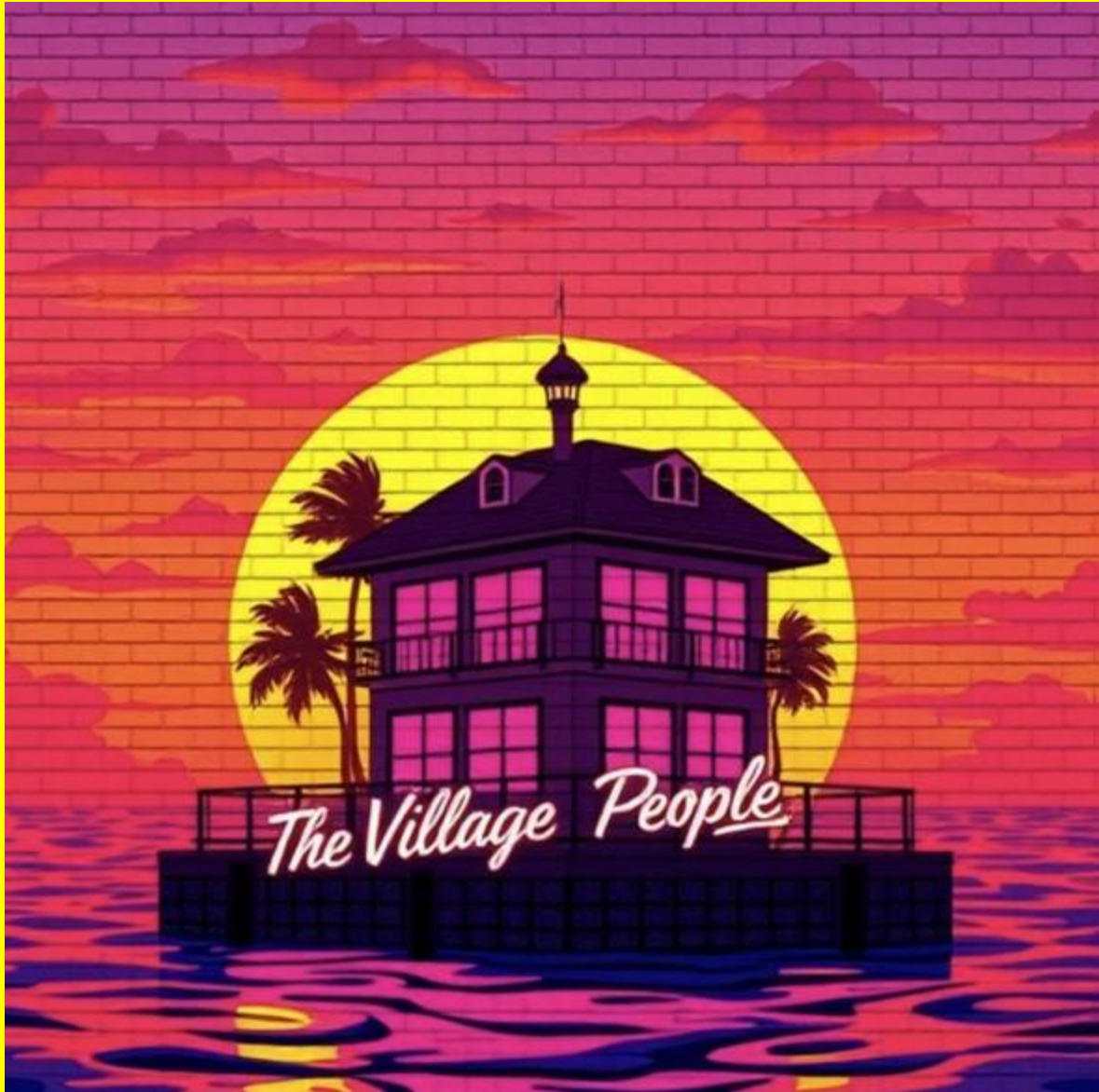




Hi, my name is Scott.

Listen up everybody in the Professional Shooting Wrestling company.

Before I show you some very important footage that was shot earlier today, or last week, it doesn't really matter because what are you a fact-checker? No, you're not. Anyway, before it is shown to you I would like to take a quick moment to say a few things. Keep in mind that when I say "few" it is not a legally binding contract so I do not want to hear it if I say more than a few things and decide to say more things which in the end doesn't really matter does it, so how about you shut right the hell up?

It has come to my attention that my very close friend and associate Brick "Sunset" Sunset and I have once again been scheduled to fight the team of Gigaton and Fission, better known as the Atomic Punks. I don't know why the little one's name is "Fission" because we are going to be "Wrestlin'", not "Fission." He sounds dumb. Brick thinks he is not actually looking for fish which sounds like fraud to me and also makes it weird that he is always carrying a fission pole wherever he goes. I am asking Tony Buzbee to look into it.

They aren't even the only ones around here with stupid names. What is with that guy named X-Calibur?? Is he a sword?? Did he used to be Calibur? Have you heard that guy talk? If you ask me, if they wanted to come up with an impossible task to determine the next King of England, they should have someone try to pull that guy's head out of his own **ASS!!!** I wonder if there is anyone named Arthur who could try this. I would be excited to see the Disney sequel to the Sword in the Stone entitled, 'The Head in the Ass.'

If you recall, which you may not, I once before filed a formal complaint with the Bureau of Internal Affairs about being asked to work in close quarters with two people who are quite obviously dangerous due to their radioactive skin, tights, face makeup, and breath. I will tell you that my argument was sound, but unfortunately our complaint went nowhere because apparently, there is no Bureau of Internal Affairs in SHOOT Pro.

Instead, Brick and I were forced to thrash them about the head and shoulders, and the knees and elbows too and were ultimately victorious. That does not mean there were not any ill effects. I do not mean ill effects like the sounds that the Beastie Boys made. That is a classic rap group and not three people who once fought the Atomic Punks and grew excess body hair and fangs due to the radiation. But that sounds like a thing that would happen.

If you think Brick and I are going to stand for having excess hair and fangs, you have another thing coming!! And then another thing coming, and then another! What I am saying is that those things that are coming are called fists, and also feet and knees! Brick also uses his head sometimes.

Another thing I wanted to tell you is that Brick and I are very prepared. We made travels to the lovely town of Chernobyl which is a nice seaside resort in I think Utah. Apparently it was the offseason because there was hardly anybody there but there were lots of crumbled up buildings. Brick was particularly fascinated by some of the structures that were falling apart, probably because he has always enjoyed holes and things that go into holes. That is not dirty but it sounds like it. Anyway, he stepped through a hole in one of the walls and was very happy but I didn't get what was so special about it. As far as I could tell he was just another Brick in the wall.

I hope you liked that joke because it came to me in a dream last night so I wanted to use it real bad.

Anyway, obviously the Atomic Punks got to this lovely Utahnian town before us so there is another nice place ruined by bad hair and 80s face makeup that glows. Brick and I have

decided to open a GoFundMe page for small towns that are destroyed by weird guys with mohawks and brightly colored clothing and skin. If you are interested in giving a small donation, do not actually do that because I only just now made that up because I am clever.

Nevertheless, the Village People will not stand for this atrocity!! HOW DARE THE ATOMIC PUNKS ATTACK NICE UTAH TOWNS?! WHERE WILL WE EVER FIND ANOTHER PLACE TO LISTEN TO JAZZ WHILE WATCHING BASKETBALL?!?! We will avenge Chernoby!! As the great George W. Bush once said.... 'NUCLAR WEAPONS ARE BAD!!', and "IS MY MEATLOAF READY, LAURA??'

Those are good points that are true.

So how about you go to hell, Atomic Punks? It is hot there so you will be comfortable when you explode!

You two Fallout Boys don't stand a chance against the Village People. You may be strong, and you may be tough, and we may not win this match, but sugar, we're goin' down swingin'! I know that Fallout is the name of a post-apocalyptic video game but these are called puns and metaphors, and as far as I'm concerned, The Atomic Punks are rated **M** for 'They can suck **My BALLS!!**'

I am sorry that I had to use the "H" word, the "A" word and the "B" word, but you left me no choice.

Thank you. We will now present you with some riveting footage showing some of our preparation for this match.

Your friend, Scott.

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**FRIVOLITY CONTINUES ON THE NEXT PAGE**

...

**Not Yet**

...

**Not Yet**

**OK NOW!!!**



**HA! A Teddy Bear and a Unicorn drinking Mountain Dew after a nuclear  
apocalypse. CLASSIC!**

**OK SORRY.**

**Next Page.**

**I really mean it this time.**

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FALLING OUT: A RADIOACTIVE SHORT STORY FEATURING SCOTT HUNTER & BRICK “SUNSET” SUNSET

Starring Scott Hunter and Brick “Sunset” Sunset

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Against a dimly lit steel door, we see large bags of sand being laid down one by one. Once the base layer is down, the hands move the next bag directly on top. Creating the beginning of a barrier.

“UGHHHHHHHHH”

Another bag lands. The camera pulls out to reveal the enormous arms, and multicolored tassels hanging off of them.

**Brick “SUNSET” Sunset:** HERE WE ARE SCOTT, IN THE SAFEST, DENSEST, MOST SECURE PLACE ON EARTH! OUR VERY OWN VAULT! THESE WALLS ARE AT LEAST A FOOT THICK MAN! THATS A LOT OF THICKNESS! AINT NO RADIATION, AINT NO FALLOUT GETTING INSIDE THIS GIANT CHAMBER BROTHER, BRICK BROUGHT ENOUGH PROTEIN BARS AND WHEY POWDER FOR A WEEK!

Brick continues to lay down the sandbags one by one off of a large cart. Soon it's 4 layers high. Behind him Scott Hunter sits on a stool looking at his surroundings. He nods approvingly.

**Brick “SUNSET” Sunset:** IF THOSE ATOMIC PUNKS THINK WERE SCARED OF THEM, THEN THEY MUST BE INSANE. THE VILLAGE PEOPLE ARE UNDESTROYABLE, ESPECIALLY WITH SCOTT HUNTERS SMARTS AND BRICK SUNSET SUNSETS POWERRRR

Scott Hunter picks a device off of the metal table in the room and waves it around. It's a geiger counter. Clearly he doesn't know how to use it because it's not powered on, instead he makes a “Beep....Beep.... Beep” sound as he waves it. Fortunately for both of the Village People, the beeps seem to be pretty far apart.

**Scott Hunter:** It looks like we're safe for now. These are definitely non-radioactive beeps.

Brick finishes his task, turns and claps his hands together in satisfaction of a job well done.

**Brick "SUNSET" Sunset:** BRICK AND SCOTT HUNTER HAVE AN OBLITERATION TO DEFEAT THESE PUNY PUNKS!

**Scott Hunter:** I think you mean "obligation."

**Brick "SUNSET" Sunset:** THATS A GREAT IDEA SCOTT HUNTER BRICK WILL OBLIGATE THE PUNKS! TOGETHER THE TWO OF US CAN DEFEAT NUCLEAR WAR TOGETHER! BECAUSE NO ONE DROPS A NUKE ON THE TINY VILLAGE OF MIAMI AND GETS AWAY WITH IT MAN! BRICK AND SCOTT WILL HUNKER DOWN, WORK OUT, PROTECT OUR ASSETS.... THESE GUNS! IN FACT ONCE WE HUNKER DOWN THEY MAY CHANGE YOUR NAME TO SCOTT HUNKER!

Brick flexes harder and harder until all of his veins are exposed and face goes red with effort and regret.

Hunter moves over to a wall and tries to pull open a drawer.

**Scott Hunter:** I do have one question. This vault you brought us to... it's full of money and safety deposit boxes.

**Brick "Sunset" Sunset:** BRICK KNOWS OF MANY VAULTS BUT NONE BETTER THAN THOSE OF THE GREAT MAN! MR WELLS FARGO! A STRONG MAN LIKE BRICK WELLS BUILDS THE BIGGEST VAULTS AND ALL OVER THIS GREAT NATION OF OURS MAN! WELLS IS A TRUE PATRIOT!

Brick salutes Mr Wells Fargo.

From the other side of the Vault Door there's a CLUNK. Both men turn their attention to the door. Scott picks up the geiger counter once more and points it towards the door.

**Scott Hunter:** BRICK! The Radiation is going to get in! Beep...Beep....BeepBeepBeep!

As the beeps get louder and faster, Brick begins to panic. He grabs the geiger counter from Hunter and tosses it against the Vault door hard. It smashes into multiple pieces across the linoleum floor. Scott looks at Brick quizzically, he just shrugs.

Over the stack of sand bags we see the top of the vault door slowly swing open. There's plenty of commotion outside and it's not long before they begin shouting at the team.

**Police Officer:** THIS IS MIAMI PD, COME OUT OF THIS VAULT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

**Scott Hunter:** Brick! I think Mr. Fargo is here!

Scott yells in the direction of the door.

**Scott Hunter:** You'll never take us alive!

Scott turns back to his partner.

**Scott Hunter:** Brick, did you bring the radiation suits?

**Brick SUNSET Sunset:** BRICK HAS GOT THEM MAN! ITS IN THE BAG!

Brick grabs a duffle bag and unzips it. He reaches in and grabs a handful of clothing for each and tosses a set to Scott Hunter. Scott unfolds his to find it's a speedo and a pair of tanning goggles. Brick meanwhile when the camera turns back to him is pulling up his speedo. Good timing. Brick dons the goggles and begins to oil himself up. Flexing every once in a while because he can't resist.

The police meanwhile are peeling off the bags of sand one by one. Scott Hunter looks both at Brick then at the police. He hides behind Brick as another level is taken off. The police officers suddenly reach their guns into the vault and once again tell the Village People to "FREEZE". Then the officer sees that Brick is in a speedo and goggles, Scott Hunter is cowering behind him, and they have a large number of Whey canisters. He sighs loudly and lowers his gun. He turns to the talkie on his shoulder.

**Police Officer:** It's Brick and Scott again... Guns down everyone. Hunter and Sunset, repeat HUNTER AND SUNSET.

Two officers make it over what's left of the wall, and begin to escort the pair out of the Vault. Scott turns to Brick.

**Scott Hunter:** Don't worry Brick, I think the walls at the jail are about a foot thick too!

**Police Officer:** I think your skull is about a foot thick.

Scott frowns and uses his thumb and ring finger to lightly touch his own head, then he nods and looks at Brick.

**Scott Hunter:** I think he's right.

The Officer sighs, and he shakes his head, recalling how he could have transferred to Tampa last Summer and chose to stay in Miami instead.

**Police Officer:** Listen, I know the two of you don't mean any harm, and honestly I don't feel like doing a bunch of paperwork, so why don't the two of you take a hike.

Scott and Brick stare at him, confused.

**Police Officer:** It means LEAVE.

A look of recognition crosses Scott's face. Brick is gathering up as much of his whey protein as possible, so he didn't hear the explanation.

**Scott Hunter:** OH!! Understood. I guess we can continue our preparation somewhere else.

**Brick "Sunset" Sunset:** YES BRICK KNOWS OF ANOTHER WELLS FARGO DOWN THE STREET!!

Scott stops Brick in his tracks and steps in between Brick and the officer.

**Scott Hunter:** Uhhhh, he means... we're headed home. That's it. We're definitely not going to another bank just like this one and doing this all over again. Definitely not.

**Brick "Sunset" Sunset:** HOME IS WHERE BRICK'S HEART IS!

Scott carefully ushers Brick past the officers who gawk at the sheer musculature of the man, as well as all of the supplements he's cradling in his massive arms. Scott stares the officers down as he passes them, muttering under his breath... 'beep beep beep beep beep'

The officers watch the two men as they go, and Brick screams one last time over his shoulder as they disappear around a corner.

**Brick "Sunset" Sunset:** THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, BROTHER!

They finally disappear from view, and the officers are quiet for a few moments until finally the lead officer sighs one last time as he walks away with his head down, his melancholy voice trailing off.

**Police Officer:** Seriously... Tampa... Tallahassee...anywhere but Miami....

