

Pandemonium: Pandemonium II

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Pandemonium II

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Pandemonium II

24 Nov 2019

Anaheim Convention Center,
Anaheim, California (seats 9,100)

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I Introduction

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.. Michael Dexter.

Decker: What a big show we have tonight Alan.

McTarggart: Our FWF World Championship tournament continues!

But first, Melissa Diaz is standing by backstage with one of tonight's participants.

I Backstage... interview?

The scene opens backstage to FWF

s beautiful backstage correspondent, Melissa Diaz. She

s standing in the interview

room, alone, seemingly a mix of confused and concerned. After seconds of staring at the door, she turns toward the camera and shrugs.

Diaz: I guess we should see if he

s in the locker room? Maybe he

s still getting ready for his match?

The camera moves up and down, whoever

s holding it clearly agreeing.

Melissa, putting in effort to keep her eyes from rolling, heads out of the room and into the hall. The cameraman follows closely behind as she marches toward the locker room. Just as she raises a closed fist to knock on the door, it flies open - nearly taking her out - and out jumps a monster of a man in an all black unitard with a blaze orange _

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logo across the stomach.

Diaz gathers herself, takes a deep breath, and brings her mix up.

Diaz: Let
s do this.

A quick nod.

Diaz:

We are outside the FWF locker room backstage with a tournament hopeful about to compete in his debut match, Lunchbox

Larry!

Either fresh out of the shower or already in a full sweat, Lunchbox snaps his head back and forth frantically scanning the hallway up and down.

Melissa clears her throat. She
s clearly not accustomed to being overlooked.

Diaz: Lunchbox LARRY-

The frazzled green thumb finally turns his attention toward the source of his shouted name.

Larry: Did you see who took it?!

She can

t contain the eyeroll this time. Clearly perturbed by the lack of focus on the task at hand; which is apparently an interview. I think.

Sighing, she shakes her head and decides to trudge on.

Diaz: See what, Larry?

Larry throws his arms up in exasperation.

Larry: THE LUNCHBOX!

Melissa straightens up, looking slightly offended.

Diaz:

Excuse me

see what, THE

Lunchbox? Oh and, eff why eye, it

d be nice to send new nicknames to the staff ahead of time.

Larry stops scanning temporarily to shoot a screwed up facial expression to his backstage correspondent.

Larry: What

re you talking about?

Melissa throws her arms out to her sides while returning the screwed up look back to the worried wrestler.

Diaz: What are YOU talking about? I

m trying to do my job here!

Larry raises his right hand. He holds it open. Melissa flinches. Larry

s face blushes red, realizing the motion startled her. He shakes his head, showing no ill intent, pointing to the open right hand.

Larry: No! MY lunchbox! Lower case! Someone stole it!!!

Now realizing the full gravity of the situation, Melissa

s shoulders drop. Her face goes blank. She just starts slowing shaking her head as she walks away, muttering under her breath.

Diaz: I don

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t get paid enough for this

A look of pure horror crawls across Larry's

face.

Larry: Shit

shit! Oh, no

I dreamt the other night that some asshole stole my lunchbox and took a dump in it

it was snowing

and the guy

his name was Jorden something

what does that even mean?!

Larry continues to ramble on to himself, surveying his surroundings, as he makes his way to the entrance ramp for his first ever match.

Who's In Charge Here?

A wire-mesh double gate stands before a back exit of the Anaheim Convention Center. On one side is a strand of palm trees, on the other is a sign reading "EXIT

ONLY, DO NOT ENTER

- ANAHEIM CONVENTION CENTER."

Dividing the gates is a second sign, this one red with white letters. The sign reads:

DO NOT ENTER - SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE - CAUTION NO PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC

The gate opens, a SUV drives out over the spike strip, and a shadowy figure slips in, leaving West Katella Avenue--or is it South West Street--behind. The camera follows him as he takes a quick breath, two, and then drops into a casual saunter.

He walks through the narrow alley between a parking deck and a construction lot, turns down the FIRE LANE KEEP CLEAR, and reaches into the pocket of his blazer for a comb to get his hair back into the pompadour it deserves. He stops for a second, looks both ways and there it is, the holy grail.

The loading zone. Where a man can get a fair chance. But wait, he stops, moonlight highlighting his blazer's tiger print. There's a serpent in the garden, a uniformed security guard by the entrance. And he's Convention Center, not with the show. The man, let's stop bullshitting, it's clearly Buddy Showtime, stops for a minute. Leans against a wall just out of the guard's view, and pulls out a small black and gold object. On which he takes a hearty puff.

The screen fills with light as a van pulls up, a guy in a t-shirt with a reflective vest comes out holding a tablet.

Delivery Guy: Delivery for FWF.

Security: Sorry, nobody gets in unless someone signs for it.

Delivery Guy: Can you page the boss. Grayson Lynch? Maybe Jameson?

The security guy mumbles something into his phone

Security: Sorry, not picking up

Delivery Guy: Look, somebody's got to sign for these.

This is the moment Buddy Showtime chooses to saunter into view

Showtime: Keep your pants on, I've got this.

The delivery guy turns, the security guard stares and Buddy just keeps that level smile.

Showtime: Yeah, he's with me.

Security: And you are...

Showtime: Buddy Showtime, you know, Mr. Monday Night.

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Delivery Guy: From the 90s?

Showtime: Exactly, which is why I'm backstage now.

Security: Well, right now you're in the loading dock.

Showtime: Smoke break. You know how it is. Yeah, I'll sign for those. Mind getting the door, those crates look heavy.

Showtime nods at the security guard as the delivery guy hands over the tablet.

The tablet's signature line shows a B and an S intertwined as Buddy leads the delivery guy backstage and gestures in a seemingly random direction.

Showtime: Yeah, it's gonna be a straight shot that way. If you get turned around, just ask anyone with a headset. And make sure to help yourself from Catering on the way out. Anyone asks, you tell 'em you've got the Buddy Showtime Seal of Approval.

The delivery guy mumbles something and walks off with his burden.

Showtime: There's smooth, and then there's Showtime.

He saunters off in a completely different direction.

Showtime: Now if I can find an abandoned headset, we'll really be getting somewhere...

I

Lunchbox Larry vs Chad Chaos

Chad Chaos

is already in the ring as we pan in. He can be seen yelling at the booing fans. Outside of the ring, Lexia and Blaze Havoc of Circle of Violence can be seen.

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

Fans: ONE FALL!

Announcer: ... with a ten minute time limit and is a FWF Championship tournament match!

The crowd cheers.

Announcer: In the ring already, and accompanied by Blaze and Lexi Havoc.. representing the Circle of Violence... he is.. CHAAADDD... CHHHAOOOSSS!!!

Chaos raises an arm up and the fans continue to boo him. He runs his hand under his chin in derogatory motion. Lexi and Blaze yell at the front row fans.

Announcer: His opponent...

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

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

Lunchbox Larry steps out from behind the curtain to fan cheers.

Announcer: LUNCHBOX.... LAAAARRRYYYY!!!!

He begins toward the ring.

McTaggart:

This should be an exciting match up here folks as the big man, Lunchbox

Larry, makes his FWF debut in hopes to beat Chad Chaos and move on to possibly face for the FWF World Championship.

Decker: Come on Alan, how can you count out a guy that has Chaos in his name? It should be insanity!

McTaggart: No one is counting Chad Chaos out, but listen to these fans, this is Lunchbox Land.

As Lunchbox Larry enters the ring, over the top rope from the apron, he moves to the center and raises his

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arms in the air again. Cheers fill the venue.

McTarggart:

We already know that moving forward is Dick Fury, Jace Wheeler, and Stalker. Which one of these two.. WAIT!

Chad Chaos runs, slamming a forearm into the back of Lunchbox Larry. Outside of the ring, Lexi and Blaze clap approvingly.

McTarggart: The bell hasn't even sounded yet!

Decker: He's bringing the chaos!

The referee calls for the bell to sound as Chad Chaos turns Lunchbox Larry around and begins to deliver multiple blows to his stomach area.

McTarggart: Rights and lefts to the midsection of Lunchbox Larry as Chad Chaos pushes him into the corner here early in the match.

The referee quickly moves into place and begins to warn Chaos to bring Larry out of the corner as he begins to count.

McTarggart: Lunchbox Larry fighting back now with a stiff forearm to the face of Chad Chaos.

Decker: Hey now! Referee, watch him! He's cheating!

McTarggart: Cheating? How?

Decker: He just is!

Larry pushes Chad Chaos back before turning him around and slamming him into the same corner.

McTarggart: Lunchbox Larry now with his own devastating rights and lefts.

Decker: Get him out of that corner ref!

As the referee counts on Larry, Lunchbox grabs the arm of Chad Chaos and pulls back with force, sending him across the ring.

McTarggart: Chad Chaos sent with a whipped into the adjacent corner.. Larry following..

As Chad Chaos approaches, his body turns and he goes back first into the corner. Lunchbox Larry follows close behind hitting full force, crushing Chad Chaos. Lexi can be seen cringing with the hit.

McTarggart: The big man using that size of his to slow Chad Chaos down.

Decker: You can't stop the chaos!

Come on Chad.

As Larry backs away, Chad Chaos slides down the corner, into a sitting position.

McTarggart: Chad Chaos may have started this one strong, but Lunchbox Larry has taken full control.

Decker: Someone needs to check his lunch box for PED's!

As Larry stomps away at Chad Chaos, Lexi Havoc leaps to the apron, causing the referee to turn his attention to her.

McTarggart: Come on now!

Lunchbox turns to look at the commotion. As he does, Blaze Havoc reaches in under the bottom rope and grabs his foot, pulling back.

However, Larry

doesn't fall. He just turns around.

McTarggart: CoV attempting to play the numbers game here.

Decker: If the referee doesn't see it, it's ok!

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McTarggart:

That's not how this works at all.

Placing his hands on the top rope, Lunchbox leans over yelling at Blaze. The referee tries to go back to the match, but Lexi keeps his attention on her. Chad Chaos, who has come to a bit, creeps out of the corner and behind Lunchbox.

McTarggart: Turn around referee!

Decker: No, Don't!

Chaos slides his arm under the legs of Lunchbox Larry, rolling him backward.

McTarggart: School boy by Chad Chaos!

Lexi quickly leaps off of the apron. As she does, the referee turns to see the pin attempt. Springing into action, he leaps down and begins his count.

The fans boo. As his hand comes down for a third and final time, Lunchbox Larry gets free and the fans turn their jeering into cheering.

McTarggart: Almost caught with that schoolboy, but kick out by Lunchbox Larry.

Decker: That was three!

Blaze and Lexi can't believe it. But neither can Chad Chaos who rolls over and pushes to his knees. He hits the canvas in anger and gets to his feet as Lunchbox Larry is on his hands and knees.

McTarggart: Chaos rushes Larry.. rising knee to the face of Lunchbox!

Lunchbox Larry is sent over to his back.

Decker: YEA!

Chad Chaos instantly mounts Lunchbox and begins to punch him with aggressive rights and lefts as Lexi and Blaze root him on from outside of the ring.

McTarggart: Chad Chaos with the upper hand now, as he causes lunchbox Larry to cover up.

Dexter: Bring the violence!

The referee gets down, yelling for Chad Chaos to let up. This distracts him long enough for Lunchbox Larry to get an elbow in, taking Chaos to the canvas.

Dexter: The referee is in cahoots with Larry!

McTarggart: No. Our official here trying to maintain authority over what looks to be becoming more of a brawl, than a wrestling match.

Lunchbox Larry pushes to his feet, pulling Chad Chaos with him.

McTarggart: Cho trying to fight back, but the larger Lunchbox Larry able to deflect.

Larry pushes Chad back and into the ropes, using them to send him across the ring.

McTarggart: Chad Chaos off of the ropes and on the return.. Larry lifts his leg.. big boot catches Chad Chaos!

Dexter: Someone needs to check that for foreign objects!

Chad Chaos hits the canvas hard as Lexi and Blaze both leap to the apron, yelling. Lunchbox takes off, charging the two.

McTarggart: Lunchbox Larry knocking the Circle of Violence off the apron!

Lexi and Blaze hit the floor as Larry clotheslines them both. Behind him, Chad Chaos begins to get to his feet. Larry turns and see him.

McTarggart: Larry cocking that hand... he runs..

Larry leaps up and brings a big Superman punch that connects.

McTarggart: Knuckle sandwich!

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Decker: He got knocked out!

Lunchbox Larry covers Chad Chaos. As he hooks the leg, the referee slides into position and counts. Hitting three, he calls for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... LUUUNNCCCHHBBOOOXXX LAAARRRYYY!!!

McTarggart: Lunchbox Larry moves on to the next round.

Decker:

Even with Blaze and Lexi, Chad Chaos still couldn't do it.

McTarggart: Larry may be a force to be reckoned with.

Larry celebrates in the ring for the cheering fans can see.

I A Hardcore Challenge

As the camera is panning over the sea of screaming fans, the commentator's chime in.

McTarggart: I'm being told that

Daniel

"The Executioner"

Leslie, is standing by backstage with a special message to the FWF roster.

Decker: Oh great.

McTarggart: Unsuccessful in the main event last week, lets see what is on his mind.

We switch backstage where Daniel Leslie is standing in front of a FWF backdrop. Next to him is Melissa Diaz.

Diaz: Daniel.. Last week we saw Dick Fury come out victorious at the end of Pandemonium. How do you feel about that?

She moves the microphone over to Leslie, who just snarls.

Leslie: I can't stand here and justify what happened last week since I lost to Dick Fury in my In-Ring debut match.

A look of frustration comes over his face.

Leslie: But right now? Right here? I'm ready to put that behind me and use it to fuel me as I prepare to execute anyone in the back who gets in my way. Last week was a fluke, and going forward I will be ready. He cracks his knuckles.

Leslie: Since I'm going to stay ready.. I'm issuing a hardcore match challenge to anyone in the back for an upcoming show. So it's time to put up or shut up FWF!

He pushes past Melissa and leaves the scene.

Diaz: Well, there you have it. Who will accept this challenge?

She looks into the camera as we fade.

I

Kentucky Tarzan vs Harry Black

As

we return ringside, both competitors are already in the ring.

Announcer: The following match is schedule for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Standing to my right,... KEENNTTUUCCKKYY... TAAARRZZAANNN!

McTarggart: This one should be a real barn burner as Harry Black takes on Kentucky Tarzan in this first

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round tournament match.

Decker: I knew Kentucky produced meth heads and criminals, but Tarzan's? Give me a break.

McTarggart:

Kentucky Tarzan is the son of pro wrestling legend, Madman Szalinski.

Decker: Legend? In who's mind?

McTarggart: The minds of a lot of fans actually.

Decker: Not mine.

McTarggart: Of course not.

Announcer:

Standing to my left.. from London, England... HAAARRYYYY

BLLLAACCKKK!!!!

McTarggart: I'm ready for this one folks.

Decker: It'll be ok.

Harry Black and Tarzan both step towards one another, out of their respective corners and the referee calls for the bell.

McTarggart: Here we go.

Harry Black moves around Kentucky careful not to get too close as Tarzan doesn't take his eyes off of London's own, looking for a spot himself to make his move.

McTarggart:

These two sizing each other up here.

After two turns around, Harry Black takes a big step forward and the men tie up in the middle of the ring.

McTarggart: Lock up in the center of the ring.

Decker: Kentucky Tarzan should be locked up alright. Just look at him.

McTarggart: I bet you wouldn't be so opinionated if he was right here.

Immediately Harry Black gains the upper hand, putting

Kentucky Tarzan into a side head lock. Harry Black wrenches on Kentucky before Kentucky moves Harry toward the ropes and then Irish whips him across the ring. Harry Black returns and Kentucky leap frogs over him, Black hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns Kentucky Tarzan falls to his back and lifts Harry Black up into the

air, sending him down to the canvas.

McTarggart: Kentucky Tarzan illustrating his speed here! Using his leg strength to knock him to the mat.

Decker: Harry Black went down with that one.

Kentucky Tarzan gets to his feet as Harry Black does and quickly jumps into the air, drop kicking him into the corner.

McTarggart: Harry Black in the corner now after an impressive drop kick.

Kentucky Tarzan then gets up and makes his way to the corner of the ring. He grabs Harry Black around the head and then sends him over his shoulder with a snapmare. Kentucky then grabs Harry around the back of the head with a reverse chin lock.

McTarggart: Reverse chin lock by Kentucky Tarzan. Wonderful placement here by Kentucky, he knows his way around the ring. Harry Black stuck in the center of the ring, with nowhere to go.

Decker: This might be over now!

Kentucky Tarzan wrenches back on Harry Black's head, Black wincing from the pain.

McTarggart: Black trying to hold on. Can he do it?

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The referee gets down and checks on Harry Black, and Black shakes his head. Harry then slowly gets to his feet, one foot at a time and then elbows Kentucky Tarzan in the gut twice, before Irish whipping him into the ropes.

McTarggart: Harry Black out of the hold, he sends Kentucky Tarzan into the ropes.

As Kentucky Tarzan returns, he kicks Harry Black in the gut, causing him to bend over. Kentucky Tarzan then hooks his arms and DDTs him to the canvas.

McTarggart: Impressive DDT by Kentucky Tarzan.

Decker: I'm not impressed at all.

Kentucky Tarzan then gets up and charges the ropes. He jumps up on the middle rope and then jumps off, moonsaulting onto Harry Black.

McTarggart: Kentucky Tarzan pulling out all the tricks tonight!

Decker: He knows there is no other way he'll be able to beat Harry Black.

Kentucky Tarzan then covers Harry Black, going for the pin.

McTarggart: We

ve got a quick pin here as Kentucky tries to get the first pin of the match... No.. kick out by Harry Black

Decker: Kentucky Tarzan trying to go for the easy pinfall but Harry Black aint having any of it!

Kentucky Tarzan gets up, frustrated, then quickly reaches down and gets Harry Black in a Boston crab.

McTarggart: Submission move here by Kentucky Tarzan.

Decker: But Harry Black is too close to the ropes!

Harry Black reaches out and grabs the bottom rope, and the referee immediately steps in to break the hold. He counts, 1

Kentucky Tarzan breaks the hold. Kentucky then drags Harry Black by the leg and goes for another pin in the center of the ring.

McTarggart: Another pin by Kentucky!

A count of two and kick out.

Frustrated, Kentucky Tarzan pushes down Harry Black raised shoulder and goes for another pin, yelling at the ref.

McTarggart: Yet another! Kentucky needs to slow down and work Harry Black.

Decker: Nah, let him play. Harry Black will get the upper hand and destroy him the rest of the match.

Kentucky Tarzan gets up frustrated. He turns around, just as Harry Black gets to his feet. Black rises with an uppercut, hitting Kentucky clean in the jaw and knocking him down to the canvas.

McTarggart: Massive uppercut by Harry Black! Harry Black shakes his head to get the cobwebs out and then goes to Kentucky Tarzan and brings him to his feet. Black then lifts his left arm, measures up a bunch and punches Kentucky Tarzan above the heart.

McTarggart: Heart punch by Harry Black.

Decker: A dangerous move, if done properly it could stop the heart! That was great!

Kentucky Tarzan holds his chest, stumbling away from Harry Black to the other side of the ring. Harry follows him, then tosses him into the ropes. As Kentucky Tarzan returns Harry Black charges and jumps in the air knocking him to the mat with a running shoulder block.

McTarggart: Running shoulder block by Harry Black!

Decker: The force of that shoulder block was impressive!

Suddenly, the fans begin to boo.

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McTarggart: What's this?

The camera pans up to see the members of the Circle of Violence running down the ramp.

McTarggart: The Circle of Violence is here!

Decker: They can't win their own matches, so what? They are here to cause issues with this one?

Harry Black slowly gets to his feet as Kentucky Tarzan pushes to his knees. Blaze Havoc, Lexi Havoc, and Chad Chaos surround the ring. Kentucky pushes up and goes back to back with Harry Black

McTarggart: There is no logical reason that they should be here!

The three begin to step into the ring. As they do, we see others running from the back.

McTarggart: Here comes the calvary!

Dick Fury, Lunchbox

Larry, and Cool Breeze are here!

The CoV attacks Harry Black and Kentucky Tarzan. As they do, the other three slide into the ring and begin to try to break up the fight. The referee begins calling for the bell.

McTarggart: A no contest here as the CoV have made their presence known!

Fury, Legend, and Breeze force the CoV out of the ring. Laughing, the three begin to back up the ramp as the ring is left speechless.

McTarggart: Folks, I don't know what this means for the next round of the tournament, but the Circle of Violence continues to make their mark on the FWF!

Decker: Strength in numbers Alan.

Larry and Tarzan both can be seen visually upset at what had just transpired as the three who had joined them begin to exit the ring.

I Beware the Raging Dead

We see flashes of a cemetery. The wind is blowing. An eerie buzz is heard in the background. In the distance, there is movement by one grave site.

Voiceover: There have been reports of an undead creature...

The camera starts moving closer, showing a man sit up from the grave and pull himself up. He locks his eyes on the camera.

Voiceover: A ghoul with no soul...

The man, if we can call him a man... The Raging Dead... starts walking towards the camera.

Voiceover: No one is safe... from The Raging Dead...

There is a flash, and he is gone. After a few moments of silence... the camera suddenly jerks and falls to the ground, next to the camera man, and The Raging Dead drags him away screaming. We cut back to our commentator booth.

McTarggart: What an unique and fascinating individual The Raging Dead is!

Decker: Unique? Interesting? He looks like some nerd heard of George Romero for the first time. Halloween was last month, guy. Give it a rest.

McTarggart: Why don't you tell him to his face? He's right behind you!

Alan drops down underneath the table.

Alan McTaggart: AHHHHH! NOOOO! MOMMY HELP!!!

Michael starts laughing, because obviously The Raging Dead isn't there. Alan crawls out and sits down on his chair, completely flushed.

Alan McTaggart: ... and... scene. You thought I was scared, huh?

Michael Decker:

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You just cried out for your mother, Alan. We all heard you.

Alan

McTaggart:

That was acting, Michael.

I'm a professional entertainer. Maybe you should learn the craft sometime. Besides, I ain't afraid of no ghouls.

Michael Decker: Sure thing. We all believe you. Anyway, coming up next... more action packed action!

I Claiming The Throne

[...3]

[.2]

[.1]

The lights in the arena begin to dim as the countdown ends and the Tron springs into life with a shot of The Human Highlight Reel

Kenneth Williams giving the camera a few playful winks. The fans jump straight to their feet in cheer as "Shadowboxin' " by the GZA & Method Man begins to play through the PA speakers. The familiar adlibs of Method Man accompanying the vinyl scratches of the classic "Shaolin vs. Lama" kung-fu movie echo throughout the arena as Kenneth Williams steps out from behind the curtains to a roar of chants from the crowd.

Decker: Either this guy is the messiah or the crowd is full of dopeheads.

McTarggart: Kenneth has a huge cult following. One you should get on board with.

Decker: I'll get on board if he passes that joint in his ear.

Kenny stands at the ramp with a playful grin as he stands at a military rest with his head cocked to the side before taking off in a full sprint to the ring, making sure to slap hands of the fans on his way. He hops onto the outside of the turnbuckle before looking out into the crowd and delivering a vicious dab with a look of disgust on his face. He hops into the ring walking past his already prepared opponent and receives a microphone from the ringside correspondent Donna Perry.

Kenneth Williams: Before we begin this sweaty man ritual of wrasslin' goin',

I'd like to take this time to introduce myself to anyone who's new to this sexy face. You are lookin' at the man that will be givin' your eyes orgasms week in and out. You're lookin' at the death-defyin' man willin' to do whatever it takes to get all you fans on your feet. You are lookin' at the soon to be 1st FWF World Champion after I rampage through this tournament and claim the throne. My name is Kenneth Williams and tonight I promise to prove to you all that I can be the champion that you all deserve. A people's champion. To my opponent across from me, I wish you all the luck in the world because you're going up against the best on the globe.

Kenny drops his mic and prepares in his corner.

I

Kenneth Williams vs Erick Gamble

McTarggart: I'm being told that the Circle of Violence have been removed form the building, which means this is your main event!

Decker: What does that mean for the tournament?

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McTarggart: It looks like both Harry Black and Kentucky Tarzan will move to the next round.

The bell sounds.

McTarggart: Here we go as both men meet in the middle of the ring and exchange words. We're about to kick this one off, our main event of the evening.

Decker: This could set the winner on the track to greatness with a victory here

McTarggart: Erik Gamble making the first move lunging at Kenneth Williams, who ducks.

As Erik turns, Williams does as well. He shoots forward and

jumps, twisting with a kick that connects, sending Gamble to the canvas.

McTarggart: Spinning heel kick catches Erik Gamble to set the tone here.

Decker: He caught him hard there.

McTarggart:

Both men now getting back to their feet.

As they both begin to stand, Gamble reaches

forward, grabbing Kenneth's legs. He yanks back, dropping Williams on the canvas and not letting go.

McTarggart: Gamble now turning Williams over. Williams is fighting it.

Erik puts more power into it, finally getting Kenneth Williams over into a modified crab. He sits down and leans back, retching Williams' legs.

McTarggart: Erik Gamble applying pressure early on as he keeps Kenneth Williams in the center of the ring.

Decker: I have to admit, this is a smart move by Erik Gamble. Focus on the legs early on, and you keep your opponent grounded and unable to use their speed and agility against you.

Kenneth Williams continues to fight, obviously in pain as the referee ask him if he wants to submit. Erik Gamble continues to apply pressure.

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams trying to hold out, but how long can you until you have to tap out or you pass out?

Decker:

He's got it locked in good too.

Frustrated, Erik lets go of

Williams' legs, getting to his feet and turning around to face Williams. Gamble begins to yell at him as Williams holds his knees in pain.

McTarggart: Gamble now lifting that left leg of Kenneth Williams... He drives it hard into the mat.

Decker: He's trying to destroy the knee of Kenneth Williams.

McTarggart: He drives Williams' knee yet again into the mat. Erik Gamble is just mean and is showing that mean streak right here tonight.

Gamble lets Kenneth Williams's leg go and walks to the ropes, yelling to the crowd and putting his pointer finger in the air as if saying he is number one.

McTarggart: Erik Gamble wasting time.

Decker: Well, I mean, he's proving a point here. Why not let him celebrate a little?

McTarggart: He can celebrate once he has the three count.

Erik turns around and heads back to Kenneth Williams. He bends down and grabs him by the head, violently pulling him up.

McTarggart: Gamble pulling Williams to his feet.

Williams shows obvious pain and discomfort placing his weight on his legs. Gamble raises his right arm up and brings it down, elbow first into the top of the head of Kenneth Williams.

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McTarggart: Kenneth sent back to the mat from that elbow to the head.

Decker: Erik Gamble continuing his assault. I have one word for him tonight: ruthless.

McTarggart: I agree a hundred percent. Gamble showing a mean streak tonight and proving he is not a man to be taken lightly.

Erik grabs the head of Kenneth Williams yet again, pulling him to his feet.

McTarggart:

Williams pulled up again. Gamble grabs his arm... Williams whipped hard into the turnbuckle.

As Kenneth Williams hits the corner, Erik Gamble runs toward him and leaps.

McTarggart: Big splash by Erik Gamble.

Decker:

Flattening him like a pancake.

As Gamble steps back, Kenneth Williams stumbles

forward, but is pushed back into the corner.

McTarggart: Erik Gamble now following with heavy hitting chops to the chest of Kenneth Williams.

Decker: That makes my chest hurt just watching.

Gamble grabs Kenneth Williams, lifting him, and sitting him on the top rope.

McTarggart: I'm unsure what Erik Gamble is doing now, but Kenneth Williams has had no chance to turn this match around and I just don't see how he can. Erik Gamble as been, to steal a word from Michael earlier, ruthless tonight in his assault on Williams.

Decker: He has to get through Kenneth if he wants to move forward toward the gold.

Erik starts to climb the ropes, standing on the second as he wraps his arm around the neck of Kenneth Williams.

McTarggart: Erik Gamble going for a big move here... no.. Kenneth Williams with an elbow strike into the side of Gamble's head.

Decker: How's he fighting back?

Kenneth Williams puts another elbow into the side of Erik's head, causing him to let go. Williams follows up with a right hand to the face of Erik Gamble.

Decker:

Well, Erik made sure Kenneth Williams

couldn't use his legs, but he didn't think that the usually high flying man would give him a taste of his own medicine with his fist!

McTarggart: This could be what Kenneth Williams needs.

Williams grabs Erik's head, and using the ropes pushes off from the top, turning in mid air and planting Erik Gamble into the canvas.

McTarggart: TORNADO DDT FROM THE TOP ROPE

Decker: WOW!

Both men lay on the canvas as the fans go absolutely crazy.

McTarggart: That may be what Kenneth Williams needed to make some space and give himself a moment to recover from the earlier beating.

Williams rolls over and begins to crawl toward the ropes. As he reaches them, he reaches up, using the ropes to slowly pull himself to his feet.

McTarggart: Kenneth trying to stand, but there may be too much damage already done to those legs.

Decker: Erik Gamble made sure to take out his ability to fly.

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Williams winches as he does stand, the pain in his knees obvious.

Decker: Gamble is still out. What Kenneth Williams needs to do is just get to him, make the cover and take home the win here.

Kenneth Williams release the ropes and hobbles toward Erik Gamble, his knee almost giving out under him.

McTarggart: He's in a lot of pain Michael.

Decker: I'm in pain from just watching Erik Gamble destroy that knee of his.

Williams reaches Gamble, bending down to begin pulling him up.

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams pulling Erik Gamble to his feet.

Gamble comes to, pushing Williams back.

McTarggart: Williams once again thwarted. Erik Gamble forward with a clothesli... NO! Kenneth Williams side steps.

Williams turns around and grabs the shoulders of Erik Gamble, yanking him back, off of his feet, and to the canvas.

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams able to get Erik Gamble off his feet again.

Decker:

I'm not sure how.

However, Kenneth

Williams' knees buckle and he drops to them. Erik Gamble, infuriated, rolls over and pushes his way up.

McTarggart: Erik Gamble up and is going to use Kenneth Williams' injury to his advantage as he brings a heavy kick into the back of his opponent.

Decker: Kenneth had his moment and he couldn't put Gamble away. That was his chance and he blew it.

Kenneth Williams lets a yell of pain out before falling face first to the mat.

Decker: Erik Gamble needs to cover Kenneth Williams and call this one a day. he has completely destroyed him tonight.

Erik kicks Williams in the ribs, rolling him over to his back.

McTarggart:

It looks like that's exactly what Erik has in mind here.

Instead of covering Kenneth Williams, Erik drops to his knees and grabs the throat of Williams, choking him.

McTarggart: Ah come on, is that really needed?

Decker: Why chance being disqualified when you have the match won? Even I know that.

The referee warns Erik who just chokes Williams more has Kenneth Williams kicks his legs, struggling.

McTarggart:

Erik Gamble ignoring the official who is giving him a count of five.

At four, Erik lets go and stands up. he turns to the referee and steps toward him, yelling.

Decker: Just get back to it. You have this one.

McTarggart:

Wasting too much time here, Kenneth Williams is trying to crawl to the ropes behind him.

Erik turns and sees Williams almost to the

ropes, quickly going into action by grabbing his leg and yanking him back toward the center of the ring.

McTarggart: Gamble turns Williams over. Now reaching down to grab his other le... Kenneth Williams with a kick to the face of Erik Gamble!

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Decker: He needs to do a lot more than kick him in the face if he wants to win this one.

Kenneth Williams is able to get to his feet as Erik shakes the stars off.

McTarggart: It looks like Kenneth Williams' knee is starting to allow him to move around a bit again.

Williams checks his knee and when he sees he can move it alright, he rushes Erik Gamble. Gamble sidesteps his attacker, running toward the ropes behind him. Williams quickly turns and follows with speed.

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams looks to be back, but Erik Gamble able to move.

Gamble slides under the bottom rope, stopping on the edge of the apron and in one smooth motion turns sideways and up, grabbing the top rope. He pulls down just as Kenneth Williams arrives, using Williams's own momentum to send him tumbling over the top and crashing hard to the floor.

Decker: Did you see that?

McTarggart: My goodness what a counter.

Erik Gamble steps out to the apron. As Kenneth Williams begins to stand, he turns to see Gamble leap off toward him with a double axe handle. Williams side steps and brings a big right up that catches Gamble in the midsection.

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams able to react before behind caught by Erik Gamble.

Decker: It appears he may be turning this around.

Williams quickly steps forward and with one swift move, leaps to the apron, grabbing the top rope. Gamble, still holding his midsection, turns and Williams leaps backward.

McTarggart: MOONSAULT OFF OF THE APRON!

Decker: I HAVE NO IDEA HOW HE WAS ABLE TO DO THAT!

Williams crashes through Erik Gamble, both men hitting the floor as the referee counts on the inside. The fans rumble at the high risk move.

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams should slow the pace down a bit. You can't just start jumping around like that after having your knee put through what he has.

Decker: He wont need to slow anything down if he can get Erik Gamble into the ring and cover him now.

Kenneth Williams pushes himself to his feet. You can see on his face that he may have landed slightly wrong and is pushing through the pain as he bends over and lifts Erik Gamble to his feet.

McTarggart: Williams now rolling Gamble into the ring under the bottom rope.

Williams walks up the steps and begins to climb the corner post from the outside.

Decker: Looks like he is going to fly again. This man doesn't care about his own safety as he looks to put Erik Gamble away.

Gamble holds his head as he rolls over. Kenneth Williams leaps from the top turnbuckle with a huge knee drop that misses as Erik rolls out of the way. The fans go crazy as Williams grabs his knee in pain.

McTarggart: I told you, you have to slow the pace down. Taking risk is doing just that, taking risk. There is a good chance, as Williams just found out, that it will not pay off.

Decker: That knee may never be the same again after tonight!

Gamble crawls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Kenneth Williams, nursing his knee still, begins to get up as well.

Seeing this, Erik Gamble runs over and leaps

up, bringing his right foot over and catching Williams in the side of the head with his foot.

McTarggart: Erik Gamble gaining some momentum.

Gamble doesn't waste time as he quickly gets up and grabs the leg of Kenneth Williams. Lifting it, he drives that knee hard into the canvas, yet again. Williams lets out a cry of pain as Gamble holds on, lifts, and

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smashes it another time.

Decker: Erik Gamble continuing to just destroy Kenneth Williams here.

McTarggart: I really thought Kenneth Williams was about to come back, but it just looks bad for him as we continue.

Gamble lets go of Williams's leg. He instantly begins to stomp away at the injured knee, working it over as Kenneth Williams tries to scoot away.

McTarggart: Gamble now lifting Kenneth Williams to his feet.

Williams shows that his knee is hurt as he is pulled up, unable to put much pressure on it as Erik Gamble pulls him backward toward the corner.

McTarggart: Erik Gamble in full control, may be looking to go ahead and end this one now, as Williams had tried to do a bit ago.

Decker: Kenneth Williams is hurt.

Gamble climbs to the second rope backward, still holding Williams by the head. He leaps off, twisting around in an attempt to

DDT Williams as he was earlier. However, Kenneth Williams shoves

him, sending Gamble flying across the ring and hitting the mat as Williams drops down to his good knee.

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams able to counter, but will that knee hold up long enough he can gain control?

Decker:

Well, Gamble is down and Williams

isn't, so he already technically is leading this as we speak.

Gamble rolls over and gets to his knees as Kenneth Williams gets up, and with a slight limp that slows him down a bit, runs toward Gamble, lifting his leg and connecting with a lariat as he crashes through Gamble. Williams instantly is back down, holding his knee as Gamble is laid out.

Decker: If Williams can push through the pain long enough to cover Erik Gamble, this one is over.

McTarggart: Any normal man wouldn't have been able to pull that off after someone like Erik Gamble did that much damage to their leg.

Decker: Williams is showing he is no normal man Alan.

Williams uses the ropes to pull himself up. He looks down at Gamble before stumbling forward and coming down with an elbow that connects to the forehead of Erik.

McTarggart: Elbow drop as Kenneth Williams continues to punish Gamble here.

Williams gets to his knees and leans forward, bringing his arm up and delivering another elbow to the face of Gamble. Erik grabs his head as Kenneth Williams pushes his way to his feet, still unable to put much pressure on his knee, but more than he had been able to.

McTarggart: Williams once again in control, continuing his assault on Erik Gamble as he brings down a series of boots to Gamble's head.

Williams looks to the corner.

Decker: What is he thinking?

McTarggart: I'm not sure, but I feel it's going to be a bad idea.

Kenneth Williams limps toward the corner. As he gets there he looks to the fans who are yelling for him.

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams climbing the ropes. Williams, just pin Erik and end this!

Williams gets to the top and turns to face Erik Gamble. It takes a bit more time than usual for him to catch his balance, his knees looking to give out again soon.

McTarggart: He isn't.. is he?

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Decker: He is!

McTarggart: Williams LEAPS!!!

As he jumps, he turns 450 degrees.

McTarggart: FOUR FIFTY SPLASH! FOUR FIFTY SPLASH!

Decker: He connected!

The crowd goes crazy as Kenneth Williams quickly lifts the leg of Erik Gamble and the referee drops down to count.

McTarggart: THREE! THIS ONE IS OVER!

As the referee's hand hits three the bell starts to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match as an account of a pin fall.... KEEENNNEETTHHH...

WIIIIIIIIAAMMMSSS!!!

McTarggart: Kenneth Williams came back after an overly aggressive Erik Gamble assaulted him for most of this match.

Decker: Big win tonight for Kenneth Williams, but you can't take anything away from Erik Gamble's performance.

McTarggart: Not at all. But congratulations Kenneth Williams, you earned this one.

Kenneth Williams limps as he celebrates in the ring, his arm lifted by the referee as we go off air.

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