Can I turn my own playscript into a narrative?

Long ago, in the land before time, a small black-haired boy and his bearded father (both sunburnt and dressed in stone trousers) trudged across the arid, dusty land. With intrepidation, the boy asked his father, “Dad...”

“Yes, Ug?” the older man replied, looking sideways at the boy.

“You know the other dads spend all their time chasing animals?” continued Ug, who was becoming well known for his thinking. Together, the father and son looked up at a stony ridge and - as if on cue to illustrate the boy’s point - a group of hunters pursued a herd of scaly animals across the rocky horizon. Feeling frustrated with his son’s never-ending questions, the dad replied, “Well, we have to eat, son, look there they go now!” Pointing at the scene on the ridge, the father hoped that would satisfy Ug’s curiosity.

No such luck. “But why are they chasing them?” continued the boy, his eyes squinting up at the hunters.

The set of the father’s shoulders showed his growing tension. “So they can kill the animals and then eat them, of course,” he said through gritted teeth. It was becoming difficult to hide his sarcasm but the boy seemed oblivious. “Yes, but why don’t they stop the animals from running away?” he ventured. The dad rolled his eyes, every sentence Ug uttered was a question, a probing, annoying, unanswerable question.