

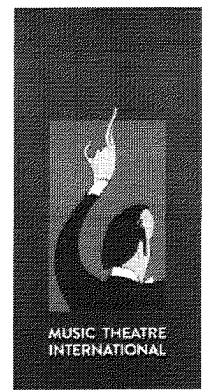
Music Theatre International

421 W. 54th Street, 2nd Fl.

New York, NY 10019

Phone: (212) 541-4684

Fax: (212) 397-4684



Audition Central: Madagascar – A Musical Adventure JR.



Script: The Lemurs

SIDE 1

KING JULIEN

Welcome, you cavalcade of weirdos! Please feel free to bask in my glow.

MARTY

Uh. Okay.

KING JULIEN

We thank you for saving the insignificant life of Mort. Don't be rude, Mort, what do you say?

MORT

I just... I just want... I just want to say thank—

KING JULIEN

Oh, be quiet, Mort. You are so annoying! We also thank you with enormous gratitude for chasing away the Foosa.

(The LEMURS react in fear.)

Foosa.

(The LEMURS react in fear.)

GLORIA

The whoosa?

KING JULIEN

The Fo...

(Before the LEMURS react, KING JULIEN stops them with a look.)

...oosa.

SIDE 2

LEW

You did it! You did it!

LEMURS

You saved us! Saved us!

ALEX

Hi! Yeah, sure. Nice to meet you... squirrels? Are they squirrels?

MELMAN

I think they're just really full-figured raccoons.

LYNN

You must come with us!

LEE

Meet the king!

MARTY

King of the full-figured raccoons?

LARS

King Julien the 13th!

ALEX

Hey, that sounds really awesome, but you know what? We're kinda on our way to...
(MAURICE enters.)

LEMURS

Maurice! It's Maurice!! *(etc.)*

LEE

(to the ZOOSTERS)

That's Maurice. He's King Julien's adviser and right-hand... lemur!

MELMAN

Oh... they're lemurs.

MAURICE

Welcome to Madagascar!!

GLORIA

Madagascar?

LEMURS

Madagascar!!

MAURICE

Ahem. Presenting, his royal highness, the illustrious King Julien the 13th... self-proclaimed Lord of the Lemurs, etc., etc., hooray everybody.

(KING JULIEN appears.)

KING JULIEN

Here I am. The King, the head of your honcho. Come out my little lemurs.

SIDE 3

KING JULIEN

Don't trouble your humongous heads about it. Tonight you will sleep here with us!

(to the LEMURS)

Take Mr. Alex to the comfiest patch of dirt we own! You're going to like this.

*(The LEMURS lead him a few feet away and set him
down on the ground.)*

There! Luxurious dirt, isn't it? And to make you comfy-cozy, here's a little ditty my mommy used to lullabye to me—

(sings a capella)

GO TO SLEEPY SLEEP, SLEEPY BABY. DON'T YOU CRY, DON'T YOU WHINE. OR A FOOSA MIGHT
HEAR YOU AND TEAR OUT YOUR SPINE.

