

*MUND enters the courtyard somewhat exhausted.*

FENRIS ULF'S VOICE (*off*). Who's there? Who goes there?

(*ULF enters.*)

ULF. Who are you stranger?

EDMUND. If you please, sir, my name is Edmund. I am a Son of Adam. I bring news of my brother and sisters. The Queen wanted to see them.

ULF. Very well. I shall tell her majesty. Meanwhile, stand still if you value your life, or you will be turned to stone like the others in the outer courtyard.

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EDMUND. You mean those statues out there used to be alive?

ULF. Yes, until they crossed her majesty and paid the price. An enemy of the Queen ultimately becomes a statue of stone. *(He laughs menacingly and exits.)*

EDMUND *(nervously, trying to reassure himself)*. Well, I'm sure they were all bad to the Queen or she wouldn't have turned them into statues. She was certainly nice to me. Nicer, I'll bet, than that old Aslan, or whatever his name is. I'm sure the others will like the Queen. She said she would make Peter a duke—and Lucy and Susan duchesses. But *I'll* be the prince—and someday the *king*. I'm going to love it here—staying with a Queen who is so kind and good.

WITCH'S VOICE *(off)*. Where is the little fool?

*(The WITCH enters, followed by ULF and the DWARF.)*

WITCH. How dare you come alone! Did I not tell you to bring the others?

EDMUND *(frightened)*. I did the best I could, your majesty. I just wanted you to know they're here in Narnia. I'm sure I can bring them to you after they've been to see Aslan. *(The WITCH screams.)*

WITCH. Never speak that name in my presence again.

EDMUND *(shaken)*. Yes, your majesty.

WITCH. So, he has arrived, has he?

ULF. Perhaps it's only a rumor, your majesty.

WITCH. No. It must be true. Everything seems to be getting warmer. Even the snows in the fields are starting to melt. Where are your brother and sisters right now?

EDMUND. They *were* at the home of the Beavers. But they may be on their way to the Stone Table to meet As—uh, to meet *Him*.

WITCH. We must capture the children before they reach that creature.

EDMUND. Capture? But why?

WITCH. Quiet, you! I shall never allow the prophesy to come true. Never! Dwarf, make ready the sleigh for our journey. We must leave immediately.

DWARF. Your majesty, I'm afraid we'll have to walk. The reindeer cannot travel without snow. They'll sink into the mud.

WITCH. Then we shall go on foot. Fenris Ulf, Chief of my Secret Police, you are the fleetest of all my army. Go ahead of us. Overtake the humans before they reach the Stone Table. Kill anything in your path—especially the Beavers for harboring the enemy.

ULF (*bowing deeply*). I hear and obey, my Queen. (*He exits quickly.*)

WITCH. Dwarf, tie the hands of this human behind his back and drive him ahead of us with your whip.

DWARF. With pleasure, your majesty. (*He begins to tie Edmund's hands with a piece of rope.*)

EDMUND. But—but—your majesty, what about my Turkish Delight? You said—

WITCH. Silence, fool.

EDMUND. But I'm hungry.

WITCH. Enough of this stalling. We must be off. Move! Move!

(*The DWARF cracks his whip, as EDMUND, in tears, exits, followed offstage by the DWARF and WITCH. Mo-*

*end Act 1*