

Audition Central: Disney's The Lion King KIDS

Script: Simba/Nala

NALA: You've been alive all this time. Why didn't you come back to Pride Rock?

SIMBA: And leave paradise?

NALA: Simba, Scar let the hyenas take over the Pridelands!

SIMBA: What?!?

NALA: Everything's destroyed. But if we go back together, we can do something about it.

SIMBA: I can't go back.

NALA: Why?

SIMBA: Look, sometimes bad things happen and there's nothing you can do about it. So why worry?

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

SIMBA: You're right. I'm not. Satisfied?!?

NALA: No. Just disappointed.

SIMBA: You know, you're beginning to sound like my father.

NALA: Good! At least one of us does!

Script: Timon/Pumbaa/Young Simba

TIMON: Welcome to our humble abode!

PUMBAA: Gee, I'm starved!

YOUNG SIMBA: I'm so hungry, I could eat a whole zebra!

TIMON: Yeesh! Listen kid, if you're gonna live with us, you gotta eat like us. (*TIMON picks up a big grub.*)

YOUNG SIMBA: Ew. What's that?

TIMON: A grub.

YOUNG SIMBA: Gross.

(*TIMON pops the grub in his mouth. PUMBAA slurps a worm. YOUNG SIMBA is disgusted.*)

PUMBAA: Slimy, yet satisfying!

TIMON: I'm tellin' ya, kid - this is the great life. No rules, no responsibilities... And best of all, no worries! (*offers a bug to the reluctant cub*)
One for you. Enjoy.

YOUNG SIMBA (*thinks a moment; takes the plump grub, then eats and reacts*) Okay,
here goes...*Hakuna matata*. Slimy, yet satisfying!

TIMON, PUMBAA: That's it!

Script: Scar/Hyenas

BANZAI: That lousy Mufasa. I won't be able to sit for a week!

SHENZI: If it weren't for those pushy lions, we'd be running the joint!

ED: Hee-hee-hee....

SCAR: Oh, surely we lions are not all that bad.
(The HYENAS gasp... until they recognize SCAR and heave sighs of relief.)

BANZAI: Oh, Scar. It's just you.
(The HYENAS laugh uncontrollably.)

SCAR: I'm surrounded by idiots. I practically gift-wrapped those cubs for you!

SHENZI: Well, ya know, it wasn't like they were exactly alone, Scar.

BANZAI: Yeah, what were we supposed to do, kill Mufasa?

SCAR: Precisely.

Script: Zazu

ZAZU: Oh, just look! Little seeds of romance blossoming in the savanna! And one day you two will be married!

YOUNG SIMBA: Yuck! I can't marry her. She's my friend.

YOUNG NALA: Yeah. It'd be too weird.

ZAZU: Well, sorry to burst your bubble, but it's a tradition going back generations.

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

ZAZU: Not as long as I'm around.

YOUNG SIMBA: In that case, you're fired.