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SF PERUSALS

# THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

by C. S. Lewis
adapted by Glyn Robbins

SAMUEL FRENCH

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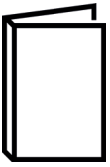
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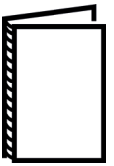
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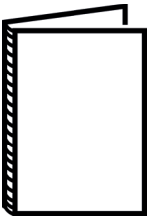
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## THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE

First performed at the Westminster Theatre, London on November 19th, 1984 with the following cast of characters:

| | |
|---|---|
| **PROFESSOR** | Barry Woolgar |
| **MRS MACREADY** | Susannah Morley |
| **LUCY** | Veronica Smart |
| **EDMUND** | Ian Puleston-Davies |
| **SUSAN** | Elizabeth Anson |
| **PETER** | Nicholas Farr |
| **MR TUMNUS** | Peter Clayburgh |
| **MAUGRIM** | Stag Theodore |
| **WHITE WITCH** | Susannah Morley |
| **DWARF** | Peter Clayburgh |
| **MR BEAVER** | David Goodland |
| **MRS BEAVER** | Polly March |
| **FATHER CHRISTMAS** | Fergus McLarnon |
| **ASLAN** | Barry Woolgar |
| **LEOPARD** | Fergus McLarnon |
| **WOLVES** | Margaret Scrimgeour |
| | Wayne Morris |

The play directed by Richard Williams
Designed by Marty Flood

## CHARACTERS

**PETER**
**EDMUND**
**SUSAN**
**LUCY**
**THE PROFESSOR**
**MRS MACREADY**, his housekeeper
**MR TUMNUS**, a faun
**THE WHITE WITCH**
**MAUGRIM**, a wolf
**THE DWARF**, a slave to the Witch
**MR BEAVER**
**MRS BEAVER**
**FATHER CHRISTMAS**
**LEOPARD 1**
**LEOPARD 2**
**ASLAN**, the Lion
**A WOLF**, lieutenant to Maugrim
**GIANT RUMBLEBUFFIN** (voice only)

Assorted uglies, giants, werewolves, spirits, ghouls, boggles, ogres, trolls, minotaurs, centaurs, cruels, wickeds, spectres, people of the poisonous toad-stools, stone statues.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ACT I | Scene One | The Children's bedroom at the Professor's house. |
| | Scene Two | The Land of Narnia in Winter:<br>The Forest<br>The House of Mr Tumnus<br>The Forest<br>The House of Mr Tumnus<br>The Forest<br>The Beavers' House<br>The Forest |
| ACT II | Scene One | The Land of Narnia in Spring:<br>The Forest<br>The Stone Table<br>The Forest<br>The Stone Table<br>The Journey Through the Air<br>The Witch's Castle<br>The Battlefield<br>Cair Paravel<br>The Forest |
| | Scene Two | The Children's bedroom. |

Please note that the following billing should be used on all programmes and posters connected with performances of this play:

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe

by

C. S. Lewis

Adapted by Glyn Robbins

## COVER ILLUSTRATION

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# NARNIA

**By Glyn Robbins**

Narnia was "discovered" at the turn of the last century by two children, Polly and Digory. Digory's Uncle Andrew had inherited a box of ancient dust from his fairy badmother, and had managed to shape some of it into travel-rings. By means of these, he despatched first Polly, then Digory, to the Wood Between The Worlds—a place full of watery pools. The pools acted as kinds of doors between different worlds. The children visited first the devastated, empty world of the wicked Queen Jadis, awoke her and accidentally brought her to London. While trying to stop her from causing havoc there, they all fell into a brand-new world which a great Lion was busy creating.

Narnia was one country amongst several in this new world. To the south lay Archenland, a mountainous country separated from a great desert by the River Winding Arrow. Beyond the great desert, and even further to the south lay the great lands of the warrior Calormen, whose sun-baked peoples worshipped the fierce god Tash, and who were forever sending invading armies to try to conquer Narnia.

To the far north lay the Wild Lands, separated from Narnia by the vast Ettinsmoor. The Wild Lands were inhabited by wicked Giants, confined mostly to their huge castle of Harfang. Slightly to the south of Harfang lay the Giants' ruined city, which contained secret entrances to the dark and mysterious Underworlds.

To the east lay the great Eastern Ocean with its remote Lone Islands, Felimath, Doorn and Avra. Further on still, if you sailed on into the path of the rising sun, were the deadly islands called Dragon, Deathwater, the Island of the Voices, Dark, and the beginning of the World's End.

Jadis brought with her from London a small piece of iron, and attempted to use it to kill the great Lion while he was creating Narnia. She failed, the iron fell to the fertile earth, and grew into a London lamppost, so the land to the west of Narnia became known as Lantern Waste.

Further west still was a massive range of mountains, split only by a great cataract of a waterfall that tumbled into a pool called Caldron, from which ran the great River Narnia that gave the country its name.

The river ran through Lantern Waste, past Beaversdam, to the great Ford of Beruna, then on through the forests to the sea. Where the River Narnia mouthed into the Eastern Ocean, on its own peninsula, lay the fair and wondrous castle of Cair Paravel.

Narnia was a land of great beauty, a happy land, *Narnia of the heathery mountains and the thymy downs; Narnia of the many rivers, the splashing glens, the mossy caverns, and the deep forests ringing with the hammers of the Dwarfs*. For Narnia was peopled, or rather first and foremost animalled, with both talking and dumb beasts, and then the wild people: gods and goddesses of the wood; fauns; satyrs; dwarfs; naiads; centaurs; and even a unicorn or two. The sky was usually a brilliant blue, and the air so sweet you could taste it.

Even after Polly and Digory had returned to London (Digory became a Professor, and took with him from Narnia an apple that grew into a tree from which a wardrobe was made), it took the wicked Queen Jadis a long time to trouble the beasts, and the wild people. But when she did come back, she managed to turn the beautiful, lush green land into snow and ice for one hundred Narnian years.

Which is where this story starts...

# ACT I*

## Scene One

*The* **CHILDREN***'s bedroom in the* **PROFESSOR***'s house. Evening* **PETER, SUSAN, EDMUND** *and* **LUCY** *are playing a game.*

**ALL** One potato, two potato, three potato, split.

**PETER**
**SUSAN**
**LUCY**
} *(together)* Edmund, Edmund—you're it!

**EDMUND** I'm the king of the castle, and you're the dirty rascals.

*The* **CHILDREN** *play a chase game.*

*The* **PROFESSOR** *and* **MRS MACREADY** *enter, unnoticed by the* **CHILDREN**.

**PROFESSOR** Welcome, children, welcome. I am very glad that you have come to stay with us, and I want your holiday here to be a very happy one. I asked to meet with you tonight before you go to bed to introduce you to my housekeeper, Mrs Macready. And to explain that although we have very few house rules here, we do have some.

**EDMUND** *groans.*

I beg your pardon? You are_____?

**EDMUND** Edmund.

**PETER** Sir—you idiot.

**EDMUND** Edmund, sir, *(he turns away)* you idiot.

**PROFESSOR** I'll remember you, Edmund. Then you must be Peter?

**PETER** *shakes the* **PROFESSOR***'s hand.*

Good...and you, Peter, are older than your sister Susan?

**PETER** Yes sir, by a year.

**PROFESSOR** Which puts you in charge, as it were.

**SUSAN** Not on your life, sir.

**PROFESSOR** Sorry?

**SUSAN** "We must try to share responsibility each according to our own aptitudes." That's what Father says.

**EDMUND** Ha! Ha!

**SUSAN** Which means that we're ALL in charge.

**PROFESSOR** I see. I think. Susan, is it?

**SUSAN** *steps forward and shakes the* **PROFESSOR***'s hand.*

**SUSAN** Yes, sir.

**PROFESSOR** Which makes you Lucy?

**LUCY** Yes, Prosseffor, I mean Professor.

**LUCY** *shakes the* **PROFESSOR***'s hand in some confusion.*
**EDMUND** *laughs.*

**PETER** Shut up, Edmund

**PROFESSOR** Now Mrs Macready, would you care to run through the list—the very short list—of house rules for the benefit of Peter, Susan, Edmund and, er, Lucy?

**MRS MACREADY** I would indeed, Professor. Right, children. Meals will be served in the dining-room at eight o'clock, one o'clock and seven o'clock precisely. Be prompt and clean if you wish to be fed.

**EDMUND** *(mimicking* **MRS MACREADY***)* Be prompt and clean…

**SUSAN** Sssh, Edmund.

**MRS MACREADY** You may watch television in the library only when the Professor is not working there. Bedtime will be at nine p.m., lights out at nine-thirty. Do not let me catch you out of bed after lights out. No talking or playing of silly games after bedtime, or when there are visitors in the house, or before breakfast, or between nine and twelve in the morning and one and six in the afternoon. Whenever there are visitors in the house, you keep out of the way, out of sight, and preferably in your rooms. That will do for a start.

**EDMUND** But when can we play our games?

**MRS MACREADY** As I have already explained, clearly enough—and I do not like having to repeat myself—especially to children—not when there are visitors in the house; not before breakfast and not when the Professor is working. Have you understood that now, boy?

**EDMUND** Not really, no—yes, thank you, Mrs MacDougall.

**PETER**<br>**SUSAN**<br>**LUCY** } *(together)* Macready!

**EDMUND** Macready.

**PROFESSOR** Thank you, Mrs Macready. Well, see you all at breakfast. I hope you have a very good and peaceful night.

*The* **PROFESSOR** *exits.*

**ALL** Good-night, sir.

**MRS MACREADY** Now, don't let me catch you out of bed. Good-night to you.

**MRS MACREADY** *exits.*

**PETER**
**SUSAN**
**LUCY** } *(together)* Good-night, Mrs Macready.

**EDMUND** *(blowing a raspberry)* To you, Mrs Macready, you old witch.

**PETER** *and* **SUSAN** *deal with him.*

Oh, get off, you two.

**PETER** You'll get us all thrown out, you ill-behaved little monster.

**SUSAN** You really are a nasty boy, Edmund.

**EDMUND** Come off it, she deserved it. The Professor's a silly old man. That Mrs Macready is a horror. You two are wet. And as for Lucy, she's so wet, she's dripping. "Yes, Prosseffor", indeed. *(He laughs)*

**LUCY** That's not fair! I was a bit afraid that's all. It's not that easy meeting strange people in a strange house...

**SUSAN** Leave Lucy alone, Edmund.

**EDMUND** Get lost. I'm going exploring, so there.

**PETER** You can't, Edmund. You'll get us all into trouble.

**EDMUND** Who cares?

**EDMUND** *exits.*

**SUSAN** Go after him, Peter.

**PETER** Oh, why should I?

**SUSAN** Because somebody round here has to be responsible.

**SUSAN** *exits, following* **EDMUND.**

*An owl hoots.*

**LUCY** What's that?

**LUCY** *runs to a window to look out.* **PETER** *follows her.*

**PETER** It's only an owl. This is going to be a fabulous place for birds. And wild animals. Did you see those mountains as we came along? I bet there are stags, eagles, hawks...

**LUCY** Badgers, foxes, rabbits, squirrels, fauns, stoats, weasels...

**PETER** I'm going exploring in the morning.

**SUSAN** *enters.*

**SUSAN** Edmund's already started. He'll be miles away by now. We'd better go after him.

**PETER** The little horror. Come on Sue. You stay here, Lucy.

**PETER** *and* **SUSAN** *exit.*

**LUCY** Oh, please don't leave me alone.

**SUSAN** We'll be back in a minute.

**LUCY** Oh! They are rotten. Fancy leaving me on my own.

*A cat squeals, off.*

What was that? It sounded just like someone treading on a cat. *(She notices the wardrobe)* That really is the most enormous wardrobe. Perhaps I should do some exploring. *(She opens the door of the wardrobe)* How strange, it's full of fur coats.

**LUCY** *enters the wardrobe and shuts the door behind her.*

*The lights dim and a strange eerie sound begins.* **LUCY***'s voice takes on the same quality as if she were speaking in some sort of echo chamber.*

*(offstage)* Why, somebody's spilt sugar on the floor. It's all crunchy. Ouch! What's that on my face? It feels like tree branches. But that's silly. It's so dark. No, there's a light. Why...but it can't be. It's—it's a lamppost. Whoever heard of a lamppost inside a wardrobe?

*The lights come back up again.*

**PETER** *and* **SUSAN** *enter dragging* **EDMUND** *after them.*

**PETER** I've never known anyone so utterly stupid in all my life! Trying to climb inside a suit of armour in the dark...

**EDMUND** It was a joke. I was trying to hide.

**SUSAN** Ha, ha!

**EDMUND** I was going to make you all jump.

**PETER** Well, you certainly frightened the poor cat who was living inside the armour.

**SUSAN** And did you think for one moment about the noise you would make?

**PETER** Of course he didn't.

**EDMUND** And anyway I've cut my finger.

**PETER** Oh, Edmund.

**SUSAN** Here, let me look at that.

*The wardrobe door opens and* **LUCY** *enters shutting the door behind her.*

**LUCY** It's all right. I'm safe. I'm back. I'm all right. No need to worry!

**EDMUND** *bursts out laughing.*

**PETER** What on earth are you talking about, Lucy?

**LUCY** Haven't you all been wondering where I was?

**PETER**<br>**SUSAN**<br>**EDMUND** } *(together)* No.

**LUCY** But I've been away for ages and ages and ages.

**EDMUND** *(tapping the side of his head)* Nut case...with fruit.

**SUSAN** Oh Edmund! Shut up. What do you mean, Lucy?

**LUCY** Exactly what I said. When you went off looking for Edmund, I went exploring in the wardrobe, and that was last night, and I've been away all day, because I had tea and everything...

**SUSAN** Now you're being silly, Lucy. We were out in the corridor for a few minutes, found Edmund trying to climb inside a suit of armour, caught him and came straight back.

**EDMUND** She's just being silly. What about my cut finger—it's bleeding everywhere.

**PETER** Don't be a baby, Edmund. Lucy's playing a joke on us—aren't you Lucy? And why shouldn't she?

**LUCY** No, Peter. I'm not making it up. The wardrobe is magic. There's a wood inside it, and a lamppost, and a country called Narnia where it's snowing all the time. And I met a faun called Mr Tumnus, and we had tea together, and did you know that young dwarfs and satyrs have to go to proper school when they're only three years old. It's a new law made by the... *(In exasperation she runs to the wardrobe and opens the door)* Just see for yourselves!

**PETER** Come on, Susan, let's go and see.

**EDMUND** *laughs.*

**SUSAN** Oh, Lucy...

**PETER** *and* **SUSAN** *look inside the wardrobe. They cannot see Narnia.*

**PETER** It's just some old fur coats.

**LUCY** It's true. It's true I tell you.

**PETER** You've had your joke, Lucy. You'd better drop it now. Well, I think it's time to get ready for bed.

**PETER** *exits.*

**SUSAN** That's right, you two. Come on, Edmund, let's go and fix that finger of yours. I'll be back for you in a minute, Lucy. Edmund, come on.

**SUSAN** *and* **EDMUND** *exit.*

**LUCY** What shall I do? What can I say? How can I make them believe that it really happened? If I told them I'd made it up just for fun then they'd believe me and be friends again. But that would be a real lie. Oh, it's all so confusing...

**EDMUND** *sneaks back into the room and eavesdrops on* **LUCY.**

Perhaps if I go inside the wardrobe again and get to Narnia, I can bring something back to prove that I really have been there.

**LUCY** *enters the wardrobe leaving the door ajar.*

**EDMUND** There she goes. Talking to herself. She's potty. Well, I'll follow her into the wardrobe and give her a bit of a fright.

**EDMUND** *enters the wardrobe.*

Where is she now? She's very quiet...

**EDMUND** *closes the door. The lights dim, the strange eerie sound starts again and* **EDMUND***'s voice echoes.*

*(offstage)* Lucy! Lucy! Where are you? I know you're in here. What's this on the floor? It's like sugar, all crunchy. Ouch. What was that? It's so cold... What on earth...? Why, it's a lamppost.

*The lights come up again.*

**PETER** *(offstage)* Sue, the bathroom's free now.

**SUSAN** *(offstage)* Thanks, Peter. I won't be long.

**PETER** *(offstage)* Knowing you, you'll be hours and hours.

*Both laugh, offstage.*

**LUCY** *enters from the wardrobe followed by* **EDMUND**.

**LUCY** *(noticing* **EDMUND***)* Edmund, Edmund! So you got in too? Isn't it wonderful?

**EDMUND** All right, all right. So you were telling the truth. It is a magic wardrobe after all.

**SUSAN** *and* **PETER** *enter laughing at a shared joke.*

**PETER** Are you two still playing?

**SUSAN** Why aren't you ready for bed?

**LUCY** Peter! Susan! It is all true. Edmund has seen it as well. There is a country you can get to through the wardrobe. We both got in. Go on, Edmund, tell them about it.

**PETER** What's this all about, Ed?

**SUSAN** Come on Ed, tell us.

**EDMUND** *(sniggering)* Oh, Lucy and I have just been pretending that her story about a country in the wardrobe is true. Just for fun, of course. There's nothing there really, believe me.

**LUCY** Edmund, that's a wicked, wicked lie! I don't care what you two say, and I don't care what you two think... I know that I've met a faun in Narnia—and I wish I'd stayed there with him, because you're all horrid.

**LUCY** *runs away from them and bursts into floods of tears.* **PETER** *follows her and attempts to comfort her.*

**EDMUND** There she goes again. What's the matter with her? Young kids are all the same these days...

**PETER** What's really been going on, Edmund?

**EDMUND** Nothing at all. Lucy's been talking utter nonsense.

**SUSAN** She was perfectly all right when we arrived here, but she's either turning into the most horrible liar, or she's going mad. Whichever it is, you'll do her no good at all sneering at her one moment and encouraging her the next.

**EDMUND** I thought…well, I thought…

**PETER** You didn't think at all. It's sheer spite. You've always liked being nasty to people smaller than yourself. We've seen that at school.

**SUSAN** Stop it, you two. It won't make things any better having a row. You've making far too much noise. You'll wake everyone up.

**EDMUND** Oh, go to blazes the pair of you. Just because you're older, you think you can do anything. Well, I'll show you. I'll really show you.

**EDMUND** *exits.*

*The* **PROFESSOR** *enters.*

**PROFESSOR** What's going on, Peter? Susan, what's happening?

**PETER** Sir, something is very wrong with Lucy.

**SUSAN** Lucy keeps on saying she has found some kind of snow-covered country on the other side of the wardrobe. But Edmund says she's only been pretending.

**PROFESSOR** Ah, Edmund. Come, Lucy, dry your eyes.

**LUCY** But I haven't got my hanky any more.

*The* **PROFESSOR** *offers his.*

**PROFESSOR** What Edmund says may certainly deserve very careful consideration. But…you must forgive me for asking… but does your previous experience lead you to believe that your brother is, shall we say, more reliable than your sister? To put it bluntly…which of them is the more truthful?

**PETER** That's the funny thing about it. Up 'til now I would have said Lucy every time.

**PROFESSOR** Well, I'm going to rely on you two to settle all this. Now, look, it's very nearly nine o'clock. A good night's

sleep will probably sort things out. I'm sure it will all look different in the morning. Good-night to you.

**PETER**
**SUSAN** } *(together)* Good-night, Professor

**LUCY** *(handing the* **PROFESSOR** *the handkerchief)* Good-night, Professor.

**PROFESSOR** Thank you, Lucy. Good-night.

*The* **PROFESSOR** *exits.*

*There is the sound of a vase breaking off left and* **EDMUND** *enters running.*

**MRS MACREADY** *(offstage)* What was that? You dratted children!

**EDMUND** Look out, you lot. Macready's on the way. She's really on the warpath.

**SUSAN** Mrs Macready's on the warpath!

**PETER** Lights out, Edmund! Let's hide!

**EDMUND** *"turns out" the light.*

**ALL** Where? Where?

**LUCY** In the wardrobe.

**OTHERS** WHAT?

**LUCY** It's the only place.

**PETER** She's right. Quick, all of you! Edmund, stop pushing!

*They all enter the wardrobe,* **PETER** *bringing up the rear. He shuts the door. The eerie noise starts up again and the* **CHILDREN***'s voices sound echoey. The lighting is dim and eerie.*

**SUSAN** *(offstage)* It's so dark.

**PETER** *(offstage)* It's all right. There's light ahead.

**SUSAN** *(offstage)* What's that funny smell?

**LUCY** *(offstage)* Old fur coats.

**SUSAN** *(offstage)* It's getting cold.

**LUCY** *(offstage)* It gets worse.

**PETER** *(offstage)* Well, let's put some of these coats on.

**SUSAN** *(offstage)* Good idea.

**LUCY** *(offstage)* There, there's the light. We're nearly there. Look, just look!

*The wardrobe flies out and the bedroom transforms to Narnia. A lamppost is flown in and the white curtains are re-draped to provide an icy, snowy background. The "gateway" to Narnia is the wardrobe rail hung with fur coats. It stands at the top of a few steps.*

Why somebody's spilt sugar on the floor…it's all crunchy. What's that on my face? Feels like tree branches. But that's silly. It's so dark. No there's a light. But it can't be. It's a lamppost. Whoever heard of a lamppost inside a wardrobe?

**LUCY** *emerges from behind the coat rail and stumbles into the Land of Narnia.*

*As she does so, the lights increase to bright, white lighting.*

## Scene Two

*The Land of Narnia in winter.*

*The Forest.*

**LUCY** Why, it's snowing. And it really is a lamppost. I'm going to get the others so we can all come back and explore.

**MR TUMNUS** *enters carrying an umbrella and parcels. He bumps into* **LUCY.**

**LUCY** *starts as she sees him.*

**TUMNUS** Goodness gracious me!

**LUCY** And goodness gracious me! Why, you're a faun! Good-evening, faun.

**TUMNUS** Good-evening? Good-afternoon, surely! I don't want to appear inquisitive but, well would I be right in thinking you are a—a—Daughter of Eve?

**LUCY** My name's Lucy.

**TUMNUS** But, are you—forgive me—are you what they call a girl?

**LUCY** Of course I'm a girl.

**TUMNUS** You are in fact…human?

**LUCY** Of course I'm human.

**TUMNUS** To be sure, to be sure. You must think me stupid but I've never seen a Son of Adam or Daughter of Eve before. What a great pleasure—and what a great shame—I mean, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus.

**LUCY** I am very pleased to meet you, Mr Tumnus.

*They shake hands.*

**TUMNUS** Would you, could you possibly, would you care to take a little tea with me?

**LUCY** Why thank you very much, Mr Tumnus. But it feels very late, and I really ought to be getting back.

**TUMNUS** It's only just over there. And there'll be a roaring fire, and toast and jam, and a cake…and we shall both catch cold if we stand here much longer.

**LUCY** Mmmm! Well, it's very kind of you. But I shan't be able to stay long.

**TUMNUS** Take my arm, Lucy, Daughter of Eve.

*They begin their journey to the house of* **MR TUMNUS**, *walking round the back of the stage. As they do so, the lights dim and a table set for tea, two stools and a bookcase are flown in or brought on.*

**LUCY** It's so cold.

**TUMNUS** Don't worry. There'll be a great roaring fire.

**LUCY** Do you have a school here?

**TUMNUS** Oh yes. Dwarfs and satyrs have to go to school when they're three years old.

**LUCY** Three years old! Really!

**TUMNUS** I do hope you're hungry?

**LUCY** I should say so!

**TUMNUS** It's just round this corner.

**MR TUMNUS***'s house.*

*As they arrive, warm lighting comes up on the house. A splendid tea awaits them.*

Now, Daughter of Eve, do sit down. We have some sardines on toast, some buttered toast, some toast with honey or toast with jam. Some fairy cakes, some marshmallows, some strawberry tarts and a lovely sugary cake. You just tuck in.

**LUCY** *tucks in.*

May I ask you, Lucy, how you have come into Narnia?

**LUCY** Narnia? What's that?

**TUMNUS** Why, this is the Land of Narnia. All that lies between the lamppost and the great castle of Cair Paravel on the Eastern sea. And where have you come from?

**LUCY** Why, I came through the wardrobe in the bedroom.

**TUMNUS** *(totally mystified)* I was never very good at geography—otherwise I should have perhaps have known about those strange countries. War... Drobe... Bear Droom.

**LUCY** But they aren't strange countries at all. They're well... they're just back there...somewhere. At least I think so. It's summer there.

**TUMNUS** Summer, ah yes. We had summer once. And at midnight, when all humans were fast asleep, deep down in the dark, dark forest, the nymphs who live in the wells, and the dryads who live in the trees used to come out and dance with us fauns. *(He takes out pan pipes and begins to play)* And we used to go hunting the milk white stag that can grant all the wishes you desire. And old Silenus, the funny old man with the bald head, puck nose, fat and round like his wine bag, might come riding by on his fat, round donkey and we would dance around him with chains of flowers and make him tell us all the future.

*Whilst* **TUMNUS** *has been telling his story,* **LUCY** *has been nodding off to sleep.* **TUMNUS** *moves round to the back of* **LUCY** *and makes as if to tie her up. An owl hoots and* **LUCY** *starts awake.* **TUMNUS** *drops his threatening pose.*

**LUCY** Oh, Mr Tumnus. I was falling asleep. I'm so sorry, it was such a lovely story. But really I must go home now.

**TUMNUS** But it's no good now, you see.

**LUCY** No good? *(She is a little frightened)* What do you mean? I've got to go home at once. The others will be wondering what has happened to me.

**TUMNUS** *starts to cry.*

Mr Tumnus, whatever is the matter?

**TUMNUS** *covers his face with his hands and begins to sob.*

Mr Tumnus, don't, please don't. What is the matter? Dear Mr Tumnus, tell me what is wrong? Aren't you well?

**TUMNUS***'s sobs turn into a howl and* **LUCY** *gives him her handkerchief.*

*(yelling in* **TUMNUS***'s ear)* Mr Tumnus! Stop! Stop crying! Stop it at once. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big faun like you. What on earth are you crying for?

**TUMNUS** Oh-oh-oh. I'm crying because I'm such a bad faun.

**LUCY** But what have you done?

**TUMNUS** My old father, now. He would never have done a thing like this.

**LUCY** A thing like what?

**TUMNUS** Like the thing I've done of course. I've joined the service of The White Witch.

**LUCY** The White Witch? Who is she?

**TUMNUS** Why, Lucy. It is she that has all Narnia under her thumb. It's the White Witch that makes it always winter here and never, ever Christmas. Just think of that—no Christmas!

**LUCY** That's awful. But what do you mean "joined her service"?

**TUMNUS** That's the worst of it. I'm her "kid-napper". Look at me, Lucy. Do I look like the sort of faun that would meet a poor innocent child in the woods, pretend to make friends with it, invite it home to tea, try to lull it to sleep, and then hand that child over to the White Witch? Do I look like that kind of faun?

**LUCY** No, you don't. You're a very good faun. Without doubt the nicest faun I've ever met.

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