

Smash Bros: Orchestrated Chaos Part 23: Unrealistic Expectations

Bowser: Hey, I was going over the books, and I have some bad news.

Baby Mario: What?

Bowser: We're broke.

Baby Mario: Uh... Could you run that by me again? Because it sounded like you said we're FRIGGIN' OUT OF MONEY!

Bowser: We are. It seems that, in stealing the arena, we are obligated to fulfill the contracts Nintendo made when they set up the tournament. And with most of our sponsors abandoning us due to massive audience casualties, as well as the sheer unmarketability of this fiasco, we're deep in the red.

Baby Mario: What about the merchandise?

Baby Mario holds up a t-shirt with a picture of Gannon, giving a double thumbs up, on the front, with the caption "Orchestrated Chaos! At least it's better getting than AIDS!"

Bowser: It's not selling.

Baby Mario: Crap. I guess we'll just have to cut expenses. Let's start by firing the announcers. Those guys annoy me.

Bowser: We can't, or ESPN will stop broadcasting the tournament, causing us to lose our one revenue stream outside the food court. And people only go there because we're holding the audience captive and it's the one source of food other than cannibalism.

Baby Mario: Fine, I'll figure something out. Now go participate in a match or something. I need to think.

Wily: So, what's your plan?

Light: You know how we're supposed to be men of science. Our ideals are founded in logic and reason.

Wily: Yeah. So?

Light: Obviously, this universe is not reasonable or logical. Therefore, we must kick reason to the curb and go beyond the impossible!

Wily: ... You lost me.

Light: Just follow me.

Dr. Light gets up and leaves. Wily follows.

Wily: Wait, where are we going?

Light: Wal-Mart.

Bowser enters the ring.

Bowser: So, who am I going to be stomping on today?

A pitfall smacks Bowser to the head before falling to the ground, creating a large hole in the ring floor. Bowser looks over to the source of the disturbance, only to find Mario standing on the ropes, glaring daggers at him.

Bowser: You're alive? How?

Mario: I had-a one-up mushroom!

Bowser: This is discontinuity. This is madness!

Mario: Madness? **THIS! IS! PAAASTAAAAAAA!**

Mario kicks Bowser into the pitfall.

Ryan: And there's the obligatory 300 reference.

Andrew: I never thought we'd sink so low.

Chad: I did!

The A-Team theme song plays as Light and Wily cruise the aisles at Wal-Mart searching for material to use in their latest weapon of mass destruction.

Wily: Ah, this reminds me of the good ol' days, Tom, just the two of us, young roboticists building machines of war for the fun of it. Get me a couple beers and a sleepless night and I could build eight robot masters like that!

Wily snaps.

Light: Here's what I'm looking for. The "world domination" section.

Wily: Is that a psychic dominator?

Light: Focus, Al! We're here for...

Dr. Light checks his shopping list.

Light: Tabun nerve gas, portable SSM launchers, A-10 ground attack aircraft, ammunition for the aforementioned weapons systems, a couple of discount nukes, and then we'll stop by Sam's Club for some surplus Cold War-era Soviet gear.

Wily: Ooh! Look! They have a vintage battleship!

Light: All right! Time to run up some credit card debt!

Meanwhile, back in the tournament (you know, that thing that's been going since the start of this with no end in sight?):

Andrew: This is absolutely brutal! Mario has just grabbed a golden hammer and is smacking Bowser around the ring, deliberately keeping him from being knocked out, and therefore declared safe from the portly plumber's painfully punishing pummeling!

Ryan: You suck.

Andrew: That I do.

Caleb: And Mario has delivered a sweeping neck-breaker! Bowser's on the floor! He's tapping out, but Mario won't let him!

Andrew: Wait, I thought you disappeared from this story.

Caleb: So did I!

Ryan: And where the heck is Gannon?

Andrew: You killed him, remember?

Ryan: I didn't think "Author Note" was in the same continuity as this.

Caleb: Continuity? What's that?

Ryan: And there goes the fourth wall again.

Ryan sighs and pushes a button under his desk. Behind the scenes, a janitor hurriedly patches up the fourth wall with duct tape.

Andrew: You know, despite being commentators, we sure don't do a lot of commentary on the matches.

Chad: Probably because of the insanity-shattering trauma being inflicted on Bowser by a vengeful, not-dead Mario.

Ryan: Is that Bowser's **spine**?

Caleb: This would totally get Mario disqualified if he hadn't already shoved the referee up his own hindquarters!

Andrew: Mario's, or the ref's?

Caleb: The referee.

Andrew: Ah. That's probably the slightly less disgusting option, but not by much.

Ryan: And now Mario has Bowser in a... No! He didn't!

Caleb: It's a Full Nelson! Named after the British admiral who gained notoriety in the Napoleonic Wars, and who popularized the move in an infamous no-holds-barred match with Alfred Mahan, this move is nearly universally illegal!

Andrew: Sometimes I worry about you.

Chad: Man, you have no idea.

Shortly afterward, Bowser has (mostly) been put back together by the finest surgeons coins can buy.

Bowser: Ugh... what happened to me?

Baby Mario: You saved the tournament.

Bowser: What?

Baby Mario: Ratings were so high, we actually had more than 100% of viewers watching in some markets! We're profitable again! And all it took was Mario beating you to the edge of death, dragging you back, and doing it all over again!

Bowser: Well, at least it's over.

Baby Mario: That's what you think.

Bowser: What?

Baby Mario: Like I said, ratings were through the roof. Also, the match went over the time limit, so Mario suggested we skip the sudden death and do a rematch.

Bowser: Oh... poo.

Somewhere completely different:

Andrew: What about me?

Tabuu: Shut up!