**SCRIPT EXCERPT: GRASSLANDS**

**RAFIKI 1**

Simba grew quickly into an eager young cub . . .

(MUFASA marches through the grass, followed by YOUNG SIMBA.)

**YOUNG SIMBA**

Hey, Dad–wait up!

**RAFIKI 2**

...with boundless energy...

**YOUNG SIMBA**

Where’re we going?

**RAFIKI 3**

...who adored his father...

**YOUNG SIMBA**

Why’d we get up so early?

**RAFIKI 4**

...followed him everywhere...

**YOUNG SIMBA**

When do we eat?

**RAFIKI 5**

...and wanted to know everything about everything!

**YOUNG SIMBA**

Are we there yet?!?

(MUFASA climbs Pride Rock.)

**MUFASA**

(chuckling)

Yes, we are. Come sit by me.

(looks out over the Pridelands)

Look, Simba: Everything the light touches is our kingdom.
Wow...

MUFASA
A king’s time as ruler rises and falls like the sun. One day, Simba, the sun will set on my time here and will rise with you as the new king.

YOUNG SIMBA
And this’ll all be mine?

MUFASA
Everything.