

WARPED: WARPEDLive! #3 - "Making The Cut"

April 4, 2010 | Ford Community and Performing Arts Center - Dearborn, MI

WARPEDLive! #3 - "Making The Cut"

You open the DVD of **WARPEDLive! #3 - "Making The Cut"** and enter it into your favorite DVD player. The sounds of "Pogo" by Digitalism play as the WARPED Wrestling logo floats down from the top to the middle of the screen. Underneath that fades in to words "Play DVD". You click... and the show begins.

The show fades in as we see "Dearborn, MI - April 4, 2010" on the bottom right of the screen.

The scene fades and we see "Earlier This Week" as The Mighty Aguila is seen standing in street clothes: baggy blue jeans, a white t-shirt and a white American Eagle hat turned backwards. He puts his phone in his pocket, and he seems frustrated. Aguila turns to the camera man.

The Mighty Aguila: "I tried contacting you, Cuz, and nothing. I'm not sure why you aren't returning my phone calls vato... For one, not only are we cousins but we are tag team partners!"

The Mighty Aguila, of course, refers to PKA.

The Mighty Aguila: "Not that that even matters. I'm ready for my match against Tin Li, and if you aren't going to be there to support me, that doesn't matter either. I will prove to you that I can win a match and I can win the match on my own. Then, you won't be able to take credit for MY hard work."

He pauses.

The Mighty Aguila: "But it does bother me, in a way, somewhat... it bothers me that you're doing what you're doing, acting the way you're acting, holmes. Escuchame.. listen to me.. I'll do my job, and put on the best performance, just like any other time. There will be no difference. You and me, Cuz, we'll talk. You and me, Tin Li, we'll battle. Oh, and me? The Mighty Aguila will soar to heights unthinkable. That's it." He gives the signal to end the promo and the camera drops down and blacks out

The building fills with the sounds of 'Headstrong' by Trapt and the crowd turns their attention to their entrance. Out walks Joey Matthew, President of WARPED Wrestling, holding a Starbucks cup in one hand and doing the classic 'stroll in' with his other arm/hand. He smiles as the fans applaud. Matthew makes his way toward the ring, all black suit on. Joey walks up the steps and enters through the ropes. Randy Long hands over a microphone from ringside and the music dies down.

Joey Matthew: "You know, it was four years ago that I stood in this very ring and walked out on this business for good, or so I thought. Now, here we are. WARPED Wrestling, the future of professional wrestling

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and the place where you'll find the best in pure pro wrestling, RIGHT HERE!"

The crowd cheers as Joey takes a sip of his Starbucks.

Joey Matthew: "And in the last month I've been watching, studying, and speaking to the boys who've made this company take off as much as it already has. That's why tonight I am proud to announce the Top Five WARPED Superstars for March! You of course probably already know who they are but for those of you who didn't visit WARPEDWrestling.com ..."

Pause for cheap plug effect...

..."you get the list."

Joey smiles.

Joey Matthew: "Number five - Malik Logan! Number four - SwitchBlade! Number three - Dan Dillinger! Number two - Theo Davis! And finally, at number one, so far undefeated here in WARPED - Mr. Rottentreats!"

The fans cheer everyone on that list except for Mr. Rottentreats, and Joey looks shocked. He shrugs, takes a sip, and continues.

Joey Matthew: "Now Mr. Rottentreats will be handed a special plaque to commemorate his accomplishment as Employee of the Month here in WARPED and in the future that spot at number one will ensure something very special but this first time, its special for every single one of the Top Five placed talent! At our next event, April 18th in Dayton, there will be five special singles matches involving all of the previously mentioned talent. If they are victorious, they move on to a title match, but if they lose, well then they can hold onto that Top Five spot because that's all they'll have! So get ready guys, because its going to be your shot at the WARPED World Championship, to become the first WARPED Champion EVER! Its going to be Five For Fighting come Dayton!"

Suddenly "Hang Me Up To Dry" by the Cold War Kids hits the sound system. From the entrance comes PKA, clothed in black boots, black, baggy jeans, a white tank top wife beater, and a black leather jacket over that. He also wears a black hat, faced backwards, with a long, silver chain around his neck. PKA stops on the stage and holds both arms in the air, fists touching, before dropping them to his side and continuing down the ramp. He looks lost, depressed, unhappy, as he walks down the ramp. PKA reaches the steps and walks up, then heads up onto the turnbuckle, and holds both arms out in a crucifix. He surveys the crowd with a look of sorrow on his face, before hopping into the ring from the turnbuckle. He gives Joey a look and shakes his head at him. PKA requests a microphone and is handed one from ringside and his music dies down.

PKA: "Joey, Joey, Joey.. don't go anywhere just yet. I have to ask you something. You've come out here, you've made the Top Five official now, that's all good and well... but have you forgotten something? Have you forgotten someone? What about me? What about P..K..A?"

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Joey Matthew: "What are you talking about?"

PKA: "You know damn well what I'm talking about. How come I'm not on that list? I'm the biggest acquisition you got in this company, yet I'm not in the Top Five? Hell, you have no idea how much you're wasting me in this company. I come here and you put me in a TAG TEAM? You keep me on the undercard, and even today, you don't even give me a match ON THE CARD but I had to wrestle BEFORE the show! Do you realize there were only three people present and two of them were too busy shoving their fat faces with nachos that they didn't even realize there was a match going on?"

Some of the crowd respond with boos while others laugh, the crowd obviously mixed on PKA lately. A 'We-Like-Na-Chos' chant begins, very briefly(thankfully). Joey grins, PKA fights back a smile..

PKA: "You see?! Do you hear them? Idiots! So what I demand you do now is fix every wrong thing you've done so far.. book me in the main event.. take me out of a ridiculous tag team with my rookie cousin.. and put me on that God damned Top Five!"

Suddenly, "Superstar" by Saliva blasts over the sound system and William Diamond steps out from the back with a cocky smile on his face and clad in his usual ring attire consisting of a black suit jacket, white burrrton down shirt and black tie, black and white training shorts, black and white Airwalk shoes, and hands heavily taped up with white tape. The few people in the building who are familiar with "The People's Champ" immediately start booing him as soon as they see his cocky smiling face emerge from the back, and the rest of the crowd follows suit. WD just stands where he is and takes in HIS FANS' "admiration" for a few seconds before making the short jog down to the ring. Along the way he tries to slap some hands, but any fan he gets close to retreats back to their seat. WD chaulks it up to intimidation at the sight of their hero and rolls into the ring, hitting a few poses and ignoring the WARPED president and PKA for a few seconds, until PKA draws his attention.

PKA: "What do you want, Diamo-"

WD quickly turns and snatches the microphone from PKA mid-sentence. The fans boo even louder, and PKA looks positively furious at being cut off, but WD just smirks at PKA and turns to Joey Matthew.

William Diamond: "Yeah, I really wanted him to shut up too. His whining was starting to give me a headache, and I think if we let him keep going we might have a new Doctor Emo on the roster. But never fear, everyone! Your beloved hero is here! Now that I've put an end to PKA's crying for the next few minutes, let me start off by saying Joey, you have a most excellent taste in beverages!"

WD reaches out and takes the Starbucks cup from the WARPED president's hand and takes a sip. Joey Matthew looks shocked at first, but his expression quickly changes to say "How dare you!", which is something that William ignores, or is possibly completely oblivious to.

William Diamond: "...Damn that is some good coffee! How'd you know it was my favorite? See PKA, if you were as amazing as good old WD and actually put some asses in the seats like he does, you'd get the boss

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bringing you coffee too. Speaking of getting things from the boss, what's this I hear about you whining and complaining about how you're WARPED's biggest acquisition and you should be in the Top Five, and you don't wanna team with your mentally retarded cousin, and blah blah blah? Come to think of it, I don't think Aguila is the retarded one. It's got to be you, since I think you actually believe that you're WARPED's greatest acquisition to date. That just isn't the case. See, all these fans are here to see THEIR HERO, William Diamond..."

WD pauses for the intended cheers, but receives very loud boos instead. PKA gives WD a "there you go" gesture, but WD just shrugs it off.

William Diamond: "I guess some more of PKA's mentally retarded family members are here tonight, because I think I heard some boos in there. Eh, you can't expect to entertain the handicapped. As I was saying, William Diamond, not PKA, is WARPED's greatest asset. I elevate ticket sales, I sell merchandise. I'm the one that's going to take this company to the national level. Joey Matthew, you already know all of this, I'm sure. PKA, I would've thought you'd have realized this after I beat your ass in front of the three fans that were here for the pre-show. I admit, they were indeed stuffing their faces with nachos, but the fact that you got your ass handed to you is clear. I'm sure they'd gladly remind you."

The "We-Like-Na-Chos" chant starts up again, and WD lowers the mic to let the crowd get it out of their system. By this point, PKA is practically pulling out his hair with how livid he is at William Diamond's unfounded comments. After the chant dies down for the second time, WD raises the mic to speak again, but Joey Matthew cuts him off.

Joey Matthew: "What are you getting at, Diamond?"

William Diamond: "What I'm saying, Joey, is that I expect to be treated like the asset I am. Now, the coffee was a good start, and any time you wanna pick me up some Starbucks before the show, I appreciate it. But I deserve the things PKA was out here whining about. It should be ME in the main event, not doing some silly pre-taping match that only some morons who got here early and the YouTube crowd is ever going to see. I should be in the Top Five with the REAL talent in this company, not taking on whiney emo bitches like PKA over here."

PKA, well beyond the boiling point now, takes the mic from Joey Matthew and stares directly at William Diamond while he speaks.

PKA: "Listen Diamond, that match didn't even count! Who the hell do you think you are anyways? I am P..K..A.. the Ultraviolent Perfectionist and a "Grade A" talent..the BEST! You have nothing to do with anything here so get out of the ring."

William Diamond: "There you go again PKA, being the little whiney bitch that we all know you are! You don't think me beating your ass already tonight should count? I'm more than happy to do it again, this time in front of your cousin, all the boys in the back, Joey, MY fans and, more importantly, these cameras! That way, everyone can buy the DVD and watch me make you cry like a bitch over, and over, and over again! Let me

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beat his sadsack ass again Joey, and then I want to be in my rightful spot!"

WD turns to the WARPED president and holds the mic out to him.

Joey Matthew: "First off.. you are to refrain from drinking MY coffee ever again.. Second, I'd love to see you both beat the hell out of each other if it means getting out of my business here. Let's do it. Get a referee out here!"

The crowd cheers as the President has spoken!

Kris Red: "How unfair!"

Joey exits the ring as the bell sounds. PKA looks out at Joey who is at ringside like WTF? and Diamond attacks him from behind with a club to the back as a referee rushes into the ring and slides in. PKA drops to one knee and Diamond brings him up and backs him into the ropes. Knife edge chop!

Tony D: "Unfair or not, this match is happening!"

Irish whip by Diamond and PKA reverses, sending him into the ropes, and Diamond returns with a huge forearm strike! PKA drops to a knee, stunned.

Tony D: "What a shot from this newcomer William Diamond from Nova Scotia, Canada!"

Diamond brings him to the middle of the ring and hits a snap suplex and covers..1...2.. kick out. Diamond brings PKA to his feet and delivers a right hand, and another, and another, backing PKA into the corner.

Kris Red: "This guy, Diamond, is known as an egotistical and often delusional moron...or so I've read. We definitely saw that on display a few minutes ago."

Diamond lifts PKA up and climbs as well, but PKA pushes him off. PKA grabs Diamond's head and brings it in for a Tornado DDT and pushes off but Diamond pushes him away and PKA lands on his feet, spins around and Diamond kicks him in the gut and sends him over the top rope but PKA grabs on and keeps his balance, landing on the apron. Diamond swings but PKA ducks under and goes through the middle and top rope hitting a shoulderbutt to the gut of Diamond. PKA slingshots in with a sunset flip..1...2.. kick out!

Tony D: "Close call there off the slingshot sunset flip from PKA!"

PKA gets to his feet and Diamond starts up and PKA delivers a swift kick to the side of Diamond's face! He brings him up to his feet and crosses his arms and goes for the Double-Arm Brainbuster but Diamond crosses his legs with PKA's to keep him from hittin the move. Instead, Diamond hits a backdrop on PKA and as PKA gets up Diamond goes for the Package Piledriver but PKA wiggles free and hits a backdrop of his own! PKA delivers a hard kick to the downed Diamond, then brings him up to a seated position and kicks him hard in the back!

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Tony D: "Ooooh! I felt that all the way over here!"

Kris Red: "Yeah but have you literally felt it? I HAVE!"

PKA then hits the ropes and returns with a running kick but Diamond drops back and PKA misses! Diamond then quickly grabs the tights of PKA and pulls him into a school boy, pulling on the tights without the ref's knowledge as he counts 1..2....3!!

The bell sounds as the crowd boos and Diamond is victorious!

Kris Red: "Hey wait a minute!!! He pulled the tights!!!"

Diamond quickly rolls out of the ring with a big smile on his face as PKA looks on shocked, telling the ref he had the tights but the ref didn't see a thing!

Randy Long: "Here is your winner.. William Diamonnnnnnd!"

From the ring entrance comes The Mighty Aguila, who stands there with his hands on his hips looking on at his cousin in the ring. PKA sees this and raises his arms as if to ask 'WHAT?' and Aguila shakes his head and turns around and heads to the back.

Fade into the four men in the ring as its time for Tag Team action with Brian Zane / Malcolm Knite vs. Howard Thompson / Caleb Cross, everyone teaming for the first time.

Tony D: "Its time for our second match of the night Kris.. Brian Zane teams with Malcolm Knite for the first time to take on Howard Thompson and Caleb Cross, two men also teaming for the first time, in this grudge match."

Kris Red: "All four of these men have been very quiet in the promo-department lately so we're honestly not sure what to expect from them. Kind of boring when there aren't promos to hype a match, if you ask me.."

The bell sounds as Zane and Thompson lock up. "The Insane" Brian Zane immediately takes control as he locks in a side headlock and repeatedly punches the head of Thompson before taking him down to the mat and putting the boots in. He brings Thompson to his feet and sends him into the ropes but Thompson comes back with a clothesline taking down Zane. Zane up.. Thompson goes for another clothesline but Zane ducks and nails a dropkick. Tag in to Malcolm Knite who enters and both men double suplex Howard Thompson as Caleb yells at the ref to get Zane out of the ring!

Tony D: "Zane and Knite with the quick tag there and the double team. These two have never teamed before and we'll see how it goes for them tonight."

Kris Red: "And the same can be said for Howard Thompson and Caleb Cross no doubt!"

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Malcolm Knite brings Thompson to the corner and kicks him in the gut, dropping him to the mat. Knite brings him up and sets him up top and climbs, setting him up for a superplex, but Thompson fights back and pushes Knite off. Thompson then leaps off the middle buckle and Knite fires off with a Superkick catching Thompson flush in the face! He drops to the mat screaming in pain as blood immediately begins flowing from his fingers that cover his face. Knite looks shocked as he turns back to Brian Zane who looks on with a surprised look on his face. The referee drops down to check on Thompson and raises up the 'X' as to signal paramedics and Caleb Cross enters the ring and checks on his partner.

Kris Red: "Whoa what happened there..? Howard Thompson is bleeding profusely.. He's 'seeing red' if you will.."

Tony D: "I don't know but there are paramedics coming out now to help him out."

Zane and Knite are in the ring now also taking a look down at Thompson behind Caleb Cross. They grab Cross and deliver right hands to him as to take advantage as the crowd begins to boo. Double irish whip... Cross off the ropes and into a big double clothesline!

Kris Red: "Caleb Cross is coming back in support of his partner big time!"

Zane is up and he gets taken down with a Shuffle Side Kick! Knite rises and charges in as Cross catches him in a T-Bone Suplex and drops him hard on the mat! Zane now up coming at Cross who hits a Drop Toe Hold into his partner. Both men get to their feet and Cross grabs them both by the head and slams them face to face! Zane stumbles back and out of the ring as Cross grabs Knite. Caleb kicks him in the gut and grabs the back of his head and jumps into the air, landing on his back with his right knee raised, slamming Malcolm Knite's head into his knee.

Tony D: "The Overdose!! Here's the cover!"

The ref slides into place....1....2....3!!

Kris Red: "Wow! There it is!"

The bell sounds and Cross immediately goes to check on his partner who is being carried out by paramedics as the crowd cheers.

Randy Long: "Here are your winners - Howard Thompson and Caleb Cross!"

Zane and Knite look on disappointed.

Kris Red: "So at least now when we don't see a promo from Howard Thompson we'll know why... that's one...."

Tony D: "Oh, come on Kris!"

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Fade...

Fade in... The bell sounds for The Mighty Aguila w/PKA vs. Tin Li w/Vo Li at ringside.

They lock up and The Mighty Aguila backs Tin Li into the corner but Tin Li holds on and backs The Mighty Aguila into a different corner. Li with a knife edge chop to the chest now of Aguila as Vo Li looks on at ringside cheering his partner on. PKA on the other end of the ring stands with his hands in his pockets watching the match.

Tony D: "PKA doesn't look too happy but he's here to support his cousin tonight."

Kris Red: "I don't blame him. Me and PKA go way back and I know how he must feel that his own cousin did him wrong earlier."

Tin delivers a kick to the gut..almost..as Aguila grabs the boot and kicks the leg of Tin Li and then takes him away from the corner and hits a single-leg takedown. Aguila stands still and hits a picture perfect standing moonsault for the cover 1...kick out. Aguila brings Tin Li up and delivers knife edge chops over and over, backing him into the ropes. Aguila goes for an irish whip but Tin Li holds onto the ropes. Tin Li with a kick to The Mighty Aguila and then he takes The Mighty Aguila down with a side head lock release. Both men to their feet..The Mighty Aguila with an arm drag take down into an arm bar. Too close to the ropes though as Tin Li goes into the ropes and The Mighty Aguila releases the hold.

Tony D: "There you see the rookie mistake by The Mighty Aguila, applying the submission hold a bit too close to the ropes and Tin was able to get the rope break."

Both men get to their feet and lock up. Tin Li escapes the lock up and applies an arm wrench on Aguila. Aguila rolls forward and cartwheels out and hits a fast spinning wheel kick! The crowd cheers as Aguila hits the ropes and Li rises up and Aguila nails him with a flipping clothesline. Both men up and The Mighty Aguila charges in but Tin Li hits a low dropkick, tripping him up and dropping him to his face. Tin hits the ropes and returns with a double dropkick to the face of Aguila and he rolls him over..cover.. 1...2.. kick out!

Kris Red: "What a series of moves there but The Mighty Aguila shows he ain't done yet."

Tin Li gets to his feet and spits at PKA who then hops up on the apron and the ref yells at him to get off!! Tin then sends Aguila into the ropes and Vo trips him up and pulls him out of the ring. Aguila delivers a hard chop to the chest and hits a spin kick taking Vo down! Tin Li then flies through the ropes with a Suicide Dive onto The Mighty Aguila!!

Kris Red: " Looooook out!"

The referee returns to watch the action now as PKA drops off the apron. Tin Li brings Aguila to his feet and rolls him into the ring and he climbs up onto the apron and he climbs onto the top buckle!

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Tony D: "Looks like more high flying moves on the way!"

Meanwhile PKA slides into the ring with a chair in hand and the referee tells him to drop it or he will disqualify The Mighty Aguila now! PKA hands over the chair to the ref who steps away to throw it out of the ring and PKA hits the ropes, causing Tin Li to get wracked!

Kris Red: "Ha!"

PKA escapes to ringside before the ref could see anything and he looks at Tin Li confused as The Mighty Aguila gets to his feet and climbs up the buckle and hits a Super Rana!! Aguila then grabs the left leg and arm of Li and brings him closer to the corner and leaps up.. gets in position.. SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

Kris Red: "Freeeeeeeeefalllllllll!"

Tony D: "Into the cover!"

Aguila hooks the leg....1....2....3!! The bell sounds! PKA slides into the ring as Aguila kneels up and the referee raises his arm.

Randy Long: "Here is your winner - The Mightyyy Aguilaaaaaaaaa!"

He stands up and the referee points to him as PKA goes to slap hands with his cousin and Aguila refuses to shake or slap or anything. The audio is mumbled but it appears Aguila didn't appreciate the help given. Aguila shakes his head and gets out of the ring as Vo Li pulls his brother Tin out of the ring on the other side. PKA drops his arms at his side with a surprised look on his face. He can't believe this. Fade out.

The scene fades into the ring where it appears its time for another match as the very flamboyant Lance Platinum is in one corner... a newcomer Jason Aries in the other.

Kris Red: "This Lance Platinum fella has been quiet this past week.. but I imagine he's been too busy shopping at Bed Bath and Beyond.."

Tony D: "KRIS!"

The bell sounds. They lock up and Platinum overpowers Jason Aries, pushing him away and back into the corner. Platinum poses with a smile on his face as the fans boo. Aries confronts him and they lock up again and Platinum with a side head lock and take down. Aries with a head scissors but Platinum escapes. Platinum with another side head lock take down. Aries gets back to his feet but Platinum with a shoulderblock. Platinum drops down for the cover 1...kick out. Both men get to their feet and Platinum goes for an irish whip, but Aries counters. Aries with a hip toss!

Tony D: "Hip toss, look out!"

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Platinum rises up, charges at his opponent, and gets another hip toss for his troubles. Aries tries for a third but Platinum goes to the floor saying nooo... He checks his nails to make sure he's still good and all's well.

Kris Red: "I wonder if he broke a nail. Oh, the shame if so."

Platinum slowly gets into the ring now... They lock up and Platinum with a top wrist lock and then he takes Aries down to his knees. Aries gets back to his feet and he hits an arm drag.. both up.. another armdrag from Aries.. both uppp againnnnnnn and anotherrrrrrr! Aries goes for another but Platinum counters with a knee to the gut. Platinum with an Irish whip but Aries floats over and hits a clothesline. Aries brings Platinum to his feet and hits a Snap DDT and covers..1..2...kick out.

Kris Red: "Snizap DDT on the money there. This Jason Aries almost had the win there on that...Lance Platinum."

Tony D: "Kris...!"

Jason Aries applies an arm bar on Platinum but Platinum delivers punches to Aries' face. Lance Platinum is able to get to his feet and escape..Platinum with an Irish whip and Aries floats over but Platinum catches him before hitting the U-W-U-W-M Driver, an Inverted Swinging Neckbreaker!

Kris ReD: "U Wish U Were Me Driver!"

Platinum covers..1..2... kick out. Both men rise up.. irish whip by Lance Patlinum into a big backdrop! Platinum takes a moment to taunt the crowd, boasting for his performance thus far. Aries with a rollup! 1..2...kick out! Platinum gets up, shocked, as Aries trips him up again and covers 1..2... kick out. Both men rise up to their feet and Platinum slaps Aries across the face! Platinum with an Irish whip and then he hits a big chop block, followed by a quick pose before dropping an elbow..cover! 1..2.. kick out..

Platinum brings Aries to his feet and sets him up for "Platinum's Shine"(Ranhei) but Aries escapes and goes for a big boot but Lance Platinum ducks that, grabs the face of Aries in Cutter fashion and climbs the buckle, up and over, flip.. Slice Bread #2! Platinum then climbs the turnbuckle and hits a big moonsault and stays onnnn.

Kris Red: "DTM! Double Take Moonsault!"

Cover! 1....2....3!! The bell sounds and Platinum is victorious.

Tony D: "And its all over!"

"Get Ready For This" hits the PA System as the fans boo Lance Platinum who rises up and dusts himself off before having his hand raised in victory. He cockily takes a few steps toward the turnbuckle and climbs up mouthing the words "I'M A STAR!" as we fade...

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The scene opens in The Ford Community & Performing Arts Center in Dearborn, Michigan. The crowd is restless sitting in the chairs, talking amongst themselves, looking around, waiting for something to happen. Sean Armstrong is shown walking down the side of the ring and jumps on the apron. He enters the ring and walks toward the corner, bends down and grabs the microphone. Sean then walks to the center of the ring and faces the camera.

Sean Armstrong: "WARPED WRESTLING FANS, HOW ARE YOU DOING!?!?"

The crowd begins to cheer with some of the front row standing up the camera zooms into the fans getting shots of them cheering. The camera cuts back to Sean Armstrong.

Sean Armstrong: "Allow me to introduce you to WARPED superstar, "Dangerous" Dan Dillinger!"

"Idols and Anchors" by Parkway Drive hits the Arts Center's P.A. System. As the guitars fade, "Dangerous" Dan Dillinger comes out from behind the curtain wearing a black unzipped hooded sweatshirt with the hood over his head, black sweatpants that down the right leg say Dillinger in large green text. Dan begins to walk down the ramp smacking the hands of the first two rows as he makes his way to the ring. He rolls in gets up and raises both hands above his head. The music dies as the crowd is still cheering for Dan Dillinger. Dan Dillinger bows before them and raises his hands to his lips telling them to quiet down but in a nice gesture.

Sean Armstrong: "Dan, tonight you have a match up with "The Great Leo" Theo Davis. Your starting off so far in WARPED Wrestling with an 0-2 record. How do you feel about your chances against such a seasoned competitor like Theo Davis?"

Dan Dillinger: "Well first off Sean I just want to say this that I have the up-most respect for Theo Davis as an athlete. I mean, the man is a phenomenal wrestler I mean his background speaks for itself, so I can't say anything bad about this man cause he is such a quality athlete and a great competitor."

The crowd begins to applaud a little but Dillinger raises his hand and lowers it gesturing to the crowd to sit down.

Dan Dillinger: "I understand but no need for an applause allow me to finish. Now back to your question I feel my chances are just as good as his. We both are very knowledgeable wrestlers, we have trained and honed our craft til perfection for many years; and I think the fans are going to love what they are going to see tonight which is PURE MOTHER FUCKING WRESTLING AT ITS FINEST!!!"

The crowd begins to applaud.

Dan Dillinger: "And, the only place you can find that is at WARPED Wrestling!"

Sean Armstrong: "Just one more question for you, Dan, you and Theo Davis have a loss in common and that is in the controversial fashion by Mr. Rottentreats. How do you feel about the fact that Mr. Rottentreats will be watching your match?"

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Dan Dillinger: "*Chuckles* Ahhh, Mr. Rottentreats, you and your 'BAG OF TREATS!' and your Faygo Soft Drinks are just ridiculous. You don't even deserve to be in the same squared circle like an athlete like myself. You win by finding the easy way out. You are what is wrong with this society. You are the cause of all the chaos and everything that is plaguing this fine community. People like you deserve to feel hurt and suffer in an extreme level. Now, I have been holding myself back for quite a while here in WARPED Wrestling but I am getting close to that breaking point. That point to where this man turns into something completely different. Where this skilled competitor turns in to a blood thirsty machine! Trust in this Rottentreats if your watching this match. Go ahead study up on my wrestling skills. Cause someday you will, you will receive the hurt and suffer that you DESERVE!! You will someday realize why they call me "DANGEROUS" DAN DILLINGER!"

Dan Dillinger smacks the microphone out of Sean Armstrong's hands and stares at the camera with an angry demeanor. Dan walks out of the ring jumps down from the apron and makes his way to the back as the scene fades.

We fade in backstage where we see the back of The Mighty Aguila who is angrily walking down the hallway and PKA rushes past the camera and grabs him by his shoulder. Aguila turns around and gets in PKA's face and pins him up against the concrete wall.

The Mighty Aguila: "BACK..OFF!"

PKA looks shocked, his breath taken away from him nearly.

The Mighty Aguila: "I don't know how much weed you smoked before you got here but you need to get it through that cloudy head of yours that when I'm out there I don't need any help. You took credit for my win for us last week and I didn't appreciate that, and tonight you did it again and you weren't even IN THE MATCH!!! UGH!"

Aguila steps away and storms off in the direction he was going before while PKA stands there, his mouth gaping wide open.

"Show Me A God"- by Tech N9ne hits, and the crowd stirs a little, unsure about the unfamiliar song. After a few moments, a striking young women makes her way through the curtain in a tight black shirt and skirt combo, standing on the small metal ramp. The fans cheer for the women, some whistles blare throughout the crowd.

Tony D: I'm not quite sure who that is to be perfectly honest Kris.

Kris Red: I don't think we've seen her before... but I certainly hope we see her again!

She shrugs off the fans reception, raising her arms and pointing towards the entrance curtain right as the song in the background blares out "I'm at 99, but I need 100% proof! Show me a God!". When those words are spoken, an unfamiliar man makes his way through the curtain in a jean jacket, black sunglasses, and jeans. He also carries with him to the ring a black steel chair, with the words "RYDE OR DYE" written on the

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seat of the chair.

Kris Red: Here we go with another unseen face. Go figure.

He makes his way to the ring lead by the women who came out first, both making sure not to make any contact with the fans, not even eye contact. The women walks to the middle of the apron on the floor, meanwhile the man climbs the stairs, and makes his way to the middle of the apron above the women. He stands there... surveying the crowd, while the women below him just smirks proudly. He slides the chair into the ring, and steps through the second rope into the ring. He motions for the women to join him, and she does so, climbing up the stairs and stepping through the bottom rope.

Tony D: I wonder what these two have in store for us here tonight.

Kris Red: Well I bet if you wait a few minutes, he'll be more than happy to tell us all why he's here.

The man surveys the crowd... picking up his chair and holding it in one hand. Randy Long approaches the man, but with his free hand the man snatches the mic away... Randy backing off. He takes one more look around the room, before slowly lifting the mic up to his mouth.

The Man: First of all, I'd just like to start off by introducing myself to the WARPED world for the first, and only necessary time... because I guarantee you that after tonight you will never forget my name. I am "Double R"; also known as The Rough Ryder.

The fans boo right off, not even giving the new comer much of a chance.

The Rough Ryder: And this right here, the one you're all cheering and whistling at, is my manager and girlfriend, Jessica Reyes. Therefore you can all take your hand out of your pants, because she's taken.

Jessica just smirks, standing beside Ryder, receiving an equally underwhelming reception. She leans into the mic real quick.

Jessica Reyes: Go ahead and boo because I'm taken, but the truth is after surveying this "crowd", none of you would have stood a chance in hell with me anyway. In fact, if the guys in this audience were the last men on earth, I'd turn my interest to women.

There are more boos, but a few "Yeah!"s and whistled from the "other women" comment. Jessica just smirks and Ryder brings the mic back up.

Tony D: Not a very warm welcome for Mr. Ryder.

Kris Red: Not at all. I personally am interested to see what the man has to say here.

Tony D: These two don't seem to have a lack of confidence, that's for sure.

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The Rough Ryder: Now before I get started, I'd like to just point out one thing in particular. I'm not going to come out here week in and week out and ramble senselessly for an hour, because frankly I'll let my abilities in the ring do the talking. However it is more than apparent that some things need to be straightened out already here in WARPED.

Tony D: 3 minutes into the company and he already has problems?

Kris Red: Well lets hear the man out, they could very well be valid.

The Rough Ryder: First things first, I've been here for less then a week, and am already not receiving the respect that I deserve. Not only from you fans, even though I wasn't expecting anything from... the likes of you anyways... but from the management and higher powers of this company. It has been brought to my attention that there is a Top 5 that has recently been released for the WARPED roster. In case you haven't heard, let me give you the run down of the Top 5.

The fans boo as Ryder takes a slip of paper out of his breast pocket of the jean jacket, and opens it.

The Rough Ryder(Reading the paper now): Let's see here... Number 5. Malik Logan. Number 4. SwitchBlade. Number 3. Dan Dillinger. Number 2. Theo Davis And Number 1... Mr. Rottentreats.

Ryder looks up with a sarcastic smirk on his face.

The Rough Ryder: I know what you're all thinking, and yes this list is the real thing. I checked. To me it sounds like a lame, late April Fools joke. Malik Logan at Number 5? A man who actually calls himself "The Hitman"... and then would probably be the first to complain about racial stereotypes. SwitchBlade at Number 4? All SwitchBlade is, is an admitted glorified street punk who came to wrestling as a way to get his ass out of the gutters. Dan Dillinger and Theo Davis at Numbers 3 and 2 spots? Yeah, they can both do some fancy wrestling holds or stiff MMA holds. But guess what that's gotten them? A combined 1 and 3 record. This is PROFESSIONAL Wrestling... they need to learn that. And Number 1 I don't even have to comment about. Mr. Rottentreats? I... don't even have a comment for you, it's honestly just not worth it.

The fans boo (not particularly for the Rottentreats comment though) as Ryder pulls out something else from his pocket.

The Rough Ryder: You know what I think about these 5? They're all... each and every one of them... unworthy of being in the same building that I'm in. Maybe before, you were all considered "Breakout Stars"? But now that The Ryder is here, each and every one of these Ryder wannabes are going to go up in flames, just like their careers if they cross my path.

Tony D: What is that in his hand Kris?

Ryder opens his hand, revealing a lighter.

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Kris Red: I believe... that is a lighter Tony.

Ryder flicks the lighter, igniting the flame, and holds it to the paper. The slip slowly begins to burn, the edge catching on fire. Ryder drops the slip of paper to the mat, as the flames slowly eat away at the paper.

Kris Red: Those names are being devoured by the flames; how symbolic!

Ryder then stomps on the flame, putting out the fire. He glares out across the crowd, and Jessica slowly takes the mic from his hand.

Tony D: Well it looks like we're going to hear from Mrs. Reyes now.

Jessica Reyes: Now I know what you're all thinking, and that is why should we take anything this new comer says to heart? Well I'll break it down real simple so that even the brain-dead jokes in the back can understand it. The truth is, you don't have to take our word for it. But I will tell you one thing for sure, the reason why The Rough Ryder is not number one on that list is simply because he hasn't debuted yet. We are sending out a guarantee that by the next time this Top 5 comes out, the Number 1 name on top will be simply "The Rough Ryder".

There is a mass eruption of boos among the crowd, which just seems to make Jessica's grin widen if at all possible.

Jessica Reyes: And like I said, there's no need to take our word for it, but I will issue the warning now so that nobody can say they weren't warned. Double R marks disaster, therefore if you see those two letters across from your name, as in "RR vs. your name here", I'd suggest you rethink your career choice. Because I will tell you all right now, plain and simple, if you get into the ring with The Rough Ryder, he will destroy you. There is a reason when Tech N9ne's words of "Show Me A God" ring out through this dump that I point to the curtain and Ryder makes his way out... and that reason is because I am doing just that; presenting you all a God.

Jessica points to the chair that Ryder holds in his hand, and he holds it up for the cameras.

Jessica Reyes: Ryde or Dye is not just a catch phrase, it's the cold hard facts that we live by; because if you don't ride with us, you will die by our hands. And to put it bluntly, we ride alone.

Jessica smiles, and passes the mic back to Ryder.

The Rough Ryder: So now what you will all do is go back to your sub par lives, get onto Facebook and Twitter and update your little status's about the new guy who just walked into WARPED and talked a whole bunch of shit. Then because you all can't except the truths and facts you are going to go onto your countless blogs and with your vindictive fingers type 200 words a minute about how I'm going to be a flash-in-the-pan who fades out within 2 months after getting my 15 minutes of fame. And you know what? That's perfectly fine with me. Because that will give me all the more satisfaction when I prove you all wrong, and single handedly

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DOMINATE this company, and flip it complet-

Then Act a Fool plays and the arena erupts with cheers. Malik Logan steps through the curtain and the cheers get louder.

Malik Logan: Who are you again? Oh yea that's right the "Rough Ryder". Now it makes me wonder, What do you exactly, Ride Rough? You know it's o.k. if you have a secret to tell all of us here tonight. Jessica could just be cover up. But anyway you think you can come here your first match and disrespect the Top 5 like that? All of us work hard to get on that list. Me winning the first ever WARPED match. Rottentreats going 2/0, soon to be 2/1 but that's besides the point. We all deserve our spots on that list. Now how do we know that you deserve to be on that list? For all we know you could be the next Funaki.

The Rough Ryder: I am going to dominate this company whether you like it or not!!

Malik Logan: You see that's where your wrong because you think that your going to win one match and be on top, haha your wrong. You have to work your way to the top. So let's start at the next WARPED, WARPED 4. You verses me 1 on 1, no Jessica or anything. If you win, you getmy spot in the tourney for a title shot, if I win, I get one night with Jessica.

The place erupts in cheers.

Ryder looks at Jessica who gives him the "Is he for real?" look. Ryder just smirks, and turns back to Malik.

The Rough Ryder: You know what Malik, the fact of the matter is no matter how many stipulations you put onto this match, it won't change the fact that YOU CAN'T BEAT ME. So as far as your challenge go, YOU'RE ON!

The WARPED crowd cheers, and Jessica likes slightly shocked.

The Rough Ryder: That's right, you're on. At Five For Fighting, I'm going to beat you. Period.

Ryder gets ready to set the mic down, and pauses.

The Rough Ryder: You know, I just want to tell you congratulations. You ALMOST made the cut. Looks like now, you're Number 6.

"Show Me a God" hits the PA System again as we fade out.

Tony D: Up next we're sure to have a technical wrestling clinic Kris!

Kris Red: A clinic indeed Tony, Theo Davis with the experience edge and Dan Dillinger looking to prove himself once again and finally gain a victory.

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Tony D: And this time no Faygo will be involved! So let's send it to Randy Long.

Randy Long: Ladies and gentlemen the following cont.. Randy Long is interrupted by a cloud of of ground fog and INYOFACE! By Insane Clown Posse.

Kris Red: What is this? Thought you said no Faygo Tony?! And where did he get the fog, I'm sure that's not in the WARPED budget at all!

Tony D: Well this isn't on my notes at all.

Mr. Rottentreats steps out from behind the curtain in a black tuxedo with an orange cummerbund and his orange quilted low-top chucks. He pauses amidst the ground fog with his bag of treats slung across his left shoulder, and cradled in his left arm the WARPED Employee of the month plaque.

Tony D: You've got to be kidding me, he's toting that plaque around like it's a world title!

Kris Red: And he's dressed like a champion to!

Mr. Rottentreats acknowledges the bleacher bum Juggalos throwing up the clown love hand sign and flips the rest of the crowd off before pointing to his plaque.

Tony D: Where's Joey at we need a stop put to this.

Kris Red: No we don't calm down I want to see what he's got in mind, as long as he don't come to the table I'm cool with him being out here.

Mr. Rottentreats cockily walks towards the ring and throws his bag of treats across the top rope almost hitting Randy Long. He jumps up to the closest turnbuckle and wipes his boots on the apron before pointing at the referee to open the ropes.

Tony D: The nerve of this guy Kris.

Kris Red: Well his name is Rottentreats.

Mr. Rottentreats jerks the microphone from Randy Long and pushes him to the mat.

Mr. Rottentreats Take a hike bitch boy!

Tony D: What the hell's going on here, Kris?!

Kris Red: I don't know but I'm loving it. Randy Long has some bland issues he needs to work on, just check out that tux on Treats!

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Mr. Rottentreats cradles his plaque in his left arm with his bag of treats at his feet and places the microphone to his mouth.

Mr. Rottentreats: The following contest is one fall to a finish. Introducing first! From Swan's Pond, Ontario Canada! The second name on my perfect record! The Kitty Cat Theeeeeoooo Daaaviis!

The opening orchestra of Hammerfall's "Hero's Return" begin playing over the PA system. As the song bursts into its full on guitar driven melody, Theo Davis bursts out from behind the curtain and raises his arms to adulation of the fans. Davis steps down the ramp onto the floor and saunters down to the ring, where he climbs up onto the apron and removes his leather jacket. He hangs it up on the corner post, climbs the ropes and raises his right arm in the air before hopping into the ring.

Mr. Rottentreats taunts Theo Davis with his Plaque and points down to his bag of treats.

Mr. Rottentreats: And his opponent the first victim of Mr. Rottentreats coming out to music my 11 year old niece could play in her sleep from fungus among us, Ohiooo! The Daffodil Daaaan Dilliinggaaaa!!!

"Idols and Anchors" by Parkway Drive hits the P.A. speakers. The small hall lights turn off and a heavy strobe and fog fills the small hall. Green and White shades start to flash as "Dangerous" Dan Dillinger walks out from behind the curtain and raises his hands. He starts to jumps and runs back and forth on the stage taunting the crowd at all angles. He walks down the ramp and starts to show appreciation to his loyal fans. He gets onto the apron and jumps over the rope and rolls to the other side of the ring throwing his hands up leaning against the ropes.

Tony D: Rottentreats is really ripping into these guys, Joey really needs to have a stop put to this. And it looks like you're getting your wish Kris, he's coming towards the announce table.

Mr. Rottentreats exits the ring and makes his way towards Tony D and Kris Red. Kris Red stands up as Mr. Rottentreats offers his hand for a hand shake.

Kris Red: That's one fancy entrance there Treats, I know it isn't in the WARPED budget.

Mr. Rottentreats That's where the greendot card comes in handy brudda!

Kris Red: Right on. Welcome to the announce team I assume Mr. Rottentreats.

Tony D: Yeah.. welcome..

Mr. Rottentreats No need to be so smug Tony, I know you're just scared I'm going to do a better job at calling this match than you've ever done in your career. AND THERE'S THE BELL!

Tony D: In your dreams pal!

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Mr. Rottentreats Let's get this straight COLLAR AND ELBOW TIE UP! I'm not your pal BUDDY!

Kris Red: Gentlemen we have a match to call here.

Dillinger and Davis jockey for position. Dillinger breaks out into a hammerlock. Davis reaches for a leg but Dillinger dodged and comes back putting his foot into the back of the right knee of Davis dropping him down and wrenching the hammerlock.

Mr. Rottentreats See now had this punk wrestled against me like this he might have a mark in the win column! DAVIS rolling under into a hammerlock of his own!

Tony D: Let's just focus on the present Treats.

Mr. Rottentreats That's MR. ROTTENTREATS to you and why focus on the present when the past is supurb!

Davis drives his elbow into the shoulder of Dillinger then into a headlock. Davis switches sides on the headlock quickly.

Mr. Rottentreats Davis going around the world! Oh watch out Dillinger picks him up and with a belly to back suplex. Finally one of these men is going to get a win and I can't wait to see who it is!

Kris Red: You're really dwelling on that aren't you Treats?

Dillinger rolls over for the pin... 1.... 2.. KICKOUT!

Mr. Rottentreats And here they go with that chain wrestling shit!

Tony D: Watch your language now, and they're putting on a clinic.

Mr. Rottentreats And I'm sure both men have had a few scallywags up in the clinic if you know what I mean.

Both men chop each other to their feet now vicious leg strikes from Dillinger, Theo Davis shoots back with an inside leg kick of his own. Now they're firing off with forearm shots. Davis ducks a forearm shot and rolls Dillinger up as he spins around from the momentum.

Mr. Rottentreats Good ol school boy for a 1 count! OH MY GOD THE FISH IS OUT OF THE WATER!

Kris Red: Hey, Treats, I'm thinking about putting in for some vacay time, you're doing a good job would you be willing to fill in for me?

Mr. Rottentreats No I wrestle. I don't sit here and pretend to know what's going on in the ring Kris.

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Mr. Rottentreats grabs a microphone and crosses the guard rail to sit with the juggalo bleacher bums.

Tony D: What the hell is he doing?

Kris Red: I don't know but it looks interesting. BIG ABISEGIRL FROM DAVIS!

Davis has Dillinger dazed and pulls off a picture perfect Northern Lights suplex for a 2 count.

Mr. Rottentreats is now sitting in the bleachers with the juggalos and a microphone

Mr. Rottentreats Let em have it juggalos.

Juggalos YOU CAN'T WRESTLE, YOU CAN'T WRESTLE!

Tony D: Such disrespect on behalf of Treats and the juggalos!

Both combatants are showing frustration at the juggalos as Mr. Rottentreats makes his way back towards the ring with his bag of treats.

Kris Red: This is going to sound redundant Tony, but I thought you said no Faygo?

Halfway through the crowd Treats pops the top off of a two liter and sends it sailing into the ring spraying Dillinger, Davis, and the ref as the ref is going for the count. Treats keeps walking towards the ring as Dillinger and Davis get to their feet Dillinger sends Davis into the ropes and on return tries for a belly to belly suplex, but it's blocked. Davis shoots for a double leg and applies the sharpshooter!

Tony D: Treats is at ringside now! He's pushing the rope towards Dillinger what is going on here?

Kris Red: Looks like Treats has picked his favorite.

The ref breaks the hold as Treats turns to taunt the crowd with his plaque. He turns his attention to the ring again only to be caught with a suicida con heel by Davis!

Tony D: What a way to get back at that clown! Davis had it won!

Kris Red: Hardly Tony, Hardly.

Tony D: Dillinger is on the top rope now! WHAT A CORKSCREW SHOOTSTAR PRESS! He caught both men!

Kris Red: MALIGNANT ENTHRAL! And there's the count by the ref!

OOONE..... TWOOOO.... THREEE... FOOOUURR.... FIIIIIVE... SIIIIIX..

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Tony D: Treats is still down and it serves him right for trying to get involved!

Kris Red: Dillinger and Davis are back up and tie up on the outside!

Both men are jockeying for position again still tied up they roll into the ring breaking the count. Mat wrestling at it's finest one reversal after the other. Davis puts his foot on the rope as Dillinger goes for an arm bar. Dillinger frustrated tosses his hands in the air.

Kris Red: Treats is back up and it looks like he has another Faygo in hand!

Treats spikes the can of Faygo and tosses it to Dillinger as he back peddles toward the curtain. Dillinger catches it as it continues to spray and throws it right back at Treats hitting him square in the forehead. Davis rolls is up and chop blocks Dillinger and gets on the apron. SUNSET FLIP! Dillinger rolls out of it hitting Davis with a drop kick in the chest. Dillinger grabs Davis' leg and sets it on the bottom rope and jumps down onto it. He pulls Davis to the middle of the ring and stomps on his leg then hooks it.

Tony D: SERIOUSLY ELEVATED!

Kris Red: If Davis don't tap Dillinger's going to snap his leg!! The Ref's down on the mat asking if he'll give. Davis refuses clawing at the canvas to get to the rope to no avail.

Tony D: He looks to be fading Kris!

Kris Red: I highly doubt Davis would faint from pain Tony come on you gotta give the man more credit than that.

Tony D: He's got it cinched in pretty tight!

Kris Red: DAVIS IS TAPPING IT'S OVER! Dillinger finally has a mark in the win column!

Randy Long: AND YOUR WINNER FROM COLUMBUS OHIOOO "DANGEROUS' DAAAN
DIILLIINGEEER!!!

Dillinger gets to his feet as the crowd cheers and he raises his arms in the air, the referee holds his hand up and points to him. Davis gets to his feet and Dillinger extends his hand.. they shake, Faygo still evident from before on both men and the mat. Fade out.

Fade to the hallway backstage. Newcomer Crowbar, wearing a pair of blue jeans, colorado shoes, a black shirt and a suit jacket slowly walks down the hallway, looking around and the Ford Community Center and his new home at WARPED.

Part way down the hall, he encounters Austin Sanders who stops him dead in his tracks.

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Austin Sanders: "Hey, you, are you Crowbar? the newest member of the WARPED roster?"

Crowbar looks at Sanders and smirks and begins to walk off but then stops, turning back towards Sander and answers simply and sharply

Crowbar: "No...i'm the new Janitor. I just have a contract here to randomly fight."

With that, Crowbar turns, smirks again, and proceeds down the hallway, on his way to watch the upcoming match with interest.

Fade in...

Randy Long: "The following contest is a two out of three falls match! Introducing first, from Roswell, Ohio, weighing in at 190 pounds.. Dr. EMO!"

The song "Weightless" by All Time Low, as Dr. EMO walks down the ramp, and high fives fans on his way down to the ring.

Randy Long: "And his opponent, from Boston, Massachusetts, weighing in at 192 pounds..
SwitchBlaaaaaaaaade!"

SwitchBlade slowly steps through the curtain to a large number of cheers. He is dressed in his usual attire of a black short sleeve shirt with a leather jacket, blue jeans, and black shoes. He also has on his trademark gold belt and sunglasses, but this time also has a necklace with a switchblade pendant on it. Upon making his way to the ring he high fives a few of the fans, and then slides into the ring. He gets up, takes off his sunglasses and necklace and tosses them aside. He waves to the fans, and then offers Dr. Emo a handshake. Emo accepts, and the two nod.

Tony D: "A show of respect there from SwitchBlade to Dr. Emo."

Kris Red: "This should be an exciting match, Tony D. SwitchBlade put out the open challenge and Dr. Emo quickly accepted it. We've been waiting for this match!"

Tony D: "A SwitchBlade and an Emo kid... which one of these men can 'make the cut' Kris?"

Kris Red: "We'll have to find out..clearly!"

Collar and elbow tie up... both men jockeying for position now. SwitchBlade backs Dr. Emo up into the corner and holds him there as the referee starts the 5-count as he's up against the ropes illegally. SwitchBlade backs off, hands up.. and Dr. Emo stares SwitchBlade down then slaps him across the face. SwitchBlade furiously delivers a right hand but Dr. Emo ducks under and grabs SwitchBlade by the hair and pulls him down to the mat. SwitchBlade lands hard, hitting his head as the referee yells at Emo to watch the hair!

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Kris Red: "Eeeeeevilllll tactics there by Dr. Emo early on!"

Dr. Emo puts the boots to SwitchBlade, kicking him til he is pushed under the ropes and down to the floor. Dr. Emo grabs the top rope and lets SwitchBlade rise up. Dr. Emo leaps, spinning 180 degrees and landing on the ropes then springboarding back with a moonsault but SwitchBlade moves out of the way and Emo crashes and burns! SwitchBlade shakes his head with his hands on his hips. The crowd laughs.

Tony D: "That didn't go as planned as Dr. Emo crash and burns at ringside. SwitchBlade enjoyed it I think."

SwitchBlade brings Dr. Emo up to his feet and rolls him into the ring and gets up on the apron and enters the ring as Dr. Emo pushes himself up off the mat. SwitchBlade comes up from behind and hits a backbreaker and covers..1...2.. kick out. SwitchBlade now pulls Dr. Emo to his feet and applies a Dragon Sleeper submission hold as the referee checks to see if Emo wants to tap out. SwitchBlade locks the hold tightly in and makes him think about it for a minute before dropping him into a Reverse DDT! SwitchBlade covers..1...2.. kick out.

Kris Red: "SwitchBlade is a mat technician and a quick one at that.. loook at those tight moves!"

SwitchBlade gets to his feet and brings Dr. Emo up with him, slapping him a bit to get his senses back to him. Dr. Emo fires back with a slap of his own and SwitchBlade returns with a quick boot to the gut. He hits the ropes to the side of Dr. Emo and returns with a swinging neckbreaker and holds on to lock in a front facelock! Dr. Emo struggles using his legs to try and free himself. He eventually is able to kip up and escape. He kicks SwitchBlade in the back of his head then hits the ropes. SwitchBlade quickly gets to his feet and hits a STO Takedown! SwitchBlade tries to lock in a STF but Dr. Emo grabs the ropes and won't let go. SwitchBlade then lifts Dr. Emo up and drops him on his stomach. He pulls Dr. Emo up and delivers a right hand.. SwitchBlade looks to send Emo into the corner but Emo counters, grabs the arm of SwitchBlade and leaps over the top rope. SwitchBlade grabs his arm and Emo runs in and hits a Divorce Court and covers..1...2..kick out. Dr. Emo brings up SwitchBlade and applies a keylock, but SwithBlade drives Emo into the turnbuckle. SwitchBlade backs off and charges in but Emo is able to move out of the way on a charge into the corner and SwitchBlade hits the buckle. Schoolboy! 1...2..kick out.

Tony D: "One two and noooo, a kick out."

SwitchBlade starts pushing himself up off the mat.. Dr. Emo gets out onto the apron and looks for a Springboard Dropkick but SwitchBlade sidesteps! Dr. Emo gets up, favoring his body after the impact and SwitchBlade a Release German Suplex!

Kris Red: "Look ouuuut!"

Cover! 1...2.. kick out.

SwitchBlade brings Dr. Emo to his feet and delivers right hand after right hand, backing him into the corner. Irish whip into the opposite buckle.. SwitchBlade charges.. clothesline! Bulldog! SwitchBlade gets to his feet

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and quickly brings up Emo with him and hits an Implant DDT! He stands up and signals that its over as he quickly applies the Crucifix Neck Crank... ENTER THE DARKNESS!!! EMO Quickly TAPS!!

Tony D: "And there it is!"

The bell sounds. Fall one goes to Switchblade.

Randy Long: "The winner of fall number one - SwitchBlade."

The referee then separates the two and the usual 60 second wait period is put into place.

Tony D: "Both men will now have sixty seconds to recuperate and regroup. What an assault by SwitchBlade already in this match."

Kris Red: "Its been an amazing match but its mostly been SwitchBlade on offense. Dr. Emo has to get his stuff together!"

SwitchBlade awaits in the corner as Dr. Emo slowly gets to his feet on the other end of the ring. The referee makes sure he's okay as Dr. Emo kicks the bottom rope, and looks like he's about to cry. He slaps the top of the turnbuckle and charges in at SwitchBlade who ducks a clothesline and begins delivering right hand after right hand at Emo, backing him into the corner. Dr. Emo pushes him away and SwitchBlade stumbles back. Emo charges in a fit of rage and jumps on SwitchBlade and delivers hard right hands while they are on the mat. SwitchBlade only takes a couple shots and pushes Emo off. Both men get to their feet and Emo tries for a kick but SwitchBlade blocks it, spins Emo around and grabs him by the tights and hair and tosses him over the top rope~!

Kris Red: " Look at the face of Dr. Emo!"

Dr. Emo crashes at ringside as the fans cheer. He gets up slowly, holding his back and he looks pissed. He kicks the steps out of place and grabs a sign from a fan and rips it up as they heckle him. He shouts SHUT UP!! as they all laugh. SwitchBlade stands in the ring wondering what the hell? Meanwhile the referee begins the 10-count....1.....2.....Dr. Emo says GO AHEAD!!

Kris Red: "He's having a mental breakdown!"

Tony D: "I don't get it!"

....3.....4.....5..... SwitchBlade shouts for Dr. Emo to get his ass in the ring! 6.....7..... Dr. Emo has a seat on the floor, crossing his arms.

Kris Red: "Wait, seriously? Is he crying?"

8.....9.....10!! Its over!

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Randy Long: "Your winner of the second fall and winner of this match - SwitchBlaaaaaaaade!"

SwitchBlade shakes his head while looking down, disappointed at Dr. Emo, who is now standing. He kicks the barricade in anger.

Tony D: "What the hell just happened!?"

The referee raises SwitchBlade's hand, but SwitchBlade quickly lets go of him, and looks over at Dr. Emo down at ringside. He sighs, shakes his head in disappointment, and yells for a microphone. When he is given one, he taps on it for a sound check before speaking.

"Ladies and gentlemen, what you just witnessed here tonight was the complete physical and mental breakdown of a wrestler who just didn't have what it takes to make it in WARPED. My challenges are NOT to be taken lightly. The only thing that Dr. Emo proved here was that he was all bark and no bite. Let this be a lesson to those of you in the back who still thinks you can waltz into this ring and proclaim yourself to be a professional athlete without having any merit to show."

He pauses for a moment to allow the fans clapping in approval of what he's saying to die down.

"Now apparently the powers that be want to not only rank me by number, but place me in a qualifying match at the next show. If I win, I will be in a future match for the WARPED World Heavyweight Championship. To my future opponents, you know who you are, I only say this. The numbers don't mean shit. Whether you're number one, number two, number five, or number thirty-eight, as long as you make a powerful statement in this ring, and as long as you leave the fans wanting more each and every week, the rankings will never matter! You will make it in this business, and you will become a future legend. I guarantee it! If I have to prove that by winning the World Heavyweight Championship, then so be it! And one last thing, gentlemen...if I can't make you..."

SwitchBlade pauses and points at Dr. Emo while still staring at the fans.

"...I'll break you."

He then drops the mic and exits the ring as "Lost My Way" plays once again. SwitchBlade gets out of the ring and walks past Dr. Emo who puts his head down as he walks past.. Dr. Emo enters the ring.. SwitchBlade slaps the hands of fans as he makes his way to the back. Emo watches him celebrate, and then begins to cry? Switchblade who was celebrating with the fans turns and looks at Emo with a "what the fuck" expression on his face. Emo throws himself onto the mat, and begins rolling around on the mat.

Tony D: Well Kris, could Emo be anymore of a sore loser?

Kris Red: Only if he started to cut his wrist.

Tony D: You spoke to soon Kris!

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Emo sitting up against the corner begins to carve into his wrist. Emo tries to stand up, but falls down from the blood running down his arm. The fans are in shock at what has happened. The focus is turned to Emo's arm where Elizabeth is carved into his wrist. Fade out...

Randy Long: "The Following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, he is the WARPED Wrestling Employee of the Month, this is Misterrrrrrrrr Rottennnnntreeeeeeeeeeeats!"

A voice announces "We've got Fun Houses, Murder Go Round's, House of Horrors and Wax Museum's, Tunnels of Love, Terror Wheel's, House of Mirror's and Killing Fields". The sound of an old time record is heard skipping followed by In Yo Face by Insane Clown Posse bursting it's way onto the house PA. A small section of painted faces in the crowd sits down except for one with orange dreads and a custom white hockey jersey with an orange hatchet man on the front. The name on the back reading Rottentreats and the number 17.

Cast across his shoulder is his orange and white "Bag of treats" the crew of Juggalos follow him to the guard rail singing along with his entrance music much to the disdain of other WARPED fans. He straddles the guard rail and reaches into his "bag of treats" and pulls out two cans of Faygo Redpop, he hits his forehead with them before popping both open and taking swigs then throwing them out into the crowd. Then he reaches into his bag of treats and pulls out a 2 liter of Diet Root beer Faygo, shakes it up until the top pops off and he sprays the Juggalos and other members of the crowd in the general vicinity before throwing the bottle into the crowd.

He jumps off the guard rail and rolls into the ring and stands taking off a off his Faygo soaked hatchet man jersey and throwing it into the crowd, and shaking the Faygo out of his dreads as the song ends. He then reaches in the bag of treats and pulls out the Employee of the Month Plaque and holds it in the air as the fans boo but his 'family' cheers..

Randy Long: "And his opponent... from Worcester, Massachusetts, weighing in at 220 pounds, Malik "The Hitmannnnn" Looooogannnnnn!"

"Act a Fool" by Lil Jon plays as the crowd goes nuts. Malik "The Hitman" Logan comes out of the curtain and puts his arms in the air to the left, then looks to the right, and the crowd gets pumped. He starts dancing down the ramp and as he makes his way toward the ring while slapping some crowd members hands. He gets in the ring and does JTG's taunts as his music fades.

Tony D: "Here we go Kris, its Malik Logan and Mr. Rottentreats one on one, and this isn't the first time we've seen Mr. Rottentreats.. he's uh.. been busy tonight."

Kris Red: "You could say that Tony D."

Collar and elbow tie up in the middle of the ring as Mr. Rottentreats and Malik Logan square off for the first time.. Rottentreats' winning streak on the line while Logan looks to go 2-1 in his WARPED career. Treats with a knee to the gut and a hip toss and a quick cover 1..2.. kick out!

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Tony D: "Near fall ALREADY!"

Treats and Logan to their feet, and Treats delivers another right hand.. another.. another. and Logan drops. Cover! 1..2..kickout. Mr. Rottentreats keeps Logan pinned to the mat and delivers repeated right hands to the face and the ref tells him to back off! Treats gets up in the ref's face and jawjacks a bit as Logan gets to his feet. Treats turns around and Logan with a dropkick on Treats. Logan covers 1...2.. kick out! Both men up and Treats delivers a chop.. Logan throws Treats into the ropes. Logan goes for a corner splash but Treats goes outside the ring. Treats throws his arms away telling the crowd 'no no no' as he shakes his finger. Meanwhile Logan has climbed the turnbuckle and when Treats turns around Logan leaps off and lands on the shoulders of Treats and hits a hurricanrana onto the floor!!! Holy shit! Holy shit!

Tony D: "Talk about taking risks! Malik Logan just lept off the top rope down to Mr. Rottentreats down on the floor with that headscissors!"

Kris Red: "Massive Rana~ action there Tony D! It was amazing! That's why they call it highflying."

Malik Logan stands up and the fans are cheering him on as he wears a smile on his face. He brings Treats up and rolls him into the ring. Mr. Rottentreats crawls on all fours and gets to his feet as Logan slides into the ring. Treats gets up and turns around to see Malik Logan who looks to apply a front facelock but as he does that he then lifts up the arm.. suplex coming up! Treats steps on the toes of Logan and stuns him momentarily and then Treats backs into the ropes and returns with a big knee to the face of Logan. Treats covers..1...2...kick out.

Treats then applies a headlock on Malik Logan, but Logan delivers a few elbows to the face of Mr. Rottentreats and is able to escape and cover him..1..2.. kick out. Both men get to their feet and Treats kicks Logan in the gut and hits a huge Release Capture Suplex!

Tony D: "Somewhat of an exploding Scatter Brain there by Mr. Rottentreats!!"

Treats covers....1.....2.....3kickout!

Kris Red: "Yiiikes that was close! Logan kicks out though!"

Mr. Rottentreats brings Logan up to his feet and knees him in the gut and hits a standing dropkick. He covers..1..2... kick out. They get up now, Treats leading the way..Treats with a punch and a kick to the gut.. and a shot to the head with an elbow...and another..and another..and a right hand.

Tony D: "Rottentreats is going to town here on Malik Logan!"

Finally Rottentreats hits a big knee lift to take Logan down. He poses for the crowd who boos, and he soaks it up.

Kris Red: "He's hated here mostly. The only small group cheering is a corner of Juggalos and their painted

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faces. The rest of these people rightly dislike Mr. Rottentreats."

Mr. Rottentreats bends down slowly and brings Malik Logan to his feet. Logan is reeling as Treats is in total control. Treats delivers a right hand and Logan stumbles backward into the corner. Treats pushes up to the top buckle and climbs up, front facelock...arm over shoulder.. both start rising as we might see a Superplex upnext! And for certain Mr. Rottentreats hits a huge suplex from the top buckle!!!

Kris Red: "Superplexxxxxxxxxaaaa~~!"

Mr. Rottentreats drapes his arm over the chest of Malik Logan...1...2...no!

Kris Red: "Logan ain't done yet!"

Mr. Rottentreats pounds the mat as he brings Logan to his feet and delivers a right hand.

Tony D: "Malik Logan, who faces The Rough Ryder on April 18th in his qualifying match to get a shot at the World Title, with a special twist added to it."

Kris Red: "That's right, if he wins, he gets a night with Jessica Reyes, the girlfriend of Rough Ryder! If Ryder wins, he gets Logan's spot for the shot at the Title. Big stipulations for that coming up."

Tony D: "And we still aren't sure who Mr. Rottentreats or any of the other three 'Fighting Five' will face."

Irish whip... Logan off the ropes and Treats goes for a clothesline but Logan ducks and goes behind, applies the reverse waistlock, but Treats delivers elbow after furious elbow to escape. He turns the tables... German Suplex! Logan is on the mat clutching his back as the fans begin to chant "Ma-lik Lo-gan!" repeatedly.

Tony D: "The fans rallying behind Malik Logan. What a German Suplex from Mr. Rottentreats there."

Kris Red: "Ol' Treats is notorious for those suplexes and he's shown that tonight at the expense of Malik Logan."

Mr. Rottentreats escapes to the apron now as he awaits Logan to rise up. The fans still cheer him on.

Suddenly "Idols and Anchors" by Parkway Drive hits the PA System and Treats and everyone else directs their attention to the entrance as Dan Dillinger and Theo Davis emerge, staring down Treats.

Tony D: "Look at this! Dan Dillinger and Theo Davis perhaps out here to cause a distraction on Treats just as he did for their match."

The music stops, as in the ring Logan is rising up...Mr. Rottentreats turns his attention back to the action and lines him up as he gets to his feet and turns around.. Springboard shoulder tackle.. Logan drops down and attempts to catch Treats on his shoulders but it appears that didn't go as well as he hoped as Treats drops off

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of him but Logan quickly brings him back up onto his shoulders and this time there will be no botch as Logan nails the Death Valley Driver! The fans erupt in cheers as both men are now down!

Tony D: "Death Valley Driver! Logan needs to capitalize!"

Dillinger and Davis make their way to the back.

Kris Red: "No doubt. He needs to crawl over and cover Mr. Rottentreats before its too late. And I don't know but that time might've already come and gone."

The referee begins the 10-count as both men are down on the mat. 1.....2.....3.....4.....

Tony D: "Fans let us take this time to thank you for purchasing this WARPED DVD and be sure to catch us live in your city coming soon! The upcoming events include Dayton, Ohio, Fairfax, Virginia, Chicago Ridge and Philly!"

7.....8.....

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Both men get up just before 10 hits! They battle, trading blows one after another, right hand, right hand, back and forth. Finally Mr. Rottentreats gains the advantage.. Irish whip.. countered! Treats is sent into the ropes and on the rebound Logan hits a quick Leg Lariat~!

Tony D: "Malik Logan is mounting a comeback!"

Logan up.. Treats up.. Logan goes for a clothesline but Treats ducks.. hits the ropes.. comes back and POWERSLAM~ cOVER!! 1...2.....Treats kicks out!

Kris Red: "Logan didn't hook the leg! What a fool!"

Malik Logan continues the assault as he brings Treats to his feet and delivers chop after chop to his chest, backing him into the corner. Irish whip.. into the opposing corner.. Logan follows through with a splash! Treats stumbles forward and Logan hits a Brainbuster!

Kris Red: "Brainbustahhhhhhhhhhh~!!"

He puts Treats into place and climbs the turnbuckle now as the fans continue to cheer for him. He gains his balance, raises his arms, the fans cheering... Shooting Star Leg Drop!!!!

Tony D: "Look outttttt!"

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Rottentreats rolls out of the way!

Kris Red: "Ooooooh! Crash and burn!"

Treats gets to his feet while Logan clutches his tailbone area off that impact with the mat. Treats signals that its all over as he brings Logan up and looks to hit the Release Head and Arm Suplex but Logan connects with a headbutt, and another! Treats lets go.

Kris Red: "There ya go, kid! Use your head for a change!"

Logan kicks Treats in the gut and bodyslams him on the mat then quickly makes his way to the apron. Treats favors his back as he rises up, a little woosey, as the fans are firmly behind Logan.

Kris Red: "We could be seeing either the 720 DDT or the Spinning Wheel Kick.. what's it gonna be?"

Tony D: "I don't know but Treats is taking his time getting to his feet..."

Treats rises up.. Logan springboards.. Spinning Wheel kick~!

Tony D: "Straight from Wortown!"

Treats catches him!

Kris Red: "Wait up!"

BLAAM!! Release Head and Arm Suplex!!

Tony D: "Mr. Rottentreats countered into the move he calls simply.. BLAAM!!!"

Treats covers! 1.....2.....3!!!

The belllllll sounds~!

Randy Long: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner - Misterrrrrr Rottennnnnnntreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeats!"

Treats gets to his feet and the referee raises his arm in victory as the crowd boos and Logan lays on the mat, reeling from that finishing move. "In Yo Face" by Insane Clown Posse plays over the PA System.

Tony D: "What a matchup between these two men, but in the end, its Mr. Rottentreats who holds onto his undefeated streak."

Kris Red: "Honestly this match could've gone both ways. Wow!"

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Mr. Rottentreats requests a microphone and Randy Long hands it over..

Tony D: "What...what's he got to say?"

Mr. Rottentreats' music dies down as Treats extends his hand to Malik Logan, who is still on the mat, seated. He gets to his feet, obviously in pain. Logan look at the hand.

Tony D: "What's this, a show of respect from Mr. Rottentreats towards Logan?"

Kris Red: "After what we saw earlier I highly doubt it Tony."

Logan accepts!

Kris Red: "Well, hell.. this isn't right.."

They shake hands and Malik goes to exit the ring.

Mr. Rottentreats: "Hold on hold on Logan. You took me to the limit tonight. And I think well. I think you deserve this more than I do."

Mr. Rottentreats signals to the referee to grab something. The ref quickly escapes from the ring and grabs the Employee of the Month Plaque from ringside and brings it in and hands it to Treats.

Kris Red: "Is he giving him that plaque? Something's not right here.."

Malik turns back into the ring and holds out his hand. Mr. Rottentreats turns around towards the bleacher bum juggalos and shows off his plaque to a Family chant.

Tony D: I believe he's actually going to give the plaque to Logan! Malik Logan, no longer number 5, or even number 6 as The Rough Ryder would say..

Kris Red: His face paint is running, he's crying!

Mr. Rottentreats puts the microphone to his mouth to speak with his back turned to Logan

Mr. Rottentreats: This is for...

WHACK~!

Kris Red: I KNEW IT HE NAILED LOGAN WITH THE PLAQUE!!! Told you!!

Mr. Rottentreats gets down on the mat face to face with Logan and the microphone to his mouth.

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Mr. Rottentreats YA NUGGET BITCH BOY!

Mr. Rottentreats gets back to his feet and stands over Logan holding the plaque high then signals to the bleacher bum juggalos as a petite raven haired Juggalette makes her way to the ring and tosses Rottentreats two faygos. He bashes one on his forehead and pops the other one open with his thumb and guzzles them as he stands over Logan.

Tony D: I can't tell if that's a pool of blood or a pool of Faygo Kris!

Kris Red: It's definitely both Tony, Definitely both!

Sliding into the ring with chair in hand is none other than Dan Dillinger. Treats has no idea and Dillinger swings at the back of Treats.. CRACK~! right on the back! Dillinger raises the chair and screams out as the crowd cheers and Rottentreats is down! The fans are going wild as Dillinger wants to inflict more damage. He slams the mat with the chair as Mr. Rottentreats clutches his back and tries to crawl away but he just can't move! Dillinger raises the chair in the air asking the crowd should he hit him again and they cheer! The referee urges him to back off and Dillinger pushes the ref aside. He lifts the chair high up in the air again and suddenly Theo Davis slides into the ring and gets in the way of Dillinger and the fallen Rottentreats. Dillinger tells him to move and Davis mouths that there's been enough done and the point was well taken by Treats! Dillinger doesn't look pleased but quickly agrees and tosses the chair down. The ref, kneeling down near Malik Logan, shouts for them to get out of the ring. "Idols and Anchors" by Parkway Drive hits the PA system again as Dillinger climbs the turnbuckle and poses for the crowd and Davis stands in the ring surveying the damage around him as the show comes to an end.