

"THE HUNDRED YEAR WINTER"

SCREENPLAY BY
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BASED ON THE ORIGINAL BOOK,
"THE LION, THE WITCH & THE WARDROBE"
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. LONDON - NIGHT 1

A LAMP-POST stands sentry over middle-class row houses.

Suddenly, AN OMINOUS BUZZING FILLS THE AIR.

After a moment, AN AIR RAID SIREN BLARES.

The lamp-post WINKS OUT.

A SQUADRON OF GERMAN BOMBERS SLIPS THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

2 INT. PEVENSIE HOUSE - NIGHT 2

SUSAN (13) grabs a flashlight and a book. She plucks up LUCY (8) and they rush frantically down the hall.

PETER (15) and EDMUND (11) scramble down the stairs, shoving each other as they go.

MRS. PEVENSIE waves them urgently out the back door.

3 EXT. PEVENSIE HOUSE - NIGHT 3

Mrs. Pevensie shepherds her children toward the SHELTER.

Suddenly, Edmund skids to a halt.

EDMUND
Dad!

He breaks his mother's hold and RACES BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

MRS. PEVENSIE
Edmund!

Susan and Lucy yank their mother toward the shelter.

Mrs. Pevensie looks pleadingly toward Peter.

Peter turns to the house, hesitant.

4 INT. PEVENSIE HOUSE - NIGHT 4

Edmund dashes into the sitting room and grabs...

A FRAMED PHOTO of a man in an RAF UNIFORM.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS pound outside.

Edmund looks out the window. A SPITFIRE swoops in.

Suddenly, FLAME SHOOTs FROM ONE OF THE BOMBERS. It wobbles in the air...

Edmund stares in awe as the burning plane plunges out of the sky...DIRECTLY AT HIM.

He stands frozen...

THE PLANE SMASHES INTO THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET.

PETER (O.S.)

Edmund!

PETER yanks Edmund away. Their dad's picture flies from his hand. IT SMASHES ON THE FLOOR.

Edmund looks angrily from the picture to Peter. He snatches it up as his brother runs him outside.

5 EXT. PEVENSIE HOUSE - NIGHT 5

Peter and Edmund race across the yard and into the shelter.

6 INT. AIR RAID SHELTER - NIGHT 6

They tumble inside.

PETER

You twirp! We could've both been killed!

Edmund looks at the crumpled photograph. He glares at Peter, tears in his eyes.

Mrs. Pevensie pulls Edmund to her. The girls look on, shattered.

Peter slams the shelter door shut.

Outside, LONDON BURNS.

7 EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - DAY 7

The next morning, bobbies wave traffic around a crater. Firemen hose a smouldering building.

THE PEVENSIE FAMILY walks through crowded TRAFALGAR SQUARE. The children carry suitcases and GAS MASK BOXES.

LUCY stops suddenly, staring up at A GIANT BRONZE LION.

SUSAN

Come on, Lucy. No time for
daydreaming.

She pulls Lucy on her way.

A TRAIN WHISTLE SHRIEKS.

8

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

8

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN say goodbye to their families on the
platform. Bags and prized belongings lie stacked all around.

PAN DOWN TO A POSTER of a DESTITUTE FAMILY: "HELP THE CITY
CHILDREN. HOUSING EVACUEES IS A NATIONAL SERVICE!"

Lucy stares glumly up at the poster as

HER MOTHER PINS HER NAME AND DESTINATION TO HER COAT.

Wearing a WVS UNIFORM, Mrs. Pevensie takes a long, sad look
at her children. She pins a label to Edmund's coat.

MRS. PEVENSIE

You will be good. Won't you, Ed?

She tries to hug him, but Edmund turns away. She sadly
settles for kissing his cheek.

She hands Peter A SHEAF OF DOCUMENTS.

MRS. PEVENSIE (cont'd)

It's not for very long.

(she hugs him)

Promise me you'll look after the
others.

Lucy reaches up and takes Peter's hand. Peter looks down at
it, forcing an uneasy smile.

PETER

I will, mum.

Mrs. Pevensie hugs the other children goodbye. Edmund
refuses to meet her eye, stifling a tear.

Peter leads the children to the train. Confused, he sifts
through the documents his mother gave him.

Susan rolls her eyes and takes the papers from him.

Edmund tries to glimpse his mother in the crowd. Suddenly,
HE BOLTS.

SUSAN

Edmund!

EDMUND DASHES PAST THE GUARD and into his mother's arms.

He gives her A TIGHT SQUEEZE, then scampers onto the train.

MOMENTS LATER:

A whistle screams as the train eases out of the station.

The Pevensies join the rest of the children, leaning out the windows, shouting good-bye.

Mrs. Pevensie cries openly, watching them pull away.

Music starts a TITLE MONTAGE:

9 EXT. LONDON - DAY 9

The engine chugs past bombed factories and anti-aircraft guns. As the train enters A TUNNEL, the screen goes BLACK.

10 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 10

The train emerges from the tunnel into the countryside.

11 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY 11

LUCY'S FEET do not quite reach the floor. Peter takes a suitcase down and props it under her toes. She smiles.

The train pulls into a station.

Edmund watches from the window as two children are collected by SOMBER FOSTER PARENTS. He swallows, worried.

12 EXT. RURAL RAILWAY STATION - DAY 12

The train pulls away, leaving the Pevensies on an empty platform.

A sign on the ticket booth creaks in the wind.

LUCY

Shouldn't someone be here for us?

Edmund eyes his nametag.

EDMUND

Perhaps we've been incorrectly labeled.

LUCY

Maybe he's forgotten us.

Suddenly, AN ANCIENT BLACK BUGGY CLATTERS UP.

EDMUND

I wish he had.

A STERN WOMAN peers down from the seat, none too impressed.

MRS. MACREADY

Pevenies?

PETER

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. MACREADY

I'm Mrs. Macready, the Professor's housekeeper. Load your things. Quickly, we're on a schedule.

13

EXT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE - DUSK

13

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE looms through the trees, three stories of stone and stained glass.

The children stare up from the rattling buggy.

MRS. MACREADY

I hope you all appreciate that this house is of great historic value. People come from all over England to view it.

The buggy turns onto the tree-lined drive.

SUSAN

Really? Why?

MRS. MACREADY

It is in all the guide books.

14

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE - DUSK

14

A GNARLED CLAW digs its sharp talons into a wooden sphere. Lucy stares at the ball-and-claw legs of an oak table.

Mrs. Macready leads the children up a grand staircase.

MRS. MACREADY

There will be no shouting or running. No sliding on the banisters. No improper use of the dumb-waiter.

Edmund reaches out to touch a gleaming SUIT OF ARMOR. Mrs. Macready smacks his hand away.

MRS. MACREADY (cont'd)

No touching of the historical artifacts. And above all...

They stop by A CLOSED DOOR. Light flickers behind it.

MRS. MACREADY (cont'd)

There will be no disturbing the Professor.

Peter, Susan and Edmund follow Mrs. Macready down the hall. Lucy lingers behind.

Suddenly, A SHADOW MOVES UNDER THE DOOR. Lucy dashes away.

15

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

Lucy lies under the covers, a tiny girl in a large bed.

LUCY

This bed's too big.

Peter ruffles her hair.

PETER

You sure you haven't shrunk?

Lucy smiles despite herself. In the next bed, Susan tucks herself in.

SUSAN

The Professor's just not used to having kids around.

Lucy hugs her pillow.

LUCY

I still miss Mum.

EDMUND ENTERS, carrying a plate.

EDMUND

Well, if you're homesick, go stand outside the Macready's door. She snores like an air raid siren.

Lucy giggles as Edmund puts down a PLATE OF BISCUITS.

EDMUND (cont'd)
That pantry's a gold mine.

SUSAN
You should be in bed.

EDMUND
Stop trying to sound like Mum. Go
to bed yourself.

SUSAN
I am in bed.

Defeated, Edmund scowls at her.

Peter takes a biscuit and gives it to Lucy.

PETER
Tell you what. Tomorrow, we'll go
outside and explore. You saw the
grounds. There's no telling what
we'll find.

Lucy tries to smile.

PETER (cont'd)
It'll be great. I promise.

16

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY

16

Lucy stares sadly as RAIN PELTS DOWN on the leaded window.

SUSAN (O.S.)
GASTROVASCULAR.

Susan stands at a table before a HUGE DICTIONARY.

SUSAN (cont'd)
Come on, Peter. Gastrovascular.

Peter slumps in a chair, incredibly bored.

PETER
Is it Latin?

SUSAN
Yes.

Edmund's legs stick out from under a coffee table.

EDMUND (O.S.)
Is it Latin for "worst game ever
invented"?

Susan shuts the dictionary with a loud thump. Lucy turns from the window.

LUCY
What about hide and seek?

Peter makes a pained face.

PETER
Oh, come on. Anything but.

LUCY
Please?

EDMUND
(from under the table)
It is a good house for it.

Thunder rumbles in the distance.

SUSAN
Give up, Peter. We're certainly not going outside.

PETER
Count me out. I mean it. Not a chance.

17 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, UPPER HALL - DAY

17

Peter leans against the wall, eyes shut, annoyed.

PETER
Sixteen. Seventeen. Eighteen.

Lucy dashes round a corner, in time to see...Susan lowering herself into the WINDOW SEAT, her finger to her lips.

PETER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Thirty. Thirty-one.

Lucy jumps behind a potted fern, but she shows right through.

PETER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Fifty-six. Fifty-seven.

Lucy yanks back a velvet curtain to find...Edmund.

EDMUND
I was here first.

PETER (O.S.)
Eighty-eight. Eighty-nine.

Lucy makes a face at Edmund and runs frantically away.

She careens around the maze-like hall to a CLOSED DOOR.

PETER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Ninety.

Lucy throws open the door and runs in.

18 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, WARDROBE ROOM - DAY

18

Lucy shuts the door behind her, spins around and stops.

The room stands empty and quiet, almost forgotten.

She stares...A WARDROBE LOOMS AGAINST THE FAR WALL.

At the window, a fly buzzes loudly, then dies. Leaving nothing but silence.

PETER (O.S.)
Ninety-four...

Lucy dashes to the wardrobe. She reaches up for the knob. It sticks.

PETER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Ninety-five...

Lucy pulls again and the door pops open. Two mothballs roll out onto the floor. Inside, FUR COATS hang on a bar.

PETER (O.S.) (cont'd)
Ninety-six...

Lucy takes a breath and DIVES INSIDE THE WARDROBE, leaving the door just slightly open.

19 INT. THE WARDROBE - DAY

19

A sliver of light splits the darkness. Lucy peers through the crack into the room. She backs into the coats. Layers of fur surround her.

PETER (O.S.)
Ninety-seven...

She puts out her hand, feeling for the back of the wardrobe. She pushes in.

LUCY
Ouch.

She pulls back her hand, then reaches out again, confused.

She takes another step and hears...A CRUNCH.

She crunches forward. HER BREATH STEAMS. Slowly, the darkness around her lifts.

Lucy stops. She stares, amazed...

AT A PINE CONE HANGING FROM A TREE BRANCH.

Snow falls all around her.

20

EXT. NARNIA, LANTERN WASTE - NIGHT

20

Lucy spins in a circle, palms held out to collect the falling snowflakes.

She looks behind her. The light from the Wardrobe Room still shows through the crack in the door.

Lucy peers into the forest. A LIGHT filters through the trees. She walks forward. The light gets brighter.

She steps into a clearing. And there stands...

A LAMP-POST.

Lucy stares up at the hissing flame.

Suddenly, FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH IN THE SNOW BEHIND HER. She spins around and peers into the forest. Nothing.

More footsteps. Lucy SCREAMS as she sees...

A FAUN (A MAN'S UPPER BODY WITH HORNS AND GOAT LEGS). A red scarf around his neck, he carries several parcels.

Startled, he drops his parcels.

MR. TUMNUS

OH!

Lucy ducks behind the lamp-post. They stare at each other, equally afraid.

Then Lucy looks down, where a fallen package lies. She picks it up and offers it to him.

LUCY

You dropped this...

The FAUN cautiously takes it from her, amazed.

MR. TUMNUS

What are you?

Lucy looks confused.

LUCY
English?

MR. TUMNUS
You're not a...Daughter of Eve?

LUCY
My mum's name is Miriam.

MR. TUMNUS
Excuse my asking, but are
you...human?

Lucy nods and extends her hand.

LUCY
Of course. My name's Lucy
Pevensie.

The faun stares at her hand for a moment, curious.

LUCY (cont'd)
You shake it.

MR. TUMNUS
Why?

LUCY
Um...I don't know. People do it
when they meet each other.

The faun shakes her hand.

MR. TUMNUS
Well then allow me to introduce
myself, Lucy Pevensie. My name's
Tumnus.

LUCY
I wonder, Mr. Tumnus, could you
tell me where I am?

Tumnus looks at her, taken aback.

MR. TUMNUS
You don't know?

She shakes her head.

LUCY
I came through the wardrobe in the
spare room.

MR. TUMNUS

War Drobe? Spare Oom? I've never heard of those places, and I've lived in Narnia my whole life.

LUCY

Narnia? What's that?

MR. TUMNUS

Dear girl. This is Narnia. From the lamp-post to the shores of the Eastern Ocean, every stick and stone you see...is Narnia.

Lucy gazes at the snow drifting in the soaring sky.

LUCY

It's beautiful.

She looks at Tumnus.

LUCY (cont'd)

Is it real?

MR. TUMNUS

Real? Of course, it's real. As real as the nose on your face.

He tweaks her nose.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)

Which I might add is freezing. Where are my manners?

(formally)

Lucy Pevensie, from the Land of Spare Oom, how would it be if you came and had tea with me?

At first she grins...but then she looks back into the woods.

LUCY

Thank you very much, but I probably should get back.

MR. TUMNUS

It's just around the corner. There'll be a roaring fire and cakes and toast...and sardines.

She hesitates. Tumnus offers his arm.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)

It's not every day I get to have tea with a human.

Lucy smiles, wavering.

LUCY
I suppose I could go for a little
while...

She takes his arm, grinning mischievously.

LUCY (cont'd)
If you have sardines.

21 EXT. NARNIA, TUMNUS HOUSE - NIGHT

21

A pair of footprints, faun and human, wind THROUGH THE
WOODS...DOWN A SLOPE...ACROSS A PLAIN...to where

Lucy and Tumnus make their way through A TALL ROCK CANYON.
He holds an umbrella to ward off the snow.

Tumnus leads Lucy to a LARGE ROCK.

MR. TUMNUS
And here we are.

Lucy looks confused, then sees A DOOR. She grins, charmed.

Tumnus opens the door and graciously waves Lucy inside.

She walks in. Tumnus follows, closing the door behind them.

STAY OUTSIDE, as from inside comes the sound of...THE DOOR
LOCKING.

22 INT. MISTER TUMNUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

22

CLOSE ON: TUMNUS' HAND AS HE TAKES THE KEY FROM THE LOCK.

LUCY SITS IN A COMFY CHAIR, HER FEET DANGLING a few inches
off the ground.

LUCY
Is it always so cold in Narnia?

Tumnus pours out tea before a snapping fire.

MR. TUMNUS
Only for the last hundred years.

He sits down across from her.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)
We're having a bad winter.

Lucy looks around the little room. She reads the titles on
the bookshelf: "IS MAN A MYTH?," "HUMANS: THE UNTOLD STORY."

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)

How's your tea? It's too warm,
isn't it? Is that how humans like
it?

LUCY

We like it just the way you do.

MR. TUMNUS

Oh. Good.

Tumnus smiles, then catches sight of

A PAINTING OF A GRAY-HAIRED FAUN on the table next to him.

When Lucy bends over to pull up her sock, Tumnus LAYS THE
PAINTING FACE DOWN. He looks at Lucy, nervous.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)

I don't suppose you know any
Narnian lullabies?

Tumnus opens a box and produces...A STRANGE LITTLE PAN PIPE.

LUCY

No.

He raises the flute to his lips.

MR. TUMNUS

Good, because this probably won't
sound anything like one.

Tumnus plays A LILTING MELODY. Lucy listens, staring into
the fire, sipping her tea.

She blinks, startled. IN THE FLAMES, she sees...A HERD OF
GALLOPING CENTAURS.

She starts. Tumnus smiles reassuringly and goes on playing.

Lucy peers back into the fire: NYMPHS dance in a clearing.
DWARFS feast at a table. A FLYING HORSE takes to the air.

Tumnus watches as Lucy sinks into her chair, her EYELIDS
DROOPING. He plays on until she slumps, ASLEEP.

He stares at her innocent face. His eyes move slowly away,
down to the fire...AND THEN GO WIDE.

IN THE FLAMES, A MASSIVE LION ROARS.

Tumnus jumps back, shocked.

THE FIRE GOES OUT.

Lucy's eyes flutter open. She yawns.

LUCY
Goodness. I must've dozed off.

She looks up at the window. It's dark outside.

LUCY (cont'd)
What time is it? I really should
be going.

MR. TUMNUS
It's no good now you know.

Tumnus looks at her, trembling. He twists the flute in his hands, his knuckles white.

LUCY
Mr. Tumnus. You're scaring me.

THE FLUTE SHATTERS IN HIS HANDS.

MR. TUMNUS
I'm such a terrible faun.

Lucy hops off her chair and rests a hand on his shoulder.

LUCY
Oh, no. You're the nicest faun
I've ever met.

Tumnus stops. He smiles at her sadly.

MR. TUMNUS
I'm afraid you've had a very poor
sampling.

LUCY
But you've been nothing but lovely
to me. Whatever you've done, I'm
sure you're sorry.

MR. TUMNUS
It isn't something *I have done*,
Lucy. It's something *I am doing*.

Lucy turns pale.

LUCY
What are you doing?

Tumnus whispers, ashamed.

MR. TUMNUS
I'm kidnapping you.

Lucy backs away, bumping into the table. The saucers rattle.

Tumnus can barely whisper it:

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)
The White Witch.

LUCY
I don't understand.

MR. TUMNUS
The White Witch, the Queen of
Narnia. She's the one who makes it
always winter, always cold. She
gave orders...

Tumnus' eyes well. Lucy hands him her HANDKERCHIEF.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)
If I find a human in the woods, I'm
supposed to turn it over to her.

LUCY
But Mr. Tumnus...you wouldn't...

Tumnus stares down at the delicate lace. He runs his thumb
over the "I" embroidered in the corner.

Tumnus looks up at Lucy. Her little face trembles.

LUCY (cont'd)
I thought you were my friend.

Suddenly, determination fills his eyes. He jumps to his feet
and grabs her by the hand.

MR. TUMNUS
We must hurry. Her secret police
could be here any moment.

23

EXT. NARNIA, FOREST, ROCKY AREA - NIGHT

23

Tumnus and Lucy crash through the snow, destroying their old
footprints as they race from his house.

MR. TUMNUS
Shhh. The Wood is full of her
spies.
(he whispers)
Even some of the trees.

Lucy cranes her neck at a grove of ominous pines.

24

EXT. NARNIA, LANTERN WASTE - NIGHT

24

At the lamp-post, Tumnus looks into Lucy's eyes.

MR. TUMNUS
Can you find your way back from
here?

LUCY
I think so.

She grabs Tumnus' hand, worried.

LUCY (cont'd)
Will you be all right?

Tumnus nods, a bit unsure.

MR. TUMNUS
If I'm lucky, she'll just turn me
to stone.

Lucy gasps, shocked. Tumnus kneels down. His eyes fill with
tears as he hands her back the HANDKERCHIEF.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)
I'm sorry Lucy Pevensie. I
almost...

He breaks down. Lucy pushes his hand back. Smiles gently.

LUCY
Keep it. You need it more than I
do.

He takes her head in his hands.

MR. TUMNUS
No matter what happens, Lucy
Pevensie, I'm glad to have met you.
You've made me feel warmer than
I've felt in a hundred years.

Lucy smiles. Tumnus taps her on the nose.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)
Now go!

Lucy races away, waving one last time before plunging into
the trees.

Tumnus stares after her, worried.

25 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, WARDROBE ROOM - DAY 25

Lucy tumbles out of the wardrobe. Light fills the warm room.

PETER (O.S.)
Ninety-nine, one hundred. Ready or
not, here I come!

26 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, UPPER HALL - DAY 26

Lucy throws open the wardrobe room door.

LUCY
It's all right! I'm back!

Edmund pokes his head out from behind the curtain.

EDMUND
Would you shut up? He's coming.

Peter rounds the corner at the end of the hall.

EDMUND (cont'd)
Great, Lucy, thanks a lot.

PETER
I'm not sure you two have quite got
the idea of this game.

Lucy just gapes at her brothers.

LUCY
Weren't you wondering where I was?

EDMUND
That's why you were hiding he was
"seeking" you.

Susan pops out of the window seat.

SUSAN
Does this mean I win?

PETER
I don't think Lucy wants to play
anymore.

LUCY
I was playing! I was hiding in the
wardrobe, and the next thing, I was
in a wood and it was snowing...

Her brothers and sister exchange puzzled looks.

LUCY (cont'd)
I've been gone for hours!

27 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, WARDROBE ROOM - DAY

27

Lucy drags the others to the wardrobe.

LUCY
...and there was a faun and we had
tea and toast. See for yourselves.

She opens the door to find...COATS.

Lucy's face drops.

Susan pulls the coats apart, revealing THE BACK OF THE
WARDROBE. She gives it a rap with her knuckles.

SUSAN
Sorry, Lucy, the only wood in here
is the back of the wardrobe.

PETER
Good one, Lucy. Had me going.

LUCY
But it's true. It was all
different.

Lucy searches the wardrobe, her eyes filling with tears.
Peter and Susan share a look.

LUCY (cont'd)
I wouldn't lie about this.

EDMUND
I believe you.

LUCY
You do?

EDMUND
Happens all the time. I found a
cricket pitch in the bathroom
cupboard only this morning.

LUCY BURSTS INTO TEARS and runs crying out of the room.

Peter punches Edmund in the arm.

EDMUND (cont'd)
Ow. What was that for?

PETER

As if things aren't difficult
enough.

EDMUND

You always take her side!

Edmund storms out.

Susan shuts the wardrobe with a firm click.

28 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 28

A huge moon bathes the room. Lucy tosses and turns, staring
at the ceiling.

An ominous RUMBLING disturbs the silence. Lucy looks over to
see...Susan snoring. Lucy quietly slips out of bed.

29 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM HALL - NIGHT 29

Lucy eases out of her room, wearing shoes and a raincoat.
Carrying a candle, she sneaks away down the hall.

After a moment, a toilet flushes from behind a door.

Edmund steps out of the bathroom to see...

Lucy at the far end of the hall.

He grins, and creeps after her.

Lucy opens the WARDROBE ROOM DOOR. She creeps in, closing it
behind her.

30 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, WARDROBE ROOM - NIGHT 30

Lucy's hand hesitates on the Wardrobe handle. She bites her
lip and PULLS THE DOOR OPEN.

A WIND BLOWS FROM THE WARDROBE, EXTINGUISHING THE CANDLE.

Lucy smiles.

31 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM HALL - NIGHT 31

Edmund steps out of the shadows. He reaches up for the knob,
throws open the door and jumps in to find...

32 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, WARDROBE ROOM - NIGHT 32

Nothing. The room lies bare and silent.

Edmund smirks at the OPEN WARDROBE DOOR.

Edmund makes noises to try and scare Lucy.

EDMUND

Luuucccyyyy!! Whooooooo!! It's the
goblins from the warrdrrobbbe!

He creeps to the wardrobe. He climbs inside and...

SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

33 INT. WARDROBE - NIGHT 33

DARKNESS. Edmund clunks and struggles in the wardrobe.

EDMUND

Lucy?

He stumbles forward out of the darkness...

34 EXT. NARNIA, LANTERN WASTE - DAY 34

SNOW SWIRLS, then settles, revealing,

A SMALL FIGURE standing stock still in a forest clearing.

EDMUND

Lucy?

Edmund sees the lamppost, stares wide-eyed at the woods
around him. Walks on to,

35 EXT. NARNIA, FOREST NEAR LANTERN WASTE - CONTINUOUS 35

EDMUND

Lucy? I think I believe you now.

The wind blows through his thin clothes. He turns back to
where the wardrobe should be. He finds nothing.

Suddenly, he stops and listens. There...SLEIGH BELLS.

He peers into the distance.

Through the swirling snow, a flash of black and red appears.

Edmund stares as it grows larger. And larger.

Until finally his eyes widen at the sight of A SLEIGH pulled by hard-charging WHITE REINDEER.

Snow plumes from the runners. Steam jets from the reindeers' nostrils as...THE SLEIGH BEARS DOWN.

Edmund jumps back, falling into a snowbank.

The sleigh hisses to a stop, A MEAN-EYED DWARF at the reins.

EDMUND TAKES ONE LOOK AND RUNS, BUT THE DWARF LEAPS DOWN AND TACKLES HIM.

The dwarf presses A KNIFE to Edmund's throat.

WHITE WITCH (O.S.)

What is it now, Ginarrbrik?

GINARRBRIK

I'm not sure, your Majesty. If it's a dwarf, it's an ugly one.

Edmund turns to the sleigh where A FIGURE SITS IN SHADOW.

The figure steps out of the sleigh. TALL, ELEGANT, it moves effortlessly over the snow. Edmund watches until...

AN ASTONISHINGLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN stands before him.

Her skin gleams whiter than the polar bear fur that surrounds it. Atop her head sits a many-pronged CROWN.

Edmund stares, mesmerized.

EDMUND

Gosh. You're really tall.

Ginarrbrik jabs Edmund.

GINARRBRIK

Is that any way to address the Queen?

EDMUND

I'm sorry. I didn't know...your Majesty.

GINARRBRIK

Not know the Queen of Narnia? You shall know us better hereafter.

Ginarrbrik presses the knife deeper.

WHITE WITCH

Ginarrbrik. That's not how we
treat guests.

Ginarrbrik loosens his grip, confused.

The Witch stares down at Edmund, her green eyes boring in.
Edmund swallows, transfixed.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

What is your name, Son of Adam?

Ginarrbrik raises an eyebrow.

EDMUND

E...Edmund.

WHITE WITCH

Edmund, dear. You look so cold.
And those are hardly the clothes
for this kind of weather.

She smiles and extends her slender hand.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

Why don't you join me?

EDMUND

No, that's...

Her eyes flash darkly. Edmund swallow.

EDMUND (cont'd)

All right...thankyou.

The Witch sits Edmund beside her in the sleigh, cocooning him
in her fur.

Ginarrbrik scowls and sheathes his dagger.

WHITE WITCH

Perhaps you like something hot to
drink, Edmund?

EDMUND

Yes, please...your Majesty.

She takes out a SMALL COPPER VIAL, pops the cork and lets A
SINGLE DROP fall to the snow.

Edmund gapes as the SNOW MELTS UPWARDS, forming a steaming
JEWELLED CUP. Ginarrbrik hands it to him.

GINARRBRIK

Your drink. Sir.

Edmund hesitates, then sips. His shivering stops and a smile spreads across his face.

WHITE WITCH

It's dull, Son of Adam, to drink without eating. What would you like best to eat?

EDMUND

Can you make...anything?

WHITE WITCH

Anything you can imagine. And some things you probably can't.

She smiles. Edmund thinks for a long moment.

EDMUND

Turkish Delight?

WHITE WITCH

A connoisseur.

She tips the bottle once more, dropping a RUBY-COLORED PEARL.

A GLITTERING BOX appears. Ginarrbrik hands it up to Edmund. Edmund tears it open, gawking at rows of TURKISH DELIGHT.

He puts a piece in his mouth. His eyes glaze as he chews.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

So, Edmund...how pray did you come to enter my dominions?

EDMUND

I don't know. I was just following my sister, and-

WHITE WITCH

There are more of you?

Edmund shovels Turkish Delight with both hands.

EDMUND

Four. Me, Peter, Susan and Lucy.

Ginarrbrik shoots his Queen an alarmed glance.

WHITE WITCH

Four?

Edmund smiles, his mouth gummed up with jelly.

EDMUND

Lucy came first. She said she had tea with a faun, but we didn't believe her.

Edmund finishes the Turkish Delight.

WHITE WITCH

I would very much like to meet your brother and sisters.

EDMUND

Why? They're nothing special.

Edmund noisily sucks his fingers clean.

WHITE WITCH

I'm sure they're not as delightful as you are.

The Witch plucks off Ginarrbrik's hat and gently wipes the boy's sticky mouth. Ginarrbrik seethes. He snatches the hat back and wipes it on his trouser leg.

SHE LOOKS DEEP INTO EDMUND'S EYES, READING HIM.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

You know, Edmund, I have no children of my own. If you were to prove yourself to me, it's possible that you might one day become Prince of Narnia.

(she leans closer)

Or perhaps even King.

Edmund smiles, then looks doubtful.

EDMUND

You'd probably choose Peter before me.

She brushes his hair back from his brow.

WHITE WITCH

But Edmund, I have chosen you.

She smiles warmly at him.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

Of course, you'd need your family. After all, what's a king without servants?

Edmund smiles.

EDMUND

Peter would be my servant?

She turns his head to face TWO DARK HILLS on the horizon.

WHITE WITCH

All you'd have to do is bring your
brother and sisters to my house.
It's just between those hills.

She cups his face.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

What fun we're going to have.

Edmund smiles. She helps him down from the sled.

He looks longingly at the empty box.

EDMUND

Can't I have a bit more-

WHITE WITCH

At my house, there are rooms just
full of Turkish Delight!

Ginarrbrik cracks his whip and the reindeer spring to life.
The Witch waves to Edmund as the sleigh sweeps her away.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

Until then, dear one! Don't
forget! Come soon!

The sleigh fades into the white, hazy distance.

Edmund stands alone, dazed.

After a moment, he hears FOOTSTEPS on the snow behind him.

LUCY (O.S.)

Edmund?

He whips around to see LUCY RUNNING TO HIM.

LUCY (cont'd)

Oh, Edmund, you got in, too. I
told you it was real! Isn't it
wonderful?

Edmund wipes his mouth guiltily.

EDMUND

Where've you been?

LUCY

With Mr. Tumnus! The White Witch hasn't found out anything about him meeting me or letting me go. So everything's going to be all right after all!

Edmund looks down at the sleigh tracks in the snow.

EDMUND

The White Witch?

LUCY

She calls herself the Queen of Narnia, but she's not the rightful Queen at all.

Edmund shivers and turns away.

LUCY (cont'd)

Don't you feel well, Edmund? You look awful.

Edmund frowns at her.

EDMUND

Well, it's pretty poor sport standing around freezing in the snow. How do we get out of here?

LUCY

This way, silly.

Lucy takes his hand. He stumbles along with her, pale.

LUCY (cont'd)

The others will have to believe in Narnia now that we've both been here.

36

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

36

LUCY SHAKES SUSAN.

LUCY

Susan! Wake up! It's real!

Susan groans and rolls over.

SUSAN

Go back to sleep, Lucy. You're dreaming.

LUCY

But I'm not! Ask Ed-

She turns, but Edmund isn't there. Lucy rushes out.

37

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

37

Susan shuffles in from the hall to find LUCY jumping on Peter's bed. Edmund slouches on his bed.

LUCY

Peter, Peter, wake up! It's there,
it's really there!

Peter moves Lucy down to the floor.

PETER

Ssh, what are you talking about?

LUCY

Narnia. It's all in the wardrobe
like I told you. And this time,
Edmund went, too!

They all turn to Edmund.

LUCY (cont'd)

Tell them, Ed.

Lucy smiles at him, her eyes shining. Edmund opens his mouth to speak, but...

MRS. MACREADY (O.S.)

What in the world is going on?

Mrs. Macready stands in the doorway in a flannel nightgown.

EDMUND'S DARK EYES stare blankly for a long moment. Finally:

EDMUND

It's nothing.

He looks at Lucy, smiling thinly.

EDMUND (cont'd)

Lucy and I were just playing a
game.

Lucy's expectant face crumples. SHE BRUSHES PAST MRS.
MACREADY AND RUNS FROM THE ROOM, CRYING.

SUSAN

Oh, Lu.

Susan runs after her. Furious, Mrs. Macready turns to the boys.

MRS. MACREADY

I don't know what kind of home you children come from, but in this house, we work during the day and we sleep at night.

She glares at them before closing the door.

EDMUND

That's the trouble with little kids. They just don't know when to stop-

PETER

Will you grow up?!

EDMUND

But it's all nonsense.

PETER

Of course it's nonsense. Which is why you encouraging her is just making it worse!

EDMUND

But I thought--

PETER

No you didn't! That's the problem. You never think.

Edmund sneers. He turns to the wall.

EDMUND

Shut up. You're not Dad! I wish you weren't even my brother!!

Peter fumes, frustrated.

38

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, BEDROOM HALL - DAY

38

Peter drags his heels as he and Susan climb the stairs.

PETER

I really don't think we should disturb him.

Susan tries to look self assured.

SUSAN

Why not? Are you scared?

PETER

No. But...I mean...we don't even know him. Shouldn't we just keep this in the family.

SUSAN

Has that been working so far?

They reach the PROFESSOR'S DOOR.

SUSAN (cont'd)

We have to do something.

Peter looks at Susan. He rolls her eyes and...KNOCKS.

PROFESSOR KIRKE (O.S.)

Come in.

39

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - DAY

39

Peter and Susan step timidly inside. Shelves line the walls, crammed with ancient books and artifacts.

A massive desk looms beneath a window, and behind it sits...

A ~~WHITE-HAIRED MAN~~. He pores over an old book, his spectacles glinting in the lamp light.

PETER

Professor Kirke?

PROFESSOR KIRKE

(casually)

Ah...children. Pleasure to meet you. Do come in. Is everything alright?

SUSAN

Actually, sir, we have a question about our sister.

The Professor looks up mildly interested.

PETER

She's...well it seems she's been lying.

PROFESSOR KIRKE

That's a very serious charge.

Finally, Susan just blurts.

SUSAN

She says she found a magical land in the upstairs wardrobe.

The Professor's head snaps up.

PROFESSOR KIRKE
What did you say?

PETER
Um, the wardrobe upstairs...

The Professor pops out from behind his desk. He gathers the children and seats them on the couch.

PETER (cont'd)
Lucy insists she found a forest inside.

PROFESSOR KIRKE
What was it like?

SUSAN
Like talking to a lunatic-

PROFESSOR KIRKE
Not her, the forest.

Peter and Susan look at each other, confused.

PETER
You're not saying you believe her?

PROFESSOR KIRKE
Well, how do you know her story isn't true?

SUSAN
Edmund said that they had just been pretending.

PROFESSOR KIRKE
And he's usually the more truthful of the two is he?

Susan looks at Peter. They both shake their heads.

PETER
No.

SUSAN
That's just it, up until now I would say Lucy is very honest.

PROFESSOR KIRKE
Do you think she's mad? Insane?

SUSAN
Probably not.

The Professor takes a PIPE from the hand of a WOODEN MONKEY.

PROFESSOR KIRKE
What do they teach them in these
schools?

He unscrews a SILVER APPLE, revealing a core of TOBACCO.

PROFESSOR KIRKE (cont'd)
If Lucy isn't lying, and she's not
mad, then logically, unless further
evidence turns up...

He lights his pipe, waves away a cloud of smoke.

PROFESSOR KIRKE (cont'd)
We must assume she's telling the
truth.

SUSAN
But it's impossible.

PROFESSOR KIRKE
There's that word. Seems to make
everything smaller somehow, doesn't
it?

Peter and Susan gape. The Professor pulls up a chair.

PROFESSOR KIRKE (cont'd)
Now what did Lucy say...exactly?

40 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE - DAY

40

Peter and Susan close the Professor's door behind them.
Peter is quite taken aback.

PETER
Well, that was unexpected.

SUSAN
(sarcastically)
Oh yes. And really helpful. Now
what are we supposed to do?

41 EXT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE - DAY

41

SEVERAL CARS AND A TOUR BUS SIT PARKED IN THE DRIVE.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
We interrupt this broadcast for a
bulletin from the front.

42

INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, GAME ROOM - DAY

42

A RADIO PLAYS. Lucy sits glumly beside it.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
German forces swept past Allied
troops today-

Susan jumps over and turns the dial to BIG BAND MUSIC.

Peter studies Lucy from the ping-pong table. Edmund sits below the table, bored.

Peter bats a ball over to Lucy. It bounces off her head and lands in her lap.

PETER
I say, was that in or out?

Lucy ignores him and looks out the window.

PETER (cont'd)
Come on, Lucy. You ping. I'll
pong.

Susan giggles. Lucy shakes her head. Tries not to smile.

EDMUND PICKS UP A PADDLE.

EDMUND
I'll play.

BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO HEAR HIM.

Peter and Susan kneel near Lucy.

SUSAN
You and me, Lucy. Peter can't beat
both of us.

PETER
That sounds like a challenge.

They drag Lucy over to the table.

Edmund scowls and drops his paddle to the floor. He stalks into the next room, IRRITATED.

Susan puts a paddle into Lucy's floppy hand.

Peter does his best to ward off Susan and Lucy. He CLOWNS, playing with his left hand, HOPPING on ONE LEG.

FINALLY, LUCY SMILES.

In the other room, EDMUND looks down at huge SWORD IN A GLASS CASE, ANNOYED BY THEIR LAUGHTER.

LUCY serves, giggling.

EDMUND (O.S.)
Bow down for King Edmund!

Edmund stands in the doorway, brandishing a SWORD.

Peter laughs and strikes a combat stance with his paddle.

PETER
En garde!

Edmund and Peter thrust and parry across the room. Edmund struggles with the unwieldy sword.

Peter darts in and taps Edmund's cheek. The girls laugh.

EDMUND'S FACE GOES COLD, insulted by their laughter.

HE TAKES A SAVAGE SWING. OUT OF CONTROL, WITH THE OVERSIZE SWORD. SUSAN SCREAMS.

Peter dives out of the way just as THE SWORD SMASHES A SUIT OF ARMOR. Silver pieces fly apart, clattering on the floor.

Peter lies on the ground, panting. Edmund gapes at the shattered armor. He drops the sword with a clang.

LUCY
Edmund, what are you doing?

MRS. MACREADY (O.S.)
And in the next room, you'll see a remarkable example of Fourteenth Century plate armor.

SUSAN
Brilliant timing, Ed.

THE TOUR GROUP'S FOOTSTEPS CLOMP IN THE HALL.

PETER
Come on.

They rush out another door. Edmund's foot kicks the DECAPITATED HELMET. It spins across the floor.

43 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE - DAY

43

The kids run up the stairs. FOOTSTEPS CLATTER BEHIND THEM.

They run down the hall. FOOTSTEPS RUMBLE IN FRONT OF THEM.

They race along the maze of passages, FOOTSTEPS CLOMPING ALL AROUND THEM.

PETER

She seems to be giving them a very thorough tour.

They run round a corner and skid to a halt in front of THE WARDROBE ROOM.

THE FOOTSTEPS THUNDER.

They run in and shut the door behind them.

44 INT. PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, WARDROBE ROOM - DAY 44

The four children pant in the quiet. But then...THE FOOTSTEPS RESUME, JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

Peter looks at Susan, then they both look at THE WARDROBE.

PETER

All right, then.

Peter yanks open the wardrobe door. They scramble inside, leaving the door AJAR.

45 INT. WARDROBE - DAY 45

Peter puts his eye to the crack. Outside, the DOORKNOB starts to turn.

All four kids scrunch further into the wardrobe.

Peter and Susan inch themselves backward, reaching behind them, until...THEY STOP COLD.

SUSAN

Peter?

PETER

What?

SUSAN

Are your trousers wet?

Peter and Susan look down to see they're sitting on A PATCH OF SNOW. THEY TURN...

46

EXT. NARNIA, LANTERN WASTE - DAY

46

The Pevensies step out of the wardrobe and into NARNIA.

Peter and Susan gape in amazement. They crane their heads to look up at the treetops.

LUCY
Don't worry...

Lucy casually steps up next to them.

LUCY (cont'd)
I'm sure it's just your
imagination.

Susan finally blinks.

SUSAN
Oh, my gosh!

Peter looks down at Lucy.

PETER
I don't suppose saying we're sorry
would quite cover it.

LUCY
You're right. It wouldn't.

She pulls out A SNOWBALL and WHIPS it at Peter.

LUCY (cont'd)
But that might!

THE THREE OF THEM scramble into a brief, wild snowball fight.
It only ends when an errant snowball flies through the air...

AND HITS A VERY GUILTY-LOOKING EDMUND IN THE FACE.

EDMUND
Oww. Stop it!

The fight stops. They all stare at Edmund.

Peter gives a low whistle.

PETER
You were here. Weren't you?

Edmund wipes the snow from his cheek, defiant.

EDMUND
You didn't believe her either.

SUSAN
Ed, don't-

PETER
Apologize to Lucy.

EDMUND
It was just a joke.

PETER
Say you're sorry!

Peter grabs Edmund, twisting his arm.

LUCY
Stop it! You're hurting him!

PETER
Say it.

EDMUND
All right! I'm sorry.

Peter looks at Edmund, disgusted. He walks away.

The Pevensies stand there in silence.

SUSAN
Maybe we should go back.

Edmund just stares through the trees...AT TWO DARK HILLS IN
THE DISTANCE.

PETER
I think Lucy should decide what we
do.

Peter turns to Lucy. She smiles.

LUCY
Let's go see Mr. Tumnus!

PETER
Mr. Tumnus, it is.

SUSAN
We can't go hiking in the snow
dressed like this.

Peter reaches into the wardrobe and hands Susan a FUR COAT.
She looks from the WARDROBE to a PINE TREE.

SUSAN (cont'd)
I really don't understand.

Lucy reaches in and grabs a coat of her own.

LUCY

I suppose the Professor wouldn't mind us using them.

Peter takes a coat for himself.

PETER

Well really, we're not even taking them out of the wardrobe.

He hands Edmund a PARTICULARLY FEMININE COAT.

EDMUND

That's a girl's coat!

Peter just shoves it at him. Edmund grabs it, sullen.

47

EXT. NARNIA - DAY

47

The four of them walk through the white world:

They gape at the lamp post.

Peter dumps snow on Lucy's head.

Susan walks stiffly, her hands in her pockets. She slips down a slope, ending up on her back.

Staring up at the snow-filled sky, Susan finally smiles. She opens her arms and MAKES A SNOW ANGEL.

SUSAN

It's beautiful...

48

EXT. TUMNUS' HOUSE - DAY

48

The Pevensies wind their way through the towering rocks toward Tumnus' house.

Lucy leads them down a narrow crevasse, around a corner and...stops.

The others follow, nearly bumping into her.

PETER

What's going on, Lu?

Lucy just stares at the LITTLE STONE HOUSE.

TUMNUS' DOOR HAS BEEN WRENCHED OFF ITS HINGES.

Peter puts his hand on Lucy's shoulder, but she breaks away and runs for the door.

PETER (cont'd)

Lucy!

49 INT. TUMNUS' HOUSE - DAY

49

Lucy stands in the doorway, her mouth open. The others come in behind her. Susan gasps.

The little home lies RAVAGED. Smoke BLACKENS the walls. Crockery and furniture clutter the floor, SMASHED TO BITS.

EDMUND

Someone should tell him to tidy his room.

Edmund stares down at the SHREDDED PORTRAIT of Tumnus' father. He looks away.

Lucy tearfully cradles a BROKEN TEA CUP.

LUCY

Who would do something like this?

Peter plucks up A PIECE OF PARCHMENT nailed to the floor. CLOSE ON: "WARRANT OF ARREST, BY ORDER OF HER MAJESTY."

PETER

"The Faun Tumnus is hereby charged with High Treason against her Imperial Majesty Jadis, Queen of Narnia, for comforting her enemies and fraternizing with Humans. Signed, Maugrim, Captain of the Secret Police. LONG LIVE THE QUEEN."

Peter lowers the warrant.

SUSAN

All right, now would be a really good time to go home.

LUCY

But we have to help him!

Susan looks to Peter, worried.

SUSAN

I don't know that there's much we can do, Lucy.

LUCY

We could call the police.

PETER
These are the police.

LUCY
This is all my fault.

PETER
No, it's not-

SHE JABS AT THE PAPER.

LUCY
I'm the Human! Mr. Tumnus has been
arrested for not handing me over.
But, how could they have known?

Edmund scowls, turning away from the group.

PETER
What kind of Queen does this?

LUCY
She's not a Queen, she's a terrible
Witch! And she'll do something
horrible, like turn him to stone.

SUSAN
What?

LUCY
That's what Mr. Tumnus was said.

EDMUND
We can hardly take his word for it.

They all glare at him. He points at the warrant.

EDMUND (cont'd)
He's a criminal.

VOICE (O.S.)
Psst.

Susan gapes out the doorway, where...

A ROBIN HOPS from one branch to the next.

SUSAN
Did that bird just "psst" us?

But the bird just flies away. Then suddenly...

VOICE
Psst!

They look down to see A VERY LARGE BEAVER, staring at them. It crooks one finger, beckoning.

LUCY
It's a beaver! I think it wants us to follow it.

EDMUND
(incredulous: ri-ight)
Of course.

Peter takes a slow step toward the Beaver, holding out his hand as if to a dog. He makes a clucking noise.

The Beaver puts his hands on his hips.

MR. BEAVER
I'm not going to smell it, if that's what you want.

Peter stares.

PETER
Oh. Sorry.

MR. BEAVER
Further in...

He leads them into the forest.

50

EXT. FOREST NEAR TUMNUS' HOUSE - DAY

50

The Pevensies walk into the trees to find the beaver standing there, hand on his hips.

MR. BEAVER
You're Lucy?

LUCY
How did you know?

He hands her a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF, embroidered with an "L."

LUCY (cont'd)
That's mine! It's the one I gave to-

MR. BEAVER
Tumnus. I know. Poor fellow got wind of the arrest just before it happened. I've been keeping an eye out for you ever since.

LUCY
Is he all right?

Beaver peers gravely at the branches around them.

MR. BEAVER
That's better left for safer
quarters.

He slips away.

Lucy turns to the others and whispers.

LUCY
He means the trees.

Lucy follows him.

Susan and Peter look around at the forest, suspicious. They
race after Lucy.

51 EXT. ROCKY CREVASSE - DAY

51

Susan warily follows Lucy and the Beaver. Out of earshot,
Edmund tugs on Peter's coat.

EDMUND
Will you stop a second? Have you
thought about what we're doing?
How do we know what side this
beaver's on?

Peter listens impatiently.

PETER
He's friends with the faun.

EDMUND
If it comes to that, how do we even
know the faun is in the right?

PETER
The faun saved Lucy.

EDMUND
That's what the faun said. And he
was arrested.

Peter looks concerned.

MR. BEAVER (O.S.)
Here we are then!

52 EXT. NARNIA, BEAVER DAM - DUSK

52

Peter and Edmund join Beaver and the girls.

A FROZEN RIVER lies in front of them like a green highway.

Susan steps to the edge. A FISH HANGS FROZEN IN THE ICE.
Bubbles trickle from its open mouth.

Beaver leads the children toward an IMPRESSIVE DAM.

LUCY
It's wonderful.

MR. BEAVER
Merely a trifle, merely a trifle.
It's really not even finished.

A WISP OF SMOKE floats from a LARGE MOUND atop the dam.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)
Ah, looks like Mrs. Beaver's got
the pot on.

Edmund lags behind, looking past the mound, through the
smoke...at the pair of DARK HILLS BEYOND.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)
Enjoying the scenery, are we?

Beaver eyes the boy. Edmund shoves his hands in his pockets
and makes for the dam.

53

INT. BEAVERS' LODGE - DUSK

53

The Pevensies look around with delight. Branches form all of
the furniture, woven, bent and chewed in ingenious ways.

A BIG CAULDRON steams in the fireplace.

MR. BEAVER
Mrs. Beaver, I have a surprise for
you!

MRS. BEAVER (O.S.)
It'd better be those fish I asked
you to get.

MRS. BEAVER bustles into the room, drying her hands. She
sees the children and GASPS.

MRS. BEAVER (cont'd)
Those aren't fish.

She runs to them, reverent.

MRS. BEAVER (cont'd)
You've come at last. I never
thought I'd live to see this day.

They children look at each other, confused.

MRS. BEAVER (cont'd)
Now, take their coats, dear. They
must be starving.

TIME CUT:

54

INT. BEAVERS' LODGE - NIGHT

54

The Pevensies and Beavers sit at a table full of fish dishes.

PETER
Couldn't we just go to the Witch
and plead Tumnus' case?

MR. BEAVER
You could go all right.

MRS. BEAVER
But very few who enter that castle
ever come out again.

LUCY
Then Mr. Tumnus is...

Lucy tears up. Mrs. Beaver pets her hair.

MRS. BEAVER
There is hope, child.

MR. BEAVER
Indeed, the greatest hope there
ever was.

The children stare. Beaver puffs up, enjoying the attention.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)
Aslan is on the move.

Peter, Susan and Lucy stare in silence, strangely calmed.
Then...

EDMUND
Who's Aslan?

The Beavers gape. Their big teeth hang in their open mouths.

MR. BEAVER
You don't know?

MRS. BEAVER
Oh, my, you do come from a bad
place.

MR. BEAVER

He's only the King of the whole wood, Lord of all Narnia!

MRS. BEAVER

He's been away a long time, but now he's back!

MR. BEAVER

Aye. And he's gathering an army at the Stone Table! Now we'll sort out the White Witch once and for all.

EDMUND

Won't she just turn him to stone?

Beaver throws back his head, laughing. Edmund flushes.

MRS. BEAVER

Trust me, if the White Witch can so much as look Aslan in the eye, I'll be surprised.

Beaver drains his beer and puts the mug down with a thump.

MR. BEAVER

But you'll see for yourselves soon enough. We'll set out in the morning.

PETER

For where?

MR. BEAVER

The Stone Table. If we're to save Tumnus, we'll need Aslan to do it.

SUSAN

But you just said he was getting ready to fight a war.

Beaver leans forward, his face lit by candlelight.

MR. BEAVER

And he'll need every hand he can get.

Susan shoots Peter an alarmed glance.

PETER

Look, I know you mean well, but this all sounds rather dangerous.

Peter stands.

PETER (cont'd)
I'm sorry. Thank you for dinner.

The Beavers stare, stunned.

LUCY
But what about Mr. Tumnus?

PETER
Lucy, it's time the four of us were
getting home. Susan?

She nods enthusiastically.

PETER (cont'd)
Ed?

Peter searches the room, landing on EDMUND'S EMPTY CHAIR.
BEAVER'S FUR BRISTLES.

55 EXT. BEAVERS' MOUND - NIGHT

55

SNOWY FOOTPRINTS lead from the mound and across the river.
Peter, Susan, Lucy and Beaver stare at the tracks.

PETER
Edmund!

LUCY
EDMUND!

MR. BEAVER
When did he leave?

SUSAN
What? I'm not sure...

MR. BEAVER
It's vital that we try and remember
what he heard.

PETER
Why?

Beaver points up TOWARD THE TWO DARK HILLS.

MR. BEAVER
Because he's gone to her.

56 EXT. NARNIA, ROCKY AREA - NIGHT 56

THE SPIRES OF THE WITCH'S CASTLE twist between the two hills.
Edmund stares hungrily as he stumbles through knee-high snow.

57 EXT. NARNIA, FOREST - NIGHT 57

Peter and Beaver race through the trees. Susan and Lucy strain to catch up.

MR. BEAVER

There's no point in this! You
won't get him back this way!
You've lost him to the Witch.

PETER

No, I haven't!

MR. BEAVER

You tell me you trust him, then.

Peter whips around.

PETER

I can still catch him!

58 EXT. CASTLE HILL - NIGHT 58

Edmund leans against a boulder, panting. He stares up at the
CASTLE looming atop the hill.

A cold wind pulls at his collar. He turns and looks behind
him, almost regretful.

But the wind turns and PUSHES HIM TOWARD THE CASTLE. He
grabs a rock and climbs.

59 EXT. CASTLE HILL - NIGHT 59

Peter tears across the snow, stopping at the rocks where his
brother's footprints end.

Susan and Lucy look up the hillside to where...EDMUND CLIMBS,
tiny against the cliff.

LUCY

Edmund!

MR. BEAVER

Shhh! They'll hear you.

Peter throws himself up the rocks. Beaver tackles him.

SUSAN
But, he's our brother!

MR. BEAVER
He's the bait! The Witch wants all
four of you.

SUSAN
Why?

MR. BEAVER
To kill you.

Peter and Susan stare at Beaver, shocked. Then,

LUCY
Look!

Lucy points helplessly as...

Edmund hauls himself to the top. In front of him, an OPEN
GATE yawns. Edmund walks through, VANISHING.

PETER
Blast him!

Susan turns on Peter angrily.

SUSAN
I told you we should've gone back!
But you wouldn't listen!

PETER
Oh, you knew this would happen?

SUSAN
I didn't know what would happen!
Which is why we should've left
while we still could.

LUCY
Stop it! Both of you!

Peter and Susan glare, wind whipping their faces.

LUCY (cont'd)
This isn't helping Edmund!

MR. BEAVER
The only thing to do now is get as
far away from this place as
possible.

PETER

And just leave him?

MR. BEAVER

Only Aslan can help Edmund now.

LUCY

Then take us to him.

Everyone turns. Lucy stares up at the dark cliff. She turns to them, tearful.

LUCY (cont'd)

What choice do we have?

60

EXT. WITCH'S CASTLE, COURTYARD - NIGHT

60

GNAWED, CHARRED BONES lie in ASHES.

Edmund steps over the remains of a watch fire into the courtyard.

A DARK SHAPE appears, then vanishes in the swirling snow.

Suddenly, the flurries fade...THERE STANDS A HUGE GRAY TIGER.

EDMUND FREEZES. THE TIGER STARES.

THEN, SLOWLY, SNOW BUILDS ON THE ANIMAL'S SNOUT.

Edmund reaches out and touches the tiger. Nothing. Stone.

EDMUND

Ha.

Edmund plucks up a piece of burnt wood from the dead fire and DRAWS on the tiger: GLASSES AND A MOUSTACHE. He laughs NERVOUSLY.

Edmund walks further inside.

STATUES SURROUND HIM. Across the courtyard, STONE CREATURES stand like chess pieces, their faces frozen in fear.

Atop a flight of stairs, Edmund finds a HUGE GRAY WOLF. He raises his leg to step over the statue.

THE WOLF SNARLS TO LIFE. With one massive paw, IT PINS EDMUND TO THE WALL.

MAUGRIM

Be still, stranger, or you'll never move again.

Edmund freezes. The wolf's yellow eyes beam at him.

MAUGRIM (cont'd)
Who are you?

EDMUND
I'm Edmund. I met the Queen in the woods. She asked me to come back. I'm a...Son of Adam.

Maugrim suddenly removes his paw.

MAUGRIM
My apologies, fortunate favorite of the Queen.
(sneers)
Or perhaps, not so fortunate.

Edmund slowly comes off the wall, surprised.

MAUGRIM (cont'd)
Do follow me.

61 INT. WITCH'S CASTLE, GREAT HALL - NIGHT

61

Maugrim leads Edmund into A VAST, ARCHING HALL, BUILT ENTIRELY OF GLITTERING ICE.

MORE WOLVES stand sentry, eyeing Edmund coldly as he passes.

Maugrim growls. The wolves bow their heads.

Edmund's fearful look turns to a haughty grin.

At the end of the hall sits...

AN EMPTY, FROZEN THRONE.

Edmund approaches, hesitant.

He gazes at the intricate carvings and sharp corners. He finds his reflection in the polished ice.

WHITE WITCH (O.S.)
Like it?

The Witch's reflection appears beside him. Edmund turns to see her wrapped in ermine.

EDMUND
Very much.

She runs her long fingers across his cheek.

WHITE WITCH

Then you should have one just like
it.

She glances at Maugrim, who gruffly SHAKES HIS HEAD.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

Tell me, Edmund, are your sisters
deaf?

EDMUND

No.

WHITE WITCH

Is your brother...unintelligent?

EDMUND

No. What-

WHITE WITCH

Then how dare you come alone!!

Edmund hangs his head. Choking back tears.

EDMUND

I tried...

WHITE WITCH

Edmund. I asked for so little.

EDMUND

They just don't listen to me.

WHITE WITCH

And you couldn't even do that.

The Witch sighs and takes out her wand.

EDMUND

But I did bring them. Halfway!
They're in the little house on the
dam. With the Beavers.

The Witch turns to Maugrim.

WHITE WITCH

Maugrim. You know what to do.

Maugrim lets out a HOWL, breaking into a dead run. The
SENTRY WOLVES peel off and follow.

Edmund swallows and turns back to the Witch, hopeful. She
sits down on her throne, just staring at him.

EDMUND

I was wondering...could I maybe
have some...Turkish Delight?

She smiles.

WHITE WITCH

Ginarrbrik?

Ginarrbrik steps from the shadows. He eyes Edmund with
hatred.

GINARRBRIK

Yes, my Queen?

WHITE WITCH

Our guest is hungry.

Edmund smiles. So does Ginarrbrik, BROWN TEETH AND BLACK
GUMS.

GINARRBRIK

This way for num-nums.

62 EXT. WITCH'S CASTLE - NIGHT 62

THE WOLVES BURST THROUGH THE GATE, nearly tripping over
themselves in their frenzy.

63 EXT. NARNIA, FOREST - NIGHT 63

Beaver leads the children through the woods. Suddenly,
DOZENS OF HOWLS RIP THROUGH THE AIR.

Beaver's eyes go wide.

THEY RUN.

64 EXT. NARNIA, FOREST - NIGHT 64

THE WOLVES FLASH THROUGH THE TREES, slicing over new-fallen
snow.

MR. BEAVER (O.S.)

Come on, Mother, there's no time!

65 INT. BEAVERS' MOUND - NIGHT 65

Beaver, Peter, and Lucy wait impatiently. In the kitchen,
Susan and Mrs. Beaver pack. Mrs. Beaver holds up a jar.

MRS. BEAVER

Do you think we'll need jam?

Beaver tries to drag her toward the door.

MR. BEAVER

Only if the Witch serves toast in prison.

Mrs. Beaver squeezes her basket closed.

MRS. BEAVER

Oh, shush. You'll be thanking me later.

SUDDENLY, THE BAYING OF WOLVES PIERCES THE NIGHT AIR. The group freezes, trapped.

PETER

If there is a later.

66 EXT. NARNIA, BEAVER DAM - NIGHT

66

The wolves rage across the river. They leap onto the dam, surrounding the Beavers' home.

MAUGRIM

Take them!

The pack savagely TEARS at the mound.

67 INT. BEAVERS' MOUND - NIGHT

67

SPLINTERS FLY as the wolves burst through the door.

They ransack the room, shredding everything.

Finally, Maugrim stops. He sniffs. His head swivels to A ROUGH-HEWN WARDROBE.

The wolf eases open the wardrobe door, revealing...A TUNNEL.

Maugrim's yellow eyes narrow.

MAUGRIM

Smell them out.

68 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

68

Beaver leads the group through A DARK TUNNEL. Peter and Susan crouch to avoid low-hanging beams.

MR. BEAVER

We'll be safe up ahead. A Badger friend of mine dug this tunnel. It comes up right near his place.

MRS. BEAVER

And his barrel of ale, I shouldn't wonder.

Beaver rolls his eyes.

Lucy's long coat catches on a root. She falls to the ground. Susan reaches to help, but...

LUCY

Sssh.

Everyone freezes. Lucy's eyes widen in fear.

LUCY (cont'd)

They're in the tunnel.

69 INT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT 69

WOLVES pour into the tunnel, howls echoing off the walls.

70 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT 70

The group barrels around a corner and hits...A DEAD END.

MRS. BEAVER

I told you we should've brought the map.

MR. BEAVER

There wasn't room next to the jam!
Peter, kneel down!

Beaver leaps onto Peter's back, reaching for the ceiling.

71 EXT. ALLIES' ENCLAVE - NIGHT 71

A ROCK rolls away, revealing BEAVER. The others climb out.

A TINY VILLAGE sits in the pale moonlight. A Mother Otter draws water from the well. Squirrel children play nearby.

Beaver leads the others in a run for the town.

Lucy peers at the squirrels standing still under a tree. Mrs. Beaver follows her gaze.

MRS. BEAVER
Something's wrong.

The village stands disconcertingly SILENT.

Everyone gapes, horrified as they realize:

THE ENTIRE TOWN HAS BEEN TURNED TO STONE.

A BADGER stands frozen, baring his fierce claws. Beaver lays a hand on his old friend, tears welling.

MR. BEAVER
Now do you see what we're up
against?

The Pevensies stare, devastated.

72

INT. WITCH'S CASTLE, DUNGEON - NIGHT

72

EDMUND sits alone in a cell. Bugs scurry everywhere.

He tries to eat a piece of bread, but gags. He takes a gulp of water but immediately spits it out. He looks in the cup.

MORE BUGS float in the water.

He pushes away his meal, disgusted.

VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me.

Edmund jumps up, startled. He looks into the next cell.

EDMUND
What do you want?

He approaches warily. There on the floor lies...

MR. TUMNUS, gaunt, beaten, his hooves shackled to the floor.

MR. TUMNUS
Sorry. I'd get up, but I'm afraid
my legs aren't working very well.

Edmund stares, realizing.

EDMUND
Mr. Tumnus...?

MR. TUMNUS
What's left of him, at least.

Edmund looks away. Tumnus smiles awkwardly.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)
You're Lucy Pevensie's brother.

EDMUND
I'm Edmund.

MR. TUMNUS
You have the same nose.

Edmund unwittingly scratches his nose.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)
Is your sister safe? Is she all
right?

Edmund looks away, troubled.

EDMUND
I don't know.

73

EXT. FOREST ENCLAVE - NIGHT

73

HOWLING PIERCES THE SILENT TOWN.

Beaver turns to the mouth of the tunnel.

MR. BEAVER
Let them come. I'll chew them all
to splinters.

The rest of the group gapes at the stolid Beaver.

FOX (O.S.)
Brave words, Beaver.

They whip to see A FOX standing casually against a tree.

FOX (cont'd)
But better left for when the odds
are slightly more in your favor.

Beaver scowls at Fox, distrustful.

MR. BEAVER
We don't need your help.

PETER
Speak for yourself.

Beaver shoots Peter an angry look. Fox smiles smugly.

FOX
Now there's a man of discernment.

ANOTHER HOWL rips the night, very close.

FOX (cont'd)
I realize we've only just met, but
you might want to follow me.

Beaver points at the stone badger.

MR. BEAVER
Is that what you told him?

Fox nods at the dirt flying from the hole.

FOX
I'd hurry. They get rather
unpleasant when they're hungry.

THE FIRST PAW SCRATCHES AT THE LIP OF THE HOLE.

PETER
Follow him.

Fox whirls and darts into the trees.

SUSAN
But-

PETER
Go.

Beaver sets his feet and faces the HOLE.

MR. BEAVER
I'll take my chances, thanks.

MRS. BEAVER
You'll do no such thing.

Mrs. Beaver tugs her husband away.

74 EXT. ALLIES' ENCLAVE - NIGHT

74

The Pevensies and the Beavers scramble after Fox.

Suddenly, Fox stops. He sniffs the air.

FOX
A delicate perfume.

He smiles at Susan.

FOX (cont'd)
An item of your clothing, please,
Your Highness.

SUSAN

What?

Peter gets it.

PETER

Give him your jumper.

Susan looks down at her CARDIGAN with its SCHOOL CREST.

SUSAN

I couldn't.

FOX

Wolves. Hungry wolves.

Susan yanks off her sweater and gives it to Fox. He bows, then WHISTLES.

The trees above them rustle. Everyone looks up, alarmed as TWO SATYRS DROP DOWN, landing lithely on muscular legs.

Fox tosses them the sweater.

FOX (cont'd)

Take them on a run, boys.

The satyrs break off into the trees, Susan's sweater fluttering behind them.

Fox turns back to the group.

FOX (cont'd)

Now, if you will.

HE POINTS UP A TREE.

75 EXT. ALLIES' ENCLAVE - NIGHT

75

WOLVES tear through the town, KNOCKING OVER THE STONE BADGER.

They burst into the forest, only to find...

76 EXT. ALLIES' ENCLAVE - NIGHT

76

Fox casually sweeping the snow with his tail.

FOX

Greetings, wolf brethren.

The wolves skid to a stop. Fox smiles innocently.

FOX (cont'd)
Lost something, have we?

MAUGRIM
Where are the humans?

FOX
Now, that's a valuable piece of
information, don't you think?

He leans against a tree.

TILT UP THE TRUNK, high into the air, where...Peter, Susan,
Lucy and the Beavers watch from a platform.

Peter grits his teeth.

Below, Fox grooms his tail.

FOX (cont'd)
I imagine there'd be at least a
nominal reward for something like
that.

Maugrim's lieutenant, VARDAN, CLAMPS DOWN ON FOX'S NECK.

Lucy gasps. Susan claps her hand over her sister's mouth.

Maugrim leans into Fox's trembling face.

MAUGRIM
Your reward is your life. Now,
where are they?

Vardan tightens his jaws. Fox yelps. Slowly, HE RAISES HIS
PAW TO POINT...

Susan bites her lip. Peter's hand clenches into a fist.

But Fox points off INTO THE FOREST.

FOX
South. They ran south.

Peter relaxes his hand.

Another wolf examines the ground where Fox pointed.

WOLF
Captain, the scent continues.

VARDAN THROWS FOX TO THE GROUND. MAUGRIM HOWLS, leading his
pack after the satyrs.

In the tree, Lucy stares down at Fox's motionless body.

Suddenly, his bushy tail twitches...and waves. Lucy grins as Fox stands and smiles up at them.

LUCY
Are you all right?

FOX
Oh, don't worry, your Majesty.
Their bark is worse than their
bite.

SUSAN
Why do you keep calling us that?

Fox looks at her curiously. He turns to Beaver.

FOX
They don't know?

Peter eyes Beaver, suspicious.

PETER
Don't know what?

77

EXT. ALLIES' ENCLAVE - NIGHT

77

Fox hands Beaver a branch. Beaver bites it down to size and tosses it on a fire. Mrs. Beaver passes out bread and jam.

MR. BEAVER
There's a prophecy.

Peter, Susan and Lucy stare at Beaver.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)
"When Adam's flesh and Adam's bone
Sits at Cair Paravel in throne, The
evil time will be over and done."

The kids just stare.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)
I know it doesn't quite rhyme....

Mrs. Beaver pats him on the paw. Beaver continues.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)
On the shore of the Eastern Ocean
is a castle, Cair Paravel. Inside
are four thrones. It is said, when
two Sons of Adam and Two Daughters
of Eve fill those thrones, Narnia
will once more be at peace.

MRS. BEAVER

And the Witch's reign will be over.

The Beavers and Fox beam at them.

The Pevensies stare in disbelief.

PETER

And you think we're the ones?

FOX

You'd better be.

MR. BEAVER

We've been expecting you for a hundred years.

PETER

Look, I'm sorry, but you've made a mistake. We're not heroes.

LUCY

We're from Finchley.

Susan stares at the three expectant animals.

SUSAN

This makes absolutely no sense.

MRS. BEAVER

Your sense comes from your world, child. This is foretold in the Deep Magic, and what is written there, shall be.

The children stare, gobsmacked.

FOX

You've come to save Narnia...

MR. BEAVER

Whether you like it or not

78

EXT. ALLIES' ENCLAVE - NIGHT

78

The Beavers sleep, their tails draped over each other. Lucy and the Fox doze by the waning fire.

Peter sits watching over them. Susan joins him, bleary-eyed.

SUSAN

Magic wardrobes, talking animals, and not a pillow in the entire country.

Peter smiles, sadly.

PETER
All Mum asked me to do was to look
after all of you...and I couldn't
even do that.

He sighs and looks over at the sleeping animals.

PETER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Let alone what they expect.

SUSAN
What they expect doesn't matter.
Because it isn't true.

PETER
And what happens when they work
that out?

SUSAN
That we're not mythical kings and
queens? We get Edmund and we go
home.

Peter looks toward the sleeping animals.

PETER
They won't be happy...and they have
pretty sharp teeth.

They both stare into the fire. Susan sighs.

SUSAN
We should have gotten Edmund a
leash.

79 EXT. WITCH'S CASTLE - NIGHT 79

THE WOLFPACK stumbles up the hill, drained.

80 INT. WITCH'S CASTLE, DUNGEON - NIGHT 80

Edmund trembles in the corner of his cell. When he looks up,
he catches TUMNUS WATCHING HIM. Edmund quickly looks away.

Suddenly, THE LOCK CLANGS. Edmund stands as...

THE WITCH STRIDES IN WITH GINARRBRIK.

WHITE WITCH
The police tore that dam apart...

Edmund goes white.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Your little family was nowhere to
be found.

Edmund breathes again, relieved.

EDMUND
Are you sure? Did you look under
everything?

SHE GRABS HIS FACE. Tumnus watches in terror.

WHITE WITCH
Where did they go? They must have
said something?

Edmund whimpers. Tumnus grips his bars.

EDMUND
I don't know. The Beaver said
something about...Aslan?

THE WITCH'S EYES FREEZE. She drops Edmund to the floor.

WHITE WITCH
Aslan?

She rubs her mouth, as if suddenly starving.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Where?

EDMUND
I -

TUMNUS BANGS WILDLY AGAINST HIS BARS.

MR. TUMNUS
He's a stranger here, your Majesty.
He doesn't know anything!

The Witch glares at Tumnus. Ginarrbrik knocks the faun back.
She turns back to Edmund.

WHITE WITCH
I said, where is Aslan?

Tumnus shoots Edmund a desperate look. Edmund stares at him
for a long moment, then...

EDMUND
I don't know. I left before they
said...I wanted to see you.

The Witch purses her lips.

WHITE WITCH
Release the faun.

GINARRBRIK
But, your Majesty-

WHITE WITCH
Do it.

Ginarrbrik drags Tumnus out.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Do you know why you're here, faun?

He tries to straighten up proudly.

MR. TUMNUS
Because I believe in a free Narnia.

WHITE WITCH
You're here because he turned you
in. For sweets. (ALT: For candy)

Tumnus looks at Edmund, confused.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Take him upstairs.

Ginarrbrik drags Tumnus away.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
And ready my sleigh.

Edmund just presses his face against the bars, crying.

81 EXT. WITCH'S CASTLE, COURTYARD - DAWN

81

Two dwarfs drag Edmund past dozens of the Witch's statues.

Suddenly, his face goes cold:

There, trapped in an alcove, illuminated by flickering
torchlight, stands...

MR. TUMNUS. FROZEN IN PAIN.

Edmund stares, his spirit broken.

82 EXT. WITCH'S CASTLE - DAWN

82

THE WITCH'S SLEIGH ROCKETS OUT OF THE GATES, followed by the
howling wolf pack. Ginarrbrik cracks his whip wildly.

The Witch stands tall in the rear, her robes snapping behind her. At her feet, Edmund cowers.

83

EXT. ALLIES' ENCLAVE - DAWN

83

Peter sleeps by the now dead fire. Suddenly, he awakens to a CRACKING SOUND.

Through THE BLACK AND WHITE TRUNKS of the frozen forest, Peter can make out...RED.

He picks up a stick and moves through the trees. He pushes past a branch and gasps.

A LUSH CHERRY TREE BURSTS WITH LIVING COLOR in the midst of the frozen wood.

Peter stares at the full bunches of bright fruit.

Slowly, RED PETALS flutter from the tree. They pour down, then sweep up, coalescing into the shape of...

A WOMAN.

Peter's eyes go wide. He raises his stick.

DRYAD

There's nothing to fear, my King.

Her voice chimes like a bell. Peter has to shake himself.

PETER

I'm nobody's king.

The Dryad moves forward with the sound of rustling leaves.

DRYAD

You have freed the spirits of the trees from the prison of our frozen boughs.

PETER

Look, I did no such-

DRYAD

Sshh. You might feel like a sapling...

Her hand brushes his cheek. He blushes, dropping his stick.

DRYAD (cont'd)

But a sapling is a tree nonetheless.

The Dryad takes Peter's hand

DRYAD (cont'd)

The wind brings a message of great urgency. Your brother is alive.

She stares deep into his eyes.

DRYAD (cont'd)

But you must hurry if you hope to save him. The White Witch is on her way.

Peter stares, mesmerized.

PETER

Who are-

But she just kisses his hand and BURSTS into a thousand petals. They flutter up and vanish into the cherry tree.

Dazed, Peter opens his hand. A PERFECT PINK CHERRY BLOSSOM appears where she kissed it.

84

EXT. ROCK BRIDGE - DAY

84

The Pevensies and Beavers stare out, in awe.

BEFORE THEM SPREADS NARNIA...VAST, OPEN AND WHITE.

The Fox stands proudly.

FOX

I told you it wasn't all trees.

LUCY

It's enormous.

MRS. BEAVER

It's the world, my dear, did you expect it to be small?

Peter peers out across the immense expanse.

PETER

Where's the Stone Table?

FOX

You see that frozen lake? Beyond that is Shuddering Wood, and then some foothills. You see the largest of them far off there?

A TINY DARK MOUND wavers on the horizon.

PETER

Barely.

FOX

Well, the little gray bit on top of that, that's the Stone Table.

SUSAN

I thought you said you knew a shortcut.

FOX

You'll save two days if you cross the Frozen River.

Susan peers at a long green strip in the distance.

SUSAN

Frozen? Is it safe?

FOX

Hard as a rock for a hundred years. Quite lovely, actually. Almost wish I was crossing it with you.

SUSAN

You're not coming?

MR. BEAVER

I might've known.

FOX

Friend. Aslan's readying an army. He'll need soldiers and I can get them.

Fox turns to the children.

FOX (cont'd)

It's been a distinct honour and privilege, your Majesties.

He turns to go. Mrs. Beaver nudges Mr. Beaver.

MR. BEAVER

Oh...ah...Fox...?

The Fox turns.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)

Good luck.

They exchange a smile.

The Beavers gallop easily over the snowy plain. The Pevensies lag behind, their legs bogging down in the snow.

PETER

If he tells us to hurry one more time, I'm going to use his tail as a cricket bat.

At the shore, Beaver clambers atop a mound.

MR. BEAVER

Hurry, humans! While you're still young!

Peter seethes.

Something catches Beaver's eye. In the far distance...A ROOSTERTAIL OF SNOW PLUMES IN THE AIR.

Beaver's eyes go wide. He cups his paws:

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)

Hurry up! Run! Run!

Out in the snow, the children sigh.

LUCY

He is getting a bit bossy.

Mrs. Beaver jumps up and down.

MRS. BEAVER

BEHIND YOU! IT'S HER!

The children turn:

A SPEEDING SLEIGH BEARS DOWN ON THEM.

Peter grabs Lucy and runs for shore.

The air shakes with the sound of SLEIGH BELLS.

Susan slips on the ice, scrambling.

Atop the sleigh, A TALL FIGURE stands at the reigns.

Beaver points to a SMALL HOLE between two icy slabs.

MR. BEAVER

Inside! Dive! Dive!

The children throw themselves into the hole.

Beaver jams himself in. He sticks for a moment, then slips inside, tail flapping behind.

86 INT. SHUDDERING WOOD - DAY

86

Beavers and humans lie crammed in a tiny hole, trembling as the SLEIGH BELLS GROW LOUDER.

Finally, with a hiss of runners, THE SLEIGH STOPS RIGHT OUTSIDE.

A shadow passes over the mouth of the hole. Lucy swallows.

They wait. Finally,

LUCY
Perhaps she's gone.

Both girls look at Peter.

PETER
I guess I'll look.

MR. BEAVER
No. You're worth nothing to Narnia
dead.

Beaver squares his shoulders. Mrs. Beaver reaches for him.

MRS. BEAVER
Neither are you, Beaver.

He squeezes her hand, then slips into the light.

Everyone waits. Susan holds Mrs. Beaver, frightened.

And then comes the sound of...LAUGHTER.

MR. BEAVER (O.S.)
Come up! Come out!

Beaver pops his face back into the hole.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)
There's someone here to see you.

87 EXT. FROZEN LAKE - DAY

87

Lucy peeks out of the hole.

TWO HUGE REINDEER REST IN FRONT OF AN ANCIENT SLEIGH.

And there, next to Beaver, stands...

A TALL MAN IN A BRIGHT RED ROBE AND A GREAT WHITE BEARD. A
BROADSWORD ON HIS HIP, he could be an ancient WARRIOR or...

Lucy GRINS

LUCY
Merry Christmas, sir.

FATHER CHRISTMAS beams. He gladly shakes her hand.

FATHER CHRISTMAS
Merry Christmas, Lucy.

Peter gapes. Astonished.

MRS. BEAVER
After all these years.

SUSAN
I've put up with a lot since I got
here, but this-

Peter steps in front of her.

PETER
We heard there was no Christmas in
Narnia.

FATHER CHRISTMAS
The Witch has kept me out for a
long time. But her magic is
finally weakening. The ice is
losing its grip on the
world...thanks to you all.

SUSAN
What?

FATHER CHRISTMAS
You've given Narnia back its hope.

He reaches into his sleigh and pulls out a SACK.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (cont'd)
You've still a difficult road
ahead, however. I hope these will
be of some help along your way.

Father Christmas turns to Peter.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (cont'd)
Peter, the time to use these is
near at hand. Bear them well.

He gives him A SHIELD, SWORD AND SCABBARD.

Peter examines the sword, AWESTRUCK AND REVERENT.

PETER

Thank you, sir.

Susan shoots him a look, surprised.

Father Christmas crouches before Lucy.

FATHER CHRISTMAS

For you, Lucy...

He gives her a small JEWELLED VIAL.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (cont'd)

The juice of the fire-flower. One drop will cure any injury. And, though I pray you never have to use it...

He hands her a TINY DAGGER. Lucy weighs it in her hand.

LUCY

I think I could be brave enough.

FATHER CHRISTMAS

I'm sure you could, my dear, but battles are ugly affairs.

He turns to Susan.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (cont'd)

Now Susan, because life is not lived entirely in the mind...

He hands her a BOW and QUIVER OF ARROWS. She holds them awkwardly with her fingertips.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (cont'd)

And though you don't seem to have a problem making yourself heard...

Father Christmas gives her a wink. Susan blinks, startled. He gives her an IVORY HORN.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (cont'd)

Blow this, and wherever you are, help will come.

SUSAN

But I don't-

Father Christmas just climbs into his sleigh.

FATHER CHRISTMAS

I'm afraid I must be off. The work does pile up when you've been gone a hundred years.

He turns to the Beavers.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (cont'd)
But don't worry. Your gifts will be
awaiting your return.

Lucy looks up at him.

LUCY
But...what about for Edmund?

FATHER CHRISTMAS
I hope these gifts will help you
save him.

He cups her chin.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (cont'd)
That you're willing to try should
be gift enough for Edmund.

Peter steps forward, his sword hanging regally at his side.

PETER
Thank you, sir.

FATHER CHRISTMAS
Thank you, your highness. Long
live Aslan. And Merry Christmas.

He cracks the reins. The sleigh shoots off across the ice,
the menacing roostertail now a beautiful sight.

Everyone watches him go. Finally, Lucy turns to Susan.

LUCY
I told you he was real.

Susan opens her mouth to speak, then just shuts it.

88

EXT. NARNIA, FOREST - DAY

88

WOLVES FAN THROUGH THE FOREST, TRACKING A SCENT.

From her sleigh, the Witch leads her hunting party.
Ginarrbrik smiles as muddy slush spatters Edmund's face.

GINARRBRIK
Is it me, your majesty, or is there
a touch of spring in the air?

WHITE WITCH
It's you, Ginarrbrik.

Maugrim drops back and runs alongside the sleigh.

MAUGRIM

We've picked up the scent, your
majesty. He's just up ahead.

The Witch smiles.

WHITE WITCH

Delightful.

89

EXT. NARNIA, OAK FOREST - DAY

89

Fox prepares his party for war. Satyrs and squirrels pack provisions.

FOX

Pack light, my friends...

He nudges a WINE BOTTLE over to a squirrel.

FOX (cont'd)

But not too light.

The squirrel looks past Fox and...DROPS THE BOTTLE. Seeing the squirrel's terrified eyes, Fox spins.

THERE STANDS THE WITCH. EDMUND SITS IN THE NEARBY SLEIGH.

WHITE WITCH

Having a picnic?

FOX

Your highness. Why...yes. And we
couldn't have asked for a lovelier
guest of honor.

WHITE WITCH

How gracious. And you were so
helpful to my wolves last evening.
I thought perhaps you might assist
me now.

She smiles tightly and pulls out her wand.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

Where have they gone? Where is
Aslan?

Fox shoots the others a look of resolve. He swallows.

FOX

Aslan...is back? Well I suppose we
should set another place...

The Witch strokes Fox's chin with her wand.

WHITE WITCH
Such a charming creature. And such
a dead one.

THE WITCH RAISES HER WAND TO STRIKE.

EDMUND
WAIT!

Edmund jumps forward, eyes wide.

EDMUND (cont'd)
The Stone Table. The Beaver said
something about the Stone Table.
That Aslan was there.

The Fox drops his head. The Witch turns, surprised.

WHITE WITCH
Thank you Edmund. I'm glad these
poor creatures were able witness
some honesty.

Edmund sags.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Before they die.

SHE BRINGS THE WAND DOWN, PIERCING THE WOODEN TABLE. THE
ANIMALS SCREAM AS THE MAGIC RADIATES OUTWARD.

EDMUND
NO!

Edmund watches in horror as the squirrels and satyrs TURN TO
STONE. Fox gives one last growl, then goes marble.

The Witch slaps Edmund, then grabs his face harshly.

WHITE WITCH
Think about which side you're on
Son of Adam. Mine...
(twists his head around)
...or theirs.

The Witch turns to MAUGRIM AND HIS LIEUTENANT.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
They'll try and make for the River.
Gather your swiftest wolves.

She turns to Edmund and tousles his hair.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Little Edmund misses his family.
Don't you, dear?

Edmund just stares, devastated.

90

EXT. NARNIA, FOREST NEAR RIVER - DAY

90

The Pevensies follow the Beavers through a sparse forest. Around them, water drips from THAWING ICICLES.

LUCY

I wonder if the Professor had any galoshes in his wardrobe.

SUSAN'S FOOT SINKS IN A PUDDLE. She yanks it out, all soggy.

SUSAN

I'd be happy to go back and get them.

The Beavers stop, absolutely still.

MR. BEAVER

Quiet.

The children listen. Then they all hear it...RUNNING WATER.

91

EXT. GREAT RIVER, CLIFF - DAY

91

The group stands on a precipice, staring down at...

THE GREAT RIVER. Cracks run along its frozen surface. Dark green water shoots underneath.

TO THEIR LEFT, A MASSIVE FROZEN WATERFALL looms, huge chunks of ice cracking off.

TO THEIR RIGHT, THE RIVER FLOWS. Plates of ice break away, shooting downstream.

SUSAN

Our shortcut is melting.

Lucy stares down the rocky slope to the jagged ice.

LUCY

What do we do?

Peter's eyes flick from shore to shore, calculating.

PETER

We cross.

SUSAN

We'll never make it.

Peter adjusts his shield and sword, looking steely.

PETER

Not if we keep talking about it.

Peter scrambles down the hill. After a beat, the others follow. The Beavers look at each other, worried.

92 EXT. NARNIA, FOREST NEAR RIVER - DAY 92

A SULLEN GROWL cuts the air. MAUGRIM steps out of the shadows, sniffing SUSAN'S FOOTPRINT.

More wolves prowl out behind him.

93 EXT. GREAT RIVER - DAY 93

PETER'S BEATEN BROWN SHOE steps onto the ice. It crackles.

Beaver looks up at him.

MR. BEAVER

Maybe I ought to go first.

Tentatively, Beaver leads them onto the surface of the river.

THE ICE GROANS OMINOUSLY.

Susan grips Lucy's hand. She glares at Peter.

SUSAN

If Mum knew what you were doing...

PETER

Mum's not here.

A CRACK RIPS OPEN behind them. Icy water sprays.

94 EXT. GREAT RIVER, CLIFF - DAY 94

Far below, FIVE TINY FIGURES slip across the ice.

Maugrim and his pack prowl onto the cliff. He looks from the children below to the WATERFALL above them.

MAUGRIM

Vardan, you're with me. The rest of you remain here.

VARDAN

Captain?

MAUGRIM

I'm not losing them again.

MAUGRIM HEADS TOWARD THE FALLS. Vardan follows reluctantly.

95

EXT. GREAT RIVER - DAY

95

Beaver presses ahead of the others, testing the ice.

Susan slips, landing on Mrs. Beaver's tail.

MRS. BEAVER

Ouch.

SUSAN

Sorry.

Suddenly, A HUGE ICE CHUNK PLUMMETS from the waterfall,
SMASHING THROUGH to the water below.

Lucy looks up, white-faced.

LUCY

Oh, no.

Everyone turns to see...A PAIR OF WOLVES picking their way
across the waterfall.

Peter watches the wolves drop down onto the opposite shore,
DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THEM.

Maugrim and Vardan tear at them across the ice.

PETER FUMBLES, AWKWARDLY DRAWS HIS SWORD.

VARDAN PEELS AWAY AND CUTS BEAVER OFF, TEETH BARED.

MRS. BEAVER

No!

MAUGRIM CORNERS THE OTHERS.

MAUGRIM

Put that down, boy. Someone could
get hurt.

He glances toward Beaver. Vardan nips at Beaver's flesh.

MR. BEAVER

Never mind me! Kill him!

Peter swallows. Maugrim snarls.

MAUGRIM

This isn't your fight. Go home and you can take your brother with you. Go forward and you'll feel my teeth.

Peter's numb hand squeezes the hilt.

MR. BEAVER

Peter! Run him through!

Vardan snaps at Beaver, knocking him down.

Peter pokes tentatively with his sword, scared.

Maugrim advances, smiling savagely. Peter backs up. He shoots a desperate glance at Beaver.

MR. BEAVER (cont'd)

Narnia needs you, Peter. Gut him while you still have a chance!

SUSAN

Hurry!

Just then, ANOTHER HUGE CHUNK TUMBLES from the waterfall.

Lucy looks up. Her eyes go wide.

LUCY

Peter!

Peter turns to see FISSURES splitting across the waterfall's frozen surface.

He looks from the waterfall to the wolf. Resigned, he STARTS TO LAY DOWN HIS SWORD. Maugrim grins.

MAUGRIM

You're even a bigger coward than your brother.

Peter freezes. He stares straight into Maugrim's yellow eyes...AND RAISES HIS SWORD.

PETER

(to Susan)

HOLD ON TO ME!

Susan grabs Peter's coat, taking Lucy with her other hand.

PETER BRINGS HIS SWORD DOWN, DRIVING IT INTO THE ICE.

MAUGRIM'S YELLOW EYES GO WIDE.

JUST THEN, THE FROZEN WATERFALL BURSTS.

ICE AND WATER SURGE DOWN THE RIVER.

PETER HOLDS TIGHT TO THE SWORD AS THE WATER HITS THEM.

CHILDREN, BEAVERS, WOLVES -- ALL WASH AWAY IN A TORRENT.

96 EXT. GREAT RIVER, DOWNSTREAM - DAY

96

An ice chunk bobs in the water, then turns over...

REVEALING PETER STILL HOLDING ONTO THE SWORD. Susan and Lucy sputter beside him, desperately hanging on.

Further down, Maugrim and Vardan paddle vainly, but the current washes them downstream.

The Beavers swim through the water to the floating berg. They dig their claws into the ice, pushing toward the shore

97 EXT. GREEN CLEARING - DAY

97

THREE OVERCOATS HANG FROM A TREE BRANCH.

In the distance, the group trudges up a damp foothill, HEADING EAST.

Peter and Beaver walks in silence. Finally:

MR. BEAVER

That was stupid. You could've gotten everyone killed.

PETER

I felt pretty sure you could swim.

MR. BEAVER

It's not me I'm worried about! Why didn't you kill that wolf when you had the chance?

THEY PASS A BUDDING TREE. Peter and Beaver don't notice.

PETER

I tried.

Susan whips around.

SUSAN

He saved your life! You should be thanking him!

Peter looks at her, surprised.

Beaver stops, furious.

MR. BEAVER

Don't any of you understand? No one life is worth the entire future of Narnia! Not even mine. If these kids don't shape up, this winter is never going to end.

MRS. BEAVER

Um, Beaver...

He looks at her. She points.

ALL AROUND THEM, NARNIA ERUPTS IN LIFE AND COLOR.

Beaver jumps back as YELLOW TULIPS BURST FROM THE EARTH.

Mrs. Beaver just smiles and takes his paw.

MRS. BEAVER (cont'd)

Now, let's all calm down. We're nearly there.

98

EXT. GREAT RIVER, CLIFF - DAY

98

Ginarrbrik and The Witch stand with the remaining wolves, watching as...THE RIVER FLOWS CLEAR. NOT A TRACE OF ICE.

GINARRBRIK

So...warm out.

He starts to remove his coat. The Witch shoots him a look. He puts the coat back on.

Ginarrbrik (cont'd)

I'll go get the sleigh.

The Witch stares out at the burgeoning countryside: grasses wave, flowers burst to life.

A BUTTERFLY swoops near her head. She turns it to stone. It land in the mud with a THUP.

GINARRBRIK (O.S.) (cont'd)

Your Majesty?

She turns to see Ginarrbrik atop the sled, scratching his chin.

Ginarrbrik (cont'd)

There seems to be something wrong with the sleigh.

THE REINDEER'S HOOVES STICK IN MUD. THE SLED'S RUNNERS SINK.

WHITE WITCH
Then we walk.

GINARRBRIK
And the animals?

WHITE WITCH
Leave the reindeer. Pack the mule.

Ginarrbrik nods. He walks to the rear of the sleigh where...
EDMUND lies bound to the runners, gagged and caked in mud.

GINARRBRIK
You heard her, mule. Saddle up.

99

EXT. THE STONE TABLE - DAY

99

THE STONE TABLE RISES AGAINST THE SKY. The great grim gray slab rests on four upright stones.

Slowly, FIVE SHADOWS CREEP UP.

LUCY (O.S.)
It's huge.

THE PEVENSIES AND BEAVERS GAZE IN AWE AT THE MONOLITH.

MR. BEAVER
I've heard about it ever since I was a boy.

MRS. BEAVER
But seeing it...

She trails off, just gaping. Beaver takes her hand.

ANCIENT RUNES COVER EVERY INCH OF THE TABLE.

PETER
Is that...writing?

Mrs. Beaver runs her paw along it.

MRS. BEAVER
Those runes are from the dawn of time.

MR. BEAVER
They tell of the Deep Magic that rules all of Narnia.

They all stare. Then,

SUSAN
You know, unless he's smaller than
I'd imagined...

Susan glances around sceptically.

SUSAN (cont'd)
I'd have to say Aslan isn't here.

Peter shoots Beaver a look. Beaver's smiles fades.

LUCY (O.S.)
He's not...

Lucy smiles, standing at the edge of the plateau.

LUCY (cont'd)
He's down there.

Everyone rushes over to see...

A BUSTLING ENCAMPMENT at the foot of the hill. Flags flap in
the breeze. HUNDREDS OF CREATURES gather around a PAVILION.

Beaver chuckles and pats Peter on the back.

MR. BEAVER
What'd I tell you? Knew it all
along.

100

EXT. WHITE WITCH'S CAMP - DAY

100

Edmund struggles under a dozen satchels. He drops one.
Ginarrbrik WHIPS him across the legs.

The Witch stops beneath A BLACK AND TWISTED TREE. She peers
up. DARK, SLIMY PODS hang from the branches.

Edmund watches, puzzled as she pokes at one of the pods.

WHITE WITCH
You there. Wake up.

For a moment, nothing happens. Then:

HARPIE
Hello, my Queen.

EYES appear on the pod, hollow and mean.

WHITE WITCH
Go to General Otmin in the Wild
Northern Woods. Tell him to break
camp and meet me here.

HARPIE

Yes, my Queen.

The POD unfolds, revealing AN INCUBUS. It extends its leathery wings and flies away over the tree tops.

WHITE WITCH

All of you! Spread word to my faithful. If it's a war Aslan wants, then a war he shall get.

Edmund swallows, staring fearfully as DOZENS OF OTHER PODS take flight.

101 EXT. GREAT RIVER, FAR DOWNSTREAM - DAY 101

A FROG bounds along the muddy bank. Suddenly, a PAW bursts from the water and SQUISHES the frog.

MAUGRIM climbs out of the river. VARDAN collapses beside him. They pant on the bank, ribs showing through matted fur.

102 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, OUTSKIRTS - DAY 102

A HORSE bends low, drinking from A STREAM.

Suddenly, A TWIG SNAPS.

The horse spins, revealing not a horse but...A CENTAUR. It stares in shock at...

THE PEVENSIES AND BEAVERS standing at the stream's edge. Slowly, the little party steps forward.

Susan freezes as they cross the stream. A PAIR OF NAIADS RISE FROM THE WATER. They smile and bow.

As the humans and Beavers enter the camp, musicians stop playing. A hush settles, and then...A FLURRY OF WHISPERS.

THE CROWD PARTS BEFORE THE PEVENSIES, then gathers behind, following them. They move towards:

A REGAL TENT. THE FLAP HANGS CLOSED.

All the creatures go SILENT. Peter and Susan look up at

A GOLDEN BANNER RIPPLING IN THE WIND, EMBLAZONED WITH A CHARGING RED LION.

Suddenly, LUCY GASPS.

In the now open tent stands a FEARSOME, BEAUTIFUL, GOLDEN...

LION. He gazes at them. His mane shimmers.

Lucy stares for a moment...then KNEELS. The Beavers drop to all fours, bowing their heads.

Aslan lets out a long, low PURR.

Peter and Susan awkwardly go down on one knee.

Beaver leans over to Peter.

MR. BEAVER

Go on.

PETER

No. After you.

MR. BEAVER

Sons of Adam before animals.

Peter looks at Susan.

PETER

Ladies first.

SUSAN

You're the eldest.

Peter frowns. Uncertainly, he rises and lifts his sword in salute, unsure of what to say.

Lucy stands.

LUCY

Please Aslan, we've come for your help...

Aslan looks at them with solemn eyes, taking in each child.

ASLAN

Welcome Peter, Son of Adam.
Welcome Susan and Lucy, Daughters
of Eve. Welcome Beavers. You have
done well.

(knowingly)

But...where is the fourth?

PETER

That's why we're here, sir.

Aslan looks at him curiously.

PETER (cont'd)

Edmund's been captured. By the
White Witch.

MR. BEAVER
(coughs, speaks up)
He betrayed them, your Majesty.

A noble CENTAUR, OREIUS, head of Aslan's guard steps forward.

OREIUS
Then he has betrayed us all.

ASLAN
Peace Oreius!

PETER
It's not his fault. I was too hard
on him.

Susan steps up beside Peter.

SUSAN
We both were. But he was acting
rotten.

Peter smiles at her support.

ASLAN
Then why do you want him back?
The children gape, surprised.

LUCY
Because he's our brother....

THE LION STARES AT THE LITTLE GIRL. SHE MEETS HIS GAZE.
Finally, ASLAN PURRS.

ASLAN
Be at peace, dear one.

Lucy looks up at the giant Lion.

ASLAN (cont'd)
All shall be done for Edmund. But
it may be harder than you think.

103 EXT. WHITE WITCH'S CAMP - DAY

103

Edmund sags, roped to a tree. A drop of blood rolls from his
mouth.

Ginarrbrik walks away from the tree, chuckling. At small
fires, shadowy MINIONS conspire, sharpening their weapons.

At the far end, THE WITCH obsessively rubs a smudge of dirt
from her hand. She doesn't look up.

WHITE WITCH
How is our captive?

GINARRBRIK
He'll recover.

THE WITCH PLUCKS UP GINARRBRIK AND HURLS HIM AGAINST A TREE.
Harpies scatter, cackling. Ginarrbrik groans.

WHITE WITCH
You have enjoyed my good graces for
many years, Ginarrbrik. Those
graces are not without limits.

Ginarrbrik looks up, fearful.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
That boy will die as tradition
demands it. On the Stone Table.

She stalks away.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Interfere with that, and I will
drain you dry.

A harpy giggles. Ginarrbrik takes a swipe at it. It jumps
away.

104 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, OUTSKIRTS - DAY 104

ASLAN AND PETER WALK, DEEP IN CONVERSATION. They pass above
a small river.

PAN DOWN THE RIVER as the boy and Lion walk away.

SUSAN (O.S.)
No, no, I couldn't possibly-

LUCY (O.S.)
Oh, come on, try it on.

105 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, RIVER - DAY 105

SUSAN DRIES FROM HER WASH. TWO DRYADS hold a ROBE out. Lucy,
already dressed in Narnian silks, gives Susan a shove.

They wrap Susan in the cloak, turning her toward a NAIAD THAT
FORMS WATER INTO A VERTICAL MIRROR SURFACE. Susan gapes at
her own reflection: A NARNIAN LADY.

SUSAN
Oh.

LUCY sprays SUSAN with a PERFUME ATOMIZER.

LUCY
Or maybe you'd prefer your school
uniform.

SUSAN
No...this is fine.

106 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, KNOLL - DAY

106

ASLAN'S PAW sinks into the earth. Walking behind, Peter puts his foot inside Aslan's print. It dwarfs his little shoe.

Atop the ridge, they look east: GREEN LAND ROLLS TO A GLISTENING SEA. A CASTLE GLITTERS LIKE A WHITE DIAMOND.

ASLAN
That is Cair Paravel, the castle of
the four thrones, in one of which
you must sit.

PETER
Why me?

ASLAN
Narnia is founded on a Deep Magic
more powerful than either of us. It
dictates that now, as in the
beginning, it must be a Man who
sits as High King.

Aslan looks at Peter, his huge eyes taking in the boy.

ASLAN (cont'd)
And that man is you.

Peter looks away, shaking his head.

PETER
Aslan...I'm not who you think I am.

ASLAN
Are you the one to decide that?

PETER
But I'm no King. And I'm certainly
not a hero. I can't even keep my
family safe.

ASLAN
You've brought Susan and Lucy
safely this far.

PETER

But Edmund-

ASLAN

Is another matter. Peter, I will do what I can to help save your brother. But I need you to consider what I ask of you.

Aslan points out over his camp, teeming with creatures.

ASLAN (cont'd)

I, too, want my family safe.

107 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, RIVER - DAY

107

Susan models a gown in the Naiad mirror. Her smile becomes slightly sad.

SUSAN

Mum hasn't had a dress like this since before the war.

Lucy looks at her in the liquid mirror.

LUCY

Maybe we can bring her one.

SUSAN

Oh, I don't know. It's not likely we can bring things back through the wardrobe-

Lucy frowns. Susan stops herself.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry I'm like that.

She smiles tightly.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I'm trying you know.

Lucy touches her hand.

LUCY

I think you're doing a lot better.

SUDDENLY, A LOW GROWL INTERRUPTS THE QUIET. The girls gape, staring into the mirror as...

MAUGRIM and VARDAN stalk in, eyes red, mouths open.

MAUGRIM

Please don't run...

The girls whirl.

MAUGRIM (cont'd)
We're tired and we'd prefer to kill
you quickly.

Susan backs up. Lucy's eyes swivel to her sister, terrified.

LUCY
Susan. The horn.

Susan's hand goes to her dress. THE HORN'S NOT THERE. She
looks across the tent to HER OLD SKIRT...and THE HORN.

Vardan advances, baring his yellow teeth.

Lucy sprays the PERFUME ATOMIZER, in his face. He staggers
back, blinking and sneezing.

Susan runs. Maugrim peels after her. She dodges. The wolf
SMASHES THROUGH THE MIRROR, WHICH FALLS BACK TO WATER.

Susan snatches up the horn. She fumbles it to her lips.

CUT AND BLEEDING, MAUGRIM CLOSES IN.

108

EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, KNOLL - DAY

108

Peter and Aslan walk down the hill toward the camp.

Suddenly, A HORN BLAST SHAKES THE AIR.

ASLAN
It's your sister's horn.

Peter freezes. Aslan looks calmly at him, waiting. Peter
clenches his teeth...THEN TAKES OFF DOWN THE HILL.

Aslan follows.

109

EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, RIVER - DAY

109

LUCY clings to the trunk of a tree, reaching down for

SUSAN, who hangs from a lower branch.

MAUGRIM and VARDAN snap at her feet. A torn piece of Susan's
robe hangs from Maugrim's teeth.

Peter rushes in, sword drawn. Maugrim spins. Seeing Peter,
he snarls in delight.

Aslan, Oreius and his men arrive. Vardan' backs away.
Maugrim circles Peter.

MAUGRIM

Give it up, boy. We both know you
haven't got it in you.

Peter grasps his sword.

Oreius pulls his weapon. Aslan checks him with a growl.

ASLAN

No, let the young Prince fight this
battle.

Maugrim snaps his jaws.

MAUGRIM

You should have killed me when you
had the chance.

HE LEAPS, ALL TEETH. Peter cringes, gripping his blade. THE
WOLF FALLS UPON THE BOY.

LUCY

Peter!

They roll on the ground and then...LIE STILL.

EVERYONE STARES.

Suddenly, Peter shoves Maugrim off. The wolf flops over,
PETER'S SWORD STICKING OUT OF HIS RIBS.

Vardan flees into the forest. Aslan turns to Oreius and
points into the woods.

ASLAN

Follow him, he'll lead you to his
mistress.

Oreius gallops off, followed by a squad of centaurs.

Susan and Lucy climb down and join Aslan where Peter stares
at the lifeless wolf.

Peter pulls out his bloody sword.

ASLAN (cont'd)

Peter. Clean your sword.

Peter looks down at his dripping blade. He quickly wipes it
off on the grass.

ASLAN (cont'd)

Now kneel.

The girls step back as Peter goes down on one knee, confused. Aslan rests his paw on the boy's head.

ASLAN (cont'd)
Rise, Sir Peter Wolf's-Bane, Knight
of Narnia.

Peter rises slowly. He looks at his sisters, serious. He sheathes his sword.

110 EXT. WHITE WITCH'S CAMP, EDMUND'S TREE - NIGHT 110

Edmund wriggles against his bonds.

GINARRBRIK (O.S.)
Is the little king uncomfortable?

Ginarrbrik walks up, chewing on a shank of...meat.

Ginarrbrik (cont'd)
Does he want his pillow fluffed?

Edmund turns away.

Ginarrbrik (cont'd)
Special treatment for the special
boy. Isn't that what you wanted?

Ginarrbrik puts the shank to the boy's chin, moving his head back.

Ginarrbrik (cont'd)
Her Majesty has big plans for you.

HE LEANS IN CLOSE, BARING HIS TEETH.

Ginarrbrik (cont'd)
She's going to empty every drop of
blood you've got onto the Stone
Table.

Edmund swallows.

Ginarrbrik (cont'd)
Don't you feel special now?

EDMUND LOOKS GINARRBRIK IN THE EYE...

EDMUND
Let's see how special you feel
after Aslan deals with your Queen!

GINARRBRIK PULLS HIS DAGGER AND LUNGES AT EDMUND.

111 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 111

Vardan rushes through the woods, branches whipping his snout. Ahead, FIRE flickers through the trees.

112 EXT. WHITE WITCH'S CAMP - NIGHT 112

THE RAGGED WOLF BURSTS INTO THE CLEARING. The Witch jumps to her feet.

VARDAN
Your Majesty-

WHITE WITCH
Where've you been?

VARDAN
The Stone Table, your Highness.
The humans are with Aslan.

WHITE WITCH
You've seen Aslan?

VARDAN
Not an hour ago. The human killed
my captain. I barely escaped with
my life.

She eyes him contemptuously.

WHITE WITCH
And you led them right to us.

Vardan's smile drops.

THE WITCH KICKS OVER THE FIRE, SCATTERING SPARKS.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Look to your weapons!

113 EXT. WHITE WITCH'S CAMP, EDMUND'S TREE - NIGHT 113

GINARRBRIK PRESSES HIS DAGGER TO EDMUND'S THROAT.

SUDDENLY, THE WOODS BEHIND HIM EXPLODE IN A FLURRY OF SHOUTS.

Ginarrbrik whirls around in time to see...

Oreius LEAPING OUT OF THE TREES. With a flash of silver fur and black hoof, Oreius knocks the dagger from Ginarrbrik's hand.

Ginarrbrik flees into the forest. Edmund stares, terrified.

114 EXT. WHITE WITCH'S CAMP - NIGHT 114

ASLAN'S SOLDIERS SET UPON THE WITCH'S MINIONS.

A RED CENTAUR chases Ginarrbrik through the woods.

SUDDENLY, GINARRBRIK SEES THE WITCH, WAND RAISED HIGH. He dives for her.

The RED CENTAUR whinnies on two legs. He slams back down...

BUT Ginarrbrik AND THE WITCH ARE GONE.

115 EXT. WHITE WITCH'S CAMP, EDMUND'S TREE - NIGHT 115

A SWORD SLICES THROUGH ROPE. Edmund falls to his knees, freed. He looks up at Oreius.

EDMUND
My name is...

OREIUS
I know who you are.

The centaur points his sword, indicating for him to rise.

Oreius (cont'd)
Now, get up. You'll kneel in front
of Aslan, sir. But not before.

116 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP - NIGHT 116

Peter, Susan and Lucy sit nervously around a fire. Armor clinks nearby. Peter stands. The girls whirl to see...

EDMUND LED INTO CAMP BY THE CENTAURS. The boy sees his family, then lowers his eyes to the ground.

SUSAN
Ed-

Susan takes a step forward, but Peter lays a hand on her arm.

Centaur surrounds Edmund, solemn.

LUCY BOLTS through the line of guards and throws herself into her brother's arms. He barely has time to react before:

ASLAN (O.S.)
Edmund.

ASLAN steps out of his tent, his face grave.

Lucy looks sadly at Edmund. She mouths the word:

LUCY

Aslan.

A centaur gently pulls her away.

Aslan leads Edmund up to the ridge. The Pevensies stare at the figures silhouetted in firelight.

117 EXT. WHITE WITCH'S CAMP - NIGHT

117

BODIES LITTER THE CAMP.

Ginarrbrik and THE WITCH survey the damage.

GINARRBRIK

You should have let me kill him
when I had the chance.

WHITE WITCH

Nothing has changed. Edmund will
die exactly as I planned.

Her eyes narrow: VARDAN lies dying, leaking blood.

She picks up a sword...

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

Aslan may think he can ignore Deep
Magic.

And casually...RUNS VARDAN THROUGH.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

(at the dead wolf)
But I'm not one to forget.

GENERAL OTMIN (O.S.)

Your Majesty.

A HUGE, ARMOR-CLAD MINOTAUR STEPS OUT OF THE TREES. A legion
of soldiers stretches behind him.

WHITE WITCH

General Otmin.

The Witch smiles tightly.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

You're a little late.

118 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP - NIGHT

118

Peter, Susan and Lucy wait anxiously. Finally, Aslan leads Edmund down the ridge.

ASLAN

There is no need to speak to Edmund about what is past.

They stare at their brother. Edmund clears his throat.

EDMUND

Hello.

Lucy hugs him again. This time, he squeezes her back.

SUSAN

Are you alright?

He looks toward Aslan.

EDMUND

I'm a little tired.

Susan breaks into a smile and hugs him.

Edmund looks up at Peter. Peter stares back, stonefaced.

PETER

Get some sleep.

Peter turns towards their tent.

PETER (cont'd)

And Edmund...

Edmund looks up, hopeful.

PETER (cont'd)

Try not to wander off.

Edmund looks at the ground. Peter just walks away.

119 INT. TENT - MORNING

119

Peter stares out the flap, watching troops prepare for battle. His hand fumbles nervously with his sword.

Inside, Susan, Lucy and Edmund eat breakfast.

LUCY

Narnia's not going to run out of toast, Ed.

Edmund smiles, his mouth full.

SUSAN

And I'm sure they'll pack something
up for us when we go.

Lucy looks up from her eggs.

LUCY

Go where?

SUSAN

Back to the lamp-post. We could be
home in a couple of days.

Everyone stops. Susan shifts in her seat.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Well, now that we've got Edmund
back-

LUCY

But we can't leave now!

Peter turns from the flap and faces his family.

PETER

Aslan didn't rescue Edmund so we
could just abandon Narnia.

SUSAN

It's a war, Peter.

She looks to Edmund for support.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Edmund already nearly lost his
life! What are we supposed to do?

EDMUND

Whatever we can.

They all look surprised. Edmund puts his fork down, grave and
serious.

EDMUND (cont'd)

I've seen what the Witch can do. I
helped her do it.

He pushes away his plate.

EDMUND (cont'd)

I'm not leaving these people behind
to suffer for it.

PETER LOOKS AT HIS BROTHER, RESPECT GROWING ON HIS FACE.
Lucy takes Edmund's hand. Peter turns to Susan.

PETER
Ed's right. We have to do our
part.

SUSAN
Does our part include getting
killed?

PETER
We just have to make sure it
doesn't.

The tent grows quiet.

After a long moment, Susan stands.

SUSAN
I guess that's it then.

LUCY
Where are you going?

She takes her BOW AND QUIVER from a hook.

SUSAN
To get in some practice.

120 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, PRACTICE GROUND - DAY 120

SUSAN pulls her bow tight and lets fly...MISSING THE TARGET
ENTIRELY. LUCY hands her another arrow.

Susan shoots...STICKING HER ARROW IN THE EDGE OF THE TARGET.
Lucy hands over another arrow.

Across the field, Edmund wobbles unsteadily atop a BROWN
HORSE.

EDMUND
Whoa, there. Horsie.

The horse rolls its eyes.

BROWN HORSE
My name is Phillip.

EDMUND
Oh.

A few feet away, Peter stares, uncertain.

PETER

Are you sure about this?

A SLEEK WHITE UNICORN goes down on his knees.

UNICORN

It would be an honor, my lord.

Peter and Edmund go thundering by on their steeds.

Susan aims and...NAILS THE TARGET JUST OFF CENTER. She nods with satisfaction...

UNTIL A TINY DAGGER FLIES IN AND STICKS THE BULLSEYE. Lucy smiles innocently.

Peter and Edmund thunder past, INSTRUCTED by TWO CENTAURS. Edmund holds his sword high, smiling.

EDMUND

Bow down or taste steel.

Peter laughs and charges, meeting Edmund's sword with his.

CENTAUR

No. Lean forward! Sword point up.

MR. BEAVER (O.S.)

Peter! Edmund!

Peter's HORSE REARS to avoid crushing Beaver.

PHILIP

Watch out, Beaver!

BEAVER

The Witch has demanded a meeting with Aslan. She's on her way here.

PETER

What does she want?

BEAVER

Nobody knows. But Aslan has agreed to see her on condition she comes without her wand.

SUDDENLY, HORNS ECHO ACROSS THE CAMP. Everyone turns to see
BLACK BIRDS CIRCLING OVERHEAD.

121 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP - DAY

121

A DARK PROCESSION MARCHES FORWARD.

FOUR CYCLOPS CARRY A BIER. ATOP RIDES THE WITCH, GLEAMING IN WHITE FUR.

BEHIND HER, A PHALANX OF MINOTAURS MARCHES IN LOCKSTEP.

Peter and Lucy scowl. Susan puts her hand on Edmund. He doesn't shake it off.

ASLAN'S ARMY rumbles with an uneasy snarl.

Ginarrbrik runs ahead of the procession. He cups his hands.

GINARRBRIK

Jadis, Queen of Narnia! Empress of
the Lone Islands-

ASLAN'S ARMY ROARS IN PROTEST, DROWNING HIM OUT.

The cyclops lower the Witch down, right in front of...

ASLAN, who waits with the Pevensies under his flag. The Lion raises his paw for silence. The growling dies.

The Witch gazes at him...and smiles.

WHITE WITCH

You have a traitor amongst you
Aslan.

Edmund swallows.

ASLAN

His offense was not against you.

WHITE WITCH

Have you forgotten the Deep Magic?

ASLAN

Don't cite law to me, witch. I was
there when it was written.

WHITE WITCH

Then you should know it well.
Every traitor belongs to me.

Lucy gasps. Edmund just shuts his eyes.

Beaver growls.

MR. BEAVER

Try and take him then!

ASLAN

Peace, Beaver.

WHITE WITCH

(to beaver)

Do you really think your master can
rob me of my rights by mere force?

(looks at Aslan)

He knows that unless I have blood
as the Law says, all Narnia will be
overturned and perish in fire and
water.

Aslan stares at the Witch, smouldering. She smiles.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

You dare not refuse me.

ASLAN

What you say...

Peter apprehensively watches Aslan.

ASLAN (cont'd)

Is true.

Edmund opens his eyes, devastated. Lucy's face goes red.

LUCY

It can't be true! How can it be
right to give Edmund to her?

Aslan looks at her sadly.

ASLAN

I didn't say that it was right.

LUCY

You said you'd help him! You said
he was safe!

The Witch looks sideways at Lucy.

WHITE WITCH

I don't know, Edmund...perhaps I'll
call off our little bargain.

She swivels slowly to Edmund, mouth stretched in a grin.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

They wouldn't have made such good
servants after all.

Edmund's face drops. Susan takes her arm away. Peter and
Lucy sag.

Aslan growls.

ASLAN
Enough. I shall talk with you
alone.

ASLAN AND THE WITCH WALK INTO HIS TENT:

Everyone turns to Edmund. He wraps his arms around himself.

EDMUND
I said I was sorry.

122 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP - DUSK

122

Edmund sits forlornly on the ground, pulling out blades of grass. Lucy leans on his back, glum.

Susan looks at them, then to Peter, who stares at the tent.

A bee buzzes. A bird chirps. And then...

PETER
They're coming.

All eyes turn to Aslan and the Witch as they exit the tent.

The Witch beams, triumphant.

Aslan stares at Edmund for a long time, then raises his head to take in the entire assembly. He finishes on the children.

ASLAN
She has renounced her claim on your
brother's blood.

Edmund's mouth drops open. Peter claps him on the shoulder.

The Witch mounts her bier, then peers down at Aslan.

WHITE WITCH
But how do I know this promise will
be kept?

Aslan's black eyes bore into her. THEN HE ROARS.

The Witch steps back, afraid. She signals to her troops, and marches away, trying to maintain her dignity

The crowd jeers as she leaves, then rejoices once she's gone.

Susan hugs a relieved Edmund.

Only Lucy watches Aslan pad sadly into his tent.

123 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

123

Peter walks with Aslan.

PETER
Will there still be war?

ASLAN
Nothing has changed.

Aslan acknowledges some creatures preparing their weapons.

ASLAN (cont'd)
Tomorrow will be hard, Peter. Have
no doubt about that.

PETER
I had a thought. If I were the
Witch-

ASLAN
I would enjoy this talk much less.

Peter stops and stares at the deadpan Lion. Aslan's whiskers twitch, then he smiles. Peter laughs.

ASLAN (cont'd)
Continue, Son of Adam. I'm sorry.

PETER
If I were the Witch, I might try an
attack during the night. It
happens a lot back home. We'd be
safer if our camp was on the other
side of the river.

ASLAN
An idea worthy of a general. But
don't worry.

Aslan lays a paw on Peter's shoulder.

ASLAN (cont'd)
The Witch will not make an attack
tonight.

The great Lion walks away. Peter looks after him, puzzled.

124 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP - NIGHT

124

The FULL MOON shines over flickering watchfires.

125 INT. ASLAN'S CAMP, GIRLS' TENT - NIGHT 125

Susan sleeps, her blanket wrapped tight around her. On her cot, LUCY STARES AT THE WALL.

She blinks sleepily and then HER EYES GO WIDE.

ASLAN'S SHADOW MOVES PAST THE TENT.

126 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, GIRLS' TENT - NIGHT 126

Lucy and Susan step out in robes and slippers.

ASLAN walks slowly into the woods

127 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 127

Aslan lumbers heavily, his head down, his tail dragging.

Susan and Lucy sneak from tree to tree, following.

128 EXT. FOREST, NEAR STONE TABLE - NIGHT 128

Aslan's paws flatten the grass.

The girls hesitate, then follow him onto the exposed plain.

THE LION STOPS.

ASLAN

Children...

He turns and STARES AT THEM, his eyes big and sorrowful.

ASLAN (cont'd)

Why are you following me?

Lucy stands, small and exposed.

LUCY

We couldn't sleep.

They hike their hems and run to him across the wet grass.

SUSAN

Please. Couldn't we come with you?

Aslan sighs.

ASLAN
I'd be glad of the company. But
promise me you'll stop when I tell
you.

He stares off across the plain.

ASLAN (cont'd)
After that, I must go on alone.

Aslan smiles sadly, then walks on.

129 EXT. STONE TABLE HILL - NIGHT

129

Aslan leads the girls up the steep slope. They rest their
hands on his fur. Near the top, he turns.

ASLAN
It is time to return. And, no
matter what, do not let yourselves
be seen by anyone.

LUCY
But, Aslan-

Aslan stops her with a look.

ASLAN
Thank you, girls. Now go.

With one last look at them, Aslan disappears over the ridge.

Beyond the rise, FIRELIGHT flickers.

Susan looks toward camp, but Lucy gives her a tug. They
crawl toward a scrub bush at the very top.

They peer through the leaves and gasp.

130 EXT. THE STONE TABLE - NIGHT

130

Aslan walks alone toward THE STONE TABLE, his head lowered,
avoiding the sight of...DOZENS OF VILE CREATURES.

MINOTAURS, INCUBI, HAGS AND CRUELS. OGRES, SPRITES AND
HORRORS.

The air hangs still. Torches burn straight to the sky.

Finally, Aslan looks up. There, at the foot of the Stone
Table, stands...

THE WHITE WITCH.

The girls gasp.

Aslan stares at the Witch. The Witch stares back, hesitant.

FINALLY, SHE GRINS.

WHITE WITCH
Behold. The great lion.

FOUR HAGS go out to Aslan. They peer at him, SCARED.

Finally, one pokes the Lion with a bony finger.

The hags break into a cackle.

THE WHOLE CROWD EXPLODES WITH SICK LAUGHTER.

Aslan just stares at the Witch.

Creatures rush the proud Lion, KNOCKING him over, ROLLING him onto his back.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Bind him!

Lucy tries to go to him. Susan holds her down.

LUCY
Why doesn't he fight back?

HARPIES bind Aslan's feet and drag him along the ground.

The Witch raises a pale hand.

WHITE WITCH
Stop.

The crowd freezes.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
Let him first be shaved.

THE CROWD ROARS. AN OGRE HACKS OFF ASLAN'S MANE.

Lucy weeps. Susan just rocks back and forth.

Aslan's hair lies shorn around him. His face looks smaller, his head bleeding from tiny cuts.

CREATURES
Here kitty, kitty...Meow...Does
pussums want a bowl of milk?

Lucy turns her head, unable to watch.

THEY KICK AND BEAT ASLAN. TINY CREATURES' SPIT ON HIM.

Aslan just stares up sadly at the night sky.

They muzzle him, cinching black leather over his mouth.
Ogres lift Aslan onto the Table. Hags bind him to the rock.

A HUSH FALLS OVER THE SCENE.

At last, the Witch climbs atop the Table. She bares her white arms, drawing from her robes...

A STONE KNIFE.

WHITE WITCH

And now, Aslan, who has won? Did you really think that by all this you would save the human traitor? So the Deep Magic will be appeased, but when you are dead...what's to prevent me from killing him as well? From killing all of them?

She leans close to Aslan's ear.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

(sarcastically)

My good word?

The Witch takes one final look at Aslan, bound, blood running from the wounds on his head.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

Understand, you have given up your life and saved no one's. In that knowledge, despair...and die!

ASLAN'S GAZE MOVES FROM THE SKY...

TO LUCY, HIDING IN THE SHADOWS. THEIR EYES LOCK.

The Witch slowly cocks back the cruel knife...then savagely SLASHES DOWNWARD.

Aslan's eyes close. Susan and Lucy turn away.

The Witch raises her bloody dagger high.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

Narnia is ours!

The CROWD SHRIEKS.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)

General, prepare your troops for battle...

The Witch looks down at Aslan.

WHITE WITCH (cont'd)
However short it may be.

THE HORRORS DANCE IN A FRENZY, SILHOUETTED IN THE FIRE.

Susan and Lucy COWER as...

THE WITCH LEADS HER MINIONS RIGHT PAST THEIR HIDING PLACE.
Finally, the last tentacle drags past, leaving the hill in
SILENCE AND MOONLIGHT.

The girls slowly approach the LIFELESS LION.

Susan strokes his limp paw. Lucy kisses his head. Hopeful.

LUCY
He's still warm.

BUT SHE REALIZES THERE IS NO LIFE IN HIM. SHE WEEPS.

Susan fumbles at the muzzle around Aslan's mouth. Finally,
it comes free.

Aslan's noble face hangs slack.

SUSAN
He must have known what he was
doing...

Susan breaks down. Lucy holds her. They sob quietly in the
moonlight, sitting vigil.

Slowly, Lucy's eyes focus. She squints.

LUCY
Oh, no.

A LINE OF MICE CLIMBS ONTO THE TABLE, SWARMING OVER ASLAN'S
BOUND BODY.

SUSAN
Get away! Get away, all of you!

She swats at the mice, then stops, stunned.

THE MICE BEGIN TO CHEW THE ROPES, FREEING ASLAN.

131 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP - NIGHT

131

A CENTAUR SENTRY looks up to see...

A SATYR RUNNING FULL SPEED FOR THE CAMP.

SATYR SCOUT
They're on the move!

132 INT. ASLAN'S CAMP, BOYS' TENT - NIGHT 132

Peter writhes, asleep, bound up in his sheets.
SUDDENLY, EDMUND SHAKES HIM.

EDMUND
Peter, get up!

Peter's eyes open just as...A WARNING BELL RINGS FRANTICALLY
OUTSIDE.

PETER
What?

EDMUND
The Witch's army's coming!

Peter reaches shakily for HIS SWORD.

PETER
Get Susan and Lucy and meet me in
Aslan's tent.

133 INT. ASLAN'S CAMP, ASLAN'S TENT - NIGHT 133

Peter rushes to Aslan's tent, but finds the flap hanging
open. He walks in cautiously.

Edmund rushes in.

EDMUND
The girls are gone.

Peter indicates THE EMPTY TENT.

PETER
Maybe they're with Aslan.

Outside, armor clanks as the army girds for war.

PETER (cont'd)
What are we supposed to do now?

EDMUND
What do you mean we?

Peter looks at him, worried.

EDMUND (cont'd)
Aslan wanted you to take over.

Peter swallows.

PETER
You're all crazy.

EDMUND
Susan and Lucy thought you could do
it. And you're sure a better
choice than me.

PETER
Well, you're right, there.

They both smile.

Edmund stands, straightening his sword.

EDMUND
There's an army out there ready to
follow you.

He fixes his big brother with a look.

EDMUND (cont'd)
And so am I.

Peter stares at Edmund, moved.

PETER
The girls-

EDMUND
Wherever they are, we can't help
them if we lose this battle.

Peter stares at a standard. The RED LION stares back at him.

134 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP, ASLAN'S TENT - NIGHT

134

Beaver, Oreius, and a handful of soldiers wait expectantly.

Suddenly, the flap opens. PETER STEPS OUT, HESITANT. Edmund
stands at his side.

PETER
Gather your troops and strike camp.
We march within the hour!

Oreius looks past Peter into the tent.

OREIUS
Sir?

PETER
(commanding)
We're better off meeting them in
the open.

OREIUS
Yes, sir.

Oreius nods respectfully. Peter nods, kingly. The centaur wheels away.

Then Edmund nudges his brother, whispering. Peter looks down to see...he's wearing just one shoe.

135

EXT. THE STONE TABLE - DAWN

135

The sun waits below the horizon.

Susan and Lucy sit with Aslan's body. His ropes lie on the table around him, chewed free.

LUCY
He looks better in the light,
doesn't he?

Susan watches a column of smoke purl from the camp below.

SUSAN
We need to tell the others.

Lucy strokes the Lion's flank, her voice choking.

LUCY
But...

Lucy bursts into tears. Gently, Susan pulls her away from the table. Lucy wraps her arms around herself.

LUCY (cont'd)
I'm so cold.

They walk toward the Eastern slope.

Then A LOW RUMBLE slowly builds.

SUSAN
What's-

LUCY
Susan!

CRACK! THE AIR EXPLODES WITH THE SOUND OF THUNDER!

Susan and Lucy pitch to the ground, terrified.

THE WORLD TREMBLES for a few seconds, then subsides, leaving the hill in silence.

Susan grips the grass. Lucy gets up, slowly. She turns around and...GASPS.

BEFORE THEM LIES THE STONE TABLE, BROKEN IN TWO, A GREAT CRACK RUNNING END TO END.

The girls stare up at the jagged rock.

SUSAN
But...why?

LUCY
They've taken Aslan!

SUSAN
But how? Is it more magic?

ASLAN (O.S.)
Perhaps.

They whip around to see...

ASLAN, LARGER, SHINING IN THE SUNRISE, BRIGHTER THAN GOLD.

The girls tremble with astonishment, then...

GIRLS
Aslan!

They fling their arms around him, burying their faces in his fur. Aslan purrs low. Lucy looks up.

LUCY
But weren't you...?

Aslan licks her forehead.

ASLAN
Not now.

SUSAN
But we saw the knife! We saw you.

ASLAN
While the Witch has a grasp of the Deep Magic, her knowledge goes back only to the dawn of time.

Aslan gazes at the rising sun.

ASLAN (cont'd)
But there is a magic deeper still,
older than Narnia itself, a magic
that goes beyond rules, to truth.
To what is right and what is wrong.

Aslan looks solemnly over to the shattered table.

ASLAN (cont'd)
And it appears that the Witch was
not in the right...

Aslan shakes his mighty mane and ROARS.

The girls gape, thrilled.

136 EXT. FORDS OF BERUNA - DAWN

136

Peter grips the unicorn's reins, riding past...HUNDREDS OF
MARCHING NARNIAN TROOPS.

In the middle of the long line, EDMUND RIDES ALONE.

After a moment, Oreius falls alongside. Edmund nods. The
centaur stares straight ahead.

OREIUS
Your brother wants you to oversee
the archers and hold the high
ground.

Edmund looks up, surprised. Oreius marches, stone-faced.

Oreius (cont'd)
He has great faith in you. I
questioned it.

Finally, Oreius turns to the boy.

Oreius (cont'd)
He convinced me.

Oreius stares at him. Edmund swallows. The centaur gives
him a military nod and trots ahead.

Edmund looks away, smiling.

137 EXT. ASLAN'S CAMP - DAY

137

Aslan sniffs at a smouldering fire.

ASLAN
They have not been gone long.

Susan and Lucy stare about THE ABANDONED CAMP.

ASLAN (cont'd)
Peter has led his army to war.

SUSAN
Against her? Against
those...things we saw last night?

ASLAN
It is what I asked of him.

Lucy pulls out her dagger.

LUCY
Then we have to help.

Aslan gently lowers her arm.

ASLAN
We will, dear one. But not that
way.

SUSAN
Then how?

Aslan bends low, stretching out his forepaws.

ASLAN
Climb on and hold tight. We have
far to go, and little time to get
there.

Tentatively, the girls climb on, gripping the Lion's mane.

ASLAN LEAPS, BOUNDING AWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE.

Susan SCREAMS. Lucy LAUGHS.

138 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - MORNING

138

A CENTAUR HOOF paws the ground.

PETER'S ARMY, five thousand in all, stands nervous but ready.

AN EAGLE SOARS THROUGH A CLOUDLESS SKY, over an open field,
crying a warning to the waiting troops.

It wheels above a rocky outcropping. Below, EDMUND and MR.
BEAVER prepare CENTAURS and DWARF ARCHERS.

The eagle swoops down to PETER and Oreius at the front,
landing on Peter's outstretched arm.

EAGLE

They come, your Highness. In numbers and weapons far greater than our own.

Peter stares at the advancing army. Oreius studies his face.

OREIUS

Numbers do not win a battle.

Black battle flags snap above the massive horde.

PETER

(under his breath)
No, but I bet they help.

A TRUMPET SOUNDS ACROSS THE BATTLE FIELD. THE WHITE WITCH'S ARMY approaches, a seething mass of evil creatures.

SQUADRONS OF CYCLOPS, BATTALIONS OF BLACK DWARFS. GENERAL OTMIN leads a PHALANX OF MINOTAURS.

FINALLY, TWIN POLAR BEARS PULL A GLEAMING CHARIOT. At the reins stands Ginarrbrik, AND TOWERING ABOVE HIM, MAGNIFICENT IN HER BATTLE MAIL AND FLOWING ROBES...THE WITCH.

Peter looks to the Eagle.

PETER (cont'd)

Did she offer terms?

139 EXT. BEAVERS' DAM - DAY 139

Aslan vaults over the top of a hill, the two girls clinging tightly to him.

They bound past the BEAVER'S DAM, now flowing with water.

140 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 140

Peter rides in front of his troops.

PETER

Soldiers of Aslan! Today, we face a grave battle...and likely a costly one.

Oreius nods grimly.

PETER (cont'd)

It may not have to be that way...the Witch has offered a deal.

Soldiers murmur.

PETER (cont'd)
She will withdraw and you may
return to your homes...if Edmund
and I surrender ourselves to her.

Several bears growl. Peter raises his hand to quiet them.

PETER (cont'd)
If you wish it, we will go.

A faun scowls, shaking his head.

PETER (cont'd)
If you do not, we would consider it
the greatest honor to stay and
fight by your side.

THE CROWD EXPLODES IN A FIERCE CHEER, BANGING THEIR SWORDS
AGAINST THEIR SHIELDS.

OREIUS
I think you have your answer.

Peter searches the hill behind him. He finds Edmund,
standing with Beaver. Edmund nods, supportive.

Peter lifts his sword, accepting their allegiance.

ACROSS THE FIELD, THE WITCH SMILES THINLY. Beside her,
Ginarrbrik pulls on his helmet.

The Witch turns to GENERAL OTMIN.

WHITE WITCH
I'm not interested in prisoners.
Eradicate them.

OTMIN ROARS. WITH A THUNDER OF HOOVES AND STEEL, THE WITCH'S
ARMY CHARGES.

Peter waits, sword held high.

THE DARK ARMY APPROACHES IN A CLOUD OF DUST.

Finally, Peter swallows and...BRINGS DOWN HIS SWORD.

EAGLES, FALCONS, GRIFFONS and HAWKS take flight, LARGE STONES
gripped in their talons.

ROCKS FALL FROM THE SKY, cracking the skulls of the evil
army, breaking their formation. BUT STILL...THEY ADVANCE.

PETER POINTS HIS SWORD TOWARD THE ENEMY.

PETER
CHARGE!

PETER GALLOPS AT FULL SPEED, LEADING A WEDGE OF CENTAURS AGAINST THE NOW DISORGANIZED BLACK ARMY.

CRASH. TALONS, CLAWS, SWORDS and LANCES COLLIDE. Creatures on both sides fall.

141 EXT. WITCH'S CASTLE - DAY 141

Aslan and the girls gallop toward THE WITCH'S CASTLE, now soft and melted. Ice falls from the decaying structure.

Lucy swallows.

Aslan digs his claws into the dirt, tensing his muscles. The girls shut their eyes.

HE LEAPS, SAILING OVER THE CASTLE WALL...THE GIRLS SCREAM.

142 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 142

THE BATTLE RAGES. PETER'S ARMY HAS THE UPPER HAND.

From his vantage point, EDMUND SEES THE WHITE WITCH SEND IN HER INFANTRY. He signals. A FLAMING ARROW shoots high.

A PHOENIX strafes the battlefield, disintegrating as it lays down a WALL OF FIRE, cutting off the Witch's troops.

Peter's troops cheer.

But then the Witch drives her chariot right through, EXTINGUISHING THE FIRE. Her army pours in.

PETER SIGNALS A RETREAT BACK TO THE ROCKS. Riding for safety, he passes...

Oreius RIDING HARD TOWARD THE WHITE WITCH.

Oreius leaps over her polar bears, swinging at her. She ducks, and with a THRUST OF HER WAND, TURNS HIM TO STONE.

143 INT. WITCH'S CASTLE, COURTYARD 143

A STONE CENTAUR stands in the courtyard.

ASLAN LANDS LIGHTLY BESIDE IT.

The girls roll off. Susan flattens her hands on the reassuring ground.

SUSAN

I don't think anything's broken.

Then she looks up to see...

A TWELVE FOOT STONE GIANT TOWERING OVER HER. Ominous stone animals fill the courtyard.

The girls look to Aslan, confused and horrified.

ASLAN APPROACHES A STONE UNICORN. He leans forward and... BREATHES ON ITS FACE.

A WARM GLOW SPREADS OVER THE UNICORN, moving across his frozen body LIKE A FLAME CATCHING.

Lucy and Susan gape, astounded. All around them, STATUES COME BACK TO LIFE.

THE STONE TIGER stretches himself awake, Edmund's CHARCOAL GLASSES AND MUSTACHE still scrawled on his face.

Two nearby DOGS giggle.

STONE TIGER
What? What?

ASLAN ROARS in the middle of the courtyard.

ASLAN
Leave no corner unsearched. Today
all the Witch's prisoners go free!

Lucy's eyes go wide. She frantically searches the courtyard. Suddenly, she skids to a stop, gaping in shock.

144 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 144

The battlefield lies silent. STONE STATUES and WOUNDED SOLDIER litter the ground.

Suddenly, A DISTANT CLASH echoes from the ROCKS. A GRYPHON dives into the skirmish.

145 EXT. BATTLEFIELD, ROCKS - DAY 145

THE WHITE WITCH runs down a FAUN, turning him to stone.

EDMUND'S ARCHERS take down one of her POLAR BEARS, throwing the WHITE WITCH AND Ginarrbrik from the chariot.

PETER watches as Ginarrbrik UNLEASHES THE OTHER POLAR BEAR. IT CHARGES UP THE HILL AT THE UNSUSPECTING EDMUND.

PETER'S unicorn breaks into a gallop. Fighting off WEREWOLVES, PETER TAKES DOWN THE POLAR BEAR.

OTMIN spies Peter and throws his axe, hitting the unicorn, knocking Peter from his saddle.

Peter scrambles for his sword but Otmin towers over him.

At the last moment, with its dying breath, the UNICORN PIERCES OTMIN'S BREAST PLATE.

Peter springs up, only to find himself SURROUNDED BY OGRES.

Across the field, Edmund spies...THE WITCH STALKING STRAIGHT FOR PETER.

Oblivious, PETER fights on.

EDMUND RUNS, fighting valiantly, vaulting over statues.

The Witch closes in on Peter, his back turned.

SHE RAISES HER WAND. THE TIP SPARKLES.

EDMUND LEAPS, BRINGING HIS SWORD DOWN, SMASHING HER WAND IN TWO.

Half the wand falls harmlessly to the ground, JUST A STICK.

Peter spins.

The Witch stares from the broken wand in her hand...to Edmund.

HER GREEN EYES GO WIDE. EDMUND TRIES TO ROLL CLEAR.

But with a terrifying SCREAM, she STABS HIM WITH THE JAGGED END OF HER WAND.

PETER

NO!

Edmund lies still, the wand sticking from his ribs.

ENRAGED, PETER CHARGES THE WITCH. SHE SMILES AND DRAWS HER STONE KNIFE.

LUCY (O.S.)

ASLAN!

146 INT. WITCH'S CASTLE, COURTYARD

146

ASLAN JOINS LUCY AS SHE STARES INTO AN ALCOVE...

Across the way, Susan watches A GIANT shake itself awake. He looks down at a DWARF at his feet.

DWARF

Rumblebuffin? Is that you?

The Giant smiles and picks him up.

LUCY (O.S.)

Susan?

Susan turns to see LUCY holding hands with MR. TUMNUS.

LUCY (cont'd)

I'd like you to meet Mr. Tumnus.

Susan smiles, teary eyed. Mr. Tumnus holds out his hand.

MR. TUMNUS

It's a pleasure, Susan Pevensie.

Impulsively, Susan wraps her arms around him.

ASLAN ADDRESSES THEM ALL.

ASLAN

Now come with me, and we shall set
all of Narnia free.

147 EXT. WITCH'S CASTLE - DAY 147

THE GIANT'S ENORMOUS FIST BASHES THROUGH AN ICE WALL.

ASLAN LEAPS THROUGH THE HOLE, THE GIRLS ASTRIDE HIS BACK.

HUNDREDS OF CREATURES pour after him.

148 EXT. BATTLEFIELD, ROCKS - DAY 148

Peter and the Witch battle through the huge, high rocks.

PETER LUNGES, BUT LOSES HIS FOOTING ON THE GRAVEL. THE WITCH SWINGS. PETER BARELY DEFLECTS THE BLOW.

149 EXT. CLIFF - OVERLOOKING THE BATTLE - DAY 149

A BACKLIT SILHOUETTE APPEARS...ASLAN.

Hundreds of other shadows join him along the cliff top.

150 EXT. BATTLEFIELD, CLIFF - DAY 150

ASLAN'S SHADOW falls over the skirmish. THE WHITE WITCH'S TROOPS TURN AND FLEE.

ASLAN'S EYES SCAN THE BATTLEFIELD. HE SPIES:

151 EXT. BATTLEFIELD, ROCKS - CONTINUOUS 151

THE WITCH, as she grabs Peter's elbow and twists.

His sword clatters across the rocks.

THE WITCH KICKS PETER IN THE HEAD. He sprawls to the ground. Helpless, Peter looks up. The Witch's eyes gleam.

THEN SUDDENLY...A LOW GROWL.

THE WITCH'S EYES POP WIDE TO SEE...

ASLAN, cutting through the throng of the battle, EYES FIXED RIGHT ON HER.

HE POUNCES...OVER PETER...DRIVING THE WHITE WITCH TO THE GROUND.

Peter stares, awed and terrified.

A SAVAGE ROAR SHAKES THE LAND. A MOUTHFUL OF TEETH FLASH IN THE SUN.

Gradually, the noise of the battle fades.

AND THOUGH REINFORCEMENTS BATTLE ALL AROUND THEM...

PETER AND ASLAN STAND ALONE.

ASLAN GAZES AT HIM WITH SORROWFUL LOOK.

152 EXT. BATTLEFIELD, ROCKS - LATER 152

Susan and Lucy stare down at the smouldering battlefield.

SUSAN

Peter!

They run down. Lucy hugs him.

LUCY

Where's Edmund?

TEARS WELL IN HIS EYES.

PETER

I don't know.

Susan wades through the wreckage.

SUSAN

EDMUND!

Her cries echo across the battlefield to where...

EDMUND LIES, his fingers grasping at the wand stuck in his side.

PAN over the weapon-strewn ground to...

Ginarrbrik, lying in the mud, blood seeping from his forehead. HE STARES AT EDMUND, EYES RED WITH HATE.

The dwarf's gnarled hand reaches out and grips AN AXE. He drags himself to his feet.

HIS SHADOW falls over the helpless Edmund. The boy's eyes flutter, then freeze with fear.

Above him, Ginarrbrik bares his black teeth and RAISES THE AXE.

ACROSS THE FIELD, the other Pevensies search frantically.

SUDDENLY, SUSAN SEES SOMETHING OVER PETER'S SHOULDER.

SUSAN (cont'd)

DOWN!

Peter drops, as Susan WHIPS AN ARROW FROM HER QUIVER.

SHE LETS FLY.

Ginarrbrik starts to swing his axe, then STOPS.

He looks down: THE POINT OF AN ARROW PROTRUDES FROM HIS SHOULDER. HE TOPPLES OVER, INCAPACITATED.

Peter, Susan and Lucy race over.

Susan cradles Edmund's head. Peter stares at his wounds. They both turn to Lucy.

She fumbles and produces the TINY CRYSTAL VIAL. She drops to her knees and unstops the bottle.

ONE GLISTENING DROP splashes onto Edmund's lips.

Edmund's ragged breath becomes regular. After a moment, his eyes open. He smiles, weak but alive.

Lucy hugs him for a long time.

ASLAN (O.S.)

Lucy.

Aslan stands behind them, his face stern.

ASLAN (cont'd)
There are many others wounded.

Lucy looks down at Edmund, bothered.

LUCY
I know. Just a minute.

Aslan gives a low growl.

ASLAN
Daughter of Eve, there are others
at the point of death. Must more
people die for Edmund?

Lucy swallows. She and Susan share a long look.

LUCY
I'm sorry.

Lucy hurries to help a fallen centaur.

Aslan moves on, breathing life back into the frozen statues.

TIME CUT:

153 EXT. BATTLEFIELD, HIGH GROUND - LATER

153

The three children gather around as...

Edmund kneels before Aslan. The Lion gently lays his paw on the boy's head.

ASLAN
Now rise, Sir Edmund, Knight of
Narnia, hero of the Battle of
Beruna.

Edmund struggles to his feet, honored.

154 EXT. GREAT EASTERN SEA SHORE - DAY

154

Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy walk on either side of Aslan.

Behind them, the victorious army marches, jubilant.

The Beavers gambol in the surf. Mr. Tumnus picks his way along the sand, trying to stay dry.

Peter stops. In the distance...CAIR PARAVEL shimmers, ivory spires clear against the blue sky.

For a moment, all four Pevensies just stare.

Suddenly, A GIANT WAVE SOAKS THEM.

ASLAN SPLASHES in the water, growling playfully.

They run after him, laughing, being children.

THE GIANT ORANGE SUN SINKS INTO THE SEA, SETTING IT ABLAZE.

155 EXT. CAIR PARAVEL - DAY 155

MERMEN AND MERMAIDS splash in the surf beneath the balcony of the Great Hall. They look up as...TRUMPETS BLARE.

156 INT. CAIR PARAVEL, GREAT HALL - DAY 156

A RED DWARF blows a strangely curved trumpet.

SUNLIGHT POURS THROUGH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS DOWN ONTO...

FOUR THRONES.

THE CHILDREN STARE, ASTONISHED.

On one, the carving of A SWORD. On another, A HORN. A third features A TINY BOTTLE. On the last has been carved...A WAND, BROKEN IN TWO.

Lucy looks to Aslan. He nods.

She sits in her throne, tentative. Then she looks down to find A BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FOOT-REST, JUST HER SIZE.

THE PEVENSIES SIT GRANDLY UPON THEIR THRONES.

Narnians crowd the hall, gazing happily. They part as...

Aslan enters. He stops in front of the children. After a long, proud moment, he nods.

MR. TUMNUS pins a SILVER LAUREL to Lucy's hair.

ASLAN

To the Eastern Sea I give you Queen
Lucy, the valiant.

Oreius perches a SILVER CROWN on Edmund's head.

ASLAN (cont'd)

To the Western Wood, King Edmund,
the just.

MRS. BEAVER places a RING OF GOLDEN FLOWERS on Susan.

ASLAN (cont'd)
 To the Radiant Southern Sun, Queen
 Susan, the gentle.

Finally, MR. BEAVER rests a HEAVY GOLD CROWN on Peter.

ASLAN (cont'd)
 And to the clear Northern sky I
 give you King Peter, the
 magnificent.

The Pevensies sit crowned, the PROPHECY FULFILLED.

ASLAN (cont'd)
 May you rule long, Kings and Queens
 of Narnia, and may your wisdom
 grace us until the stars rain down
 from the heavens.

CUT TO:

157 INT. CAIR PARAVEL, GREAT HALL - DUSK 157

JOYOUS MUSIC PLAYS. Peter dances nervously with the CHERRY TREE DRYAD from the forest. She smiles at him. He blushes.

Susan does a turn with THE FOX, his red fur fluffed up. He hops as the BEAVERS waltz by, their tails sweeping the floor.

Creatures gather around the feasting table.

Edmund loads his plate. Suddenly, he freezes. Before him sits a big platter of...TURKISH DELIGHT.

He reaches out.

Just then, LUCY WHISKS IT AWAY. They share a grin.

Through the dancers, LUCY NOTICES A GOLDEN FIGURE SLIPPING OUT INTO THE SUNSET.

158 EXT. CAIR PARAVEL, BALCONY - DUSK 158

Lucy rushes out to find Mr. Tumnus standing at the railing.

Down below, Aslan walks along the shore...away from Cair Paravel.

LUCY
 Is he coming back?

She watches Aslan grow smaller and smaller.

MR. TUMNUS

In time. One day you'll see him
and another you won't. It's all
right. He'll often drop in. But
you mustn't press him.

They both stare out at the Lion retreating in the distance.

MR. TUMNUS (cont'd)

After all, he's not a tame lion.

LUCY

But he is good.

Lucy's eyes well up with tears. Tumnus offers her HIS
HANDKERCHIEF.

MR. TUMNUS

Here, you need it more than I do.

Finally, Aslan disappears into the darkness, leaving
only...HIS DEEP FOOTPRINTS IN THE WET SAND.

THE FOOTPRINTS FADE AS THE LIGHT GRADUALLY TURNS TO DAY.

REVERSE TO FIND:

LUCY, NOW A LOVELY YOUNG WOMAN, staring over the same stretch
of golden sand. Her silver laurel glints on her head.

A BELL RINGS FROM THE HIGHEST TOWER.

Lucy looks over at a table across the balcony.

MR. TUMNUS, older, stouter, has tea with a FULLY GROWN...

SUSAN, long hair braided beneath her crown of golden flowers.
She smiles up from her embroidery.

159 INT. CAIR PARAVEL, GREAT HALL - DAY

159

A strong hand moves a GOLDEN KNIGHT across a chessboard.

EDMUND, A HANDSOME, SERIOUS MAN in his silver crown, looks
across the board at Oreius. Gray flecks the centaur's coat.

THE BELL RINGS. Edmund and Oreius look up.

- 160 EXT. CAIR PARAVEL, COURTYARD - DAY 160
- PETER GALLOPS THROUGH THE GATES, A MASTER HORSEMAN. He leaps down and bows low in one swiftly gallant motion.
- Everyone waits in the courtyard.
- OREIUS
Welcome home, King Peter.
- LUCY
My lord is a bit of a show-off this morning.
- PETER
It's only because of the news I bring.
- Smiling, he fixes his hat back upon his head.
- PETER (cont'd)
The White Stag has been seen in Narnia.
- The courtyard goes silent.
- Lucy grins.
- 161 EXT. THE STONE TABLE, AUTUMN - DAY 161
- Susan gallops across a grassy field. Peter, Edmund and Lucy ride ahead, dressed for the hunt.
- Above them loom the ruins of the Stone Table, overgrown with orange flowers.
- 162 EXT. NARNIA, WOODS, AUTUMN - DAY 162
- The group slows to a walk, picking through a thicket.
- Suddenly, THE WHITE STAG tears away through the woods.
- Lucy kicks into a gallop. The others follow.
- The White Stag stays just out of reach.
- 163 EXT. LANTERN WASTE, AUTUMN - DAY 163
- The riders burst out to find...THE WHITE STAG GONE. Instead, there, in the middle of the clearing stands...

A METAL POST.

They stop, curious. Peter circles his horse around the pole.

EDMUND

What is this?

SUSAN

Tis' a tree...of iron.

PETER

But if you look upon it there is a lantern set atop. What purpose is this?

LUCY

By likelihood it was placed here when the trees were fewer.

Peter dismounts, reaching out to touch the pole.

PETER

By the Lion's mane, it works upon me strangely.

LUCY

It runs in my mind also. As if in a dream.

SUSAN

Or a dream of a dream.

The others climb off their horses, letting them graze. Edmund peers into the dark wood.

EDMUND

Did anyone see in which direction our noble prey did go?

A cold wind blows.

SUSAN

Perhaps it did go home. Perhaps the Great Wisdom comes in...not catching it. But going where we have soft beds and hot food, won't we then learn all the more about...the comforts of home?

Edmund and Lucy share an eye-roll.

Just then, THE WHITE STAG bursts from the brush. The four scramble after it on foot, into the woods.

SUSAN'S HORN hangs from her saddle, left behind.

The Kings and Queens run, breathless. The wood grows darker and quieter until...

SUSAN (cont'd)
Does anyone see it?

LUCY
Is that not something over there?

The Pevensies step forward, slowly, arms out. Darkness envelops them.

EDMUND
I feel a strangeness.

PETER
These are not branches...

A SHAFT OF LIGHT APPEARS AHEAD.

LUCY
They're...coats?

164

INT. WARDROBE ROOM - DAY

164

THE WARDROBE DOORS BANG OPEN AND OUT TUMBLE THE FOUR PEVENSIES...

YOUNG AGAIN, AND IN THEIR OLD ENGLISH CLOTHES.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE HALLWAY DOORKNOB TURNS. THE PROFESSOR ENTERS THE ROOM, STARTLED.

PROFESSOR KIRKE
Oh...I'm sorry, I didn't know you were in here...

They stare around, dumbfounded. The Professor looks curiously at Peter, Susan, Lucy and Edmund, sitting on the floor.

PROFESSOR KIRKE (cont'd)
What were you all doing in the wardrobe?

The Pevensies look at each other. Slowly, their astonishment turns to COMPULSIVE LAUGHTER.

PETER
Thou woulds't not believe us if we told of it, sire.

This makes the others laugh more.

The Professor merely smiles knowingly.

PROFESSOR KIRKE
Are you sure?

The laughter is replaced with surprise.

165 INT. BEDROOM HALL - NIGHT 165

Moonlight fills the silent hall. A door creaks.

Lucy steps out, tiptoeing in her nightgown. She steals down the hall, around the corner, and up to...

166 INT. WARDROBE ROOM - NIGHT 166

The Wardrobe stands silent against the wall.

Lucy bites her lip, and opens the door to find...COATS. She pushes them aside. Nothing but coats.

PROFESSOR KIRKE (O.S.)
I'm afraid you won't get back in
that way.

Lucy spins. THE PROFESSOR sits quietly in his bathrobe and pajamas. He smiles sheepishly.

PROFESSOR KIRKE (cont'd)
I already tried.

LUCY
Will we ever go back?

PROFESSOR KIRKE
I guess you'll just have to keep
your eyes open.

Lucy smiles back. Then she closes the Wardrobe and holds out her hand. He takes it. They pad softly back to bed.

Leaving the room dark and quiet. All is still. Then, with a creak, the Wardrobe door...opens.

And A SHAFT OF GOLDEN LIGHT spills into the room.

FADE OUT.