

{The screen does a static jump a couple of times before we cut to a grainy cut of an in-ring promo from last week's edition of Breakdown where we see Giovanni Aries talking in the ring}

Aries: "I'm sure many backstage now are focused on the monitors more. Xander has stopped his training. Cid has moved away from his family. All for that...Teams all over SCW – the Connection, Shinigami, EFN, Product...they too. See, that's the issue...they all see the shiny gold and get distracted by its allure, when all it does it maintain our focus on possessions and trinkets. Selena Frost using the metaphor of a sequel, of Hollywood, of a movie...when they've been as bankrupt as anyone else. While I am an original...and I don't care about the box office gate. I care about the message. And I care about winning!"

{The screen then static jumps again and we find ourselves looking at a Giovanni Aries on a flatscreen TV that's mounted to a wall as the camera pulls back and we find ourselves looking at both halves of the Foundation-Wil Pierce, Alex Belmont-as the two men sit on either side of a table as they look at the screen, with Wil jerking a thumb at it}

Wil: Giovanni, you don't know fuck all about how we view those world tag team titles. And you don't care about winning, my good man, you care about ***HOARDING***! Despite everything that you claimed in that little bit of bullshit that you stood in the middle of the ring last week on Breakdown and you claimed this and that, yet in the end the truth of the matter is that you just want people to pay attention to you and **HOARD** all of their attention and don't hate me for telling the truth, Giovanni, because it's true...but you see in order to prove our dominance in the tag team division, we have to destroy you for those World Tag Team titles because it's all about Domination, nothing more or less.

Alex: And for some nobody like you, Giovanni, you sprout that you know how this team views those tag team titles is just more proof that you are full of nothing but bullshit. We're a part of something much bigger and broader, something with a true legacy behind them.

It's something that Sharper has no doubt been hearing rumors about these past few weeks.

And it is something that our dear Konrad Raab has seen in another promotion, he's seen their banner and seen what **THEY** can do in the ring.

And if your Master there, Billy Heaven Senior, was really as smart as he claims to be...well, he'd see the signs on the wall and entrench his little whipping boys like you, Giovanni. Because when the stampede comes through SCW, you will get your ass destroyed and there will be nothing left of you other than those crappy Russian cigs that you smoke.

Wil: And least we not forget that the only reason why you're even ***STILL*** holding those titles is because of one very stupid and arrogant little ***bitch*** by the name of Amy Chastaine.

Amy, I could really give two flying ***FUCKS*** as to why you felt the need to come down to the ring and screw my partner and I out of our heavily fought for chance to take those glorious Supreme Championship Wrestling World Tag Team titles away from two arrogant little pieces of shit...I could care

less whatever false little thing that you came up with in that little fucking head of yours to try and justify screwing us over on Breakdown and nor do I care...because what I *do* care about is the fact that you didn't even take the God given chance to say "*I'm sorry*" to my partner and I, and that, little bitch, is fucking *rude* as all get out.

But me, being the respectable gentleman that I am, will give you till Thursday on Breakdown to come out to the ring and apologize for fucking us over and if you don't...if you choose not to accept the responsibility for what you did...and you did do the Foundation a dirty thing...then the last thing you should be fucking worried about will be Waylon *GOD-DAMNED* Creek trying to end your career because you'll be too busy having your one hundred and fifty seven pound, pale ginger *ass* gets turned the *fuck* inside out by one of the most brutal clotheslines in all of professional wrestling...and that's not just "*high*" and "*mighty*" talk there, that's the whole *truth* and nothing but the *truth* because I am the last honest fucking man in all of professional wrestling and it's time that people fucking believed me on that!

{Alex then turns and clicks off the wall mounted TV}

Alex: Oh, I've had enough of this. Too much television... can hurt your eyes.

Wil: Very true Alex, but on a separate note...did you know that there's a party this week at the Kaseya Center in Miami?

Alex: Really?! Can I invite Mister Potato Head?

Wil: Sure! It wouldn't be a party without Potato Head...however I don't think that the Potato Heads we will be allowed to play with at the party are very good.

{Alex leans back in his chair and raises an eyebrow at his partner}

Alex: What do you exactly mean by that, Wil?

Wil: What I mean somebody went out and bought two of the cheapest, crappiest made Potato Heads on the second hand market over in Vegas and I'm told that's the ones that we gotta play with at the party on Thursday.

Alex: Dude...I don't think that Gia and Gina have *THAT* much plastic in their bodies!!

{The two men look at each other for a couple of seconds, obviously fighting very hard not to laugh before finally the struggle to hold back their laughter becomes too great and they start to explode with laughter which lasts for several seconds before Alex fights back his own laughs to try and give the camera a serious look, even a semi-serious one}

Alex: I'm "sorry", Gia and Gina. But you got to admit that our little joke there is much more humorous than the fucking thought that the two of you seem to have about you already having us beat for our match this week on Breakdown.

Yes, our joke was rude...crude...and totally unacceptable, but then again so are the two of *YOU* and the fact that a team of our fucking caliber have to lower ourselves to fight two people who have absolutely no right to be apart of not just this fine promotion *BUT* also the sport of professional wrestling because where does it say that two untrained ring rats get to be in the Foundation's ring, eh?

I mean let's take a look at the effort that you've even put into this match or should I say that total *lack* of any form effort because here we are, one day out from the vent, and you've yet to get off of our overpaid for asses and cut a honestly real promo because you've got your collective asses so far up your landlord's crack, that you're hitting the smug awfully fucking hard!

Wil: While Alex and I had more than enough time to properly prepare for this match which included watching the tapes of your last two matches here in SCW and honestly, we've seen worse from a pair of strippers.

Alex: Yeah, you two would be perfect fits for Extremely Awful Wrestling up in New York, especially under that wanna-be pimp in Mister Dededede.

Wil: But that's neither here nor there because it's not going to matter when we walk into Breakdown and you try every single one of your little tricks only to find that they just don't work because we're not "*Sports Entertainers*" like the two of you, but actual fucking *Professional* *Wrestlers* and that means that we're not going to be fooled by your little twin tricks and if you do try it, I can promise you that either Alex or myself will personally *STOMP* on those lovely little throats to ensure that you don't try that bullshit when you're in the ring against us because when the Foundation comes for a match, we don't come to play fucking games.

No, we come to win titles and kick ass.

Now some people, like yourselves and Giovanni Aries, all seem to think that we're nothing more than a couple of "*Hotheads*" and that we're easily distracted or some shit because of it. And thus every fucking joker on this company's roster seems to believe it.

I mean...seriously...you two seem to believe it, don'tcha?

You even said so in that piece of shit promo of yours.

{Wil then leans forward in his chair, fixing his gaze hard on the camera as his lips curl up into a sinister smile}

Wil: Which means that's your entire plan A, isn't? Annoy Alex and myself to the point where we come to the ring inflated and ready for nothing more than a savage beatdown so that the two of you can play your little sex games while making a mockery of us, eh?

Hate to say it girls, but that's not going to work....so that means you gotta switch over to Plan B which means that you've actually got to go into Breakdown and fucking *fight* for your money and I can promise you that in the end ***THAT***...won't work either.

{Wil's smiles becomes even more unpleasant}

Wil: Because in this case....there is no Plan B.

You see having a **"Plan B"** indicates that you have a singular chance to use it in the battle to come and the reality is that you don't have any chance of getting that far and I'm being totally honest with you two, Gia and Gina, and that honesty is that you might just want to lay down in the middle of that ring on Thursday there in Miami and I promise you that it'll be over in an instant.

Alex: Yeah, we will simply pin you and then you can move onto the next town with your daddy...where you can pray that the little slime lord that he's paying doesn't take his payment out of your collective asses.

Wil: It might be a brutal truth, but it is the *Truth* nonetheless and Glimmer Sisters, we are going to tear right through the both of you on our way back to challenge for those SCW World Tag Team titles that should already be around our collective waists. So please, don't do anything stupid like try to fight back.

You won't like what will happen if you...especially since your daddy uses you as his money bags.

See you in the ring.

{The camera fades to black}

=====

{The screen comes back up with Wil and Alex stepping out of the room where they were holding their promo, the shorter man is running his hands through his dark hair}

"Seriously, it's like the longer we're here in SCW, the crazier it's getting." Alex quips as he walks next to Wil. "I mean seriously, do you remember when Polly was the quiet stable one out of her crew and now she's trying to bite people's heads off and picking a fucking fight with Engima? And Colleen McDonald, dude I did not have her pegged for the Underground championship...I always had her pegged for the TV or World title."

Wil stops and looks at Alex with a raised eyebrow, "World title on Colleen?"

Alex nods, “Yeah, I mean think about it. When you look at someone like Colleen McDonald, that attitude in and out of the ring...who does that remind you of exactly?”

Wil rubs his chin for a second before slowly nodding. "Brody Sparks at the start of her career..."

Alex snaps his fingers and then points at Wil with a reassuring grin on his face, “and now, what about the rest of Polly’s crew, eh?”

“Well, honestly I’ve got to say that Marissa is Chelsea Crowe, Aisling has got to be a younger Kendra Shamez, and Polly..”

"Amber Keys?"

Wil blinks hard and recoils at the mention of that name before shaking his head hard.



"Nope, Claudia Michaels! Dude where...seriously, where the **fuck** did you get Amber Keys from?!" Wil asked, his tone was rather incredulous as he looked at his tag team partner.

At that moment, Tseng walks around the corner with a couple of people following him and he draws up short at Wil’s comments. “Amber Keys...*what?*” he asks almost hesitantly.

Wil motions at Alex, “This man thought that Polly in SCW could be a younger Amber Keys?”

Tseng looks between the two men for a few seconds before he just lowers his head, sighs deeply, and then shakes his head just as sadly.

“Why do I feel like God almighty is punishing me everytime I’m around you both?” he muttered flatly before taking a deep breath and raising his head to look at the people that were following him. “See, never a dull moment, eh?”

The screen then pulls back to reveal a roguish looking Japanese man and an older man who was slowly removing his yellow tinted sunglasses before looking at the Japanese man with a raised eyebrow. “And we’re sure the bosses want to include these yahoos, Ryo?”

The Japanese man, Ryo by name, simply smiles and nods. “Oh, hell yeah. I’m loving this whole idea the more and more it moves along.”

{The screen then fades out to black}