

Lion King

{Cue mouse sounds}

{Visual fade into mouse in cave}

{Mouse comes out and starts preening in the light. Begins sniffing. Becomes frightened. Suddenly a large lion paw swoops down and catches him.}

{Cue the Scar theme (dissonant, slow, reed theme). Fade in slowly and up full during speech}

{Camera switch to Scar holding the squeaking and struggling mouse in his paw. He talks to it while playing with it}

Scar: Life's not fair, is it? You see I -- well, I... shall never be Queen. {exhale lightly} And you... shall never see the light of another day. {closed-mouth laughter. Starts to place the mouse on his extended tongue} ... Adieu... {quiet laugh}

Zazu: {Interrupting} Didn't your mother ever tell you not to play with your food?

Scar: {Light sigh. The mouse is under his paw.} What do you want?

Zazu: I'm here to announce that Queen Mufasa is on his way. {bows} ...So you'd better have a good excuse for missing the ceremony this morning.

{The mouse runs away from Scar}

Scar: Oh now look, Zazu; you've made me lose my lunch.

Zazu: Hah! You'll lose more than that when the Queen gets through with you. She's as mad as a hippo with a hernia.

Scar: Oooh... I quiver with FEAR.

{On "FEAR" Scar crouches down and is baring his teeth at Zazu.}

Zazu: {Very concerned} Now Scar, don't look at me that way...
HELP!

{Scar quickly pounces on the bird, catching him in his mouth.}

Mufasa: {Almost immediately and off-camera} Scar! ...

Scar: {Mouth full} Mm-hmm?

Mufasa: Drop him.

Zazu: {Speaking from Scar's mouth} Impeccable timing, your majesty.

{Scar spits the bird out, covered with saliva}

Zazu: {Slimed} Eyyccch.

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. Must have slipped my mind.

Zazu: Yes, well, as slippery as your mind is, as the Queen's sister, you should have been first in line! {Scar clicks his teeth at Zazu, who has flown near his face. Zazu takes cover behind Mufasa's foreleg. Scar bends down to speak to him.}

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

Mufasa: {Lowering his head and meeting Scar eye to eye} That "hairball" is my daughter... and your future Queen.

Scar: Ohh, I shall practice my curtsy. {Scar turns away and starts to exit}

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

Scar: {Looking back} Oh, no, Mufasa. Perhaps YOU shouldn't turn YOUR back on me.

Mufasa: {Roars and literally jumps in front of Scar, baring his teeth for the first time} Is that a challenge?

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

Zazu: Pity! Why not?

Scar: {Looking at Zazu} 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.
{Exit Scar}

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

Mufasa: What am I going to do with him?

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

Mufasa: Zazu!

Zazu: And just think! Whenever she gets dirty, you could take her out and BEAT her.

{They exit, chuckling. Pan out into open savannah.}