

# *Change is good: Simba learns the hard way*

*{Simba is left out in the fields. There is just a cloud left where his father's image was. The wind tosses the grass restlessly. Rafiki approaches.}*

Rafiki: What was *that*? The weather-- Pbbbah! Very peculiar. Don't you think?

Simba: Yeah. Looks like the winds are changing.

Rafiki: Ahhh, \_\_\_\_\_.

Simba: Yeah, \_\_\_\_\_. I know what I have to do. But... going back means I'll have to face my past. I've been running from it for so long...

*{Rafiki smacks Simba on the head with his staff.}*

Simba: Oww! Jeez—\_\_\_\_\_?

Rafiki: It doesn't matter; it's in the past! *{laughs}*

Simba: *{Rubbing head}* Yeah, but it still hurts.

Rafiki: Oh yes, the past can hurt. But the way I see it, \_\_\_\_\_.

*{He swings at Simba with his staff again. This time Simba ducks.}*

Rafiki: Hah! You *see*? \_\_\_\_\_?

Simba: First... I'm going to take your stick.

*{Simba tosses Rafiki's staff to the side.}*



Rafiki: No, no, no, *no!* Not the *stick!* Hey! Where are you going?

Simba: *{Shouting back}* I'm going back!

Rafiki: Good! Go on! \_\_\_\_\_!

*{Rafiki laughs, hoots, 'n' hollers. As he holds his staff above his head, a few shooting stars zing across the sky. Music rises.}*

# *Change is good: Simba learns the hard way*

*{Simba is left out in the fields. There is just a cloud left where his father's image was. The wind tosses the grass restlessly. Rafiki approaches.}*

Rafiki: What was *that*? The weather-- Pbbbah! Very peculiar. Don't you think?

Simba: Yeah. Looks like the winds are changing.

Rafiki: Ahhh, change is good.

Simba: Yeah, but it's not easy. I know what I have to do. But... going back means I'll have to face my past. I've been running from it for so long...

*{Rafiki smacks Simba on the head with his staff.}*

Simba: Oww! Jeez—what was that for?

Rafiki: It doesn't matter; it's in the past! *{laughs}*

Simba: *{Rubbing head}* 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... learn from it.

*{He swings at Simba with his staff again. This time Simba ducks.}*

Rafiki: Hah! You *see*? So what are you going to do?

Simba: First... I'm going to take your stick.

*{Simba tosses Rafiki's staff to the side.}*



Rafiki: No, no, no, *no!* Not the *stick!* Hey! Where are you going?

Simba: *{Shouting back}* I'm going back!

Rafiki: Good! Go on! Get out of here!

*{Rafiki laughs, hoots, 'n' hollers. As he holds his staff above his head, a few shooting stars zing across the sky. Music rises.}*