

Rock Bottom

Junior Script

by

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Speaking Roles 41

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TRACK A3:**BACK TO THE BEGINNING**

(As the music starts, the chorus enter and dance energetically into position ready to perform the song and dance.)

ALL: TICK, TOCK!
 IT'S TIME TO TRAVEL ON A JOURNEY!
 TICK, TOCK!
 WE'RE TURNING BACK THE HANDS OF TIME!
 THE PAST BECOMING THE FUTURE,
 THE FUTURE FADING TO BLACK.
 WE'LL TAKE A WALK INTO HISTORY,
 SO STOP THE CLOCK 'COS WE'RE GOING BACK!
 TIME TO PACK,
 HIT THE TRACK!

 GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
 REWINDING THE CLOCK,
 'COS WE'RE SINGING AND WE'RE SPINNING
 AROUND ON A ROCK.
 GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
 WHERE EVIL WAS PRIME.
 WE'RE ON A JOURNEY TO THE DAWN OF TIME!

 GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
 REWINDING THE CLOCK,
 'COS WE'RE SINGING AND WE'RE SPINNING
 AROUND ON A ROCK.
 GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
 WHERE EVIL WAS PRIME.
 WE'RE GOING BACK IN TIME!
 GOING BACK, GOING BACK!

(The three Timekeepers rap over the instrumental section as the chorus dance.)

CRATER: You know we're going back in time to where it - all began!
CREVICE: And we don't even need a Tardis or DeLorean!
CREEK: Because we're heading for the Stone Age if you want to be
 specific!
TIMEKEEPERS: When man was brave
 And lived in caves
 And acted Neolithic!

ALL: TICK, TOCK!
 WE'RE HEADING FOR A NEW HORIZON!
 TICK, TOCK!
 WE'RE BOUND FOR WHERE IT ALL BEGAN!
 WE'LL TURN THE TIDE OF THE SEASONS,
 WE'LL MAKE THE CALENDAR CRACK.
 WE'LL TAKE A WALK INTO HISTORY,
 SO STOP THE CLOCK 'COS WE'RE GOING BACK!
 TIME TO PACK,
 HIT THE TRACK!

GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
 REWINDING THE CLOCK,
 'COS WE'RE SINGING AND WE'RE SPINNING
 AROUND ON A ROCK.
 GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
 WHERE EVIL WAS PRIME.
 WE'RE ON A JOURNEY TO THE DAWN OF TIME!

GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
 REWINDING THE CLOCK,
 'COS WE'RE SINGING AND WE'RE SPINNING
 AROUND ON A ROCK.
 GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING,
 WHERE EVIL WAS PRIME.

GROUP 1:
 WE'RE GOING BACK
 IN TIME!
 WE'RE GOING BACK
 IN TIME!
 WE'RE GOING BACK
 IN TIME!
 WE'RE GOING BACK
 IN TIME!

GROUP 2:
 AIN'T NO TURNING
 BACK NOW!
 AIN'T NO TURNING
 BACK NOW!
 AIN'T NO TURNING
 BACK NOW!
 AIN'T NO TURNING
 BACK NOW,

TIMEKEEPERS:
 GOING BACK,
 GOING BACK!
 GOING BACK,
 GOING BACK!
 GOING BACK,
 GOING BACK!
 AIN'T NO TURNING
 BACK NOW,

ALL: WE'RE GOING BACK!

*(At the end of the music, the chorus fall to the floor in an explosive climax.
 Blackout.)*

TRACK A4: BACK TO THE BEGINNING PLAY OFF

CREVICE: ...stand upright...

CREEK: ...and attempt the very first example of human communication.

(Cliff lifts the bone and stands up straight emitting a long, loud, primeval scream. He holds the bone high.)

CLIFF: Aaaggghhh!

(The Timekeepers exit. Coral Cobblestone enters looking cross, and shouts at her husband, who is rubbing his painful foot and back.)

CORAL: Cliff Cobblestone, stop that awful racket right now! You've probably woken every neighbour on Stoney Street!

CLIFF: Sorry, Coral dear. It's just my back went again, and then I stubbed my toe on this blinking bone someone left in the street. I bet it was Bobby.

CORAL: For goodness sake, Cliff. What am I always telling you?

CLIFF: *(after a thoughtful pause)* Don't do that in the sink?

CORAL: I've told you a million times to be quiet in the mornings.

CLIFF: You certainly have, dear.

CORAL: I don't want to be woken at the crack of dawn.

CLIFF: You certainly don't, dear.

CORAL: I need my beauty sleep.

CLIFF: *(to the audience)* You certainly do, dear!

(Bobby enters.)

CLIFF: Bobby Cobblestone, please stop leaving your bones all over the place.

BOBBY: There it is! Thanks, Gramps, I might need it for a new invention.

CLIFF: BC, you need to stop wasting your time with silly inventions and do something real.

TRACK A7:

IDEA HATCH #1

(We hear odd sound effects as Bobby pulls strange faces, holds his head and wobbles.)

BOBBY: *(mesmerised)* Real... wheel... wheel... wheel...

CORAL: Oh no, not again!

CLIFF: He's hatching another idea!

TRACK A9:**SFX BELCH #1**

(Zig and Zag belch loudly and rub their tummies. Coral takes the egg and looks at it whilst Cliff tries to get the sausages from Zig and Zag. They are unwilling, and it soon becomes a tug of war. Zig and Zag slowly exit so that only the taut string of sausages can be seen being pulled from the side.)

CORAL: Well never mind, this egg's the biggest I've ever seen!

CLIFF: *(struggling with Zig and Zag over the sausages)* It sure is a whopper! Maybe we... could... fry... them up... with these... lovely... looking... sausages.

CORAL: Are they fresh?

TRACK A10:**SFX SAUSAGES OFF**

(Cliff lets go of the sausages which fly off stage.)

CLIFF: No... they've just gone off!

(Rocky Rockefeller enters followed by a line of Growlers, the wild youngsters of the town, possibly each with an optional club. Rocky is bossy and very self-important.)

ROCKY: This way, Growlers! Oh, look! It's Mr & Mrs Cobblestone.

CORAL: *(to Cliff)* Oh no, it's Rocky Rockefeller.

ROCKY: Say good morning, Growlers!

GROWLERS: *(waving the clubs)* Aarrgghh!

ROCKY: Morning Coral, morning Cliff.

CLIFF: Morning Rocky. You look busy.

ROCKY: "Busy" is my middle name.

CLIFF: I thought it was Bernard?

ROCKY: *(proudly)* Chief Growler-Trainer, Chair of the Rock Bottom Residents' Association. Oh yes, in this town, I'm known as the "big cheese!"

CORAL: Because you're covered in blue veins and you stink?

(Cliff and Coral laugh.)

ROCKY: Oh, cheese jokes? Very mature! Well, I'm too busy to stand gossiping with you. I'm organising today's Feast Of Krakatoe-or-two.

CLIFF: Oh yes, the Feast Of Krakatoe-or-two!

CORAL: When we gather food and drink!

CLIFF: And make offerings to the great volcano Krakatoe-or-two!

CORAL: So she doesn't blow her top and wipe out our town!

ROCKY: Yes, thank you! I think the audience are now aware of that important plotline. The Growlers have been hunting and gathering food for the feast, haven't you, Growlers?

GROWLERS: Aarrgghh! *(they wave their arms and growl)*

ROCKY: And later, yours truly will be greeting our special guest...Lady Lava!

CLIFF: Lady Lava? Here in Rock Bottom?

CORAL: But she's the biggest celebrity of the modern Stone Age!

ROCKY: Exactly. Which is why I need an impressive centrepiece for the feast. *(pointing at the giant egg)* Like that!

CORAL: This? But this is...

ROCKY: ...just what I was looking for? Yes, I know! *(he takes the egg and examines it)*

CORAL: No, you see it's not really...

ROCKY: ...good enough for Lady Lava? Nonsense, she'll love it!

CLIFF: No, we mean we really don't want you to...

ROCKY: ...thank you in public? Don't worry - I'll tell everyone it was my donation. Well, must pebble dash. Busy, busy, busy! Growlers?

GROWLERS: *(waving their arms)* Aarrgghh!

TRACK A11:MINERS MARCH ON

(A cross Coral and Cliff watch Rocky and the Growlers exit with the egg as the Mini Miners march on.)

MORRIS: Mini Miners, halt!

MINERS: *(saluting)* Yes, boss!

CORAL: Oh look, it's the Seven Dwarfs!

MORRIS: We're Mini Miners actually! Got an appointment with Lady Lava, haven't we lads?

MINERS: *(saluting)* Yes, boss!

MORRIS: You wouldn't happen to know where she lives, would you?

CLIFF: Of course! She lives in the great volcano Krakatoe-or-two.

MORRIS: The great volcano Krakatoe-or-two? And what's the best way to Krakatoe-or-two?

CLIFF: Drop a boulder on your foot! *(he laughs at his own joke)*

CORAL: Zip it, Cliff! It's straight down Stoney Street, right on Rocky Road, past the Creepy Crevice Of Doom and Krakatoe-or-two is straight ahead.

MORRIS: Marvellous! Mini Miners, march!

MINERS: *(saluting)* Yes, boss!

TRACK A12:**MINERS MARCH OFF**

(The Mini Miners march off and exit as Bobby enters excitedly, holding a concealed triangular wheel.)

BOBBY: Eureka! I've done it! I've really done it! Gran, Gramps, I've reinvented ...the wheel!

CORAL & CLIFF: The wheel?

BOBBY: Yes, you see, last night I was watching an enormous boulder roll down the mountain... and then it hit me!

CORAL: Ouch!

BOBBY: Not the boulder, the idea. A brand new shape for the wheel! I call it a tri-an-gle!

TRACK A13:**SFX TRIANGLE**

(Bobby proudly reveals his triangular wheel, made from three bones tied together with fur strips.)

CLIFF: But it's not square!

CORAL: Wheels are square!

CORAL & CLIFF: Everybody knows that!

BOBBY: Yes, but square wheels have four corners, so four bumps every turn. Mine has three corners, so just three bumps! Meaning a smoother ride on your wagon! What do you think?

(Cliff takes the wheel and looks in wonder at it, speaking slowly as if in amazement at Bobby's invention.)

CLIFF: *(awestruck)* Bobby Cobblestone! This... is... the most... *(suddenly angry)* useless invention I have ever seen! *(he gives it back to Bobby)*

CORAL: It's crazy!

CLIFF: It's kooky!

CORAL: It's wacky! And for that reason...

CORAL & CLIFF: *(turning away, arms folded)* ...we're out!

BOBBY: *(sadly)* Oh.

(Bobby moves to a spotlight on the side of the stage and Coral and Cliff follow him. Lady Lava and the Eggheads enter unseen in the dark on the other side of the stage.)

CORAL: *(kindly)* Don't be blue, BC! You're very good at having ideas.
CLIFF: It's just your ideas aren't very good. Like when you connected the kettle to the toilet.
CORAL: I kept getting hot flushes! Then there was non-stick Sellotape!
CLIFF: Waterproof teabags!
CORAL: Fireproof matches!
CLIFF: The inflatable dartboard!
BOBBY: You're right. I'm never going to be a successful inventor. I just wanted to become an Egghead and work for Lady Lava. *(dreamily)* She's the most beautiful, kind celebrity...

(A quick-changing split scene follows between each side of the stage, aided by lights if possible. Lights up on the other side to reveal a cross Lady Lava shouting at her terrified Eggheads gathered around her.)

LADY LAVA: *(furiously)* Eggheads, you useless bunch of baboon's bottoms!
EGGHEADS: *(petrified)* Yes, Lady Lava.

(Lighting change.)

BOBBY: ...and she really loves her Eggheads.

(Lighting change.)

LADY LAVA: *(furiously)* I really hate you, Eggheads!
EGGHEADS: *(petrified)* Yes, Lady Lava.

(Lighting change.)

BOBBY: They say they're the cleverest cavemen of the Stone Age.

(Lighting change.)

LADY LAVA: *(furiously)* You're the dumbest dingbats in history!
EGGHEADS: *(petrified)* Yes, Lady Lava.

(Lighting change. Lady Lava and the Eggheads exit unseen.)

CLIFF: Well, maybe we could have a word with Lady Lava.

BOBBY: Common Caveys can't meet Lady Lava! She's a Stone Age celebrity! She's a volcanic VIP! She's a "rock" star!

CORAL: And she's coming here today for the Feast Of Krakatoe-or-two!

BOBBY: What? Lady Lava's coming to Rock Bottom? *(becoming highly dramatic)* I can't believe it! This is amazing! Incredible! *(now on one knee, expressive arms flying in all directions, really hamming it up)* I'm overcome! I'm overwhelmed! I'm overwrought!

CLIFF: You're overacting!

CORAL: Come on, BC! Today's your lucky day.

CLIFF: Today your dreams will come true!

BOBBY: Today... Rock Bottom rocks!

SCENE TWO

TRACK A14: ROCK BOTTOM ROCKS (PART 1)

(Stoney Street, 9.23am. A lighting change as the three Cobblestones exit and the Timekeepers enter to one side in a spotlight as cheesy news reporters Harry, Larry and Barry. They sing, holding bones as microphones. The chorus enter in lines clicking fingers in time to the beat to reach their song positions.)

CRATER: WE'RE LIVING HERE BY THE BIG VOLCANO KRAKATOE-OR-TWO!

ALL: KRAKATOE-OR-TWO!

CREVICE: LIVING IN FEAR OF THE BIG VOLCANO KRAKATOE-OR-TWO!

ALL: KRAKATOE-OR-TWO!

CREEK: MUST TRY TO PLEASE THE VOLCANIC BEAST OF KRAKATOE-OR-TWO!

ALL: KRAKATOE-OR-TWO!

TIMEKEEPERS: WE'LL KEEP THE PEACE WHEN WE HOLD THE FEAST OF KRAKATOE...OR...TWO!

(The Timekeepers and chorus join together to sing and dance.)

GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER BE.

GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!

GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER SEE.

GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!

GROUP 1: RAVIN' IN A CAVE LIKE I'M GOIN' CRAZY!

GROUP 2: DOO-WAH! DOO-WAH!

ALL: ROCKIN' LIKE A ROLLIN' STONE!

GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM ROCKS!
GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER BE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER SEE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: RAVIN' IN A CAVE LIKE I'M GOIN' CRAZY!
GROUP 2: DOO-WAH! DOO-WAH!
ALL: ROCKIN' LIKE A ROLLIN' STONE!

GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM ROCKS!
ALL: *(whispered)* Rock Bottom rocks!

(The chorus continue to whisper in time to the beat underneath the Timekeepers' dialogue.)

CRATER: Yes, Rock Bottom really rocks - especially today, Larry!
CREVICE: Sure does, Harry! The perfect day for a feast, Barry?
CREEK: Sure is, Larry! The Feast Of Krakatoe-or-two is the highlight of the Stone Age calendar, isn't it, Harry?
CRATER: That's right, Barry! The day we make offerings to the volcano Krakatoe-or-two!
CREVICE: And it happens right here in Rock Bottom!
CREEK: Who'd want to be anywhere else?

(The Timekeepers join the chorus to sing and dance again.)

GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER BE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER SEE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: RAVIN' IN A CAVE LIKE I'M GOIN' CRAZY!
GROUP 2: DOO-WAH! DOO-WAH!
ALL: ROCKIN' LIKE A ROLLIN' STONE!

GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM ROCKS!
GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER BE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER SEE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: RAVIN' IN A CAVE LIKE I'M GOIN' CRAZY!
GROUP 2: DOO-WAH! DOO-WAH!
ALL: ROCKIN' LIKE A ROLLIN' STONE!
 ROCK BOTTOM ROCKS!
(whispered) Rock Bottom rocks!

(The chorus continue to whisper in time to the beat underneath the Timekeepers' dialogue.)

CRATER: So don't miss the Feast Of Krakatoe-or-two! Who's invited, Larry?
CREVICE: All are welcome, Harry, whether you're a local or a stranger.
CREEK: And they don't come any stranger... than this lot!

TRACK A15: **JUAN ON #1**

(The Timekeepers point to the opposite side, then exit. The three Juans (Juan pronounced "h-waan" similar to "one") enter dancing on the opposite side. They are clearly Mexican in style, and each carry a set of large flat prop stones. The chorus remain frozen on stage. Juan 2 and 3 give a huge sigh and look fed up.)

JUAN 1: Come on, amigos! It's not that bad!
JUAN 2: Not bad? We haven't sold so much as a pebble for days!
JUAN 3: We're stoney broke! We haven't got two flints to rub together.
JUAN 2: *(noticing the town sign)* And now we've hit Rock Bottom!
JUAN 1: Don't exaggerate.
JUAN 2: No, I mean we've hit Rock Bottom - look!

(He points at the "Rock Bottom" sign, cracked through the word "bottom", and they all look.)

JUAN 3: Rock Bottom! Looks like a bit of a dump.
JUAN 2: How can you tell?
JUAN 3: *(pointing at the sign)* Their bottom's got a crack in it!
JUAN 1: *(spotting the Caveys offstage)* Cheer up, amigos! I spy customers!

TRACK A16: **STONE STALL**

(The Juans move to centre stage and place their stone props in front of them on the floor as the Caveys come to life and gather around them.)

JUAN 1: *(excitedly with arm movements)* Arriba! Arriba! Arriba!
JUAN 2: *(excitedly with arm movements)* Arriba! Arriba! Arriba!
JUAN 3: *(excitedly with arm movements)* Carpets! Carpets! Carpets!
ALL: What?
JUAN 3: Carpets! Carpets! Carpets! Oh, sorry... Underlay! Underlay! Underlay!
JUAN 1: Ladies and cavemen, I am Juan!

JUAN 2: And I am Juan too!

JUAN 3: And I am another... *(looks over shoulder at the other two)* Juan!

JUAN 1: Together we are the three amoebas - Juan for all...

JUANS: ...and all called Juan!

DICKIESQUIT: Yes, but what are you doing here?

JUAN 2: We're selling rocks and stones!

DINKYDONK: Rocks and stones?

DRIBBLEBUT: But we live in caves!

DUNKMONKEY: Surrounded by rocks!

FUNKYDINK: In the Stone Age!

PUMPFRECKLE: If there's one thing we don't need...

CAVEYS: ...it's more rocks and stones!

JUAN 1: Ah yes, but these are modern Stone Age times and you're modern Stone Age families.

JUAN 2: You don't want old fashioned flint stones.

JUAN 3: *(shouting excitedly)* Yabba dabba...

JUAN 1&2: *(stopping him with a shout and a point)* Don't!

JUAN 1: So we're not selling ordinary rocks and stones.

JUAN 2&3: *(happy and excited)* Oh no!

JUAN 1: We're selling special rocks and stones!

JUAN 2&3: *(happy and excited)* Oh yes!

JUAN 1: As we'll expertly demonstrate!

JUAN 2&3: *(looking at each other, sounding worried)* Oh dear!

(The Juans proceed to hold up high a series of large prop stones in turn. These are made from flat card cut and painted like rock, each with a different picture painted in the centre of each one as per their dialogue.)

JUAN 1: *(showing a stone with a lime on)* We have Lime Stone!

JUAN 2: *(showing a stone with a lemon on)* Lemon Stone!

JUAN 3: *(showing a stone with a flag on)* And Flag Stone!

CAVEYS: *(leaning forward)* Oooh!

(The Juans put their props on the floor and proceed to hold up their next stones.)

JUAN 1: *(showing a stone with a key on)* We have Keystone!

JUAN 2: *(showing a stone with a bare bottom on)* Moonstone!

JUAN 3: *(showing a stone with Mick Jagger on)* And Rolling Stone!

CAVEYS: *(leaning backward)* Ahhh!

(The Juans put their props on the floor and proceed to hold up their next stones.)

JUAN 1: *(showing a rock with a tick/check mark on)* We have Real Rock!
JUAN 2: *(showing a rock with a shamrock on)* Sham Rock!
JUAN 3: *(showing a rock with a bed on)* And Bed Rock!
CAVEYS: *(leaning forward)* Wow!

(The Juans put their props on the floor and proceed to hold up their next stones or in Juan 3's case, a large pink stick of Blackpool rock.)

JUAN 1: *(showing a rock covered in silver glitter)* We have Glam Rock!
JUAN 2: *(showing a rock with a safety pin and coloured spiky hair)*
 Punk Rock!
JUAN 3: *(showing an enormous pink stick of rock)* And Blackpool Rock!

TRACK A17: **SFX BOING**

CAVEYS: *(confused)* Blackpool rock?
SCABMAGGOT: *(pointing)* Hang on - these are all fakes!
SKUNKTRUMPET: *(pointing)* They're just con men!
SPLEENBANDAGE: *(pointing)* Craggy crooks!
DICKIESQUIT: *(pointing)* Rocky robbers!
DINKYDONK: *(pointing)* Chiselling cheats!
JUAN 1: Now don't go starting anything. *(striking a strong pose)* We're strong as stone!
JUAN 2: *(striking a strong pose)* Rock solid!
JUAN 3: *(striking a strong pose)* Hardcore!

(The Growlers growl and point their clubs at the three Juans.)

GROWLERS: Aarrgghh!
JUAN 2: Uh-oh!
JUAN 3: Spaghetti-oh!
JUAN 1: Amigos, my rock clock tells me it's time to leave.
JUAN 2: Why?
JUAN 1: *(holding up a slate with 9.30 a.m written on in chalk)* It's... slate!
JUANS: Juan away!

TRACK A18: ROCK BOTTOM ROCKS (PART 2)

(The Juans pick up their stones and run away comically as the chorus move to their song positions to sing and dance again.)

GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER BE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER SEE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: RAVIN' IN A CAVE LIKE I'M GOIN' CRAZY!
GROUP 2: DOO-WAH! DOO-WAH!
ALL: ROCKIN' LIKE A ROLLIN' STONE!

GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM ROCKS!
GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER BE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: NO PLACE THAT I'D RATHER SEE.
GROUP 2: ROCK BOTTOM!
GROUP 1: RAVIN' IN A CAVE LIKE I'M GOIN' CRAZY!
GROUP 2: DOO-WAH! DOO-WAH!
ALL: ROCKIN' LIKE A ROLLIN' STONE!
 ROCK BOTTOM ROCKS!

(At the end of the song, Rocky Rockefeller enters holding a bone and addresses his fellow Caveys.)

ROCKY: Caveys of Rock Bottom, as Chair of the Residents' Association I'd like to thank you all for gathering.
DRIBBLEBUT: Like we have a choice!
DUNKMONKEY: Why are you always in charge?
ROCKY: I'm the Chair!
FUNKYDINK: I wish someone would sit on him.

(The Caveys laugh.)

ROCKY: Yes, thank you! We all know what happens to loud fools who say ridiculous things!
PUMPFRECKLE: Yes, they become the Chair of the Residents' Association!

(The Caveys laugh again.)

ROCKY: Now, as you know, today is the Feast Of Krakatoe-or-two!
CAVEYS: Hooray!

ROCKY: So we need to go through some health and safety rules!

CAVEYS: Boo!

ROCKY: A ferocious monster has been seen around town and we must be prepared. So we'll have a quick emergency drill. When I put this bone in the air, **(he holds it aloft)** it means we are being attacked by a ferocious monster!

CAVEYS: Aagghh! **(They scream)**

ROCKY: **(still holding the bone aloft)** No, this is just a drill!

SCABMAGGOT: **(pointing at the bone)** No it's not, it's a bone!

ROCKY: **(bringing the bone down)** I know it's a bone, but when I put it in the air **(he holds it up)** it's a drill.

SKUNKTRUMPET: **(pointing at the bone)** No, it's still a bone.

ROCKY: I mean it's a practice!

CAVEYS: Oh!

SPLEENBANDAGE: We'll just stay here, then.

ROCKY: You can't just stay here. You must practise what you'd do if it was a real monster attack!

CAVEYS: Oh! **(a pause)** Aagghh!

TRACK A19:DINO DRILL #1

(The Caveys scream and exit, running with hands in the air. Rocky calls after them to no avail, and continues to talk not seeing a large dinosaur walk slowly across the stage behind him.)

ROCKY: No! Wait! Come back! There's no ferocious monster! I'm Chair of the Residents' Association. I'm in charge round here. I'm eagle eyed, quick witted, always alert! If there was a ferocious monster about, I'd be the first to know.

(Bobby enters and runs up to Rocky.)

BOBBY: Mr Rockefeller!

ROCKY: BC, what is it? Can't you see I'm holding a drill?

BOBBY: No you're not, it's a bone.

ROCKY: Don't you start!

BOBBY: I was just wondering if I could meet Lady Lava at the feast.

ROCKY: Lady Lava?! She won't want to talk to silly cave boys like you! She'll want to talk to important, intelligent, sophisticated people. **(a pause as he strikes a superior pose)** Like... what... I... is!

BOBBY: Yes, but I thought maybe you could...

ROCKY: *(crossly)* No! Absolutely not! Totally out of the question. You'll spoil my big day! You'll rain on my parade! In fact, I'm putting my foot down with a firm hand. You and the terrible twins are banned from the feast. Yes, banned!

(Rocky exits angrily as Coral and Cliff enter excitedly.)

CORAL: Today's the day, BC!
CLIFF: You're going to meet Lady Lava!
BOBBY: Afraid not. Mr Rockefeller's banned me from the feast.
CORAL: *(deflated)* Oh dear.
CLIFF: Well, never mind, BC. You'll think of something.
BOBBY: I don't think I'll ever bother thinking again.
CORAL: Don't be blue, BC.
CLIFF: When you're old fossils like us, you learn many lessons in life.
CORAL: Like always look after number one.
CLIFF: And never tread in a number two.
CORAL: And what to do when you're blue.

TRACK A20:

SMILE

CLIFF: **You see, BC, if you're feeling off colour, you know what you've got to do?**

BOBBY: **No?**

CLIFF: YOU'VE GOT TO
 SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
 GIGGLE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
 THAT'S WHAT YOU DO!
 SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
 GIGGLE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
 WE KNOW IT'S TRUE.
 AND WHEN YOU SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE,
 THEN YOU'LL FIND THE SUN COME SHINING THROUGH!
 SO, SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
 GIGGLE JUST A LITTLE BIT.
 YOU WON'T BE BLUE!

CORAL: **He's right, BC, but that's not the only way.**

BOBBY: **No?**

CORAL: YOU'VE GOT TO
DANCE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
SHIMMY JUST A LITTLE BIT,
THAT'S WHAT YOU DO!
DANCE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
SHIMMY JUST A LITTLE BIT,
WE KNOW IT'S TRUE,
AND WHEN YOU DANCE JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE,
THEN YOU'LL FIND THE SUN COME SHINING THROUGH!
SO, DANCE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
SHIMMY JUST A LITTLE BIT.
YOU WON'T BE BLUE!

(The chorus enter singing as they reach their song positions. Cliff and Coral do a comical dance routine as they la-la, with Bobby singing along and watching.)

ALL: LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA,
LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA,
LA, LA, LA, LA!
LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA,
LA, LA, LA, LA, LA, LA,
LA, LA, LA, LA!

AND WHEN YOU SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE,
THEN YOU'LL FIND THE SUN COME SHINING THROUGH!
SO, SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
GIGGLE JUST A LITTLE BIT.

CLIFF & CORAL: DANCE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
SHIMMY JUST A LITTLE BIT!

ALL: SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT,
GIGGLE JUST A LITTLE BIT.
YOU WON'T BE BLUE!
YOU WON'T BE...
YOU MAY BE PURPLE, PINK OR ANY OTHER HUE!
YOU WON'T BE...

CORAL: *(Spoken)* Come on, BC, give us a smile!

ALL: *(Spoken)* You won't be blue!

TRACK A21: **THE FEAST**

ROCKY: Lady Lava, it is a great honour to welcome you and your prehistoric pussy cat!

LADY LAVA: Well, of course it is, isn't that right, Tiddles?

TRACK A24: **SFX TIDDLES #1**

(Tiddles mimes a loud violent roar and the Caveys shake in fear.)

LADY LAVA: But I thought I should show my face.

GRAVEL: And doesn't she have a lovely face! *(he strokes his own face)*

LADY LAVA: And lend a helping hand...

GRAVEL: And doesn't she have a lovely hand! *(he strokes his own hand)*

LADY LAVA: ...to the fine folk of Rock Bottom.

GRAVEL: *(bending sideways and pointing to his rear)* And doesn't she have a lovely bot...

LADY LAVA: *(interrupting Gravel)* Gravel!

GRAVEL: Sorry, your ladyship!

LADY LAVA: We have ventured from my mountainous mansion to mix with you poor peasants for the Feast Of Krakatoe-or-two, isn't that right, Tiddles?

TRACK A25: **SFX TIDDLES #2**

(Tiddles mimes another loud violent roar and the Caveys shake in fear again.)

LADY LAVA: Where each year we bring food offerings to appease the great volcano and have what you cave people refer to as "a good nosh up"! So without further ado, reveal the fabulous feast!

(Lady Lava moves to one side as two Caveys remove the cloth covering the feast and the crowd provide a vocal fanfare.)

ALL: Ta-da....ahhh!

(The fanfare becomes a gasp of horror as the Caveys see the empty table.)

DICKIESQUIT: The food!

DINKYDONK: The drink!

DRIBBLEBUT: The feast!

DUNKMONKEY: It's not there!

FUNKYDINK: It's gone!

CAVEYS: Gone? *(providing a vocal dramatic sting)* Da - da - daaaa!

GRAVEL: *(crossly)* Who dare do dis dirty deed?

TRACK A26: **SFX SLIDE UP**

(Zig and Zag slowly emerge from behind the feast, holding the giant egg, food on their faces.)

ROCKY: Zig and Zag! This is an outrage! What do you have to say for yourselves?

TRACK A27: **SFX BELCH #2**

(Zig and Zag open their mouths as if belching. Rocky takes the egg and places it centre stage at the front.)

LADY LAVA: I've come all this way for a giant boiled egg! Well it seems I've had a wasted journey, Mr Rockefeller! You've ruined the feast.

GRAVEL: *(crossly echoing his mistress)* Ruined the feast!

LADY LAVA: You've angered the volcano!

GRAVEL: Angered the volcano!

LADY LAVA: And now I can't eat, drink and get stuffed. *(she exits haughtily)*

GRAVEL: Get stuffed! *(he follows his mistress quickly and exits)*

GERTY: Angered the volcano? What a lot of mumbo jumbo!

GLENDA: That volcano's never moved a muscle.

GLADYS: Never made so much as a murmur!

CAVEYS: And never, ever will!

TRACK A28: **VOLCANIC RUMBLE**

CAVEYS: Run away!

(All exit, screaming comically with hands in the air. The stage is left empty except for the giant egg centre stage. Bobby enters on one side, looking around. The Timekeepers enter on the opposite side.)

BOBBY: Where is everyone? Hello? Hello? Is anybody out there?

TRACK A29: **VO REX #1**

REX: *(from inside the egg)* Hello? Hello? Is anybody out there?
BOBBY: *(staring at the egg)* The egg?
CRATER: Bobby was baffled...
CREVICE: Boggled...
CREEK: And bamboozled...
BOBBY: I'm baffled, boggled and bamboozled! I think this egg is talking to me.
CRATER: He was confused... *(Bobby scratches his head)*
CREVICE: He was shocked... *(He pulls a shocked face at the audience)*
CREEK: He was itching...

(Bobby turns sideways and comically scratches his rear.)

CREEK: *(correcting Bobby, rather annoyed)* ...to find out what it was!
BOBBY: *(To Creek)* Oh, sorry!
CRATER: He held it. *(Bobby holds the egg)*
CREVICE: He shook it. *(Bobby shakes the egg and we hear a wail from inside)*

TRACK A30: **SFX EGG SHAKE**

CREEK: And finally he decided to whisk it!
BOBBY: *(shocked)* Whisk the egg?

TRACK A31: **VO REX #2**

REX: *(from inside the egg)* You're not whisking me, mate!
CREEK: Whisk it straight over to Wild Willie's!
BOBBY: Wild Willie! I've heard about him! They say he knows all there is to know about eggs and birds. But I'm not sure where his cave is. Well, there's no time to lose, I'd better run!

TRACK A32: **RUNNING**

CRATER: And so Bobby Cobblestone took the egg and ran!
CREVICE: He ran faster than a mammoth! He ran faster than the wind.
CREEK: He ran like no caveman had ever run before!

(A lighting change as we hear fast moving music and Bobby runs on the spot facing the audience, the egg under his arm. The three gossips Gerty, Glenda and Gladys enter and stand watching him run on the spot.)

GERTY: Oh look, he's running like no caveman has ever run before.
GLEND A: You mean all pigeon-toed and flat-footed?
GLADYS: No! All on the spot, not going anywhere.
GERTY: Coo-ee!
GLEND A: Excuse me!
GLADYS: Young man!
GERTY: You'll never get anywhere like that!
BOBBY: ***(still looking ahead, running)*** Sorry, can't stop. I've got to get to Wild Willie's!
GLEND A: Wild Willie's?
GLADYS: Well you don't need to run, son!

(The music ends, Bobby stops running and looks at them.)

BOBBY: Why not?
GERTY: ***(pointing off)*** He only lives over there.
GLEND A: It's just a stone's throw away.
BOBBY: A stone's throw away? Are you sure?

TRACK A33: **SFX STONE THROW**

(Gladys mimes picking up a stone and throwing it off stage - they all watch it fly. We hear a shout off stage.)

WILLIE: ***(off)*** Ouch!
GLADYS: Yes!

TRACK A34: **WILD WILLIE ENTRANCE**

SCENE THREE

(Stoney Street, 10.42 a.m. A lighting change as Gerty, Glenda and Gladys exit. Wild Willie enters, rubbing his head in pain.)

BOBBY: Are you Wild Willie?

WILLIE: Wild? I'm absolutely livid! People throwing stones at me. People interrupting my peace and quiet. Leave me alone!

BOBBY: Sorry, I just want some help.

WILLIE: Go away!

BOBBY: I need to know what to do with this egg.

WILLIE: Beat it!

BOBBY: I don't think that's very good advice.

WILLIE: Who are you?

BOBBY: I'm Bobby Cobblestone - my friends call me BC! They say you know all about eggs and birds. *(slow and deliberate)* Are you some sort of naturist?

WILLIE: Yes, but only at weekends. Well, now you're here, you can meet the gang. *(he whistles)*

TRACK A35:**BIRDS FLY ON**

(Crater, Crevice & Creek enter with large colourful bird puppets (a Love Bird, a Parrot and a Dodo) and fly them over to land on Willie's head and shoulders. They operate these and provide their bird-like voices.)

WILLIE: These are some of my feathery friends! Squeak...

CRATER: Hi there!

WILLIE: Squawk...

CREVICE: How 'ya doing?

WILLIE: ...and Darwin!

TRACK A36:**SFX DODO #1**

(Darwin opens his beak and we hear a sound effect.)

WILLIE: Darwin's a clever Dodo, but he only speaks in sound effects - don't you Darwin?

TRACK A37:**SFX DODO #2**

(Darwin opens his beak and we hear a sound effect.)

BOBBY: Where do they come from?

WILLIE: I take them under my wing when they're sick and give them what they need.

BOBBY: And what do you give sick birds?

WILLIE: Tweetment!

TRACK A38: **SFX DODO #3**

(The birds laugh and Darwin produces a boom-ching sound.)

WILLIE: I'm getting them strong enough to fly south for the winter.

BOBBY: Why do they have to fly south in the winter?

WILLIE: 'Cos it's too far to walk!

TRACK A39: **SFX DODO #4**

(The birds laugh again and Darwin produces another boom-ching sound.)

BOBBY: Tell me more!

WILLIE: Well all right. Take gulls for instance. If they live by the sea, they're...

BOBBY: Seagulls?

WILLIE: Right! And if they live by the bay?

BOBBY: Bagels?

WILLIE: Wrong!

CRATER: Wrong!

CREVICE: Wrong!

TRACK A40: **SFX DODO #5**

(Darwin opens his beak and we hear a "wrong answer" buzzer sound effect.)

BOBBY: Typical! It seems like I fail at everything. I wanted to invent amazing things like Lady Lava's Eggheads, but it always ends in disaster. I'll never find the secret to success.

WILLIE: Now don't get your feathers ruffled, young fledgling. It takes time to learn to fly - not to mention a few crash landings. Just keep taking that leap of faith off the branch, and one day you'll spread your wings and discover you're not just flying... you're soaring!

BOBBY: *(suddenly remembering)* The egg! I'd forgotten all about it.
WILLIE: Well, hand it over, and let's get cracking. I'm the egg-spurt! *(he takes the egg and lifts it up and down, followed by the birds)* Up, down, up, down, up, down!
CRATER: What's he doing?
CREVICE: Egg-cersize!

TRACK A41: **SFX DODO #6**

WILLIE: This is no bird's egg. But how on prehistoric earth did you get hold of it? It's impossible! It's miraculous! It's getting cold! Go to my cave and wrap it in a blanket!
BOBBY: Ok, I'll be right back. *(he exits with the egg)*
WILLIE: This is amazing! We'll have to tell the ducks when they wake up.
CRATER: And when do ducks wake up?
WILLIE: The quack of dawn!

TRACK A42: **SFX DODO #7**

(The birds laugh again and Darwin produces another boom-ching sound.)

CRATER: So you want to do bird jokes, eh?
CREVICE: Well, "toucan" play at that game!
CRATER: Stop yolking around!
CREVICE: You're cracking me up!
CRATER: Egg-sactly!

(Bobby enters carrying a puppet egg - a replica egg with a Rex dinosaur puppet concealed inside and a large hole for the puppet to appear through, currently hidden from view. A small blanket can be used to cover Bobby's arm as it enters the egg to operate the puppet.)

CREVICE: Oh look, he's coming back...
BOBBY: So tell me Willie, what's inside?

TRACK A43: **EGG HATCHING**

WILLIE: I think we're about to find out...!

(We hear cracking sounds as the egg hatches. The egg wobbles as Willie and Bobby look in amazement. As the music finishes, Bobby turns the egg to reveal the hole and Rex's head emerges from the egg. Rex is a blue baby dinosaur puppet. Bobby operates the Rex puppet as the baby dinosaur's voice is heard.)

REX: Morning guys, how you doing? Hey, it's great to be out at last—I was getting a bit cramped inside that egg. So, what's happening?

WILLIE: Well stone me! I was right! He's a dinosaur!

BOBBY: A dinosaur! Wow!

WILLIE: Welcome to our world, little fella! Now you'll need a name. How about... Rex?

TRACK A44: **VO REX #3**

REX: Rex? Yeah, I like that! You say I'm a dinosaur? What sort?

CRATER: A stegosaurus?

CREVICE: A brontosaurus?

BOBBY: He seems to know lots of words!

WILLIE: He must be a "thesaurus"!

TRACK A45: **VO REX #4**

REX: Sorry to interrupt, but, um, which of you guys is my mum?

BOBBY: Well none of us. Your mum isn't here, I'm afraid.

WILLIE: You seem to be lost.

CRATER: Very lost.

CREVICE: By a few million years!

TRACK A46: **WELCOME TO MY LIFE**

(The dialogue continues over the musical introduction as the chorus enter and move into position for the song and dance. If possible, the chorus each carry a colourful bird puppet to perform with them.)

REX: But who's going to look after me? You know, teach me stuff, show me the world?

WILLIE: Us, of course! We're your friends.

BOBBY: And we'll share this adventure together!