

SIDE #6: LUCY, PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND

LUCY. Susan! Peter! It's all true. Edmund has seen it too. There is a country you can get to through the wardrobe.

Edmund and I both got in. We met one another in there, in the wood. Go on, Edmund. Tell them all about it.

PETER (*entering*). What's all this about, Ed? (*A pause.*)

SUSAN. Tell us, Ed.

EDMUND. Oh, yes, Lucy and I have been playing — pretending that all her story about a country in the wardrobe is true. Just for fun, of course. There's nothing there really. (*LUCY gives EDMUND one look and rushes out of the room.*) There she goes again. What's the matter with her? That's the worst of young kids, they always —

PETER. Look here, shut up! You've been perfectly beastly to Lu ever since she started this nonsense about the wardrobe, and now you go playing games with her about it and setting her off again. I believe you did it simply out of spite.

EDMUND. But it's all nonsense.

PETER. Of course it's all nonsense, that's just the point. Lu was perfectly all right when we left home, but since we've been down here she seems to be either going queer in the head or else turning into a most frightful liar. But whichever it is, what good do you think you'll do by jeering and nagging at her one day and encouraging her the next?

EDMUND. I thought — I thought.

PETER. You didn't think anything at all. It's just spite. You've always liked being beastly to anyone smaller than yourself.

SUSAN. Do stop it. It won't make things any better having a row between you two. Let's go and find Lucy.

LUCY (*bursting back in*). I don't care what you think, and I don't care what you say. You can tell the Professor or you can write to Mother or you can do anything you like. I know I've met a Faun in there and — I wish I'd stayed there and you are all beasts, beasts. (*She exits.*)

SUSAN. Lucy! (*THEY follow her out.*)