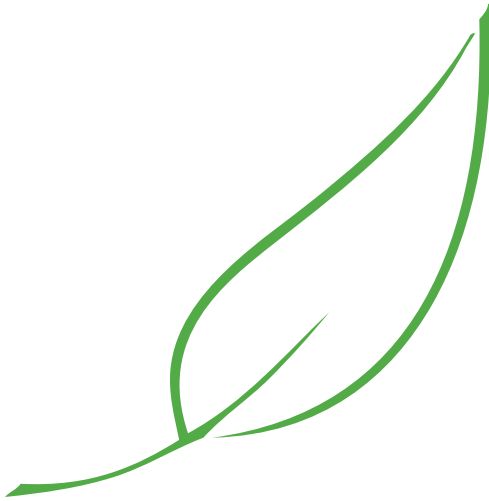


Cave Rock

by Craig Sodaro



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CAVE ROCK

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SYNOPSIS: Wooly, a young caveman, doesn't like the things his classmates like, such as hunting, fishing, eating, and sleeping. He likes to invent things. Crag, the coolest cat in Rockville, loves to make fun of Wooly, as do Crag's friends. Wooly's grandmother doesn't know what to do with the boy, and even the village elders are angry that the boys don't help hunt for mastodons. The villagers haven't had a successful hunt in two moons, and everybody is very, very hungry. To add to the village problems, a girl from New York arrives, which totally messes up the minds of the cave boys. You'll find mutiny, romance, defeat, and victory in this crazy caveman play.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(10 males, 11 females, 2 either; gender flexible)

NANA (f).....	30, an old grandmother. (86 lines)
NIBBI (f).....	10, her granddaughter. (42 lines)
QUIGGY (m).....	25, an elder. (90 lines)
QUAGGY (m)	25, another. (65 lines)
WOOLY (m).....	15, the genius. (92 lines)
CRAG (m).....	15. (133 lines)
GORK (m)	his friend. (52 lines)
KEG (m)	another. (53 lines)
OOPS (m).....	another. (36 lines)
MS. POGGY (f)	18, the clan leader. (75 lines)
MIKA (f).....	15, Crag's girlfriend. (51 lines)
BIKA (f).....	Mika's friend. (35 lines)
STEMMY (f)	another. (34 lines)
KLIKA (f).....	another. (26 lines)
CHAR (f)	15, the new girl in town. (55 lines)
OOG (m).....	20, a Neanderthal. (38 lines)
UGLA (f)	his wife. (36 lines)
LOMBO (m)	Char's father. (34 lines)

DAGA (f) Char's mother. (26 lines)
ZEG (m) a Neanderthal. (12 lines)
VORK (m/f) another. (5 lines)
TIGA (f) another. (4 lines)
YUK (m/f) (3 lines)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

SCENE 1 – Center of Rockville, one afternoon.

SCENE 2 – The same, the following day.

SCENE 3 – The same, several nights later.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1 – The same, the following dawn.

SCENE 2 – The same, several hours later.

SCENE 3 – The same, sunset.

COSTUME NOTE

Costuming Cave Rock is very easy. All actors should begin by wearing a T-shirt and shorts. No writing should appear on either. Shred or cut the ends of the T-shirt and shorts Flintstone-style. Each cast member should then make a tunic or over-the-shoulder animal wrap. Use either fake fur print (such as leopard skin) or plain broadcloth painted or marked in an animal skin pattern so it looks like an animal skin. This will cover most of the T-shirt and shorts. Actors can either be barefoot or they can wear furry slippers. The girls can add necklaces, other wraps, bracelets, and so on when they arrive for the dance. The four girls should also wear a bone in their hair as a decoration. The Neanderthals dress the same way, but should add ragged strings and pieces of fabric to their costumes so they don't look as "well-dressed" as the Sapiens. The more hair and the messier the Neanderthals, the better!

SETTING

Rockville, a Sapien village during Caveman times. Wing entrances down left and down right. Two caves, one right, one left with entrances. The right cave is the school, the left one is Nana's cave. At center are a series of boulders big enough for actors to hide behind. Upstage, either as a backdrop or as separate caves (no entrances required) are three other caves representing businesses in Rockville. One bears a sign reading "Starrock's Coffee," another "Cave-Mart," and the final "Rockbuster." A few trees or bushes here and there will add color. Also, smaller boulders and rocks should be placed here and there as they are needed from time to time.

NOTE: The "boulders" the characters pick up and toss can be made one of two ways:

1. Styrofoam—simply cut shapes out of thick pieces of Styrofoam, then paint them gray. Don't use spray paint as Styrofoam melts if it's sprayed.
2. Chicken wire covered with fabric. Shape chicken wire like a rock, then cover with gray or other colored fabric. These can be spray-painted to add texture.

Either way, the rocks will be light, toss-able, and won't hurt anyone.

SOUND EFFECTS

Sound effects are very important in achieving the comic effects for Cave Rock. Here are the basic requirements, but feel free to add more if you like!

Elephant/Mastodon wailing or crying
Crashes and bangs (can be done offstage)
Roar of elephant/mastodon
Thud
Primitive drumming

Since so many characters get hit on the head, it would help to have someone do a sound effect each time. Best is a hollow wooden object hit with a wooden stick. Different sounds can be achieved to create laughs. For example, a metal

bucket can be struck when one character is hit, indicating a different head from the rest of the characters.

PROPS

- ☐ Animal pelt and rock (NANA)
- ☐ Mastodon tail (long thin tail with tuft of fur at the end) (QUIGGY)
- ☐ Crystal (WOOLY)
- ☐ Sticks and grass (WOOLY)
- ☐ Plastic or foam club (CRAG)
- ☐ Tiny pebbles (BOYS)
- ☐ Sticks (WOOLY)
- ☐ Plastic or foam clubs (UG and UGLA)
- ☐ Bandages (CRAG)
- ☐ Back of “rocks” (NANA)
- ☐ Sticks, stones, and rocks (ALL)
- ☐ Bandages (VARIOUS SAPIENS)
- ☐ Rope and cloth to bind and gag Wooly
- ☐ Straight sticks (CRAG)
- ☐ Rope (UGLA)
- ☐ Spears made of a straight stick with what looks like a pointed rock tied to the end (WOOLY and NIBBI)
- ☐ Twelve-inch wheel cut from Styrofoam and painted (WOOLY)
- ☐ Large child’s wagon decorated to look like it’s from the stone age (WOOLY)

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

SETTING: *The Stone Age village of Rockville. Two caves, one right, one left. Trees and boulders at center big enough for actors to hide behind. Three caves upstage which don't need entrances. The caves bear business names: "Starrocks," "Cave-Mart," and "Rockbuster."*

AT RISE: *NANA sits on stage floor pounding on an animal pelt. NIBBI runs on from cave left.*

NANA: Nibbi!

NIBBI: Yes, Nana?

NANA: Did you gnaw off every bit of meat from that mastodon rib?

NIBBI: Awww, Nana, I don't like all that fat!

NANA: And just how do you expect to live to the ripe old age of thirty if you don't eat your fat?

NIBBI: Couldn't I just have an apple?

NANA: An apple? Ha! That won't put meat on your bones! You younguns! I don't know where you get all your new-fangled ideas. In my day we ate what Papa dragged home and liked it!

NIBBI: What're you doing?

NANA: Pounding out this pelt. I thought I'd make you a nice new fur coat for the winter. There's a rock. You can help me, Nibbi.

NIBBI: *(Hedging.)* I . . . I can't, Nana! I . . . I've got to . . . got to find . . . something for Wooly.

NANA: What's that brother of yours up to now?

NIBBI: The usual! He says he's tinkering.

NANA: *(Moving to NIBBI.)* Nibbi . . . be honest with me . . . do the kids at school make fun of Wooly?

NIBBI: And how! They think he's the biggest dork since the platypus!

NANA: Oh, dear I wish there was something we could do about bringing him out of his shell.

NIBBI: Personally, I think he should stay inside it!

NANA: Don't talk like that! He was such a wonderful little boy until your parents were . . . well . . .

NIBBI: Eaten by that saber-tooth tiger?

NANA: It's too horrible to think about!

NIBBI: (*Sighing.*) I think it was a very romantic way to go! There they were on their second honeymoon, sitting on that rock staring at the moon, probably getting all mushy . . . and pow! Gone in one gulp!

NANA: That's horrible, Nibbi!

NIBBI: I better go and find the thing for Wooly.

NANA: What thing?

NIBBI: Well, we haven't exactly invented a word for it yet!

NIBBI races off right, almost knocking over QUIGGY and QUAGGY who enter right. QUIGGY holds a long animal tail behind his back. They are tired and bedraggled.

QUIGGY: Hey, Nibbi! Watch out!

QUAGGY: Yeah! Have some respect for your elders.

QUIGGY: See how you like it when you're twenty-five and some young kid almost knocks you over!

NANA: Quiggy! Quaggy! The hunt's over?

QUIGGY: (*Nodding.*) That it is, Nana.

NANA: Good! Now Rockville will have plenty to eat! It's been so long since we had anything but dried ribs.

QUAGGY: (*Covering.*) I don't know . . . I've kind of developed a taste for 'em.

QUIGGY: Me, too! They grow on you.

QUAGGY: Who needs fresh meat?

QUIGGY: (*Dreamily.*) Roasted over a fire to succulent tenderness!

NANA: (*Admonishingly.*) Quiggy! Quaggy!

QUAGGY: Dried ribs are so . . . convenient.

QUIGGY: Just pick one off the ground and gnaw away.

NANA: You did bag a mastodon, didn't you?

QUAGGY: Well, part of one.

NANA: (*Excitedly.*) What part? The foreleg? That'll feed us for one whole moon!

QUIGGY: Not exactly.

NANA: The hind leg! That'll feed us for two moons!

QUAGGY: You're getting warmer!

NANA: The rump! Why, that'll feed us for three moons!

QUIGGY: How about the tail? (*Holds up a long animal tail.*)

NANA: The tail? That's it? You brought back one little mastodon tail?

QUIGGY: We were lucky to get that!

QUAGGY: If Quiggy hadn't held on so tight when the beast took to running away, why, we'd have come home completely empty-handed!

NANA: And what is the village supposed to do with a tail?

QUIGGY: My mother used to make a nice mastodon tail soup when the going got rough.

NANA: Got rough! You aren't kidding! The last bacon you brought home was three months ago and it was just a mouthful of baby boar! You're nothing but a bunch of Neanderthals!

QUIGGY: (*Shocked.*) Hey! Don't you start calling names!

QUAGGY: We're Sapiens! And that means we're wise.

NANA: Wise! A couple of wise-ackers if you ask me! If you were so wise, you'd know how to get a mastodon when the village is hungry!

QUIGGY: We hunt exactly like our fathers showed us.

QUAGGY: We followed that mastodon doo-doo until we found a pack of the animals grazing.

QUIGGY: And then we picked up rocks . . .

QUAGGY: And started throwing them as fast as we could!

QUIGGY: It's not our fault that none of 'em tripped and fell!

NANA: There's got to be a better way to hunt!

QUAGGY: You got any ideas, Quiggy?

QUIGGY: Nope! What was good enough for my old man is good enough for me!

WOOLY: (*Enters from cave left, holding a crystal.*) Nana! Nana! I think I've discovered something!

QUIGGY: Oh, brother!

QUAGGY: If it isn't Wooly!

QUIGGY: Maybe if some of you kids would help us hunt, we'd have a better chance of tripping one of those things!

NANA: I think you've got a point there, Quiggy.

WOOLY: (*Terrified.*) Me? Hunt? I . . . I can do more good right here advancing civilization.

QUIGGY: Will you listen to him!

QUAGGY: Always coming up with new words! What in tarnation's civilization?

WOOLY: It's our culture built upon ethical principles and responsibilities.

QUIGGY: (*Scratching his head.*) Ha?

NANA: Did you get snake-bit, Wooly?

WOOLY: No! And if you'd just watch, I'll show you how my new invention works.

QUIGGY: What's an invention?

WOOLY: Something that's never been before.

QUAGGY: (*Scratching his head.*) Ha?

WOOLY: You see this? (*Holds up crystal.*) I call it . . . a lighter!

NANA: It's lighter than a mastodon, anybody can see that!

WOOLY: I mean, it will light a fire!

QUAGGY: Wooly, that's a rock.

WOOLY: I call it a crystal.

QUIGGY: It's a rock! You know we have to wait for lightning to strike before we can start a fire!

WOOLY: Not now! With my new, revolutionary lighter, I can start a fire anywhere, anytime!

CRAG, GORK, KEG, and OOPS enter right.

QUIGGY: Hey, boys! Come look at this!

CRAG: 'Sup, old man?

GORK: (*Mockingly.*) Twenty-five and still alive!

QUAGGY: Wooly's going to show us his new invention.

GORK: Oh, no! Is that how come you weren't in school today?

NANA: Did you skip school again, Wooly?

WOOLY: Nana, all we do is grunt and paint on cave walls. I knew I could do more for our village by staying home.

KEG: So, what have you got this time, Nerdo?

OOPS: Yeah! Is it as good as that last thing you made?

CRAG: Oh, yeah! The stick with the sinew on the end and that sharp thing at the end of the sinew and you stick it in the water and fish are supposed to come and bite the sharp thing so you can pull them in!

GORK: (*Sarcastically.*) That worked like a charm!

WOOLY: I told you I wasn't finished with it. There's something else I need to do to it . . . but I just can't think of what it is.

KEG: How about give up!

WOOLY: We'll never improve the way we live if we just give up.

QUIGGY: And just what's wrong with the way we live?

QUAGGY: What was good enough for my old man—

ALL: —Is good enough for me!

WOOLY: Did you get a mastodon today?

QUIGGY: Well, no . . . thanks to you!

NANA: But they tried! And if they'd have had help from you boys, they might have got one!

CRAG: We were in school!

OOPS: Yeah . . . grunting and painting on cave walls.

WOOLY: Don't you see that if we can find a way to take control of our actions, we'll be able to get fish from the rivers whenever we want or a mastodon each and every time we hunt?

QUIGGY: Or start a fire when we want?

ALL laugh but WOOLY.

WOOLY: You're all too thick-headed to understand!

NANA: On, now, Wooly, show us your new thing.

QUIGGY: Yeah! We want to see a . . . what did you call it?

WOOLY: A lighter.

CRAG: (*Sarcastically.*) Yeah, Wooly, show us your new lighter thing! I'll bet it'll drive the girls crazy!

WOOLY: Well, let's get some sticks and grass.

WOOLY gathers sticks and grass and places them center stage.

KEG: Anybody can do that!

WOOLY: Exactly! But then to start the fire, I just need to hold my lighter over it like this. (*ALL lean in and watch as WOOLY holds crystal over the grass and sticks.*) That's funny . . . it worked in the back yard.

CRAG: That does it! You are undoubtedly the biggest jerk in Rockville, Wooly!

GORK: A complete nerdo!

OOPS: Look at that fire roar! Gosh! I'm getting too hot!

NANA: It's all right, Wooly . . .

WOOLY: (*Standing up.*) But it did work! I burned up half your pelts back there!

NANA: (*Angrily.*) You what?

WOOLY: Something must be different. (*Looks up at the sky.*) Maybe it's the clouds.

CRAG: (*Mimicking WOOLY.*) Maybe it's the clouds!

ALL burst into laughter.

WOOLY: Go on! Laugh! You're nothing but Neanderthals! (*Storms into cave left.*)

CRAG: What'd he call us?

GORK: I think he said Neanderthals!

KEG: Them's fightin' words!

OOPS: Let's go get him!

QUIGGY: If you're getting anything these days, boys, it's going to be mastodons!

QUAGGY: We're gonna have to have your help hunting.

CRAG: We don't know how to hunt!

GORK: And our fathers all got eaten by—

KEG: Lions!

OOPS: And tigers!

CRAG: And bears!

GORK: Oh, my!

MS. POGGY enters left.

QUIGGY: Afternoon, Ms. Poggy.

MS. POGGY: What's so good about it, Quiggy?

QUAGGY: We were just discussing hunting with the boys here.

MS. POGGY: Did you get anything today or do we have to keep gnawing garbage off the cave floors?

QUIGGY: I'm afraid we'll be having mastodon tail soup.

MS. POGGY: Men! You're worthless! The heck with hunters! I should have stayed with the gatherers!

QUAGGY: Maybe there's something you can do to help.

MS. POGGY: Women don't hunt! They never have and I'm not about to buck the system!

QUIGGY: These boys are all your students, aren't they?

MS. POGGY: Students? Students? They're blockheads! They can't grunt and paint at the same time!

QUAGGY: How about teaching them to hunt?

MS. POGGY: Teach them what?

QUAGGY: We'll help, of course!

MS. POGGY: (*Thinking.*) You mean take them out and attack a mastodon?

CRAG: (*Excitedly.*) Please, Ms. Poggy!

GORK: It sounds like fun!

NANA: But it's terribly dangerous!

MS. POGGY: Hmmmm . . . this could reduce my class size! All right . . . tomorrow I'll work in a field trip. A mastodon hunt!

KEG: Cool!

OOPS: What are the girls gonna do?

NANA: They can come over here and we'll pound pelts.

MS. POGGY: And when we drag our mastodon home, they'll spend the next five days gutting and cutting.

CRAG: What do we get to do while they're gutting and cutting?

QUIGGY: Eat! What else?

QUAGGY: Here, Nana . . . see what you can do with this.

QUIGGY gives NANA the mastodon tail.

QUIGGY: We got some lesson plans to work out with Ms. Poggy.

MS. POGGY: First thing I need to do is see if this will fly with our district standards!

MS. POGGY exits right followed by QUIGGY and QUAGGY.

CRAG: A hunt! Yeah!

KEG, GORK, and OOPS high five CRAG and cheer as MIKA, BIKA, STEMMY, and KLIKA enter left.

MIKA: So, like, what's all the excitement, boys?

BIKA: Your voice change?

CRAG: Better!

GORK: We're going on a hunt!

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KEG: And you guys get to gut and cut a mastodon.

STEMMY: Excuse me?

KLIKA: We don't gut and cut anything.

CRAG: Ms. Poggy said so!

MIKA: You're, like, kidding, right?

CRAG: *(Putting his arm around her.)* I wouldn't kid you, baby.

MIKA: *(Throwing his arm off.)* Lay off, Neanderthal!

CRAG: Hey! Nobody calls me a Neanderthal!

MIKA: Why not? They're animals! *(Growls at CRAG who chases her around.)* Save it for the dance, big boy! *(They stop.)*

GORK: Dance?

KEG: What dance?

BIKA: You guys have got memories like dogs!

STEMMY: Yeah . . . here today, gone in two minutes.

KLIKA: The all-school dance on the next full moon!

OOPS: Hey! That's real soon! The wolves were howling last night.

MIKA: *(Hinting.)* Yeah, so . . . we're waiting.

CRAG: For what?

MIKA: There's a dance, Crag!

CRAG: Yeah, so?

MIKA: Do I have to spell it out for you?

CRAG: Spell?

BIKA: A figure of speech.

STEMMY: You're guys! We're girls!

KEG: That's news to me!

KLIKA: You're supposed to ask us to the dance.

CRAG: Since when?

MIKA: Since you knocked me out with your club and dragged me to your cave.

CRAG: I was just playing.

MIKA: I wasn't!

OOPS: So we gotta ask you to go with us?

KLIKA: I'd love to, Oops!

BIKA: How about it, Gork? You busy on the full moon?

GORK: Well, Bika, I guess we could go.

BIKA: Don't make it sound like such a chore!

GORK: It's not! I'd like to, really. *(As an afterthought.)* I guess.

STEMMY: Keg, I don't have a date yet.

KEG: A date?

STEMMY: Yeah . . . that's what we're calling it when the guy takes a girl out. And pays.

KEG: And pays? What's up with that?

OOPS: Don't get rattled, Keg. Money hasn't been invented yet.

GORK: (*Sarcastically.*) Unless Wooly's working on it!

BIKA: Is that guy still alive?

KLIKA: I thought maybe a snake would have eaten him by now.

STEMMY: So, Keg, how about it?

KEG: Sure . . . why not?

MIKA: And, like, I'm waiting, Crag! (*No response from CRAG.*) Crag, what are you waiting for?

CRAG: I'm thinking about keeping my options open.

MIKA: Options! You don't have any options! I'm the only girl left!

CRAG: Yeah . . . I guess you are.

MIKA: So?

CRAG: So what?

MIKA: Are you going to take me to the dance?

CRAG: Yes, Mika, I'll take you to the dance . . . unless something better comes along.

MIKA: In your dreams, Crag! C'mon, girls! I want to show you the latest thing.

BIKA: What is it?

MIKA: Shampoo!

MIKA, BIKA, STEMMY, and KLIKA exit right.

GORK: Hey, Crag, do you get the feeling we were just bamboozled?

KEG: Yeah! I mean, how come we're going out on dates all of a sudden?

OOPS: Next thing you know they'll want us to open doors for them!

CRAG: Not to worry! What's a door, anyway? Look, fellas . . . we're just playing along. It's all a game, see? The game of love.

GORK: And here I thought it was only a dance.

CRAG: To females it's more than that. (*Becoming more depressed as he goes on.*) It's the first step on a long road to courtship . . . engagement . . . marriage . . . fatherhood . . . then old age!

KEG: And they forced us into it! What if we don't want to go to the dance?

OOPS: (*Brightly.*) You got anything better to do on the full moon?

CHAR enters left. She is far more sophisticated than the other girls, and her costume is neater and brighter. The BOYS' mouths drop when they see her.

CHAR: Excuse me? (*The four rush around CHAR.*) Are you Sapiens? (*The BOYS nod dumbly.*) You're sure? (*Again, they nod dumbly.*) Well, my name is Char.

BOYS: (*Dreamily.*) Char.

CHAR: I'm new in Rockville.

CRAG: That's obvious!

CHAR: Why do you say that?

CRAG: We've never seen anything like you before!

GORK: Where are you from?

CHAR: New Rock City.

KEG: Wow! The Big Apple!

OOPS: This is the real boonies, then!

CHAR: I'm getting that picture.

CRAG: (*Puffing himself up.*) Not that we're primitive, mind you!

GORK: We've got caves.

KEG: And fire!

OOPS: Every time the lightning strikes.

CRAG: (*Staring at CHAR, dreamily.*) And I think it's just struck. Why don't you three go dig up some roots or something.

GORK: It's okay. We're not hungry.

CRAG: I am. Get lost! (*KEG, GORK, and OOPS exit left.*) So you're from New Rock City. I heard all the girls there are wild.

CHAR: Where'd you hear that?

CRAG: Everybody says so.

CHAR: I'll just have to have a talk with everybody.

CRAG: (*Disappointedly.*) You aren't wild?

CHAR: Neanderthals are wild. You aren't a Neanderthal, are you?

CRAG: (*Offended.*) No, I am not a Neanderthal! They live over the next ridge.

CHAR: I know. On the way here we saw them jumping up and down and scratching and all that. Their village really stinks. It's like they don't know the first thing about living past thirty.

CRAIG: (*Impressed.*) Past thirty?

CHAR: Of course! All you have to do is take care of yourself.

CRAIG: (*Becoming more confident.*) I wouldn't mind taking care of you.

CHAR: (*Nervously.*) Really? I'll bet you've already got a cute girlfriend.

CRAIG: Mika? She's a real woofer compared to you.

CHAR: How do you know I'm not a wolf in sheep's clothing?

CRAIG: I don't have anything against wolves. In fact, there's a dance coming up on the next full moon.

CHAR: A dance?

CRAIG: We all stand around the campfire and the oldest guy in the village beats a drum and we all . . . gyrate.

CHAR: Gyrate? This I've got to see!

CRAIG: You want to go with me?

CHAR: I don't even know you.

CRAIG: What's to know? What you see is what you get!

CHAR: That's what I'm afraid of.

CRAIG: Awwwww, c'mon!

CHAR: I'll think about it.

CRAIG: Say yes!

CHAR: I'd like to keep my options open.

CRAIG: (*Moves upstage of CHAR and picks up his club.*) There aren't a whole lot of options in Rockville. I'm pretty much the coolest cat in town.

CHAR: I'll bet you are.

CRAIG has moved up behind CHAR and is getting ready to swing the club. WOOLY enters from left cave.

CRAIG: Yeah! You oughta see some of my moves! (*As CRAIG is about to hit CHAR, WOOLY grabs the club.*) Hey! What are you doing?

WOOLY: That could hurt this young lady!

CRAIG: She's a female! Her head's like a rock!

WOOLY: That's not entirely true, Crag.

CRAIG: Get lost, nerdo!

CHAR: No! (*To WOOLY.*) Thank you, whoever you are. I'm not used to these primitive customs.

WOOLY: He could have broken your skull.

CHAR: Is that what's under my hair?

WOOLY: And I believe all your thinking apparati is inside your skull.

CHAR: Isn't that fascinating!

CRAG: Look, Mr. Fascination, bug off! I'm seducing here!

CHAR: Not very successfully, I'm afraid. If I were you, I'd stick with your little "woofer" and be happy with her.

CHAR moves right, pauses, waves at WOOLY, then exits right.

WOOLY: (*Melting.*) Wow! New girl in town?

CRAG: (*Viciously.*) And you blew my chance with her!

WOOLY: But you could have hurt her!

CRAG: I'll get you for this, you dork! I'll get you good!

WOOLY screams as CRAG chases him off left brandishing his club. The curtain falls.

SCENE 2

SETTING: *The same, the following day.*

AT RISE: *MS. POGGY stands at center. WOOLY, CRAG, GORK, KEG, and OOPS sit on her left. CHAR, MIKA, BIKA, STEMMY, KLIKA, and NIBBI sit on her right.*

MS. POGGY: All right, students, we're now going to complete a simulation exercise of a mastodon hunt. I need a volunteer to play the mastodon.

CRAG quickly grabs WOOLY's hand and raises it.

WOOLY: Hey!

MS. POGGY: Thank you for volunteering, Wooly!

NIBBI: Gosh, Wooly! You're really coming out of your shell!

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WOOLY: But I didn't—

CHAR: (*Sweetly.*) I think you're very brave, Wooly.

CRAG: Hey! I'll be the mastodon! I'm braver than this nitwit!

MS. POGGY: Wooly volunteered, so he'll be our victim, Crag.

WOOLY: (*Nervously.*) I should've stayed at home today!

MS. POGGY: All right, girls, I want you to stand over there.

MS. POGGY points right. The GIRLS follow her instructions.

NIBBI: What do we get to do?

MS. POGGY: During a mastodon hunt, it is important that you lend emotional support to the hunters. You will cheer and shout.

MIKA: Cool! Can we use pom poms?

MS. POGGY: As soon as they're invented. Boys, you are each to gather a few pebbles.

CRAG, GORK, KEG, and OOPS pick up large rocks. These rocks should be made of Styrofoam or fabric-covered chicken wire.

WOOLY: Ms. Poggy? Don't you think those pebbles are a little big?

CRAG: I thought you were brave, Wooly!

CHAR: He is, aren't you, Wooly?

WOOLY: (*Weakly.*) Oh, yeah. "Brave" is my middle name.

MS. POGGY: All right, then. Wooly, I want you roaming around nonchalantly eating grass.

BIKA: Nonchalantly!

WOOLY, on all fours, imitates an animal eating.

GORK: Can we throw our rocks now?

MS. POGGY: Shhhh! You are to sneak up and hide behind bushes and rocks. And be sure you're upwind of your prey!

STEMMY: How come, Ms. Poggy?

MS. POGGY: 'Cause these guys stink so bad they'll tip off the mastodon!

KEG: He can't smell us!

MS. POGGY: Oh, yeah? What do you think that big nose is for?

OOPS: That thing's his nose?

MS. POGGY: Shhh! Hide! Get down! (*CRAIG, GORK, KEG, and OOPS crouch down behind bushes and rocks.*) And now you'll wait until the mastodon gets closer to you. Then you'll throw your rocks. The animal will run and you'll chase it until it trips and falls. If you're lucky, it will bump its head on something and die.

CRAIG: Hear that, Wooly?

MS. POGGY: And girls, you'll begin to cheer, quietly at first, but then louder and louder, frightening the animal!

WOOLY: That's okay . . . he's pretty frightened already!

MIKA: Ready, girls?

KLIKA: What are we going to cheer?

STEMMY: How about something like . . . Go, guys, grab your rock!

MIKA: Knock the beast off his block!

BIKA: Hit him where the hitting hurts!

KLIKA: Chase him 'til he hits the dirt!

GIRLS: (*Enthusiastically.*)

Go, guys, grab your rock!

Knock the beast off his block!

Hit him where the hitting hurts!

Chase him 'til he hits the dirt!

MS. POGGY: Very good, girls! And now, Wooly, you need to wander a bit closer to the boys.

GIRLS: (*Chanting slowly at first.*) Hunt, hunt, hunt, kill!

They repeat this chant under next dialogue.

WOOLY: I don't wanna.

MS. POGGY: Wooly!

WOOLY: Maybe I'm a smart mastodon and I know they're there.

MS. POGGY: Mastodons aren't that smart, Wooly!

WOOLY: But those guys stink. You said so!

MS. POGGY: (*To other BOYS.*) If the mastodon doesn't cooperate, you can slowly and carefully sneak up on him!

CRAIG, GORK, KEG, and OOPS slither out from behind their hiding places, rocks ready. WOOLY moves away quickly. They end up chasing WOOLY around as the GIRLS' chant gets louder and louder.

CRAG: Now, Ms. Poggy?

MS. POGGY: Oh, go ahead!

GIRLS: Go, guys, grab your rock!

Knock the beast off his block!

Hit him where the hitting hurts!

Chase him 'til he hits the dirt!

The GIRLS repeat the cheer wildly as the BOYS hurl their rocks at WOOLY, who tries to knock them away and deflect them. As the cheering continues and the rocks are gone, WOOLY races off right, the BOYS in pursuit. There are yells and screams. The BOYS then return dragging WOOLY on stage right. The GIRLS cheer wildly.

CRAG: Is that all there is to it?

MS. POGGY: Of course, a mastodon is a lot bigger than Wooly!

CHAR runs over to WOOLY.

CHAR: Are you all right? Is anything broken?

CRAG pulls CHAR away from WOOLY.

CRAG: He's a dork! Dorks don't break!

WOOLY: *(Rising.)* I'm . . . I'm fine. I think.

CRAG: Hold on! Now the girls have to gut and cut!

WOOLY screams and runs into cave left.

MS. POGGY: Now see what you've done, Crag?

GORK: But how will the girls know what to do?

KEG: Yeah! We have to practice!

MIKA: And we practiced our cheer!

OOPS: La-dee-da!

CHAR: Ms. Poggy, are we going to learn something useful in this school?

MS. POGGY: *(Offended.)* Like what?

CHAR: In my old school we learned how to count.

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MS. POGGY: How to what?

CHAR: Count! You know . . . (*Points to the BOYS in turn.*) One, two, three, four.

KEG: What's she doing to us, Crag?

GORK: I don't like it!

OOPS: She's casting a spell!

MS. POGGY: Whatever it is, you stop it right now, young lady!

CHAR: How primitive can you people be?

MIKA: Well, this is the Stone Age.

BIKA: And we all can't be from New Rock City!

QUIGGY and QUAGGY run on right.

QUIGGY: Ms. Poggy, did you teach these boys how to hunt?

MS. POGGY: We're working on it!

QUAGGY: Well, there's a herd of mastodons right over there!

MS. POGGY: Well, boys, it appears you're in luck!

CRAG: (*Gulping, nervously.*) Real mastodons?

We hear the wail of an elephant.

QUIGGY: As real as you can get!

GORK: Look, Crag! (*Points off right.*)

KEG: (*Terrified.*) They're mastodons, all right!

OOG: (*Ibid.*) They're bigger than mastodons!

QUIGGY: No, that's just about right for a mastodon.

QUAGGY: I remember a few in my time that were much bigger.

CRAG: (*Nervously, trying to leave.*) Well, looks like school's over for today.

CHAR: (*To CRAG, coyly.*) Aren't you going to show us all what a great hunter you are?

NIBBI: Yeah, Crag!

CRAG: Well, we don't want to show up these old guys here.

QUIGGY: Don't worry about that, son!

QUAGGY: Show us up all you like!

QUIGGY: When you're twenty-five, you'll be ready for a rest!

QUAGGY: Have at 'em!

MS. POGGY: All right, boys! Get your rocks!

BOYS pick up tiny pebbles.

QUIGGY: What good'll those do?

MS. POGGY: Go get those rocks you used on Wooly!

CRAG: (*Frightened.*) But they'll make those things mad!

QUAGGY: That's the point!

BOYS exit right.

MS. POGGY: And girls? You know what to do?

GIRLS line up a la cheerleaders as the BOYS enter right with their rocks.

MIKA: We sure do, Ms. Poggy!

BIKA: Don't worry, guys! We'll cheer you on!

GORK: Why doesn't that make me feel better?

QUIGGY: All right, boys . . . head out that way. (*Points left.*)

QUAGGY: Don't worry! There's nothing to be afraid of!

OOG: Just a wooly monster with four big feet!

GORK: And don't forget about the tusks!

KEG: They could go through all of us at once!

MS. POGGY: Get going!

BOYS exit left. ALL eyes on stage move from left to right during the next dialogue.

QUIGGY: They're sneaking up quietly . . .

MS. POGGY: (*Proudly.*) Just like I taught 'em!

QUAGGY: They're crouching down low and hiding.

MS. POGGY: Just like I taught 'em!

GIRLS: (*Quietly.*) Go, guys, grab your rock!

Knock the beast off his block!

Hit him where the hitting hurts!

Chase him 'til he hits the dirt!

QUIGGY: Now they need to be patient!

QUAGGY: 'Til that big one gets close enough—

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QUIGGY: What're they doing?

QUAGGY: They're chasing that little one!

MS. POGGY: I didn't teach 'em that!

GIRLS: (*Louder.*) Go, guys, grab your rock!

Knock that beast off his block!

Hit him where the hitting hurts!

Chase him 'til he hits the dirt!

QUIGGY: They're running around like crazy!

QUAGGY: When that mama mastodon sees what they're doing—

QUIGGY: Oh, no!

ALL cringe.

MIKA: Did you see how high Crag flew into the air!

BIKA: And look where that thing kicked Gork!

STEMMY: That big one stepped on Keg!

KLIKA: And Oops got rolled up in that mastodon's nose!

MS. POGGY: (*Disappointedly.*) And they did so well in the simulation.

QUIGGY: I guess we'll go hungry again tonight.

QUAGGY: There's still some mastodon tail soup left.

QUIGGY: Where?

QUAGGY: I'll show you.

QUIGGY and QUAGGY exit left as BOYS stumble on right.

CRAG: Oh, my head!

GORK: Oh, my back!

KEG: Oh, my legs!

OOPS: Oh, my everything!

WOOLY enters from cave left.

WOOLY: Ms. Poggy! I got my lighter to work! It only works if the sun's in the sky, but the sun is . . . (*Notices others staring at him venomously.*) . . . really just a star.

CRAG: If we'd have had one more person . . .

GORK: We could have brought down dinner!

KEG: Instead, we got hurt!

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OOPS: (*Whining.*) And that really hurts, Ms. Poggy.

MS. POGGY: Wooly, you had no business leaving class when you did!
The boys are right! They could have brought that thing down with another rock. I mean person.

CHAR: They couldn't have brought that thing down with a *boulder*.

MS. POGGY: New girl, be quiet! As of now, Wooly, you're suspended from school!

WOOLY: (*Excitedly.*) Really? I don't have to come to school?

MS. POGGY: That's exactly what I mean!

WOOLY exits into cave left.

CRAG: I think he oughta have to come to school!

GORK: Let us handle him!

MS. POGGY: You've had enough excitement for the day. Girls, help these boys to the river. We'll work on basic first aid.

NIBBI: Do we get to make bandages?

MS. POGGY: If we can find enough tree bark. And I'll teach you how to sew up wounds with a mastodon tooth!

CRAG, KEG, GORK, and OOPS scream and run off right. All GIRLS but CHAR exit right. CHAR moves to cave left and knocks on side of cave.

CHAR: Hello? Wooly? Are you home?

WOOLY enters from cave left.

WOOLY: Oh, hi.

CHAR: Are you all right?

WOOLY: Yeah, now that I know how my lighter works.

CHAR: What are you talking about?

WOOLY: Well, see this thing? (*Holds up crystal.*)

CHAR: It's beautiful!

WOOLY: It'll start a fire if I hold it between the sun and some grass.
Wanna see?

CHAR: You're soooooo clever!

CRAG enters right. As WOOLY gathers sticks with his back to CHAR, CRAG sneaks up behind her and grabs her, holding her mouth so SHE can't scream. CHAR karate chops CRAG, who races off right. SHE follows CRAG off.

WOOLY: *(As the above action occurs.)* It's just something I figured out. I think that the sun's rays through the crystal intensify and create a tremendous amount of heat that reacts when it touches a leaf or a few blades of grass. You like that word "intensify?" I made it up myself. *(Stands, looks around for CHAR, but finds her gone. Disappointedly.)* I guess I better make up a word for how I feel right now. Shucks!

The curtain falls.

SCENE 3

SETTING: *The same, several nights later.*

AT RISE: *OOG and UGLA enter left. They are noticeably different from the Sapiens because they are Neanderthals. They sport unibrows, wear rattier clothing, and are hunched over, dragging small clubs. Their hair is a mess and OOG wears a beard.*

OOG: Ugh!

UGLA: Ugh what?

OOG: Just ugh.

UGLA: That all you ever say!

OOG: I come here, didn't I, UglA? Long way across ridge!

UGLA: Sure! I drag you halfway like dead water buffalo!

OOG: It long way! Oog pooped! *(Sits.)*

UGLA: Mama told me I fool to marry Neanderthal!

OOG: You Neanderthal!

UGLA: But there was nice Sapien who had eye on me when we live in valley before it got covered with ice.

OOG: Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! You should marry him!

UGLA: I'd have had one nice cave, like this! *(Points to cave left.)*

OOG: Nothing wrong with our cave.

UGLA: Roof leaks!

OOG: Only when it rain.

UGLA: Bats fly around.

OOG: They circulate air. Keep things cool.

UGLA: And look at way we dress!

OOG: What wrong with it? We comfortable!

UGLA: We slobs, Og! Real slobs! Me want something nice from Cave-Mart for change.

OOG: Ugh! They no let Neanderthal through door!

UGLA: How about cup of coffee from Starrocks?

OOG: Keep you up all night. You Neanderthal! Enjoy it!

UGLA: Me Neanderthal, but I no enjoy it!

OOG: Look, Sapiens always push themselves. First they stood upright. Then they comb hair. Then they start *thinking*. It gonna send them to early graves. We Neanderthal take time to smell flowers.

UGLA: No, Og, we just plain smell! And if we don't do something about ourselves, we be extinct before we know it.

OOG: And just what do you want to do about ourselves?

UGLA: I got great idea!

OOG: Ugh!

UGLA: We invade Rockville and kick out Sapiens!

OOG: Invade Rockville? You nuts?

UGLA: We can do it!

OOG: That take planning. We no plan anything!

UGLA: There got to be way!

OOG: And we have to drag ourselves over here!

UGLA: You did it!

OOG: Not if you no drag me halfway! And when we get here, we have to fight!

UGLA: You got club!

OOG: I know. I know, but ugh . . . it heavy! (*Tries to lift club, but can't.*)

UGLA: There must be way to steal village!

OOG: Where you get crazy ideas? Sure you have no Sapien in your background?

UGLA: Shhhh! Somebody come! Hide!

OOG and UGLA hide behind rocks as NIBBI and NANA enter from cave left.

NIBBI: Why can't I go?

NANA: You're just a little girl! You'll get lost!

NIBBI: I've been to Koki's cave before! And there's a full moon tonight!

NANA: The wolves will be out!

NIBBI: I've got a stick to beat them off.

NANA: But what if you run into a mastodon?

NIBBI: They're so dumb they wouldn't even notice me!

NANA: What if you see a Neanderthal?

NIBBI: They're even dumber than a mastodon!

OOG jumps up angrily, about ready to attack. But UGLA hits him with her club. He falls like a rock behind boulder. UGLA watches.

NANA: I'm just worried about you, Nibbi. This is the Stone Age. Anything can happen to you! And if something bad happens . . . I don't know what I'd do. I'd do anything to get you back! I'd give anything, you hear?

UGLA'S eyes light up and she smiles as she sinks behind boulder.

NIBBI: Nana, I know you're worried, but I've got to grow up sometime.

NANA: How about I send Wooly with you?

NIBBI: You really think he'd be any help?

NANA: Oh, all right, Nibbi . . . but be careful! And you sleep at Koki's cave tonight. I don't want you coming back here at all hours of the morning.

NIBBI: I will, Nana.

NANA: What are you and Koki going to do?

NIBBI: We're going to paint the wall in her bedroom with girl things, not stupid hunting pictures.

NANA: Have fun, and be careful!

NIBBI: Bye, Nana!

NIBBI races off right as CRAG, GORK, KEG, and OOPS enter right. CRAG wears a couple of bandages.

CRAG: Hey! Where's the squirt heading?

NANA: To Koki's cave.

GORK: She's not going to the dance tonight?

NANA: Nibbi's too young for a dance!

KEG: I don't think she looks too young!

OOPS: I bet she can wiggle with the best of 'em!

NANA hits OOPS on the back of the head.

Hey!

NANA: You chase somebody your own age! My, my, Crag, what did you do to yourself?

CRAG: (*Proudly.*) Tried to grab a tiger!

GORK: (*Laughing.*) But he's got stripes now!

KEG: Scratched him but good!

CRAG: (*Sweetly.*) Say, Nana, is Wooly home?

NANA: He hasn't left the cave all day. He says he's working on something new!

CRAG: Can we see him a minute?

NANA: I'll ask, but no guarantees. You know how Wooly is when he starts a new project.

GORK: Yeah . . . he's got a one rock mind!

NANA exits into cave left.

KEG: Just like Crag!

OOPS: Yeah . . . Char! Char! I love you, Char!

CRAG: Shut up, Oops, or I'll club you like a saber tooth tiger!

GORK: You couldn't club a saber tooth tiger if it were already dead!

CRAG: Why you!

CRAG jumps GORK and they scuffle until KEG breaks them up.

KEG: Hold on! We wouldn't want Crag getting bruised up before his big date with Char!

GORK: (*Sarcastically.*) Yeah, sorry, Crag!



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