



AN ANIMATED SERIES

EPISODE 1 - PILOT

Written by

Andrew Nixon

Cinemamusik@gmail.com
780.938.2608
250 Salter St.
New Westminster, BC V3M 0B7

FADE IN:

EXT.STONE CITY.MORNING

We pass slowly through the barren streets and neighborhoods of Stone City; A once bustling prehistoric village. Huts, Cave dwellings, store fronts, and schools, all abandoned and left to crumble. Garbage and debris blow through the dusty roads. DINO's pack their belongings and say goodbye to the town they once called home.

CUT TO:

EXT.POND.AFTERNOON

The long neck of a Brontosaurus (STEVE) hovers over the pond, casting a large shadow. He's on the smaller side for a Dino of his breed but still intimidatingly large.

Steve leans down to take a drink. A large claw pops up out of the water and latches onto his snout. He lunges backward.

STEVE

(nasally)
Son of a bitch!

LOBSTER

Good Morning!

CUT TO:

EXT.TREE.MORNING

Steve sits awkwardly, wincing as he adjusts his tail before turning to give a forced smile into the camera.

STEVE (TALKING HEAD)

(clears giant throat)
Hi. Uh.. I'm Steve. I'm a Brontosaurus, as you can probably see... I'm actually kind of the only Brontosaurus, at least around here anyway. The rest left already. There were a few that were planning on staying but they, uh...

Steve pauses and looks at the ground.

STEVE (TALKING HEAD) (CONT'D)
They died when the big one fell
from the sky a few months ago.

CUT TO:

EXT.VILLAGE.NIGHT-FLASHBACK

A giant meteorite sits in an even larger crater. Limp dinosaur tails stick out from under the space rock. A sandwich board reading "Bronto Community Meeting" lays tipped over in front of the crater.

BACK TO:

EXT.TREE

Steve snaps back to reality.

STEVE (TALKING HEAD)
Glad I skipped that meeting.

A bug buzzes around Steve's face. He tries to ignore it.

STEVE (TALKING HEAD) (CONT'D)
So yea, it's just me... but it's
been okay. There are other Dino's
still in town. I have a couple of
friends I guess, but honestly, I
like being by myself most of the
time... I'm a bit of a introvert.

Steve looks down awkwardly and shuffles his foot in the dirt.

STEVE (TALKING HEAD) (CONT'D)
It would be nice to talk to someone
who's the same height as me... I've
been starting to have some neck
problems.

CUT TO:

INT.HUT.MORNING-FLASHBACK

Steve is bent down with his head through the window of a smaller Dinosaurs hut. He twists and cracks his neck as he winces with discomfort. The other Dino (TINY DINO) sits on a stump cross legged, sipping wine and gossiping.

TINY DINO

And I knew he was lying because Stephanie said she saw him down at the river that afternoon. She said he was with that young thing from down the road, what's her name?

Steve shakes his head.

TINY DINO (CONT'D)

Oh you know she's related to Darryl. He's that Triceratops who thought he was a pterodactyl. He used to call himself Darryl Dactyl, which I'll admit has a nice ring to it...

Steve fakes a smile and nods as she yammers on.

TINY DINO (CONT'D)

Poor Darryl. Nice kid but had some issues let me tell you. I used to tell his mother all the time when he was little. I'd say Dorothy! That kid's got a horn loose. Turns out he had three loose cause when he hit the ground they (makes popping noise) popped right off. Like they were spring loaded...

Steve looks horrified.

TINY DINO (CONT'D)

Jessica! That's her name!

Tiny Dino takes a sip of her drink.

TINY DINO (CONT'D)

Home wrecking bitch...

Steve shakes with discomfort, bending and cracking his neck. He forces a wide eyed smile and continues nodding.

STEVE

Totally.

BACK TO:

EXT.TREE.MORNING

Steve cracks his neck.

STEVE (TALKING HEAD)

There's lots of talk of a new village starting up down south. That's apparently where everyone is headed. I might go... I don't know. It's been unusually cold here lately so it might be nice to get away. I heard Phil and Emily talking about making the move.

CUT TO:

EXT.FOREST.MORNING

A neurotic, slightly overweight RAPTOR (PHIL) crouches in an attack ready position behind a large fern. The morning sun pokes through the trees and dancing off of the mist in the air. A wooden sign nailed to the tree behind Phil reads "Public Dumping Zone" with a picture of a squatting T-Rex etched into it. The area is crawling with bugs.

PHIL

(whispering)
We're thinking about going, yea. Is Steve going? Did he tell you he was? Emily and I are leaning towards it... I heard it's supposed to be pretty nice down there... sunshine, water, lots to eat.

Phil takes a step forward and sinks slightly into the mud. He almost slips but catches his footing. He crouches back down into an attack ready stance.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Food has been a little harder to find around here these days... but I'm an excellent hunter. It's all about patience. Become your environment, and let the meal come to you.

Phil wiggles his snout and exhales through his nose to shoo away the mosquitoes.

A beat.

PHIL (CONT'D)

These bugs are inside of me.

Phil shifts his feet and almost slips again. He flails his tiny arms.

CUT TO:

INT.HUT - CONTINUOUS

A female RAPTOR (EMILY) dances to music in her kitchen. She shuffles over to the stove to stir a steaming pot as she hums to herself. She has a floral apron tied around her waist and a crown of flowers perched upon her head.

Emily gives the pot another good stir, splashing soup onto the stove top and the floor.

EMILY

It's hot tail soup. My mothers recipe. Phil loves it. I personally don't eat meat anymore. I have some moral issues with hunting. I know - not what you were expecting to hear from a Raptor but I just can't bring myself to take an innocent life. Made the decision about seven years ago...

PAN DOWN TO THE POT. THE SOUP BOILS AND SPITS AS NASTY LOOKING CHUNKS OF TAIL FLOAT TO THE SURFACE.

PAN BACK UP TO EMILY.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh, we didn't hunt these. They came from under the rock... You know from the Bronto Clubhouse? That was terrible... it was such a beautiful building. Anyway, Phil is really trying to pack in the extra protein for the big trip... It was sort of up in the air but I think we're leaning towards going now.

Emily stops stirring.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's a scary thought to leave our home but I think Phil's right... it's time for a change. I had originally suggested moving to Yellowstone, that's where my parents live. Mom runs the flower shop and Dad works at the quarry.

Emily grabs a picture of her Dad off the mantle and shows it to the camera. He's a tough looking Raptor with a big gut and a hard hat.

EMILY (CONT'D)

He said he could get Phil a job but Phil said he's worried working a nine to five might kill his entrepreneurial and creative spirit. He also mentioned something about not wanting to "provoke" his plantar fasciitis by working on his feet all day.

She puts the picture back and sighs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to stay optimistic about everything.

Emily chokes up and starts stirring again. She struggles to wipe a tear from her eye and forces a smile.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I better tell Phil to come in for lunch.

She leans out the window and yells at the top of her lungs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Phiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!!!!!

BIRDS AND BUGS FLY OUT OF THE TREES.

CUT TO:

EXT.FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Emily's call echoes through the air, startling Phil. He loses his footing and slips.

He lifts himself up and gives it a shake.

PHIL

(sniffs and spits)
I don't think this is just mud.

Phil notices Steve walking by through a crack in the dense bush.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Steve! Hold up!

Steve stops and looks back, noticing Phil stumbling over to greet him.

Steve sighs and turns to face Phil.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hey man!

STEVE
Hey Phil... You alright?

PHIL
What?

Phil looks down at his filth covered body.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oh I was just getting in a morning hunt. This is... camouflage.

STEVE
Sure.

PHIL
Hey you want to come over? Emily made hot tail soup!

STEVE
Oh... thanks for the offer but I don't eat meat... remember.

PHIL
Right! I always forget.

STEVE
Yea... Herbivore.

PHIL
Emily keeps saying I should go full Herbdenvor

STEVE
Herbivore. And maybe you should... Wait, where are the tails from?

Phil looks at Steve wide eyed and speechless. He scratches his head and tries to change the subject.

PHIL
Lot's of fibre in that diet of yours hey? Guess I could give it a try! We're not just what nature says we are.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

We can all be a better version of ourselves. That's what Emily says.

STEVE

Some of us more than others I'm sure.

Phil nods ignorantly.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I should really get going.

PHIL

Right, well hey! Doors open if you change your mind.

STEVE

Thanks. Tell Emily I say hi.

PHIL

Sure thing!

Phil walks off towards his hut confidently, dripping with filth.

CUT TO:

EXT.TREE.DAY

Steve adjusts his tail and sits up.

STEVE (TALKING HEAD)

I don't know how I feel about Phil. He's nice enough. A little strange. I guess we're friends but I don't know if I trust him... He's a Raptor you know? I can't help but think he would eat me if he was given the chance. I've caught him lurking around my place a couple times at weird hours. He denies it but I know it was him. I made my own home security system and he's set it off a couple times.

CUT TO:

EXT.STEVES HUT.NIGHT-FLASHBACK

Steve snores, asleep at his home; A sketchy looking treehouse like structure built around the base of a decaying redwood. It's large, but still not big enough for Steve. His head pokes out the back door leading on to a small porch.

FOCUS IN ON BOX OF COOKIES AND A BAG OF CHIPS SITTING NEXT TO A SNORING STEVE.

Phil bares his teeth and drools as he approaches, taking slow, calculated steps. Right as he's about to make his move, he steps down on a cactus garden. Phil yelps in pain and hops around on one foot.

Steve wakes up.

PHIL
Ah Shit! Why!?

Steve sits up looking groggy, but satisfied. Phil limps away.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Emily! Get the tweezers!

BACK TO:

EXT.TREE

Steve smirks.

STEVE (TALKING HEAD)
I guess he's probably harmless...
His wife Emily is nice. Not sure
how she's put up with Phil all
these years but I guess they're
good together... I don't know,
maybe she could do better...
Probably... but yea Emily is cool.
She and I get along.

CUT TO:

INT.HUT.MORNING

Emily sits awkwardly at her breakfast table. She crosses her tiny arms. A crudely potted mug full of herbal tea sits in front of her. The steam wafts up her nostrils. She wiggles her snout and smiles.

EMILY (TALKING HEAD)

Hi! I'm Emily. I'm married to Phil. 8 years. We don't have any kids yet. We've talked about it but Phil really thought we should pursue our careers first. He's had quite a few business ventures over the years. Most recently he was selling guided hunting tours... He calls himself a serial entrepreneur.

Emily uncrosses her arms and fusses with her mug.

EMILY (TALKING HEAD) (CONT'D)

He's had some set backs.

CUT TO:

EXT.FOREST CLEARING.MID DAY- FLASHBACK

Phil paces, wearing a camouflage rangers outfit. He stomps back and forth in front of a line of attentive Dinosaurs. There are 2 other Raptors, a T-Rex, and 6 smaller Herbivores in formation. The Herbivores look around nervously.

PHIL

(sternly)

Alright hunters! What's our motto?

GROUP

(in unison)

Losers eat trees! I eat what I please!

PHIL

Again!

The Raptors and T-Rex turn their heads towards the group of Herbivores smiling and drooling as they chant along.

GROUP

(Carnivores enthusiastically,
Herbivores nervously)

Losers eat trees! I eat what I please!

PHIL

Very good! Let's hunt!

BACK TO:

INT.HUT.MORNING

Emily's eyes widen. She looks up from her mug.

EMILY

I think he probably should have screened the group first. The lawyer thought so too.

Emily sips her tea.

EMILY (CONT'D)

So it's been a struggle financially. It's starting to get sort of lonely around here too. Especially lately. The town feels pretty empty now and the ones who are left seem a little off. I think it's the weather. Maybe those falling flaming rocks... everyone is sort of on edge.

FADE TO:

EXT.POND.MID DAY

Steve sits at what's left of the local watering hole. It's noticeably dried up. Fish skeletons and dry algae sit scattered on the sand the water once covered.

Phil approaches, wearing a pink fanny pack and holding a home made fishing rod.

PHIL

Hey dude! Nice afternoon eh?

Steve turns his head towards Phil.

STEVE

(under his breath)
Shit...

Steve fakes a smile.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey Phil. Yea, it's alright.

PHIL

Not too hot, nice breeze, no weirdo's around!

STEVE

There wasn't, no...

PHIL
Mind if I crank my rod beside ya?

STEVE
(disturbed)
What?

Phil brandishes his fishing rod as if it's a long sword.

PHIL
Just figured I'd get some fishing
in since there's no one else down
here.

STEVE
Oh. Yea, knock yourself out.

Phil smiles and runs to grab a spot beside Steve. He sits down and casts his fishing rod into the pathetic looking pond. Steve awkwardly shuffles away.

STEVE (CONT'D)
So, are you and Emily still
thinking of going to the new spot?

Phil props his rod up in the sand and turns to face Steve.

PHIL
I think so. Why not right? There's
not a whole lot going on around
here anymore. It's depressing...
Almost everyone is gone and with my
business currently on hiatus, it
might be nice to get a fresh start.

Steve looks at Phil, then looks at the camera wide eyed.

STEVE
Right. Did they set a court date
yet?

Phil ignores Steve and digs through his fanny pack, pulling out a pair of aviator style sunglasses. He puts them on.

PHIL
(points to his face)
Cool right?

STEVE
(sarcastically)
Mhmm.

PHIL
What about you?

STEVE

I'd be lying if I said I hadn't
thought about leaving.

Phil shuffles himself closer towards Steve. Steve moves
further away.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I heard it's warm down there. Lot's
of Dino's were headed that way.
There has to be a few Bronto's from
other towns going there right? I
mean who knows.. maybe I could meet
someone who -

Steve is interrupted by a tug on the line. Phil kicks back
around and grabs his rod.

PHIL

Fish!!

Phil cranks on the line, struggling to reel it in. He anchors
his claws into the sand and uses his tiny arms to jerk the
rod backward. The fishing line looks like it might snap.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(struggling)
Steve help me out!

STEVE

What do you want me to do?

PHIL

Get that long neck of yours in
there and help me pull it out!
Quick!

STEVE

What? No! I'm not sticking my face
in there.

PHIL

Steve please! I'm hungry! I hate
that disgusting soup... What's the
point of having that neck if you're
not going to use it?

STEVE

But -

PHIL

Stick your head down there and see
what I'm caught on!

STEVE

Ahhhh fine!

Steve takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and plunges his head into the water. He follows the fishing line to a sunken log. He tugs on it with his teeth and moves it, revealing another Lobster. They make eye contact. Steve smiles nervously. The lobster smirks and snaps his claw down onto his snout, cutting the fishing line.

Steve's head flies out of the water, Lobster still attached. He falls backward, knocking Phil to the ground.

Steve shakes himself free from the Lobsters grip. It plops back into the water.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Damnit! Ow!

Phil stands up.

PHIL

Shit!

Phil drops the fishing rod in disappointment.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I thought I had something... and I have sand in my crack.

Steve gives his head another shake and wiggles his nostrils to try and stop the throbbing.

STEVE

I hate those things. Second time this week.

Phil picks up the rod and reels in the broken line.

PHIL

They're apparently delicious but I can't bring myself to try one.

STEVE

I don't think you're supposed to eat them.

PHIL

Gary said he ate one.

STEVE

Gary is a human. They'll eat anything.

PHIL
That's true. They're worse than
Dactyls.

CUT TO:

EXT.GARBAGE PILE - FLASHBACK

A few Stupid looking PTERODACTYL'S eat their way through a garbage pile. They peck at each other squawking and flapping their wings as they gorge themselves on the trash.

A group of non winged, more sophisticated looking Dino's walks past and glances over in disgust. They pick up their pace and continue walking.

BACK TO:

EXT.POND.MID DAY

Phil ties another hook to the end of the line and recasts it.

Steve regains his composure and sits back down.

PHIL
Humans are so weird. I bet they
taste awful.

STEVE
I actually don't mind Gary.

PHIL
You've tasted him?

STEVE
No, I mean he's a good guy... and
he's smart. He's always inventing
cool stuff. Didn't he make that
fishing rod?

A beat.

PHIL
He did. But if he asks, you didn't
see me with it.

Steve ignores Phil.

STEVE
I wonder if he's planning on going
to the new spot?

PHIL

I'm not sure. I hope there aren't a bunch of other humans there already. They're bad luck. I didn't mind when they were up in the hills but I don't think it's a coincidence that they moved to the city and the sky started falling.

CUT TO:

EXT.VILLAGE.NIGHT-FLASHBACK

A Dinosaur couple holds hands on a romantic midnight stroll through a more populated Stone City - The glow of fireplaces emanates from the small human dwellings. The humans are celebrating; Singing, dancing, and laughing together in their homes. The Dino couple shake their heads at the odd behavior.

A giant flash of light illuminates the sky. The sound of a freight train screeches as the light approaches. A meteorite crashes into the earth, hitting the male Dinosaur and crushing him into the ground. The female Dino stands frozen in complete shock. She's covered in space dust and holding the severed arm of her lover. She screams hysterically.

BACK TO:

EXT.POND.MID DAY

Steve glares at Phil.

PHIL

Okay, maybe it's not entirely their fault but you have to admit they are super annoying.

Steve shrugs in agreement.

PHIL (CONT'D)

They're always having late night parties... like go to bed, some of us have to work in the morning.

STEVE

You don't.

PHIL

Not me specifically but some of us do.

STEVE

They are strange, I'll admit that... I bet they're all heading south though. Where else would they have gone?

PHIL

I hope they all got eaten on the way.

STEVE

Jesus.

PHIL

He was one of the first to go I bet! You know I heard that guy saying he was going to convince future generations that Dino's aren't even real.

Phil laughs.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What a kook!

STEVE

Well I guess we'll see when we get there.

Steve smirks.

PHIL

So you're coming? For sure?

STEVE

Yea... I need a change. I've been feeling pretty down lately.

PHIL

That's great!

STEVE

It's actually been quite debilitating...

PHIL

No, I mean you can travel with us! We can leave in a few days. It'll be great. I know Emily will be happy to hear you want to come.

Steve stops fussing with the sand and smiles.

STEVE

Yea... You know what? Why not? A new start.

PHIL

Definitely! It's perfect. No one should travel alone! It'll be fun... I'll lead, Emily can cook for us... You can carry our stuff. I was wondering how we were going to transport everything.

STEVE

What? No, no come on. I'm not doing that.

PHIL

Why not? I saw you move a boulder three times my size without even breaking a sweat. It's just a few boxes, and Emily's wine collection... but that'll get lighter as we go. You can handle it.

Phil looks around to make sure there's no one in ear shot.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You know next to me... you're the strongest Dinosaur I know.

STEVE

Then why don't you carry everything?

PHIL

(full volume)

It's not a matter of strength! It's a matter of surface area, Steve!

Phil struggles to stand up.

PHIL (CONT'D)

While I could easily support the weight, I'm simply not big enough to put everything on my back, and these arms weren't really designed for carrying things.

Phil reaches and flails his tiny arms to demonstrate his inadequacies.

Steve hangs his head and sighs.

STEVE

Fine.

He points sternly at Phil.

STEVE (CONT'D)

But I won't be ridden!

PHIL

Of course not!

STEVE

Good.

Phil sits back down.

PHIL

Just where the mud is thick. Or
like when we're crossing a
stream... or when we're really
tired.

Steve kicks some sand at Phil. He doesn't flinch, allowing
the sand to bounce off his aviators.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Nice try. (Spits up sand) Come on
man, be a team player.

STEVE

I am! I'll come with you two but
you need to show me some resp -

Phil's fishing rod twitches. There's another bite.

Phil grabs the rod and braces himself in the sand again.

PHIL

Oh baby, here we go! This one's
dinner!

Phil yanks on the rod and pulls up a twisted mess of algae
and pond shit. It flies straight towards Steve. He gets a
mouth full of pond sludge.

Steve gags and spits.

STEVE

Come on!!

PHIL

Sorry! False alarm.

Steve tries to clean the filth off of his face.

Phil stands at the edge of the pond staring straight into the water. He looks disappointed.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You know I'm starting to think there aren't any fish in here.

Steve shakes his head in frustration.

STEVE

That's enough for me. I'm leaving.

Phil continues to stare into the water.

PHIL

Sure thing bud. Hey - do me a favor and drop this fishing stick off at Gary's on your way. I'm going to have to do this the old fashioned way.

Phil reaches into his fanny pack and pulls out a pair of water wings. He starts blowing them up while continuing his gaze into the pond.

CUT TO:

EXT.CAVE.MIDDAY

A pile of crudely made furniture and house decor sits in front of a small cave dug into the side of a giant rock face. There is a large workshop off to the side. A voice can be heard muttering from inside as more items are tossed out and on to the pile.

Steve approaches with caution.

STEVE

Gary? You in there?

A wedding portrait etched into a stone tablet flies out of the cave and narrowly misses Steve's head. It hits the ground and splits directly down the center.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Whoa! Careful man!

Gary (30's, Caveman, Slender) walks into the light. He stands completely upright and has a noticeably intelligent look about him. He gestures to Steve.

GARY

Steve!? Oh gosh! I'm sorry! I didn't know you were out here.

STEVE

It's alright. What are you doing with all this stuff?

GARY

Oh, this?

Gary turns to the pile, wiping sweat from his forehead and catching his breath.

GARY (CONT'D)

Well I figured I'm moving so I should probably you know, get rid of some things.

STEVE

Everything?

GARY

No. Not everything.

He points to a single coffee mug sitting safely on a rock.

GARY (CONT'D)

Hey is that my fishing rod?

STEVE

Oh, uh, Yes. It is. I saw it leaning up against a tree over there and I thought it might be yours so I -

GARY

It's fine. I saw Phil rummaging through my shed. He knocked over two planters and yelled LIKE A GHOST on the way out.

CUT TO:

INT.SHED.MORNING - FLASHBACK

Phil tip toes around Gary's shed toward the fishing rod leaned in the corner. He trips on a coiled rope and falls to the ground. Planters crash to the floor.

BACK TO:

EXT.CAVE.MIDDAY

Gary sighs.

GARY

I'm surprised he asked you to return it... Not usually his style. I don't think I'll ever get my flotation bands back.

CUT TO:

EXT.POND

Phil floats in the middle of the pond wearing Gary's water wings. He splashes and spins himself around with his tail, spitting water out of his snout like a fountain.

BACK TO:

EXT.CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Steve stares down at the broken wedding portrait.

STEVE

(hesitantly)
I heard about what happened with your wife. I'm sorry man. That's rough.

Beat.

GARY

Thanks. It's been -

Gary chokes up.

GARY (CONT'D)

It's been an adjustment... I Don't really like to talk about it.

STEVE

Of course... Sorry - I shouldn't have brought it up.

GARY

No it's ok. I get it. It's been a few months now... and I'm starting to move on... I am. She did, she moved on... while we were still together.

Steve looks mortified.

STEVE

Well I bet there's lots of humans heading south. Maybe you'll meet someone.

GARY

That's a nice thought, but some of us are just destined to live our lives alone.

Steve becomes uncomfortably self aware.

STEVE

Yea I guess maybe some of us are.

Beat.

GARY

Oh man. I didn't mean to bum you out. I'm sorry. I've been doing that a lot lately. Emily came to drop off some soup earlier and I don't know what I said but it took an hour for me to get her to stop crying.

Steve swallows the lump in his throat and grunts.

STEVE

Women...

They stand in awkward silence.

GARY

You're probably right though. It'll be good to get a fresh start. Are you planning on making the move?

STEVE

Yea actually I was just talking to Phil about that. We're all going to go together. You should join us.

GARY

Ah no. That's nice of you. But I would probably just slow you down.

STEVE

Not at all. It would be nice to have someone who's not Phil to talk to.

GARY
You sure?

STEVE
Definitely!

Gary ponders.

GARY
Alright... Yea, you know what? I'm
in. Thanks Steve.

STEVE
Of course! On that note, I should
probably head home and decide what
I'm going to pack.

GARY
Good call. I'll talk to you
tomorrow?

STEVE
Sounds good.

Steve starts to walk away. He stops and turns back.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Oh yea. Where do you want me to put
that fishing rod?

Gary looks around and shrugs his shoulders.

GARY
Just toss it on the pile.

Steve looks over at Gary's pile of memories. He picks up the
fishing rod with his teeth and gently places it on top of the
pile.

STEVE
Do you need help moving this stuff
somewhere?

GARY
No, I got it under control! Thanks
though!

STEVE
Ok. Later Gary.

Gary smiles.

Steve turns and walks away.

Gary leans down in front of the pile of stuff. He pulls out a couple of sticks and starts spinning them in the palms of his hands - blowing into the quickly forming embers. The pile bursts into flames.

Steve stops in his tracks. His eyes widen. He resists looking back as the giant fire roars behind him. He continues walking.

Gary stands up. Looking satisfied, he brushes himself off and walks back into his cave whistling.

FADE TO BLACK.