

Pandemonium: Pandemonium III

December 4, 2019 | FWF Studios - Las Vegas, NV

Pandemonium III

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Pandemonium III

4 Dec 2019

Maverick Center, Salt Lake

City, UT (seats 10,000)

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I Introduction

Fade in from black as the Fite.TV stream begins to play we are welcomed to Pandemonium with a new FWF video package containing several moments from the first two shows set to Drowning Pool's As the FWF intro video dies down on the Fite.TV stream, we pan across the audience before finally resting on our commentators, Alan McTarggart and Michael Decker.

McTarggart: Welcome ladies and gentleman to Pandemonium on Fite.TV! Im Alan McTarggart, and with me as always, my colleague and co-host, Michael Decker.

Decker: Happy post Turkey Day! With a downhill slope to the end of the year, we have a big show here tonight.

McTarggart: We sure do Michael. The FWF action continues, as well as a huge announcement from Dick Fury. You do not want to miss anything, exclusively here on Fite.TV!

I

Enforcer vs. Charlie Fiegal

As we return ringside, Charlie Feigel is already in the ring and Enforcer is stepping over the top rope from the apron.

Announcer: The following match is scheduled for one fall and has a twenty minute time limit. Standing to my right, he is... CHAARRLLIIIEE FEEIIGGEEELLL!!!!

The fans boo.

Announcer: To my left, standing at six foot four and coming in at two hundred and seventy five pounds.... ENNNFOOORRCCCEEERRRR!!!!

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The fans cheer as Enforcer raises an arm high.

McTarggart:

This is a match where we see yet another huge superstar, The Enforcer, taking on Charlie Feigel.

Decker: Some of the guys we have on the roster are HUGE!

McTarggart: A stare off here as these two men get ready.

They both take steps toward the other. Enforcer just grins as Feigel gets in his face and begins to yell before shoving him. The referee calls for the bell to start the match.

McTarggart: Charlie Feigel makes the first move, shoving Enforcer. Enforcer returns with a right.. no, blocked by Charlie! Feigel with his own. He rocks the big man with another... and another!

Decker: The bigger they are, the harder they fall. Charlie just needs to get Enforcer off of his feet.

McTarggart: Charlie Feigel with another... no, blocked by Enforcer. Enforcer now with his own right. Another! Another!

He grabs the back of Charlie Feigel's head and pulls him close as he raises a knee up.

McTarggart: Knee to the midsection of Charlie Feigel.

Enforcer quickly grabs the back of Charlie Feigel's head and yanks, sending him down, back first, to the canvas. The fans go crazy.

McTarggart: Enforcer wasting no time as he stomps the shoulders of Charlie Feigel.

Decker: Fight back Charlie Feigel! Fight back!

McTarggart: Enforcer pulling Charlie Feigel to his feet. Grabs his arm. He's now sent across the ring and hard into the corner!

Charlie Feigel's chest hits the turnbuckle hard enough to shock him backward. As he stumbles around, Enforcer runs forward, arm extended.

McTarggart: BIG CLOTHESLINE!

Charlie Feigel grabs his neck before rolling to the side and under the ropes, dropping down to the floor outside of the ring.

McTarggart: Charlie Feigel trying to put some space between him and Enforcer.

Decker: I think he just realizes that if he leaves now, he can still catch happy hour up the road. What's more important? Having to have a match with a guy as big as Enforcer, or saving a few bucks on a tasty Canadian Whiskey?

McTarggart: First off Michael, I'm unsure how much luck he'd have finding Canadian Whiskey here in Utah and second off... well, just watch the match!

Decker: Look, he gets counted out. He might lose the match but he goes home in one piece while Enforcer moves on. It's a win-win situation for both guys!

McTarggart: You are incredibly dense Michael.

Charlie Feigel, still holding his head begins to walk up the ramp, toward the stage as Enforcer yells for him to get back to the ring. He turns around and walks backward, waving the his opponent off before turning back and continuing his journey.

McTarggart: Enforcer now leaving the ring, resetting the referee's count.

Charlie Feigel looks back, seeing Enforcer now on the floor and on his trail. He hurries a bit, however Enforcer catches up, and grabs his shoulders.

McTarggart: Enforcer with Charlie Feigel in hand.

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Enforcer takes a hold of Charlie Feigel's arm and sends him hard into the nearby barrier.

McTarggart: Enforcer now with a few shots to the ribs of Charlie Feigel.

He takes a hold of Charlie Feigel and directs him back toward the ring.

McTarggart: He's wanting to get him back to the ring now.

Decker: Just let him go you animal!

Enforcer and Charlie Feigel approach ringside. Charlie Feigel is then rolled back in by Enforcer who then reaches up, grabs the ropes, and uses them to pull himself to the apron before entering back in himself.

McTarggart: Both men back in the ring now as Enforcer repeatedly stomps away at the Feigel.

Decker: This isn't fair! Let him get to his feet and fight him like a man!

McTarggart: There is nothing unfair about what Enforcer is doing!

He reaches down and grabs Charlie Feigel, beginning to pull him up. As Charlie Feigel reaches half way he sends a fist into the mid section of the big man.

McTarggart: Charlie Feigel trying to fight back now.

Decker: Yes! Do it! Get him!

He raises up, pulls his fist back and delivers another shocking blow that rocks the side of Enforcer's head before grabbing his arm. As he turns around, he pulls Enforcer sending him across the ring.

McTarggart: Enforcer on the return now... he leaps! BIG SHOULDER BLOCK TAKES DOWN Charlie Feigel! The fans go crazy. Enforcer gets to a knee and runs his hand through his hair before getting to his feet and turning. He looks down at Charlie Feigel who is getting up as well, and smiles.

McTarggart: Enforcer runs at Feigel...

He goes to kick Charlie Feigel in the face who moves to the side and in one fluid motion, lifts up, grabbing Enforcer under his raised leg and gripping the back of his pants. As he lifts, he uses Enforcer's own momentum to drop back, slamming Enforcer, back first, onto the canvas.

McTarggart: Modified body drop there takes Enforcer down.

Decker: Color me surprised. Happy but surprised.

Charlie Feigel gets to his knees, his hands resting on them and his breathing a bit heavy, but he smiles as he looks out the the fans booing him.

McTarggart: Charlie Feigel possibly thinking this one could end here quickly as he gets to his feet.

Enforcer holds his back for a moment before sitting up. He turns and starts to get up more as Charlie Feigel runs toward him from behind.

McTarggart: Charlie Feigel runs.. he jumps.... BULL DOG PLANTS ENFORCER'S HEAD INTO THE CANVAS!

Decker: Yes! Pin him! Pin him!

Charlie Feigel quickly rolls Enforcer over and covers him. As the referee drops to count, Enforcer pushes Charlie Feigel up.

McTarggart: Enforcer kicks out at one. If he wanted to secure this one, he should have hooked the leg.

Decker: Ah come on! You gotta hook the leg!

Charlie Feigel hits the canvas before getting back to his feet, pulling Enforcer along with him. He grabs his arm and goes to whip him once again.

McTarggart: Enforcer reverses. Charlie Feigel into the ropes now. On the return...

He ducks a clothesline.

McTarggart: Charlie Feigel off of the ropes again and right into the back of Enforcer's elbow!

Charlie Feigel hits the canvas and the fans cheer.

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McTarggart: Enforcer grabs the left leg of Charlie Feigel pulling it up, stomping the inside of his leg.

Decker: I can't watch this. Why Charlie, why?!

McTarggart: Another stomp. Enforcer in full control here. A much needed win riding on this match.

He drops the leg and walks around to the head of Charlie Feigel.

McTarggart:

Grabbing a hand full of hair, Enforcer lifts Charlie Feigel to his feet.

Decker: He pulled his hair! Disqualify him! Disqualify him!

Enforcer places Charlie Feigel's head between his arm and grabs his shorts. Looking out to the crowd he gives a sadistic laugh before lifting Feigel up into a vertical position.

McTarggart: Huge hang time as Enforcer holds Charlie Feigel high in the air!

Enforcer pushes forward, sending Charlie Feigel back down. As he releases him, his opponent slams face first into the canvas.

McTarggart: What a move!

Decker: No! No! Somebody do something!

McTarggart: Well, why don't you Michael. You're such a big Feigel backer it seems. Why don't you go do something.

Decker: Umm... I would, but.. umm... you need me here Alan!

Enforcer stands over Charlie Feigel. He raises his arm up, and points his thumb to his throat before pulling it across to signal that it's the end of the line for Charlie Feigel.

McTarggart: Enforcer about to end it! He is going to walk out of here with one more victory down!

Decker: This can't be happening!

McTarggart: It is Michael!

Enforcer once again violently grabs Charlie Feigel by the head, yanking him to his feet. Feigel begins to fight back as he is pulled up, delivering punches to the midsection of Enforcer.

McTarggart: Charlie Feigel fighting back! It's not over!

Decker: YES! I TOLD YOU!

Charlie Feigel steps back and bounces off the ropes, using them to send him with momentum toward Enforcer.

McTarggart: Feigel met with a huge overhand fist to the head by Enforcer.

Charlie Feigel instantly goes to one knee. Enforcer reaches down, grabbing his opponent's head, and pulls him to his feet.

McTarggart: Huge backhand chop by The Enforcer, followed by another.

Enforcer thought he had this one in the bag and then Charlie Feigel was able to come back.

Enforcer grabs the left arm of Charlie Feigel and whips him into the ropes. As Charlie Feigel returns, Enforcer catches him in his massive arms.

McTarggart: Enforcer lifts, side belly-to-belly slam!

Enforcer hurries to his feet.

McTarggart: He runs and jumps...

Decker: I don't want to look.

McTarggart: HUGE leg drop!

The ring shakes as he lands, the fans pop, and Charlie Feigel looks dead. Enforcer sits up and smiles

McTarggart: Enforcer now covering his opponent. This looks to be it.

This time Charlie Feigel with no fight left in him as the referee's hand hits the canvas three times before

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calling for the bell.

Announcer: You're winner of this match... ENNNFOOOORRCCCEERR!

Enforcer gets to his feet and raises an arm in victory.

McTarggart: Charlier Feigel tried, but just couldn't pull this one off folks.

Decker: I knew Enforcer would win all along.

McTarggart: Is that so ?

Decker: Sure is.

McTarggart: Whatever helps you sleep better at night Michael.

Enforcer looks down at his handywork and grins.

I A Role In Front of the Cameras

Backstage at the FWF. Buddy Showtime paces, looking as excited as a man of his age and jadedness is capable of. He stares at a stand-up mirror that's been placed in a corner.

Showtime: Ladies.

He clears his throat

Showtime: Ladies and Gentlemen! In just a few minutes, for the first time in

Two Thousand and Nineteen, Buddy Showtime will be back in front of the marks!

And when he's there, Buddy Showtime is gonna tell 'em what's what!

Mr. Wednesday night himself struts experimentally, but after a few steps, it smooths out and he hits his stride.

Showtime:

Watch your ass, MacTaggart. Buddy

Showtime's gunning for your seat. No, hell with that, that was my mistake last time. Commentary's for when you've given up on trying to affect what's going on out there. Buddy Showtime is going to be running this fed sometime soon, and THAT'S the Showtime Guarantee!

The camera cuts to Jace Wheeler, looking very angry in a pair of cutoff jean shorts and a deep v-neck t-shirt. He shouts into the phone.

Wheeler:

Look, I understand you

can't meet my minimum this week. I'm willing to play ball, but we do have a contract.

C'mon dude, I know

money's tight but you're missing out. Someone here has to represent the real New York.

A pause.

Wheeler: Ozone Park doesn't count. That's Queens, completely different scene.

A further pause.

Wheeler: Yonkers isn't even in the Five Boroughs! May as well be goddamn Long Island!

A further pause, Jace sighs.

Wheeler:

Yeah, I suppose if

you're going by the pound, you've made the right choice. Who's the poor dickbag who's gonna be facing him?

For the first time he's been on camera, Jace smiles unironically.

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Wheeler: I'll see you in Montana next week. Na-the-fuck-mast

The camera cuts back to Buddy Showtime, a Production Assistant with a headset comes up to him.

P.A.:

You're up next, Buddy. Get warmed up, we'll be cuing your music in a couple.

Buddy Showtime just stares, he's finally been shut up.

P.A.: You do know you're booked for this match, right?

The camera fades out along with Buddy Showtime's smile.

I Dick Fury Segment

We move to another location where we find Dick Fury is standing in front of a FWF banner. He doesn't seem his normal self as he adjust the collar of his shirt before beginning.

Fury: Dick's sorry that he couldn't be there in Salt Lake in person to talk to you today, but this couldn't wait. He cracks his neck.

Fury: You may have noticed a significant lack of Dick the last few weeks and on upcoming shows.

Dick pauses, taking a deep breath.

Fury: Dick regrets to inform you that he will no longer be competing in the FWF Championship Tournament going forward, now will he be able to continue to compete in matches as...

Another breath.

Fury: Well...

His slumber look slowly changes as his frown begins to turn into a grin.

Fury: You see... The Lynch Brothers jumped into the FWF with both feet but no money, knowledge, or the testicular fortitude to make things happen.

He looks down, almost pointing at

Fury: If there's one thing we all know Dick has.. it's testicular fortitude.

He smirks.

Fury: Long story, short.. You won't be seeing much of Dick for quite some time cause he's stepped up to the plate so to speak. It's funny how saving all of these years, his nest egg was more than enough to boot the Lynch's out for good.

An eyebrow raises.

Fury:

That's right, Dick has become a controlling factor in the Fans Wrestling Federation now, but don't think that means it's going to be constant fun and games with Dick popping up every few moments. No, this in fact is a serious transition and will take a lot of time.

Dick turns and picks up a clipboard from a nearby stand. he looks over it before continuing.

Fury: The first order of business... reviewing contracts previously approved.

He runs his finger down the paper.

Fury: Dick is NOT going to pay for talent like this. In fact.. let's see...

He looks closer.

Fury: Who wants to fire some people along with Dick?

He places his hand to his ear, almost like listening for people to cheer while we have no arena noise piped in.

Fury: Lizardperson...

He pauses and just shakes his head.

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Fury: Yea.. not gonna fly. Fired.

He continues.

Fury: Cool Breeze...

Fury pauses.

Fury: Wait.. has his match happened yet? You know, the one with Buddy Showtime?

Fury looks off camera as if waiting for an answer.

Fury: It's next? Hmm.. Is he actually there?

Dick listens to someone we can only hear slightly but can't make out what they are saying.

Fury: He's in Gorilla now?

Fury gulps, but then shrugs.

Fury: Have security breeze him out of there cool-like.. ok?

Dick smiles and points.

Fury:

Dude was a waste of money. Give Showtime... hell, I dunno. Grab a local guy.

K? Thanks!

He looks back down at the clipboard before tossing it away.

Fury: Dick could go on and on doing that, but where's the fun? Let's make some people sweat! Changes are coming FWF, all for the good While you'll sacrifice having Dick there with you, the loss of Dick is the gain for it all. Just be patient and lets get through Make America Wrestle Again and then we'll have the Lynch stench taken care of. Until then though... remember that while everybody loves Dick... he loves you too.

Dick places his hand son his hips and grins as we fade back to the venue.

I

Buddy Showtime vs. Cool Breeze

We

return ringside.

Decker:

Wait.. so, Dick Fury is in charge of the FWF now?

McTarggart: It would seem to be that way.

Decker: And he just fired Cool Breeze who actually has a match right now?

McTarggart: That's what I gather Michael.

Decker: Oh man, just when you think things can't get any weirder.

"Gimme Some Lovin" by the Spencer Davis Group begins to play.

Decker: I stand corrected.

Buddy Showtime struts out to the stage all smiles and grins as he lifts the microphone already in his hand.

The fans boo.

Showtime: Hold your applause, hold your applause.

McTarggart: I don't think they're applauding.

Buddy continues down the ramp. As he does, he continues to speak.

Showtime: Did you guys just see that? Did ya?

He walks up the steps and begins across the apron before entering the ring.

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Showtime:

That is what happens when you don't have nineties wrestling legend and trainer to the stars, Buddy Showtime, in your corner!

Fans continue to boo.

Showtime: Go ahead and boo all you want, but I'm standing here in this ring while Cool Breeze and some lizard thing are heading t the line where they give out government cheese.

McTarggart: Oh, come on.

Decker: He does kind of have a point.

Showtime: When they told me my opponent was just fired and my match was canceled, I'm gonna be honest. I was relieved!

McTarggart:

Seeing how his opponent's size was massive, I can understand why he was relieved.

Decker: Cool Breeze was strangely large, wasn't he?

Buddy chuckles.

Showtime: No, no, no.. Not relieved to not have to face him. Totally not that.

Buddy uses his free hand to rub his nose with his thumb, breathing in as he does. His eyes widen and his smirk gets larger.

Showtime: I was relieved that I wouldn't have to pull out the ol' one, two, three and give him a Showtime Guaranteed beating!

McTarggart: I'm not sure it would have been as simple as that.

Showtime: So, instead of a match, I'm going to take this time and run down a list of reasons why Buddy Showtime will be the absolute star of the FWF in twenty-twenty and how he will become the voice of the new era!

McTarggart: Oh boy.

As Buddy clears his throat, a fast paced Spanish song begins to play.

McTarggart: What's this?

Buddy looks up toward the stage in shock. The ring announcer surprises him as he enters behind. Buddy begins pleading with him.

Announcer: The following match is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit.

Showtime: I was told I wouldn't have a match!

From the back a very small, very skinny guy in a red singlet with a blue and green lucha mask comes out.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, from

Albuquerque, New Mexico... MISSSMATTCHHH NUMMBEERR

THREEE!!!

Decker: I didn't even know there was a Mismatch number one or two.

McTarggart: It seems we will be seeing Buddy Showtime face the local Mismatch Number Three here tonight, to much discontent it seems.

Mismatch #3 slides into the ring and leaps to the nearby turnbuckle, yelling to the fans. A frustrated Buddy Showtime shoves the microphone into the hands of the referee who just joined them in the ring before heading over and grabbing Mismatch by the back of his attire and ripping him from the turnbuckle. The fans boo.

McTarggart: Buddy Showtime thought he was going to have an easy night.

Decker: Well, I mean, that guy is really small compared to Cool Breeze, or Buddy himself. may still be pretty

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easy.

The referee calls for the bell as Buddy brings forearms down across the back of Mismatch #3.

McTarggart: Buddy Showtime pulling Mismatch number Three to his feet now.

He grabs the arm of Mismatch #3, spinning him around and bringing him into a huge clothesline. No teasing, no playing, just completion.

McTarggart: Not quite the Ol' One,

Two, Three but Buddy Showtime nearly took his head off with that one. Going for the cover now.

Decker: Poor kid never stood a chance.

The referee hits three and calls for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match... BUDDDYYYYY.. SHHOOOWWTTIIMMMEEEE!!!!

McTarggart: Buddy Showtime thought his night was over, but instead forced to make short work of Mismatch Number Three.

Decker: Fed to the wolves I tell ya!

Showtime stands up, looking irritated as he pulls his arm away from the referee and begins to exit the ring as his music plays.

I Story Time With Kentucky Tarzan

The fade-in is not of the arena, or ringside; but a classroom with in a elementary school. The class is sitting at their desks, intently listening to their teacher.

Teacher: Okay, kids, you know what time it is!

Class: It's story time!

Teacher: That's right! And today, we have a very special guest...

An empty chair sits in front of the class, where the teacher normally sits to read to her class. Today, that chair is about to be filled by none other than...

Teacher: FWF's very own Kentucky Tarzan!

With a leather skin vest tied to his torso by a vine, his trademark loincloth and vine sandals, Kentucky Tarzan takes the seat. The teacher steps back, taking a seat at her desk.

Teacher: Now what do we say when we meet someone?

Class: EVERYBODY LIKES DICK!

Teacher: Um...no, that was our guest last week! Kentucky Tarzan has a very good story he would like to read to you.

Tarzan clears his throat, pulling out a non-descript book. He opens it to the first page.

Kentucky Tarzan: Once upon a time, there was a boy. That boy had a very hard life. But he grew up very, very strong. He had to. One time, he had to beat a feral pit bull in the head with a microwave because it wanted the day old donuts he got from behind Krispy Kreme when they threw 'em out.

Some of the children make gross faces and yucky noises. The page in the book is turned.

Kentucky Tarzan: I know, right? Pit bulls got some hard heads, for real. One day, the little boy met some of his family from far away, closer to Lake Erie in a town that didn't have a Livingston Avenue. They made him even stronger, by teaching him a whole lot of things. Now he wouldn't have to spend the night in a port-a-john to stay warm, or share a public transit station bathroom with a guy who melted down some Suboxone strips so he could inject them into the base of his penis.

The teacher, and some of the students, are appalled. However, curiosity with the remaining students allows him to turn to the next page and continue the story.

Kentucky Tarzan: So the boy got a whole bunch of money, and all he had to do was beat people up! And

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there's RULES! I don't have to watch my back for some tweaker to break an empty bottle of Wild Irish Rose over my head! The other guy isn't gonna try to pull my balls off because he wants the last bed at the shelter before they close for the night! You ever been bit in the middle of the night by a raccoon holding a used dope needle? I still can't sleep unless you put me in a chemically induced coma with no less than one liter of 80 proof. One time I tried Xanax, and I woke up in the middle of the night while Guardians Of The Galaxy was playing on TV.

Kentucky Tarzan smiles at the now petrified class. Even the teacher is frozen in horror.

Kentucky Tarzan: You wanna guess what happened, kids?

...

Kentucky Tarzan: That's right! I grabbed my stepmom's gun and I let that thang go POP! So kids, the moral of the story is, don't try to out-crazy the son of a Madman. If you cross me, I'll take a dump right there in the middle of the ring live on TV and I'll rub your face in it. Remember that, because last week, Circle Of Violence crossed me.

Kentucky Tarzan jumps up, slams the book shut, and punts it into the class. A kid in the back gets creamed in the head and falls backwards from his desk, tumbling over.

Kentucky Tarzan: I'M GONNA STEAL A PLASTIC SPOON FROM CATERING,

I'M GONNA BRING IT TO THE RING WITH ME, AND

I'M GONNA BE A NICE GUY! I'M GONNA OFFER IT TO YOU TO EAT MY ASS WITH SO YOU AIN'T GOTTA USE YOUR FINGERS LIKE SOME UNCIVILIZED BEAST! THE END!

A couple of kids cry, some are scared and huddling under their desks, and one even pukes. But the rest of the class...teacher included....slowly stand and begin to applaud.

Kentucky Tarzan: THANK YOU! THANK YOU! MAKE SURE YOU GET YOUR TEACHER SOMETHING NICE FOR CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR! FULL SIZE CANDY BARS! KING SIZE IF YOUR GRADES SUCK!

Kentucky looks back at the teacher, taking a deep breath of relaxation. The class is now talking amongst themselves very excitedly.

Kentucky Tarzan: So, what you doing after school lets out?

Teacher: Well...um,

I didn't have any plans...

With the needed paper and pen easily within reach, Tarzan writes something down quickly and slides it to her.

Kentucky

Tarzan: Here's my Snapchat. Holla at ya boy.

Kentucky turns around, giving up a peace sign and waving at the class.

Teacher: Say bye, kids!

Class: BYE! THANK YOU!

Kentucky Tarzan stops on the way out the door.

Kentucky Tarzan: YOU'RE WELCOME! DON'T TRY TO USE DR PEPPER AS LUBRICANT!

The scene ends. Thank God.

I 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 has a twenty minute time limit...

'Veil of Fire' begins to play.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first, from

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Salisbury, Maryland...

STAAALLKKKEERRR!!!

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

McTarggart: Stalker looking to add another win here tonight to fuel his momentum into the next round of the FWF World Championship tournament which continues right here on Fite.TV next week.

Decker: Have you notices how we have some of the biggest guys on our roster? Really, it's quite odd in this day and age.

McTarggart:

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

Decker: I mean though, it's weird right? I can't be the only one to see this, am I?

Stalker steps over the top rope from the apron.

Decker: Seriously, it's almost like someone in charge of signing contracts thought to themselves "Hey, lets find the most unrealistic looking people in the world.. and hire them."

McTarggart: I think you're overthinking it.

Decker: I don't.

"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.

McTarggart: Daniel Leslie is here and he doesn't care how big Stalker is as he's bringing a Kendo stick to the fight.

Decker: Do i need to be the one to point out this isn't a hardcore match?

McTarggart: That it isn't. As we know, last week Daniel Leslie did put out an open challenge for a hardcore match, but it has yet to be answered.

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

McTarggart: Daniel Leslie attacking Stalker before the bell even sounds, using that weapon to do damage. He slams the stick into the side of Stalker, and then brings it down over his head which sends Stalker to a knee.

Decker: That's one way to tackle this odd size difference. I mean, come on Alan, you have to see this!

Daniel Leslie repeatedly brings the Kendo stick down, across Stalker's head until it snaps. A piece of the weapon flies into the audience as Stalker face plants into the canvas.

McTarggart: Daniel Leslie staying on his opponent as he is now violently kicking the head of Stalker. He drops down, grabbing the head of Stalker, which can be seen now as covered in crimson, and begins to slam him face first into the canvas.

McTarggart: Daniel Leslie is a deranged individual folks.

Decker: He is definitely sending a message.

The referee grabs Daniel Leslie from behind and physically pulls him up and off of Stalker.

McTarggart: The referee now intervening.

Decker: About time.

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After checking on Stalker briefly, the referee points at Leslie and signals that he is gone.

McTarggart: Our official throwing Daniel Leslie out of the ring!

The referee yells at the time booth then returns to check on Stalker. Outside of the ring, the announcer stands up.

Announcer: This match is being called by our official tonight. Daniel Leslie is being removed for unsportsmanlike conduct.. the winner of this match via mandatory forfeiture... STAAALLLKKEERR!!!

A selection of the fans boo.

McTarggart: Stalker will earn a check in the W column, but I can tell you now, the papers will be talking about Daniel Leslie's actions.

Decker: Good call by the ref here Alan.

Daniel Leslie stops from exiting the ring, stepping back in. A smile comes across his face.

McTarggart: Oh no.

The referee leaps up and tries to get between him, but Daniel Leslie pushes him aside, dropping down and starting to punch the head of Stalker.

McTarggart: Come on Daniel! Don't do this!

Decker: He's already doing it Alan.

The fans begin to go crazy and we pan to the top of the stage to see Lunchbox Larry running from the back.

McTarggart: It's Lunchbox Larry! He's here!

Decker: But why? He faces Stalker next week in the second round of this tournament. You'd think he'd like the fact Stalker may not be going in at one hundred percent.

McTarggart: Because he's not that type of guy!

Larry slides into the ring. As he gets to his feet, Daniel Leslie quickly rolls out and to the floor.

McTarggart: Daniel Leslie wanting no part of Lunchbox Larry.

Decker: Think it could be his size?

McTarggart: Michael, you focus on the oddest things.

Decker: I'm saying, all of this is odd Alan!

Lunchbox leans over the top rope, yelling at Daniel Leslie who just shoots a smirk back in his direction as Larry's music begins to play.

McTarggart: Lunchbox Larry coming to the aid of Stalker here tonight, but could we be seeing the makings of something else between him and Daniel Leslie?

Larry heads back over and checks on Stalker as Daniel Leslie makes his way up the ramp. After a few moments, Stalker is helped out of the ring by the referee as Lunchbox Larry heads over and yells out to someone outside of the ring.

I The Box Talks

Lunchbox looks to nod agreeingly and works his way to the center of the ring.

McTaggart: Lunchbox Larry looks to be ready to speak here, and with quite the air of determination if I say so myself!

Decker: Well you did, so

jeez, I hate that phrase. Where

d you learn commentary? Same place this buffoon learned how to work a crowd? Look at the goon! He can't even look up!

The most skilled of lip readers could see him mouthing the words-

Lunchbox: Head down. Eyes straight. Head down. Eyes straight. Head down

Pandemonium: Pandemonium III

Over, and over
that is until-

McTaggart:

AY!

The exclamation caught Larry
s attention, but only for a moment.

Quickly returning his focus to his feet, Lunchbox nods and throws a thumbs up over his lowered head.

Decker: Aw, man.

You
re always ruining the fun, Alan. How great would that have been to see the big oaf just mumble whatever
he's going to say in front of these stupid fans?

McTaggart: It was pure reaction, to be honest.

Just looked up and seeing him being a bit nervous there. But hey, I got a thumbs
up! You ever got a thumbs up?

Decker: I

ll give you a thumbs up

McTaggart: What

s that?

Decker: Huh?

Lunchbox waits, and decides to do his little circle around the ring, raising his arm up like he would if he was
being a normal wrestler. However, he does it still with a head lowered so his chin is practically touching his
chest. He aimlessly finds his way to a corner and reaches out, practically blindly, for a mic.

Decker: He

s not even at the right corner! Sheesh!

Scott Smith audibles, seeing Larry has no clue where he is in the ring, and runs around to his corner on the
opposite corner. Lunchbox, able to get a view of Smith outside the ring as he offers up the mic, shoots him a
quick smile and nod as he grabs it.

Decker: What a joke. This guy shouldn
t be allowed to do anything except wrestle at this point. And I
d even argue that!

McTaggart: Oh, just give him a chance!

Lunchbox, holding the mic with both hands, paces around in a circle. His head is still down.

One lap

Two laps

Decker: I think I

m going to take a bio break. Can you cover this nothing burger of a promo on your own, fanboy?

McTaggart doesn

t answer. His eyes widen, watching Larry take his fourth and fifth circle inside the ring.

Six laps

Security guards appear from behind the curtain and stand at the top of the ramp.

Decker: Yep. This loser

s actually lost it. They

ve brought in the help to get him outta here!

Pandemonium: Pandemonium III

As the guards begin their descent, Larry stops. The crowd falls silent. The guards stop dead in their tracks. No way Larry saw them with this head still glued to the mat beneath him.

Heavy breathing lets us know the mic is working.

Decker: I seriously can

The guards look at each other, shrug, then start walking toward the ring again.

Then-

Lunchbox: Hello

It was as low and stoic as his stance. Murmurs circulate throughout crowd.

Lunchbox: SALT! LAKE! CITY!

The crowd pops. Despite not moving an inch, Larry's energy clearly changes.

McTaggart: He

s alive folks!

Decker: Until he isn

Lunchbox: I wanted to come out here tonight, despite not being booked in a match, to show everyone how much I

ve appreciated their support these past couple weeks. I'm just glad I was here to run that no good Daniel Leslie off!

Another, yet smaller, pop.

Lunchbox: It was a wicked tough start

mighta panicked a couple times here and there

and I know first impressions are the most important. Dad always told me that

It seems like Larry loses himself after the comment about his father. Still head down, motionless, moments pass without a word.

Decker: Yep, told you. This guy

s a nutcase. Get those guards back down here already!

Lunchbox: BUT!

That

s not the only reason I came out here tonight. Fact is, I still haven

t found my lunchbox.

Decker: I can

t even right now!

Decker takes off his headset and walks away, jumping over the barricade and into the crowd.

McTaggart: Well, I-uh

m sure he

ll be right back, folks.

Lunchbox: Now this might seem silly to most. But that thing

s got sentimental value, of sorts.

And I just - well, I need it back. So whoever took

it, or whoever knows who did or saw it somewhere, please

s hands fall. The mic goes with the right one for those who care. His shoulders slump lower and he suddenly falls to his knees.

McTaggart: Not exactly sure what

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s happening here, but - wait
can you hear that?

A pause, and the Lunch put a hand to his hear. And he did hear a sound rising over the rows. It started in low, then it started to grow. But this sound wasn

t sad! It was -

LUNCH-BOX! LUNCH-BOX! LUNCH-BOX!

For the first time, Larry

s head lifts up. He

s looking around in

shock, smiling. The mic raises to his face.

Lunchbox: Wow, you guys

Larry continues to look around, but the amazed expression quickly turns overwhelmed. Scared, even.

Lunchbox: There sure

re a buncha you

His body starts spinning with his thoughts. The mic drops out of his hand. Just as it lands on the mat with a resounding thud, so does Larry. The guards, still at the ready, rush down to the ring to pick him up.

McTaggart:

Well, I think it was better than his last in ring

since

he, you know, technically made it to the ring this time.

Small steps, I guess. Where

s

Decker?

I All In The Family

We go backstage to a small lounge area, with a ginormous television screen showing tonight's episode of Pandemonium. Seated on the couch are Chris and Ricky Schorg... who are the half-brothers of Sara Pettis... who is the wife of The Raging Dead... who is about to make his FWF debut in the main event of the evening. Into the room walks Sara herself with a platter of assorted snacks for her brothers.

Sara: Okay, guys. I've got nachos, hot dogs, pretzels, popcorn. There are sodas in the fridge.

Chris: Thanks, sis. You're the best.

Sara: I know. What I don't know is why you guys couldn't get the food your damn selves.

Ricky: We were too into the show. FWF is geared towards us, the fans. It's in their name. Duh.

Sara: You're also workers. Quit pretending like you didn't come all this way to Salt Lake City JUST to watch wrestling.

Chris: Well...

Ricky: We rubbed some elbows before the show in catering.

Chris: No, you rubbed elbows in catering, while you were in line for food. I was talking to some of the guys about getting a tryout.

Sara: All you had to do was talk to Nathan. He could have put in a good word.

Chris: But then we'd be getting an opportunity because of who we're related to. It worked out for you, but we--

Sara: What do you mean... worked out for me? I rose to the top of this business on my own, not because of who my parents were.

Pandemonium: Pandemonium III

Chris: Sure... sure you did, sis...

Sara: Why you little--

Ricky: Come on, guys.

Chill out. Aside from being a dick, I get what Chris is trying to say.

He's just mad because neither of us has the natural born talent that you do. Which is weird because OUR dad was a top notch talent... and your dad...

Sara: Don't bring that asshole into this. He's got nothing to do with this.

Ricky: Sorry, sis. I'm just trying to say that parentage has nothing to do with anything. You were one of the best in the business despite how much of a piece of shit your dad was.

Sara: And I still could be one of the best. You don't know.

Ricky: Then why don't you try your luck? FWF is a clean slate for everyone. You could really take this place by storm if you wanted.

Sara:

Yeah, I could... and maybe I will. Right

now, what's most important is that I'm around to help Nathan. His mind is not... uhh... it's just not right. He needs me now more than ever.

Chris: Well, if you're going to be hanging around FWF... you might as well get paid for it...

Sara: You're... not... wrong...

Sara goes silent when she looks at the television screen, and sees a graphic advertising

Raging Dead vs. Brandon

Moore, which is about to begin. We head back to the ringside area for more action packed action.

I

Brandon Moore vs. Raging Dead

We

return ringside. by Static-X begins to play.

Announcer: The following contest is your main event and is scheduled for one fall with no time limit!

The fans cheer.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first, from

St. Louis, Missouri...

Brandon Moore steps out from the back.

Announcer: BRANDON... MOOORRREEE!!!

McTarggart: Brandon Moore making his debut here tonight, in the main event none-the-less.

Decker: If you're going to do it, do it like this.

Moore walks up the steps and begins along the edge of the apron.

McTarggart:

A win here in his first match could really put Brandon on the map here in the FWF.

After entering the ring, Brandon heads to a nearby

turnbuckle, climbing to pose to a fan base that knows him by name already and show it.. by booing. As his music is interrupted by "Rage 25/8" by

Z Mann Zilla, Brandon hops back down to the ring and continues to get ready.

Announcer:

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

Pandemonium: Pandemonium III

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 Brandon Moore doesn't look impressed.

McTarggart: Raging Dead making a name for himself in our sport, now here in the FWF.

Decker: So.. is he like.. dead or something?

McTarggart: Raging Dead is a unique specimen both in and outside of the ring.

Decker: Yes. But does he breath?

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

McTarggart: Mind games here early.

Decker: Is it mind games or just a really creepy guy out here making eyes with Brandon Moore?

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

McTarggart: The Raging Dead in the head of Brandon Moore.

Decker: In his face is more like it.

The referee pushes Raging Dead back, informing him he needs to wait for the bell.

McTarggart: The referee needing order here before we can begin.

Decker: He needs something alright, to officiate this match.

Raging Dead holds the ropes as he leans forward in his corner, staring across the ring at Brandon Moore in his. Finally, the referee calls for the bell to start the match.

McTarggart: Here we go!

Raging Dead burst out of his corner and toward Brandon Moore who quickly drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring.

McTarggart: Moore unable to figure out how to address his seemingly undead opponent.

Decker: I mean, come on, he did the best anyone could have when you have a lunatic running after you.

Raging Dead holds the top rope, yelling at Brandon Moore as the referee begins his count.

McTarggart: Raging Dead now exiting the ring himself.

Decker: The chase is on!

Raging Dead chases after Brandon Moore who turns the corner around the ring and quickly slides back in under the bottom rope. Raging Dead follows suit and is met with a series of stomps to the upper back by Brandon Moore.

McTarggart: Brandon Moore trying to capitalize on the situation here early.

Decker:

Smart move if you ask me.

Brandon turns to the fans and gloats as they boo. As he does, Raging Dead rolls over to his back. Turning back around,

Moore goes to stomp again. However, Raging Dead grabs his foot and yanks him down to the canvas before

Pandemonium: Pandemonium III

latching onto his ankle with his teeth.

McTarggart: Raging Dead BITING the ankle of Brandon Moore!

Decker: Do something ref! That can't be sanitary!

McTarggart: Nor legal.

The referee reaches down as he warns Raging Dead, but has to pull his own hand back as Dead bites at him.

McTarggart: Our official almost losing a finger himself there.

Raging Dead pushes his way to his feet as Brandon Moore grabs his ankle in pain.

McTarggart: Raging Dead hanging over the top rope taking in the fan excitement.

Decker: Spreading disease is more like it.

Raging Dead continues to lean on the top rope, growling out to the screaming crowd as Brandon Moore gets to his feet. He winces in pain as he puts his bitten ankle down. Dead turns and sees Moore up, who in turn opens his eyes wide as they lock with Dead's.

McTarggart: Brandon Moore doesn't look excited to see The Raging Dead is still in the ring.

Decker: Would you be?

Raging Dead rushes Moore, leaping up. As he does, his legs wrap around Brandon's waist and his arms around the shoulder's of Brandon. Moore stumbles around with Raging Dead locked onto the front of him, who in turn opens his mouth wide and clamps down on Brandon's neck. Moore lets out a blood curdling scream.

McTarggart: He's locked onto Brandon Moore again!

Decker: I can't watch this.

Brandon falls backward, hitting the canvas hard and screaming even louder as Raging Dead refuses to let go. The referee grabs Dead around the waist, and pulls him back, causing him to bite even harder. Brandon Moore kicks and screams before finding relief in Raging Dead letting go. The referee yanks back once more and Raging Dead releases his hold on Moore, both falling backwards.

McTarggart: The referee saving Brandon Moore there.

Decker: He would have called for the bell already if he was really wanting to save him.

Raging Dead breaks away from the referee and scrambles back toward Brandon Moore, who quickly turns over and crawls with authority to the edge of the ring, rolling out. Raging Dead leaps to his feet, then the second rope, holding onto the top rope with one hand as he stretches his arm out with the other toward Moore.

McTarggart: Brandon Moore is retreating!

Decker: Any logical person would.

Moore runs up the ramp and to the back as The Raging Dead looks on. The referee starts his count.

McTarggart: I don't think he's coming back Michael.

Decker: Why would he? Raging Dead is a maniac!

The referee reaches ten and calls for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match via count out... THE.. RAGING... DEEEAAADDD!!!

"Rage 25/8" starts to play as The Raging Dead leaps back down to the canvas before running to the corner. He crawls up quickly and raises both arms before banging his head to the funky beats of Z Mann Zilla.

McTarggart: Raging Dead with a victory in his FWF debut here. Folks, that may have been the most interesting thing we've seen so far!

Pandemonium: Pandemonium III

Decker: The most disturbing I can tell you that!

McTarggart: If you're in the back watching this, what do you do?

Decker: Get up to date on your shots, first thing.

The camera settles in on Raging Dead celebrating as the copyright comes up before our Fite.TV stream fades to black.

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