

(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.