SCAR

(holding a mouse by the tail)
Life’s not fair, is it? You see, I shall never be king. And you...(laughs)
You shall never see another day. Adieu.

(SCAR is about to dine when ZAZU enters.)

ZAZU

Didn’t your mother ever tell you not to play with your food?

(The mouse scampers offstage to see another day!)

(SCAR, licking his chops, advances on ZAZU, who backs away. MUFASA enters.)

MUFASA

Scar!

Impeccable timing, Your Majesty.

ZAZU

Sarabi and I didn’t see you at the presentation of Simba.

(SCAR, Insincere)

That was today? Oh, I feel simply awful. Must have slipped my mind.

ZAZU

As the king’s brother, you should have been the first in line.

SCAR

I was first in line...until the little hairball was born.

MUFASA

That hairball is my son and your future king.
SCAR

Oh, I shall practice my curtsy.

(SCAR turns to walk away.)

MUFASA

Don’t turn your back on me, Scar!

SCAR

Oh, no, Mufasa. Perhaps you shouldn’t turn your back on me!

Is that a challenge?

(Mufasa paces.)

SCAR

(backing off)
Temper, temper. I wouldn’t dream of challenging you.

Pity. Why not?

SCAR

Well, I got the lion’s share of brains...but when it comes to brute strength, I’m afraid I’m in the shallow end of the gene pool...

(SCAR slinks away and exits. MUFASA paces.)

What am I going to do with him?

ZAZU

Well, sire...

(gestures to the ground)
...he’d make a very handsome throw rug.

ZaZu!

MUFASA

And just think. Whenever he gets dirty, you can take him out and beat him!

(MUFASA laughs as he exits with ZAZU.)