

Tumnus Lucy

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THE LION, THE WITCH

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.)*