

THE MAIN EVENT

ADAPTED FROM A POLITICALLY INCORRECT STORY BY BRYAN BLACK

The music, thumping at the senses like a symphony of pneumatic drills, builds to a crescendo as fireworks explode, then abandons the auditorium to mute darkness. Time, taking a well earned rest, passes slowly . . . then light emerges, peacefully, in the centre of the arena, silhouetting yet unrevealing.

"Are you ready to RUMBLE?!!"

The crowd, a loose assortment of inattentive boofheads, crystallises into an expectant oneness; a panther newly aware of its prey, focussed, malevolent, then exploding into an intense roar.

Before the ring announcer has a chance to make a dignified exit, Fat-Boy-Slam charges at Rodney Roadkill, two fingers extended for the eye stab, intent on grandstanding this young upstart. The referee, deliberately twelve sizes too small, leaps between the living cartoons that masquerade as wrestlers and the fat men subside into their corners like phlegm down a plughole.

Visibly shaken to the full extent of his D-grade acting ability, the ring announcer is unceremoniously removed, regretting as always his decision not to go to acting school, or any sort of school for that matter. A camera beams the lifetime of disappointment etched on his face to an alleged television audience of millions, and a world away televisual leeches savour the taste of his failure and forget for just a moment their own inadequacies.

The wrestlers gingerly circle each other, oblivious to the screaming morons yelling abuse; straining to recall the script and hoping against hope that their opponent has remembered to eat a fresh mint prior to the bout. On both counts they are destined for disappointment.

Fat-Boy-Slam, painfully aware that his star is beginning to wane and that he needs to produce a crowd pleasing performance to bolster his sagging (in more ways than one) profile, offers an ambitious drop-kick, which is instantly rewarded by a stiff arm to the neck from Rodney Roadkill, followed by a piledriver into the canvas, delivered with the disdain usually reserved for politicians and used car salesmen.

Strutting the ring, Rodney Roadkill roars the prehistoric grunts of his profession to the frenzied crowd, then delivers a shuddering body slam to his prone opponent. Fat-Boy-Slam, privy to an alarming close-up of Rodney's crumpled and wax encrusted ear, chooses the moment to clarify the situation. "This is my bout, you garlic munching drop-kick," he snarls, and head butts his opponent to reinforce his point.

Roadkill Rod leaps to his feet, running in square circles, clutching the petrified passionfruit that is his head, as the referee screams falsetto rebukes to the now conveniently deaf combatant, Fat-Boy-Slam.

With the referee suitably distracted, it is time for a little innovation. Fat-Boy-Slam reaches inside his sweat drenched tights, pulls out a foreign object and waves his questionable ally to camera three for everyone else to see . . . rock salt! Fat-Boy-Slam's podgy fingers work at the bag of rock salt, feverishly attempting to liberate its contents. Rodney Roadkill, about to experience an eye-watering moment, wanders the canvas faking non-understanding of the crowd's plaintive warnings.

High above in the office overlooking the ring, protected by one way mirrors and sound-absorbent tiles, the owner of the wrestling circuit and the cable TV executives sit at a large oval table; laptops flickering, designer suits and poker faces attempting to disguise the greed yelling inside their heads, as their pathetic puppets dance below.

"Time to renegotiate the television rights for the upcoming season gentlemen." And so, after the preliminaries in the ring below, the wrestling begins.



Notes on Story Structure

Characters
Setting
Problem
Feelings
Action
Outcome
Themes