

Strader Inc HQ
London, Ontario
March 7th, 2025

Today would have been Scott Nash Strader's birthday. Everything that has happened since William and Hannah Strader had him in secret and gave him up for adoption as they were a teenage couple has happened because of SNS. Born March 7th, 1985 at 5lbs and 3 ounces at 01:45AM in Houston, Texas and adopted out of Flagstaff, Arizona by the Canadian Heaton family (quite illegally adopted, a story for another time) to be raised in London, Ontario Canada where Scott began to build his legacy-turned-Strader-legacy, and where the company he started in Houston for his mother's retirement it now stands at London One Place.

Tamika Strader sits in her office, on the 24th (and top) floor in a building that has all amenities from restaurants to car-detailing businesses. The Vice President and Co-Founder of the Cowgirls From Hell made the deal that moved everything here, and was now focused on finding another method for the family, the business, and both of the MCs run by her twin brother and her big sister. She hated drugs. Her ex-husband gave everything to the business, even his own eye, and it left him nearly crippled. He fell down big pharma's opiate laden path, and it eventually ended their twelve year marriage.

The sun is setting and she still hasn't heard back from Meghan. She was supposed to text her when the London area clubhouse was ready to go. But there has been radio silence since yesterday. Meghan had made the big power move to leave the meth cooks out so publically for everyone to see, and Tamika knew their rivals in the city would eventually try to strike back.

Our VP's stomach rumbles. It does it often, Tamika is always eating and doesn't know where it goes. She leans over to press the conference button on her desk.

"Harold, can you send out for lunch? Nothing Mexican tho, I'm still passing that Enchilada from that Taco truck you just had to try."

Her right eyebrow raises because for one, she can't do that with her left side and two Harold is usually quick to answer the boss. Like Elvis saying yes to a fried peanut butter sandwich with bananas and bacon while sitting on the toilet 'cause ya know that is sliding right out. Tamika would bet that he shit with the door open too, being The King and all.

"Yo, H-Man, I got three red-headed hookers for you in here."

Still nothing. Something had to be up.

"Hmmm. That's weird."

Green painted fingernails tap on the armrests of the sexy high-back fake leather chair (because "I don't need PETA on my ass when I have dirt sheet marks fantasizing my downfall").

"Well, I may regret this, but I better see what's up."

Meanwhile in Harold's secretary's office, which is basically the hallway that connects the elevator to Tamika's office, he sits with the twins, with Cara on the edge of his desk and Victoria in the waiting chair. Both have their Cowgirl kuttes on. A Treasurer patch over Victoria's heart and Secretary over Cara's. It made her happy to see all her nieces embracing the MC world the Cowgirls From Hell have entered into.

"Har-Har, I got this friend, Judy- -"

"Wait, Judy with the booty?"

"Hey, you don't know her well enough to call her that. You can call her Judith with the Bootith."

"If he doesn't have to pay her, he isn't interested."

"Oh no, he does. She has her own website and everything."

"Classy, I thought she was on Leo's List."

"How do you know about Leo's List?"

"I was Veronica's cameraperson when they were still one," Harold said, referring to when Veronica and Victoria inhabited the same body. Another long story.

"Yep."

"Auntie Tee! What up, bruh?!"

Her caterpillar brow shifts again. Ever since Cara compared them to that, she can't get it out of her head.

"What do I owe the pleasure of the iconic duo, Smarty and Slutty, at the office?"

"Hey, I resemble that comment!"

Vee can't help but laugh. She thinks her aunt is hilarious, and that's just good for her ego.

"Harold, go grab us lunch, please. Girls, come in!"

"Imma go with Harold, make sure he doesn't bring Jack In The Box back. I just got over having the shits. Ain't no fun squeezing out through the eye of the needle. Let's go, Harebear! See ya bruchs soon."

Tee and Vee watch the interesting duo of Harold and Cara leave. They're just glad Cara doesn't see Harold that way because they are positive they would produce the eventual Anti-Christ of Pornography with a whole new meaning of the first or second coming. Glad that got written down.

"I love her, I really do."

"It's hard not to."

After the short walk into the office, Tamika takes a seat in the throne she never thought or hoped to have, while Vee looks out over the bustling city life of Londoners down below from the big bay windows.

"The view from here in London (Ontario) is nicer and greener, but this is still a beautiful view you have, Auntie Tee."

"Yeah, if you hold a scotch in your hand through folded arms you can feel like an evil Bond villain overlooking your next conquest: bombing East of Adelaide."

"You found the Bond Collection on ebay, I gather."

Tamika chuckles and gives a nod as her reply as she glances down at the paperwork on my desk and sees an old bill from Dr. Rolfe's new equipment. Victoria slowly walks over to the chairs in front of the desk, sitting down and looking at Tamika as if she was as suave as Inspector Clouseau. There is definitely something on her mind; she reads people like her mother, with a contorted body language only a few could.

"What's up, Vee? I figured since little Harry was born, you would spend all your time with Brook, with your baby boy?"

"I am flying home tomorrow, but with mom's display last week, on SCW and here in the city... I felt I should be near by. Not that I don't trust Ronnie with her, it's that they are- -".

"The same," *Tamika said, finishing the new mom's sentence.* "I get that. It was brutal but I understand the point of it."

"Which was?"

"To show what she is and what we are capable of. Whether they provoke or not, you take that chance with us, and we'll either squash it before or after it happens."

Victoria did not fully buy what her aunt is selling, but the underlying point? Tamika was behind her President without question, even when she didn't agree with a choice or method Meghan took.

"Well, it is good you are here. It's a bit of a surprise but your mom is supposed to let me know when our clubhouse is ready."

"That's great! I know Mack has a few prospects for when we are home, but I say we just use a building on the Strader Resort(™)."

"I know just the one we can use for it, the yacht clubhouse on the water."

Victoria nods.

"I heard Cypher finally quit. Why did you hire him in the first place?"

"Vee, you are young, and it wasn't until what? Late 2020, you knew you were a part of our crazy family? Your grandpa and mom, they were... very strong-willed people. They stepped on a lot of toes and were recipients of multiple second, third and so on chances. What Tyler did was shitty," she gets up from her chair, walking to a mini bar just to the left of the desk, "but somebody with that kind of computer know-how can strengthen our digital presence and prevent strikes like our shitbag cousin, Kristopholis, had done to take over temporarily last year." She poured a glass of her daddy's own private reserve of single malt Scotch. Tamika motions the bottle towards Vee and nods.

"Grampa's birthday? Sure."

Not surprised that she remembered because Tamika remembered the two were close. Until Scott starting sleeping with his own granddaughter's girlfriend, eventually marrying her. Tamika hands her niece the scotch, and they clink their glasses together.

"You talk to your grandma at all?" Tamika asked as she sat back down trying not to crack even the faintest of smiles.

"Hilarious. But yeah, she called when her great-grandson was born."

Tamika can't help but laugh the way Vee threw it back. The VP's phone goes off and the sneer creeps across her face.

"It's ready."

"Awesome. I'll go find Cara and Harold. Mack is at my parents' place."

"It's your home here."

"It was Ray and Susans where they raised me as their flesh and blood daughter. It's their home."

Tamika nods. They head out the door quickly.

~START TRANSMISSION~



East of Adelaide

London, Ontario Canada

March 13th, 2025

Our scene opens over the horizon of what's commonly known in these parts as "EOA" or East of Adelaide which is signified by an invisible line via a visible street when you are out or in the eastern part of the city. East London was stereotyped as the rougher part of the city, but really, it was only a small part of it. We scan over an intersection under construction at Oxford and Highbury, which had driven the citizens crazy and would for another couple years, when we can hear the loud rumble emanating out of Screaming Eagle tailpipes. We move down toward the street when we see seven motorcycles in a diamond shape. Meghan leads the pack on her red Road King, Tamika to her left on her signature green Indian Scout Bobber, Veronica to her left on a '45 Panhead much like her Uncle John and Cara rode behind her (and SCW tag team partner) on a classic Harley Softail, with Vee riding her ARCH KRG-T-1. Mackenzie rides behind her cousins on her all black Harley Davidson Sportster 883 with Tearra Skye following Mack on an all white Indian Scout (white signifying her prospect status).

They seem not to care either; they are breaking the law by their helmets being between their legs at the bottom of their gas tanks that all have the CFH MC patch airbrushed on them, the exception being Tearra, where it's a prospect rocker. They ride through the red light, all of them holding up their arms to flip off the red light camera that flashes. Meghan cranks the throttle and they turn left off the Highbury bridge onto Dundas Street. Where first street begins taking a left off Dundas, they go right into a plaza into the back area. A large recently foreclosed bar is the destination where they sweep around to the right, then left, all backing up right in front of the double glass doors. The group of women walk into the building with Tearra locking it behind them.

Behind a set of double doors, is a large oak table that was gifted to them by John, that has cow skull from their patch carved and burned into the centre. The dark grey brickwalls is littered in CFH propaganda, most notably a sign that says "Brains Before Bullets" which every club should listen to. Their seats are all swivel style chairs, cushioned with black leather and silver studs holding them in place but the President's chair is a leather highback chair, adorned with a Cow

Skull on top, where Meghan sits. Normally Tearra would keep guard, but Meghan calls out to her.

"Hey, Skywalker. Sit with your sponsor."

Tearra's smile could have powered half the East End, and she beelines it to a stool Tamika has set just behind her own seat. Tearra sits down, clasping her hands together in excitement. Meghan smiles, as she looks around the table. She looks to her left, and her smile is brighter.

"Tamika Anne Strader. My Vice President and Co-founder... I wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for you. Literally, you and a mad scientist saved me from the icy embrace of the ground. I'll never be able to repay that."

"You don't have to anyway, Prez."

The sisters gently tap their fists with another. Meghan looks to her right.

"Veronica... my Sergeant at Arms. There wasn't any hesitation when Meeks nominated you for the role. Whether it's The Scorpion, the Baba Jaga, or just the wonderful Veronica Natalia Strader as herself... I know you will do whatever it takes for the family, this club, your daughter, and myself without a second thought. You are everything everyone fears in the wrestling world, and the same is happening in the MC world."

"Cowgirls forever, forever Cowgirls."

"My amazing Treasurer Victoria and surprisingly wonderful Secretary Cara... when you two came into my life, it filled an immense void I had in me since August 24th, 2000 when your grandpa decided to intervene. Just like before, and just like now in the club you are filling the void as Treasurer and Secretary. Having my three oldest with me on this new road, I don't know what I would do without all of you. I can't forget about my niece, either."

President Strader looks over at her baby brother's daughter, the all grown up Mackenzie, or Mack Daddi as she was often called by her friends.

"Your dad was so reluctant at first when I told him you were being made a full patch. But your bloodline is this life; both wrestling and this world. You are a force of nature, and when you make your debut in the ring, you will stun the world. Of course, Tearra. You came into this family by accident, somehow connected to our dad through the man who trained him and saved your life. You have been there for Tamika and this family ever since, especially while I was thought dead and gone. The only thing I am unsure of is just exactly when you will be given your full top and bottom rockers."

Meghan looks ahead, down the table to all of us watching wherever we intake our daily doses of SCW professional wrestling.

"I made my long awaited in ring debut, and some, including members of this club, I might have gone too far, but I don't do a thing without a reason. It was in my hands to put everyone on notice that I was coming, and there is maybe but one line I won't cross to get what I want. What the club wants. What do I need? What does the club need? The path to success, especially in wrestling, isn't putting your head down and working hard. Now, working hard is the one common factor, but other than that? You make it by being relentless. Ruthless. Stopping at absolutely nothing to get what I fucking deserve."

"For the world of motorcycles and bad bitches? It's about achieving John's plans, and making this MC one of the best in the world. For the world of wrestling? Restoring glory to this family. After 2015, things looked bleak. The old man finally retired. Tamika and I had injuries we ignored for years in service of the TRUE Order of Chaos and our family. Never thought we would return until at an Indy show, I met a voracious woman in Maxine Riggs, who was dating a sweet and very smart Valedictorian who I didn't know was the baby I gave up because of my dad."

"I would end up training Max and Victoria... and it inspired me to return with Maxine as a new sort of CFH, as Meeks had no desire to return. That quickly changed, and we started our comeback. We went as far as winning tag team gold in Revolution1 Wrestling, that we vacated after a year because no one would face us. Then Veronica here reinvents the Strader name entirely. As a rookie, she won her first championship in her second match and set records no one will ever beat in OCW."

"Even Tamika won her first singles championship in OCW, setting records that again no one can ever hope to duplicate or replicate."

Years ago this is the part where the Matriarch would light a cigarette, but now it's a painkiller CBD vape Cara put together for her. The haze of the vape floats above Meghan's head as she is leaned back in the chair, the Strader women watching their leader.

"At the top of the family success between 2021 and 2024, another Strader on the family tree, cousin Kristopholis Strader, a pretentious name for a pretentious prick, felt the millions in his account simply because his dad, our Uncle Ryan, wasn't enough. He wanted what our old man built. He wanted me dead."

"And he nearly got everything he wanted. But the genius of my sister, former board members and my girls, they could get the company back by handing Tamika all their shares. I wish I had seen the look on his face."

"It was great."

"I bet. Then he hired a man to kill me. Almost succeeded. Probably did when I think about it, but because of my sister and Starder Inc. R&D, I can sit here today with all the scars to prove it."

She leans forward, crossing her arms on the table and we can see the long scar marks from the 19inch Chef's knife caused, and just under her jawline where the man had tried to slit her throat.

"Long story short, it failed. Every time someone tries to take us out, we always get the fuck back up. That will never change. But there is one thing that will change: the lack of world championships held in this family. Now, every member of this club is free to try to end that drought. If you do, you will be held in the high regard you have earned with my full support. Here in SCW? That's my task. The last time a world title was in this family was in the PWA with our dad... over sixteen years ago now. It was stolen from him by a greedy boss who wanted the championship for himself, as that was always a plague among the owners until me and Tamika bought it all."

"I will earn my way through the SCW ranks to challenge whoever might be the champion when I get there and that actually starts at Retribution because, face it, Religious Wright doesn't even come close to counting. But I will give Polly Pingotti this much. You are a much better person to start my path to the top, where I belong."

"I know all about your success in the other SCW. That hasn't translated all that much over here. From what I can tell? A lot of fame to your name is because you were kidnapped? Now listen, I'm not a complete bitch. I see your potential. I am good at spotting that kinda thing. But I'm not going to be your stepping stone. You might not think all that highly of me, but after Retribution, when I leave you Blackened in the ring, you will know what others in the past can tell you."

She sneers with the rest of the women as their attention has turned to us.

"We are the Cowgirls From Hell. That sound you hear? It's the sound of hoofbeats. We are taking over this town and there isn't a damn thing anyone can do about it. I am the Matriarch for a reason, and when I become SCOW World Champion one day, you will all bow down to me and my sisters."

"Sorry Veronica, but I am taking it back."

"Was always yours."

"God forgives."

"I don't."

Our scene fades to a promotional video for SCW Retribution.