

LOCATION: 7/11 CONVENIENCE STORE/GAS STATION

“MIDNIGHT”

*Our scene begins with a black tinted van pulling up to the gas station, casually parking itself closely to one of the pumps. The driver side door opens as **Moongoose McQueen** steps into view, still wearing his suit along with the 24/7 Championship tucked underneath the jacket. appearing rather paranoid as he scopes out the area.*

Moongoose McQueen:

Coast is clear. Better make this quick. Get the gas and go.

*Moongoose makes one last look around the parking lot before preparing to head inside and pay for his tank of gas. The champ gets thrown off his game a tad as he notices one of his passengers, **CASPIAN**, steps out of the vehicle and joins him.*

Moongoose McQueen:

There's no need to come in with me, it'll only be in a minute. Besides, you need to lookout for me.

CASPIAN:

I'm going in to get food, vato. I'm starving; We haven't had time to eat since yesterday.

Moongoose McQueen:

Fine. What about Cam and Consuelo, they wanna come with?

CASPIAN:

Nada.

CASPIAN slides open the side door of the van as we see Cameron and Consuelo sleeping side by side with Cameron's feet to Consuelo's head and vice versa.

CASPIAN:

Knocked out. Have no idea how they can sleep in this dirty, cramped van. Couldn't you have gotten us an RV or something?

Moongoose McQueen:

That gas guzzler? Are you kidding me!? Besides, it'd be a giant target; this blends in.

CASPIAN:

“Blend in”? Mierda! This is the type of van that would make the elders in my homeland hide their ninos and would probably make my club goers back in Miami think the Bang Bus was filming! It's a sketchy eyesore that sticks out like a sore thumb!

Moongoose McQueen:

If it sticks out so bad how about less talking and more walking so we can get out of here and onto our next hide out?

CASPIAN:

Ughhh. Fair I suppose. Let's go, mi amigo.

Moongoose and CASPIAN briskly walk into the store, setting off the store bell as they are immediately greeted by the stare of the store owner. He gives them a quick look up and down and a wave before going back to putting in fresh hot dogs in the carousel. Moongoose walks to the counter to engage him while CASPIAN does a glance around the store. The small space is packed with shelves full of different snacks from crackers to chips to jerky to candies. CASPIAN first goes to the back where the refrigerated items are, getting a few beverages before partaking in anything else. Moongoose puts his arm on the countertop and snaps in the man's face while he checks out his nametag.

Moongoose McQueen:

Hello there....Rakesh. Pleasure to meet you. I just wanted to do a quick fill up of my tank out there and wanted to pay real fast before going ahead.

Rakesh:

Of course, no problem. \$2.50!

*As Moongoose takes out the money and is looking to pay, Rakesh stops the transaction after opening the register. It appears something has caught his attention as he goes down the counter top to where the other heated foods are and points his finger at the person using the nacho cheese dispenser -- **Kyle**.*

Kyle:

You trying to bum a chip, my guy?

Rakesh:

It looks like it's YOU "bumming chips", my *guy*.

Kyle:

Uhhh...no?

Rakesh:

Those aren't just nachos in your container, I clearly see you opened a bag of Doritos and poured them in too. I've seen people do that thieving trick all the time hoping to get more for their buck. Think you can just cover it and cheese sauce and think I won't notice? You can't pull

a fast one! Now the condiments are free but you're going to have to pay for the nachos AND the chips you've opened.

Kyle:

Hold on bro.....nachos are tortilla chips, right?

Rakesh:

Yes.

Kyle:

Cool. Well Doritos are tortilla chips are they not? In fact when I opened up that bag it even said *nacho cheese* Doritos. "NACHO"..So really, I'm not cheating you out of anything. I'm buying nachos, so I got nachos.

Rakesh:

That's not how it works!

Kyle:

Oh. Well why not?

Rakesh:

Because --

Kyle:

Heyyy, wait a minute.....Bapu Singh! Aren't you supposed to be hosting that OWT seminar with the rest of the BWO today? Yaaaahhh. I know the guys at the performance center were on my case all this week like "be there, there's some important guests, stop no showing drills to smoke bowls" yada yada, all that jazz. Did it end early?

Rakesh:

Excuse me?

Kyle:

Real crazy you're working here at abodega? Wawa? No, this is a 7/11, there we go! Anyway, it's crazy maaannn. But if they aren't booking you on Sunday guess you gotta pay the bills somehow. That's why I'm a wrestler. Ok, not really, only reason I'm in that OWT place is so my girl can get off my case and let me at that Playstation 4 in peace. Women really are a trip sometimes.....

Rakesh:

Sir, buy the stuff from my store and get out, please.

*As Rakesh starts to grow impatient, **Stark** comes by his side with a goofy smile on his face and a lighter in his hand which he's hoping to buy.*

Stark:

My apologies, Kyle's a bit...."impaired" right now. That dank is a bit too hard hitting for a rookie.

Moongoose McQueen:

Rakesh, can you get back to me so I can fill up the tank?

Stark:

....Goose?

Moongoose McQueen:

.....Stark?

Kyle:

.....Kyle?

Stark:

Well, well, well. What are the odds?

Moongoose McQueen:

So unlikely that it's almost infuriating this is happening.

Stark:

It's pretty lucky for me. Give me the title.

CASPIAN drops all of his refreshments on the ground and runs to the front to join the scene.

CASPIAN:

Don't give that maricon a damn thing!

Stark:

I get to mop the floor with both you simps? Bet money!

Moongoose McQueen:

Hang on. It's pointless for you to even fight with us. There's no referee with you to count the pin.

****RING RING RING****

*The bell sound that's rigged to the door opening is heard by all. The men in the store turn to see who has entered as we **Christopher Sabertooth** with Larry Blackwell standing by. Sabertooth*

notably has his standard ring gear on in the store along with a pair of Rayban sunglasses, likely to protect against a potential flashbang.

Christopher Sabertooth:

There is a referee with me however.

Moongoose McQueen:

Aw here we go again.

Christopher Sabertooth:

Here we go for the LAST TIME. I'm getting my 24/7 Championship back TONIGHT.

Moongoose McQueen:

Let's not make claims we can't follow through on.

CASPIAN:

Si. Be careful with your word choice. Especially when it may cost you your health, cabron.

Stark:

Stop the tough guy act, I can only cringe so much! This clown sells a couple of dime bags of coke he cut up with Sweet'n Low to some suburban cacs and all of a sudden thinks he's Scarface.

CASPIAN:

I'm not some movie villain. I'm the real deal.

Stark:

A real fucking scrub is what you are.

Christopher Sabertooth:

All of you shut up! Enough with the bickering. Moongoose, you go ahead and you FIGHT me!

Stark:

He has more than you to worry about. If there's a new champion walking out of here it's going to be me.

Christopher Sabertooth:

We'll see about that!

As Stark and Christopher Sabertooth start to rush toward Moongoose, they are stopped in their tracks by yet another sound of interruption.

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!!

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*Outside a car has directly crashed into the side of Moongoose's van. While not intentional, the driver is certainly careless as it backs away and then whips around the lot, smashing into the curb as it "parks". Stepping out of the car are **Carson Ramsay** and **CM Nas** who enter the store with their personal referee: Otis Burch.*

Moongoose McQueen:
My Boys!

CASPIAN:
They'll be good! Think about us for a second because this does not look good. How did you all even get here!?

Carson Ramsay:
I tailed your ass! From the moment you got in that van we've followed your every move! All the highways, all the turns and all the stops.

CM Nas:
Correction: this man stopped the car not a single time, not even for the red lights! You're a mad man!

Carson Ramsay:
The only thing I'm about is Goose ducking us these past few days! Told you we'd get the, Nas!

CM Nas:
Your plan was smart in the end, but even so, quite a few people have beaten us to the punch.

Christopher Sabertooth:
Mhm. This is my territory. Scram and let me take care of my business. You too Stark.

Stark:
Long time no see, Nas. You're crazy if you think I'm leaving, Sabertooth.

CASPIAN:
Don't fret. You all can stay. Another coffin to prepare for the grave plot.

Moongoose McQueen:

Extreme but you get his point. We're ready for the challenge. We'll take all of you.

Rakesh:

The police will take all of you to jail if you don't take your tomfoolery out of my establishment!

Carson Ramsay:

Pipe down. It'll only take a few minutes.

Carson Ramsay initiates the start of this fight as he gets into a stance and taps Nas to do the same. Sabertooth follows, followed by Stark, followed by Goose, followed by CASPIAN, and not followed by Kyle who continues to eat his stolen cheese/chilli covered Doritos and even starts sneaking some mini tacos into his container during the chaos. Fed up with the situation, Rakesh takes out a giant bamboo stick from under the counter and holds it threatenly while looking straight at Carson.

Rakesh:

Do you think I was kidding, motherfucker? DONNNNTTTT talk to me like that!

Carson Ramsay:

Hehe....wow. Listen. I'm going to warn you before you get hurt. Who do you think you're dealing with trying to scare me with some flimsy cane?

Rakesh:

I'm dealing with rowdy customers who I'm about to send out.

Carson Ramsay:

I said we'll be out when we're done. Two minutes. Come on Nas.

Carson advances over to Moongoose but as he goes to put a hand on him, the bamboo stick reaches past the counter and whacks Carson in the chest to keep him at bay from fighting. Carson looks at him in disbelief.

Rakesh:

OUT.

Carson Ramsay:

You son of a bitch! Have you lost your mind!?

CM Nas:

Welpppppp.

Without a moment's hesitation, Carson Ramsay jumps over the counter and lunges at the store owner. The man has no time to react with his weapon before Carson is on top of him, raining down rights and getting in position to put him into a chokehold. CM Nas goes behind the counter to stop him but at this point Ramsay is in the zone.

Rakesh:

I'm sorry! I'm so so sorry sir!

Carson Ramsay:

Naaaahhh. I'm the one who's sorry. Here, have a free pizza. On the house.

CM Nas:

Carson, come on!

Carson Ramsay:

Let the man enjoy his meal!

Ramsay grabs a tray with a freshly made personal pizza and sloppily folds the whole thing in half. He grabs Rakesh by the head, forces his mouth open and begins shoving the pie down his throat in between shots to the stomach which fortunately make him spit it up. While this happens, Sabertooth makes a pass at Moongoose McQueen, side stepping his advances and going for a roll up. Goose kicks out and is almost hit with a right hand but Sabertooth's strike gets intercepted by a superkick to the face from Stark.

The kick rocks Sabertooth and sends into the magazine rack, though he makes a quick recovery and spears Stark into the slushy machine, spilling out it's contents much to the glee of Kyle who now enjoys a few sips from the tap. Wiping the blood from his lip and getting back up, Sabertooth is finally ready to challenge Moongoose McQueen. CASPIAN however has other plans as he grabs Larry Blackwell by the collar and tosses him into Sabertooth. This disorients Sabertooth long enough for CASPIAN to rush Moongoose McQueen out the door and the two head off in a sprint.

Moongoose McQueen:

What about the gas!?

CASPIAN:

We'll have enough to get to a motel, that's all we need!

Moongoose:

Goodness, the car is totaled!

CASPIAN:

Who gives a shit how it looks, DRIVE!

"YOU THINK WE WOULDN'T JOIN IN ON THE PARTY!?"

*As CASPIAN AND Moongoose get into their van, pulling up into the gas station in a top off convertible are **Keelan Callihan, Carlos Rosso, the Wild Boys** and a squished **Chet Kensington**. Carlos is standing in the car with a brick in his hand.*

CASPIAN:

Keelan! They let you out, ese? It took me MONTHS!

Keelan Callihan:

Hell of a lot easier to be a free man if you don't get in trouble in a shithole like Honduras.

Carlos Rosso:

And no better way to celebrate his freedom than by getting us that 24/7 title!

Christopher Sabertooth makes it outside and sees the situation.

Christopher Sabertooth:

Not a snowball's chance in hell. I'll do everything in my power to stop you people from being champion!

Carlos Rosso:

Beat it twig boy!

Carlos Rosso flings the brick at Sabertooth, forcing him to think fast. He ducks the throw and lets the brick go through the glass of the store.

Christopher Sabertooth:

You almost killed me!

Keelan Callihan:

That's the dangers that come with entering the title chase.

Jimmy Wild:

They're getting away guys!

In those brief moments of arguing, Moongoose and CASPIAN managed to fully enter their van and drive off, escaping the situation for the time being as the damaged door of the vehicle is swinging open.

Moongoose McQueen:
(yelling from the distance)
STILL CHAMPION!!!

Carlos Rosso:
NO! NO! NOT AGAIN!

Keelan Callihan:
Chet you fuck up, why didn't you say anything?

Jimmy/Billy:
You blew it!

Chet Kensington:
IT WASN'T MY FAULT!

Christopher Sabertooth:
Come back here!

Christopher Sabertooth, once again noted to be in his full on wrestling gear, goes running down the street in traffic, giving chase to the van. Zaibatsu are each taking turns smacking up Chet while a revived Stark shrugs and lights up his blunt. In the store Rakesh is still being stomped out and Kyle is on his way out when he notices the open register.

Kyle:
Don't mind if I do.

Kyle cleans out the whole register of its bills and shoves them in his pockets. He takes a pair of glasses off one of the racks for good measure and with his hands and the cash in his pockets he heads out of the store for good.

Carson Ramsay:
I felt you breathe on me just now! Are you still fighting back!? How many times do I have to teach you this lesson!?

CM Nas:
I'll cover the hospital bill.

END.