

{The screen fades in and we find ourselves on a outside balcony in South Boston, overlooking Pleasure Bay in the background, with an ornate stone and wood chess board and pieces set up on a table as the camera slowly pulls back to reveal the pensive face of none other than Dante Slayton as he studies the board with an intense look of concentration}

Dante: This week on Breakdown, it's going to be quite the interesting little match I believe because on one side of the ring you've got me. One of the hardest hitting technical wrestlers in the history of this company since the days that Reginald Dampshaw the Third blessed SCW with his presence a few years back.

And my opponent is a semi-psychotic little motorcycle fan who thinks that she's not just the queen of her own little fake queen-dom but also the "*Queen of SCW*" itself in the form of Meghan Strader.

Now normally I wouldn't be so dismissive of an opponent like Miss Strader but if there is one thing that has gotten on my nerves over these past few years is everybody just falling back into whole "*oh, we're members of an MC*" troupe and I'm fucking sick of it.

{Dante holds up his hands}

Dante: Now before you assume anything Meghan, I want you to understand that if you honestly believe in the whole culture of MCs and live that particular lifestyle, then more power to you because ****THAT****...that I can fucking respect because it's apart of your own heritage just like being Irish is apart of mine, fair?

But if you're just doing it because it makes you look hard and it plays into your gimmick and attitude perfectly...then by all means **FUCK **YOU****, Meghan Strader, because the last thing that I need to do is put down yet another wanna-be try harder with a Sons of Anarchy fucking fetish who thinks that just because you slap on a Cut and parade around a bunch of patches to make yourself look big and bad because you just don't want to put in the actual effort to make yourself into a badass.

Like me.

But like I said, if you respect and embrace the lifestyle then you and I have got nothing wrong but you have to understand just how many times I've ran into posers. Groups like the old "*Wolf Pack MC*" back in Carson City Wrestling or Jenna Hex's "*Hell's Bells*" posse with their whole "*Actual biker chicks from Hell*" gimmick while I was in Outlaw Championship Wrestling or one of the dozens that I've seen come and go while growing up in the backstage area of wrestling arenas all over the world due to my father being a former wrestler and then wrestling promoter.

Those were all posers who treated the lifestyle and culture of the MCs like it was fucking joke... and that's why I detest the concept.

{Dante then lowers his hands and studies the chess board rather intently again for a few seconds before he picks up his Queen and moves it to quickly take out a Knight Pawn before nodding and then returning his attention fully to the camera}

Dante: There, that should fuck with his head just a bit when he finally gets back....

But back to the main matter at hand and that's you, Meghan. Now I've watched some of your past matches here in SCW and I have got to admit that I'm very underwhelmed...I mean you consider yourself a "*Queen*" and yet you wrestle like every other ***pawn*** in this company like Billy Heaven Junior or those fools that make up the Kablam National Tourist Board or something.

I mean for someone with your qualifications, I was honestly expecting a hard as nails technical brawler with whom I'd get into one hell of a fucking fight with at Breakdown to help me get ready for when I get my hands on Chris Lawler again and I start carving into his sorry ass for that pound of flesh that he owes me for cheating me out of a victory a couple of weeks back.

But instead it turns out that you are nothing but subpar little ring rat who really can't do anything without her precious "*soldiers*" at your beck and call during the match... and I know full well that the moment that bell rings this week on Breakdown that you are going to be calling for back up, begging them to protect you from one of the most sadistic bastards on the entire SCW roster because right now, I'm more in a mood to fuck somebody up and I'm an equal opportunity ***bastard***, Meghan. I don't care what kind of person you are just as long as you **BLEED** and ***SCREAM***, because that's the kind of fighter that I am and oh, if you think that you can screw with my head by mentioning my loss to Lawler for the TV title, then you might want to rethink that strategy because while I am focused on it...it's the kind of focus that you ***DON'T*** want me to have, Meghan.

Because the **MORE** that people make focus on it, the **MORE** I chose to pass that particular kind of agony onto you, my opponents, because it's that kind of focus that drives me...keeps my mind sharp and my vision clear and not because I'll be looking past you or any of that bullshit, oh no.

I'll be looking you dead in the eyes, all of my wrath and viciousness focused entirely on ***you*** as your little clique come scampering to the ring to free you from the fresh new happy hell that I'll be presenting you with...all of my dark intentions will aimed and focused entirely onto you as you will serve as my testing board to see which holds will make you scream the loudest and which will make you scream the longest before you can't scream anymore.

You, Meghan Strader...you will serve as the opening to my opus which will end with you bearing witness to all of the suffering that you will go through will bear fruit when you are laying there in your hospital room watching what the sum total of ***your*** suffrage becomes the new reality for our dear Mister Lawler.

{Dante's face then lights up into a rather unpleasant smile as he regards the camera in a thoughtful pose}

Dante: Oh and don't assume that dear Christopher's suffering will be halted if he drops the title to little Polly Pocket on Breakdown, Meghan. Oh no, it does not matter if he has the TV title or not by the time that I finally come a calling for that pound of flesh that he owes me, Meghan, I am not angry about the title because if I have learned anything from my time in this industry is that championships come and championships go.

But I told dear Christopher to ***not*** do anything that would cause me to come after him, or least I'd be coming for my pound of flesh.

And like the stupid little man-child that he is, Little Christopher just had to go and ***steal*** what does not belong to him... he stole from my family and thus, payment due...and payment is due ***soon***.

But then again you might think I'm crazy now, don't you? Because nobody would dare to speak to the almighty Meghan Strader like that and think that they can get away with it?

{Dante's smile becomes even more unpleasant}

Dante: I ***DARE*** because I ***can*** and ***will*** get away with it because honestly there is not a single damn thing that you can do about it because I exist in a level too far above you for you even to witness just how truly great I really am...but come Breakdown this week, you will get a pretty damn good example of what a real wrestler looks like, kiddo.

Needless to say, Meghan, that by the time that Breakdown is said and done...you'll have no more place at the Table so to speak. So fill up your plate full of your ego now and dine heartily, because in the end...your sorry ass won't be worth the scraps to feed your mongrel clique.

But I do hope that you do try and put up a decent enough fight for the fans on Thursday...but I guess that we all will see how much fire is truly inside of you by then, won't we?

{Dante gives the camera a little mocking wave before the screen fades to black}

=====

{The screen comes back up and we find ourselves still on the outside balcony as we hear a door open and then footsteps that approach where we left Dante and the chess board, which then a moment later a hand reaches into the frame and picks up the White Bishop and then moves it to another spot at which point Dante's eyes narrow in thought before his wicked smile turns into a rather annoyed look as a voice speaks up from off camera}

Voice: Bishop to bishop 8. Discovered check, and incidentally, mate.

{Dante then raises his eyes to look over at the speaker at which point the camera pans to reveal none other than Caine Marik, the self proclaimed "Man who sold the world" himself and ECWF World Heavyweight champion....and Dante's cousin, who then sits down across the table from Dante}

Caine: No bad feelings, cuz?

{Dante shakes his head}

Dante: Nope, just annoyed that I didn't see it coming, that's all. So what took you so long getting back?

{Caiue smirks as he places a bag on a smaller table next to them with a couple of pairs of chopsticks sticking out of the bag}

Caine: They had a lunch rush right when I went to go and get the food.

Dante: Excellent...they didn't forget the dumplings this time right?

{Caine rolls his eyes as he opens up the bag and hands Dante a small container which he quickly opens up and takes a deep inhale of the contents before letting out a very happy noise}

Caine: Those must be some pretty damn good dumplings.

Dante: Oh they are...never had shrimp dumplings done like this before, they are next to devine...

{Dante's sentence trails off as he notices something over Caine's right shoulder to which Caine can only smile}

Caine: Oh yeah, ran into somebody on the street...figured you wouldn't mind another guest, aye?

{Dante shakes his head as he stands up and walks over to the person next to Caine and gives the person, a dark haired woman, a fierce hug before letting go}

Dante: Rachel, how are things going for you?

Rachel: Pretty good. Helping my new protege with expanding on her training. I'm thinking if seeing who could use a violent female powerhouse.

Dante: It depends, Caine's Rogues might need a strong hand.

Caine: HA! Certain people in management over in ECWF have been trying to get me to recruit a strong woman for the Rogues for a few weeks now, something about wanting to start a stable or something. Like that.

Dante: Feh, I think that she'd be wasted in SCW. We've already got some pretty strong female wrestlers like Kim Williams, Syren, Deanna Frost...

Rachel: Thought you weren't too keen on that last one, Eli?

Dante: Bah, just because I don't like her or her attitude takes anything away from her talent as a wrestler. I mean who do I look like, Cousin AJ?

{Caine chokes on some of rice from his meal before pounding on his chest for a couple of seconds}

Caine: ass-***HOLE***!! That is my older brother you know?

Dante: I know...hence why that made your reaction even more funny. I don't know that many promotions out there right now, I mean you heard about Felix Hartley right?

{At the mere mention of that name, Rachel's head snaps instantly towards Dante, her attention is now fully focused on him}

Rachel: No I haven't...pray tell?

Dante: Well apparently she's together with Jeff X now and she's a multi time champion over in the Omega Wrestling Alliance. As a "Face" no less.... I thought you kept track of all your old sparring partners as it were, Rachel?

{Rachel slowly shook her head, a pensive but thoughtful look on her face}

Rachel: No...not in this case.

{The screen fades out}

<TBC>