

Peach's Predictions: 03.08.2015

March 8, 2015 | Studio

PEACH'S PREDICTIONS XVI

Peach: BARK! BARK!

The now-famous Peach's Predictions logo flashes on the screen. Peach is seen running around an empty wrestling ring, bouncing up onto one of the bottom turnbuckles. The piano intro to "Roses" by Outkast is softly playing in the background, fading out when a voice calls out to Peach.

Madman: Peach!

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Peach, having crawled onto middle buckle, stops and barks out while struggling to keep balance. Madman Szalinski, in a blue UTA T-shirt and his trademark mask, slides himself into the ring on his back, laying down flat in the corner.

Madman: Peach! Diving splash!

Peach jumps off, landing with her pudgy belly onto Madman's chest. Madman oversells the move and coughs, sitting up quickly, getting to his feet, then flopping back down face-first.

Peach: ...ruff!

Peach runs over and licks at Madman's face through the mask. A muffled Madman's voice comes out from under his arm.

Madman: Peach, go show them what you did for All or Nothing!

Peach stops licking immediately at "All or Nothing" and sits straight up at attention. Madman moves his head up a little bit.

Madman: Go fetch the pretape! Go!

Peach: BARK!

Peach disappears from the camera's view, then returns with a VHS tape in her mouth.

Madman: Good girl!

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The scene fades into the backstage where the two lights reflect back towards the camera lens, courtesy of the Wildfire Championship and Prodigy Championship that rests over the laps of Kush and Zhalia Fears.

2C: Alright, so we're here. I'd like to get some extra wind sprints going. So, what's up?

Kush: Awesome Ava told me, ah... thaaaaaaat we were needed back here for an interview?

Fears: Okay. Well we are here. Buuuuut, I see no interviewers.

Kush: Ava did say-

Peach: BARK!

Kush: Gah!

Fears: Wait. Did you hear that?

Fears leaps to her feet, thrusting the Prodigy championship belt into the chest of Second Coming, nearly knocking her backwards, as she runs over and drops down to her knees.

Fears: PEACH!

The other two can't help but smile as Fears' usual demeanor seems to have raised while she hugs the puppy close and lets Peach lick her chin and cheek before she sets back on the ground.

Peach: ruffruffruff...

Kush walks over to the two and pets Peach as well, while the Second Coming hangs back a bit, but still shows the puppy some love.

Peach: BARK! BARK! BARK!

Fears: Bark! Woof!

Peach: BARK! Ruff...whine...BARK!

Fears: Whine. Bark!

Kush: Uh, Zhalia?

Fears: Woof?

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Zhalia laughs and stands up so MJ can hand her the title back over her shoulder.

Fears: Peach is here to do the predictions!

2C: You... speak dog?

Kush: She's one with nature. I, ah... I blame the camping trip.

Fears: What? No, no. Peach is here for a few final thoughts from us! Kush, care to go first?

Kush: Heh, well, ah... Pass?

Peach: ...whine...

Kush: Sorry! Sorry Peach! It's just, ah... Well, I was always taught to be, ah... To be humble, aaaaaaaand, well...

Fears: Becky!

Kush: Fiiiine... *grumbles, sighs* A-NY-WAAAAYS, I think, ah... I think Paladin has, ah... has what it takes to get the job done, aaaaaaaand so does Pin Smith. I also... feel... like, ah... Like maybe Doozer could, ah... Could rise again? I dunno. I'm sorry, I'm really bad at this!

Peach: BARK!

2C: I predict, at least one of us hits at least one member of Dynasty so hard that their tiny balls retreat into their abdomens.

Peach: RUFF! BARK!

Fears: I predict, The end of Dynasty is here. What is left of their group will be unable to stay on the same page. Us three, we walk in as Champions and leave as champions. Not because are better than the other thirty-seven competitors. Not because we are all tired of listening to Perfection spew his nonsense. No, because we three, are united.

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Kush: I'll, ah... I'll pretend I meant to say that. *smiles*

Fears: Oh I agree with what Kush said fully! Brother Simon can overcome the odds as well. Also demand that Doozer show up wrapped in bandages like the Mummy.

2C: Alright sisters... burpees and wind sprints for ten minutes. Let's go.

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The three head off, each leaning down to pat Peach on the head.

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Peach runs off-camera, the scene wiping from this to the next one.

The scene fades in and shows "Too Cool" Chris Hopper walk into the room. He immediately smiles.

Hopper: Hey you!

The view widens and you see Peach the puppy in the foreground, looking all cute and cuddly. A whole bunch of bones surrounding her.

Hopper: You doing the predictions, huh puppy?

Peach goes from staring at Hopper to looking around at all the bones surrounding him.

Hopper: You need some help?

Peach looks back to Chris as he squats down and takes a knee next to the dog and the pile of bones.

Hopper: Let's see here...

Chris reaches in and pulls a blue bone out. He looks it over and grins.

Hopper: Kush. This one says Kush on it. You don't want to pick her because she has a thing about animals or warthogs or something like that. Besides her ego could get as big as her ass if she won.

He tosses it over his shoulder.

Hopper: We don't want that one, do we?

Peach: BARK!

Chris nods, knowing Peach agrees with him and reaches in for another one. He pulls out the red bone and stares at it.

Hopper: Perfection.

Peach's head dips and then a whimper is heard.

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Hopper: I know, Peach. None of us like him either. We can't choose the bone of someone who is a dick ninety percent of the time. I'd almost rather see Blanca win the belt just so Perfection would have to deal with it. Plus, we all know Blanca can't beat me.

He winks at the camera, then turns to Peach.

Peach: BARK!

Hopper: Alright, alright!

He tosses it away.

Hopper: We won't pick Perfection.

He once again delves into the stack of bones and pulls out a blue one. He reads it and almost looks like he wants to laugh.

Hopper: Marie Van Claudio.

Hopper and Peach stare at each other and suddenly Peach just drops and plays dead. Hopper burst into laughter for several seconds. He finally gains his composure.

Hopper: You are right. So, so right...

That bone gets tossed with force out of the view. Chris stands up as he speaks.

Hopper: Well I don't know what to tell you, Peach. Picking the All or Nothing Match is a tough thing. I know you will do well and pick the best guy. We all have faith....and hopefully it will be me!

He pets Peach.

Hopper: See you later girl!

He leaves as Peach continues staring at the bones and looking dejected as the scene fades to black.

Perfection walks in from the left of the screen as Peach sits there in front of an array of colors, 40 bones to pick from. the UTA Champ looks at Peach and then the bones.

Perfection: I can't believe I am doing this.

Peach: GRRR!

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Perfection: Yeah, I'd figure you'd do that, just pick a flippin' bone.

Peach: GRRRR!!!!

Perfection: No? Fine.

Perfection picks up a random bone that so happens to be red and turns to walk off camera. As he does he tosses the bone over his shoulder.

Perfection: Stupid mutt.

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Peach dives into the pile bones, disappearing into the next scene with no transition whatsoever, just a cold cut.

We return to the original shot of Madman laying in the empty ring, with Peach seated beside him.

Madman: I know you didn't get to meet everybody you wanted to...but you happy with what you got, dog?

Peach: BARK!

Madman: Right on. I'm out of here. I got pot to smoke and I don't get paid for this anymore. See you at All Or Nothing, everyone!

The scene fades out with Madman throwing up deuces and Peach barking.

Peach: BARK!

Show Credits

Segment: "PEACH'S PREDICTIONS XVI" - Written by jeremy.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite