

# MOON WRESTLING FEDERATION

December 13th, 2015 CommonEra

*transcript from program aired on VincenzaEntertainment™:*

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A crowd of clothed penguins, smoking pipes and rattling the vertebrae of filleted fishes in their drink glasses, encircle a raised 4-cornered 3-rope professional wrestling “ring” whose canvas’ center is emboldened with a bullseye that indicates the supposed exact spot of the SouthPole.

**CrazyLou™**: Welcome folks to the center of the glorious seventh continent, situated securely by divine providence on the top of the third planet from the Sun! We welcome all those tuning in from VincenzaEntertainment™, with whom The Moon Wrestling Federation has just secured a lucrative TV deal.

**CrazyLou™**: As is ritualistic tradition, our opening match of the night will feature the DivineMonarchHimself in a match of his own holy choosing!

An instrumental version of “Summer Job” by Black Ocean Parking Lots hits the speakers and fireworks boom as bejeweled and crowned King Leroy manifests with his long purple [mantle] flowing behind him, surrounded by half-a-dozen penguin soldiers wielding assault rifles and suspenders made out of belts of ammunition. The crowd roars as he climbs into the ring and is handed the microphone by a lackey human.

**KingLeroy™**: My opponent tonight hails from our friends in the *notreamericano* federated states, but he is no friend of ours. He illegally sneaked off of a luxury cruise ship — not to bestow our brethren with economic blessings — but rather to DESTROY OUR VERY WAY OF LIVING!!

(crowd boos)

**KingLeroy™**: But despite the propaganda spewed by My Enemies regarding my occasional restriction of free speech, I, as an illustrious celestial being gracing this Earth with my spiritual bounty, will yield this microphone to tonight’s opponent so you all can be entertained by the abhorrent vitriol that passes for logical argument in certain odious crevices in the political ocean *floor* that is the internet.

“Peace Train” by Cat Stevens sputters from the loudspeaker, barely audible under the deafening roar of boos from the rowdy boozed-up penguin crowd. Out from behind the black curtain comes a long-haired unwashed barefoot caucasian male garbed in a patchwork quilt of reused threads. Two soldiers lead the captured criminal trespasser in shackles before forcibly rolling him into the ring against his will. As he struggles to his feet, KingLeroy™ throws the microphone at him to the delight of the raucous crowd.

**EcoFreakEddie:** I came to this country to help liberate the oppressed penguin underclass, specifically the *macaroni penguins*, who much like you are beginning their annual breeding season right now.

The crowd begins booing and stray martini glasses get launched and shatter in the speaker's proximity.

**EcoFreakEddie:** This lifestyle you're propagating on shows like this *is not sustainable!* And your actions are causing an acceleration of global environmental conditions that are *detrimental* to the well-being of not only the entire penguin species, but the entire mammalian kingdom!

Now lit cigars are being catapulted into the ring via slingshot as a chant of "GEE-UH-TEEN! GEE-UH-TEEN!" builds.

**EcoFreakEddie:** Don't you all see how BIZARRE this is? We shouldn't be wearing clothes! You shouldn't be shaving your fur and smoking tobacco grown on another hemisphere! This is unnatural! Try to remember your primal selves! We're animals! All of us!

EcoFreakEddie grabs at his clothes and tries to rip off us his clothes, but the shackles are hindering his attempt to pull the garment over his head. Then a penguin soldier hits him in his exposed spine with the butt of the assault rifle and down he goes.

**CrazyLou™:** Vicious blow by PenguinSoldier#479! As EcoFreakEddie tries to recover, the soldier unlocks his iron restraints and there's the bell! KingLeroy removes his royal cape and crown, as Eddie gets to his knees but A VICIOUS BOOT FROM THE KING!

Eddie rolls across the ring, clutching his head, before he finds the bottom rope and begins clutching to it desperately, as if it will somehow save him.

**CrazyLou™:** The crowd is calling for the Antarctic king to deliver his signature "guillotine" finishing maneuver. Eddie is holding the bottom rope for dear life, but the king grabs his leg, pulls his body into the air, and Eddie loses his grip on the bottom rope and is SLAMMED down!

Eddie curls into the fetal position and covers his head.

**CrazyLou™:** The king's opponent is in the nonviolent resister position, but KING LEROY DOES THE THROAT CUT GESTURE! He goes to the corner and climbs to the top turnbuckle! There he's going to wait until Eddie gets up! But I don't know if he's gonna get up! -- SO THE KING GOES FLYING ANYWAY WITH A TOP ROPE LEG DROP!!! HE LANDS IT!!! THAT'S IT!!!

KingLeroy puts a pinky finger on EcoFreakEddie's chest and the referee counts:

ONE!

TWO!

**THREE!!!**

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**CrazyLou™**: As EcoFreakEddie is carted away to spend the next six years in the FreshWater Ice Mines *brought to you by our official hydration sponsor in Dasanaquaafina™*, the king's personal penguins are entering the ring as the TheSonOfTheSun™, The Top of the Top of The World™, King Leroy joins me at the commentator booth!

**KingLeroy™**: *Salut, Louis.*

**CrazyLou™**: What do you have for us next?

**KingLeroy™**: Before our main event ladder match, we're about to have a BattleRoyal confrontation of international proportions. Some of my finest penguin soldiers facing off against a brood of immigrant circus midgets under the jurisdiction of whatever the government of Shangri-La is calling themselves today!

"Short People" by Randy Newman hits the speakers and out roll half-a-dozen circus midgets. Followed by another midget, except he's wearing bright red regal wear and raising his arms to the genteel applause of the suddenly sober-seeming penguin crowd.

**CrazyLou™**: Joining us at the booth is the Czar of Shangri-La!

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: Ahoy!

**CrazyLou™**: Fantastic Czar! What brings you and these representatives of your permanently delegated underclass?

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: Well, Leroy and I were in a bit of a boasting match. You see, we're both believers in our super extraordinary ability to *better individuals*. To see their specialities and *extend* them. Manage the masses to develop to their most fruitfulness, so to speak.

The bell sounds and all twelve competitors begin sizing up one another.

**CrazyLou™**: This is a hardcore match! No rules except first time to score a pinball or submission *inside the ring* is the victor! The penguins and midgets are all grappling and have begun head butting one another.

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: These are your penguins with the nano'botic brain 'plants right?

**KingLeroy™**: Dirty trick. You're a realpolitik genius, Czar!

**CrazyLou™**: It's hard to describe all the action! Two penguins just threw a midget over the top rope and into the crowd barricade. Three circus midgets are giving groin stomps to a penguin collapsed in a corner.

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: Here come the steel chairs. Wow. One of your penguins is really giving it to one of my circus midgets.

**CrazyLou™**: Blood is all over the midget's brow! They're in so much agony that their screams don't emit a sound!

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: Actually, they're all mutes. Their parents performed vocal chord circumcision on them as infants. Part of a weird native superstition to rid them on their "demon cries" —

**CrazyLou™**: A VICIOUS DROPKICK INTO THE STEEL CHAIR THERE!

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: — a preexisting cultural insanity that I only slight coopted for my own nefarious purposes.

**KingLeroy™**: I know this is horribly unfair, but as King of this nation, I can't help but feel pride that the two midgets who were tossed into the crowd are being absolutely mauled by the distinguished individuals able to afford front row seating at this event. And if I'm not mistaken, one has extinguished her lit cigar in the midget's eyeball.

**CrazyLou™**: Inside the ring, one midget does a quick roll-up of a penguin!

— ONE!

— TWO!

— **NOOOOO!!!! KICKOUT!!!**

**CrazyLou™**: KingLeroy, if that penguin would've lost the match there, how would you have punished it?

**KingLeroy™**: Oh *Louis*, you know we don't *punish* penguins here. We firmly believe in positive behavior support, in other words we refrain from retributive actions highlighting negative behavior but rather emphasize rewards on positive behavior—

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: HOLY YESHI! PILEDRIVER FROM THE MIDDLE ROPE!! THAT COULD BE A BROKEN NECK FOR MY PEON!

**CrazyLou™**: Penguin with a pin!

— ONE!

— TWO!

— **EXPLOSION!**

**CrazyLou™**: AHURAMAZDA!! THE PINNING PENGUIN JUST EXPLODED!!! BOTH PINNED AND PINNING ARE DISMEMBERED AND ABLAZE!!

**KingLeroy™**: And dead, it should be noted. But it's not over until someone's pinned!

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: If one of mine gets the victory, the whole lot gets a washing machine.

**KingLeroy™**: Communism!

**CrazyLou™**: King Leroy, your majesty, why did your penguin just explode?!?!?!?

**KingLeroy™**: Obviously a glitch in the kamikaze guerrilla warfare software. I'll make sure some penguin programmer gets tortured tomorrow.

**CrazyLou™**: But what about positive behavior supp—

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: WHAT ABOUT THAT THAT TOP ROPE SPRINGBOARD BACKFLIP BODYSPLASH ON THE ROASTED PENGUIN CORPSE!!! Midget for the pin and win!!!

ONE!

TWO!

**THREE!!!**

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: Free washing machines! Free washing machines for everyone!

**KingLeroy™**: The bell rings signaling the victory, but the brawl lives on! You can no more stop the violence than stop the waves of the ocean!

**CrazyLou™**: So King Leroy, other than pride, what do you concede by losing this match?

**KingLeroy™**: A minor byline dispute regarding a trade agreement with Shangri-La regarding sex robots and binaural beat copyright protection. I guess all the Czar's constituents are gonna continue being able to get high on pirated computer-generated sound waves!

**CzarOfShangri-La™**: Thanks heavens! Not sure if it's bread or circus, but I need all the help I can get to maintain geopolitical economic domination over that patch of land. The Chinese and guatama-incinerating Myanmar monks are incessantly salivating to take it away from me!

**KingLeroy™**: Next up! A triple threat ladder match between three slaves we've purchased from stateless indigenous tribes from the United Arab Emirates, the Dominican Republic, and Thailand — all dressed up in hilarious costumes fashioned to be facsimiles of popular children's book characters! At the top of the ladder will be a suitcase of money that will be eternally hoisted just out of reach!

**CrazyLou™**: But that's all the time we have for our televised audience at VincenzoEntertainment™! Goodnight, folks!

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