



September 1st, 7:27 pm
Toronto Canada
Yorks Casino & Resort

Justin York is sitting behind the massive Mahogany desk that occupies his office, he has a shit eating grin on his face as his wife steps into his office.

Stacey York- The venue is turning out absolutely mint babe!

Justin York- I've had people working around the clock to turn that auditorium into the most intimate arena on the planet. The room is going to be rocking twenty floors up and I can't fuckin wait!

Stacey hands her husband a cigar and a lighter before she walks over and kisses him on the top of the head and whispers, 'I'm so proud of you.' Just at that moment his cellphone rings and he answers immediately.

Justin York- Your accommodations are all set and if you're in the limo already then I'll see you in a matter of moments!

Justin hangs up the phone, stands from his desk and kisses his wife on the lips before making his way out of his office via his personal elevator.

Stacey York- Guests?

Justin York- Guest, and a pretty important one given the magnitude of the match we've just picked up at XWF's Saturday Night Savage.

Stacey rolls her eyes.

Stacey York- So much for slowing down eh?

Justin York- I love you!

He exits into the elevator and the doors close.

'Maybe she's right, didn't I say I was slowing down, why am I taking another match on hostile territory? It's simple, I'm the fuckin best and I love stepping in to prove it time and time again. The only difference is, I only appear a handful times a year now, it's a rare sighting and one everybody should be god damn thankful for'

Justin exits the elevator into the lobby of his casino & resort and heads to the entrance only to find a black limousine parked awaiting the driver to open the door. Upon the door opening, you hear.

Justin York- BAM FUCKIN MILLER!

The two share a handshake as Bam steps out of the limousine and the two enter the casino.

Justin York- I trust the flight went well and the accommodations are top notch. Before I take you out on this gorgeous city and show you my training regime so to speak, I've got a surprise for ya!

Bam and Justin walk through the hotel to a seperate elevator from the one York took out of his office. He hits the button for the 20th floor.

Bam Miller- Best be a cold Miller Lite!

Justin cracks a grin and stares at Bam as the elevator opens and before either man can walk off the elevator a woman appears and offers a cold can of Miller Lite to Bam which he accepts happily. Justin guides Bam off of the elevator while he is smashing his beer.

Justin York- Now tell me that isn't tip top service!

Bam nods his head in approval. Both men arrive at the top of Yorks conference auditorium which has been slickly transformed into a venue for one of the biggest shows this year, Night Of The Main Events. They are taken back at the impressive transformation.



'Right here in this very ring is where I will settle up with Mac Bane after my previous loss to him under the XWF banner. I will put on classic match after classic match under my own banner and show these promotions what a real god damn show is supposed to look like! Everyone will be begging and pleading for the next one because they can't put on a successful event even after the blueprints have been laid out for them!'

Justin York- *This is where you will lay waste to Larry Tact and prove that his previous win over you was a total fluke, anybody can do it once, do it twice and i'll be impressed.*

Bam Miller- *You're not so bad after all, York.*

Justin cracks a grin and pats Bam on the shoulder as a beautiful blonde woman approaches.

Justin York- *He sees the light after all. This is Stephanie and she will accompany you to your room and give you the full tour.*

Bam Miller- *My previous statement rings even more true.*

Justin winks at Bam as he makes his departure.

Justin York- *Meet me in the lobby in one hour!*

Justin once again stares down upon what his body of work has crafted.

'For someone who was taking a break from the sport I've been in more demand than when I was as an active talent, funny how that works isn't it? They all miss you when you're gone and hate you when you're present. Once again I find myself stepping in to save yet another show only this time Bam and I are going to take you by storm and that's really going to chap your asses. By YOU I mean the XWF and the Midnight Dolls which by the way sounds like an

amateur pornography shot in an alleyway with horrible lighting at 4 am. Ready to despise me again? For your sake, I sure as fuck hope so!

York turns and heads back to the elevator and jumps in. The door closes as we get one last sight of York sparking up a cigar and blowing a cloud of thick white smoke.

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Bam Miller stumbles into the lobby of the casino where York is awaiting him with two beers in hand. He passes one off to Bam.

Justin York- Better late than never but Jesus Christ that was more than one hour.

Bam cracks his beer and shoots a smirk to York.

Bam Miller- I was hard at work with a training session.

Justin chuckles and clinks beers with Bam and they both drink.

'For a guy that's been weary of me practically the whole time he's known me, especially since I stepped in to be his partner things seem to be going well. Chemistry would be the big word that comes to mind. If its already there now imagine what's going to happen when we step between those ropes in San Diego? Can the Dolls say the same, are they going to be ready to handle the best of the best? Don't forget, we're here to represent CCPE. We're the big game players sent to handle these flies buzzing around the shit show that is Saturday Night Savage. Those flies are Dolly Waters and Vita Valenteen and soon they will find out that we are the apex predators and we're going to eat them fuckin alive. Plain and damn simple!'

Bam Miller- Well, show me around what you constantly talk up to be the hottest location on the globe.

York and Bam head out of the casino and into an all black limousine that is waiting conveniently right outside for them. Upon getting inside they continue to crush beers and begin taking straight shots of Jack. Justin lights a cigar and hands one to Bam as well and they both light up quickly filling the cabin with smoke.

Justin York- You ready to handle business at Savage?

Bam immediately shoots a glare at York.

Justin York- *I know, I know, you walked me through your training regime down in Detroit and you've explained the history you have with Dolly BUT there's a lot at stake here and we're going in as the big names, we have the most to lose, I need to know your head is in the game!*

Bam Miller- *Listen York, I appreciate you stepping in to be my partner but you need not question where my head is at, come Savage I will not only get redemption but we will walk away with a clean victory! Mark those words.*

Justin York- *Love the confidence. It'll be a hell of a way for me to return to the XWF as well. These broads have no idea what's coming.*

Bam Miller- *Now the question is, are you prepared? Have you done your research?!*

Justin plows back another shot and chugs the remainder of his beer before taking a deep breath followed by a puff of his cigar before answering.

Justin York- *Yes, Bam.*

'Research, it's funny he brings that up because it's something I've done my whole career and everyone gets ass hurt when they get slapped in the fuckin face with their past at the impact of a mack truck hitting a concrete wall at top speed. Regardless let me prove to you ever so effortlessly that I've done my homework while I simultaneously verbally beat the piss out of you before I do it for real. Dolly Waters, let's start with you and the piece of information that I found most interesting, afterall I love hitting where it hurts. A few weeks ago Thunder Knuckles absolutely violated you and I'm not even speaking about the absolute ass whooping he handed you in the ring. I'm talking about the abuse and torture he put you through in his promo, he absolutely fuckin flamed you and you took it laying down like a beaten little bitch— yea I mean female dog for you butthurt fucks that will try and spin that— The best part Dolly is that in the 90 seconds that I gave old TK in my promo for the Cannabis Cup absolutely mangled him and set the precedent of not only how to beat him like a red headed step child but also how to down right embarrass him with little to no effort. So it's obvious to me that you didn't do your homework or you'd not only have beaten him but you would have made an earth shattering statement but here we are with me exposing your sheer stupidity. YOU'RE WELCOME!'

Bam Miller- *Than a win for them is far out of the realm of possibility!*

'Are you forgetting someone dummy?'

'Page? You're in my head... AGAIN?! I thought we were done doing this shit.'

'I'm here merely as a reminder for you not to be complacent.'

Justin takes a puff of his cigar and rests back into his seat obviously confused by what's going on. **Bam** continues pounding back beers and going several shots up on York.

'Complacency, if there's one thing I learned from Page it's to never become so comfortable and confident that you open up holes in your game. I can only assume he's referring to the fact I haven't mentioned the other half of the chucky dolls, Vita Valenteen. Worry not, I didn't forget even though I wish I did. Ashley Johnson, that's actually your name right? some dumb trick from my hometown that does nothing but add shame to a great city by claiming to be a star. One question for you, are you a star if you're on every corner in the Regent Park area giving donut smiles for crack change in between your spot appearances for the XWF? I think fuckin not! I'll tell you this, all of the accolades you present for the world to make you feel like a fuckin somebody don't mean shit when you step into the ring with true greatness, with someone who has proven himself to piss excellence. You my dear are FUCKED!'

Bam Miller hands York a shot and gives him a smack in the leg to wake him up from his daydream. York accepts the shot and pounds it back and continues puffing his cigar. He pours another shot and slams it back as well.

***Justin York-** You know Bam I can't argue with you here. It's our time to shine and show these no talent jackasses what a true performance and team effort looks like. When I first accepted this challenge I wasn't so sure how well we would work together but it's coming together quite fuckin nicely if I say so myself.*

***Bam Miller-** I didn't think this team was going to workout at all but after some time and consideration I'm content going to war with you.*

***Justin York-** Growth Bam, growth.*

'Isn't that something we could all learn to do? Grow that is, evolve, become better stars, better talent? Clearly not judging by the state of the industry lately. It's filled with a bunch of whiney good for nothing losers. Imagine how much worse it's going to get when once again CCPE proves why we've not only planned out but executed the takeover of the professional wrestling world. While everyone on the globe is doubting that Bam and I are going to work cohesively let alone walk out with a win, we're pretty much doing our victory lap. Don't get me wrong there's been some cracks in the sidewalk along the way but they are smoothing out awfully god damn quick. Queue your symphony of excuses about how it's bullshit that we're taking over while we continue to set trends and lay the groundwork for those who actually desire to be and do better!'

The limousine stops outside of a downtown Toronto bar named Club Lavelle. The two men slam another shot before exiting the limo and waking into the indoor smoking area of the club. It's fairly crowded with people.



Bam Miller- What the fuck did you get me into?

Justin York- It gets better, trust me. Keep it moving.

The two men enter the nightclub itself and head directly to a private booth that's been reserved for them. Bam sees the three stunning women awaiting them at the booth with a tray of shots in their hand.

Bam Miller- You motherfucker!!

Justin York- I told you I was going to show you a great time in the best city in the world!

Bam Miller- Your wife wouldn't be happy about this but you're a crazy son of a bitch and I fuckin like it!

The two men are practically yelling at each other now over the deafening tone of the music in the club. Bam and Justin approach the booth stumbling as they are far beyond intoxicated at this point. They each take a shot from the girls and the girls take one as well and all five raise the glasses before chugging them back. Bam takes a seat and begins to enjoy the company of the three women.

Justin York- Bam, enjoy the ride my man, I gotta shake hands with the president.

Bam nods in approval as if he even heard a word of what York said and Justin stumbles off to the restroom. After finishing his piss, York is washing his hands and looks at himself in the mirror.

'I know who the fuck I am and what I am capable of and whether I am active or not I am one of the best in this business on any given day of the week, whether that be a promoter or an in ring competitor nobody can keep up with me and that's just a cold hard fact!'

York exits the washroom and notices the tail end of a promo on a big screen hyping his upcoming match in the XWF. Vita and Dolly are on the screen and Justin walks back toward the washroom and grabs a brick that holds the door open for security purposes and throws it threw the big screen smashing glass all over the place. The DJ stops the music and all attention is drawn toward the absolutely hammered York. Security rushes and quickly begins to remove him from the building. Bam sees York being manhandled by several staff members and he rushes over and clocks one of the biggest guys there, dropping him to the floor. It isn't long before they get Bam and York out of the building and onto the street.

Bam Miller- What in the fuck York?!

Justin York- Those stupid bitches we've been placed against we're on the screen and I won't stand for that disrespect in my hometown.

Both men breakout in laughter.

Bam Miller- That's one way to kill a party but you're a fuckin savage and you've impressed me, brother.

Both men continue laughing while security yells at them to fuck off. York pulls a stack of money out of his pocket that is probably in the wheelhouse of 10 grand and tosses it at the staff sending money flying everywhere before he and Bam walk off laughing.

'Midnight Dolls, you stand not one prayer of walking away victorious against the two savages that have been set to task on you and if you think otherwise than you need a smack in your fuckin lips to wake you up from the dream that you're living in. You'll be lucky if that brick doesn't collide with your faces again, only this time at the Penchango arena in San Diego California and at the hands of the true brick wielder, Bam Miller. Either way it's curtains for you girls. Lights out on this hope of making a statement at the hands of some of the biggest stars CCPE has to offer. Your time has come and soon it will be gone, tick tock.'

'The Casino Kid' Justin York

