

# DYING FOR EDMUND

## Aslan Meets the White Witch

*An Audio Drama by John Burkitt for Dave Thomas*

### **NARRATOR**

Aslan sat solemnly in the tent, looking into the eyes of Jadis. For a long time neither of them had spoken. It was hard to know what to say.

How hard and sharp her eyes were! How fiercely rapacious was their ice blue stare! He thought back to another time, a time long before when as an elderly sage in a cobalt blue robe trimmed with gold stars he looked into her cradle and reached down to touch her forehead with a single dot of holy oil and speak the ancient blessing. She had looked up then with innocent eyes like pools of lapis lazuli and reached up then to touch his hand. Her fingers closed around his index finger for a moment and the old sage smiled.

Over the years that innocence fled from her. She still reached out for what she wanted, but her grasp was none too sweet. Could it be she had changed so much that she could not recognize him? Was she so blind to the life that stirred under the outward appearance of things?

### **ASLAN (Sighs)**

I suppose it would do me no good to appeal to your sense of mercy and decency...

### **NARRATOR**

Jadis smiled a bit. It was a very hard-lipped smile but it reflected a bit of genuine amusement.

### **JADIS**

You put your faith in the Emperor Across the Sea. Where is he now? Where is his mercy? His decency? He has left you here to sort this out, Aslan. Do not blame me that he has abandoned you. Don't look at me that way...I am what life has made me. I was born to rule, and that is a high and lonely destiny. I seek to be admired, but I do not seek to be loved. You can measure the strength of a ruler by the number of people that admire them, and their weakness in the number of people that love them.

**ASLAN**

That is not the way I see it.

**JADIS**

And that is why you're in this bind. You thought you could bring Edmund into your plans, that weak, simpering boy! You thought you could do anything through the all conquering power of ... *true love*.

**NARRATOR**

Her sneer made Aslan's eyes narrow and his teeth bare.

**ASLAN**

You have no right to use that word here or anywhere else! It was sanctified by forces you do not and never will understand!

**JADIS**

I understand the forces. And right now I understand in who's favor those forces are working.

**NARRATOR**

She came forward and as if to show her faith in her own destiny, she rubbed her palm under the Great Lion's chin as if she were stroking a house cat.

**JADIS (Seductively)**

He gave himself to me. I did not have to *beg* him. One day maybe you'll find four perfect children to sit upon the thrones. That is, if there are four perfect children in that other world. I've been there before and I doubt you can find *one* perfect child. [impatiently] But be that as it may, you know and I know that if Edmund sits on that throne without expiation of his sins, his sin will infect the land and even if there is no fire and water to quench it quickly, it will slowly destroy itself from within. You know this. I know this. EDMUND knows this. What IS there to talk about, Aslan? He is *mine*! His blood is *mine*! And I will *have* that blood...unless...

**ASLAN**

Unless I give you a counter offer...

**JADIS**

A counter offer would be *interesting*. You know, maybe if you pray about it hard enough this Emperor of yours might get you off the hook. Do you think he would relent if...hypothetically speaking of course...I were to raise the knife to you instead?

**ASLAN**

*You must not tempt God! You know the Deep Magic better than that!*

**JADIS**

So you're saying if I DID ask you to take his place and thereby satisfy the Deep Magic, I would not surely die?

**ASLAN (Slowly, bitterly)**

You would not die from this act. But in taking this path, you turn your footsteps to destruction.

**JADIS**

So be it.

**NARRATOR**

Jadis took the pin of her broach and stuck her finger with it. Aslan, knowing what was expected of him, held out his paw. She jabbed him with a fierceness that was greater than necessary, looking for some sign in his eyes that he was in pain. Then she touched her fingertip to the wounded paw and as the blood comingled, she drew close and said...

**JADIS**

So swear I to the death.

**ASLAN**

So swear I to the death. I shall meet you tonight at the Stone Table. There is no need to inform my people about our bargain.

**JADIS**

As you wish.

**NARRATOR**

She turned and stepped out of the tent. Aslan followed her closely and, with all the self control he could muster, he said rather factually to Peter, Susan and Lucy...

**ASLAN**

You can all come back. I have settled the matter. She has renounced the claim on your brother's blood.

**THE END**