

{The screen fades up and we find ourselves in a gym somewhere with the sounds of a heavy bag being worked on at which point we see none other than the “Blackheart” himself in Wil Pierce, dressed in white tank top and red boxing trunks, throwing several hard and fast fists at the heavy bag which is being held by the third member of the Foundation in Dante Slayton}

Wil: While I had to admit, the ending to my match at the Germany pay per view was a little..troublesome, I still walked away with the win despite everyone in the greater internet wrestling community saying that my opponent was going to walk all over me, eh Dante?

Dante: I’ll freely admit that it looked like he did have a solid chance at beating you, brother. I mean did you see those odds that Vegas had thrown up last minute before the pay per view started.

Wil: Yes indeed I did, I mean *shit*...for those odds of me loosing, even *I* was tempted to throw the match and that would’ve netted me what...twenty, twenty nine grand easily?

Dante: True, but then again it’s not like you need the money when you’re in as high demand as the Foundation is, true?

Wil: Very, but do you know what pisses me off about the whole show?

Dante: You mean other than Polly losing the television championship before you got your chance at it on this week’s edition of Breakdown?

{Wil stops in mid swing of his next punch to shoot a glare at his trios partner and friend}

Wil: Dude, why you gotta hit me so low with that?

Dante: Just saying, what could hurt more than that?

Wil: Heaven and Dollar General copy of the Dominion walking out of Germany with the win.

Dante: *Shit*...I guess that you’re right there, but why do the comparison like that, I mean I happen to like Dollar General. Back when I was a kid, I was able to pick up some mint, classic GI Joe toys...

Wil: Yeah, probably from the Resolution, Live Action Movie, or the Sigma Six lines though.

Dante: Nope, Sky Force line. Fake silver chrome vehicles and *everything*.

{Wil blinks at that and looks somewhat impressed}

Wil: Seriously, that’s like early 90s lines of classic Joe.

Dante: I swear on my sister.

Wil:which one?

Dante: Um...Kim?

Wil: Fuck....alright, I gotta believe you if you're swearing on Kim's head. But that doesn't change the fact that Heaven and his lot of fucking losers managed to some how beat two teams that had more talent combined than anyone that Heaven was fucking fielding and not see that Heaven is doing nothing more than trying to field a fucking suck ass copy of the old Dominion, brother.

Dante: Not arguing with you on that one, Wil, trust me. But why focus on that instead of Miss Polly?

Wil: Because unlike Heaven and his bunch of pencil necked geeks, I actually have some ***respect*** for Polly. I mean despite everything that she's gone through, she's put up one hell of a fight after another and she's got people that are willing to jump through fiery hoops while crawling upon their naked bellies through corridors of broken glass to support her...just out of sheer respect and love for her, and not the kind of so called *love* that a cult will do, but something more legit and honest.

Besides, Dante, you can't pretend that I don't know what you would do if you and Heaven were in the same ring together. The man gives people like you and I the kind of bad name that we don't need and you know it.

Dante: It's a fair cop, but enough of them...focus on your opponent because she actually deserves it.

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{The screen then cuts to the same room with the same heavy bag, only now we're alone with Wil as Dante is nowhere to be seen as Wil does some rapid fire punches on the bag for a few moments before facing the camera}

Wil: Hello SCW and an extra special hello to you, Polly. Now to be honest right now you are feeling very down in the dumps, you're constantly questioning yourself what did you do wrong in your match that cost you the SCW Television championship, and most important of all...you're royally pissed off because you think that you've let everyone down.

And to that, I say *Good*.

It's good that you're royally pissed off, Polly, because on Breakdown this week that's who I want to face in that ring as I want you to be pissed off, reckless, and otherwise fully off kilter for someone like you because while you're not the Television champion anymore and that annoys

me more than anything, and I'm annoyed at that because I wanted to fight you for the belt to see what you would do and how far that you would go to keep me, a world travelled wrestling superstar, from beating you for the belt.

Instead, I get to see first hand if you are pissed off enough to show me your true face in that ring or if you're going to be hiding behind your rage and trying to play *Mister Nice Guy* instead but I really hope that you don't try to hold back your anger with me, Polly, because like I said to Dante in that I at least hold some respect for you, I actually meant it because over the course of my career, I've run into people like you before with the whole holy than thou goodie goodie bullshit...but you, you actually try and practice what you preach and while you have your own trauma to deal with, you still find time to actually be a real person and all of that combined gets you respect in my book.

But respect from me only gets you so far, Polly.

You see Polly, in case that you don't know it yet, I'm known as the "*Last *HONEST**" man in Professional Wrestling" because I always speak my mind no matter what the end result is and I never mince or banter words...unless it amuses me to do so and I'm wanting to be very serious with you because I want you to understand fully that I'm not out to make a symbol out of you or that I'm going to overlook you on my way to a championship or anything like that.

You and I are going to have a wrestling match and I'm going to beat you badly and that is simply because every once in a while you will come across a wrestler who takes more pride in his craft than playing a so called *hero* or *villain* to the crowds that sit at ringside or at home and Polly, I'm one of those wrestlers as I focus on my craft and through that, I have become rather renown for doing whatever I please in that ring because while I do it for the roar of the crowds, I don't do it **solely** for the roar of said crowds...but I do it because this is my job and I do enjoy my job.

So when I say that I want you in all of your honesty to be as pissed off as humanly possible, I mean it because I want that honesty that comes with the fury. I want you to take all of that anger that you have for knowing that your best wasn't enough to keep that ten pounds of gold around your waist and I want you to throw it at me directly because I want to see how much honesty that you hold!!

Because then and only then, will you be able to truly grow past what you lost in Germany.

Now I will in very short order earn my way to a title match here in SCW and I don't care about how I get it or what I will have to do to make such a thing happen because when ever I put my mind to something, it fucking happens wither the people that I face in the ring like it or the fuck not, I make my dreams and desires manifest before me.

Like if I want to take that fucking pack of cigs that Giovanni Aries keeps sucking down like his goddamned career depends on it and ram the entire thing lit down his fucking throat and make

him choke on them until he passes out from smoke inhalation, then that is *exactly* what will happen because I will *MAKE* it happen.

And that's something that I want you to remember, Polly. I *heard* it in Marissa's words when she spoke for you after you lost your match at the pay per view, I could see it in your eyes during that little promo thing that you casted to the SCW Youtube channel...you want to make your dreams become manifest but you're afraid to because you'll be afraid of what will happen.

{Wil shoots the camera a wicked grin before tapping his chest with both of his hands and then stepping back with his arms thrown wide}

Wil: Take a good fucking look at me, Polly!! I'm the best damned example of being just that kind of person and I still have some of the best bastards in this industry as some of my closest friends in this industry...you know David Striker, the guy who wishes that he was the kind of guy for your bestie Colleen? His old brother followed my example and look at him....the "*Eliminator*" Jacob Striker is known throughout the industry as *FOUR BELT* Jacob Striker because right now he holds four *SEPARATE* heavyweight championships all at once and he's fucking respected for it.

Too bad his kid brother can't say the same, eh?

Now if this new champion, this *bitch*, who stole the SCW Television title from us decides to make an appearance and tries to show her ass on Breakdown...then I want you to watch in absolute horror as I take this supposed *champion*...this so-called *Lost Monarch*...and I don't just tear her down from her supposedly grand and impressive ivory tower that she has self made for herself, and I want you to enjoy Polly as I make her *choke* on each and every single bit of ivory that she has built her tower with because while Ryan believes that her style of wrestling is supreme and that her experiences in the ring will no doubt bring her to victory time and again, she lacks the one thing that is truly needed to succeed in this industry, something that your girl Colleen has grasped very quickly and understands so little about while you...you, Polly, have come great ways in truly grasping and that is you need to have a certain *understanding* of what you truly are in that ring and for all of her false beliefs in that she believes that she's some kind of *Queen* in that ring, you...Ryan Lecavalier...you are no *Monarch*, hells you're not even a *Ring Princess*.

No, Ryan Lecavalier is nothing more than just another victim and if she shows her ass at Breakdown and tries to showcase her supposed superiority over *me* of all people, she will be Vented into the next world just like everybody the fuck else all the same and I will take *MY* SCW Television Championship and I will raise it high above my head and give you the rematch that you so rightfully deserve....and then too, I will Vent you as well and show you what you need to be a proper fighter in *my* industry, Polly.

{Wil's face then splits into his signature confident, wolfish grin}

Wil: So, at Breakdown...I really don't care who I face in the ring because I personally would love to face off against you, Polly, because you are leagues beneath me in terms of pure talent and raw desire, my young friend, what you do have is that sheer dedication that should scare people and hence holds my respect...but either I face off against you on Breakdown and introduce you to a world of ring warfare that will either scare you away from every stepping into the ring again or make you hunger for more violence like what I shall introduce you too...

{Wil's signature wolfish grin becomes much more sinister...darker}

Wil:...or Ryan can come on down and show her ass and ***LEARN*** what it means to be fighting someone who is truly your superior, Ryan. A true fucking King of the mother fucking ***RING***...compared to you who is nothing more than a lamed French poodle before a motherfucking Indomious ***REX*!!**

That's right, Ryan. You show your ass and I can promise you that I will not only take what is mine but you will also be left in a pool of your own jealous drool when you realize that you've been beaten by a true master of our industry and that all that will be left of you here in SCW, Ryan, will be nothing more than a laughable footprint to my career as a true future Hall of Famer here in this company.

So, to you Polly...I hope to see the real you step into my ring on Breakdown this Sunday...and to you, Ryan. Show your ass and see what happens when you step into the ring with the darkest heart in all of professional wrestling!!

{The screen then cuts to black}

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{The camera then cuts pulls back to reveal that the mysterious Luchadore was the one who has recorded Wil's promo as Dante tosses him a lime cucumber Gatorade which Wil easily catches and cracks open before taking a long pull off of it}

Wil: So, what do you think of the promo?

Dante: Pretty damned good, brother. I know that it got the point across perfectly.

{Wil nodded in agreement before turning to look at the other person with Dante and he nods his head in that person's direction}

Wil: And what did you think about that, sister?

{The camera pans past Dante to show us that the person that he was talking to was none other than GCW's own Angela Dante, who bites down on her lower lip slightly as she looks over at her fellow Foundation member}

Angela: I think it was deliciously wonderful, darling! It was straight, forward and to the viciously bloody point...I ***loved*** it!

{Wil gave Angela his signature wolfish grin as he nodded in approval}

Wil: Twenty Twenty Five is going to be our year and if Heaven thinks that his little cult is going to be calling the shots here in SCW where it comes to the Shinigami Foundation and the Dominion, then the little shit has another thing coming, now doesn't he?

{The foursome nod in grim agreement as the screen fades to final black}