

Shadowlands, A Summary of the Story in the Movie

Pre-movie notes: comment on *The Magician's Nephew*, Fred Paxford, and the Common Room.

90-minute version starts with High Table, Jack says, "Why am I so afraid? ... shadows. Real life hasn't begun."

73-minute version starts with a BBC address by Lewis.

Radio Voice: "The time is just coming up to ten minutes to 3. We are now broadcasting the sixth in a series of eight talks by the writer C. S. Lewis, best known for his imaginative fables *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* and *The Screwtape Letters*. This afternoon his theme is Christian marriage."

Jack: "I must begin by making it plain that I have never been married myself. However, the Christian idea of marriage is not based on the experience of individual men and women, but on the teaching of Christ, that is, that marriage is for life."

[laughter]

Christopher: "And now the honorable professor plain Jack Lewis will make another very complicated question very simple. This week infanticide. Infanticide is a long word, isn't it? Let me put it to you in the bluff common man's language that has made me so popular among bluff common men."

Jack: "I don't believe you heard a word of it."

Christopher: "A noble address, Jack. Judiciously navigated."

Jack: "Shouldn't I have said that I've not been married?"

Clergyman: "Not at all. The personal touch."

Jack: "Anyway I don't see that it makes any difference. We don't expect those who teach us sexual morality to be practicing fornicators."

Fellow: "I shouldn't play that card too often."

Jack:

Fellow: "The expert on marriage who's never been married. The lecturer on romantic love who believes that romantic love is a medieval invention. The author of children's books who has never had any children. You'll end up the non-playing captain in the cricket game of life."

Fellow: "Cricket game of life."

Jack: "The spectator sees more of the sport."

Fellow: "Oh, come on, Jack. When was the last time you even talked to a woman? I mean about anything that matters?"

Christopher: "Women have no concept about what really matters. How could Jack possibly talk to them about it?"

Jack: "Most of my letters come from women. They write about what really matters. To them very much so."

Christopher: "Dear Prof. Lewis, last night I had a vision of a man with a brown beard. Was it Jesus?"

Jack: "Often it's about their faith, yes. But just as often it's about their marriages. Don't ask me why."

Fellow: "Cricket game of life."

[laughter]

[January, 1950]

Jack [Reading a letter]: “Listen to this, Warnie.” “Dear Mr. Lewis, You have played a greater part in my life than you could ever know. My children adore your Narnia fantasies, especially my youngest boy. My husband is fascinated by your science fiction books. So who am I? So far I have been, in the following order, a Jewish atheist, an award-winning poet, a card-carrying Communist, a convert to Christianity, and mother of two boys.”

Warren: “Must be American.”

Jack: “Mrs. William L. Gresham. Pleasant Plains, New York State.”

Jack [Reading Joy’s letter]: “Am I right that you are as fascinated as I am by the image of the unfound door? The mythical door that leads out of time and space into where? The undiscovered country, the never, never land? Is this your land of Narnia that you get to through the magic wardrobe? I know you wrote your Narnia books for children. Maybe I’m still a child. Maybe you are for that matter.

[90-minute version. Joy: “I enclose one of my poems. It’s called ‘Snow in Madrid,’ written during the civil war in Spain. . . . First, I must . . . which I shared with Robert Frost . . .

“Here’s ‘Snow in Madrid’:

“Softly so casual,

Lovely, so light, so light,

The cruel sky lets fall

Something one does not fight.

[How tenderly to crown

The brutal year

The clouds send something down

That one need not fear.]

Men before perishing

See with unwounded eye

For once a gentle thing

Fall from the sky.”]

[90-minute version. Jack: “I believe I would rather be a child . . . saves mother from death. But I have no such magic. . . will come to an end. Part of the Shadowlands.”

Jack: “I propose to start this morning with a picture . . . Pictures do not tax the brain . . . they say . . . in the country . . . You are walking a little aimlessly beside a river . . . high wall, you find a door, fountain . . . lie two crystal stones . . . You look into the stone. . . in the midst of . . . You are filled with a longing for the rosebud. You stretch out one hand and pluck the bud. Not exactly real life, is it? From the *Roman de la Rose*. Which is more real—falling in love or picking a rose?”

Paxford: “Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.”

[Tea]

Jack: “Mrs. Gresham writes a strange sort of letter.”

Warren: “Who is Mrs. Gresham?”

Warren: “I expect it’s just the American style. Americans don’t understand about inhibitions.”

Jack: “The Jewish Communist. Christian American. She writes as if she knows me already. I suppose she read my books. . . . She wants to meet us. Us. ‘Perhaps you and your brother, Major Lewis, would find time to join me for tea in a hotel.’”]

Jack: “I’m amused that you see me as the child. I believe I would rather be the child caught in the magic spell than the magician casting it. In my book called *The Magician’s Nephew* it is, of

course, the child who brings the magic that saves his mother from death. This, I fear, is pure wish fulfillment. Long ago there was a time when such events were real. I refer to my own life. But I have no such magic. As for Narnia itself, no, it is not the true never, never land. I take it you mean heaven. Narnia exists in time and will come to an end. Like our real world by which we set such store, it is only a part of the Shadowlands.

Warren: "Friday."

Jack: "Friday is the BBC all day."

Warren: "Saturday?"

Jack: "Saturday."

Warren: "Annual assembly of the Women's Literary Guild."

Jack: "Oh yes. Couldn't I give them the talk I gave to the disabled veterans?"

Warren: "Might not one of the literary women be married to a disabled veteran?"

Jack [laughs]: "Mrs. Gresham is coming to England."

Warren: "Mrs. Gresham from Pleasant Plains? Does she want a talk too?"

Jack: "Yes, she wants to meet us?"

Warren: "Us?"

Jack: "Us. I quote. 'Perhaps you and your brother Major Lewis would find time to join me for tea in a hotel?'"

Warren: "Tea is safe. Hotel is safe."

Jack: "Shall we say 'yes'?"

Warren: "Do we want to?"

Jack: "It might be curious to see what she looks like."

Warren: "Voluminous fur coat. Long, pointy nose."

Jack: "Thin, nervy, shrill voice."

Warren: "Spectacles."

Jack: "Thick, brown rims."

Warren: "Thick, brown eyes."

Jack: "Relentlessly understanding."

[Two years later, lunch at the Eastgate Hotel. They enter "The Plough."]

Warren: "There she is in the red and green check."

Jack: "Too young."

Warren: "How old is she?"

Jack: "Forty, I don't know. What about fur coat? Did she say that she would have a fur coat?"

Warren: "God preserve us. Thank you, Lord."

Warren: "Aren't women peculiar?"

Jack: "Two things that men find most unnatural, the dominance of the female and the dominance of the collective."

Warren: "What are you talking about?"

Jack: "Insects. That's what's wrong with insects."

Warren: "Insects?"

Jack: "Warnie."

Joy: "Mr. Lewis, I'm Joy Gresham."

Joy: [In the snow] "I remember announcing to my parents that I was an atheist at the age of eight. By high school I had it all worked out. Men are only apes, virtue is only custom, life is only an electro-chemical reaction, mind is only a set of conditioned reflexes, and anyway most

people aren't rational like me. Love, art, and altruism are only sex, the universe is only matter, matter is only energy. I've forgotten what I said energy was, only. Portrait of a happy materialist, but somewhere deep inside there was this girl with dreaming eyes furiously scribbling verses.

[90-minute version. Joy: "Where is everybody?"

Jack: "Working, studying."

Joy: "I've been developing this theory about Englishmen. Where are they all? Why are they so tired? You're different from how I imagined. . . . a terrific party going on all through the night with everyone yelling and stomping and having the best time."

Joy: "You're different than what I imagined."

Jack: "In what way?"

Joy: "Beefier."

Jack: "How long do you plan to stay in England?"

Joy: "Till the end of December. The boys aren't too happy about not being home for Christmas."

Jack: "You expect to be in Oxford again?"

Joy: "I could be."

Jack: "If ;you give us adequate warning . . ."

Warren: "So, you've found us, Mrs. Gresham."

Doug: "Are you him?"

Jack: "Yes, I suppose I am."

Doug: "You don't look like him."]

[The Kilns]

Jack: "Were you actually a member of the Party? . . .

Joy: ". . . the wrong war."

Jack: "Have you found the right house now?"

Jack: "All my life I've had a sense of, I never knew what to call it, moments of longing that seemed to come from another world. I've wandered into a few wrong houses of my own. For me the great myths came from the North. Siegfried, Twilight of the gods. The Christian myth never seemed to have the same power.

Joy: "And so it is a myth?"

Jack: "Why (garbled) the dying hero, the god who sacrifices himself for his people. What always stumped me was the sheer number of other dying god myths there were. I could never understand why our myth should happen to be the only one that was true. It didn't seem to be any more likely than the others."

Joy: "How you talk about God is going to sound a little wacky."

Jack: "Quite so. My problem was to tell the one true wackiness from all the competing versions."

Joy: "So, how did you get unstumped?"

Jack: "Well, one day I thought, 'Maybe they're all true, all ways of telling the same story. What if there was just the one true myth that came to reality in Jesus Christ. All the other myths merely echoes of it. A little blurred, a little confused, like Chinese whispers.'"

Joy: "Sounds rather cerebral to me."

Jack: "Well, in a way I did think myself to faith. One of the uses of thought is knowing when thought isn't enough. Can you dive?"

Joy: "Can I dive?"

Jack: "I learned how to dive the same summer I learned I was a Christian. It's the easiest thing in the world. You don't have to do anything. All you have to do is stop doing something; you have to learn to stop trying to preserve yourself. Once you let yourself go head first without worry where you're going to land or anything, it works. You're a diver."

Douglas: "Mommy, mommy, can we go into the trees?"

Joy: "Can they?"

Jack: "Of course. The woods are part of our property as far as the fence."

Jack: "Where are you all spending Christmas?"

Joy: "Maybe London. We've not decided."

Jack: "You'd be very welcome to join us here. The boys might like it."

Joy: "You don't want us rampaging all over your house."

Jack: "We shall survive. Christmas is more like Christmas with children, isn't it?"

[90-minute version. Christopher: "... the general presumption ... I feel no good will."

Jack: "Feelings are far from reliable."

"What have they got to do with it?"

Christopher: "Then God must be bonkers. To become man ..."

Jack: "The birth of a creature who happens to be God. ... Everything seems to be dead. ... snow falls ... That's real magic."]

[They arrive for Christmas at the Kilns. The doorbell rings.]

Doug: "Hi, Warnie."

David: "Hi, Warnie."

Joy: "I hope you know what you've let yourself in for."

[90-minute version. Jack: "Douglas, Douglas. Will you be joining us for tea?"

Douglas: "Is this the house?"

Jack: "No, not this one."

Jack: "The children were sent to the house of an old professor ... railway station and two miles from the nearest Post Office. He had no wife, and he lived in a very large house."

Douglas: "It's not so big."

Joy: "What were you hiding from?"

Jack: "I don't know."

Jack: "That was always the snag. I wanted to travel to other worlds."

Joy: "How old were you ..."

Jack: "Yes, it was the end of my world ... long, empty corridors ... I wanted my mother to come to me, but she didn't come."

Joy: "Did it hit you hard?"

Jack: "My father never spoke about it. It was too much for him. They have their own ways of dealing with things. Warnie and I knew that."

Christopher: "The Lion, the Witch and the Clothes Closet. Success breeds envy as ever."]

Jack: "I don't know what you call success."

Christopher: "Mrs. Gresham is absolutely right."

Joy: "It's a wonder the species manages to perpetuate itself."

[The Kilns]

Jack: "It's a white Christmas alright."

[Letter from Bill]

Joy: "The boys will like it."

Jack: "Something wrong? Bad news?"

Joy: "Not too good. If I were back home now and this were happening, I'd be writing to you for advice."

Jack: "Then write to me."

Joy: "Dear Mr. Lewis, my husband is in love with another woman and wants to marry her. Should I give him a divorce? Yours anxiously, middle-aged Christian mother."

Jack: "Have you been expecting this?"

Joy: "Rene and I are in love, but have been about since the middle of August. If it had not been for our love, I could not have come through this summer with as little anguish as I have, for things have been rough financially."

Jack: "Did you know?"

Joy: "Not about Rene. She is not the first."

Jack: "Do you love your husband?"

Joy: "Bill is very talented. He wants to do right by everyone. He's a good man at heart. I guess I love him. Bill is an alcoholic. He is compulsively unfaithful, and he is sometimes violent. I guess I haven't loved him for years."

Jack: "Violent."

Joy: "He breaks chairs. Fires rifles in the air. Oh, not at anyone, just to let off steam. Only when he is drunk, he doesn't know what he's doing. Once he broke a bottle over Douglas's head."

Jack: "He did what?"

Joy: "Not so good, right?"

[Douglas, snow, and *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.]

Voice: "'This is the land of Narnia,' said the faun. 'All that lies between the lamppost and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea. It is winter in Narnia and has been for ever so long. Always winter and never Christmas.'"

Joy: "Douglas, are you out there catching pneumonia?"

Joy: "It lasted perhaps thirty seconds. But it changed everything for me. I've been turning into a different person ever since."

Jack: "What happened?"

Joy: "We were living in Westchester. Bill was working in New York. One day Bill called from his office. Said he was losing control of his mind. He wasn't coming home. Bang. Put down the phone. That was it. I had two small babies. I was all alone. I had no idea what to do. I put the babies to bed, and I waited. Round about midnight I broke down. I felt so useless, so helpless. The babies were upstairs asleep. I was downstairs crying. Then there was someone else in the room just for a few seconds, maybe half a minute. I knew it was a real person, a person so real that all my precious life seemed a shadow by comparison. It was like waking from sleep. I've no idea what I said. I guess I was just saying, 'Okay then. Okay.' He came back three days later."

Jack: "Did you tell him?"

Joy: "Hi, Bill, what do you know? God exists. Yes, I told him. I'll say this for Bill. He has an open mind, only he can't keep any one thing in it for long."

[Cup of tea]

Joy: "Oh, thank you, Warnie."

Jack: "So, you're going back to him."

Joy: "What else can I do?"

[90-minute version. [Christmas Dinner]

David: "You never let us have wine."

Warren: "A toast to our guests. To Joy, to David, to Douglas, Merry Christmas. . . . and to wish you a safe voyage home."

Jack: "And most of all to our continuing friendship."

[Chapel, then the Bodleian Library, then classroom]

Student Voice: "The dominant characteristic of . . . religion of love was seen to be adultery . . . far exceeded the number of single women."

Jack: "Married love could not be considered . . . Wives were items of baggage."

[Jack gets his mail from the porter]

Jack: "Christopher, would you say you were content?"

Christopher: "I am what I am. The world is what it is. All life is waste. Remember I don't have your faith in divine recycling."

[Paxford at the window]

Jack: "Can't it wait?" [Opens the window]

Paxford: "I said if it could wait, why am I banging on your windy?"

Paxford: "You'll see, you'll see."

Jack: "Where in heaven's name have you sprung from?"

Joy: "It's the magic wood, Jack, it's the wood between the worlds."

Jack: "Joy, where are you?"

Joy: "So nice to see you, Joy. Have a cup of tea, Joy."

Jack: "Yes, of course."]

[The Cloisters, Jack reading a letter while walking]

More BBC—Jack: "There was a time that I believed that the universe was just an accident, that God was just a fantasy, and that Christ was just a good moral teacher. Not so now. I discovered that Christ denied there was any truth in my arguments. What is more, He said He was the Son of God. Here I was in trouble. A man who was merely a man and said the sort of things Jesus said wouldn't be a great moral teacher at all. He'd either be a lunatic, on the level with the man who said he's a poached egg, or else he'd be the devil of hell. You must make your choice. Either this man was, and is, the Son of God: or else a madman or something worse. You can shut Him up for a fool, you can spit at Him and kill Him as a demon; or you can fall at His feet and call Him Lord and God. But don't let's come up with any patronizing nonsense about His being a great human teacher. He hasn't left that open to us. He didn't intend to."

[Two years later—Joy moves into a house in Oxford (1954)]

Joy: "Would you take that back into the kitchen?"

Jack: "And this?"

Joy: "Ah, put it by the window."

Jack: "How does Bill feel about your bringing the boys to England?"

Joy: "He doesn't like it. On the other hand, he can only afford to give us sixty dollars a month. England's cheaper."

Jack: "How much is that? Doesn't sound enough."

Joy: "We'll manage."

Jack: "Well if you can't, you will let me help, won't you?"

Joy: "I don't want to take your money, Jack."

Jack: "Don't be silly. That's what friends are for."

[Breaking glass]

Warren: "So she's settled here for good, has she?"

Jack: "Who knows? For the foreseeable future."

Warren: "You know how it looks, don't you, Jack?"

Jack: "I know. She's a good friend, Warnie. That's all."

[At Magdalen]

Joy: "I never really know what he's thinking. I catch glimpses. That's all."

Warren: "Perhaps he doesn't know himself."

Joy: "He has such a sharp, clear mind. I suppose I expect him to have everything taped, even himself."

Warren: "You like him, don't you?"

Joy: "Yes. I like him. Do you think he likes me?"

Warren: "I'm quite sure he does."

Joy: "But."

Warren: "I don't have to tell you."

Joy: "Tell me?"

Warren: "Jack plays safe. He always has."

Joy: "Thank you, Warnie. Message received."

[Lewis on friendship in Joy's home—cf. *The Four Loves*]

Jack: "That's good to have everything out in the open. Then everyone knows where they are."

Joy: "Sure. That's how I like it too."

Jack: "I mean, it's very difficult to know exactly what is going on between people. Sometimes it makes me quite angry that people aren't allowed to be, well just friends."

Joy: "Like us, you mean."

Jack: "Like us. Well, not to say that friendship is a small thing. As a matter of fact, I rate it as one of life's most precious gifts."

Joy: "But."

Jack: "But it shouldn't be turned into a watered down version of something that it's not."

Joy: "Such as . . ."

Jack: "Such as . . . Well, just to give you one example. . . romantic love, which nowadays is just about the only emotion that men and women are permitted to feel for each another. That's not to say that friendship isn't in its way a kind of . . ."

Joy: "A kind of love."

Jack: "A kind of love. Yes, I knew you'd understand."

Joy: "Oh, I understand better than that, Jack. You're a bachelor and I'm a divorced woman. Some people might think you have some idea of marrying me. You have no such idea. I'm to have no false expectations. You've decided to have this out in the open because you care about me and don't wish me to be hurt. Have I understood you correctly?"

Jack: "You are extraordinary."

Joy: "Uh-huh."

Jack: "I don't know what to say."

Joy: "It's okay, Jack. Exam over."

Jack: "Well, you know, if there's ever anything I can do to help."

Joy: "Sure. I know. Well . . ." [Her visa status]

[The Kilns]

Jack: "Did I tell you, Warnie. I've decided to marry Joy."

Warren: "No, Jack."

Jack: "Yes, it seemed like a good idea."

Warren: "You astound me. No, no, I mean . . ."

Jack: "Don't worry, Warnie. Nothing's going to change. I'm not really going to marry Joy."

Warren: "You're not."

Jack: "The rumors are unfounded."

Warren: "They are."

Jack: "What I have agreed to do is to extend my British citizenship to her and the boys so that she can go on living in England."

Warren: "By marrying her."

Jack: "Only technically."

Warren: "You're marrying Joy technically."

Jack: "A true marriage is a declaration before God, not before some government official. This will be a bureaucratic formality, nothing more. Joy will keep her own name. We will all go on living exactly as before. No one will even know that a marriage has taken place apart from you, Somerset House, and the Department of Immigration. It is nothing more than a bureaucratic formality."

[April, 1956]

Lawyer: "Before you are joined in matrimony, I have to remind you of the solemn and binding character of the vows you are about to make. Marriage, according to the law of this country, is the union of one man with one woman voluntarily entered into for life to the exclusion of all others. Now we proceed to the exchange of vows."

Lawyer: "Mr. Lewis, if you will repeat after me . . . I call upon these persons here present . . ."

Jack: "I call upon these persons here present . . ."

Lawyer: ". . . to witness that I, Clive Staples Lewis, . . ."

Jack: ". . . to witness that I, Clive Staples Lewis, . . ."

Lawyer: "do take thee, Helen Joy Davidman"

Jack: "do take thee, Helen Joy Davidman"

Lawyer: "to be my lawful wedded wife."

Jack: "to be my lawful wedded wife."

Lawyer: "Do we have a ring? No ring? Very well. The ring is not statutory."

Lawyer: "The statement sets out the nature of the marriage, the reasons why you have entered into it."

Joy: "Yes, I understand."

Lawyer: "This is a disclaimer to rights in each other's estates."

Joy: "Yes, of course."

Lawyer: "This is a declaration that the marriage is undertaken solely for the purpose of your naturalization and that you have no intention of living as man and wife."

Joy: "Yes, I understand."

Lawyer: "If there is nothing you object to in the wording, your signature here."

Joy: "Of course."

[She signs.]

Lawyer: "Mr. Lewis."

[He signs.]

Joy: "This must be an unusual kind of document for you."

Lawyer: "I don't believe I've ever drawn up such a statement before."

Joy: "What's to be done with it?"

Lawyer: "It will be kept here. Mr. Lewis's instructions are very clear on this point, Mrs. Gresham. The statement is strictly confidential, and its existence will be divulged to no others beyond those now in this room."

Joy: "Mr. Lewis' instructions are always very clear."

[Magdalen College, Oxford skyline, then Joy's house]

Joy: "Jack, it's after midnight. You'd better go."

Jack: "Quite right. Past my bedtime."

Joy: "What will the neighbors think?"

Jack: "The worst, I've no doubt."

Joy: "Don't you sometimes burst to share the joke?"

Jack: "What joke?"

Joy: "Well, the neighbors thinking we're unmarried and up to all sorts of wickedness where all the time we're married and up to nothing. Technically married."

Jack: "I should be going."

Joy: "Leaving already?"

Jack: "You're a good friend, Joy."

Joy: "So are you, Jack. Jack, you've given me so much. You've got to let me give you something back."

Jack: "You know me, Joy."

Joy: "Yes, I do."

[Telephone ringing.]

[Eleven months later (March 21, 1957)—he calls (it was actually Katharine Farrar), she falls and gasps in pain.]

Jack: "How could a person be fit and active and lead a full and vigorous life one minute and then . . ."

Doctor: "There had been some pain before."

Jack: "Well, everybody has pain sometimes."

Doctor: "That's how it often goes, I'm afraid. . . sudden lurches."

Jack: "Sudden lurches? Dear God. How much has she been told?"

Doctor: "She's been told that the cancer has eaten away her left femur that she has a malignant tumor in one breast. She knows that it's serious. How could she not know? Her hip bone snapped like a frozen twig."

[At Joy's hospital bed]

Jack: "Nobody seems to know what's going on. So they're going to operate on the broken hip tomorrow. Not too good?"

Joy: "Dear Mr. Lewis, I am a Jew, divorced, broke, and I have cancer. My question is . . . Do I get a discount?"

[Pain]

Jack: "How's the pain?"

Joy: "Kind of pushy."

Jack: "Well, don't talk if it hurts."

Jack [to the nurse]: "Could you do that later, please ma'am?"

Nurse: "I've given you fifteen minutes already."

Jack [angrily]: "For pity's sake, woman, this is my wife!"

[Magdalen College Chapel]

Jack: "She wasn't the guilty party in the divorce, and her husband committed adultery with another woman, with several other women. He was violent. He hit the children."

Harry: "It doesn't make any difference who's the guilty party. You know that as well as I do."

Jack: "Harry, she's dying."

Harry: "I'd marry this lunchtime, if it was up to me."

Jack: "A number of things have come clear to me in the past few days, Harry. This is not a sudden mood. You know how seriously I take the sacrament of Christian marriage. As it happens, Joy and I are already married in law. To me this means nothing. I want to marry her before God."

Harry: "I really am sorry, Jack. I just can't do it. The bishop would never give his consent."

Jack: "I'm going to marry her, Harry."

[Lewis walks away from the Magdalen College chapel.]

[Hospital]

Jack: "I'm going to marry you, Joy. I'm going to marry you before God and the world."

Joy: "You don't have to, Jack."

Jack: "I want to. It is what I want."

Joy: "Make an honest woman of me?"

Jack: "Oh, no. No, it's me that's been dishonest. Look what it takes to make me see the truth."

Joy: "Did I overdo it?"

Jack: "Don't leave me, Joy."

Joy [Pain]: "Jack, about marrying."

Jack: "I'll find a way. I promise."

Joy: "Back home we have a quaint old custom. When the guy wants to marry the girl, he asks her. It's called proposing."

Jack: "It's the same here."

Joy: "Did I miss it?"

Jack: "Oh, Joy, will you marry this foolish, frightened old man who needs you more than he can bear to say and who loves you even though he hardly knows how?"

Joy: "Okay. Just this once."

Jack (on the phone): "There is no time. Time is what we do not have any more. Look, it's not just for me. She wants the grace of the sacrament. No! No. The cancer has gone too far. We're just praying that the pain goes before the end. Bless you, John. Bless you. Bless you." [It was actually *Peter Bide*.]

[March 21, 1957 at the Wingfield-Morris Hospital.]

Joy: "What do you say, nurse? Is the bride allowed to blush a little?"

[The marriage]

Priest: "To have and to hold from this day forth [she repeats], for better, for worse [she repeats], for richer, for poorer [she repeats], in sickness and in health [she repeats], to love, cherish, and obey [she repeats], till death us do part [she repeats]."

Jack: "With this ring I thee wed. With my body I thee worship. With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

Bide: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

John: "While I'm here, perhaps I could say a short prayer of healing. Would you object if I laid hands on you, Mrs. Lewis?"

Joy: "No, Father, go ahead."

[Douglas reading *The Magician's Nephew* in the attic. The Kilns has no attic.]

Jack: "I knew you'd be here. What's the book?"

Jack [to Warren]: "He's reading *The Magician's Nephew*—the part where the mother's ill. I didn't know what to say. '...suddenly it flashed upon his mind that there really were other worlds [and that he himself had been in one of them. At that rate there might be a real Land of Youth somewhere. There might be almost anything.] There might be a fruit in some other world that would really cure his mother! [And oh, oh—Well, you know how it feels if you begin hoping for something that you want desperately badly; you almost fight against the hope because it is too good to be true; you've been disappointed so often before. That was how Digory felt. But it was no good trying to throttle this hope. It might—really, really,] it just might be true. So many odd things had happened already. [And he had the magic Rings.] There must be other worlds you could get to through every pool in the wood. He could hunt through them all. And then—*Mother well again.*'"

[Douglas and David in waiting room.]

Jack: "Come along then. Now an audience makes her very tired. Don't let her talk too much. Oh wait, wait a minute. Now she doesn't look too good, I'm afraid. Now try not to be surprised. She's just the same as she ever was, but she hasn't got much strength. Alright. Off you go."

Jack: "They're almost exactly the age that you and I were." (i.e. when their mother died)

Warren: "Don't think about it."

Jack: "I never knew what I was supposed to say. What do you say when your mother's dying?"

Fred Paxford on cutting wood: "Let the ax do the work. Here's a tip for you. Think of someone you hate."

[Douglas cuts.]

Paxford: "Well done."

[X-ray Preparation]

Nurse: "Now you just sit tight for a moment."

Joy: "I tell you. There's nothing like dying to make you realize you're not in charge."

Jack: "Yes, there is. Loving someone does that too."

[Pain]

Jack: "Bad?"

Joy: "I can live with it."

Nurse: "There we are."

[X-ray]

Jack: "But it is better, isn't it? It is an improvement?"

Doctor: "No, it's not an improvement. It means the spread of the disease is slowing down."

Jack: "But it has been arrested. You said the cancer has been arrested."

Doctor: "Mr. Lewis, you're looking to a train standing in a station. It may not be moving right now, but trains move. That's how trains are."

Jack: "But it is better, isn't it?"

Doctor: "Yes, it's better."

Jack: "So, what next? What's a good sign? Just tell me that. Now people do recover from cancer, don't they?"

Doctor: "Any sign of returning strength, any sign that the body is rebuilding the diseased bone."

Jack: "Did you expect her to make it this far?"

[Doctor shakes his head.]

[Douglas reading]

Jack's Voice: "Digory took the apple of life out of his pocket. 'You will eat it, won't you please?' he said to his mother."

[Lewis praying in Magdalen chapel.]

[Joy]

Jack's Voice: "The next morning when the doctor made his usual visit, Digory heard him say, 'It's like a miracle. I wouldn't tell the little boy anything at present. We don't want to raise any false hopes.'"

Jack: "I must not hope too much. I must not hope too much."

Christopher: "A man serenely accepting the will of God."

Jack: "You hope, and you fear, then you hope. It's the sheer helplessness of such torture. Why is it that anything we really need is always just beyond our control?"

Christopher: "You can pray."

Jack: "I pray. I pray all the time."

Christopher: "Do you remember once explaining to me about prayer? I was arguing that prayer was not to be relied on for results. You told me that all prayer got results, only they weren't always the results we wanted."

Jack: "What are you talking about, Christopher?"

Christopher: "I've never seen you really want something before. I was wondering what you would say if you didn't get it."

Doctor: "I can't tell you how long it will last. It could be weeks. It could be years. There's no doubt that, for the moment at least, the cancer is remitting. For such an advanced case, that, in itself, is remarkable. So long as the remission continues, I see no need to keep your wife in hospital."

Jack: "Right."

Jack: "Well, Mrs. Lewis, you can come home."

Joy: "Okay."

[Paxford leading a procession. Paxford singing.]

Paxford [singing]: "Welcome home."

Jack: "*Salutare alcum.*"

[She comes home. House repairs, painting.]

[Jack and Joy leaving a store.]

Jack: "I don't know why. I don't like to think of it as a miracle."

Joy: "Why not? It's a miracle to me."

Jack: "Maybe I feel I don't deserve it. No, it's not that. The truth is, I'm frightened of loving God for giving you back to me. . . . where you could just as easily hate God later."

Joy: "Don't be so hard on yourself. Love God now. Let later come later."

Jack: "Anyway, your coming back to life is not so big a miracle."

Joy: "What's wrong? You leave my miracle alone."

Jack: "You were alive before. I wasn't."

Joy: "That is not true."

Jack: "I came alive when I started loving you."

Joy: "Could be a short life, Jack."

Jack: "It's a life."

[Joy in the woods on crutches. Spring. Wild Flowers. Potting flowers. Magdalen College. Record-player.]

Jack at the BBC again (with Joy present), "Most people know that they want something that cannot be had in this world. One has a glimpse of a country where everyone there is filled with what we should call goodness as a mirror is filled with light. They do not call it goodness. They do not call it anything. They are too busy looking at the source from which it comes. But this is near the stage where the road passes over the rim of our world. No one's eyes can see very far beyond that."

[Scrabble game at the Kilns.]

Joy: "Watch this."

Warren: "Coptic."

Jack: "Coptic."

[Two years later, Jack waiting in hospital.]

Doctor: "Mr. Lewis."

[Joy in the doctor's office.]

[The Kilns. Warren sleeping.]

Joy: "I don't mind it for me. I mind it for you."

[Pain, gasp]

Jack: "Bad?"

Joy: "Bad."

Jack: "Shall I call the hospital?"

Joy: "Tomorrow. Jack, is it worth it?"

Jack: "As long as we have each other."

Joy: "And afterwards?"

Jack: "I may need a bit of help."

[Joy gasps in pain.]

Jack: "I love you so much, Joy, I can't bear to see you in pain."

Joy: "The pain doesn't matter. Keeps me quiet. I was always such a noisy woman."

Jack: "When it gets close, you find out whether you really believe or not."

Joy: "This is just shadows. That's what you always say. Real life hasn't begun yet. You just better be right."

[He smiles. She smiles.]

[Hospital. More radiation.]

[The Kilns. Joy's bed moved downstairs.]

Douglas: "Jack."

Jack: "Yes, Douglas."

Douglas: "Is mommy gonna die?"

Jack: "She might. We have to be ready for it."

Douglas: "Can't you do something?"

Jack: "I'm afraid not."

Joy: "You know how frightened everyone is with dying. When it comes to the point, you don't have any choice. It's like being arrested. You might as well go quietly."

Jack: "I don't want you to go, Joy."

Joy: "I try to imagine. Has to be more than I can imagine, even more than you can imagine, Jack."

Jack: "Nearly all my stories have been about heaven. I have never stopped trying to imagine heaven."

Joy: "Your pictures of heaven. It was how I came to love you, even before I met you."

Jack: "Will you still love me when you see the real thing? I'm like those foreign correspondents who report the war from the hotel bar. I've never been under fire."

Joy: "Your turn will come."

Jack: "When it does, if it's allowed, will you be there to help me?"

Joy: "Let them try and stop me."

Jack: "You're better at this than I."

Joy: "No. It's always easier for the one who goes first."

Jack: "Not much more to say. I've always been bad with feelings, talking about feelings. You know that. I love you, Joy. I love you so much. You made me so happy. I never thought I could be so happy. You're the truest person I've ever known. Sweet Jesus, be with my beloved wife

Joy. Forgive me for loving her too much. Have mercy on her soul."

Joy: "Jack, go to bed. Get some rest."

Jack: "How's the pain?"

Joy: "Not too good."

Jack: "Only shadows, Joy."

Joy: "Shadows."

[July 13, 1960. Scream.] [55:40]

[Jack on park bench in the snow] (seasons as metaphor for hopelessness and death throughout the movie; it's winter for Jack even though it's summer in reality)

[Hearse and funeral. David, Jack, and Douglas in the back seat. Green again.]

Harry: "This is . . . God's children . . . Keep our hearts and minds to the love of God. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all, now and forevermore. Amen. For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God, the sovereign Lord of life and death, to take unto Himself the soul of the departed, we therefore commit her body to the elements. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Harry [sigh]: “Thank God for your faith, Jack. I thank God for your faith. It’s only faith which makes any sense at times like this.”

Jack: “No. That won’t do, Harry. This is a mess, and that is all there is to it.”

[They move Joy’s bed back.]

[Douglas cutting wood, taking out his frustrations.]

[Jack and Warren in the common room.]

[Jack awake in bed at night.]

[Jack walking down an Oxford street.]

[The bells of Tom Tower.]

Jack: “Nobody told me it felt so like fear. I’m not afraid, but the sensation is like being afraid.”

Christopher: “What is it you’re afraid of, Jack?”

Jack: “I’m afraid of never seeing her again. I’m afraid of my own grief. I’m afraid of thinking that suffering is just suffering after all. No cause, no purpose. No pattern. No sense. Just pain in a world of pain.”

[90-minute version. Jack: “I have no answers any more, only the life I have lived. Twice in that life I’ve been given the choice, as a boy and as a man. The boy chose safety; the man chooses suffering. The pain now is part of the happiness then. That’s the deal.”]

Warren: “Jack, about the boys. David, he’s just angry. That’s alright. I can understand that, but Douglas . . .”

Jack: “What about Douglas?”

Warren: “Jack, your grief is your own business. You feel life is a mess. Perhaps it is for you, but the boy’s only eight. Talk to him.”

Jack: “I don’t know what to say.”

Warren: “Just talk to him.”

Jack: “Warnie, why can’t I remember her face?”

[Magdalen Chapel]

Jack: “Ah, I still believe in God. That’s not the problem. What sort of a God? A loving God? He wasn’t very loving to Joy.”

Harry: “We don’t know what’s best for us, Jack. We’re not the Creator; we’re the creatures.”

Jack: “Creatures. Harry, I’m thinking the most terrible thoughts. What if we’re like rats in a laboratory, part of some cosmic experiment, for our own good, of course. God, the vivisectionist.”

Harry: “That’s your grief talking, Jack.”

Jack: “What was talking before? My complacency?”

Harry: “All we can do is to hold on to our faith.”

Jack: “Faith in what? I turn to God now that I really need him and what do I find? A door slammed in my face, the sound of bolting and double bolting. After that, silence. It’s like being in prison.”

[Jack is in bed, turns on the light.]

Jack: "Imagine a man in total darkness. He thinks because he can see nothing that he is in a dungeon. In the middle of that darkness he hears a sound. The sound is brief and comes from far away. Perhaps the sound of waves or a wind in the trees. And for the time he senses that he is not in a dungeon, but in the open air. Nothing in his situation has changed. He still waits in darkness, only now he knows the unseen world is greater than anything he can imagine. It was then that I remembered her. A true certain memory. It came in the same moment that I sensed the door was neither shut nor bolted. Was it ever shut? Was it bolted on the inside by my own desperate need? They say that a drowning swimmer can't be saved if he is too fearful, because he grabs and clutches his rescuers too tight."

[Jack and Warren walking in the snow. David and Douglas following.]

Jack: "I remembered her last night."

Warren: "Make it any easier?"

Jack: "Nothing does that."

Warren: "Still a mess, aye?"

Jack: "If you were God and you had created man and woman, what would you do? Let them love each other and then lose each other or keep them safe from both the love and the pain?"

Warren: "I'd let them choose for themselves."

Jack: "Yes."

Warren: "You wish you had chosen differently?"

Jack: "No."

[Jack and Douglas in the attic.]

Jack: "I loved your mother very much."

Douglas: "That's okay."

Jack: "I loved her too much. She knew that. She said to me, 'Is it worth it?' She knew how it'd be later. Doesn't seem fair, does it? If you want the love, you have to have the pain."

Douglas: "I don't see why she had to get sick."

Jack: "Nor me. You can't hold on to things. You have to let them go."

Douglas: "Jack?"

Jack: "Yea?"

Douglas: "Do you believe in heaven?"

Jack: "Yes, I believe in heaven. Real life hasn't begun yet. All this is just shadows."

Douglas: "I don't believe in heaven."

Douglas: "I sure would like to see her again."

Jack: "Me too." [Jack begins to cry.]

[Jack and Douglas cry together in the attic.]

[Spring. Melting ice and snow.]

Douglas: "We could swim here in the summer maybe."

Jack: "Do you know how to swim?"

Douglas: "Sure."

Jack: "Do you know how to dive?"

Douglas: "No."

Jack: "I could teach you."

Douglas: "Okay."

Jack: "When the summer comes, we could come back here where the water is deep enough and I'll teach you how to dive."

Douglas: "Okay."

[Jack and Douglas walking in the snow by the river.]

On November 22, 1963, C. S. Lewis was united in death and life with his wife.