

# Explosion: 2

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** February 9, 2014  
**Location:** Malibu High School Gym — Malibu, CA

## Results

### EXPLOSION

Segment

Pyro goes off all across the arena as Joan Jett belts out her Blackhearts hit, 'Bad Reputation'. The audience seems much more nicely filled out than for GPW's inaugural show, as the promotion has been attracting attention through word-of-mouth and in social media channels. After panning a few politely cheering fans, some of whom brought signs with sayings like 'TWERK TWERK TWERK TWERK LARIAT' or 'SLICK TITS', the camera focuses on the announce table, where our two announcers salute us.

Cheryl LaTour: Good evening, and welcome to GPW Explosion! I'm Cher LaTour!

By her side, wearing a garish canary-yellow suit, is none other than...

Kerry Buckingham: And I'm Kerry Buckingham!

Cher: Now Kerry, our first show apparently attracted quite a bit of attention. People on Twitter have been talking about us, and as you know there have been a couple of new signings over the past few weeks!

Kerry sulks: Yes, but they didn't hire Stevie, as I suggested they should...

Cher: Come now, Kerry, you know relationships in the workplace never work out! Besides, you have Lady Liberty, Emma Carlisle, a new tag team...and tonight we crown our very first GPW Heavyweight Champion!

Here, with Kerry still pouting, Cher gives up trying to bring her round and turns to face the camera instead:

Cher: That's coming up later tonight, as Jigai Joan and Jo McFarlane face each other in a Street Fight! But first, ladies and gentlemen, let's take you back to last week, when Molly Cyrus attacked Cheerleader Cherry after their dance contest!

A box-in-box shows images of the attack, as Cher narrates over them:

Cher: Earlier this week, Cherry had this to say about the attack...

The feed cuts to a replay of part of the promo originally posted on the GPW website:

Cheerleader Cherry: Molly Cyrus...you're a meanie! You won the contest, you didn't have to hit me with the laundromat afterwards! But this week you're not gonna hit me with the laundromat, 'cause I'll be ready!

Cheer-Off: Molly Cyrus v Cheerleader Cherry

DING DING DING!

The feed cuts back to the arena, where 'Hannah Montana' has just begun to play. When the bass kicks in, Molly walks out into the arena with a foam finger on her hand. She twerks, dances, and gives old people/little kids/Republicans seizures the whole way down to the ring. She twerks on the ringpost before she gets into the ring. Inside the ring, she gestures with her foam finger and throws it into the crowd, squatting in her corner while holding the rope, making sure to twerk a couple of times too.

Roxy: The following is a cheer-off scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Disneyland, weighing 112 pounds, MOLLY! CYRUS!

The camera once again cuts to a shot of Kerry Buckingham trying to twerk, which while mercifully brief is nonetheless scarring. Cher can be seen giving her the most disapproving look her politeness will allow for.

Kerry: You don't like a little Molly Cyrus?

Cher: It's not Molly I'm worried about, dear...

Kerry: Oh, Cher, you incorrigible joker, you!

Cher: Well, I just don't see the appeal of this 'twerking'. And apparently, the crowd agrees with me. Just listen to them!

Kerry: That is odd. I thought Molly-dear was from around these parts?

Cher: Molly Cyrus is clearly not from anywhere near reality...

Kerry: Oh, but darling! Southern California barely qualifies as reality!

As the two announcers discuss the relative merits of twerking, Molly is doing squats at the corner, twerking a couple of twitches with each dip. After another moment, "The Entertainer" brings the dull crowd to a medium roar, as Molly stops twerking to look down the ramp.

Cher: And here comes Cheerleader Cherry!

Roxy: And introducing her opponent, from Allen, Michigan, weighing 108lbs, CHEERLEADER CHERRY!

With a high leap, Cherry jumps high into the air, running out of the curtain, and waves her pom-poms high. She jogs down to the ring, using the ring steps to approach as Molly is seen rolling her eyes and pointing her way while yelling to the fans in her Southern drawl "What the hell's Ashley Tisdale doing here?"

Kerry: So last week was a twerk-off, but this week is a cheer-off...correct?

Cher: Yes. This is a cheer-off. Cherry has a chance to even the odds and turn the tables on Molly.

Kerry: Oh...well, I'm sure Molly-dear will be perfectly capable of getting the job done.

The music dies down, as Molly backs up to sit on a turnbuckle, motioning for Cherry to begin. Cherry is very hesitant to turn towards the hard camera (with her back to Molly) but after a couple of reassurances from Molly (and an official on hand) she finally gets her pom-poms ready and turns to face the crowd.

Cher: And much like last week, the expert goes first.

Cherry soon begins, the crowd giving her ample quiet.

Cherry: And....G! P! Double-U! Tell us what you came to do! We came here to go to work, and we don't got no time to twerk! We're the best and we don't choke! Molly Cyrus is a joke!

Kerry: Oh, is this what your 'cheerleaders' do? How perfectly quaint! It reminds me of the sea lions at Sea World! Have you been there, dear?

Cher: Really, darling...!

Oblivious to Kerry's disparaging remarks, the young blonde continues to pump up the sparse but willing crowd:

Cherry: Gimme a G! P! W! Girl.....

Cherry gets a majority of the crowd behind her, many of the youngsters yelling out the initials along with her. However, as she goes to do a jumping split, and goes high into the air, she never sees Molly Cyrus scramble off the top, grab her foam finger, charge up, and blast Cheerleader Cherry with a low blow with the foam finger!

Kerry: Oh, thank heavens for that!

Cher: Well, it's good that you approve of it, dear, because the crowd certainly don't!

Kerry: Well, darling, they're Americans. They're probably used to this sort of racket. But my poor, delicate British ears can't take it, I'm afraid...

Molly runs her fingers through the sides of her hair, sticking her tongue out with a vicious grin. Cherry holds the ropes while sitting on the mat, holding her legs. She pulls herself up as Molly ditches the foam finger, the boos mounting.

Cher: Molly charging up for another lariat...

Molly charges at a standing Cherry, who sees it coming the whole time...and ducks it! Molly trips and goes through the ropes, rolling onto the floor and against the barricade, looking up into the ring with embarrassment as Cherry turns to see Molly lying on the floor, the crowd on their feet!

Cher: Good job, young lady! Molly's underhanded tactics working against her for a change!

Kerry: Look out, Molly dear!

Cherry gives chase, exiting the ring quickly. Molly crawls back until she can get to her feet, running back through the curtain as Cherry gives chase.

Winner: No-contest (double-countout)

Emma Carlisle v Lady Liberty

DING DING DING!

Roxy: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from the Land of The Free, weighing 155lbs, The American Heroine, LADY! LIBERTY!

"Party in the USA" by Miley Cyrus (Club Cahill Mix) barely hits the speakers when the crowd absolutely loses their minds. Enthused, aroused patriotism channels through these people's veins like they do through the greatest nation in the world as Lady Liberty leaps out of the curtain. She delivers her proudest salute to the crowd, basking in her representative role of all of America before breaking into a thorough sprint down the ramp. Her heart pounds in her chest like a bass drum in perfect rhythm with her snare foot steps and the bass line of crowd support. She slides into the ring and rockets up the nearest turn buckle like a squirrel up a tree where she salutes the audience again. Everybody cheers their heart out for the truest American hero in women's wrestling.

Cher: Lady Liberty of course, a well-known figure in the women's independent wrestling circuit, and she is on a tryout here tonight, against another debutante, Emma Carlisle!

Kerry: Pah...all this patriotism...!ll have you know the Union Jack is ALSO red, white and blue! You do not have the monopoly on those colours, you know...

Cher: Well, be that as it may, the public seems to be taking well to Lady Liberty here!

Kerry: Well, they're not exactly hard to please, are they?

The announcers' banter is interrupted at this point, as the opening lyrics of Nemesea's "In Control" reverberate through the PA system...

"Can you hear me?

You've lost and I control you..."

Roxy: And her opponent, from the Land of Broken Dreams, weighing 136lbs, and accompanied to the ring by the Suit Person, The Nihilist, EMMA! CARLISLE!

Cher: A curious fact about this match: it will pit the Land of The Free against the the Land of Broken Dreams!

Emma Carlisle slinks through the curtain with an unhinged look in her eyes. Her approach to the ring is slow and gradual while she alternates between glaring at the fans reaching toward her and 'listening' to her manager, Melchior. When she reaches the ring she pulls herself onto the apron via the bottom rope and rolls in between the bottom and middle strands. She remains on her knees, clutching Melchior close to her chest as she crawls to her corner and very carefully sets him beneath the bottom turnbuckle. Grasping the ropes, she arches up to her feet and tilts her head this way and that as though hearing something peculiar, perhaps far-off music or voices, as she awaits the bell.

Cher: Oh...good gracious...this girl is not all there, is she?

Kerry: There you go again being judgemental! I'm sure Emma-dear is a wonderful person! And she has the most \*adorable\* penguin!

Cher: Rumour backstage is that Emma believes the penguin somehow controls her...as I said, not all there!

As Cher is reiterating her point, Lady Liberty is offering Emma a handshake. The Nihilist looks like she is going to accept it, but then rakes the heroine's eyes instead, advancing on her with a flurry of blows as the bell rings!

Cher: Oh goodness! Emma not waiting for the bell there, and that's not on, is it?

Whether it is a sporting attitude or not, it has gained Emma the advantage. She has Lady Liberty pinned to the floor and is punishing her with rights and lefts. If not for the protective mask, the heroine might have been bloodied up by now. She still seems to be feeling the blows, however. Emma then takes her head and begins to bang it on the mat, as she chokes out the American Heroine. The referee tells her to break it up, but she just turns on him, hissing. The official takes a few steps back, intimidated, but Lady Liberty sees her opening. She lunges forward and catches Emma Carlisle in a bulldog!

Cher: Lady Liberty fighting back!

The move, however, has also brought down the referee, and Lady Liberty, being a good citizen, makes sure the official is okay, neglecting a cover in the meantime. Emma has no such qualms, and immediately begins to pummel the heroine again, driving her to the turnbuckle. Taking advantage of the fact that the referee is groggy, she then bites Lady Liberty's cheek, drawing blood!

Cher: GOOD HEAVENS! That girl just BIT her opponent!

Kerry: Well, you can't prove anything, dear...

Incensed, Lady Liberty pushes Emma off her, and quickly springs to the turnbuckle, possibly looking for a headscissors. Emma telegraphs it and sends a fist straight up between the heroine's legs. (Just because there are no extra appendages, it does not mean it cannot hurt!) Then, with Lady Liberty on the canvas, she stalks her opponent, savouring the moment and seemingly deciding what to do. She picks up Liberty and smashes her head against the turnbuckle a few times, then pauses and cocks her head for a moment, as if listening to a voice that is not there. She nods and mumbles something in reply. Then, she turns towards her downed opponent and picks her up, hooking her own arms under Lady Liberty's and twisting around into a Dream Slayer! She advances for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

And this one's over!

Roxy: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match, EMMA CARLISLE!

Cher: A very impressive debut here by Emma Carlisle, and I would advise the girls in the back to be wary of this young lady...

In the ring, Emma lets out a bone-curdling screech, before turning to Melchior and adopting a cooing tone, stroking her stuffed toy and muttering to it. Soon, her suited servant comes into the ring to lead her away backstage, to which a distracted Emma absently complies.

Winner by pinfall: Emma Carlisle

We cut to a brief hype package featuring several of the GPW wrestlers and ending in a logo. When we come back, a tag match is about to begin!

Etsuko Mitsuzaka & Red 'Rock' West v Morgan Alvertex & Crystal Taylor

DING DING DING!

Roxy: The following is a tag team contest scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Florida, at a combined weight of 230lbs, MORGAN ALVERTEZ AND CRYSTAL! TAYLOR!

Crystal skips down the ramp acting all bubbly and flirty, but keeping herself just out of reach of the men in the front row. Behind her, Morgan looks down at everyone, with a scowl on her face like she has smelt something unpleasant. Because of this, the reaction to the duo is mixed, with part of the crowd giving a mild cheer and another part booing.

Cher: These two girls are yet another new signing by Lady Helena and Miss Bevins, and they have been quite vocal about their opponents. Have you seen the videos they submitted to our website, Kay?

Kerry: I have, and I must say, I think they are absolutely justified in stating their intentions!

Cher: Yes dear, but could they not perhaps have been a little less...risque?

Kerry: Darling, if you want to get somewhere, you have to take risks. As Cryssy said in her video, nice girls finish last!

Cher: \*I\* was always a nice girl...

Kerry chuckles dryly: Yes, dear, and now look at you...

Cher is denied the opportunity to reply when the lights go dim and a magenta hued laser-show lights up the arena. Shimmering pink glitter starts to fall from the ceiling. Red West steps out wearing a leather jacket with the word "Brandeis" school etched across the back of it. Lowering her head for a moment, her wild pink hair falling over her face. She closes her eyes for a moment as "Loyalty" cues up among a shower of Red Pyro. As the music fires up she pumps her hands into the air jumping up and down before dashing to the ring. Red rushes into the ring and climbs a turnbuckle before throwing off her jacket revealing her T-shirt herself. She raises a hand before doing a moonsault backwards landing on her feat. Should her opponent not make it into the ring in time, she may start doing highspots herself.

Roxy: And introducing her opponent, from Lake Woebegon, Minnesota, weighing 105lbs, RED! ROCK! WEST!

Cher: Well, isn't she the energetic little pixie!

Kerry: 'Energetic'? That is a case of ADHD if ever I saw one! I do hope someone remembered to give the poor girl her medication...

As Kerry expresses insincere concern for the health of the new GPW signing, "Cure for the Itch" starts up as Etsuko comes out looking around the crowd and Nikki steps out close behind her. With the two standing side by side, they clasp their hands together and eye up at the rafters saying something to themselves almost in unison before bowing their heads. After their prayer has finished, Etsuko and Nikki make their way down to the ring with the former's eyes dead set on the squared circle ahead of them while Nikki tends to switch between her and the crowd. Once at the ring,

Etsuko hops up onto the apron while Nikki finds a spot outside watching as her charge steps in through the ropes where she afterward starts stepping around the ring awaiting for the match to start tugging a little at her collar. Outside of the ring, Nikki pulls out the shock collars remote and waits patiently as well.

Roxy: And her partner, from Osaka, Japan, weighing 120lbs and accompanied to the ring by Nikki, ETSUKO MITSUZAKA!

Cher: Etsuko Mitsuzaka and Red West started off as uneasy partners, but have reportedly developed quite the connection over the past week. We'll see how their styles work together here!

Kerry: I shouldn't expect *\*too\** much, dear, personally...

Cher: Well, we'll see.

The bell rings just as Cher is telling Kerry to wait and see. Etsuko signals for Red to stand back as she steps into the ring to face Morgan. The two lock up, but it is the Florida resident who gains the advantage, pushing Etsuko against the ropes. As the Japanese joshi bounces against them, Morgan releases the tie-up and flings her across again. She then takes off running, intending to connect with some power move, but Etsuko has managed to hold on to the ropes and meets her with a kick to the chest, making Red West cheer in her corner!

Morgan, however, is still standing, and rushes at her foe once again. Mistake. Etsuko lowers the ropes and toppling to the outside goes Morgan Alvertez!

Cher: Clever improvising by Etsuko there!

Profiting from the respite, Etsuko tags in Red, who immediately climbs down from the turnbuckle, runs full-pelt across the ring and throws herself to the outside with a suicide plancha! Morgan, however, is fully recovered at this point, and catches the young high-flyer, promptly planting her with a powerslam to the concrete!

Cher: Oh, my dear...that has got to hurt!

Kerry: Well, that is what happens when you're reckless, dear. You end up hurt!

Cher: What happened to taking risks if you want to get somewhere?

Kerry: Well, *\*calculated\** risks, dear.

Cher: I see...

Morgan has leapt back to the apron and tagged in Crystal, while Red slowly comes to on the outside. As the spunky pixie slides back into the ring, however, she is caught on the wrong quarter of the ring, as Crystal is right there waiting to put the stomps to her!

Kerry: See, she could *\*so\** easily have avoided that predicament...

Crystal brings Red to her feet and begins to apply chops to her, as the crowd reacts with the appropriate cries of 'WOOOO!' In this manner, the blonde manages to drive the small red-haired firecracker to her corner, where she calmly tags in Morgan. The brunette comes back in and begins to ram a shoulder into Red's midsection, weakening her. Eventually, the redhead slumps to the mat and the Floridian promptly places a foot across her throat. The referee intervenes, but Morgan still gets the most out of her five-count!

Cher: Red West in dire straits, as her opponents continue to be in control...

Kerry: As I said, dear, if only she had thought it through beforehand...

Morgan tags Crystal back in, and they perform a double Irish whip on Red, followed by a double clothesline. Morgan then exits the ring, leaving Crystal to have her fun with the little high-flyer. The blonde circles her downed prey for a while, her demeanour very different from her bubbly extroversion from earlier, then picks Red up and sets her up for a

powerbomb. She covers!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Cher: Red West hanging on, but for how long I wonder...

Kerry: Want to wager on it, dear? My money's on thirty seconds...

Crystal picks Red up again and goes to apply a DDT, but the smaller wrestler manages to wiggle and squirm just enough to be able to slip through the blonde's hold and reverse the move into a victory roll!

ONE...

TWO...

Shoulders up at two!

Cher: Quick thinking by little Red West, with an ingenious counter on Crystal!

Kerry: Quite lucky, if you ask me...

After the kickout, Red takes a moment to get to her feet, then lunges toward the corner. Crystal manages to trap her leg in between hers just enough to keep her from reaching Etsuko's outstretched hand. The little wrestler grimaces, feeling herself so close, and through sheer force of will manages to thrust herself forward the extra couple of inches and make the hot tag to Etsuko!

Cher: She did it! Oh, well done, darling! And here comes Etsuko!

The Japanese wrestler enters the ring looking to finish things off quickly. She pries Red's legs loose, allowing her to escape, and picks Crystal up roughly by the hair. She sets the blonde up, and performs a picture-perfect snap DDT! She covers!

ONE...

TW...

KICKOUT!

Cher: No, not yet. Etsuko will have to try harder.

And try harder she does, as she whips Crystal to the outside and follows close behind, seeking to surprise her. In a reversal of the earlier spot, however, the blonde pulls down the ropes, sending her opponent to the outside. She quickly capitalizes, with a slingshot top rope crossbody to the outside!

Kerry: Oh dear, Cryssy-darling has been infected with the reckless virus as well! I tell you, dear, it's contagious! Someone ought to control it...

Cher: But look at this! Red West coming to her partner's aid!

Indeed, the spitfire babyface has just launched off the top turnbuckle, catching Crystal in the back with a 450 splash! This causes Morgan to climb down off her corner and come running to her partner and friend's aid!

Kerry: Has everyone taken leave of their senses? There is a match to win, girls!

Cher: Well, Kay, for all that Morgan and Crystal claim to be friends, she could not very well leave her high and dry, could she?

Kerry: Yes, dear, but the match...!

The match seems all but forgotten, as the four women brawl on the outside. Morgan has taken Red into her own hands, and throws her against the ring post. She then finds an empty seat in the front row and bashes the redhead's skull into it! In the meantime, Crystal continues to pummel Etsuko, sitting atop her and punishing her face with lefts and rights as Nikki tries to shock her charge back into life. However, there seems to be something wrong with the remote, as it has no effect on the joshi!

Kerry: Oh dear...Nikki-darling's having some trouble with her little remote there, is she?

Cher: Well, I'm glad. It shouldn't be allowed anyway! That poor girl!

In amidst all this, the referee has begun to count, and easily made it up to seven. He is still going as the brawl spills out of the ringside area and onto the entryway, then eventually through the curtain to the back. The result can only be one...

Winner: No-contest (double count-out)

We cut to the backstage area, maybe a few feet away from the entrance to the building. In the corner, Jo McFarlane, dressed in her ring gear, is on her haunches, hands clasped in front of her, staring at the floor while her striking red hair hides her face. There is a silence for a couple of moments, while apparently the young woman doesn't seem to see the camera, or at the very least acknowledge it. Eventually, however, she does look up and into the camera.

Jo McFarlane: Tonight...I am going to make good on my promise. I am going to prove that without Anne, Joan is nothing but a weak and angry individual. Of course, I'm not about to sink to the depths of attacking someone who is not part of the wrestling roster, no matter how tempting it is. I've got a moral code to keep here!

She grins, slowly pushing herself to her feet.

Jo McFarlane: No, I'm not going to do that, either before or during this match. But as I promised just the other day, I have found a way to make things more even. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce someone to you. She has been a staple in the USA for almost six years. She's done it all and been through it all, and she certainly knows how to make sure that things stay the way they should be. Please welcome, my assistant for the evening, one of my sisters...

The camera pans out a little bit as another redhead walks into the frame, and the high school simply explodes at the sight of the woman who has walked into the view of the camera. Like Jo, her hair is a striking shade of red, but she is a few inches taller, and dressed in a pair of straight-legged jeans, trainers and a self-promoting t-shirt. She wraps her arm around her sister's shoulder and gives her a squeeze. Jo waits for the noise to die down before finishing her introduction.

Jo McFarlane: Valerie Lamb.

Valerie offers a small smile to the camera, opening her mouth to speak.

Valerie Lamb: Well, thank you for that. It's great to be here. A very promising young company, but sadly you'll see no more of me than the occasional appearance to aid my sister. And I promise you, simply for the integrity of the match, that I will do absolutely no more than make sure that the odds are evened. I will do nothing at all to Joan, as I don't believe in the tactics that she and Anne employ. They ruin the standard of the sport that we all love so much...well, except Tammy, who's probably just here for a paycheque and easy sex. So whatever! All I ever intend to do is keep Anne away from wrecking it. If my sister wins, then it'll be brilliant. But if Joan wins without that help, then fair enough. She'll have made her point that she may just be better than my sister. But Joan, just remember that I am a woman of my word. I will lay no fingers on you, and I will make sure that Anne does not to Jo.

Jo looks up at her sister and flicks her head in a motion to go.

Jo McFarlane: Hey, any chance we can go get something to drink? I got a mouth like a cactus.

Valerie Lamb: Sure!

The sisters walk off, and we switch to something more interesting than a door: the inside of the arena, where another match is about to start!

Maria Dainelli v 'Jersey Whore' Tammy Tits

DING DING DING!

Roxy: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Seaside Heights, New Jersey, weighing 107lbs, she is the 'Jersey Whore', TAMMY TITS!

'My Humps' begins to play, as Tammy comes through the curtain, dressed in the least acceptable amount of clothes and more than happy to display her lovely lady lumps. By her side, Slick gets several eyefuls, as the camera shows several teenage boys in a clear trance.

Cher: Oh dear...will we have to put up with \*this\* individual?

Kerry: Well, she \*is\* in the roster, I suppose...

Tammy enters the ring to some scattered but audible boos, and even a brief chant of 'YOU SUCK DICK!'

Kerry: That is not going to work, dears. She \*knows\* she does that!

And in fact, Tammy has located the source of the chant and is clearly telling them 'I KNOW!' As she busies herself arguing with the group of fans in question, however, her ranting is interrupted by the start of her opponent's theme song!

Roxy: And her opponent, from Turin, Italy, but residing in Los Angeles, California...MARIA DAINELLI!

A huge cheer erupts for the quasi-hometown girl, as "Silhouettic" hits the PA and Maria Dainelli walks out on the ramp, where she performs a cut-throat taunt her fiancé Adam Stryker is famous for. She makes her way towards the ring, clapping hands with the fans. She slides under the bottom rope and stretches out before the match begins.

Cher: Maria should make quick work of that creature, hopefully!

Kerry: Yes, quite. I can feel my social status decreasing just being in the same room with her!

Cher: Yes, not to mention your IQ...

And in fact, that does seem to be in the cards, as Maria launches at Tammy immediately after the bell rings. Right away, Slick is trying to distract the referee with blatant swipes of his cane at nothing in particular, and it is clear what the game plan is for the seedy duo. Maria, also aware of it, tries as best she can to keep Tammy under control and make sure she cannot cheat. Early on, she gets Tammy in the Sofferenza Dragon Sleeper, limiting the Jersey Whore's range of movement and wearing her down.

Cher: A smart move there by Maria. If she cannot move, she cannot cheat! And it is quite clear what those two are up to...

Kerry: Quite. They would not know subtlety if it stripped naked in front of them! Well, maybe then...

A rare occurrence takes place, as Cher actually chuckles at one of Kerry's remarks. That is how united the commentary team are in their hatred of the 'Jersey Whore'. Meanwhile, in the ring, the 'superstar' in question tries to combat the sleeper hold with elbow and heel strikes. These do make Maria start slightly, but the Italian (the \*real\* Italian) keeps the submission locked in, and the streetwalker is clearly starting to weaken.

Cher: This is going precisely as predicted. Fortunately for everyone!

At this point, a beside-himself Slick invades the ring to whack Maria over the head with the cane. This succeeds in making the Italian release the hold, but also clearly gets Slick and his client disqualified! The referee calls for the bell, and this one is over!

Roxy: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match as the result of a disqualification, MARIA DAINELLI!

Cher: And rightly so!

Winner by pinfall: Maria Dainelli.

Instead of celebrating, however, the Italian picks up a microphone and turns towards the ramp, where Slick is receding with a groggy Tammy in his arms, under the boos of the crowd.

Maria: This is what you call competition, Samantha? Don't play with me! I am one of your best athletes, I deserve better than some strumpet off the street! How about next time, you get me a \*real\* opponent, eh?

There is a moment of silence, as the commentators remark:

Cher: A brave stance by Maria Dainelli, openly criticizing our General Manager...

Kerry: Oh, darling...tut, tut...

Then, the PA of the small high school gym does its best to accommodate the heavy tones of Shinedown, as 'Sensuous' Sam herself appears near the entryway.

Kerry: Uh-oh! You reap what you sow, darling!

At once glaring and smirking at Maria, the GM brings the mic to her lips and promptly addresses her superstar's concerns:

Sensuous Samantha Bevins: Darlin', you want a real opponent? You got plenty of them! Starting next show, Girl Power Wrestling will be running a tournament for #1 Contendership to the World Title!

The crowd give a collective gasp, on which the announcers join in. Unperturbed, Samantha continues:

Samantha: What's more...not only will every singles competitor in our roster be entered into the brackets for this tourney, but we are opening it to any outside competitor who wishes to take part! We will offer any female athlete in the \*world\* a temporary contract, with the possibility of becoming permanent in case of victory! And girls...the money is good!

Sam gives a wink to no-one in particular, then puts on her sweetest, most dangerous tone to address Maria:

Samantha: How's \*that\* for competition, honey?

With this, the GPW GM turns on her heel and leaves, as in the ring Maria gives a little shrug of the shoulders and a smirk, as if to say 'bring it on'.

Here, the feed cuts to commercial (unless of course you have ad-blocker.) When we come back, the theme song for the Naughty Girls is just starting up on the arena PA!

Handicap Match: Boomschequa v The Naughty Girls

DING DING DING!

Roxy: The following is a tag contest scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, at a combined weight of 274 pounds...Katie Klein and Katalina Star...THE NAUGHTY GIRLS!

Katie and Katalina come out, deep in conversation. They absent-mindedly slap some hands as they walk down the ramp, but their head is visibly not in it.

Cher: The Naughty Girls look a bit distraught, and who can blame them? They are facing an extremely difficult challenge here tonight, a 2-on-1 handicap match against Boomschequa, of Brick House!

Kerry: They are called Bikini Kill now, dear. Really, you are SO behind the times! And please do explain to me why we should feel sorry for them. It's 2-on-1 in *\*their\** favour!

Cher: Darling, have you seen the *\*size\** of Boomschequa? Fighting her is like facing two regular-sized girls!

Suddenly, the announcers' wonderings are interrupted by the ecstatic moaning of a woman in lust, quickly followed by the funky tones of Lionel Richie's 'Brick House'.

Roxy: And introducing their opponent, accompanied to the ring by Alessandra and Alexander Hamilton Cray, and weighing in at 285lbs, BOOM! SCHEQUA!

Boomschequa trundles down the ramp, cracking her knuckles and staring a hole into K&K. Behind her, Alessandra flirts with every half-decent looking man in sight, as A. Hamilton Cray soaks up the non-existent cheers and mugs for a crowd who are perfectly content to boo him!

Cher: Look at the *\*size\** of this girl! Good gracious!

Kerry: Now, Cher dear...one mustn't be judgemental. It's not the girl's fault she's big-boned...I'm sure she has a great personality!

Just as the announcer is saying this, Boomschequa yells at her two escorts to 'get off my grill!'

Cher, sarcastically: Oh, of course she does. Can't you just tell?

Kerry is about to reply, but is cut off by the bell signalling the start of the match!

The Naughty Girls evidently have a game plan, as Katalina flings herself at Boomschequa's legs as Katie jumps at her neck! The intention is obviously to topple their heavyset opponent, who does indeed fumble for a few moments, trying to keep balance. Suddenly, however, she remembers who she is, shakes Katie off with authority, and goes to work trying to pry Katalina loose!

Cher: The Naughty Girls obviously did their homework, but the size and weight difference is just too big!

Katie uses her momentum to bounce off the ropes and comes back swinging a clothesline, but Boomschequa stops her momentum with a simple shove. The youngest and bubbliest of the Naughty Girls falls butt-first to the mat, as her partner continues to try to topple the larger woman. From her grounded position, Katie joins in on these efforts, and Boomschequa once again finds herself having to plant her feet just right to avoid collapsing to the mat.

Cher: The Naughty Girls are not down yet, but *\*will\** it be possible to topple Boomschequa?

Kerry: Oh, darling! It's the two of them against poor little darling Boomy! I don't see why it shouldn't be!

Cher: 'Little' Boomschequa?!

As the two announcers discuss the Naughty Girls' chances, their predictions seem about to come true, as 'little darling Boomy' is finally beginning to lose her balance in earnest. The Naughty Girls are doing a good job of pulling her legs apart, so that the gigantic woman is almost doing the splits! Furious, Boomschequa attempts to stomp her opponents' hands, but to no avail, as from the outside Alessandra and Cray watch on in frustration. Alessandra barks something at her partner which seems more like commands than encouragement, and Boomschequa glares at her. A moment later, however, she seems to remember her size once more and simply *\*lunges\** forward, using her weight and force to pry her legs loose from the Naughty Girls' grasp. She hits the ropes running!

Cher: Oh! Dear oh dear...

Kerry: That's it, Boomy sweetheart! You stand up to those bullies! They don't play fair!

Here, even the usually outspoken Cher is at a loss for words. In the ring, Boomschequa has plowed through Katalina with a big clothesline, and carried it through to the apron, where she took out Alessandra! Now, she is glowering down at her 'partner', painting a verbal picture of what she will do to her if she does not mind her own business. As she is doing so, however, she opens a window for Katalina to come from behind and try a double ax handle on her. Predictably, it barely budges the behemoth, but the effort must be applauded.

Cher: Oh dear, she has only made it worse...

In fact, Boomschequa has gone from glowering at Allie to turning her smouldering gaze on Katalina. The Naughty Girl looks apprehensive, but stands her ground, as her eyes shift ever so slightly to the right. Boomschequa prepares to set up a chokeslam, but a cry from Cray alerts her to Katie's attempt at a surprise roll-up! The monster heel aims a precise kick at the girl, preventing her from getting a good grip and sending her flying instead.

Cher: Oh, gracious! She almost had her there...will nothing work out for these poor girls?

Kerry: I admire Boomy's strength of character! It takes \*such\* courage to stand up to bullies like that...oh, you brave girl!

Cher refrains from commenting this time, as in the ring Boomschequa plants Katalina with a chokeslam, then picks her up again for a chokeslam. Despite her opponent toppling to the mat, the monster does not bother with a cover; instead, she turns on Katie, who is ready! The young, lithe athlete ducks under the clothesline attempt, hits the ropes, and catches Boomschequa in the back of the head with a running enzuigiri!

Cher: Nicely done, Katie! Very athletic!

Kerry: Hmph! When she had her back turned...typical bully tactics...

Cher: Oh, will you stop, dear?! Look at the size of your 'poor victim'!

Kerry gasps: : Cher! How \*judgemental\* of you! That poor girl!

While this is going on, the 'poor girl' has recovered from the kick to the back of the head and is now busy dismantling Katie. Katalina, in the meantime, has had a moment to recover, but is still groggy, stumbling around and lightly touching her head as if woozy. The camera focuses on Cray muttering something to Alessandra, and after a moment she begins to distract the referee, complaining about something. As this goes on, Cray quickly removes his loafer and clocks Katalina over the head with it! Unfortunately for him, the referee has been keeping an eye out for his antics even as he argues with Alessandra, and catches the Bikini Kill manager red-handed! After another moment, the bell rings signalling a disqualification!

Roxy: Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of this match, as the result of a disqualification, THE NAUGHTY GIRLS!

Cher: I don't believe this! That gentleman's tactics backfired, and Katie and Kat pick up the win here!

Kerry: Hmph...bullies always end up winning, don't they?

Katie and Katalina, both still recovering, manage feeble grins of pleased surprise. As for Boomschequa, she is decidedly Not Amused, and begins to yell at Cray. Cray makes the unfortunate choice of yelling back, prompting Boomschequa to grab him by the hair and drag him forcefully inside the ring. The manager protests, but his large and powerful client does not care. She brings him to his feet and hits him with a Brick Bomb! Then, she stomps out of the ring, glowering at Alessandra, who wisely stays out of her way. As the Naughty Girls make defiant gestures at the smaller of the two tag partners, Boomschequa trundles her way back up the ramp, pausing to glare over her shoulder at the Brazilian and mouth 'you're next'!

Winners by disqualification: The Naughty Girls.

A recap video starts at this point, detailing the events which took place at Explosion #1, between Anne Brandeis,

Samantha Bevins and Ursula Von Rossbach. Over the footage, Cher explains:

Cher: Ladies and gentlemen, let us take you back to two weeks ago, when GPW General Manager Samantha Bevins scheduled a match between Anne Brandeis and a mystery opponent. That turned out to be Brandeis' old foe, Ursula Von Rossbach. Anne managed to obtain a victory in that match, only for Miss Bevins to schedule a rematch with a no-disqualification stipulation! And that match is up next!

No-DQ Match: Anne Brandeis v Ursula Von Rossbach

After a brief appearance by the GPW logo, the feed returns to the arena, where the lights have dimmed and the Pacific Rim theme has cued up over the speaker system. Anne steps from behind the curtain wearing a flowing sequined robe. A few plumes of smoke erupt from neat the top of the aisle. She pauses for a moment rolling her knuckles. A deathly serious look in her eyes as she slowly walks down to the ringside. She gives a knowing grin to a fan holding a sign which reads 'ANNE THE MAN', but otherwise shows very little emotion.

Roxy: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Queens, New York, weighing in at 150lbs...

GPW's pretty redhead woman-of-all-trades never gets to finish her introduction. Running from the backstage area comes Ursula Von Rossbach, who tramples Anne with a double ax handle.

Cher: Oh dear! It is no disqualification, Ursula cannot be punished for doing that!

Kerry, sarcastically: Gracious, darling, \*what\* would we do without your invaluable insight?

Ursula takes Anne's head and bashes it against the ring apron numerous times, before throwing 'The Atheist's' shoulder against the ring post. Anne crumples with a cry of pain, as Ursula rolls her into the ring.

Cher: Ursula is targeting Anne's arm here, to diminish the risk of a submission finish! She may not be a very pleasant person, but this girl is decidedly smarter than her brutish appearance would let on...

Kerry: Sammie-darling must have taught her that!

In the ring, Ursula continues to not give Anne a whole lot of space to breathe, as she powerslams her, then picks her up again for a powerbomb. This is where she makes her first mistake, as she leaves the seemingly limp bag of bones that is Anne on the mat, and goes under the apron to fish for a weapon. She digs out a chair, but before she can throw it into the ring, Anne comes hurtling around the post with a tiger feint kick. Ursula has just enough time to raise the chair for protection, but Anne's foot hits it, making it bounce back off Ursula's skull!

Cher: Oh, Anne, you smart girl! Well done, bravo!

As a result of the move, however, Anne's arm seems to have flared up, and the superstar is forced to step away from Ursula to nurse it. The bigger woman, of course, profits from this situation to take advantage, and nails her long-time rival with a brutal chair-shot from behind!

Cher: Good gracious! Somebody get the medics!

Ursula rolls her opponent back into the ring and positions her limp body dead in the centre of the mat. There, she begins trying to set up a Camel Clutch, but Anne somehow manages to slink out from underneath her and turn the tide in her favour by applying a Fujiwara armbar!

Cher: Oh, beautifully done, darling!

Kerry: Darling, please, do just ask Annie-dear out already!

Unfortunately, Anne's injured arm means the submission is not wrenched in tight, and Ursula easily powers out. The big woman hits the ropes and comes back with a sick soccer kick to the side of the skull! The crunch is heard around the arena, as crowd and commentators alike gasp!

Kerry: Ni-ni, Annie darling!

Ursula covers!

ONE...

TWO...

TH...NO!!!

Cher: Anne is CONSCIOUS?! How!?

The 'how' is unclear, but 'The Atheist' did lift her shoulders, much to Ursula's disbelief! There is still a deep gash at the side of her head, from which blood is pouring. Anne is clearly woozy, but still has enough wherewithal to get out of the way of Ursula's attempted shoulder block. As the bigger woman crashes against the turnbuckle, Anne lands a soccer kick of her own, right to her back!

Cher: Eye for an eye!

Still thinking quickly, 'The Atheist' slips out of the ring and dives under the canvas for a moment. She comes out carrying a kendo stick, but when she looks up Ursula is coming around the ring with bad intent. Anne shows appreciable reflexes as - with her left arm, no less - she aims a blow at Ursula's face. CRACK!

The crowd gasps, but the larger wrestler powers through it, extending her arms to grab at Anne's throat. The veteran tries to keep her from doing so by putting the kendo stick between herself and Ursula's hands, but the bigger woman takes it and breaks it angrily in two!

Kerry: That's the end of *that*. Sorry, Annie darling!

Unprotected once again, Anne just about manages to evade Ursula's chokeslam attempt and, unbelievably, goes behind her and locks her hands around the large woman's waist!

Cher: SUPLEX! Onto the concrete!

This buys Anne some time, as she frantically searches around for options. She tries to lift the ring steps, but with her injured arm, it is a no-go. She dives under the ring to see what she can find, and emerges with a trash can. A moment later, the already-up-and-hurling Ursula feels the impact of said object on her head!

Cher: Smart desperation move by Anne, but she needs something more here!

And she seems to have it. Quicker than her opponent, she takes to the ring and waits for Ursula to follow. When the bigger wrestler inevitably does, Anne bounces off the ropes for leverage and hits her father's big move, a power running lariat! It connects with the surprised Ursula, who topples to the mat as Anne covers!

ONE...

TWO...

...KICKOUT!

Anne does not even give her quarry the chance to stand up. She quickly moves to stand over Ursula and begins the necessary steps for locking in Chloroform!

Cher: Darling! Your arm! I don't think that will work...

Kerry: She can't hear you, dear.

Cher is right, however; Anne has difficulty locking in the Chloroform due to her bad arm. She groans in frustration as Ursula powers out. The larger woman is still standing up when Anne comes running at her with a knee strike. Ursula steps aside and Anne crashes and burns. A wicked grin appears on Ursula's features as she climbs the turnbuckles.

Cher: What is she...oh, NO!

Anne telegraphs the Big Splash, however, and moves with incredible rapidity. In one fluid movement, she is on her feet, grabbing Ursula and hitting her with the ZSG, her impactful STO! She covers!

ONE...

TWO...

TH...NO!

Anne can be heard yelling 'STAY DOWN!', as Ursula makes a narrow escape. The big woman is angry now, but Anne is not about to give her space to breathe. No sooner does she see an opening than she sets up the Occam's Razor suplex. A moment later, she hits it, ending up on top of Ursula for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ursula kicks out just a micro-second too late!

Roxy: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match by pinfall, ANNE BRANDEIS!

Cher: YES! She got her! She got her! Oh, hurrah!

Anne rolls out from atop Ursula, grimacing and clutching her arm. As for the big woman, despite getting pinned, she is still very much alive, and profits from her opponent's debilitated condition for a little after-match punishment. She gets to her feet and picks the still-hurting 'Atheist' up, planting her with a ruthless piledriver! Only then does she stomp out of the ring, still mouthing threats to Anne, as the EMTs rush in to stretcher the injured wrestler out.

Winner by pinfall: Anne Brandeis.

After the brutal no-DQ match has ended, we get another recap, this time summarizing the Battle Royal for the World Championship on GPW #1. The montage ends with a slow-motion replay of the moment when Jigai Joan and Jo McFarlane's feet hit the floor at the exact same time, prompting tonight's street fight rematch!

As the action cuts back to the arena, Joan's theme song is already playing. Jigai Joan emerges from the gorilla position as her music rips through the arena. The fans react by booing her and some even throw trash. Joan shouts abuse at them and flips everyone the bird before goosestepping down to the ring.

Roxy: The following is your main event, and it is a Street Fight for the GPW World Championship! Introducing first, from the underground, weighing 127lbs and accompanied to the ring by Anne Taggen-Eyes, JIGAI! JOAN!

Cher: Last week, Joan and Jo McFarlane had the misfortune of falling out of the ring at the same time, eliminating each other. This Street Fight is to determine once and for all who will be GPW World Champion. And let me tell you, Kay, either of these girls could take it. They are both used to a good all-out brawl!

Kerry: Oh dear, did they have abusive boyfriends?

Cher: No, they...oh, never you mind, here comes Jo McFarlane!

The melodic pacing of "Forever or Never" plays out over the speakers, dousing the arena in bright pink light, which strobe with each synthetic beat. The crowd cheers as Jo McFarlane walks out of the back, her hands placed firmly on her hips. Jo walks down the ramp to the beat of the music, smiling to the fans and extending her hand to clap those of the fans. She reaches the bottom of the ramp and turns towards the stairs, ascending them and jumping onto the top rope. She throws both hands upwards, saluting to the crowd before lowering her hands and jumping off the rope in a

perfect forward flip, landing on her feet. From there she walks into a corner and limbers up and the music fades out.

Roxy: And her opponent, from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing in at 124lbs, JO MCFARLANE!

The camera pans the weapon-filled ring for a moment, letting everyone know the nature of this match, until a surprising third entrance theme begins - none other than that of 'Sensuous' Samantha Bevins!

Cher: Well, the weapons are in the ring and we are just about ready to...just a moment! Miss Bevins coming out here...I wonder what she has to say!

As usual, Samantha wastes no time in getting to the point:

Samantha: Ladies...someone back there believes in second chances, so you're getting one this week. But not even we believe in *\*third\** chances! Whichever one of you does not get the job done tonight will be FIRED!

Joan looks disbelieving at this announcement, as Jo only seems more determined to win, giving a slight nod. As for Miss Bevins, she begins to make her way down to the commentary table, and slips onto a seat beside Kerry!

Samantha: Hello, Kay dear.

Kerry: Sammie darling, how are you!

Cher: Miss Bevins, to what do we owe this visit?

Samantha: I want to make sure these girls get the job done. You ladies don't mind, do you? Because if you do, there are other companies recruiting, I'm sure...

As both announcers fall all over themselves to assure their boss that they do not mind the intrusion, the bell rings, and the main event is under way!

Straight away, Joan goes for the metal chain, while Jo arms herself with a Kendo stick. Joan wraps the chain around her fist and runs at Jo, lashing the metal links out halfway. Jo dodges, spins and hits Joan in the back with the kendo stick, landing the first blow of the match. Joan goes down, but sticks out a leg as she tumbles, tripping her opponent. Jo hits the canvas hard and rolls around for a moment before back-rolling to her feet again. In the meantime, Joan has gotten to her feet as well, and springboards off the turnbuckle with a chain lash that hits Jo across the forehead!

Cher: Oh my goodness! That must have stung! Poor girl...

Samantha: Really, Cheryl! It's a street fight, it's supposed to be brutal! Are these rumours that you are too soft-hearted for this job justified?

Cher: Must it be *\*this\** brutal though?

Samantha: Only way to know if these ladies are ready for prime-time...

Jo, however, is not one to cry when she gets hurt. Rather, she dodges the next chain shot and connects with a good old-fashioned knee to the gut, followed by a double ax handle!

Cher: Well done, Jo!

As Joan hits the mat, Jo steps back a moment and considers the weapons at her disposal. Eventually, she settles for a trash can, which she throws onto Joan's back. The impact is well mirrored by the deranged brawler's cry of pain.

Samantha: Not bad...but obvious. She went for the big scary heavy object right away. That is a sign that she's scared.

Cher: Not necessarily! She's simply trying not to get hurt!

Whatever her motivations may be, the truth is Jo McFarlane is now chucking everything in her sight at Joan. A small weight hits the side of the madwoman's head, and a ring bell catches her in the centre of the forehead, causing her to topple backwards onto the mat.

Cher: Jo is literally throwing everything at Joan but the kitchen sink!

Samantha: I'm not sure I like all this dodging and skulking...it does not befit a future Champion!

Cher: What 'skulking'?

After Joan has hit the mat, Jo seeks to put her away for good with the Dead Devotion, but Joan rolls out of the way and the high-flyer eats mat!

Kerry: Ooooh...sorry, darling! Not that time! But you keep trying, dear. I'm sure you'll get there!

Samantha laughs: Oh Kay, you're delightful!

The failed gamble has allowed Joan to regain control of the match, and she, too, goes for a large object - a steel chair. She uses it to batter Jo's back and ribs again and again, weakening her before hopefully putting her away. After this, she uses her trusty chain to choke her opponent, to Sam and Kerry's delight.

Samantha: Now that is a true champion! Any means necessary!

Kerry: Such resourcefulness!

Cher refrains to comment, simply scoffing in disapproval as Joan releases the choke hold, but wraps her fist in barbed wire. As Jo comes around, she launches forward and begins to batter her head with barbed-wire punches! The high-flyer topples to the mat again as Joan sits on her back, now in complete control, and looks to cave her head in!

Cher: Oh, I can't look!

Kerry: Oh, don't be such a frightful prude, darling! I find it quite riveting!

After pummeling Jo for a while, Joan begins to appraise the weapons again. Before advancing towards anything, however, she puts Jo's head on the bottom rope, walks out onto the apron, and performs a leg drop! The crowd 'oooh's' in horror!

Cher: Jo McFarlane in VERY dire straits here...poor girl...

Joan steps back into the ring and begins to appraise her weapons again. She cannot seem to make up her mind what to pick out, and even as Anne Taggen-Eyes yells at her, she does not see Jo stirring. Anne runs over to try and put their opponent down, but Jo punches her from between the ropes! Anne bumps to the mat, and Jo begins to slowly get to her feet!

Cher: That's it, Jo! There's a girl!

Samantha: Hmph...more cowardly sneak attacks! I hope she doesn't win, she'll make a \*terrible\* Champion!

Cher begs to differ, but she is outnumbered, and resigns herself to listening to the indignant gasps of the other two as Jo catches Joan's chain lash and pulls her opponent towards her! The crowd gasps as the two burn a hole into each other's eyes, before Jo moves like lightning and performs a DDT out of nowhere! She covers!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Cher: Oooh, she almost had her! Chin up, darling!

Jo seems determined to end this by any means necessary, and has become a little more intense than usual. She drags Joan's barely conscious body over to the top rope and prepares to perform a leg drop of her own. It connects, and the crowd roars again!

Cher: Payback! Well done, Jo!

From there, Jo starts ascending the turnbuckle again, going for yet another Dead Devotion. This time, it connects, and the Scotswoman covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...NO!!!

Shoulder up at the last second, and Joan rolls Jo over for a pin of her own!

ONE!

TW...KICKOUT!

Jo shakes Joan off of her and lunges for the nearest weapon - just in time, as her opponent is coming at her like a madwoman! Jo throws a chair at her, but Joan catches it and rushes at her opponent. Jo dodges and Joan eats both chair and turnbuckle!

Cher: Jo showing all her resourcefulness now!

The collision leaves Joan groggy for a moment, but it does not take long for her to come after Jo again!

Cher: The levels of resilience on both these girls are impressive. It has been brutal here thus far!

Samantha: Jo is out of gas. Mark my words.

That does not seem to be the case. However, there is a definite urgency to the Brit's movements as she slips off the apron to the floor. Joan gives quick chase, but that is what Jo's been expecting. She reaches for the one empty chair in the front rows of the gym, and wallops her foe over the head with it! It is amidst blood from the open gash that she drags Joan back to the ring and covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Roxy: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match, and first-ever GPW World Champion, JO MCFARLANE!!

Winner and first-ever GPW World Champion: Jo McFarlane.

Cher: YES! JO WINS! JO WINS!

The other two ladies gaze in astonishment as Cher leaps up and down, her arms in the air. In the ring, an ecstatic Jo lifts her new belt and glowers defiantly at Samantha Bevins. The General Manager, a huge scowl on her features, walks out from her spot at the announce table and towards the ring, where a team of EMTs is already at work reviving Jigai Joan. She leans over the fallen wrestler, and spits:

Samantha: Joan...I'm sorry...but YOU'RE FIRED!

She turns, intending to leave, but gets attacked from behind by a livid Anne Taggen-Eyes! Amidst the boos of the crowd, Anne pushes aside the EMTs and takes her friend. As she carries Joan to the curtain for the final time, she gets on the mic briefly to say:

Anne Taggen-Eyes: Samantha...we're leaving, but we're leaving on our own terms. Bye!

The broadcast ends with a shot of the General Manager lying face-down on the hard floor, as in the ring Jo is still enjoying her win and at the announce table the commentators keep a stunned silence.

## Credits

Intro: Pete

Cherry/Molly: Jeremy 'Madman Szalinski'

Anne Brandeis promo: Paul S.

Jo/Val promo: Emma

Everything else: Pete

Additional revision and editing: Pete

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite