

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 Tummus. 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.