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Early Man

By Mark Burton

(BOTH GRUNTING)
(CAVEMEN GRUNTING)
- (DISTANT EXPLOSION)
- Huh? Oh!
(BOTH GASP)
(ALL SCREAMING)
Ooh!
(SCREAMS)
(ANIMAL WHIMPERING)
(ALL PANTING)
(ALL GRUNTING)
(BOTH GASP)
(BOTH LAUGH)
- (LAUGHING)
- (SIZZLING)
(SCREAMING IN PAIN)
(LAUGHING MOCKINGLY)
(CONTINUES SCREAMING)
- (SIZZLING)
- (SCREAMS IN PAIN)
(YELPING)
(ALL GRUNTING)
(ALL CHEERING)
(WHOOPS)
(ALL CHEERING)
(GROANS)
(ALL CHEERING)
(GRUNTS)
(CHEERING CONTINUES)

DUG:

Nearly there.
Just a bit farther.
Try a little bit harder.
We can do it.
Just a little bit more, Hognob.
(GRUNTING)
I can reach it.
Got it.
(SCREAMING) Still got it.
(GROANING)
(YELPING)
(LAUGHING) Hognob, enough!
Oi, enough now!

(MAMMOTH TRUMPETING)

Mammoths! Come on, Hognob.

Let's go wake Bobnar.

Hey, Chief.

Chief!

What? What? What?

(GROANING)

DUG:

(LAUGHS)

- (SCREAMS)

- DUG:

Time to go hunting.

Bit early, isn't it, Dug?

But, Chief, we're early man.

(YAWNS)

Come on, everyone.

Time to get up.

(ALL GASP)

Morning, everyone.

ALL:

- Bit nippy this morning.

- (CROCODILE BITES)

Ow! Ow!

Ow!

(ALL LAUGHING)

Oops. Sorry. (CHUCKLES)

Wait, Chief. Chief...

Chief.

So I've been thinking.

You know we always hunt rabbits?

Yeah. Very tasty they are, too.

Yes, but couldn't we

try hunting something,

well, you know, bigger?

What, like a hare?

No, like a buffalo or a mammoth.

(GASPS)

(CHUCKLES) You want us to hunt a five-ton, bone-crushing mammoth?

Yeah. Why not?

I really believe

we could do it, Chief.
Dug, look at our ancestors.
You don't see them
hunting big things, do you?
They hunted little round beasts.
Of some sort.
Yeah, what are
those things anyway?
Don't know.
I suppose they couldn't
draw rabbits back then.
Wait. Sorry, no, Chief.
Chief,
about the mammoth thing...
Look, I'll tell you what, I'll
definitely bear it in mind.
All right?
Come on, Dug.
Right, gather round.
Grab a spear.
Oh! It's pointy!
- Oh, Treebor. Just get over there.
- Aw, Mum!
- Morning, Barry.
- Morning, Dug.
Mr. Rock coming hunting today?
Oh, yeah, wouldn't miss it
for the world.
Morning, Asbo.
Change your underpants today?
Yeah! Changed them
with Thongo, Chief.
Champion!
Mmm.
- Chief.
- Yes, Gravelle?
When I put my arm up, it hurts.
Well, don't do it, then.
Grubup, don't eat that.
That's Eemak.
(CHUCKLES) Yum!
(DISGRUNTLED
GEORDIE GOBBLEDYGOOK)
Exactly. Uh... Right.

Heads down, everyone.

Thank you, Dug.

Shh!

(CLEARS THROAT)

We give thanks for our valley,

our home,

this precious ground,

which sustains us

and gives us shelter

from the Badlands.

May we live in peace, balance,

and harmony with our forest

and all the creatures

we share it with.

Right, let's go kill something.

(ALL CHEERING)

(SNIFFING)

(MIMICS BIRD CALL)

(CLICKING TONGUE)

(CONTINUES MIMICKING

BIRD CALL)

(CAWING)

(CHITTERING)

(MIMICKS RABBIT)

(GROANS)

A rabbit!

(ALL SHOUTING)

That's it. That's it.

- I've got him.

- (SQUEAKS)

DUG:

Ouch.

(DISGRUNTLED

GEORDIE GOBBLEDYGOOK)

(GROANS)

Nice try, though.

Let's use

an element of surprise.

- (SQUEAKS)

- (SCREAMS)

- (GIGGLES)

- Righto, Chief.

Ow!

I got him!
No, I haven't!
(GROANS) Great! Champion!
(BLOWING RASPBERRY)
Got you!
Whoa!
I got this, Gravelle.
Ha-hey!
- (SCREAMING)
- (BOTH SCREAM)
(MUFFLED SCREAMING)
Well done, Mr. Rock!
(ALL WHOOP)
Nice job, everyone.
- Rabbit surprise tonight!
- (ALL CHEER)
(WHOOPING)
(RHYTHMIC DRUMMING)
(PLAYING UPBEAT MUSIC)
See, Dug?
We hunt rabbits,
everyone's happy.
(WHOOPING)
Although the thing
about rabbits, Chief,
well, they are quite small.
Dug, Dug. Look at us...
You seriously think
we could catch a mammoth?
Nice moves, Mr. Rock.

CHIEF BOBNAR:

You've been practicing.
(DISTANT THUDDING)
(GROWLING)
(BARKING)
Shush, everyone.
(HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)
(BRANCHES SNAPPING)
(CLANGS)
(ALL GASP)
(ALL EXCLAIM)
The rabbits are fighting back!
(ALL YELPING)

I don't think this is rabbits.

Attack!

(ALL WHIMPERING)

(TRUMPETING)

- Run!

- (ALL SCREAMING)

(WHIMPERS)

(CHEERS)

(SCREAMING CONTINUES)

Mr. Rock!

No!

(SOBBING) No!

To the Badlands!

What, leave the valley?

CHIEF BOBNAR:

Come on. Just run.

(HOGNOB BARKING)

Hognob!

(GASPS)

CHIEF BOBNAR:

Have you seen Dug?

(BOTH GRUNTING)

- Go on.

- BARRY:

(DISTANT TRUMPETING)

CHIEF BOBNAR:

Hmm...

Excellent.

All right, secure the valley.

Start mining ore.

Or what, Lord Nooth?

Ore, you fool!

Start mining the ore.

The metal that's in the ground.

Oh, the ore! In the ground.

(CHUCKLES) Yes.

What about the primitives?

Oh, let them rot

in The Badlands.

They are

the low-achievers of history
with their puny flints
and their drafty caves.

DUG:

tribe to mess with.

LORD NOOTH:

You are waving your stones about!

(YELLING)

The Age of Stone is over, Dino.

(CONTINUES YELLING)

Long live the Age of Bronze!

(DUG GROANS)

(GASPS)

- Oh.

- (SCOFFS)

(GASPS)

LORD NOOTH:

Okay, let's get moving.

Of course, Lord Nooth.

(URGES MAMMOTH)

LORD NOOTH:

I'm late for my massage.

(SOLDIERS SHOUTING

INDISTINCTLY)

(HOWLING)

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

(MAMMOTH TRUMPETING)

(MEN SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY)

(GROANING SOFTLY) Huh?

(GASPS)

(DUG YELPS)

(GRUNTS)

(YELPS)

(GASPING)

Uh...

(GASPS)

- (OX BRAYS)

- (GASPS)

CART DRIVER:

Get out of the way!

Hey! Hey!

(GASPS)

TOOLMAKER:

Multi-purpose pen swords!

Very handy

for opening bottles, too!

Sliced bread. Wow!

That's the best thing since...

Well, ever!

- (CLANGING)

- (GROANS) Oh!

Hmm.

- (CLANGING)

- GOONA:

- DUG:

- Don't touch the bronze.

- The what?

- The bronze!

Where have you been,

the Stone Age?

Oh. Uh...

What?

- (BANGING GONG)

- (GASPS)

(CHANTING)

(PEOPLE CLAMORING)

(ALL CHANTING)

ORDERLY:

Fifty schnookels!

Voluntary contribution.

Everyone has to pay!

MAN 1:

- MAN 2:

- Fifty schnookels!

Voluntary contribution!

Hey! She hasn't

voluntarily contributed.

GUARD:

(SCREAMS)

- Hey. Hey.

- GUARD:

(PANTING)

(YELPING)

(GRUNTING)

(YELPING)

Whoa!

(SINGING)

Hmm?

(CHUCKLES) Hello. Oh!

(MAN SCREAMS)

(CRASHING)

- (METAL CLANGS)

- (MAN GROANS)

- (DOOR BANGS)

- DUG:

JURGEND:

I wouldn't want to
be facing me out there.

(MEN LAUGHING)

- (ARMOR CREAKING)

- (GROANING)

GONAD:

can't you see in that thing?

The arena's this way.

(CROWD CHANTING)

You girls are gonna
get slaughtered. (LAUGHS)

- (INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

- (GROWLS)

GONAD:

(CALL AND RESPONSE CHANTING)

All stand for our mighty
leader, Lord Nooth!

- (CROWD CHEERING)

- (GASPS)

Who challenges the champions?
We challenge the champions!
We accept the challenge!
- (CROWD CHEERING)
- (BOTH GROWLING)
The hour has come.
(DRUMS BEATING)
Let the sacred game commence!

ANNOUNCER:

Introducing Real Bronzio
and the captain, Jurgend!
Today's match official,
Referee Dino!

LORD NOOTH:

of Queen Oofeefa,
we give thanks
for the beautiful game.
Oggy! Oggy! Oggy!

CROWD:

Let's play football!
- (CROWD CHEERING)
- (BLOWS WHISTLE)
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
Whilst I count my schnookels.
(DUG GRUNTING)
(SCREAMS)
Hgelgraber!
What are you doing?
Get in the goal!
What's up with Hgelgraber?
Come on!
Pick it up! Pick it up!
To me! To me!
What? Put it down!
Put it down!
(BLOWS WHISTLE)
Free kick!
Hgelgraber!
Just get in the game!
(WHISTLE BLOWS)
(SLO-MO VOICE) Just kick it!

(HEART THUMPING)

(CROWD GASPS)

- (CROWD GASPING)

- Huh?

(CROWD SHOUTING)

(ALL CHEERING)

Huh? (SCREAMS)

(DUG GRUNTS)

What are you doing,
Hgelgraber?

You just scored an own goal!

(PLAYERS CHEERING)

HGELGRABER:

- Huh?

- (CROWD GASPS)

(WOLF-WHISTLE)

- Oh!

- (CROWD GASPS)

- Huh?

- (CHUCKLES)

A caveman?

- A caveman?

- CROWD:

Playing the sacred game?

Bring him here.

(GRUNTS)

How dare you...

Oh. (GRUNTS)

How dare you set foot
on our hallowed ground?

You took our ground.

- Our home!

- (SCOFFS) Oh, that.

Listen, you Stone Age brute.

You have no home.

Your kind are finished
on this Earth.

Now take him away and kill him.

Slowly.

(CROWD LAUGHING)

Argh! No, I mean

take him away at normal speed

and kill him slowly. Idiots!

- (WHISTLE BLOWS)

- Now get on with the game.

VIKING CAPTAIN:

We challenge the champions!

Wait... Wait!

(YELLING)

- (GRUNTS)

- (AIR HISSING)

(ALL GASPING)

(DUG PANTING)

We challenge the champions!

- (ALL GASP)

- Huh?

What did you say?

- He said, "We challenge..."

- I heard what he said!

If we win, we keep our valley.

You leave my tribe in peace.

- (CROWD MURMURING)

- Hmm.

You think you can beat us

at football?

- (LAUGHING)

- (CROWD LAUGHING)

A match between

the Bronze and the brutes?

What an idea!

Sacrilege, O Premier Leader!

Yes. Quite.

The masses would flock to see

such a vulgar spectacle. Pah!

Hmm...

Oh!

Really?

For the valley, you say?

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

(ALL SOBBING)

HOGNOB:

(HOGNOB BARKING)

(GASPS)

- Dug!

- **ASBO:**

- **BARRY:**

- (EXCITED CHATTER)

Uh, what's that crazy fruit
he's got?

CHIEF BOBNAR:

- What's "football"?

- (ALL GASP)

And how's it going to get
our valley back?

Well, it's this amazing game,
Chief.

And the leader
of the Bronze people,
he says if we play this game
and beat them at it...

Ooh, nice tight shorts!

Aw, Mum!

...we can have our valley back.

- (ALL GASP)

- That's what we want.

- And if we don't beat them?

- **DUG:**

Well, then,
he said we'll spend the rest
of our miserable lives
working down a mine.

No!

- What's a "mine"?

- **CHIEF BOBNAR:**

we've never even played
this game.

But that's just it.

We did. Once.

Huh?

Those cave paintings
back in our valley,
they're pictures of our
ancestors playing football.

(ALL GASPING IN AWE)

- Champion!

- **DUG:**

surely we can do it.

(SNEEZES)

Sorry! Shimmering memories
make me sneeze.

This doesn't change anything,
Dug.

It's just too risky.

Oh, come on, Chief!

We can do it, Chief!

I wanna play football!

I wanna play now!

Now!

(STAMMERS) Listen...

No, we're not... No!

(ALL GROAN)

All right, then.

Don't worry about us.

Yeah, we'll... (SNIFFLES)

We'll be okay.

We'll just die a slow and
lingering death in the Badlands.

Huh?

Come on, Chief.

Just give us a chance. Please!

(GRUNTS ENCOURAGINGLY)

(SIGHS) Look, all right.

(ALL GASP)

Maybe we'll give this

"football" idea a try, then.

(ALL CHEERING)

(WHOOPING)

(SCREAMS)

No promises, mind.

The match is to be played
at the full moon.

(ALL CHEERING)

And then we go back
to the valley!

- (ALL CHEERING)

- Sweet!

- (BUG CHITTERING)
- (YELPS).
(GROANS)
(BOTH STRAINING)
(GRUNTS)
(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

CHIEF BOBNAR:

everybody! In line!

- All yours, Dug.
- Thanks, Chief.

All right!

- Um...
- Um...

Are hogs supposed
to play football?

- (GRUNTING)
- No. Oh...

Probably not, no.

Sorry, Hognob.

(SIGHS)

(GROANS)

- This is a football.
- (ALL GASP)

One side tries to kick
the ball into this goal.

ALL:

And the other side tries
to kick the ball in that goal.

ALL:

Football sounds hard.

What happens if you kick
the ball in the goal?

Well, if you kick the ball
in the goal,
then other men hug and kiss you.

- Oh.
- Mmm.

Right, who wants to try?

- I'll give it a go.
- (ALL LAUGH)

- **ASBO:**

- Aw, Mum!

Good, Magma. All right, okay, good.

Right. Um...

So I'm...

I'm gonna try and get the ball,
and you have to stop me, okay?

(GRUNTING)

Come on, come on!

- Ow!

- (ALL CHEERING)

- Nice one, Mum!

- **MAGMA:**

CHIEF BOBNAR:

That can't be right.

Surely, you can't hit
other players?

No, you're supposed
to attack the ball.

(ALL SHOUTING)

No, no, no, no, not weapons!

Just use fist?

No! No fighting at all.

- Where's the fun in that?

- **DUG:**

Hmm.

- (CHEERFUL MUSIC PLAYING)

- (GRUBUP GRUNTING)

(ALL LAUGHING)

- **DUG:**

- (THONGO GRUNTS)

Oh! (YELPS)

Ooh! (YELPS)

- Oh!

- Yes!

Good effort. Great.

Okay, next.

- (DUG CLEARS THROAT)

- Huh?

Hognob.

(SIGHS)

Go for it, Asbo.

(YELLING)

- Yay!

- (ALL CHEERING)

Yay!

Oh...

(BALL APPROACHING)

Excuse me!

Can we have our ball back,
please?

Huh. Hmm.

- (MEN SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY)

- (GRUNTING)

LORD NOOTH:

This football match between
the Stone Age
and the Bronze World,
it's perfect!

- Oh, how I love it!

- Yes, football.

No.

Bronze!

- (CLINKING)

- **LORD NOOTH:**

So cold and hard and slippery.

- Mmm.

- (CHUCKLES)

Ooh.

And this game is going
to make me loads of it.

Your Premiership,
what if the Queen finds out?

(SCOFFS) That old crow?

She doesn't know
what goes on out here.

(CHUCKLES) Luckily.

- (BIRD SQUAWKS)

- (SPITS)

(GROANS)

Delivering message!

Your Footballness,

it's a Message Bird.

Huh?

Ugh. Well, go on, make it...

(CLEARS THROAT)

(IMITATING QUEEN)

"Hello? Hello?

"How do you use
this Message Bird thing?"

It's the Queen.

(IMITATING ADVISER) "Just
speak into its ear, ma'am.

"It will mimic
everything it hears."

(IMITATING QUEEN) "I don't even know if
I'm holding it the... Testing! (SQUAWKS)

"Testing! (SQUAWKS)

"Nooth? Nooth?"

Perhaps she's heard
about the game.

(SCOFFS) Of course she hasn't
heard about the game.

"I've heard about the game.

- (GASPS) "You, arranging a football
match against a bunch of savages?

"You idiot!

"Imagine if we lost."

- We won't.

- "I said, imagine it!

"Exactly!

"The mighty Bronze Age

"brought to its knees

by a bunch of cavemen?

"Well, I'm warning you, Nooth.

"You'd better not lose."

- "Hmm?"

- (GASPS)

(SQUAWKS)

End of message.

Oh! Hmm.

Silly old bat!

How dare she talk

to me like that!

MESSAGE BIRD:

(SCOFFS) "Silly old bat!
"How dare she talk
to me like that?"
Delivering message!
- (SQUAWKS)
- (BOTH YELPING)
Guards! Get that bird back!
What does the Queen know anyway?
The cavemen are oafs.
My players are...
Overpaid?
Champions!
Oh, yes, champions.
They spend their days thinking,
sleeping, eating football.

LORD NOOTH:

the cavemen will be doing that.

- (ALL GASP)
- Rise and shine!
Training time!
- (INDISTINCT SHOUTING)
- (SNORING)
(YELPS) Ow!
- (SPIDER CHITTERING)

- DUG:

(GROANING)
When I said "free kick,"
I meant of the ball.

MAGMA:

- (GRUNTS)

- DUG:

(WHIMPERS)
(SCREAMS)

DUG:

No, don't wander off!
Football's hard.

GRAVELLE:

(SIGHS)

(SIGHS)

DUG:

I told you,

- (GRUNTS)

- it's the only one we've got.

Come on, everyone!

We should be able to do this.

No, don't... Don't sit down.

Grubup no like football.

Make Grubup hungry.

(DUCK SQUAWKING)

(SNIFFING)

Oh. Oh, ho-ho.

Food. (CHUCKLING) Yum!

(GRUNTS)

Huh?

(SCREECHING)

Oh...

(SQUAWKS)

(ALL WHIMPERING)

- (ALL CHATTERING)

- Duck! Duck!

ALL:

- No! Duck!

- (ALL GASP)

(SQUAWKING)

TREEBOR:

It's a giant man-eating mallard!

Run away!

Huh?

(DUG GROANS)

(SIGHS)

(HOWLING)

You haven't eaten

your primordial soup.

Not really hungry.

(SIGHS) Oh...

Huh?

(SNIFFING)

(GASPS)

- (GRUNTS)

- (THUNDER RUMBLING)
Dug, it's time to give up
this football lark
for their sake.
They're just not capable of it.
Don't you miss the valley,
Chief?
The valley's gone now.
And we're better off
here in the Badlands
- than slaving down some mine.
- (DUCK SQUAWKS)
I mean, there's
the odd giant duck around,
but at least
we're still together.
We're still a tribe.
But our ancestors
played football.
We know they did.
I still believe we can do this.
With what?
You haven't even got
a ball to play with.
(SIGHS)
(THUNDER RUMBLES)

CHIEF BOBNAR:

(DISTANT HOWLING)
No. There's still time.
Come on, Hognob.
(SCREAMS)
(CREATURE GRUNTING)
(MEN SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY)
(THUNDER RUMBLING)
(GRUNTING)
(PANTING)
Okay, Hognob. Hognob?
- (DOOR OPENS)
- Huh?
(CHUCKLES)
(WHISPERS) Right.
Let's go get some balls.
- (GRUNTING)

- (THUDS)

Shh!

Shh!

(FLOOR CREAKING)

(FLOOR CREAKING)

(GRUNTS) Ow!

(STRAINING)

What strange magic is this?

(CLEARS THROAT)

(CHUCKLES)

Hognob. You stay.

I don't want
to attract attention.

(SIGHS)

Huh?

(YELPING)

(SCREAMING)

(YELPING)

(SCREAMING)

(YELPING)

(SCREAMING)

(GROANING)

LORD NOOTH:

crashing around out there?

(WHIMPERING)

LORD NOOTH:

Is that you, Stefano?

Huh?

LORD NOOTH:

and get in here
with those firm hands of yours.

Uh...

- (WATER SPLASHING)

- LORD NOOTH:

It's time for my massage.

(HOGNOB GULPS)

(GROANS)

(BALL BOUNCING)

(GRUNTING)

GOONA:

new signing
picks the ball up
in the center circle.
She beats one,
nutmegs another,
lobs it neatly over
the big fullback.
She's going all the way.
She shoots!
She scores!
Yeah!
And the crowd goes wild!
Goal!
- (SQUEAKING)
- (GASPS)
(GASPS)
(GASPS AND GROANS)

LORD NOOTH:

Stefano.
I'm feeling stressed.
An hardworking governor like me,
stuck out in
this miserable wasteland?
- He deserves a few perks.
- (YELPS)
Simple pleasures
like fine food,
a massage,
his own champion football team.
Well, come on, chop-chop,
I haven't got all day.
Oh, my tendons are like ropes.
You can go the whole hog.

HOGNOB:

(GROANING)
You're that crazy caveman guy.
The angry pan girl.
What are you doing here,
caveman?
This is the sacred turf.
No one's allowed here.

- Balls.

- Huh?

I need balls.

You came all this way
and broke into the stadium
just to find some balls?

Wow.

You're pretty brave, caveman.

And stupid.

Actually,

more stupid than brave, really.

Thanks.

I'm Goona, by the way.

Dug.

(MEN SHOUTING)

- Come on, I can help.

- (YELPS)

Ahh, ohh, eee...

(CHUCKLES) That's good!

Mmm.

(SIGHS)

I don't know what
the Queen is worrying about.

(CHUCKLES) I mean, we all know
what losers cavemen are.

Those Stone Age dolts couldn't
beat their own grandmothers.

Brainless goons!

Gormless halfwits!

(GROANING)

Stefano! Not so ham-fisted!

In fact, enough massage.

How about

some relaxing music instead?

Huh?

I envy you.

- Me?

- The chance to play

on that pitch, the sacred turf,
in front of thousands of fans!

Well, maybe you will one day.

You think they let girls play

for Real Bronzio?

You really are crazy.

Why do you think
I sneak in here?
(DOOR OPENS)

- **DINO:**
- (BOTH GASP)
Scarper!
Stop! Thieves!
- This way!
- (BLOWING WHISTLE)
(GROANING)

DINO:
They went that way!

- **GUARDS:**

- **DINO:**
- (HORN BLOWING)
- (BOTH GASP)

- **GOONA:**
- (WHISTLE BLOWS)
- (GOONA GRUNTS)
- (METAL CLANGS)
- (GRUNTS)

- **GUARDS:**
You're really good!
Thanks! (GRUNTS)
I do a lot of practice.
(GRUNTS)
- (YELPS)
- (GROANS)
Oh, I've just had
a great idea!
- (PLAYING HARP)
- (SINGING OFF-KEY)
(WHISTLE BLOWING IN DISTANCE)
- (GUARDS SHOUTING)

- **DUG:**
Huh?
- (PLAYING FASTER)

- (SINGING FASTER)

What on Earth's
got into you tonight, Stefano?

- Stefano?

- Yes, sir?

Huh?

(CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)

(ALL SCREAMING)

Hognob!

Hognob, meet Goona.

Goona, Hognob.

Hi, Hognob.

(ALL SCREAMING)

(ALL GRUNT)

(SPUTTERING)

Sire, are you all right?

Of course I'm not all right,
you idiot!

I've just been massaged
by a pig!

(CHITTERING)

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

(TRIBE SNORING)

(ALL GASP)

Wake up, everyone.

I want you all to meet someone.

This is Goona.

- (ALL GASP)

- Hi!

DUG:

win the game.

- **ALL:**

- Why would she do that?

She gets to play
on the sacred turf
in front of thousands of fans.

EEMAK:

Glad to be on board.

So what formation
do you normally play?

Um... Formation?

4-4-2 or 4-3-3?
Who's your sweeper?

ALL:

GOONA:

or play zonally?

ALL:

We just kick the ball about
and chase it.

(SIGHS)

You think you can beat
Real Bronzio
just by chasing a ball around?
You need to know
what you're up against.

(ALL GASP)

This is Jurgend, the captain.
Best goal-scorer
in the known world.
- Knows it too.
- Ha!

GOONA:

Lightning Hammer.
Never strikes twice
in the same place.

- (CRACKLES)

- (GROWLS)

GOONA:

Qwik Wun Tu.
He can kick faster
than you can think.

(YELLS)

GOONA:

Gonad the Gaul.
No one gets past his tackle.

- Oh!

- Aw, Mum!

Make no mistake.
These are the best players

bronze can buy.
They're like ginormous
great big footballing giants!
Oh, there's no way we can beat
such a great team.
They may be great,
but what they're not is a team.
They're 11 players
who each think they're the star.
That's their weakness.
And that's how
you can beat them.

- **ALL:**

- Hmm.
Goonna's right.
They may be better
players than us,
but we have something
they don't.

- **ALL:**

- Moss?

DUG:

We've got each other.
And if we work together,
then maybe we can do this.
(ALL AGREEING)

GOONA:

a lot of hard work to do.
And we haven't even got
a full team.
Oh, oh! (CHUCKLES)

CHIEF BOBNAR:

Oh, Chief, this is Goona,
and she's going to
help us win the game.
I thought we're done
with football.
Not now you've turned up.
You're in the team.

- (ALL CHUCKLE)
- (SIGHS)
I'm not playing.
I'm an old man.
I'm nearly 32.
Okay, that is old.
- Go in goal.
- Ow!
Right, well,
that's settled, then.
Now, where's
your training facilities?
Real Bronzio have the very best.
And all we've got is
- (THUNDER RUMBLING)
- the Badlands.
- (RUMBLING)
- (ALL SCREAMING)
Three, two, one.
- (ALL GRUNTING)
- This way, everyone!
Wait! What? Oh!
What are you doing?

- GOONA:

- (ALL SCREAMING)
(DUCK SQUAWKING)
(SCREAMING)
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
(ALL GRUNTING)
Ow! Ah! Ooh!
This is a bit dangerous.
(GRUNTS)
(ALL GASP)
What are you... What the...
(ALL EXCLAIMING)
Eh? Well, I'll be... (GROANS)
Okay. Pass and move.
It's very important
that you pass and move.
But whatever happens,
keep your formation.
(GASPS)
(ALL SCREAMING)

(SIGHS) Oh! Oh!

(LAUGHING)

Ooh!

(GRUNTS)

GOONA:

That's it!

Everyone working together!

Ugh! This is all I need.

You found these

in the primitives' valley?

It seems their ancestors

were playing football

centuries before we were.

The Queen must not find out

about this, all right?

(MESSENGER BIRD SQUAWKS)

Delivering message!

Oh, no.

- "What's this

- (YELPING)

"I hear about the savages

"playing football

centuries before we were?"

Ow! Ow! I didn't know! Ow!

"And my spies tell me

they're getting better.

- Ow!

- "Training every day!"

Ow! Ow! Ow!

"You better not screw it up,

Nooth, or else,

(GASPS ANG GULPS)

"I'll tell you who'll be

going down the mine.

(MUFFLED) "You will!"

(MESSENGER BIRD SQUAWKING)

This has gone far enough.

They're Stone Age brutes.

They live in caves.

They eat mud! No.

I need to shut them down.

Mess with their

tiny cavemen minds.

Brilliant! How do we do that?

I don't know.

The answer isn't just going
to walk in the door.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

(CLEARS THROAT)

Sire,

we've found something else
down in the new mine
in the valley.

ENGINEER 2:

for your inspection.

Oh! Ow!

That's perfect.

Mmm.

(TRIBE LAUGHING)

DUG:

- (GRUNTS)

- Whoa! Great save, Chief!

You know, we may just
stand a chance tomorrow.

A small chance,
but a chance.

If our ancestors did it,
so can we.

Hey, hey, not bad for 32, eh?

I never thought

I'd say this, Dug,

but we're pretty good.

Oi, oi, oi! That's mine.

- (INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

- (BOTH GASP)

I've got it.

(THUNDER RUMBLING)

(SIGHS)

Soon be home.

- (MEN SHOUTING IN DISTANCE)

- Huh?

- (RUSTLING)

- Huh?

No!

(CREATURE ROARS)

DUG:

What are you doing?

Let me go!

LORD NOOTH:

Calm down, caveman.

I just wanted you
to see our new mine.

After all, you'll soon be digging
lots of bronze out of it.

Oh, we're not going down
any mine, mammoth-mouth.

Ah, yes.

Because you're
great footballers,
just like your ancestors.
You... You know about them?

Bronze is not all
we found down here.

What... What...

More cave paintings?

Yes.

Only these ones tell
the whole story.

You see, your ancestors
did not just play football.

They invented the game.

You even taught
other tribes how to play.

But you had one problem.

No matter how hard you tried,
you just always ended up losing,
match after match,
game after game.

In fact, after many, many moons,
you just gave up altogether.

It was all too painful for you.

It turns out your tribe
were totally crap at football.

You're losers, caveman.

Always have been.

Always will be.

No.

No, it can't be true.
Do you really believe
you can beat us tomorrow?
Face it, caveman.
You and your tribe,
you just don't have it in you.
But I'm willing
to offer you a deal.
A way out.

CHIEF BOBNAR:

Big day tomorrow.

- **MAGMA:**

- **TREEBOR:**

ASBO:

in me football kit?

- **TREEBOR:**

- **GOONA:**

Huh?

Think it over, caveman,
because the mine is waiting
for you and
your primitive friends.

(LORD NOOTH LAUGHING)

(HAMMERING)

(GRUNTING)

- (WHIP CRACKING)

- (GROANS)

- (GRUNTS)

- Oh! Me arm hurts!

Oh! (SOBBING)

Where are you, Mum?

- (WHIP CRACKS)

- (GROANS)

You idiot!

What have you done?

At the end of the day,

we're just

a rabbit-hunting tribe.

DUG:

I didn't mean
for this to happen.
Bobnar, you've got
to believe me!
(GRUNTING)
(SNORTING)

HOGNOB:

Oh, Hognob!
(GROANS)
(LAUGHS)
Oh!
My dear old hoggy friend.
(PANTING)
What if I'm wrong?
What if Chief was right
all along?
Huh?
What if we are just
a tribe of rabbit-hunters?
Uh...
Forgive me, Hognob.
But I've got a deal to make.
I've got to save the tribe.
(WHIMPERING)
(HOWLING)
- (WATER DRIPPING)
- Huh?
(SQUEAKING)
(SCOFFS)
(CONTINUES HOWLING)
- (SQUEAKING)
- (PEOPLE CHATTERING)
Get your cuddly caveman here!
Before they go extinct!
One hundred schnookels!
One hundred schnookels!
Voluntary contribution.
Everyone has to pay.
One hundred schnookels!
- It has doubled!
- Voluntary contribution!

- Everyone has to pay.

- This is outrageous!

Have you got change

for a dinner plate?

(LORD NOOTH LAUGHING)

It's all going

to plan, Dino.

Ooh. I love you,

little bronze coin.

Hello!

I love you. I love you too.

And you too.

- (CONTINUES KISSING)

- **QUEEN OOFEEFA:**

What are you doing?

Ugh. Not that stupid

old bird again.

Tell Chef to boil it up

in a cassoulet.

(CROWD GASPS)

"Stupid old bird"?

(GASPS)

"Cassoulet"?

Oh! (CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)

Your Majesty!

- (CROWD GASPS)

- Why, this is an unexpected

(GROANS) pleasure.

Thought I'd come

to this caveman game myself.

And have a little nose.

(NASALLY) A great honor,

Your Majesty.

BRYAN:

Brian,

Real Bronzio's manager

is on the back foot.

(CHUCKLES) Oh, it's a terrible

start for the lad, Bryan.

Terrible. I mean, just awful.

I put it down

to pre-match nerves.

You're not wrong there, Brian.

I've brought
my royal commentators with me.
Sit!

Right. (CHUCKLES)

Well, let's start the fun,
shall we?

Bring out
the Stone Age challengers!
(CROWD BOOING)

What? Where are you taking me?
What on Earth are
you playing at?

(HOGNOB GRUNTS)

Oh, Dug.

Who challenge the champions?

(QUIETLY) You'll leave
my people alone as agreed?

(QUIETLY)

Yes, just say the words.

Not me.

(CROWD GASPS)

I forfeit the game
and volunteer myself
for the mines.

(CROWD GASPS)

And?

And our valley
is yours.

My goodness!

Have the cavemen caved?

Oh! So it seems.

How very disappointing.

Everyone, go home!

There is no game.

Apologies

for the inconvenience.

(WHISPERS) Tell the staff,
no refunds.

Fowl! Fowl!

Foul? No one's even playing,
you silly slap-head!

No, fowl!

- (SQUAWKING)

- (CROWD CHEERING)

(GASPS)

(SQUAWKS)

BRYAN:

it looks like the Stone Age
team have just flown in.

BRIAN:

They're definitely looking
good in the air!

See what I did there?

(CHUCKLES)

Oh, goodie.

Seems there is a game
after all.

- (DUCK FARTING)

- (GASPS)

(CROWD LAUGHING)

(SQUAWKING)

(CONTINUES SQUAWKING)

(HOGNOB PANTING)

Gonna start without us, Dug?

Chief,

we can't play this game.

What, because of

a few paintings?

(GASPS) So you know about

those terrible pictures?

They are terrible.

I can draw better than that.

But that's all they are.

Pictures.

It's this lot that counts.

You were right, Dug.

I thought

we were just rabbit-hunters.

Well, not anymore.

You've shown me that.

Who's playing with Dug

for the valley?

- (ALL CHEERING)

- **ASBO:**

It's what Mr. Rock
would've wanted.
We challenge the champions!
(GRUNTS)
(CROWD GASPS)
- (SCOFFS)
- Your funeral, caveman!

BRYAN:

an uneven contest, Brian,
but let's hope
it's at least entertaining.
Ha! Let's get this done.
- (WHISTLE BLOWS)
- (CROWD CHEERING)
What?
Let's do it!
Oh! Well, this is interesting.
Hey, Hgelgraber!
- Wake up!
- (YELPS)

BRYAN:

(GROANS)
Huh?
(ALL GASP)
(GASPS)
- (BOTH CHEERING)

- BRIAN:

Bryan! The Stone Age team
have caught
their opponents napping.
(CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)
Beginners' luck, Your Majesty.
Hmph.
(BLOWS WHISTLE)
Bad move, caveman.
Now you've just made us mad.
- (GRUNTS)
- (GASPS)
- (GRUNTS)
- (CROWD CHEERING)
Oh!

Yay!

BRIAN:

is restored!

CROWD:

Jurgend! Jurgend!

BRIAN:

Bryan.

PUPPETEER:

Yay! Goal!

BRIAN:

with the puppets, Bryan.

PUPPETEER:

Hug, hug, hug!

BRYAN:

the puppets don't lie, Brian.

- **CROWD:**

- (GASPS)

PUPPETEER:

and that's a goal.

- That's two.

- (GRUNTS)

BRIAN:

- no mood to compromise.

- Goal!

Never mind. Come on, everyone!

- Boo!

- (YELPS)

BRIAN:

that's settled it.

(GROANS)

(GASPS)

- Yay!

- (HORN BLOWING)

(RATTLING)

(CROWD CHEERING)

BRIAN:

Bryan, and Real Bronzio

- are dominating this match.

- (BLOWS WHISTLE)

You're going down the mine!

You're going down the mine!

The only place we're going
is back to the valley.

Now come on, everyone!

Let's show them what we've got!

(YELPING)

Remember your training, Eemak!

(DELIGHTED GEORDIE

GOBBLEDYGOOK)

Nice one, Eemak! That's it!

BRIAN:

like a caveman counterattack.

Come on, then.

Let's see your tackle.

(YELPS)

DUG:

- **BARRY:**

- (CROWD GASPS)

(GRUNTS)

What was that?

BRIAN:

Unorthodox, Bryan,

- but effective.

- (ALL CHEERING)

- **BRIAN:**

- Yay!

I can't remember any side
scoring two goals
against Real Bronzio.

PUPPETEER:

What were you playing at?
You silly, stupid...
Idiot! Do I have to do
everything around here?
Caveman coming through!
(CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)
Nibbles, Your Majesty?
Stuff your nibbles!

BRYAN:

they just don't know what's
hit them, they really don't.

BRIAN:

is really coming together, Bryan.

BRYAN:

Brian. It's like early man
united. That's another joke
there, Brian.

BRIAN:

The Stone Age striker
beats one,
- nutmegs another...
- (CROWD GASPS)
All yours, Goona!
Hmm.

BRIAN:

(GRUNTS)
- (GOONA GRUNTS)

- **BRIAN:**

- (HGELGRABER GRUNTS)
- She scores!
- (CROWD CHEERING)
- The crowd are going wild!
- And who can blame them?
- Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
(BOTH WHOOPING)

Wait a minute!
She shouldn't even be
on the pitch.

QUEEN OOFEEFA:

Because she's a...

(LORD NOOTH STAMMERING)

A great player!

You lot!

Get your act together!

Unless you want to be suspended
for the rest of the season.

Play on!

Hmm...

- LORD NOOTH:

- Eh?

- Have you got your rule book handy?

- Of course.

Good. Because

I'm throwing it at you.

Eh?

DUG:

One last goal
will take us home.

- (WHISTLE BLOWS)

- (GASPS)

Dino is having a lie-down.

I am the new ref.

Well, that's not fair!

Oh, isn't it?

Let's ask the new ref.

Ref, is it fair?

Oh, yes, it's totally fair.

Okay. Play on!

It's injury time. Understand?

(ALL CHUCKLE)

(BLOWS WHISTLE)

- (GRUNTS)

- (GROANS)

- ALL:

- BRIAN:

Whatever cricket is.

Nothing to see there. Play on.

- (GROANS)
- (CROWD GASPS)
- No!

LORD NOOTH:

- No foul! Play on!
- (CROWD BOOING)
- (GROANS)
- No, no. Get up. Play on.
(CROWD BOOS)

BRIAN:

way below the belt.
(GRUNTS)
(GRUNTS)
(SCREAMS)
Chief!

BRYAN:

Brian!
(DUG GRUNTS)
(GROANS LOUDLY)
(GASPS)
(GROANS)
Oh, my leg! Oh, my leg!
Hurts so bad!
(BLOWS WHISTLE) Penalty!

BRIAN:

a prize for acting.
Chief? Chief?
- Ha! I soon have it fixed.
- (GROANING)
Oh, great.
Um... Huh?
Ha. There. Good job.
Come on,
that was never a penalty!
(SCOFFS) Fine.
Check the replay.

PUPPETEER:

Oh, kick, ahh! Referee!
Oh, my leg! My leg!

(SCREAMS)

Oh, no, the crocodile!

Snack, snack, snack.

(SCREAMING)

LORD NOOTH:

Beating him with sausages!

Shame on you.

Definite penalty.

(BLOWS WHISTLE)

BRIAN:

for the primitive part-timers, Bryan.

And now this.

A Real Bronzio penalty

in the dying moments

of the match.

BRYAN:

looks in a bad way too.

(CLINKING)

- (GULPS)

- CHIEF BOBNAR:

Chief?

I spent my whole life

hunting rabbits.

I held you back.

I'm sorry.

I'm so... (GROANING)

Chief?

(SNIFFLES)

Chief! (SOBBING)

- (FARTING)

- Huh?

(SNORING)

- (SIGHS)

- GOONA:

I don't mean to worry you, but what

are we going to do for a goalie?

(HOGNOB CLEARS THROAT)

(CROWD CHEERING)

(CHUCKLING)

Hognob?

Okay!

My word. Is that a pig

they just put in goal?

Have to say that's rather rash.

(CHUCKLES)

- Rasher. Do you get it? Bacon.

- Mmm.

I've never missed a penalty.

Not against a pig anyway.

(LAUGHING)

BRIAN:

it's all over

for this plucky band

of knuckle-grazers, Bryan.

BRYAN:

but, in the end,

it wasn't quite enough.

(GULPS)

(LAUGHS) Say goodbye

to your valley, caveman.

Come on, Hognob.

You can do it.

(BLOWS WHISTLE)

BRIAN:

a trotter to it!

(ALL CHEERING)

BRYAN:

in play, Brian.

(PLAYERS SHOUTING)

CHIEF BOBNAR:

You were always

a mammoth-hunter!

Dug! Over here!

(ECHOING) Go hunt mammoth!

Everyone! Give me a hand!

My ball!

Don't crowd me!

(WHIMPERING)

(GRUNTS)

(CROWD CHEERING)

BRIAN:

- Yay!

- (ALL CHEERING)

(CHUCKLES) Look at that.

The giant duck is on the pitch.

- (SQUAWKING)

- He thinks it's all over.

(BLOWING WHISTLE)

BRIAN:

(ALL CHEERING)

Is this as good
as you imagined?

No.

It's better!

Yeah!

Well done, my old hoggy friend!

You cheat!

You are a disgrace to football!

Oh!

- (FLIES BUZZING)

- (SNIFFS)

(GROANS)

(SOBBING)

Hmm?

Good game.

Ja.

Well played, caveman.

QUEEN OOFEEFA:

Huh?

You've reminded us how the
beautiful game should be played.

As for Lord Nooth...

Nooth? Nooth! Where is that...

- Rat!

- Yes, quite! (GASPS)

- Guards!

- (GASPS)

Apprehend that rodent!

LORD NOOTH:

- (LAUGHING)

- **BRIAN:**

That schnookel-grabbing
scoundrel
is making off
with the profits!
After you.

BRYAN:

but will he get away?

- (GOONA GRUNTS)

- (GROANS)

- **BRYAN:**

- **BRYAN:**

- (GROANS)

- Oh, that got him!

Aye, Nooth is on
the back foot now, Brian.

- (LORD NOOTH SCREAMING)

- Quite literally.

- (WHISTLES)

- (COINS CLATTERING)

(LORD NOOTH
CONTINUES SCREAMING)

BRYAN:

- Caught by the old bill.

- **BRIAN:**

that's comedy bronze.

Well done, my friend.

- (SQUAWKING)

- (COINS CLATTERING)

No! My lovely schnookels!

(SCREAMING)

(GRUNTS)

- (GROANS)

- **WOMAN:**

Oh, refund.

That should remind him
of the pecking order, eh?

(CHUCKLES) Yeah.

Oh, and, caveman,
I think this is yours.
Symbol of a game sent
from heaven.

Thank you, Your...
Bronze Chiefness.

And now, I believe
it's time you went home,
to your valley.

We're going home.

(ALL CHEERING)

(LAUGHS) Oh, hey!

(DUG IMITATING BIRD CALL)

(CLICKING TONGUE)

(CONTINUES IMITATING

BIRD CALL)

(CLICKING TONGUE)

(CREATURE ROARS)

(ALL SCREAMING)

(GIGGLING)