RAFIKI 4
Mufasa dashed into the stampede and got his son to safety.

RAFIKI 5
However, the wildebeest carried the king deeper into the gorge...

RAFIKI 1
...until he saw his brother and leaped to grab a rocky ledge.

MUFASA
Scar! Brother—help me!

RAFIKI 2
Scar dug his claws into Mufasa’s great mane and whispered:

SCAR
Long live the king.

RAFIKI 3
And then...he let go!

(MUFASA falls, disappearing beneath the river of wildebeest.)

MUFASA
Aaaaaah!

(The RAFIKIS part to reveal MUFASA’s body, represented by his crown. YOUNG SIMBA runs in.)

YOUNG SIMBA
Dad! Dad?
   (rushes to MUFASA’s side and tries to be playful)
Dad...? Come on. Dad.
   (starts to panic when MUFASA doesn’t respond)
Come on, Dad. You gotta get up. Please. Help! Somebody! Anybody? Please! Help me!

   (SCAR enters)

SCAR
Simba. What have you done?

YOUNG SIMBA
There were wildebeest...It was an accident. I didn’t mean for—
SCAR
Of course you didn’t. But the king is dead. And if it weren’t for you, he’d still be alive. Oh, what will your mother think?

YOUNG SIMBA

(guilty panic)
What am I gonna do?

SCAR
Run! Run away, Simba. Run away and never return.