

A Voice: Are...are we on?

A Different Voice: Dude, I don't fucking know. Word from the booth is they can hear us but the screen is black.

That First Voice Again: What...what do we do?

The Different Voice Again: Hey man if the check clears and the pancakes keep coming I'll do this like a radio broadcast all fuckin night.

Suddenly there is an image on the screen. A moving one! We find our commentary team seated behind a table that has two microphones, a few loose sheets of paper, and two tall stacks of pancakes. They are seated beside a wrestling ring that has been set up underneath a giant tent encompassing the main square and food court of Trash Land. Someone made a ramp and there's a screen and audience and everything like a real wrestling show but viewers can't shake the feeling like there is one orange extension cord somewhere that if one person trips over this whole operation is fucked.



Josh Goldstein: Hello folks! I am retired Brooklyn Luchador Joshua Goldstein!

Allen Chaney: And I am The Fountain City Funnyman Allen Chaney and YOU are watching Ollie's Trash Land Invitational and Pancake Breakfast! An event presented by Ollie Maverick who is not here to introduce it because the opening of the show will be him trying to murder his brother!

Josh Goldstein: We want to thank everyone out there for donating to keep the doors open here at Trash Land, a theme park just outside of Vegas that has an...aroma.

Allen Chaney: Also a special thanks to Gus. Gus is an 85-year old man who is monitoring the single phone line you can call to donate but as it turns out no one really does that anymore. We have a GoFundMe. We're at about... like 65% of the goal last I looked. Thanks anyway, Gus!

We briefly cut to a very sad old man sighing as he looks at an old rotary phone sitting on a desk.

Josh Goldstein: Now that the viewers at home have seen a sad old man, let's talk about our opening bout! Ollie Maverick. Johnathan Daemon. Brothers by way of adoption, they tore up the tag team world as The Glorious Bastards and seemed to be inseparable...

Allen Chaney: Then one of them went coo-coo nutballs and one of them took over for their comically evil dad they both always hated who is a real prick and uh...

Allen looks up and sees that the 7-foot tall Daniel Fitzsimmons (formerly Daniel Daemon) is standing right behind him in a striped referee shirt.

Allen Chaney: I'm so proud of myself for not saying that hack 'He's standing right behind me, isn't he?' line.

Josh Goldstein: I mean, ya kinda did though. Hey Danny!

Daniel Fitzsimmons: Hello, Joshua. I'm here in my capacity as guest referee for a match with very few rules. The two individuals who are legally my sons will be competing in a Fitzsimmons Family Rules match. The only rule is that Submission is the only option for victory. Everything else is legal. What more could I ask for on Fathers day than a chance to see my sons cause each other grievous bodily harm. If you'll excuse me.

Daniel walks away from the announce table to the ring to a mixed reaction. The crowd being aware he is a retired legend but also a notoriously evil piece of shit.

Allen Chaney: Is...Is there not an announcer or-

Music starts to play.

Allen Chaney: Fuck me. Guess not.



Our broadcasters are interrupted by the sounds of organized marching. As 'Seven Nation Army (Glitch Mob Remix)' begins to play and the stage lights come up, we see rows of the 'Pawns' that serve Johnathan Daemon emerging from the entrance marching in time to the beat of the song.

'I'm gonna fight 'em all
A seven nation army couldn't hold me back
They're gonna rip it off
Taking their time right behind my back.'

The Pawns are marching in place in organized rows. The left and rightmost Hoodie Ninjas are holding black flags with the 'King' chess piece emblazoned in dark red.

'And I'm talking to myself at night
Because I can't forget
Back and forth through my mind
Behind a cigarette'

The Pawns begin to march again and they part their formation, revealing in the middle one of them an individual masked just as they are but wearing a jacket with small militaristic touches like medals and shoulder pads that seem to denote this individual as the 'Leader'. The Pawns form lines along either side of the ramp. The two bearing flags at the very end, holding out their flags so it forms a sort of arch/gate at the bottom of the ramp.

'And the message coming from my eyes
Says leave it alone.'

The 'Leader' unbuttons his jacket and Pawns help him remove it, followed by his facemask to reveal the determined visage of 'The Emperor' Johnathan Daemon. Johnathan holds his hands out and two Pawns quickly and efficiently put his MMA gloves on him. One final pawn wearing medical gloves assists Johnathan with putting in his mouthguard. Johnathan motions for them to back away and they do so.

'Don't want to hear about it
Every single one's got a story to tell
Everyone knows about it
From the Queen of England to the hounds of hell'

The Pawns stand at attention and salute when Johnathan passes them as he walks down the ramp. Once he arrives at the flag-bearers they retract their flags and salute to allow Johnathan to pass.

'And if I catch it coming back my way
I'm gonna serve it to you
And that ain't what you want to hear
But that's what I'll do
And the feeling coming from my bones
Says find a home'

Johnathan calmly steps into the ring through the middle and top rope and revels in the boos of the trash people in attendance as his music fades out. The crowd begins chanting 'JOHN-NY MAV-ERICK' at him to the man who has dismissed that moniker and Johnathan Daemon responds by pretending to be oh-so-offended before dismissing their chant with the most regal and refined wanking motion society had ever seen. Johnathan gives a respectful nod to his father, whom he has succeeded as the 'Emperor'.

The wait seems pretty long. People have been speculating that the attack by Johnathan at a recent PWV show that seemingly injured Ollie's arm

Johnathan is keeping an eye out for Hang gliders but starts to chuckle believing that maybe Ollie actually has backed out of this match.

Then the screen lights up. We find a man with a hooded sweatshirt, N95 mask, and sunglasses sitting in front of a Carousel that has seen better days. A raccoon is eating Pringles beside him. The crowd pops HUGE for Rocky Trashington but quiets down as the hooded man begins to speak.

Ollie Maverick: Ya know...This place has come to mean something to me... Creating fun and positivity and something good out of...garbage. Really isn't that the purest form of recycling? Taking something someone didn't want and making it better? See, big brother... when you gave

up on me and all of these people... you threw something away. I took it, and I...made it better. You think that's a metaphor? You think I'm just talking about the name 'Maverick'?

Ollie on screen unzips the hoodie he is wearing to reveal he is wearing the long-missing 'I'm JOHNNY MAVERICK' World Championship with metal rivets holding a small silver plate over the name 'JOHNNY' to make it read 'OLLIE' instead. Johnathan is FUMING in the ring.

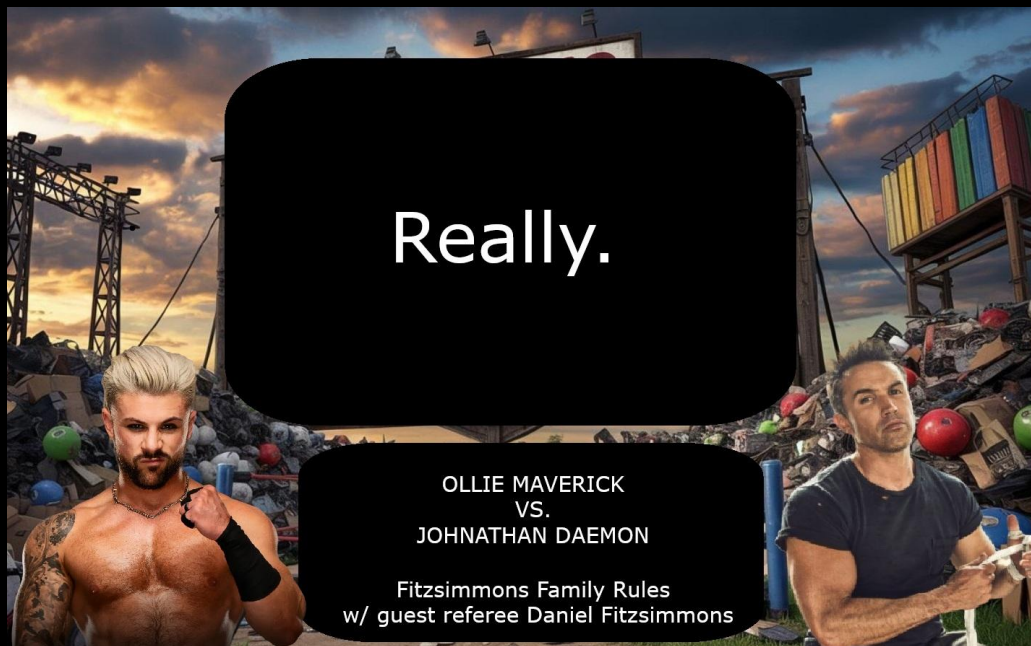
Ollie Maverick: You thought that stunt was gonna break my spirit? No... Johnathan. I'm gonna come out there. I'm gonna dance my ass off...and then we're gonna square up.

Ollie removes the Hoodie entirely...then the sunglasses, then the N95 mask.

Ollie Maverick: And for one night only... face-to-face.

The screen cuts out.

Allen Chaney: Oh shit...really?



'Na, NaNaNa Na, NaNaNa Na NaNa Na NaNa Na, NaNaNa Naaaa
Na, NaNaNa Na, NaNaNa Na NaNa Na NaNa Na, NaNaNa Naaaa'

Ollie Maverick emerges and everyone in the arean and at home can see his face. Briefly he looks terrified but his favorite song is playing and he can't stop his hips. He has a golf bag slung over his shoulder that seems to be stuffed with all manner of sports equipment a la Casey Jones but there seem to be a few barbed wire-wrapped implements and a light tube or two as well.

'Here comes the hotstepper (murderer)
I'm the lyrical gangster (murderer)
Big up di crew ina di area (murderer)
Still love you like that (murderer)'

Ollie shuffles and struts his way to the ring, wearing ring gear designed in the green and black colors he wore as half of The Glorious Bastards. He does in fact have the former 'IJM' World Championship around his waist that the former Johnny Maverick wore as something of a joke belt. Also his right shoulder and arm are covered in kinesiology tape. Ollie is vibing hard to the beat as he makes his way down the ramp.

Allen Chaney: ollie has always been trash at technical wrestling and he's fighting the man who does the Perfect Armbar with a hurt arm. Doesn't sound great on paper.

'No no we don't die
Yes we mul-ti-ply
Anyone press will hear the fat lady sing
Act like you know, RICO
I know what Bo don't know
Touch them up and go, uh-oh!
Ch-ch-chang chang'

Ollie takes off his golf bag and leans it against the ringpost in the corner before he jumps up on the apron and leapfrogs over the top rope. He takes off the title belt and holds the end of it in his teeth and lets it hang while making obscene gestures at his brother who looks REAL pissed off. Their father gestures at either of them then points to their corners. Both of them back into their corners while not breaking eye contact with each other.

Josh Goldstein: Weird, Ollie usually has Rocky at ringside to discuss strategy.

Allen Chaney: Nah, he said he didn't want Rocky to see this.

Josh Goldstein: Not gonna lie. I'm worried.

Daniel calls for the bell. The bell rings.

Allen Chaney: Eh, I'm sure it won't get TOO crazy.

Johnny starts trying to snake in like a proper fighter with his hands up and everything.

Ollie just marches up to him, yanks a light bulb from his pocket, and smacks him with the light bulb in his hand. This creates a puff of dust and glass with some red mixed in.

Allen Chaney: Oh SHIT.

Johnathan backs up to his corner and Ollie smiles and waves at him, his hand bleeding just the same as Johnathan's right cheek is starting to bleed. Seems to be superficial cuts on both men but Johnathan is pissed. Once he makes sure no shards of glass are in his face he stomps toward the center of the ring, Ollie and Johnny lock up, and just start firing furious punches into each other's heads simultaneously. Over and over and over and over.

Josh Goldstein: So the feeling I'm getting is that they don't like each other.

Allen Chaney: Those two used to be inseparable and now they're just mashing each other into hamburger.

Daemon is the more effective striker when it comes to throwing punches so after a LONG stretch of both men just punching the hell out of each other, Ollie releases his grip on their lockup and Daemon immediately takes advantage. Daemon wrenches hard on his brother's injured arm and Ollie responds in kind with grunts of pain. Yes, it's weird to see his face reacting to stuff. Johnathan finishes up by driving an elbow into the gap between shoulder and arm and Ollie drops to a knee clutching at his arm. Daemon puts his foot on Ollie's hand while it's on the mat to hold it in place only to quickly drop his other knee onto Ollie's arm while he's down. Despite the blood trickling down the side of his face, Johnathan Daemon has a cocky smirk as he motions for Ollie to stand, signalling he's looking to maybe do the Prelude to Perfection that then leads to his Perfect Armbar. He whips Ollie into the ropes but Ollie returns with a Cazadora into an arm drag! Both men are quick back up to their feet but Ollie starts snapping off kicks lightning fast to Johnathan's knees and calves. He feints a kick coming at Daemon's midsection that Johnathan braces himself for only to be met with a spinning back kick from Ollie that launches Daemon into the corner! Ollie grabs his golf bag and places it on Johnathan's lap, then runs to quickly ascend the opposite turnbuckle. He leaps all the way across the ring looking to deliver EXPEDITED PRIORITY DELIVERY NIKES but NO! Johnathan moves and Ollie has launched himself hard into the corner! Daemon removes an item from Ollie's own goodie bag and just as Ollie stands he get smacked right in the face with a light tube which bursts into powder and shards of glass. Ollie is immediately bleeding all over the place but he's still standing. Daemon tosses the broken tube away and in an instant he performs a jumping double knee armbreaker! That's the Prelude to Perfection!

Allen Chaney: Yeah, I'm calling it.

Ollie struggles up to his feet after that but Johnathan is quick to lock in the Double Underhook and lift him into a suplex that floats over into a cross armbreaker! IT'S THE PERFECT ARMBAR! THE MOST DEVASTATING MOVE IN DAEMON'S ARSENAL! HE HAS IT LOCKED IN! The crowd is SCREAMING to cheer Ollie on as he writhes and flails like an animal trapped in a beartrap. Daemon puts every bit of pressure he can muster into wrenching and bending Ollie's arm. Ollie lifts up his free hand and Daniel is ready to signal for the bell and NO! OLLIE

PUTS HIS HAND IN HIS MOUTH AND HE'S BITING HIS OWN FINGERS! ANYTHING TO KEEP FROM TAPPING OUT! THE CROWD IS GOING BANANA!

Ollie starts shifting his weight from side to side so he can sort of roll over a bit but now Daemon basically has him sorta locked in a shitty gogoplata more or less. This comes to an abrupt end when Ollie releases his free hand from his mouth and uses it to punch his brother in the dick. Twice.

Allen Chaney: Yeah, that's one way to escape an armbar.

Johnathan releases the hold and rolls away to assess the damage to his genitals as Ollie does the same to his arm which is basically just dangling at his side now. He goes to his golf bag and grabs a barbed wire wrapped bat and gives Daemon a real good whack with it to make sure he stays down a bit and further busts him open. He tosses the bat aside and returns to the bag and opens up a pocket to take out a book of matches, lighter fluid, and a rag.

Josh Goldstein: Oh if I smell burning person I may actually throw up.

Allen Chaney: Hey please actually don't do that.

After a bit of finagling Ollie's kickpad is on fire! Johnathan Daemon is up on one knee! It's the perfect setup for Ollie's Flaming Gravy Train finish!

Ollie loudly announces 'CHOO CHOO' to signal that the train is coming into the station and steps forward to launch the devastating flaming roundhouse kick toward Daemon's face but just when it seems like the kick has made contact JOHNATHAN PICKS HIS ANKLE! JOHNATHAN CAUGHT THE FLAMING KICK AND HAS SMOTHERED IT WITH HIS BODY, ALSO LOCKING IN AN ANKLE LOCK!

Josh Goldstein: Did...he just catch a flaming kick?

Allen Chaney: My brain is still trying to catch up to smacking someone with a light bulb in your hand.

Ollie is quick to scramble out of the lock and out of the ring but while Ollie is down, Johnathan seems to be using the time both to recuperate and to... stuff something into the front of his kneepad? Was that a horseshoe?

Hi, narrator here. I can feel how long and self-indulgent this is in my soul. We're gonna Clif's Notes a little bit of this. For the next several minutes these two brothers do some real wild shit let me tell you. There's tables and thumbtacks, a staple gun, Ollie smashes Johnathan's leg between two folding chairs. Real sick shit. If you hate this format do your own fuckin vanity show. Eat my ass and my balls and my ass again.

Anyway, let's jump back in proper.

Ollie seems to have hopped up for a poison rana but JOHNATHAN KEEPS HIS FOOTING! Instead now having Ollie in the Electric Chair position which he transitions in a devastating high angle german suplex, nailing his signature DAN SEVERN'S MUSTACHE!

Johnathan stands back up immediately and grabs both of Ollie's hands, pulling him up to his knees and to a chorus of boos his he pulls Ollie with both hands into a devastating knee strike to the face, hitting THE CRUELTY OF NERO with his LOADED KNEEPAD!

Johnathan looks exhausted but Ollie looks plain DEAD. At this point the crowd is practically BEGGING for an end to Ollie's suffering in the form of his Perfect Armbar, but Johnathan doesn't want his younger brother's suffering to end. He wraps his arms around Ollie's waist and lifts his dead weight up into a standing waistlock. It looks like he's setting up for some other suplex variant but OLLIE ROLLS FORWARD AND TAKES HIS BROTHER WITH HIM, HE GRABS THE LEG AS HE ROLLS THROUGH! OLLIE WAS PLAYING POSSUM! IT'S THE PRETTY GOOD KNEEBAR! THE PRETTY GOOD KNEEBAR!!! JOHNATHAN IS PANICKING BUT HE HAS NOWHERE TO GO AND OLLIE IS TWISTING BENDING THAT KNEE JOINT WITH EVERYTHING HE HAS IN HIM!!!

JOHNATHAN IS SCREAMING IN AGONY! DANIEL FITZSIMMONS IS WATCHING REAL CLOSE! JOHANATHAN IS DOING EVERYTHING HE CAN TO TRY AND SHAKE LOSE BUT OLLIE REFUSES TO LET GO! THE CROWD IS ON THEIR FEET! THERE'S NO POSSIBLE WAY! CAPS LOCK! TOO MANY EXCLAMATION POINTS!

J O H N A T H A N D A E M O N T A P S T H E F U C K O U T ! ! !

The bell rings when Daniel calls for it but Ollie continues to wrench on Johnathan's leg a few more moments before releasing it as the crowd goes wild!

Josh Goldstein: OLLIE WINS! OLLIE WINS!

Allen Chaney: YEAH! THE GUY WHO PUT ON THIS VANITY SHOW MADE HIS BROTHER TAP OUT! KEEP CHEERING! HE'S PAYING US! HUG ME, JOSH!

Ollie is aided up to his feet by his father and his arm is dangling at his side in a very very upsetting way but he has a look on his face (that we can see) like it's finally starting to set in that he won. Daniel raises Ollie's non-floppy arm in victory as Ollie cries tears of joy, finally feeling like he's stepped out of his brother's shadow. Daniel releases Ollie's arm and Ollie plays up to the crowd a bit.

Daniel then helps the heir he chose to carry on the Daemon name to his feet, seemingly forcing him to stand. He shifts awkwardly on his damaged knee and Daniel just shakes his head at him. Johnathan's eyes seek any kind of approval from his father and suddenly, Daniel has his hand

around Johnathan's throat. The retired seven foot tall powerhouse seems like he has one final choke slam in him. Johnathan pleads with his father until...

Ollie gets between them both and shoves Daniel away! His face is conflicted but he doesn't back down. All three of the men seem to be sharing heated words with each other until finally, Ollie and Johnathan briefly lock eyes before each of them kicks out one of Daniel's knees! The stereotype of huge old men having shitty knees rings true and Daniel drops to just below their level. Johnathan and Ollie each goosle their father and despite their exhaustion they manage to get their weight under him enough to Double Chokeslam their father! The crowd goes even more crazy! Dogs bark! A couple on the rocks somewhere in the crowd decides they will give love another chance!

Ollie and Johnathan now just look at each other. Ollie's arm dangling, Johnny shuffling and barely standing. Both mean sweaty and bleeding...

Then Ollie puts his fist out. Johnathan looks at it for a few moments, doubt and conflict in his face until...he steps forward and bumps fists with his brother and YOU THINK THE CROWD WENT CRAZY LAST TIME MOTHERFUCKER?! YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT FROM RICE KRISPIE TREATS! CHARLIE HAS A GOLDEN TICKET! EBENEZER SCROOGE IS SENDING A BOY TO BUY A FAT CHRISTMAS GOOSE! HOLY FUCKING SHIT WE HAVE A BUNCHA OTHER FUCKIN MATCHES!

Josh Goldstein: I don't know if it's a full reconciliation but... it seems like the beef between these two has been squashed.

Johnathan exits the ring and limps to the back to let Ollie celebrate and Ollie is handed a microphone. He's still catching his breath and bleeding everywhere.

Ollie Maverick: Okay...wait...hang on...

Ollie makes some kind of gesture to someone running the boards in the back and the blur overtakes his face again on-screen.

Ollie Maverick: Okay...okay that's better. That...was just a one-time thing. Okay... Gotta be a good host.

Ollie takes a deep breath.

Ollie Maverick: WELCOME TO THE TRASH LAND INVITATIONAL AND PANCAKE BREAKFAST! There's thrills! There's chills! There's a guy named Jeff who hangs around the gas station nearby who is pretty much our entire medical staff! We're moving out to the ballpit to keep this party going! Let's get a commercial going!

When we return from commercial break we find our Faceless host with his arm in a sling in an outside area that has been converted into an enormous ballpit. We can see odds and ends of various implements of destruction sticking out of this pit.

Ollie Maverick: Welcome back, folks! I just absolutely housed a stack of flapjacks and down half a gallon of orange juice, then Gas Station Jeff gave me a handful of unlabelled pills and I'm feeling great! Also kinda floaty! Anyway, welcome to the Ball Pit!



Standing at the four corners of the ball pit are our four competitors. Arisu looks downright excited to be there amidst all the potential violence. Pedro Gonzales waves to the crowd as he finishes his Blueberry Toxic Sludge, handing what's left to Mestizo who begins gnawing on the plastic cup itself. CJ Grey looks different from her promotional image that we didn't have time to change but seems more than a little bit apprehensive about the entire situation and...Melody has already jumped into the ball pit before the match has started so it's fair to say she's pretty excited as well. There seems to be a mini-wrestling ring at the center of this enormous ball pit where a referee stands and a few small islands to stand on amidst the pit. These may be the only spots a pinfall can take place. I dunno, Ollie didn't plan a lot of this very well beyond the concept.

Josh Goldstein: Can I say something?

Allen Chaney: Is it about how handsome Pedro is?

Josh Goldstein: Oh thank God I was hoping it wasn't just me.

Allen Chaney: Are you kidding? That is just a beautiful beautiful man. I want to smell him a little bit.

Josh Goldstein: But just like a little bit, right? Not in a too obvious way.

Allen Chaney: Yeah...yeah.

Josh Goldstein: Yeah.

Ollie takes out a bullhorn.

Ollie Maverick: Alright guys, those pills are kicking in and I can't tell if I'm peeing myself or not. Gas Station Jeff rules. READY.....FIGHT!

Arisu sprints to the person nearest to her and pounces on them, recklessly flinging both of them into the very dangerous ballpit.

Allen and Josh: PEDRO, NO!

CJ Grey sees everyone else has jumped into the very large ballpit and takes a few deep breaths before picking out where Melody is in the pit and doing a twisting suicide dive right onto her!

Josh Goldstein: CJ Grey is a complete unknown going into this match but I am very impressed right off the bat.

The camera catches a passing glimpse of a section of the ball pit no one is in where it appears something else is moving underneath. Can't focus on that right now! Arisu gives Pedro an eye rake but Pedro comes back with an eye rake of his own! The two of them partially blinded begin to paw at the ball pit in search of one of the many weapons that had been promised and each pull out toy ~~lightsabers~~ laser swords from the legally distinct 'Space Fights' series of films that have been wrapped in barbed wire. They duel with the laser swords, blocking and deflecting strikes in the ball pit. Pedro catches Arisu with a good smack right to the forehead and she begins bleeding but uh...she seems to like it? She starts to pursue Pedro with the laser sword and he runs away as blood trickles down her smiling face. He manages to climb onto one of the platforms.

Pedro Gonzales: It's over, Arisu! I have the high gr-

Pedro is interrupted by Arisu tossing her laser sword at him from the pit causing it to stick to him. Right on time, too because we mighta caught a Disney C and D for that. They've been touchy lately.

Back on the other side of the pit, CJ hasn't managed to capitalize on her initial dive and the more experienced Melody Slayton is laying in with some pretty harsh strikes. CJ eventually

decides to just duck under into the ball pit to stop being hit quite as much. Melody reaches down to grab her but shouts when she pulls back up a rather realistic looking rubber snake. CJ takes advantage of the distraction and springs out of the ballpit to whack Melody hard with a folding chair.

Arisu climbs up onto the platform Pedro is on but Pedro uses the climbing opportunity to attempt a cover.

1...2...

Arisu gets caught in a 2-count out of surprise but is able to kick out, quickly shifting positions to attempt locking Pedro in a Double Armbar but Pedro leans back and bridges this into another pin attempt.

1...2...

Arisu releases her attempt at the hold, stands, and hits Pedro with a running dropkick as soon as he sits up, dropping him back down HARD. She bends down to pick up the barbed wire laser sword but is immediately rolled up into a schoolboy pin by Pedro!

1..2...

Arisu breaks out of the pin and starts wailing on Pedro with the barbed wire implement.

Allen Chaney: Watch out for his face!

Josh Goldstein: And his abs!

The two very concerned married men on our commentary team are relieved when Mestizo appears and hops on the back of Arisu, distracting her long enough for Pedro to wrap his arms around Arisu and toss her off of the platform with a Capture suplex, not taking into account he is throwing Mestizo as well (or maybe he did, Mestizo has absolutely been through worse). He gets a running start off of the platform when he sees Arisu standing knee deep in the ball pit and drops her with a corkscrew shooting star press that blows the roof off of the place! It's outside! There was no roof! It's a figure of speech!

CJ Grey has managed pretty well even after Melody recovered from that chair shot, using said chair as something of a shield against Melody's offense, eventually going for another big swing but Melody ducks under it! CJ turns around only to have the chair spinning wheel kicked back into her face!

Melody stomps her foot repeatedly in the ballpit, seemingly waiting for CJ to return to a vertical base to attempt The Full Effect V2. Once CJ is up, Melody goes for the Superkick but CJ dodges under it and manages a Pele kick when Melody turns around! CJ seems to have been

busted open from the chair to the face and is bleeding quite a bit from the scalp. CJ goes for a roll-up pin in the ball pit but the ref is confused if this rollup counts.

Allen Chaney: I don't think Ollie adequately explained the rules of this match to everyone involved.

Josh Goldstein: There are rules to this match?

The ref starts to make the count but it is broken up as Mestizo is thrown on top of CJ to break up the pin. This is immediately followed up by an imploding 450 splash off of one of the platforms that lands on top of Mestizo, CJ, AND Melody! Just when things couldn't seem more hype after such a display, Arisu is up on the platform and crashes on top of everybody with a senton! There is blood and balls flying everywhere and whatever Mestix is and everyone is having such a good time! We have to interrupt it for plot now. Sorry.

Ollie watches the chaos happily while standing next to the Animal Handler hired for this event.

Ollie Maverick: I am a little worried we'll never see the real snake at this rate. Might be lost in the sauce.

Hannibal Chandler, Animal Handler: They've got 4 to 5 meters of snake to deal with in there so I'd say no matter what someone will see it eventually.

Ollie blinks.

Twice.

Ollie Maverick: I'm sorry, I think I misheard you. You just described to me what would be by all accounts a very very big snake. I'm pretty sure I asked for something...y'know. That'll look good on camera but no one is in any real danger.

Hannibal Chandler, Animal Handler: That's not what the event planner said you said.

Ollie searches his memories for anything regarding the snake in this match.

A Few Days Ago

The multiple arenas for Trash Land are being built as Ollie converses with Hampton Hicks, the Event Logistics guy.

Hampton Hicks: So uh... an energy powder huh?

Ollie Maverick: Yeah! Jeff gave it to me and I hired him on the spot! I've been awake for like....four days! It's all-natural I think. I dunno that was like nine days ago? Nine? Six? Four? What the hell is time anyway?

Ollie is speaking very fast and takes a moment to wipe his nose.

Ollie Maverick: WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?!

Hampton Hicks: We were just talking about the animal handler for the snake...thing. I figure if we get a Ball Python that fulfills the stipulation and it's still a snake so I'm sure people will be impressed when they see it?

Ollie Maverick: SCREW THAT! BIGGEST SNAKE YOU CAN GET ME! THIS IS A BIG SHOW IT NEEDS A BIG SNAKE!

Hampton Hicks: Uh...yes...of course. You should maybe consider laying off the....'energy powder' and getting some sleep.

Ollie Maverick: YOU should maybe consider KISSING ME on the MOUTH to see if we VIBE.

Hampton Hicks: I know a guy with an Anaconda?

Ollie Maverick: Yeah, whatever. YOU THINK I CAN'T KISS GOOD?!

Back in the Present Day

Ollie Maverick: Ah, beans. I may have killed my friends and also lightly sexually harassed one of my employees.

Hampton Hicks: I didn't really mind it.

Ollie Maverick: Oh Hammy! Hey! Where did the Animal Handler go?

Hampton Hicks: Oh he bailed while you just stood here silently for like a solid minute.

Ollie Maverick. Ah. Well... okay this is uh....ah, beans. Why was I allowed to be in charge of a wrestling show?

Hampton Hicks: We've all kinda been wondering that.

Ollie Maverick: I need a microphone again.

Arisu is just about to break a light tube over the head of Melody Slayton when Ollie's voice comes on over the speakers.

Ollie Maverick: Heeeeeeeey guys. Time out. Promise not to be mad but uh... so the uh...

Mestizo disappears under the balls.

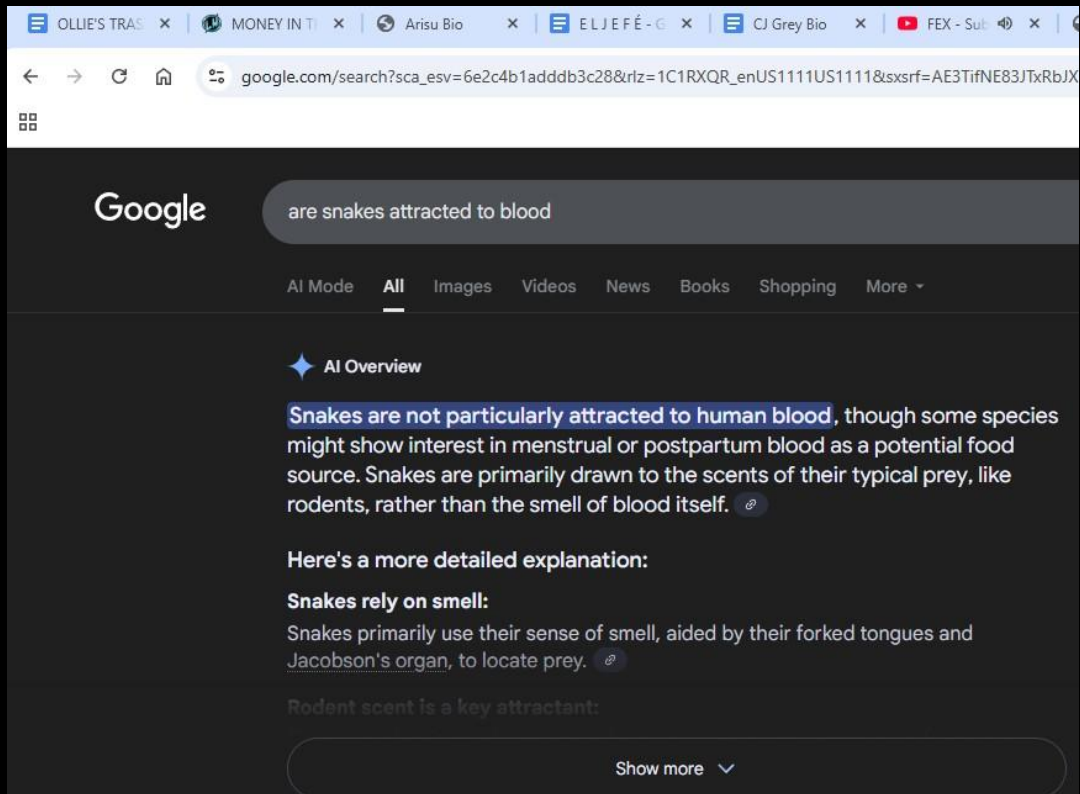
Ollie Maverick: ...the snake is uh. Okay. Okay! I've got it. New way to win the match! You have to safely remove the snake from the pit. And uh...the catch to that...and you've now already promised me not to be mad is that...uh...

Gas Station Jeff: Hey can anyone else see that little monkey being squeezed by the giant snake or has the mescaline kicked in?

Sure enough now that Jeff has pointed it out everyone notices the anaconda wrapping its body around Mestizo. Pedro is the first to approach the anaconda and is quick to pull Mestizo away from the Anaconda that hadn't really managed to get a good squeeze on the little monster just yet. Mestizo quickly heads for the edge of the pit where the commentary desk and Ollie are.

Before anyone else in the pit can process how mad they probably should be at Ollie for putting them in a pit with a snake you measure in meters, they instead search their minds for whatever they know about snake handling that they didn't learn from Looney Tunes since none of them had whatever that wind instrument was they played to charm snakes.

Arisu smashes the light tube over Melody's head as, unfortunately, the language barrier means she is not aware the rules of the match have changed. Everybody is bleeding and there is a snake and...wait, hang on.



Okay, got it. Fuck a fourth wall, I guess.

It seems that nonverbally CJ is informing Arisu of the importance of getting the snake out of the ring while Pedro is helping Melody up. All four of the individuals start to position themselves around where they think the snake has sunk back into the ball pit, all of them trying to avoid the head.

Pedro reaches down when he sees something moving and picks it up only to realize he just has the tail which easily slips out of his grasp. Seeing that and making a guess at where the rest of the snake might be, CJ reaches down and tries to lift but uh... this thing is freaking heavy. The head of the snake has curled around and risen to see what CJ is up to which tells CJ it's a good time to set the snake down and back away slowly. No matter what angle they come at the snake from it seems like they can't lift it or it is too aware to be lifted. Also no one wants to get squeezed to death. Real cowards if you ask me.

Josh Goldstein: Hey, that little monster guy is coming over here.

Allen Chaney: Be prepared to toss him bacon. He bites.

Josh Goldstein: I don't really do pork.

Allen Chaney: Enjoy getting bitten I guess.

Mestizo crawls out of the ball pit and walks right past the commentary desk and past Ollie over to Gas Station Jeff. Mestizo tears the pants off of Gas Station Jeff and digs in his pockets for pills before also snatching some sausage patties off of Allen's plate and diving back into the ball pit.

Allen Chaney: Did uh... did that gremlin just steal a man's pants and my meat?

Josh Goldstein: Weirdly this has been about how I expected this show to go.

All four of the matches(?) Competitors(??) have lifted a section of snake but it's resistant to this, the tail starting to wrap around CJ who quickly drops it and the remaining three seem ready to drop the immense reptile. The serpent turns its head toward Pedro and opens its mouth to hiss threateningly which gives Mestizo the perfect opportunity to pitch a ball of sausage stuffed with drugs into its mouth. The effects are almost instant. It isn't long until the snake is having a good snooze and CJ, Pedro, Arisu, and Melody are carrying the snake out of the ballpit.

The referee with a shrug that says more than any words possibly could calls for the bell.

Ollie Maverick: Yeah! Here are your winners... Everyone! Everyone learned the value of teamwork and overcame a great obstacle and are bonded forever! Yay!



Our four bloodied competitors are staring daggers through the host of this show who awkwardly clears his throat.

Ollie Maverick: And uh... and they all get lifetime passes to Trash Land! And Free concessions from Trash Land for life! And....and....uh...all the money in my wallet. I'll also help them move furniture if they ever need it? And uh...I am genuinely sorry.

Everyone gathered around shrugs and celebrates the victory(???) Melody has moved on from paying attention to Ollie to doting on the sleeping snake.

Melody Slayton: Poor Noodle...

Gas Station Jeff: Yeah, snake should be fine. Had quite a few downers. Does anyone see where that thing threw my pants? I had-

Jeff is interrupted by Arisu breaking a light tube over his head and releasing a victorious roar and everyone celebrating stops dead in their tracks. It has the same energy of that video where the little girl breaks the bowl. You know the one. Right? Shit, hang on again.



Allen Chaney: A...relatively happy ending here for this match. Folks, we're gonna take a quick break to get moved over to the bumper cars and I'm gonna make another plate, right after these messages!

Cheddar Goblin

Trash Land Mission Control

Gus sighs deeply as he looks at the unringing phone in front of him.

Ollie Maverick: So like...That's good, right? I had my dad look over all that stuff to make sure it was legit.

Hampton Hicks: Well...yes, and no. You've just about raised enough money to save Trash Land BUT the wording of how you've been raising this money makes it clear that people aren't just donating to save Trash Land. They are buying stock in it. If someone makes a big enough donation and buys enough shares then...well you won't lose the park or anything but there may be people you have to answer to in the future.

Ollie Maverick: Ah, I'm sure it'll be fine. Hey Gus! How are you doing, man?

Gus kinda just shrugs.

Ollie Maverick: You're doing a great job, Gus. Hey, I never caught your last name.

Gus: It's Chekhov, sir.

Ollie Maverick: Huh. Cool! Like Star Trek. Anywho, I need to get back out there.

Ollie rushes into the frame where the camera is set up outside the Bumper Cars and is handed a microphone so we can hear how heavy he is breathing. In the background Melody is saying goodbye to the anaconda as it is loaded onto a truck while the bloodied CJ, Arisu, and Pedro are enjoying the food available on the breakfast bar.

Ollie Maverick: Hello everyone and welcome back to the Trash Land Invitational and Pancake Breakfast! If you enjoyed those first two matches then you're gonna LOVE this!



Ollie Maverick: Bumper Car Road Rage! That's right, Vhodka Black and Shane Donovan will be facing off in a match with animals even DEADLIER than an Anaconda...

A dramatic pause.

Ollie Maverick: ...CHILDREN!

 [DUN DUN DUNNNNN! | \(SOUND EFFECT\)DOWNLOAD](#)

Ollie Maverick: That's right! This match will be taking place on the Bumper Car track and each of those Bumper Cars is being piloted by a child we have given a raccoon mask, a Red Bull, and a Singapore cane along with orders to whack our competitors as hard as they can and as often as

they can. Also Vhodka and Shane have been given shoes that will protect them from the effects of walking on the electrified bumper car area. I tested it myself and I'm fine. Whoever exits the ride area first is the winner. Now a lot of you may be wondering how any of this could possibly be legal. Well, I think it's time for a reminder of the general location of where Trash Land is.



Ollie Maverick: Only in Vegas! We're the only Theme Park Deathmatch show in the industry and we have to go all out and Vegas is the only place we can make this entirely unique show happen!

Allen Chaney: As a side note, Ollie can't hear me right now but please no one tell him about Glum's show. It'd bum him out.

Ollie Maverick: Anyway, let's go to our competitors!

The camera cuts to the Bumper Car area where sure enough each car has a child in the driver's seat, wearing a mask of Trash Land mascot and Ollie's actual real pet raccoon Rocky Trashington and wielding kendo sticks/singapore canes/shinai/same things that make the good whackin noise.

Shane Donovan is more or less wearing street clothes and Vhodka looks dressed up like she's ready for a Roller Derby minus the skates. Cautiously they each step onto the surface of the ride area to make sure Ollie isn't bullshitting about the shoes keeping them safe and the two are guided to the center of the electrified surface by an equally cautious referee.

Allen Chaney: Hello everyone, before the match gets started I've been handed a note by Ollie that advises that there is no such thing as special bumper car shoes and that the voltage of that floor is around 12 which would maybe give you a little tickle if you were wet. Ollie is just screwing with Vhodka and Shane so don't worry. They aren't in actual danger.

Josh Goldstein: A small monster just fed a snake drugs so it wouldn't kill anyone.

Allen Chaney: Yeah well that was like... different and stuff. I think Ollie just wanted to trick people into wearing Crocs.

The referee calls for a bell and suddenly the ride springs to life.

Vhodka and Shane look at each other, shrug, and both make a break for the barricade but both of them are quickly knocked flat on their backs by cars driven by the caffeinated children, who swing their sticks at both of them while they are down. They both get back up to their feet and are quickly knocked right back down.

Josh Goldstein: See, the reason this match is hard is because of all the kids in the bumper cars.

Allen Chaney: Wow. Great commentary Josh.

Josh Goldstein: Hey man... hey.

Vhodka gets back up and manages to leapfrog a car that almost hits her and gets close to the barricade but Shane is in hot pursuit, also juking a few children to make it over to her. Vhodka manages to get a leg up on the barricade before Shane pulls her back into the 'ring'. The two of them exchange a few punches until they notice the cars coming for them. Shane irish whips Vhodka away from the barricade and she takes a direct hit from one of the drivers, causing her to do a full flip and land hard on her back. Shane took a little too long to effectively try and get over the barricade and is knocked over by another car and whacked a good few times with the kendo sticks while he is down, several of the children shouting 'RACCOON GANG! RACCOON GANG!'

Allen Chaney: Oh good, they've organized into a gang now. Clearly Ollie has done great things for these kids.

Josh Goldstein: Do they have parents? Does anyone see parents? Did we enlist the aid of loose children?

Allen Chaney: You've GOTTA stop saying 'we'.

Shane, not above potentially yanking a kids shoulder out of its joint, catches one of the kendo stick strikes as it comes toward him and yunks it away from the child before standing while the

kid is distracted and kicking the pole on the back of the bumper car HARD, breaking it and effectively stopping one of the cars dead. He spares a moment to angrily teach the child several new swear words before being interrupted by a running knee strike from Vhodka followed up SWIFTLY by a DDT right onto the floor of the ride area.

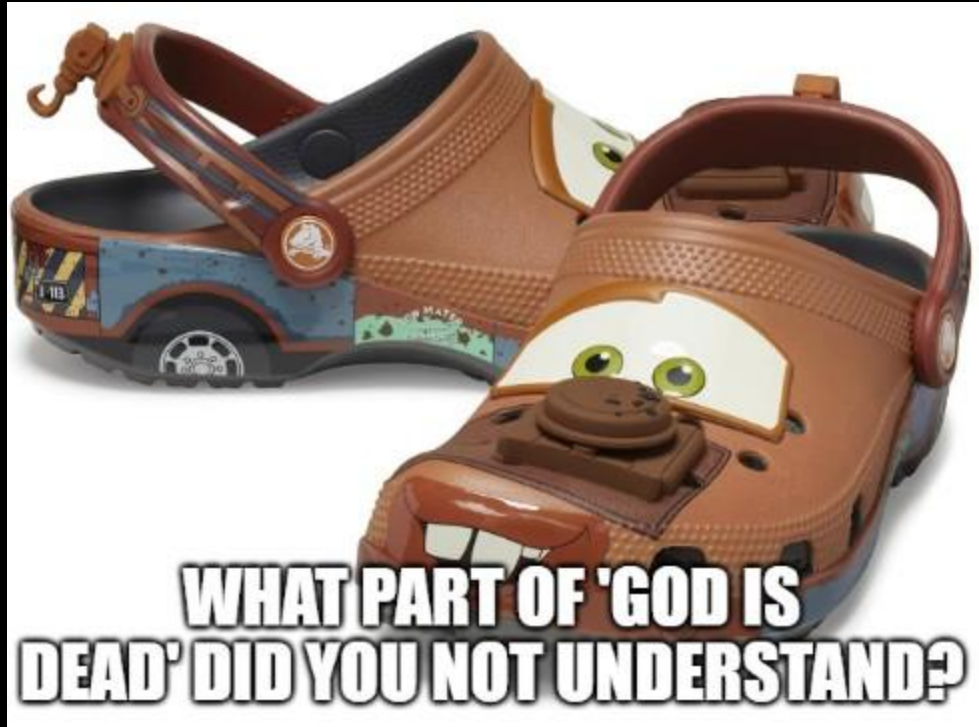
While Shane is down, Vhodka seems to have gathered that there's no real escape with these terrible children still loose so she takes note of the car Shane has managed to disable and gets an idea. As another of the cars approaches her she climbs on back of it and reaches up to tear a bunch of wiring from the pole and sure enough the car comes to a stop. Vhodka begins slowly pushing the car into position next to the other dead car. Shane is back up on his feet and realizes what Vhodjka is doing and gives her a hand getting the car into position. Once it's there the truce is immediately over and Shane swings a cane at Vhodka and hits her HARD across the back. Vhodka tanks the shot and runs at SHane to attempt a spear but Shane is ready, snapping her up just as she'd be making impact and turning with her, Shane manages to drop Vhodka HARD on top of one of the Bumper Cars as it approaches with a Spinebuster! The sheer force of the impact seems to have taken yet another of the cars out of commission and with three of the broken cars in the position they're in it seems like the two of them have the space to fight it out without much interference from the Raccoon Gang. This may all be academic after the spinebuster Vhodka just took.

Shane makes his way to the barricade, moving a bit slow after all of the hit-and-runs he's endured so far... but there's still one to come!

Vhodka has gotten up and has hit the spear this time, sending Shane colliding HARD with the barricade! The impact is LOUD and Shane crumbles to the ground!

Vhodka yanks the Singapore cane away from the third stalled out child and tosses it aside before she stands on the hood of their unmoving car. Shane starts to stir and... Shane is up! Vhodka leaps off as he stands and takes Shane down with the SCREWDRIVER! The diving corkscrew stunner has Shane out like a light! Vhodka hefts him up and shoves him past the bumper car shield they've made and the active bumper cars all make a break to his prone body, giving Vhodka an out! She makes a break for the barricade and leaps over! The bell rings! Vhodka wins!

Ollie Maverick: Yeah! Congratulations to Vhodka Black! Vhodka wins an Industrial sized barrel of nacho cheese food product and 6 free pairs of Crocs. Not quite shoes, not quite sandals. Like clogs made of plastic. You can wash 'em in the dishwasher if you don't ever have guests for dinner!



Vhodka seems pretty happy with the cheese barrel part of her winnings at the very least. Should last her at least a week.

Ollie Maverick: Man, that one seemed pretty quick, huh?

Yeah, probably because it was less bogged down with REALLY self-indulgent insanity. My GOD that opener. I'm already sorry for it and no one has even read it yet.

Ollie Maverick: Anyway, no one almost died that time! That's great! Great effort from Shane Donovan as well and I've been informed he has safely left the bumper car area and will be A-OK! We've got a lot more fun coming up but we're gonna take a quick commercial break so keep those donations coming and help us save Trash Land!

 Soul Glo Commercial - Complete HQ Restoration - Coming To America (1988)

TO BE CONTINUED...