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God: Serengeti

By Neill Blomkamp

How's the book, sir?
A little technical
for my taste.
I like the chaos
more, I suppose.
Does have
a good recipe
for a black hole,
though. Hmm.
Lovely, sir.
What's going on
over there, Geoffrey?
What was that little chap
doing?
They're so funny.
Little chap's been rubbing
that stick for hours.
Funny little things.
Bloody hell!
That's fire,
Geoffrey!
I didn't say
he could do that!
I give the fire.
What bloody period
is this?
I believe it's about
200,000 years prior
to when they should
be given it, sir.
Well, snuff him out!
Yes, sir.
There we go, sir.
Some bloody nerve.
Send them back
into their cave.
-Yes, sir.
-All of them.
Oh, that was surprising.
Yes. Must shrink
their brains again.
Oh, for god's sake!
What is it now?
I believe it's a

rain dance, sir.
We forgot to turn
off the drought.
Really?
All right, then.
Give them some water,
for heaven's sake.
Really?
Yes.
Oh.
They're parched.
It would be my
pleasure, sir.
God the
Merciful, eh?
They get so excited
over the
teeniest little things.
They do, don't they?
Dancing in a circle.
Do it again, Geoffrey.
Spray some more.
Look at...
Look at their little
loincloths going!
Do it again.
Do it again,
do it again!
Oh... too precious.
Release the plague,
Geoffrey.
Sir?
Release the...plague.