

CHIMPS
EPISODE 1
(SKETCH SHOW)

Written by
Simon Stratton

Flat 32, Cymric House
Cardiff
CF10 5LL
+44 (0) 7968753347
simon.stratton@gmail.com

EPISODE 1

EP1: OPENING SKETCH (ANIMATION)

INTRO. VO:

‘Exactly two hours before zero BC and, in fact, zero AD, Mary, mother of Jesus, gave birth to the first of two twin babies. But the birth was a difficult one, and in a time before medical safety-nets the child, with the final push, shot up to the moon, freezing into a block of ice on his short journey through space. One thousand, nine hundred and sixty nine years later, heat from the rockets on Apollo Eleven’s moon landing vehicle defrosted the child, who crawled aboard and hid in an area of the capsule where Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and The Other One never went – the toilet - and travelled back down to earth. Twenty years later this very child grew up to reach maturity as... *Evil Jesus in the Eighties.*’

CHEERY MUSIC

“Evil Jesus, in the Eighties,

“He’s just trying to - have some fun,

“Evil Jesus, in the Eighties,

“He’s just trying to - get some money,

“And get along...” Etc...

OPENS ON A TEENAGE PARTY, WITH MUSIC, TWISTER AND LAUGHTER, WITH EVERYONE DRESSED IN EIGHTIES CLOTHING. SOMEONE IN HIS TWENTIES WHO LOOKS LIKE JESUS IS CHUGGING A KEG OF BEER.

ALL: Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, wayyyyyyyyy!

JESUS LOOK-A-LIKE FINISHES THE BEER AND POURS THE REST ON HIS HEAD. PEOPLE LAUGH AND THEN GO BACK TO DOING PARTY THINGS. ONE TEENAGER GOES UP TO HIM.

TEENAGER: Wow. You are amazing man. This party rocks and it's all because of you. You're a legend.

EVIL JESUS: Thanks.

TEENAGER: No, thank you dude. I'm honoured. I'm Neil by the way. What's your name?

EVIL JESUS: (Distracted by an attractive girl who is coyly batting her eyelids at him and smiling back) Evil Jesus.

SUDDENLY THE MUSIC GOES DEAD AND EVERYONE LOOKS AT HIM.

EVIL JESUS: Shit.

THE GIRL LOOKS SHOCKED AND DUCKS INTO HER GROUP OF FRIENDS,
GLANCING BACK OCCASIONALLY WITH A DISGUSTED LOOK ON HER FACE.

TEENAGER: I think you had better leave.

EVIL JESUS: Ok.

MUSIC

“Evil Jesus, in the Eighties,

“He’s just trying to - have some fun,

“Evil Jesus, in the Eighties,

“He’s just trying to - get some money,

“And get along...” Etc...

EP1: SKETCH #2

TWO MEN ARE IN A FLAT, ONE IS IN THE KITCHEN FIXING SOME COFFEE (MIKE) AND THE OTHER IS LEANING ON THE SIDEBOARD (WAITING FOR THE COFFEE) (KEITH).

KEITH: You're amazing with women mate, and I haven't got lucky in months. What's your secret?

MIKE: Ah, you've got to laugh them into bed.

CUTS TO KEITH ON THE SETTEE WITH A WOMAN. HE WHISPERS SOMETHING INTO HER EAR AND THEY BOTH LAUGH AND CARRY ON LAUGHING AS THEY STAND UP AND SLOWLY WALK UP THE STAIRS (LAUGHING) AND THEN GET NAKED (LAUGHING) AND THEN GET INTO BED TOGETHER (LAUGHING) AND HAVE SEX (LAUGHING) AND THEN ROLL APART AND THEN FINALLY THE LAUGHING DIES DOWN AND STOPS. THERE IS SILENCE FOR A FEW SECONDS AND THEN THE WOMAN SAYS:

WOMAN: I don't get it.

EP1: SKETCH #3

OPENS ON AN OFFICE WITH A MAN DRESSED IN ARMY FATIGUES SAT BEHIND A DESK (THE ARMY COMMANDER). THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND ANOTHER MAN IN ARMY UNIFORM COMES IN (THE SERGEANT). THE SERGEANT ACTS ANXIOUS AND UNCOMFORTABLE.

COMMANDER: Ah, Sergeant, it looks like we have almost crushed the rebels. Report.

SERGEANT: Well, the rebels are in disarray and some have started retreating. However we're running low on supplies.

COMMANDER: How do you mean?

SERGEANT: Well we're down to one last bomb to fire at the rebels Sir.

COMMANDER: No matter, not matter. Fire it over and send the last of them packing.

SERGEANT: Yes Sir. (UNCOMFORTABLY) But, the last bomb – it's gay.

COMMANDER: What?

SERGEANT: It's a gay bomb Sir.

COMMANDER: Will it blow up the enemy soldiers Sergeant?

SERGEANT: Yes Sir.

COMMANDER: Well then what's the problem? Just get it into the rocket launcher and fire it off at them.

SERGEANT: It's just, I'm not sure I feel comfortable firing a gay bomb Sir.

COMMANDER: Gay or straight, it doesn't make any difference to a bomb in the modern army Sergeant. Both are just as effective in warfare. I must say, I never took you to be a homophobe.

SERGEANT: I'm not Sir, it's just that the people we are fighting are - I mean as in it's against their religion Sir. And I don't think they'd be too happy to find out that the bomb that blew them up was gay, Sir. We should respect other people's cultures Sir.

COMMANDER: They'll be dead Sergeant, I don't think it really matters what they think.

SERGEANT: Yes Sir. I'll go and do that then Sir.

THE COMMANDER LOOKS BACK DOWN AT HIS PAPERWORK, AND THE SERGEANT GOES TO LEAVE BEFORE PAUSING. THE COMMANDER LOOKS BACK UP.

COMMANDER: Was there anything else Sergeant?

SERGEANT: Well, I don't think we have any gay rocket launchers Sir.

COMMANDER: Get out.

EP1: SKETCH #4

TWO MEN ARE IN A BAR CHATTING, ONE IS STANDING (JEFF) AND THE OTHER IS SITTING IN A WHEELCHAIR (JOHN). ANOTHER MAN (GARY) COMES IN.

JEFF: (SEES GARY COME IN) Hi Gary, good to see you. Have you met John?

GARY: No, Hi.

GARY AND JOHN SHAKE HANDS.

JOHN: Nice to meet you.

JEFF: Right, I'm off to the bar to get another round. Gary, do you want anything?

GARY: Yes, I'll have a lager please.

JEFF: Ok. John, same again?

JOHN: Thanks.

JEFF: Ok.

JEFF LEAVES. GARY AND JOHN REMAIN AWKWARDLY IN SILENCE FOR A MINUTE. BOTH SPEAK AT THE SAME TIME.

GARY: Jeff never said...

JOHN: So do you work with...

GARY: Sorry, you go first.

JOHN: No, no – it's ok you go first.

GARY: Ok, I was just going to say that Jeff never said that you were disabled.

JOHN: (CORRECTING HIM) Differently abled.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

JEFF RETURNS FROM THE BAR AND PUTS DOWN THE PINTS. HE'S ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT JOHN AND GARY ARE STILL SAYING 'DISABLED/DIFFERENTLY ABLED' BACK AND FORTH. HE STANDS THERE WITH HIS EYES SWITCHING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE TWO AS THEY SPEAK.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

JEFF OPENS A PACKET OF CRISPS HE BOUGHT AT THE BAR AND STARTS SLOWLY EATING THEM AS HE STANDS THERE WATCHING GARY AND JOHN GO BACK AND FORTH.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

Chimps

simon.stratton@gmail.com

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

FADES OUT.

EP 1: SKETCH #5

WE ARE IN A RESTAURANT AND THERE IS A LARGE GROUP OF PEOPLE AT ONE LONG TABLE CELEBRATING SOMETHING. THEY ARE ALL CHATTING SOCIABLY TO EACH OTHER. AT THE END OF THIS TABLE TWO MEN SIT OPPOSITE EACH OTHER, MIKE AND ALEX. THEY ARE TALKING TO EACH OTHER.

MIKE: Wow, I don't believe it.

ALEX: Yes it's true. I don't believe in having sex. I'm celibate. Have been my whole life, will be for the rest of it.

MIKE: Wow.

ALEX: And I know exactly what you're going to ask me, and the answer is yes. I do wank.

MIKE: Well I...

ALEX: In fact, you know about ten minutes ago when I nipped off for a sec to make a phone call.

MIKE: Well yes I gue...

ALEX: I was having a wank. (SITS BACK IN CHAIR, SATISFIED) You know a lot of people don't realise you can relieve a lot of stress by having a wank. Not to mention the health benefits to skin from the juices, better than handcream. Bread?

ALEX PICKS UP A PIECE OF BREAD AND OFFERS IT TO MIKE. MIKE STARES AT ALEX'S HAND AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MIKE: No.

ALEX: (TAKING THE BREAD AND PUTTING IT ON HIS PLATE) Yes, if I don't self-sooth my own manhood at least four times a day – that's pretty impressive isn't it? Four times a day – then I tell people right out, I just say, look, I don't care that we're not near any toilet, I don't care that I don't have any tissues, I'm just going to have a wank right here, and usually they just accept it.

MIKE: Right. How did we get on to this topic of conversation?

ALEX: Because I've never had sex. Honestly, can't stand it. So disgusting.

MIKE: Right.

Chimps

simon.stratton@gmail.com

ALEX: I like wanking though.

MIKE: Yes.

FADES OUT WITH ALEX TALKING (INAUDIBLY NOW, BUT OBVIOUSLY ABOUT WANKING) AND MIKE PUTTING HIS HEAD INTO HIS HANDS.

EP2: SKETCH #6

FADES BACK TO THE BAR FROM SKETCH #5 WITH GARY AND JOHN STILL GOING BACK AND FORTH. JEFF IS NOW SITTING ON A BAR STOOL, EATING A HUGE BAG OF POPCORN, M&MS, A LARGE HOT DOG, WHILE WATCHING THEM AVIDLY.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

GARY: Disabled.

JOHN: Differently abled.

FADES OUT.

EP1: SKETCH #7

(FADE IN MUSIC)

“...in the Eighties,

“He’s just trying to, get some money,

“Get along. With leprosy Jack.”

VO:

‘Alone and unwanted, Evil Jesus found a friend in Leprosy Jack.’

OPENS ON A MAN WITH ONE ARM WEARING EIGHTIES CLOTHING AND
SITTING IN AN EIGHTIES PUB. A MAN COMES TO JOIN HIM THAT LOOKS
SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE JESUS.

EVIL JESUS: Hi Jack, so what’s fallen off this week?

LEPROSY JACK: My arm.

EVIL JESUS: Oh.

“Evil Jesus, in the Eighties,

“He’s just trying to - have some fun,

Chimps

simon.stratton@gmail.com

“Evil Jesus, in the Eighties,

“He’s just trying to - get some money,

“And get along. With Leprosy Jack.”

EP1 SKETCH #8

WE ARE IN A NIGHTCLUB BOOTH WITH THE TWO STUDENTS FROM SKETCH #3.

STUDENT 1: How many Freudian Slips does it take to change a lightbulb?

STUDENT 2: Don't know.

STUDENT 1: Two. One to put in the bulb, the other to hold my penis, I mean the ladder, I mean my mother, I mean the ladder.

STUDENT 2 LOOKS UNIMPRESSED BUT THERE IS A PROLONGED BURST OF AMERICAN-STYLE CANNED LAUGHTER.

STUDENT 2: Wow! Since when have you had a laughter track?

STUDENT 1: It's all part of my confidence building course.

STUDENT 2: Oh.

STUDENT 1: It helped after my Dad died.

CANNED AMERICAN AUDIENCE 'AWWWWWWWW' NOISE.

STUDENT 1: But then my girlfriend asked me to marry her.

CANNED AMERICAN AUDIENCE 'WHOOO WHOOP YEAH! AND APPLAUSE'
NOISE.

STUDENT 1: And then my brother told us he was a transvestite.

PAUSE. STUDENT 2 RAISES EYEBROWS EXPECTANTLY.

STUDENT 1: There isn't a noise for that one.

STUDENT 2: Oh.

EP1 SKETCH #9

WE ARE IN AN OFFICE WITH A MAN IN A SUIT SITTING BEHIND A DESK AND A SCHOOLGIRL SITTING ON THE OTHER SIDE. THERE IS A SIGN SAYING 'CAREER ADVISOR' ON THE MAN'S DESK.

CAREER ADVISOR: So, Jemima, your results have come back and the computer has decided on a career for you. You wanted to be a lawyer yes?

JEMIMA NODS

CAREER ADVISOR: Fingers crossed for lawyer then. Ok, your number one career, with over 96% of the score was... drum roll (DOES A CHEESY DRUM ROLL)... Prostitution.

JEMIMA LOOKS SHOCKED

CAREER ADVISOR: Yes, the computer advises that you become a prostitute. What do you think?

JEMIMA INDICATES THAT SHE WANTS TO SEE THE RESULTS. THE CAREER ADVISOR HANDS OVER THE LONG SHEET OF COMPUTER PRINTOUT AND LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

CAREER ADVISOR: The good news is that you won't even need to go to University. You can start earning straight away. (OPENS WALLET) Ah, dang. I don't suppose you take Credit Cards do you? (LOOKS UP IN ASKANCE, JEMIMA STARES BACK AT HIM) No, no, of course you don't.

JEMIMA LOOKS DOWN AT THE PRINTOUT. IN THE RESULTS SECTION IT HAS 'LAWYER' CRUDELY CROSSED OUT AND 'PROSTITUTE' WRITTEN ABOVE IT IN PEN.

CAREER ADVISOR: The hours are long, but there are perks – there's a free clinic for any occupational health matters. Here's the address of one of our top employers (SCRIBBLES DOWN ADDRESS) it's the street corner near Tesco's. (HANDS IT OVER)

CAREER ADVISOR: Good luck, and don't forget to keep in touch!

JEMIMA LEAVES LOOKING CONFUSED AND THE NEXT STUDENT ENTERS AND SITS DOWN.

CAREER ADVISOR: Hi Craig, you want to be an engineer right?

CRAIG NODS. ANOTHER TEACHER POPS HIS HEAD AROUND THE DOOR

2ND TEACHER: Hi Bob, I've got that twenty quid I owe you. Here you go. (HANDS IT OVER AND LEAVES).

CAREER ADVISOR: (TO CRAIG) Right... (LOOKS DOWN AT THE TWENTY QUID ON THE TABLE AND PERKS UP) I'm afraid it's prostitution for you too.

EP1: SKETCH #10

TWO MEN (JAMES AND NICK) AND ONE WOMAN (SUE) ARE SITTING
AROUND A TABLE IN A PUB NURSING SOME PINTS.

NICK: (TO JAMES) So, our friend Katie will be along soon and we'd thought you could do with some warning as she takes some getting used to.

SUE: Yes, she's not the most mature person in the world and tends to refer to the size of anything in terms of testicles.

JAMES: Oh.

SUE: It's stupid but she's a nice person really.

NICK: Yes, immature but nice.

JAMES: I don't understand.

SUE: She once bought a car that was as big as a giant's testicle.

JAMES: (FROWNING) Oh.

NICK: Yes and she described a new house she bought as being so large that if the Earth had planetary testicles then they would fit inside it.

SUE: And on a holiday to France she described the Eiffel Tower as having the height of a million testicles.

NICK: Ah yes, that was a good one.

SUE: And after she met our friend Rich – you met him at the party last Friday, wears expensive suits – she described him as having more testicles than money can buy.

NICK: (REMEMBERING CONTENDEDLY) Ah, yes.

SUE: (ALSO REMEMBERING CONTENDEDLY) Yes. Although (PAUSE) I'm not really sure what she meant by that.

A WOMAN WALKS UP TO THEM SMILING AND HOLDING BAGS OF SHOPPING.

KATIE: Sorry I'm late, I've been shopping.

NICK: No worries. This is our friend James. (INDICATES JAMES)

KATIE SITS DOWN.

KATIE: Hi James. Yes, I needed to get a cabbage for tonight, and managed to get a big one from the grocers' down the street.

SUE: How big.

KATIE: Oh, slightly larger than a football.

SUE: Oh.

THERE IS SILENCE FOR A MOMENT AS SUE AND NICK LOOK A BIT DEJECTED. KATIE LOOKS UP AGAIN.

KATIE: (WITH RISING EXCITEMENT) And if by football I mean a humungous green testicle - which I do - then that's how big it was! Woohoo!

SUE AND NICK BREAK OUT INTO RELEASED SMILES AND GO 'YEAH!' AND GIVE KATIE HIGH FIVES. EVEN JAMES LOOKS RELIEVED

KATIE: (HAPPILY) Testicle, testicle, testicle.

FADES OUT.

EP1: SKETCH #11

A FOREMAN ON A BUILDING SITE GOES UP TO ONE OF THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS. BOTH ARE WEARING HARD HATS, REFLECTIVE JACKETS ETC. THE FOREMAN IS WEARING A SUIT UNDERNEATH HIS JACKET. THERE ARE BUILDING SITE SOUNDS IN THE BACKGROUND (DRILLS ETC.)

FOREMAN: Hi Jerry. I couldn't help but notice that you are watering the ground we are going to build on. With a watering can. I've never seen that before. (JOKILY) Surely you don't believe that you can *grow* a building out of the ground do you?

WORKER: No Sir. It is to make the sand wet to settle the concrete.

FOREMAN: Of course, of course. I was only joking Jerry. I'll pop back later to see how you're getting on.

FADE OUT. FADES BACK IN AGAIN (TO SHOW TIME HAS PASSED) WITH THE FOREMAN ONCE MORE GOING UP TO THE WORKER.

FOREMAN: Hi Jerry, me again. I couldn't help but notice that hammer you're using on those paving slabs.

WORKER: Yes.

FOREMAN: It's a rubber hammer.

WORKER: Yes.

FOREMAN: A huge rubber hammer. With ACME printed along one side.

WORKER: Yes Sir.

FOREMAN: Can I ask why?

WORKER: A normal hammer would shatter the slabs Sir. Pounding them with a rubber hammer beds them in securely.

FOREMAN: Of course. Yes, I was just testing Jerry. I'll be back later to see how you're getting on.

WORKER: Yes Sir.

FADE OUT. FADES BACK IN AGAIN (TO SHOW TIME HAS PASSED) WITH THE FOREMAN ONCE MORE GOING UP TO THE WORKER.

FOREMAN: Jerry.

WORKER: Yes Sir.

FOREMAN: There appears to be a large black triangular weight hanging over my porta-cabin and creaking. With one thousand, thousand, thousand tonnes written on the side.

WORKER: It's...

FOREMAN: I don't care if it's there for counterbalancing a crane, or to correct any misalignments in the building, using a weight system that's in builder's tonnes which are much smaller and therefore more accurate measurements than normal everyday tonnes - it looks ridiculous and I want it gone. Who does it belong to?

WORKER: Well Tom, Sir. And me. We're both using it. Just tell Spike to move Tom and Jerry's weight Sir, and he'll sort it out.

FOREMAN: Whose weight?

WORKER: Tom and Jerry's Sir.

FOREMAN: That's it, I've had enough, I quit.

FOREMAN STORMS OFF AND SPIKE STROLLS UP TO JERRY.

WORKER: Hi Spike.

SPIKE: Did we have another Foreman just quit?

WORKER: Yes, I have no idea why.

SPIKE: Because he just fell down the bottomless pit.

WORKER: The one we use to ensure our environmental standards meet governmentally approved levels within the EU?

SPIKE: Yep.

WORKER: Shame.

EP1: SKETCH #12

A MAN (JOHN) IS SITTING BEHIND A DESK IN AN OFFICE WEARING A BROWN SUIT AND THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. THERE IS A LOT OF ARCHEOLOGICAL ITEMS SCATTERED AROUND THE OFFICE, INCLUDING PICTURES OF DINOSAURS ON THE WALLS ETC. ANOTHER MAN (PHIL) WALKS IN WEARING JEANS, A MUDDY T-SHIRT AND HOLDING A TROWEL.

PHIL: Hi John, we have a problem at the dig site.

JOHN: What is it?

PHIL: Well, we were digging around a metallic object which has turned out to be an unexploded World War Two bomb.

JOHN: Oh my god, no! What did you do?

PHIL: I came right here to tell you. Well, almost.

JOHN: Almost?

PHIL: I weed on it first.

JOHN: You pissed on it?

PHIL: Urinated on it. Yes.

JOHN: You pissed on an unexploded World War Two bomb?

PHIL: Yep. And so did Gary.

JOHN: (SIGH) You know, this isn't the first time is it? That ancient Gnostic text that you dug up last week, the one that you said had become damaged by a rainstorm? Well, the tests came back and it was soaked in urine.

PHIL: Ah.

JOHN: You dug it up and then you urinated on an ancient Gnostic text.

PHIL: Yes.

JOHN: You know I'm going to have to let you go. I mean – a World War Two bomb?

PHIL: We all do it on the field, it's not just me. I thought you knew.

JOHN: This is not acceptable behaviour. Not on my dig. Please leave.

PHIL GOES TO LEAVE

JOHN: Wait, Phil, I just want to know - why, why do you do it?

PHIL: It's the feeling of power John, it's irresistible. To hold all of history in your hand and then to wee on it.

JOHN: What?

PHIL: What's that on your desk?

PHIL POINTS TO A PIECE OF METAL ON THE DESK

JOHN: This is a third century Mayan battle spear, created at the height of their civilisation, at the point when the whole of South America quivered under heel of their all-conquering armies.

PHIL: Piss on it.

JOHN: What?

PHIL: Piss on it. Trust me.

JOHN: I don't see...

PHIL: Just do it.

JOHN: Ok... I'll just take it next door.

JOHN GOES INTO THE TOILET AND THE CAMERA STAYS IN THE OFFICE.

YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF TINKLING AND THEN JOHN'S VOICE.

JOHN: (OOV) Come on then you Mesoamerican civilization, noted for the only known fully developed written language of the pre-Columbian Americas, as well as your spectacular art, monumental architecture, and sophisticated mathematical and astronomical systems and at your peak, one of the most densely populated and culturally dynamic societies in the world, languish under my wee, I Am Your God!

PHIL SLOWLY BACKS OUT OF THE OFFICE.