnia

EDMUND. But-but I am kneeling.

DWARF. Lower! (EDMUND falls prostrate to the ground.) That's more like it.

WITCH. What, pray, are you?

EDMUND. I'm-I'm-my name is Edmund.

WITCH. Is that how you address a queen?

EDMUND. I'm-I'm sorry ... your majesty. I thought you were - a witch.

WITCH. A witch? (She laughs loudly.) I am a queen. The Queen of Narnia. Now, I repeat-what are you?

EDMUND. I'm-I'm a boy-(Adding quickly.)-your majesty.

WITCH. A boy. A boy? Did you hear that, Dwarf? A boy.

DWARF. He must be-a Son of Adam.

WITCH. He looks more like an idiot. Tell me - boy, how did you enter my dominion?

EDMUND. Through a wardrobe, your majesty. I'm not sure exactly how it happened, but in an instant I was here.

WITCH. A wardrobe? A passageway from the other world? The world of men! This could ruin everything. It could even be the beginning of the dreaded prophesy-unless-(Her attitude suddenly changes toward EDMUND.) My poor child. How cold you look. (She helps him up and puts her arm around him) Dwarf, bring him something warm to drink. (The DWARF exits.)

EDMUND. Thank you, your majesty.

WITCH. Tell me, Edmund, my dear-Son of Adam-are there any more of you-humans, I mean-in these parts?

EDMUND. I have a sister, Lucy, who's looking for a faun.

WITCH. Ah, she must be the Daughter of Eve who escaped from that fool Tumnus. Well, let's see-you and Lucy, you say. That's only two humans. The prophesy said there would be four. So, there's nothing to worry about unless ... You don't have any other brothers or sisters do you?

EDMUND. Yes. Peter and Susan.

WITCH (alarmed). What? Where are they?

EDMUND. Still in the house where we're visiting ... on the other side of the wardrobe.

WITCH (counting on her fingers). Edmund, Lucy, Peter and Susan. Two Sons of Adam - two Daughters of Eve. That's four -just as the prophesy has stated. This is horrible!

EDMUND. What's wrong, your majesty?

WITCH (catching herself, then sweetly). Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. I just meant - it's horrible that your dear brother and sisters aren't here with us now. I would take all of you to my castle. I would make them the Duke and Duchesses of this land. But you, dear Edmund - because you are special and I found you first, I would make you the Prince of Namia.

EDMUND. Really?

WITCH. And someday you would be King.

EDMUND (excited). King? You mean it?