

**C.S. Lewis' The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe**  
**Adaptation by Cathy Street**

Tumnus: Goodness gracious me!

Lucy: Oh, I'm terribly sorry. *(She picks up the pope and gives it to him.)*

Tumnus: Who are you?

Lucy: My-my name is Lucy.

Tumnus: Lucy-are you a daughter of Eve?

Lucy: A what?

Tumnus: A daughter of Ever. A Human

Lucy: Of course I'm human.

Tumnus: Good. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus. I'm a faun.

Lucy: *(shaking his hand)* I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Tumnus.

Tumnus: May I ask, O Lucy, Daughter of Eve, how have you come into Narnia?

Lucy: Narnia? What's that?

Tumnus: It's this. All the land that lies between this lamppost and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the Eastern Sea is Narnia. How did you get here?

Lucy: It's very hard to explain. You see, I was exploring with my sister and two brothers-

Tumnus: Oh, there are four of you. Will the others be coming as well?

Lucy: I don't know. I'm not even sure how I got here. We were visiting this house in the country, and I climbed into a large wardrobe in a spare room.

Tumnus: War Drobe? Spare Oom?

Lucy: Spare room. Yes. Then I realized there was no back to the wardrobe. And suddenly, I was here in-in-

Tumnus: Narnia. Oh, you'll be so glad you came. And I hope the other will find their way here, too, so that I can show all of you our beautiful country-and introduce you to our lovely witch-uh, Queen.

Lucy: *(looking around)* Everything seems so-magical.

Tumnus: Perfect for the imagination!

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: We'll, 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 my home 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 the tea.)* The Wood Nymphs have even brewed tea for us. Here you are. *(He serves her a cup, and she drinks.)*

Lucy: Thanks 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. *(She pauses as she nods dreamily to the music)* And you're music is lovely. It makes me so warm and sleepy. *(She closes her eyes for a moment and 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 and 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?

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 her, but never 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.

Lucy: (*recoils from him*) What do you mean?

Tumnus: I'm supposed 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 our 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?

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 War Drobe in the land of Spare Oom.

Lucy: (*deeply relieved*) Thank you, Mr. Tumnus.

Tumnus: We must go as quietly as we can. The woods are full of her spies. (*They leave his "home cautiously. He looks about, then speaks in a low voice.*) Can you ever forgive me for what I meant to do?

Lucy: O course. And I hope you won't get into dreadful trouble on my account. (*She starts to exit*).

Tumnus: (*waving the handkerchief toward her*) Farwell, Daughter of Eve. Oh, may I keep your handkerchief as a reminder of our pleasant visit?

Lucy: Certainly. (*She waves and exits*)

Tumnus: (*creeping back toward his "home" and entering*) I hope none of her spies saw me. I feel ever so much better about everything. Starting now I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I'm going to be a much better faun....