

# TCW Live: 02.12.2000

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TCW Saturday Night Showdown Feb 12th Live from the Grand Hotel and Resort in Pigeon Forge.

Lance: Welcome to another addition of the TCW Saturday Night Showdown .. and ya know Dave ever since we have been doing this broadcast I have seen money come and go but look at that .. a jumbo screen.

Dave: I noticed that .. ya gotta wonder why and how it got here .. from the ones I have talked to no one has seen it come in or get setup.

Lance: Got to wonder Dave .. well lets not delay and get down to the ring for our first match of the evening .. it showcases some of the new TCW talent and our Mid-South Champion Panther .. incidently this one is a non-title contest.

Dave: Galaxy Drifter is waiting in the ring. Here comes Panther to the ring to a mixed reaction. Drifter jumps out of the ring and hits Panther on his way to the ring with a punch to the chin! Drifter rolls Panther in and follows him in, pounding away on Panther

s face! Those clubbing blows by Drifter are leaving their mark!

Lance: Wait! Panther is firing back! Rights and lefts! Rights and lefts! Drifter is feeling those blows, and backs off. But Panther comes right after him! He nails Drifter with a knee to the midsection and now hits some more punches!

Dave: The bell has finally rung signaling the start of this bout. Drifter goes down and he's heading out!! Panther follows him outside and grabs him by his hair! He whips Drifter into the steel guardrail! Drifter is cringing! Panther grabs him again and whips him into the stairs! Drifter struggles to his feet, only to be floored by a Panther clothesline!

Lance: Drifter struggles to his feet and rolls into the ring. Panther follows him in but Drifter is quickly up on his feet and hits Panther with several stomps to the back of the head! Drifter rolls Panther over and chokes him!

Dave: He releases the hold, and is going for a piledriver, but Panther counters with a back body drop! Panther lifts Drifter up off the mat, and he hits a DDT! Panther goes for the cover! 1-2-kickout! He picks Drifter up and hits a piledriver! Cover by Panther! 1-2-kickout! Panther again whips Galaxy Drifter to the ropes and hits a big spinning kick followed by a cover! 1-2-kickout! Give Drifter some credit, he's staying alive in this thing!

Lance: Panther sends Drifter to the strands

Big overhead release belly-to-belly suplex! Panther scoops Drifter up and pummels him with a German Suplex and a bridge! 1-2-3! That's it!!!

Dave: A big win over the new comer for the Mid-South Champion .. ya know it could have gone either way ..Drifter looked good in his debut despite the loss.

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Lance: And this is one of two contests Panther will be involved in tonight.

Dave: And the other involves the Unholy Alliance .. enough said I believe.

Lance: Well, my nose is runny tonight, so Dave, why don't you go get a mop, and we'll let the Orient Express and the Hippies make their way to the ring!!

Dave: Uh, okay Lance.....

(Dave actually starts to leave to get a mop. Lance stops him, however.....)

Lance: I was joking, Dave!!!

Dave:

Well, I figured Jerry Lawler called you Banana Nose for a reason!!

(Dave starts humming "Lance Russel's Nose".....that's for you REAL rasslin fans!!)

Lance: Well, the Orient Express are in the ring, as well as the Hippies.....

Dave: And here comes the Mamma's Boyz!!!

(Pyros explode as Joe and Jack make their way down the ramp.....suddenly, one of the pyros shoots out wrong, and sparks explode in Jack's face!!! He falls back, slapping at his hair!! He writhes in pain for a few moments, and Joe helps him up. )

Joe: You okay man?!!

Jack: Yeah...sure thing!! Are my eyebrows still there? Or do I look like Alan Alda?

Joe: No....you still look cool man!!

Jack: Good..... let's go kick some ass!!!

(Joe and Jack make their way to the ring.....referee Mike Hinson is standing by to call the match..... the Mamma's Boyz step inside the ring, to an enormous cheer from the fans!!)

Lance: Looks like the engineers screwed up with the pyros!! No matter, everyone is in the ring, and Hinson is calling for the bell to start the match.....

Dave: It looks like we are about to have one hell of a free for all here!! GW Perry is wanting to test the Mamma's Boyz, so has them fighting two teams at once!!

Lance: Looks like Tojo Saito is already reaching for the salt..... he must want to end this match early..... he is stepping up towards Jack..... Joe kicks Tojo in the hand from out of nowhere!! The salt flies into Tojo's eyes!!

Dave: That's gotta hurt!! Tojo is blinded!!

Lance: Ohhhhh myyyyyyy..... Joe grabs Tojo and DDT's him to the mat!! Tojo is unconscious!!! I haven't seen a move like that since Man Mountain Link did that to the Dream Machine!!!!

Dave: Tojo is out cold, and Jack kicks him to the curb!!!

(Rosco and Ringo rush Joe, but Joe levels them with a double clothesline..... followed with a double legdrop across the throats.....Tito squares off against Jack but finds his punches to be quite useless against this Mamma's Boy..... )

Dave: Jack has no chin of glass!

Lance:

Yessssss Sir, Dave.....Jack is absorbing some powerful punches!! I haven't seen nobody hit like that since the Concession Stand Brawl!!

(Jack ducks a punch, and jabs

Tito in the throat.....as Tito gasps for air, Jack executes a swinging neck-breaker..... meanwhile, Joe is making sure that Rosco and Ringo are out of commission..... )

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Lance: looks like Joe came up with a set of brass knuckles..... he is taking turns punching Rosco and Ringo....

Dave: I hear them brass knuckles belonged to his great Grandma Myrtle..... the very same pair that she used when she was protecting herself, when she was a "Lady of the Evening" in the Redlight District of New Orlenes!!!

Lance: Shut-up Dave!!! We don't get paid by the word!!

Dave: Mike Hinson is looking right at Joe's brass knuckles..... will he DQ him?

Lance: Hell no!!!

(For some odd reason, we hear Mike Hinson.....)

Mike: That's a pretty nice set of 'knucks, Joe!!!

Joe: Ahhhhhhh.....family heirloom!!!

(Joe nails Rosco in the face with the knucks, smashing his nose. Bloods squirts out of his nose, along with a heavy stream of snot ..... Joe kicks Ringo in the privates. Ringo bends over in pain, and Joe follows up with an elbow to the back of the head.....Ringo lays on the mat, drool and blood running from his mouth)

Lance: Ohhhhh myyyyy..... that's gotta hurt!! This match is getting very nasty!! Jack pulls Tito to his feet, and nails him with a beautiful suplex!! This match is all over but the crying!!

Dave: Jack seems to be enjoying this..... he grabs Tito by the hair and whips him into a corner..... he follows up with a splash.....

Lance: Jack steps up to the second turnbuckle and starts hammering away at Tito!! The crowd counts to ten, and Jacks jumps back to the mat!!!

(Tito stands there dazed for a moment, then falls on his face, lifeless.....)

Lance: Ohhhhhh myyyyy...he's seeing little cartoon birdies right now!! Tweet, tweet, Good-night!!!!

(Jack tosses Tito out of the ring.....Hinson begins a ten count on Tojo and Tito..... as Hinson reaches seven..... Jack and Joe both roll the Hippies up in a small package..... Hinson counts both counts at the same time.....)

Lance: SEVEN

Dave: ONE

Lance: EIGHT

Dave: TWO

Lance: NINE

Lance and Dave: TEN / THREE !!!!!!!!!!!

Lance: What a match!!!!!! I haven't seen that type of count before!! Looks like Hinson may be a little more intelligent than I thought!!!

Dave: Let's move on to the next match, Lance!!

Lance: Well, Dave, we now have Menace as he will try to defeat Hans Schmidt and keep his hopes of getting that title shot alive.

Dave: This will be an interesting matchup. Hans is in the ring and here comes Menace, and in his hands he has a hockey stick and a black, zipped up, duffel bag. He places the duffel bag and hockey stick outside the ring and goes through the ropes. Lance: Who is that on the ramp? Its OutKast!

Dave: Not again. He came down and tried to rough up Menace last week, to no avail. Can we get security out here?

Lance: Referee Mike Hinson has started the match, and look, OutKast is coming towards us, not the ring!  
Ha!

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Look at that, Menace just nailed Hans in the nose.

OutKast picks up Dave and throws him to the ground, then puts on a headset.

Lance:

Hey, OutKast.

OutKast:

Hey, Lance.

I'll be calling this match with you.

Lance: What about Dave?

OutKast: What about him?

Lance: Back to the match. Menace with an arm drag on Hans. And now a bulldog! Menace looks pumped up.

OutKast: He's getting lucky. Look, a pathetic kick by the loser!

Lance: It wasn't a pathetic kick. That was a heart kick. And now Hans is dazed. Menace climbs the to the top of the turnbuckle. Wow! A splash from Menace.

OutKast: Boring...does the TCW actually make profits by hiring people like Menace?

Lance: Give the guy a break.

OutKast: Why should I? My wife is cheating on ME! And maybe I wanna have a little fun torturing Menace. Whats wrong with that?

Lance: Just shut up! Hans now with a short clothesline. Hans stomps on Menace about ten times, then goes to his feet and executes a Texas cloverleaf submission hold. He isn't letting go! Menace is feeling some pain now.

OutKast: Break his legs!

Lance: Pipe down. Hans continuing to apply pressure. He still isn't letting go. Menace is struggling.

OutKast: Keep holding it!!

Lance: Finally, after 39 seconds, Menace has broken the hold. Menace slides under the ropes, gets the hockey stick, and reenters the ring. He just broke the hockey stick over Hans' skull!

OutKast: Hans looks weak. Maybe I should get in there and wrestle Menace.

Lance:

Don't even think about it OutKast. Anyhow, Hans has just hit Menace with a snap mare! He stomps on Menace then begins to choke him.

OutKast:

Goody, Menace stands up.

Lance: Menace with a dropkick on Hans.

OutKast: The Schmidts are dropping like flies in these matches.

Lance: Menace jumps out of the ring and unzips his duffel bag. Hans follows him. Menace pulls out a chain! Menace swings and nails Hans. He whips him some more. Blood is trickling out of the forehead and lip of Hans Schmidt. Menace is in his bag again.

OutKast: Good lord what is that thing?

Lance: It appears to be a stun gun! Menace just held it to Hans' neck and shocked the life outta him. Menace throws Schmidt back into the ring. He pulls out some handcuffs and gets back in the ring.

OutKast:

Handcuffs him to the ropes.

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Lance: And look at him kicking and punching the gut of Hans Schmidt as if Hans were a punching bag. Hans is struggling to get out of the handcuffs. He is pulling and pulling as Menace turns around and faces the crowd, laughing. Holy cow! Hans just broke the handcuff chain and is now free!

OutKast: Theres some German strength for you.

Lance: Menace turns around and is greeted with a kick in the shins. Menace DDTs Hans and goes for the pin. Mike Hinson counts: One.....two.....KICKOUT!! OutKast: Ha ha.

Lance: Menace is complaining about a slow count and boy does he have a reason to do so.

OutKast:

Shut up, Lance.

Lance: Menace rolls out of the ring. He is reaching into that bag of his. He pulls out a hammer, screwdriver, baseball bat, and a police baton and throws them into the ring. He then grabs a steel chair and reenters the ring.

OutKast: Ouch. Hans got nailed square in the head with that chair.

Lance: Now Menace has the baseball bat, he clocks Hans in the head about three times. Mike Hinson is telling him to stop with the weapons or be disqualified. Menace grabs the screwdriver. He stabs Hans Schmidt in the thigh with it!

OutKast: And there goes the bell. The loser has been disqualified.

Lance: And here comes Karl and Fritz Schmidt come down and pummel Menace for what he did to Hans.

OutKast: Been fun guys .. later ... I am outta here ..

Lance: Yea later ..

Dave: Well now that he is gone ..

Lance: Good thing too .. he may have parted your hair the hardway Dave ..

Dave: what do you mean Lance?

Lance: I mean look to the ring .. geez Dave your on of a kind ..

Dave: Gee thanks Lance .. I think ...

Lance: 4 weeks ago on this program, Johnny Carteris made his shocking return to the TCW. Tonight is his in-ring return, and he's getting no pushover.

Vengeance has already made quite the name for himself knocking off one of the top contenders to the World Television Title, Apocolypse.

Dave: Quite the impressive debut for Vengeance, however he's going to have to get through Carteris, and we know Carteris' history. Johnny of course the only man ever to win the World Title twice while remaining undefeated.

Lance: Well Mike Hinson calls for the bell, and the match begins.

Dave: Johnny Carteris bounces off the ropes, and runs forward, clotheslining Vengeance. Early cover, but he only gets a 1 count that time.

Lance: Johnny has Vengeance back up to his feet, full arm dragon twist. Now behind, pulling on the arm. He grabs Vengeance around the waist, German suplex! 1....2..he rolls out. Vengeance taking the early beating.

Dave: Agreed, he's not looking good against the former champ.

Lance: Johnny comes off the ropes at the staggering Vegeance, cross body block, and he hangs on...but so does Vengeance. The roll through, 1....2...kickout by Johnny. That one surprised him a little. He picks up Vengeance and drops him down with the Atomic Drop. Vegeance holding his midsection, turns, and there's Johnny to run him over with the lariat. Johnny with an elbowdrop onto Vegeance, and a cover. 1....2...no!

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Dave: Vengeance is one tough fellow.

Lance: Yes, he's still hanging in there. He once again wraps his hands around the waist of Vengeance, but Vengeance connects with the elbow to the head. Another. Vengeance with a poke to the eyes, and Hinson caught him. He warns Vengeance about that, as Carteris is going to the tights!

Dave: Carteris comes up with a hood ornament. He wraps it in his hands tightly. Hinson turns around. Johnny goes to waffle Vengeance, but misses! Vengeance kicks Johnny in the stomach. Johnny drops the ornament. Vengeance grabs Johnny by the head, and they're down on the mat! He's locked on the Reprisal!!!

Lance: And Johnny's in a bad neighborhood there. He's fighting it though, and fighting it hard. He won't give up.

Dave:

Hinson's asking him if he wants to. No response. Uh oh..... There's the bell. Vengeance has knocked off the 2 time World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Carteris and is paving his way to the top, and quickly!

Lance: And Carteris is looking not nearly as good since hooking up with the Tennessee Triad .. perhaps that is the reason for his lack of form ..

Dave: You figure Lance ..

Lance: No Dave .. I just said that .. maybe OutKast should have belted ya a little harder ..

(scene opens in GW Perry's office..... he walks in to find Lobo and Odin, kicking back in chairs with their feet on his desk. Lobo appears to be slightly intoxicated..... GW slams the door shut.....)

GW: You mind getting your damn "Dudley Feet" the hell off my desk?!!!

Lobo: Frag off, Perry!!

The

"Main Man" don't need to be bothered right now!!

GW: Guess again..... I'm giving you bums ten minutes to get in the ring. Since no one challenged you this week, I'm giving you a match!!!

Lobo: Izzat a fact?!!!

GW: Believe it..... you WILL defend your belts tonight!!

Odin: Against who?

GW: You'll find out in ten minutes! I'm tired of you two collecting paychecks and not earning them! You may as well be on welfare.....

Lobo: It would probably pay more, ya tightwad bastich!!!

GW: Get the hell out of my office!!

(Lobo and

Odin get up.....Odin walks out, Lobo picks up his Coleman cooler, chugs down the beer in his hand, and staggers after Odin.....)

Lobo: Hey Odin, feel like fighting on your own?

The

"Main Man" is just a tad inebriated!! Odin: What a surprise!!

(scene moves to Lance and Dave at the announcer's table.....)

Lance: We've got a big match coming up now! I've juuuuust gotten word that Lobo and Odin will be defending their titles in a biiiggggg Dark Match!!

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Dave: Lobo and Odin are making their way to the ring now.....

(fireworks explode as "War Machine" by KISS plays over the PA..... Odin steps out, followed by Lobo, who is still carrying his

Coleman. With beer in hand, Lobo staggers after Odin to the ring. The fans scream and cheer at this unexpected appearance of their tag-team champs!! )

Lance: Whoaaaa Dave, listen to that crowd!!!!

(Lobo and Odin are in the ring, and Lobo tosses his now empty beer can into the crowd, making a monumental souvenir for a lucky fan!! The arena lights dim, as two figures step out to the entrance ramp.....)

Lance: I wonder who GW Perry is forcing them to fight?

Maybe, Lobo and Odin are in for a bit of a surprise.....

Dave: You never know..... plus..... Lobo is drunk!!!!

Lance: As usual..... our two Mystery Men are making their way to the ring..... they are in the ring now.....

Dave: The lights come back on.....it's.....it's.....

Lance: Stanley Stanley and Tulip Givens?!!! What a joke!!!! You've GOT to be kidding me!! I haven't seen a joke like this since Andy Koffman took on Lawler!!!

Dave: Or since Lawler became an announcer for WWF!!!!

Lance: He's almost on par with you, ain't he Dave?

Dave:(under his breath)

Lance Russel%!#

Lance: What was that?

Dave: I said let's get this match going..... Al Barnes will be the referee for this one!!

Lance: Barnes is calling for the bell.....Odin will be squaring off against Tulip Givens. Odin is gesturing for Tulip to take his best shot.....

(Tulip swings hard and nails Odin in the jaw with a right fist.....Tulip immediately clutches his right hand in pain.....Odin laughs and grabs Tulip..... he sends Tulip to the mat with a headbutt.....)

Lance: Tulip is already in trouble..... Odin pulls him by the hair and whips him into the ropes..... Odin bounces off the ropes and levels Tulip with a flying shoulder.

Dave: Lobo appears to be leaning against the ropes..... I don't think he has much interest in fighting tonight!!

Lance: He does look a little green at the gills!! Odin is twisting Tulip like a pretzel, one foot on his back, and pulling on the arms!!

Dave: Lobo has stepped off the ring apron, and is looking for an empty chair to sit in!!

Lance: Odin doesn't seem to need his help right now, or at least, as much help as a drunken fool could give a partner.....Tulip is screaming in pain!!

Dave: Stan is reaching for the tag, but Tulip is nowhere close!! Odin releases the hold, and starts stomping away at Tulip.....Odin then runs over to Stanley and punches him in the mouth, splitting his lip....

Lance: Is that blood I see coming from Stanley's mouth?

(Stanley then jumps in the ring, and attacks

Odin as he turns back towards Tulip. Having the advantage, Tulip and Stanley start hammering away at Odin..... Lobo stumbles to his feet, and climbs into the ring.....)

Lance: Tulip steps up to the "Main Man" and kicks Lobo in the throat as he climbs into the ring.....

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(Lobo starts gasping for air.....Tulip cups his hands, and slaps Lobo on his ears, sending a painful blast into the inner ear of a drunken tag-team champion..... Lobo falls to the mat.....)

Lance: ohhhh myyyyyy, lucky shot by Tulip!! Odin is trading fists with Stanley!!

Dave: Al Barnes tries to get Stanley and Lobo out of the ring..... Stanley swings at Odin.....

Lance: Odin ducks, and Tulip decks the ref!!

For the first time ever, Tulip has actually knocked a guy out!!!.

Dave: Too bad it's the ref!!!!

(Odin tosses Tulip out of ring, then chases after him..... Lobo gets to his feet, and is met by Stan with a vicious kick to the groin..... Lobo doubles over in pain..... his face turns green.....his cheeks start to bulge out)

Dave: Lance.....I think Lobo's gonna hurl!!!!!!

Lance: Ohhhhhh nooooo!!!

(Stanley steps up to Lobo.....Lobo stands up, and covers Stanley with a jet stream of projectile vomit.....)

Lance: (gagging) We have vomit in the ring!!!!!!

Yes, Lobo has just puked all over

Stanley!!!

Dave: (giggley) Kinda looks like somebody had pizza for lunch!!!

(Lance takes another look at the ring, he sees Stanley slip in the vomit and fall down.....Stanley himself is starting to vomit.....Lance tries to speak.....)

Lance: This.....ULP!!!

(Lobo, belching loudly and seeming to feel much better, picks up a pepperoni off the mat, and makes a show of eating it....."for the second time tonight".....)

Dave: Oh, how sick....

(Lance bends down, and starts yaking all over the floor.....Lobo pulls a roll of quarters out of his boot, and nails Stanley squarley in the face, splitting his forehead above his left eye.....he rolls Stanley onto his back, and puts one foot on his chest.....)

Dave: Barnes is over to make the count..... ONE.....TWO.....THREE!!!

Lance: (wiping his mouth) That is disgusting!!! Barnes slapped his hand in the vomit when he made that three count!!!!. Odin is back in the ring with Lobo!!!

Dave: Looks like Lobo and Odin have defended their titles once again!! Lobo and Odin leave the ring.....Barnes is leaving too, but slips in the vomit and falls on his backside!!!

Lance: A crew is in the ring now with a mop and bucket!! I haven't seen a mess like this since the "Concession Stand Brawl"!!

Dave: Lobo sure does know how to leave an impression on people!!!!

Lance: An impression or extra cheese!!! What a jerk!!!

Dave: I kinda like him Lance ..

Lance: You would ...

(All a sudden the lights all go out sending a chill through out the place.After a few seconds a blue light shines down on the entrance way, and fire rises all the way down the isle on the side.The Stairway to Heaven

begins to blare over the loudspeaker and out from behind the curtain comes five men all dressed in hooded

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robes. The men walk to the ring oh so slowly and all enter and stand staring at the entrance way. The first man pulls out a microphone and hands it right away to the second man who begins to speak.)

Man 2: Well, TCW, a short time ago I told you that there was going to be a big change. And here it is. Ladies and gentlemen, the five of us that you see standing before you, are about to reform the GREATEST stable in the history of wrestling. You may have seen us or heard of us back when when we were in TWF...but this time around we are going to do a helluva lot more damage!!!

Now, I will hand the talking over to one of my partners.

Man

3: Well I guess it's down to me. I've been in a lot of Stables. So very good ones, and some very bad ones. But I feel that now I've found the stable that will take me to the next level. I've had some history with these guys, but that's all behind us now. Folks in a time when everything is crazy and everything seems to be unknown, one thing is for sure. That this stable will rule the TCW with an iron fist.

(From the back of the group, one of the masked men takes the microphone. He then moves over and climbs to the top rope and sits there for a few moments.)

Man 4: "Unholy Alliance, for a long time you boys have run roughshot over the old TWF and now you're going to try and do the same thing here in the TCW. Well, my friends and I are here to make sure that DOES NOT happen!! You boys are going to learn what it means to run scared!

One more thing, Lobo and

Odin! You two boys have something that belongs to me and my partner! You two don't deserve to be the Champions! We're coming for you!! You two had better be ready!"

(The masked man then climbs down and moves back to the middle of the ring.)

Man 4: "Now onto you, Moloney. You are becoming just as drunk with power as Perry is! You play with people's lives like this is some kind of game! Well boyo, this is no game and if you try it with us, it'll be game over!!"

(Finally, the masked man hands the mic over to one of the first man and then climbs back to the top rope and waits.)

Man 1: Ladies and

Gentlemen the time has come. Like I have been saying. A Revolution has begun tonight, HEAVEN AND HELL HAS BEGUN ONCE

MORE!

(The men all through back their hoods. Panther the

Mid-South Champion, Outkast the Extreme

Champion, Apox the

Big Gun, Falconer the Higher

Flyer, the fifth man does not remove his hood still remaining a mystery.)

Panther: Here with me stand four men that are ready to rule. Three you see and know one is still a surprise. But together as HAH we will destroy all and reign supreme. Unholy Alliance I told you the end was near and a Revolution would begin. Well it has and you now have NO CHANCE! Your time will come very shortly. But before we leave here tonight I must make an offer to Panther-Fan. Fan you are fighting with me tonight so I know you are a good alliance. So now I must ask are you with us or not. The choice is yours. And for the rest.

All of Them: BE PREPARED!!!!!!!

(The all laugh and put on the leather HAH jackets except for the still hooded man. Their music begins to play

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and they exit the ring area with huge smiles on their faces.)

Lance: Well .. OutKast has turned his back on the Corporate Enforcers .. ya gotta wonder how Perry will react to this one.

Dave: Yes he is going to be a tad upset.

Lance: Upset is one way to put it ..

Dave:

Next up, Steven Xodiak will be taking on Menace.

Lance: This will be a good matchup as both men appear to be wanting a win. And they are in the ring so lets get this underway, shall we?

Dave: Sounds good. Xodiak starts off with a body press on Menace. Menace is quick to get back on his feet, though!

Lance: Xodiak has Menace and gives him a face driver! And he follows up on that with some stomps and a fist drop. He picks Menace up and swings him into the ropes. Menace charges at Xodiak but gets caught as Xodiak delivers a back drop!

Dave: Menace lands hard on the mat. Steven Xodiak gives Menace a belly to belly brainbuster. Menace reaches out and pulls Xodiaks legs out from under him.

Lance: Menace drops onto Xodiak with his right knee. Then kicks Xodiak in the groin.

Dave: Menace never does hesitate to fight dirty, does he?

Lance: Well, at least he puts on a good show. Xodiak is up and he kicks Menace in the midsection.

Dave: Menace retaliates with a neckbreaker. Menace is getting warmed up now as he throws Xodiak into the corner.

Lance: He climbs to the second rope and nails him not once, not twice, not three times, not ten times, but fifteen times!

Dave: Xodiak is on his feet, but Menace brings him down with a leg twist. Menace puts his elbow into Xodiak's back. Xodiak is up now.

Lance: Steven with a monkey flip! He picks up Menace and gives him a piledriver. He goes for the pin. The referee counts: One...two...KICKOUT at the last moment by Menace.

Dave: Xodiak is going to have to work a bit harder than that to win this match.

Lance: Xodiak whips Menace into a corner. Steven goes over and slaps Menace across the chest. Then he executes a swinging bulldog!

Dave: Steven is giving this match his all.

Lance: Menace punches Xodiak. Xodiak punches Menace. Menace kicks Xodiak. Xodiak kicks Menace, and then knees him in the chest knocking Menace to the mat.

Dave: Look at Steven now. He is on top of Menace and is pounding Menace's head into the mat.

Lance: And Menace throws him off with authority. Menace rolls out of the ring and looks for something under the ring. He pulls out a table, and a crow bar. He sets up the table then teases Steven to come out of the ring.

Dave: Xodiak falls for it. He jumps over the top rope and is met in the face with the crow bar. Menace drops the crow bar and sets up the table, then places Steven on top of it.

Lance: Menace climbs onto the table and is about to put Xodiak through the table when Steven rolls off the table.

Dave: Menace, disgusted, jumps off the table and goes after Xodiak. Menace grabs Steven's feet and Xodiak grabs the crow bar. Menace lets go of Steven's feet once he reaches the table. Steven turns around and swings at Menace with full force and clocks him upside the head with the crow bar.

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Lance: The fans are going wild! They are chanting "Xo-di-ak! Xo-di-ak!"

Steven places Menace on the table and stands him up. Xodiak picks up Menace and powerslams him through the table. He then climbs back into the ring.

Dave: Menace follows his lead and gets back in as well. Xodiak dropkicks Menace, then sets him up. Xodiak charges Menace....jumps....HURRICARANA! The crowd is ecstatic.

Lance: Menace is onto his feet but not for long as Steven executes a spinning punch. Steven picks him up and nails a Northern Lights suplex. That could be all: 1...2...3!

Dave: There it is! Steven Xodiak has defeated Menace!

Lance: A big one for Xodiak and ...

(The arena goes black .. the jumbo screen comes on a brilliant white and a logo appears through the light .. a flaming logo ... It stays for a minute or so and then disappears .. the light immediately goes out and the arena lights come back on.)

Lance: What the hell was that about.

Dave: About two minutes ?

Lance: Dave your an ass ... who is responsible for that .. a TWF logo ? Onethat never even made air time for that matter .. could this be a re-birth ?

Dave: I dunno Lance .. but it gives me the willies.

Lance: A strong breeze does that to you Dave ..

Dave: I think you have some pent up hostility Lance .

Lance: Ya think .. maybe ?

Dave: If ya want to talk man I'm here ..

Lance: Okay folks, it's been a wild ride thus far and seems to not be cooling off at all. Next up is a non-title match Between....hold on? What's this?

(Oh Yes my friends!

Up on the screen above the entrance ramp are your best friends and Only True Heroes, JackyIFan and HST Gonzo, The ThinkTank. Daisy Chain for Satan by Thrill Kill Kult plays glaringly in the background, as if played too loud through broken speakers. It appears that they are still in Maui.)

JF: Lance! Dave! Just wanted to tell you all that we are sorry we can't be here tonight to do your job better than you could imagine. But as you see, we are relaxing in an obvious tropical setting.....

Dave: OMG! The 'Tank! What a glorious day for all of the TCW!

Lance: Since when do you shill for the ThinkTank?

Dave: (Somewhat muffled) They have photos.....video.....fingerprints....retina scans and audio tape. I have to shill.

Lance: Whatever. Look, no disrespect to you guys but we have a match to call. A non-title match between Colt Steele and Racky so if you could...

HST: Racky huh? Didn't he say that our commentary was...refreshing in the State of the blah blah?

JF: Yes indeed he did. It appears we are becoming liked, or at least tolerated.

HST: Oh we gotta put a stop to that....hold on boys....

(The 'Tank push their setting over revealing a blank back wall of the arena. They come down the aisle and take over the commentary position making Lance and Dave sit to the side, in case of emergency. The quite large masked man is with them.)

JF: Hehehe....feels good back in the saddle. Colt comes out to Type 'O....that's mildly interesting. A song

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about some chick killing herself is his entrance music? He's deep because he hurts I suppose.

HST: "You found the strength, to end your life....as you did...so shall I."

Well, one can hope can't they?

JF: Racky comes down to Hanson. Or something. Maybe the Mofitts. I can't make it out. Something teen pop-esque that some loser gets paid minimum wage to play at a major radio station....

HST: Like our friends Gary and Robb?

JF: That hurt. Racky starts out with a handshake turned into a kick to Colt's gut. A Greco Roman eye gouge from Colt and a whip into the ropes....reversed by Racky.....he hits the...hey Gonzo? Wanna hear a poem I wrote?

HST: Sure, flail away.....

JF: Why can't I look away?

Swirls of madness and razor slash of genius within her calm frame or so it would seem

Sauntering across the implicate untouched by the land beneath vast tracts of tragedy lay there... untouched?  
I know better.

Within the supposed void I see thousands there. and despite my best efforts, I can't look away.

I interact and attempt understanding of this enigmatic passenger riding through persecution yet still she manages to smile.

Jejuned and hurtful was I, barely remembering the empty shells focused on my own well being no matter how fierce my opposition to it

It's always been effort exerted to gain my own ends.

so seeing this person with whom part of me knows it's fixated upon, Why can't I look away?

Because I see therein what's claimed to be stolen I feel what exists in groves a spring of wondrous hope.

Sappy as I may get here, she's not a "mirror to my own tortured soul." as I could never presume myself on her mantle of divinity.

I see what I've propanized and sought, vast experience and innocence in one. and despite what happens to her, these qualities never give in, nor does she.

Introspection to my Machiavellian intents, a provision by way of her deeds my world seems so much better, when her smile is granted to me.

amo meus,

JF.

HST: (Crying....) That was beautiful man.

(Oh dear. While this pathetic cathartic moment played out the tide switched several times as Racky hit a Guillotine somersault leg drop to the outside then went for a twisting senton suicide dive to the third row where Colt lay supinated. Colt moves out of the way and Racky hits chairs and concrete. Colt throws him back into the ring and drops a knee across Racky's back. He goes for a over the shoulder back breaker when Racky rolls it over into an arm drag. Racky with a drop kick and covers for a 1 count. Colt regains the advantage with several stiff chops and a running powerslam.)

HST: Boy, see-saw match up here folks. The pendulum has really turned the tide when Racky went to the well one to many times and I'm afraid it's a Katie Bar The Door Pier 6 brawl now.

JF: May Gorilla Monsoon rest in peace.

HST: Wow, that was almost sentimental.

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JF: We have our moments. I have not had this much fun since I sold my anti-psychotic meds to those Ravens telling them it'd REALLY get them high!

HST: Um, why didn't you take them?

JF: (Big Evil Grin....) Because I'm cured now.

HST:

That was positively Clockwork Orangian of you....are you channeling Malcom McDowell?

JF: Uh, he's not dead yet.

HST: Oh yeah, there is that getting in the way....I guess I should read a liner here about advertising, since the TCW is in a poor financial climate.

JF: Where'd you hear that?

HST: I just made it up. Anyway, this match brought to you by Small Sweaty Mexican Wrestler cologne, as seen on Univision on Saturdays promotion. When you want a scent that positively screams it's gotta be SSMW.

(We missed another great exchange as Colt followed up the powerslam with a boston crab. Racky somehow countered with a rolling single leg take down into an ankle lock. Colt reaches the ropes and the hold is broken. Racky hits the German release suplex and mounts the ropes for moonsault. He gets a 2 count from it. He goes for another suplex and his back gives way. Colt capitalizes by hitting a reverse DDT and a bow and arrow type submission manuever putting more pressure on Racky back.)

JF: I tell you, these rest holds are killing me!

HST: What do you mean? You aren't watching the match?

JF: Yeah I am, what's this on the monitor?

HST: That's the "Man Show."

Chicks on trampolines is next. Remember when we went drinking with the Fox?

JF: Ziggy Zaggy indeed.

HST: I like eggs. Have I told you that?

JF: No, but you didn't have to. This afternoon you were sporting a cloud of effluvia that was absolutely Dickie-ish.

HST: Thanks! I've been experimenting lately....

JF: You know this is quite solipsistic of us....

HST: There's that word again....

JF: Well, we are defining it by action here.

HST: Hehehe....run to the dictionaries kids!

(Racky escapes the hold and resumes his aerial assault.)

HST: You know, that's a commonly used misnomer...

(.....anyway.....Racky controls with his off the top rope antics until he misses the Missile drop kick because he lost his footing slightly on the ropes. Colt shoots Racky into the ropes and attempts a back body drop when Racky somehow floats over in mid air and as Colt extends his body upward, Racky comes crushing down with a modified Diamond Cutter.)

JF: An Ace Crusher! Can that be the end of the match?

HST:

Hold on, I think something is wrong with the ropes.....better check it out. the boys safety comes first you

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know...

(The Tank replete with large masked man go down to ringside as Racky mounts the ropes. JF distracts the Ref and complains about the ropes....HST hits the ref while the masked man pushes Racky off the ropes. He then picks Racky up and sits him in the corner and applies an arm lock and neck scissors. HST and JF Take Colt up and perform a stuffed pile driver on him. JF Takes him to the top for his Dragon Driver. They pick racky up and HST Powerbombs him onto Colt. JF alerts the ref....1....2.....3!)

JF: That was for your dad Racky. Lineage has it's consequences.

Lance: Well fans, we got our positions back and what can I say? Why'd the ThinkTank help Racky?

Dave: You call that help? I mean he won and all but.....

Lance: Those three have plans, that much is for certain.....

Dave: ThinkTank clear the ring and head out of the arena....laughing....

Lance: Those boys are wacked !

Dave: I think so .. well Lance I hear that we have The return of Paul Lennon here tonight.

Lance: Dickie Wreenkle will be taking on Paul Lennon, who returns to the TCW after a LONG vacation this week.

Dave: That's right Lance

The brit has been seen with Johnny Carteris alot lately, so you never know what could come of this.

Lance: Oh dear god, look who's on the ramp.

Dave: No, he's coming this way.

Racky takes a headset and sits himself next to Lance.

Racky:

Before you even think of calling security, I have to inform you I have the permission of the CEO to be here.

Lance: Well, we're about to call a match involving your father and....

Racky: Listen, if I really cared what you had to say, do you think I'd be here? I'm here to brighten the place up.

Dave: The punisher makes his way out to the ring. Now Racky, since you're here, I've gotta know....why did you attack your mother with a squeegee?

Racky: Why not ask her why she used to slap my butt with a fly swatter when I was a kid and get back to me.

Lance: Dickie Wreenkle is on his way out now. He enters the ring, and referee Al Barnes calls for the bell.

Racky: You know Lance, all you ever do is relay to the fans what they can clearly see on their screens. Why not try a different approach?

Dave: You know something Lance, I've been meaning to ask the same thing. You're not so bad there Racky.

Racky: You're an alright fellow yourself Mr. Brown. I don't know why this goof keeps winning Announcer Of The Year. I mean, we both know who carries this team.

Dave and Racky laugh.

Lance: Guys, there's a match going on in the....

Dave: Hey, Racky, why don't we get a drink. I'm sure the "2 Time Announce Of The Year" can carry this one.

Racky: Sure thing Davey.

Lance: Hey, guys, listen, uhhhh....

Dickie comes forward and shoves Paul Lennon. They dance around a little bit, Dickie with a droptoe hold on Lennon. Now he grabs him by the head and pulls. Chinlock applied firmly. The blood is draining and Lennon's turning white. Lennon puts his arms around the head of Dickie, jawbreaker! Dickie down, but right back up, with a really annoyed look on his face. He pulls Lennon to his feet.....Dickie Doo! Dickie still gets

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great height for a man of his age. The Dick doesn't cover though. He heads up to the top rope.....gullotine leg-drop! He covers. 1.....2.....3! Dickie Wreenkle wins another one, and the championship committee better be watching this one very closely. He continues to just plow through the ranks here in the TCW. Ahhh, and here comes my partner

Dave Brown back, Surge in hand.

Dave:

Dickie sure didn't waste any time. Drat, I was hoping you'd choke.

Lance: There's a reason I'm 2 time announce of the year!

Dave: I should have won that one ya know.

Lance:Right ... Dave we just got word that the ThinkTank is being incarcerated as we speak for drunk driving. Don't they know just to share your beer WITH the peace keeping officer and it'll keep you safe?

Dave: Family secrets Lance? Anyway, you know how those boys feel about their VooDoo.....

Lance: I do .. Dave .. I do.

Dave: Well next Lance the main event .. the return bout between Marv Ellis Champion and Challenger Falconer who is now a member of H&H. Lance: Yes and look now we have them both in the ring .. Falconer is sporting his new H&H jacket.

Dave: There

s the bell, here we go! The two men start off in the center of the ring, staring into each others eyes. Falconer swings at Ellis, but is slow! Marv ducks the shot, grabs him from behind, and does a German suplex and bridge! 1

Falconer escapes, but just barely!

Lance: Ellis won

t release the rear waistlock. He rolls through, brings Falconer up and plants him in the center of the ring with another German suplex and bridge! 1

Falconer again escapes in the nick of time!

Dave: Ellis still won

t release the hold! He again pulls Falconer up and this time launches Falconer through the air and crashing onto his head ... with a release German suplex! Ellis with the cover! 1-2-kickout!

Lance: Ellis pulls Falconer up, sends him to the ropes, and slaps on a sleeperhold!

Dave:

It  
s clear Marv wants this match over quickly. However, Falconer kicks Marv in the groin, breaking the hold! Falconer leans against the strands, breathing heavily. Marv bends over in obvious pain, and Falconer comes off the ropes and tackles him!

Lance: Falconer kneels on Ellis

s chest, grabs his hair, and starts beating his head against the mat! 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14 times!  
Marv

s eyes roll into his head, he looks dazed! Falconer runs to the ropes, and then goes for a legdrop but Ellis rolls out of the way!

Dave: Marv is on his feet quickly. He runs to the ropes, and when Falconer stands, Ellis knocks him back down with a flying forearm! Marv goes for a quick pin. 1-2-shoulder up!

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Lance: The two men get back to their feet, and lock up. Falconer spins Ellis into a side headlock. He then runs with him and does a big bulldog!

Dave: Falconer picks him up and sends him flying into the opposite corner. He then starts running up, but stops in time to see Marv lifts his foot. He goes down on one knee, and uppercuts Ellis in the extreme lower abdomen! Ellis slumps to the ground!

Lance: Falconer pulls Ellis into a standing position, whips him into the corner, climbs to the second turnbuckle, and unleashes ten closed fists to Marv's face!

Dave: He goes for an eleventh shot, but Ellis slips out from under him and Falconer ends up blasting the turnbuckle with a hard fist! I think he broke his hand! He's hopping around in pain.

Lance: He walks right into a spear from Ellis! Ellis scoops Falconer up and nails him with a big powerslam! Falconer gets up and is floored by a second powerslam. Ellis runs to the ropes, and then comes back and stomps on Falconer

his hurt hand. He then wraps his legs around the fallen man's neck in a scissor lock, grabs the injured hand, and starts squeezing and twisting it!

Dave: Falconer looks like he's going to pass out. His shoulder's hit the mat, and referee Mike Hinson starts counting! 1

No! Falconer sits back up, but his face is turning ashen!

Lance: Ellis is still applying pressure, and Falconer lies back down. 1

No! He sits back up again. And Marv is clearly getting frustrated.

Dave:

He lets go and picks Falconer up. Marv sends him to the ropes. On his way back, Falconer reaches out with his bad hand and grabs Ellis by the

throat! wow! He is in serious pain, but he's not letting go. He puts his other hand behind Ellis

his head and lifts him up. He holds him in the air for a moment wincing in pain, and then slams him down in a major league chokeslam! Falconer with the pin. 1

kickout!

Lance: Ellis kicked out! Amazing! Both men scramble to their feet. Ellis tries to kick Falconer's hand, but Falconer catches his boot and hits him with a dragon screw legwhip! Falconer picks Ellis up Running Powerslam! Ellis gets up, but he is in serious serious trouble! He walks right into Falconer's open arms, and Falconer drills him into the canvas with a sidewalk slam!

Dave: Ellis is out of it! Now Falconer is signaling for the end of this match! He

is going to the top rope! Ellis ain't

moving! Falconer leaps

BIG DIVING HEADBUTT! Falconer covers Ellis! 1-2-No No No! Ellis rolled his shoulder up! Incredible!

Lance: Falconer

his hand doesn't

seem to be bothering him now, as he is all fired up! He scoops Ellis up and POWERBOMBS him onto the top turnbuckle pad! Oh my! Ellis wilts to the canvas, and Falconer covers him! 1

Ding, Ding, Ding!

Dave: Well, there

is the bell. Falconer is raising his arms like he won this thing, but the referee is yanking them down and telling Falconer that this match has been declared a time limit draw.

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Lance: Neither man would give up .. I think that this is not the end of this one for them .. Fans, it is time for a huge tag match to take place, as Panther and his newly found partner, Panther-Fan, will be taking on two members of the

UNholy Alliance, Interrigator and Offspring!!!

Dave: And not only that, this will be a No-DQ, Falls count anywhere!!!

Lance: You have to wonder why Panther would have agreed to this match..... one, he has a partner he doesn't know..... and two, this type of match has always been a favorite of UA members!!

Dave:

Be as that may, Panther has been through some bloody matches himself, and Panther-Fan came out of nowhere, to send 'Gator and Offspring to the floor!! And face it, Panther will never turn down a chance to fight the UA, no matter the type of match!!

Lance: It is quite possible that this Panther-Fan is an old enemy of the UA, coming back for vengeance!! But I'm reserving any thoughts I may have till this is underway!!

Dave: Fair enough!!!

(Suddenly, "Bat Out of Hell", by Meatloaf, begins to play over the PA.. Vice-President Jim Moloney steps out on the ramp, and makes his way to the fans. Dressed in customary boots, blue jeans, black U.A. t-shirt and black leather jacket, he makes his way to the ring. A large majority of the crowd cheers for him.....)

Lance: I swear I don't know what the fans see in this guy!! Why couldn't he have just stayed away? (Moloney steps up into the ring, mic in hand. He waits a few moments for the crowd to die down, then he begins to speak.....)

Jim: Pigeon Forge.....TCW and the Unholy Alliance have returned!!!

(Crowd cheers.....)

Jim: And let me tell you, it's great to be back!! Now, as you well know, we have a huge tag-match involving the UA.....er....I mean two members of the UA, and their long time punching bag, Panther!!

(A portion of the crowd starts to boo when Moloney bad-mouths Panther.....)

Jim: Now, now..... anyway, I just wanted to come out here and personally invite you to pay close attention to this match!! Because as you will see, nothing is what it seems when the Unholy Alliance is involved!!! So Panther, Panther-Fan..... get ready for a war.....!!!!!!

(Moloney steps out of the ring and walks over to the announcer's table.....he grabs an empty chair, and dons a set of headgear.....)

Jim: How ya doin' this week, Lance? Hemerroids still bothering you?

Lance: Very funny.....here comes Panther and Panther-Fan to the ring now!!

(Pyros explode as Panther and Panther-Fan come to the ring. Panther is dressed in customary tights, and Panther-Fan is wearing black tights and boots. A black mask with bunny ears attached to the sides of it, and a white t-shirt that says on the front, and "Jeff Jerrit Ain't Bad Neither" on the back.....)

Lance: Huge pop from the fans!! These two men appear to be ready for this match. They talking to each other, perhaps going over some last minute strategies!!

Dave: This match has a chance of making history! If the UA is defeated so early after their reformation, it could be a serious setback!!

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Jim: True...but what are the chances of that happening?

Dave: Well.....um...

Jim: ZERO!!! These two losers are gonna do what Panther does best..... provide comic relief for the UA!!!  
(The lights dim and fireworks explode up from the ringposts and along the entrance ramp.....)

"I Love Rocky Road" by Weird Al Yankovic begins to play over the PA. Interrigator and Offspring, both dressed in blue jeans, black UA t-shirts, and black boots come down the main isle..... the crowd cheers and the lights come back on.....they climb into the ring, and instantly, Panther is nose to nose with Offspring, and Panther-Fan is talking trash to Interrigator.....)

Lance: Referee Mike Hinson is calling for the bell.....AND HERE WE GO!!!

(All four men begin trading punches back and forth..... Panther nails Offspring with a lowblow, followed with an elbow to the back of the head.....)

Panther-Fan hits Interrigator with a huge left that sends him reeling back into a corner.....Panther grabs Offspring by the wrist and whips him towards Panther-Fan's corner.....at the same time, Panther whips Interrigator into the center ring.....Interrigator and Offspring collide into each other and hit the mat....)

Lance:Panther and friend off to good start.....Panther scoops up Offspring and plants him on the mat....Panther-Fan has sent Interrigator through the ropes and to the floor!!

Dave: Panther is taking Offspring to school right now, as Panther-Fan heads outside after Interrigator!  
Panther has Offspring on the mat with a half-Sharpshooter .....Panther is trying to keep Offspring off-balance...

Lance: Meanwhile, Panther-Fan just slammed a steel chair across the head of Interrigator.....now he has a camera cable around his throat and is throttling him!!

What do you think of THAT, Mr.

VP?!!

Jim: Keep watching Lance..... let Panther and Panther-Fan wear themselves out now..... this match just started!!!

Lance: Panther has released Offspring, and is now stomping on his knee! Panther is definitely trying to keep Offspring on the mat..... he positions Offspring..... snap-suplex!! He swiftly slides over and re-applies that half-sharpshooter!!

Dave: Panther-Fan is using a much more intense approach against Interrigator. Interrigator is already busted open above his right eye, as Panther-Fan has repeatedly slammed his head against the steel steps!!

Lance: Panther-Fan seems to have a bit of bloodlust in his eyes!! He scoops up Interrigator and drops him across the security railing....Interrigator falls over to the first row of fans.....

Jim: YAWN!!!

Dave: Panther and Offspring are now on their feet and trading blows..... Panther has Offspring off-balance..... Offspring lowers his guard..... WHAM!!!

(Panther nails

Offspring with a HUGE uppercut that sends the UA Member over the top rope and to the concrete floor.....As Offspring lays there stunned, Panther climbs to the top turnbuckle.....he waits for a moment, then flies through the air and hits Offspring with a full body splash.....)

Lance: Panther with the cover..... Hinson with the count..... ONE.....TWO..... KICKOUT!!!

Dave: I thought it was over.....

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Jim: You would!! Offspring is too much like his dad..... it's gonna take one hell of a lot more than what Panther has to pin him!!

Lance: He almost had him!!!

Jim: Hey Dave.....!!

Dave: Yes, sir?

Jim: Go fetch me a beer!!

Dave: We're, uh, kinda in the middle of calling a match....

Jim: Let's be honest Dave..... do you really think anybody cares about what you have to say? Didn't think so..... now go fetch me a beer, and let me and Lance call some action here!!

(Dave gets up from his chair. With a hurt look on his face, he walks away.....)

Lance: Was that necessary?

Jim: No..... but it was fun!! Hey look....it's my old friend Savior!!

(As Panther is currently slamming a chair over the head of Offspring, and Panther-Fan is jabbing Interrigator in the face with a pencil in the second row, Savior walks down the main isle and sits in Dave's now vacant seat. He puts on Dave's headset.....)

Savior: Lance..... you wanna leave now, or do I have to slap ya around a bit first?

Lance: Like I wanna call a match with you two clowns!!

(Lance takes off his headset and slams it down on the table. He leaves in a huff.....)

Savior: Now we can get down to the action!!! Panther is hitting Offspring like a woman!!

Jim: I think Offspring is humoring Panther, by pretending it hurts!!

Meanwhile, Interrigator is letting Panther-Fan feel good about himself by absorbing a bit of number two lead!!

Savior: Things are looking bad for the UA!!! Panther and Offspring are fighting their way down the main isle.....Panther found a metal garbage can, and nails Offspring over the head with it!!

Jim: Looks like Panther-Fan and Interrigator are fighting their way through the crowd..... Panther-Fan picks up Interrigator over his shoulder, and tosses him over the security railing and into the main isle!!

Savior: Panther hits Offspring with a bulldog on the concrete.....be right back!!

(Panther makes a cover on Offspring..... before Hinson can even start the count, Savior makes the save by kicking Panther in the back of the head.....)

Jim: Looks like I'm all alone right now..... Offspring is regaining his bearings, as Savior seems to be asking Panther for his autograph!! Panther slugs Savior in the jaw!!! What a jerk!!!

(Having bought some time for Offspring, Savior makes his way back to the announcer's table, rubbing his jaw just a little.....)

Jim: Panther-Fan has Interrigator down with a cover..... Hinson makes his way over and begins the count..... ONE.....TWO.....UNBELIEVABLE!!!!

(At the two count, Panther-Fan pulled up Interrigator, breaking the count.....)

Savior: Offspring is reaching into his boot..... he's got a can of pepper-spray..... Panther turns.....

(As Panther turned towards Offspring, he gets a jet of pepper-spray in the face. Blinded, Panther gropes

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around, and is brought down solid with a fist to face from Offspring.....Offspring then proceeds to kick at Panther repeatedly.....)

Jim: Tough break for Panther!!! Offspring now goes over to Panther-Fan and hits him from behind!!!

Interrigator and Offspring are now working over Panther-Fan.....

Savior: Panther-Fan is in sad straights at the moment!! Panther is rubbing at his face, but is slowly getting his bearings back!!

Jim: Everything Panther does is slow!!! I heard it took him two hours just to write his name on the contract for this match!!

Savior: LOOK OUT!!!!

(From seemingly out of nowhere, Panther gets a sudden burst of energy, he rushes Interrigator and Offspring, and sends them to the floor with a double clothesline..... Panther-Fan is on his back. Panther quickly checks on him, then gets back up and grabs a steel chair..... he takes turns bashing Interrigator and Offspring over the head.....)

Jim: Panther has turned into a madman!!!! A fan just handed him a monkey wrench, and he wacks Interrigator in the ribs with it! Well, look who just showed up.....

(At this moment, Lobo and Odin come down from behind the curtains.....Lobo is carrying the World Heavyweight Title Belt..... Panther has his back turned and doesn't realize they are there.....

Panther-Fan, who was laying unconscious on the floor, suddenly gets to his feet. Lobo straps the belt around his waist.....)

Savior: WHAT THE.....!!!!

(Panther hits Interrigator in the head with the monkey wrench.....he then turns to see Panther-Fan standing tall with the World Heavyweight Belt around his waist, not to mention Lobo and Odin standing next to him..... Panther looks a bit confused for a moment, then the realization of what is occurring dawns on him.....)

Jim: Heh-heh.....watch this!!!

(Panther-Fan slowly takes off his mask, to reveal himself as none other than.....)

Jim:

RIC JUSTUS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!!!!

Savior: Things are looking REALLY bad for Panther!!!! Offspring hits Panther from behind, causing him to drop the wrench..... Justus lunges forward, and simply body-tackles Panther to floor!!!

Jim: Panther is stunned, and Justus is laying into him with some famous lefts and rights!!! Now Lobo and Odin are taking a few turns at kicking Panther..... sucks to be him, I guess!!!

Savior: Justus reaches into his boot, and pulls out a set of brass knuckles..... Lobo and Odin back off..... Panther slowly gets to his feet..... Justus aims.....

(Justus hits Panther full in the face with the knuckles....Panther drops, and Justus makes a cover.....after a moment of hesitation, Hinson makes the count.....)

Jim: ONE....TWO.....THREE!!!!!!

Savior:

And that's the match, TCW

Fans!!! Wait a minute.....

Jim: Justus picks up Panther over his shoulders..... SCALES OF JUSTUS!!!!!!

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Savior: Panther is out cold!!!! What a shame!!!!

Jim: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, once again, Panther has been schooled by the Unholy Alliance!! But don't worry..... he is isn't the first, and he won't be the last!!!

Savior: You got that right!! Justus and the rest of our stablemates have left Panther laying in the main isle!!!!

Jim: What a surprise!!!!

(Jim and Savior get up from the announcer's table. They walk over to the other UA members, and all of them leave the area and walk backstage..... Lance Dave return to the table.....)

Lance: Disgusting!!! Just how low will the Unholy Alliance stoop?!!!

Dave: I don't know. I wonder if VP Moloney still wants the beer I just got him?

Lance: Shut-up, Dave!!! The EMT's are on-scene, checking out Panther. Looks like he is on his feet, and walking away on his own power..... what a champ!!!!

Dave:

You know what the crazy thing is. Ric Justus and Interrigator beat the hell out of each other. Both men are busted open. And towards the end of the match, Offspring and Interrigator were kicking around Ric Justus. All this for a work!!!!

Lance: True..... these idiots will go to almost any lengths to make it believable.

Dave: Remember back in the TWF when Dr. Midnight and Lobo fought in a No-DQ match? There was blood all over the arena when they were finished.....and then two days later they teamed up and attacked someone else!!!

Lance: That's the Unholy Alliance for you..... crazy till the end!! folks we are out of time .. next week the TCW takes time off to compete against the IWF in what will be a HUG Pay Per View event .. so until we see you again .. good night!

Z