

MR. BEAVER. Queen of Narnia indeed! Of all the cheek —

ASLAN. Peace, Beaver. (*To the DWARF.*) Tell your mistress that I grant her safe conduct on condition that she leaves her wand behind at that great oak. That way she can play no magical trick.

DWARF (*sneering, under his breath*). The magic she plans requires no trick. (*He exits.*)

3RD ANIMAL. What can she possibly want here?

4TH ANIMAL. She's up to no good, I can tell you.

5TH ANIMAL (*shivering*). Brrr! I can feel the chill of her presence already.

6TH ANIMAL. Shh — there she is.

(*The WITCH and DWARF enter.*)

WITCH. You have a traitor there, Aslan!

ASLAN. His offense was not against you.

WITCH. Have you forgotten the Deep Magic?

ASLAN. Tell me of it.

WITCH. Tell you? Tell you what is written on that very table of stone which stands beside us? You know the magic which the Emperor put into Narnia at the beginning of time. You know that every traitor belongs to me — and that for every treachery, I have a right to kill.

(*A pause as ALL react in fear.*)

ALL (*quietly*). Oh, no. Can it be true? Is it really written? (*Etc.*)

WITCH (*pointing to EDMUND*). And so, that human creature is mine. His life is forfeit to me. His blood is my property. (*She laughs haughtily. PETER withdraws his sword and stands as a shield in front of EDMUND.*)
PETER. Come and take him then.

Witch
Aslan
Dwarf
Animals
Children