

(The screen comes up and we find ourselves in the Briar Forest neighborhood of Houston Texas and as we twist and turn down the city streets, we eventually find ourselves at a large house-not terribly big, but not as small either-at the end of a cul-de-sac with the garage door open and we hear the sounds of flesh hitting canvas at which point the camera zooms in on the source of the noise which is none other than one Richard Alexander Belmont AKA Alex Belmont of the Foundation as he is wearing a pair of One Piece “Monkey D. Luffy pirate flag” board shorts with his fists heavily tapped up with weights strapped on top of that as he moves left and right, lashing out with sharp kicks before he leads back in with equally sharp punches and palm strikes which hit with increasing precision and force before there was a knocking sound and Alex stops to look at the source of it which was a bearded man who held up a DVD set)

“Hey Alex, I saw you were in and I thought that I would return your Airwolf collection. Thanks for the loan, it made my last trip to the United Kingdom a little bit more bearable.” the man said as he offered the set to Alex.

But Alex waved him off and motioned to an old table next to the man. “Just set it there, Zach. Did you enjoy the show?” he asked.

Zach nodded, "Yeah. I enjoyed the Airwolf show but not the Apocalypse pay per view that you were on."

Alex could not help but put his forehead against the heavy bag, "So, you caught that too?"

Zach nodded, "Well yeah man. I really wanted to see you and Big Wil put the boots to those fucking little harlots only for them to somehow win?" he asked, his tone confused before he ran a hand through his short red hair. "What happened honestly, Alex?"

Alex couldn't help but shrug as he angrily started to undo the weights on his forearms. "Honestly, I don't have a fucking clue man. I mean one instant we're kicking their asses and the next, they had the upper hand and the pinfall." Alex growled, still feeling the anger at losing at the pay per view. "I mean our first title defense and somehow those bitches snuck a victory past."

Zach nodded, "I understand all too well. It's like that one chick that used to work for the Extreme Championship Wrestling Federation, Heather Haze?" Zach pointed out as he crossed his arms over his chest as he leaned against the table. "I mean the bosses there gave her a lengthy run with their heavyweight title before she just up and quit

because they kept getting more and more actual wrestlers.”

Alex shrugged as he tossed down his wrist weights into a container. “Yeah,, the thing is that Wil and I have to wait until **AFTER** this trios bullshit is over to try to get our belts back and until then, Gia and Gina get to fucking laugh and make a mockery of the entire tag team division after the Foundation busted our asses for months to even secure our spot at the table for them.”

Zach nodded but otherwise stayed silent for the moment and just let his friend rant.

“I mean never once did I think that we weren't going to win, and we were actually confident that we were going to come out the other side still the champions which begs the question of where did we have a misstep that cost us all of our hard work because I know for a fact that ***WE*** didn't fuck up.” Alex stated flatly. “I mean I've made it a career not to fuck things up and to be the best beast in that ring each and everytime, Zach.”

Zach still continued to nod in agreement before a thought crossed his mind. “I also caught the last episode of Breakdown, are you really going to with whatever that Melinda chick was wanting to pull or whatever?” he asked

pointedly. "I mean can you direct that kind of fury that you're feeling now against your own partner and everything since you are stuck in that Trios bullshit?"

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(The screen then cuts to what appears to be the backyard of Alex's house, the man himself is sitting next to a lit firepit as Alex warms his hands over the flickering flames for a few seconds, the fire reflecting into and off of his dark eyes as they flicker this way and that while he watches the flames)

Alex: So, there are so many questions right now such as can I trust Clyde Sutter and Melinda Braddock and vice versa, can I handle having to possibly face off against my own tag team partner and long time friend, and blah....blah...blah...blach.

The only answer that Sutter and Melinda can count on is that yes, they can trust me to keep my end of the equation not because I want that contract that gives me a shot at whatever I want or because somewhere along the way I can put some permanent damage onto one of the little bitches that stole from the Foundation;

No.

Sutter and Melinda can trust me to do my job because since the very day I started in this industry, I have fought like hell to be the very best in this fucking sport because I don't have one of these epic backgrounds other than I built myself up from the ground up.

I was born in what was a small town in Arkansas called Harrison where I was a “Golden Goblin”, which was the motif of their sports teams in junior high and high school where I played soccer and baseball respectively...I was apparently too “short” to play basketball.

(Alex gives the camera a wry smile at that for a moment)

Alex: I did all of the usual things that a small town kid would do in that I hung out with my friends, played video games, did sports, all of that good shit. One of the biggest things that we did was that we watched professional wrestling every weekend because we were lucky enough to get the live shows out of Memphis which inspired me and my friends to eventually try out to become pro wrestlers in our own way.

But you see, when I graduated from high school I applied for and got a full paid scholarship to MIT and that's where I met and became fast friends with Marcus the Younger or Marcus Alexander Slayton Junior, the son of Marcus

Senior who is a major trainer of professional wrestlers and that's where I got my training while completing a degree in mechanical engineering.

(Alex then stops and runs his hands over the flames, seemingly enjoying the pain that came with having his hands that close to the heat)

Alex: From there I busted my ass to prove myself as one of the toughest, reliable hands in professional wrestling because while I constantly dance on the edge of being a “*Face*” or a “*Heel*”, because I'm more focused on proving to everyone in this industry that I am a greater part of its future as I will become one of the greatest world heavyweight champions ever produced!!

So, Clyde and Melinda...if you want to know honestly if I'll stand with the two of you and keep my focus on nothing but taking us all the way to the end of this tournament and lay claim to what is ours, well then the answer is actually quite simple because the answer is simply **YES**.

Yes I am focused on keeping the path and tearing down all of these mother fuckers put between us and those contracts, and I'm fine with having to go through my own tag team partner as well because I know full well from personal experience that Wil will do the exact same thing

to get shit done for his team and if that means tearing **me** a part to get the job done, he'll do it and he'll do it with a smile.

So I've got all of the motivation in the world to go out there and get shit done...so I don't need any pep talk, Clyde. But I thank you for assuming that I did and an extra “*thank you*” as well for that extra turn of that sharp obsidian knife of recent memory, being ground into the most recent bloody flesh wound of recent memory, Clyde. But you can be rest assured that when the time comes, I will be more than ready.

(Alex's expression then grows much more serious as he turns to regard the camera)

Alex: Now onto our first set of opponents in Dexter Grant, Diamond Steele, and Chris Lawler....but I've got a message to you, Lawler.

Look, you lost to Dante at Rise to Greatness fair and square and he's followed the directions of the head of the Rogues to the letter up until you and your pathetic little fragile ego decided to get involved and jumped him recently. So I have a message for you and it's so simple that even you can understand it;

Leave Dante Slayton and the rest of the Foundation alone and ***ACCEPT*** your loss or the next time that you cross the Foundation, we will leave you in whatever city SCW happens to be in in a bodybag.

This is your one and only warning, Lawler. So I suggest that you take it even though personally I know that you won't because you're too entirely fucking stupid to understand because you are too busy feeding your gluttonous ego which always seem to be needing to be fed due to your lack of any real damn talent.

To Grant and Diamond, I welcome the both of you to come and take a long walk through the fire with me and my team this week on Breakdown. But keep in mind something, the three of you, is that if you can't take a little bloody nose after you lose to my team on Breakdown, then maybe you ought to go back home and crawl back under your collective beds.

Why?

Because it's not safe out here in the Real World, it's wondrous, with treasures to satiate desires both subtle and gross... but it is not for the timid.

And the fact that none of you have chosen to say a damned thing even NOW shows me just how timid that the three of you are, especially you Chris Lawler. As I expected you to at least start blithering on and on about how your choices have made you into such a whiny little baby who can't handle being beaten by real wrestlers who have busted their asses on the indy and international scenes while you played it safe by sticking to only one promotion.

(Alex then gives a slight shrug)

Alex: But I digress as you have yet to do anything remotely impressive for me to even acknowledge other than being a sore on the collective asses of all wrestling promotions everywhere.

Diamond Steele...I feel really sorry for you if you think that's just as clever as the hundreds of people who have called themselves "Justin Sane" over the years but from what I've seen thus far really hasn't impressed me either.

As for you Dexter Grant, I'm thinking that you might be the only chance your team actually has to stand up to mine because I see the raw hunger in your eyes....that and nothing else I'm afraid. You're hungry for more than just winning a title-you want that real chance to spread your

wings and show that you're more than some moth hanging out on the wall, you're a freaking killer bee with a hot desire to bust somebody up.

I will be more than happy to give you that fight, Dexter...right before I kick your damned fool head off your shoulders as my team takes the victory this week on Breakdown and then every week until this tournament is finally finished and that contract is in my cold little hands.

So, to my opponents on Breakdown this week...I invite you all to come and fire walk with me...but I can only hope that you survive the experience of being in the heart of the fire with me.

(Alex then walks away from the fire as the screen fades to black)