

"Ooga Booga Yip Yip"

Short film script by

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LOGLINE:

Cavemen are from Mars, cavewomen are from Venus.

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"Ooga Booga Yip Yip"

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERTED AREA - DAY

FEMME and MACHO, a twentysomething caveman couple, wander into view. The scenery is breathtaking in its primordial grandeur.

The male, Macho, drops a roll of animal furs and throws his club into the air, exulting:

MACHO
Ooga booga yip yip!

After quickly arranging a few stones into a circle, Macho squats, and mimes warming his hands by the fire. Then he stands and briskly brushes off his palms, one against the other. He has finished his work, and he's proud of it.

Femme, however, has other ideas. She points at a larger stone, indicating that it should be moved two feet to the left.

FEMME
Ooga... booga... yip... yip.

Macho is not happy with this, and he pretends to try moving the heavy stone, showing that it's completely out of the question.

MACHO
Ooga-booga-yip-yip!

Femme is not amused. She crosses her arms and starts tapping one foot on the ground.

FEMME
Ooga. Booga. Yip. Yip.

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - FOUR HOURS LATER

Macho is sweating like a pig, and many large stones have been moved into a protective circle, outside the small fire circle he created earlier.

MACHO
(panting)
Ooga booga? Yip yip?

Femme cups one elbow in her hand and rubs her chin with the other hand, while calculating the stones' esthetic placement carefully. She points at two of the stones, indicating they should switch places.

FEMME

Ooga booga yip... yip.

Macho looks at Femme, trying to judge whether she's serious. Femme stares at Macho with a deadly look. Macho doesn't dare challenge her, so he shrugs wearily and begins moving the stones.

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - DUSK

The stones have been completely rearranged, and Macho is nearly dead. He whines, pleading with Femme:

MACHO

Ooga. Booga... (trailing off)

Femme studies his face, and sees that she's not going to get any more work out of him. For today, at least. So she throws her arms around Macho, and kisses him.

FEMME

Yip yip!

Macho falls to the ground, exhausted. Femme picks up a few animal furs and arranges them into a comfy sleeping area. Then she rolls Macho into the bed and crawls in after him. She tucks him in, very tenderly. Macho is already snoring.

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Macho is tending the fire and roasting a small bird. Femme wakes up, when she smells the cooking meat. She smiles at Macho, and opens her arms for a hug. He gladly complies, and tries to jump on top of her.

MACHO

Ooga! Booga! Heh-heh.

Femme pushes him off, and points at the roasting meat.

FEMME

Yip. Yip.

She carefully arranges herself in the bed. She's obviously not getting up to eat. Macho looks at this situation with outright amazement.

MACHO

Ooga? Booga?!

She nods, with a smug look on her face.

FEMME

Yip-yip!

While Macho arranges her breakfast in bed, he gestures at four of the heavy stones he moved yesterday and grumbles to himself:

MACHO

Ooga. Booga. Yip. Yip.

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - THAT AFTERNOON

Macho walks into the protective circle of stones, dragging his club and a small dead animal. Femme is stretched out luxuriously on the furs, daintily eating some berries from a makeshift bowl.

FEMME

Ooga booga!

Macho can't believe she has been so lazy. He points at the bowl of berries, then at his dead animal. He clubs it a few extra times to make his point.

MACHO

Yip yip?! Phooie.

Macho walks over to the far side of the stone circle and lifts up his loincloth. From the sound, we can tell that he's urinating. Femme clears her throat, quietly and pointedly.

FEMME

Ooga.

Macho looks over his shoulder, finishing up.

MACHO

Booga?

Femme walks over to him, and hands him a large leaf.

FEMME

Yip.

She points at a U-shaped flat rock surrounding the area where he has just finished peeing.

MACHO

Yip? Yip?! YIP?!!

Femme nods. Macho shakes his head in disbelief, and wipes the urine off the top of the U-shaped flat rock.

FEMME

Yip-yip.

She points at the U-shaped rock, and raises her finger a few inches.

MACHO

Yip-yip? Yip-yip?! YIP-YIP?!!

Incredulously, Macho lifts the U-shaped rock off the top of a few rocks which support it, and moves it to the side. Femme nods.

FEMME

Yip-yip.

Macho cannot believe his ears, but he points at himself, then at the hole that has been dug between the supporting rocks. Femme nods again.

Macho stares at her. Then he looks at her quizzically, while moving the U-shaped rock back on top of the supporting rocks. Femme nods. Some drops of urine have remained on the sides of the U-shaped rock, and he shakes his hand in disgust.

Femme pretends to sit down on the U-shaped rock, wrinkles her nose in revulsion, and arches her eyebrows in a silent question. Then she hands another large leaf to Macho, and saunters away.

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - THAT EVENING

Femme wanders around inside the stone circle, looking at various items of clothing: a sandal here, a loincloth there, a headband, a tunic and another sandal, all scattered into various crevices. She barks an order at Macho:

FEMME

Ooga booga yip yip!

Macho is lazily chewing on a bone, and doesn't want to move.

MACHO

Ooga.

He belches an incredible, resounding belch, a burp that echoes back to them several times. They both listen in amazement. Then Femme remembers her mission:

FEMME

Ooga booga YIP YIP!

Macho jumps at the sharp tone in her voice, and goes over to inspect the problem:

MACHO

Yip?

Femme leads him around, pointing out the various items of casually-discarded clothing:

FEMME

Ooga. Booga. Yip. Yip.

Macho doesn't get it. He cocks his head.

MACHO

Yip?

Femme heaves a mighty sigh and leads him around again, picking up and placing into his hands the sandal, the loincloth, the headband, the tunic and the other sandal.

She then leads him over to a pair of large rocks. On one of them is her extra set of clothes, laid out in perfectly-arranged symmetry. The display is a wonder to behold.

Femme then takes the items from Macho's hands, and arranges them, one by one, on the other large rock. She fusses over them meticulously, smoothing wrinkles and lining up everything into right angles.

FEMME

Yip?

Macho still doesn't quite understand, but acquiesces anyway, just to shut her up:

MACHO

Yip.

He goes back to chewing on his bone. This time, he lets loose a mighty fart, a foghorn-class noise which also echoes back to them several times. They both listen in astonishment, then Femme holds her nose.

FEMME

Ewww.

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - NEXT MORNING

Macho returns from his morning hunt empty-handed and irritated. He throws his club against a rock. He rips off one sandal and throws it against another rock. The other sandal and his tunic go flying against other rocks. He screams his frustration:

MACHO

OOGA BOOGA YIP YIP!

Femme watches, arms akimbo. After Macho flops onto the bed, she issues a quiet order:

FEMME

Ooga booga yip yip.

Macho is not having any.

MACHO

Ooga booga yip yip!

To emphasize his point, he puts his hand into his armpit and makes a farting noise with it. Femme again softly commands:

FEMME

Ooga booga yip yip.

Macho ridicules her by placing his flattened hand under his chin and waving it at her, 3-Stooges style.

MACHO

Ooga booga yip yip!

Femme has had just about enough, but she again calmly bids him to obey:

FEMME

Ooga booga yip yip.

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Macho sticks out his tongue.

MACHO
Ooga booga yip yip!

He then vibrates his tongue, in a long, buzzing raspberry noise. Femme loses it. She grabs Macho's club and starts chasing him around the circle, while screaming like a banshee:

FEMME
OOGA BOOGA YIP YIP!

After evading a couple of Femme's wild swings, Macho holds up his hand:

MACHO
Ooga booga. Ooga booga.

Macho picks up his tunic and sandals, then carefully places them onto the rock next to Femme's extra set of clothes.

He gingerly takes the club out of Femme's hand, and places it on the rock, too, making sure it lines up at a right angle. Femme is overjoyed and kisses him on the cheek.

FEMME
Yip-yip-yip-yip-yip!

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - LATER THAT MORNING

Femme is looking into a small pool of water on top of one of the large rocks. She's applying some of the reddish soil to her cheeks, with a piece of animal fur. She then adds a bit of water to the soil, and tries to put some of the wetted mixture onto her eyebrows.

MACHO
Ooga booga yip yip!

A few feet away, Macho has painted bright blue circles onto his forehead, cheeks and chin. He wants to make himself look like an idiot, and he has succeeded admirably. Femme tries to ignore him with a dismissive comment:

FEMME
Yip.

However, Macho is not that easily dissuaded. He tries to crowd her away from the small mirror pool, so he can see what he looks like.

MACHO

Ooga.

Macho's club is leaning against Femme's side of the rock. She grabs it and casually whops him upside the head.

FEMME

Booga.

Macho goes down for the count. Femme continues with her makeup experiments.

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - EARLY THAT AFTERNOON

Macho dashes into the stone circle, out of breath and obviously excited about something:

MACHO

Ooga... booga... yip... yip!

Femme is not sure she heard correctly:

FEMME

Yip... YIP?!

Macho can't be bothered to explain; he grabs her hand and leads her out of the stone circle.

EXT. BLACK MONOLITH - STILL LATER THAT DAY

Macho points at a rectangular black monolith, jutting out of the ground.

MACHO

Ooga booga yip yip!

Femme crosses her arms, and looks at it skeptically.

FEMME

Ooga?

Macho is very keyed up, but he approaches the monolith cautiously.

MACHO

Booga-yip-yip!

After Macho tentatively touches the monolith, he starts banging a large animal bone on the ground. Other animal bones scatter, willy-nilly. Macho tosses the large animal bone into the air. In slow motion, the bone spins up lazily... then returns back down, hitting him on the head. Macho's eyes cross.

FEMME

Ooga.

Femme knocks her knuckles on the top of Macho's head, then pulls him around to the other side of the monolith. The black monolith is revealed to be a set of gym lockers. Femme opens the locker doors, one by one. When she opens the last one, number 13, a pink Energizer bunny pops out and starts rolling off into the distance, banging its bass drum.

MACHO

Booga!

He's fascinated, and closely examines the bunny while walking alongside it.

FEMME

Yip.

She's discovered another item in Locker 13. It looks like a laptop computer, covered with dust. Macho runs over to look at it, just as Femme is blowing off the dirt. Macho's face turns black with dust.

MACHO

Yip. Bleh.

Femme opens the computer, and it lights up to display a webpage: the main portal of a newspaper site, with a photo of a mushroom cloud, and a huge headline, WORLD WAR THREE BEGINS. Macho scratches his head, while Femme shrugs.

EXT. FORMERLY DESERTED AREA - THAT NIGHT

Macho and Femme are under the animal furs, and the computer has been rigged to hang directly over their bed, on a contraption made of sticks. Femme admires Macho's handiwork.

FEMME

(softly)

Ooga booga.

Macho holds up one finger, and she nods.

MACHO

Yip...

Macho pushes one of the computer keys, and the screen lights up their faces. Femme gasps. Macho holds up a second finger, and she nods again. He claps his hands twice, and the computer screen goes dark.

FEMME

(madly in love)

Yiiiiiiiiiiiiipppppppppppppppp.

MACHO

Heh-heh.

THE END