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The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe

By Ann Peacock

Edmund! Get away from there!
Peter! What do you think you're doing?
Peter, quickly, the shelter. Now!
- Come on!
- Wait...
Come on, leave it!
Mommy!
Lucy, come on!
- Come on, quickly!
- Run!
Run!
- Hurry!
- Mum!
- Wait! Dad!
- Ed!
- Edmund, no!
- I'll get him!
- Peter, come back!
- Ed! Come here!
Edmund! Get down!
Come on, you idiot, run!
Get out!
Come on!
Hurry!
Why can't you think of anyone
but yourself? You're so selfish!
- You could've got us killed!
- Stop it!
Why can't you just do as you're told?
You need to keep this on, darling.
All right?
You warm enough? Good girl.
If Dad were here,
he wouldn't make us go.
If Dad were here, it'd mean the war
was over and we wouldn't have to.
You will listen to your brother,
won't you, Edmund?
Promise me you'll look after the others.
I will, Mum.
- Good man.
- All aboard! All aboard!
Susan.
Be a big girl.

All right. Off you go.
Hey, get off. I know
how to get on a train by myself.
Get off me!
May I have your tickets, please?
Tickets, please.
Peter.
Come on, Lucy.
We have to stick together now.
Everything's gonna be all right.
It's gonna be fine.
- Bye-bye, dear.
- Bye! We'll miss you! See you soon.
The professor knew we were coming.
Perhaps we've been incorrectly labeled.
Come on, hup!
And whoa. Whoa.
- Mrs. Macready?
- I'm afraid so.
Is this it, then?
Haven't you brought anything else?
No, ma'am.
It's just us.
Small favors.
Come on.
Good girl. Come on. Come on.
Professor Kirke is not accustomed
to havin' children in this house.
And, as such, there are a few rules
we need to follow.
There will no shoutin'.
Or runnin'.
No improper use of the dumbwaiter.
No touchin' of the historical artifacts!
And above all,
there shall be no disturbin'
of the professor.
The sheets feel scratchy.
Wars don't last forever, Lucy.
We'll be home soon.
- Yeah, if home's still there.
- Isn't it time you were in bed?
- Yes, Mum.
- Ed!

You saw outside.
This place is huge.
We can do whatever we want here.
Tomorrow's going to be great.
Really.
"Gastrovascular."
Come on, Peter. Gastrovascular.
- Is it Latin?
- Yes.
Is it Latin for
"worst game ever invented"?
We could play hide and seek.
But we're already having so much fun.
Come on, Peter, please.
Pretty please?
- One, two, three, four...
- What?
...five, six, seven, eight,
nine, ten, eleven...
...24, 25, 26...
I was here first!
Were you hiding from me?
No.
Uh, well...
I just... I...
No. No. I-I-I just...
I was just, um...
I didn't want to scare you.
If you don't mind my asking...
what are you?
Well, I'm a...
Well, I'm a faun.
And what about you?
You must be some kind of
beardless dwarf?
I'm not a dwarf! I'm a girl!
And, actually, I'm tallest in my class.
You mean to say that
you're a Daughter of Eve?
Well, my mum's name is Helen.
Yes, but you are in fact human.
Yes, of course.
What are you doing here?
Well, I was hiding in the wardrobe

in the spare room, and...

Spare Oom? Is that in Narnia?

Narnia? What's that?

Well, dear girl,

you're in it.

Everything from the lamppost
all the way to Castle Cair Paravel
on the Eastern Ocean,
every stick and stone you see,
every icicle is Narnia.

This is an awfully big wardrobe.

War Drobe? I'm sorry.

Please allow me to introduce myself.

My name is Tumnus.

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Tumnus.

I'm Lucy Pevensie.

- Oh, you shake it.

- Uh... Why?

I... I don't know.

People do it when they meet each other.

Well, then, Lucy Pevensie
from the shining city of War Drobe
in the wondrous land of Spare Oom,
how would it be if you came
and had tea with me?

Well, thank you very much, but I...

I probably should be getting back.

It's only just around the corner.

And there'll be a glorious fire
with toast and tea and cakes.

And, perhaps, we'll even
break into the sardines.

- I don't know.

- Come on.

It's not every day
that I get to make a new friend.

Well, I suppose I could come
for a little while.

If you have sardines.

By the bucketload.

- You all right?

- Mm-hm.

Well, here we are.

Come along.

- After you.
- May I help you with that?
- Thank you very much.
- Oh.

Now, that... that is my father.

He has a nice face.

He looks a lot like you.

No.

No, I'm not very much
like him at all, really.

My father's fighting in the war.

My father went away to war too.

But that was a long, long time ago.

- Before this dreadful winter.

- Winter's not all bad.

There's ice skating and snowball fights.

- Oh! And Christmas!

- Not here.

No. No, we haven't had a Christmas
in a hundred years.

What? No presents for a hundred years?

Always winter, never Christmas.

It's been a long winter.

But you would have loved Narnia
in summer.

We fauns danced
with the dryads all night,
and, you know, we never got tired.
And music. Oh, such music!

Would... would you
like to hear some now?

Oh! Yes, please.

Now, are you familiar

- with any Narnian lullabies?

- Sorry, no.

Well, that's good.

Because this... probably
won't sound anything like one.

- Oh, I should go.

- It's too late for that now.

I'm such a terrible faun.

Oh, no.

You're the nicest faun I've ever met.

Then I'm afraid you've had

a very poor sampling.
You can't have done
anything that bad.
It's not something I have done,
Lucy Pevensie.
It's something I am doing.
What are you doing?
I'm kidnapping you.
It was the White Witch.
She's the one who makes it
always winter, always cold.
She gave orders.
If any of us ever find a human
wandering in the woods,
we're supposed to turn it over to her.
But, Mr. Tumnus, you wouldn't.
I thought you were my friend.
Now. She may already know you're here.
The woods are full of her spies.
Even some of the trees are on her side.
Can you find your way back from here?
- I think so.
- All right.
Will you be all right?
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
Here.
Keep it. You need it more than I do.
No matter what happens,
Lucy Pevensie,
I am glad to have met you.
You've made me feel warmer
than I've felt in a hundred years.
Now go.
Go!
It's all right! I'm back! I'm all right!
Shut up! He's coming!
You know, I'm not sure you two
have quite got the idea of this game.
Weren't you wondering where I was?
That's the point.
That was why he was seeking you.
Does this mean I win?
I don't think Lucy
wants to play anymore.

I've been gone for hours.
Lucy, the only wood in here
is the back of the wardrobe.
One game at a time, Lu.
We don't all have your imagination.
But I wasn't imagining!
That's enough, Lucy.
I wouldn't lie about this!
Well, I believe you.
- You do?
- Yeah, of course.
Didn't I tell you about
the field in the cupboards?
Will you just stop?
You just have to make
everything worse, don't you?
- It was just a joke!
- When are you gonna learn to grow up?
Shut up! You think you're Dad,
but you're not!
Well, that was nicely handled.
But... it really was there.
Susan's right, Lucy.
That's enough.
Lucy.
Where are you?
Boo!
Lucy.
Hope you're not afraid of the dark.
Lucy?
Lucy?
Lucy!
Lucy.
Where are you?
Lucy.
I think I believe you now.
Lucy.
Lucy?
- Leave me alone!
- What is it now, Ginarrbrik?
Make him let me go!
I didn't do anything wrong!
How dare you address
the Queen of Narnia?

I didn't know!

- You will know her better hereafter!

- Wait!

What is your name, Son of Adam?

Uh, Edmund.

And how, Edmund,

did you come to enter my dominion?

I'm not sure.

I was just following my sister.

- Your sister? How many are you?

- Four.

Lucy's the only one

that's been here before.

She said she met some faun

called Tumnus.

Peter and Susan didn't believe her.

I didn't either.

Edmund, you look so cold.

Will you come and sit with me?

Now, how about something hot to drink?

Yes, please, Your Majesty.

Your drink, sire.

How did you do that?

I can make anything you like.

Can you make me taller?

Anything you'd like to eat.

Turkish delight?

Edmund?

I would very much like to meet

the rest of your family.

Why?

They're nothing special.

Oh, I'm sure they're not nearly

as delightful as you are.

But you see, Edmund,

I have no children of my own.

And you are exactly the sort of boy

who I could see, one day,

becoming Prince of Narnia.

Maybe even King.

Really?

Of course, you'd have

to bring your family.

Oh.

Do you mean,
Peter would be king too?
No! No, no.
But a king needs servants.
I guess I could bring 'em.
Beyond these woods,
you see those two hills?
My house is right between them.
You'd love it there, Edmund.
It has whole rooms
simply stuffed with Turkish delight.
- Couldn't I have some more now?
- No!
Don't want to ruin your appetite.
Besides, you and I are going to be
seeing each other again very soon.
I hope so, Your Majesty.
Until then, dear one.
Mmm, I'm gonna miss you.
Edmund?
Oh, Edmund! You got in too!
Isn't it wonderful?
- Where have you been?
- With Mr. Tumnus. He's fine.
The White Witch hasn't found out
anything about him meeting me.
The White Witch?
She calls herself the Queen of Narnia,
but she really isn't.
Are you all right? You look awful.
Well, what'd you expect?
I mean, it's freezing.
- How do we get out of here?
- Come on.
This way.
Peter, Peter, wake up!
Peter, wake up!
- It's there! It's really there!
- Shh.
- Lucy, what are you talking about?
- Narnia!
It's all in the wardrobe
like I told you!
- You've just been dreaming, Lucy.

- But I haven't!
I saw Mr. Tumnus again!
And this time Edmund went too.
You... You saw the faun?
Well, he didn't actually
go there with me.
He...
What were you doing, Edmund?
I was just playing along.
I'm sorry, Peter.
I shouldn't have encouraged her,
but you know what little children
are like these days.
They just don't know
when to stop pretending.
You children are one shenanigan
shy of sleepin' in the stable!
Professor. I'm sorry. I told them
you were not to be disturbed.
It's all right, Mrs. Macready.
I'm sure there's an explanation.
But first of all, I think this one
is in need of a little hot chocolate.
Come along, dear.
You seem to have upset the delicate
internal balance of my housekeeper.
We're very sorry, sir.
It won't happen again.
It's our sister, sir. Lucy.
- The weeping girl.
- Yes, sir.
- She's upset.
- Hence the weeping.
It's nothing.
- We can handle it.
- Oh, I can see that.
She thinks she's found a magical land.
In the upstairs wardrobe.
What did you say?
Um, the wardrobe, upstairs.
Lucy thinks she's found a forest inside.
She won't stop going on about it.
- What was it like?
- Like talking to a lunatic.

No, no, no, not her.

The forest.

- You're not saying you believe her?

- You don't?

But of course not.

I mean, logically, it's impossible.

What do they teach in schools
these days?

Edmund said they were only pretending.

He's usually the more
truthful one, is he?

No. This would be the first time.

Well, if she's not mad
and she's not lying,
then logically we must assume
she's telling the truth.

You're saying that we
should just believe her?

She's your sister, isn't she?

You're her family.

You might just try acting like one.

Peter winds up,
poised to take yet another wicket!

Whoops! Wake up, Dolly Daydream.

Why can't we play hide and seek again?

I thought you said it was a kid's game.

Besides, we could all use the fresh air.

It's not like there isn't air inside.

- Are you ready?

- Are you?

- Well done, Ed.

- You bowled it!

- What on earth is goin' on?

- The Macready!

Come on!

No, no, back, back, back!

- Come on!

- Oh, you've got to be joking.

Get back!

- My toe!

- I'm not on your toe!

- Move back.

- Will you stop shoving?

Impossible.

Don't worry.

I'm sure it's just your imagination.

I don't suppose

saying we're sorry

- would quite cover it.

- No. It wouldn't.

- But that might!

- Oh!

Ow!

Stop it!

You little liar.

- You didn't believe her, either.

- Apologize to Lucy.

- Say you're sorry.

- All right! I'm sorry.

That's all right.

Some children just don't know
when to stop pretending.

Oh, very funny.

Maybe we should go back.

But shouldn't we at least
take a look around?

I think Lucy should decide.

I'd like you all to meet Mr. Tumnus!

Well, then Mr. Tumnus it is.

But we can't go hiking in the snow
dressed like this.

No.

But I'm sure the professor
wouldn't mind us using these.

Anyway, if you think about it logically,
we're not even taking them
out of the wardrobe.

- But that's a girl's coat!

- I know.

...lots and lots of lovely food,
and we'll have lots and lots of...

Lu?

Lucy!

Who would do something like this?

"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."

All right.

Now we really should go back.

But what about Mr. Tumnus?

If he was arrested just
for being with a human,

- I don't think there's much we can do.

- You don't understand, do you?

I'm the human.

She must have found out
he helped me.

- Maybe we could call the police.

- These are the police.

Don't worry, Lu.

We'll think of something.

Why?

I mean, he's a criminal.

Did that bird just "psst" us?

It... It's a beaver.

Here, boy.

Here, boy.

I ain't gonna smell it,
if that's what you want.

Sorry.

Lucy Pevensie?

Yes?

Hey, that's the hankie

I gave to Mr. Tum...

Tumnus. He got it to me
just before they took him.

Is he all right?

Further in.

- What are you doing?

- She's right.

How do we know we can trust him?

He said he knows the faun.

He's a beaver.

He shouldn't be saying anything!

Everything all right?

Yes. We were just talking.

That's better left
for safer quarters.
He means the trees.
Come on. We don't want to be
caught out here after nightfall.
Ah, blimey! Looks like the old girl
has got the kettle on.
Nice cup o' Rosy Lee.
- It's lovely.
- It's merely a trifle.
Still plenty to do.
Ain't quite finished it yet.
It'll look the business
when it is, though.
Beaver, is that you?
I've been worried sick!
If I find you've been
out with Badger again, I...
Oh!
Well, those aren't badgers.
Oh, I never thought
I'd live to see this day.
Look at my fur. You couldn't
give me ten minutes warning?
I'd have given a week
if I thought it would've helped.
Oh, come inside,
and we'll see if we
can't get you some food,
and some civilized company.
Now, careful. Watch your step.
Excuse the mess.
Can't get Mr. Beaver
to get out of his chair.
Enjoyin' the scenery, are we?
Isn't there anything
we can do to help Tumnus?
They'll have taken him to the Witch's.
You know what they say.
There's few that go through
them gates that come out again.
Fish 'n' chips?
But there is hope, dear.
Lots of hope.

Oh, yeah,
there's a right bit more than hope!
Aslan is on the move.
Who's Aslan?
Who's Aslan?
You cheeky little blighter.
What?
- You don't know, do you?
- We haven't exactly been here long.
Well, he's only the king
of the whole wood.
The top geezer.
The real King of Narnia.
- He's been away for a long while.
- But he's just got back!
And he's waitin' for you
near the Stone Table!
- He's waiting for us?
- You're bloomin' joking!
They don't even know about the prophecy!
- Well, then...
- Look.
Aslan's return,
Tumnus' arrest, the secret police,
it's all happening because of you!
- You're blaming us?
- No! Not blaming.
- Thanking you.
- There's a prophecy.
"When Adam's flesh and Adam's bone
sits at Cair Paravel in throne,
the evil time will be over and done."
- That doesn't really rhyme.
- I know it don't.
You're kinda missin' the point!
It has long been foretold
that two Sons of Adam
and two Daughters of Eve
will defeat the White Witch
and restore peace to Narnia.
And you think we're the ones?
You'd better be, 'cause Aslan's
already fitted out your army.
- Our army?

- Mum sent us away
so we wouldn't get
caught up in a war.
I think you've made a mistake.

- We're not heroes.

- We're from Finchley.

Thank you for your hospitality.

- But we really have to go.

- No, you can't just leave!
He's right.

We have to help Mr. Tumnus.
It's out of our hands.
I'm sorry,
but it's time the four of us
were getting home. Ed?
Ed?

- I'm gonna kill him.

- You may not have to.

Has Edmund ever been to Narnia before?
Hurry!

- Edmund!

- Shh! They'll hear you!

No!

- Get off!

- You're playing into her hands.

- We can't just let him go!

- He's our brother!

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

- Why?

- To stop the prophecy from coming true.
To kill you!

- This is all your fault.

- My fault?

None of this would have happened
if you had listened to me!

- You knew this would happen.

- I didn't know what would happen.
Which is why we should
have left while we could!
Stop it!

- This isn't going to help Edmund.

- She's right.

Only Aslan can help your brother now.

Then take us to him.
Be still, stranger,
or you'll never move again.
- Who are you?
- I'm Edmund!
I met the Queen in the woods!
She told me to come back here!
I'm a Son of Adam!
Hmm. My apologies,
fortunate favorite of the queen.
Or else, not so fortunate.
Right this way.
Wait here.
Like it?
Uh... Yes, Your Majesty.
I thought you might.
Tell me, Edmund...
Are your sisters deaf?
No.
And your brother, is he...
...unintelligent?
Well, I think so.
But Mum says...
Then how dare you come alone?!
- I tried!
- Edmund, I asked so little of you.
- They just don't listen to me!
- You couldn't even do that.
I did bring them halfway.
They're at the little house at the dam
with the Beavers.
Well.
I suppose you're not
a total loss then, are you?
Well, I was wondering,
could I maybe have some more
Turkish delight now?
Our guest is hungry.
This way for your num-nums.
Maugrim?
You know what to do.
Hurry, Mother! They're after us!
- Oh, right then.
- What's she doing?

Oh, you'll be thanking me later.

It's a long journey and Beaver gets pretty cranky when he's hungry.

I'm cranky now!

Take them.

- Do you think we'll need jam?

- Only if the Witch serves toast.

Hurry.

Badger and me dug this.

Comes out right near his place.

You told me

it led to your mum's!

Lucy!

They're in the tunnel.

- Quick! This way.

- Hurry!

- Run!

- Quick! Quick! Quick!

You should have brought a map!

There wasn't room next to the jam.

Come on, Lucy!

I'm so sorry, dear.

He was my best mate.

What happened here?

This is what becomes

of those who cross the Witch.

You take one more step, traitor,

and I'll chew you to splinters!

Relax. I'm one of the good guys.

Yeah? Well, you look an awful lot

like one of the bad ones.

An unfortunate family resemblance.

But we can argue breeding later.

Right now we've got to move.

What did you have in mind?

Greetings, gents.

- Lost something, have we?

- Don't patronize me!

I know where your allegiance lies.

We're looking for some humans.

Humans? Here in Narnia?

That's a valuable bit of information,

don't you think?

Your reward is your life.

It's not much,
but still.
Where are the fugitives?
North. They ran north.
Smell them out.
They were helping Tumnus.
The Witch got here before I did.
Are you all right?
Well, I wish I could say their bark
was worse than their bite. Ow!
Stop squirming!
You're worse than Beaver on bath day.
Worst day of the year.
Thank you for your kindness,
but that's all the cure I have time for.
You're leaving?
It has been a pleasure, My Queen,
and an honor, but time is short
and Aslan himself has asked me
to gather more troops.
- You've seen Aslan?
- What's he like?
Like everything we've ever heard.
You'll be glad to have him by your side
in the battle against the Witch.
But we're not planning
on fighting any witch.
But surely, King Peter, the prophecy!
We can't go to war without you.
We just want our brother back.
If...
If you're not going to eat that...
I'd get up, but...
...but my legs.
Mr. Tumnus.
What's left of him.
- You're Lucy Pevensie's brother.
- I'm Edmund.
Yes. Yes, you have the same nose.
Is your sister all right?
Is she safe?
I don't know.
My police tore that dam apart.
Your little family

are nowhere to be found.

- Where did they go?

- I don't know!

Then you're of no further use to me.

Wait! The beaver

said something about Aslan!

Aslan?

Where?

- I...

- He's a stranger here, Your Majesty.

He can't be expected

to know anything.

I said... where is Aslan?

I... I don't know.

I left before they said anything.

I wanted to see you!

Guard!

Your Majesty.

Release the faun.

Do you know why you're here, faun?

Because I believe in a free Narnia.

You're here...

...because he turned you in.

For sweeties.

Take him upstairs.

And ready my sleigh.

Edmund misses his family.

Now, Aslan's camp

is near the Stone Table

- just across the frozen river.

- River?

The river's been frozen solid

for a hundred years.

- It's so far.

- It's the world, dear.

Did you expect it to be small?

Smaller.

When you're ready, Son of Adam.

Come on, humans!

While we're still young.

If he tells us to hurry one more time,

I'm gonna turn him

into a big, fluffy hat.

Hurry up! Come on!

- He is getting a little bossy.
- Behind you! It's her!
- Run! Run!
- Run!
Hurry!
Inside!
Dive! Dive!
Quick! Quick, quick, quick!
Maybe she's gone.
- I suppose I'll go look.
- No!
You're worth nothing to Narnia dead.
Well, neither are you, Beaver.
Thanks, sweetheart.
Come out! Come out!
I hope you've all been good
'cause there's someone here to see you!
Merry Christmas, sir.
It certainly is, Lucy,
since you have arrived.
Look, I've put up with a lot
since I got here, but this...
- We thought you were the Witch.
- Yes, yes, I'm sorry about that,
but in my defense, I have been driving
one of these longer than the Witch.
I thought there was
no Christmas in Narnia.
No. For a long time.
But the hope that you have brought,
Your Majesties,
is finally starting
to weaken the Witch's power.
Still, I dare say
you could do with these.
Presents!
The juice of the fire-flower.
One drop will cure any injury.
And though I hope
you never have to use it...
Thank you, sir,
but I think I could be brave enough.
I'm sure you could.
But battles are ugly affairs.

Susan.

Trust in this bow
and it will not easily miss.
What happened
to "battles are ugly affairs"?
Though you don't seem to have
a problem making yourself heard,
blow on this
and wherever you are,
help will come.

Thanks.

Peter.

The time to use these
may be near at hand.
Thank you, sir.
These are tools, not toys.
Bear them well and wisely.
Now, I must be off.
Winter is almost over,
and things do pile up
when you've been gone a hundred years.

Long live Aslan!

And Merry Christmas!

- Merry Christmas!

- Merry Christmas!

Told you he was real.

He said winter was almost over.

You know what that means.

No more ice.

- We need to cross, now!

- Don't beavers make dams?

- I'm not that fast, dear.

- Come on!

Wait! Will you think
about this for a minute?

- We don't have a minute.

- I'm just trying to be realistic.

No, you're trying to be smart.

As usual.

Wait. Maybe I should go first.

Maybe you should.

You've been sneaking
second helpings, haven't you?

Well, you never know

which meal's gonna be your last.
Especially with your cooking.
If Mum knew what we were doing...
Mum's not here.
Oh, no!
Run!
Hurry!
- No!
- Peter!
Put that down, boy.
- Someone could get hurt.
- Don't worry about me!
Run him through!
Leave now while you can,
and your brother leaves with you.
Stop, Peter!
Maybe we should listen to him!
Smart girl.
Don't listen to him!
Kill him! Kill him now!
Oh, come on. This isn't your war.
All my Queen wants is for you
to take your family and go.
Look, just because some man
in a red coat hands you a sword,
it doesn't make you a hero!
Just drop it!
No, Peter!
Narnia needs you!
Gut him while you still have a chance!
What's it gonna be, Son of Adam?
I won't wait forever.
And neither will the river.
Peter!
Hold onto me!
Lovely.
What have you done?
Lucy!
Lucy!
Has anyone seen my coat?
Don't you worry, dear.
Your brother's got you
well looked after.
And I don't think you'll be

needing those coats anymore.
It's so warm out.
I'll go and check the sleigh.
Your Majesty.
We found the traitor.
He was rallying your enemies
near the Shuddering Woods.
Ah. Nice of you to drop in.
You were so helpful
to my wolves last night.
Perhaps you can help me now.
- Forgive me, Your Majesty.
- Oh, don't waste time with flattery.
Not to seem rude,
but I wasn't actually talking to you.
Where are the humans headed?
Wait! No! Don't. The beaver said
something about the Stone Table,
and that Aslan had an army there.
An army?
Thank you, Edmund.
I'm glad this creature
got to see some honesty...
...before he dies.
- No!
Think about whose side you're on,
Edmund.
Mine...
...or theirs.
Go on ahead.
Gather the faithful.
If it's a war Aslan wants...
...it's a war he shall get.
Why are they all staring at us?
Maybe they think you look funny.
Oi, stop your fussing.
You look lovely.
We have come to see Aslan.
Welcome, Peter, Son of Adam.
Welcome, Susan and Lucy,
Daughters of Eve.
And welcome to you, Beavers.
You have my thanks.
But where is the fourth?

That's why we're here, sir.
We need your help.
We had a little trouble along the way.
Our brother's been captured
by the White Witch.
Captured? How could this happen?
He betrayed them, Your Majesty.
- Then he has betrayed us all!
- Peace, Oreius.
I'm sure there's an explanation.
It's my fault, really.
I was too hard on him.
We all were.
Sir, he's our brother.
I know, dear one.
But that only makes
the betrayal all the worse.
This may be harder than you think.
That is Cair Paravel,
the castle of the four thrones.
In one of which you will sit, Peter,
as High King.
You doubt the prophecy?
No. That's just it.
Aslan, I'm not what you all think I am.
Peter Pevensie, formerly of Finchley.
Beaver also mentioned that you
planned on turning him into a hat.
Peter, there is a Deep Magic,
more powerful than any of us,
that rules over all of Narnia.
It defines right from wrong,
and governs all our destinies.
Yours... and mine.
But I couldn't even
protect my own family.
You've brought them safely this far.
Not all of them.
Peter, I will do what I can
to help your brother,
but I need you to consider
what I ask of you.
I, too, want my family safe.
Is our little prince uncomfortable?

Does he want his pillow fluffed?
Special treatment for the special boy!
Isn't that what you wanted?
You look like Mum.
Mum hasn't had a dress like this
since before the war.
We should bring her one back.
A whole trunk full!
If we ever get back.
I'm sorry I'm like that.
We used to have fun together, didn't we?
Yes. Before you got boring.
Oh, really?
Please don't try to run.
- We're tired.
- And we prefer to kill you quickly.
Susan!
Get back!
Peter! Ah!
Come on.
We've already been through this before.
We both know you haven't got it in you.
Peter! Watch out!
No! Stay your weapons.
This is Peter's battle.
You may think you're a king,
but you're going to die...
...like a dog!
- Look out!
Peter!
After him.
He'll lead you to Edmund.
Peter.
Clean your sword.
Rise, Sir Peter Wolf's-Bane,
Knight of Narnia.
The minotaurs will take the left flanks.
We'll keep the giants in reserve
and send the dwarfs in first.
The prisoner!
You're not
going to kill me?
Not yet.
We have work to do.

Edmund!

What's done is done.

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

Hello.

- Are you all right?

- I'm a little tired.

Get some sleep.

And Edmund...

...try not to wander off.

Narnia's not going

to run out of toast, Ed.

I'm sure they'll pack something up
for the journey back.

We're going home?

You are.

I promised Mum I'd keep you three safe.

But it doesn't mean

I can't stay behind and help.

But they need us.

All four of us.

Lucy, it's too dangerous.

You almost drowned!

Edmund was almost killed!

Which is why we have to stay.

I've seen what the White Witch can do.

And I've helped her do it.

And we can't leave these
people behind to suffer for it.

I suppose that's it then.

Where are you going?

To get in some practice.

Come on, Ed! Sword point up,
like Oreius showed us.

- En garde!

- Now block.

- Hey!

- Peter! Edmund!

Whoa, horsie!

- My name is Philip.

- Oh.

Sorry.

The Witch has demanded
a meeting with Aslan.

She's on her way here.
Jadis, the Queen of Narnia!
Empress of the Lone Islands!
You have a traitor in your midst, Aslan.
His offense was not against you.
Have you forgotten the laws
upon which Narnia was built?
Do not cite the Deep Magic to me, Witch.
I was there when it was written.
Then you'll remember well
that every traitor belongs to me.
His blood is my property.
Try and take him then.
Do you really think that mere force
will deny me my right...
...little King?
Aslan knows that unless I have blood,
as the law demands,
all of Narnia will be overturned
and perish in fire and water.
That boy will die
on the Stone Table...
...as is tradition.
You dare not refuse me.
Enough.
I shall talk with you alone.
She has renounced her claim
on the Son of Adam's blood.
How do I know your promise will be kept?
- Susan!
- Mm?
Shouldn't you both be in bed?
We couldn't sleep.
Please, Aslan.
Couldn't we come with you?
I would be glad of the company
for a while.
Thank you.
It is time.
From here, I must go on alone.
But Aslan...
You have to trust me.
For this must be done.
Thank you, Susan.

Thank you, Lucy.
And farewell.
Behold. The great lion.
Do you want some milk?
Why doesn't he fight back?
Bind him!
Wait!
Let him first be shaved.
Bring him to me.
You know, Aslan,
I'm a little disappointed in you.
Did you honestly think by all this
that you could save the human traitor?
You are giving me your life
and saving no one.
So much for love.
Tonight...
...the Deep Magic will be appeased!
But tomorrow,
we will take Narnia
forever!
In that knowledge,
despair...
...and die!
The Great Cat...
...is dead!
General.
Prepare your troops for battle.
However short it may be.
It's too late.
He's gone.
He must have known what he was doing.
Get away! Get away, all of you!
No. Look.
We have to tell the others.
- We can't just leave him!
- Lucy, there's no time.
They need to know.
The trees.
Be still, my Princes.
I bring grave news from your sisters.
She's right.
He's gone.
Then you'll have to lead us.

Peter, there's an army out there
and it's ready to follow you.

- I can't.

- Aslan believed you could.

And so do I.

The Witch's army is nearing, sire.

What are your orders?

They come, Your Highness, in numbers
and weapons far greater than our own.

Numbers do not win a battle.

No. But I bet they help.

I have no interest in prisoners.

Kill them all.

Look to the sky!

Are you with me?

To the death.

For Narnia and for Aslan!

Go!

Go! For Aslan!

We should go.

I'm so cold.

Susan!

Where's Aslan?

What have they done?

Aslan!

But we saw the knife. The Witch.

If the Witch knew

the true meaning of sacrifice,
she might have interpreted
the Deep Magic differently.

That when a willing victim
who has committed no treachery
is killed in a traitor's stead,
the Stone Table will crack
and even death itself
will turn backwards.

We sent the news that you were dead.

Peter and Edmund will have gone to war.

We have to help them.

We will, dear one, but not alone.

Climb on my back.

We have far to go

and little time to get there.

And you may want to cover your ears.

Fire!

Yes!

Fall back! Draw them to the rocks!

That's the signal. Come on!

Where are we going?

Hang on!

Fall back!

Stop!

Susan, this is...

Mr. Tumnus!

Come, we must hurry
and search the castle.

Peter will need everyone we can find.

Edmund! There's too many!

Get out of here!

Get the girls and get them home!

You heard him! Let's go!

Peter said get out of here!

Peter's not king yet.

Impossible!

It is finished.

- Peter!

- Peter!

Where's Edmund?

Edmund!

When are you gonna learn
to do as you're told?

To the glistening Eastern Sea,
I give you Queen Lucy the Valiant.

To the great Western Wood,
King Edmund the Just.

To the radiant Southern Sun,
Queen Susan, the Gentle.

And to the clear Northern Sky,
I give you King Peter,
the Magnificent.

Once a King or Queen of Narnia,
always a King or Queen.

May your wisdom grace us
until the stars rain down
from the heavens.

Long live King Peter!

Long live King Edmund!

Long live Queen Susan!

Long live Queen Lucy!

Don't worry.

We'll see him again.

- When?

- In time.

One day he'll be here
and the next he won't.

But you mustn't press him.

After all, he's not a tame lion.

No.

But he is good.

Here.

You need it more than I do.

Are you all right, Philip?

I'm not as young as I once was.

Come on, Ed.

- Just catching my breath.

- That's all we'll catch at this rate.

- What did he say, Susan?

- "Wait in the castle.

I'll get the stag myself."

What's this?

It seems familiar.

As if from a dream.

Or a dream of a dream.

Spare Oom.

- Lucy!

- Not again.

- Lu?

- Come on!

These aren't branches.

- They're coats.

- Susan, you're on my foot!

Peter, move off!

- Stop shoving.

- Stop it!

I'm not on your toe!

There you are.

What were you all
doing in the wardrobe?

You wouldn't believe us
if we told you, sir.

Try me.

I don't think

you'll get back in that way.
You see... I've already tried.
Will we ever go back?
Oh, I expect so.
But it'll probably happen
when you're not looking for it.
All the same...
best to keep your eyes open.