

Make America Wrestle Again: 2019

December 25, 2019 | Beaumont Civic Center - Beaumont, Texas

Introduction

As the Fite.TV logo fades away, the illusion of snowfall begins to come across your screen while the Make American Wrestle Again logo fades in from the background. After a few moments, we are taken to the fan packed venue, with the camera panning across the sea of screaming before finally transitioning to our commentators for the evening.

McTaggart: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Make America Wrestle Again, here on Fite.TV! I'm Alan McTaggart and joining me for this special Christmas broadcast is Michael Decker. How are you doing tonight Mike?

Decker: I couldn't be better Alan. We have so many great matches in store for this extra special show!

McTaggart: Everything has been leading up to this night since the FWF premiered. Tonight we finally crowd the first ever FWF World Champion.

Decker: Not only that, but the other matches are sure to be full of excitement.

McTaggart: From hardcore to baseball bats on a pole, with just great wrestling action mixed in, this show is packed!

Decker: Plus, it's Christmas! Santa has finished delivering gifts and I hear he planned on catching all of the action here.

McTaggart: I simply can't wait!

Decker: Lets get this started then!

McTaggart: Ladies and gentlemen, this is Make America Wrestle Again and we are starting.... now!

The camera returns to panning across the fans who are super hyped.

Something Something Something

Earlier today, seven miles west of the Beaumont Civic Center, an autograph signing was set up at Comics Kingdom. A few FWF stars were scheduled for it, including The Raging Dead. The signing only lasted two hours, and at the end of it... that's where our story begins. As the doors of the shop are locked up, Nathan exits the restroom where he just removed his facepaint. He walks over to his table, where his wife Sara is

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packing up.

Nathan: Well... that was... something...

Sara: I know there weren't as many fans as we had hoped... but it's Christmas Day.

Nathan: What a stupid time to do an autograph signing. Someone in the office must not know how calendars work. I wonder if it's the same one who scheduled Make America Wrestle Again to be today, too.

Sara: Are you worried about the draw?

Nathan: Eh hh kind of. For the diehard wrestling fans... we'll do fine. For the casuals... they'll probably be doing Christmas stuff tonight.

Sara: Pay per view buys should be good though. At least... replays... probably...

Nathan: I'm sure it will all work out. FWF wouldn't be holding a show on Christmas Day if they didn't have a good plan for it. The title tournament should be enough of a reason to catch the show. Four of the top guys in FWF... going at it to determine the first World Champ. That's big.

Sara: It's a good card outside of the tournament, too. I'm a fan of Kentucky Tarzan and Shawn Kutter. Both are going to do big things in FWF.

Nathan: FWF is going to do big things in 2020. If the rumors of moving to Las Vegas are true... that's going to be huge from a production standpoint. I know how hard it is to put on shows in a different town every night. It's a logistic nightmare. Sticking to a studio based product will help develop the company beyond what they're doing right now.

Sara: It will be interesting to see how everything plays out. And... if you start off 2020 as their World Champion...

Nathan: There's no IF at all, Sara. I've been to the future... and I know how this all ends.

Sara: Having a dream on the flight to Beaumont that you beat Lunchbox Larry in the tournament finals doesn't mean you have been to the future.

Nathan: But it's doesn't not not been to the future.

Sara: What?

Nathan: I don't know anymore. I haven't slept more than three hours in weeks.

Sara: The headaches still bad?

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Nathan: It's hard to tell if they're bad... or I'm just conditioned to them.

Sara: Today is especially important for me to be with you.

Nathan: Why today?

Sara: Doctor Jones has explicit instructions for immediate post-match checkups. Tonight... if you beat Jace Wheeler...

Nathan: Ahem... WHEN I beat Jace Wheeler...

Sara: Sure... when you beat Jace... then you have to get cleared before making it to the finals. So... if you're not cleared for the finals...

Nathan: Then the finals don't happen. So I need to be more careful tonight than usual, is what you're saying.

Sara: Yes. I know you want to go all out and beat everyone... and be World Champion... but you've got to think about the bigger picture here. What good is being FWF World Champion... if you're brain dead?

There is a long, awkward pause as they load two suitcases into the back of their rental car outside of Comics Kingdom. The scene fades and we return to the Beaumont Civic Center.

Kentucky Tarzan vs. B.R Ellis

McTaggart: Our opening match is sure to be action-packed!

Decker: If you call watching a lunatic bounce around the ring until that old guy in the ring drops for a three count, sure.

As so eloquently noted, BR Ellis is already in ring. He's leaning back against a corner turnbuckle, looking laser focused.

"Through the Safety and the Dance" reverberates through the Beaumont Civic Center.

The crowd pops hard for... no one?

McTaggart: Interesting development happening here... usually Kentucky Tarzan is running down the ramp as soon as his theme hits the speakers.

Decker: Hopefully he's hanging from a vine somewhere... and I don't mean by his hands!

McTaggart: Oh, that's just a great thing to say on Christmas, Michael.

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Decker: Bah humbug!

As the cheering subsides, you can hear whispers and chatter throughout the crowd. BR Ellis, getting impatient, heads over to the ref and starts jabbering at him while waving his arms like a frenchman.

Decker: Give Ellis the win and let's move on already! I hope one of the major changes we keep hearing about in 2020 is kicking this Kentucky joker back to whatever jungle he came from!

McTaggart: I don't think tha- what the hell is that?!?

The crowd, catching sight of what Alan just saw, absolutely erupts!

McTaggart: KENTUCKY TARZAN IS ON THE EDGE OF THE RAFTERS! WHAT IS THIS GUY THINKING?

Decker: Maybe my Christmas wish is coming true!

McTaggart: OH MY GOD HE'S JUMPING OFF!

Kentucky Tarzan leaps! The cheering crowd gasps! Seconds after going airborne, he grabs onto a green rope... maybe a vine, even?

Decker: WE HAVE VINES NOW? I CAN'T EVEN!

McTaggart: LOOKS LIKE TARZAN GRABBED ON A VINE OR ROPE OF SOME SORT AND IS SWINGING DOWN TOWARD THE RING! HOW IN THE WORLD!

KT, quickly approaching the ring, throws out some sort of hand signal and the vine suddenly CUTS OUT! Kentucky Tarzan, as well choreographed as possible, shows off his athleticism by somehow somersaulting forward in mid air and hits the mat inside the ring going into a full roll to minimize the impact. As he rolls toward the turnbuckle he pops up out of the roll and jumps up to the middle turnbuckle in one swift move. He throws his arms out to the crowd that's absolutely losing its collective mind.

McTaggart: HE LANDED IN THE RING! I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT WE JUST SAW!

Decker: A whole lot for nothing when Ellis takes this whack job out!

The ring announcer, mic in hand, is frozen in awe from Kentucky's entrance. Tyler Kelly waits for a couple moments, but seeing the announcer basically incapacitated, he goes ahead and rings the bell.

KT shoots a wild look over toward the source of the sound, then quickly focuses back on Ellis as the two wrestlers start circling each other.

McTaggart: Looks like we're starting!

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Decker: Looks like Tarzan's stupid rubbed off on the announcer...

Tarzan and Ellis lock up. Ellis pushes Tarzan down to the mat almost too easily. Tarzan pops up in the blink of an eye and challenges Ellis to another lockup.

McTaggart: Kentucky Tarzan showing his inexperience here. Probably not the smartest move to try and match strength with BR. Especially after that first result, but the young man's got some confidence that's for sure.

The second lockup ends like the first, with Kentucky Tarzan being thrown down like a doll.

Tarzan pops back up, signaling as if he wants a third lock up. Ellis smiles and readies himself. Tarzan charges, but instead of locking arms, he dives into a last second slide through the legs of his opponent.

McTaggart: Tarzan ditching the idea of another lockup showing his quickness and is now behind BR Ellis!

KT delivers a quick snap kick behind the knee of BR, staggering the ring vet and sending him down into a kneel. KT follows it up with a sharp shin to the side of BR's head.

Decker: What a cheap move after we all clearly saw who was the stronger of the two!

As BR slowly gets back on his feet, Kentucky Tarzan runs to the nearest turnbuckle and quickly rips the padding off the top.

Decker: Now what's this cheat doing?!?

The ref rushes over to Kentucky Tarzan, who twists and throws the turnbuckle cover as far as he can.

McTaggart: Tarzan just threw the turnbuckle cover into the crowd!

Decker: For all his athleticism, he throws like a girl.

The ref berates KT, then looks back to where the turnbuckle cover landed in the stands. He looks around, clearly unsure as to how he should handle the situation, then throws his arms up and rushes out of the ring to retrieve the cover.

Kentucky Tarzan spins to see Ellis now standing. He snaps back and dives out of the ring toward Tyler.

Decker: This guy's completely lost it! Just call the match already!

McTaggart: I mean he technically hasn't broken any ru-

KT, now outside the ring, rushes over to Tyler and swipes the ring bell.

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BR Ellis, growing increasingly frustrated, pushes the middle rope down and begins to exit-

McTaggart: KENTUCKY TARZAN CHUCKED THE BELL! OH MY-

DING!

A resounding OOOOHHHHHHH echos through the arena.

Decker: HE JUST CLOCKED BR ELLIS IN THE HEAD WITH THAT DAMN BELL! WHERE'S THE STUPID REF?!?

BR Ellis drops back into the ring, knocked out cold, and his forehead immediately starts gushing blood from the bell shot.

The ref jumps over the barricade and back into the action with the turnbuckle cover in hand. Kentucky Tarzan dives back into the ring and covers.

The ref, seeing the aftermath of the bell shot, starts yelling at him trying to figure out what happened, but KT demands a count. Having not witnessed anything himself, the ref shrugs and drops down to the mat.

1...

2...

3!!!

The crowd pops as Kentucky Tarzan jumps to his feet, raising his arms up in victory.

McTaggart: Well that does it; Kentucky Tarzan takes the pinfall here at MAWA!

Decker: We need instant replay for this type of crap! Tarzan doesn't deserve a win, he deserves handcuffs!

I've Been a Good Boy

A camera feed picks up backstage. The crew is clearly sneaking around, slowly opening a locker room door. Inside, bent over a short table, is a large figure in a bright orange hoodie with back to back, capitalized L's in black font.

The camera inches closer to Larry, getting a shot over his shoulder at a note he's hastily writing:

Dear Santa,

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I thought I didn't wanted the World Title for Christmas. I thought the really angry undead guy deserved it more. But really I think I was just trying to convince myself all that because I felt like I didn't deserve it. Well, after a lot of thought... and a long phone call with mom... I think I am a deserving champ here. I've made as big of an impact as anyone else in the place and people really seem to like me. Plus, my colors matches our FWF logo backstage! Tell me that's not meant to be, Santa, and I'll politely tell you to take a bite of my Knuckle Sandwich.

So please send me the strength to win tonight for my Christmas present.

Thank you,

Lunchbox Larry

P.s. I know this is the type of thing you pray for, but I'm not sure I believe in you-know-who.

P.p.s. I also understand how ironic that makes this whole thing, but mom said writing this letter to you would help... wait a minute...

Larry, spidey senses going wild, jerks around in his chair. He flushed lobster red and reaches out toward the quickly retreating crew.

Lunchbox: NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Raging Dead vs. Jace Wheeler

Announcer: The following match is scheduled for one fall and is a FWF World Championship semi-final match!

'D.A.N.C.E.' by Justice begins to play.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first.... from Williamsburg, Brooklyn, NY...

Jace Wheeler steps out from the back.

Announcer: JAAAACCEEE WHHEEEELLLLLLEEERRR!!!

Jace begins down the ramp.

McTargert: One of these men in this match will head to the main event and have an opportunity to become the first FWF World Champion.

Decker: No matter who it is, tonight is history making!

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Jace enters the ring as his music is interrupted by "Rage 25/8" by Z Mann Zilla. He looks annoyed.

Announcer: His opponent... from Ozone Park, New York....

Raging Dead burst through the curtains. He leaps out, yelling and snarling.

Announcer: THE RAGING.... DEEEAADD!!!

As "Rage 25/8" continues, Raging Dead starts down the ramp, bobbing his head to the beat. Inside of the ring Jace Wheeler doesn't look impressed.

McTarggert: Raging Dead has been on a roll since entering the FWF. Will that trend continue here tonight?

Raging Dead places his hands on the edge of the ring, looking in with his white face, staring intently at Jace Wheeler, who seems slightly confused if not concerned.

McTarggert: Can you feel the intensity?

Raging Dead with a half smile, half snarl before rolling into the ring. He quickly rushes Jace Wheeler, moving Wheeler backward and into the corner blocking himself. The Raging Dead just snarls at him as the referee gets in between the two.

The referee calls for the bell as Jace Wheeler and Raging Dead stare one another down from either side of the ring.

McTarggert: This one is underway.

The two men begin to circle one another, and then lock up in the center of the the ring. Jace Wheeler, much larger, pushes Raging Dead back into the corner, shoving his palm underneath the chin of Raging Dead, forcing his head backward. The referee is quick to intervene, and begins a count of five. Jace quickly complies with the referee's warning and backs off from his opponent. Jace taunts his opponent as he backs up to the opposite corner. Playing to the crowd, Wheeler climbs to the second turnbuckle and throws his fists in the air.

Decker: What the hell is he doing? He's acting like he's won this match already.

McTaggert: He'd be wise to turn his attention back to Raging Dead!

Jace can only celebrate for a moment as Raging Dead darts across the ring and drop kicks Wheeler in the back, sending him over the top rope and to the outside floor. The crowd goes berserk, as Raging Dead climbs to the top rope.

McTaggert: Jace better watch out!

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Decker: The little face painted freak is getting ready to take flight!

Just as the referee begins his count of ten, Raging Dead leaps from the top turnbuckle and rains down onto Wheeler with a cross-body block. Again, the crowd loses their minds as the two crash down to the outside floor. The referee restarts his count of ten, as Raging Dead quickly hops to his feet and plays to the crowd. Raging Dead is quick to turn his attention back to Wheeler, and plants some stiff boots down into Wheeler's chest and sternum area.

Decker: That face pain must be from Krypton! The Raging Dead was flying like Superman!

McTaggart: That's a astute observation, but he's got to get Wheeler back into the ring. The referee's count has reached 8!

Raging Dead grabs Wheeler by his short dark hair and lifts him to his feet. Raging Dead throws continues to soften Wheeler up with a few punches before rolling him into the ring.

McTaggart: The referee's count is at 9!

Just before the count of ten Raging Dead rolls into the ring. He's quick to his feet, but so is Wheeler. Raging Dead charges toward Wheeler, but is taken down with a beautifully executed double leg takedown.

McTaggart: Jace Wheeler showing off his amateur wrestling pedigree!

Wheeler plants Raging Dead on his back in the center of the ring, and quickly follows up the amateur move clobbering Raging Dead with forearm shot after forearm shot to Raging Dead's head and neck area. Raging Dead is able to block a few however, and the damage is minimal, but Wheeler's attack is relentless, as he quickly jumps his feet and drags Raging Dead up with him. Wheeler plants a kick into the midsection of Raging Dead, and follows up with a quick DDT that leaves Raging Dead motionless in the center of the ring.

Decker: Make the cover, you tattooed nutbag!

But Wheeler's vanity shines through again, as he begins to pander to the crowd in attendance. The fans boo Wheeler, who shouts back to the crowd and points his finger down at the Raging Dead. Raging Dead begins to stir around on the mat, and Wheeler helps him to his feet. Wheeler sends Raging Dead into the ropes and runs off the opposite rope himself. The two men crash in the center of the ring, with Wheeler getting the best of Raging Dead with a stiff shoulder block. Wheeler hits the ropes again, and just as Raging Dead gets to his feet he's sent back down with another stiff shoulder block.

McTaggart: Wheeler really gaining momentum here!

The same sequence is played out as Wheeler hits the ropes again, however this time he sends Raging Dead down to the mat with a well-timed clothesline. Once more, Wheeler hits the ropes and again, Raging Dead pops to his feet. This time Wheeler executes an incredible drop kick right to the mug of Raging Dead, and

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once again Raging Dead is down in the center of the ring.

McTaggart: Wheeler goes for the cover!

The referee slides in for the count.

1...

2...

Kickout!

Raging Dead kicks out after a barrage from Wheeler. Wheeler complains to the referee, but the count wasn't even close. Wheeler gets to his feet and continues his complaints to the referee, backing the official into a corner.

Decker: That was three damnit!

McTaggart: Oh come off it, it wasn't even close. If Wheeler was smart, he'd be laying the boots to Raging Dead right now!

Raging Dead notices that Wheeler has his back turned, and like a man possessed charges across the ring and begins to bash away at Wheeler with a number of forearms to the back and neck. Wheeler drops down to a knee, and Raging Dead spins him around. Raging Dead grabs Wheeler by the head, plays to the crowd momentarily, and then begins to bite the forehead of Wheeler!

Decker: This is just sick! Get that freak out of the ring, time now!

The referee begins a count of five. Screaming in agony, Wheeler stands up and begins stomping into the mat, almost like he's running in place. Just before the referee completes the count of five, Raging Dead releases the bite, kicks Wheeler in the gut and plants him to the mat with a corkscrew cradle suplex.

McTaggart: What an incredible sequence for Raging Dead!

Decker: He's a freaking biter, he should be jailed!

Not wasting anytime, or letting his momentum subside, Raging Dead springs back up to his feet and goes right back to work on Wheeler, by lifting him to his feet and dropping him with another corkscrew cradle suplex.

McTaggart: Wheeler with the reversal!

But just at the last second, Wheeler is able to flip through the move, and hammers Raging Dead to the mat

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with a BOLO punch!

Decker: Someone put out an Amber alert for Raging Dead's soul, cause it just left his body!

McTaggart: Wheeler with the cover!

Wheeler makes an arrogant cover for the pin, barely hooking a leg. He counts with the referee.

1..

2..

Th..

Kickout by Raging Dead.

McTaggart: Raging Dead kicks out, unbelievable!

Decker: That was three. Not a chance on Earth he kicked out of that!

Wheeler, again putting arrogance before priority, argues the referee's count. Unbeknownst to Wheeler, Raging Dead is back to his feet and stalking him.

Decker: Watch your back Wheeler!

CRASH!

McTaggart: Twentyfiveeight! Raging Dead just destroyed Wheeler with his finish!

Decker: That's an illegal move! He bit him!

McTaggart: His teeth were know where near Wheeler!

The referee slides in for the count as Raging Dead makes the cover.

1...

2...

3!

Wheeler is unable to kick out in time, and the Raging Dead has won the match!

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Decker: What a jip!

McTaggart: A great effort by Wheeler, but Raging Dead advances for his chance to win the FWF Championship.

It's a Blood Bath

We cut backstage to the locker room area where Shawn Kutter is shown pacing back and forth in front of his locker. He has his bat, "Chicken Wing" hanging over his shoulder. The light glistens off the freshly polished Louisville Slugger. Shawn looks a bit apprehensive, but it's not a fear of what will happen to him. It's a feeling of apprehension about what might happen to Michael Byrd, should Shawn retrieve the baseball bat from the pole before Michael has the chance. Shawn pulls the bat down from his shoulder and begins to bounce the tip of the barrel off the cement floor. The sound, in rhythm, echoes throughout the locker room. Shawn's look begins to change to one of determination.

Kutter: This is only the beginning, FWF. Michael Byrd will be the first wrestler that I victimize here in FWF. It's been a long time coming. I'm not one to play the comedy roll, and laugh about what happened when Michael Byrd knocked my food from my hand. That's just not my style, and frankly, I don't find it to be funny one bit.

Shawn continues to pace, still tapping the bat on the floor.

Kutter: Byrd may not be the payday that I'm looking for, but the example that I am about to set when I step into the ring with him will lay the foundation for the amount of money I should be, and will be paid in the future.

Shawn quits the tapping and hangs the bat over his shoulders, the old Bo-Knows pose, resting both forearms on the bat. He stops and looks into the camera.

Kutter: Byrd, I really hope that you put up a decent fight. Because if I get to this bat first, there will be nothing that you'll be able to do to stop the violent pain I plan on inflicting on your sorry carcass. This shiny, freshly sanded bat will not look the same, should I get to this bat first. No, it will be stained in your blood and

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dented from the unrelenting strikes and bludgeoning that I plan on taking to your head.

Shawn pulls the bat from behind his neck, places it in his lap, and looks down at it.

Kutter: This is my most cherished possession, Byrd. And tonight, it and object of fear and your most terrifying nightmare. Be ready Byrd, because soon you will either be lying in a pool of your own blood or lying unconscious in the middle of the ring. It really all depends on how I decide to end this match. For your sake, I hope it's quick.

The scene cuts back to the arena, as Shawn gets up from his seat and begins to pace the room again.

Lunchbox Larry vs. Kenneth Williams

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

Fans: ONE FALL!

Announcer: ... and is a semi-final match in the FWF World Championship Tournament!

"Yeah I'm gonna take my moose up to Old Town, Maine.

I'm gonna ride 'til I can't be tamed.

I'm gonna take my moose up to Old Town, Maine.

I'm gonna ride 'til I can't be tamed."

Yeah, that's the familiar sound of Lucas Deely's "Old Town Maine" parody filling the Beaumont Civic Center... as Lunchbox Larry walks out from backstage with a smile on his face.

Announcer: Introducing first... weighing in at two hundred and ninety seven pounds... from Greenville, Maine... LUNCH... BOX... LLLAAAAAAAAARRRRRRYYYYY!!!!

Lunchbox Larry shuffles down to the ring, rapping his ridiculous music along the way. He tries to get the fans into the song... but they are already over anything Old Town Road related. He shrugs his shoulders and moves right along, entering the ring for his match.

Announcer: And his opponent...

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"I breaks it down to the bone gristle.

Ill speaking scud missile heat seeking.

Johnny Blazing, nightmares like Wes Craven.

*N****s gunning, my third eye seen it coming before it happen."*

"Shadowboxin" by GZA and Method Man starts to play as Kenneth Williams walks out from backstage with a blunt in his mouth. A producer quickly runs out and scolds him for it, and he obliges by putting out the blunt on the man's jacket.

Announcer: Weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds... from Austin, Texas...

Huge pop from the fans for their Texan cousin.

Announcer: He is the Human Highlight Reel... he is Your Friendly Neighborhood Stoner... he... is...
KENNETH... WWWIIIIIIIIIIIIAMSSSS!

Kenneth nods in approval of that introduction as he walks to ring, looking out to try to locate his friends and family in the crowd.

Decker: Listen to that warm home state welcome for Kenneth Williams, Alan.

McTaggart: Listen to that disgusting entrance music, Alan. This is the most vulgar, abhorrent piece of filth I've ever heard.

Decker: At least FWF found a way to censor it... though it's harder to understand this way.

McTaggart: You understand this nonsense?

Decker: It's not that hard, Alan. I have ears.

While they were arguing, Kenneth Williams entered the squared circle.

Lunchbox and Kenneth meet in the center of the ring as the referee explains the rules of the match... as if it's his first day on the job. Both competitors poke fun at him, and Lunchbox gives him a heavy pat on the back. They laugh together and then lock up as the starting bell sounds. Right away, Lunchbox uses his size advantage by pushing Kenneth down to the mat face first, then barks at him like a dog.

Decker: Log Dog is letting everyone know early that this is his yard.

McTaggart: What a stupid nickname.

Kenneth backs up on his hands and knees, and then pulls himself up in the corner, as Lunchbox looks at him, ready to fight. Kenneth steps out of the corner, and the opponents then circle the ring. Lunchbox goes

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for another COLLARxELBOW lock up, but Kenneth Williams drops to the mat, attempting to sweep the left leg of Lunchbox, and when he fails, he tries anything he can to pull the leg out from him. Lunchbox laughs, and then reaches down, grabbing Kenneth by the face. He pushes Kenneth aside, into the ropes. Kenneth slams the mat in frustration, as he pulls himself up using the ropes, near the corner. Again, Lunchbox stands at the ready in the center of the ring. Kenneth meets him in the middle, and they lock up. Lunchbox applies a side headlock, but Kenneth pushes him off into the ropes. Lunchbox bounces off the ropes, but Kenneth has followed him, and dropkicks Lunchbox over the top rope to the floor!

McTaggart: Now he's thinking clearly. All of his marijuana pills must be wearing off.

Decker: Marijuana... pills?

McTaggart: Daren the Lion told me to say no to drugs.

Kenneth quickly slides out of the ring, and moves over near the ringside barricade, as he waits for Lunchbox to get to his feet. Once he does, Kenneth gets a running start, and then leaps at Lunchbox, ramming his shoulder into Lunchbox's chest, sending him flying backwards. Kenneth walks over to Top Chef contestant Tiffany Derry and pornographic actress Kleio Valentien at ringside... and high fives both of them.

Decker: Kenneth Williams needs to turn around and focus on Lunchbox, not on our guests here, tonight!

McTaggart: Those are the most famous people from that FWF could dig up?

The referee gets to the count of seven, as Kenneth has pulled Lunchbox to his feet, and rolls him into the ring. Kenneth follows, and immediately elbow drops Lunchbox. He then mounts Lunchbox and starts to punch him repeatedly. The referee makes a four count, and then Kenneth gets to his feet to avoid disqualification. Lunchbox gets up to one knee, and Kenneth goes to attack. Lunchbox pushes him, and Kenneth bounces against the ropes. On the return, Lunchbox punches Kenneth in the stomach, doubling him over in pain on the mat. Lunchbox gets to his feet, then hits the ropes. On the return, he attempts a knee lift on Kenneth, who dodges out of the way. Lunchbox stumbles to catch his footing, and turns to face Kenneth, who dropkicks Lunchbox in the left kneecap. Lunchbox falls forward on the mat, as Kenneth gets to his feet. When Lunchbox pulls himself up to an almost standing position, Kenneth kicks him in the gut to hunch him over. He then hits the ropes and clobbers Lunchbox with a scissors kick.

Decker: Chronic Kick! He goes for the cover!

McTaggart: One... two... KICKOUT!

Lunchbox is fighting to get up, as Kenneth locks on a front facelock and lays in some knee strikes. The fans start opposite chants of "Let's go Lunchbox" and "Ken Ken Ken". The chants motivate Lunchbox to keep going. He pushes up to his feet and gives Kenneth a few snug shots to the ribs, forcing him to release the hold. Motivation from the fans gets Lunchbox amped up. Kenneth connects with a few punches that don't seem to bother Lunchbox, who blocks a third punch and shakes his head. He rocks Kenneth with a few

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punches before Northern Irish Whipping him off the ropes and connecting with a big boot. The fans cheer him on as he goes for the cover, but Kenneth instinctively rolls out of the way and over to the ring apron for safety. He gets to his knees to find his bearings as Lunchbox walks over, reaches over the top rope and pulls Kenneth up. He hooks Kenneth up and hoists him up into the air, walking him back a few steps with a vertical suplex before slamming him in the middle of the ring.

Decker: What an impressive display of raw power.

McTaggart: If they break the ring, they buy it.

Decker: I don't think that's how it works.

Lunchbox goes to cover Kenneth, who has enough wherewithal to lock on a kimura lock.

Decker: Fried Chicken Wing! Fried Chicken Wing! Fried Chicken Wing!

McTaggart: What's that move called? I forgot.

Lunchbox struggles and screams out, nearing his breaking point.

McTarrget: Both men getting to their feet. Everything Lunchbox has tried, as been for nothing.

Decker: Kenneth Williams wants that main event.

Williams quickly delivers forearm shots to the back of Lunchbox Larry. Larry stumbles forward as Kenneth turns him around and grabs his arm. Pushing Lunchbox back and into the ropes, Williams pulls back with all of his might.

McTarrget: Lunchbox Larry sent across the ring!

As he hits the opposite ropes, Kenneth is following close behind. Larry turns and leaps with a Superman Punch that catches the oncoming Kenneth Williams.

McTarrget: KNUCKLE SANDWICH OUT OF NOWHERE!

Decker: Williams is down!

Lunchbox quickly covers him.

McTarrget: Could this be it?!

The referee's hand hits for a third time and the bell begins to sound.

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McTarrgert: He's done it!

Announcer: The winner of this match and moving to the main event for the FWF World Championship....
LUNCHBOXXXX... LAARRRYYY!!!

As Lunchbox's music plays he just sits on his knees, breathing hard. he looks over at Kenneth Williams who is starting to come to, and just shakes his head before getting to his feet.

McTarrgert: Larry unable to believe the fight that Kenneth Williams brought tonight.

Larry reaches down, offering his hand to Kenneth who just looks up. After a few moments, he accepts. Larry pulls him to his feet and the two exchange words before Larry extends his hand. The fans erupt as Kenneth accepts, shaking his opponents hand.

McTarrgert: What sportsmanship!

Pandemonium

We get a video package hyping the return of Pandemonium on January 8th, airing on Fite.TV.

Michael Bryd vs. Shawn Kutter

We can hear Justin Timberlake's 'Sexy Back' playing in the background as we return.

McTarrget: It sounds like things are about to get started.

The camera changes to the top of the stage.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first....

'Sexyback' by Justin Timberlake continues to play. We have a display of large bright sparklers before Michael Byrd steps out.

Announcer: MICHAEL... BYYRRRDDDD!!

McTarrget: The only way to win this match is to retrieve the baseball bat attached to the pole in the ring.

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Decker: You mean the bat that Shawn Cutter has named Chicken Leg?

McTarrget: That's the one.

Michael slaps the hands of fans down the ramp, as he heads towards the squared circle. Once in the ring, his music fades and the lights go to normal.

Announcer: His opponent....

'I Will Be Heard' by Hatebreed begins to play.

Announcer: SHAWWWNNN... KUUUTTTEERR!!

Shawn Kutter steps out. He looks down the ramp before starting his journey.

McTarrget: I'm sure how technical this match will be.

Decker: Probably not at all. I mean there's a bat on a poll.

As Kutter walks across the apron, he looks up at hi bat once more before enteriting the ring.

Neither man blinks as the bell sounds. Both clinch their fist and grit their teeth, waiting to see who makes the first move. The crowd is filled with anticipation.

McTarrget: I've been reviewing some old tapes. Michael Byrd actually reminds me a lot of a younger Kutter.

Decker: Someone with a prison record?

McTarrget: Sty e wise.

Byrd says something inaudible to Kutter who replies back, also inaudible. Finally Michael Byrd pushes Kutter, who stumbles just a couple of steps before catching himself, then comes forward pushing the younger man sending him backwards and down to the mat.

McTarrget: Michael Byrd as surprised as the rest of us.

Decker: Shawn Kutter is built like a tank. He may be older, but he is tough.

Michael looks up at Kutter who is yelling for him to get back up. This infuriates Byrd who pushes up, getting back to his feet.

Decker: To be fair, this is the first match Michael has been in, in a long while.

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Byrd storms Kutter, who side steps and as he wraps his arms behind Michael, brings a knee hard into his stomach.

McTarrgert: Shawn Kutter with a knee to the gut of Michael Byrd.

Shawn follows up with an elbow to the back of Michael's head.

Decker: Kutter teaching Michael as thing or two here early in the match.

Kutter continues to elbow Byrd in the back of the head, finally letting him fall to the mat. He steps over Byrd, straddling his sides and leaning down, wrapping his arms under Byrd's and clasping his hands under Michael's chin.

McTarrgert: Kutter now with a chin lock looking for a submission.

Decker: No submissions allowed until that baseball bat has been retrieved.

Kutter lets Michael go. As his head falls, Kutter slaps the back of it before it hits the mat.

McTarrgert: Kutter letting Byrd go.

Decker: I think he just wanted to prove a point that just because he is older that Michael Byrd shouldn't automatically think he has it in the bag.

McTarrgert: Tonight may very well be school for Michael Byrd and Kutter is the teacher.

Kutter walks along the ropes of the ring, tracing his right hand across the top as Michael pushes himself up to his hands and knees, attempting to regain his composure.

McTarrgert: I'm not sure that Kutter should be allowing Michael Byrd time to get up.

Decker: It's like we were saying, tonight he is the teacher, and you can't teach if your pupil is out cold.

Byrd uses the ropes to pull himself up, never taking his eyes off of Kutter who is across of the ring, watching Michael vigilantly.

McTarrgert: I'm just saying, if it was me, I'd teach Michael how you completely dominate your opponent and win your match quickly. This may not be the wisest choice for Shawn Kutter to make.

Byrd stands fully up, nodding to Kutter, before both men head toward the middle of the ring.

McTarrgert: Michael Byrd with that seemed to be a sign of respect to Kutter as these two lock up in the middle of the ring.

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Decker: Nothing wrong with that.

As the two men fight for power, this time Michael Byrd takes control, putting Kutter into a side headlock.

McTarrgert: Side headlock. Byrd squeezes Kutter's neck tight.

Decker: Here is where that size will come into play.

McTarrgert: Yes, but Kutter is known in the industry for having abnormal strength for a man his age. Package that with years of experience.

Decker: Years of experience or not, Michael Byrd has him right now, and there is nowhere to go.

Kutter attempts to escape, but Byrd tightens his hold. Doing the only thing he can, Shawn Kutter ignores the risk and pushes in, allowing Byrd to tighten even more but giving him the opening he needs to open his mouth and bite the side of Michael Byrd.

McTarrgert: Kutter bites Byrd!

Decker: Well, that's one way to break a hold.

Michael lets go and screams as the referee quickly grabs Kutter, pulling him away.

Decker: Kutter knows he isn't a wolf right?

As the referee throws his finger in the face of Kutter, Byrd angrily comes forward with a double axe handle to the upper back of his opponent. The camera catches teeth marks on his side.

McTarrgert: Well, I think the mutual respect Byrd had for Kutter a few moments ago is now gone.

Decker: I don't blame him. Who bites in wrestling matches?

Byrd brings down a series of forearms to the back of Kutter, who keeps semi going to one knee but standing back up. Kutter turns around to face his attacker.

McTarrgert: Byrd with a boot to the gut of Kutter, following up with a short arm clothesline.

Decker: He put a lot behind that. I think he wanted to take the head off of Kutter so that he can not bite him again.

Shawn Kutter rolls over, showing minimal effect from the clothesline as he starts to get back to his feet. Michael Byrd runs past him, bounces off of the ropes and returns, leaping in the air while grabbing the head of Kutter.

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McTarrgert: Bulldog! Michael Byrd a man possessed.

Decker: He's looking to put an end to this now, after being bitten.

McTarrgert: Do you blame him?

Byrd goes for a cover and the referee drops to count. However, Kutter kicks out at two.

McTarrgert: Kick out by Kutter. Michael Byrd is on the right track with wanting to end this, but still needs to do a bit more damage to keep Kutter down.

Michael pushes up to his knees as Kutter sits up. As Kutter turns slightly to start getting to his feet, Michael Byrd moves in forward, wrapping his arms around his head and sitting back.

McTarrgert: Michael Byrd keeping the match at a slow pace as he puts Kutter into a sleeper hold.

Decker: I'm not sure this is a good idea Alan. With someone who isn't very fast nor agile like Kutter, you should speed the pace of the match up so that he can not keep up.

McTarrgert: You're right there Michael. This is almost just a rest period for Shawn Kutter as that thick neck of his almost blocks Michael's attempt to cut off the circulation.

Decker: If he's anything like my grandfather who takes a nap once Matlock is over, letting Kutter rest will do nothing but let him rest and in turn when he gets back to his feet, he'll be more spry than ever.

McTarrgert: Michael, Shawn Kutter is only forty-one years old. Comparing him to your grandfather doesn't seem very nice.

Decker: Well neither is assaulting a senior citizen, but you aren't giving Michael Byrd any strife for this match.

In the ring, Byrd continues to apply pressure, but as it was pointed out, Kutter's neck is just too thick for it to really do any type of damage. Kutter begins to use his legs to push on the mat, slowly raising up with Michael Byrd.

McTarrgert: Shawn Kutter fighting Michael Byrd, pushing to his feet taking Byrd with him.

Decker: Michael needs to change his offense now.

But it's too late. The two men are up, and Kutter is able to bend down and turn around pushing Michael Byrd back. Byrd catches himself and comes forward again as Kutter moves forward. Shawn jumps, catching and pushing down as they both fall to the mat.

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McTarrgert: Thesz Press!

Decker: Kutter with those bricks for hands hitting Byrd with rights and lefts!

Shawn Kutter is pulled up by the referee who warns him for being too aggressive. Michael Byrd holds his head as he scoots back before starting to get up.

McTarrgert: Michael Byrd getting to his feet.

Decker: Both of these men have really impressed me Alan. This has been a good match.

McTarrgert: It sure has, and that baseball bat has yet to even be a focal point.

As Byrd gets to his feet, Shawn Kutter pushes past the referee, sluggishly heading toward Michael. Byrd moves forward at a faster pace, he jumps up throwing his feet in the air and connecting.

McTarrgert: Dropkick by Michael Byrd!

Decker: He got some air there didn't he Alan?!

Byrd rolls over and quickly leaps forward in a flat position, covering Kutter before realizing there's no pin fall yet.

McTarrgert: Someone has to retrieve the bat before they can win in this unique match up.

Upset, but determined, Byrd rolls over and begins to get to his feet, pulling Kutter with him.

McTarrgert: Side knee to the gut of Kutter.

Michael places Kutter's head between his legs, bends down and wraps his arms under him.

Decker: It looks like Michael Byrd is going to end this once and for all!

He begins to pull back as he yells It's Byrd Time!.

McTarrgert: Michael Byrd going for that devastating Jackknife Power Bomb...

Kutter kicks his feet, lowering them back down to the mat.

McTarrgert: NO! Kutter fighting back!

Decker: Amazing!

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Shawn Kutter begins to lift slowly, straining but doing it, until Michael Byrd goes up and over behind him, slamming to the mat.

McTarrget: Kutter reverses into a back body drop!

As Byrd hits the mat, Shawn Kutter actually stumbles back with him, falling backward to the mat himself. As he hits, both men are flat. Kutter begin to breath heavily as the camera zooms in on him, before raising his left arm, and then pointing toward the bat.

McTarrget: Shawn Kutter signaling it's time!

Decker: He might have it!

Shawn gets to his feet slowly, stumbling over toward the corner.

McTarrget: Once retrieved, that bat can be used to finish your opponent off.

Shawn begins to climb the corner. As he does, Michael Byrd starts to get to his feet.

McTarrget: Will he get it in time?

Decker: The suspense is killing me.

Shawn reaches, grabbing the bat. He yanks, pulling it down and the fans go crazy.

McTarrget: He's got it! He's got the bat!

Michael grabs at Shawn Kutter's feet, but is kicked away. Kutter turns on the ropes and leap off, bat flying down. It hits Michael's head with a sickening thud, sending Byrd to the canvas. The fans scream.

McTargget: The bat has been used! It's been used!

Decker: Michael Byrd i out!

Shawn stands over him, bat in hand, smiling. He looks at "Chicken Leg" and smiles even bigger before placing a foot on the chest of Michael Byrd. The referee slides into place and counts. As his hand hits three, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match... SHAAWWNNN... KUUTTTEEERR!

McTarrget: No one expected this match to be as classic as it has been, but boy, did these two deliver!

Decker: They sure did.

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Shawn Kutter holds the bat high as he celebrates.

Ellis Has Words

We see B.R. Ellis in the back with Melissa Diaz.

Diaz: You opened up tonight's show against Kentucky Tarzan. Unfortunately, you were not able to capitalize. How do you feel coming off of your first singles match in the FWF?

B.R. looks disappointed, but answers.

Ellis: Tonight the better man won Melissa. But my pop always told me, any man can be the better man on any given night. Kentucky, you put up a hell of a fight, so enjoy it. We will meet again, and then.. we'll see who the better man is that night.

B.R. stares at the camera before walking off. Melissa just looks confused.

Diaz: Back to you guys.

Harry Black vs. Lance Mingle

Scott Smith: The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

Fans: ONE FALL!

Decker: Ugghghhh.

Scott Smith: Making his way to the ring first... from Fertile, Iowa... he weighs in tonight at two hundred and eight pounds... LOVELY LANCE MINGLE!

"The Stroke" by Billy Squier starts up and the fans in Beaumont give a mixed reaction to the man they don't know much about... other than his love for money, ladies and hair product... Larry Mingle. Larry struts out onto the stage as sparks shoot up from the sides of the entrance.

Decker: I see they spared no expense for this guy.

Larry struts to the ring, touching the hands of all the lovely ladies he meets. Once he gets to the ring, he walks up the steps and takes one last look at the ladies before entering between the ropes.

Scott Smith: And his opponent... from London, England... weighing in at two hundred and twenty five

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pounds... HARRY BLACK!

"Paint it Black" by the Rolling Stones plays throughout the Beaumont Civic Center and the man who is giving the wrestling business one last try... Harry Black... proudly walks out onto the stage.

The men in the crowd are more receptive toward him than they were Mingle, probably out of jealousy that all of their ladies will leave them for him. Harry looks out at the crowd and tries to get a visual count of the attendance... before heading down to the ring. He runs up the steps and onto the apron, then wipes his boots on the apron before entering between the ropes.

McTarrgert: Both of these men are looking to make a name for themselves as we approach 2020. A win here tonight would surely help them in the Power Rankings following the event.

Decker: Wins get points. Points move rankings. This is all common sense. Move along.

McTarrgert: Who hurt you?

The bell sounds as Harry Black comes charging across the ring, leaping onto his adversary, unleashing lefts and rights. Mingle is certainly caught off guard, as he tries to block the attack. Black gets up and starts stomping on Mingle, then reaches down and hooks Mingle by the noise and pulls him to his feet.

McTarrgert: That can't be legal.

Black yanks back with the nose hook then locks in a reverse suplex position and hits a snap reverse suplex. Standing up, Black takes a step to the side and leaps up high with an elbow across the back of Mingle.

McTarrgert: I don't think Harry Black has ever looked this impressive.

Decker: We've only seen him a few times here in FWF. Give him time. I'm sure he'll disappoint you.

Reaching down, Black pulls up Mingle a little... and then rams the point of his elbow into his neck. Black pulls Mingle all the way up and then Northern Irish Whips him into the corner and comes running behind him. Mingle leaps onto the second turnbuckle then springs back with an elbow to the jaw of Black.

Decker: Big boy's got ups.

Both get up. Black swings with a right, only for Mingle to slip behind and go for a back suplex. Black blocks it, delivers a vicious noogie and then connects with a running English Bulldog. He goes for a quick cover, but just barely gets a two count. Black is up and taunts Mingle before hitting the ropes. Mingle catches him off guard with a high back body drop. Black gets up, holding his back, only to get hit with a dropkick from Mingle.

Decker: Again with the ups!

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McTarrgert: I don't think he's going to disappoint tonight, Alan.

Black gets up using the ropes and turns around to get clotheslined over the top rope by Mingle, as both men spill to the outside.

McTarrgert: It's spilling to the outside now, Alan

Decker: Gee! Thanks, John Madden!

McTarrgert: Have you been drinking?

Black uses the guard rail to get to his feet and Mingle holds onto the ring to pull himself up. The fans cheer and he throws his arms in the air, which is enough of a distraction for Black to ram his lower back into the edge of the ring. Black delivers a few shots to the stomach before struggling to roll the big man back into the ring. Black climbs up onto the apron and the ascends the ropes in the corner. He stalks Mingle, waiting for the right moment to pounce. When Mingle is up, Black dives in the air for a crossbody... but he is caught by Mingle, who throws him over his head and drops him with an American Samoan Drop. He covers Black...

McTarrgert: One... two...

Decker: Nope! Kickout by my man Harry Black!

McTarrgert: He's your man now?

Decker: I know a winner when I see one. Like every morning when I look in the mirror.

Mingle gets up, disappointed... looking out at all the adoring ladies in the crowd. When he turns around, Black is kneeling in the middle of the ring, recovering from that heavy fall. Mingle connects with a couple of kicks before hitting the ropes and connecting with a big boot. He covers Black again.

McTarrgert: One... two... thr--NO! Kickout!

Decker: ObViOuSIY!

McTarrgert: So you can announce a kickout... but I can't?

Decker: Now you're gettin' it!

Mingle is up, disappointed again. He looks down at Black, hits the ropes... and drops a thunderous leg drop. Instead of going for the cover, he drags Black up and pushes him into the nearest corner. He throws Black's arms over the top rope, then starts laying in some heavy shots to the midsection. The referee allows it for a few moments before breaking it up. Mingle takes a step back, winks at the ladies in the crowd... then runs toward the corner, only to be met with a boot to the jaw from Black. Mingle staggers back and Black shoots

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out of the corner, connecting with a jumping high knee to the jaw of the big man, dropping him like a sack of bricks.

McTarrgert: Harry Black now with the pin here... Could he do it?

The referee's hand hits for a third and final time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match... HARRY... BLLLAACCKKK!!!

McTarrgert: Harry Blac's done it folks.

Harry celebrates as his music plays.

Lunchbox Larry and the Meaning of Christmas

Cameras cut backstage.

Lunchbox Larry, sporting his black and orange trim unitard with an orange and black trim Santa hat, marches down the hallway backstage. From how he's swinging his lunchbox, like a 6 year old who just got his first girlfriend, he looks pretty damn jolly.

Barely audible, you can hear him whispering aloud to himself,

Larry: ONE crowd, ONE opponent, Lunchbox Larry is gonna OWN it...

He repeats the rhyme over and over, head down, continuing his way down the hall.

THWACK

As he turns the corner, he sees a red and white sleeve. His eyes widen.

VOICE: Hell yeah it does dry herb. And heats up in three seconds. You go to a shop, they'll charge you three bills for it. But it's yours for a hundo..

Larry: Santa?

The camera pans up from Lunchbox scratching his head to reveal two members of the backstage crew and the man in the Santa jacket who is, naturally, Buddy Showtime.

Showtime: No, he just left his jacket with me, I'll get it back to him next time he's Vegas.

Lunchbox just stares slackjawed.

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Showtime: Stick with me, kid, you never know who you'll meet.

One of Larry's eyebrows rises above the other. His eyes lock onto Buddy's.

Larry: That doesn't seem like something Santa's say...

Showtime leans in, increasing the intensity of his stare.

Showtime: Of course Santa's in Vegas for the off season. How else is he going to know who's been bad?

Larry, getting a bit creeped out, leans back... then, after a moment of contemplation, shrugs.

Larry: Yeah actually that kinda makes sense when you put it like that.

Showtime: That's my job, putting stuff so it makes sense. So let me put it to you straight. You've got a shot at the title tonight, and I want to wish you good luck.

Larry's head tilts.

Larry: Th-thanks... that means a lot, Santa... but isn't your job spreading love and holiday cheer? That's at least what ma always told me...

Buddy's forehead scrunches up. Then he reaches into his pocket and takes a puff on a small black-and-gold device, which he then passes to one of the backstage crew members.

Showtime: No, no, you've got it right. The only part of Santa right here is the coat. Y'see, he left it with me so he could finish spreading cheer. Did you know it was Seventy Three degrees here last night? Do you think a man his size could drop off toys across the american southwest in this coat without getting heatstroke? But Santa needed to leave it with someone he trusted. See kid, Celebrities know they can trust me.

Larry squints as he processes each and every word carefully. Then a smile cracks across his face and he nods happily and throws out a hand to shake. It's taken.

Showtime: Buddy Showtime, good to know you.

Larry: Well sure is nice to meetcha, Temp Santa. If the big man, AND celebrities, trust ya... well you must be a stand up guy!

Larry begins to walk away, then snaps back around toward Buddy.

Larry: Say, I've been working on this last minute letter to the real Santa... any chance you could make sure he gets it before my big match?

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Buddy thinks for a few seconds, and then pulls out a cracked cellular phone.

SHOWTIME: Hold out that letter, would ya kid?

Larry instinctively reaches for the letter out from his hoodie pocket, then pauses. He gives Buddy one last skeptical up-and-down...

Then he whips out the letter and opens it for Buddy to see.

There's a quick flash, and Buddy slips the phone back into the pocket of his Santa jacket.

Showtime: There, I'll text it to him the next time the big man has a cell signal. You know how the reindeer interfere with the satellites.

Larry slowly nods, mouthing "ohhhhhh".

Showtime: Now go out there and make Santa proud.

He stands up to his full height, eye to eye with Lunchbox, and slaps him on the back on the arm. The camera follows Lunchbox as he strides off purposefully.

RING CREW: I can't believe you did that to him, man.

Showtime: That man might just be our new champion.

RING CREW: So we're doomed?

Buddy shakes his head.

Showtime: If he takes the belt, some smart son of a bitch is gonna take him for everything he's got.

RING CREW: And you think you can stop it?

Buddy smiles at him the same way he smiled at Lunchbox.

Showtime: Now, about that whole-leaf vaporizer, did you know it'll do concentrates too?

Stalker vs. Daniel Leslie

We return ringside where we prepare for our next match up.

Announcer: The following match is scheduled for one fall and is a hardcore match!

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The fans go absolutely crazy as 'Veil of Fire' begins to play.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first, from Salisbury, Maryland... STAAALLKKKEEERRR!!!

Stalker steps out from the back and raises an arm before heading down the ramp.

McTaggart: This match is an accumulation of Daniel Leslie over the last few weeks, ensuing that Stalker would not advance in the FWF World Championship tournament.

Decker: I'm not sure Daniel Leslie knows how bad of a mistake he's made. I mean, look at Stalker! The man is huge.

McTaggart: Standing at almost seven feet tall and well over three hundred pounds, Stalker is a big boy.

Decker: It's a hardcore match, so anything goes. i just hope Daniel Leslie has a plan.

Stalker steps over the top rope from the apron.

McTaggart: He wanted this match, giving out an open challenge weeks ago. Now it is time for Daniel Leslie to, well, put up or shut up.

"Beneath my Skin" begins to play.

Announcer: His opponent.. from Cleethorpes, England.. he is.. DANIEL... THE EXECUTIONER...
LEESSLLIIIEEE!!!!

Daniel Leslie burst from the back, Kendo stick in hand, running down the ramp.

McTaggart: A Kendo stick! As you remember, he brought that same style of weapon to Pandemonium three and took Stalker out then!

Decker: Before he got chased off by Lunchbox larry that is.

McTaggart: Daniel Leslie looking for a repeat performance.

Daniel slides into the ring. As he gets to his feet, he rushes Stalker, swinging the Kendo stick wildly.

McTaggart: Daniel Leslie attacking Stalker before the bell even sounds yet again... but no!

Stalker quickly moves out of the way. As Daniel turns to face him again, he is met by a big boot to the gut causing him to bend over and drop the Kendo stick. The referee goes ahead and calls for the bell.

McTaggart: Big forearm shot to the back of Daniel Leslie. Stalker was ready for him!

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Decker: Maybe he should have brought out more than just a Kendo stick.

Stalker stomps the upper back of Daniel before reaching down and grabbing the Kendo stick. The fans go crazy.

McTaggart: Stalker in control of that Kendo stick now! Daniel Leslie is about to pay!

Decker: Stalker is in the mood to deliver a season beating!

Daniel Leslie pushes up to his hands and knees as Stalker stands over him, raising the stick up before bringing it down across his back with the sound of a loud thwack! Daniel hits the canvas and screams in pain, rolling around. Not giving up so easy, Stalker begins to wildly swing the stick himself, hitting Daniel Leslie over and over.

McTaggart: This is absolutely brutal!

Decker: Yea, but deserved.

As Stalker raises the stick one more time, he is halted by the sound of "Here comes Santa Claus" beginning to play.

McTarrgert: What's this?

Decker: Could it be.. could the big man in red be here?

The camera pans up to the entrance stage and there he is... the one and only.. Santa Claus.

McTarrgert: Santa Claus is here folks!

Decker: That sure is one... jolly.. man.

Santa waves as he heads down the ramp. In the ring, Stalker is yelling at the referee about the interference.

McTarrgert: Stalker not happy.

Decker: How could he not be? It's Santa!

Santa Claus walks up the steps and enters the ring.

Stalker gets into his face, but all Santa does is yell 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' at him, which seems to make Stalker even madder. Stalker looks to be ready to attack, when Santa puts a finger up, telling him to wait. He opens his gift bag up and begins digging.

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McTarrget: Seems like Santa Claus has brought gifts.

Decker: I hope he has something for me!

McTarrget: Maybe a lump of coal.

Decker: Hey now!

Santa comes out of his bag and instantly begins to spray Stalker in the face with a fire extinguisher.

McTarrget: Oh no!

Stalker stumbles back, tripping through the ropes, hitting the apron hard before falling to the floor outside. Santa Claus stands in the middle of the ring, over Daniel Leslie. He pulls his hat off first...

McTarrget: Santa is disrobing!

Decker: This is not the gift I wanted.

He now pulls off his jacker, followed by his shirt, revealing a blob of a man.

McTarrget: Cover your children's eyes!

Kicking his pants and boot covers off, Santa stands there is just blue boots and shorts. He runs his hands through his blonde hair before removing his beard, throwing it out of the ring.

McTarrget: THAT'S.. THAT'S.. BOBBY DEAN! BEAUTIFUL BOBBY DEAN IS HERE!

Daniel begins to push up. Bobby Dean jogs over to the ropes, and leans back on them before taking off. Daniel is fully to his feet, when Bobby Dean runs over him like a freight train. As Daniel Leslie hits the canvas, Bobby bounces off of the opposite ropes. On the return, he leaps up..

Decker: NOOO!!!!

..and comes down with a huge splash, landing on Daniel Leslie. The venue goes crazy and the referee looks shocked. Bobby hooks Daniel's leg.

McTarrget: Bobby dean is NOT in this match folks!

Decker: He's yelling at the referee to make the count. I mean, it IS a hardcore match and... well.. anything goes, right?

McTarrget: Out official looks confused, but goes for the count.

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As his hand hits the canvas a third time, the bell rings.

Announcer: The winner of this match... umm... BOOOBBYY... DEEEAANNN!!!

"You're The Best Around" begins to play as Bobby Dean gets up. He throws his arms up and celebrates before stopping and looking over to his gift bag he had brought in.

McTarrgert: What is he digging for?

Finally, he pulls it out.. the camera pans in and we see the old United Toughness Alliance Hardcore Championship. Except, a crudely placed FWF sticker covers the UTA logo.

McTarrgert: He's claiming to be.. the Hardcore Champion!

Decker: I didn't know we had a hardcore championship.

McTarrgert: We don't.

Decker: Isn't that Duke Dibbins' belt?

McTarrgert: Who?

Decker: Doesn't matter.

Bobby runs around the ring, title in hand as we fade from ringside.

It All leads to This

We cut to a video package highlighting the FWF World Championship tournament. Shots from each of the first and second rounds display, including the rumble. We get highlights of the semi-finals from earlier in the night as well before we lead to a graphic showing the challengers. The words "It's Time" begins to show before we fade to the ring area.

Lunchbox Larry vs. Raging Dead

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

Fans: ONE FALL!

Announcer: ... and is for the FWF World Championship Tournament!

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"Yeah I'm gonna take my moose up to Old Town, Maine.

I'm gonna ride 'til I can't be tamed.

I'm gonna take my moose up to Old Town, Maine.

I'm gonna ride 'til I can't be tamed."

Yeah, that's the familiar sound of Lucas Deely's "Old Town Maine" parody filling the Beaumont Civic Center... as Lunchbox Larry walks out from backstage with a smile on his face.

Announcer: Introducing first... weighing in at two hundred and ninety seven pounds... from Greenville, Maine... LUNCH... BOX... LLLAAAAAAAAARRRRRRYYYYY!!!!

Lunchbox Larry shuffles down to the ring, rapping his ridiculous music along the way. He tries to get the fans into the song... but they are already over anything Old Town Road related. He shrugs his shoulders and moves right along, entering the ring for his match. His music is interrupted by "Rage 25/8" by Z Mann Zilla.

Announcer: His opponent... from Ozone Park, New York....

Raging Dead burst through the curtains. He leaps out, yelling and snarling.

Announcer: THE RAGING.... DEEEAADD!!!

As "Rage 25/8" continues, Raging Dead starts down the ramp, bobbing his head to the beat.

McTargert: This is it folks! We will crown our first World Champion!

Raging Dead places his hands on the edge of the ring, looking in with his white face, staring intently at Lunchbox Larry, who seems slightly confused if not concerned.

McTargert: This is going to be a hell of a main event!

Decker: We'll see.

Raging Dead with a half smile, half snarl before rolling into the ring. The referee holds the FWF World Championship high for everyone to see.

McTargert: This title is the accumulation of everything leading up to now. Weeks of matches, everyone with their eyes on the prize. But only two men get the first opportunity.

Raging Dead bites at Lunchbox, who quickly backs away. Raging Dead rushes Lunchbox, leaping down and grabbing onto his leg with his mouth.

McTargert: Raging dead BITING Lunchbox Larry!

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Decker: Come on now!

The referee yells at Dead, who lets go. Larry quickly drops down and rolls out of the ring. As he walks around the outside of it, he shakes his leg.

McTarrgert: Lunchbox Larry needing to come up with a plan of attack against his undead opponent.

Decker: You're not really buying the whole undead thing are you? I mean, it's weird.

Lunchbox reaches the center of the ring area outside. As he looks up, he see Raging Dead diving toward him through the second rope. After knocking Lunchbox down, Raging Dead quickly gets up and mounts him unloading with lefts and rights across Lunchbox's head.

McTarrgert: Dead not wasting anytime. He has got to know that if Larry gets a hold of him it will be all over.

Raging Dead gets off and walks around the ring. He pulls the time keeper out of his chair, grabbing it.

McTarrgert: He has to be careful. This is a title match. While the referee may be more lenient with the stakes at hand, he could be disqualified!

Decker: He should be.

Raging Dead folds the chair up and walks back toward Lunchbox, who gets up he quickly swings and cracks the chair over Lunchbox's head. The blunt force knocks Lunchbox down again. He looks at the chair and tosses it on the ground.

McTarrgert: Oh man. That's smart!

Decker: That's cheating disqualify his ref!

McTarrgert: Disqualify his the match hasn't even started yet.

Raging is now being admonished by the ref to get in the ring. Dead follows orders and slides in the ring taunting Lunchbox to get in. Lunchbox slowly gets to his feet, holding his head as he stumbles toward the ring. He pulls himself on the apron and Raging quickly goes off the ropes and slide dropkicks Lunchbox's feet from out under him causing Lunchbox's jaw to slam on the edge of the ring.

McTarrgert: Raging Dead keeping Lunchbox Larry off balance, a wise strategy.

Decker: For now, sooner or later all this offense is going to be stopped abruptly.

Raging Dead slaps a few fans hands on his way back in the ring. Lunchbox staggers to his feet, still holding his jaw. He looks into the ring as Raging has the fans on their feet. Lunchbox waves his hand at the ring and

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begins to leave.

McTarrgert: Lunchbox has had enough! That's not like him at all.

Decker: Don't let these fans or this dead wannabe get in your head Larry!

Lunchbox stops almost at the top of the ramp way and looks back in the ring. Raging Dead is almost daring him to get back in the ring. Lunchbox looks out at the fans chant "Larry! Larry!"

McTarrgert: The fans getting behind Lunchbox Larry, trying to motivate him not to give up.

Lunchbox slowly makes his way back toward the ring. Dead exits the ring as the referee has given up trying to get this match started.

McTarrgert: Raging Dead showing no fear here!

The two meet and Raging Dead quickly begins to throw punch after punch. Lunchbox just seems to be taking it all. He grabs Lunchbox by the hair and tosses him into the ring. Raging Dead then slides into the ring after him and finally the referee officially starts the match.

McTarrgert: Finally this match has begun, and Raging just will not let up on Lunchbox.

Decker: I wonder what Lunchbox is doing. This is not what I thought would happen in this match.

Lunchbox gets to his feet and Raging is just relentless. He drives the big man back into the corner and he is now covering up as Raging just unleashing an onslaught on Lunchbox. Finally Lunchbox shoves his off, but Raging Dead back flips backwards and hops to his feet.

McTarrgert: The agility.

Raging Dead looks to the fans and throws everything he has into the next punch. Lunchbox's head jerks to the side and then slowly looks back at his opponent. He throws another punch and this time Lunchbox grabs his fist and starts to squeeze his hand. Raging Dead immediately drops to a knee.

McTarrgert: **Dead** is in pain here fans.. Lunchbox is squeezing his fist and he is trying desperately to peel his hand off his fist.

Decker: He does feel pain!

As Lunchbox lets go of his fist, Raging Dead shakes his hand. He runs back, hitting the ropes and tries a flying tackle but bounces right off Lunchbox.

McTarrgert: Lunchbox Larry done playing here.

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Raging Dead looks up as Lunchbox has not changed his cold stare toward him. Dead tries again, but this time dropkicks Lunchbox in the knees buckling the big man. He quickly lets loose with stiff leg kicks to the side of Lunchbox's legs. One after the other finally getting Larry down to a knee he throws a stiff kick across Lunchbox's face the sound can be heard throughout the venue.

McTarrgert: Wow! Did you hear that sound Michael. Raging Dead taking it to Lunchbox Larry!

Decker: I can't believe Lunchbox is being dominated like this!

Raging Dead hops on Lunchbox going for a cover.

McTarrgert: Just a one count as Lunchbox Larry saves himself with a massive kick out!

Dead hops to his feet as Lunchbox is slow to get up once more. Dead climbs the turnbuckle and just as Lunchbox has gotten to his feet, he jumps off with a double axe handle. The blow knocks Lunchbox down once more.

McTarrgert: Raging Dead staying on Lunchbox Larry non stop here.

Decker: I seriously thought Lunchbox would be able to take this freak easily.

Raging Dead quickly runs to the turnbuckle and climbs it once more. He stands up tall before leaping.

McTarrgert: Frog Splash by Raging Dead ! He's going for the cover again here folks.

Decker: What are you doing Larry?

The referee hits two this time, but Lunchbox Larry is able to kick out again.

McTarrgert: Again still not enough to keep Lunchbox down.

Raging Dead holds his stomach for a moment as Lunchbox has gotten to his knees. Dead gets up and grabs his head.

McTarrgert: SPIKE DDT FROM LUCNHBOX'S KNEES!

Decker: Are you kidding Michael?

Lunchbox is laid out once more. Raging Dead quickly hops up to the top rope again as he launches himself off this time with a corkscrew senton..

McTarrgert: Raging has pretty much controlled this match. With an impressive display of moves!

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Decker: None of which seem very effective against Lunchbox.

McTarrgert: He is feeling the effects, but Lunchbox Larry has found a way to push forward so far. However, it may be over as Raging Dead covers him again.

Lunchbox Larry is able to kick out at two again.

McTarrgert: Raging Dead is pulling out all the stops but he just can not keep Lunchbox down.

Decker: Size matters.

Raging Dead can't believe it as he starts to climb the inner turnbuckle. Lunchbox is on his hands and knees. Larry lunges at the top rope shaking it enough for Raging Dead to drop and straddle the turnbuckle. Lunchbox gets to his feet while Raging is stunned.

McTarrgert: Raging is in trouble here folks!

Decker: Now that Lunchbox has taken the best of Raging Dead, it's the time to send this freak packing.

McTarrgert: Give me a break Michael seriously! Raging Dead has proved tonight to be highly skilled, although unorthodox.

Larry walks over to Raging Dead and grabs the back of his hair, pulling his head back. He brings a forearm down, connecting with the face of Raging Dead, sending him from straddling the ropes to the canvas quick.

McTarrgert: Lunchbox with a forearm across the face of Raging Dead.

Decker: Just massive.

Lunchbox pins Raging Dead. The referee almost hits three, but Dead is able to kick out.

McTarrgert: HE KICKS OUT! HE KICKS OUT!

Decker: HOW?!

McTarrgert: Not even Lunchbox Larry knows!

Decker: Something is churning in that twisted mind of his.

McTarrgert: I shudder to think.

After standing, Lunchbox reaches down and grabs Raging Dead by the throat and pulls him to a vertical base. He lifts him up as the ref is shouting at Lunchbox. A look of desperation comes across his face as he

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looks on at the horror in Raging Deads's eyes.

Decker: Choke slam his straight to hell!

As Lunchbox holds him up by the throat with one hand, Raging kicks his feet. He lifts him up with the final thrust. As he does, he swings his legs back and then forward, sliding his body up and over the arm of Lunchbox coming down and landing on his feet in front of him. The fans go absolutely crazy.

McTarrgert: RAGING DEAD AVOIDS THE CHOKESLAM!

Decker: How?!

Lunchbox Larry wildly swings his arm toward him. Dead ducks and rolls forward before taking off toward the ropes. As Lunchbox turns, Raging leaps up to the ropes.

McTarrgert: Springboard from the ropes... forearm to the face of Lunchbox Larry!

As Larry stumbles back a step, Raging rolls up, then shoots toward the ropes on the side of him.

McTarrgert: Dead on the return now...

As he approaches, Raging leaps up, his foot pushes off of his slightly bent knee as he other is thrown up and around, his foot connecting with the side of his head.

McTarrgert: HE CONNECTS!

Decker: I can't believe it!

Lunchbox stumbles to the side, his body falling over the top rope while he hangs. Dead rolls over and runs forward. As he gets there, he grabs Larry's outstretched legs and lifts with all of his might. Finally, he is able to get Lunchbox's body to go up and over, falling to the floor outside of the ring.

McTarrgert: Raging Dead has dumped Lunchbox outside!

He drops to a knee as the fans cheer.

McTarrgert: Raging Dead is still in this one! The fans are hot for both of these men!

Decker: I can't believe after they've already had one match each tonight, they can go like this again.

Lunchbox pushes up to his knees outside the ring before standing up.

Decker: Hey look Alan, Lunchbox is up and he doesn't look happy.

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McTarrgert: He sure doesn't Michael.

Lunchbox stomps over to the steps, stopping in front of them. He reaches down, grabbing the side of the steps and lifting them up.

McTarrgert: What is he doing?!

Decker: It looks like he is about to end Raging Dead for good!

Larry tosses the steps over the ropes. and into the ring As they hit the canvas, the referee and Raging Dead leap out of the way and a large clang is heard. Lunchbox grabs the ropes, and pulls himself to the apron before stepping over the top. As the referee tries to stop him, Lunchbox Larry just pushes him to the side, going for the steps.

McTarrgert: Lunchbox Larry has those stairs. Raging Dead has nowhere to go!

Decker: Maybe he should have just took that choke slam, huh?

Dead tries to rushes Lunchbox with a war scream.

McTarrgert: Dead attacking Lunchbox...

He brings the steps forward, but Raging Dead rolls out of the way. As Lunchbox turns, Dead leaps up to the second rope, using it to bounce back, twisting in the air. Throwing his feet out, he connects with the stairs, sending Lunchbox back and the stairs bouncing off of his chest and across the ring.

McTarrgert: Somehow Raging Dead able to disarm Lunchbox Larry!

Decker: This is crazy.

Raging Dead pushes to his feet as Lunchbox Larry stirs as well. Dead looks down at the stairs and a grin comes across his face.

McTarrgert: Raging Dead looks to be ready to go extreme himself.

Decker: He's been the epitome of extreme tonight.

As Raging Dead reaches for the stairs, the referee quickly gets in between him and them.

McTarrgert: The referee refusing to let Raging Dead get to the stairs!

Larry gets up behind him.

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McTarrgert: Raging Dead can't believe he's being stopped.

Decker: Just what we need, that crazy with the steps.

Raging Dead turns around at the exact moment Larry comes in and connects with a huge Superman punch.

McTarrgert: KNUCKLE SANDWICH! KNUCKLE SANDWICH!

Decker: He got him!

Larry covers Dead and the referee counts. As his hand hits the canvas for a third and final time, the bell begins to sound.

McTarrgert: He's done it! He's done it! Lunchbox Larry fought hard and has done it!

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEEWWW.. FWF WOOORLLLLDD CHAAMMPION...
LUNCHBOX.. LARRYYY!!!

The referee hands Larry the title as he stands up. Lunchbox cannot believe it as he grips the belt close. The fans cheer.

McTarrgert: Folks, Raging Dead brought it tonight. There is no denying. But Lunchbox Larry will walkout the champion to cap off a night no one will ever forget.

Decker: That's the truth Alan. What a match. What a night!

Larry celebrates with the title as Raging Dead rolls out of the ring to let him have his moment. The copyright comes up as Lunchbox holds the belt high in the sky. We fade to black.

Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Something Something Something" - Written by nate.

Match: "Kentucky Tarzan vs. B.R Ellis" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "I've Been a Good Boy" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Raging Dead vs. Jace Wheeler" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "It's a Blood Bath" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Lunchbox Larry vs. Kenneth Williams" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Pandemonium" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Michael Bryd vs. Shawn Kutter" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Ellis Has Words" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Harry Black vs. Lance Mingle" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Lunchbox Larry and the Meaning of Christmas" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Stalker vs. Daniel Leslie" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "It All leads to This" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Lunchbox Larry vs. Raging Dead" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite