

# **THE LION, THE WITCH, AND THE WARDROBE**

Written by C.S. Lewis

Adapted by C. R. Carcasson

A two-act play for the proscenium stage

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## Character List

KIRK - An old professor  
PETER - The eldest Pevensie  
SUSAN - The second eldest  
EDMUND - The second youngest  
LUCY - The youngest  
MR. TUMNUS - A faun  
DWARF - The Witch's slave  
JADIS - The White Witch, false Queen of Narnia  
Mrs. MACREADY - The stern housekeeper  
VARIOUS ADULTS - Troupe of visitors (3-5)  
BEAVER - A friend of Aslan  
Mrs. BEAVER - Beaver's wife  
LION - A statue in the Witch's Castle  
GIANT - A statue in the Witch's Castle  
FENRIS - The queen's wolf police  
WOLF - A soldier under Fenris  
CHRISTMAS - Father Christmas, the gift-giver  
FOX - A good creature  
SATYR - A good creature  
DRYAD - A servant of Aslan  
NYAD - A servant of Aslan  
CENTAUR - A soldier for Aslan  
ASLAN - The Great King of Beasts, a Lion  
CREATURES - The monsters in the Witch's employ (5-15)  
KING PETER - Adult Peter the Magnificent  
QUEEN SUSAN - Adult Susan the Gentle  
KING EDMUND - Adult Edmund the Just  
QUEEN LUCY - Adult Lucy the Valiant

## Settings List

BEDROOM	THE BEAVERS' DAM (behind)
ARMOR ROOM	THE WITCH'S CASTLE
WARDROBE ROOM	FOREST
THE LAMP-POST	FOX'S HOLLOW
MR. TUMNUS' CAVE	THE STONE TABLE
STUDY	FIELD
MR. TUMNUS' CAVE (destroyed)	CAIR PARAVEL
The BEAVERS' DAM	THE LAMP-POST (overgrown)

ACT 1  
SCENE 1

*{The human world. Professor KIRK stands SL in a single spotlight. He is a very old man with shaggy white hair and beard. In the dark stand PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND, and LUCY around a large trunk, a bed, and a single door (freestanding) SR. This meager set, the BEDROOM stands on the proscenium, the curtains remain closed.}*

KIRK: Once there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy.

*{Lights go up on PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND, and LUCY, frozen in tableau. The wardrobe remains in the dark.}*

KIRK: This story is about something that happened to them when they were sent away from London during the war because of the air-raids. They were sent to the house of an old Professor *{He gives a little bow, referring to himself.}* who lived in the heart of the country, then miles from the nearest railway station and two miles from the nearest post office. He had no wife and he lived in a very large house with a housekeeper called Mrs. Macready and three servants. As soon as they had said good night to the Professor and gone upstairs on the first night...

*{Lights out on Professor KIRK, and the children unfreeze.}*

PETER: We've fallen on our feet and no mistake, this is going to be perfectly splendid. That old chap will let us do anything we like.

SUSAN: I think he's an old dear.

EDMUND: *{Bad-tempered.}* Oh, come off it! Don't go on talking like that.

SUSAN: Like what? And anyway, it's time you were in bed.

EDMUND: Trying to talk like mother. *{Jumping onto the trunk to be level with SUSAN.}* And who are you to say when I'm to go to bed? Go to bed yourself.

LUCY: Hadn't we all better go to bed? There's sure to be a row if we're heard talking here.

PETER: No there won't, I tell you this is the sort of house where no one's going to hear us. It's about ten minutes' walk from here down to that dining room, and any amount of stairs and passages in between.

{The hoot of an owl echoes from outside.}

LUCY: *{Suddenly, a little nervous.}* What's that noise?

EDMUND: *{Sitting down.}* It's only a bird, silly.

PETER: It's an owl. This is going to be a wonderful place for birds. I shall go to bed now. I say, let's go and explore tomorrow. You might find anything in a place like this. Did you see those mountains as we came along? And the woods? There might be eagles. There might be stags. There'll be hawks.

LUCY: Badgers!

EDMUND: Snakes!

SUSAN: Foxes!

PETER: Why, it will be just splendid outdoors here.

## SCENE 2

*{BLACKOUT. The sound of rain begins over the score. After a moment, the lights go up on the children around a suit of armor, with the standing doorway.}*

EDMUND: *{Whiny.}* Of course it would be raining!

SUSAN: Do stop grumbling, Ed. Ten to one it will clear up in an hour or so. And in the meantime we're pretty well off. There's a wireless and lots of books.

PETER: Not for me, I'm going to explore in the house. There's got to be plenty more rooms like this one--an entire suit of armor!

EDMUND: *{Sighing.}* I suppose.

*{The group exits through the door and walk in a circle through the audience as they look about in a bemused wonder. As they walk through the audience the armor is struck from the stage,*

*and the door is moved to SR. A wardrobe is moved to CS, directly in front of the opening in the curtain.}*

ALL: *{Ad-libbed, intermixed.}* Just another spare bedroom. Look at all the pictures! That's a lot of green. I wish I could play the harp! There's so many stairs. Ooh, so many books.

*{By this point, the children have reached the stage again, as lights go up on the WARDROBE ROOM.}*

PETER: Nothing there!

*{PETER, SUSAN, and EDMUND exit through the door, then off SR. Lucy looks at the Wardrobe in wonder. She opens the door, and steps in. She makes sure to keep the door to the wardrobe open.}*

LUCY: This must be a simply enormous wardrobe!

*{She continues into the wardrobe, pushing past the coats. The wardrobe has no back, so she goes through the curtain to the stage proper behind.}*

LUCY: I wonder... What's that crunching sound? Oh, this is very queer.

### SCENE 3

*{With a swell of music, the curtains part as the wardrobe and door are pulled offstage. The larger set is revealed, cast in a bluish lighting. LUCY stands, spellbound, in CS. The set is littered with snowy trees and rocks, and a lamp-post stands CSR. LUCY gawks at Narnia, and the LAMP-POST. Suddenly the sounds of hooves in the snow fills the air, and LUCY hides near the lamp-post.}*

TUMNUS: *{Entering, with a start, dropping a couple packages to the floor. He is a faun, and carries an umbrella and wears a red woolen muffler.}* Good gracious me!

LUCY: Good evening.

TUMNUS: *{Picking up his packages, then giving a little bow.}* Good evening, good evening. Excuse me--I don't want to be inquisitive--but should I be right in thinking that you are a Daughter of Eve?

LUCY: *{Confused.}* My name's Lucy.

TUMNUS: But you are--forgive me--you are what they call a girl?

LUCY: Of course I'm a girl.

TUMNUS: You are in fact human?

LUCY: *{Puzzled.}* Of course I'm human.

TUMNUS: To be sure, to be sure. How stupid of me! But I've never seen a Son of Adam or a Daughter of Eve before. I am delighted. That is to say--*{He hesitates.}* Delighted, delighted. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus.

LUCY: I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Tumnus.

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

LUCY: Narnia? What's that?

TUMNUS: This is the land of Narnia, where we are now; all that lies between the lamp-post and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea. And you--you have come from the wild woods of the west?

LUCY: I--I got in through the wardrobe in the spare room.

TUMNUS: Ah! *{A little melancholic.}* If only I had worked harder at geography when I was a little Faun, I should no doubt know all about those strange countries. It is too late now.

LUCY: *{Almost laughing.}* But they aren't countries at all. It's only just back there--at least--I'm not sure. It is summer there.

TUMNUS: Meanwhile, it is winter in Narnia, and has been for ever so long, and we shall both catch cold if we stand here talking in the snow. Daughter of Eve from the far land of Spare Oom where eternal summer reigns around the bright city of War Drobe, how would it be if you came and had tea with me?

LUCY: Thank you very much, Mr. Tumnus. But I was wondering whether I ought to be getting back.

TUMNUS: It's only just around the corner, and there'll be a roaring fire, and toast, and sardines, and cake.

LUCY: Well, it's very kind of you. But I shan't stay long.

TUMNUS: If you will take my arm, Daughter of Eve, I shall be able to hold the umbrella over both of us. *{She does so.}* That's the way. Now--off we go.

### SCENE 3

*{Blackout. Lights go up on TUMNUS' CAVE, a cozy cave with two little chairs, a table set with a nice spread of cakes and tea, a stack of books, and a kettle over a woodfire. LUCY and TUMNUS enter.}*

TUMNUS: *{Gesturing to a chair}* One for me, and one for a friend.

*{LUCY sits as TUMNUS prepares the tea.}*

TUMNUS: Now, Daughter of Eve. *{As they drink, Lucy picks up one of the books.}* Ah, "Nymphs and Their Ways," a wonderful novel. Nymphs are the well-women, they, along with the Dryads, came out to dance with the fauns. Oh, how I miss those midnight dances. And the long hunting parties--after the milk-white Stag who could give you wishes if you caught him. Feasting and treasure-seeking with the wild red Dwarfs in deep mines and caverns far beneath the forest floor. Summer, when the woods were green and old Silenus on his fat donkey would come to visit us, sometimes Bacchus himself, and then the streams would run with wine instead of water and the whole forest would give itself up to jollification for weeks on end. *{Shaking himself, suddenly gloomy.}* Not that it isn't always winter now. *{He clears his throat, and grabs a wood pipe.}* Care for some music?

LUCY: I would love some... Oh, but I really should be going...

*{TUMNUS begins to play his pipe. It is a somber and magical tune, and it echoes throughout the space. As he plays, LUCY begins to fall asleep, and the lights very very slowly fade to almost black. A moment passes.}*

LUCY: *{Shaking herself awake and stopping TUMNUS playing.}* Oh, Mr. Tumnus--I'm so sorry to stop you, and I do love that tune--but really, I must go home. I only meant to stay for a few minutes.

TUMNUS: *{Shaking his head, very sorrowfully.}* It's no good now, you know.

LUCY: No good? What do you mean? I've got to go home at once. The others will be wondering what happened to me. *{TUMNUS begins to cry and howl.}* Mr. Tumnus! Whatever is the matter? *{TUMNUS is even more distraught.}* Do stop. Stop it at once! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big Faun like you. What on earth are you crying about?

TUMNUS: Oh--oh--oh! *{He sniffs loudly, and collapses.}* I'm crying because I'm such a bad Faun.

LUCY: I don't think you're a bad Faun at all. I think you are a very good Faun. You are the nicest Faun I've ever met.

TUMNUS: *{Still sobbing.}* You wouldn't say that if you knew. No, I'm a bad Faun. I don't suppose there ever was a worse Faun since the beginning of the world.

LUCY: But what have you done?

TUMNUS: My old father, now, that's his picture over the mantelpiece. He would never have done a thing like this.

LUCY: A thing like what?

TUMNUS: Like what I've done. Taken service under the White Witch. That's what I am. I'm in the pay of the White Witch.

LUCY: The White Witch? Who is she?

TUMNUS: Why, it is she that has got all Narnia under her thumb. It's she that makes it always winter. Always winter and never Christmas; think of that!

LUCY: How awful! But what does she pay you for?

TUMNUS: That's the worst of it. *{He groans.}* I'm a kidnapper for her, that's what I am. Look at me, Daughter of Eve. Would you believe that I'm the sort of Faun to meet a poor innocent child in the wood, one that had never done me any harm, and pretend to be friendly with it, and invite it home to my cave, all for the sake of lulling it to asleep and then handing it over to the White Witch?

LUCY: No. I'm sure you wouldn't do anything of the sort.

TUMNUS: But I have.

LUCY: *{Slowly, unsure.}* Well, that was pretty bad. But you're so sorry for it that I'm sure you will never do it again.

TUMNUS: Daughter of Eve, don't you understand? It isn't something I have done. I'm doing it now, this very moment.

LUCY: *{Afraid.}* What do you mean?

TUMNUS: You are the child. I had orders from the White Witch that if ever I saw a Son of Adam or a Daughter of Eve in the wood, I was to catch them and hand them over to her. And you are the first I ever met. And I've pretended to be your friend and asked you to tea, and all the time I've been meaning to wait till you were asleep and then go and tell her.

LUCY: Oh but you won't, Mr. Tumnus. You won't, will you? Indeed, indeed you really mustn't.

TUMNUS: And if I don't *{Beginning to cry again.}* she's sure to find out. And she'll have my tail cut off, and my horns sawn off, and my beard plucked out, and she'll wave her wand over my beautiful cloven hoofs and turn them into horrid solid hoofs like a wretched horse's. And if she is extra and specially angry she'll turn me into stone and I shall be only a statue of a Faun in her horrible house until the four thrones at Cair Paravel are filled--and goodness knows when that will happen, or whether it will ever happen at all.

LUCY: I'm very sorry, Mr. Tumnus. But please let me go home.

TUMNUS: Oh course I will. Of course I've got to. I see that now. I hadn't known what Humans were like before I met you. Of course I can't give you up to the Witch; not now that I know you. But we must be off at once. I'll see you back to the lamp-post. I suppose you can find your own way back from there back to Spare Oom and War Drobe?

LUCY: I'm sure I can.

TUMNUS: We must go as quietly as we can. The whole wood is full of her spies. Even some of the trees are on her side. *{They make ready to leave.}* Can-can you ever forgive me for what I meant to do?

LUCY: Why, of course I can. And I do hope you won't get into dreadful trouble on my account.



TUMNUS: Farewell, Daughter of Eve. Perhaps I may keep the handkerchief?

LUCY: Rather.

TUMNUS: Thank you, Daughter of Eve. Now we must go!

#### SCENE 4

*{Blackout. The curtains close once again and the wardrobe and the door are replaced. The wardrobe has had it's back replaced. We have returned to the human world, the WARDROBE ROOM. As the lights go up, LUCY stands in front of the open door to the wardrobe.}*

LUCY: *{Shouting.}* I'm here, I'm here. I've come back, I'm all right!

*{PETER, SUSAN, and EDMUND enter the room.}*

SUSAN: What on earth are you talking about, Lucy?

LUCY: Why, haven't you all been wondering where I was?

PETER: So you've been hiding, have you? Poor old Lu, hiding and nobody noticed! You'll have to hide longer than that if you want people to start looking for you.

LUCY: But I've been away for hours and hours.

EDMUND: *{Sharing a look with PETER and SUSAN.}* Batty! Quite batty!

PETER: What do you mean, Lu?

LUCY: What I said. It was just after breakfast when I went into the wardrobe, and I've been away for hours and hours, and had tea, and all sorts of things have happened.

SUSAN: Don't be silly, Lucy. We've only just come out of that room a moment ago, and you were there then.

PETER: She's not being silly at all. She's just making up a story for fun, aren't you Lu? And why shouldn't she?

LUCY: No, Peter, I'm not. 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; go in and see for yourselves.

*{They open the wardrobe, And Susan reaches into it.}*

SUSAN: Why, you goose. It's just an ordinary wardrobe, look! There's the back of it.

PETER: *{Standing inside the wardrobe, rapping on the back wall of it.}* Jolly good hoax, Lu. You have really taken us in, I must admit. We half believed you.

LUCY: But it wasn't a hoax at all. Really and truly. It was all different a moment ago. Honestly it was, I promise.

PETER: *{Frowning.}* Come, Lu. That's going a bit far. You've had your joke. Hadn't you better drop it now?

*{LUCY, very distraught, runs away. Blackout.}*

## SCENE 5

SUSAN: One! Two! Three! ... *{Continuing.}*

*{The lights rise on the WARDROBE ROOM, while SUSAN counts from offstage. The children are playing hide-and-seek. LUCY creeps into the room from the door, and sneaks into the wardrobe, leaving the door cracked. After a moment, EDMUND enters as well, and snickers.}*

EDMUND: *{Whispering.}* She thinks I'm Susan coming to catch her. So, she's keeping very quiet at the back. *{He enters the wardrobe and shuts the door fully behind him. The counting has stopped. A moment passes.}* Lucy? Lu! Where are you? I know you're here!

*{The curtains part and the wardrobe and the door are struck. Edmund stands in the middle of Narnia, at the LAMP-POST. He shivers, and stares about with a mix of wonder and distrust.}*

EDMUND: Lucy! Lucy! I'm here too--Edmund. *{He waits a moment}* You're just angry about all the things I've been saying lately--teasing you about your imaginary "country." I guess it wasn't imaginary after all. I say, Lu! I'm sorry I didn't believe you. I see now you were right all along. Do come out.

Make it Pax. *{He waits a moment longer.}* Just like a girl.  
Sulking somewhere, and won't accept an apology.

*{Suddenly, the sound of hooves and jingle bells fills the area.  
JADIS, the White Witch, rides in on a white sleigh pulled by a  
reindeer and driven by the DWARF. She is a very tall, very pale,  
and dressed in an extravagant white gown and a glittering crown.  
She holds in her hand a wand.}*

JADIS: Stop! *{She looks coldly at EDMUND, who flinches.}* And  
what, pray tell, are you?

EDMUND: I'm--I'm--my name's Edmund.

JADIS: Is that how you address a Queen?

EDMUND: I beg your pardon, your Majesty, I didn't know.

JADIS: Not know the Queen of Narnia? Ha! You shall know us  
better hereafter. But I repeat--what are you?

EDMUND: Please, your Majesty, I don't know what you mean. I'm at  
school--at least I was--it's the holidays now.

JADIS: But what are you? Are you a great overgrown dwarf that  
has cut off his beard?

EDMUND: No, your Majesty. I've never had a beard, I'm a boy.

JADIS: A boy! Do you mean you are a Son of Adam? *{EDMUND says  
nothing, confused.}* I see you are an idiot, whatever else you  
may be. Answer me, once and for all, or I shall lose my  
patience. Are you human?

EDMUND: Yes, your Majesty.

JADIS: And how, pray, did you come to enter my dominions?

EDMUND: Please, your Majesty, I came in through a wardrobe.

JADIS: A wardrobe? What do you mean?

EDMUND: I--I opened a door and just found myself here, your  
Majesty.

JADIS: Ha! A door. A door from the world of men! I have heard of  
such things. This may wreck all. But he is only one, and he is

easily dealt with. *{She rises and lifts her wand as a weapon, glaring at EDMUND. As he cowers, she suddenly seemed to change her mind. She sits.}* My poor child. How cold you look! Come and sit with me here on the sledge and I will put my mantle around you and we will talk. *{Edmund, nervous, does so.}* Perhaps you would like something to drink?

EDMUND: Yes, please, your Majesty.

JADIS: *{She takes a magic bottle and summons a steaming goblet of something. She hands it to Edmund.}* It is dull, Son of Adam, to drink without eating. What would you like best to eat?

EDMUND: Turkish Delight, please, your Majesty.

JADIS: *{She lets another drop from the magic bottle fall, and summons a box of Turkish Delight. She hands it to EDMUND, who eats slowly at first, but then begins to shovel it down.}* So, Son of Adam, are you all alone?

EDMUND: *{Speaking with his mouth full.}* No, I've two sisters and a twat brother Peter.

JADIS: You are sure there are just four of you? Two Sons of Adam and two Sons of Eve, neither more no less?

EDMUND: Yes. Lucy's the only one that's gotten in before. To Narnia.

JADIS: Oh?

EDMUND: She met a Faun or something when she went. She wouldn't stop talking about it. I didn't believe her, of course, neither did Peter or Susan.

JADIS: And who else knows of this doorways from the Land of Men?

EDMUND: *{Considering, licking his fingers.}* Just us four.

JADIS: Son of Adam, I should so much like to see your brother and your two sisters. Will you bring them to me?

EDMUND: *{Staring at the now empty box, disappointed.}* I'll try.

JADIS: Because, if you did come again--bringing them with you of course, I'd be able to give you some more Turkish Delight. You want more, do you not?

EDMUND: Yes, your Majesty. I want nothing more.

JADIS: I can't do it now, the magic will only work once. In my own house it would be another matter.

EDMUND: Why can't we go to your house now?

JADIS: It is a lovely place, my house. I am sure you would like it. There are whole rooms full of Turkish Delight, and what's more, I have no children of my own. I want a nice boy whom I could bring up as a Prince and who would be King of Narnia when I am gone. While he was a Prince he would wear a gold crown and eat Turkish Delight all day long; and you are much the cleverest and handsomest young man I've ever met. I think I would like to make you the Prince--some day, when you bring the others to visit me.

EDMUND: *{Whiny.}* Why not now?

JADIS: Oh, but if I took you there now, I shouldn't see your brother and your sisters. I very much want to know your charming relations. You are to be the Prince and--later on--the King; that is understood. But you must have countries and nobles. I will make your brother a Duke and your sisters Duchesses.

EDMUND: There's nothing special about them. And anyway, I could always bring them some other time.

JADIS: Ah, but once you were in my house, you might forget all about them. You would be enjoying yourself so much that you wouldn't want the bother of going to fetch them. No. You must go back to your own countries now and come to me another day, with them, you understand. It is no good coming without them.

EDMUND: But I don't even know the way back to my own country.

JADIS: That's easy. Do you see that lamp? *{See points.}* Straight on, beyond that, is the way to the World of Men. And now look the other way *{She points.}* and tell me if you can see two little hills rising above the trees.

EDMUND: I think I can.

JADIS: Well my house is between those two hills. So next time you come you have only to find the lamp-post and look for those two hills and walk through the wood til you reach my house. You had better keep the river on your right when you get to it. But remember--you must bring the others with you if you came along.

EDMUND: I'll do my best.

JADIS: And, by the way, you needn't tell them about me. It would be fun to keep it a secret between us two, wouldn't it? Make it a surprise for them. Just bring them along to the two hills--a clever boy like you will easily think of some excuse for doing that--and when you come to my house you could just say, "Let's see who lives here" or something like that. I am sure that would be best. If your sister has met one of the Fauns, she may have heard strange stories about me--nasty stories that might make her afraid to come to me. Fauns will say anything, you know, and now--

EDMUND: *{Interrupting.}* Please, please. Please couldn't I have just one piece of Turkish Delight on the way home?

JADIS: No, no. You must wait until next time. *{EDMUND is ushered off the sledge, and the Queen pulls away.}* Now don't forget, come soon. *{JADIS exits.}*

LUCY: *{Moments later.}* Oh, Edmund! So you've got in too! Isn't it wonderful, and now--

EDMUND: *{Interrupting, bitter.}* All right. I see you were right and it is a magic wardrobe after all. I'll say I'm sorry if you like. But where on earth have you been all this time? I've been looking for you everywhere.

LUCY: If I'd known you had got in I'd have waited for you. I've been having lunch with dear Mr. Tumnus the Faun, and he's very well and the White Witch has done nothing to him for letting me go, so he thinks she can't have found out and perhaps everything is going to be all right after all.

EDMUND: The white Witch? Who's she?

LUCY: She's a perfectly terrible person. She call herself the Queen of Narnia though she has no right to be queen at all, and all the Fauns and Dryads and Naiads and dwarfs and animals--at least all the good ones--simply hate her. And she can turn people into stone and do all kinds of horrible things. And she

has made a magic so that it is always winter in Narnia--always winter, but it never gets to be Christmas. And she drives about on a sledge, drawn by a reindeer, with her wand in her hand and a crown on her head.

EDMUND: *{Distinctly uncomfortable.}* Who told you all that stuff about the White Witch?

LUCY: Mr. Tumnus, the Faun.

EDMUND: You can't always believe what Fauns say.

LUCY: Who said so?

EDMUND: Everyone knows it. Ask anybody you like. But it's pretty poor sport standing here in the snow. Let's go home.

LUCY: Yes, let's Oh, Edmund, I am glad you've got in too. The others will have to believe in Narnia now that both of us have been there. What fun it will be. I say, Edmund. You do look awful. Don't you feel well?

EDMUND: *{Feeling quite sick.}* I'm all right.

LUCY: Come on then. Let's get back to the others.

## SCENE 6

*{Blackout. The curtains close once again. The lights go up on PETER and SUSAN in the BEDROOM. SUSAN is counting, and PETER is hiding rather poorly.}*

SUSAN: Ten, Eleven--

LUCY: *{Entering at a run, followed by a sullen EDMUND.}* Peter! Susan! It's all true. Edmund has seen it too. There is a country you can get to through the wardrobe. Edmund and I both got in. We met one another in there, in the wood. Go on, Edmund, tell them all about it!

PETER: What's all this about, Ed?

EDMUND: *{Hesitating.}* I, uh...

SUSAN: Tell us, Ed.

EDMUND: *{Superiorly.}* Oh, yes, Lucy and I have been playing--pretending that all her story about a country in the wardrobe is true. Just for fun, of course. There's nothing there really.

LUCY: I don't care what you think, I don't care what you say. You can tell the Professor or you can write to Mother or you can do anything you like. I know I've met a Faun in there and--I wish I'd stayed there and you are all beast, beasts! *{Bursts into tears and runs from the room.}*

EDMUND: There she goes again. What's the matter with her? That's the worst of young kids, they always--"

PETER: Look here. *{Savagely.}* Shut up! You've been perfectly beastly to Lu ever since she started this nonsense about the wardrobe and now you go playing games with her about it and setting her off again. I believe you did it simply out of spite.

EDMUND: But it's all nonsense.

PETER: Of course it's all nonsense. That's just the point. Lu was perfectly all right when we left home, but since we've been down here she seems to be either going queer in the head or else turning into a most frightful liar. But whichever it is, what good do you think you'll do by jeering and nagging at her one day and encouraging her the next?

EDMUND: I thought--I thought.

PETER: You didn't think at all. It's just spite. You've always liked being beastly to anyone smaller than yourself, we've seen that at school before now.

SUSAN: Do stop it. It won't make things any better having a row between you two. Let's go and find Lucy, and then I think we really should go and tell the whole thing to the Professor. He'll write to Father if he thinks there is really something wrong with Lu. It's getting beyond us.

## SCENE 7

*{The PROF. STUDY. A large desk and chair sit center. Professor KIRK sits contentedly at the desk as PETER and SUSAN, in their own chairs, finish explaining.}*



SUSAN: And so you see, sir, why we thought we had to come to you.

KIRK: How do you know? That your sister's story is not true?

SUSAN: Oh, but-- *{Realising from his expression that KIRK is serious.}* But Edmund said they had only been pretending.

KIRK: That is a point which certainly deserves consideration. Very careful consideration. For instance--if you will excuse me for asking the question--does your experience lead you to regard your brother or your sister as the more reliable? I mean, which is the more truthful?

PETER: That's just the funny thing about it, Sir. Up til now, I'd have said Lucy every time.

KIRK: And what do you think, my dear?

SUSAN: Well, in general, I'd say the same as Peter, but this couldn't be true--all this about the wood and the Faun.

KIRK: This is more than I know. And a charge of lying against someone whom you have always found truthful is a very serious thing; a very serious thing indeed.

SUSAN: We were afraid it mightn't even be lying. We thought there might be something wrong with Lucy.

KIRK: Madness, you mean? Oh you can make your minds easy about that. One has only to look at her and talk to her to see that she is not mad.

SUSAN: But then--*{She hesitates.}*

KIRK: Logic! Why don't they teach logic at these schools? There are only three possibilities. Either your sister is telling lies, or she is mad, or she is telling the truth. You know she doesn't tell lies and it is obvious that she is not mad. For the moment then and unless any further evidence turns up, we must assume that she is telling the truth.

PETER: But how could it be true, Sir?

KIRK: Why do you say that?

PETER: Well, for one thing, if it was real why doesn't everyone find this country every time they go into the wardrobe? I mean, there was nothing there when we looked; even Lucy didn't pretend there was.

KIRK: What has that to do with it?

PETER: Well, Sir, if things are real, they're there all the time.

KIRK: Are they?

SUSAN: But there was no time. Lucy had had no time to have gone anywhere, even if there was such a place. She came running after us the very moment we were out of the room. It was less than a minute, and she pretended to have been away for hours.

KIRK: That is the very thing that makes her story so likely to be true. If there really is a door in this house that leads to some other world (and I should warn you that this is a very strange house, and even I know very little about it), if, I say, she had got into another world, I should not be at all surprised to find that that other world had a separate time of its own; so that however long you stayed there it would neer take up any of our time. On the other hand, I don't think many girls of her age would invent that idea for themselves. If she had been pretending, she would have hidden for a reasonable time before coming out and telling her story.

PETER: But do you really mean, Sir, that there could be other worlds--all over the place, just round the corner--like that?

KIRK: Nothing is more probable. *{To himself.}* I wonder what they do teach them at the schools.

SUSAN: But what are we to do?

KIRK: My dear young lady, there is one plan which no one has yet suggested and which is well worth trying.

SUSAN: What's that?

KIRK: We might all try minding our own business. Now please, I have much work to do. *{SUSAN and PETER leave, and it goes to BLACKOUT.}*

#### SCENE 8

*{Lights rise on PETER and EDMUND. They are once again in the room with the suit of armor.}*

PETER: Do you wager we could take it into bits?

*{SUSAN and LUCY enter through the door, interrupting Edmund. They are in a bit of a hurry, and speak in rushed whispers.}*

SUSAN: Here comes the Macready and a whole gang with her!

PETER: She's showing the house again? Well, come on then Ed, we know her rules.

EDMUND: *{Mocking Mrs. MACREADY.}* 'And please remember you're to keep out of the way whenever I'm taking a party over the house!'--Just as if any of us would want to waste half the morning with a crowd of strange grown-ups.

PETER: Sharp's the word!

*{The four children rush out the room and once again make their way around through the audience. As they do so, footsteps and indiscernible voices echo on speakers. Mrs. MACREADY enters and follows behind the children, marching a troupe of adults through the house, ad-libbing as they go. The suit of armor is struck and replaced with the wardrobe in CS and the door is moved to SR.}*

CHILDREN (all): *{Ad-libbed, intermixed.}* Here they come! Why, are they still coming this way? Weren't they going around the front? Have we lost our heads? Is the Macready trying to catch us?

LUCY: It's almost as if, by some magic, the house is chasing us!

SUSAN: Oh, bother those trippers! Here--let's get into the wardrobe room until they've passed. No one will follow us in there.

*{The four enter through the door into the WARDROBE ROOM, and close it swiftly behind them. After a moment, Mrs. MACREADY reaches the door and begins to turn the handle.}*

PETER: Quick! There's nowhere else! *{He flings open the wardrobe and climbs inside.}*

*{SUSAN, LUCY, and finally EDMUND follow him into the wardrobe and the lights drop to black as they pull the door closed.}*

SUSAN: I wish the Macready would hurry up and take all these people away. I'm getting horribly cramped.

EDMUND: And what a filthy smell of camphor!

SUSAN: I expect the pockets of these coats are full of it to keep away moths.

PETER: There's something sticking into my back.

SUSAN: And isn't it cold?

PETER: Now that you mention it, it is cold. And hang it all, it's wet too. What's the matter with this place? I'm sitting on something wet. It's getting wetter every minute.

EDMUND: Let's get out, they've gone.

SUSAN: *{suddenly}* O-o-oh!

PETER, EDMUND, LUCY: *{Ad-libbed, intermixed.}* What is it? What's the matter?

SUSAN: I'm sitting against a tree! And look, it's getting lighter-over there.

*{The wardrobe and the door are struck as the curtains begin to slowly open on Narnia as the lights very slowly rise, with a blue tint.}*

PETER: By jove, you're right. And look there--and there. It's trees all round. And this wet stuff is snow. Why, I do believe we've got into Lucy's wood after all.

*{The curtains are entirely open and the lights are fully up, they are in Narnia near the lamp-post. Nestled in the trees next to them, where the square of light is visible, are pegs with heavy winter coats hanging from them.}*

PETER: *{At once turning to LUCY.}* I apologise for not believing you. I'm sorry. Will you shake hands?

LUCY: Of course. *{She does so.}*

SUSAN: And now, what do we do next?

PETER: Do? Why, go and explore the wood, of course!

SUSAN: Ugh! It's pretty cold. What about putting on some of these coats?

PETER: *{Doubtfully.}* They're not ours...

SUSAN: I am sure nobody would mind. It isn't as if we wanted to take them out of the house; we shan't take them even out of the wardrobe.

PETER: I never thought of that, Su. Of course, now you put it that way, I see. No one could say you had bagged a coat as long as you leave it in the wardrobe where you found it. And I suppose this whole country is in the wardrobe.

*{They take coats from the hooks in the trees and put them on.  
They are long fur robes that come down to their heels.}*

LUCY: We can pretend we are arctic explorers!

PETER: This is going to be exciting enough without any pretending. *{He begins to lead them off stage, but is stopped by EDMUND.}*

EDMUND: I say. Why do you get to lead? You've never been here before. *{Everyone stares at him.}*

PETER: *{He whistles.}* You really were here, weren't you? That time Lu said she'd met you in here--and you made out she was telling lies. *{EDMUND shuffles his feet.}* Well, of all the poisonous little beasts. *{He frowns, shrugs, then turns away.}*

SUSAN: Where are we going, anyway?

PETER: I think Lu ought to be the leader. Goodness knows she deserves it. Where will you take us, Lu?

LUCY: What about to see Mr. Tumnus? He's the nice Faun I told you about.

SUSAN: That sounds just excellent. Lead the way!

*{LUCY leads PETER and SUSAN offstage}*

EDMUND: *{To himself}* I'll pay you all out for this, you pack of stuck-up, self-satisfied pigs. *{He starts to follow them, looks up at the mountains peeking over the trees, then exits after them. BLACKOUT.}*

## SCENE 9

*{The lights rise on TUMNUS' CAVE, except the cozy furniture and decorations are all stripped and destroyed. Claw marks stretch across the portrait above the fireplace, and the fire is out and the coals are scattered across the floor. A letter is tacked to the mantle. Outside the cave is a frozen bush and some snowy trees. The door is destroyed as well, and after a moment the children enter through the hole into the cave. LUCY gasps and falls to her knees, tearing up.}*

EDMUND: This is a pretty good wash-out, not much good coming here.

SUSAN: What's this? *{PETER takes the letter off the mantle.}* Is there anything written on it?

PETER: Yes, I think there is. "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, Chatelaine of Cair Paravel, Empress of the Lone Islands, etc., also of comforting her said Majesty's enemies, harbouring spies and fraternising with Humans. Signed Fenris Ulf, Captain of the Secret Police, long live the Queen!"

SUSAN: *{After a pause.}* I don't know that I'm going to like this place after all.

PETER: Who is this Queen, Lu? Do you know anything about her?

LUCY: She isn't a real queen at all. She's a horrible witch, the White Witch. Everyone--all the wood people--hate her. She has made an enchantment over the whole wood country so that it is always winter here and never Christmas.

SUSAN: I--I wonder if there's any point in going on. I mean, it doesn't seem particularly safe here and it looks as if it won't be much fun either. And it's getting colder every minute and we've brought nothing to eat. What about just going home?

LUCY: Oh but we can't, we can't. Don't you see? We can't just go home, not after this. It is all on my account that the poor Faun

has got into this trouble. He hid me from the Witch and showed me the way back. That's what it means by comforting the Queen's enemies and fraternising with Humans. We simply must try to rescue him.

EDMUND: A lot we could do! When we haven't even got anything to eat!

PETER: Shut up--you! What do you think, Susan?

SUSAN: I've a horrid feeling that Lu is right. I don't want to go a step further and I wish we'd never come. But I think we must try to do something for Mr. Whatever-his-name is--I mean the Faun.

PETER: That's what I feel too. I'm worried about having no food with us. I'd vote for going back and getting something from the larder, only there doesn't seem to be any certainty of getting into this country again once you've got out of it. I think we'll have to go on.

SUSAN and LUCY: So do I.

PETER: If only we knew where the poor champ was imprisoned!

*{A rustling sound echoes from outside. SUSAN and LUCY start going to the doorway and wandering outside. As they do so, EDMUND pulls PETER back.}*

EDMUND: If you're not still too high and mighty to talk to me, I've something to say which you'd better listen to.

PETER: What is it?

EDMUND: Hush! Not so loud. There's no good frightening the girls. But have you realised what we're doing?

PETER: What?

EDMUND: We're trusting someone we know nothing about. How do we know the fauns are in the right and the Queen (yes, I know we've been told she's a witch) is in the wrong? We don't really know anything about either.

PETER: The Faun saved Lucy.

EDMUND: He *said* he did. But how do we know? And there's another thing--how do we know we can even get back at all?

PETER: Great Scott! I hadn't thought of that.

EDMUND: And no chance of dinner either.

SUSAN: *{From outside.}* Peter, come here, look!

PETER: *{He and EDMUND follow the girls outside, they are huddled around the frozen bush.}* There's something moving among the trees, over by this bush.

*{The bush moves.}*

SUSAN: There it goes again!

PETER: I saw it that time too!

LUCY: What is it?

PETER: Whatever it is, it's hiding. It doesn't want to be seen.

SUSAN: Let's go home! Do... do you know *how* to get back, Lu?

*{She hesitates, then shakes her head no. The bush shakes again.}*

LUCY: What is it?

SUSAN: It's a kind of animal, Look! Look! Quick! There it is.  
*{The bush shakes again and something furry can be seen.}*

BEAVER: *{Appearing from behind the bush, sniffing the air and nodding at the children.}* Hush. *{He moves out fully from behind the bush, runs a short way from the children and waves for them to follow.}*

PETER: I know what that is! It's a beaver. See the tail?

SUSAN: He wants us to go to it. And it is warning us not to make a noise.

PETER: I know. The question is are we to follow it or not? What do you think, Lu?

LUCY: I think it's a nice beaver.



EDMUND: Yes, but how do we know?

SUSAN: Shan't we risk it? I mean, it's no good just standing here and I feel I want some dinner.

PETER: *{Seeing the BEAVER wave more fervently.}* Come on. Let's give it a try. All try to keep close together. We ought to be a match for one beaver if it turns out to be an enemy.

BEAVER: *{Whispering.}* Further in, come further in. Right in here--we're not safe in the open!

*{the BEAVER leads the four children away from Mr. TUMNUS' house, which is struck as the light goes down on that half of the stage. Once safe between the trees, the BEAVER motions for the children to gather close.}*

BEAVER: *{Whispering.}* Are you the Sons of Adam and the Daughters of Eve?

PETER: We're some of them.

BEAVER: Shh! Not so loud please, we're not safe here.

PETER: Why, what are you afraid of? There's no one here but ourselves.

BEAVER: There are the trees. They're always listening. Most of them are on our side, but there are trees that would betray us to her; you know who I mean.

EDMUND: If it comes to talking about sides, how do we know you're a friend?

PETER: Not meaning to be rude, Mr. Beaver. But you see, we're strangers.

BEAVER: Quite right, quite right. Here is my token. *{He holds up LUCY's handkerchief.}*

LUCY: Oh, of course. It's my handkerchief--the one I gave to poor Tumnus.

BEAVER: That's right. Poor fellow, he got wind of the arrest before it actually happened and handed this over to me. He said that if anything happened to him I must meet you here and take you on to--*{He hesitates, and nods, and gestures. The children*

*lean all the way in.}* They say Aslan is on the move--perhaps has already landed.

*{With the sound of ASLAN's name, the lights shift to a warmer shade, then slowly shift back to the cold blue of Narnia. A distant roar could be heard.}*

LUCY: And what about Mr. Tumnus? Where is he?

BEAVER: Shh! Not here. I must bring you where we can have a real talk and also dinner. Come.

*{BEAVER leads PETER, SUSAN, and LUCY offstage, and once again EDMUND lags behind. He looks to the hills in the distance.}*

EDMUND: *{To himself.}* I hope we're going closer to her palace. Then I can have more Turkish Delight, and be King. And I wonder how Peter will like that? *{Grinning now, he follows the rest.}*

#### SCENE 10

*{Blackout. Lights up on the BEAVERS' DAM. It is a warm, round dome-like structure made of sticks, branches, and mud. It has a small chimney, and the top and sides are covered in snow. Inside is a small table, and the walls are covered with various foodstuffs and materials--pots, pans, blankets, packs, etc. The door is directly in the back of the dam. The entire structure is small and rather mobile. Mrs. BEAVER is inside the dam, cooking at the small kitchen. After a moment, Mr. BEAVER ushers the four children near the house, they don't enter yet.}*

PETER: What a lovely dam!

BEAVER: Merely a trifle, merely a trifle! And it isn't really finished. It looks as if Mrs. Beaver is expecting us. I'll lead the way. But be careful and don't slip.

*{BEAVER ushers the children inside of the BEAVERS' DAM}*

BEAVER: Here we are, Mrs. Beaver. I've found them. Here are the Sons and Daughters of Adam and Eve.

Mrs. BEAVER: So you've come at last! At last! To think that ever I should live to see this day! The potatoes are on boiling and the kettle's singing and I've gotten us some fish.

*{The children and the Beavers sit down for dinner.}*

BEAVER: Now we can get to business! Hm. It's snowing again. That's all the better, because it means we shan't have any visitors; and if anyone should have been trying to follow you, why, he won't find any tracks.

LUCY: Do please tell us what's happened to Mr. Tumnus.

BEAVER: Ah, that's bad. That's a very, very bad business. There's no doubt he was taken off by the police. I got that from a bird who saw it done.

LUCY: But where's he been taken to?

BEAVER: Well, they were heading northwards when they were last seen and we all know what that means.

SUSAN: No, we don't.

BEAVER: *{Gloomily.}* I'm afraid it means they were taking him to *her* house.

LUCY: But what'll they do to him?

BEAVER: Well, you can't exactly say for sure. But there's not many taken in there that ever comes out again.. Statues. All full of statues they say it is--in the courtyard and up the stairs and in the hall. People she's turned. Turned into stone.

LUCY: But, Mr. Beaver, can't we--I mean we *must* do something to save him. It's too dreadful and it's all on my account.

Mrs. BEAVER: I don't doubt you'd save him if you could, dearie. But you've no chance of getting into the House against her will and ever coming out alive.

PETER: Couldn't we have some stratagem? I mean couldn't we dress up as something, or pretend to be--oh, peddlers or anything--or watch till she was gone out--or--oh, hang it all, there must be *some* way. This Faun saved my sister at his own risk, Mr. Beaver. We can't just leave him to be--to be--to have that done to him.

BEAVER: It's no good, Son of Adam. No good your trying, of all people. But now that Aslan is on the move--

PETER, SUSAN, and LUCY: *{ad-libbed and intermixed}* Oh, yes! Tell us about Aslan. Who is Aslan? Yes, Oh please do tell us.

BEAVER: Aslan? Why don't you know? He's the King. He's the Lord of the whole wood, but not often here, you understand. Never in my time or my father's time. But the word has reached us that he has come back. He is in Narnia at this moment. He'll settle the White Queen all right. It is he, not you, that will save Mr. Tumnus.

EDMUND: She won't turn him into stone too?

BEAVER: Lord love you, Son of Adam, what a simple thing to say! Turn *him* into stone? If she can stand on her two feet and look him in the face it'll be the most she can do and more than I expect of her. No, no. He'll put all to rights as it says in an old rhyme in these parts. "Wrong will be right, when Aslan comes in sight, At the sound of his roar, sorrows will be no more, When he bares his teeth, winter meets its death, And when he shakes his mane, we shall have spring again." You'll understand when you see him.

SUSAN: But shall we see him?

BEAVER: Why, Daughter of Eve, that's what I brought you her for. I'm to lead you where you shall meet him.

LUCY: Is he... a man?

BEAVER: {*Sternly.*} Aslan, a man! Certainly not. I tell you he is the king of the wood and the son of the great Emperor Beyond the Sea. Don't you know who is the King of Beasts? Aslan is a lion--*the* Lion, the great Lion.

SUSAN: Ooh! I'd thought he was a man. Is he--quite safe? I shall feel rather nervous meeting a lion.

Mrs. BEAVER: That you will, dearie, and no mistake. If there's anyone who can appear before Aslan without their knees knocking, they're either braver than most or else just silly.

LUCY: Then he isn't safe?

BEAVER: Safe? Don't you hear what Mrs. Beaver tells you? Who said anything about safe? 'Course he isn't safe. But he's good. He's the King, I tell you.

PETER: I'm longing to see him. Even if I do feel frightened when it comes to the point.

BEAVER: That's right, Son of Adam. And so you shall. Word has been sent that you are to meet him, tomorrow if you can, at the Stone Table.

LUCY: Where's that?

BEAVER: I'll show you. It's down the river, a good step from here. I'll take you to it!

LUCY: But meanwhile what about poor Mr. Tumnus?

*{As BEAVER continues to talk, Edmund begins to edge further away from the others, and moves upstage towards the door. As the rest continue to talk, he quietly slips out the door, as slowly as possible to remain unseen. He closes the door behind him and creeps away from the dam, exiting.}*

BEAVER: The quickest way you can help him is by going to meet Aslan. Once he's with us, then we can begin doing things. Not that we don't need you too. For that's another of the old rhymes--"When Adam's flesh and Adam's bone, Sits at Cair Paravel in throne, The evil time will be over and done."

BEAVER: So things must be drawing near their end now he's come and you've come. We've heard of Aslan coming into these parts before--long ago, nobody can say when. But there's never been any of your race here before.

PETER: That's what I don't understand, Mr. Beaver. I mean isn't the Witch herself human?

BEAVER: She'd like us to believe it. And it's on that that she bases her claim to be Queen. But she's no Daughter of Eve. She comes of your father Adam's first wife, her they called Lilith. And she was one of the Jinn. That's what she comes from on one side. And on the other she comes of the giants. No, no, there isn't a drop of real human blood in the Witch.

Mrs. BEAVER: That's why she's bad all the way through.

BEAVER: True enough. There may be two views about Humans, but there's no two views about things that look like Humans and aren't.

Mrs. BEAVER: I've known good dwarves.

BEAVER: So've I, now that you come to speak of it. But precious few, and they were the ones least like men. But in general, take my advice, when you meet anything that's going to be Human and isn't yet, or used to be Human once and isn't now, or ought to be Human and isn't, you keep your eyes on it and feel for your hatchet. And that's why the Witch is always on the lookout for any Humans in Narnia. She's been watching for you many years, and if she knew there were four of you she'd be more dangerous still.

PETER: What's that to do with it?

BEAVER: Because of another prophecy! Down at Cair Paravel--that's the castle on the sea coast down at the mouth of this river which ought to be the capital of the whole country if all was as it should be.--down at Cair paravel there are four thrones and it's a saying in Narnia time out of mind that when two Sons of Adam and two Daughters of Eve sit on those four thrones, then it will be the end not only of the White Witch's reign but of her life, and that is why we had to be so cautious as we came along, for if she knew about you four, your lives wouldn't be worth a shake of my whiskers!

LUCY: *{Suddenly, gasping and standing.}* I say--where's Edmund?

ALL: *{ad-libbed, intermixed}* Who saw him last? How long has he been missing? Is he outside?

*{They all rush outside alongside the dam and look around frantically. It has been snowing, and so they have difficulty moving and the sound of wind can be heard.}*

ALL: *{Calling, shouting over the wind.}* Edmund! Edmund!

SUSAN: How perfectly dreadful! Oh, how I wish we'd never come.

PETER: What on earth are we to do, Mr. Beaver?

BEAVER: Do? Do? We must be off at once. We haven't a moment to spare!

PETER: We better divide into four search parties, and all go in different directions. Whoever finds him must come back here at once and--

BEAVER: Search parties, Son of Adam? What for?

PETER: Why, to look for Edmund, of course!

BEAVER: There's no point in looking for him.

SUSAN: What do you mean? He can't be far away yet. And we've got to find him. What do you mean when you say there's no use looking for him?

BEAVER: The reason there's no use looking, is that we know already where he's gone! *{He waits a moment, they stare at him in amazement.}* Don't you understand? He's gone to *her*, to the White Witch. He has betrayed us all.

SUSAN: *{Desperate.}* Oh surely--oh, really! He can't have done that.

BEAVER: Can't he? *{He looks very hard at the children, and they turn away.}*

PETER: But will he know the way?

BEAVER: Has he been in this country before? Has he ever been here alone?

LUCY: *{Almost whispering.}* Yes. I'm afraid he has.

BEAVER: And did he tell you what he'd done or who he'd met?

PETER: Well, no, he didn't.

BEAVER: Then mark my words, he has already met the White Witch and joined her side, and been told where she lives. I didn't like to mention it before, he being your brother and all, but the moment I set eyes on that brother of yours I said to myself 'Traacherous.' He had the look of one who has been with the Witch and eaten her food. You can always tell them if you've lived long in Narnia, something about their eyes.

PETER: All the same. We'll still have to go and look for him. He is our brother after all, even if he is rather a little beast, and he's only a kid.

BEAVER: Go to the Witch's house? Don't you see that the only chance of saving either him or yourselves is to keep away from her?

LUCY: How do you mean?

BEAVER: Why all she wants is to get all four of you. She's thinking all the time of those four thrones at Cair Paravel. Once you were all four inside her house her job would be done--and there'd be four new statues in her collection before you'd had time to speak. But she'll keep him alive as long as he's the only one she's got, because she'll want to use him as a decoy; as bait to catch the rest of you with.

LUCY: Oh, can no one help us?

BEAVER: Only Aslan. We must go and meet him. That's our only chance now.

Mrs. BEAVER: It seems to me, my dears, that it is very important to know just *when* he slipped away. How much he can tell her depends on how much he heard. For instance, had we started talking of Aslan before he left? If not, then we may do very well, for she won't know that Aslan has come to Narnia, or that we are meeting him and will be quite off her guard as far as *that* is concerned.

PETER: I don't remember his being here when we were talking about Aslan--

LUCY: *{Interrupting.}* Oh yes, he was. Don't you remember, it was he who asked whether the Witch couldn't turn Aslan into stone too?

BEAVER: Worse and worse, and the next thing is this. Was he still here when I told you that the place for meeting Aslan was the Stone Table? Because if he was, then she'll simply sledge down in that direction and get between us and the Stone table and catch us on our way down. In fact we shall be cut off from Aslan.

Mrs. BEAVER: But that isn't what she'll do first. Not if I know her. The moment that Edmund tells her that we're all here she'll set out to catch us this very night, and if he's been gone about half an hour, she'll be here in about another twenty minutes.

BEAVER: You're right. We must all get away from here. There's not a moment to lose.

*{With that, a great swell of music and wind overtake the stage and the lights fade to black, as the curtains draw to a close.  
End of act.}*



**ACT 2**  
**SCENE 11**

*{The curtains part and the lights rise on the BEAVERS' DAM, this time from behind. The door and window are visible in the center of the dam. A warm light glows from inside the dam, but outside it is cold and blue. Voices can be heard from inside.}*

BEAVER: *{From inside}* That's right, Son of Adam. And so you shall. Word has been sent that you are to meet him, tomorrow if you can, at the Stone Table.

LUCY: *{From inside}* Where's that?

BEAVER: *{From inside}* I'll show you. It's down the river, a good step from here. I'll take you to it!

LUCY: *{From inside}* But meanwhile what about poor Mr. Tumnus?

*{The door opens slowly and EDMUND peeks out. As BEAVER continues to talk, EDMUND comes through the door and closes it behind him. The voices fade.}*

BEAVER: *{From inside, fading out once the door closes.}* The quickest way you can help him is by going to meet Aslan. Once he's with us, then we can begin doing things. Not that we don't need you too. For that's another of the old rhymes--"When Adam's flesh and Adam's bone, Sits at Cair Paravel in throne, The evil time will be over and done."

*{EDMUND moves away from the BEAVERS' DAM. As he crosses away, the lights fade on the BEAVERS' DAM. EDMUND continues to walk and the scene is struck.}*

EDMUND: It's so cold. Stupid Beaver... even as I ate his rotten food all I could think of was more Turkish Delight. But soon, I will have some, and be King! That'll show Peter. Calling me a 'beast.' *{EDMUND begins to wander through the audience as he shivers and treks.}* I wonder what the Witch--the Queen--will do to them when I get there. Surely she wouldn't do anything very bad to them. Because all these people who say nasty things about

her are her enemies and probably half of it isn't true. She was jolly nice to me, anyway, much nicer than they are. I expect she is the rightful Queen really, Anyway, she'll be better than that awful Aslan! *{The wind howls. Edmund shivers.}* I forgot my coat back at the Beavers'. There's no use going back for it now. *{As he reaches the stage again, he trips suddenly on a patch of ice and falls to the ground harshly. He clambers to his feet.}* When I'm King of Narnia the first thing I shall do will be to make some decent roads.

*{He has reached the WITCH'S CASTLE. Turrets of stone and ice are spread across the stage. In USC, a grand throne of ice sits in grandeur. Across the stage are several stone statues. Some are literal statues, and others are actors frozen in place. Among them is MR. TUMNUS, a GIANT, and a LION. EDMUND creeps up and comes face-to-face with the LION, and screams, falling over once again. He cowers on the floor for a long moment, then realises that the LION is a statue.}*

EDMUND: *{Standing up and brushing himself off, laughing a little bit.}* Probably, this is the great Lion Aslan that they were all talking about. She's caught him already and turned him into stone. So *that's* the end of all their fine ideas about him! Pooh! Who's afraid of Aslan? *{He kneels down and grabs a piece of charcoal, then draws a silly face on the frozen lion.}* Yah! Silly old Aslan! How do you like being stone? Ou thought yourself mighty fine, didn't you? *{He waits a moment, then drops the charcoal and continues forward.}*

FENRIS: *{Leaping out at EDMUND quite suddenly, speaking with great malice.}* Who's there? Who's there? Stand still, stranger, and tell me who you are.

EDMUND: *{Trembling with fright.}* If you please, Sir, my name is Edmund, and I'm the son of Adam that Her Majesty met in the wood the other day and I've come to bring her the news that my brother and sisters are now in Narnia--quite close, in the Beavers' house. She--she wanted to see them.

FENRIS: I will tell Her Majesty. *{He suddenly barks at a second WOLF who is beside him. The WOLF bounds away to fetch JADIS}* Come, fortunate favorite of the Queen--or else not so fortunate.

*{FENRIS leads EDMUND further into the room, so that they stand at the foot to the great throne. Suddenly, the second WOLF and JADIS enter. The WOLF stands on the other side of EDMUND so that*

*he is trapped between the two wolves, and JADIS sits upon her throne, glaring evilly at EDMUND.*

EDMUND: I've come, your majesty.

JADIS: *{Terribly.}* How dare you come alone? Did I not tell you to bring the others with you?

EDMUND: Please, your Majesty, I've done the best I can. I've brought them quite close. They're in the little house on top of the dam just up the river--with Mr. and Mrs. Beaver.

JADIS: *{Smiling cruelly.}* Is this all your news?

EDMUND: *{Slowly, fearfully.}* No, your Majesty. They... They talked about Prophecies. About Sons of Adam and Daughters of Eve. And they--They said that we were to meet someone at the Stone Table.

JADIS: *{Angrily, leaning forward.}* Yes?

EDMUND: They called him the King of Beasts. A Lion. A--Aslan.

JADIS: *{Standing in a great, fearful fury.}* What! Aslan? Aslan! Is this true? If I find you have lied to me--

EDMUND: Please, I'm only repeating what they said.

JADIS: *{Clapping her hands. The DWARF appears.}* Make ready our sledge. And use the harness without bells.

EDMUND: *{Softly.}* Please, your Majesty, could I have some turkish Delight? You--you--you said--

JADIS: Silence, fool! Hmm. And yet it will not do to have the brat fainting on the way. Bring the human creature food and drink! *{She claps her hands again, and the Dwarf appears with a piece of stale bread.}*

DWARF: Turkish Delight for the little Prince. Ha! *{He drops the bread at Edmunds feet and sets down a tin cup of water.}*

EDMUND: Take it away. I don't want dry--*{JADIS glares at him. He cowers, and begins to eat it.}*

JADIS: You may be glad enough of it before you taste bread again. *{Turning to FENRIS.}* Take with you the swiftest of your wolves and go at once to the house of the Beavers. And kill whatever you find there. If they are already gone, then make all

speed to the Stone Table, but do not be seen. Wait for me there in hiding. I meanwhile must go many miles to the West before I find a place where I can drive across the river. You may overtake these humans before they reach the Stone Table. You will know what to do if you find them! *{The wolves bound away.}*

#### SCENE 12

*{Blackout. Lights rise on Mr. BEAVER, Mrs. BEAVER, and the children in the BEAVERS' DAM(turned forward again). Mrs. BEAVER is packing several packs as BEAVER ushers the children toward the door. }*

BEAVER: Hurry now, children. She may be here any minute.

Mrs. BEAVER: No, no. She can't be here for a quarter of an hour at least.

SUSAN: What are you doing, Mrs. Beaver.

Mrs. BEAVER: Packing a load for each of you, dearie. You didn't think we'd set out on a journey with nothing to eat, did you?

PETER: But don't we want as big a start as we can possibly get if we're to reach the stone table before her?

SUSAN: As soon as she has looked at the dam she'll be off at top speed!

Mrs. BEAVER: That she will. But we can't get there before her whatever we do, for she'll be on the sledge and we'll be walking.

SUSAN: Then--have we no hope?

Mrs. BEAVER: Now don't you get fussin, there's a dear. But just get half a dozen clean handkerchiefs out of that drawer. 'Course we've got a hope. We can't get there before her but we can keep under cover and go by ways she won't expect and perhaps we'll get through.

BEAVER: That's true enough. But it's time we were out of this.

Mrs. BEAVER: *{Finishing making three packs}* There. That's better. There's three loads and the smallest for the smallest of us. That's you, my dear.

LUCY: Oh, do please come on.

*{The children and the BEAVERs exit the house carrying their packs. They move away from the BEAVERs' DAM into the FOREST. The BEAVERs' DAM is struck.}*

BEAVER: Best to keep down here as much as possible, She'll have to keep to the top, for you couldn't bring a sledge down here.

*{The BEAVERs lead the children across the stage. Upon hearing a great thunderous howling, they quickly exit. Suddenly, FENRIS and the other WOLF enter, and burst into the BEAVERs' DAM.}*

FENRIS: *{Growling.}* Where are they?!!

WOLF: Their scent is lost in the snow.

FENRIS: No matter, the Queen will find them before they reach the Stone Table. *{He howls.}*

*{The two wolves howl and exit the stage. BLACKOUT.}*

### SCENE 13

*{The lights rise on the BEAVERs and children once again, this time all very tired and beaten down. They reach a hollow in the FOREST. A ledge-like cave allows them to be hidden from sight.}*

PETER: *{In a "pale" voice.}* Wherever is this?

BEAVER: It's an old hiding-place for beavers in bad times, and a great secret. It's not much of a place but we must get a few hours' sleep.

Mrs. BEAVER: If you hadn't all been in such a plaguey fuss when we were starting, I'd have brought some pillows.

*{They all hide in the cave and appear to go to sleep. The lighting shifts to clearly nighttime. After a moment, the sound of jingle bells and hooves are heard.}*

LUCY: *{Peeking up from the cave, rubbing her eyes tiredly.}*  
What's that?

BEAVER: Shh! *{Whispering.}* It's her. I'll go see.

LUCY: *{Whispering.}* Oh no, but won't you be seen?

BEAVER: No, no. I can scramble among the bushes without her knowing. I just want to see which way the Witch's sledge will go.*{He exits.}*

LUCY: *{After a moment, still whispering.}* She's caught him, hasn't she!

BEAVER: *{Offstage, shouting, gleeful.}* It's all right! Come out, Mrs. Beaver, come out, Sons and Daughters of Adam and Eve. It's all right! It isn't her.

*{They exit the cave, and BEAVER comes rushing in.}*

BEAVER: This is a nasty knock for the Witch! It looks as if her power was already crumbling!

PETER: What do you mean, Mr. Beaver?

BEAVER: Didn't I tell you that she'd made it always winter and never Christmas? Didn't I tell you? Well, just come and see!

*{Suddenly, a man appears. He has a long white beard and wears a red coat, and carries a giant bag of presents. Father CHRISTMAS has returned to Narnia.}*

CHRISTMAS: I've come at last! She has kept me out for a long time, but I have got in at last. Aslan is on the move. The Witch's magic is weakening.

LUCY: *{At first unsure, then excited.}* Father... Christmas!

CHRISTMAS: *{Chuckling.}* And now, for your presents! There is a new and better sewing machine for you, Mrs. Beaver. I will drop it in your house as I pass. And as for you, Mr. Beaver, when you get home you will find your dam finished and all the leaks stopped and a new sluice gate fitted.

Mrs. BEAVER and BEAVER: *{Overjoyed.}* Oh, dear!

CHRISTMAS: Peter, Adam's Son.

PETER: Here, Sir.

CHRISTMAS: These are your presents, and they are tools not toys. The time to use them is perhaps near at hand. Bear them well. *{As he says this, he pulls a golden sheathed sword and a shield from the bag, and hands them to PETER. PETER solemnly accepts}*

*the sword and shield.} Susan, these are for you. {He hands SUSAN a beautiful bow and a quiver full of bright red arrows.} You must use the bow only in great need, for I do not mean for you to fight in the battle. It does not easily miss. And when you put this horn to your lips and blow it, then, wherever you are, I think help of some kind will come to you. {He hands her a small ivory horn as well.} Lucy, Eve's Daughter. {He pulls out a diamond cordial full of some liquid and a small dagger.} In this bottle, there is a cordial made of the juice of one of the fire-flowers that grow in the mountains of the sun. If you or any of your friends are hurt, a few drops of this will restore you. And the dagger is to defend yourself at great need. For you also are no to be in the battle.*

LUCY: Why, Sir, I think--I don't know--but I think I could be brave enough.

CHRISTMAS: I am sure that you could, but I'm afraid you will have a much more dire task to complete. And now, I must be off! *{He hefts up his bag.}* A Merry Christmas! Long live the true King.

*{Father CHRISTMAS exits. Peter draws his sword as the music swells.}*

Mrs. BEAVER: Now then, now then! Don't stand talking there till the Witch finds us.

BEAVER: Quite right. Time to be moving on, now. But this is glad tidings--Christmas has returned to Narnia.

#### SCENE 14

*{Blackout. Lights rise on the FOX'S HOLLOW. A small clearing in the forest, the snow beginning to melt, and the beginnings of flowers appearing. In the clearing is a log table, with a FOX having christmas tea with a SATYR. Hoofs and a sledge can be heard.}*

FOX: Merry christmas!

*{Suddenly, JADIS enters, followed by the DWARF, who is pulling EDMUND by a stretch of chains attached to his wrists.}*

JADIS: What is the meaning of this? *{She waits, furious, but the two remain silent.}* Speak, vermin! Or do you want my dwarf to find you a tongue with his whip? What is the meaning of all this

gluttony, this waste, this self indulgence? Where did you get all these things?

FOX: Please, your Majesty, we were given them. And if I might make so bold as to drink to your Majesty's very good health--

JADIS: Who gave them to you?

FOX: *{Stammering.}* F-f-father Christmas.

JADIS: *{Roaring.}* What? He has not been here! He cannot have been here! How dare you--but no. Say you have been lying and you shall even now be forgiven.

SATYR: He has! He has!

*{JADIS, furious, raises her wand to strike.}*

EDMUND: Oh don't, don't please don't!

*{JADIS waves her wand and the lights flicker balck for a second with a thunderous sound and screams. When the lights return, in the place of the SATYR and the FOX are two stone statues of the creatures, their faces bent in agony.}*

JADIS: As for you-- *{JADIS turns to EDMUND, and slaps him across the face, knocking him to the ground.}* Let that teach you to ask favour for spies and traitors. Drive on!

*{JADIS whips her cloak and exits, followed by the DWARF. EDMUND stares a moment at the stone statues, then is yanked off by the chains and the DWARF. After they exit, the music swells and seems to change, as spring returns to Narnia. The FOX'S HOLLOW is struck as JADIS, the DWARF, and EDMUND enter the FOREST, but covered in bright grass and flowers instead of ice and snow. EDMUND is clearly very weary, and JADIS appears frustrated.}*

DWARF: It's no good, your Majesty. We can't sledge in this thaw.

JADIS: Then we must walk!

DWARF: We shall never overtake them walking. Not with the start they've got.

JADIS: Are you my councillor or my slave? Do as you're told. Just keep hold of the human's chains and take your whip. And cut the harness of the reindeer; they'll find their own way home.



DWARF: What's that sound? *{The sounds of bird chirping can be heard.}*

EDMUND: *{Whispering.}* Birds.

DWARF: *{Kneeling and ripping a flower from the ground.}* This is no thaw. This is spring. What are we to do? Your winter has been destroyed, I tell you! This is Aslan's doing!

JADIS: If either of you mention that name again, he shall be instantly destroyed.

### SCENE 15

*{THE STONE TABLE. In the middle of a grassy hillside lay a stone slab supported by several stone supports. The slab is covered in cracks and strange symbols. Near the table is a flowering tree with one large branch. Around the stone slab stood a variety of creatures--a DRYAD, a NYAD, and a CENTAUR. These are ASLAN'S ARMY. After a moment to take in the scene, the music swells and a great roaring of a lion is heard, shaking the earth. ASLAN appears, in all his majesty. The children and BEAVERS enter DSR, a good distance from the table and ASLAN.}*

BEAVER: *{Whispering.}* Go on.

PETER: *{Whispering.}* No, you first.

BEAVER: *{Whispering.}* Sons of Adam before animals.

PETER: *{Whispering.}* Susan, what about you? Ladies first.

SUSAN: *{Whispering.}* No, you're the eldest.

PETER: *{Drawing his sword in salute, hastily.}* Come on. Pull yourselves together. *{He approaches ASLAN and kneels, saluting with the sword. The others follow.}* We have come--Aslan.

ASLAN: *{Deep and rich}* Welcome, Peter, Son Adam. Welcome, Susan and Lucy, Daughters of Eve. Welcome He-Beaver and She-Beaver. But where is the fourth?

BEAVER: He has tried to betray them and joined the White Witch, O Aslan.

PETER: That was partly my fault, Aslan. I was angry with him and I think that helped him to go wrong.

ASLAN: Hmm. *{He says nothing, but just nods.}*

LUCY: Please, Aslan can anything be done to save Edmund?

ASLAN: All shall be done. But it may be harder than you think. *{He shakes his mane, his demeanor changing.}* Meanwhile, let the feast be prepared. Ladies, take these Daughters of Eve to the pavilion and minister to them. *{SUSAN and LUCY are led off by the DRYAD and the NYAD. Then, ASLAN lays his paw on PETER's shoulder.}* Come, Son of Adam, and I will show you a far-off sight of the castle where you are to be King.

*{ASLAN leads PETER across the FIELD and points out a far off castle in the distance.}*

ASLAN: That, O Man, is Cair Paravel of the four thrones, in one of which you just sit as King. I show it to you because you are the first-born and you will be High King over all the rest.

*{PETER looks off into the distance, thinking. Suddenly, a blaring horn is heard.}*

ASLAN: It's your sister's horn. *{PETER hesitates, then understands and runs off, drawing his sword. The other creatures move to follow.}* Back! Let the Prince win his spurs.

*{After a second, SUSAN runs in, chased by FENRIS. She jumps on a tree and climbs onto its large branch, screaming and clutching her horn. The wolf paws and roars and howls at her. PETER rushes in after FENRIS, sword drawn. FENRIS turns on him, growling and pawing at the ground. PETER and FENRIS fight, FENRIS leaping around and scratching at PETER as he feebly defends with the sword. Suddenly, FENRIS leaps at PETER. PETER ducks down and thrusts the sword up, catching FENRIS and killing him. PETER retrieves his sword and collapses as SUSAN comes off the tree. The two hug.}*

ASLAN: Quick! Quick! Centaur! I see another wolf in the thickets. There--behind you. *{The second WOLF dashes across the stage, howling.}* HE has just darted away. After him, all of you! He will be going to his mistress. Now is your chance to find the Witch and rescue the fourth Son of Adam. *{The CENTAUR pursues the WOLF. ASLAN turns to PETER.}* You have forgotten to clean your sword. *{PETER, embarrassed, does so, wiping his sword clean}*

*on the grass.} Hand it to me and kneel, Son of Adam,. {ASLAN takes the sword and strikes PETER with the flat of the blade.} Rise up, Sir Peter Fenris-Bane. And, whatever happens, never forget to wipe your sword.*

## SCENE 16

*{BLACKOUT. The lights rise on another area of the FOREST. JADIS and the DWARF are speaking to one another in hushed tones, as EDMUND is lying, face-first, on the ground, thoroughly exhausted.}*

DWARF: No, it is no use now, O Queen. They must have reached the Stone Table by now.

JADIS: Perhaps the Wolf will smell us out and bring us news.

DWARF: It cannot be good news if he does.

JADIS: Four thrones in Cair Paravel. How if only three are filled That would not fulfil the prophecy.

DWARF: What difference would that make now that he is here?

JADIS: He may not stay long. And then we would fall upon the three at Cair.

DWARF: Yet it might be better to keep this one--*{He kicks EDMUND.}*--for bargaining with.

JADIS: Yes! And have him rescued.

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

JADIS: I would like to have done it on the Stone Table itself. That is the proper place. That is where it has always been done before.

DWARF: It will be a long time now before the Stone Table can again be put to its proper use.

JADIS: True, Well, I will begin.

*{Suddenly, the WOLF enters, snarling.}*

DWARF: I have seen them. They are all at the Stone Table, with him. They have killed my captain, Fenris Ulf. I was hidden in

the thickets and saw it all. One of the Sons of Adam killed him. Fly! Fly!

JADIS: No, there need be no flying. Go quickly. Summon all our people to meet me here as speedily as they can. Call out the giants and the werewolves and the spirits of those trees who are on our side. Call the Ghouls, and the Boggles, the Ogres and the Minotaurs. Call the Cruels, the Hags, the Spectres, and the people of the Toadstools. We will fight. What? Have I not still my wand? Will not their ranks turn into stone even as they come on? Be off quickly, I have a little thing to finish here while you are away. *{The WOLF bows, and gallops away.}* Now! We have no table--let me see. We had better put it against the trunk of a tree. Prepare the victim.

*{The DWARF forces EDMUND against a tree and binds him to it with the chains. JADIS takes off her fur mantle. The DWARF undoes EDMUND'S collar. And grabs him by the chin. JADIS draws a wicked-looking dagger and raises it up. Suddenly, the CENTAUR enters and knocks JADIS and the DWARF aside, grabbing EDMUND and bringing him away.}*

CENTAUR: Steady now! You'll be all right in a minute.

### SCENE 17

*{BLACKOUT. Lights rise on the Stone Table. BEAVER, PETER, SUSAN, and LUCY sit near it, waiting. After a moment, ASLAN leads EDMUND on stage, to the others.}*

ASLAN: Here is your brother. And there is no need to talk to him about what is past.

*{EDMUND shakes PETER'S hand, but PETER immediately pulls him into a hug, and SUSAN and LUCY join in.}*

EDMUND: *{Softly.}* I'm sorry.

SUSAN: That's all right.

CENTAUR: *{Entering.}* Sire, there is a messenger from the enemy who craves audience.

ASLAN: Let him approach.

*{The CENTAUR exits and re-enters following the DWARF.}*

ASLAN: What is your message, Son of Earth?

DWARF: The Queen of Narnia and Empress of the Lone Islands desires a safe conduct to come and speak with you--on a matter which is as much to your advantage as to hers.

BEAVER: Queen of Narnia, indeed! Of all the cheek--

ASLAN: Peace, Beaver. All names will soon be restored to their proper owners. In the meantime we will not dispute about noises. Tell your mistress, Son of Earth, that I grant her safe conduct on condition that she leaves her wand behind her at that great oak.

*{The DWARF and CENTAUR exit.}*

LUCY: *{Whispering to PETER.}* But supposing she turns the Centaur into stone?

PETER: *{Whispering back.}* It'll be alright. He wouldn't send them if it weren't.

*{JADIS enters as the lights become blue. She approaches ASLAN, not looking him in the face but getting quite close to him and standing at her tall height.}*

JADIS: You have a traitor there, Aslan.

ASLAN: His offence was not against you.

JADIS: Have you forgotten the Deep Magic?

ASLAN: Let us say I have forgotten it. Tell us of this Deep Magic.

JADIS: *{Shrill.}* Tell you? Tell you what is written on that very Table of Stone which stands beside us? Tell you what is written in letters deep as a spear is long on the trunk of the World Ash Tree? Tell you what is engraved on the sceptre of the Emperor Beyond the Sea? You at least know the magic which the Emperor put into Narnia at the very beginning. You know that every traitor belongs to me as my lawful prey and that for every treachery I have a right to a kill.

BEAVER: Oh, so *that's* how you came to imagine yourself a Queen--because you were the Emperor's hangman. I see.

ASLAN: *{In a low growl.}* Peace, Beaver.

JADIS: And so, that human creature is mine. His life is forfeit to me. His blood is my property.

CENTAUR: Come and take it then!

JADIS: *{Savagely.}* Fool. Do you really think your master can rob me of my rights by mere force? He knows the Deep Magic better than that. He knows that unless I have blood as the Law says all Narnia will be overturned and perish in fire and water!

ASLAN: It is very true. I do not deny it.

SUSAN: *{Whispered to ASLAN.}* Oh, Aslan! Can't we--I mean, you won't, will you? Can't we do something about the Deep Magic? Isn't there something you can work against it?

ASLAN: Work against the Emperor's Magic? No. Come, Witch, I will speak to you alone.

*{JADIS and ASLAN exit.}*

LUCY: Oh, Edmund! *{She buries her face into Edmund, hugging him, and crying.}*

ASLAN: *{Re-entering, followed by JADIS.}* I have settled the matter. She has renounced the claim on your brother's blood.

*{They all sigh in relief. JADIS begins to exit, smiling cruelly, but then turns back.}*

JADIS: But how do I know this promise will be kept?

*{ASLAN releases a great, thundering roar that shakes the stage. JADIS, fear replacing glee on her face, turns and runs, followed by the DWARF.}*

ASLAN: We must move from this place at once, it will be wanted for other purposes. We shall encamp tonight at the Fords of Beruna. *{The CENTAUR exits to prepare.}* As soon as she has finished her business in these parts, the Witch and her crew will almost certainly fall back to her house and prepare for a siege. YOU may or may not be able to cut her off and prevent her from reaching it. Peter, Son of Adam, the weight of the oncoming battle must fall on your shoulders.

PETER: But you will be there yourself, Aslan.

ASLAN: I can give you no promise of that.

SCENE 18

*{BLACKOUT. Lights rise on a FIELD, nighttime. LUCY sits up as PETER, SUSAN, and EDMUND are sleeping beside her. After a moment, SUSAN sits up as well.}*

SUSAN: *{Whispering.}* Can't you get to sleep either?

LUCY: *{Whispering.}* No, I thought you were asleep. I say, Susan?

SUSAN: What?

LUCY: I've a most horrible feeling--as if something were hanging over us.

SUSAN: Have you? Because, as a matter of fact, so have I.

LUCY: Something about Aslan. Either some dreadful thing that is going to happen to him, or something dreadful that he's going to do.

SUSAN: There's been something wrong with him all afternoon. Lucy! What was that he said about not being with us at the battle? You don't think he could be stealing away and leaving us tonight, do you?

LUCY: Where is he now? Is he here in the pavilion?

SUSAN: I don't think so.

LUCY: Susan! Let's go outside and have a look round. We might see him.

SUSAN: All right. Let's. We might just as well be doing that as lying awake here.

*{SUSAN and LUCY get up and exit. BLACKOUT. Lights rise, nighttime, on the STONE TABLE. ASLAN stands there, alone. After a moment, SUSAN and LUCY enter.}*

SUSAN: *{As they are entering.}* Look!

ASLAN: Oh, children, children, why are you following me?

LUCY: We couldn't sleep.

SUSAN: Please, may we stay with you?

ASLAN: Well--*{He hesitates.}* I should be glad of the company tonight. Yes, you may stay, but you must leave when I tell you.

LUCY: Oh, thank you, thank you.

SUSAN: Thank you, we will.

*{ASLAN collapses suddenly, giving a sad somber moan.}*

LUCY: Aslan! Dear Aslan! What is wrong? Can't you tell us?

SUSAN: Are you ill, dear Aslan?

ASLAN: No, I am sad and lonely. Lay your hands on my mane also that I can feel you are there and let us wait like that.

*{LUCY and SUSAN sit and begin to pet and stroke ASLAN's mane. They sit like that for a moment, ASLAN looking very sad. Then, the sound of a wolf howling in the distance is heard. ASLAN raises his head.}*

ASLAN: Oh, children, children. Now you must go. And whatever happens, do not let yourselves be seen. Farewell.

*{LUCY cries bitterly but SUSAN, very somber herself, pulls her away. Instead of exiting, they hide back behind the table, watching. Presently, the White Witch JADIS enters.}*

JADIS: *{Laughing, wickedly.}* The fool!

*{Various nightmarish CREATURES begin to appear--Ogres, wolves, minotaurs, Wraiths, Goblins and other such horrors. The CREATURES are the Witch's dreadful army. They enter from all over, crowding and surrounding ASLAN.}*

JADIS: The fool has come. Bind him fast.

*{CREATURES approach ASLAN timidly, with thick black ropes in hand. ASLAN doesn't move, but just lowers his head sadly. The CREATURES hesitate, afraid.}*

JADIS: Bind him, I say!



*{The CREATURES dart forward, cackling as they discover no resistance. They bind the limbs of ASLAN, tying all four paws together. Then they begin to drag him towards the table.}*

JADIS: Stop! Let him first be shaved!

*{The CREATURES roar in terrible laughter. A CREATURE lumbers up, holding a pair of terrible shears. It begins to cut the mane of ASLAN. ASLAN, now shaved, looks small and pitiful.}*

CREATURES: *{Ad-libbed, intermixed. The CREATURES begins to swarm and surround the bound and shaved ASLAN.}* Why, he's only a great cat after all! Is that what we were afraid of? Poor little cat! How many mice have you caught today, cat? Would you like a saucer of milk?

LUCY: *{Whispering through tears.}* Oh, how can they? The brutes, the brutes!

JADIS: Muzzle him!

*{The CREATURES do so, jeering and screeching, kicking and hitting him as they tie more black ropes around ASLAN's jaws. They then begin to lift and drag ASLAN towards the Stone Table. It takes many CREATURES to lift him onto it, and once they succeed they tighten the ropes and add more.}*

SUSAN: *{Sobbing, whispering.}* The cowards! The cowards! Are they still afraid of him, even now?

*{Suddenly, the CREATURES all fall silent, and back away from the now bound and bound ASLAN. JADIS Approaches the table, and sheds her fur mantle, as she had done with EDMUND earlier. She draws the wicked-looking knife of stone. It is hauntingly silent.}*

JADIS: *{Twitching, in a quivering voice.}* And now, who has won? Fool, did you think that by all this you would save the human traitor? Now I will kill you instead of him as our pact was and so the Deep Magic will be appeased. But when you are dead what will prevent me from killing him as well? And who will take him out of my hand then? Understand that you have given me Narnia forever, you have lost your own life and you have not saved his. In that knowledge, despair and die.

*{JADIS raises her horrible knife, above the sad and silent ASLAN. Then, releasing a terrible scream, she lowers it, the lights immediately falling to black.}*

JADIS: *{Still in the darkness.}* Now! Follow me all and we will set about what remains of this war! It will not take us long to crush the human vermin and the traitors now that the great Fool, the great Cat, lies dead.

*{All the CREATURES exit, as well as JADIS. Very slowly, the lights rise again. After a moment, LUCY and SUSAN come forward from where they were hiding, and approach ASLAN, clutching each other's hands.}*

LUCY: I can't bear the look of that horrible muzzle. I wonder could we take it off?

*{After a moment of struggle, they pull the muzzle of ropes off of his face, and collapse into it, crying and kissing it.}*

SUSAN: I wonder, could we untie him as well?

LUCY: *{Attempting to untie ASLAN.}* It's no use!

*{The lights very slowly start to rise more, as the sun is rising. As SUSAN and LUCY give up on the ropes, a group of grey mice begin to crawl over ASLAN's body.}*

SUSAN: Ugh! How beastly! There are horrid little mice crawling over him. Go away, you little beasts.

LUCY: Wait! Can you see what their doing?

SUSAN: I do believe! But how queer. They're nibbling away at the cords!

LUCY: That's what I thought! I think they're friendly mice. Poor little things. They don't realise he's dead. They think it'll do some good untying him.

*{The ropes are snapped, and SUSAN and LUCY help to remove the black ropes from the dead ASLAN. But even as they look at him, they see that he looks a tad nobler, less broken, without the chords.}*

LUCY: I'm so cold.

SUSAN: So am I. Let's walk about a bit.

*{As the two stand, the lights suddenly flicker out and a tremendous sound of stone cracking fills the air. When the lights return, ASLAN's body is gone and the STONE TABLE is broken in two pieces by a great crack that runs down it end to end. SUSAN and LUCY clutch each other, not facing the table.}*

LUCY: What's that?

SUSAN: I--I feel afraid to turn round, something awful is happening.

LUCY: They're doing something worse to him. Come on!

*{They turn around and rush to the broken table. The sun is almost risen, streaking beautiful colors across the stage. The music begins to swell.}*

LUCY: Oh, it's too bad, they might have left the body alone!

SUSAN: Who's done it? What does it mean? Is it more magic?

*{ASLAN, shaking his newly grown mane, appears in front of the rising sun, glowing in the lights. He is even larger than before, and he seems happy, graceful, and majestic.}*

ASLAN: *{In a great, roaring voice.}* Yes! It is more magic.

SUSAN and LUCY: Oh, Aslan!

LUCY: Aren't you dead then, dear Aslan?

ASLAN: Not now.

SUSAN: You're not--not a--ghost?

ASLAN: *{Approaching SUSAN and nuzzling her.}* Do I look it?

LUCY: Oh, you're real, you're real! Oh, Aslan!

*{The two girls rush ASLAN and hug him.}*

SUSAN: But what does it mean?

ASLAN: It means, that though the Witch knew the Deep Magic, there is a magic deeper still which she did not know. Her knowledge goes back only to the dawn of Time. But if she could have looked a little further back, into the stillness and the

darkness before Time dawned, she would have read there a different incantation. She would have known that when a willing victim who had committed no treachery was killed in a traitor's stead, the Table would crack and Death itself would start working backwards. And now--

LUCY: Oh yes, no? *{Jumping up and down and clapping her hands.}*

ASLAN: Oh, children. I feel my strength coming back to me. Oh, children, catch me if you can!

*{Aslan leaps and runs across the stage, playing and batting at SUSAN and LUCY as they play chase.}*

ASLAN: Haha! And now, to business. We have a long journey to go. You must ride on me. *{SUSAN and LUCY cling to ASLAN's mane. Then, in a low voice.}* You had better put your fingers in your ears. *{Suddenly, ASLAN raises his head and releases a great ROAR, the sun fully risen behind him, the music swelling.}*

#### SCENE 19

*{BLACKOUT. As ASLAN's roar echoes and the music swells, lights rise on the WITCH'S CASTLE. The statues of Mr. TUMNUS, the LION, and a GIANT are seen. After a moment, ASLAN bounds on stage, with SUSAN and LUCY clutching to him.}*

ASLAN: The Witch's home!

LUCY: What an extraordinary place! All these stone animals--and people too! It's--It's like a museum.

SUSAN: Hush. Aslan's doing something.

*{ASLAN approaches the stone LION with the charcoal face drawn on it, lowers his head, and breathes on it. A magic swell and the LION transforms from stone into a living creature. He shakes his mane, then bounds to follow after ASLAN as he moves to the next statue. That of a GIANT.}*

SUSAN: Oh! Look! I wonder, is it safe?

GIANT: *{Coming to life.}* Bless me! I must have been asleep. Where's that dratted little Witch that was running about?

ASLAN: Now for the inside of this house! Look alive, everyone! Leave no corner unsearched. You never know where some poor prisoner may be concealed!

LUCY: *{Running over to the statue of Mr. TUMNUS.}* Oh, Aslan! Aslan! I've found Mr. Tumnus. Oh, do come quick!

*{ASLAN breathes on Mr. TUMNUS and at once he begins to come to life. The cold blue light of the WITCH'S CASTLE has melted into a bright golden light. LUCY embraces TUMNUS.}*

ASLAN: Our day's work is not yet over! And if the Witch is to be finally defeated before bed-time we must find the battle at once. *{Once again, ASLAN releases a mighty ROAR.}*

## SCENE 20

*{BLACKOUT. Before the lights rise again, the echoes of ASLAN's roar become the howling of wolves, and PETER, EDMUND, the CENTAUR, the DRYAD, the NYAD, and other such armies of ASLAN can be seen fighting the CREATURES of the witch and JADIS herself. They are all at the FIELD. There are statues of beings strewn about, along with some already dead CREATURES. The armies of ASLAN are greatly outnumbered.}*

*A great fight commences. As the armies of ASLAN reach JADIS, she simply waves her wand and the lights flash black, and they crumble into stone. EDMUND sees this, and begins fighting his way towards JADIS. He fights past three CREATURES then jumps for JADIS, turning and striking the wand with his sword instead of attacking her. A great sound of stone cracking fills the air, and the wand breaks. JADIS snarls, and draws her stone dagger, stabbing EDMUND. EDMUND falls to the ground.}*

PETER: *{Shouting in fury.}* EDMUND!

*{PETER runs at the witch and the two fight, PETER with his sword and JADIS with her knife. Suddenly, and for the final time, a tremendous ROAR shakes the stage, greater than all those before it. ASLAN appears and tackles JADIS, and she collapses underneath him. As ASLAN's roar fades, the former statues rush the FIELD--the GIANT, the LION, the FOX, the SATYR, and others. And within moments, ASLAN's army defeats the remaining CREATURES of the White Witch JADIS, and she is dead. The army releases a tremendous cheer and roar in victory.}*

PETER: Aslan! *{He hugs ASLAN.}*

ASLAN: Well done, Son of Adam.

PETER: It was all Edmund's doing, Aslan. We'd have been beaten if it hadn't been for him. The Witch was turning our troops into stone right and left. But nothing would stop him. He had the sense to bring his sword down on her wand instead of her. Once her wand was broken--Edmund! He was terribly wounded, we must go and see to him!

*{They rush to where EDMUND has fallen. He is sitting there, covered in blood and unconscious.}*

ASLAN: Quick, Lucy.

*{LUCY gasps, remembering her gift, the flask of cordial. She kneels by EDMUND and tips the flask, dropping a couple drops into his mouth. The music swells, and EDMUND is revived.}*

ASLAN: Rise, Son of Adam, Knight of Narnia. *{EDMUND stands and hugs ASLAN.}*

LUCY: *{Whispering to SUSAN.}* Does he know what Aslan did for him?

SUSAN: Hush! No. Of course not.

LUCY: Oughtn't he be told?

SUSAN: Oh, surely not. It would be too awful for him. Think how you'd feel if you were he.

LUCY: All the same I think he ought to know.

ASLAN: *{To LUCY.}* Come! There are more wounded.

## SCENE 21

*{BLACKOUT. The lights rise on the four thrones at CAIR PARAVEL, with the four children in them and a crowd of Narnians around them--the BEAVERS and Mr. TUMNUS at the forefront. ASLAN stands in front.}*

ASLAN: "When Adam's flesh and Adam's bone sit at Cair Paravel on throne, the evil time will be over and done." Rise, High King Peter the Magnificent. *{He stands, and is crowned my Mr. TUMNUS.}* Rise, High Queen Susan the Gentle. *{She stands, and is*

*crowned as well.} Rise, King Edmund the Just. {He stands and is crowned.} Rise, Queen Lucy the Valiant. {She stands and is crowned. The four bow to the crowd, and to ASLAN.}*

ALL: Long live King Peter! Long live Queen Susan! Long live King Edmund! Long live Queen Lucy!

ASLAN: Once a king or queen in Narnia, always a king or queen. Bear it well, Sons of Adam, Daughters of Eve!

*{The cheers continue, and ASLAN nods to the Kings and Queens, then slowly exits. LUCY starts to follow him, but BEAVER stops her.}*

BEAVER: He'll be coming and going. One day you'll see him and another you won't. He doesn't like being tied down--and of course he has other countries to attend to. It's quite alright. He's wild, you know. He's not a tame lion.

## SCENE 22

*{BLACKOUT. A single special on PROF. KIRK on the proscenium where he was first seen.}*

KIRK: And now, this story is nearly (but not quite) at an end. These two Kings and two Queens governed Narnia well and long and happy was their reign. At first much of their time was spent in seeking out the remnants of the White Witch's army, but in the end all that foul brood was stamped out. And they made good laws and kept the peace and saved good trees from being unnecessarily cut down, and liberated young dwarfs and young satyrs from being sent to school, and generally stopped busybodies and interferers and encouraged ordinary people who wanted to live and let live. They drove back the fierce giants on the North of Narnia, they entered into friendships and alliance with countries beyond the sea and paid them visits of state and received visits from them, they themselves grew and changed as the years passed over them.

*{Light rise on KING PETER, QUEEN SUSAN, KING EDMUND, and QUEEN LUCY at the LAMPOST, however the post itself is covered in vines and such, the growth of the place covering all. They are frozen in tableau, pointing and chasing something in the distance.}*

KIRK: So they lived in great joy and if ever they remembered their life in this world it was only as one remembers a dream. And one year it fell out that Tumnus brought them news that the White Stag had once more appeared in his parts--the White Stag

who would give you wishes if you caught him. So these two Kings and two Queens with the principal members of their court, rode a-hunting till the horses and men were tired out and only the four were still following.

*{The lights on KIRK go black as all four unfreeze.}*

KING PETER: Let us follow this beast into the thicket; for in all my days I never hunted a nobler quarry.

QUEEN SUSAN: Fair friends, here is a great marvel, for I seem to see a tree of iron! *{She points to the LAMP-POST.}*

KING EDMUND: Madam, if you look well upon it you shall see it is a pillar of iron with a lantern set on top thereof.

KING PETER: marry, a strange device. To set a lantern here where the trees cluster so thick about it and so high above it that if it were lit it should give light to no man!

QUEEN LUCY: Sir, by likelihood when this post and this lamp were set here there were smaller trees in the place, or fewer, or none. For this is a young wood and the iron post is old.

KING EDMUND: I know not how it is, but this lamp on the post worketh upon me strangely. It runs in my mind that I have seen the like before; as it were a dream, or in the dream of a dream.

QUEEN LUCY: And more, for it will not go out of my mind that if we pass this post and lantern, either we shall find strange adventures or else some great change of our fortunes.

KING EDMUND: Madam, the like foreboding stirreth in my heart also.

KING PETER: And in mine, fair brother.

QUEEN SUSAN: And in mine too. Wherefore by my council we shall lightly return to our horses and follow this White Stage no further.

KING PETER: Madam, therein I pray thee to have me excused. For never sice we four were Kings and Queens in Narnia have we set our hands to any high matter, as battles, quests, feats of arms, acts of justice, and the like, and then given over; but always what we have taken in hand, the same we have achieved.



QUEEN LUCY: Sister, my royal brother speaks rightly. And it seems to me we should be shamed if for any fearing or foreboding we turned back from following so noble a beast as now we have in chase.

KING EDMUND: And so say I. And I much desire to find the signification of this thing that I would not by my good will turn back for the richest jewel in all Narnia and all the islands.

QUEEN SUSAN: Then in the name of Aslan, if ye will all have it so, let us go on and take the adventure that shall fall to us.

*{As they continue on, the music swells and the curtains begin to draw closed. The wardrobe and its door are replaced, the  
WARDROBE ROOM.}*

ALL: *{Ad-libbed and intermixed, the voices transitioning from adult KINGS and QUEENS to the children.}* I remember, that was a lamp-post, was it not? These branches--are they--these are coats! Move over! It's so dark in here! Where is here! Oh!

*{PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND, and LUCY fall from the wardrobe into the WARDROBE ROOM. Mrs. MACREADY and the VARIOUS ADULTS appear at the door to the WARDROBE ROOM, but then pass it by. But remaining from the group is PROF. KIRK, who enters the room.}*

PETER: Hello, sir.

KIRK: Now what might you be doing with my wardrobe?

SUSAN: *{Sharing a look with the others.}* I'm not sure you would believe us, sir.

LUCY: I do think we should apologise for the four coats we lost back in Narnia.

EDMUND: Can't we go back and get them?

KIRK: No, I don't think it will be any good trying to go back through the wardrobe door to get the coats. You won't get into Narnia again by *that* route. Nor would the coats be much use by now if you did!

LUCY: But sir--

KIRK: Eh? What's that?

LUCY: Will we ever go back?

KIRK: Why, of course you'll get back to Narnia again some day. Once a King in Narnia, always a King in Narnia, hmm? But don't go trying to use the same route twice. Indeed, don't *try* to get there at all. It'll happen when you're not looking for it. And don't talk too much about it even among yourselves. And don't mention it to anyone else unless you find that they've had adventures of the same sort themselves.

EDMUND: How will we know?

KIRK: Oh, you'll *know* alright. Odd things, they say--even their looks--will let the secret out. Keep your eyes open. Bless me. What *do* they teach them at these schools?

END