

The Lion King

Rafiki: We would like to take a few moments to get you acquainted with the story of Simba.

Tiki: Simba was born just a few moments ago to Sarabi and Mufasa. Of course, Mufasa is the king of Pride Rock. All the animals are gathering to welcome Simba into the world.

Rafiki & Tiki: And now, it is time.

Lion Roar – animals gather around Pride Rock

THE CIRCLE OF LIFE

(Sunrise on African grassland)

African Singers: From the day we arrive on the planet
And blinking, step into the sun
There's more to see than can ever be seen
More to do than can ever be done

There's far too much to take in here
More to find than can ever be found
But the sun rolling high
In the sapphire sky
Keeps great and small on the endless round

(Mufasa on Pride Rock)

All: It's the Circle of Life
And it moves us all

{Zazu bows to Mufasa, who smiles and nods at him}

Through despair and hope
Through faith and love

{ Rafiki & Tiki, pass between animals – who part and bow – walks to Pride Rock to where Mufasa is standing. }

Till we find our place
On the path unwinding

{Rafiki & Tiki and Mufasa greet. }

In the Circle
The Circle of Life

{Mufasa leads Rafiki & Tiki over to Sarabi who is holding Simba}

{Rafiki puts the juice and sand he collects on Simba's brow-- A ceremonial crown. He then picks Simba up and ascends to the point of Pride Rock. Mufasa and Sarabi follow. With a crescendo in the music and a restatement of the refrain, Rafiki holds Simba up for the crowd to view.

All: It's The Circle of life
And it moves us all
Through despair and hope
Through faith and love
Till we find our place
In the path unwinding
In the Circle
The Circle of life

CHALLENGE SCENE

Scar: {Sarcastically overjoyed} Why! If it isn't my big brother descending from on high to *mingle* with the commoners.

Mufasa: Sarabi and I didn't see you at the presentation of Simba.

Scar: {Faking astonishment} That was *today*? Oh, I feel simply *awful*.

Scar: {Admiring his claws} ...Must have slipped my mind.

Zazu: Yes, well, as slippery as your mind is, as the king's brother, *you* should have been *first* in line!

Scar: Well, I *was* first in line, ... until the little *hairball* was born.

Mufasa: That "hairball" is my *son* -and *your* future king.

Scar: Ohh, I shall practice my curtsy.

Mufasa: {Menacing} Don't turn your back on me, Scar.

Scar: {Looking back} On, no, Mufasa. Perhaps *you* shouldn't turn *your* back on *me*.

Mufasa: {Roars} Is that a *challenge*?

Scar: Temper, temper. I wouldn't *dream* of challenging you.

Zazu: Pity! Why *not*?

Scar: Well, as far as brains go, I got the lion's share. But, when it comes to brute strength {looking at Mufasa} ...I'm afraid I'm at the shallow end of the gene pool.

Zazu: {Deep sigh} There's one in every family sire... *Two* in mine actually. And they always manage to ruin special occasions.

Mufasa: What am I going to do with him?

Zazu: He'd make a very handsome throw rug.

Mufasa: {Chiding} Zazu!

Zazu: And just think! Whenever he gets dirty, you could take him out and *beat* him.

{They exit chuckling.} – Close curtain

THE SUNRISE

In front of curtain

Rafiki: The sun is rising on a new day on Pride Rock.

Tiki: Simba is ready to come out and play.

Open Curtain

{All lions sleeping. Simba runs in}

Simba: Dad! *Daad!* Come on, Dad, we gotta go, wake up!

Simba: Sorry!

{Simba starts to wake Mufasa}

Simba: Dad? *Daad. Dad, Dad, Dad, Dad, Dad, Dad, Dad, Dad!* ...

Sarabi: {Over Simba's endless noise of "Dad"s, sleepily} Your son.... is awake....
2

Mufasa: Okay, okay. I'm up. I'm up.

Simba: Yeah!

{Mufasa yawns a well-recorded lion yawn. Sarabi and other lions exit}

Mufasa: Look Simba. Everything the light touches is our kingdom.

Simba: *Wow.*

Mufasa: A king's time as ruler rises and falls like the sun. One day Simba, the sun will set on my time here and will rise with you as the new king.

Simba: And this'll all be *mine*?

Mufasa: *Everything*.

Simba: Everything the light touches... {Simba looks all around} What about that shadowy place?

Mufasa: That's beyond our borders; you must never go there, Simba.

Simba: But I thought a king can do whatever he wants.

Mufasa: Oh, there's more to being king than-- getting your way all the time.

Simba: {Awed} There's *more*?

Mufasa: {Chuckles} Simba.

Mufasa: Everything you see exists together, in a delicate balance. As king, you need to understand that balance, and respect all the creatures-- from the crawling ant to the leaping antelope.

Simba: But, Dad, don't we eat the antelope?

Mufasa: Yes, Simba, but let me explain. When we die, our bodies become the grass. And the antelope eat the grass. And so we are all connected in the great Circle of Life.

SCAR TRICKS SIMBA

{Scar looking out over shadowland}
{Enter Simba}

Simba: Hey Uncle Scar, guess what!

Scar: I *despise* guessing games.

Simba: *I'm* going to be king of Pride Rock.

Scar: {Sarcastically} Oh goodee.

Simba: {Looking out over the edge of the rock} My Dad just showed me the whole kingdom, {greedily} and I'm going to *rule* it all. Heh heh.

Scar: Yes. Well... forgive me for not *leaping* for joy.... Bad back, you know.

{Scar flops down.}

Simba: Hey, Uncle Scar? When I'm king, what will that make you?

Scar: A monkey's uncle.

Simba: Heh heh. You're so weird.

Scar: You have *no* idea. ...So, your father showed you the whole kingdom, did he?

Simba: *Everything*.

Scar: He didn't show you what's beyond that rise at the northern border...?

Simba: {Disappointed} Well, *no*... he said I can't go there.

Scar: And he's *absolutely* right! It's *far* too dangerous. Only the bravest lions go there.

Simba: Well, I'm brave! What's out th--

Scar: {Interrupting} No, I'm sorry Simba; I just *can't* tell you.

Simba: Why not?

Scar: Simba, Simba; I'm only looking out for the well-being of my favorite nephew.

Simba: {Snorts sarcastically} Yeah, right; I'm your *only* nephew.

Scar: All the more reason for me to be protective... An elephant graveyard is no place for a young prince ...
{faking surprise} Oops!

Simba: {Enthusiastic} An elephant *what?* Whoa!

Scar: {Faking dismay} Oh *dear*, I've said too much.... Well, I suppose you'd have found out sooner or later, you being *so* clever and all.... {pulling Simba near} Oh, just do me one favor-- Promise me you'll never visit that *dreadful* place.

Simba: No problem.

Scar: There's a good lad. You run along now and have *fun*. And remember... it's our little secret.

{Simba leaves the rock, Scar walks away with an evil smile. Menacing music.}

Simba: I need to find Nala and tell her the secret.

Muonda: Tell Nala what secret?

Simba: Oh hi Muonda. Hi Safina. I didn't see you standing there.

Muonda: As Nala's father I would like to know what secret you are telling her.

Safina: Yes, Simba please tell us the secret.

Simba: I wanted to tell her about this place. The ah...Watering Hole.

Safina: Nala is on her to the Watering Hole with Zazu now.

Muconda: If you hurry, you can catch them.

WATERING HOLE

Simba: Hi Nala. Hi Zuzu

Zazu: Step lively. Come along Simba. The sooner we get to the water hole, the sooner we can leave.

Simba: (whispering) We need to ditch Zazu. I have a really cool place to show you.

Nala: {Whisper} What really cool place?

Simba: {Whisper} An elephant graveyard.

Nala: Wow!

Simba: {Whisper} Shhh! Zazu.

Nala: {Whisper} Right. So how are we gonna ditch the dodo?

Nala: {Whispering} Oh I know how we can--

Zazu: Oh, just *look* at you two. Little seeds of romance blossoming in the savannah. Your parents will be thrilled...what with your destined to be married and all.

Simba: *Yuck!*

Nala: *Ewww!*

Simba: I can't marry her. She's my friend.

Nala: Yeah. It'd be too weird.

Zazu: Well, sorry to *bust* your *bubble*, but you two turtle doves have no choice. It's a tradition.....going back generations. {Simba mimics Zazu during these last words}

Simba: Well when I'm king, that'll be the *first* thing to go.

Zazu: Not so long as I'm around.

{Start fading in intro to "I Just Can't Wait to Be King"}

Simba: Well in that case, you're fired.

Zazu: Hmmm.... Nice try, but only the *king* can do that.

Nala: Well, He's the future king.

Simba: Yeah. {Thumping Zazu's chest} So you have to do what I *tell* you.

Zazu: Not *yet* I don't. And with an attitude like that, I'm afraid you're shaping up to be a pretty pathetic king indeed.

Simba: Hmph. Not the way I see it.

JUST CAN'T WAIT TO BE KING

Simba: I'm gonna be a mighty king
So enemies beware!

Zazu: Well, I've never seen a king of beasts
With quite so little hair

Simba: I'm gonna be the mane event
Like no king was before
I'm brushing up on looking down
I'm working on my ROAR!!

Zazu: Thus far, a rather uninspiring thing

Simba: Oh, I just can't wait to be king!

Zazu: You've rather a long way to go, young master, if you think....

Simba: No one saying do this

Zazu: Now when I said that, I--

Nala: No one saying be there

Zazu: What I meant was...

Simba: No one saying stop that

Zazu: Look; what you don't realize...

Simba and Nala: No one saying see here

Zazu: Now *see herd*

Simba: Free to run around all day

Zazu: Well that's definitely out...

Simba: Free to do it all my way!

Zazu: I think it's time that you and I
Arranged a heart to heart

Simba: Kings don't need advice
From little hornbills for a start

Zazu: If this is where the monarchy is headed
Count me out!
Out of service, out of Africa
I wouldn't hang about ... *aaagh!*
This child is getting wildly out of wing

Simba: Oh I just can't *wait* to be king!
Everybody look left
Everybody look right
Everywhere you look I'm
Standing in the spotlight

Zazu: Not yet!

All: Let every creature go for broke and sing
Let's hear it in the herd and on the wing
It's gonna be King Simba's finest fling

Simba & Chorus: Oh I just can't wait to be king!
Oh I just can't wait to be king!
Oh I just can't waaaaaaait ... to be king!

Curtain Closed

Zazu: I beg your pardon, madam, but ... GET OFF!... Simba? Nala?

ELEPHANT GRAVEYARD – HYENA SCENE

Simba: All right, it worked!

Nala: We lost 'im. I told you we would. He's a dodo.

Simba: {Arrogantly} I ... am a genius.

Nala: Hey, Genius, it was my idea.

Simba: Yeah, but / pulled it off.

Simba: {Awed} This is it... We made it.

Simba and Nala: *Whoa!*

Nala: It's really creepy.

Simba: Yeah... isn't it great?

Nala: {Relishing her naughtiness} We could get in big trouble.

Simba: {Enjoying it also} I know, huh.

Nala: {Looking at the skull} I wonder if its *brains* are still in there.

Simba: {Walking towards the skull} There's only one way to know. Come on. Let's go check it out.

Zazu: The only checking out you will do will be to check out of here.

Simba: Aw, *man*.

Nala: Busted!

Zazu: We're way beyond the boundary of the Pride Lands.

Simba: Huh. Look, banana beak is scared. Heh.

Zazu: That's *Mister Banana Beak* to you, *fuzzy*. And right now we are *all* in very real danger.

Simba: Danger? Hah! I walk on the wild side. I *laugh* in the face of danger. *Ha ha ha ha!*

Shenzi: Well, well, well, Banzai. What have we got here?

Banzai: Hmm. I don't know Shenzi. Uh... What do you think, Ed?

Ed: {Crazy laughter}

{They circle around the cubs and Zazu.}

Banzai: Yeah, just what I was thinking. A trio of *trespassers!*

Zazu: And *quite* by accident, let me assure you. A simple navigational error. Eh heh heh...

Shenzi: Whoa, whoa, wait wait wait.... I know you. {peering close into the camera} You're Mufasa's little *stooge*.

Zazu: {With a bit of pride} *I, madam, am the king's majordomo.*

Shenzi: {Looking at Simba} And that would make *you...?*

Simba: The future king.

Shenzi: Do you know what we *do* to kings who step out of their kingdom?

Simba: Puh. You can't do anything me.

Zazu: Uhh.... Technically, they can. We are on their land.

Zazu: {Harried} My, my, my. Look at the sun. {starts to try to hasten the cubs away} It's time to go!

Shenzi: What's the hurry? We'd *love* you to stick around for dinner.

Banzai: Yeaaaah! We could have whatever's ... *lion around!* Get it? Lion around! {laughs}

Shenzi: Oh wait, wait, wait. I got one, I got one. Make mine a *cub* sandwich. Whatcha think?

{Peals of uncontrollable laughter.}

Shenzi: What? Ed? What is it?

Banzai: {Looking where Ed is pointing} Hey, did we order this dinner to *go*?

Shenzi: No. Why?

Banzai: 'Cause *there it goes!*

Running. Hyenas catch in front stairs. {The hyenas start laughing hysterically}

Mufasa & Muconda come in, ROARS, and the hyenas.

Mufasa: {Harshly} You deliberately disobeyed me.

Simba: Dad, I'm.... I'm sorry.

Mufasa: Will you take Nala home? I need to have a long talk with Simba.

Muconda: I need to have a long talk with Nala as well.

DISCIPLINARY/STARS

Mufasa: Simba, I'm very disappointed in you.

Simba: {Very quietly and sadly} I know.

Mufasa: {Continuing} You could have been *killed*. You deliberately disobeyed me. And what's *worse*,- you put *Nala* in danger!

Simba: {Bordering on crying, voice cracks} I was just trying to be brave like you.

Mufasa: I'm only brave when I *have* to be. Simba ... being brave doesn't mean you go *looking* for trouble.

Simba: But you're not scared of anything.

Mufasa: I was today.

Simba: {Disbelieving} You were?

Mufasa: Yes ... {bends down close to Simba} I thought I might lose you.

Simba: Oh. {Lightening slightly} I guess even kings get scared, huh?

Mufasa: Mm-hmm.

Simba: {Conspiratorially} But you know what?

Mufasa: {Whispering back} What?

Simba: I think those hyenas were even *scareder*.

Mufasa: {Gentle laugh} Cause nobody messes with your dad.

Simba: Dad?

Mufasa: Hmm?

Simba: We're pals, right?

Mufasa: {Gentle laugh} Right.

Simba: And we'll *always* be together, right?

Mufasa: Simba, ... Let me tell you something that my father told me ... Look at the stars. The great kings of the past look down on us from those stars.

Simba: {Awed} *Really?*

Mufasa: Yes ... So whenever you feel alone, just remember that those kings will always be there to guide you ... And so will I.

BE PREPARED

Shenzi: Look at you guys. No wonder we're dangling at the bottom of the food chain.

Banzai: Man, I *hate* dangling.

Eddie: You know, if weren't for those lions, we'd be *runnin'* the joint.

Banzai: Yeah. Man, I *hate* lions.

Shenzi: So *pushy*.

Banzai: And *hairy*.

Ed: And *stinky*.

Eddie: And *man* are they ...

Shenzi, Banzai, Eddie and Ed: **Uuug-LEE!**

{They laugh.}

Scar: Oh, surely we lions are not all *that* bad.

Eddie: Ohh. {relieved from the surprise} Oh Scar, it's just you.

Shenzi: We were afraid it was somebody important.

Banzai: Yeah, you know, like Mufasa.

Shenzi: Yeah.

Scar: I see.

Banzai: Now *that's* power.

Shenzi: Tell me about it. I just hear that name and I *shudder*.

Banzai: Mufasa.

Shenzi: {Shivering} Ooooh. ... Do it again.

Banzai: Mufasa.

Shenzi: Ooooh.

Banzai, Ed, and Eddie: Mufasa. Mufasa! Mufasa!

Shenzi: {Builds up hysterical laughter} ... Oooh! It tingles me.

Scar: I'm *surrounded* by idiots.

Banzai: Not you Scar, I mean, you're one of us. I mean, you're our pal.

Scar: {Sarcastic} Charmed.

Shenzi: Ohh, I *like* that. He's not king, but he's still so *proper*.

Scar: Its time to for a new king.

BE PREPARED

Scar: I know that your powers of retention
Are as wet as a warthog's backside
But thick as you are, pay attention

My words are a matter of pride

It's clear from your vacant expressions
The lights are not all on upstairs

But we're talking kings and successions
Even you can't be caught unawares

So prepare for the chance of a lifetime
Be prepared for sensational news
A shining new era
Is tiptoeing nearer

Shenzi:
And where do we feature?

Scar: {grabbing Shenzi's cheek}
Just listen to teacher

{Shenzi rubs her cheek, which is now bruised red}

I know it sounds sordid
But you'll be rewarded
When at last I am given my dues!
And injustice deliciously squared

{Scar leaps up beside Ed and Eddie, who are again chewing on the bone, and pushes him to the side}

Be prepared!

{Spoken}

Banzai: Yeah, be prepared. Yeah-heh. We'll be prepared, heh ... For what?

Scar: For the death of the king.

Eddie: Why? Is he sick?

{Scar grabs Banzai by the throat}

Scar: No fool, we're going to kill him. And Simba too.

{Dropping Banzai back onto the floor}

Shenzi: Great idea! Who needs a king?

Eddie & Ed {Sing-song voices, dancing around} No king! No king! la--la-la--la-laa-laa!

Scar: *IDIOTS!* There will *be* a king!

Banzai: Hey, but you said, uh...

Scar: **I WILL BE KING!** Stick with me {triumphant, toothy grin}, and you'll never go hungry again!

Banzai, Shenzi, Eddie and Ed: Yaay! All right! Long live the king!

All Hyenas: Long live the king! Long live the king!

Banzai, Shenzi, Eddie and Ed: It's great that we'll soon be connected.
With a king who'll be all-time adored.

Scar: Of course, quid pro quo, you're expected
To take certain duties on board

{Motions a slice across the neck}

The future is littered with prizes
And though I'm the main addressee
The point that I must emphasize is
You won't get a sniff without me!
So prepare for the coup of the century
Be prepared for the murkiest scam
(Oooh... La! La! La!) {rear ends punctuating}
Meticulous planning
(We'll have food!)
Tenacity spanning
(Lots of food)
Decades of denial
(We repeat)
Is simply why I'll
(Endless meat)
Be king undisputed
(Aaaaaaaah...)
Respected, saluted
(...aaaaaaah...)
And seen for the wonder I am
(...aaaaaaah!)
Yes, my teeth and ambitions are bared
(Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo)
Be prepared!

All: Yes, our teeth and ambitions are bared
Be prepared!

STAMPEDE

Simba: {Quietly} Dad? Somebody? Anybody? Help!

Scar: Simba. ... What have you done?

Simba: {Jumps back, crying} There was a stampede and he tried to save me... It was an accident, I... I didn't mean for it to happen.. {Sniffing} What am I gonna do?

Scar: Run away, Simba.... Run.... Run away, and never return.

ADDRESSING THE LIONESSES

Scar: Mufasa's death was a terrible tragedy; but to lose Simba as well.

Scar: ...For me, it is a deep personal loss. And so it is with a heavy heart that I assume the throne. Yet, out of the ashes of this tragedy, we shall rise to greet the dawning of a new era... {The hyenas start emerging} ...in which lion and hyena come together, in a great and *glorious* future.

INTERMISSION

African Singers: My, Oh, my! Simba has run away and caused quite a ruckus. While the animals of Pride Rock mourn the death King Mufasa and the loss of Simba, we will take a brief 15 minute intermission. Refreshments are available for purchase. When the lights flicker please return to your seats.

We are now ready to return to the story of Simba. Poor kid! I hope everything works out for him.

HAKUNA MATATA

Timon: What a BEAUTIFUL morning!

Pumbaa: {Looking at Simba} Uh-oh. Hey Timon. You better come look. I think it's still alive.

Timon: Yeawgh!...

{Timon walks to the front of Simba. He is lying with his paw over his face.}

Timon: All righty, what have we got here? {he smells Simba}

{He tries to lift Simba's paw. He can't. He gets under it and with a great push gets it above his head. He sees Simba's face.}

Timon: Jeez, it's a lion! *Run Pumbaa! Move it!*

Pumbaa: Hey, Timon. It's just a *little* lion. Look at him. He's so cute, and all *alone!* Can we keep him?

Timon: Pumbaa, are you *nuts*?! We're talking about a *lion*. Lions eat guys like us.

Pumbaa: But he's so *little*.

Timon: He's gonna get *bigger*.

Pumbaa: Maybe he'll be on our side.

Timon: A-- *Huh!* That's the stupidest thing I *ever* heard. Maybe he'll b-- ...Hey, I got it! What if he's on *our* side? You know, having a lion around might not be such a bad idea.

Pumbaa: So we keeping 'im?

Timon: Pthpt. Of course. Who's the brains in this outfit?

(Simba begins to move and gets up)

Timon: You okay, kid?

Simba: I guess so.

Pumbaa: You nearly *died*.

Timon: I saved you.

Pumbaa: {snorts at Timon}

Timon: Well, uh, Pumbaa helped...

{Pumbaa snaps a proud pose.}

Timon: a little.

Simba: {Dully} Thanks for your help.

{Simba heads off quietly back out towards the desert.}

Timon: Hey, where you going?

Simba: Nowhere.

Timon: Gee. He looks blue.

Pumbaa: I'd say brownish-gold.

Timon: No, no, no, no. I mean he's *depressed*.

Pumbaa: Oh.

Pumbaa: Kid, what's eatin' ya?

Timon: Nothing-- he's at the top of the food chain! Ahhhhhhha ha haaa! The food cha-haain! (Realizing his joke flopped) Ah heh-- Ahem. So, where you from?

Simba: Who cares? I can't go back.

Timon: Ahh. You're an outcast! That's great; so are we!

Pumbaa: What'cha do, kid?

Simba: Something terrible. But I don't wanna talk about it.

Timon: Good. We don't wanna hear about it.

Pumbaa: Come on Timon. Anything we can do?

Simba: Not unless you can change the past.

Pumbaa: You know, kid, in times like this my buddy Timon here says "You got to put your behind in your past."

Timon: (waving his arms) No. No. *No.*

Pumbaa: I mean...

Timon: Amateur. Lie down before you *hurt* yourself. It's "You got to put your past behind you." Look, kid. Bad things happen, and you can't do anything about it, right?

Simba: Right.

Timon: *Wrong!* When the world turns its back on you, you turn your back on the world!

Simba: Well, that's not what I was taught.

Timon: Then maybe you need a new lesson. Repeat after me. Hakuna Matata.

Simba: What?

Pumbaa: Ha-ku-na Ma-ta-ta. It means no worries.

HAKUNA MATATA SONG

Timon: Hakuna Matata!
What a *wonderful* phrase

Pumbaa: Hakuna Matata!
Ain't no passing craze

Timon: It means no worries

For the rest of your days

Both: It's our problem-free philosophy
Timon: Hakuna Matata!

Simba: Hakuna Matata?

Pumbaa: Yeah, it's our motto.

Simba: What's a motto?

Timon: Nothing! What's a motto with you? Ah haah haah hah hah...

Pumbaa: {Laughing} You know, kid-- these two words will solve *all* your problems.

Timon: That's right! Take Pumbaa for example.

Timon: Why, when he was a young wart-hog...

Pumbaa: When I was a young wart hoog!

Timon: Very nice.

Pumbaa: Thanks!

Timon: He found his aroma lacked a certain appeal
He could clear the Savannah after every meal

Pumbaa: I'm a sensitive soul though I seem thick-skinned
And it hurt that my friends never stood downwind
And oh, the shame

Timon: He was ashamed

Pumbaa: Thoughta changin' my name

Timon: Oh, what's in a name

Pumbaa: And I got downhearted

Timon: How did you feel?

Pumbaa: Ev'rytime that I...

Timon: Hey, Pumbaa! Not in front of the kids!

Pumbaa: Oh. Sorry.

Pumbaa and Timon: Hakuna Matata!

What a wonderful phrase
Hakuna Matata!
Ain't no passing craze

Simba: It means no worries
For the rest of your days

Timon: Yeah, sing it, kid!

All: It's our problem-free philosophy.
Hakuna Matata!

Timon: Welcome... to our humble home.

Simba: You live *here*?

Timon: We live wherever we want.

Pumbaa: Yep. Home is where your rump rests. Heh!

Simba: It's *beautiful*.

Pumbaa: {Loud raunchy belch} I'm *starved!*

Simba: I'm so hungry I could eat a whole *zebra*.

Timon: Eeeahhah. We're fresh out of zebra.

Simba: Any antelope?

Timon: Na ah.

Simba: {A bit desperate} Hippo?

Timon: Nope. Listen, kid; if you live with us, you have to eat like us. Hey, this looks like a good spot to rustle up some grub.

Simba: Eeew. What's that?

Timon: A grub. What's it look like?

Simba: Eeew. *Gross!*

Timon: {Eating, mouth full} Mmmm. Tastes like chicken.

Pumbaa: {Slurping} Slimy, yet satisfying.

Timon: {Grabbing a bug} These are rare delicacies. Mmmmm.... {Crunches} Piquant, with a very pleasant crunch.

Pumbaa: {Mouth full of bugs} You'll learn to *love* 'em!

Timon: {Chewing} I'm telling ya, kid, this is the great life. No rules, no responsibilities. {pokes his hand into a knothole-- many bugs scramble out} *Ooh!* --the little cream-filled kind. {munch} And best of all, no worries.

Timon: Well kid?

{Simba picks up a grub.}

Simba: Oh well-- Hakuna Matata. {He eats}

{Sick music}

Simba: {Looking more cheerful} Slimy, yet satisfying.

Timon: That's it!

NOBODY KNOWS

In front of curtain.

Zazu: Nobody knows
The trouble I've seen
Nobody knows
My sorrow...

Scar: Oh Zazu, *do* lighten up. Sing something with a little... bounce in it.

Zazu: {Thinks a moment}
It's a small world after all...

Scar: {Interrupting, almost shouting} No! No. *Anything* but that!

Zazu: {While Scar continues} Oh... I would never have had to do this for Mufasa.

Scar: {Quick and angry} *What?* What did you say?

Zazu: Oh, nothing!

Scar: You know the law: Never, *ever* mention *that* name in my presence. I ... *am* ... the *king!*

Zazu: Yes, sire. You *are* the king. I... I... Well, I only mentioned it to illustrate the differences in your royal managerial approaches. {nervous laugh}

Banzai: Hey, Boss!

Scar: Oh, What is it *this* time?

Banzai: We got a bone to pick with you.

Shenzi: {To Banzai} I'll handle this. {To Scar} Scar, there's no food, no water.

Banzai: Yeah, it's dinner time, and we ain't got no stinkin' entrees.

Scar: It's the lionesses' job to do the hunting... {makes helpless gesture}

Eddie: Yeah, but they won't go hunt.

Scar: Oh... eat Zazu.

Zazu: {Nervous} Oh, you wouldn't want *me*. I'd be so tough and- *eewwgh!*

Scar: Oh, Zazu, don't be ridiculous! All you need is a little garnish.

Banzai: {Mumbling to Shenzi} I thought things were bad under *Mufasa*...

Scar: {Quick and angry again} What did you say?

Banzai: I said Muf- ...I said, uh ... "Qué pasa?"

Scar: Good. Now get out.

{The hyenas start out but then pause}

Ed: Mm...yeah, but-- we're still hungry.

Scar: *Out!*

Discovery Scene

Rafiki and Tiki looking in their caldron. Adding herbs and mixing with their sticks.

Rafiki: Simba!

Tiki: He's alive!

OPEN CURTAIN

IN THE JUNGLE

Timbon: In the jungle
The mighty jungle
The lion sleeps tonight.
In the jungle
The mighty jungle
The lion sleeps to--

{Speaking} I can't hear ya, buddy, back me up!
A-weee-ee-ee-ee aa-Pum-ba-bum-bawaaay...
{Realizing Pumbaa is not there.}
A-Pumbaa?
Pumbaa?

Pumbaa: {Spooked} Timon?

Nala runs in.

Pumbaa: **HYEEEEAAHHH!!!!**

(Nala chasing Pumbaa.)

Timon: Pumbaa! *Pumbaa!* Hey, what's going on?

Pumbaa: {Terrified, shouting in Timon's face} **SHE'S GONNA EAT ME!!**

Timon: Why do I always have to say you!

(Simba jumps in between Nala and Pumbaa.)

Simba: Nala?

{She immediately backs off and looks at Simba, examining him.}

Simba: Is it really you?

Nala: Who *are* you?

Simba: It's me. Simba.

Nala: Simba? {pause for realization} **Whoah!!!** Well how did you.. where did you come from ... it's great to see *you*..

Simba: Aaaah! How did you... who... wow... this is cool... it's great to see you...

{Timon who is completely baffled by this sudden change}

Timon: Hey, what's goin' on here?

Simba: {Still to Nala} What are you doing here?

Nala: What do you mean, "What am I doing here?" What are *you* doing here?

Timon: **HEY!! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE??!**

Simba: Timon, this is Nala; she's my best friend!

Timon: {Confused} *Friend?!?*

Simba: Yeah. Hey, Pumbaa! Come over here.

Simba: Nala, this is Pumbaa. Pumbaa, Nala.

Pumbaa: Pleased to make your acquaintance.

Nala: The pleasure's all mine.

Timon: How do you do.. *Whoa! Whoa.* Time out.. Let me get this *straight*. You know her. She knows you. But she wants to eat him. And, everybody's... okay with this? **DID I MISS SOMETHING?!?**

Simba: *Relax*, Timon.

Nala: Wait 'til everybody finds out you've been *here* all this time. And your mother... what will *she* think?

Simba: She doesn't have to know. Nobody has to know.

Nala: Well, of *course* they do. Everyone thinks you're dead.

Simba: They *do*?

Nala: Yeah. Scar told us about the stampede.

Simba: He did? {Nervous} What else did he tell you?

Nala: What else matters? You're alive. And that means... you're the king!

Timon: King? Pbbb. Lady, have you got *your* lions crossed.

Pumbaa: King? Your Majesty! I gravel at your feet. {Noisily kisses Simba's paw}

Simba: {Pulling away his paw} Stop it.

Timon: {To Pumbaa} It's not "gravel," it's "*grovel*." And *don't*, he's not the *king*. {to Simba} Are ya?

Simba: No, I'm not the king. Maybe I was gonna be. But, that was a long time ago.

Timon: Let me get this straight. You're the king? And you never *told* us?

Simba: Look, I'm still the same guy.

Timon: {Enthusiastic} But with *power*!

Nala: Could you guys ... excuse us for a few minutes?

Timon: Hey, {taps Pumbaa} whatever she has to say, she can say in front of us. Right, Simba?

Simba: Hmm.... {embarrassed} Maybe you'd better go

Timon: {Aghast, then resigned} It starts. You think you know a guy...

{Pumbaa and Timon exit. Pumbaa sighs.}

Simba: Timon and Pumbaa. You learn to love 'em.

{Nala has her head bowed down sadly.}

Simba: What? ...What is it?

Nala: {Quietly} It's like you're back from the dead. You don't know how much this will mean to everyone.
{Pained expression} ...What it means to me.

Simba: Hey; it's OK.

Nala: I've really missed you.

Simba: I've missed you too.

CAN YOU FEEL THE LOVE TONIGHT

Timon: {Heavy sigh} I tell ya, Pumbaa. This stinks.

Pumbaa: Oh. Sorry.

Timon: Not you. *Them!* Him. Her. *Alone...*

Pumbaa: What's wrong with that?

Timon: I can see what's happening

Pumbaa: What?

Timon: And they don't have a clue

Pumbaa: Who?

Timon: They'll fall in love and here's the bottom line
Our trio's down to two.

Pumbaa: Oh.

Timon: {in a sarcastic mock-French accent} Ze sweet caress of twilight
{Back to normal, but still sarcastic}
There's magic everywhere
And with all this romantic atmosphere

Disaster's in the air

African Singers: Can you feel the love tonight?
The peace the evening brings
The world, for once, in perfect harmony
With all its living things

Simba: So many things to tell her
But how to make her see
The truth about my past? Impossible!
She'd turn away from me

Nala: He's holding back, he's hiding
But what, I can't decide
Why won't he be the king I know he is
The king I see inside?

African Singers: Can you feel the love tonight?
The peace the evening brings
The world, for once, in perfect harmony
With all its living things

Can you feel the love tonight?
You needn't look too far
Stealing through the night's uncertainties
Love is where they are.

Timon: And if he falls in love tonight {Pumbaa sniffs}
It can be assumed

{Timon hugs Pumbaa, tearfully.}

Pumbaa: His carefree days with us are hist'ry

Timon and Pumbaa: In short, our pal is doomed

{They let loose crying full force.}

NALA CONFRONTS SIMBA

Simba: Isn't this a great place?

Nala: It is beautiful... But I don't understand something. You've been alive all this time. Why didn't you come back to Pride Rock?

Simba: Well, I just ... needed to get out on my own. Live my own life. And I did. And it's great!

Nala: We've really needed you at home.

Simba: {Quieter} No one needs me.

Nala: Yes we do! You're the king.

Simba: Nala, we've been through this. I'm not the king. Scar is.

Nala: Simba, he let the hyenas take over the Pride Lands.

Simba: *What?*

Nala: Everything's destroyed. There's no food, no water. Simba, if you don't do something soon, everyone will *starve*.

Simba: I can't go back.

Nala: {Louder} Why?

Simba: You wouldn't understand.

Nala: *What* wouldn't I understand?

Simba: {Hastily} No, no, no. It doesn't matter. Hakuna Matata.

Nala: {Confused} What?

Simba: Hakuna Matata. It's something I learned out here. Look, sometimes bad things happen...

Nala: *Simba!*

Simba: {Continuing, irritated} --and there's nothing you can *do* about it! So *why* worry?

{Simba starts away from Nala. Nala trots back up to him.}

Nala: Because it's your *responsibility*.

Simba: Well, what about you? *you* left.

Nala: I left to find *help!* And I found *you*. *Don't* you understand? You're our *only* hope.

Simba: Sorry.

Nala: What's happened to you? You're not the Simba I remember.

Simba: You're right; I'm not. *Now* are you satisfied?

Nala: No, just disappointed.

Simba: You know, you're starting to sound like my father. {Walking away again}

Nala: Good. At least one of us does.

{Simba is obviously cut by the comment about his father; he tears into Nala with his words.}

Simba: {Angry} *Listen!* You think you can just show up and tell me how to live my life? You don't even know what I've been through.

Nala: I would if you'd just *tell* me!

Simba: *Forget it!*

Nala: *Fine!*

(Nala leaves)

Simba: She's *wrong*. I can't go back. What would it prove, anyway? It won't change anything. You can't change the past.

{He looks up at the stars.}

You said you'd always be there for me!... But you're not. And it's because of *me*. It's my fault... It's my ... *fault*.

Rafiki & Tiki: Asante sana!
Squash Banana!
We we nugu!
Mi mi apana!

Simba: Creepy little monkeys. Will you cut it out? Who are you?

Rafiki: The question is: whooo... are *you*?

Simba: I thought I knew.... Now I'm not so sure.

Tiki: Well, I know who you are. Shh. Come here. It's a secret.

Rafiki & Tiki: Asante sana!
Squash banana!
We we nugu!
Mi mi apana!

Simba: Ernh! Enough already! ...What's that supposed to mean anyway?

Rafiki: It means you are a *baboon*-- and I'm not. {laughs}

Simba: {Moving away} I think... you're a little confused.

Tiki: *Wrong!* We're not the one who's confused; you don't even know *who you are!*

Simba: {Irritated, sarcastic} Oh, and I suppose *you* know.

Rafiki: Sure we do!

Tiki: You're Mufasa's boy!

Simba: You knew my father?

Rafiki: {Monotone} Correction-- I *know* your father.

Simba: I hate to tell you this, but... he died. A long time ago.

Tiki: *Nope. Wrong again! Hah hah hah! He's alive--* and I'll *show* him to you. You follow old Rafiki & Tiki; we know the way. *Come on!*

Rafiki: Look down there.

Simba: {Disappointed} That's not my father. That's just my reflection.

Tiki: Noo. Look ... harder.

Rafiki: You see ... he lives in *you*.

Mufasa: {Quietly at first} Simba . . .

Simba: Father?

Mufasa: Simba, you have forgotten me.

Simba: No. How could I?

Mufasa: You have forgotten who you are, and so have forgotten me. Look inside yourself, Simba. You are more than what you have become. You must take your place in the Circle of Life.

Simba: How can I go back? I'm not who I used to be.

Mufasa: Remember who you are. You are my son, and the one true king.

Simba: No! Please! Don't leave me.

Mufasa: Remember...

Simba: Father!

Mufasa: Remember...

Simba: Don't leave me.

Mufasa: Remember . . .

Rafiki: What are you going to do?

Simba: I'm not sure. But, going back means I'll have to face my past. I've been running from it for so long...

{Rafiki & Tiki smacks Simba on the head with his staff.}

Simba: Oww! Jeez-- what was that for?

Tiki: It doesn't matter; it's in the past! {laughs}

Simba: {Rubbing head} Yeah, but it still hurts.

Rafiki: Oh yes, the past can hurt. But the way I see it, you can either run *from* it... or ... *learn* from it.

{He swings at Simba with his staff again. This time Simba ducks.}

Tiki: Hah! You *see*? So what are you going to do?

Simba: First... I'm going to take your sticks.

{Simba tosses Rafiki & Tiki's staffs to the side.}

Rafiki: No, no, no, *no*! Not the *sticks*!

{As Rafiki picks up his staff, Simba starts running off.}

Tiki: Hey! Where are you going?

Simba: {Shouting back} I'm going back!

Rafiki: *Good! Go on! Get out of here!*

CONFRONTATION

Scar: **SARABI!!!!**

{Sarabi ascends Pride Rock with lionesses behind her.

Sarabi: Yes, Scar?

Scar: Where is your hunting party? They're not doing their job.

Sarabi: {Calmly} Scar, there is no food. The herds have moved on.

Scar: No. You're just not looking hard enough.

Safina: It's *over*. There is *nothing left*. We have only one choice. We must leave Pride Rock.

Scar: We're not going anywhere.

Sarabi: Then you have sentenced us to death!

Scar: Then so be it.

Sarabi: {Disgusted, amazed} You can't *do* that.

Safina: We're tired of you telling us what to do.

Scar: I'm the king. I can do... whatever I want.

Muconda: If you were half the king Mufasa was you would never--

Scar: I'm *ten* times the king Mufasa was!

(Simba jumps next to Scar)

Simba: You'll never be the king!

Sarabi: Mufasa?

Simba: No; it's me.

Sarabi: {Delighted} Simba? You're alive? {Confused} How can that be?

Simba: It doesn't matter; I'm home.

Scar: {Confused} Simba? *Simba!* I'm a little surprised to *see* you...(giving the hyenas an angry look) *alive*.

Simba: {As Sarabi looks on with some pride} Give me one good reason why I shouldn't rip you apart.

Scar: {backing into a wall, apologetic} Oh, Simba, you must understand. The pressures of ruling a *kingdom*...

Simba: ...Are no longer yours. Step down, Scar.

Scar: Oh, oh, ye-- Well, I don't think I can do that. The hyenas think I'm king.

Nala: Well, we don't. Simba is the rightful king.

Simba: The choice is yours, Scar. Either step down or fight.

Scar: Oh, must it all end in *violence*? I'd *hate* to be responsible for the death of a family member. Wouldn't you agree, Simba?

Simba: That's not gonna work, Scar. I've put it behind me.

(Simba jumps at Scar. Scar moves back behind curtain with a scream.)

Simba: I am ready to assume my position as the rightful king of Pride Rock.

PRIDE ROCK

Rafiki & Tiki: It is time.

Simba and Nala gather with **Rafiki and Tiki** holding lion cub.

All: 'Til we find our place
On the path unwinding
In the Circle
The Circle of Life

{**Rafiki** appears, holding lion cub. He lifts him to present him to the crowd.}

All: Circle of ... Liife

BOWS: Continue singing Circle of Life song.

Backstage

Musical Crew

Animals (in herds)

African Singers

Muonda & Safina

Scar & Hyenas (Shenzi, Banzi, Eddie, and Ed)

Mufasa, Sarabi, and Zazu

Rafiki & Tiki

Timon & Pumbaa

Simba & Nala