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THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE HEAD (heh) OF THE KABLAMIA TOURIST BOARD!

Our scene opens up inside a Presidential office - THE Presidential Office of the fabled land of KABLAMia! Sitting behind the desk with his very best Hugh Hefner silk pajamas is El Presidito of KABLAMia, Man-Mountain himself, Derek Adonis. Sitting with a glow, Adonis smiles at the camera.

DA: "Hello, ladies and gents..."

Adonis smirks, having used a hard "G" in the word "gents" rather than the usual soft "G".

DA: "If you were watching Body... hey... Heart, and Soul - the most recent SCW PLE - you would have been witness to the KABLAMia Tourist Board's newest initiative, "Come In KABLAMia!" Now, I don't have the real estate at this particular juncture to replay the commercial, but if you go to your preferred online video sharing hub and search for "Come in KABLAMia," I'm sure it'll turn up. Why don't you try right now? Don't worry... I'll wait."

Adonis pauses to give you, the viewer, a chance to find the advertisement.

...

Did... did you get a chance to revisit the ad? Did you embrace its hedonistic nature? Are you spent in a manner that one spends oneself upon viewing such a bevy of beauties? Good... while you were doing that, Adonis was reading the latest issue of KABLAMboy magazine, available on newsstands soon!

DA: "See it? Good... because since that advertisement hit the air, we in KABLAMia been inundated with questions about our locale. I thought it would be a good idea to use this time in front of the camera to **answer** some of your important questions. So without further a-dudes..."

Adonis takes a brief moment to clear his throat, taking some deep, heavy, breathless breaths as he procures a stack of papers from beneath the desk.

DA: "Thank you..."

Looking forward, he raps the pages on the desk before settling them down. As he reads each question, one of the beautiful citizens of KABLAMia walks in front of the camera, carrying the question on a cue card.

I've been looking at flights to KABLAMia... which airlines do you presently partner with?

DA: “Good question... while we currently don't have formal agreement with any reputable airlines, we have been **hard** at work establishing KABLAIMiAir, the exclusive airline servicing KABLAMia. Contact our tourism head... heh... Anastasia Fantasia for more information or to arrange a convenient pickup.”

Do all the women in KABLAMia look like the ones featured in your ad?

DA: “Yes. In fact, the women in the ad don't only represent the women of KABLAMia, **theyyyy** are the women of KABLAMia.”

Not to be disrespectful, but isn't the idea of owning your own nation so you can have sex with the loyal citizens a little bit culty to you?

DA: “Wha-?”

Adonis laughs a bit nervously.

DA: “I'm **nooot** sure what you mean about that. There's nothing culty about wantiing to have a good time with like-minded adults. It's important to note that K**BLAAAA**Mia is strictly adults only. We check IDs and run comprehensive background checks because, as always, Daddy Don't Diddle.”

Seriously? This is a sex cult.

DA: “Who keeps **approving** these questions? But yes, we are a serious tourist destination. Maybe **iiiiif youuuu** want to think of us as a happy, touristy cult, you can... but the word “Cult” carries so many negative connotations that I'd rather we not.”

Derek, when are you submitting your match promo for Breakdown?

DA: “My what for whaaaaaaat?”

Adonis is breathless, as he hammers his fists on the desk.

DA: “CUUU... **AAAABLAM!**”

Quickly, the camera cuts...

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Adonis is almost panting as the studio lights turn off and he sits, flopping back in his seat. Sweet Sangria enters the scene, carrying with her a pair of towels.

DA: “That went well, right?”

Sangria hands Derek one towel, which he immediately passes under the desk, before she uses the second one to pat the sweat off his forehead.

SS: "You were very commanding and authoritative, my King."

Adonis nods his head, pushing his chair back. The red hair of Het Meisje is the first to emerge, as the young woman smiles like a minx, leaving the towel draped across Man-Mountain's lap. As she looks to him, she asks...

HM: "Dat was goed, ja?"

Adonis smirks, reaching down and cupping her cheek.

DA: "Any better and we'd have to put a content warning on the recording?"

The Dutch speaking/named woman looks at Adonis, beaming with self-satisfaction as she completes her ascent, exiting the scene. Adonis adjusts the belt on his pants as he rises from his seat.

DA: "I'm confused about something, Sweet... where did those cult questions come in from? How did they get past Anastasia Fantasia?"

Sangria can only shake her head in wonder.

SS: "It's really hard to say... Anastasia has put a lot of work on her shoulders and it's possible they just slipped through the cracks."

DA: "I'll have to make some time for her... let her work out some of that stress, if you know what I mean!"

SS: "I always do."

DA: "So where are we at with the tourist initiative?"

SS: "The ad's airing. We have a group of tourists set to come in on Saturday. That will give you all of Friday to recover from your match with Autumn Valentine on Thursday..."

DA: "You keep talking about that match."

SS: "Well it's a big opportunity for us."

Adonis' head tilts to the side as though he were a puppy who wasn't quite understanding of what he was being told. Sangria continues in elaboration.

SS: "We're in the midst of a big marketing campaign right now. If you beat someone with the name recognition of Autumn Valentine..."

DA: "We can invite her and Lexy to KABLAMia!"

Adonis beams, assuming he naturally figured it out. Sangria, however, is not so sure.

SS: "Nnnnno... if you defeat her..."

DA: "I *could* still invite her here."

Sangria rolls her eyes.

SS: "Okay, fine... you *could* invite her to KABLAMia..."

DA: "Lexi, too..."

SS: "Derek! Focus!"

DA: "Soz."

SS: "If you beat her..."

Sangria pauses, almost anticipating Adonis interrupting again to muse over inviting Autumn and those close to her to their island paradise. Adonis, however, continues to listen intently.

SS: "...you will show that the KABLAMian way provides other benefits than just glorious climaxes."

DA: "...explain."

SS: "Because you show then that our way allows you the clearness of mind and control over your body necessary to compete on the highest level with an athlete like Autumn Valentine. We can *buy* all the commercial time we want, but *that* is publicity you simply cannot buy."

DA: "So we should disband the tourism board and focus on training my person?"

SS: "What? Of course not. Anastasia would be devastated, and she does such a great job already. Commissioning the KABLAMian Tabernacle Choir to record a jingle, then remixing it so it lengths enough to make a viable entrance? Those are strokes of genius..."

Adonis starts to chuckle.

DA: "You said 'stroke'."

Sangria wants to be serious, but cannot help but cracking a smile herself. They really are perfect for each other.

SS: "Look, we still have a little time... what do you say the citizens show their appreciation for King KABLAMppo while we head out to the show."

DA: "Mile high?"

SS: "Mile high."

DA: "Yabba dabba do!"

Adonis begins to almost float on air as he celebrates the potential mile high encounter he is looking forward to. Sangria pulls on his hand.

SS: "Wrong cartoon reference."

Adonis stops floating.

DA: "Right... soz."

And as the lovers head out of the Presidential offices towards Adonis' Presidential suite, one can only imagine just what Man-Mountain has prepared for SCW Breakdown. This, of course, is something that you will only find out by tuning into the program set to air LIVE from Charlotte, North Carolina!