

That's four—just as the prophecy 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.