

Simba: Hi Nala. Hi Zuzu

Zazu: Step lively. Come along Simba. The sooner we get to the watering hole, the sooner we can leave.

Simba: (whispering) We need to ditch Zazu. I have a really cool place to show you.

Nala: {Whisper} What really cool place?

Simba: {Whisper} An elephant graveyard.

Nala: Wow!

Simba: {Whisper} Shhh! Zazu.

Nala: {Whisper} Right. So how are we gonna ditch the dodo?

Nala: {Whispering} Oh I know how we can—

Zazu: Oh, just look at you two. Little seeds of romance blossoming in the savannah. Your parents will be thrilled...what with your destined to be married and all.

Simba: Yuck!

Nala: Ewww!

Simba: I can't marry her. She's my friend.

Nala: Yeah. It'd be too weird.

Zazu: Well, sorry to burst your bubble, but you two turtle doves have no choice. It's a tradition.....going back generations. {Simba mimics Zazu during these last words}

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

Zazu: Not so long as I'm around.

Simba: Well in that case, you're fired.

Zazu: Hmmm.... Nice try, but only the king can do that.

Nala: Well, He's the future king.

Simba: Yeah. So you have to do what I tell you.

Zazu: Not yet I don't. And with an attitude like that, I'm afraid you're shaping up to be a pretty pathetic king indeed.

Simba: Hmph. Not the way I see it.