**Spirit of Chimponobo:** Humour, Interaction, Weird, Music, Physicality

**Costumes:** Damien (All Black, Monkey Mask and Cons to reveal office wear and black glasses) Kristin (Dress or Priest costume, J-Pop mask, wicket and guitar)

**Online Presence:** Set up Facebook and Twitter, Starting posting on our Facebooks once a week WHO OR WHAT IS CHIMPonobo? with a picture of us standing with me taking a mask off each week) Which leads to Chimponobo facebook page. Post short 15second video once a week (video 1 Kristin playing 2001 and me beating a stick on the ground with monkey mask in Mr Happy underwear; video 2 George Michael song and me dancing with monkey mask in Mr Happy underwear; video 3 Kristin playing Justin Bieber song “Baby Baby” and me in monkey mask in Mr Happy underwear comes in and beats the shit out of him). Write comedic post every 2 days.

**Open Mic:** Organise open mic in next 3 weeks for practice run and check out venue for competition.
The Script

Scene 1 (30 seconds)

Walk on stage shoulder to shoulder. Turn round and face the audience. Heads turned down then Damien looks up and begins to chant” balls, balls, BALLS, balls, BALLS, balls, BALLS, balls....... (Balls harmonisation to first song on Big keyboard)

Kristin flips guitar around and quickly picks tempo from slow to fast. Damien points at balls while ripping off monkey costume to reveal professional wear, combs hair and puts on glasses.

(Kristin flips guitar back around).

Good evening this is Mr Monomoto and I am Damien and together we are Chimponobo (Left Shoulder, Right Shoulder, Left Hip, Right Hip, Hip circle, crotch grab, hhhhhnn, high 5).
You know when I woke up this morning I came in with the intention of doing a show about, you guessed it, BALLS. I was going talk about gigantic balls, nano balls, succulent balls, revolting balls, earnest balls, poker-faced balls, my balls, your balls, his balls, her balls, and madam I am sure they are beautiful set of big, furry, enticing balls as well. But no ladies and gentleman, I am taking the high fucking road now. Every comedian under the sun goes for the cheap laugh talking about malformed scrotums that look like the head of Rocky Dennis from the Cher version of “Mask”. I’m taking a more mature approach. I’m going to talk about ..........groins. The way Buddha would think about groins. . Compassionately!. And I hope after today everyone will be a little bit more aware of this debilitating groinal condition.
Scene 3 (1 minute 15 seconds)

Do you know what the number one affliction is after a Tsunami other than drowning? Chafe! That’s right chaffing. Crotch fucking rot. Where the simple act of walking can turn your groinal region into a red raw war zone of mustiness and fucking suffering. Then times that by a factor of 10 if you have some wet shorts on post Tsunami. So just imagine this you’re a Japanese kid, or if this hypothetical is too painful for you, because you’re a racist, then picture yourself as an Australian exchange student in Japan. Your house has been destroyed by one mutha of a wave! Unfortunately Flipper could have warned you of the impending doom but you decided to have a family BBQ the previous day and indulged in some fat juicy dolphin burgers,(Kristin: Ehhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaa) that was Flipper laughing in heaven as the wave broke, and you have to walk 12kms inland to the closest corner shop to buy milk and ahh let me see a Californian sushi roll in extremely wet shorts. That is going to be some hell fucking chafe, especially if you are a fat fucker from Sumo school.
Scene 4 (1 15 minute)

But I don’t think you appreciate the fucktacular of pain this condition can be. Full body cancer whatever, 1980s AIDS suck it up princess, chaff RESPECT. I think you need a demonstration. I’m gonna be the Japanese Sumo boy with chaff (Damien drops pants pulls up white underwear sumo style) While you’re gonna be the thighs and groin. Okay Mr M help me out the left side of the audience you are a pair of fat, disgusting, fat meaty, fat, off-putting, fat fucking thighs and when Mr M points at you, you go like this (Kristin: Schwubb) (Kristin points with wicket) while the right side of the audience you are the red, raw, red, steamy, red, rancid, red fucking bit right here and here in the groin when Mr M points at you, you go like this (Kristin: Owwwwwwww points with wicket) Remember if any of you fuck it up Mr M will sick Wicket onto you and he is one mean furry mother fucker (Kristin points brandishes Wicket at the audience and pushes his hand, then begins with 5,3,1x5 ratio) “Schwubb, Schwubb, Schwubb, Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Schwubb, Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow! Schwubb, Ow!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVWWWVVVVVVVVVVVVVWWWVVVVVVVVVVVVVWWWVVVVVVVVVVVVVWWWVVVVVVVVVVVVVWWWVVVVVVVVVVVVVWWWVVVVVVVVVVWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

(Kristin ends with big elaborate scream with me writhing on the ground)

And that’s just to the front door there is still another fucking 11.9kms of this shit!
Scene 5 (1.00)

(Kristin starts playing Advance Australia Fair) I thought we as Australians should be ready to do more to help people in the future who are afflicted by post tsunami chaff. We’ve made a lot of good shit in this country. Such as..... (Kristin stops playing) hmm actually we’ve made fuck all, all we are is a big fucking hole in the ground for China to mine. But no hold on there is something we could send (Kristin starts playing again), a steel drying angel; Return to the scenario from before and imagine the joy on your face as amongst blankets, water and food supplies something actually fucking useful dropped into your backyard, a clothesline but not any sort of clothesline the ultimate in Aussie drying technology the Hills fucking Hoist!

And the Japanese children will say thank you Australia for your kindness and generosity, thank you for our dry shorts which relieved our chaff and thank you for that fucking stupid clothesline that speared my last fucking remaining relatives to death, doesn’t even stand up straight and leaves rust marks on my clothes.

Chimponobobo Sign Off