

Tumnus Ulf

AND THE WARDROBE

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MRS. BEAVER. Poor Tumnus. How did he ever get himself mixed up in that bad business.

MR. BEAVER. Whatever the reason, he's in a mess. And we will be, too, if we're seen by that rascal Fenris Ulf.

UNICORN. Mr. Beaver is right. Goodbye, everybody.

CENTAUR. Goodbye. And don't forget to pray diligently for the return of the King.

(ALL agree and exit quickly just as FENRIS ULF, a wolf in military attire, enters holding TUMNUS, a faun, by the scruff of the neck. ULF looks about suspiciously.)

ULF. Who was just here? What was that flurry of activity?

TUMNUS *(fearfully)*. Probably—just a blizzard, sir.

ULF. Probably the enemy. But they scatter swiftly on the arrival of Fenris Ulf, Captain of the Queen's Secret Police. Now, why were you late coming to your post again this morning?

TUMNUS. But I really don't think I'm needed here, sir.

A child of Adam and Eve has never come this way before.

ULF. But one will come someday, and it's your job to trap him. In fact, a child of Adam and Eve may come along even today. *(He sniffs.)* There is the smell of a human in the air. And remember, if he comes and you let him escape, you know what the Queen will do to you.

TUMNUS. Turn me into a stone statue?

ULF. At the very least. Now, I must check on the other sentinels. Maintain your post, knave.

TUMNUS. Yes, sir. Whatever you say, sir. *(ULF exits.)*

Oh, how did I ever get myself in this fix? My father