



SCAR

Mufasa's death was a terrible tragedy; but to lose Simba, who had barely begun to live... For me it is a deep personal loss. 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... in which lion and hyena come together, in a great and glorious future!

MUFASA:

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

YOUNG SIMBA:

Hey Uncle Scar, guess what! I'm going to be king of Pride Rock. My Dad just showed me the whole kingdom, and I'm going to rule it all. Heh heh. I'm gonna be a mighty king so enemies beware.

I'm working on my roar. Here, listen! Roar!!

I can't wait to be king! No one bossing me around... Free to play all day... Free to do it all my way!

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

ZAZU:

Oh, just look at you two. Little seeds of romance blossoming in the savannah. Your parents will be thrilled... what with your being betrothed and all. {trying to explain} Betrothed. Intended. Affianced. One day you two are going to be married! {beat} Well, sorry to bust your bubble, but you two turtle doves have no choice. It's a tradition... going back generations. {beat} Oh, you can't fire me. Only a king can do that. You're not a king yet. And with an attitude like that, I'm afraid you're shaping up to be a pretty pathetic king indeed. If this is where the monarchy is headed count me out! Out of service, out of Africa, I wouldn't hang about!

NALA:

Simba? {pause for realization} Whoah!!! Well how did you.. where did you come from ... it's great to see you.. Wait 'til everybody finds out you've been here all this time. And your mother... what will she think? Everyone thinks you're dead. Scar told us about the stampede. You're alive. What else matters? And that means... you're the king! {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. I've really missed you.