

[We open in front of a simple backlit TSWF banner. We only seem him from the waist up as he enters the scene with his hands in his pockets - Leon Corella decked out in a black and gold "AKN" T-shirt, brown khaki's, black leather belt with an engraved "P-1" silver belt buckle, and that gleaming diamond and ruby studded platinum Rolex. It seems that the man is starting to let his hair grow back out a bit, the stylishly unkempt mane taking on a slightly feathered look to it, his normally neatly shaven face decorated by a coarse five o'clock shadow. Standing sideways to the camera, Leon tilts his head towards the camera. His face is calm and relaxed, but there is a grim, determined edge to his expression that undermines this otherwise casual demeanor.]

Leon Corella: Finally... It's just you and me, Hallmark.

[Leon turns the rest of himself to face the camera now.]

I underestimated you, kid. I didn't think you'd have the stones to actually accept my invitation, let alone up the ante with an old school fifteen-foot high steel cage match. You even went with painted steel piping, instead of weak chain link fencing. Just so you know, the steel piping is going to hurt a whole hell of a lot more when I throw you up against it, than the chain link does.

[He smirks.]

I only have one problem and it's due in part to the fact that I've gotten to know you fairly well as a wrestler and a person. You wouldn't be doing this unless you've got an ace up your sleeve. A surprise factor that will put this match in your favor. Maybe it's the fact that bars are easier to climb than chain link or that you think that you might knock my tired, old ass out by slamming my forehead into a piece of rebar just hard enough...

[A shrewd expression crosses Leon's face, his eyes squinted and lip pursed ever so slightly as he crosses his arms over his chest.]

Chris, I've seen and done it all pretty much. I've wrestled in nearly every arena in the world and faced off in almost every kind of match conceivable, even a few of the more embarrassing ones. Let's just say, I know I don't like the buzz cut.

[Leon smirks.]

All I can say is, whatever surprise you have in store for me, make it a good one, otherwise it's going to be the longest night of your life.

[A wry smile crosses his face.]

You see, in Cage Matches, I'm not usually focused on escaping. I'm focused on keeping you in the ring for as long as possible, showing very little in the way of mercy. Especially when someone is as deserving of an a\*\* beating as you are, young man. You see, that match with Mark Adams Junior is still on my mind. You cost me the Tri-State Championship.

[Slowly, the smile gives way to a flat, serious expression.]

Whether I'm good or bad, one thing I have never taken well is when someone interrupts my match. Tack on the fact that it was a championship opportunity and you compound the crime.

You've seen what I can do. I tore apart your stooge, The Mongoloid, in a straight one on one competition and now he's walking around with a midget in a suit telling him what to do.

[Leon tilts his head slightly forward, leaning towards the camera.]

Everything that has lead us to this moment has been a design crafted by you, Chris. Your actions from start to finish have brought us here and now, it's time to pay your pound of flesh. See you in the ring, kid. May this be the biggest learning experience of your entire career, if you survive it....

[With a smirk, Leon rises from his seat, turns and exits-stage left. Fade to black.]



[We fade up for to the crowd sitting ringside and all around the building inside the Polish American Veteran's Club in Lowell, MA. The excited crowd is chanting "TRI-STATE" as we cut to STEPHANIE SANDBURY and ASHIE SINCLAIR standing at ringside. Ashie is wearing a black dress while Stephanie is wearing a black t-shirt; her hair in a short bob, framing her face. A black banner is draped over the front of the table they are sitting behind and it says in red lettering:

\*\*\*TRI-STATE WRESTLING\*\*\*

The camera cuts to an overhead of the ring which has the TSWF logo emblazoned on it; the ring aprons all saying "TSWF" as well. The capacity crowd is a roar as the camera cuts once more to a close-up of Stephanie Sandbury; the fans still quite loud behind her, causing her to scream.]

SS: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WELCOME TO TSWF'S BEANTOWN BRAWL HERE IN LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS!!!!

\*\*CROWD POP!!\*\*

AS: And what a show we have for you tonight as we will see both of our champions in action inside the squared circle.

SS: Well when it comes to Jack Nomad, the word "champion" has to be used very loosely but yes he WILL be in action tonight against Brandy Danielle. And I hope to everything holy in this world that Brandy can get the job done tonight.

AS: Also in action will be Mark Adams Junior as he faces Shadoe Rage in a Barbed Wire match as part of their "Best of Seven" series.

SS: Adams is literally a win away from being the undisputed Tri-State champion so hopefully he can pull out a victory over Rage to end this controversy once and for all.

AS: And over the last several weeks, the members of the TSWF locker room have been petitioning for various matches against their fellow roster members. Tonight, we will see those challenges go down.

SS: Let's not forget the big Steel Cage match that took part at FWrestling.com's SURVIVALISM event between Leon Corella and Chris Hallmark.

AS: What a fight that was. And without giving anything away, it definitely had quite the conclusion, to say the least. Right now, let's hear pre-recorded comments from Chris Hallmark before we go to the replay of that match.



### CHRIS HALLMARK



[We start off with a black image...]

Hallmark (V/O): For years, I've hated this ring...

[A spotlight hits a TSWF logo in the middle of a vacant ring.]

Hallmark (V/O): Years, I felt it disrespected EVERYTHING I STOOD FOR. My style of wrestling, BASTARDIZED. People who couldn't make weight in my world, parading around here calling themselves CHAMPIONS. As a champion and A NATURAL REAL ATHLETE... IT DISGUSTED ME.

[A highlight package of Leon Corella starts playing over the TSWF logo. We see shots of Corella from his very young days straight up until today. The image freezes of him laid out after an attack by Hallmark]

Hallmark(V/O): I found the person who embodied it all. I found him and I went for him. I went for him because I KNEW what he could do and I KNEW what he WAS capable of and I knew... that he needed to be the first one to bear witness. You see I could have kept going after Tripp Skylark, but Tripp was like hunting canaries with an elephant gun. He was small game. No, I needed to set my sights HIGHER. I needed to knock on the door of the DEVIL HIMSELF and put myself out there to see if I COULD HANG. And when I finally got him in range... I found out he wasn't the Great White Buffalo. No he was just another washed up old timer hanging on to save HIS spot. He took Tripp under his wing because he KNEW that Skylark was no threat. HE KNEW I WAS... AND I STILL AM. I am the biggest threat to Leon's way of life. He once was ME. He was the young gunslinger looking for a big dog. And Corella did it his way. HE PARALYZED A MAN WITH A SLEDGEHAMMER.

[A still image of a bloody mask is projected over the ring.]

Hallmark(V/O): El Sangre... nope I didn't leave his mask in your locker but I am glad someone

did. I'm glad someone let me know what kind of ruthless individual you are. Because YOU Leon.. YOU MAY REGRET IT... BUT I LOVE IT. I love that you have that evil inside you. That you knew you had to do something drastic to make management take notice. You did something that will haunt you forever. Because YOU NEEDED A SPOT. And Leon.. you took it. And tonight, I WILL TAKE MY SPOT. And you don't have to give it Leon.. I'll take it.

[A video montage of Hallmark in his University of Florida days plays on the canvas. We see a number of victories and triumphant celebrations by Hallmark. A smiling Hallmark is shown in a trophy room surrounded by trophies of varying colors and sizes. In the center is his Florida State Letterman jacket. Right along side that is a picture of Leon Corella signed. The camera zooms in on it. 'Hey Chris, good luck in the biz. Leon' reads the inscription. Hallmark steps onto the image and into the spotlight of the ring. The camera angle remains on top of him. Hallmark is dressed in a TSWF T-Shirt and designer jeans.]

Hallmark: Ya see Leon. It was YOU that set me on this path. Good luck in THE BIZ, when I told you I WAS A WRESTLER. You assumed that I wrestled in this monstrosity of a ring, instead of on the mat. You thought I was in the sport of 'gassed up juice heads' flipping around like idiots. NO I wrestled the sport of GREEK GODS. I wrestled the sport of OLYMPIANS! I wrestled in true competition. I didn't have to deal with shady bookers, shady ring rats and shady pay days. I WAS AN AMATEUR. I enjoyed laying it all out on the line with other men who were just as skilled as I was. I didn't worry about backstage politics. I went out to the mat and I FOUGHT. I FOUGHT. And... when I finished college. There was no one left to fight...

[A video package runs showing Hallmark in various Florida Gator garb schilling cars, boats, Homecoming Games, Local diners...]

Hallmark: And when the fighting stopped, so did the money, so did the adulation. I needed the money.. I NEEDED THE ADULATION. And I needed to find a way to use my God given skills as a Natural Real Athlete. Then I picked up this picture.

[Hallmark reaches in his back pocket and pulls out the autographed picture from Leon Corella.]

Hallmark: "Good luck in the biz"... Well thanks for that advice, Leon. And tonight, I'm going to give you the same advice. Good luck in the biz. You're going to need it.

[Fade]



**REPLAY FROM FWrestling.com's SURVIVALISM**

**\*OLD SCHOOL STEEL CAGE MATCH\***

**CHRIS HALLMARK**

**vs.**

**LEON CORELLA**



[We cut back to ringside to find Leon Corella and Chris Hallmark already standing inside a fifteen-foot high steel cage (the old school blue bar kind) being kept separated by the burly TSWF referee, Earl Jones. The ring announcer stands outside the ring in his well pressed suit, microphone in hand, ready to announce the match.]

RA: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE FOLLOWING MATCH IS A CLASSIC STEEL CAGE MATCH AND IT IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE FALL!!!

\*\*\*BIG POP!!!\*\*\*

[Hallmark grips the strong blue barred construction and gave it a little shake, a satisfied smile crossing his face. His attire consists of a singlet decorated with a vicious gator on it, still maintaining the orange and blue color scheme, and white Adidas wrestling shoes.]

RA: ...IN THE RED CORNER, WEARING ORANGE AND BLUE TRUNKS... STANDING AT SIX FOOT THREE INCHES TALL AND WEIGHING IN AT TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX POUNDS... FROM FORT WALTON BEACH FLORIDA...

"THE AMATEUR" CHRIS HAAAAALLLLLMMMMAAAARRRRKKKK!!!

[Chris raises his fists in the air for the FW crowd.]

\*\*\*MIXED REACTION!!!\*\*\*

RA: AND HIS OPPONENT...

[Leon Corella leans back in his corner, rubbing his taped fists together, staring hard at Chris Hallmark.]

RA: STANDING IN THE BLUE CORNER, WEARING BLACK AND GOLD LONG TRUNKS-...STANDING AT SIX FOOT FIVE INCHES TALL AND WEIGHING IN AT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY SIX POUNDS.... FROM NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA...

LLLLLLEEEEEEOOOOOOONNNNNN CCCCCOOOORRRREEEEEEELLLLLAAAAAA!!

[Leon holds his fist up to a solid pop from the crowd. Suddenly the voices of TSWF Ashie Sinclair and Stephanie Sandbury.]

AS: Evening FW Wrestling Fans! Ashie Sinclair here with Stephanie Sandbury!

SS: And we have in-house TSWF Referee Earl Jones presiding over this match as he checks both competitors over... Satisfied, the Ref motions for the bell!

\*DING!\*

AS: Leon Corella and Chris Hallmark square off, circling in the worker's walk... Tie up, Corella takes the arm, twists Hallmark into a standing wristlock... Second twist into a standing wrench... Pull into a side headlock... Takedown to the canvas! Corella locks the headlock in tight!

SS: Chris Hallmark is not off to a good start here, Ashie.

AS: No he isn't. He fights Corella, the two getting back to their feet. Leon Corella sends Hallmark for an Irish whip... Rebound... Hallmark ducks the grapple, goes for a rear waistlock. And now Hallmark with the back bridge, Leon Corella forces Chris Hallmark's hands apart... Hallmark spins back to front with a float over. Corella now locked in a front chancery...

[Chris Hallmark throws Corella's arm over his neck and lifts him perfectly vertical. Leon Corella bends back just as Hallmark falls back.]

\*\*POP!\*\*

AS: Hallmark with a suplex but... No Corella bends his legs and his feet hit the canvas! Human Bridge! Leon Corella spins, Chris Hallmark now in a front facelock... IMPLANT DDT!!!

\*\*ANOTHER BIG POP!\*\*

SS: Oooo bet that didn't do him any favors!

AS: Corella now locking Hallmark in a Fujiwara Armbar.

SS: Hallmark is struggling against the hold, Corella putting his full body weight into the shoulder while he twists that arm back.

AS: ...He's working the wrist and fingers as well, Leon Corella's experience paying dividends here. Hallmark starts to twist and turn and each time it looks like he's about to get free, Corella applies just a little more torque on that elbow! Chris Hallmark is starting to slip out of the hold... Leon Corella releases the hold, both men rolling away from each other.

SS: Leon's wiggling those fingers, just begging Chris to come at him!

AS: Hallmark obliges, running headlong into Corella! Leon Corella brings his hands up like a boxer, deflecting body shots and....

\*SMACK!!!\*

Crowd: WOOOOO!!!

AS: ...Leon Corella just cracks Hallmark with a solid knife-edge chop that sends him staggering with his hands clutching his chest!

\*\*CROWD MURMUR\*\*

SS: What's this? Vic Morrison coming down the aisle with a chair in one hand and a lead pipe in the other!

AS: Corella casts a weary gaze Morrison's way but not for long as he continues to press the attack on Chris Hallmark, pulling him into a knee lift and then sending him full-speed with a power Irish whip into the cage wall!

\*CLACK!\*

SS: Chris Hallmark's regretting the solid steel bar design right now, isn't he Ashie?

AS: Indeed, Hallmark staggers back into a rear waist lock... Steeeeeep German Suplex Pin by Leon Corella!!!

\*\*POP!\*\*

Ref: ONE!!

TWO!!!

THR-

AS: Hallmark kicks out of the pin and both men are back on their feet! Collar Elbow lock up, Leon Corella quickly driving Chris Hallmark back into the nearest corner. Elbow shot to the side of the head and....

\*SMACK!!!\*

Hallmark: OW FFFF\*\*\*\*\*KK!!!!

Crowd: WOOOOOOO!!!!

AS: ...Hallmark eats another knife-edge chop. Corella rears his arm back!

\*SMACK!!!\*

Crowd: WOOOOO!!!

\*SMACK!!!\*

Crowd: WOOOOO!!!

\*SMACK!!!\*

Crowd: WOOOOO!!!

\*SMACK!!!\*

Crowd: WOOOOO!!!

\*\*\*BIG POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: Leon Corella is just lighting up Chris Hallmark with chop after chop, turning the Amateur's chest into raw hamburger!

AS: Indeed, Hallmark's standing just by his arms hanging in the ropes... Leon Corella sets for one last chop and this one looks to be a big one!!

\*FFFWWAAAASSSSMMMMMAAAACCCKKAAA!!!\*

Hallmark: MOTHERF\*\*\*INGSONOFAP\*\*\*WH\*\*E@\$B\*\*\*HMOTHER!!!

[Chris Hallmark falls to a seat in the corner, clutching at a red, raw, bleeding chest, tears in his eyes. There is no pity or remorse in Corella's expression, just a cold cruelty to his features. Vic Morrison, meanwhile, has been circling the ring, a smirk on his face as he watches Hallmark take a solid beating.]

AS: Leon Corella is all business tonight. A lot of the problems he's had in TSWF all started with that man right there... Corella now mercilessly stomping a mudhole in Hallmark's gut...

SS: Vic Morrison is circling like a shark outside that ring, but Leon Corella hardly seems distracted.

AS: Indeed, he's now pressing his knee against the side of Chris Hallmark's face. Vic Morrison merely unfolds that chair and has a seat not too far away from our broadcast position.

SS: I don't like this Ashie, something's up.

AS: Well as long as he's sitting back and not interfering, I wouldn't- OH MY! Leon Corella with a running knee shot right in Hallmark's face! The Amateur is on his side and stunned!

SS: That'll rock some cobwebs loose. Corella has been dominating this entire match for the most part.

AS: It's odd, but Chris Hallmark has been trying to take on the crafty veteran in the field he is most dangerous at - Technical Wrestling. I'm used to The Amateur taking the easy way out, cutting corners, but he actually seems to be making a genuine effort to face Leon Corella in a stand up fashion.

[Leon helps his stunned foe to his feet.]

AS: Corella with an Irish whip, NO! He turns and pulls Hallmark right into a scoop and...

\*FWHABBBBAAAAMMMM!!!\*

AS: CORELLA HIT'S THE LION SLAM ON HALLMARK!!!

[On impact, Leon hooks the leg and presses his arm across Chris Hallmark's chest!]

\*\*LOUD CROWD POP!!!\*\*

Ref: ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

THRRRRRE....

\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\*

AS: NO! Chris Hallmark showing resilience we never knew he had by kicking out of that powerful Lion Slam!

SS: If Hallmark wants to stay here in the TSWF, it looks like he's going to have to change his tactics. He clearly cannot match Leon Corella in a purely technical competition.

AS: Indeed, the tough young blood showcasing a surprising amount of heart against the veteran Corella, who is now picking him up off the canvas. Leon Corella sends him with another Irish whip, Hallmark rebounds, side arm catch. Chris Hallmark twists with his own momentum, spinning right out of Corella's grasp and whipping him straight to the canvas with an Arm Drag!

\*\*BOOO!!\*\*

SS: Impressive counter by Hallmark, but Corella's back on his feet!

AS: So is Hallmark and he rushes in, Leon Corella going for a gut kick but finds himself caught! Chris Hallmark pulls him in by his leg and... Dragon Screw Legwhip! Leon Corella eats canvas!

SS: Looks like the tide has turned for The Amateur!

AS: Corella's back on his feet and now a double leg take down from Hallmark followed immediately by a rear chinlock on the canvas! Leon Corella caught off guard.

SS: Leon was getting a little too comfortable and now he's paying for it!

AS: Fighting his way to a stand, Corella struggles against Hallmark's impressive grip. Leon Corella sets up for a Jawbreaker counter but Hallmark releases the hold... Backslide pin by Hallmark!

ONE!!

TWO-

**\*\*POP!!!\*\***

AS: KICKOUT!!!

SS: Chris Hallmark makes his first pin attempt of the night but Leon Corella is still way too fresh to be taken down so easily!

AS: Indeed. Both men back to their feet, Hallmark goes for a Belly to Belly, but Leon Corella escapes, slipping into a rear waistlock! Chris Hallmark slips free by falling to the canvas and peppering Corella in the face with a short kick in the process!

[Leon grabs at his nose, stepping back two steps and shaking his head.]

SS: Chris Hallmark back on his feet and now on the offensive, taking the stunned Corella and whipping him to the canvas with a solid Waistlock Suplex!

AS: And now he has the body scissors locked on tight with Leon Corella in the worst possible position to gain any leverage! Hallmark now battering the back of his head with punch after punch, his anger clearly showing.

**\*\*\*BOOOO!!!!\*\*\***

SS: He's spent much of this match being shown up by Corella and now that he has the advantage, he's going to make every second of it count!

[Gritting his teeth, Leon Corella catches Chris Hallmark's swinging fist and with great effort, he rolls himself over, planting Hallmark's shoulders to the canvas!]

AS: Corella reverses into a pinning predicament!

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!-

SS: KICKOUT BY HALLMARK!!!

AS: Chris Hallmark is forced to release the body scissor and shoves Corella off! Both men back to their feet now and Hallmark runs straight for Leon Corella, but the veteran side steps, grabs Hallmark by the back of the head and violently slams his face right into the steel bars!

\*\*\*HUGE POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: He's busted wide open, Ashie!

[Chris Hallmark's head snaps back. He turns and takes a face plant on to the canvas!]

AS: Hallmark is bleeding profusely from a fresh split in his forehead, ladies and gentlemen. But that doesn't seem to stop Corella who applies a rear waistlock to Chris Hallmark. He gathers him up and dead lifts right into a German Suplex! The Top of Hallmark's head smacking right into the cage wall!

[Corella rolls to his feet and throws his head back with a mighty yell!]

Corella: YYYYYEEEEAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

\*\*\*EXPLOSIVE POP!!!\*\*\*

[He turns around and there's a bit of surprise in his eyes when he sees Hallmark on his hands and knees, using the ropes to try and bring himself to a stand.]

AS: Amazing!!! Chris Hallmark showcasing more of that surprising resiliency.

SS: That is impressive and I'd be in awe of it if he weren't such a douche canoe!

AS: Leon Corella backs into the ropes... WHAT THE?!? Vic Morrison catches Corella by the foot through the bars! Chris Hallmark runs up and strikes with a DDT! Leon Corella's face hits the canvas with an impressive thud! Both men are down!

\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\*

SS: Leon stirs a little, but clearly that DDT had one hell of effect!

[Corella rises first on his knees, a hand to the back of his neck. Hallmark sits up, his face now a crimson mask from the free flowing blood...]

AS: Both men slowly get to their feet and Chris Hallmark moves in and... RAKE OF THE EYES! Leon Corella is blinded! OH LORD!!! A sharp kick to the groin, dropping Corella to his knees with a look of pure agony on his face! Hallmark puts him in a front facelock once more and now a second DDT that seems to have rocked Leon Corella's world!!!

SS: I knew it wouldn't last! Chris Hallmark now wailing away on Corella with vicious kicks and stomps!

AS: ...and worst of all, there is no disqualification in a match like this!

[Vic Morrison rises from his seat once more and you can see the sadistic smile on his face. He reaches into his pocket and produces a pair of handcuffs.]

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!\*\*\*

AS: Morrison with a pair of handcuffs? He's telling Hallmark something... I think... OH NO! Chris Hallmark takes Leon Corella's arm and Vic Morrison reaches through the bars. THEY ARE WORKING TOGETHER TO CUFF CORELLA TO THE BARS!!!

[As they work, Leon Corella tries to fight Hallmark off, but after two DDT's in a row, he clearly isn't able to even orient himself, let alone fight them off. With a soft click, unheard over the rousing crowd, they cuff Corella down. Chris Hallmark bounces back, visibly taunting Leon Corella from a safe distance.]

SS: This is downright revolting, Ashie! Here we thought that Chris Hallmark was going to put on an honest fight, but in the end, he wins the only way he knows how!

AS: Chris Hallmark starts climbing the cage. Meanwhile, Leon Corella desperately trying to break the handcuffs. He growls and snarls with rage, those industrial grade cuffs not giving even an inch!

[Hallmark eases up over the top of the cage, then slips over the top and within moments, he drops to the arena floor!]

\*\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*\*

RA: THE WINNER OF THIS STEEL CAGE MATCH BY ESCAPE...

"THE AMATEUR" CHRIS HHHHAAAALLLLMMMAAAARRRRRKKKK!!!

\*\*\*INSANE HEEL JEER!!!\*\*\*

AS: Leon Corella glaring holes at Chris Hallmark as he remains cuffed where he is and... OH MY GOD! THE CAGE IS LIFTING!!!

SS: Vic Morrison has the cage control box!

[Leon Corella's eyes go wild as the cage rocks all around him and within moments, he's lifted up along with it until his feet are left dangling off the canvas!]

AS: Not good! Vic Morrison now dropping the control box and slipping into the ring! Corella tries to fend him off, but he is in no position to defend himself!!!

\*FWHAPINKT!!!\*

Corella: AAAAGGGHHH!!!!

SS: MORRISON JUST CRACKED CORELLA'S RIBS WITH THAT LEAD PIPE!!!  
SOMEBODY GET SECURITY OUT HERE NOW!!!

\*\*SUPER MEGA HEEL JEER!!!\*\*

AS: Look at the pain in Leon Corella's eyes... No Vic! You've done enough! DON'T DO ANYMORE!!!

[Morrison rears the pipe back and starts to viciously assault Corella's back with it!]

\*FWHAPINKT!!!\*FWHAPINKT!!!\*FWHAPINKT!!!\*FWHAPINKT!!!\*FWHAPINKT!\*

\*\*NEAR RIOT-LEVEL HEEL JEER!!\*\*

[Six burly security guards rush down the aisle and quickly pull Vic Morrison away from Leon Corella. Morrison rolls out of the ring, backing up along side Chris Hallmark who now has a microphone in hand. As the cage is lowered back down, he starts shouting into it.]

Hallmark: LEON!!! You worried too much about the mind games... too much about the talking... too much about history... WHEN YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOOKING AT THE FUTURE! Because Leon, YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE FUTURE! You are looking at a new generation of wrestlers. Vic Morrison and myself... we are The ONLY Natural REAL Athletes in this company. YOU, Mr. Corella,.. You were just the first step in the N. R. A's RISE to power in TSWF. And after TONIGHT, things will never be the same. SURVIVALISM... IT HAS BEEN COMPLETELY YOUR PLEASURE!

[Hallmark hands the microphone to a smirking Morrison.]

VM: You see, Corella? I told you... I warned you!

The sins of your past are manifesting themselves, my friend... and you're looking at the manifestation right now. You should have stepped away from this business when you could have, Corella... your absence from this sport would've been more than enough to repent for your sins! But no.... you decided to stay. You thought that you could redeem yourself... but look at where it's gotten you!

Deeper... and deeper into this hole that you've dug for yourself.

Consider this your cleansing. Consider this vengeance... vengeance for all your arrogance and selfishness that this sport has had to suffer through.

Fate is playing itself out, Corella, and will continue to do so. I just hope that you realize that you are not favored... but that Chris Hallmark and Vic Morrison are.

[Morrison drops the microphone and leaves the ring along with Chris Hallmark. As Leon Corella lays battered, his body already rapidly bruising over as the security guards call for bolt cutters to cut him down, Vic Morrison looks back at him and the sight surprises him. We see a bleeding and bruised Corella, glaring at him with pure malice and hate in his eyes, every muscle in his body quivering to keep him upright. The expression says more than any words can ever possibly say – “I will get you.”]

SS: This is horrible... FW Wrestling fans, on behalf of Tri-State Wrestling Federation, I apologize. This is not what we embody and I hope you all watch our next show because I promise you; my brother will not let this slide one bit. This is Stephanie Sandbury and Ashie Drew, signing out.

[Cut.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: I am utterly disgusted having to watch that again after being there in person. The audacity of Chris Hallmark and Vic Morrison to pull a stunt such as that... UGHHHH!!!

AS: Well Stephanie, you're clearly not the only Sandbury that is upset over what transpired there. Let's check in on your brother who is backstage preparing to give his formal apology to Chris Hallmark later tonight.



## MICHAEL SANDSBURY



[We find Mike Sandbury, standing behind the desk in his office. His head is lowered and his knuckles pressed against the counter top, his breathing is a bit heavier than usual. The man clearly has a lot on his mind. Leon Corella, sporting blue jeans, a grey Affliction T-shirt littered with skulls and tribal designs, and black leather Nike's, steps into view. His forehead is taped, a reminder that he had been busted open by Vic Morrison just days ago. Mike doesn't even look up...]

MS: Go away... You're probably the fourth last person I want to see right now....

[...Leon nods his head slowly.]

LC: Mike, I fell short. I know this. I took too much time in that ring when there was more on the line than just my satisfaction. I say you meet him half way - let him keep his job but don't give him the satisfaction of hearing you apologize.

[He then steps in a bit closer, Mike's head lifting up only slightly, just enough to cast a cold hard gaze at Leon.]

MS: It's a technicality, Leon, and you know what that little twerp will do if I don't give him what he wants at this juncture. I don't care about the circumstances; you still lost even though you could have won that match several times over. You drug it out, you cost yourself the win, and now, I have to pay for it. So do me a favor, and get the f\*ck out of my office before I do something you'll regret.

[Leon's lip curls into a bit of a frown, his brow furrowing slightly.]

LC: ...Mike, you're my boss, but you're also my friend. Where your head's at right now, with Hallmark and Nomad, it's not a healthy place to be. I also know what that piece of shit pulled on your sister and then later that night on you last week, but he's won. As your friend, I'm telling you - don't play this son of a bitch's game any further. You're doing exactly what Jack Nomad wants you to do. If you marshal all of your resources and stack the deck against him, it's going to end very badly for you.

[Mike's face seems like a frozen glacier, his expression hard as diamond.]

MS: Save your speeches for someone who cares, Corella. Like your opponent because you've got yourself a match tonight.

[Leon's expression grew flat.]

LC: I'm still not completely healed from Vic Morrison's attack with the lead pipe.

[A shrug is offered as Leon's only consolation.]

MS: Frankly, "Friend", I don't care. You're going in that ring and you're facing Jack Nomad in a Hardcore match for the Underground Championship. And you're doing it in the next ten minutes. Get ready, Mr. Corella... and win or lose, if Jack Nomad is able to leave the ring under his own power, two things...

[Mike holds up two fingers, Leon's expression darkening bit by bit.]

MS: One, don't you ever set foot in my office ever again. Two, you can kiss any and all aspirations for the Tri-State Championship goodbye.

[Anger! Seething, almost hateful anger crosses Leon's face. He marches right up to Mike Sandbury's desk, getting right in the man's face.]

LC: I'll fight him, and I'll beat him, but I won't cripple him because you tell me to. I know you're angry and bitter about the pill you've gotta' swallow tonight, but maybe you shouldn't have made a deal with Hallmark in the first place. You had to have known that slippery little shit would have had something up his sleeve; otherwise you're the biggest damn fool to ever call yourself a promoter!!!

[Mike slams his hands down on the desk.]

MS: DO AS I TELL YOU AND GET OUT!!! CRIPPLE THE SHIT STAIN OR BE A CURTAIN JERKER, LEON!!! YOUR CHOICE!!!

[The two stand with nostrils flared, foreheads merely inches apart like two rams preparing to batter away at each other.]

LC: I will not cripple Jack Nomad. I'll fight him, but I won't cripple him. When you come to your senses, "Mister" Sandbury, I'll be expecting an apology from you.

MS: HA! Fat Chance!

[Leon turns away and starts to head for the door, only to stop and look over his shoulder.]

LC: ...and if you ever put me in this position again, Mike, trust me, your status as my boss and a friend won't matter. I will lay you flat on your back and personally hand you a letter of resignation.

[Turning, Leon then steps off camera. Less than a second later we hear the soft click of a door opening followed by its violent slam shut, the force so great a few papers flutter on Mike's desk. The owner of TSWF suddenly sags, falling down into his chair and running his hands down his face.]

MS: ....F\*\*\*!!!

[Back to Ringside]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

AS: As you can see, the owner of this company is not a happy one.

SS: Well with Jack Nomad running around as the Underground champion and now Chris Hallmark fully reinstated, there's not much to be joyous about in the Sandsbury household.

AS: True but we need to stay professional here, Stephanie.

SS: SHUT UP ASHIE!

AS: Umm, let's just go to the ring, shall we.

SS: Well not yet. I believe we have comments from Josie Saito.



#### JOSIE SAITO



[The scene opens backstage to Josie Saito. "The Revolution" is in her dressing room, performing warm-up stretches. Eyes closed, she's clad in a black tank top and matching yoga pants, her feet bare. Her long, black hair is tied in a ponytail that falls down her back. She stands to the side, performing a high lunge, arms in the air and body thrusting forward. The area is quiet as the camera zooms closer. Suddenly, Josie stops what she's doing, standing to attention and facing the camera with a glare.]

Josie: The last time I was out here, that idiot Jester was cheating me out of a win! Seems he couldn't take being outsmarted and beaten by me in the gauntlet match. So, he had to resort to dragging his sorry ass back down to the ring and helping steal a win away from me instead.

[She snorts in disgust and rolls her eyes.]

Josie: I wish I could say that I'm surprised that he turned out to be such a sore loser. But we're talking about a man that once terrorized a pregnant woman. So, I should have known he'd pull some sleazebag tactic!

[She folds her arms across her chest and shakes her head with a sneer.]

Josie: Luckily, the man who beat me, Tripp Skylark, has some actual integrity and class, unlike The Jester, and is allowing me a rematch tonight to prove myself. This time, we go one on one, without any interference or foul play, and I very much welcome the opportunity.

[Her expression softens slightly.]

Josie: So, thank you, Tripp. Some people would have taken the cheap win and ignored any mention of a second chance. The fact that you were above all of that is commendable. For that, you have my respect and I promise a good, clean fight. [pause] Having said that, I'd be lying if I didn't say I also have every intention of walking out of this match as the winner.

See, as much as I do respect your gesture, I am determined to rectify what I consider a huge mistake. I had some really good momentum going before The Jester decided to stick his big nose in our business. I was finally getting a chance to show the world what Josie Saito can really do.

[She lets out a wistful sigh, the loss still quite fresh in her mind.]

Josie: Fortunately, I have another opportunity and plan to make the most of it. Nothing is going to stop me from running into that ring and fighting with all that I've got to win. The Jester thought that he'd derail me and send me back in a downward spiral. But tonight, I show him that the only thing his little trick did was light an even bigger fire under me. Because if he figured he'd break me then he's even dumber than he looks!

[Fade.]



TRIPP SKYLARK

vs.

JOSIE SAITO



RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

\*\*POP!\*\*

RA: Introducing first...

[As "Gang Bang" by Madonna plays, Josie Saito steps onto the entrance ramp, her expression solemn as the crowd cheers. She wears a floor-length black satin robe, open to reveal a black lace cropped top and black lace tights. She completes the look with black kicking pads and taped fists. Her long brown hair falls down her back in curls.]

RA: She hails from Tokyo, Japan and now residing in Miami, FL... weighing in at one hundred and sixty pounds...

JOSIEEEE SAIITOOO!!!!

\*\*BIG POP!\*\*

# Like a bitch out of order #  
# Like a bat out of hell #  
# Like a fish out of water #  
# I'm scared. Can't you tell #  
# Bang! Bang! #  
# Bang! Bang! #

[Saito heads to ringside, slapping hands here and there. But Josie's gaze remains steely and focused on the ring in front of her.]

# I thought you were good #  
# But you painted me bad #  
# Compared to the others, you're the best thing I had #  
# Bang bang, shot you dead #  
# Bang bang, shot you dead #

[As she enters the ring, Josie mounts the empty second turnbuckle, eyeing the crowd, before hopping down and slipping from her robe. She stretches, waiting for her opponent to arrive.]

SS: Josie Saito ready for quite the match here. A victory over Tripp Skylark would certainly catapult her up the ranks towards a shot at the Underground title.

AS: Yes. Saito back to working on her own and her main goal is to get her hands on Marissa Monet especially after what we saw at the conclusion of the handicap cage match both were involved in a few shows ago.

RA: And her opponent....

Standing five foot nine and wearing one hundred ninety seven pounds... hailing from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... He is the one and only....

TRRRRRRRRIIIIPPPP SKKKKKYYYYYYYYYLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRKKKK!

[With that, the crowd instantly rises to their feet and lets loose an amazingly loud ovation for their counter culture hero! And since Tripp continues to refuse to use entrance music, its awe inspiring how loud these TSWF faithful are tonight... especially once Tripp hits the top of the ramp way!!!]

\*\*\*POP POP POP!!!\*\*\*

[Skylark raises his hands in the air as he parades down the aisle. A title belt slung over his shoulder.]

SS: Tripp Skylark issued this challenge to Josie Saito to make up for “Jester” Chad Allen getting involved in their match at our last show.

AS: Well I hope that JCA keeps his nose out this time and lets these two finish what they started.

SS: And what is this title belt that Skylark has in his possession?

[Skylark hands the title to a ring attendant and climbs into the ring.]

AS: If I understand correctly, Tripp Skylark has revived the defunct SCWE Television title that he was the last holder of and has renamed it the ‘Presidential Title’.

SS: Really? Now I’ve heard it all.

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

AS: Both competitors lock up and jockey for position. Shot to the gut by Saito and she heaves Skylark up for a vertical suplex, crashing him down to the mat behind her.

SS: Josie picks Skylark back up and hits a side suplex. And now a run into the ropes as she springs back and forth... to catch Tripp with a running neckbreaker as he rose to his feet.

\*\*POP!\*\*

AS: The fans getting behind Josie Saito as she slaps on a side headlock, pulling Skylark in tight to her hip. Now going for another swinging neckbreaker... Countered by Tripp Skylark who hits a side suplex takedown of his own.

SS: Skylark now off the ropes...bounces from the far side...and nails Saito with a flying forearm. Cover by Tripp...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: And Josie Saito able to kick out in time. Tripp Skylark scrambles to his feet and heads up top... and off he comes with a missile dropkick that catches Josie Saito in the chest, knocking her down to the mat.

SS: Skylark scoops up Saito and hits a backdrop driver... another cover...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: And again, Josie Saito with the kickout.

SS: This is definitely not as easy for Skylark as he expected...then again, Jester Chad Allen tainted their last encounter.

AS: Skylark now placing Saito up on the top turnbuckle....climbs up behind her.... BIG BACK SUPERPLEX!!!

\*\*\*POP POP POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: The crowd are on their feet as Skylark gives the sign for the "Choking the Chicken".

AS: He heads over to Saito and picks her up off the mat...

\*\*CROWD MURMURS\*\*

[Derrick L. Ford runs down to ringside and snatches the 'Presidential' title off of the timekeeper's table.]

\*\*\*HEEL JEERS!!!\*\*\*

SS: Derrick L. Ford down here at ringside and he's just taken possession of the 'Presidential' title.

AS: And Tripp Skylark distracted for the moment as he lets go of Josie Saito and turns to yell at Ford who is now backing up the aisle, holding the title belt high in the air.

SS: Saito back on her feet...grabs Skylark from behind... NO ESCAPE!!!

\*\*\*POP FROM THE CROWD!\*\*\*

AS: Josie Saito with the straightjacket suplex...and the bridge. Skylark totally caught off-guard and the referee down to make the count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEE!!!

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

RA: And the winner of this match at three minutes and twenty-eight seconds....

JOSIEEEEE            SAIITTOOO!!!!

\*\*\*POP!!!\*\*\*

[The camera cuts from Josie Saito in the ring, quite upset over what just transpired, to Derrick Ford at the top of the aisle way smirking at how he just embarrassed Tripp Skylark.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Josie Saito heading up the aisle now and is somewhat livid over what happened moments ago.

AS: This is the second time someone has stuck their nose in one of her matches but this time it resulted in a win for her. But regardless, some will say it's a tainted victory nonetheless.

\*\*\*CROWD MURMUR\*\*\*

SS: And as Saito stands atop the aisle for a moment, there's Brandy Danielle waiting for her.

AS: Obviously Danielle looking to congratulate her friend on a hard-fought victory.

SS: WHAT THE???

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!\*\*\*

AS: Brandy Danielle has just slapped Josie Saito. What can this possibly be all about?

SS: And now Danielle with a boot to the midsection... SNAPMARE DRIVER!!!

AS: Brandy Danielle with a big snapmare driver on Josie Saito right at the top of the entranceway. Something isn't right here.

SS: I never thought Brandy Danielle would be the type to hold a grudge but obviously she is still upset about how Josie Saito handled things at the conclusion of their cage match two shows ago.

AS: Well folks, we need a moment to clear things up here but when we return from break, we'll have the FIRST of Jack Nomad's two title matches tonight.

SS: And after what I just saw, I hope Leon Corella gets the job done because I don't know what sort of mindset Brandy Danielle is even in tonight.

[And we go to break]



## UNDERGROUND TITLE MATCH

\*HARDCORE RULES\*

LEON CORELLA

vs.

JACK NOMAD (c)



[Back from break, we fade up to the ring and the announcer standing in the middle of the squared circle.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for one fall and will be contested under HARDCORE RULES!!!

\*\*POP!\*\*

RA: Introducing first...

[The lights around the steel girdered entrance arch dim, old school red and blue police lights spin on either corner of the entrance arch, casting their red and blue glow a short distance across the arena...]

#...I think what scares us is we need... Violence...#  
#BREAK IT DOWN LIKE IT'S COCKED AND LOADED!!#  
#I GOT IT COCKED AND LOADED!#  
#ARE YOU READY TO BLEEEEDDD??!!#

["Violence" by Dope plays through the house PA, offending many bible thumpers in the crowd outright. Through those double doors and out the TSWF labeled curtains steps a lean muscled rookie with a cruel scowl on his face. Ice blue eyes wander over the crowd very briefly as he takes it all in for a moment. Hanging around his neck is the TSWF Underground Championship. In his taped hand resides a taped silver spray painted mop handle. On his red and black tights, we see two easy labels - "Nomad" and "Hard Core". That "Hardcore" label is repeated again on the maroon shirt he wears, as is "Nomad" on the outside of his black and silver kick padded wrestling boots. He runs his taped fingers through his ratty black hair and rubs it down his chin bearded face, gathering a bit of sweat in his palm.]

SS: Ugh...I'm gonna be sick. We might need to hire a new announcer for this guy's matches.

AS: Good luck with that. I'm sure your brother would love to hear his own sister complaining about trivial things right about now.

[As his music plays out, he strolls the short distance to ringside, making sure to fling that bit of sweat from his head into the face of a random unlucky fan, snickering as he does so.]

\*HEEL JEER!\*

[Jack arrives at ringside, hopping onto the apron and rolling under the ropes. He quickly hops to his feet, holding that mop handle high over his head. He scowls at the crowd, his inner hate shining through like balefire in his eyes.]

\*\*MORE JEERING!!!\*\*

[Lowering the stick, he heads to his corner and drops down for a seat. Placing the weapon down beside him, he reaches underneath his shirt and produces a microphone.]

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOOOOooooooooooooo!!!!

Jack: So here I am... your NEW TSWF Underground Champion and I didn't win it the way I would have wanted, but instead the only way I could. You see.. the owner of this place is an unprofessional, biased, and unfair man with no scruples. He's so pissed off that I won that he's going to throw one of his dogs at me...

[Jack snickers as he adjusts a bit in his seat.]

...a guy by the name of Leon Corella. And that's in addition to the match I already have! You all heard minutes ago the tense little lover's spat they had. He told Leon to come out here and f\*\*\*ing murder me. Now I know what you people think of me, but sit back and think for a second. What have I actually done since coming here?

[He gives a pause to allow the people to think, a devious smile crossing his face.]

Not a f\*\*\*ing thing. The only people I've hurt have stood in the ring, in sanctioned matches against me. All I've done is talk. That's all. Even when confronting Mike's little sister, Stephanie...

[The UG Champion looks across the ropes towards the announce table where Stephanie sits, glaring holes quietly through him. Snickering, Jack blows her a little kiss and waves, then continues.]

Jack: What's he done? Let's see.. he called me into his office and assaulted me, which I have been gracious enough not to take him to your courts over. He's threatened and harassed me,

and I've even had to defend myself from further injury. You call him fair? Honest? Unbiased? Man, the guy he's throwing up against me isn't facing me because he wants this belt...

[Jack tugs at the Underground Championship.]

...It's because all opportunities for his advancement will cease if he doesn't send me out with two broken legs on a stretcher. All because of words I have said. Mike Sandbury is no bastion of fair play that you have built him up to be. He's just another tyrannical dictator running his own little kingdom... your TSWF.

[The confusion in the crowd brings another smile to his face.]

This man wants to bring the fiery wrath of hell upon me and for what? For talking and maybe showing a little affection for his really hot sister? Newsflash, if he didn't want to have men hitting on his sexy little sister, maybe he shouldn't have hired her in the first f\*\*\*ing place, hmm? Think about that for a second. Everything this man has done has been to further controversy, stir up interest, and get you people tuning in!

[He points his hand towards Stephanie now.]

Even at the cost of his own family member's safety!!!!

[Cue the blaring opening guitars for "House of The Rising Sun" by Muse. The arena lights change to a golden hue...]

Jack: ABOUT F\*\*\*ING TIME!!!

#THERE IS... A HOUSE... IN NEW ORLEANS#

[Through those curtains steps none other than Leon Corella wearing an Affliction T-shirt, blue jeans, wrestling boots, knee pads, elbow pads, and heavy white tape from his fists to the middle of his forearm. Take note of the bandage across his forehead. Strands of short blond hair hang in his face as he scans the crowd with ice blue eyes, his gaze intense and intimidating.]

SS: YES! FINALLY SOME ONE CAN SHUT THIS FOOL UP!

[Leon strolls down the aisle, little in the way of fanfare as he makes his way to the ring. Back in the ring, Jack Nomad sheds himself of his shirt and title, handing them off to a ring attendant. The young man then turns just as Leon slips through the ropes, that taped mop handle raised at the ready!]

AS: OH THIS IS GONNA BE BAD...REAL BAD!

SS: Yeah...for Jack Nomad.

[As Referee Earl McGee slips through the ropes, Jack hurls himself at Leon, swinging down with the Mop.]

\*SMACK!\*

SS: Leon caught the mop handle and... BAMMO!! A hard punch drives Jack stumbling back!  
Serves that a\*\*hole right!!

\*CRA-SNAPKT!\*

AS: Corella breaks the mop handle over his knee and just tosses the pieces aside! Nomad recovers but not fast enough, running knee to the gut followed by a European uppercut from Corella! Jack Nomad falls back into the corner where Leon Corella proceeds to hammer the young man's torso like a speed bag!

SS: WORK HIM OVER LEON!!! BLEED THAT SON OF A BITCH!!!

AS: Try to be objective, Stephanie! Referee Earl McGee now ringing the bell!

\*DING!        DING!        DING!\*

SS: Jack Nomad can rot in hell for all I care! GO LEON!!!

AS: Corella now lifting Nomad onto the top of the ringpost. Leon Corella climbs up, hook of the arm... SUPERPLEX OFF THE TOP ROPE!! CORELLA GOES FOR THE PIN!!!

ONE!!!

TWO-

KICKOUT!!!

SS: BOOOOOOOOO!!!

AS: Jack Nomad kicks out at two, but Leon Corella doesn't stop. He grounds Nomad with a tight triangle arm bar and choke. Nomad struggles, twisting and turning out of the hold... He's pushing Corella towards the ropes. Leon Corella's in the ropes, Referee Earl McGee gets a count of two and the hold is released!

SS: Jack's a piece of crap! Look at him just roll his sorry a\*\* out of the ring!

AS: Corella joins him on the outside, Oooo... Solid right hand to the face by Nomad, but Leon Corella is unfazed and fires back with one of his own! Jack Nomad spins around and falls to one knee, then gets back up on weak legs!

SS: YEAH!! RUN AWAY JACKIE BOY! RUN AWAY!!

AS: Nomad seems to be trying to get away and regroup, but Corella is relentless...

\*KWRABBBOOOONNNGGGKT!!!\*

AS: ...Oooo! Jack Nomad gets a face full of ring steps by the challenger! Leon Corella picks the stunned Nomad up by his throat and leans him against the apron...

\*FFFWHHHAAAPPP!!!\*

Crowd: WOOOOOOOOO!!!!

SS: CHOP HIM UP LEON!!!

AS: What a vicious knife edge chop on Nomad! The man's chest now red with welts...

\*FFFWHHHAAAPPP!!!\*

Crowd: WOOOOOOOOO!!!!

AS: AND ANOTHER!!! Jack Nomad stumbles back, trying to get away...

\*FFFWHHHAAAPPP!!!\*

Crowd: WOOOOOOOOO!!!!

SS: EAT IT BITCH!!

AS: Steph, calm down! Jack Nomad now on his back, hands clutching at his now bleeding chest. No one seems to cut a backhanded chop better than that man, Leon Corella!

[Leon reaches under the apron...]

SS: Uh-oh... what's he doing?

[...and pulls out a table!]

AS: Leon Corella has a table and he's setting it up! Nomad now on his knees, his chest must be on fire!

SS: Sadly, it isn't, Ashie.

AS: Corella doubles Nomad over with a gut punch, and then takes him up with a sideswipe...

[As Leon lifts Jack up for a sideswipe powerbomb, Nomad shifts, throwing both legs around Corella's head and then whipping straight back!]

AS: Not good!

\*KA-KKKKUUUUURRRRUUUNNNCCCHHKKKTTT!!\*

SS: OH NO! JACK JUST PUT LEON THROUGH THE TABLE!

AS: Powerbomb reversed into a Huracanrana, Jack Nomad may have just bought himself some time!!!

[Jack Nomad takes a few steps back, watching Leon Corella sit up from the wreckage while clutching the back of his head. With an evil sneer, Nomad rushes in behind Corella and cracks him across the back of the head with a mid roundhouse kick!]

SS: No No NO! COME ON LEON! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!!

AS: Jack Nomad pressing the attack with a roundhouse kick to the face, he's now gathering the stunned Corella to a stand... Oooh.. Knee Stomp drives Leon Corella right back down to his knees! Nomad now interlocking his arms with Corella's own, effectively tangling them up while latching his hands to the back of his head... I've heard of this move... Oooh lord, Jack starts hammering home with piston knee strikes to Corella's face! The man can't defend himself! Nomad has the Face Breaker locked tight and all Corella can do is take it!

SS: I hate Jack Nomad so f\*\*\*ing much...

AS: Nomad hits one last parting knee shot to Leon Corella's face and slings him to the side. I think Corella's out cold here, Steph. Jack Nomad picks him up and slings him over the apron and into the ring! Sliding in after him, he rolls Corella onto his back and hooks the leg for a pin!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

TTTHHRR-

KICKOUT!!

**\*\*OMFG POP!!!\*\***

SS: YES!!!

AS: Corella throws a shoulder up, showing some signs of life and... Now that Jack Nomad's lifting him up we're getting a good look at his face. The stitches under the tape on Leon's forehead have opened back up; blood staining the tape, there's an awful lot of blood also coming from the man's possibly broken nose... Nomad angrily whips Corella to the corner...

SS: Come on Leon!!

AS: ...Jack Nomad bull rushes the corner, flying leap... CAUGHT ONE ARMED BY CORELLA!! SPINE BUSTER ON THE CANVAS!

SS: But the previous injuries combined with that facebreaker by Jack Nomad clearly have taken their toll on Leon.

AS: Indeed, you can see the pain written on Corella's face as he slowly rises, gathering Nomad by a handful of that ratty black hair of his. Boot to the gut, Corella signals for THE GAME OVER!!

SS: FINISH HIM!!!

AS: Corella hooks one arm, then the other... Nomad counters with a backdrop!

SS/Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOOOOoooooo!!

AS: Leon Corella gets back to his feet with a quick recovery but... Oooo Springboard roundhouse kick to the temple! Corella's down on one knee!!

[Jack Nomad then rushes in with a stomp kick right to the side of Leon Corella's face, dropping him right to the canvas on his side.]

AS: Nomad now assuming a full mount on Corella, he rips the medical tape off and... Oh damn! Down come the slicing elbow shots right on Leon Corella's forehead!

SS: The stitches are completely ripped and Corella's bleeding all over the place! Jesus, maybe Mike didn't think this through!

AS: I hate to say it, but Leon Corella was probably too banged up to be facing a violent competitor like Jack Nomad tonight!

SS: Corella managing to cover up and is now trying to escape!

AS: All that blood in his eyes, I'm surprised Referee Earl McGee isn't stopping this! Leon Corella is in no position to defend himself... Wait... Corella brings the leg up... KNEE TO THE BACK!!

SS: ...and the distraction costs that no-good son of a bitch! Leon Corella rocks him off to one side with one punch! Nomad's bleeding from a split lip!

AS: Corella bought himself a moment, but the damage is pretty severe. The bleeding isn't showing any signs of slowing down... OH LOOK-Oh man! Jack Nomad cracks Leon Corella with a punt kick to the skull! Corella is down in the ropes!

[Jack Nomad stops, glaring at the crowd for a moment with ragged, panting breaths. He goes wide eyed when he sees Corella slowly picking himself up using the ropes. Gritting his teeth, he crouches low and takes a few steps back.]

AS: I'm amazed, Leon Corella just refuses to die! He's showing a lot of heart for a man of his age.

SS: But is heart enough?

AS: Jack Nomad rushes in behind Corella, spins him, boots him in the gut and props his head on the shoulder. Jack's got the arm out... we know what's coming next!

Jack: THIS IS HAAAAARRRDDDDDDCCCCCOOOOORRRRREEEEE!!!

AS: Nomad goes for the spin but is caught. Corella free from his grip, boot to the gut, IMPLANT DDT... BOTH MEN DOWN!

[Leon Corella pants for breath, a taped hand gripping at his throbbing skull as Jack Nomad lays flat on his stomach, eyes wide with shock and dismay as he tries to recover.]

AS: This has been one hell of a match, ladies and gentleman, and for something that's supposed to be hardcore, it's been a surprisingly clean affair here.

SS: Leon Corella has rolled on top of Nomad and is squatting down... He's locking him up in the Perfect Clutch! SQUIRM YOU HARDCORE BASTARD!!!

AS: Corella has it locked on tight!!

Corella: TTTAAAAPPPP!!!! TTTAAAAPPPP!!!!

Nomad: NNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOO!!!! AAAAGGGGHHHH!!!

Corella: I'LL BREAK YOUR F\*\*\*ING BACK!!! TTTTAAAAPPPP!!!

**\*\*HUGE HEEL JEER!\*\***

AS: WAIT A MINUTE!!! "JESTER" CHAD ALLEN IS RUNNING OUT TO HELP NOMAD!!!

SS: NO CHAD, DON'T!!! PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF GOD DON'T!!!

[Corella drops Nomad, getting to his feet just as JCA slides under the ropes! The Clown Prince of Hardcore is on his feet, pelting Leon Corella with shot after shot!]

AS: JCA lighting Corella up!! Irish whip... Corella rebounds, SURPRISE RUNNING POWER CLOTHESLINE TAKES JCA DOWN!

SS: God! I think some of that Clown Paint just splattered over here!

AS: Oh god no, More help has arrived!!

**\*\*EVEN BIGGER HEEL JEERS!\*\***

AS: Vic Morrison and Chris Hallmark are invading the ring with steel chairs! LOOK OUT LEON!!!

**\*FFRRRWWWAAAPPPPAANNNGGG!\***

SS: OH GOD NO!!!

AS: Vic Morrison just leveled Leon Corella! The challenger is completely out cold!!! Oh god, Hallmark... no! Somebody get help!!

[Chris Hallmark raises his chair and brings it right down on the chest of Leon Corella!]

\*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\*

[And soon he and Morrison both are laying waste with a series of violent chair shots, hammering Leon Corella head to toe!!!]

\*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\* \*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\* \*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\* \*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\*

\*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\* \*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\* \*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\* \*FWHAPCRACKT!!!\*

AS: This is horrible! Utterly horrible!! And now Jack Nomad on his knees, wiping a bit of blood from his lip, just smiles at the two men. He pulls himself forward and makes the pin... How utterly revolting...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

\* DING!                      DING!                      DING! \*

RA: HERE IS YOUR WINNER... AND STILL TSWF UNDERGROUND CHAMPION...

"HARDCORE" JACK NNNNNOOOOOMMMMMAAAAADDDDDDD!!

\*\*RIP-ROARING INSANE HEEL JEER!\*\*

SS: Security rushing down to the ring now. And those cowards, Jack Nomad, Chad Allen, Vic Morrison, and Chris Hallmark... all of them hitting the bricks.

AS: Well thank god they came when they did or we may have seen further damage done to Leon Corella.



[Back to ringside w/ Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: This is absolutely terrible, Ashie!

AS: Absolutely. And to see "Jester" Chad Allen align himself with Jack Nomad... it's a travesty. I thought he was a lot saner than that.

SS: And the presence of Vic Morrison alongside Chris Hallmark... the Natural Real Athletes, as they call themselves... UGH! What has become of this company?!?

AS: Clearly the inmates are running the asylum right now.

SS: The only saving grace is that Jack Nomad still has to face Brandy Danielle later in the show.

AS: Absolutely. Although I have to be a bit concerned knowing that she is the possible only hope for sanity in this company. To be honest, after what she did to Josie Saito earlier tonight, I can't quite say Brandy's been making very sane decisions lately.

SS: Well, speaking of sanity and hope, let's check on something that went down at a recent DERP show regarding Big Mike Foyer and Percival Graves.



### BIG MIKE FOYER & PERCIVAL GRAVES

\*Courtesy of DERP\*



[We fade up to see Big Mike Foyer standing in a DERP ring as his music plays, drenched in sweat and spattered with blood. He leans against the ropes, trying to catch his breath when Five Finger Death Punch's, "War is the Answer" hit's the house PA. Through the curtains

steps out a familiar midget in a rather expensive business suit. Yep, Percival Graves, white cane and all, makes his way down the ramp with a clipboard, contract, and pen in hand. BMF rolls his eyes and shoves off the ropes, looking ready to kill, maim, and murder.

Reaching the ring, Percival makes his way up the ring steps, walks the apron and slips under the second rope and into the ring. He places the clipboard and pen in the same hand he holds his cane, then reaches into his coat and produces a microphone.]

PG: Mr. Foyer, if I could have a moment of your time...

[Gritting his teeth, Mike makes his way to the ropes and asks for a mic. Turning, he practically bellows at the little man.]

BMF: TAKE A F\*CKING HINT!!! I...SAID...NNNNNOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Big Mike grabs Percival by the scruff of his neck and lives him off the canvas like... well, a small child. Percival grits his teeth, dropping the cane and clipboard. As Mike rears his boot back, looking ready to punt the man, Percival speaks fast on the microphone.]

PG: THINK ABOUT YOUR SISTER, MR. FOYER!!!

[Suddenly the DERP-A-TRON screen comes to life, showing us the view inside of a rather nice home. The focus of the camera's attention is a rather pretty, red haired woman in a yellow sundress sitting in a rocking chair, her hands tied behind her back and mouth gagged. BMF's eyes go wide and he drops Percival unceremoniously to the canvas.]

BMF: BECKY!!!

[Stepping into view is the massive frame of The Mongoloid, where his mask, a black T-shirt, black cargo pants, fingerless gloves, and steel toed boots, and a set of brass knuckles on his right hand. There is a nasty gash on the woman's forehead, streaks of blood running from it down the side of her face. She appears as if in a daze. Big Mike Foyer's skin starts turning a very bright shade of angry red, veins in his neck tensing. His head whips back to Percival.]

BMF: CALL HIM OFF, YOU SON OF A B\*TCH!!! CALL HIM OFF BEFORE I STOMP YOU INTO A GREASY LITTLE SMEAR!!!

[Percival is already on his feet and dusting himself off.]

PG: You lay one hand on me and I can't guarantee that your sweet little sister will survive the trip to the Emergency Room.

[Mike quivers with absolute fury, his eyes and lips twitching and his hands flexing as he starts moving side to side. Every ounce of his being right now fighting to keep from tearing Percival apart. Fearlessly, Percival limps over to his cane and grabs it along with the clipboard. He lifts the clipboard up in the air.]

PG: This is a contract for a match between Big Mike Foyer and The Mongoloid at TSWF's next big event. The Match itself is no pinfall, no Submission, no Disqualification. It is a Last... Man... Standing match.

[He turns towards the fuming BMF and holds the contract out before him.]

PG: Sign this contract; Face the Mongoloid and guarantee your little sister's safety, Mr. Foyer.

[Suddenly Mongo yells over the DERP-A-TRON speakers...]

Mongo: SIGN IT BITCH!!! SSSSIIIIIGGGGNNNNNN IIIIIITTTTT!!!

[...Mike looks back and forth between the screen and Percival. Snatching the contract out of Percival's hands, BMF signs the document and then throws it back to him. Percival catches it with a rather bright smile on his face. Mike brings the microphone back to his lips, and speaks in a very chilling, icy tone.]

BMF: Percy... when I'm done killing that fat piece of shit, I promise you... You're next...

[Percival isn't even fazed.]

PG: I've been threatened by bigger and scarier than you, Mr. Foyer. Trust me, those individuals have never delivered. Neither will you.

[He looks up at the screen.]

PG: Mongo, I'll call you and tell you when it's time to leave. If I don't call you within ten minutes, have your way with little Becky Lynn Foyer.

[Mongo rubs his hands over the brass knuckles.]

Mongo: Sure thing, Mr. Graves.

[Percival then looks back with a satisfied smile at Big Mike.]

PG: ...and to think, he used to have a problem hitting women. I love how his training has progressed so rapidly.

[The evil midget turns and exits the ring. Within moments, he's limping on that cane all the way down the aisle to the entrance. BMF looks towards the DERP-A-TRON.]

BMF: You will never have my respect, Monkey.

[Mongo smirks.]

Mongo: I don't want it, Bitch Mountain.

[BMF tosses the mic down and we fade.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Are you kidding me? Now I've seen it all. We have officially gone off the deep end to have guys like Mongo and Graves going around kidnapping innocent women to force matches out of people.

AS: I couldn't agree more. But the match has been signed and will go down soon enough.

SS: Not if my brother has anything to say about it. He'll never agree to let actions such as those perpetrated by Graves and Mongo go on without reprimanding the culprits first.

AS: Very true. Let's hear now from Elijah Black who is on a self-determined path to work his way through the Underground title rankings.



## ELIJAH BLACK



[We're inside a community theatre, a place that has seen better days – the paint is flaking away from the walls, the hall's lighting occasionally flickers as another light tube starts to falter, and the stacks of plastic chairs stacked against either wall that reveal a scuffed carpet with sporadic patches chewing gum trodden in; they don't help create an image of glamour.

Sitting at the edge of the stage wearing an army jacket, a Life Of Agony t-shirt and pair of urban camo cut-off jeans, in front of a captive audience of no-one, is Elijah Black]

Black: It may surprise you, but we know what people say about us.

That's right, we aren't protected by a bubble from what snide comments people make about us; we are fully aware of a lot of what is said. Some are more vain than others, spending hours on Google looking for every comment, positive or negative, in order to feel better about themselves or have a reason to hate themselves, whilst others have an ear open and only respond if something isn't correct.

Take, for example, my absence from the last show...or not, as the case was. You see...I know the commentary made a point to say I was "ducking" the Gauntlet match, without thinking of any consequences that could become of it.

I had my reasons for not putting myself forward for that match, and they make a lot of sense. But first, I should give a little background information. You see, when I heard of an "Underground" title, that sounded like something that was custom-made for me. After all, that

word has strong connotations. Underground. Away from the mainstream. Doing what they want the way they want, without corporate influence. If I wanted a fashion accessory, that would be a better place for me to start than taking a trip to the Gap like the brainless masses who need to be told what to wear by an advertising campaign and everyone else who dresses the exact damn same.

Yet at the same time, it's a label that's spread around so much it has lost so much of its meaning, like so many other words that get co-opted by people who don't understand something so they have to mold it and retool it to their sensibilities before it is mass-marketed, mass-produced and utterly, shamelessly meaningless.

From that standpoint, you can see why I might be reluctant to put my name to something, which may have a name that means nothing. After all, if I was handed the Underground title belt one moment and the next I was informed that the belt was paid for by, for the sake of argument, Pepsi and they have a whole advertising campaign based around it, I would look like the biggest hypocrite. My beliefs and my means of expressing them make me who I am and what I am, and I will not have them diluted by putting my name to something that doesn't mean what it says.

In other words, to say I was avoiding the gauntlet and picking my spot is an outright lie, and the sort of ignorant comment that spreads ignorant thoughts into the minds of those who dare not question authority. Not watching what you say is very, very dangerous – if you're going to say something so utterly incorrect, you'd better make sure you have a retraction and an apology on standby.

[Black raps his knuckles against the boards that make up the stage]

However, on the other hand, protecting my interests and my image would mean I put my socialist beliefs aside for a moment and acted like a true capitalist, with self-interest more important than the title itself. Or does it?

You see, the thing about the gauntlet is that it did not reward ability or hard work in any way. It rewarded the opportunist, those who want to take advantage of other peoples' hard work and reap the benefits for themselves and no one else. You could be the greatest wrestler in the world, but if you were entered at number one, it would be a matter of time before you had been worn down by opponent after opponent, and you will be picked off sooner rather than later. The hard work isn't rewarded, the easy route is. If you want to talk about things that sound capitalist, that sounds like the capitalist machine at its most cold-blooded, so it's no surprise that I wanted no part of it.

And yet, here I am.

The fact is that I've lost focus of late, bleeding momentum as I get stuck in a rut as others start to have designs on the top belt, and they've had plenty of time to work on staking a claim as he faces the same guy on every single show.

As I broached the subject, I'll say this about Adams – he's preventing people stepping up to challenge him by facing Shadoe Rage over and over and over again, so everyone else is having to sit back and wait their chance for the pair of them to get it over with. You want to know what people backstage have been saying about you, champ? They were hoping one of

you would sweep the series 4-0 so they could get a crack at the belt. Again, capitalism at its absolute worst, and it's at the top of this company.

In so many ways, Adams necessitated this title's creation because he won't let anyone else face him for months on end – we run two shows a month, Mark, so that's four months where the only people you've faced for that belt are Shadoe Rage... and Shadoe Rage.

Yet it isn't Adams alone that necessitated this belt, it's also the increased competition throughout the company, all of them looking to take a step up. This made it important for a secondary title for everyone else to be created, so they can battle it out so they can take a step out of the darkness and into the spotlight.

And yet, they went about it in a way that won't reward their hard work, merely their luck in drawing lots and ability to screw over someone who had busted their ass to prove themselves worthy.

When I saw the list of those who were signed up to compete, a solitary thought came into my head: I can beat each and every one of them on their own. And that, right there, is the other reason I did not sign myself up for the gauntlet, because it takes away from the fact I can or I have beaten everyone on the list, and put it into the hands of the luck of the draw.

When I realized this, I knew there was one thing that needed to be done – to prove it. So when they offered the chance to pick a member of the Tri State roster to fight, I immediately knew who it would be...or, at least, I could narrow down my choice of opponent.

In the end, I decided that the first member of the gauntlet I would challenge and defeat would be "Jester" Chad Allen. Once again, I heard a few theories why I picked him – he was one of the first entrants, he eliminated a few of the competitors, he's another guy who trickled down from the corporate world of wrestling and washed up outside Tri State's doors, but the fact is that none of these are true. They're good reasons, I give you that, but they're wrong – I picked him because, alphabetically, he was first on the list. You have to start somewhere, right?

As for the stipulation, I jut pitched it so there was a stipulation. What can I say, a straight one-on-one match? That's hardly worth my time in suggesting it, so I thought about what would appeal to Allen's sense of entitlement...sorry, I meant sense of adventure. I thought of a cage match...but I had one of those recently, move on. I considered a ladder match, but ditched the idea because what will be at the top of the ladder when I get there? Falls count anywhere? Intriguing, but a little vague and, to be honest, I could just knock his ass out in the locker room and call over a referee whenever I felt like it.

So, in order to appeal to his sensibilities, I offered some leeway. He can push the envelope a little bit, express himself in the ring and outside it, bring whatever he feels the match needs, be it chairs, tables, or ladder...but he still has to play within the rules. It's not No Holds Barred, it's not No DQ, and it's not Falls Count Anywhere – I giveth, but I taketh away. That's the beauty part, Chad, if the ref thinks you're going too far he'll DQ you where you stand, and you'll have proven yourself to be a true clown. You need some smarts to go into this match, because if you cross the line the line will cut you in half.

There may be a perverse logic to me offering him a match where he can use weapons but get disqualified, but I find it amusing. It'll throw him off his game that he always has to ask himself what is too much, and that lets me show him a new definition of "less is more" – because,

frankly, I've been through enough blood and guts matches lately, so this is me easing my way back into regular competition whilst proving myself once again.

I may have been losing momentum, I may have even allowed people to leapfrog me in contention for the Underground title, but there are reasons for it and a plan to come back from it. The first step is Chad Allen, and there are several steps along the road. Best of all, the title can actually be won, lost and defended against anyone and everyone who challenges for it along the way, and I can still keep picking my way through the field until there is only one choice left to make – to give the devil his due.

When that happens, when it finally comes, finally there will be a champion to respect – and one worth paying attention to. That is my mandate, and I don't need anyone to talk to an empty chair for me to get that across.

[FTB]



\*RELAXED RULES MATCH\*

“JESTER” CHAD ALLEN

vs.

ELIJAH BLACK



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and will be contested under RELAXED RULES!!!

\*\*POP!!\*\*

RA: Introducing first...

[Purple lights pulse around the arena as “Smash The Control Machine” thunders through the speakers...]

#

With the perfect hair  
And the perfect wife  
And the perfect kids  
And the perfect life

I will finally be somebody...

#

RA: From East Lansing, Michigan and weighing in tonight at two hundred and seven pounds...

ELIJAHHHHH BLACCCKK!!!

\*\*\*HEEL JEERS\*\*\*

[...before Elijah Black steps out on top of the ramp, surveying the arena around him with the hood of his black hoodie raised, standing with his fists clenched as he stretches his arms as wide as he can, slowly turning on the spot]

#

(Let's play born-again American, resistance is the game!)

#

[Black throws his head back, throwing the hood back around his shoulders, and shakes some of the excess water out of his hair as he begins to walk down the ramp]

#

Two pigs wearing suits  
Brought the news  
That I'm wanted by the bank

They say the rent is due  
Caesar's onto you  
So you better remember your place

#

[Black walks down the ramp at a slow, deliberate pace, a malicious smirk crossing his lips as he continues down to ringside ...]

#

Then they outsourced my job  
And gave a raise to my boss

Bailed out your banks  
But billed me for the loss

#

[...reaching the bottom of the ramp, Black pauses at ringside to flick his attention to the ring for a moment, before he paces around the ringside area]

#

They say we must submit  
And be one with the Machines

Because the Kingdom of Fear

Needs compliance to succeed  
#

[Pacing around the ring, Black continues his deliberate pace to invite any and all heckles from the crowd]

#  
So waterboard the kids for fun  
It's all the rage

And play born-again American  
Resistance is the game  
#

[Quick as a flash, Black breaks from his patrol of ringside and jumps onto the apron, waiting for a moment on one knee for the right moment in his theme...]

#  
SMASH THE CONTROL MACHINE  
Work, buy, consume, die  
#

[Black quickly scales the turnbuckles from the ring apron, standing on the top rope with his fist held high in the air and looking remarkably pleased with himself]

#  
SMASH THE CONTROL MACHINE  
Happy little slaves - for minimum wage  
#

[Black jumps over the ropes and into the ring, where he signals for the house mic]

#  
((The revolution will be monetized  
And streamed live via renegade wi-fi))  
#

[Black is handed the ring mic and waits for his music to die down]

Black: Free-thinkers of Lowell, tonight you will witness the beginning of the resurrection of Elijah Black.

No longer will I be sitting in wait for my chance to challenge; instead I will carve an opportunity for myself. Tonight is the first step, as I make my way through each and every contender for the Underground title until Jack Nomad is the only person left in my way, but in doing so I will prove that I am the only person who can represent what is truly "underground."

So as I take my first step, I have one thing to say...SEND IN THE CLOWN!

[Black drops the microphone and heads to his corner, awaiting the arrival of JCA]

AS: Elijah Black issued this challenge to “Jester” Chad Allen right after our last broadcast aired. It seems Mr. Black’s new goal is to work through all the challengers in the Underground title gauntlet one show at a time until he proves himself worthy of a shot at Jack Nomad.

SS: Well hopefully by the time that comes along, Nomad won’t be wearing the Underground title anymore.

AS: Hopefully....

RA: And his opponent...

[The lights of the arena slowly dim to a purple hue, as Twiztid's "HA Ha HA Ha HA Ha (Akuma Remix)" starts up with crunching guitars over Jamie Madrox's laughter. Amidst the music and the lights steps out the Wicked Clown himself, wearing his black hoodie up over his head, over black ring shorts and black boots.]

#Woke up on the bad side of bed again  
#I can't escape this phase  
#Everywhere I turn there's another wall  
#And the medicine cabinet feeling like I'm stuck in a maze  
#I can only find my way out by subtraction, murder is my reaction,  
#Look in the basement and you can see what I mean  
#People all cut to pieces, soaking in gasoline.

[Jester moves back and forth to the music for a bit before putting his hood down, flashing a glint of evil intent in his clown painted eyes and face. He runs his hands over his shaved head before he lets out his trademark laugh as the announcer does his job]

RA: He hails from the infamous CIRCUS DIABOLICUS...weighing in at two hundred and fifty-five pounds... He is the Hardcore God, the Wicked Clown of Wrestling, he is...

"THE JESTER"                      CHAD                      ALLENNNNNNN!!!!

\*\*HUGE JEERS!\*\*

SS: Chad Allen out here alone. Obviously Jack Nomad needs his help but isn’t too keen on being at ringside when his butt isn’t in action.

AS: Well if anything, Jack Nomad knows JCA can handle Elijah Black and derail his train to the top (and his title) very quickly.

SS: I still call cowardice.

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

[The bell rings and the two men come from their respective corners, circling each other in the center of the ring for a few moments – neither seeming to have an issue with Black still wearing his hoodie.

Allen strikes first, snatching Black in a side headlock and tries to use his weight and power advantage to force Black down to as knee, but Black resists and tries to counter with a back suplex, only for JCA to float over and land on his feet. The crowd applauds the show of wrestling ability, as we have a standoff. ]

SS: Quite the showing so far in the opening moment as both men go toe to toe and JCA is on the offensive at the moment.

AS: Makes me wonder if Jack Nomad brings out the evil in JCA and just what shade of the clown will we see in this contest.

[With the crowd applauding their efforts, Black lowers the tone by catching JCA with a slap to the face.]

SS: Oooo...and Black with the slap to the face. Clear-cut disrespect.

AS: Actually I have to think Black may not approve of Allen's actions earlier tonight and is looking to show him a thing or two on how to operate inside the squared circle.

[JCA retaliates immediately, throwing a hard fist to Black's temple that knocks him to the mat, and when Black gets up JCA runs him over with a hard shoulder block to send him back to the canvas, before hitting the ropes and coming back with an axe handle drop...but Black rolls out of the way, and catches a prone Allen with a basement dropkick to the side of the head. Black quickly grabs Allen's legs and sets him up for Eyes Wide Closed (Surfboard Curb Stomp), but Allen rolls Black off and we have another stand-off.]

SS: Elijah Black thought he could end things with the Eyes Wide Closed but as we just saw, JCA had it scouted.

AS: Allen IS quite the veteran and would never fall victim to a rookie mistake this early in the match.

[This time, Black attempts a side headlock, and as before it's countered with a back suplex and Black lands on his feet, but Allen quickly turns around and catches him with a boot to the gut, before whipping him into the turnbuckles and following in with a running splash to knock some wind out of Black's lungs.

As Black attempts to catch his breath, Allen fires off a knife-edge chop]

###SLAP###

Crowd: WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

###SLAP###

Crowd: WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

[Allen plays to the crowd, asking if they want one more.]

Crowd: ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

[Allen prepares to hit a third chop, but Black has recovered and sucker punches Allen in the ear, before shoving Allen into the corner and connecting with a series of fast punches to the head to stun him, before backing off a few paces and charging in, connecting with a leaping forearm smash in the corner, before taking Allen down with a snapmare. As Allen gets up, Black connects with a stomp to the head to stun him, knocking him down onto his face, and as he gets up a second time Black stomps on Allen's head...

...BUT ALLEN GETS RIGHT BACK UP.]

AS: Jester Chad Allen looking Elijah Black dead in the eye and laughs.

SS: And now Allen is gesturing for Black to come at him once again.

[Allen shoves Black into the corner once again, kicks him in the gut, before bringing him out the hard way with a release vertical suplex, before coming off the ropes and connecting with a running leg drop directly onto Black's face.

Allen makes the cover...]

ONE...

SS: Black gets a shoulder up.

AS: And JCA right back on top of him once more. The hired hit man doing his job in trying to take out Black before he can gain any steam.

[Allen grabs a handful of Black's hair and picks him off the canvas, but Black retaliates with a jawbreaker to stagger Allen, before quickly catching him in the faced with a running calf kick – but, again, Allen doesn't stay down for long, so Black boots him in the gut and grabs him by the scruff of the neck, connecting with a series of elbows to Allen's medulla oblongata, before he quickly snatches Allen and drops him with a Russian leg sweep.]

AS: And now it's Elijah Black who's back on top as he pounds down on JCA's head and neck region.

[With Allen clutching the back of his head on the canvas, Black finally removes his hoodie and wraps it around Allen's throat, tugging back to choke him, making sure to remind Allen he's allowed to do so...]

Black: "It's relaxed rules, dickhead."

[Keeping the hoodie clamped around Allen's throat, Black hauls him to his feet, quickly taking him down with a side headlock takedown with the hoodie still wrapped around his throat, and continues to choke him on the mat until the ref intervenes.]

Ref: ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR...

[Black releases the hold, retrieving his hoodie from around Allen's neck and chucks it to a ring attendant on the outside, but the damage has been done.]

\*\*\*POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: Elijah Black making it abundantly clear that he is in control of this match and right now JCA is not looking like Jack Nomad's muscle but rather just another victim of TSWF's homegrown anarchist movement.

[With Allen trying to regain his breath, Black tees off with a series of stomps to Allen's upper body, before switching up to start throwing kicks to Allen's head – and this time, Allen isn't firing up.]

Black stomps directly onto Allen's face, before climbing the buckles and watching Allen, waiting for him to get to his feet.]

AS: Elijah Black taking a break from his beatdown of Chad Allen, allowing his opponent to get to his feet.

SS: Well I'm sure it's more of a "biding my time and waiting to strike" if anything.

[Still having trouble catching his breath, Allen slowly stirs on the mat, pushing himself off the canvas and gets to a knee...

...and Black comes off the middle turnbuckle, driving the point of his elbow into Allen's neck, sending him back to the canvas.]

SS: Just as I called it. Elijah Black struck while the iron was red hot and right now, JCA is down and out on the mat, looking like a lump of coal.

[Black stands over Allen talking trash, interspersed with the occasional stomp to the head to make sure he stays down, before he picks him off the mat and nails him with a hard forearm to the face, before grabbing him by the head and tossing him over the ropes to the floor.]

AS: Make that a lump of coal that just got ditched to the ringside floor.

SS: Bad spot for JCA.

[Black follows Allen to the floor and removes the steel steps, carrying them past Allen and setting them up on the floor next to his head. He backs off, waiting for Allen to stir, and when Allen starts to pick himself off the floor, Black rushes in and connects with a one-handed bulldog, driving his face into the steel.]

SS: Oooof....amazing move by Elijah Black as he knocks JCA face-first into the steel ring steps.

AS: Which are allowed in this "relaxed rules" contest.

[Black grabs Allen, making sure his head is in place on the steps, and backs off a few paces once again, before he runs in and hits a running facewash.]

\*\*\*BIG POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: These fans are loving this. Seeing Chad Allen being manhandled, it's like a dream come true.

[Satisfied with his handiwork, Black picks Allen off the steps and rolls him into the ring, where he makes the cover...]

Ref: ONE...

TWO...

[...only for Allen to kick out.]

SS: But JCA able to kick out and it infuriates Elijah Black.

[Frustrated, Black rolls back to the outside and searches under the ring, looking for something worth using, and he pulls out a steel chair. He slides back into the ring with the chair...but Allen has recovered, and drops a leg to the back of Black's skull.]

AS:: Elijah Black tried to utilize that steel chair but Jester Chad Allen caught him with the legdrop to the back of the head.

SS: And now with JCA on the offensive, things are likely to get pretty dirty.

[Seizing the opportunity, Allen waits for Black to get back to his feet and charges in, looking for the Head Popper (Shining Wizard)...]

###CLANG###

[...and gets met with a steel chair directly to the leg, killing his run-up in an instant.]

\*\*\*POP POP POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: BIG STEEL CHAIR SHOT FROM ELIJAH BLACK!

AS: And the crowd are on their feet. Whether he likes it or not, these fans are behind Black one hundred percent.

[With JCA hobbling, Black takes Allen down with a back heel trip, holding onto the leg and throws a couple of kicks at the injured limb, before dropping an elbow and stretching it to further damage Allen's leg.]

SS: And Black working over the leg of Chad Allen, hoping to eliminate the possibility of another Head Popper attempt later in this match.

AS: Sound strategy. Focus on a body part and work it until it goes dead or you get tired.

[Allen struggles to free himself, hauling himself across the mat until he can make a lunge for the bottom rope, and again the referee calls for the break...]

Ref: ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR...

[Black releases the hold – but keeps a grip on the leg, and hits a leg drop onto the limb, further damaging it.]

SS: And again, Black still torqueing the appendage of JCA. I'm not sure if it was a good idea to send Chad Allen out here solo.

AS: Absolutely Stephanie. Jack Nomad is likely sitting in the back and realizing he may be on his own later tonight against Brandy Danielle.

[Black picks up Allen, dragging him into the corner where he ties up the injured leg in the ropes, and again focuses attention on it with a couple more kicks, before hitting a running dropkick for good measure.

With JCA going nowhere, Black takes a second run-up – and just punts Allen square in the nuts, and as JCA is doubled over Black hooks the head and plants him to the canvas with a DDT...but can't make the cover, as Allen's leg is still caught in the ropes.]

SS: Black with a shot to the clowning jewels of Chad Allen.

AS: Did you just say CLOWNED jewels?

SS: Yes I did. Something about watching Chad Allen getting kicked in the groin makes me want to throw out some puns.

[Black backs off, waiting for Allen to free himself and get to a vertical base, watching his every move. Allen hauls himself off the mat, using the ropes to get leverage as he frees his leg – and the second he turns around, Black meets him with a flying spear in the corner!]

AS: BOOM! Elijah Black with the spear into the corner and JCA is caught between the turnbuckles and a flying body.

[Black pulls Allen out of the corner and climbs the buckles, coming off with Black Skies...]

SS: It could be over right here, people.

\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\*

[...but Allen gets the knees up, hurting Black but also affecting his leg in the process of staying in the match.]

SS: JCA able to get the knees up to catch Black off-guard at the last possible second but at what cost.

AS: Allen rolling around holding his leg which has to be throbbing right now with considerable pain.

[Black holds his ribs after the last move, but he still gets to his feet first and grabs Allen by the head and pulls him to his feet – but Allen catches him with a low blow, before grabbing him by the head...]

JCA: “Relaxed rules, douchebag!”

[...and wiping him out with a spinning backfist.]

SS: Chad Allen is now back in this and ready to play ball with Elijah Black, it seems.

AS: But how far will he be able to go with only one good leg holding up his massive frame?

[Both men have trouble getting to their feet, Allen because of the work to his knee, Black because he’s just been belted right in the face. As they get up, Allen is hobbled whilst Black is woozy, but the wooziness allows Allen time to hit Black with a head and arm suplex, hurling him across the ring with a mighty thud.]

SS: Black flies through the air thanks to that suplex from Chad Allen... and he crashes hard into the mat.

AS: JCA now moving over to Black’s position but having a hard time as he tries to revive some life into his bum knee and leg.

[Allen tries to walk off the damage to the leg as he approaches Black, not quite working through it by blocking out the pain, and he lifts Black from the mat and hits him with a hard right to stagger him, and a second one to stun him, before cracking Black with a nasty headbutt. As Black recoils, checking his face is in the same shape as it was when he entered the ring, Allen picks the chair off the mat and simply throws it at Black, catching him full-force in the head and sending him crashing to the mat.]

SS: Oooo... Allen with the toss of the chair and Black definitely caught that one in the wrong spot.

AS: The referee keeping an eye on things and making sure nothing goes beyond the “relaxed rules” demeanor of this contest.

[Allen slides out of the ring and grabs the ring steps, hurling them over the ropes into the ring, before looking under the ring for some plunder.]

SS: The ring steps land near Elijah Black but JCA not done yet as he’s looking for some more weapons of mass destruction to use against Black.

AS: And I believe he just found what he was looking for, Stephanie.

[Allen pulls out a sledgehammer, takes a look at it...then drops it to the floor, seeing something he prefers. He ducks under the ring and emerges with a second steel chair that he slides into the ring – and a kendo stick.]

SS: Chad Allen with a steel chair and kendo stick in hand, almost like a sword and shield combination.

AS: That is if JCA was a Knight of the Clowned Table.

SS: Good one, Ashie.

[Allen holds up the kendo stick, gaining a roar of approval from the crowd who enjoy a good thrashing regardless of who’s doing it at certain times, before he rolls back into the ring and stalks Black as he starts to get up...]

###CRACK###

[...and brings it down hard across his back. Black grimaces, but Allen isn’t finished...]

###CRACK###

[...bringing it down a second time, as the welts begin to form on Black’s back. And then JCA unleashes a barrage...]

###CRACK###

###CRACK###

###CRACK###

###CRACK###

###CRACK###

###CRACK###

###CRACK###

[...raining down blow after blow to Black's back, until Black's only option is to bail out of the ring to get a moment's respite.]

SS: Man oh man...JCA just caught Elijah Black with nine...count 'em...NINE big cracks to the back with that kendo stick.

[Black has to use the ring apron itself to hold himself up, giving the front row fans a good view not only of the welts forming across his back, but they can see the skin has split open from the barrage.]

Black drops to the floor, barely able to stand with the stinging sensation in his back, whilst in the background JCA climbs the turnbuckles with the cane in hand, and sits there, waiting.]

AS: HOLY SMOKES! That's pure violence indulgence right there as Chad Allen grins like a Cheshire cat inside the ring all the while Black is out on the floor holding his back which has definitely splintered open.

SS: And speaking of splintered, that kendo stick is frayed at the end from the continuous use by JCA.

[Allen watches as Black gets back to his feet, taking flight with the cane aimed square at Black's head...]

\*\*\*BIG POP!!!!\*\*\*

[...AND IS CAUGHT WITH THE BUTTERFLY DEFECT!]

Crowd: HOLY SHIT!            HOLY SHIT!

SS: ELIJAH BLACK NAILS THE BUTTERFLY DEFECT!

AS: And JCA is flopping around on the ringside floor, feeling the full effects of what Black just miraculously pulled off right there.

SS: Black may be in a bad way, but Allen's just taken a nasty spill as well, as both men are unable to get back to their feet.

[The referee leaves the ring, checking on both men for signs of life, and after careful consideration he allows the match to continue, and is actually encouraging both competitors to get back to their feet.]

AS: The relaxed rules going so far as the referee not issuing a ringout count but rather telling both men to continue dueling it out.

SS: Yes but who will be the first one to get to their feet because that man will surely have the advantage going forward.

[Black begins to stir, crawling on the arena floor until he reaches the bottom half of the ring steps, using them to pick himself off the floor and through the pain barrier, and he looks back to see Allen is barely moving.]

SS: Elijah Black is up and about...and now heading under the ring for some sort of chicanery.

[Black looks under the ring, and soon pulls out a table, sliding it into the ring before he ducks under the ring a second time and pulls out a ladder.]

AS: So now we have ourselves a TLC match happening in front of us as Elijah Black introduces the T and L to the C from earlier on.

[Black carries the ladder to the side of the ring Allen is on, balancing it between the ring apron and the crowd barrier, before he picks up Allen and places him on top of the ladder and rolls back into the ring and he gingerly scales the turnbuckles, balancing himself as he checks Allen's position...]

SS: JCA laid across that makeshift bridge from the ring apron to the steel barricade. And now with Elijah Black up on the top turnbuckle, this could be a make it or break it moment for Black.

AS: Well if he misses, it'll be his body that ends up broken into many pieces.

[...AND FLIES OFF THE TOP ROPE, DRIVING ALLEN THROUGH THE LADDER WITH A BACK SENTON!!!]

\*\*\*POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: HE DID IT!!! JCA driven through that ladder and now both men in a heap down on the ringside floor.

[It's carnage at ringside, as the ladder snapped in half under the force of Black hurtling down onto Allen, and the crowd are going nuts!]

Meanwhile, the two people involved in the match are still in a bad way, Allen grimacing in pain as Black recovers from a maneuver that took a hell of a lot out of him as well.]

AS: ELIJAH BLACK IN A BAD WAY RIGHT NOW! That was an impressive move but it could be his downfall if he can't capitalize on it quickly.

[Through force of sheer will alone, Black just about manages to climb to his feet, and he grabs Allen's damaged leg and drags him across the arena floor by it, coming to a stop by the ring post where he wraps the bad leg around the ring post, before grabbing a section of the wrecked ladder...]

###THUD###

[...and driving it into the damaged limb, making sure Allen has even more trouble getting back up.]

SS: Well that's certainly one way to keep your opponent down for awhile. Take his leg out from under him and turn it into a lump of torn muscle and broken bones.

AS: Since coming into TSWF, JCA said he wanted to be more wrestling based and less hardcore based. Well there's nothing more in column A than what Elijah Black is demonstrating right here, right now.

[Convinced his handiwork has done the job, Black rolls Allen back into the ring and throws the kendo stick into the ring for good measure, before he picks up the table he slid into the ring earlier and sets it up in the corner. Then he pulls Allen towards it and picks him up, dumping him against the wood as he backs away, making sure to pull down his kneepad to let everyone know the Burakkusuta is not too far away.]

SS: Many an opponent has fallen victim to that Shining Wizard from Elijah Black – will Chad Allen be the latest one?

AS: We're just about to find out.

[He charges forward, preparing to finish off Allen...

...but Allen snatches him into the air mid-run, and drives him through the table with The Last Laugh V1!]

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!\*\*\*

SS: NO F\*CKIN' WAY!

AS: JCA just took out Elijah Black with a Death Valley Driver that he refers to as "The Last Laugh Version One" and is now verbally doing the same as he chuckles at his handiwork.

[Once again, the crowd are going absolutely nuts for this, whilst Allen meanwhile merely goes for a cover...]

Ref: ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

SS: NO!!!! Black JUST manages to get the shoulder up!

Crowd: F\*CK HIM UP, BLACK, F\*CK HIM UP!

##CLAP CLAP##

Crowd: F\*CK HIM UP, BLACK, F\*CK HIM UP!

##CLAP CLAP##

[Scorn by the crowd's response, Allen guts it out to get to his feet, grabbing a piece of the shattered table and placing it onto Black's sternum, before climbing to the second rope and coming down with a double stomp, cracking the table and (presumably) Black's sternum with it...but in doing so, once again he hobbles himself.]

SS: The double stomp by JCA but he definitely came down wrong on that bad leg.

AS: Elijah Black did the right thing going after that leg earlier in the match. A lot of a man's offense stems from his lower body and if you don't have a leg to stand on, how can you possibly expect to put away a man like Elijah Black?

[Allen looks to follow up, picking up Black and placing him in a full nelson, snapping back with a dragon suplex with the bridge...]

Ref: ONE...

TWO...

SS: Allen's knee can't hold out and he falls out of the bridging maneuver, allowing Black to get a shoulder up in time.

AS: See what I mean about smart move by Black earlier on?

[Clutching at his sternum, Black tries to get up, but is met with a hard kick to the side of the head from Allen, setting him in place for the Clown Shoe Catastrophe (enzuigiri to the face), and again Allen makes the cover...]

SS: JCA powering through and is just looking to end this once and for all so he can go to the back and ice up his knee.

Ref: ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

\*\*POP!\*\*

AS: But again, Black won't stay down, getting a shoulder off the canvas.

SS: JCA is growing frustrated as he grabs one of steel chairs inside of the ring.

[With chair in hand, JCA slams it down hard against Black's back. Allen then takes the chair and wedges it in the corner, picking up a notably limp Black and grabbing him in a side headlock, where he rains down a series of hard punches to the head before he runs forward, driving Black's skull into the chair with a battering ram.]

AS: Black headfirst into the steel chair and now it seems like JCA is focusing HIS offense on the skull of Elijah Black.

[Allen grabs Black by the back of the head and prepares to throw him head-first into the steel chair, but at the last second Black reverses and sends Allen crashing into the chair, and quickly follows up with a springboard kick to the side of the head, before collapsing to the canvas in a heap.]

SS: Beautiful counter by Elijah Black as he uses JCA's steel chair against him.

AS: And with both men down again, it's anybody's game for the taking.

[Both men are worn out after the sheer attrition of this match, but the crowd is loving every second of it. Black crawls over to the ropes, trying to pull himself up and barely managing it, whilst on the other side of the ring Allen has gotten to his feet but is resting against the buckles, wearing the physical toll on his face for all to see.]

SS: Hmm, looks like we have a standoff of two tired souls.

[Black tries to approach, but Allen yanks the chair out of the buckles and tosses it at Black's head a second time – but this time Black catches it, and quickly retaliates with a chair-assisted discus lariat to smash the chair into Allen's face.]

AS: Ooo...Black with the chair to the face of JCA.

SS: And now with kendo stick in hand, he seems to be stalking the clown.

[Black picks up the kendo stick and, remembering the pain he endured from it, he sits Allen up on the mat and swings directly at his head, knocking him down like a ton of bricks...but Allen rolls through, getting to his knees and actually goads Black to try it again...so he does.]

###CRACK###

SS: Allen won't go down, daring Black to do it again...

###CRACK###

SS: And he still won't back down, spitting in Black's face and demanding he do it once more...

###CRACK###

[...Allen clenches his fists, daring Black to try again...but instead Black smacks him with a superkick directly to the face to knock the fight out of him, before following up with the Burakkusuta (Shining Wizard) and catching Allen square in the face with his knee.]

AS: Elijah Black connects with the Shining Wizard...and it could be a mere three count to declare Black the victor.

[Sensing the end is nigh, Black picks up one of the steel chairs and stands it up.]

SS: Black gives Chad Allen the finger before cutting his throat with the thumb of the same hand, middle finger still raised.

AS: We all know exactly what that means...

[Black picks Allen off the mat and uses the last of his energy to lift him into an Argentine rack, before dropping him throat-first onto the edge of the chair with Dead Like You.]

SS: HOLY MOTHER OF... ELIJAH BLACK WITH THE DEAD LIKE YOU ACROSS THE TOP OF THAT STEEL CHAIR!!!

AS: And JCA is bouncing around on the mat clutching at his throat like a cat trying to cough up a hairball.

SS: Black rolls over to make the cover...

Ref: ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!

\*\*\*DING DING DING!!!\*\*\*

RA: And here is the winner of the match...

ELIJAHHHHH BLACKKKK!!!!

\*\*\*STANDING OVATION FROM THE CROWD!!!\*\*\*

[Barely getting to a knee on the canvas, the ref raises Black's hand as the adrenaline starts to wear off and the reality of the beating he just took starts to sink in. Regardless, a hard-fought win is a hard-fought win, and Black rolls out of the ring, grabbing his hoodie off the floor and heading back up the ramp with a fist raised in the air.]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Elijah Black comes out with the win over JCA as he is now one victim forward on his path towards the Underground title.

AS: And you have to wonder now if Chad Allen is in any shape to watch Jack Nomad's back, especially with his second title defense coming up moments from now.

SS: That shot to the throat combined with the bum leg... I have to think Nomad is on his own in this one. This could end up being a very short reign for Nomad if Brandy Danielle should get lucky here tonight.

AS: Not to mention a huge embarrassment for Nomad. Hopefully these pre-recorded comments will shed some light on what is going on inside of Brandy Danielle's head, particularly as to why she attacked her friend and ally, Josie Saito, earlier tonight.



## BRANDY DANIELLE



[As the cameras head to Brandy's new home of San Diego, California, we spot Brandy all alone on the beach. She is wearing nothing but a bikini and doing her morning running, but later, she would be tanning. Today is a beautiful day on the beach. The water is shimmering and the sky is cloudless. It is a perfect day for a run and a tan. As she is running, she decides to speak into the camera.]

Brandy: Hello. My name is Brandy Danielle. But you already knew that. But I come to you today to announce a name change. You see, with a new attitude, comes a new name. And from now on, I will be referred to as Brandy-Danielle Garrett. Why? Because Brandy Danielle is dead. That girl that everyone loved is now the one you will love to hate, and I really don't care. You see... you all did this to me. You were the reason I was attacked repeatedly. You all were the reason my husband got attacked for no reason whatsoever. And you are the reason for the attitude change. So be proud of yourselves because as of now, f\*ck you all. I don't need any of you.

[As she decides to touch a bit on her new look, she stops, posing for the camera a bit. Her body is a bit tanned now, as she picked that up when she moved to San Diego. As she speaks again, smiling arrogantly, she takes a breath and the camera pans to her body.]

Brandy: But I would like to now inform you on my new look. As you look at me, you see tattoos on my arms and newly dyed blonde hair. My glasses are replaced with contacts. This is to put over that I'm not some sort of Barbie doll, like the locker room of losers seems to think. But the tattoos all mean something. The rose symbolizes a tribute to my mother, Rose. The three stars on my left arm is a symbol of every title I've won. And the barbed wire on my left arm, here, means that I'm as tough as barbed wire. Cross me and you will bleed.

[And now it was time to touch on the match a bit. As she continues running, she takes a turn on the shoreline, smiling as her hair flipped back in the wind. Her hair is a little longer, and obviously blonder, but she loves the look. As she speaks, her ego rises. She loves what she is going to say next.]

Brandy: And Jacka\*\* Nomad, you might want to do as your name suggests and move out of my way. Because TSWF, no matter who its champion is, is MY turf. I am what I say that I am. I am the Queen of TSWF. Why can I call myself this and it not be ego? Simple. I'm a champion through and through. Everywhere I've been has equated to me winning gold. And this match will be no different. Because I don't care what Monet or Rage say, they aren't the rulers of TSWF. There can be only one ruler. And that is I. The Queen of TSWF... Brandy-Danielle Garrett.

[And now, to acknowledge the title this was for. She is very happy to finally get a title shot, but feels that management has kept her down long enough. As she poses a little, she speaks, very upset at what she has come to find out. But as she looks at the beach through her shades, she smirks, wondering how management would take this next bit, not really caring, though still curious.]

Brandy: This match is for the TSWF Underground title. And rest assured. This title is coming back to San Diego with me. And Michael Sandbury, I hope you watch this. Because you've held me down long enough. You've kept me out of title matches long enough. And it's your fault my husband and I were attacked and honestly, on behalf of both of us, enough! This match, I make sure you regret ever screwing me out of the world title with those worthless attacks from Saito and the attack from Mongoloid on my husband. And Josie, I will get my revenge on you for costing us that cage match. Bank on it, bitch.

Because I am...That Bitch.

[As she continues running, the scene begins to fade off. At this time, she lays out a beach towel, and begins tanning. As she looks down at her body, putting a pair of shades on, she smiles, loving her body and how she looks now. To her, this is the real Brandy. To her, this is how it should stay. She loves the attitude and the body. This is her and she is going to love being the real her, the true Brandy.

As we fade up again, the cameras head to San Diego, more specifically, we see Brandy driving her red 2013 Ferrari when the phone rings. As Brandy stops at a red light, she looks at her phone. It is her sister. As she puts the phone to her ear, she speaks into it, driving along.]

Brandy: Hey Britani! What's up?

[Brandy then makes a right turn, as the arrow on the stoplight points right. She is trying to get home to get changed, before someone starts whistling at her, for how she is dressed, which she hates. She has also thought of getting some more tattoos, but maybe after her next matchup.]

Britani: Hey sis! Saw your promo in the other place we're wrestling for and I love the new attitude! It's about time you changed your outlook. And I watched all your matches here and you're right. You've been held down long enough.

[As she turns down one more street, getting stares, she starts getting really upset. She puts her phone down for a bit as she looks over at the other driver, who is busy staring. She flips him the bird, as she speaks to the person.]

Brandy: Stop staring at me and watch where you're going! I'm a married lady and you wouldn't have a chance with me even if I wasn't, you nerd! Now move the f\*ck along!

[As the driver of the other car moves along, Brandy goes back to her phone. And just as she has finally reached home, which is a two story beach house. As she walks in, she puts it back to her ear and speaks again.]

Brandy: Sorry about that. Some idiot was staring at my body. But I agree. I love the new me and my new look. Blonde hair, no glasses, new tattoos, and a new tan. Most of all, I love San Diego. It is really pretty here and I am gonna stay here as long as I can. I just so love it here and stuff!

Britani: I can't wait to visit you and see the new look for myself! But are you ready for your matchup?

[Brandy smiles, walking into her room. She is so amped for this because it is the first match under the new attitude and look. She takes a breath, walking to her closet, and pulling out a half top and a pair of short shorts. As she speaks, she starts getting really hyper, her inner valley girl starting to come out.]

Brandy: Like, you know it and stuff! I'm so excited to be the real me for once, and stuff! And before you ask, Rich approves my change as even he said I was being too nice and stuff. So the new me is so a go and things! But I like, gotta go change clothes. I'll talk to you later and stuff!

Britani: Bye sis! Good luck!

[At this time, she hangs her phone up. As she begins to undress and begins to put her new clothes on, the scene fades off.]



## UNDERGROUND TITLE DEFENSE

BRANDY DANIELLE

vs.

JACK NOMAD (c)



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the Underground Championship!!!

\*\*POP!!\*\*

RA: Introducing first...

[As "Now I'm That Bitch" by Pitbull hits and the lights go dim, a chorus of boos fill the arena. As Brandy comes out, ignoring the crowd, she is seen looking into a mirror and doing her makeup.]

SS: A definitely different look for Brandy Danielle than what we've seen before.

[And to illustrate Stephanie's point, we see that Brandy now has blonde hair and fresh tattoos on her arms. On her left arm is her first name on a rose background. (Her mom's name is Rose, so that's a tribute to her mom) She also has three stars on her arm, signifying each singles title reign she's had. And on her right arm is a tattoo of her husband's name (Rich) in a guitar background, as he is a rocker at heart. She also has a tattoo of barbed wire on her right forearm, telling you how tough she is. She is accompanied by Rich Anderson who is attempting to get her to focus, but not having much luck. Rich is also seen on his phone talking to god knows who.]

AS: I really don't know what to say other than she obviously has had enough of being seen as some stupid Valley Girl and is ready to "woman up" to prove herself here in TSWF.

SS: And what an opponent to do it against in Jack Nomad. I wouldn't be surprised if he sees through this change and mocks her like he does every other woman he encounters.

[As Brandy hits the ring, she discards the mirror and makeup, as she goes to a corner and stretches. She seems somewhat nervous but still determined to get the job done.]

RA: In the ring at this time...from San Diego, California...weighing in at one hundred and forty-five pounds.... The self-proclaimed "QUEEN OF TSWF"...

BRANDYYYYY

DANNNNIELLE!!!

\*\*\*HEEL JEERS!!!\*\*\*

SS: I can't imagine what is going through Brandy's head at this point in time. She has witnessed all of the insanity of tonight and is now stepping in the ring with that sociopath Jack Nomad.

AS: Well you speak of insanity and that has to include her wicked betrayal of Josie Saito earlier tonight. But regardless, Brandy Danielle has never been one to back down from a challenge.

SS: Sure but you certainly cannot like her odds right now. Especially with that 'Painted Freak' Chad Allen on the outside as well.

AS: That is IF Chad Allen even makes it down to ringside...

RA: And her opponent...

[The lights around the steel entrance arch dim, old school red and blue police lights spin on either corner of it, casting their red and blue glow a short distance across the crowd...]

V/O: I think what scares us is I think we need this... violence...

#BREAK IT DOWN LIKE YOU KNOW IT'S LOADED!!!

#I GOT IT COCKED AND LOADED!

#I GOT A SICKNESS TO FEEEEEDD!!!

["Violence" by Dope plays through the house PA. Through the TSWF labeled curtains steps a lean muscled rookie with a cruel scowl on his face. Ice blue eyes wander over the crowd very briefly as he takes it all in for a moment. In his taped hand resides a taped, silver spray painted mop handle. On his red and black tights we see two easy labels - "Nomad" and "Hard Core". That Hardcore Label is repeated again on the maroon shirt he wears, as is Nomad on the outside of his black and silver, kick padded wrestling boots. He runs his taped fingers through that ratty black hair and rubs it down his chin bearded face, gathering a bit of sweat in his palm. Jack Nomad is joined by "Jester" Chad Allen who is still in his ring gear from his match earlier in the night and has a noticeable limp from said contest.]

#SO BREAK IT DOWN LIKE YOUR UNDEVOTED!

#DON'T NEED NO F\*\*\*ING MOTIVE!!!

#I HOPE YOUR READY TO BLLLEEEDD!!!

[As his music plays out, Nomad strolls the short distance to ringside with JCA behind him. Nomad makes sure to fling that bit of sweat from his head into the face of a random, unlucky fan, snickering as he does so.]

#Everybody down on the motherf\*\*\*ing floor right now  
#I ain't messing around motherf\*\*\*er, now  
#Everybody down on the motherf\*\*\*ing floor RRRRIIGGHT NNNNOOOWWW!!

[Jack arrives at ringside, hopping onto the apron and rolling under the ropes. JCA stays down on the floor. Nomad quickly hops to his feet, holding that mop handle high over his head. He scowls at the crowd, his inner hate shining through like balefire in his eyes.]

SS: Jester Chad Allen here at ringside with Nomad... Interesting. I feel most people would find him as reprehensive as I do.

AS: Well Chad Allen isn't exactly winning any popularity contests either. I mean who would've thought Elijah Black would be getting cheers as much as he did earlier tonight. That right there is a definite sign of how despised JCA is now that he is aligned with Jack Nomad.

**\*\*HEEL JEER!\*\***

[Lowering the stick, Jack Nomad heads to his corner and drops down for a seat, his arms propped on the second ropes as he waits for the match to begin. The music fades...]

RA: In the ring at this time... accompanied by Jester Chad Allen...he stands at six feet tall and weighs in at two hundred and ten pounds.... Hailing from Jersey City, NJ....

"HARDCORE" JACK NNNNNNOOOOOMMMMMMAAAAADDDDD!!!!

**\*\*MORE JEERING!!!\*\***

**\*\*DING! DING! DING\*\***

SS: And we are under way here as the Underground Title is being defended for the first time... Jack Nomad and Brandy Danielle are circling each other and Nomad goes for an STO. Brandy able to throw him off though.

AS: Nomad just smiles. Chad Allen is laughing on the outside. Nomad briefly distracted as he looks at his co-patriot. Brandy with a spear!!! Brandy Danielle has scored the first take down of the match. LOOK AT HER... SHE IS GOING FOR THE "LIKE, WHATEVER"!!!

**\*\*\*POP!\*\*\***

SS: Jack Nomad is able to make it to the outside unfortunately. He's recovering while getting some pointers from Chad Allen. What is that in the ring!?

AS: Brandy Danielle channeling her lucha training!!! Some things never change.

SS: NO!!! Oooooooh. The attempted Tope Con Hilo misses the mark and Danielle crashes to the outside!

\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\*

AS: Jack Nomad quick to strike as he rolls Danielle back in the ring. Brandy is down on the mat as Nomad climbs to the top... he NAILS a rolling knee drop off the top across the sternum of The Queen of TSWF. The atmosphere in this match has changed quickly. Jack Nomad scoops up Danielle off the mat and delivers a DEVASTATING STO. Brandy Danielle is down...

\*\*\*MORE BOOOOOS!!!\*\*\*

AS: Wait... Chad Allen has called over Nomad. He has something in his hand and hands it to Jack Nomad..

SS: Nomad is hiding that foreign object in the corner.

[The trademark "SNKIT" is picked up by the ring microphone as a smoke begins to billow from Jack Nomad's corner.]

AS: Disgusting. Jack Nomad is taking a smoke break in the ring...

SS: I have no idea what my brother is thinking when he signs half of these wrestlers. We have a bunch of savages here in TSWF. Brandy Danielle up to her feet. AND BOOM!!! Charging dropkick in to the corner!!!

AS: That had to have taken a lot out of Brandy as both she and Nomad are laid out on the mat.

SS: Brandy Danielle first to her feet. She grabs Jack Nomad by the hair. FACE BUSTER... No no no no no... As Danielle elevated for the face buster, Nomad used her momentum to drop her throat first across the top rope.

AS: Just as she was starting to get things rolling.

SS: As Brandy rebounds off the ropes, rocked, Nomad grabs her arm in a wristlock and starts delivering devastating kicks.

\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\*

AS: Jack Nomad showing off that kickboxing acumen.

SS: A vicious kick to the face sends Brandy to the mat. STAY DOWN GIRL!!

AS: More heart than brains right now, Stephanie. The new Underground Champ is showing he will be a force to be reckoned with.

SS: Now Nomad scoops up Brandy Danielle once again. He whips her off the far ropes...  
SNAP POWERSLAM!

AS: And Jack Nomad quickly picks her back up, avoiding even a one count from the referee.

SS: Nomad again now with the Irish whip sending Danielle hard into the corner. And now he's unloading on her like Rocky on the side of beef. Brandy Danielle slumps down to the corner...

AS: The referee is coming over. He's asking Danielle if she wants to quit.

\*\*\*HUGE POP!!!\*\*\*

[The crowd goes berserk as Danielle shakes her head no and pulls herself back up to a standing base. Then let out a huge OOOOOOOOH]

SS: A running elbow opens a small gash on Brandy Danielle's hairline.. what a shot! Jack Nomad is a damn DEMON!

AS: Danielle is on spaghetti legs as she wobbles out of the corner.

SS: She walks right into a hard standing knee stomp. Danielle drops to her hands and knees ..

AS: MY GOD! Jack Nomad looked he was trying out to replace Stephen Gostowski. He punted Brandy Danielle's head and her blood splatters the mat.

\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\*

SS: Danielle is OUT, Ashie! I don't think she notices she's being lifted up on her wobbly legs. The back of her head resting on Nomad's shoulder... UGH, Ashie, you know what's next...

[Jack throws his arm out to the side and roars to the crowd....]

Jack Nomad: THIS...IS...HAAAARRRRDDDDCCCCOOOOORRRREEEEEE!!!!

\*\*\*CHORUS OF LOUD BOOS!!!\*\*\*

SS: This is disgusting.

[...Nomad then whips to his left, his opponent ripped violently off their feet as she is spiked skull first to the canvas and left in a broken heap. Jack rolls her over and hooks his leg for the pin...]

AS: The Champ connects with the Spine Jacker... the count is all but elementary.

ONE....

TWO.....

TTTTTHHHRRRREEE!!!!

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

RA: The winner of this match... and STILL Underground Champion...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACKK NOMADDDDD!!!

\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\*



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Whoa... and look at this... Jack Nomad and “Jester” Chad Allen hightailing it out of here as Rich Anderson slides into the ring to tend to his wife...

AS: Well it’s been a crazy night and they probably no better than to hang around and wait for any retribution. Quite possibly even from your brother.

SS: Jack Nomad and a few other TSWF talents certainly have it coming from him.

AS: Well folks, it’s time for our main event. Shadoe Rage and Mark Adams Junior are gearing up to go at it in a barbed wire war where everything matters for Adams as a victory here would solidify his reign as the Tri-State Champion.

SS: Yes and you know Shadoe Rage is going to do everything in his power to make sure that doesn’t happen tonight and forces a match seven on our next show.

AS: Right now, let’s hear from Rage followed by Adams.



## SHADOE RAGE



[Fade in:

“Fame” is playing in the background as the screen scintillates with a kaleidoscope of colors: hot pink, gold, black, brown, tan, blue. The colors spin and swirl like an acid trip until they coalesce into 6’3, 248lbs of the World’s Greatest Athlete and the World’s Sexiest Man ... the dreadlocked, beaded, bespectacled and besmirched, wildman in a pink and gold shirt, denim pants and wrapped in leather bracelets, necklaces and a madman’s grin. He runs his hands through his thick dreadlocks, letting them fall along his shoulders, making sure they don’t cover the T-shirt. This time the golden letters read: R.I.P. Wild. Rage adopts a Jesus crucifixion pose for a moment before he relaxes as much as he can and removes his sunglasses revealing the world’s most insane eyes. The bright hazel lights shine through the coal smudged around his eyes.]

SR: Wild is dead. Wild is dead. Let me say it again: Wild is dead. He’s sleeping the big sleep. He’s passed on to a better world. Let me explain it to you. He ain’t here no more. God love the man, but he’s dead. He has no stake in the affairs of mortal men. So let me point right at you, Mark Adams, Jr., self-proclaimed speaker for the dead. Keep his name out of your mouth. Don’t try to pull sympathy again like you did with your dead father. Don’t even think about trying to dedicate this match to his memory. Because all that’s going to happen is that you’re going to embarrass yourself, Adams, Jr.

[Shadoe stabs his finger at the screen.]

SR: Now me, on the other hand, I have the power, I have the ability to call his name and say this to the Citizens of Rage Country. For one match and one match only, that ring will be known as Wild Kingdom - population everybody who respects a man for his life. I dedicate this match to the memory of Wild, Adams, Jr... not you. Not you. Not you!

[Rage is seething.]

SR: Because I don’t need to steal energy from another man’s name. I don’t need to manipulate the officials’ emotions. I am a God, a King, the Best! And ... the best recognise the best. Greatness recognises greatness. Genius recognises genius. And Mark Adams, Jr., you’re looking real unfamiliar right now. Real unfamiliar to me and real unfamiliar to Wild. You have no citizenship in Rage Country. You have no place in Wild Kingdom. You just aren’t enough. Do you hear me? You aren’t enough. So enjoy your ill-gotten victory in the cage. Rejoice that you managed to steal three matches from me. Because you’re not going to win another match against me. No you’re not. No, you’re not. I promise you, you’re not.

[Rage turns away from the camera, hands on hips. He dips his head, drawing in breath, trying to hold on to the edges of his coherence. He's struggling to stay under control. But you can see it. Serenity now? Oh no, there is no serenity in the Wild kingdom. He practically leaps towards the screen, all discipline lost.]

SR: Mark Adams, Jr! I'm gonna make you bleed. I'm gonna make you choke on your own vomit! I'm going to kick the piss out of you, you cum-stained monkey! Because I don't respect you as a wrestler or a man. And I know Wild was the type of man to respect dedication, hardwork and edge. Three qualities you do not possess. He was embarrassed by you. He should have been. You are a continuing disgrace. My dead father. My dead mentor. My dead chances of winning this series against Shadoe Rage!

[A gob of spittle goes flying. Ewww.]

SR: We're in a ring surrounded by barbed wire. I'm going to flay you. I'm going to grate you. I'm going to tear strips off your hide, man. I'm gonna kill you! And then whatever pit of Hell you go to, you're going to be looking up praying to Shadoe Rage and Wild and begging for salvation. You're not going to get it. There will be no salvation for you at all.

[Rage seems to come back from his angry rant. He stares off into space for an uncomfortably long time before he snaps back into reality. Or whatever it is that passes for reality in his mind.]

SR: This series is going to seven matches. I guarantee it. If I were like Mark Adams, Jr., I'd bet my career on it. But I'm not Mark Adams, Jr. I don't need the energy of anybody else win a match. Just my two hands, my brain, my wits, MY skill. Mark Adams, Jr., you're not the only person who has ever lost anybody. You're not the only person to have suffered through that. Everybody knows my story. Everybody knows that I was an orphan. Everybody knows that I suffered unimaginably but unlike you I don't use it to pull at people's heartstrings. I use it to fuel my own ambitions, my own career goals and my skill. And that's why I'll win this series. That's why I'll beat you in the barbed wire match. You just don't have enough in you to outlast me.

[He pauses, looking up. He points one finger in the air.]

SR: Wild, my man, I promise you that you will look down on me in that ring, surrounded by barbed wire and you will know that you chose the right man to stand next to. You'll be smiling down on me. Me. ME! And you will be at peace.

[Rage's eyes roll down to stare directly in the camera.]

SR: But you, Mark Adams, Junior. You dross oxen, you will be just another victim. You will be crucified in barbed wire. There will be no escape. Nothing until you are beaten down, pinned or quit. Imagine that, Mark Adams, Jr. You have me in the ring until I decide to let you go. You want to talk about all the people that died in your life. Well, the next one to die is your career. And it will die ... in ... darkness!

[The wild man claps his hands together and the screen images melt and the colors pour away before we...

Fade out.]



## MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[The scene opens in the parking lot of the Polish American Veterans Club in Lowell, MA, as a black Ford Mustang pulls into a space marked “Reserved” and the doors open to reveal the TSWF Champion, Mark Adams Junior, and his longtime friend and sometimes manager, Kylie Nash. Dressed in jean shorts and a navy blue t-shirt with the TSWF logo emblazoned across the chest, Adams turns to the lovely Ms. Nash with a look of concern on his face.]

MA: Well, we’re here. Are you absolutely certain you want to go through with this?

KN: Mark, of course I am. Do you know how much it’s killed me not being at ringside for you?

MA: Well what about...?

KN: Marissa Monet will not be getting the better of me tonight, Mark, and you can take that to the bank. Meanwhile, the only thing I want you to worry about is getting past Shadoe Rage in that Barbed Wire Match and ending this farce of a series so we can get on with our lives.

MA: That’s the plan, Kylie. The question is, will Shadoe Rage go off-plan like he usually does or not?

KN: You’re ready for him, Mark, I know you are. His psycho-babble bullshit doesn’t faze you any more so it’s just man against man.

And you’re obviously the better man in my book.

MA: Thanks. It’s just...it’s been a rough couple of weeks, you know.

KN: We all miss him, Mark.

MA: I know. And, Kyles...even though I act like I don’t want you out there, I’m glad that you’re going to be.

Just in case, though, I want you to promise me that you’ll stay clear of Marissa Monet and, no matter how ugly things get in that ring, you let me take care of myself.

KN: Mark...

MA: Swear it, Kyles, or I'm locking you in the dressing room.

KN: Alright, I promise!

MA: Thank you. And don't you worry about Shadoe Rage. Even if he manages to slip another one past the referee and come out on top, there's still one match left in this series.

And you know I love to work under pressure.

[Adams pauses as they reach the back entrance to the Veterans Club and holds the door as Kylie steps through before him.]

MA: Besides, I've got one thing going for me that Shadoe Rage doesn't.

KN: A hot manager?

MA (chuckling): Okay, two things. But what I was talking about, Kylie, was the fans.

Because, as long as I have them on my side, I'll always be a winner, and that's something that Shadoe Rage will never understand, now will he?

[Adams smirks and as he pulls the door closed behind him, we FADE.]



## **BEST OF SEVEN SERIES – MATCH #6**

**\*BARBED WIRE MATCH\***

**SHADOE RAGE**

vs.

**MARK ADAMS JUNIOR**



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is part of the Best of Seven Series!!!

**\*\*POP!!\*\***

RA: It will be contested under BARBED WIRE RULES!!!

\*\*\*ANOTHER BIG POP!!!\*\*\*

[We see the strands of barbed wire that adorn the ring ropes as the music kicks up and Irene Cara's "Fame" starts with its synth pop 80's beat. The curtains part and out steps Shadoe Rage in his gaudy sequined cape and pink and gold ring gear, his tights longer than usual for this occasion and tape wrapped all up his arms, all in the name of protection from the barbed wire. He flourishes down the aisle, spinning and his cape billowing as he shouts and threatens the audience, pointing and jawing until he hits ringside. With disdain, he threatens a child at ringside.]

Shadoe: Remember what you see here, baby. This is for you!

[Shadoe walks around the ringside area and stops to mount the guardrail like a randy stallion, creating a wave of flashbulbs at the lewd tableau. Rage points up at the ring and circles his finger in the air before he dismounts and sweeps off his ring gear. He is intense, slapping his biceps, shadowboxing. He looks ready to explode as he climbs into the ring with the help of the referee holding the wire wide for his entrance.]

\*\*\*BOOO!!\*\*\*

##

It's criminal  
There ought to be a law  
Criminal  
There ought to be a whole lot more  
You get nothin' for nothin'  
Tell me who can you trust  
We got what you want  
And you got the lust  
If you want blood, you got it  
If you want blood, you got it  
Blood on the streets  
Blood on the rocks  
Blood in the gutter  
Every last drop  
You want blood  
You got it  
Yes you have  
##

[The crowd pops as "If You Want Blood (You've Got It)" by AC-DC begins to blast out over the P.A. and Mark Adams Jr. steps out onto the stage. The champ makes his way down the aisle, eyeballing the ring and the barbed wire that surrounds it, his focus so deep he doesn't even recognize the fans who are slapping him on the shoulders as he passes by on his way towards the ring.]

SS: I can't say enough. This is THE night for Mark Adams Junior to get it done once and for all. To put an end to all the controversy and dispute... one win away from being THE Tri-State champion in TSWF and shutting up Shadoe Rage once and for all.

AS: And a slight note to our fans watching at home – TSWF owner Michael Sandbury had to remind Mark Adams Junior upon entrance into the building that Kylie Nash MUST stay backstage in accordance to the agreed upon “no seconds at ringside” rule instituted at the start of this Best of Seven Series.

SS: That is correct. There has been incidents where that rule was twisted and convoluted by certain parties but with this being the possible solidifier, things are being followed to the letter.

AS: And Shadoe Rage inside the ring just smirking at the lone champion as he points up to the sky, mocking the memory of Van Wild by claiming this match, this ring, is a dedication to him.

[Adams continues to make his way down the aisle and carefully climbs in to the ring, keeping a close eye on Shadoe Rage who remains in his corner for the time being.]

RA: Introducing first in the corner to my left...

From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... he stands six foot three inches tall and weighed in tonight at two hundred and forty-eight pounds...

SHADOOOOOOEEEEEE RAGGEEEEEEEE!!!!

\*\*BOOOOOO!!!!\*\*

RA: And his opponent in the corner to my right....

He hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... standing tall at six foot, one inches and weighing in tonight at two hundred and twenty-six pounds... give it up for...

MARKKKKK ADAMSSSSSS JUNNNNNIORRRRR!!!!

\*\*\*EXPLOSIVE CROWD POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: Both men eyeing each other from across the ring. You could cut the tension in the air with a Ginsu knife.

AS: ...or a piece of that sharp razor wire that is wrapped around the ring ropes.

SS: That too.

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

AS: There's the bell and both men immediately circle one another in a feeling out process.

SS: And notice how both men keep their eyes behind them as well. Neither wants to be sent into that wire.

AS: Shadoe Rage starts things off with a bang, catching the unaware Mark Adams Jr. with a series of quick right hand strikes, driving the champion back towards the ropes!

SS: Adams manages to shove Rage back, stopping just short of the barbwire... Running clothesline... DUCKED!!

AS: Rage pulls him right into a tight rear waistlock, back bridge... backflip escape by Adams! The Champion lands solid on his feet, Rage quickly back on his feet, and...

\*CHACK!\*

AS: ...Heel kick catches Rage right in the jaw, the King of Rage Country sent staggering from the shot! Adams now on the offensive, peppering Rage with alternating strikes... Adams hook's Rage by both arms...

\*FABOOM!\*

AS: Belly to Belly Double Arm Suplex! Rage is quick to recover but slow to rise. Adams catches him in a rear waistlock... Rage fights out, pulling Adams into a hammerlock and he drives him right into the barbwire chest first!!!

MAJ: AAAAGGGHHH!!!

\*\*BOO!\*\*\*

SS: Rage is just pushing as hard as he can, really digging those barbs in, Ash!

AS: Indeed, Stephanie. Shadoe Rage is the first to draw blood in this match. Adams struggles... Oooo!

SS: And there's Shadoe Rage with a shot to the gut of Mark Adams Junior. The champ is doubled over and Rage grabs a hold of him, looking for a Hotshot across the wire... NO! Adams shifts the weight and takes Rage down towards the center of the ring with a DDT.

AS: Cover by Adams...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: But Rage kicks out quickly.

SS: And Adams not giving him an inch as he grabs a hold of the right arm of Shadoe Rage and applies a Fujiwara armbar.

AS: Rage shifting around on the mat, trying to find a way to reverse or remove himself from the submission hold.

SS: Decent strategy by Adams though as he knows Shadoe Rage is quite deadly with two good arms.

AS: And Rage able to maneuver around enough to get a foot on the bottom strand of wire.

SS: The referee giving Adams the five count to release which he doesn't even need as he lets go before the two count.

AS: HAH! Adams leaps on to Rage and grinds his face across the barbed wire. It was a trick the whole time.

**\*\*POP!\*\***

SS: Mark Adams Junior knew Shadoe Rage would try to force a break using the ropes and that's exactly where he wanted Rage in the end.

AS: Flesh being shredded from the forehead of Shadoe Rage and we're only a few minutes into the match.

Crowd: ADAMS!      ADAMS!      ADAMS!

SS: The fans mighty pleased right now as Shadoe Rage is falling victim to the steel barbs along that wire.

AS: And now Mark Adams Junior pulling a somewhat bloody Shadoe Rage to his feet... OOO! Overhead Belly to Belly suplex sends the King of Rage Country head over heels towards the opposite side of the ring.

SS: Rage lands awfully close to hitting the top strand of wire but it's short for safety sake.

AS: Adams walking across the ring and the crowd just chanting for him over and over. They love to see Shadoe Rage the victim of any attack by the champ and this is no exception.

SS: Mark Adams Junior grabs Rage by the arm and sends him for an Irish whip! Rage turns at the last second...AND HIS BACK HITS THE PAINFULLY SHARP AND TWSITED BARBS!

**\*\*ANOTHER BIG POP!!!\*\***

AS: Rage hits the barbwire. The skin on his back is ripped and bleeding!

AS: Indeed, the King of Rage Country falls to his knees with his teeth clenched in pain! The Champ now swoops in, lifting Rage up and shoving him into the barbwire again! Rage cries out and stumbles right into Mark Adam's waiting arms...

**\*BAMPH!!\***

AS: ...Snap Suplex on Shadow Rage!

SS: Mark Adams Junior pulling Rage to his feet...looks to be going for a Tiger Driver... NOPE! Rage straddles the shoulders of Adams with his legs and takes him down with a sound hurracanrana.

AS: Rage back on his feet and hits a falling knee to the head of Adams. And he drags his opponent over to the barbed wire and THROUGH it as well.

**\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\***

SS: Shadoe Rage just dragged Mark Adams Junior and slung him stomach first across the middle strand. Those sharp steel barbs cutting into the chest of Adams and he is certainly cut open as a result.

AS: Thank god this is the last match of the show or the ring crew would have a fit trying to clean the mat up in time for a follow-up contest.

SS: Sure but something tells me they are going to need quite some time to get the crimson color out of the canvas at the end of the night.

AS: Rage now pulling Adams back off the wire and into the ring. And Mark Adams Junior clutching his chest which has to be in pain.

SS: Shadoe Rage taking a few steps back before racing at the corner... runs up a few strands of wire...and SPRINGBOARDS into a moonsault flip... ANGEL OF DEATH DROP!!!

**\*\*\*POP POP POP!!!\*\*\***

AS: AND MARK ADAMS JUNIOR ABLE TO ROLL AWAY! Shadoe Rage hits absolutely nothing but canvas for that effort.

SS: But Mark Adams Junior not upright just yet. That scraping across the barbed wire certainly did a number on him.

AS: Adams is though slowly moving his way over to where Shadoe Rage is lying...handful of hair and he pulls his opponent up as he gets vertical himself.

SS: Mark Adams Junior with an Irish whip as he slings Shadoe Rage into the corner... Rage bounces out in pain from his shoulders hitting the top strands of wire... and is taken down with a belly to belly suplex.

AS: And now Adams not wasting time as he grabs Rage once more... GERMAN SUPLEX FROM MARK ADAMS JUNIOR!!!

SS: Both combatants shoulders on the mat though as the referee begins his count...

ONE!

AS: Adams with a shoulder up!

TWO!

SS: And now Rage gets a shoulder up to break things up.

AS: Adams smiling as he releases the hold and rolls to a stand....goes for a kick but Rage catches the foot and flips Mark Adams Junior down to the mat.

SS: There's a lot of bad blood between these two men, Ash. We've seen it first hand many times.

SS: Shadoe Rage on his knees as he leaps on to Adams and throws a series of well-timed shots to the side of his head. And now a handful of hair as he pulls Adams up to his feet... AND JUST THROWS HIM OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR BELOW!!!

[It was a grizzly sight, as bits of skin are punctured all along Adams' rib cage and it's even worse for his arms, which for a moment got hung up in the barbwire ropes. Thin rivulets of blood streak down his back and sides, staining the upper hem of his tights. It's same for Shadoe Rage, as blood streaked down to the front of his tights as well.]

AS: Adams grazed the top stand as he was sent flying and this just got interesting because how in the hell is either man supposed to get through the ropes to fight the other one.

SS: Something tells me adrenaline and drive will kick in very shortly.

AS: Rage shakes his hair from side to side and runs right at the ropes...he's crazy for this no matter what he does...

SS: AND HE BASEBALL SLIDES HIS WAY OUT OF THE RING!!!

AS: Rage grabs Mark Adams Junior and hits a backbreaker out in the ringside area.

SS: Now Shadoe Rage with a hold of Adams head and slams it into the top of the steel barricade.

\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\*

AS: Adams leaning up against the barricade as Rage just nails him with a knife-edge chop to the already bleeding chest. Now a back suplex and Rage is parading around the ringside area like a hero home from the war.

SS: He thinks he has this all wrapped up but this is not a Falls Count Anywhere match. He WILL have to get both himself and Mark Adam Junior back into the ring in order to become victorious.

AS: I think he heard you, Stephanie as he tosses Adams into the ring through the middle and bottom strand. And Mark Adams Junior rolling around on the mat feeling the pain of those barbs running across his flesh.

SS: And Shadoe Rage now rolling under the bottom, taking his time and being very careful.

AS: Rage on his feet and goes to grab Adams...but Mark Adams Junior with a couple of shots to the gut to catch his opponent off-guard.

SS: Shadoe Rage steps back a few but avoids the barbed wire. Mark Adams Junior now on his feet and rushes at Rage... He leaps for a splash but Shadoe Rage ducks! HOT SHOT!!!

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!!\*\*\*

AS: NO WAY!!! Mark Adams Junior just caught by Shadoe Rage and dropped throat-first across the top strand of barbed wire. And now Adams is stumbling around holding his throat.

SS: Devastating maneuver by Rage who is being booed like mad for his actions. And now Shadoe Rage pulls Adams down into a schoolboy pin!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR-

AS: KICKOUT BY ADAMS!!!

\*\*BIG POP!!!!\*\*\*

SS: That was really close! Both men seemed to explode with that knockout!

AS: Adams and Rage back on their feet and this match has just dissolved into an all out brawl! Adams and Rage trading shots back and forth, no technique, no finesse, just pure anger as these two men go at it like a scene straight out of a Rocky movie, rather than a boxing match!

[Adams starts driving Rage back with punishing blows, but Rage catches Adam's with a surprise right cross]

SS: Side headlock now by Shadoe Rage and he walks Adams over to the barbed wire, possibly looking to rub his opponents head across the wire some more.

AS: Both men heading to the corner as Shadoe Rage tries to prop Adams up on the turnbuckle. The champ not looking so hot at the moment as he sits limp up in the corner... Rage steps back and runs at him, going for a flying headscissor into a rana...

\*\*\*POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: TIGER DRIVER COUNTER BY MARK ADAMS JUNIOR! Pure possum play by the champ as he takes Shadoe Rage down. And a cover now by Adams...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: BUT RAGE ABLE TO KICKOUT IN TIME!!!

SS: The crowd not happy with that as they remain behind Mark Adams Junior all the way.

AS: Indeed. Adams is now in the driver's seat.

SS: And in surprising fashion, Mark Adams Junior now taunting Shadoe Rage, telling him to get up and each time Rage rises, he just kicks him right down!

SS: Rage respects nothing and no one, so it's about time these tactics come back at him.

AS: Oh and a nasty kick to the back of the head stuns Rage! Adams now grabbing him and dragging him to the barbwire... OH MAN!

[Shadoe with a back elbow and drives Mark's forehead right into the barbwire, grinding it back and forth! Mark lets out a sharp cry of pain as blood starts streaking down his face!]

AS: Shadoe is intent on maiming Adam's as much as possible, Steph!

SS: Barbwire matches are not for the squeamish and we are seeing why right now!

[Shadoe finally releases Adams, a sadistic smile on his face. Carefully he drops down and rolls out of the ring. There, he starts fishing beneath it, looking for and finding a table, but not just any table...]

AS: As Mark Adams Junior recovers, Shadoe Rage pulls out a table covered in barbwire!

\*\*\*BOOOOO!!!!\*\*\*

SS: And now he's hurling it into the ring. This is not going to end well, Ash.

[Shadow then slides the table under the ropes, followed by himself just as Mark gets to his feet.]

AS: Adams turns, blinded by blood in his eyes and right into...

\*CHACK!\*

AS: ...DIRGE!! THE DIRGE CONNECTS!!! Adams falls to the canvas like a freshly chopped tree!!!

SS: But he doesn't go for the pin or The Angel of Death Drop just yet. Shadoe instead setting up the barbwire table!

AS: Indeed, Rage, having the table set up, gathers the half dazed Champion into a scoop hold. He lays the man across the barbwire table top, He's not...

[Patting Adams' blood soaked head in a mocking fashion and a sickening smile, Shadoe points up to the sky, mocking the memory of Van Wild once more..]

AS: Rage now carefully climbing to the top turnbuckle. He looks over his shoulder...SHOOTING STAR PRESS!!!

\*\*\*POP! POP! POP!\*\*\*

SS: MARK ADAMS ROLLED OFF!!!

[We see a brief glimpse of Shadoe Rage's eyes widening with shock and dismay just seconds before he wipes out through the table, chest first!]

AS: The Shooting Star Press has backfired! And now Shadoe Rage is lying in a heap of barbwire and broken wood!

SS: Well, I guess if you're going to crash and burn, make it a good one!

Crowd: ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!!!

AS: Mark Adams now his feet with a slight stagger, wiping the blood from his eyes as he tries to regain his bearings. Look at the pain and agony on Shadoe Rage's face, his right arm completely tangled up in barbwire. Every moment seems to cause him untold amounts of pain as he frees himself from the wreckage.

[MAJ slowly turns around, spotting Shadoe Rage rising from his own ashes. Rage glowers back at him with hate filled eyes.]

SS: If looks could kill, Ashie.

AS: Rage comes at Mark, wielding lengths of barbwire firmly dug into his arm as if it were a whip! Adam's catches it in his hand, barbs digging into his palms, but he doesn't care! He gives the barbwire a hard tug and yanks Shadoe Rage right into a Forward Russian Legsweep!!!

\*\*\*ANOTHER POP!!!\*\*\*

AS: Adams grabs a hold of Shadoe Rage and places him in a standing headscissor position...looks to me like a Tombstone is in order...

SS: BUT RAGE WITH THE BRAKES! And he flips away from Adams using his parkour background. Back steps Rage and he runs at Adams looking for a barbed wire assisted clothesline...

AS: And Adams with the side-step as Shadoe Rage runs right into the barbed wire!

\*\*\*POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: Rage caught looking and suffered the consequences as Mark Adams Junior pulling the barbed wire off the arm of Shadoe Rage.

Rage: OWWWWWWCH!!!!

AS: Chunks of flesh being yanked from the arm of Rage as Adams pulls on that wire more and more.

SS: And now Shadoe Rage falls victim to another armbar submission by Mark Adams Junior. Blood staining the mat as Adams squeezes the pressure on to the veins and arteries in that appendage.

AS: Shadoe Rage valiantly trying to break the hold without using the barbed wire ropes. He obviously learned his lesson the first time around.

SS: He knows he must do this on his own or end up getting too close to the deadly steel barbs.

Crowd: ADAMS!                      ADAMS!                      ADAMS!

AS: Mark Adams Junior has that submission hold locked in real tight and the pressure is on Shadoe Rage as he tries to fight the pain, exacerbated by the open wounds along that arm.

SS: And look at this...Adams pulling Rage to his feet...and now turns the armbar into a fireman's carry takedown.

AS: Mark Adams Junior across the back of Shadoe Rage...ICEBREAKER CROSSFACE!!!

\*\*\*BIG TIME POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: The official asking Shadoe Rage if he should stop the fight but Rage with an immediate shake of the head.

AS: Now the official checking the arm of Shadoe Rage...

He lifts.... IT FALLS!!!

\*\*\*POP!!!!

AS: He lifts for a second time....

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!\*\*\*

SS: Shadoe Rage not giving up that easily as he keeps his arm way up. And slides his way on his belly over to the barbed wire. He truly has no where else to go or much choice in the matter.

AS: And Shadoe Rage with a hold of the bottom strand of barbed wire. But Mark Adams Junior not releasing so quickly this time.

SS: Shadoe Rage is in obvious pain and doesn't know what else to do. The referee starting the five count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SS: The ref telling Adams to release the hold...

Adams: NO WAY! DISQUALIFY ME IF YOU WANT!

\*\*\*EXPLOSIVE POP!!!\*\*\*

AS: Mark Adams Junior has gone off the deep end here. He knows this is a no disqualification match and wants Shadoe Rage to pass out or submit before he releases the hold.

SS: Rage meanwhile turning a slight shade of purple as he seems to be losing air.

\*\*\*OMG POP!!!\*\*\*

AS: SHADOE RAGE JUST DRAGGED HIMSELF AND MARK ADAMS JUNIOR THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE AND OUT TO THE FLOOR BELOW!

SS: Well that's one way to force a man to get off your back.

AS: Both Rage and Adams not looking good at the moment as that whole endeavor took a lot out of them both.

SS: Mark Adams Junior though the first to his feet and he pulls Rage up with him... pumphandle slam on the floor.

AS: But the fun doesn't stop there as Adams grabs Shadoe Rage once more and pulls him up on to the ring apron....across his shoulders is Shadoe Rage...and Mark Adams Junior dumps him into the ring with a Death Valley Driver.

\*\*\*POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: Adams heads to the corner and hops up on to the turnbuckle. DIVING HEADBUTT HITS THE MARK!!!

\*\*\*POP POP POP!!!\*\*\*

AS: Cover by Adams...this could be it, folks...

ONE!

TWO!

THR....

AS: NO!!! SHADOE RAGE WITH THE LAST SECOND SHOULDER UP!

SS: And Mark Adams Junior is beside himself...he thought this whole thing was over. He thought he could lay claim to the Tri-State title once and for all.

AS: But Shadoe Rage will not die.

SS: Mark Adams Junior now grabbing Shadoe Rage and tossing him into the corner... sets the man up on the top turnbuckle and climbs up with him.... BELLY TO BACK SUPERPLEX!!!!

AS: These fans are on their feet waiting for the moment that Mark Adams Junior puts an end to Shadoe Rage once and for all.

SS: Another cover by Adams...

ONE!

TWO!

THR....

AS: AND ANOTHER KICKOUT BY SHADOE RAGE!!

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!\*\*\*

SS: Adams is on his feet and does not know what else to do. What will it take to finish off Shadoe Rage for good?

AS: Adams looking out at the crowd as if they may have the secret to his success hidden in their chants.

SS: Shadoe Rage slowly getting to a knee as Mark Adams Junior turns back around.

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!\*\*\*

AS: SHADOE RAGE WITH A HANDFUL OF POWDER INTO THE EYES OF MARK ADAMS JUNIOR!

SS: YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME?!?

AS: Rage with a low blow to catch Mark Adams Junior off-guard. And he's just shoving Adams' head through the barbed wire.

SS: OH MY GOD!!!

AS: Rage twisting the top and middle strand into a knot around the throat of Mark Adams Junior! Somebody needs to stop this quickly.

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!!\*\*\*

SS: Rage just nailing kicks to the head and stomach of Adams as he flails around, desperately trying to tear the barbed wire from around his neck.

AS: And meanwhile the blood just flowing from the face and head of Adams...this is just SICK!

\*\*\*POP!!!\*\*\*

SS: KYLIE NASH AND WEREWOLF GREGORSON!!!

[Nash and Gregorson rush down the aisle, a white towel in the hand of Gregorson.]

AS: Werewolf Gregorson with a towel in hand...and he just tossed it into the ring. He knew Mark Adams Junior would not give up on his own and refused to see this craziness go on any longer.

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

RA: And the winner of this match at seventeen minutes and thirty-six seconds...

SHADOOOOOEEEE            RAAAAGEEEE!!!!

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!!\*\*\*

[And with the match over, Shadoe Rage is not looking to stick around too long as he slides under the bottom rope and out of the ring. He sees Gregorson and Nash and just smirks a cocky smile in their direction.]

SS: THAT SON OF A B\*TCH! He gets off on this one hundred percent.

AS: And speaking of people who get off on sick and twisted behavior, there's Marissa Monet.

[Marissa Monet runs down to the ring to join Shadoe Rage in celebration. The two meet mid-aisle and Rage hugs his woman before pointing a finger to the sky. He looks dead into a nearby camera and shares a few words.]

Rage: Wild... your student just wasn't good enough tonight. Sorry about your damn luck.

[And the two laugh as they head up the aisle.]



[Cut back to Ashie and Stephanie, live on-camera once more.]

AS: What a piece of work that Shadoe Rage is. He knew he couldn't win this without some sort of underhanded trickery. What a way to rob Mark Adams Junior of what would have surely been his crowning moment if he could pin Rage for a thre count.

SS: I couldn't agree more but regardless of all that, it IS even steven between Rage and Adams now. It all comes down to the seventh and final match at our next show. Everything on the line in a ladder match.

AS: The Tri-State title hung high above the ring and the first man to reach it and unhook it...well they will have the distinct honor of being known as THE undisputed Tri-State champion in TSWF.

SS: That's all we can promise for our next show although with some of the dealings my brother has had tonight as well as in the recent days prior, I can only imagine what the future of TSWF will hold.

AS: Until then, have a good night and thank you for joining us this evening. We leave you with your moment of glory from the evening.

[The last shot of the night is Marissa Monet and Shadoe Rage standing up at the top of the aisle. The shot changes though to see Kylie Nash and Werewolf Gregorson standing nearby while the medics slowly cut away the barbed wire from Mark Adams Junior's throat area with bolt cutters. Adams then collapses into the arms of Gregorson.]

And we fade.]