

Mr. Tumnus, Lucy

LUCY (looking around). Everything seems so-magical.

TUMNUS. Oh, it is. And you can be anywhere you wish in Narnia-quick as a wink. For instance you can take a trip to the distant castle Cair Paravel- (A light comes up on the outline of a castle.) Or the home of the mighty wi -, uh' Queen. (Another light silhouettes a second castle.) Or you may wish to picnic at the great Stone Table.

(The WOOD NYMPHS enter and put the Stone Table in place U.)

TUMNUS. Or perhaps you would like to visit the home of two of our forest friends - Mr. and Mrs. Beaver, for example. (The WOOD NYMPHS quickly set up a few chairs and a table at L.) Or even my own humble abode. (The WOOD NYMPHS set up two or three small furniture pieces at R On a small table are a teapot and two cups.) Tumnus Towers, I call it. I like fancy names for simple things.

LUCY (in awe). It's a fascinating place.

TUMNUS. Perfect for the imagination-with a bit of help from the Wood Nymphs. (He waves to the WOOD NYMPHS as they exit.)

LUCY. There's only one small problem here, as I see it.

TUMNUS. Yes?

LUCY. It's so cold. It was summer just a few minutes ago - where I came from, I mean.

TUMNUS. In the land of Spare Oom?

LUCY (laughing). Yes.

TUMNUS. Well, to be truthful, it is always winter in Narnia, but you'll get use to it. I hope. Meanwhile, why don't we repair to Tumnus Towers for a spot of tea to warm us up.

LUCY. Very well. I can see no harm in it.

TUMNUS. None at all. (He leads her to his "home," and they enter. He pours tea.) The Wood Nymphs have even brewed tea for us. Here you are. (He serves her a cup, and she drinks.)

LUCY. Thank you. It's delicious. (He begins to play his pipe.) I'm so glad I met you, Mr. Tumnus. You're a very nice faun. (A pause as she nods dreamily to the music.) And your music is lovely. It makes me so warm and sleepy. (She closes her eyes for a moment. TUMNUS abruptly stops playing his pipe.)

TUMNUS. No!

LUCY. What-what is it?

TUMNUS. It's not true.

LUCY. What's not true?

TUMNUS. I'm not a nice faun. In fact, I'm a very bad faun. (He sobs. LUCY hands him her handkerchief.)

LUCY. Not at all. You're the best faun I ever met.

TUMNUS. How could I be when I work for her? (He dries his tears with the handkerchief.)

LUCY". Her? Who?

TUMNUS. The White Witch, that's who. Oh, she calls herself a queen, but she's the evil ruler of Narnia. She's the one who makes it always winter here. But she never lets us have Christmas.

LUCY. What kind of work do you do for the witch?

TUMNUS. I'm a kidnapper. I'm supposed to kidnap innocent children and bring them to her.

LUCY. I'm sure you wouldn't do anything of the sort.

TUMNUS. But I am doing it-at this very moment. (He moves toward her. She recoils.)

LUCY (frightened). What do you mean?

TUMNUS. I'm suppose to take you to the witch. (He takes her arm firmly, but gently.)

LUCY. But you won't, will you, Mr. Tumnus?

TUMNUS. If I don't turn you over to the White Witch, she'll cut off my tail, saw off my horns, pluck out my beard - and worse, she'll turn me into a stone statue with her magic wand.

LUCY. Maybe she won't know I was here. Will you please let me go home? (After a moment, he releases her.)

TUMNUS. Of course I will. I didn't know what a human was like before I met you. But now that I know you, I can't give you up to the witch. I'll take you back to the lamppost. From there you can find your way back to War Drobe in the land of Spare Oom.

LUCY (deeply relieved). Thank you, Mr. Tumnus.