

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

EDMUND. Narnia, eh? I didn't believe Lucy, but she was right. It's a fascinating place, I'll admit. But all this business about fauns and witches and—*(The sounds of harness bells are heard off, followed by the voice of the* WITCH. EDMUND quickly tries to hide behind a tree or the lamppost.)

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

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

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

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

DWARF. You there!

EDMUND *(very frightened)*. Who? Me?

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

EDMUND. But—but I am kneeling.

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

WITCH. What, pray, are you?

EDMUND. I'm—I'm—my name is Edmund.

WITCH. Is that how you address a queen?

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

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

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

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

DWARF. He must be—a Son of Adam.

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

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

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

EDMUND. Thank you, your majesty.

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

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

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

EDMUND. Yes. Peter and Susan.

WITCH (*alarmed*). What? Where are they?

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

WITCH (*counting on her fingers*). Edmund, Lucy, Peter and Susan. Two Sons of Adam—two Daughters of Eve.

That's four—just as the prophesy has stated. This is horrible!

EDMUND. What's wrong, your majesty?

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

EDMUND. Really?

WITCH. And someday you would be *King*.

EDMUND (*excited*). King? You mean it?

*(The DWARF enters with a fancy copper bottle and a jewelled cup.)*

WITCH. Ah, here is your delightful drink. Sweet and creamy and delicious. *(The DWARF pours the drink for EDMUND who tastes it.)*

EDMUND. It's wonderful.

WITCH. And you must have a little something to eat as well. What is your favorite candy?

EDMUND. Oh, that's easy. Turkish Delight.

WITCH. Then Turkish Delight it shall be. *(Almost magically, the WITCH produces a small colorful candy box which she opens and offers to EDMUND. He takes a piece of candy and eats it.)* Enjoy, my little prince.

EDMUND. It's the best Turkish Delight I've ever tasted. May I have more?

WITCH (*closing the box*). Of course. Back at my castle. I have rooms filled with Turkish Delight.

EDMUND. Then let's go there right now.

WITCH. First, you must fetch the others.

EDMUND. I can bring them another time.

WITCH. *Now*—my dear. Bring them to my castle. It's between those two hills. You can't miss it. You'll smell the Turkish Delight all the way. *(She laughs seductively.)* Come, Dwarf, we must prepare for our esteemed guests. *(The DWARF laughs derisively as he and the WITCH start to leave.)* Oh, Edmund, my precious. Don't tell the others about me just yet. I want them to be—surprised—when they see me. Let's keep this visit our little secret. *(She holds the candy box aloft tantalizingly as she and the DWARF exit.)*

WITCH'S VOICE *(off)*. Don't spare the whip on the reindeer, Dwarf. We have much to do in a short time. *(Harness bells are heard fading in the distance.)*

EDMUND *(ecstatically)*. Turkish Delight! Rooms filled with it! Yes, I will bring Lucy and Peter and Susan to the Queen. *(A pause.)* I'm glad she told me she was a queen—or else, I might have mistaken her for a witch.

