

would be so disappointed in me. Oh, well, if I'm lucky, maybe a human will *never* come this way. (A pause.) But if one does, I can take him to the Queen, and she'll reward me. But that would be wrong—I think. Oh, I'm perplexed—as usual. I don't know what to do—except what I usually do when I'm perplexed. Play my pipe.

(TUMMUS begins to play a tune on a reed pipe. A moment later, LUCY enters at R. She backs into the area looking about as though confused and surprised. She does not see TUMMUS nor does he see her. The two bump into each other. TUMMUS drops his pipe.)

TUMMUS. Goodness gracious me!

LUCY. Oh, I'm terribly sorry. (She picks up the pipe and gives it to him.)

TUMMUS. Who are you?

LUCY. My—my name is Lucy.

TUMMUS. Lucy—are you a daughter of Eve?

LUCY. A what?

TUMMUS. A daughter of Eve. A *human*.

LUCY. Of course I'm human.

TUMMUS. Good. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tummus. I'm a faun.

LUCY (shaking his hand). I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Tummus.

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

LUCY. Narnia? What's that?

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