



Kieran King in:

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF: STEVE SAYORS



ABOUT A WEEK AGO ██████████
██████████ ██████████ LOSERVILLE, USA

A big, cheesy grin met the camera at the stoop of an otherwise nondescript house. The smile was the kind of smile that a fifteen year old boy would have plastered on his face as he played video games by himself while two doors down his sister's unreasonably pretty friend was having a shower and the boy knew he would later be able to breathe in air that may have ever so briefly touched her boobs.

The smile belonged to Steve Sayors, veteran XWF reporter and all-round dweeb. The boobs, meanwhile, were non-existent. Steve simply carried that prepubescent excitement with him into everything he did and the XWF faithful were grateful to him for it. Not that they really showed it. Steve had been well aware of their cheers every time that he was beaten, bullied, or intimidated by the hordes of goth-bitches, faux-baddasses, or just your run-of-the-mill douchebags that had called the XWF 'home' over the past 25 years. And yet, he kept coming back for more.

By God, he loved the thrill of it all.

That thrill had been quiet as of late. Maybe the world had moved beyond merry bands of emo twats looking to try to shock people in the safest way they possibly could.

But he still wanted that thrill, dammit.

And so here he was, welcoming a camera into his home and conveying the image that he just jerked off over potential boob-air and would probably squeeze in another mashing of his little pecker later in the day.

"Welcome! Welcome!" he repeated. **"If you don't know who I am, my name is Steve Sayors and XWF, I've been waiting literally decades for this moment..."** Oh God. Don't say it! Don't say it! **"So Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to this XWF Special Event called 'A Day In The Life Of'! And even more importantly..."** Why is he winking already? Does he know how lame this shit is? Oh no...! Oh no! Ah shit, he's going to say it! **"Welcome to my crib."**

Please kill me.

...

...

...

“Come on in,” Steve said, beckoning the camera forward. **“And don’t worry about your shoes. I’ve had about seventeen cats live here at various times and let me tell you - they will go potty anywhere they want. Make sure I show you the stain Cat Damon left on my mattress. It looks exactly like RuPaul!”**

Weirdly, given Steve’s decades of experience in front of a camera, he looked expectantly at the person behind it. The camera operator - being at least mildly competent at their job, remained silent. Let’s just blame that on Steve getting a rare case of main character syndrome. He wasn’t used to being the star, after all.

“Anyway,” Steve shook his head, as if breaking free from the prior awkward moment. **“I’m sure you didn’t come here to talk about cats! Although...”** He raised a hand to motion the camera to stop, and dropped his voice into a whisper. **“If you see Meowley Cyrus anywhere, cover up the backs of your knees. She barrels into you like a wrecking ball - with teeth.”**

The spectre of a cat flitted behind Steve as he said that, but it was probably nothing. Best not to think about it too much because it absolutely will not play into anything going forward thanks to Steve’s timely warning.

God save the backs of our knees.

“Let’s head into the kitchen,” Steve said. **“I’ll show you this neat picture that my niece drew for me. Well...”** he thought about it for a short moment. **“...I guess it wasn’t so much *for* me as *about* me. See, it’s about this dream I keep having. There’s this pterodactyl, right? And it’s flying around the Arizona desert listening to TayTay - I’m a Swiftie, what can I say?! - and then it sees me! I’m just down there in an orchard picking citrus and the majestic beast swoops down and plucks me up from the ground. It takes me back to its nest and—”**

*BEEP! *

Steve snaps his head to the side, where the lights on an ancient answering machine (remember those? LOL) flashed with red.

The machine beeped again and began to playback a message that had only just been left. **“Hello, darling! It’s me! I hope you had a fantastic trip to the Big Apple for your little wrestling show. Oh it’s so cute you still get to play with your friends like that. I hope that Mark boy was nice to you this time! Why don’t you come around tomorrow and I’ll give you a nice back rub? Love you forever, pookie. MWAH!”**

Steve was grinning from ear-to-ear, and not at all in the same pervy way as before. Don’t get me wrong, *he* was still pervy, but this particular look was not.

“That was my mother,” he said, proudly, staring into the camera. **“I don’t know where I’d be without he—”**

*BEEP! *

"You have FOUR saved messages." The answering machine interrupted Steve just as he was finishing his sentence.

"Oh!" His excitement bubbled forth once more. **"Older messages from while I was gone for Warfare! Oh let's play them! This will be fun!"**

He hit 'play' on the machine.

The first message rolled in: **"Hello, darling! I guess I must have missed you. Please do be safe when you're in New York. Talk to you when you're back. I love you, pookie!"**

Steve smiled to the camera. **"Isn't she sweet? I'll have to go around there for that back rub."** Another wink brought back all the memories of Steve's initial creep.

*BEEP! *

The machine cut in again: **"Hello, Mr. Sayors. My name is Fergal from StillRealToMe and I'm just following up on the product you ordered."** Steve's eyes widened and he desperately tried to find a way to turn the machine off. It continued, however: **"Unfortunately, we've run into a supply issue regarding the hair request you made. The top of the head is fine, and - as requested - we can source enough for the bridge of the feet."** Apparently in his panic, Steve forgot how to press the power button so Fergal kept going: **"We're unable to source much more than that. So... options are: we could use our synthetic product - which given your pre-existing skin conditions is likely to be less than desirable."** Steve grew more frantic and frantic. 'Just how long was this message?! Isn't there a time limit on this?!' **"The alternative is to use animal fur. Some critters - cats for example - can be quite hypo-allergenic while still retaining the general texture. Gotta shave a pussy to save a pussy, am I ri—"**

Finally Steve found the 'next' button to progress onwards through the message bank.. Exasperated, he fell against the little side table that the old machine dwelled on. He regretted absolutely every second of that call being played aloud and his only hope was that not enough people were even watching this XWF Network event that he would be saved some of the embarrassment.

*BEEP! *

At the sound of another banked message, Steve Sayors hung his head even lower.

"Hello, darling!" his mother exclaimed again. It put Steve a little at ease. **"I just wanted to add, if while you're in New York you happen to go exploring in the sewers as you young'uns are wont to do, keep an eye out for your Uncle Leo, will you? Tell him not to forget his heart medicine and that upon the dawn of the red sun the threat will be over and the night shall inherit the Earth. He'll know what that means. Okay, thanks a lot, I love you so so much!"**

"Oh! Uncle Leo is still in New York!" Steve perked up instantly, as if none of the rest of the message even registered. **"Darn, I forgot to go and see him. It's pretty tough remembering which Starbucks the manhole he lives in is outside of..."**

*BEEP! *

“Steeeeeeeeeeve-o!” the next message began. **“Steeeeeeeeeeve-o! Steee—”** It continued like that for a while longer.

Steve(-o) turned to the camera. **“Is that...? I think that might be Kieran King?”**

“Steeeeeeeeeeve-o!” Kieran - King of all the XWF repeated again. **“Yo...”** he finally broke the cycle. **“You’ve got to stop calling me, dude. I’m not paying you. You know the deal wasn’t properly met so quit being such a little bitch about it all. So just cut it out, okay? No money. None. Nada. Never. And lose this number.”**

People don't tend to physically hang up the phone anymore, but the way the message emphatically cut out after the former Universal Champion was finished sent that same vibe.

Steve did not pick up what Kieran was putting down.

His eyes widened and the constant, child-like enthusiasm ushered forth a kernel of an idea. **“I should call him back! That would be great television! How fun! Let’s do it!”**

Before anybody could intervene (and not that anybody was going to try), Steve Sayors had his phone out and was dialling away.

He put it on speaker while it rang.

“Hello?” a voice answered with that same hint of a New Zealand accent that just won't fully extinguish after years abroad.

“Kieran!” Steve exclaimed. **“Err... Mr. King! It's Steve Sayors here! You're on speaker phone as I film a special for the XW—”**

“For fuck's sake, Steve-o!” Kieran's ire cut the intrepid journalist off. **“What's it going to take to get the message through to you? N-O spells ‘no’! Ned Kaye did not leave Leap of Faith with the 24/7 briefcase. I don't care that he won it, the specific terms of our bet were about him going home with the briefcase, which he did NOT.”**

“But...” Steve stammered. **“You bet on Jonathan Bacchus to win. And he... erm... ‘did not’.”**

“That doesn't mean you get paid! As far as I'm concerned, neither of us won. And it doesn't matter who won the least!”

“But... but...” There wasn't an argument under the sun that would be successful in convincing Kieran King to give a single cent to Steve Sayors.

“And what are you still doing with this number? I told you to lose it!”

The same vibe at the end of Kieran's earlier message emanated from the call. But Steve still had half a second up his sleeve.

“Wait!” he called out.

To his surprise, Kieran didn't end the call.

“What?” The King of the XWF asked.

“Did you see Warfare?” Steve's world was the XWF. So in a bind, it was the thing he always reverted back to.

“What about it?” Kieran asked.

“Uh...” From down the camera lens it was easy to see the cogs whirling in Steve's head. **“Jason Cashe is still the Television champion... Sahara made a statement against Cyrus Braddock...”** Jfc. He's just listing things from the show. **“The tag title match ended in chaos... Jonathan Bacchus—”**

“Johnny Bacchus should keep my fucking name out of his shit-sipping mouth.”

A bite! Steve got a bite! **“What do you mean?”** he asked, unable to turn away from a possible story.

“You asked me if I saw Warfare, didn't you? Well I saw enough to hear Johnny trying to use my name to make people give a shit about the humongous disappointment that is his XWF run to-date has been.”

“But you bet on hi—”

“I'M NOT PAYING YOU ANY FUCKING MONEY SO JUST DROP IT ALREADY!” Kieran screamed down the line. **“Especially when it comes to anything Bacchus related. That boy needs a history lesson in just how it was I came to acquire this allegedly ‘paper crown’ of mine. As if I didn't rock the fucking socks off the current top ELO-ranked guy in the company? As if I didn't stomp on the current Anarchy number one contender? As if I didn't demonstrate that Pantheon was a fucking swing and a miss by knocking off Spencer ‘Just Lucky To Be Included’ Adams. There's levels to this shit. And while our man's gassing up Corey Black as if beating that sumbitch is hard, YA BOY has been sitting back and resting on my laurels while *still* bringing more to the ‘what have you done lately’ table than Bacchus. Here's a scoop for you, Steve-o: The XWF is still my kingdom. The peasants play at my whim and pleasure. But if Johnny wants to fuck around and find out, let him. He said my name twice. Let's see him stare into the mirror and say it a few more times. The Candyman finna come around and shoot some Beetlejuice straight up his Bloody Mary, if you catch my drift.”**

And there it was: The *‘vibe’*; The silence.

Kieran King had hung up the phone, but A Day In The Life Of Steve Sayors turned out to be exactly the kind of thing Steve had wanted it to be.

He had that thrill again.



