

Nean -Tech

Cast: Oog, Mooka and (later) Ape-El

Scene: Cave interior, fire pit with stack of rocks in the center. Oog and Mooka, middle aged and dressed in animal skins, are seated side by side with Mooka poking at rocks with a stick. Both look perplexed.

Mooka: Oog, fire no work.

Oog: Me know. No work since yesterday

Mooka: Like old days, Oog.

Oog: Ugh, dark ages.

Mooka: ALREADY?

Both look at each other and laugh. Then they stop laughing, shake their heads and stop.

Oog: Old joke.

Mooka: Still get laugh though.

They both go back to staring at rocks Mooka picks up a rock and tries to bite it, then drops it back on top of the pile

Oog: What we do now?

Mooka: umm

Oog: Hit with stick again?

Mooka: UH (*Hits pile with stick.*)

Oog: Me have idea.

Mooka looks at him expectantly

Oog We call tech support. (*They both look at each other, smile and nod vigorously*)

Both: **APE-EL! APE-EL! APE-EL! APE-EL!**

Cut to Ape-El entering. But whereas Oog and Mooka are ape-ish in their postures and

movements Ape-El is not. Ape-El speaks in an educated British accent, and also wears a turtle shell as a hardhat. His animal pelt is white and open at the front. It has a pocket cut into the left breast with a leaf folded over as a pocket protector out of which several sticks protrude. He carries a clay tablet in an officious manner like a clipboard.

Ape-El: Calm down, calm down, was in Grag's cave working out problem with flint chipping. Now what is wrong here?

Oog and Mooks, excitedly: Fire not work! Fire dead! Etc.

Ape-El: Yes, I can see that. What happened?

(Oog and Mooka look at each other. Both excited start to explain with much gesticulation and grunts and exclamation) Gibberish

Ape-El: Yes, yes, wait just hold on now. Please, just ONE of you tell me. One of you, all right?

Oog and Mooka at each other obviously the idea of numbers had not sunk through yet.

Ape-El: *sighs* OK, (*points to Oog*) YOU! You tell me.

Oog: Uh . . . (*thinks*), not yesterday, before, fire good. Cook food. Keep warm. Sleep. Wake. No fire. Fire gone.

Ape-El: I see. (*points to Mooka*) You, what happened.

Mooka thinks, this is obviously new to him. He screws his face up, inclines his head, closes one eye, then has an epiphany. What him say!

(Ape-El shakes his head) *Ape-El:* OK, fine, Now, have you looked at the manual?

Both Oog and Mooka nod their heads vigorously

Ape-El: OK, good. Now show me what you tried.

Oog and Mooka go back to the fire pit, point at the rocks, one picks up a stone and drops it on top both sputtering lots of gibberish

Ape-El: Well, there's your problem. You have no wood.

Mooka: We do what manual say.

Ape-El:

Really? Show me.

Scene changes to cave wall painting. Oog points to start where several rough circles are drawn, Mooka breaks in, they both continue gibberish and pantomime culminating in Oog demonstrating how he bopped Mooka on the head with his club and Mooka reacts indicating pain.

(pointing to start) Ape-El:

Right, so, you started here . . .

Mooka:

(nodding) Oog say that

(points to next part of painting) Ape-El:

But I'm afraid you completely skipped step two.

Oog and Mooka look confusedly at each other

. . . . two?

Ape-El:

Yes, two two TWO! Oh, forgot, sequential numbering's not invented yet . . . um, step, the next!

Oog and Mooka look at each other still completely lost.

Ape-El:

Right, follow along with me now.

*Ape-El points to the next part of the cave wall painting. Cross fade back to fire pit
Ape-El demonstrates piling wood and using two stones to strike a spark. Cross fade to indicate time passing to all 3 happily enjoying the warmth of a fire.*

Ape-El:

Right, so, you have it now, eh? The spark from the stones ignites the wood. And if you have any other problems you just refer to the manual, got it?

Oog and Mooka happily nodding.

Ape-El good. Ape-El smart.

Ape-El:

Well, I'm off, got to get to Mama trig's place, she's having difficulty boiling water again. So, cheeri-bye.

(Ape-El stands and exits)

Oog and Mooka wave good bye:

'Bye. Gu'bye

(They watch Ape-El depart for a pause . . . then) Oog:

Bloody twit!

Mooka:

Thinks he's so clever.

Fade to black

