

OPTION 1:

I know this isn't going to be easy.
The fate of an entire movement rests on our shoulders.
If we don't execute, we have failed ourselves and all who came before us.
This is my troupe.
They don't call me "Big Show" for nothing.
The crowd's bubbling with excitement.
What they've had planned for over a year is about to come to fruition.
They've paid a handsome sum, and failure is not an option.
The twelve of us all check each other.
Touching up our tears, tightening our suspenders.
We hop out of the Yugo jazzed:
Timmy's turnin' twelve today.
And we're gonna give him a clowning like he's never seen before.

OPTION 2:

Today, I'm razor sharp.
My body is fit from years of practice and training.
My soul is scarred from all the criticism and nay saying.
"You'll never make it," they used to tell me.
"You'll always be that fat, shy kid we knew in grade school."
Not anymore.
Today, I am strong. Today, I work harder than ever before.
Today... I'm razor sharp.
Like my ice skates.
Today, it's Cher's "Strong Enough."
Today, it's perfect 10's.

OPTION 3:

We've done this song and dance thousands of times before.
You and me: side-by-side for years on end.
We've made it past some tough competition, besting cheaters and short-cutters alike.
Our road's been uphill since we met, and we've had to heal some wounds.
But today is different.
This moment... this moment is ours.
Are you ready?
I said, 'ARE YOU READY?'
Good!
Now let's go out there and win this dog show!

OPTION 4:

Some people think of me as a savior.
I can kind of see that.
I mean, I keep danger at bay while they tend to their loved ones.
But to me, it's just another day.
Another day of pain, of fatigue...
Of sprinting from shelter to shelter, fending off certain death.
My feet ache, my knees are going out on me... and will this rib ever heal?
It's a hard, hard life...
Running in circles, hiding in barrels.
Life takes its toll on a rodeo clown...

OPTION 5:

All the blood, sweat, and tears are about to pay off.
All those early mornings,
Running through the streets before anyone's even awake.
All those delicious desserts I had to deny myself so I could maintain weight and focus.
All the training, all the sacrifice... it's all led up to this moment.
This one moment.
The crowd chanting, the music pumping, the camera flashes popping...
It's game time.
When I run out, the crowd will go crazy.
For I am Gumbo, the mascot of the New Orleans Saints, and without me, no one wins.