

# Thursday Night Rage: 10

June 12, 2014 | Blue Cross Arena - Rochester, New York

## RAGE

[WHO AM I](#) [ The segment starts by showing a question mark on the screen. An unknown voice starts speaking with a low tone, and it sounds unfamiliar as to who he is.]

??? : Who am I? Where do I come from? Do I mean anything to anyone? That's a mystery that has been left over these last few years.

[The question mark disappears and an unknown small city appears. Different parts of it keep appearing one from the other, with streets full of garbage, people wrecking the city and drinking like crazy, along with images of some ugly greedy looking men - probably politics.]

??? : Am I to be a part of all of this? Disgracing my own home, destroying everything for no good reason, believing that I can get what I want through aggression, watching as lying cheating fools control my every decision and tell me what to do. None of this was the life I wanted. I built myself to stay away from such idiocy and be nothing more...but me.

[A picture of two indy wrestlers appears on the screen while holding each other in different submission moves.]

???: While I was preparing for my graduation I had one more thing left to do in my home country. I found the perfect way to keep everyone away from me and solidify my own path to a free future. I trained as hard as I could to become a wrestler, and that led me to my first mission...

[A picture of WWX's logo appears on the screen]

??? : I was able to sign for the first time in an organization that was familiar to many. That's where my name became recognized after I was able to win their International and Tag Team titles in half year. I was able to prove that I can make it in the wrestling world instead of going back to the hell that was my homeland. Instead I moved on and found out that other organisations had found out about me.

[GEW's logo appears on the screen.]

??? : Me and a few friends of mine joined GEW and were able to create a strong team that could hardly be beaten. We were able to win all of their titles, as I held one of their Tag Team belts. During the same time I heard for the first time the name that is VCW.

[VCW's logo appears on the screen]

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???: Unfortunately due to unforeseen events I was forced to leave both GEW and VCW, those events will remain my own to remember, but that's not important.

[A small part of the person's face appears next, as the only thing the camera is able to show is his eyes, as anger can be felt in his final words.]

???: VCW, I'm coming back for what's mine.

[MIKE HARRISON V. XANDER HAYES](#) Gil:: Welcome folks to Thursday Night Rage! I am here with Lucius.

Lucius:: Hey folks. Tonight we have a great match for you Mike Harrison, the new comer versus Xander Hayes for the Wildfire Belt.

Gil:: That is correct Lucius. Both these men are on a mission, one's a bit strange about it while the other is one a one way track.

Lucius:: Will Xander Take Mike seriously or will he still be the joke maker? Let's see what happens..

"Beast" by Nico Vega can be heard through the sound system and Harrison emerges from behind the black curtain. Upon seeing Harrison the crowd springs into life with cheers that echo around the arena. He stops and stretches his arms out wide taking it all in with a smile on his face. A few moments pass and Harrison makes his way down the ramp to the ring and taps the hands of fans along the way. When he reaches the ring he stops and stares intently at the ring, a moment later he slides under the bottom rope and runs towards the corner of the ring and springs up onto the top turnbuckle. He poses for the crowd as the drums midway through the song begin to get into motion and Harrison closes his eyes. After a moment he drops down from the top turnbuckle and readies himself for combat.

Gil:: Look at him soaking up these fans. I mean wow so lame.

Lucius:: The Fans want to see what he can dish out. He thinks Xander is of too many minds with him being in both UTA and Valor.

The lights go out as the giant screen lights up with a headless Teddy bear fills the screen as the neon green lights start to flash around the arena. then "Dance of the Crazy Pill by X starts to play. Out walks X wearing his big baggy black cargo pants and a Chicago Cubs jersey that is black and green in color. He's holding a headless Teddy bear with green glow sticks sticking out the bears neck. He then starts to talk to the bear as he nods and makes his way to the ring. As he slides under the bottom rope he places Teddy in the corner and pulls out the glow sticks as he starts to put on a show for the fans. He then stops and walks to where Teddy is and sit's down and waits for the match to start, talking to Teddy. He finally hands over the Wildfire

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belt as Mike stares at Xander whom looks up and starts to laugh. The ref checks both men before the match.

Gil:: Well here we go!

Lucius:: I really don't want to see any more blood.. I think if I see something I'm going to get sick.

The ref signals for the bell as Mike and X go in for a tie up, but X dodges as he starts to laugh. Mike yells some choice words as X leans in and blows Mike a kiss and starts to roll with laughter. Mike then rushes X and hit's with a giant clothesline. X falls into a heap as Mike then starts to Kick X in the gut and yells. X covers up as Mike continues the beating.

Lucius:: I'm telling you we need to get order here.

Gil:: I think Mike just wants to hurt Xander for his mockery of being serious.

Mike turns and grabs X and lifts him up as X pokes mikes eye with his thumb as he staggers back. X stands up as mike shakes out the pain. X then walks behind Mike and grabs his pants and pulls up for the ultimate wedgie. Mike is reeling as X is laughing. He lets go and turns mike around as he sticks out his tongue and gives a nice wet raspberry.

Lucius:: Um?!?!?!?

Gil:: What the hell. I thought Xander wanted to give these fans a match. He's mocking the wrestling world right now.

Mike swings a huge haymaker as it clocks X in the head who stumbles back and shakes a bit as Mike hit's a belly to belly suplex. X is seen smiling as Mike then lifts X up and sends X into the turnbuckle. X falls face first after hitting the turnbuckle as Mike slowly stalks X. X starts to stand up but turns to face the crowd and starts to dance a bit.

Lucius:: I think Xander is totally out of it.

Gil:: Again when has he ever been?

Mike then hits a dragon suplex as X falls hard. Mike stands up to continue the assault, X rolls out of the ring as he looks around, his eyes are gone and he hasn't a clue on what's going on. X walks over and leans on the railing as he grabs a soda from a fan and drinks it and tries to have a conversation with the fan as Mike dives thru the ropes but X moved and starts to laugh as Mike is now on the floor.

Lucius:: Was Xander playing possum?

Gil:: I think it was blind luck.

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X then grabs Mike and pushes him into the ring and follows suit. X then tries a mountain bomb on the big man but fails as he starts to laugh and drops as he hit's Mike with a crotch shot. Mike screams as X pat's Mike on the shoulder. X then rushes the ropes and hit's a clothesline that has no effect. X snickers as he grabs Mike into a russian leg sweep and goes down with Mike as he get's up and starts to stomp Mike in the chest.

Gil:: Some offense from Xander, go figure.

Lucius:: I think he might has something up his sleeve.

X then drops an elbow onto Mike, then drops a leg.. X stands as he looks at Mike and walks over to Teddy. X starts to dig thru the bear as Mike stands up and the rage is seen. Mike rushes X and grabs X to turn him around and starts to yell. X smiles as he stuffs Teddy's stuffing into Mikes face. X then turns Mike around and grabs Mikes pants yet again and lifts, as he lifts X falls forward causing Mike to crash face first into the mat. X then stands up and looks around.

Lucius:: What is he doing now.

Gil:: I'm just confused with this match, it's like some game to Xander.

X's eyes light up as he starts to climb the ropes but Mike stands and hit's the ropes as X falls and hit's his family jewels. Mike then pulls X off face first into the mat. Mike then applies the dragon clutch. X starts to scream out in pain as Mike applies more pressure.

Lucius: Dragon clutch is in! Xander is having some trouble here folks.

Mike tightens the hold on Xander as he struggles to get free, but the hold is too much for X as he taps on Mike's shoulder. The ref signals for the bell to be rung.

Gil: That's it! Mike has done it!

Ann: The winner of the match and the NEW VCW WILDFIRE CHAMPION...MIKE HARRISON!

\*commercial break\*

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[I'M BACK...AND SO ARE WE](#) The fans in the arena are chanting for their favourite stars, a lot of buzz behind the upcoming main event between Smith n Fizz and Fury n Hex and a broken sea of Pink DICK t-shirts beneath the din. A few signs are held up promoting the fact they are at Rage or their favourite catch phrase, a few chants that never come to be trying desperately to get out from the shadows.

The relative noise though is broken when the opening riffs of "Change" by the Deftones begins, the eery howling sounds accompanying them and the lights dimming jut a bit. Large sections of the crowd seem confused while others are jumping with nostalgia. From the back steps the frame of a large man, a single light shining from behind him to create more of a silhouette.

He starts to walk slowly down the ramp, head down, fists clenched and a bloodied chain hanging from his fist. The man looks to his left, nodding appreciatively at a fan holding out their hand desperately for some skin and the light behind him dims to reveal the former CWF, HSW and GLOBAL superstar Jason Spire.

Spire wears a pair of blue cut off jeans and black and white knee pads, with a pair of black boots. Over his torso a black hoodie with a 'Glassjaw' logo in white across the front. The most striking feature about the until recently free agent, however, is his black and white mask covering the left side of his face. The hood over his head hides a mass of unwashed dirty blonde hair, his eyes focused on the ring, green and piercing.

Spire gets to the ring, pulling himself up to one knee on the apron and standing. He turns and looks over the see of fans just as Chino Moreno wails...

"And I watched you chaaaaaange..."

Jason raises his clenched fist, the chain hanging from each side, almost flanking his face, before he turns back to the ring and steps through the ropes. Looking around inside the ring, Spire slowly walks to the corner, taking a mic from outside as the music dies down and the lights return to their full brightness. A big

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cheer of appreciation threatens to unleash, but just not enough people remember the masked tragedy.

Spire slowly removes his hood to reveal his full face, one side chiselled, smooth, the other cover by the black and white mask. Jason's breath runs over the mic as he stops pacing, leaning against the turnbuckle and he lets his lips turn into a curled grin...

Spire: "Rochester..."

A small pop from pockets of the fans.

Spire: "I said...Roch-Ester!!" The word rising to a crescendo teasing a growing cheer into a yell into an outright roar from the VCW fans...

Spire: "Eight years Rchester New York. Eight years since I've been back here. Back when wrestling was rampant, champions were heroes and passion was relevant."

Spire looks around the audience, blinking a couple of times in his pause letting his words sink in, before raising the mic to his lips again relaxing in the corner.

Spire: "But hey, nothing's really changed. Joey Matthews' still closing Feds, flying Luchadors are in and Jason Spire has the bit between his teeth."

Jason pushes himself off of the corner and makes his way to the middle of the ring.

Spire: "You know, I may not remember too well where I was born, but I remember full well the feeling of tightening the laces on my boots. I may not remember all that much of what pie Mum and Dad would leave

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on the counter on Sundays, but I remember the smell of a lockerroom after a fight. I may not remember oh so much of who I was and how I lived..."

Spire starts to slowly circle in the ring, raising his free hand and pointing at the fans, his grin turning to a full blown smile.

Spire: "But I sure as Christmas remember every...one...of you...making thunder rain and reminding me each night just who in the hell I AM!!"

Spire punctuates the am with a tightening of his fist around the chain, waving it to the side and stomping his feet to the mat as the crowd suddenly falls in love with the new VCW man.

Spire: "And so, when fate saw fit to close the CWF just as Jason Spire was rising to the top; when I sat in my big size 12s on the couch at home and the phone rang...I answered the call and gave a big hell yeah to signing a Valor Championship Wrestling contract and appearing here live in the greatest state on the planet."

Spire nods repeatedly as his own words echo, pacing around the ring and looking back and forth across the ocean of eyes.

Spire: "And you know what I thought when I put ink to paper? I thought I still want to challenge myself against the best, I still want to realise every kids dream of being a world champion, I still want..."

Without warning Jason drops the mic to the floor with a thud and some reverb coming through. He stands still, eyes aimed towards the ground. The big man slowly steps back from the mic, his hand lifting to push the hood over his head and hide his face in shadow.

Spire looks down at the mic on the ground, gently playing at its surface with the toe of his boot. He slowly,

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methodically bends his knees and crouches beside the mic, a large, worn hand lowering over it and clenching around its stem. Spire lifts the mic to his mouth agonisingly lazily. His slow, warm breaths cascade off of the mouth piece, echoing rasping across the PA system as fans start to rise in their commotion as to what's going on and if this as planned or not. But for an eternity, just the breath...slow out, lazy in, repeats itself over and over and over and over until...

Spire: "V...C...W. We're...back!"

The voice is uncomfortable, low, charred with a growl and accentuated with a slight sense of unease. The figure of Jason Spire rises from the mat, looking around at the fans and turning ever so slowly. He drops the mic back to the canvas and slowly lifts the chain in his hand, taking his other to wrap it round...and round his fist.

Jason's head lowers further, his eyes narrowing as the chain comes to its end, tightly closed around the powerful fist of the former CWF Extreme Champion. Spire pauses for a few moments, wallowing in the heckles and confused shouts from the crowd. He runs the chained fist slowly across the masked side of his face...before crouching back down slowly, lifting the mic back up and unleashing the slow painful breathing once more, before...

Spire: "And not...a single...one of you. Are safe..."

With that the mic is placed gently back down and Spire rolls slowly out of the ring, as "Change" hits the PA system again and the imposing figure of Jason Spire makes his way back up the ramp, leaving questions unanswered about the newest addition to the UTA developmental roster.

[TOMMY LIPTON V. RODNEY MARNEY](#) Gil:: Welcome back Ladies and gentleman, we have a special treat for you, Rodney "The Carney" Marney versus Tommy Lipton.

Lucius:: That's right folks, this looks to be a great match with Rodney defending his title against Tommy. Can

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Rodney come back from the loss to Xander Hayes? Or will Tommy Come out on top as the new Internet Champion?

As the opening to Psycho Circus by KISS starts to play, but nether walk out as it fades to silence. The crowd reacts with confusion as 'Cult of Personality' hit's the PA system and out walks Tommy, the crowd reacts as he walks his way to the ring gloating. He stops at the apron and looks around as he walks up the steps and enters the ring.

Lucius:: I'm not sure what's going on.. Tommy has come out while Rodney isn't anywhere to be seen.

Gil:: Folks we will get someone on it..

Then the lights go out as "Dance of the Crazy Pill" starts up and we see Teddy on the screen as the music plays for a moment X walks out with Yarrin carrying something in a giant bag. X is laughing as he looks around.

Gil:: What's that nut job doing out here?

Lucius:: What is he thinking?

X and Y make their way to the ring as the slide the giant bag into the ring. X rolls it into the middle as he laughs and looks at Tommy and smiles innocently. X get's a mic from the ring crew as he turns to Tommy.

Xander:: Tommy, I think you earned this little match and well the out come is very simple. Hehe. Why well here.

X then opens the bag as we see Rodney tied up and has a small dog stuffed animal stuffed into Rodney's mouth as X starts to laugh.

Xander:: Tommy, this is your one get out of jail free card.. Enjoy.. Oh and Tommy, be ready for after this I still get my match with the winner at the next Pay Per View.. So be warned man.

X laughs as he slides out of the ring and start to walk up the ramp with Y as Tommy is completely caught off guard on what happen. X turns as he yells at the ref to signal the bell. Tommy unsure what to do drops down for the cover as the ref counts it out.

1...

2...

3...

Gil:: Um well I guess we have a new champion for the Internet Belt....

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Lucius:: Appears so. How will Tommy handle Xander at Anarchy?

Tommy gathers up the belt as he leaves still trying to understand what happen as the ring crew works on Rodney who is carried out.

[ROYALTY...HAS ARRIVED](#) We open in the Blue Cross Arena, practically sold out in Rchester, New York with some 14,000 fans cheering after the opening credits in a battle of volume to be heard. A VC-DUB chant reverberates across the crowd just as suddenly the PA system and centre stage is hijacked by the shrill guitar monologue of "Seek and Destroy" by the mighty Metallica. Large swathes of the fans boo, whilst others pop at the unexpected appearance of the man now coming through the entrance way with a gleaming smile.

Caude Baptiste Ranier comes into view, wearing a grey Leonard Jay suit from Jermyn Street, London, a pink shirt opened at the collar by two buttons and a pair of dark brown pristinely polished shoes. His blonde hair is tied back in a man-tail, with his trademark purple tinted sunglasses over his nose covering his eyes. CBR walks slowly forward, his bright white teeth reflecting the multitude of flashing cameras, the gold surface of the large UTA Internet Championship resting squarely on his shoulder, one hand encircled around the strap holding it in place.

Ranier does a slow 360 degree turn with his arms stretched out and soaks in the atmosphere, boos now tying up with each other in a rising chorus. He continues down the ramp, sharing a few choice words with a fan at ringside, before pointing and laughing at a kid holding a Madman Szalinski sign and making a sleeping sign with his hands under his cheek, head tilted to the side.

He points at another sign proclaiming 'Jackson #1' and mouths the word 'two' holding up two fingers to the fan in an FU salute.

Ranier gets to the apron and wanders round to the ring steps, climbing them whilst raising an arm to the fans, his grin wide and proud, and demanding the ring announcer step onto the apron to lower the rope for him to step through.

Once inside, with mic in hand, CBR does a slow circuit of the ring. His music dying out, Ranier makes a conductor motion to go with the 'YOU SUCK...YOU SUCK' chant that floods the eardrums. He waits for the noise to calm down and lifts the mic to his lips.

CBR: "So, this is VCW?"

The fans pop for the show as Ranier slowly shakes his head.

CBR: "What a fortnight. What...a...fortnight!"

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A boo rises and quickly dies out as Claude leans his title over the top rope before leaning his forearms beside it and facing the west side of the audience.

CBR: "First, I came into Black Horizon undefeated after pulling that redneck Log Habben's teeth...sorry, I mean tooth...out; then I go on to lift the 4 ton Tokyo mammoth and slam him on his 'size of a small country' ass; and then..."

Claude looks down at his belt, running his free palm over the polished gold.

CBR: "And then, I win this!"

He raises the belt in his hand high above his head to the crowd, who break out in a loud jeer. Placing the title back on the top rope he goes back to the mic.

CBR: "And that's not all Rochester...officially the worst city in New York State I might add...but then CBR is ranked number one in the UTA power rankings, CBR.NET (the greatest show in the Internet today) debuts on Livewire and I'm voted the wrestler of the month by James Wingate himself."

Claude nods, looking back and forth across the sea of fans.

CBR: "I mean finally I'm getting the respect I deserve and after seven and 0, they simply can't brush the Canadian Star under the carpet anymore. But I'm talking about the UTA...an actual Wrestling Company. You all should look it up on HOTv, you might enjoy watching real men fight for a change."

Ranier widens his grin, pushing himself up off the top rope and taking his title again in his hand and pressing it against his shoulder, walking slowly across the ring.

CBR: "And then it hit me. Yeah, it's been one hell of a few weeks for me, a real roller coaster of ups...and more ups...but what kind of time has it been for all of you?"

CBR raises his arm to the side, slowly turning as if to gesture the entire audience.

CBR: "It can't be easy, getting up every morning, smelling yourh orrific wife's breath as your overweight kid pulls your last strands of hair out of your head...only to find that you get to work, your boss calls you an asshole and you realise the sixteen year old paperboy down the road earns more in a month than you do in a year."

Claude nods, patting his title.

CBR: "I do have to remind myself that while I'm fantastic, and have all the gold, this is probably the first time most of you have ever seen anything other than silver quarters your entire lives. And Rochester, I love New York..."

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A small pop from the crowd as Ranier pauses, stopping his pacing and then grins again.

CBR: "Which is why I think this city needs to be honest with itself and donate itself to New Hampshire, the same place that asshole Max Burke was from if any of you remember who in the hell he was?"

Claude takes his shades off slowly, revealing his bright gaze and taking a thoughtful pose, lightly scratching his chin.

CBR: "But then, when I thought some more, and realised whilst a small minority of you in the audience might actually have some kind of burger flipping or glorified toenail clipping job, the real charity case is right here."

Ranier points down at the wrestling mat beneath his feet.

CBR: "The real dole queue, that long line at the Job Centre; the little band of Oliver Twists standing at the Gruel kitchen and asking for a little bit more are right here in VCW. Valor...Championship...Wrestling. I mean, really?"

Claude raises his arms and looks puzzled as he asks the rhetorical question.

CBR: "I'm serious. It's like being at school and being forced by your teacher to hold the little retards hand cos the big boys want to burn his hair off. Come on! Piggy backing off the back of the greatest show in the history of this sport, Black Horizon, we've got this?"

Claude points to the Thursday Night Rage sign hanging from the ceiling.

CBR: "A bunch of teddy holding, green and orange haired midgets with Dick on their chest fighting over more titles than there are days of the week. Seriously? Am I the only one that sees this as just another remake of one flew over the cuckoo's nest?"

The boos are reigning down loud and fierce, bottles being thrown into the ring along with empty nacho and popcorn boxes. CBR slowly sidesteps from a full cup of fata landing nearby and shakes his head.

CBR: "You see, and this is the thanks I get for making your loves just a little bit better. This...all of you, are pathetic. I'd take Yoshii over this any day."

Claude walks over to the ropes and steps through, before turning back and facing the crowd.

CBR: "I tell you what - And I hope you're listening James Ranger - why don't all you boys in the back decide who's your best, who stands above the rest, and next week, right here on Thursday Night Rage, I'll treat these fine people to a real wrestling clinic. Come on VCW, I dare you..."

Ranier grins, dropping the mic to the mat and placing the purple tinted shades back on his face. "Seek and Destroy" hits the PA system and CBR leaves the ring, mouthing off at a few fans and patting his title as he

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walks up the ramp.

[LEW SMITH AND FIZZ V. DICK FURY AND HEX GIRL](#) \*commercial break\*

Gil: And welcome back folks to Thursday Night Rage as the main event is about to commence!

Lucius: What is about to commence is a failed date and bromance in the making.

Fizz and Lew Smith stand facing off Hex Girl and Dick Fury as the two teams stand in the ring. The ref provides a brief explaining of the rules before Dick goes to step out and on his side of the ring, grabbing ahold of the string. As he does so, Lew does the same, conversing with Fizz as he steps out.

Fizz turns around, locking eyes with Hex Girl as the ref signals for the bell. Almost immediately, both begin to slowly circle the ring, as they close the gap, Hex lunges for Fizz, who dodges quickly from her reach. Hex spins in place and stands tall, glaring at Fizz, who only looks focused as he puts distance between him and her.

They circle the ring once more, this time Hex tries to get behind Fizz, but he spins in place, backstepping as she tries to reach for his legs. Fizz smirks as she grows frustrated, Dick calmly says some words as Lew stares intently into the ring.

Fizz and Hex go to circle the ring, but this Fizz makes the aggression, as he charges forward, in an attempt to whip Hex, she reverses it, sending Fizz over to the ropes, he bounces back, baseball slides to the side of Hex as she reaches for him, and tags Lew.

Lew looks at Hex as he steps in, Fizz making faces as Hex steps back. The fans getting jittery as the two begin to circle the ring.

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Hex and Lew meet in the center of the ring, locking up as Hex is caught in a headlock by Lew. She struggles to get free, pushing him towards the ropes as he tightens the hold on her. She pushes on him against the ropes, pushing him away as he lets go. He turns around as he hits the ropes, coming back full speed as Hex drops the mat, forcing him to jump over her.

Hex gets up as Lew comes back, executing a dropkick on the VCW Champion. She stomps on his legs before picking one up, only to slam it back down. She does this again before dragging it over to her corner. She tags in Dick, which elicits a harsh response from the fans as he proceeds to stomp on Lew's stomach.

Dick grabs Lew, picking him up as Irish whips him into a corner chest first, as he does so, he stumbles back into the arms of Dick who connects with a neckbreaker. He goes for the pin.

ONE

TWO...Lew kicks out as Fizz is halfway into the ring, yelling at Dick as the ref instructs him to step back out of the ring. Dick takes this moment to level Lew's face with a couple of forearms before picking him back up. The fans once more displaying their displeasure for Dick Fury.

As Dick goes to Irish whip Lew, it gets reversed, sending Dick up and over the rope, but he lands on the turnbuckle. Lew goes over to grab him, but Dick ducks, headbutting him in the gut. Lew walks away as Dick gets back in. As he charges over for the clothesline, Lew ducks, spins in place to be in position. He kicks Dick in the gut, quickly grabs him and executes a DDT in the middle of the ring.

Fizz immediately tries to get the crowd hyped by clapping his hands as the Dick and Lew begin to get up, both eyeing each other as they finally stand. Lew gets in the first shot, connecting with a strong forearm, then another as he pushes Dick onto the ropes. He whips Dick to the other side, as Hex makes a blind tag. Dick walks right into a spinebuster by Lew who rallies the fans for the end.

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As Lew turns around though, Hex comes in with the enziguri, clean hit across Lew's face, who snaps to onto the mat. She covers for the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO! Fizz attempts to break the count, but is stopped by Dick...

THREE~!

Ann: The winners of this match...HEX GIRL and DICK...FURY~!

[18 WHEEL DOMINANCE](#) (Two airhorn blasts are heard, then he outdated, but driving strains of Johnny Cash's "Convoy" hit as the grill of a Mack truck appears on the

jumbotron in black and white. Dual spotlights shine from above the tron, looking like headlights in the darkened arena. Suddenly large white

block letters, "Chuck...The...Truck" appear one after the other, superimposed over the truck grill on the tron.)

Gil: Uhh...Apparently we have an unexpected guest...this...this isn't in my notes.

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Lucius: It's not in mine either, Gil! But apparently we're goin' on a CONVOY!!

(Chuck "The Truck" Mancini emerges onto the stage, dressed in a black t-shirt, bearing the words "Truck You!" and faded jeans. He's a big man,

barrell chested with short black hair and a black goatee. He strides confidently but slowly down the ramp, pausing halfway down. He doesn't look

unlike a Tommy Dreamer who's made a few more trips to the buffet table, and many more trips to the gym.)

Gil: This is...

Lucius: This is Chuck Mancini! The Truck has arrived!

(After looking around at the crowd a little, Chuck runs from mid-ramp, rolls under the bottom rope and climbs a turnbuckle to the second rope.

He cranks his right arm up and down in the familiar "blow your airhorn" sign.

As the house lights come up, he's handed a microphone, and begins to speak.)

Chuck: "Y'know, as I look around this arena tonight. I see a bunch of hard-working people. Blue-collar people. The kind of people who just want

an honest day's wage for an honest day's work. I see moms and dads, and little kids, who saved their nickles and dimes for months, just waiting

for their chance to see the stars of VCW live and in person."

(There is applause as Chuck recognizes the hard-working families in attendance. But he suddenly changes his tone.)

Chuck: "And that, folks, is the difference between you and me. I used to work hard for MY money too. I was a long-haul truck driver. I was over

the road constantly, breaking my back, living on No-Doze and coffee, sleeping in my cab, grabbing a shower at the nearest truck stop -- once

every few days -- mind you. I used to live paycheck to paycheck. And I used to have to save up to by a daggone burger off the dollar menu.

But all that changed... (Chuck pauses and wipes his goatee, then sneers at the assembled crowd.)

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That changed, when I realized I was better than that damned job. It changed when I realized I was better than all the half-wit wannabes that

make up VCW. And most of all, that changed when I realized I was better than you...and you...and you...hell, ALL OF YOU!!! (He shouts, pointing

at individual audience members as he rails against them.)

See, the biggest difference between me and you, is that I've made something of my life. I'm the one you losers come to see. I'm the one who gets

all those nickels and dimes you've scraped together. You PAY to come see me. (He takes a long pause, then grins sarcastically.) You couldn't PAY

me enough to even SPEAK to any of you."

(Chuck drops the mic and walks intently back up the ramp, not acknowledging anyone as the boos rain down.)

**Show Credits**

Segment: "RAGE" - Written by Ben.

*Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite*