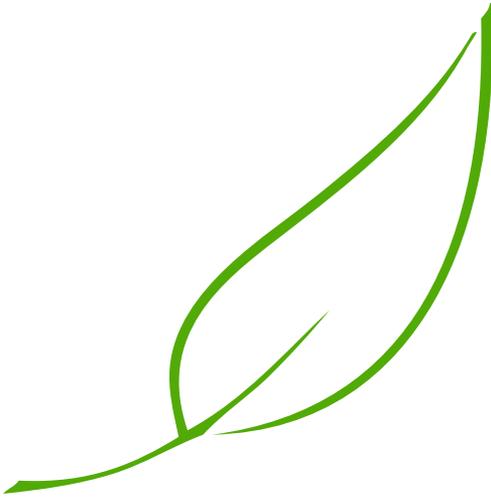


# ROAR

by Ken Bradbury



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*(Four lions ... Roary, Tab, Fang, and Mortimer are found lying around their den. Mortimer is snoring viciously.)*

**ROARY:** *(waking)* Excuse me. *(a long pause, then)* I said  
EXCUSE ME!

**TAB:** *(waking)* What's the problem?

**ROARY:** *(pointing to Mortimer)* Him. How can I sleep with  
that racket?

**TAB:** It's always after he eats a Frenchman. Italians don't  
seem to bother him but one good French meal and he  
roars all night.

**ROARY:** Mortimer! Mortimer, wake up! *(Mortimer continues  
to snore)*

**FANG:** *(waking)* Is it morning?

**ROARY:** It's the middle of the night, for goodness sakes. But I  
can't sleep with him snoring! Mortimer, wake up!

**TAB:** Put something over his muzzle. Stuff your paw in it.

**FANG:** I'm going back to sleep. Too much supper. How many  
did we eat tonight, anyway?

**TAB:** Seven men, two women. Counting the little guy.

**FANG:** I wish they'd take their armor off. I nearly broke a  
molar. *(Mortimer snores a blast)*

**ROARY:** Oh good grief! I can't take this anymore! *(crawls  
over to where Mortimer is sleeping)* Hey! Mortimer!  
Wake up!

**MORTIMER:** *(slowly rising ... a not-too-bright lion)* Uh ...  
*(yawns)* ... Is ... is it time to eat again?

**ROARY:** Would you be quiet when I'm trying to sleep?

**MORTIMER:** Uh ... aren't you the one who woke me up?

**ROARY:** Your snoring, you idiot! You probably woke up the  
king! Roll over or something. We've got a big day  
tomorrow and I need my rest!

**MORTIMER:** Tomorrow?

**ROARY:** Twelve prisoners thrown into the lions' den in one day! And some of them are extremely large. We'll be eating 'til nightfall. Now shut up and go to sleep.

**MORTIMER:** (*yawns*) Okey-dokey ... (*immediately falls asleep and begins to snore*)

**ROARY:** I'm going out of my mind!

**FANG:** Hey! You hear something?

**ROARY:** Of course I hear something! That's why I can't sleep!

**FANG:** Up there. Voices.

**TAB:** They've got another prisoner!

**ROARY:** At this hour?

**TAB:** Midnight buffet!

**ROARY:** This is beginning to wear on me, you know that? I mean one or two meals a day, fine, but the king is getting carried away. He must hate everybody in the kingdom.

**FANG:** Hey, it's a job. We're well fed. All we do is sit here and eat whoever gets thrown our way.

**ROARY:** I know. I know. But it's all so ... I mean ... well, I mean where's the challenge? In the jungle we got to stalk our prey ... it took cunning and courage. This ... this smorgasbord is ruining my spirit.

**TAB:** You are starting to put on weight.

**ROARY:** Just once! Just once I'd like to have a little challenge! Something to work for instead of having all our meals handed to us.

**FANG:** Too late! Here he comes! (*"dropping" into the lions' den comes a startled Daniel ... the lions scramble out of the way as he comes crashing through their home ... He rolls to a stop then stares at them. They stare back. The lions smile an evil smile. Daniel's eyes widen. Slowly ...very slowly the lions approach Daniel, inching their way toward him. Just when the tension becomes unbearable, Mortimer lets out with a mighty snore and Daniel screams.*)

**ROARY:** Oh good grief. Mortimer, wake up!

**MORTIMER:** (*slowly waking at the foot of Daniel*) Huh? ... oh. Dessert. (*Mortimer belches loudly*)

**ROARY:** Mortimer!

**MORTIMER:** (*to Daniel*) Are you new or are you a leftover?

**ROARY:** Mortimer, take your position!

**MORTIMER:** Okay. (*he falls asleep*)

**ROARY:** I give up. I really give up.

**TAB:** Are you wearing armor? If you are, please take it off. It hurts our teeth.

**DANIEL:** No. No armor. You can talk.

**ROARY:** What do you think we are, beasts? Just because we rip human beings to shreds and swallow their body parts in vicious displays of bloody carnage, that's no reason to think we aren't civilized.

**DANIEL:** Oh.

**TAB:** "Oh." We sit here discussing gastronomy, philosophy and the intricacies of the digestive system and you say "..... Oh." So much for the superior race.

**DANIEL:** Are you?

**ROARY:** Are we what?

**DANIEL:** Are you going to eat me?

**ROARY:** Of course we are. What a ridiculous question.

**DANIEL:** I'd rather you wouldn't.

**FANG:** (*a pause, then*) No one's ever said that before.

**TAB:** You're right.

**FANG:** I mean we've had a few (*screaming*) Oh no! Oh help me! Help!!!! (*calmly*) and a couple of rather good (*screams, then calmly*) but we've never had anyone actually come out and ask.

**TAB:** In their defense, they're usually distracted.

**FANG:** And hysterical.

**TAB:** Yes, and hysterical. You know this is the first time we've actually had a conversation with one of our meals. I think it's a delightful change of pace.

**FANG:** Sort of like dinner theatre.

**TAB:** Exactly.

**DANIEL:** I ... I mean, it seems logical. Someone wants to eat you, you ... I don't know ... it's just something you'd like to discuss.

**FANG:** Point well taken.



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*ROAR!*

*by Ken Bradbury.*

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