

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

January 8, 2020 | FWF Studios - Las Vegas, NV

Pandemonium V

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Pandemonium V

8 Jan 2020

FWF Studios, Las

Vegas, NV (seats 350)

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I Introduction

Fade in from black as the Fite.TV stream begins to play we are welcomed to Pandemonium with the FWF video package 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 McTaggart and Michael Decker.

McTaggart: 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: No new year, new me here! Same old awesome Michael Decker!

McTaggart: The first show of 2020 is upon you here on Fite!

We are coming to you from the new FWF Studios in Las Vegas, Nevada where fans have been lined up for hours to check out the newest promotion to hit the fight capitol.

Decker: Wrestling is an intricate part of Sin City's entertainment.

McTaggart: It sure is and now thanks to the FWF, we are bringing Las Vegas wrestling during the week.

Decker: Man I'm excited about this move.

McTaggart: I'm excited about tonight's show. We have six matches scheduled, including two title defenses as Bobby Dean will defend what apparently is the new official FWF Hardcore championship again Daniel Leslie. Then, in our main event, Stalker gets his chance to face Lunchbox Larry in one-on-one action for the FWF World Championship. All of this and more.

Decker: It's going to be lit tonight!

McTaggart: Lets get the action started.

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I

Lance Mingle vs. Michael Byrd

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

Fans: ONE FALL!

Announcer:

Making his way to the ring first... from Fertile, Iowa... he weighs in tonight at two hundred and eight pounds...

LOVELY LANCE

MINGLE!

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

McTaggart:

So far zero and one here in the FWF, Lance Mingle looks to kick 2020 off with a much needed win.

Decker:

Lets be honest Alan, Both men in this match could use a win tonight.

Lance struts to the

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

Justin Timberlake's begins to play as the camera changes to the top of the stage.

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

by Justin Timberlake continues to play as Michael Byrd steps out.

Announcer: MICHAEL... BYYRRRDDDD!!

McTaggart:

Also at zero and one in singles competition, I believe you're right Michael. A win would help either man.

Decker: You want to move up? You want to challenge for titles? You have to get wins. It's that simple.

Michael slaps the hands of fans down the ramp, as he heads towards the squared circle.

McTaggart: Michael Byrd full of energy tonight as he kicks Pandemonium off against Lance Mingle.

Once in the ring, Michael's music fades and the lights go to normal.

McTaggart: Loads of action on the first show of 2020 scheduled tonight. These two will set the pace as we get ready to begin.

Decker: I mean, it's Lance Mingle and Michael Byrd. Should we really be calling them as the pace setters?

McTaggart:

Everyone in the FWF is here because they have an factor, Michael.

I'm sure these two will deliver.

Decker: If by factor you mean they belong in the sewers, I'll give you that.

The referee checks that both men are ready before calling for the bell to begin the match.

McTaggart: Here we go folks. This one is under way as Michael Byrd and Lance Mingle circle before going into a collar and elbow tie up.

Lance Mingle is able to push Michael Byrd back, pressing forward as Byrd' back hits the ropes. The referee

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runs over and warns Lance before beginning to count. He lets go at four.

McTaggart:

Lance establishing his presence early here.

Lance grins as he takes a step back. The referee ask Michael if he's ready to proceed. As Byrd steps forward, Lance steps backward toward the center of the ring. He motions for Michael to come to him.

McTaggart: Lance Mingle has a cocky way about him, doesn't he?

Decker: Until he does something that impresses me, I'm still holding judgment.

McTaggart: Lance appears to be challenging Michael Byrd to a.. a.. chop off? Yes. Lance Mingle bypassing the usual test of strength for something else.

Decker: I'll never say no to a chop off.

Lance motions for Michael to chop him, giving Byrd the opportunity to go first. As Michael looks out at the fans, they are yelling for him to do it. He looks at Lance and nods before placing a finger on his lips, and motioning for the crowd to quiet down, which they do.

McTaggart: Lance Mingle standing straight as Michael Byrd raises his hand... huge chop to Lance Mingle!

Mingle grabs his chest in pain for a moment.

Decker: That was pretty good, you got to give him that.

McTaggart:

Byrd now preparing himself.

As Lance catches his composure, Michael prepares himself.

McTarrget: Lance Mingle winding back...

Mingle chops Michael Byrd.

Decker: I'll give it a solid four.

Michael just smiles and nods. He motions for Lance to get ready.

McTaggart: Here we go again.

The crowd falls silent as Michael reaches back. he brings down a thunderous chop across the chest of Lance Mingle.

Decker: Whoa baby. Did you here that?

McTaggart: Here it? Just look at Lance Mingle's chest!

Lance's facial expressions show a look of surprise as well as pain. His chest glows red with the hand print of Michael Byrd, who begins to straighten up himself to get ready.

McTaggart: Lance Mingle composing himself. I'll tell you what, this is an interesting ay to start a match.

Decker: I like it!

Lance places his hand on Michael's chest.

McTaggart: Lance Mingle making sure he has the best spot chosen.

He pulls his hand back slowly. However, as he has it about a foot away from

Michael, Lance quickly pops his hand

forward, his thumb going into the eyes of Michael Byrd. The fans instantly boo as the referee begins to yell at Lance.

Decker: GENIUS!

McTaggart: Come on now. They had a gentleman's agreement here.

As Michael Byrd holds his eye in pain, turning from

Lance, Lance slides his arms under

Michael's. He lifts him slightly with a full nelson, but as he comes down, Mingle slides his knee out causing

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Michael's back to connect..

McTaggart: Full Nelson backbreaker there.

Decker: A thing of beauty. I think I like this guy.

Michael Byrd lays across Lance's knee as Mingle just looks across at the booing fans. He then rolls Byrd off and to the canvas, face down before standing up himself.

McTaggart: The fans letting Lance Mingle know just what they think.

Decker: I think he's great!

Michael begins to push up, reaching his left arm out.

As he does, Lance places his left leg over

Michael's left arm, wraps his right arm around Byrd's head and neck, grabbing his hand with his other while he begins to pull back.

McTaggart: Oh wow! Look at that cross face!

Decker: He's got to tap before he gets crippled!

McTaggart: If left on too long, that can do a lot of damage.

Lance Mingle wretches back. Byrd has nothing else to do but begin to tap. The bell sounds.

Announcer: The winner of this match via submission... LANCE... MIINGGGLLLEEE!!!

The fans boo as Lance gets to his feet, the referee holding his arm in victory.

McTaggart: Not a five star match by any means, but tonight Lance Mingle got the job done.

Decker: Not only got it done, but in a dominating fashion. I mean, come on. What was there.. three moves involved total?

McTaggart: The guys in the back have to be watching this right now and studying. Lance Mingle has some tricks up his sleeve.

Decker: He's also got a win!

McTaggart: That he does.

Lance stand sin the corner, both arms up as his music plays with not one care in the world about the boos.

I Make America Wrestle Again - Order the Replay Now!

Narrator: Christmas Day... 2019.. the Fans Wrestling Federation vowed to.. Make America Wrestle Again.

The 'Make America Wrestle Again' logo comes up across the screen.

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MERGEFORMATINET

We see B.R. Ellis in the ring. Next, Kentucky Tarzan is swinging in from the rafters on a vine. This is followed by a few highlights from Jace Wheeler and Raging

Dead, including

Raging Dead biting the forehead of Wheeler.

We switch to seeing Kenneth Williams and Lunchbox Larry. A great shot of Williams hitting the Chronic kick before fading into a shot of a baseball bat hanging on a pole. Shawn Kutter and Michael Byrd face off in the ring. Several transitions of what ended up being a very good wrestling match are shown.

Harry Black and Lance Mingle are the next two to get highlights before we go into Daniel Leslie and Stalker. Next, Santa Claus is seen before transitioning into some hijinks of Santa unveiling as Bobby Dean with the new FWF Hardcore Championship.

To cap it

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off, we get a series of shots from Raging Dead and Lunchbox Larry in the main event for the FWF World Championship.

Narrator: Make America Wrestle Again. Catch the replay NOW! Exclusively on Fite.TV.

We fade.

I

Harry Black vs. Chad Chaos

Paint

it Black

by the Rolling Stones hits the speakers in the FWF arena as the crowd begins to boo. Harry Black enters the area through the curtain and makes his way down to the ring. Harry slides under the bottom rope, and waits on his opponent.

ANNOUNCER: This match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, from

London, England and weighing in at

225 pounds, HARRRRRRRY BLAAAAAACK!

Just as the announcer finishes the introduction of Harry Black,

Leap of Faith

by HELLYEAH begins to play throughout the arena. Chad

Chaos, accompanied by the other members of COV

Lexi Havoc and Blaze Havoc

make their descent to the ring. Chad enters the ring through the bottom rope as the two members of COV take their places outside of the ring.

Announcer: And his opponent, by way of

Kansas City, Missouri. Weighing in at

205 pounds, and a member of

C-O-V, CHAAAAAAAAAAD

CHAAAAAAAAAOSSSS!

The referee calls for the bell, as Harry Black almost instantly turns his attention to the COV members on the outside of the ring, waving his finger at them. Chaos wastes no time, however, and attacks Black by charging in and clubbing him in the back with a stiff forearm, sending Black through the middle rope and to the outside.

Decker: Smart move by Chaos, to get Black on the outside and let his freakazoid cronies attack him.

McTaggart: When you

re right, you

re right Alan.

Decker:

I

m always right, Michael. When are you going to wrap your head around

that?

The referee backs up Chaos, who pulls the referee in tight as the other members of COV put the boots to Black before rolling him back into the ring.

Decker: I like the tactics by COV, but I don

t think that they

re going to stand a chance once Harry Black gets rolling.

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McTaggart: You might be right Alan.

Chaos stomps Harry Black a number of times, before Black gets to his feet. Chaos, however, stays on the offensive and backs

Black into the corner. Chaos lands a few punches before whipping Black into the opposite turnbuckle.

As Chaos charges in, Black rolls underneath the impending clothesline and drop kicks Chaos square in the back of the head. Chaos stumbles out of the corner backward and flops face first into the mat. Black begins to get pumped up as he walks over to Chaos and lifts him to his feet, before throwing him off the ropes.

Black slams Chaos down to the ground with British Hospitality and follows up with a few stiff right hands, before getting back to his feet and dropping an elbow square across Chaos chest. Black makes a cover by hooking a leg and leaning his weight across the shoulders of Chaos.

1

2..

Both members of COV jump up onto the apron!

Kickout!

Chaos barely escapes the pin, but Black is quick to his feet and goes directly after Lexi Havoc, knocking her down to the outside floor. After yelling a few words at Lexi Havoc he turns his attention to Blaze Havoc, who he also knocks off the apron and down to the floor.

Decker:

Black is on a freakin

role, Michael. This one is going to end

soon, and brutally! Get those freaks out of here!

McTaggart: A great idea by Harry Black, to even the odds and rid himself of any worry on the outside of the ring.

Chaos sprints toward black and sticks out his arm for a clothesline, but Black ducks underneath, and takes the back of Chaos before slamming him to the mat with The Black Watch! Black hangs on and bridges for a pinning attempt.

1...

2

Kickout!

McTaggart: Chaos is able to get a shoulder up just in the nick of time!

Decker: What a load of crap, that was an easy three count!

Black stays on the offensive, and goes back on the attack by lifting Chaos to his feet. Black hits a quick one to combination, and again throws Chaos off the ropes. This time, however, Black hits the ropes as well, and when the two meet in the center of the ring Black clobbers Chaos with a flying forearm smash across the forehead.

Decker: The Black Out!

McTaggart: Harry Black must be looking to end this!

Black jumps to his feet, and begins to stalk Chaos who slowly rolls over and gets to his knees.

Decker: Here it comes!

Chaos struggles to one foot as Black closes the distance. Chaos gets to his feet, and Black immediately blasts him with a kick in the gut. Black then hooks in both arms and drives Chaos head first into the mat with a butterfly DDT.

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Decker: The Blacklist!

McTaggart: Harry Black with a devastating move. He makes a cover!

1

3!!!

The referee calls for the bell.

Decker:

I knew it Michael, I called this one from the beginning. Harry Black was just too much for those face painted nut jobs.

McTaggart: Right you were, Alan! But COV is storming the ring!

Lexi and Blaze Havoc have finally come to and they've hit the ring. The three members of COV surround Harry Black, and all three converge on him in the center of the ring.

Decker: They

ve got him surrounded!

McTaggart: But, no! Harry Black throws a few punches and gets out there!

Harry Black retreats away from the ring with his fists in the air celebrating his win.

I Gimmicks Are for Assholes

Shawn Kutter is shown backstage. Like the last time we saw him, he's carrying his baseball bat, and tapping it in rhythm on the cement floor of the locker room. He paces back and forth in front of the camera, before stopping in the middle of the view.

Kutter: Here we go again. Shawn Kutter has found himself in the most crucial of situations in the FWF, and it's only my second match! I do feel, however, that I've drawn a pretty short straw this time around. The match with Michael Byrd was an absolute cake-walk, but this time

ve got to go up against two different competitors.

And not only do I have to go against two different men, I have to go against two men of the same family. I mean, what kind of crap is that? Who in the FWF did I piss off?

Kutter: Maybe it

s because I hate Las Vegas, and the powers that be know this.

But, I have to tell ya

this place is starting to grow on

me, even if it

s just a tiny bit. And I

ll tell ya

the second I get the victory over these two Szalinski wanna-be, sons of bitches, I might just hit the town, grab me a whiskey, and find myself a broad for the night! It can't be that hard in good ol

Sin City, can it?!

Kutter: Oh, but what about the bat? You may ask.

Kutter takes the bat and brakes it right over his right knee.

Kutter: Gimmicks are for assholes, and Shawn Kutter

s no asshole. Kentucky Tarzan and The Raging Dead are not worthy to be beaten with a bat, this one

ll just go ahead and win

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straight up.

I When Larry Met Bobby

We move backstage to Lunchbox Larry standing in front of some monitors watching the ongoing show. The World title hangs loosely over his shoulder broad shoulder. His namesake lunch box is tucked snugly under his opposite arm. An unexpected, but remotely familiar voice addresses Larry from outside our view.

Voice: Why, hello there. Fancy meeting you here.

The suave, baritone voice calls out in greeting, causing

Larry to jump a little in surprise. He looks over his shoulder as fellow champion,

Bobby

Dean, saddles up with a rather suggestive smile on his cherubic face. Larry looks on, with a pained, awkward expression crawling across his face. Bobby, grinning ear to ear, can't seem to take his eyes off the square box that is secured in the champion's armpit.

Larry: Uhm, hello?

Dean:

I don't

think we

ve had the pleasure of meeting, I

Bobby Dean. You must be the Lunchbox eeeeevery one

s been talking

about, right?

Bobby extends his hand, but not to be shaken. No, it

s more like how a woman in the 40

s might extend her hand for a gentleman caller to kiss. Larry, rather sheepishly reaches out and shakes Bobby

s hand by the pinky.

Dean: So, do tell, my young friend.

The awkward on Larry is growing.

Larry:

t-tell? what?

Bobby Dean: Why, whatever else? What heavenly food have you got tucked away in that glorious like snack contraption of yours?

Larry pulls said lunchbox out from under his arm and grasps it with both hands. Hugging it securely to his chest he turns his body slightly away from the large man. He

s heard too many rumors about Mr. Dean

s insatiable appetite.

Larry: Nothing!

Lunchbox attempts to gather himself after the knee jerk response.

Larry: Nothing is in here.

Dean: Oh, but that

s not what I heeeeeard. I heard you

ve got some delicious sweets hidden away for your Uncle Bobby, in your little box there.

The Champ looks over Bobby

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s shoulder, and begins to point excitedly.

Larry: Oh my gosh! Danielle Leslie! And she

s naked!

Might be the strongest sign of intelligence from Lunchbox we
ve seen.

Bobby immediately turns, so quick that it takes a full 20 seconds for the vast majority of his stomach to catch
up. Picture waves in the ocean.

His eyes are alight with excitement as he searches for the naked woman that he will be facing later in the
show. But instead it

s a man dressed in wrestling gear with his hand outstretched.

Leslie:

Hey man, I just wanted to say good luck in our match tonight.

Dean: Yeah, uhm, good luck in your match tonight, too

He mutters under his breath.

Bobby Dean: Whoever you are...

Bobby slowly turns back around to Larry only to find the young rascal has dipped off, nowhere to be
seen. Bobby growls in frustration, but comes to find out, it was actually his stomach growling with a mixture of
hunger, despair, and longing as the fantasy of Larry
s lunchbox.

I

Kentucky Tarzan vs. Raging Dead

vs. Shawn Kutter

McTaggart: It's time for what will surely be one heck of a triple threat match. Newcomer Shawn Kutter goes
up against Raging Dead and Kentucky Tarzan.

Decker: Even though he's a newcomer to FWF

he's had a lifetime of fighting. Real fighting. Not this fake--

McTaggart: Watch it. The suits are looking for any reason to fire you.

Decker: I'd love to see them try.

McTaggart: Oh, look at the ring, Alan. Raging Dead is already standing in the ring.

Decker: Did we miss his entrance?

McTaggart: I don't think he had one. He just
appeared.

Decker: That's stupid.

"Through the Safety and the Dance" starts up as the majority of fans at FWF Studios start to dance
safely, of course. The camera is focused on the stage, so we completely miss Kentucky Tarzan entering via
crowd sure. The fans guide him to the barricade and place him on the other side. He thanks them kindly and
then hope to the ring apron, then slings himself over the top rope.

Decker: Where the hell is Scott Smith? He should be out here doing his job.

Tarzan goes to high five Dead, who grabs his hand and bites it. Tarzan kicks him away and backs up,
holding his hand in pain. The mood in the building changes drastically as "I Will Be Heard" by Hatebreed
starts to play.

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"Now is the time for me to rise to my feet

Wipe your spit from my face

Wipe these tears from my eyes"

The big, bad Shawn Kutter walks out from backstage without any pomp and circumstance. The fans in Las Vegas boo this man.

Decker: Why are they booing him? He's a good guy!

McTaggart: He is?!

Decker: That's what my notebook says. What else have I been wrong about? Is Finkle REALLY Einhorn?!

Kutter ignores the marks and confidently walks down the ramp. He looks up at the the ring to see his two opponents, he scoffs

and then walks up the steps, entering between the ropes. The music dies down and Shawn Kutter turns around to see Dead and Tarzan now standing side by side. They talk among themselves, then Tarzan approaches and offers a high five to Kutter. He looks to the people, then back to Tarzan. He nods his head and high fives him

but holds onto Tarzan

s hand and squeezes. Tarzan drops to his knees, screaming out in pain.

McTaggart: Kentucky Tarzan looks like he

s about to tap!

Decker: Has the match event started?

McTaggart: Maybe?

The referee calls for the opening bell as Kentucky Tarzan is now lying on his stomach in the middle of the ring, debating whether or not to tap out. Raging Dead finally comes to his senses and lunges forward, gouging both of Kutter

s eyes, forcing him to release the grip on Tarzan, thus saving the match. The referee scolds Dead, who ignores the warning and hits the ropes. He clotheslines Kutter

but has little to no effect. He hits the ropes again

and hits a similarly ineffective clothesline. Dead grabs Kutter

s right arm and hits a serious of short arm clotheslines, until both of them grow weak. Dead backs away just in time as Tarzan connects with a perfect dropkick to the big man

s noggin. He rolls to the outside of the ring and gets to his feet, as Tarzan stomps in the ring. He hits the ropes, looking to take flight outside of the ring

but he takeoff is abrupt by a clothesline from Dead. Dead goes for a quick pin and only gets a one count.

Decker: Here comes Kutter!

Kutter climbs back into the ring and goes straight for Dead, who starts laying in lefts and rights

and Kutter seems to be absorbing the punches, as if they are powering him. The punches slow down as Dead realizes he

s making a grave mistake. Dead ducks a clothesline from Kutter, then kicks the back of his knee, staggering the big man. Dead kicks the back of Kutter

s other knee, and now he

s chopped down the powerful oak. Tarzan is back to his feet, and sees the opportunity to capitalize, hits Kutter with a leg lariat. He goes for a quick pin and only gets a one count.

McTaggart: Raging Dead attempted to break up the pin, but Kutter had already kicked out

Dead and Tarzan are arguing, pushing each other back and forth. They start throwing wild punches, with

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Tarzan getting the advantage. Dead ducks a clothesline from Tarzan, and turns around quickly, clubbing the back of Tarzan

s neck. He then delivers a reverse DDT!

McTaggart: Reverse DDT from Raging Dead! Could this be it?!

He covers him.

McTaggart: One

NO! Kutter isn

t letting it end that way!

Indeed, Kutter pulls Dead off of

Tarzan, pulling him off the mat with one hand and tosses him into the ropes. Dead comes back and nearly has his head taken off by Kutter

s big boot. Dead hits the mat and rolls to the outside, as Kutter focuses his attention on Tarzan. He drags Tarzan to the nearest corner, propping him up with his arms over the top rope. Kutter unleashes devastating blows to Tarzan

s midsection before looking back to see Dead back up on the apron. Kutter pulls Tarzan out and scoops him up, holding him across his chest. He then runs over to the ropes and hits Dead off the apron with Tarzan, then dumps Tarzan over the top rope, both men crashing to the floor below.

McTaggart: Impressive strength from Shawn Kutter

Decker: Impressive? You ain

t seen nothin

yet, Michael! Shawn Kutter can flip over a

69 VW Bus with one hand

before he

s even had breakfast!

McTaggart: Have you actually seen him do it?

Decker: No

but NotDickFury2010 on Reddit said it totally happened

Kutter is now the last man standing and he lets out a mighty roar like King Kong atop the Empire State Building. The referee who would come in last place in a Trapson Lookalike Contest starts to count both men out, but Kutter gets mad at the ref.

Shawn Kutter: I

m going to win by beating them like a man, not by some sissy countout.

Kutter leaves the ring as both opponents are struggling to their feet. He wraps his meaty arms around both of them and rams them into the edge of the ring, then rolls Tarzan underneath the bottom rope. Kutter gorilla presses Dead and chucks him over the top rope.

Shawn Kutter: It's over. This shit belongs to me.

McTaggart: Language, pal! This is a family show!

Decker: Is it though?

Kutter gets back in the ring and he scoops up Dead, then plants him with

McTaggart: KUTLASS SUPREME!

Kutter is back up and turns into a flying lariat from Tarzan. Kutter takes the bump and then makes his way to the corner. When he turns around and steps out, he is met with a sawed off shotgun dropkick from Tarzan.

Decker: Kutter nailed his head on the turnbuckle pad pretty hard

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and landed right on his ass. You know what's coming

Tarzan hits a running cannonball senton to Kutter in the corner.

McTaggart: DOWN THE HOLLER!

As Tarzan gets back to his feet, he steps back.

Behind him, Raging Dead begins to push up from his hands and knees.

McTaggart: That drop kick not enough to keep Raging Dead down it seems.

Decker: Too bad.

Shawn Kutter throws his arms up, grabbing the middle ropes, using them to pull himself up.

McTaggart: Kentucky Tarzan is right in the middle of two men who aren't very happy with him wright now.

Kentucky turns and sees Raging Dead behind him. He turns back to see Shawn Kutter, both men inching toward him.

McTaggart: Nowhere to go for Kentucky Tarzan.

Decker: He could always try going back to the zoo.

McTaggart: Kentucky trying to reason with them now.

Shawn Kutter brings a boot up into the stomach of Kentucky Tarzan, causing him to lean over. He quickly grabs Tarzan, placing his head between his legs. Raging Dead can be seen egging Kutter on.

McTaggart: Raging Dead telling Kutter to take Kentucky Tarzan out.

Shawn lifts Kentucky Tarzan up as Raging Dead runs past them both and leaps to the second rope. He quickly climbs to the top and turns around as Shawn steps to the side. Raging Dead leaps from the top as Shawn Kutter lifts Kentucky a little higher. Dead leaps from the top rope catching Kentucky Tarzan with a body block as Kutter sit out powerbombs him.

McTaggart: DOUBLE TEAM MANEUVER!

Shanw Kutter holds Kentucky Tarzan's legs up as Raging Dead covers his chest. The referee slides into position but before counting looks at both men in shock. He then uses both hands to slam the canvas three times and the bell begins to sound.

McTaggart: What just happened?

Decker: I've got no clue!

After a brief conference the announcer begins to speak.

Announcer: I have been informed by the referee that the winners of this match..

McTaggart: Winners? Both men got the pin!

Decker: Is that even a thing?

McTaggart: Sure looks like it.

Announcer: SHAAWN KUTTER ANNND THHEE RRAGGING DEEEEADD!!

Dead rolls over and gets up as Kutter pushes Kentucky's legs over and gets up himself. Both men unable to comprehend what they just heard.

McTaggart: Both Shawn Kutter and Raging Dead get the win here tonight over Kentucky Tarzan in what will go down as maybe the most controversial decision so far in the FWF.

Decker: I don't know, it's pretty controversial counting guys in a triple threat out. But hey!

We hire talented wrestlers, I guess we can shortchange skill with the zebras

huh?

The referee holds the hand sup of both Raging Dead and Shawn Kutter. Kutter yanks his away and Raging Dead's is let go. The two turn to each other and we get an intense stare down in the middle of the ring.

McTaggart: I think this one is long from over with these two.

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I Marked for Execution

We head backstage where Melissa Diaz is standing with Daniel Leslie.

Diaz: I'm here with Daniel Leslie who has a Hardcore Championship match against Bobby Dean later tonight.

Daniel, what are your thoughts going into this match?

Daniel just snarls before answering.

Leslie: What are my thoughts? What are my thoughts Melissa?

He moves in closer to her, getting louder as he replies.

Leslie: My thoughts are that Bobby Dean had no damn business coming out at Make America Wrestle Again.

My thoughts are that if you were going to introduce a Hardcore Championship, you don't do it by having some damn idiot in a Santa suit come out and disrupt a match unannounced. You just don't!

Melissa takes a step back.

Leslie: The fact of the matter is this... if you want to just say 'Look! We have a hardcore championship' you do it with someone who lives and breaths hardcore. You do it with someone who's sole purpose is to absolutely destroy whoever he steps in the ring with.

He turns to Melissa.

Leslie: You give it to Daniel 'The Executioner' Leslie.

Daniel turns back to face the camera.

Leslie: Fun and games are over Bobby. Tonight you are marked...

He takes a small moment before finishing.

Leslie: ... for execution. You WILL know who I am!

Melissa Diaz's eyes grow large at the tag line and we fade from their area.

I

Jace Wheeler vs. Blaze Havoc

Announcer: The following match is scheduled for one fall!

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

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

Jace Wheeler steps out from the back.

Announcer: JAAAACCEEE WHHEEEELLLLLLEEERRR!!!

Jace begins down the ramp.

McTaggart: Jace Wheeler unsuccessful at Make America Wrestle Again, but looking to jumpstart 2020 tonight as he takes on Blaze Havoc.

Decker: Yea, but we know that Havoc wont come alone.

by Motionless In White begins to play.

Announcer: His opponent, being accompanied by Lexi Havoc and Chad Chaos...

The fans begin to boo.

Announcer: Representing CoV.... BLAAZZEEE... HAAVVVOOOOCCCC!!!!

The three members of CoV step out onto the stage. Lead by Blaze, they begin down the ramp.

McTaggart: The second match of the night for CoV. These three individuals have led a path of destruction since entering the FWF.

Decker: Yea, but you gotta win matches too you know?

McTaggart: Blaze Havoc looking to do just that here tonight against Jace Wheeler.

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

As they reach the ring, the three CoV members talk among themselves before Blaze heads up the steps and across the edge of the ring. He enters in through the ropes as Jace Wheeler watches from the other site.

McTaggart: A lot of tension from these two as both really need a victory tonight to set their year in motion.

Decker: I think what we need to look at here is the two drastically different styles.

McTaggart:

Very true. While Jace Wheeler is more rounded out in his wrestling style, Blaze Havoc is known for his death matches and more of a hardcore type of style.

Decker: Where's Bobby Dean? We have a Hardcore title now. Lets get some hardcore matches going!

McTaggart: That title will be on the line later tonight. However, the bell has sounded for this one to get underway.

As soon as the bell is heard Blaze rushes towards Wheeler and attempts to catch the New Yorker off guard with a splash in the corner, but Wheeler is able to avoid it which causes Havoc to stun himself for a brief moment as he hits the top turnbuckle allowing Wheeler to grab him from behind with a roll up.

McTaggart: Pin out of the gate.

Decker: That's one way to do it.

Blaze Havoc is able to kick out at the last second.

McTaggart: The match almost ended right there.

Decker: But almost doesn't cut it.

As Blaze quickly scrambles to his feet he sees a smiling Jace Wheeler who points to his head indicating his smarter than him.

McTaggart: Wheeler showing he's a step ahead of Blaze Havoc.

Decker: Yeah, well, he should be mindful that Blaze has help out there with him.

McTaggart: Lexi Havoc and Chad Chaos watching from outside of the ring.

Blaze rushes towards Wheeler and pushes him into the corner and begins to unload rights and lefts to his body.

McTaggart: Wheeler needs to get out of there quick.

Decker: Wish I had some popcorn.

The referee is to a count of four before Blaze Havoc stops his attack momentarily before continuing the assault. Wheeler does his best to cover up, but the onslaught of each punch causes him to wince in pain with each body blow. Wheeler gets a moment to breath as Blaze takes a break from his attack so he's not disqualified and that's all it takes for Jace to recover as he quickly grabs Blaze Havoc by his gear and drive him face first into the middle turnbuckle.

McTaggart: Wheeler fighting back.

As Wheeler begins to clear the cobwebs he waits for Blaze to come out of the corner and as he does he rushes towards him looking to send his head into the upper deck of the venue with a massive clothesline, but Havoc saw it coming.

McTaggart: Havoc ducks under the clothesline.

Decker: Too slow.

As Wheeler quickly turns around he is grabbed by a waiting Havoc that lifts him high into the air.

Decker:

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

The end is near.

As Blaze looks to throw Jace across the ring, Wheeler shows he still has some fight left in him as he wiggles free and lands behind him and delivers a Scorpion Death Drop.

McTaggart: Wheeler with a nice counter.

Wheeler remains on top of Havoc as the ref checks the shoulders before counting.

McTaggart: Jace win the pin.

Havoc was able to get the shoulder up but Jace anticipated this as he cinches in a dragon sleeper.

Decker: DQ! DQ! That

s an illegal choke!

The official asks if Havoc wants to quit he is too busy kneeing Wheeler in the face to answer.

McTaggart: How much more shots can Wheeler take?

Decker:

Hopefully until a tooth flies out.

As the final knee breaks the submission and Wheeler holds his face in pain, Blaze gets to his feet and rushes at Wheeler but he is aware of his surroundings and delivers a terrifying spinebuster before he jumps to his feet and pumps his arms while letting out a primal scream.

McTaggart: Wheeler with a beautiful spinebuster!

Lexi Havoc and Chad Chaos rush the ring and begin attacking Jace Wheeler. The referee yells to ring the bell as the fans boo loudly.

McTaggart: Oh come on now! This is uncalled for.

The bell continues to ring.

McTaggart: Jace Wheeler fighting back now. Elbow shot to the face of Chad Chaos.

Chad stumbles back. Lexi charges Jace, who bends down and lifts her up and over the top rope, crashing to the floor outside.

McTaggart: CoV playing the numbers game, but Jace Wheeler holding his own.

Decker: He's doing the smart thing now and getting out of there.

Jace slides out of the ring as his music begins to play.

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification.. JACE... WHEEEELLLEERR!!

McTaggart: Not the way Jace would have liked to win this tonight.

Decker: Yea, but a win is a win.

McTaggart: This is true.

Chad Chaos and Blaze Havoc have exited the ring and are checking on Lexi Havoc as Jace backs up the ramp and toward the entrance. He raises one arm in the s k y b e f o r e m o v i n g t o t h e b a c k .

HYPERLINK"<https://wrestleuta.com/results/13>"
l"section-127"

L e t H I M I n

A d a r k a n d d u s t y v i e w o f t h e s a n d y g r o u n d . A f e w f l a s h e s a s t h e d r u m s b e g i n .

k&T h e a n t s a r e i n t h e s u g a r k&k&T h e m u s c l e s a t r o p h i e d k&

A s ' M a n T h a t Y o u F e a r ' b y M a r i l y n M a n s o n b e g i n s w e s e e a s e t o f b o o t s s t e p p i n g t h r o u g h t h e s a n d .

k&W e ' r e o n t h e o t h e r s i d e , t h e s c r e e n i s u s a n d w e ' r e T V . . . k&

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

Now the end of a plank being dragged across the sand, behind the feet.
k&k& Spread me open. k&k& Sticking to my pointy ribs k&k& Are all your infants in a
bortion cribs k&
A quick flash shows that the plank is indeed the bottom of a crucifix as we see a
tall figure dragging it in the distance, two others on each side of him.
k&k& I was born into this k&k& Everything turns to shit k&k& The boy that you loved
is the man that you fear k&
A quick flash of darkness. We can't make it out, but there is some deformed fa
ce that is within the darkness.
k&k& Pray until your number, k&k& Asleep from all your pain, k&k& Your apple has
been rotting k&k& Tomorrow's turned up dead k&
A head is seen doing a blurry right to left, then left to right motion set to a back
ground scream.
k&k& I have it all and I have no choice but to k&k& I'll make everyone pay and you wi
ll seek k&
Back to the boots stepping through the sand. The crucifix still being pulled t
hrough the sand.
k&k& You can kill yourself now k&k& Because you're dead in my mind k&k& The boy
that you loved is the monster you fear k&
The music fades into just an instrumental as the screen fades to black, sans a
few words flickering.
THE TRUTH SHALL SET YOU FREE
I

Daniel Leslie vs. Bobby Dean

We

return to the sight of, the larger than life, Daniel Leslie already standing in a corner of the ring. He
s cracking his neck, rolling his shoulders, rubbing down the ropes
you know, the tough guy intimidation stuff.

McTaggart: Looks like The Executioner is ready for his big shot at the Hardcore title!

Decker: Oh let

s just get on with this. Such a shame how MAWA went down. If anyone deserved to just be handed the
Hardcore title, it was that scary son of a B in the ring. He was the first and only guy talking about hardcore
matches the whole time!

McTaggart: Isn

t that kinda

he was talking about? Maybe he

d been in one too many hardcore matches.

Suddenly the arena goes pitch black.

A loud, yet soft voice breaks the dead silence the darkness brought over the arena.

Your butt is wide, well mine is too.

Bright white lights blind the entrance at the top of the ramp.

Just watch your mouth or I

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

He sits on you.

Emerging from the light with both arms in the air, Hardcore Title draped over his right shoulder, is none other than Beautiful Bobby Dean. He

is donning what looks to be one of his old robes, the sparkling blue with white trim. He slowly rotates while continuing his journey to the ring so no one in the small arena misses the opportunity to see his pretty face. by Weird Al finally fades out as Bobby reaches the steps up to the ring.

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

Dean finally makes it to the top of the steps.

Decker: Is he sweating from his entrance?!

McTaggart: I- uh
could be oil?

Decker: He
is dripping....

McTaggart: Maybe it
is the robe, he

is about to take that off anywa- OH MY!

After handing the ref his belt, Bobby disrobed.

Underneath, well there

is the one piece we all expected: his wrestling shorts.

However, the black leather belt

with handcuffs, a rolled up leather whip, and what looks like a weird, black feather duster hanging off it well, I

am not sure many of us expected those.

Dan Leslie definitely didn't.

Neither did the announcer, who apparently forgot where she was staring at the sight before her.

Bobby winks at her, immediately snapping her out of the trance with a grimace.

Announcer: And it will be for the FWF Hardcore Championship!

She shakes her head, still fighting some lingering mental images.

Announcer: The challenge-

She gets distracted once again, but this time by Daniel Leslie waving his arms frantically, pleading his case to the ref.

McTaggart: I can

not hear everything being said in there, but I think it

is safe to say Dan Leslie wasn't

prepared for this type of

match. I think he

is yelling Pineapples, over and over.

Decker: Are you enjoying this, Alan? Did I say this guy was a disgrace? Because I can

not believe what I

am seeing right now!

McTaggart: I mean, there are no rules, Michael. Maybe you need to be open minded to different approaches.

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

The ref eventually calms Leslie down and gets him to return to his corner.

The announcer, exhibiting a bit of frustration, clears her throat before picking up where she left off.

Announcer: The challenger, from

Cleethorpes, England.. he is.. DANIEL... THE EXECUTIONER...

LEESSLLIIIEEE!!!!

The crowd boos.

Decker: What a bunch of animals! Disgusting.

McTaggart: Maybe they still remember Leslie

s cheapshot antics

Announcer:

And the Champion

from Houston, Texas

BOBBYYYYYYYYY...

DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAN!!!

Dean gets a mixed reaction from the crowd.

The ref moves to the center of the ring and lifts the Hardcore Title up over his head.

His precious brings Leslie back into focus on his task at hand.

The ref takes the belt to the ropes and hands it off outside the ring.

Anticipating the bell ring, Dan Leslie takes a step toward Bobby Dean.

Dean, doing the same, reaches down into his shorts.

Decker: What

s this freak doing now?

Dan stops dead in his tracks.

Dean smiles.

McTaggart: Another curveball by Bobby Dean here

has this match even started yet?

Dean quickly whips his hand out of his shorts, grasped within his fist

McTaggart: Is

is that

is that a gimp mask?

Decker: How would I know?! I

m not a freak like Bobby Dean and apparently, YOU!

Bobby, without giving a second thought to the sweating that occurred during his entrance, brings the mask straight up to his dome and begins to put it on.

Leslie: NOOOOOOOOOPE! DONE! DONE!

Daniel Leslie shouts the words so loud he could be heard without a mic.

McTaggart: The Executioner appears to be hitting the kill switch on this match.

Decker: First, don

t.

Second, I don

t blame

him! This is just

McTaggart: A disgrace?

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

Decker: YES!

Daniel Leslie waves his arms around violently and shakes his head while continuing to berate the ref for not taking action against Bobby Dean. You can see Bobby mouth the word and the ref shrugs as if he regrettably agrees. Leslie throws his hands toward the two of them and turns around, sliding down and out of the ring. Bobby drops and rolls out himself.

Dean, however, doesn't follow

Daniel toward the ramp. Instead, Bobby reaches under the ring apron and pulls out a jar of vaseline. Dan Leslie yells from the ramp, but the words aren't clear.

McTaggart: I

I think Dan Leslie is yelling about quitting.

Bobby holds his arms out to his side, as if asking Daniel what's wrong. Leslie throws his arms one last time, then turns and leaves in a brisk pace.

Decker: Should Bobby Dean be going after his opponent? There's no count outs in hardcore matches. This could technically go forever if that fat idiot doesn't take action!

McTaggart:

Actually, Michael the bell never rang. The match never technically started so still champ!

Inside the ring, the ref receives the Hardcore Title and presents it back to Bobby Dean. The overweight dominatrix takes it and raises it up in celebration.

McTaggart: He looks as proud of himself as if he actually fought to defend it tonight!

Decker: Dick Fury better do something about this! He shouldn't be allowed in the locker room. The perv!

McTaggart:

Diversity and inclusion, Michael. It didn't die with 2019.

Decker: Maybe that fool in the ring should have!

McTaggart: Harsh! That

is a title holder you're talking about! Not to mention, a person!

Decker: He just ruined a match that these fans came to see AND he just quite possibly ended a promising career.

Announcer: Um

or not

I don

I honestly have no clue what just happened but still your Hardcore Champion

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

DEEEEEEEEEEEAN!!!

I Raging Dead Speaks

A highlight video plays, recapping Lunchbox Larry's successful run through the FWF World Championship Tournament, ending at Make America Wrestle Again. As the video ends, we see backstage correspondent Melissa Diaz is standing by with The Raging Dead, still beaten and bruised from the hellacious triple threat match from earlier tonight.

Diaz:

Thank you for joining me, Raging Dead. First off, how are you feeling? That match earlier tonight was nothing less than brutal.

Raging Dead: I feel like death.

Diaz: You've stated before that win, lose or draw

you would not rest until you've accomplished your goal here in FWF. What would that goal be?

Dead: I want to put Lunchbox Larry down.

Diaz: Your goal is to defeat Lunchbox Larry for the FWF World Championship?

Raging Dead: A week ago, yes

that's where I was at. Tonight's match reminded me that I'm not a kid anymore and that I might not be able to sustain a run as the top guy here in FWF.

Diaz: If given the opportunity to fight for the title, would you take it?

Raging Dead:

That's a stupid question. Of course I would take it. Whatever gets me within arms reach of Lunchbox Larry is fine with me. And if Stalker beats that silly ogre for the belt tonight that makes things easier for me. In defeat, Larry will lose focus and be more vulnerable prey for me. Even if he remains champion

I'm still coming for him. That much is not clear. I will not rest until I put down.

Diaz: Do you intend on interfering in his title defense, coming up next, live on Pandemonium 5?

Raging Dead: If I was

I wouldn't be stupid enough to tell you about it...

Raging Dead walks off set, and we return to the announcers at ringside.

Decker: One way or another

Raging Dead is coming for Lunchbox Larry. Maybe not today maybe not tomorrow

but one day

McTarrget:

Solid journalism, Rick Blaine. You just repeated what we all just heard thirty seconds ago.

Decker: I'm just trying to catch our viewers up to speed.

McTaggart: Are you calling them stupid? How dare you!

I

Lunchbox Larry vs. Stalker

"Old Town Maine" by Lucas Deely begins to play.

McTaggart: It's time for our main event!

Decker: I can't roll my eyes enough. I'm tired of these two.

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

McTaggart: Your personal opinion aside, the FWF Champion is making his way out here now.

Decker: What kind of champion comes out first?

McTaggart: A fighting one.

Decker: In this case, a weird one.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and ninety-seven pounds..

Lunchbox Larry steps out from behind the curtain, laser focused on the ring as soon as it's in sight. He raises up a fist and runs down the ramp, his title in his other hand being carried behind him.

Announcer: LUNCHBOX.... LAAAARRRYYY!!!!

Larry brings down the arm as he nears the ring and jump slides in. The big man performs a quick push-up and pops up onto his feet. He runs to the nearest corner, jumps up the turnbuckle, and raises a fist to the crowd before raising the title up in his other hand, letting it hang down. It should be noted, this whole time he has yet to actually look at that crowd.

Decker: What a weirdo.

He jumps down, runs to the opposite corner, jumps up on the turnbuckle, and raises his fist and title again. Head still lowered.

McTaggart: Lunchbox Larry may be a bit eccentric, but the fans are behind the champion.

The fans, understanding his weird, cheer him on regardless.

Decker: I guess someone has to be.

His music fades out

Announcer: His opponent.. the challenger...

'Veil of Fire' begins to play.

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

STAAALLKKKEERRR!!!

Stalker's music continues.

McTaggart: Stalker getting a one on one match for the title tonight is the result of a hard fought road that has led to this point.

Decker: If he ever gets out here.

McTaggart: No sign of the challenger for this main event.

Lunchbox Larry stand sin the corner, looking up toward the entrance with a confused look on his face.

McTaggart: Folks, there is no sign of Stalker.

Decker: He can't be scared of this buffoon can he?

A voice cuts through the venue.

Voice: There is no way I am going to stay back here, when I came to Vegas for a fight!

B.R. Ellis steps out from the back.

Ellis: Kenneth Williams had some....

He uses his fingers to make quotes.

Ellis: Personal problems...

He shakes his head in disapproval.

Ellis: ... and isn't here tonight. I think it's more along the lines he didn't want to get embarrassed.

B.R. steps toward the ring.

Ellis: The way I see it... I don't have a dance partner here tonight... you don't have a dance partner.. and well, that ring there sure could use some dancin'.

Pandemonium: Pandemonium V

Decker: B.R. Ellis has never really been good on the mic has he?

McTaggart: I think it's more suspicious that his opponent for tonight isn't here and all of a sudden, neither is Lunchbox Larry's.

Ellis begins up the steps.

Ellis: So whudya say champ...

He enters through the ropes.

Ellis: You and me, right now.. title on the line?

Lunchbox looks at Ellis then at his title then at Ellis again.

Ellis: Come on.. We goin' do this or what? Huh?!

As Ellis grows more aggressive, lunchbox seems more guarded.

Ellis: Come on chump.. I mean champ! Put the title on the line!

He gets right in Lunchbox's face.

Ellis: FIGHT ME!

McTaggart: B.R. Ellis not getting the usual reaction he does from the fans here tonight.

Decker: Listen to them boo! I love it! Hell, I'm starting to love the new B.R. I see!

The lights shut off.

McTaggart: What's this?!

As they come back on, Lunchbox Larry is face down and being stomped by Both B.R. Ellis and Stalker. The fans are booing heavily.

McTaggart: My God! It was all a ploy!

Decker: I LOVE IT!

Stalker pulls Larry to his feet and holds him as B.R grabs the FWF World Championship. Ellis looks at the belt before rushing forward and slamming it into the champion's face as Stalker lets him go. Lunchbox Larry hits the canvas with a thud. B.R quickly grabs the microphone he had at one point dropped.

Ellis:

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