(SCAR lounges in the shade. YOUNG SIMBA enters.)

YOUNG SIMBA

Hey, Uncle Scar! Guess what? I'm gonna be king of Pride Rock!

SCAR

Oh, goodie. Well, forgive me for not leaping for joy. Bad back, you know.

YOUNG SIMBA

My dad just showed me the whole kingdom! And I'm gonna rule it all!

SCAR

(scheming) Really? He didn't show you what's beyond that rise at the northern border, did he?

YOUNG SIMBA

Well, no. He said I can't go there.

SCAR

And he's absolutely right! It's far too dangerous. Only the bravest of lions go there.

YOUNG SIMBA

Well, I'm brave. What's out there?

SCAR

I'm sorry, Simba... I just can't tell you.

YOUNG SIMBA

Why not?

SCAR An elephant graveyard is no place for a young prince.

YOUNG SIMBA

An elephant <u>what</u>?

SCAR

Oops.

YOUNG SIMBA

Whoa!

SCAR

Oh dear, I've said too much. Well, I suppose you'd have found out sooner or later – you being so clever and all. Just promise me you'll never visit that <u>dreadful</u> place.

YOUNG SIMBA

No problem, Uncle Scar.

SCAR

There's a good lad. You run along now and have fun. And remember: It's our little secret.