

Pandemonium: Pandemonium VI

January 22, 2020 | FWF Studios - Las Vegas, NV

Pandemonium VI

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Pandemonium VI

22 Jan 2020

FWF Studios, Las

Vegas, NV (seats 350)

INCLUDEPICTURE

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I Introduction

The FITE logo fades up as "Let the bodies hit the floor" begins in the background. As we get to the Fans Wrestling Federation logo burst through the FITE logo, fading into shots from past FWF shows as the music continues. We move into the Pandemonium logo before cutting away to the fans packed into FWF Studios. The camera runs across the front row as fans scream and wave before we fade to our commentators.

McTaggart: Welcome everybody to another exciting edition of Pandemonium here on the FITE app as well as now across the state of Nevada courtesy of our friends at KVCW. I'm Alan McTaggart and joining me is Michael Decker. How are you tonight Michael?

Decker: I'm great Alan. I can't get over the fact that on the next Pandemonium I'm going to be joined by Christina King on commentary!

McTaggart: Don't sound so happy, but you heard it folks.

The rumors are true. The former Madwoman Szalinski, Christina King, will be filling in for me starting on the next Pandemonium as I will be transitioning to an off screen role for a while here at the FWF.

Decker:

Don't get me wrong Alan, I like ya. But

Christina? Come on! Why WOULDN'T I want to work with her?

McTaggart: Hopefully everyone at home is as excited as you are. So tune into Pandemonium in two weeks as Christina King makes her FWF debut.

Decker: Now that we're done putting the next show over, what about tonight Alan? What a show!

McTaggart: All of your FWF favorites will be in action tonight. We even have a Hardcore Championship match as Shawn Kutter takes on Bobby Dean in a match that, if you believe the dirt sheets, will be Bobby's

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LAST match in the FWF if he loses!

Decker: Thank God.

McTaggart: All of that, and more... but we're going to kick the action off big with a tag match as The New Era takes on CoV!

The camera transitions to the curtains.

I

The New Era vs. CoV

by Motionless In White begins to play.

Announcer:

The following match is schedule for one fall and has a twenty minute time limit.

Chad Chaos, Blaze

Havoc, and Lexi Havoc step out from the back to boos from fans.

Announcer: Making their way to the ring first, representing CoV and being accompanied by Lexi Havoc...

Lead by Blaze, the three begin down the ramp.

Announcer: At a combined weight of four hundred and twenty-six pounds... Chad Chaos.. Blaze Havoc... C... O... VVVVVV!!!!

McTaggart: Blaze Havoc and Chad Chaos will be the official representatives tonight for CoV, but you know that Lexi Havoc being ringside will factor into this somehow.

Decker: Of course. That's what they've done the entire time they've been here, ganged up on everyone. But, let's be clear, what good has it really done?

The three members begin up the steps. As they do, the fans begin to go crazy. The camera angle switches to show B.R. Ellis, followed by Stalker, heading out of the back at a run.

McTaggart: New Era is out here already!

Decker: They look to be on a mission!

McTaggart: B.R. Ellis promised destruction was coming, could this be it?

Decker: One can only hope.

They slide into the ring and both immediately get to their feet and attack all three members of CoV as the announcer quickly high tails it from the ring.

McTaggart: B.R. Ellis and Stalker not even waiting for this match to begin as they are the offensive.

Stalker throws Lexi Havoc over the top rope causing her to land shoulder first on the edge of the ring and then roll to the floor.

Decker: They want to send a message and this is how you do it. First you take out the FWF Champion, then you just destroy your opponents. I think I like this team!

McTaggart: You would. Where's the sportsmanship? Where's the competition?

Decker: Obviously not in the ring right now!

McTaggart: The referee is trying to get order, but this one is full on Anarchy so far.

Decker: Let them fight! Who cares? Just bring on the violence!

Ellis and Stalker stomp away at the downed Chad Chaos and Blaze Havoc as the referee tries to pull them away.

McTaggart: It looks like...

The bell begins to sound repeatedly.

McTaggart: Yes, the referee is not going to let this continue.

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Decker: Come on!

Stalker lifts Chad Chaos to his feet before throwing him over the top rope to the same fate as Lexi Havoc had endured as B.R. holds onto the topes and uses his feet to push Blaze Havoc out under the bottom rope.

Announcer: This match has been declared a no contest.

The fans boo at the announcement.

McTaggart: The crowd is unhappy with the results here. I can't say I blame them. This is not the way I expected for us to kick off Pandemonium.

Decker: Why not? I mean.. wasn't it pandemonium?

Stalker and B.R. Ellis both hang on the side of the ring, yelling out to the booing crowd as we get several short replays of their attack.

McTaggart: New Era continues their path of destruction with CoV being the latest to fall victim here tonight.

I Let HIM In

A black screen. Nothing. Just darkness.

We begin to see just the hint of something, but we are unsure of what it is.

It continues to fade in and we can see it is words, but are yet to be able to make them out.

Finally, they come into focus and just read three simple things...

Let HIM In

After sitting for a few moments, they fade back away into the dark neither.

I The Fans' Champ

Sultry notes suddenly soothe the small arena. Kind of odd for a wrestling venue, when you think of it. Murmurs spread across sold out crowd as the slightly erotic instrumentals bounce off the walls. The confusion is real.

Decker: What the heck is this crap?

McTaggart: I, uhh

this isn

t on my list of entrance themes. I have no-

The lyrics kick in.

ve been meaning to tell you

ve got this feeling that won

t subside

I look at you and I fantasize

re mine and tonight

Now I

ve got you in my sights

Decker: Oh dear god no

McTaggart: WITH THESE!

With these

HUN-GRY eyes

Decker: Please don

t be who I thi-

Lunchbox Larry steps out onto the top of the ramp to a pop that sounds closer to 600 in the crowd than the 300 actually there. Decker facepalms so hard you can hear the smack through his headset. McTaggart tries to stifle his laughter while commentating.

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McTaggart: This is gold, Michael! Listen to this crowd! They're eating it up! Is this a new Larry we're about to see?? Wait, is that a...

The six foot, four inch mountain of muscle stands tall. From bottom to top, he's sporting his black with orange trim Reebok sneakers, his black and orange trim unitard, with his trademark double L logo on the stomach, his lunchbox in one hand, his FWF Championship in the other and-

Decker: Forget what we're about to see

is that on his face? Can HE even see?!?

Michael is referring to the horse blinders over Larry's eyes.

McTaggart: I

am no expert, but

I'm pretty sure they keep his focus straight ahead...

As

Hungry Eyes

by Eric Carmen continues to play, Larry raises his FWF Championship belt above his head. The crowd pops again as the champ begins his march down to the ring.

Decker:

As this chump of a champ makes his way ringside, I can't help but wonder

are we in for a third fainting

tonight? I mean, what

is this idiot

is doing? He should stick to wrestling when he

is in that ring.

McTaggart: Give the guy a chance, Michael! New music, new man is what I always say!

Decker: HE

IS GOT HORSE BLINDERS ON! HOW IN THE WORLD IS THIS A NEW MAN?

Larry makes his way up the steps and onto the ring apron. He faces his cheering fans and raises both his lunchbox and the title before entering the ring and heading straight to its center. Larry leans down, placing his lunchbox on the mat. He opens it up and removes a microphone.

Decker: What a toolbag

McTaggart:

It

is a lunchbox, Michael.

Decker: I

wow.

Larry, with the title now draped over his shoulder, raises the mic above his head. The crowd reacts with another cheer. He slowly brings it back down just under the blinders.

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Lunchbox: Hello

LAS VAYYYYYYYYYY-GAAAAAAAAS!

The classic hometown pop never fails. Larry grins.

Lunchbox: So glad to be out here tonight. With YOU.

Larry raises his free hand with his index finger pointed up.

Lunchbox: First off, before we get down to those brass tacks

Larry, even with the blinders on, clearly looks confused by his own words.

Decker: What wa-?

McTaggart: I don

t even know, man.

Larry shakes his head.

Lunchbox:

The music wasn

t my choice. That

s the last time I listen to Buddy Showtime, I tell ya what

s head drops and he begins to pace around the ring.

Decker: Oh, no. Here we go again

Before Alan can speak up, he

s silenced by Larry stopping abruptly in his tracks.

Lunchbox:

You know what, Las

Vegas? It

s not the last time I listen to Buddy!

Confused murmurs from the crowd ensue.

Lunchbox: This stupid thing on my head?

Larry motions with his free hand around the horse blinders covering his eyes.

Lunchbox: It might

ve seemed genius-

Decker: Nope.

McTaggart: Yeah I hate agreeing with you on this one, but

Lunchbox: But it was just another Buddy Showtime ruse. And The Box ain

t about any of that!

Larry moves with determination to the other side of the ring in order to face another set of the fans.

Lunchbox: Oh before we get too far into this, let me know what you think of the nickname. It may or may not have been another Buddy idea, but that

ll be the one we keep if

ya know

just look out for the poll on the eff, double YOU, eff dot com!

Larry turns to the opposite side of the ring.

Lunchbox: But more importantly, back on track

you all deserve more than what you

ve got. And I gotta be the one to own that

The crowd goes silent.

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Decker: Just when I think he couldn't get worse

Lunchbox: You

ve got to watch some great talent here. And you can start with the Number One Contender: Harry Black.

Personally I find him kinda strange. I don't

really get the guy

s gib, but ya can

t deny the talent.

Larry

s face turns Gust white.

Lunchbox: And he might give me nightmares, but you can

t shake a stick at Raging Dead. He

d probably bite it, anyway.

Laughter from the crowd turns Larry back around with refreshed energy.

Lunchbox: Talkin

about scary bastards, you also got the likes of

Shawn Kutter and his beloved chicken leg. It

s a bat. Named Chicken Leg. Crazy speaks for itself.

Nuff said. And then there

s the somehow Hardcore Champ, Bobby Dean. That guy is the stuff of legend!

Larry throws up his arms as he turns to a different part of the crowd.

Lunchbox: And Kenny Williams, being a just a plain old cool dude most of the time. Jace freakin Wheeler! He

s a wicked good competitor. Not to mention Stalker

so I won

t.

Another grin as the crowd livens back up.

Lunchbox: Even Brrrrrrrrrr it

s out cold out here Ellis. That guy

s fought everywhere! Michael Byrd

those violent and chaotic, but weirdly low energy people

OH, and Lance Mingle! What

you say

am I right?

McTaggart: Yikes, poor Lance

Larry stops. His head drops yet again.

Lunchbox: Then

you got me.

A deep sigh.

Lunchbox: Larry. The guy who can

t even look his fans in the eye

You could hear a pin drop in the arena right now.

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Lunchbox: What kind of champ can
t face his own fans?

Larry stretches out his arms as if to beg the question. Then he does the
no good
sign, the one the refs do when crappy NFL kickers miss their field goals, while shaking his head
emphatically.

Lunchbox: NOT THIS ONE!

With a swift motion, Larry drops the mic and uses both hands to remove the horse blinders. He tosses them
out of the ring before picking the mic back up. As he straightens back
up, he views all the fans in front of him.

McTaggart: Great. I knew it. I was thinking that he was actually going to make it through and I forgot to knock
on wood.

Decker: I
m not sure who
s the bigger failure right now.

Larry
s face loses color. He slowly twists around in place, taking in every face around him.

Lunchbox: I shouldn
tah-

Decker: He
s swaying, folks!

Larry drops down to a knee, still wavering back and forth as if he were on tugboat out to sea. A handful of
fans start to shout:

LUNCH

Decker: What
s this?

The chant begins to spread and strength.

LUNCH-BOX

LUNCH-BOX

McTaggart:

I think the fans are really getting behind this guy, Michael. Maybe it
s because he

s
relatable? Maybe likable? Maybe not you-able?

Larry stops swaying. His free hand clenches to a fist.

The chant is now full strength.

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

Larry

s clenched fist and arm start to shake as he powers his way back up and stands straight.

His bright blues scan the crowd around him.

He smiles the biggest smile we
ve seen to date.

Decker: Is

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is he
is our Champ crying?!?
McTaggart: That
s sweat, or oil, or something else I
m sure! LUNCH-BOX! LUNCH-BOX!
Decker: Oh god
Larry slowly lifts the mic to his mouth.
Lunchbox: IT
BOUT TIME YOU ALL GET THE CHAMP YOU DESERVE! IT
BOUT TIME THE CITY OF SIN
Larry takes in a deep breath.
Lunchbox: GETS SOME KNUCKLE SAMMIES! WITH! ALL! YOUR! NAMES! ON! EEEEEEMMMMMMMMMM!
The crowd erupts.
Decker: How are they enjo-
Michael
s cut off by McTaggart
s incessant cheering.
Larry clears his throat and quickly calms his demeanor.
Lunchbox: But for real. From here on, there
s no more being scared! And you know how I
m going to prove it to you all?
Larry starts pacing. But this time, it
s a different pace. It
s not nervous
s almost like
s like he
s thinking.
Then he stops.
Lunchbox: Yeah, how about this? IF, and I say IF
only because I know the type of talent in front of me
IF I successfully defend this title against whomever wins the main event tonight
He pauses, then nods his head with determination.
Lunchbox: Raging Dead.
The crowd gives a strong mixed reaction.
Lunchbox: I challenge you
to challenge me
for the FWF Championship! It
s clearly what the FANS at the FANS WRESTLING FEDERATION want.
The smile disappears from Larry
s face. His blue eyes glare toward the back.
Lunchbox: And it
s what I need.
The sober tone quickly fades as Larry cracks another grin.

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Lunchbox: Plus

you look HUNGRY!

Larry drops the mic to yet another cheer from the fans as

Hungry Eyes

by Eric Carmon once again fills the arena and the FWF Champ slides out of the ring and makes his way back up the ramp.

Decker: Well that was-

McTaggart: WICKED!

Decker

s head drops.

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

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

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

We fade.

|

Lance Mingle vs. Kenneth Williams

k&ColdAsIcebyForeignerk&

Themusichitsandthefansbegintoboos"Lovely"

LanceMinglestridesthroughthecurtain.Hewearshislongringrobe,andrunshishandsthroughthelusciousmanehemaintains.

Announcer:

Comingtothering.HailingfromFertile,Iowa.Weighingin at 260 Lbs. This is

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LANCE MINGLE!

Lance makes his way down the ramp towards the ring. Ignoring the many outstretched hands that surround him. He climbs up the ring stairs and wipes his feet on the apron before going through the ropes.

Inside the ring Lance Mingle removes the robe, moves to his corner and begins to warm up!

Announcer: And his opponent

by Methodman and RZA begins to play over the PA system as Kenneth Williams makes his way through the curtain. The fans in attendance begin to cheer as Williams blows a huge cloud of potsmoke into the air and poses just in front of the curtain.

McTaggart: I

m stoned! Kenneth Williams has given me a contact high!

Decker: Alright, that

s enough.

McTaggart:

I hope the boss doesn

t drug test me this week, I

m

screwed!

Decker: Chill, this is Nevada.

McTaggart: You right.

Williams makes his way to the ring as the crowd cheers him on, and he slides in under the bottom rope.

Williams poses for the crowd as the announcer continues his introduction of the stoned superstar.

Announcer:

Weighing in at 225 pounds, Kennnnnnneeeeeethhhhhhh

Willlllllllliams!

McTaggart: I got the munchies, Decker!

Decker: Jesus Christ.

Williams chats with some FWF fans in the front row, about God knows what, and is attacked by Mingle from behind as the referee calls for the bell.

Decker: This match is underway for half a second, and Mingle is already taking cheap shots!

McTaggart: Totally legal. Quit being such a pansy!

Mingle pounds Williams down to one knee with a few forearm shots, before lifting him and tossing him off the ropes.

On the return, Mingle topples Williams to the mat with a thunderous clothesline that sends the crowd into a chorus of boos. Mingle hair flips his golden mullet as the crowd continues to give him the business.

McTaggart: Best hair in the business, Decker!

Decker:

Please, McTaggart.

Mingle goes back to work with an elbow drop right across Williams chest.

McTaggart: That

s it! I need Cheetohs. Munchies got me in a bad way, Decker!

The referee slides in for the count.

1

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Kickout!

Decker: Williams kicks out at two and a half, after the lazy cover from Mingle.

Mingle argues with the referee, pleading for the count to be changed. Mingle gets to his feet and backs the referee into the corner. The crowd continues the onslaught of heckles, but quickly changes to cheers as Williams dropkicks Mingle in the back!

Decker: What a comeback maneuver from Williams! But the referee was smashed by Mingle, and he s down on the outside!

McTaggart: Disqualify that stoney-prick!

Williams is distraught, and can

t decide whether to continue his attack on Mingle, or check on the referee on the outside.

McTaggart: What a turd. Look at him!

Decker: He

s checking on the official, McTaggart!

Williams does what any good guy would do, and heads to the outside of the ring to check on the referee.

Williams is smart though, and keeps one eye on Mingle the entire time. Williams lifts the referee, and rolls him back into the ring under the bottom rope. Williams slides in after the referee, and is caught a hard knife edge chop across the chest. The crowd

out of pure instinct, but once again begins to boo Mingle.

McTaggart: Now, that

s how you take care of business Decker!

Decker: Every bit of offense that McTaggart has had has been sourced by a cheap shot!

McTaggart: Seriously. Where

s my Cheetohs?

Decker: Christ.

Mingle taunts the crowd and chops Williams once again. The crowd, again, instinctively woos.

The chope backs Williams up into the corner, and Mingle begins to throw combination after combination of punches. Williams however, throws up his arms and blocks almost every haymaker thrown his way. Mingle begins to tire a bit, and the punches begin to slow down.

Decker: The rope-a-dope!

McTaggart: Is that legal?

Seriously, Cheetohs.

Mingle starts to back

away, sweaty and breathing very heavily. Williams immediately goes on the offensive and kicks Mingle into his heaving stomach before turning backward and cracking Mingle over the head with a beautifully executed Pel

kick across the forehead that puts Mingle flat on his back in the center of the ring.

Decker: What a kick! Cover by Williams!

The referee is slow to make the count.

1

McTaggart: Fast Count!

McTaggart: This is a screw-job!

Decker: Kick out by Mingle!

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McTaggart:

I don

t know how he did it, Decker. That was the fastest count I

ve ever seen in my

life! CHEETOHS!

Williams is in disbelief as he rolls off of Mingle holding three fingers in the air. The crowd begins to rain down boos as Mingle gets to his feet.

Decker: Both men to their feet!

McTaggart: Seriously, can someone from the back bring me out some freakin

Cheetohs!

The two being to trade right hands in the center of the ring. Right after right, neither man giving in. Then it happens.

Decker: Two in a row for Williams!

Williams continues to gain the advantage until Mingle completely gives up and backs himself against the ropes. Williams whips Mingle off the opposite side ropes, and knocks the bigger man down with a double chop across the chest. Williams hits the ropes and comes crashing down with a picture perfect shooting start press.

Decker: Williams with another cover!

The referee is again, slow to make the count.

1

Kickout!

Decker:

Once again, Mingle kicks

out!

McTaggart: Wait, what happened?

This time, Williams pleads with the referee. Williams is visibly frustrated and gets down on all fours, showing the referee three fingers. Mingle, limber for a big fella, quickly hops to his feet. And with the referee distracted kicks Williams right in the

McTaggart: NUTS?! I said, Cheetohs, not nuts!

Decker: Another cheap shot by Mingle!

Williams rolls around the ring, protecting his cash and prizes as Mingle points and laughs. The crowd continues its assault on Mingle with another round of boos. Williams slowly stumbles up to his feet, and walks right into a devastating spinebuster.

McTaggart: Yes!

Decker: What a slam!

Mingle quickly wraps up the legs of Williams and locks in the Deal Sealer. Williams immediately begins to panic and starts to try and reach for the ropes.

Decker: Mingle

s got Williams in the center of the ring!

McTaggart: There

s no escape!

Williams can

t seem to move his larger opponent and is ultimately forced to tap out!

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McTaggart: I

ll be back

Decker: Where are you going?

McTaggart: Cheetohs!

Decker: A valiant effort from Kenneth Williams, but

Lance Mingle is ultimately the winner of this match. No matter how many rules he had to break to get there.

I No One is Safe

We head backstage where Melissa Diaz is standing with New Era, B.R. Ellis and Stalker.

Diaz:

On the last Pandemonium you two formed a team and took out the FWF Champion, Lunchbox Larry. In the opening match

tonight, even though it cost you a win, you chose to attack all three members of CoV. The question on everybody's mind really is.. why?

B.R. smiles with his hands on his hips as he replies.

Ellis: Why Maria? Why? We already told you. We're here to send a damn message. It's not about wins or loses to us. No!

He begins to get louder.

Ellis: It's about engraining in the thick skulls back there that you don't use the only damn real talent you have the right way, then you leave us no choice but to take matters into our own hands!

After a brief pause, he continues, but now more calmly again.

Ellis: No one is safe Maria. No one is safe from Me. No one is safe from Stalker here.

He points at his partner.

Ellis: It's a New Era for the FWF...

They both crack smirks as Maria just looks dumbfounded and we fade.

I

Kentucky Tarzan vs. Chris Richards

McTaggart: So, umm... I may have just been informed that umm.. apparently contact high's don't well... work the way I was under the impression they worked.

Decker: Pretty much, you're an idiot Alan.

McTaggart: Look. Things happen, stuff was said. I'm not saying I was proud. Can we just move on?

Decker: For the love of all that is holy, please.

A physically unimpressive man in a red singlet with a blue and green lucha mask, known to only the most loyal FWF fans as Mismatch #3, stands in the ring next to FWF

s in-ring announcer: Scott Smith.

Announcer: Due to unforeseen circumstances, we regret to inform you that Chris Richards will not be participating in this next matchup.

Decker: Boooo!

The crowd reflects Michael

s sentiment.

Announcer: In his stead, introducing the first contestant

hailing from

Albuquerque, New Mexico... MISSSMATTCHHH NUMMBEERR

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THREEE!!!

MN3 spins an 180 and jumps up on the turnbuckles to shout to the crowd. He is met with increased boos. "Through the Safety and the Dance" starts to play as the majority of fans in attendance start to dance safely, mind you.

Decker: Oh great, this lunatic!

Kentucky Tarzan waltzes out onto the top of the ramp, breaking into a dance of his own.

McTaggart: This place is electric right now! Look at everyone getting their groove on!

Decker: I

am trying not to

KT stops his dancing as his last move positions him to face the ring. He tilts his head to the ceiling of the arena and nods.

Within the blink of an eye, a green rope falls directly in front of the ring at the bottom of the ramp. Mismatch #3 pulls the ref to his side, pointing at the rope in a questioning manner. The ref, as confused as anyone, shrugs.

Decker: Ugh, not this vine crap again.

McTaggart: Oh like that amazing entrance at MAWA? That was awesome!

As if a gun firing sounded off in his head, Kentucky Tarzan starts down the ramp in a sprint.

McTaggart: Tarzan

's quickness is nothing short of ama- OH MY!

As KT quickly approaches the vine, he leaps and grabs it; swinging up toward the apron at full speed.

Mismatch #3, reacting as quickly as he can, spins around and heads for the ropes.

Decker: Looks like Mismatch wants no part of-

McTaggart: HE

S NOT GONNA MAKE IT!

He didn

it. Just before he could make it to the ropes, Tarzan was already flying over the ring after releasing his hold on the vine. He straightens his body

out, leading his two feet in front of him as if he were sliding on the air below him.

Decker: Flying drop kick to the back of Mismatch

's head! This can

not

be legal!

McTaggart: Well it

is not like he hit Mismatch with a foreign object!

Decker: At this point I

am willing to classify Kentucky Tarzan as a foreign object himself!

Mismatch #3 is sent flying through the ropes, landing in front of the commentator table. The fragile wrestler holds the back of his head while writhing in pain on the hard mat ringside. Kentucky Tarzan nonchalantly walks to the nearest turnbuckle, climbs it, and raises both arms up to the crowd.

McTaggart: They really love this guy here in Las Vegas! And I don

not

blame them. What a spectacle and the match hasn

even technically started!
Tarzan transitions from arms up, still up in the turnbuckles, into a bow. The crowd pops.

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The ref pats KT on the lower back, telling him to get off the buckles and begins to chastise him for the preemptive strike. KT holds his hands out innocently, then points to all the cheering fans as if to defend his actions to the ref.

The wild child of the wrestling world looks like he's willing to appease the angered ref as he slides out of the ring toward his still downed opponent. He picks up Mismatch #3, dusts off his shoulders, then throws him back in the ring.

McTaggart: You see that, Michael? And you say this guy has no class
hmph!

Kentucky Tarzan, before heading back into the ring himself, casually walks up to the bell ringer. KT holds out his hand, without saying a word or even making eye contact with poor Tyler Kelly, who looks scared out of his mind. Trying to get through the interaction without any crazy antics, the bell ringer hands his only possession, the little hammer, to the man standing above him.

Tarzan nods graciously, bends over, and gently taps the bell thrice with the tiny hammer. He returns the hammer to its rightful owner, bows courteously, turns around, and slides into the ring.

Decker: Have you ever, in your professional career, seen anythi-

McTaggart: Nope.

KT stands in front of his still groggy opponent and the ref, and signals an all-ready. The ref shrugs, at a complete loss, and motions to the two competitors that the match can begin.

McTaggart: Looks like we
re official!

Decker: Yeah, after that imbecile most likely concussed poor Mismatch. I bet he doesn't know what number he is anymore!

Tarzan raises open hands, challenging Mismatch to a test of strength. Mismatch, still dazed, hesitates. KT encourages him and they eventually lock hands.

Decker: Looks like we
ve got a strength test to start this off.

Mismatch pushes. KT starts bending backward.

McTaggart: Something tells me Kentucky Tarzan isn't giving this test his all

Decker: Would it be that stupid smile on his face? Or what looks to be him encouraging his opponent to keep pushing him down.

KT suddenly stops bending back. He twists his left arm with ease, despite Mismatch trying to keep it locked, and looks like he's checking an imaginary watch.

McTaggart: Is he performing a count down right now?

Decker:

I
m not convinced he can count up.

KT mouths the numbers,

With a swift

motion, he pops up into a power stance, immediately changing the disposition of the strength test and transitions it into an Irish whip- sending Mismatch to a corner turnbuckle.

McTaggart: Impressive show of power!

Pandemonium: Pandemonium VI

Decker: His opponent
s arms are toothpicks!

KT jumps up in the turnbuckle opposite of his opponent and raises the roof. The crowd cheers wildly. The young wrestling protege jumps back down to the mat and turns to his cornered opponent.

McTaggart: He can
t be-

KT runs

McTaggart: DOWN THE HOLLAR! I can
t believe Mismatch didn
t move!

Decker: I

m not convinced he knows where he is

Mismatch stumbles forward and collapses in the middle of the ring. Kentucky goes for the pin. The ref drops and starts to count:

ONE

THR-

Decker: What the? That blond bum just released the pin!

McTaggart: Looks like Tarzan isn
t done monkeying around!

Decker:

I

ve never hated you more, Alan.

KT picks up Mismatch and grapples the limp Number Three. That
s not code for

anything, either. They are really just grappling.

McTaggart: Interesting grapple here

it looks like the only thing keeping Mismatch in his feet is KT holding him up

Tarzan quickly turns, so his back is against Mismatch

s front, and wraps Mismatch

s scrawny arms around his own throat.

Decker: Umm.. apparently Mismatch is applying a sleeper hold of some sort

McTaggart: It looks more like Kentucky Tarzan is applying Mismatch

s sleeper to

himself?

Decker: I don

t know what

s real anymore.

KT raises his imaginary watch hand up in front of his face.

McTaggart: He

s counting down again

As KT reaches t-0, he spins on a dime and twists out of the weak sleeper hold.

Now facing Mismatch, KT delivers a quick knee to the

gut, doubling his opponent over.

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Decker: The maniac has locked in his signature guillotine choke. Thank god this fiasco might be over!
KT brings Mismatch down to the mat, still in the hold, and wraps his legs around Number Three's torso.

McTaggart: IT
S THE DEATHTRAP!

Tarzan has gotten MMA fighters to tap with this hold, Mismatch doesn't stand a chance!

The ref drops down to check on Mismatch, who isn't tapping but also isn't moving a single muscle.

Decker: I think Mismatch is out cold
The ref takes Mismatch's closest arm and raises it then releases.

The hand falls lifelessly to the mat.
The ref raises it again
It drops.

Decker: One last attempt here
The ref lifts the dead arm one last time
He releases
The arm hits the mat a third time.

The ref motions to the bell ringer and taps in Kentucky to release the hold.

Announcer: You
re winner
KENTUCKYYYYY TAAARRRRZAAAAAANNNNN!

Through the Safety and the Dance
sounds off and KT raises to his feet as the ref lifts his arm high in victory.

I Recap Wednesdays

The Pandemonium intro video begins to play, then pauses and starts to rewind back moving to the closing shots of the last show, all in reverse. It stops to the sound of a record scratch.

Bursting through the screen is the Recap Wednesdays logo.

INCLUDEPICTURE

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MERGEFORMATINET

Narrator:

Starting Wednesday, January

29th on FITE...

We see a series of shots from past FWF shows, all speeding through in reverse.

Narrator: A new bi-weekly show.. Recap Wednesdays! Check out matches you may have missed and exclusive content, all available on the FITE app.

Pandemonium: Pandemonium VI

A few more shots moving in reverse speeds before we fade.

I

Shawn Kutter vs. Bobby Dean

Announcer: The following match is scheduled for one fall and is for the Hardcore Championship!

"I Will Be Heard" by Hatebreed begins to play throughout the area.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. He is the challenger..

Shawn Kutter makes his way through the curtain and on to the entrance ramp. No smoke, no pyro, no bright lights, just Kutter.

Announcer:

From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... He is.. SHAWN..

KUTTTEEERR!!!

Kutter stands at the top of the entrance ramp looking down toward the ring. He tests the tape cover his old mitts by pounding each fist into each hand before beginning his decent to the ring.

McTaggart: Bobby Dean has openly said this last week, that his career is on the line with his title.

Decker: Good.

He ignores the jeers from the fans, and remains focused on the ring. He hops up onto the ring apron on one knee and grabs onto the top rope. He hoists himself up and climbs into the ring through the middle rope. He paces the ring, again testing the tape on his hands by pounding them into either hand before facing camera side and hoisting a fist into the air. He stumbles backward into the far corner and awaits his opponent.

Announcer: His opponent. He is the FWF Hardcore Champion!

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

ll sit 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

s 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: BOBBY.... DEEEANNNNN!!!

The fans go berserk.

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

s dripping....

McTaggart: Maybe it

s the robe, he

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s about to take that off anywa- OH MY!

After handing the ref his belt, Bobby disrobes.

Underneath, well there

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

Decker: Real athletic body there, isn't it Alan?

McTaggart: Do you always have to be so negative?

Decker: Yes.

Shawn cracks his knuckles and nods his head ready for a fight.

McTaggart:

Here we go, Bobby Dean... Shawn

Kutter, one on one.

Decker: And if Bobby Dean loses, he's gone!

McTaggart: An odd stipulation for Bobby to want, but apparently Shawn Kutter has agreed.

Decker: Why not? There's no repercussion for Shawn if he loses. It's a win-win scenario.

McTaggart: Bobby Dean, a recent addition to the FWF, is someone the fans come to see. I'm not sure him being forced to leave is what they would want.

Decker: Who cares? There's other idiots to follow.

McTaggart: Calling our fans idiots, will not earn you any points Michael.

Decker: Never said I cared.

The bell sounds to start the match.

McTaggart: Here we go. Shawn Kutter waste no time as he attacks Bobby Dean. Right, left, right, left...

Bobby Dean being rocked by those big fist.

Bobby stumbles back a bit,

Decker: That's it! Get him!

Shawn runs to the side, hitting the ropes. As he returns he leaps up, and right into the arms of Bobby Dean who grabs him and begins to squeeze.

McTaggart: Kutter caught by Dean... big bear hug.

Decker:

A sweaty, Cheetos greased bear hug. Sickening.

McTaggart: As sickening as your attitude tonight.

Bobby Dean squeezes as Shawn lets out a yell.

McTaggart: The longer he holds on, the better Bobby Dean's chances become in winning this match tonight. Shawn reaches past Bobby's shoulders toward the ropes which are way too far away. Finally, he focuses on Dean, bringing a couple of forearm shots into the side of Bobby's head. Bobby sits him down on his feet.

McTaggart: More forearms to the side of bobby Dean's head. Shawn Kutter, back, off the ropes. Bobby Dean comes forward... boot to the face of Shawn Kutter!

As Bobby's foot connect, Shawn falls back to the canvas. So does

Bobby, who fails to keep his balance.

Decker: It's like a tree falling the forest, except that the tree is two tons of fat.

McTaggart: Michael!

Shawn rolls out of the ring, stumbling around it.

McTaggart: Shawn Kutter seems to be heading up the ramp. He's had enough.

Decker: Enough? Seriously?

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McTaggart:

You have to admit, Bobby Dean has brought more offense tonight than expected.

Bobby rolls out of the ring as well. He stumbles sloppily up the ramp behind Shawn Kutter. Bobby stomps up behind

Shawn, grabbing his shoulders.

As he turns him around, Bobby pulls his head back and brings it down into the side of Shawn's head.

McTaggart: Head butt by Bobby Dean.

Shawn Kutter stumbles back as Bobby stomps behind him. As he approaches, he grabs Shawn's head and forces it forward and down into the nearby steel steps. Shawn pops up and stumbles across the edge of the ring. Bobby stomps over, grabs him by the shoulders again and rolls Shawn into the ring.

McTaggart:

Amazingly, Bobby Dean controlling this match up.

Decker: It's Bizzaro's World.

Bobby begins to get back into the ring, but Shawn rolls back out of the ring on the side. Bobby stops from entering and begins around the ring.

McTaggart: Bobby Dean looking to keep control as he heads toward Shawn Kutter.

Bobby grabs Shawn's head and comes up with a side knee into his midsection. Bobby reaches down, and scoops Shawn up, struggling as he pushes up. Sweat begins down his brow, before he pushes Shawn forward, throwing him back into the ring through the ropes.

McTaggart: Bobby Dean lifts Shawn Kutter up and throws him back in the ring! Amazing!

Decker: Why is it amazing? He is a professional wrestler. he should be doing this all of the time. Instead he eats and stays a fat slob.

Shawn rolls across the ring, sliding backward across the canvas until he is sitting in the corner. Bobby Dean reaches up, grabbing the middle rope and using it to pull up to the edge of the apron, before entering back into the ring.

McTaggart: Shawn Kutter pulling himself up with the ropes, as Bobby Dean heads his way.

Still holding onto the top rope with one hand, Shawn comes forward and kicks Bobby Dean in the gut. He pulls back toward the corner. Bobby shakes off the kick and runs forward, slamming into Shawn Kutter.

McTaggart: Bobby Dean follows up squashing Shawn Kutter. Dean now steps back, pulling Shawn with him. Dean coming down across the back of Shawn Kutter with a multitude of forearm shots.

Shawn begins to slide down close to a sitting position as Bobby continues to slam a forearm down, before bringing a knee up to his face.

McTaggart: Shawn Kutter trying to fight back, but Bobby Dean is bringing it. Dean now pulling Kutter back up. Bobby Dean steps back... he comes forward with a boot... Shawn Kutter moves!

Bobby's leg goes up over the ropes. Davis quickly comes forward, still holding the top rope, as he brings a kick up catching Bobby Dean underneath of his thigh. Bobby grabs under his leg, stumbling around.

McTaggart: Shawn Kutter pushes Bobby Dean back into the ropes. Grabs his arm.. whi... NO! Reversed by Dean. Bobby pulls Shawn into a clothesline! Shawn Kutter goes down!

Decker: That's what she said.

McTaggart: Really?

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Decker: What did I say?

McTaggart: Ugh.

Bobby stumbles forward, catching the top rope. He holds himself up, breathing heavy as Shawn Kutter rolls over to his stomach. The camera zooms in to see Shawn reaching into his pants.

McTaggart: What is he doing?

Decker: I found if you release some pressure, you can concentrate better. Maybe he's trying to get his head back into the game.

McTaggart: You're sick.

Decker: I've got papers that say otherwise.

We see Shawn Kutter pull a pair of brass knuckles from his pants, placing them on his hand as he lays. The referee continues to count him down.

Williams: Shawn Kutter has brass knuckles!

Decker: Now that's what you do!

McTaggart: No, it isn't!

Decker: It is if you want to win. I mean, it is a hardcore match Alan. It's all allowed.

Bobby takes a breath before turning and heading over to Shawn. He bends down, and grabs his head.

As he begins to pull him up, Shawn looks over to see the referee's view is blocked by Bobby's huge body. Kutter comes up with his fist, catching Dean in the face.

McTaggart: He got him!

Bobby stumbles backward as Shawn quickly slides the knuckles back into his pants. Bobby bounces off of the ropes and falls forward. Shawn's eyes grow large as he throws his arms up. However, before he can do anything, Bobby falls down on top of him, crushing Shawn Kutter to the canvas.

McTaggart: FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS OF DEAD WEIGHT!

Decker: Well, that backfired.

Shawn struggles but Bobby is knocked out, laying on top of him. The referee slides into place and begins to count.

McTaggart: Bobby Dean may have it! he may have it!

Decker: Not a spot anyone wants to be in!

Shawn struggles hard. The referee's hand comes down a third time, and at the last possible second, Shawn Kutter pushes with all of his might, pure, brute strength... pushes Bobby up enough that his unconscious body rolls off of him and to the canvas.

McTaggart: Kutter got free! I don't know how he did, but he got free!

However, the referee starts to count for the bell.

Decker: NO! HE DIDN'T! HOW?!

McTaggart: From this angle it appeared he may have gotten free, but that does not seem to be the case..

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall and STILL... **HARDCORE CHAMPION..... BOBBY... DEEEAAANNNN!!!!**

McTaggart: Bobby Dean retains his championship and his career tonight as he gets a win over Shawn Kutter.

Decker: I just can't believe it.

McTaggart: Well you better start to believe it.

Inside the ring, the referee tries to pull a now conscious Bobby Dean up, but is unable to. Finally he just lays the belt on Bobby's chest and waves him off as he goes to check on Shawn Kutter.

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I She's Coming

We get some shots of Madwoman Szalinski from other promotions.

Narrator: The aunt of FWF superstar... Kentucky Tarzan...

More shots. Madwoman flies through the air.

Narrator: Niece to The Raging Dead...

Madwoman is now standing, arms crossed.

Narrator: Next Pandemonium.. the mask comes off...

The image begins to morph and we are welcomed to a mask less Madwoman, wearing beige dress pants, a button up shirt with a beige sweater tied around her neck hanging to the back. Her hair is slicked back and she looks professional.

Narrator: ... As Christina King joins the FWF commentary team.

COMING SOON.

I

The Raging Dead vs. Michael Byrd

McTaggart:

As we mentioned earlier, Christina King arrives in two weeks on Pandemonium to join Michael here in the commentator booth. Now for more action.

We return ringside.

Decker: Do you want to see a dead body? The following is a match to be murdered to.

McTaggart: The Raging Dead has not actually killed anyone.

Decker:

that we know of. Mikey Byrd better have his affairs in order.

by Justin Timberlake starts up and colored light start flashing. The fans here in Las Vegas cheer as Michael Byrd steps out from backstage. He slaps hands on his way to the squared circle. Once in the ring, Michael's music fades and the lights go to normal.

McTaggart: Michael Byrd is looking to turn things around. He's nearly in last place in the Power Rankings.

Decker: In about five minutes

he'll be off the list for good. Because he'll be dead. Dead!

"Rage 25/8" by Z Mann Zilla starts up and the mood at FWF Studios drastically changes. The fans all sit back down in their seats and boo The Raging Dead as he walks out from backstage. He looks out at the fine people of Las Vegas and mean mugs them as he staggers erratically to the ring.

Decker: He is risen! He is-----

He gets to the ring and is met with a baseball slide from Michael Byrd. The music cuts off and Byrd slides out of the ring, immediately taking the fight to Raging Dead. He chops away at Dead all around the outside before rolling him into the ring. Byrd hops to the apron and looks out to the fans once more before entering between the ropes.

McTaggart: There's the bell and this match is officially-----

Byrd turns right into a single knee codebreaker from Dead, who promptly covers him.

1

3!

McTaggart: WHAT?!

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Decker: OH MY GOD!

The bell rings and his music plays, much to the shock of everyone in attendance.

McTaggart: I.. I.. I just have no words for what we just saw!

Decker: I do.. amazing!

I It should be me!

Michael Byrd rolls out of the ring and he is helped up by the referee who attended a record breaking seven Trapson seminars. Back inside the ring, Raging Dead has snagged a microphone and his music dies down.

Raging

Dead: You are looking at the most dominant fighter in ALL of FWF! This was merely a preview of what's to come. Lunchbox Larry

The fans cheer at the mention of the FWF Champion.

Raging Dead: I'm coming for you. Maybe not today. Maybe not tomorrow. Hell, it might be a while before I get my hands on you. Coming up next is a number one contendership match between the man I defeated at Make America Wrestle Again

and the man I last eliminated in the Wild Card Rumble. One of them is next in line for a title match when it should

ME!

They boo him relentlessly.

Raging Dead:

It doesn't matter if it's Wheeler or Black who gets at you next, Larry.

You'll beat them as easily as

I just beat Byrd. Then

oh man

then you're going to have to deal with me. When that day comes

I will set right everything that has happened since that fateful Christmas night in Beaumont, Texas.

There is a

pause, as he looks menacingly into the camera.

Raging Dead: Lunch

Larry! All your base

are belong

The lights in FWF Studios suddenly go out. There is an eerie silence. When the lights return

Raging Dead is nowhere to be seen.

McTaggart:

Well, Lunchbox Larry has his answer folks. Raging Dead is coming for him.

Decker: Do you sense a new champion? I do.

McTaggart: Will Lunchbox Larry make it through whomever wins the main event tonight as Raging Dead has predicted?

Decker: I personally think it'd be funny if he didn't. These two are aiming for each other over the FWF Championship. Larry loses it to Harry Black or Jace Wheeler and what do you have?

McTaggart: I don't know Michael, what?

Decker: Two chickens who count their eggs before they hatch. I love it!

McTaggart: A moment ago you were praising Raging Dead.

Decker: Don't get me wrong, what just happened was amazing. I just thrive off of chaos. I like when things

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don't work out like people expect. It's funny to me.

McTaggart: That main event for the number one contendership is up next!

I FITE Ad

We are welcomed by some rapid fire shots of past FWF action.

Narrator: The FWF. Anytime. Any place. Catch it on the FITEapp.

We get the FITE logo.

INCLUDEPICTURE

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Narrator: New content every Wednesday. Always available for replays. FWF on FITE.

The logo fades out.

I

Jace Wheeler vs. Harry Black

Announcer: The following match is scheduled for one fall and is for the number one contender to the FWF Championship!

'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: One of these two men will face Lunchbox Larry for the FWF Championship. It is all on the line here tonight in this main event!

He slides into the ring as his music begins to die down.

McTaggart: You do have to wonder though, will they have what it takes to win the championship from Lunchbox? If they do, where does that leave Raging Dead in the equation?

Decker: Well.. if the title is his ultimate goal, I'm guessing one of these two. But if it's all about the Lunchbox, we'll probably just see those two go at it for nothing on the line. Who knows?

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.

Announcer:

His opponent... from London, England and weighing in at 225 pounds, HARRRRRRRY BLAAAAAACK!

Just as Jace turns his head to the fans behind him, Black slides into the ring running forward and unleashes a kick to the

mid-section doubling over his opponent.

McTaggart: Black with a cheap shot as the bell is finally rung to begin this match.

Decker: Why wait? He wants that title shot. You do what you got to do!

Harry yells "Stupid Wanker!" as loud as he can before clubbing Wheeler with a forearm shot right to the side

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of the head, which drops Jace to a knee.

McTaggart: Black is not one to waste time in there. He drops Wheeler to a knee.

Decker: Wheeler asked for it. Stupid crowd-pleasing moron. he should have been paying attention to Harry Black coming to the ring.

Black grabs Wheeler and whips him into the ropes.

McTaggart: Wheeler sent for the ride into the ropes!

Wheeler rebounds off the ropes and Black catches him, lifting him into the air high into position then dropping him with a nasty muscle buster. The crowd is shocked.

Decker:

THAT is how you get a match started and finished! Damn!

McTaggart: Black with a pin after the musclebuster!

The referee slides in to count, but he is able to kick out at two.

Decker: It was early, but like I always say, there is nothing wrong with finishing early.

McTaggart: You would say that.

Decker: What?

Black doesn't even look at the referee after the near fall, but goes to pull

Wheeler back to his feet by his left arm. Once he is up, Harry yanks on that left arm and drills him with a short-arm lariat.

McTaggart: Harry Black continuing his assault with that short-arm lariat and we haven't really seen Jace Wheeler be Jace Wheeler yet.

Decker: Not going to if he doesn't get some offense in.

Harry Black is shaking his head almost dismissively as he stands over Jace. He reaches down and pulls Wheeler up, yanking the arm back and lifting him with a gut wrench lift then dropping him with a power bomb that shakes the ring.

McTaggart: What an impact on that gut wrench power bomb!

Decker: Harry Black is showing his true potential here. Lunchbox Larry should be backstage watching this right now cause he's next!

McTaggart: Harry Black is almost acting like he knows he is better than Jace Wheeler.

Decker: He should because he is. I know what it is like to be paired against someone of lesser value.

Black is all business as he gets to his feet and begins stomping on Jace's ribs. Wheeler tries to roll out, but Black continues assaulting the mid-section with a stream of boot shots over and over.

McTaggart: Harry Black stomping away and Jace hasn't even managed to lift a hand in defense yet, much less offense.

Decker: This is ass-kicking one-oh-one as taught by Professor Black.

Black grabs Jace by the legs and stomps on his groin, then he wraps the legs around for a Texas Cloverleaf.

McTaggart: Black is going for the Texas Cloverleaf!

Decker: He's going to have a hard time. Jace is fighting him all along the way.

Black gets Jace turned over for the Cloverleaf, but Wheeler's fighting back makes it tough for the Brit to gain any real leverage for the hold.

McTaggart: You're right Michael. Look at how Black can't seem to get enough leverage to cinch it in deep.

Decker: I'm always right. Even if I'm wrong, I'm is right.

McTaggart: If you say so Michael.

Black is fighting to gain leverage, but Wheeler manages to grab the ropes and the referee calls for the break.

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McTaggart: Wheeler gets to the ropes.

Decker:

It is sad that Jace's only real move this match has been reaching the ropes to get out of a submission hold. Black won't release the hold and the referee begins a five count. At the count of five, Black releases the hold and makes the gesture toward the referee.

McTaggart: Harry Black is now barking at the referee and taunting him.

Decker: The referee might be a stronger opponent at this point.

Harry rants at the referee to stay out of his way. All the referee can do is shake his head.

McTaggart: This lapse in focus could hurt him.

Decker: That has yet to be seen.

Black pulls Wheeler to his feet and goes to whip him across the ring, but Jace reverses the whip and sends Harry into the corner with a thud.

McTaggart: Wheeler reverses the whip and sends Black hard into the corner!

Decker: I'm shocked! Shocked!

Black some staggering out of the corner right into the waiting arms of Wheeler, who hits a textbook belly-to-belly release suplex as the crowd erupts.

McTaggart: He nailed it!

Decker: Yet no pin attempt.

McTaggart: I think Wheeler knows it is far too early to go for something like that.

Decker: Don't be so sure. This is the same guy who thought Harry Black wouldn't attack him before the match. Judgment doesn't seem to be a strong suit.

Jace gets back up and smiles to the fans as he walks over to Black and pulls him up, only to drop him with a snap DDT right back to the mat.

McTaggart: The tide has definitely turned and Jace Wheeler has control of this match after that DDT.

Decker: It is surprising to see him snapping into form like this.

Wheeler is up quickly and goes for the legs of Black, looking for a submission of some sort. Black begins kicking at the hands and then rolls under the bottom rope and to the arena floor.

McTaggart: Jace Wheeler went for the legs and Harry Black escapes to hide outside the ring.

Decker: He's not hiding. He is playing it smart. The last thing anyone wants is to get caught in an ankle lock or something by Jace Wheeler.

McTaggart: So he was scared?

Decker: Stop misrepresenting my position! That is not what I said.

The crowd begins to chant and jeer at Black for avoiding the fight and he just yells "Shut up Wankers" to them, inciting them more.

McTaggart: The fans are really giving him a hard time for hiding out on the arena floor.

Decker: He knows he will get back in, but you can't let the tall kid have too much momentum.

McTaggart: The referee has started counting Harry Black out.

Decker: That never matters.

Jace Wheeler is making the "come on and fight" motion to Black and all the Brit can do is point at Jace and shake his head as Wheeler is standing with his hands on the ropes. The referee has reached five in his obligatory count.

McTaggart: Wheeler is egging Black to get back in the match.

Decker: Why should he? If he tries to climb in now, that freak can just grab him and have his way with him

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before he gets back in the ring. It is a set-up plain and simple!

Jace backs off the ropes and holds his arms out. Black grabs the ropes and begins pulling himself to the apron. Wheeler nods as Harry steps through the ropes and back into the ring.

McTaggart: What sportsmanship! Jace Wheeler backs off to give Harry Black a free pass to step back into the ring.

Decker: That was the dumbest thing I've seen so far! Stay on the offensive you idiot!

Wheeler nods and again motions for Black to bring it. Black laughs and the moment Jace turns to the fans to play along with their jeers, Black strikes with a haymaker.

McTaggart: Harry Black slugs Jace Wheeler with a massive right hook!

Decker: I never hate to say that he told you so!.

Jace returns fire with a haymaker of his own. Black fires back with a hard right, then Jace smashes his own right swing into Black's face. The fans are going nuts.

McTaggart: The two men are just throwing it all out there and drilling each other back and forth! The crowd is going nuts as this slugfest ensues!

Jace dodges Black's full swing and lands another hard right hand to the Brit's face. Wheeler quickly follows by grabbing Black and landing a Dragon Suplex as the fans erupt again.

McTaggart: Jace hooks a leg for the cover!

The referee slide sin. It appears he is about to hit three when Harry is able to kick out.

Decker: Wheeler couldn't close it out there. The kid just doesn't have it down yet, but Black needs to get his form back or it could be a shocking upset!

McTaggart: You really think this would be an upset?

Decker: Of course. Black is someone we know can perform well. This guy hasn't really shown much yet.

McTaggart: We obviously are not watching the same match.

Jace doesn't react to the near fall. He gets up and pulls Black up by the head, throwing the arm over and lifting Black with a vertical lift only to drop him with a brainbuster DDT.

McTaggart: Wheeler continues the offense and literally brains Black into the canvas.

Decker: Well look at you with your little play on words there.

McTaggart: Stop being such an ass.

Decker: What? I point out something you did well and you decide to get pissed? Please.

Wheeler doesn't go for another pin attempt. Instead, he grabs the legs of his opponent and locks in a Boston Crab.

McTaggart: Boston Crab by Jace Wheeler!

Jace is leaning back as Black is yelping with every jerk motion. The referee continues checking if Black submits, but he refuses.

McTaggart: Look at the leverage Jace is getting on that hold! He is really leaning back.

Decker: That is the kind of leverage that can destroy knees.

McTaggart: The longer this lasts, the more you have to say Black is in deep trouble. The legs can only take so much punishment.

Decker: This is true. Knees are not made for extreme torque like this.

Black can't move the hold with his arms. He can't push up with any force because of how far back Jace is leaning in the hold. The referee continues to ask Black if he submits and the Brit responds with words that aren't fit for air, so we hear a bleep.

McTaggart: Wheeler is leaning so far back that the back of his head is actually touching Harry Black's head!

Pandemonium: Pandemonium VI

Decker: Black may never walk right again after this match.

McTaggart:

That is a very distinct possibility with how hard Jace Wheeler seems to be working this hold.

Finally, Jace leans back so far that Black actually reaches back and grabs a hand full of his hair. Black holds onto the hair for dear life as Wheeler yelps.

McTaggart: He's pulling hair to escape the hold!

This finally breaks the hold and Wheeler lets go of Black's legs to escape the illegal move.

McTaggart: Jace Wheeler finally lets go of the hold to escape the hair pulling.

Decker: Jace would have been bald, or at least scalped had he not let go. Smart move to release Harry Black at that point.

Jace, looking pretty angry now, rushes back over and puts the boots to Black. He kicks his ribs, his shoulder, and even stomps on his left hand for good measure.

McTaggart: Black taking shot after shot. Wheeler showing his angry side now!

Decker: This is the Jace Wheeler that I could get behind!

McTaggart: What?

Decker: Nothing.

Wheeler pulls Black up and grabs him, performing a release German Suplex that gets a rise out of the crowd.

McTaggart: Wheeler with a gorgeous German Suplex and he is in complete control!

Decker: And the crowd is his weakness. You can see it already.

Jace is up again and pointing to the corner. He goes over and begins to climb the turnbuckles and reach the top. He stands and perches there as the fans continue cheering him on.

McTaggart: The crowd urging him on as he gets tot he top turnbuckle.

Decker: He was tall already, but him standing up there is a little daunting.

Jace leaps for his shooting star press, but lands on the raised knees of Harry Black. The crowd lets loose of a collective "OHHHH!" on the landing.

McTaggart: REJECTED...OHHHH!!!

Decker: All he found were those knees of Black.

McTaggart: That was devastating for both men!

Decker: No doubt about it! Black's knees were already roughed up, but that impact had to hurt them more.

Both men are down and struggling to move to the closest set of ropes to them.

McTaggart: And Wheeler probably broke a rib or two landing the press on top of them the way he did.

Decker: I would choose to walk with a limp for the rest of a match always over not being able to breath fully. Black has the advantage now.

They reach the ropes and begins tugging to pull themselves up.

McTaggart: Neither of them really have an advantage as both are simply trying to get to their feet. The referee has started the ten count until one of them gets to their feet.

Decker: Why does this happen? Has any match EVER been decided by this stupid count?

McTaggart: Uh.... umm...

Decker: NO! The answer is no. Why do we even bother?

Wheeler is the first one to his feet and he staggers over to Black, only to get punched in the groin for his trouble. Black then pokes him in the eye once he is doubled over.

McTaggart: Harry Black suckered him in a nd then gets the cheap blows.

Pandemonium: Pandemonium VI

Decker: A man after my own heart right there!

McTaggart: Because he was willing to cheat or because I called them "cheap blows."

Decker: You pick! As good a reason as any!

Black is up and he grabs Wheeler from behind, lifting and nailing his own German Suplex, but he rolls through and gets up to lift and nail a second German Suplex.

McTaggart: Black on a roll now as he is connecting with this series of German Suplexes.

Decker: Jace Wheeler is in terrible shape now. This one is all but over!

Black rolls through and stands to go for number three, hitting a textbook release German Suplex on the taller man to complete the trilogy.

McTaggart: Three German Suplexes and Jace Wheeler is crushed right in the middle of the ring!

Decker: To say that Black just showed the kid how to properly do the suplex might be an understatement. He is so technically sound it is frightening.

McTaggart: Looks like he is far from done!

Decker: What is he doing there?

Harry Black doesn't wait for crowd responses or approval. He goes immediately to the corner and climbs to the top, perching long enough to do his wanker gesture at the crowd before leaping...

McTaggart: FROG SPLASH! He nailed it and actually bounced over a foot above Jace's torso on the landing!

Decker: Now that is an impact! Damn!

McTaggart: Black with the cover!

ONE.....

TWO.....

THREE.....

McTaggart: NO!!! HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!

Decker: What?!?!?

McTaggart: Jace Wheeler survives at the last possible second! I can't believe it!

Decker: I'm amazed, but also know the referee screwed up right there.

Black is really pissed at the near fall. He is up and yelling at the referee for what he felt was a slow count. He calls him a bigot for hating he is British.

McTaggart: Harry Black agrees with you as he is really tearing into the referee right now, claiming it was a slow count.

Decker: It was.

McTaggart: It was not!

The referee finally begins yelling back at Black to shut up and focus on the match. Black actually looks like he may take a swing at the referee, but thinks twice.

Decker: Don't do that! It would be stupid to have such control and then give it up to a disqualification.

McTaggart: Black is smarter than that. At least I would hope so.

Black, still muttering toward the referee, turns and begins picking Jace Wheeler off the canvas.

McTaggart: Harry Black is going back to work now.

Decker: This match is about to be finished.

Black sets up for a vertical suplex and goes for the lift, but Wheeler's long leg wraps around and blocks it. Another try and Jace blocks it again.

McTaggart: Wheeler blocks the suplex lift! He is still trying to fight back!

Pandemonium: Pandemonium VI

Finally Jace reverses the hold and lifts, landing a vertical suplex of his own.

McTaggart: Vertical Suplex by Jace Wheeler!

Decker: But did he use all the energy he had left to pull it off?

Jace doesn't let go of Black's head and swivels around almost seamlessly, locking his long legs around the Brit's torso and turning it into a rear naked choke. The fans erupt.

McTaggart: He has the rear naked choke locked in!

Decker: This is bad news for Harry Black.

McTaggart: Black is fighting hard, but that hold seems to get tighter the more he fights against it.

Decker: A hold like this is like quick sand...the more you struggle against it the faster it sucks you in and kills you.

Black immediately begins struggling against the hold, but Jace has it cinched in under his chin pretty well. The referee is watching both men closely as every movement of Wheeler puts his torso against the mat as well.

McTaggart: Jace Wheeler is in perfect position now and has it locked in hard!

Decker: The Brit is fighting back, but he can't escape! I hate watching things like this!

Jace has total control of the hold, but Black is pushing back every way he can to try and get his hands under the long arms of Jace Wheeler. He shoves back and the referee drops down and actually counts.

McTaggart: The referee is counting! Why?

ONE.....

TWO.....

Decker: The shoulders must be down some how!

THREE!!!!

Black's hands start frantically tapping Wheeler's arms to submit as the referee hits his third count. He obviously cannot breath at all and is about to pass out.

McTaggart: Black tapped out! Black tapped out! This one is over!

Decker: Don't be so sure.

McTaggart: We saw Black tapping the arm and everyone knows that means the match is over and he has given up to avoid injury!

Jace releases the hold, knowing Black tapped out and he raises his hands in victory only to look at the referee raising Black's arm.

Decker: See?

McTaggart: What?

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this bout by pinfall and NEW... NUMBER ONE CONTENDER.....HARRY... BLLLLAAACCCKKK!!!

McTaggart: But he tapped out!

Decker: Obviously he tapped out after the three count. What a shocking reversal of fortunes for poor Jace Wheeler!

Jace is up and telling the referee that Black tapped out, but the referee simply makes the three count motion as he talks to the fan favorite, letting him know that his shoulders were on the mat.

McTaggart: Jace is in the same boat I am right now. I do not know how you can lose a match while performing a submission hold.

Decker: It doesn't happen often, but how many times have you seen a referee count the shoulders down during a figure four leg lock?

Pandemonium: Pandemonium VI

McTaggart: Yeah but it usually doesn't get counted against the guy performing the hold.

Harry Black walks up the aisle rubbing his neck and giving a cheeky grin as he raises his arm in victory.

McTaggart: Jace Wheeler is still looking curious and disappointed in the ring as the lunatic Brit grins after his victory.

Decker: You have to always be mindful of where you are and what is happening in the ring. Black did what he should have and Wheeler wasn't ready or able to counter.

McTaggart: What a match folks. This truly was an epic main ev...

A synthetic sound begins to play

Put my shades on

McTaggart: What's this?

If time is money, I'm an hour past paid

Ugh, gunpowder in my hourglass

N[silence] faker than some flour in a powder bag

The lights as green and yellow lights begin moving across the venue.

I'm on a natural high, but I land perfect

Some of us are lovers, most of y'all haters

But I put up a wall, and they just wallpaper

McTaggart: What is going on?

Decker: Oh.. my.. God.. I think I know!

They say we learn from mistakes, well that's why they mistake me

Decker: Please! Please! Please!

All hail Weezy, call it bad weather

I stick to the script, I memorize the lines

'Cause life is a movie that I've seen too many times

And they say never say never, but f[silence] your never mind

I've been gone too long

True or false, right or wrong, haha

Hello Weezy, welcome home

Yeah and Imma

The lights burst up bright as Mikey Unlikely almost leaps out of the curtains.

Decker: YES!

Polo draws showin'

I don't give a lovely motherfuck ass n[silence]

With my money growing, no matter where you're goin'

You don't need a bus pass, for me to bust yo ass n[silence]

As the song continues, Mikey just stands at the entrance taking in the reaction. Inside of the ring Harry Black and Jace Wheeler just look back toward him.

McTaggart: That is Mikey Unlikely folks!

Decker: I can't believe what I'm seeing! Mikey Money! Give it to me!

Mikey just looks down back at them before slowly pulling his hands up into a golf clap. From the rafters we see bills start to fall. The camera catches a glimpse showing currency with Mikey's face on it.

Decker: MIKEY MONEY!

Still clapping, he begins down the ramp.

Pandemonium: Pandemonium VI

McTaggart: He's heading to the ring.

Fans try to reach out and touch him, but we can see Mikey Unlikely purposely avoid being touched. He finally reaches ringside, calling for a microphone.

As one's tossed to him, Wheeler and Black look on from the inside.

Unlikely: Congratulations Harry.. you did it!

Decker: He sure did.

Unlikely: You've officially marked yourself tonight Harry, cause whoever holds that title.. whoever is in the gunni B C

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