

Rafiki, Simba

(SIMBA sits. The silence is interrupted by an odd little tune.)

RAFIKI

(offstage)

TAMATISO, A SO, A HELELE MA...  
(dances on and taunts SIMBA)

TAMATISO, A SO, A HELELE MA...

SIMBA

Will ya cut it out?

RAFIKI

Can't cut it out. It'll grow right back!

(SIMBA walks away. RAFIKI follows.)

TAMATISO, A SO, A HELELE MA...  
TAMATISO, A SO—

SIMBA

Who are you?

RAFIKI

The question is: Who are you?

SIMBA

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

RAFIKI

I know who you are. You're Mufasa's boy.

SIMBA

You knew my father?

RAFIKI

Correction. I know your father.

SIMBA

I hate to tell you this, but my father died a long time ago.

RAFIKI

Nope. Wrong again! He's alive! I'll show him to you. Shhhh... Look down there.

(SIMBA anxiously, cautiously approaches a pool of water. He looks in and sees the reflection of a lion.)

SIMBA

That's not my father. It's just my reflection.

Rafiki: No... Look harder

Rafiki Simba

RAFIKI

Hey bo! What was that? The weather. Most peculiar, eh?

SIMBA

Yeah. Looks like the winds are changing.

RAFIKI

Ah... change is good.

SIMBA

But it's not easy. I know what I have to do. But it means facing my past.

*(RAFIKI bonks SIMBA with her stick.)*

Ow! Sheesh! What was that for?

RAFIKI

It doesn't matter. It's in the past.

SIMBA

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 you can learn from it.

*(RAFIKI again swings her stick at SIMBA, but this time he ducks.)*

You see? So what are you going to do now?

SIMBA

*(exiting)*

I'm going back!

RAFIKI

Good! Get out of here!