

[We open up early in the day, backstage as TSWF sets up shop in the famous "9:30 Club" in Washington, D.C... Various workers carrying piping and ring parts pass through the frame as the camera follows one man who is carrying a piece of framing. He steps through the double doors and out into an empty arena. He quickly steps off to one side and hands the frame piece to a guy who is putting in the finishing touches on the TSWF's steel piped entrance arch. We move on, heading straight for the wrestling ring itself, which is in the final stages of construction, the canvas and apron in mid application. There we find the most unlikely of sights- Leon Corella, wearing a tank top, jeans, and work boots, helping the ring crew set up. Judging by the sweat running down his back and soaking through parts of the tank top, one could only surmise that he's been working rather hard for quite some time. He fishes the slip line around the ring post, tying off one corner of the massive TSWF banner running the length of the ring itself, a smile on his face as he steps back and admires his handiwork. The pit boss, a man in his late 40's with graying hair, a Jersey accent, and a severe case of Rosacea on his face, slaps his hands together and shouts out to everybody.]

Pit Boss: Alright, fifteen minute break everybody! Then we finish the arch. Lou and Frankie, hurry up with tha' <bleep>-in' guard rails ya' lazy mooks! We've got less than an hour to get this shit done!

[The man then walks over to Leon and the two shake hands.]

Pit Boss: Thanks for fillin' in for Joey, Mr. Corella. Wish more wrestlers showed up early like you do every time we pull into a new town.

[Leon shrugs his shoulders.]

Leon Corella: One of the benefits to having an adjustable schedule. Anytime you want a hand, don't be afraid to ask. Just because I wear a Rolex and tend to run around in expensive suits doesn't mean I'm too good to put the work in.

[The Pit Boss notices the camera and smirks.]

Pit Boss: I think somebody here wants to talk to you...

[He thumbs to the camera and Leon looks towards it. He shares a smirk and looks back to the Pit Boss. The two share a knowing nod and the boss leaves. Leon looks to the camera.]

Leon Corella: Hell of a time to decide to test the equipment, but that's ok. Guess we can shoot now instead of in a few minutes. I prefer shooting on the fly to all that preparation anyways. Keeps things fresh.

[Somebody tosses a bottle of water at Leon, which he catches. He holds it up and shouts to the man who tossed it to him.]

Thanks Johnny!

[Twisting the cap, he takes a quick swig of it and then motions the camera to follow him. Walking around the ring a bit, Leon arrives at the empty announcer's table and sits down in the rolling desk chairs. Scooting back a bit, he props his feet on the table and leans back, taking another swig of his water.]

Tonight I face a man by the name of Derrick L. Ford in that very ring right there....

[Leon tips his water bottle towards the ring before taking another swig from it.]

...I doubt very seriously that you'll ever see Derrick out here, busting his ass, helping the crew set up a wrestling ring or put up the lights, or really do anything to help a promotion that doesn't serve his own best interests.

[Twisting the cap back on the bottle, Leon lays it across his lap, then folds his arms over his chest.]

A couple of the guys are in the back right now, helping out here and there. Tripp's helping the Merch guy set up his table in the lobby, though I'm pretty sure he's sneaking in a few of his "Weed is Good" T-Shirts. [He chuckles] ...oh and I think I even saw Mark Adams Jr. helping move crates off the truck and he's the Champion of this company!

[A smirk creases his lips.]

Hell even Mike and Stephanie Sandsbury are pulling their weight and they don't even have to! Mike's the owner of the company and even he's not too good to lend a hand. Until a phone call about fifteen or so minutes ago interrupted things, he was out here setting the ring up right beside me.

[Uncrossing his arms, Leon sighs softly and shakes his head.]

Funny thing, every single man worthy of the title "wrestler" knows how to set up a wrestling ring. Doing setup is a crucial part of paying your dues and from what I see and know of Derrick L. Ford, I bet you dollars to donuts, he doesn't even know what an Alan wrench looks like, let alone how to set up a wrestling ring.

[Grabbing up his bottled water, he untwists the cap and takes another quick swig.]

The man thinks a privileged upbringing and money makes one better than anyone else. I've got money and to be honest, it hasn't made me a better human being for having it.

[Slipping his legs down, Leon rolls the chair in and props his elbows upon the table top while motioning the camera to come closer. The Camera man, of course, gets right in his face. Leon holds his hand up to the camera.]

Whoa, too close... back up a hair...

[The man follows his instruction, pulling us back from Leon's face just a bit.]

Off Camera: Better?

Leon Corella: Much...

[Smirking, Leon continues.]

...Mr. Ford, do you know what makes for a better human being? It's not anything of a material nature. Money, clothing, cars, houses, all that crap doesn't make you better. It makes you more comfortable.

[He shakes his head and takes yet another hit from the water bottle.]

They say power corrupts, but in my experience, its luxury that corrupts absolutely. If I allowed myself to indulge on all the luxuries I could have, I'd be worthless as a professional wrestler. You indulge yourself quite a bit, Derrick. I laughed as they setup your private, luxury locker room, complete with leather couch and fully stocked bar.

[He chuckles a bit, shaking his head left to right.]

No, what makes for a better man is having the ability to change the things you can, while accepting the things you can't change. It's also about having the good sense to know right from wrong and which one to stand for. You, Derrick, haven't understood that principle for a long time.

[Leon downs the last of his water from the bottle and promptly crushes it in his hand. He then twists the cap back on and places it down on the table. Elbows on the table, Leon clasps his hands together and rests his chin upon the ridge of interlaced finger joints.]

You've had it all handed to you on a silver platter, fed to you with a platinum spoon, and while you were chewing the meal; you were told you were the best from day one. When you got an F in school, your father would just pay off a teacher and suddenly your 'Failure' becomes 'Success'.

[The look on his face is dead serious as he looks hard into that camera, as if those ice blue eyes were seeking out Derrick Ford behind that lens in an effort to pierce the man's soul...]

If memory serves me correctly, even in DCWL it was like that for you. I remember talking with old Kevin Alloy about you on numerous occasions. I actually called him up just the other day to get a little further insight on you.

[Unlocking his hands, Leon crosses them upon the table, his gaze never faltering from the camera.]

He told me about some times before my short lived tenure in the company. One thing he brought up I found particularly interesting... your father, Lyndon Ford, was a big contributor to DCWL and Henry Spikes was forced to hire you in order to keep said cash flowing into the promotion.

[A wry smile crosses his lips.]

Big Kev even went so far as to say that you were such a terrible wrestler and an even worse personality, being that you were perhaps the second most openly racist competitor the company has ever seen, that they were forced to pull you from the active roster not only to teach you a little respect, but to save themselves from a dearth of lawsuits that started piling up each and every time you opened your mouth.

I guess in your time off, you learned a little something about wrestling because you actually netted the DCWL Platinum Championship. I suppose your dear ol' Dad paid someone to teach you how to wrestle. Too bad he couldn't pay somebody to teach you how to not be an embarrassment to his name and legacy.

[Another chuckle escapes his lips.]

Then my good buddy Kyle H. reopened DCWL and you managed to snake right back in. New look, a few new moves, same old <bleep>-hole. I think the only reason nobody focused on the shit you were spewing from your mouth is because an even bigger <bleep>-hole had eclipsed you, namely Bane Beckson.

[Uncrossing his arms, Leon leans back in the seat, briefly rapping his knuckles on the table top in a rhythmic fashion.]

...and all your trials and tribulations have lead you here, to TSWF and put you in the ring against me, a guy who shares similarities, but is the polar opposite to you in every conceivable way. I work hard, I fight hard, and everything I have ever accomplished, I have legitimately earned.

[He crosses his fingers together, his hands at rest upon the table top.]

While every single accomplishment you have ever garnered up until now, has had your father's money and influence involved in it. You've never had to pay your dues, setup a wrestling ring, or been shown the proper respect our sport is due. In my eyes, Derrick L. Ford, you're nothing but hot air and bad intentions. Nothing more, nothing less.

[Leon's brow furrows and his jaw sets. He points a finger at himself as he leans over that table with intensity burning in his eyes.]

Before I was ever allowed to set foot in front of a television camera, I learned to put together a wrestling ring. Before I ever laid claim to being "The Perfect One," I paid my dues many times over, donating hours of blood, sweat, and tears to the canvas. Through it all, I was a man first and foremost. Where my father succeeded in making sure of that, yours has woefully failed and it's not the fact that you bought your way into wrestling that I say this.

[The briefest of pauses.]

It's the fact that you need others to tell you whether or not you're right or wrong. Then someone like Tripp comes along...

[Pulling his hands apart, he slaps them back together.]

...He's doing nothing to intrude on your way of life or living, but all of a sudden he's an affront to your way of life. You start seeing him as everything that's wrong with America... when really, the guy is just kickin' back and smoking a blunt, and the only harm he's out to do is to the snack aisle of some local grocery store.

Derrick, you say you're the Hope for America. I say that people like you are exactly what's wrong with America. You've earned nothing, done nothing, and are worth nothing, yet you

think you have the right to tell people how to live their lives when you don't even have one of your own.

[Leon slowly grinds his fist into his palm.]

Well, I'm here to help you just this once. Tonight you, Derrick L. Ford, will finally earn your dues when I beat you in that very ring that I helped put together, because I am a hard worker at heart and I love what I do. Now, I think I've gone over fifteen minutes... I think it's time to get back to work, something you've never had to do.

[Rising from his chair, Leon tosses the crushed bottle to the camera man. Apparently whether he catches it or not, we'll never know. Leon steps off camera, the scene quickly fading to black.]



[On the screen comes a message:

The following was filmed by a fan that was in attendance during the pre-show prior to the official cameras going live. TSWF thanks this fan for his footage and appreciate the social aspect of our fan base as well as the innovation of mobile phone videography.

We fade up to show two unknown talent getting ready to face off. Before the bell can even ring, before a single move is thrown, a single voice can be heard over the PA, and even though it is one simple word, we can tell that whoever he is, he does NOT sound happy.]

Voice: STOP!

[And everyone does. A single man walks down the ramp wearing black jeans, black boots, and a black hoodie with the hood up. His face cannot be immediately seen, but he seems familiar even in his walk. He quickly comes up the steps and climbs in to the ring through between the top and second rope. He then steps up to one of the men in the ring, lifting up his hoodie just a bit, so that he can see his face. The man who was about to wrestle shows a look of shock, then fear. The man in the hoodie speaks quietly into the mic.]

Man: You know who I am, right?

[The wrestler simply nods. His eyes wide.]

Man: You know what I am capable of, right?

[Another nod.]

Man: Then LEAVE.

[And with that, he does...QUICKLY. A brief look to the other person with a small lift of his hood sends the other man for the hills as well.]

Man: Now that I have the floor...

****HOMETOWN CROWD POP!!****

AS: The fireworks are illuminating the night sky outside and here inside, there will surely be some blockbusters going off as well.

SS: Absolutely. We have the I Quit match between Elijah Black and RJ Souza not to mention the fourth match in the “Best of Seven” series for the Tri-State Championship between Shadoo Rage and Mark Adams Junior.

AS: Contested under Texas Death rules... it will surely be a hot one here tonight.

SS: And it looks like we have quite the new addition to the TSWF roster in “Jester Chad Allen”.

AS: Allen definitely made an impact so far and surely many members of our locker room heard his message loud and clear. But he’s not the only new face we’ll see tonight as later in our show, we will see the debut of not one but two new additional members of the TSWF roster in Bullzeye and Jack Nomad.

SS: Bullzeye made quite a showing at the Delaney Extreme Bash and Nomad, well, he definitely caught someone’s eye a few months back during a pre-show match because now here he is on the main show.

AS: Speaking of the Bash, we would like to inform those who did not get a chance to watch the event that The Mongoloid was the only TSWF member to advance to the second round but unfortunately that’s as far as he got.

SS: Although there was quite a brawl between he and Big Mike Foyer that some are saying lit a fire under Mongo’s behind. Regardless, kudos to The Mongoloid who is scheduled to face Brandy Danielle and Josie Saito later tonight but right now, let’s hear from Jack Nomad.



JACK NOMAD



[We open to a pitch black room... no lights, nothing...]

THCKT

[A spark flashes in the darkness from the flint wheel of a cigarette lighter and briefly lights up a face.]

THCKT

THCKT

THCKT *THCKT* *THCKT*

[We hear a voice, mid-high pitched with a roughness that indicates slightly damaged vocal chords. His tone indicates aggravation, quite possibly at the lighter that was refusing to obey his command...]

Man: ...f***ing light godd*** you!!

THCKT

[The lighter lights, illuminating a man's face with short ratty black hair, a thick "Honest Abe" beard, and blue eyes. He brings the flame to a hand-rolled cigarette dangling from his lips and, with a few quick bursts of smoke, he lights it. The man then hovers that flame over to a nearby candle which sits upon a wooden crate. Upon lighting up, the candle wick burns bright, revealing the rest of himself. He sits on a folding chair, wearing a white hoodie that is covered in skulls, dark red pants, and black sneakers. After taking a long drag, the man pulls the cancer stick from his lips, letting the smoke slowly billow out between them before blowing a thick cloud out.]

I've been watching this comedy you call a show for a couple weeks now, Tri-State Wrestling Federation presents... "whatever the <bleep> name we want to use this week". This show sucks so much that I feel it needs a kick in the nuts.

[He takes a hit from the smoke stick, a nonchalant, uncaring look upon his face as he looks away from the camera, watching the flame dance on the candle wick.]

I'm an equal opportunity hater. I hate everyone equally with one exception... Female wrestlers. I have no respect, love, or admiration for anyone, but when Susie Housemaker leaves the kitchen and puts a pair of knee pads on under her apron, it actually pisses me off.

[Another drag and another puff of smoke later, the young, bearded man looks back at the camera.]

A bunch of you probably are going "Oh he's a fag lover. He hates women." No, I'll f*** a b***h any chance I get. You see, most b***hes want to be treated like shit. They want a guy who decides for them what they want, f***s them how they need to be f***ed -Not how they want it-, and doesn't kiss their a**. That's what women really want and that's all they deserve.

[His expression remains surprisingly impassive, his words only showing a hint of heat as he speaks.]

You see, Susie Housemaker is worthy of greater respect because she actually performs a function. Any woman who sets foot in that ring, on the other hand, is a whore.

[A few flicks of ash from his cigarette, followed by another drag and a puff of smoke.]

I can hear you b***hes already complaining and crying misogynist. Here's why Susie House Maker becomes Susie the Whore when she laces up a pair of wrestling boots and tosses the apron aside. First, have you seen how they dress? The skimpiest, most c**k-teasing outfits

they can possibly find, the "come f*** me" stares they shoot at the crowd, and the way they move when they are in that ring, and all eyes are on them.

[A dry chuckle escapes his lips. He leans forward, elbows on knees with hands dangling down. Long wisps of cigarette smoke now rising before his contemptuous face.]

The only reason those sl**s are out there is so they can get f***ed by the eyes of the fans each and every night. That's all. They are like pole-dancers and strippers, making all the sexy moves they can to get you as hot and hard as possible and leave you wanting more by the end of the night. They're oversexed eye candy and nothing more.

[He takes a long hit off his cigarette, finishing it off and then promptly tossing it down on the cement floor.]

I don't mind a show, but you see that ring those b***hes are sl**ting it up in? I came here to fight in it. I don't care if you have tits or a d**k, or both in the case of you miserable fat f***s. You step between those ropes; I'll bust your damn head in. In fact, the prettier the b***h, the uglier she'll be when she leaves the ring if she dares to step up to me. You see, I'm what they call in Japan, a Jisatsu wrestler. I'm Hardcore.

[The man pounds his fist into his palm.]

...and in Hardcore wrestling, there are no rules, no equals, and no gender requirements. It's come one, come all, and you can call yourself a Shark, or just be a Beaver waiting to suck on some hard wood, I don't give a flying f***. Man, woman, or thing, step into the ring against me and I'll go out of my way to maim, hurt, and destroy you.

...I'm Hardcore. I'm Jack Nomad. And I am your motherf***ing Nightmare Machine.

[He turns and blows the candle out.]

[...out...]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: An interesting character, that Jack Nomad. I'll be intrigued to see if he can match his tough talk in the ring at our next show.

AS: Personally I think his statements were completely disgusting and I hope one of the fine, fine women on our roster shows him a thing or two.

SS: Hell, I'd even cheer for Marissa Monet in a contest against that bastard.

AS: I would too. Switching gears for a second, let's hear from Bullzeye who will be making his TSWF in-ring debut shortly.

SS: Wait a minute . . . I'm getting some news from the back stage area . . .

[A quick cut to the backstage area. Eddie Swoon is seen getting tattooed with a series of punches from Bullzeye. The two begin slugging it out, slowly advancing towards the entrance curtain. A few fans in the rear of the arena begin to cheer wildly as a body is seen stumbling through the curtain. Eddie Swoon stumbles out from between the curtain and immediately drops to the ground. The crowd boos wildly as Bullzeye emerges from out of the curtain and begins to pound on the fallen competitor. Bullzeye stands up and walks backstage like he forgot something. A few moments later he comes back out with a microphone in hand and a steel chair that is wrapped in barbed wire.]

Bullzeye: How does that feel Eddie? Do you like pain? Do you like to suffer? Were you surprised? Expect the unexpected, TSWF, because with me here, anything is possible.

SS: Eddie Swoon beginning to stir and make it his way to his feet but Bullzeye's right there and delivers a few well-timed punches to the head.

AS: Swoon backed into the barricade and some of our lucky fans with aisle seats are patting both Bullzeye and Eddie Swoon on the backs, jostling for a shot on camera.

SS: Bullzeye with a swift kick to the gut and now he has that steel chair in hand... AND JAMS IT INTO THE RIB CAGE OF EDDIE SWOON!

AS: Swoon is doubled over in pain and Bullzeye with another shot to the back. OH MY! The barbed wire has the chair stuck in Eddie Swoon's back and Bullzeye pries it loose with a legdrop on to the chair.

[The camera zooms in on Bullzeye face as he flashes a sadistic smile.]

SS: WOW! It seems like Bullzeye is one sick and twisted individual.

Bullzeye: You know I was robbed in Delaney's Big ASS Extreme Bash! I should have been the one to win that tournament! It was all a set up to make a name for some worthless wrestler. It was an extreme tournament, not a wrestling clinic. So when TSWF offered me a contract, I agreed to it just so I can inflict more pain to people.

AS: Bullzeye now picking up Eddie Swoon and making an example of him as he throws him over the guardrail.

SS: And Bullzeye once again has that barbed wire chair in hand and leaps onto the guardrail. He's just waiting like a vulture for Eddie Swoon to get up...

AS: And as Swoon rises up, Bullzeye just tosses that chair in his direction...

SS: Eddie Swoon catches the chair but it's a trap as Bullzeye leaps off the guardrail and delivers a missile dropkick right into the center of the chair.

AS: I think TSWF is about to get a lot more hardcore now with Bullzeye here.

Bullzeye: Is everyone having fun yet? What about you Swoon? Is this what you expected tonight? Is this the way you wanted to be remembered?

SS: Bullzeye now making his way down to the ring...

[Once Bullzeye reaches ringside, he looks underneath and pulls out a table, setting it up as Eddie Swoon begins to stir. The camera gets a close up of Swoon's face and it looks like he is in some serious pain as well as being busted open.]

SS: Bullzeye grabs Swoon by the foot and tries to drag him towards that table but Eddie Swoon kicking away at the head of Bullzeye.

AS: Wow, Bullzeye stunned by those boot shots and forced to release his grip on Eddie Swoon's foot.

SS: Swoon gets to his feet and charges right at Bullzeye... But is caught with a spinebuster on to the concrete floor.

AS: Well I was gonna say Swoon had some life left in him but Bullzeye regained control of this match.

SS: Bullzeye now picking up Swoon's lifeless body and places him on top of that wooden table. A steel chair placed over Swoon's face and now Bullzeye sliding inside the ring.

AS: A few bounces off the ropes and Bullzeye is gaining speed.... AND HE JUMPS OVER THE ROPES HITTING A SOMERSAULT LEGDROP!!!

SS: That steel chair driven hard into the face of Eddie Swoon as both men go through the table.

AS: Bullzeye with a sinister laugh and a referee now running down to the ring to make this contest official.

SS: Scoop up by Bullzeye and Eddie Swoon is tossed into the ring under the bottom rope. Cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

** DING! DING! DING! **

RA: Ladies and gentlemen ... the winner of this match at five minutes and thirteen seconds...

BULLLLLLLZEYEEEEEEEE!!!

** BOOOO!**



[Back to Stephanie and Ashie.]

AS: Bullzeye with quite the debut here tonight as he just massacred that poor innocent Eddie Swoon.

SS: Swoon had to have known what Bullzeye was all about but no advanced knowledge can truly prepare you for the beatdown inflicted by Bullzeye tonight.

AS: Once again, Bullzeye is your winner and on another note, we're just receiving word that neither Brandy Danielle or Josie Saito have shown up for tonight's event.

SS: A blatant disregard of their booking which will not go unnoticed by my brother, let me tell you. Things of that nature never sit well with Michael Sandbury and if I were Danielle and Saito, I'd come up with a really good excuse for no-showing tonight.

AS: Well with both ladies not here, I guess that means The Mongoloid wins by default.

SS: I guess so.

AS: Wait, The Mongoloid is backstage so we'll get the lowdown on this situation from him personally, courtesy of our new backstage interviewer, Eddie Brass.



[We open up backstage in an open hallway where we find the massive frame of The Mongoloid walking down the hall and away from the camera. He sports his mask, a dark blue long sleeve shirt, baggy black sweat pants, and brown sneakers. Over his shoulder is a duffle bag. Suddenly a young tanned man with a buzz cut, white and black TSWF T-Shirt, shorts, and sandals steps in quickly behind the big man, microphone in hand.]

Man: MR. MONGOLOID!!! MR. MONGOLOID!!!

[Annoyed, he slips his bag off his shoulder and spins around.]

Mongo: WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT YOU LITTLE RYAN SEACREST LOOKING PIECE OF CRAP?!

[The young man holds his hands up defensively.]

Man: Sorry to bother you, sir, my name is Eddie Brass. I was sent to ask you a few questions before you left for the night.

[Mongo grumbles a bit under his breath.]

Mongo: Lemme' guess, it's about why I didn't come out for my match, isn't it? Look, I know the people don't like me, and after tonight they'll probably like me even less, considering I'm cheating them of a match. I'm kinda' glad my opponents didn't show though, 'cause I was pacing back and forth in that locker room. And other wrestlers were tellin' me I'll lose my job... all that stuff...

[Mongo's hands tremble as his face starts to redden with anger.]

Mongo: ...You know what? I'll do anything I'm told to do, but I draw the line at hittin' women. I'll stand in this ring as a man and face any man willing to do the same without fear or regret, but you throw a bitch at me in this ring and it doesn't matter how hard it is for a guy like me to get work in today's day and age....

[He roars over the man's microphone, the exposed portions of his face now such a bright shade of red that his blond goatee practically stands out.]

Mongo: I... WON'T... DO... IT!!! THERE IS NO WAY IN HELL YOU CAN MAKE ME FACE A WOMAN! I WILL NOT BEAT A WOMAN UP! Now, does that answer all your damn questions?

[Eddie looks down and towards the floor for a second, then back to Mongo.]

Eddie: I do have a couple more. A few days ago, you participated in Ryan Delaney's Big A** Extreme Wrestling Bash and you were eliminated rather soundly by Big Mike Foyer, a man whom you attacked, rather viciously, before the match even began.

[As Eddie continues processing his question, Mongo's expression grows harder and harder, his lip curling into a deep frown and his brow ridge angling with an even deeper scowl.]

Eddie: One has to wonder if you can keep this up, Mr. Mongoloid. So far you have won only one TSWF match out of 4 since you came here and it has been noted by sources both in

observer and insider circles, that you have a distinct lack of skill and stamina. Are you doing anything to improve yourself in light of discovering these deficiencies in your ring approach?

[Mongo flexes his hands, then runs them down his face. One could speculate that he was trying rather hard to bottle up his anger and not lash out at the significantly smaller man.]

Mongo: Kid, I just want to grab my bag and go home. It's been a long, aggravatin' night and I'm not in the mood to answer fifty questions. Ok?

[Eddie nods slowly.]

Eddie: I'll take that as a no....

[Mongo clenches his fists, shooting the young man a flat stare.]

Eddie: ...So how does it feel to be one of the industry's largest walking Piñatas?

[The Big man blinks at him, stunned by the audacity of this interviewer, saying something like that. He stands with his jaw agape; meanwhile Eddie continues digging a verbal grave.]

Eddie: I mean roughly eighty percent of all of your matches involve you walking around and being hit with minimal offense. You have to admit, you're rather rotund, you're extremely slow, and you lack a solid offensive game. That makes you a big fat walking Piñata.

[Again, Mongo is dumbfounded that anyone would be this stupid...]

Mongo: Little man, do you hear yourself? Are you f***ing mental or just plain stupid?

[Eddie holds his hand up, wagging a finger right in Mongo's face.]

Eddie: Sir, I ask the questions, you provide the ans-

WWWWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHH!!!! HELP!!! HELP!!! HELP!!!!

[...The young fool finds his statement interrupt as his finger is grabbed and bent backwards with a snap! Dropping his duffel bag, Mongo promptly grabs him by the throat and slings him up against the wall.]

Mongo: YOU KNOW WHAT?! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF LIL' F***ERS LIKE YOU!!!!

[Mongo lifts Eddie up and walks him over to a stack of wooden pallets, holding him high in the air by his throat. Without so much as a word, he spins and slams him into the stack with such force that all five pallets crack and shatter, Eddie letting out a choked yelp of pain. The Mongoloid then turns to walk away, only to stop and look over his shoulder. He slowly shakes his head when hears Eddie groan in pain.]

Mongo: ...I'll show you Piñata you little shit stain...

[Mongo walks over to the broken pile of wood, reaches down, and violently snatches Eddie from it like a rag doll. The smaller man cries out in agony as possibly broken bones are jostled

and shaken. Mongo slings him to the floor with such force that Eddie skids a few feet. There are tears in Eddie's eyes as he lifts his hands up, begging and pleading...]

Eddie: Look man... I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Please...

Mongo: WE KNOW YOU'RE SORRY!! NOW APOLOGIZE YOU LITTLE PUKE!!!

[Mongo then stomps hard on Eddie's chest and presses down, the young interviewer letting out a wail of pain that's quickly choked out by the pressure on his chest!]

Eddie: GGWWWHHHAACK!! HAAAKKK!! HAAAKK!! I...POL...GIZ...HACK HACK HACK!!! CANT'.....BREATH!!!!

[Two security guards rush in, grabbing Mongo by his arms and trying hard to pull him away. Snarling with anger, Mongo heaves the smaller of the two effortlessly; throwing him off his arm for a hard impact against the nearby wall that knocks the wind out of him! The bigger man tries to lock Mongo up with a chokehold, but finds himself promptly snapped to the floor with a sickening thud!]

Mongo: GET OFFA' ME!! BOY NEEDS TO LEARN WHY YOU DON'T F**K WITH THE MONGOLOID!!!

[A rather large, heavily built 6' 9" man wearing the TSWF Security blues rushes Mongo, rocking the Big Man nearly off his feet with a running shoulder block! Mongo's eyes go wide and his gaze narrows with rage.]

Mongo: RRRRRRRROOOOOOOWWAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!

[The big security guard cracks Mongo across the jaw with a solid right hook, but Mongo spins with the hit and clubs him across the side of the head with THE GOOD NIGHT! It's at that point that more security combined with a few referees, and even a couple of wrestlers, namely Tripp Skylark and a handful of locals, all rush Mongo at once!]

Mongo: I SAID... GET... OFFA'...ME!!!

[With each word, someone gets dropped. A referee, then a security guard, and another guard, and then a local wrestler goes down rather hard with a vicious backhand blow. The final person to get downed would be, surprisingly, Mike Sandsbury as he tries to directly get involved! A swing that was meant for Tripp, cracks him instead! He falls to the floor, blinking as stars swirl before his vision. By the time he gets to his feet, Mike actually rises with an angry scowl. The scowl gives way to surprise as he notices just how many people have to hold The Mongoloid against the wall...]

Mike Sandsbury: It takes fifteen guys to pin you to a wall and that's not counting the bodies you've manage to fill the hallway with... (pause) interesting...

[Mike rubs his jaw, Mongo looks away from him, gritting his teeth with a growl.]

Mongo: F***... I guess I'm fired now huh? Hittin' the ol' boss and layin' out half his crew... I'm sorry, but that little f***er went out of his way to piss me off!!

[Fighting down a few emotions of his own, Mike takes in a deep breath and adjusts his shirt just a bit.]

Mike Sandbury: Wouldn't be the first time I've taken a hit in the line of duty and it probably won't be the last.... Look, Mongo, I understand you getting angry, but you can't let your temper get out of control like that! Now I'm sure Eddie was asking for what he got, but when the security gets involved, that means you've gone way too far.

[He looks over his shoulder at Eddie whom the EMTs were helping onto a stretcher.]

Eddie: I'LL SUE THIS COMPANY FOR EVERYTHING IT'S WORTH!!! IT'LL BE BRASS WRESTLING FEDERATION WHEN I'M THROUGH, YOU HEAR?!

[Mike smirks and shouts back at him.]

Mike Sandbury: I warned you not to provoke him, Eddie. You also signed a waiver so be happy I'm taking care of the hospital bill!

[He then turns and looks back to The Mongoloid.]

Mike Sandbury: Ok, seeing all this anger and rage has inspired me, Mongo. I wasn't going to reveal this little surprise until we have a few more wrestlers, but I think now is a good time. You have one week to prepare for the most important match of your career, because I'm throwing a hardcore Death Match gauntlet for the brand new, TSWF Underground Championship the first Saturday in August, and you're going to be in it.

[Mongo arches his brow a bit; confusion writing itself across his face as his anger slowly dies down.]

Mongo: ...What? You're going to reward me?

[Mike shoots a rather vicious shark's smile at Mongo.]

Mike Sandbury: Depends on if you can win a sneak peek match on the next show. You see, I'm out to teach some lessons about no-showing on my watch. Granted, you're not much better because when the call came, you may have been in the building, but you didn't go down to the ring.

[Mongo's jaw tenses instantly.]

Mongo: I'm not fightin' Ladies...

[Mike smirks.]

Mike Sandbury: I understand your moral objections and they've been noted. You'll be happy to know there will be no women in the sneak peek match but I can't guarantee anything come the Gauntlet itself. It's all random, my boy.

[Mongo looks as if he's about to say something, but Mike cuts him off.]

Mike Sandsbury: And if you end up in the ring with Brandy Danielle or Josie Saito or even Marissa Monet, your behind better put on a freakin' exhibition of pain or you can find your butt on the same sideline Chris Hallmark is riding right now.

[He moves in closer, placing a hand on Mongo's shoulder and giving it a gentle pat.]

Mike Sandsbury: And know this... promoters don't like it when talent refuses to work. My competitors pay attention to every move I make and I'm pretty sure you would have a hard time getting work if you can't meet your obligations elsewhere. Food for thought...

[Mike steps back, turns and walks away.]

Mike Sandsbury: Go home and start working on that Cardio, Mongoloid. You've got one week.

[The guards and wrestlers then release Mongo, quickly stepping back. The camera lingers on the uncomfortable expression Mongo wears beneath that mask. Snarling angrily, he turns and snatches up his duffel bag off the floor and in moments, he storms off. He doesn't get very far when we find a rather tiny man standing at 4' 3" with well-styled short brown hair and a stubble goatee on his face. Attired in a dark blue business suit, white dress shirt, and textured red tie, he leans with both hands on a rather short, diamond capped white cane. The man speaks in a surprisingly deep toned voice, his dark hazel eyes trained on the masked big man as an amused smirk crosses his face.]

Man: Well, that was a rather impressive display of rage and anger, Mr. Mongo.

Mongo: What tha' hell...?

[The tall midget approaches him and produces a business card from his inner coat pocket and hands it up to Mongo.]

Man: My name is Percival Graves and I see great potential in someone such as yourself. I've helped many men in this business, usually through intermediaries, find great success. I came to this little company in the hopes of scouting some good, strong talent in need of my managerial services.

[Mongo arches his brow.]

Mongo: You... help me? Outta' my way, pipsqueak!

[Percival quickly steps to the side as Mongo starts to walk toward him, giving the big man a wide berth. As he passes by him, the little man speaks up.]

Percival: I am a rather influential man, Mr. Mongo, and for me to offer to help you should not be taken as a blow to your ego. I have facilities staffed by some of the most experienced people in every major sport as well as the best equipment money can buy.

[Mongo stops and looks over his shoulder at the man.]

Percival: ...If you continue on this path without my aid, I guarantee that you will never be anything more than a low card attraction and that the closest you will ever come to a world

championship will be working tune up matches against their holders. You don't have to answer now, but I suggest you think on it.

[There is no reply as Mongo looks down at Percival, then at the card in his hand. He stuffs it in his shirt pocket.]

Percival: We'll be in touch...

[He then turns and walks away, leaving The Mongoloid to silently ponder... Cut to ringside.]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

AS: I guess that's our answer. The match declared a no contest due to both parties refusing to compete.

SS: I must say I have gained a shred of respect for The Mongoloid for not going after women...

AS: But still he has no problem putting his hands on small guys like Rich Anderson. And THAT I have an issue with.

SS: Very true. And what about the news my brother released of a new title being crowned two shows from now?

AS: A deathmatch title... not fond of the garbage style of wrestling but hey, we got quite a few guys and probably a girl or two who wouldn't mind shedding a few ounces of plasma for a chance to be champion. So more power to them. And this Percival Graves? Not sure what to make of that other than if The Mongoloid is going to succeed in this company, he might want to take Mr. Graves up on his offer.

SS: Folks, we could sit here all night and jabber but this is a wrestling show so let's go back to the ring for our next match-up featuring Chance Mackenzie.

AS: I REALLY hope he doesn't bail like last time. These fans don't deserve to have two matches pulled out from under their noses.



CHANCE MACKENZIE

vs.

RANDY ST. CLAIRE



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit.

****POP!!****

RA: Introducing first...

From New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in at two hundred and thirty-five pounds...

RANDY SAINT CLAIRE!

[A six foot three inch tall man with long brown hair wearing brown tights and white boots stands in one corner of the ring and gestures to the crowd.]

RA: And his opponent...

["Attention Whore by Deadmau5 starts up over the PA System. The crowd begins to boo as stepping out from the back is none other than "Highlight" Chance McKenzie, microphone in hand. From the looks of it, he's even less happy than he was at Wild Confrontation (and he was pretty angry there). He stands at the entrance, waits for the crowd to subside, and starts off...]

Chance: So let's all recap the events of the past few weeks, shall we?

[McKenzie holds up an index finger.]

Chance: The first mistake came when I allowed my personal assistant to research and sign me to a lucrative contract with a lucrative wrestling promotion. Instead of signing me somewhere that knows how to treat their talent, I end up signing my name on the dotted line of the TSWF. I had no idea what I was getting myself into until I saw this place with my own eyes.

Take a look around, people. Aside from myself, where is the talent? While I sit here jerking the curtain against absolute bottom of the barrel sludge, the "main event" consists of two guys

who couldn't hold a candle to me. Seriously? Mark Adams Junior? Shadoe Rage? Why do these guys matter in the scheme of things? Can someone... anyone... explain it to me?

Ridiculous.

[McKenzie holds up a second finger.]

Chance: The second mistake came at Wild Confrontation, when I did my obligated duty as a contracted wrestler. I was advised that I would need to make an appearance at the show... an appearance. Nothing was said about stepping into the ring to wrestle, and I was not about to square off against someone that wasn't at my level. So what ends up happening? I decide that it's not worth my time or effort. I let everyone know about my decision. And how do the TSWF executives thank me?

[McKenzie scowls.]

Chance: They gave me a countout loss.

[The crowd cheers at McKenzie's last words.]

Chance: And here's a big surprise, each and every one of you cretins enjoyed that. You like the fact that in the rankings, my name sits at the bottom with a big "zero and one" next to it. You like the fact that I didn't even get into the ring and I was still given the loss. You like the fact that somewhere in Pittsburgh some big, drunken oaf can parade around saying that he holds a victory over the likes of Chance McKenzie. Well let me tell you morons something... I do not like it one bit!

[McKenzie begins to walk down to the ring.]

Chance: And then, to put the cherry on the sundae of bullcrap that is TSWF, I get this e-mail from Michael Sandbury...

[McKenzie reaches into his pocket and produces a piece of paper, which he unfolds and begins to read it.]

Chance: "Dear Mr. MacKenzie... M-A-C-K-E-N-Z-I-E..."

[McKenzie sighs in disgust.]

Chance: You can already see the blatant disregard for me, since the guy can't even spell my name right.

[McKenzie shakes his head, pausing before reading again to regain his composure.]

Chance: "In light of the events of Wild Confrontation, I wanted to clarify the terms and conditions of your contract here with TSWF. I understand that your desire to leave TSWF is evident, but until you can legally find a way out of your contract I must inform you that you are indeed obligated to your appearances. Your appearance at Wild Confrontation did require you to wrestle, and the fact that you left gave the referee full responsibility to count you out and give you a debut loss."

[McKenzie pauses to enter the ring, leans up against the turnbuckle, and continues reading.]

Chance: "Please be advised that future appearances, including Capitol Duel, will be inside the ring."

[McKenzie stops, crumples up the piece of paper, and throws it out of the ring.]

Chance: Blah blah blah... yadda yadda yadda... whatever whatever whatever... the rest doesn't matter. The fact of the matter is that I'm supposed to be inside the ring. So here I am, Mikey Boy. I'm standing inside the ring. As I'm sure you've noticed, I'm not in my wrestling gear. Why? Because I'm still not going to wrestle. I'm still not going to stoop to this level. According to my sources, I'm supposed to wrestle against some character named "The Star Spangled Kid." Seriously? Come on!

This is a joke.

The Star Spangled Kid is a joke.

The entire TSWF is a joke.

The fact is, folks, is that this place doesn't deserve Chance McKenzie. There's not one person on the TSWF roster that could give me anything resembling a challenge. The fact that I haven't been given my shot at the top is unacceptable... and yes, I said given. I deserve better than this. I'm not a bottom feeder, I'm an alpha male. And until I get the respect that I require... that I deserve... I'm not going to step into this ring again. Did you hear that clearly, Mikey Boy?

[McKenzie stares into the camera.]

Chance: You can send me nasty e-mails, poignant faxes, craftily worded texts, or any other effective mode of communication you so choose. You can threaten me legally, mentally, or physically. You can do whatever you want to, Sandsbury, but it's not going to change my stance. In fact, I'll leave the ball in your court. You can either give me respect, or I'm going to be one very expensive mouthpiece. I'm more than happy to come out of here week after week and slander this place, my friend.

The choice is yours, Michael.

[McKenzie drops the microphone as "Attention Whore" starts up again. The crowd shows their displeasure of being cheated out of yet another chance to see McKenzie get his butt whipped, and McKenzie simply shrugs it off and leaves the ring.]

DING! DING! DING!

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has chosen to immediately disqualify Chance Mackenzie...therefore, the winner of the match ...

RANDYYYY SAINTTT CLAIRRREEE!!!

*** SMALL POP!***



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Absolutely unbelievable. Who does this guy think he is that he can just waltz out here and flat out insult this company AND my brother for trying to be an honest promoter?

AS: Despicable is what it is, Stephanie. Chance Mackenzie clearly with a lack of respect for the hard working members of the TSWF locker room yet he demands respect given to him.

SS: I know my brother and once he hears about this, he is going to be LIVID. Nobody crosses a Sandsbury and gets away with it for too long.

AS: Well, there's not much that can be done right now, I guess. Congrats to Randy St. Claire on his victory though. Right now, let's check in on Mister Corella, shall we.



LEON CORELLA



[The scene opens up in the backstage locker room where we find Leon Corella lacing up his boots. He already sports hand tape, padding, tights, and a determined look in his ice blue eyes. He stands up, opening his locker and pulling out his black and gold TSWF T-shirt when he notices something that stops him in his tracks. His expression hardens as he drops the shirt behind him on the bench. Reaching back inside, he pulls out a blood stained white Luchadore mask. Very slowly, he drifts to a seat, a sadness writing itself across his features as he stares for several seconds upon that mask.

He takes in a deep breath and runs a hand over his face, painful memories coming to surface that we could only guess. Leon tosses the mask back in the standing locker and kicks it shut. Propping his elbows on his knees, his head dips forward and he runs his fingers through his hair, stopping to grip the back of his head.]

Leon: <BLEEP>!

[It was then that Tripp Skylark steps into view, dressed in what passes for his usual ring gear. Though somewhat blitzed out of his mind, Tripp looks down at Leon with a look of concern.]

Tripp: Hey, Leo, what's the matter? Somebody break your Rolex?

[He chuckles a bit and pats Leon on the shoulder. The man whips his head, looking at Tripp with a menacing scowl that forces the pro wrestling pothead to take a step back.]

Tripp: Whoa... chill chill... bad day at the office. I hear ya'. I'll bug out.

[Taking a deep breath, Leon bites back those feelings, blinking once or twice in the process. There is a haunted look in his eyes when he looks up at Tripp.]

Leon: It's Nothing... It is nothing... Microsoft lost three points. Nothing to get hairy about. Your match is up next isn't it?

[Dismissing the thought of asking anything further, Tripp merely shoots his friend a cool, mellow smile.]

Tripp: Hellz to tha' yeah. I'm gonna' tear that roof down! Betcha' twenty my match'll be better than yours!

[The thought of a challenge helps Leon push the rest of that internal baggage aside for a moment, that wolf-like smile crossing his face.]

Leon: You're on kid... Twenty Thou it is!

[Tripp blinks and laughs nervously, shaking his head left to right and waving his hands back and forth.]

Tripp: WOAHH WOAHH WOAHH!!! I mean Twenty Dollars! Twenty Washingtons in my hand, not Twenty Franklin's times ten!!!

[Leon raises to his feet, getting right in Tripp's face, that feral smile never vanishing from his face. Just as it seems something really nasty is about to happen, Leon suddenly slaps Tripp's shoulder and laughs.]

Leon: Hahahahaha.... Just f***ing with you. Sure, Twenty bucks it is.

[Tripp wipes his brow and lets out a long sigh of relief.]

Tripp: Phew... You really had me for a second there!

[Leon smirks at Tripp.]

Leon: Heh heh, you need to get goin' Tripp. Before they disqualify your ass for no showing.

Tripp: Alright Leo, Good luck with Ford, mang!

[Leon nods.]

Leon: Same to you with that Morrison guy.

[Tripp offers a nod and a poorly executed military salute, before stepping past Leon and out of the locker room. Leon casts a glance towards his locker, the smiles and jovial fun leaving his face slowly but surely. He then gathers his shirt up off that bench and slips it on.]

Leon: ...Hallmark, you really dug deep to find that skeleton...

[Turning, Leon heads off camera, exiting stage left. Cut to ringside.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

AS: Hmm, that bloody white mask definitely put a spook into Leon Corella. Any idea what it could be all about?

SS: Not a clue but if I had to guess, it's probably another trick out of Chris Hallmark's playbook of using Corella's past against him.

AS: Possibly. I believe we have some comments from Chris Hallmark so let's hear from him now, shall we.



CHRIS HALLMARK



[Our scene is the Jersey Shore. No not the awful show but the actual shore in the well to do community of Avalon, NJ. Our camera catches up with Chris Hallmark as he strolls the beach, which is crowded with people of all shapes and sizes right around sunset... Hallmark whirls around; anger on his face, designer shorts on his legs and no shirt on his chest.]

Hallmark: YOU KNOW I CAN HEAR YOU CLOMPING, CARL. That's right I know your name is Carl. I went far enough to find out YOUR STUPID NAME because I hate your stupid face so much. When I have an ulcer, I will name it CARL. So what did Snakesbury send you out here to get out of me this week? Why I bought a ticket to his god-forsaken company? He should be glad he had enough money to pay the boys this week. Or maybe Scudsbury would like to know why my phone number is in his sister's cell phone! Or maybe just maybe he has sent you out here to get my thoughts on Mongo and Corella's match. Cause I thought that shit was DELIGHTFUL. If those two can tear each other apart week in and week out, I may buy a ticket EVERY week to TSWF.

[Carl the Cameraman mutters something]

Hallmark: Big Mike Foyer? What do I know about him? What did I think about his words? Well...

[Hallmark appears a little nervous.]

Hallmark: Listen, Carl can I level with you? I feel we have a good relationship minus the dick punching and all... but I'm really NEW at this Pro Wrestling stuff. I had an idiot for a mentor, then I partnered with a slobbering buffoon, and now I went to what the veterans call the quote unquote oldest trick in the book. I tried to find some common enemies. And apparently my constant attempts at PERSUADING Mr. Foyer have irritated him. Now, Mike. Mikey. Michael... I am very sorry. I felt you were still MAN ENOUGH-

[Nerves gone from Hallmark's face. The young man's arrogance and cockiness return in full force.]

Hallmark: TO SETTLE OLD SCORES. I thought you still wanted to have some revenge on Corella. I thought that MAYBE you had something left in the tank to HELP ME rid the world of the crazy old sledgehammer toting codger. But I was wrong. SO you can just get in line behind Leon, behind Tripp if his half-baked mind even remembers he hates me still, behind the big idiot Mongo, and probably behind the owner of this company to kick my ass. JUST WAIT YOUR TURN. And I will get to you. And YOU just like all the other establishment of professional wrestling will realize what a TRUE athlete with REAL athletic prowess can do to you. This isn't about OLD and YOUNG... no no no. It's not about GREENHORN vs. veterans. No. This is about shaking this SHAM of a business to its VERY CORE and replacing it with the CLASSIC ATHLETIC COMPETITION WHICH IT REPLACED. You see Corella, Foyer... you're indicative of PRO WRESTLING. I pop your names into Google and I get a million results. I pop in HULK HOGAN.. well I get shitty commercials, a terrible divorce hearing and some really bad matches BUT STILL. The results are there. But what do you know about BRUCE BAUMGARTNER, JOHN SMITH AND LEE KEMP!? The only time you hear about an amateur wrestler is when they go into MMA or pro wrestling. Once I get done with Corella and Foyer, I'm going to deal with Douchebury and I am going to have him adopt Greco Roman rules into TSWF.

[Carl chokes back a laugh and Hallmark menaces towards the camera. You can see rage in his eyes and muscles rippling.]

Hallmark: Something FUNNY Carl? I have goals. I have a strategy to get these goals accomplished. I'm sure you had goals once before you became a fat cameraman. I am not going to let ANYONE stand in my way to accomplish these goals. You see step one is make some noise, the squeaky wheel gets the oil. AND I HAVE BEEN SQUEAKING AWAY. Step two is finding the biggest star in the company and DISMANTLING THEM. Whelp, Corella, that's you.. and Foyer if you want in on this you can too. Step two is well under way. Finally step three is get a title belt and start dictating the rules. AND THAT right there is Sandsbury's BIGGEST FEAR. Me getting my hands on the title. This suspension is part of this. This suspension delays my meteoric rise. This suspension allows Shadoe Rage and Mark Adams Junior to play pretend champion. This suspension lets Sandsbury make a little money before I'm raking in all of his cash with my fantastically negotiated contract.

[Carl mutters something. Hallmark smiles wide showing off a set of beautifully white straight teeth.]

Hallmark: OH.. my contract. Why would a rookie, a green horn have such a fantastic contract? Why CARL? BECAUSE I AM A GOD DAMN LAWYER. Yeah, University of Florida has a helluva law program. Not all athletes are idiots. You see, when TSWF started, they needed talent on the roster. They just needed bodies. And Sandsbury was DESPERATE. He needed to get some warm exciting blood to lure the old troglodytes like Corella and Foyer out of their

living rooms and into the TSWF ring. Now, where do I come in, you ask. Carl, I'll tell you! I negotiated with Mikey himself. I said, "Mister Sandsbury, listen to me. I'm new to this but I do know that there is value in my pedigree. I know that there is value in my look and I know that I will do my very best night in and night out for your company." ALL TRUE.

[Hallmark's intensity grows on his face. He starts pacing on the sand in front of the camera.]

Hallmark: Now, the plot thickens. I give Sandsbury every reason to pay me a fair rate AND HE DOESN'T. I get it. But I negotiate LIKE A CHAMPION. The only place I'm better than on the mat is at the negotiation table. So I say "FINE. Mister Sandsbury, I understand your concern giving a young man like me a payday like that. TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO FOR YOU. I want to work for you. You seem look like a good guy. I'll accept your rate of pay. However, I want some caveats."

CAVEAT NUMBER ONE.

[Hallmark stops dead in his track and holds up a one on his index finger, staring dead into the camera.]

Hallmark: I cannot be fired without just cause.

[An evil sadistic smile crosses Hallmark's face.]

Hallmark: Cause would be failing a drug test, showing gross misconduct outside the ring, or completely and utterly disobeying the orders of the company such as working for another federation without TSWF's permission. BASCIALLY, for you idiots, what that means is inside of the ring..

[Hallmark slaps his hand against his palm with each word for this next sentence to emphasize his point.]

Hallmark: I. CAN. DO. ANY. THING. I. WANT.

[Hallmark's smile grows.]

Hallmark: The second caveat is that if the company sees fit to suspend me for any reason, I am PAID during it. Now, I'm paid HALF of my regular rate but I am still getting paid for this vacation.

[Carl speaks up.]

Hallmark: YES CARL I KNOW THIS ISN'T AS NICE AS MEXICO! SHUT UP!

[Hallmark starts pacing wildly in the sand again and he is speaking to himself inaudibly. Most of it seems to be threats towards Carl.]

Hallmark: AND THE THIRD CAVEAT IS THE BEST. And this SHOWS how little faith SANDSBURY HAD IN ME!!!! The final caveat is: that if I EVER.. EEEEEEEEEVVVVVVVVVVVER become TSWF champion.. at any point in time.. I get what's known as CREATIVE CONTROL. Which means, I pick my opponents, I pick the type of match, and I don't have to listen to Michael AT ALL. Now, once I started winning, Michael got

scared. He called his buddy Corella who HATES guys like me. He thinks people like me want to BE HIM. I don't Leon. I don't.. I want to BEAT YOU. I want to show you that the old way is GONE. And the new way is here to stay. Yet I digress. Michael wants Corella to dispose of me. BUT Leon can't and I unleash what I knew I had inside of me. I BECAME A VIOLENT.. VIOLENT.. MAN. So Sandsbury did whatever he could.. he suspended me. He PAYS ME to stay away. So he can regroup. So Leon can recover. So he can see what other dinosaur wants a part of the fresh meat that is making waves here in TSWF. He will keep me away until he thinks he found a plan to slow me down. CAUSE HE SEES THE TALENT. HE KNOWS WHAT I AM CAPABLE OF... and he's scared.

[The pacing stops as Hallmark once again peers directly into the camera.]

Hallmark: You should all be scared. I'm a brilliant, athletic, SADISTIC person. I AM the One Percent. I AM the end game of professional wrestling AND I AM THE HALLMARK OF EXCELLENCE. AND I WILL NOT... NOT.... BE DENIED.

[And we fade.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

AS: Not much insight other than Chris Hallmark is delusional if he thinks he has your brother under his thumb.

SS: Absolutely. The likelihood of that man ever holding a TSWF title is smaller than Mongoloid losing weight.

AS: Oh ho ho... that's cold.

SS: Thanks. Folks, I'm being told there was quite a stir going on at the merchandise stand moments ago. Let's see what the ruckus was all about.



[The camera cuts to show a huge group of fans gathered around the stand. Some are shouting for autographs. Others are booing and yelling.]

Voice: I'll take ALL of the Leon Corella merchandise.

Salesperson: ALL OF IT?

Voice: Yes all of it.

[We see a hand through the crowd hand a credit card.]

Salesperson: Thank you, Mr. Joseph.

[The crowd slightly disperses as we see Chris Hallmark standing with an arm full of Leon Corella merchandise. He walks a few feet and dumps it on the ground. Only hanging on to one Styrofoam Sledgehammer. The crowd scatters behind Hallmark diving at all the loose merchandise.]

Hallmark: Thanks, Carl.

[He tosses the credit card at the camera.]

Hallmark: This is all I needed. OH.. AND THIS...

[Hallmark bends down and picks up a ticket stub and drops one from his pocket in its place.]

Hallmark: I could only get upper deck. But this one..

[Points at the ticket]

Hallmark: This one is front row. Thanks, Marks!

[Hallmark walks away, whistling and swinging his gold foam Sledgehammer around.]



VIC MORRISON



[Cut to Vic Morrison, backstage, in what looks to be the loading area of the venue. He's dressed casually, wearing a black V-neck tee and a pair of dark denim jeans.]

VM: Tripp Skylark... the Stoned Submission Specialist.

[He smirks, shaking his head.]

VM: Well, that's cute and all, Tripp, but it's time to get your heads out of the clouds... because the strings have been pulled... and they haven't been pulled in your favor.

You see, Tripp, I don't know if you've been sober enough to notice, but I've established myself as an unstoppable force since I've arrived here in the TSWF. Just ask Josie Saito. Ask Brandy Danielle. Ask her pathetic boyfriend, who's still busy licking his wounds because of me.

Real life is starting to rear its ugly head, Tripp. This is the one time you should probably put the joint down and focus on the task at hand... because all of that bullshit that you've been feeding these people for however long you've been in this business? It's not going to fly... not with me.

I'm a whole different breed of man, Tripp. I'm a man who believes in something. I believe there's a plan. I believe I'm being led to a certain destiny in the Tri-State Wrestling

Federation... and I believe that I'm not going to be stopped by anyone. Especially not by someone like you.

So what do you believe in, Tripp? Getting high? Winning championships?

[Morrison shakes his head.]

VM: Superficial... just like the rest of them... and that's going to be your downfall, Tripp, I can promise you that. At the end of the day, you believe in nothing... and that's what makes you and everybody else weak.

It doesn't matter how skilled you are. It doesn't matter how strong you are. It doesn't matter how much... "heart" you might have.

You believe in nothing... and that's why fate isn't going to be on your side tonight.

[Out.]



TRIPP SKYLARK

vs.

VIC MORRISON



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty-minute time limit.

****POP!!****

RA: Introducing first...

["Five Finger Crawl" by Danzig plays over the PA system and out from the back steps a man with slightly tan skin. His frame is muscular but not too cut. For his age (he's not incredibly old, but not young), he's no slouch in the conditioning department. Vic keeps a fairly rugged appearance – short brown hair that's a bit shaggy and perpetual five o'clock shadow. He has cold green eyes and a perpetually serious expression on his face overall. Additionally, he has no tattoos but does have a few insignificant scars here and there from previous battles. Morrison's wrestling gear consists of a pair of black wrestling trunks with a white stylized "VM" on the left hip outlined in black, black knee pads, and black leather wrestling boots. To top

everything off, he keeps his wrists wrapped with white tape and wears a black elbow brace on his right arm.]

RA: From Miami, Florida... he weighs in at two hundred and twenty-nine pounds...

VICCC MORRISSONNN!!!

****BOO!!!****

SS: Not to take away from Morrison but I can't believe Chris Hallmark has forced his way into our show for a second time in a row.

AS: Clearly he's here to get the best look at Leon Corella so don't be surprised if he pops up shortly.

SS: True. But back to Morrison... he's definitely on a hot streak since entering TSWF. Can he continue it against Tripp Skylark?

AS: Skylark's all fun and games so unless he quits the antics, he may end up on the wrong side of a "Victimizer", I know that much.

[Vic Morrison climbs into the ring and steps into his corner.]

VOICE: HHHHHHEEEEEYYYY YIIIIINNNNNZZZZZ GUUUUYSSSS!?!?!?!?!?

****MASSIVE FACE POP!****

[That's Tripp Skylark's voice!!! The crowd recognizes the Pittsburgh accent instantly and becomes to holler as loud as they can. The "Stoned Submission Specialist" parts the curtain to a standing ovation, dressed in his wrestling gear... with a guitar slung over his back!!! Skylark slaps fives with the crowd along the entrance ramp, before strutting his way down to ringside. He instantly asks for a mic, taking up position dead center.]

SKYLARK: SOOOOO.... I take it from THAT reaction... yins feeling all groovy and wonderful tonight, am I RIGHT!?!?

****Incredibly loud "WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"s!"****

SKYLARK: Now as we ALL know... I hate having to come out here, holding this show up by making some sort of stump speech like some corrupt politician... but garsh darnit... ENOUGHS_ENOUGH_!!!!

[Skylark dons the 'I'm serious' look, pausing briefly.]

SKYLARK: Sometimes a man's gotta get what's on his mind out there! He's gotta get the weight off his chest so he can move on to bigger and better things! And right now.. right here... it's THAT time for me! There's just too much BULLSHIT swirling around these parts to sit back and watch!!!!

[Skylark nods, taking in a deep breath.]

SKYLARK: You see... I'm a jokester, a prankster... a midnight _toker_!

[Small pop, both for the almighty song AND pot reference.]

SKYLARK: I dun sit back and let life harsh my mellow. I get out there and _SEIZE THE DAY_!
I put my big boy boots on and _GET... _SHIT_... _DONE_!!!!

Crowd: Whoooooooooo!

SKYLARK: And, damn... do people _HAAAAATTEEE_ me for it... _WEEKS_ ago now it seems
I got under _YOUR_ skin, Chris Hallmark....

[Points to the crowd thinking Hallmark has to be somewhere in it...]

SKYLARK: ...so much you hired a _HITMAN_ to take me and my buddy out... then came out
here with a _SLEDGEHAMMER_ and went berserk, effectively landing your bitch a** on
SUSPENSION! Over _WHAT_!?! A couple pranks? A few _harmless_ jokes?!?!

[Shakes his head.]

SKYLARK: Does my _CONFIDENCE_ bother you that much, Chris?!?! Does the fact that I'm
so secure with my _AWESOMNESS_ that I painted my toenails to match my earrings just eat
away at you _THAT_ much?!?!?

[Shakes his head...]

SKYLARK: Then _LAST_ week... It was supposed to be an intelligent _INFORMATIVE_
debate over the major issues facing this country. Both Forty and myself were supposed to be
REPRESENTIVES of our organizations and the beliefs we stand for. And look what
happened... _FORTY_ couldn't handle his emotions and made himself a _FOOL_!

[Laughs.]

SKYLARK: He let the anger boil over... He lost control and _SNAPPED_... just like you
Hallmark. _UNLIKE_ for you, though, security was prepared this time and defused the
situation before it got ugly... but it is what it is. _IT_ being that fact that this stupid pathetic
WORTHLESS stoner yins all campaign so hard against...

...got the best of _TWO_ men...

...without even stepping foot inside this _RING_!!!!

[Big shit eating grin spreads across Skylark's face.]

SKYLARK: Oh yea... I'M _THAT_ _DAMN_ _GOOD_!

Crowd: Whoooooooooo!

SKYLARK: Thus, tonight... Since that baggage's swirling around the Skylark universe... I must
find the focus.. find the center and do battle with _VIC MORRISON_!!!

Crowd: BOOO!!!

SKYLARK: ..that is, if I plan on winning. That's why I brought my friend out here along.

[Skylark spins the guitar around, so now it's in front of him in the usual playable position.]

SKYLARK: Because with the _HALLMARK'S_ and _FORTY'S_ of the world losing the fight with their anger because of me... I feel it's my duty to show yins all my _PERSONAL_ favorite way of finding one's center!

[Strums the guitar, clears his throat...]

SKYLARK (Singing):

In this day and age
In this big ol' world
Where the little guy doesn't
have a chance
There's only one thing I can think of
that would make a difference

" If I had a bulldozer..."

[The fans roar! well, some of them that know this classic diddy, "If I Had a Bulldozer".]

" If I had a bulldozer
The world would be so very fine
I would never have to move it over
Never have to stand in line.

[Pause tween verses.]

"If I had a bulldozer
My application would go through
My boss would run to get my coat
If I decided to leave by two!!!

[Another slight pause, some of the crowd now clapping along.]

" If I had a bulldozer
The IRS would never chide
And you know an audit would really go quickly
With a 'dozer idling outside!!"

" If I had a diesel rig,
With a big old blade,
Treads just like a tank,
I would have it made
Courtesy would reign,
Arguments abate,

'Cause everyone would know
I'D SQUASH THEM LIKE A GRAAAAAAAAAAAPE!!! "

[Tripp's almost screaming that last line. He shakes his head, and reins it back in. Classic primal scream therapy!]

" If I had a bulldozer
All the doors would open up
People'd treat me with a lot more respect
Or I'd knock 'em down and squash 'em up..

[Skylark nods, brief pause tween verses.]

If I had a bulldozer
There'd be no lack of parking places
I'd just look for that brand new Corvette
The one that's taking up two spaces.

[Big old smile, as Skylark moves to the final verse.]

If I had a diesel rig
With a big ol' blade
Treads just like a tank
I would have it made
Courtesy would reign
Arguments would cease!
Cause Everyone Would Know!
I'D SQUASH 'EM LIKE A CHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESE!

[Skylark goes nuts on the guitar, strumming as fast and as hard as he can, until the strings break! The crowd roars, giving Skylark a rousing ovation, as he hands the guitar off to an attendant and climbs in to the ring. He then begins stretching out on the ropes.]

RA: And his opponent...

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

TRRRRRRRRIIIIPPPP SKKKKKYYYYYYYYYLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRKKKK!

POP!!!

AS: Skylark in the ring and Vic Morrison just staring him down from across the way.

SS: Like you said before, Ashie, it's going to take a lot for Skylark to walk away victorious in this one. His usual antics won't cut it against a guy like Morrison. Especially his music "abilities" on that acoustic guitar.

DING! DING! DING!

AS: There's the opening bell and both men start things off with a collar and elbow tie-up. Quick kick to the leg from Morrison sends Skylark reeling back and a second kick catches him in the calf as well.

SS: The fans immediately badmouthing Morrison as he whips Skylark into the ropes and nails him with a knee to the midsection on the rebound.

AS: Now a gutwrench suplex attempt from Morrison... thwarted by Skylark though who hits a backdrop to take Morrison down.

SS: Vic Morrison back on his feet quickly as Tripp Skylark goes for a spinning backfist... NO! Morrison with the Fujiwara armbar takedown.

AS: Skylark trying to break the hold as he heads to the ropes and Morrison just cinching that submission even tighter.

SS: Vic Morrison clearly looking to sever a limb off of Tripp Skylark starting with that arm.

AS: The fans on their feet early in this match to root Skylark on and encourage him towards the ropes.

POP!!!

SS: And it works as he gets a hold of the bottom strand and forces a break. But Morrison not letting go so quickly as the five count is initiated.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

SS: Morrison releases before the count gets to five and scrambles to his feet. Off the ropes goes Morrison... caught with a roundhouse kick from Skylark. Now a reverse neckbreaker from Skylark... go-behind from Morrison who hits a thrust kick to the head of Tripp Skylark.

AS: And down goes Skylark... Morrison pounces on top of him and locks in an STF.

SS: Another vicious submission maneuver from Vic Morrison and once again, Tripp Skylark looking in a sea of pain early in this contest.

AS: The fans chanting Skylark's name as he slowly powers his way towards the nearest set of ropes but Vic Morrison pulls him back.

SS: Referee Jim Jenks asking Tripp Skylark if he wants to submit but Skylark shaking his head from side to side.

AS: Skylark now rocking from side to side to try and get any way out of the STF hold.

SS: Morrison locking it on tighter but Skylark rocking even more now...and he flips over. Morrison on his back and pressed into the mat by Tripp Skylark. The official making the count...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: And Morrison releases the hold to avoid being pinned. He pushes Skylark off and gets back to his feet while Tripp Skylark stays down on the mat.

SS: Morrison pulls Skylark to his feet and hits a jawbreaker... Skylark stumbles around and Vic Morrison whips him into the ropes...

AS: Skylark comes off the side and goes for a clothesline... But Morrison ducks and takes Skylark down once more with another Fujiwara armbar.

SS: Ring presence in Skylark's favor though as he lands right near the ropes and quickly forces the break.

AS: Vic Morrison up on his feet once more and pulls Skylark up as well. Irish whip from Morrison... Skylark bounces off the side and puts on the brakes to trip up Vic Morrison.

SS: Morrison's head is down and he gets pulled into a double underhook backbreaker from Skylark. And now Skylark heads outside and grabs a steel chair, bringing it back into the ring with him.

AS: The steel chair set up in the center of the ring as Tripp Skylark hits the ropes... springs off the chair... AND HITS A SPLASH ON VIC MORRISON!!!

HUGE POP!!!

SS: Cover by Skylark...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: MORRISON WITH THE KICKOUT!

SS: Skylark now trying for a surfboard... blocked by Morrison. Both men back on their feet and Morrison goes for a scoop slam... Skylark hits an elbow to the forehead to break it up.

AS: Back on two feet, Skylark grabs a hold of a temporarily stunned Vic Morrison and hits a release German suplex.

ANOTHER HUGE POP!!!

SS: Skylark pounces on Morrison and goes for the "Choking The Chicken" submission.

AS: Vic Morrison caught off-guard with that one as he struggles to reach the ropes.

SS: Morrison trying desperately to force a break as well as escape the hold on his own but man, that is locked in mighty tight, Mister Skylark.

AS: The ref checking the arm of Morrison...

He lifts it once... it falls...

POP!

AS: He lifts it a second time.... It falls...

****ANOTHER POP!****

AS: Third time could be the charm...

SS: NO WAY!!!! IT STAYS UP!

AS: Morrison throwing some elbows and forces his way out of the hold. The crowd booing furiously as Vic Morrison gets back up slowly.

SS: Tripp Skylark goes to pick up Morrison but is caught with a low blow. Vic Morrison grabs Skylark and hits an overhead belly-to-belly suplex. And the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: MORRISON WITH FEET ON THE ROPES!!!

THREEEE!!!!

*****DING! DING! DING!*****

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of the match at five minutes and thirty-nine seconds...

VICCCC

MORRRISSSONNNN!!!

HUGE HEEL HEAT!!!

["Five Finger Crawl" by Danzig plays as Vic Morrison gets to his feet and has his hand raised in victory. He pulls it away from the referee and heads out of the ring, going straight up the aisle soaking in the jeers of the crowd. Tripp Skylark gets to his feet and is dejected over his loss as he takes a moment to realize the situation he's in before climbing down to the ringside floor.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

AS: Tripp Skylark was very close to winning this one and Vic Morrison knew it. Otherwise, why would he have cheated his way to a victory?

SS: Couldn't agree more. And look at this.. Tripp Skylark hopping the guardrail to take a seat in the front row.

[Skylark grabs a seat down center of the front row and holds out a ticket stub WITH credit card receipt to show the security that comes over to his position.]

AS: Clearly his loss to Morrison is a fading moment already as he would much prefer to take an up close and personal look at Derrick Ford who is up next for in-ring action against Skylark's friend, Leon Corella.

RA: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the spokesman for the Hope for the Future of America...

[The crowd ROARS]

RA: ...Washington's own...

[THAT'S US!!]

RA: HEEEEENNNRRRRRRYYYYYYY SPIIIIIIIIIKEEEEESSSSSS!

SS: Looks like we're going to hear from Derrick Ford and Henry Spikes right now.

DON'T TREAD ON ME!
#

[As the strains of Metallica explode throughout the 9:30 Club, the crowd EXPLODES in recognition of the man who strides out to the floor - the man himself, Henry Spikes. Soaking in

the adulation of his hometown fans, Spikes takes a few moments to glad hand the fans on his way to ringside. The HFA interns come out behind him, passing out their miniature American flags. Unlike previous attempts, the fans welcome the props and wave them proudly. Spikes climbs carefully into the ring, surrounded by a sea of red, white, and blue. The grin on his face is easy and reaches his eyes as he accepts the ring announcer's microphone, shaking his head.]

Crowd: HEN-RY SPIIIIIKES!

CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

Crowd: HEN-RY SPIIIIIKES!

CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

Crowd: HEN-RY SPIIIIIKES!

CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

[A chuckle as he raises the microphone.]

HS: Thank you, thank you. Good evening everyone, and a belated happy Fourth of July to you, DC!

Crowd: WOOOOOOOOHHHHHH!!

HS: Over the last several years, I have traveled to many places under the banner of one promotion or another. I have seen small town America and mid-town Manhattan, rural Saskatchewan and bustling Tokyo. But never, since I started with the wrestling business back in Two Thousand and Five, have I been able to utter the following words in the middle of a ring:

[Pause for dramatic effect, and...]

HS: It feels great to be home!

[The crowd expresses its love for their prodigal son.]

HS: Washington is my birthplace, the land of my opportunity, and the place where my heart resides, whether I'm in the Tokyo Dome or a high school in New Jersey. But throughout all my travels, this is the FIRST time my employer has so graciously allowed me to step into a ring here in the Nation's Capital. So when I tell you that it is an honor and a privilege to be standing out here tonight with MY people, in MY city, rest assured that every word is completely and honestly true.

[DAMN RIGHT!!!!]

HS: So when a few friends of mine were stuck in One Hundred degree heat without power over last weekend, I made sure to stop by and help however I could.

SS: Spikes referring to a storm that knocked out power for the entire area. Some places still haven't recovered power.

HS: There I saw trees sliced in half, power lines bundled into balls along the side of the road, signs blown down...all from a storm that formed and struck with little in the way of warning. And as I took my friends to an air-conditioned restaurant north of the city, as they finally had a moment to think about the freak storm, they wondered what could have caused such a thing.

[Spikes straightens up.]

HS: I knew the answer immediately. I knew it in my heart and in my gut. So I looked them in the eyes, and told them..."God."

[A pause to let this sink in. The crowd buzzes nervously.]

HS: God has seen what this town has become. He heard the Supreme Court make a mockery of America by allowing the wicked Obamacare to survive. He has witnessed the liberal agenda turn this city, my FAVORITE city, into a home for Communists and America haters. Make no mistake about it: this storm was a warning. A warning to all of America to reject the lies and slander perpetrated by those who would take away our freedoms. And that warning was necessary because of YOUR tolerance of this evil!

[Henry swipes his free hand in a grand gesture. A few fans spike their flags in disgust. The hometown crowd is no longer as accepting as it once was. Spikes is on a roll now, though, so he continues unabated.]

HS: But fear not! While your apathy has caused anger in the Almighty, I have heard his message loud and clear! We must lead the way into HIS future, led by the man I bring with me tonight! He is the light and truth of the TSWF, and he is here to save you from LIBERALS, from BIG GOVERNMENT, and most importantly...FROM YOURSELVES!

[Oooh, that one didn't go over too well.]

HS: Ladies and gentlemen, the Hope for the Future of America, DERRICK! L! FORD!!!

GIMME FUEL
GIMME FIRE
GIMME THAT WHICH I DESIRE
OOOOOOOH!
#

[Derrick L Ford emerges from the back, white Stetson marking the HFA's champion as he makes his way to ringside. The crowd is good and annoyed, so they really let him have it with their jeers. Ford seems oblivious as he joins Spikes at ringside.]

****BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!****

DLF: We're just a few scant miles from the seat of liberal lies and big government conspiracy, and I have no doubt you've all been brainwashed by our Hopeful President and his followers, so I'll take your reaction today to be a compliment.

****MORE BOOING!!!****

DLF: In Pittsburgh, TSWF fans saw me strike a decisive blow for freedom and morality in my debate win over Tripp Skylark.

Crowd: SKY-LARK! SKY-LARK! SKY-LARK! SKY-LARK!

SS: Tripp Skylark down in the front row and just loving the adulation from the crowd. He knows that's not what happened.

AS: Really? That's how I remember it too.

DLF: Yes I attacked him rather than give my closing statement. With such a biased and uneducated crowd in the Steel City, there was little doubt who THEY would pick to be their victor. But anyone, ANYONE, who watched that debate could see the platitudes and naive dreams spouted forth by my opponent could make no reasonable headway against my cold, hard facts. If an impartial moderator had determined the outcome, perhaps Mister Skylark could have learned his lesson. But rather than allow his fans to enable his ignorance, I took his education into my own hands. I attacked Tripp Skylark to save him, to bring him to the truth that we at HFA preach. Will it be enough? Only time will tell.

[A smirk.]

DLF: In the meantime, I'd like to address my opponent tonight...my "old friend" Leon Corella.

****CORELLA POP!!!!!!****

DLF: You see I knew Corella back before the TSWF. We've competed in the same league before. Hell, he's recognized my talent before, selecting me to his Wrestlebowl team a scant two years ago. And in turn, yes, I admit my opponent is talented. Talented enough to be a champion in every league I've seen him in. Leon Corella is not just some nobody like Rich Anderson. No, he is someone worthy of respect for his abilities.

[Spikes leads a few fans in applauding this sentiment.]

SS: Well there's a first.

DLF: But while I will give credit to his wrestling prowess, I can't say the same for his choice of company. A man with your ambition, Leon, should know that you get nowhere in life by associating with the derelicts, the druggies, the useless refuse of society like Tripp Skylark.

[...aaaand that's more like it. While Spikes is still applauding, the crowd begins its abuse anew, led by Skylark personally.]

DLF: Sticking up for a man who openly advocates the usage of recreational drugs is a pock on your otherwise sterling record. It undermines your ability to be taken seriously, not to mention that it puts you in league with dangerous radicals who want the government to run your life. That's not the attitude of a winner, Leon. A winner wants to make his own breaks, to respect those who achieve the success that is their birthright. They strive to be the best, and only accept the best in their inner circle. They don't let lesser people hold them back, but instead lead by word and by deed. That is what winners do, Leon, and winning is what HFA represents.

[As the camera focuses in on Ford's face, he points a finger at it in turn.]

DLF: So I offer you this invitation, Leon - join the Hope for the Future of America. With our combined skill, and with my impeccable leadership, we can be the great shining beacons on the hill, here in TSWF and for the Greatest Country in the World. If you want to succeed here in TSWF, just as you have in the DCWL and SPW before, accept my invitation. If not? Well, just like your buddy Skylark, I'll just have to save you too.

[And addressing the loathing crowd once more.]

DLF: Good night, and May God continue to bless the TSWF.

["Don't Tread on Me" kicks in again, providing some shelter from the jeers directed by the DC crowd at the HFA team.]

SS: Interesting comments from Henry Spikes and Derrick Ford. But something tells me Leon Corella isn't going to bite at the chance to be a member of the HFA anytime soon.

AS: Why not? I'm starting to believe the Hope for a Future America campaign is the right one to be aligned with opposed to the Potheads of America that Skylark is petitioning for.

SS: Guess we will just agree to disagree. And with that said, it seems Chris Hallmark has made his way through the crowd and has taken a seat in the front row.

AS: Yes and how "lucky" for him to have Tripp Skylark sitting in the seat next to him.

[The shot changes to show Skylark waving to the camera and trying to throw an arm around Hallmark who is just disgusted with his predicament.]

SS: Good for him. He's getting just what he deserves.

AS: Let's go up to the ring for the introductions.



DERRICK L. FORD

vs.

LEON CORELLA



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit...

****POP!****

RA: Introducing first...

Already in the ring... he hails from Old Orchard Beach, Maine...now residing in Houston, Texas...he stands at six foot four and weighs two hundred and forty pounds...

DERRICK! L! FOOOOOORRRRRD!

SS: Derrick Ford out here without Henry Spikes. What an odd sight.

AS: Well while we were running that Leon Corella segment, Mister Spikes had to head to the back and deal with some pressing matters. Probably one of his friends who are still without power needing a favor from the big man. And besides, he must be confident that his charge, Derrick Ford, can go at this alone.

SS: I don't know, Ashie. Leon Corella is no pushover . Hopefully Derrick Ford and Henry Spikes know what they're doing.

Skylark (in the crowd): BOOOOOO!!!!

RA: And his opponent...

[The arena lights dim as the opening chords to Muse's cover of "House of the Rising Sun" assault the house P/A to an instant face pop. Stepping out through the curtains is none other than Leon Corella in blue jeans, a black and gold TSWF T-Shirt, and heavy work boots, with his fists taped and his face twisted into an angry scowl.]

**## THERE IS... A HOUSE.... IN NEW ORLEANS... THEY CAAAALLLLL TTTHHHAAAA'
RRRRRIIIIISSSIN' SUN! ##**

[The lights resume their normal hue as he starts down the aisle with grim determination written on his face.]

AND IT'S BEEEEENNN THA' RUIN... OF MANNAAAAYYYY AAAA POOORR BBOOY...
AND GOD...
I KNOOOOWWW I'M ONE! ##

[Noting the presence of Tripp Skylark and Chris Hallmark in the front row, Corella marches his way up the ring steps, slips through the ropes, and steps out onto the canvas. Standing to Leon's immediate left, the Ring Announcer starts to work his magic on the microphone.]

RA: STANDING TO MY RIGHT... AT SIX FOOT FIVE, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY- SIX POUNDS... HE HAILS FROM THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA!

TSWF... GIVE IT UP FOR...

LLLLEEEEEOOOOONNNNNN CCCCCOOOORRRREEEEELLLLLLAAAAAAAA!!!!

FACE POP!

SS: Hah! Tripp Skylark leading a standing ovation for Corella as he makes his way around the ring.

AS: And Chris Hallmark already dreading his position as he remains firmly planted in his seat, despite the consistent urging from Skylark.

DING! DING! DING!

SS: And there's the bell. Immediately both men lock up in a collar-elbow tie up... and Leon Corella quickly takes control.

AS: He takes Ford by the arm, twists it and steps around him quickly for a hammerlock. Ford deftly maneuvers with him though, slipping out of the hold and spinning around with a Lariat, but Corella ducks and steps around with a rear waistlock!

SS: Tripp Skylark clapping for that one and grabs the foam hammer from Hallmark... AND BOPS HIM ON THE HEAD WITH IT!

AS: Security telling Hallmark to chill out as he stands up in protest. And Chris Hallmark reluctantly taking his seat once more.

SS: Ford manages to slip free, moving quickly behind Corella and quickly turning the tide with a rear waistlock of his own!

AS: With a mighty heavy, Ford back bridges with a German Suplex. Leon Corella pistons his legs just as Derrick Ford lifts him up and neatly flips out of his arms, dropping to a kneel behind the man!

SS: Impressive display of acrobatics by the two hundred and sixty pound Corella! And once again, Tripp Skylark just applauding his friend.

AS: Ford rolls to his feet and throws his arms up, a satisfied smile on his face showing just how unaware of the danger he really is.

SS: Chris Hallmark yelling at Ford to turn around... and Mr. Hope for America does just that. And his eyes go wide as he's practically leveled by a powerful running clothesline from Leon Corella!

AS: Corella with a quick cover...

ONE!

TWO-

KICKOUT!!

SS: Gathering Ford by the back of his neck and one arm, Corella lifts him up and sends him for an Irish Whip! Ford rebounds and...

SSSMACK!

Crowd: WOOOOO!!!

SS: He's rocked off his feet once more by a devastating knife edge chop to the chest.

AS: Ford sits up with a wince of pain, clutching at his chest. And you can already see a line of red blisters forming...

SS: Hallmark on his feet, yelling at Ford to “man-up” and once again, Tripp Skylark bops him with the foam sledgehammer.

AS: Leon Corella quickly backs into the ropes, snaps forward and drops with a low orbit lariat.

SS: And upon impact, he latches his arm around Ford's throat, slips behind him, and locks on a grounded sleeper.

AS: Incredible feats from Leon Corella in the early stages of this match.

SS: Ford struggles and fights against the grip of Leon Corella as he grits his teeth with frustration; his face slowly turning from red to purple.

AS: Derrick Ford kicking his legs though and now reaching up, trying to get his hands on Corella's face, hair, anything!

Crowd (led by Tripp Skylark): COR-RELL-AH!!! COR-RELL-AH!!! COR-RELL-AH!!! COR-RELL-AH!!! COR-RELL-AH!!!

SS: Ford manages to jab a thumb in Leon' Corellas eye, forcing him to release the hold. Corella rises now, grabbing at his eye with a growl of pain!

HEEL JEER!!!

Hallmark: YEAH BABY!!!

AS: Derrick Ford rises to his feet, stumbling into the ropes with a hand to his throat, coughing.

SS: Meanwhile, Leon Corella moves in, still blinking a bit. Ford, spying over his shoulder, spots his advancing foe, and quickly spins around with a quick punch!

AS: He staggers Corella with the shot, then takes him by the arm and whips him to the nearest corner! Ford wastes no time and busts at the man with a running lariat in the corner.

SS: What a vicious clothesline! The impact would have dropped him, had Corella not managed to hook an arm in the ropes.

AS: Leon Corella is bent forward and Ford unloads with an uppercut punch that cracks his opponent across the teeth.

SS: Corella's head jacks back and he actually rises to a stand before sagging into the corner and falling to a seat!

MORE HEEL HEAT!!!

AS: Derrick Ford now brutally stomping and kicking away at the downed Corella, violently attacking him with toe kicks and heel stomps.

SS: Corella not looking good at the moment as he is definitely in the wrong place at the wrong time. Ford ends the frenzied assault by putting his foot right on Leon Corella's throat, grabbing the ropes and pushing as hard as he can!

Ref: LET GO!!!

AS: Ford not releasing so quickly and the referee starting his five count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

SS: And Ford pulls back. And now he's getting in the ref's face with a few choice words.

AS: But not for long as he returns his focus back to Leon Corella. Ford reaches down, gathering Corella up by a handfuls of blond hair and pulling him to a stand.

SS: Yes but as he does so, Corella reaching up, and grabbing Ford by either side of his head. And just drops to a seat, popping Ford's jaw with an improvised jawbreaker!

POP!!!

AS: Derrick Ford snaps straight up and falls on his back, cupping at his jaw! Meanwhile, Leon Corella leans back in the corner, taking a moment to recover.

SS: And look at Tripp Skylark in the front row. He's practically itching to jump the rail and help Corella but he's a ticket holding fan at this point and can't do much from his current position.

AS: Slowly Ford rises onto his knees, his back to Corella as he cups his rather sore jaw.

SS: But Corella spots him and grits his teeth as he pulls himself to a stand using the ropes. He pushes himself onto the second rope, then to the top rope, watching and waiting for Ford to get to his feet...

AS: ...Ford rises to a stand and slowly turns towards the corner. And before he has time to think, Leon Corella launches off the top turnbuckle, throwing both feet square in the man's chest with a Missile Drop Kick!

POP POP POP!!!

SS: Ford falls to the canvas, clutching at his chest while Leon Corella lands with a bit of a tuck and side roll, quickly getting back to his feet!

AS: Corella not wasting any time as he runs up to the downed Ford, throwing his elbow out and bringing it down hard on Ford's sternum! And the hook of the leg for the cover...

ONE!

TWO-

KICKOUT!!

SS: Ford able to get a shoulder up in time but that doesn't slow Leon Corella down. Gathering his opponent up, Corella takes him by the arm, gives it a quick twist and cracks Derrick Ford across the chest with a loud and proud chop!

SMACK!

Crowd: WOOOO!!!

AS: And another!

SMACK!

Crowd: WOOOO!!!

AS: And a third one!!!

SMACK!!

Crowd: WOOOO!!!

SMACK!!

Crowd: WOOOO!!!

SMACK!!

Crowd: WOOOO!!!

AS: And finally, Corella just rears his arm back and lets loose with the loudest chop he possibly can...

SSSSMMMMMAAACCCCKKKKAAAAA!!!

Ford: AAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!!!!

Crowd: WWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

SS: Holy hell! That had to hurt a whole hell of a lot!

AS: Corella releases Ford's arm on the last impact, letting the man stagger back with hands clutching at his burning, violently red, blistered and bleeding chest!

SS: Derrick Ford stumbles into the ropes. And if you look very closely, you can almost see tears in the man's eyes.

AS: Ford turns around... and Corella catches him with a running clothesline! Both men go tumbling up and over the ropes, Leon Corella flipping his legs with the fall to land on his feet.

SS: But Ford unfortunately flips completely, landing flat on his back. Corella dips forward and gathers Ford to his feet and starts to assist him back into the ring.

AS: But Derrick Ford halts his progress with a solid elbow shot to the ribs before ramming Leon Corella's face right into the ring apron!

Crowd: BOOOOO!!!!

SS: Things getting heated on the floor and mere steps from where Tripp Skylark and Chris Hallmark are sitting too.

AS: Ford grabs Corella by the arm and the back of the head and sends him careening towards the ring steps!

BANG!

SS: Corella tries to shift but collides hip first with the ring steps, dislodging them on impact and falling into a heap. Leon Corella gripping at his side and hip as he fights to get onto all fours.

AS: Derrick Ford sneering as he rushes in and catches Corella with a brutal soccer-style kick to the ribs that rolls him onto his side and clutching his burning guts.

SS: Ford on the offensive and smartly rolls into the ring and back out to break the ref's count.

AS: And now it looks like he's making his way to those dislodged ring steps, grabbing the top and slinging the upper half aside with a noisy clang as it hit's the arena floor.

SS: He grabs Corella's leg and gives the man a few stomps to the gut for good measure.

AS: Oooo....

Ref: ONE!!!

SS: Ford drags Leon by the leg and props the calf on the ring step, the leg twisted a bit to one side...

SS: Oh no no no... he's not... Ref stop this!

Ref: TWO!!!

AS: ...Ford rears his boot up and brings it crashing down on the side of Leon's knee! Leon lets out a wild cry of pain, grabbing at the knee and kicking his good leg out repeatedly.

HUGE HEEL JEER!

Ref: THREE!!!

SS: Derrick Ford may have just broken Leon Corella's knee!

AS: The Ref isn't stopping the match! If Corella's smart, he'll let the man count him out and be done with it!

Ref: FFFF0000UUURRRR!!!

SS: Gritting his teeth, Leon Corella rolls over and drags himself up to the ring steps. He sits up, checking his knee over with great concern. But what about Derrick Ford?

Ref: FFFFIIIIIVVEEEE!!

AS: Ford rolls back into the ring and takes a moment to jaw jack with a few fans on the other side of the ring ropes.

SS: Tripp Skylark in particular.

AS: Not a wise choice of action, Mr. Ford.

SS: Indeed, his arrogance may cost him if Leon Corella can get it together before the Ref ends the count.

Ref: SSSSSSIIIIIXXXX!!!

AS: If he can even still walk on that knee you mean...

SS: Exactly. Leon Corella slowly and carefully rising up. He winces though as he applies some weight to the knee.

AS: But now a few more steps...and it's clear he can still walk.

Ref: SSSSSSEEEVVVEEENNNN!!!!

SS: Come on, Corella!

AS: Gritting his teeth, Leon Corella slides under the ropes.

****POP!****

SS: And the crowd pop getting Derrick's attention. He spins around and turns right into a series of closed fist, brawler style strikes as Corella unloads with anger!!!

AS: WOO!! No more chops, no more technique... just Leon Corella burying fist after fist in Derrick Ford's face, driving him right into the ropes!

SS: And now he takes Ford by the arm and whips him into the ropes...

AS: Low chop block from Ford takes Leon Corella's leg out from under him and drops him right down on that injured knee!

Corella: OWWWWWWWWWWW!!!

SS: A sharp cry of pain from Leon Corella as he falls to his side, grabbing at the injury with both hands!

AS: Ford moves in like a viper, brutally stomping and kicking at the leg. He locks Corella's leg into a step over toe lock, and promptly drops down across his back... front facelock, tightly secured as Derrick Ford slaps on an STF Hold!

SS: Leon Corella holding his taped hands out before him, claw like as his face is frozen in agony! Every muscle in his body is tensed as he cries out in pain. With every fiber of his being, he's resisting the need to give in.

Ford (shouting loud enough to be heard over the crowd): TAP!! TAP!!! TAAAAAPPP!!!

AS: And gritting his teeth, Leon Corella pushes himself up onto his elbows. Those ice blue eyes focused on the ring ropes as he inches closer towards them.

SS: The fans starting to chant Leon Corella's name, trying to will him on!

Crowd: COR-RELL-AH!!! COR-RELL-AH!!! COR-RELL-AH!!! COR-RELL-AH!!!

AS: Corella's hand finds the ropes, and the wrestler who once called himself "The Perfect One" yanks himself into the ropes, wrapping his arms around them for dear life!

SS: The Ref quickly moving in and he orders Ford to release the hold.

AS: But of course he refuses...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

SS: Ford shoves off of Corella, who sags visibly with relief, his hands immediately going to that injured knee.

AS: Derrick Ford starting to move in like a vulture... And the referee steps between him and Corella, forcing him back the customary five feet while giving him repeated warnings.

SS: And now the official checking on Corella, asking him if he wants to continue. Corella's response is a hard glare, followed by his hands moving up the ropes as he slowly pulls himself to a standing position.

AS: Ford sidesteps the referee and just kicks Corella hard in that injured knee, the leg buckling under and a sharp cry of pain is released from the belly of Leon Corella.

SS: He hooks his arm in the rope to keep himself from falling.. but this only opens him up to a savage series of kicks to the knee by Derrick Ford!

AS: Those kicks just smashing into the joint and It takes a knife edge chop from Leon Corella to drive the man back!

SMACK!!!!

Crowd: WOOOO!!!

SS: Ford staggers back once more, both hands to his chest as he lets out a cry of pain...

AS: Corella's knee may be hurting but so is the raw chest of Derrick Ford.

SS: Corella rushes in behind Ford, wrapping his arms around the man's waist with a rear waistlock and with a cry of both effort and pain, he backbridges with a steep German Suplex!

BAM!

AS: And with the waistlock remaining locked in, Leon Corella rolls to a stand, his teeth gritting in pain as he hits a second German Suplex!

WAH-BAM!!

SS: Wow! Corella maintains the hold as he and Ford roll to a stand again.

AS: Leon Corella fighting back tears as he backbridges one last time with a final Release German Suplex that drives Derrick Ford skull first to the canvas with a massive amount of torque!

WWAAAHHHBBBAAAAAMMM!

HUGE POP!!!

SS: Both men remaining on the canvas after that impact. Ford on his back and stunned from multiple drops on his head while Leon Corella rolls on his side, cupping at his hurt knee.

AS: That definitely took a lot out of Corella. The sheer weight of Derrick Ford being slammed around had to have done potentially severe damage to that knee.

SS: But that isn't going to stop him one bit as Leon Corella drags himself slowly across Ford, and drapes his arm over the man's chest!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THR-

KICKOUT!!

BOOO!!

AS: The fans thought Corella might've had that one. As did I but Derrick Ford able to throw a shoulder up and Leon Corella sits up, staring off for a moment.

SS: Now slowly he rises with a wince. Meanwhile, Derrick Ford, with two perfectly good legs, springs to life and quickly pulls Corella into an improvised small package pin!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THR-

AS: CORELLA POWERS OUT!!!

SS: And rolls away from Ford who rises to a stand, a hand to the back of his head as he glares at Corella who is crouched across the ring from him and clearly favoring one leg over the other.

AS: Slowly the two circle in a workers walk, Leon keeping the injured leg away from Derrick Ford, concern written on his face which Ford instantly takes as fear, a wolf-like smile on his face.

SS: Ford attempting to step around Leon, going for the leg, but Corella backpedals a bit, leaving Ford grabbing nothing but air.

AS: Derrick Ford though has a slight spring in his step as he circles Leon, that predatory smile never leaving his face as he watches his opponent limp across from him.

SS: Leon Corella now inches closer and closer, looking for a grapple and Ford does much of the same...

AS ...Ford goes for that leg exactly the same way he did before and pays for it as Leon Corella pivots on his good leg, yanking the bad leg out of Ford's grasp, and cracking him hard with a shin kick to the ribs. Ford staggers off to the side, wincing in pain...

POP!!

SS: Tripp Skylark liked that one and bops Chris Hallmark out of excitement. Hallmark gets to a stand once more and wants to leave but security insisting his sit back down.

AS: Something tells me your brother has a thing or two to do with what is going on down in the front row.

SS: Humph... I deny such an accusation. Eh...who am I kidding? Of course he did.

AS: Corella reaches out, grabs Ford by the arm and yanks him right into a Belly to Belly Suplex! And now Leon Corella rolls to his feet, seemingly a little more mobile than he was before as he limps a little faster around Ford's downed body...

SS: Apparently Leon's starting to recover from the assault on his knee a bit...

AS: Well all that playing around that Ford did must have gave him time to walk it off, no pun intended.

SS: Gritting his teeth once more, Leon Corella grabs both of Ford's legs and proceeds to fold the man in half, kneeling with his good knee against the back of the man's head via an Elevated Boston Crab...

AS: LEON CORELLA WITH THE WALLS OF PERFECTION!!!! DERRICK FORD SCREAMING IN AGONY!!!

SS: Corella continues to grit his teeth as Ford struggles against him and wails in pure agony, his spine twisted with pure misery in Leon's patented submission hold!

****BOOOO!!!****

AS: Look at that! The long absent Henry Spikes is making his way down to ringside!

SS: And he seems to be shouting at the referee to get the man's attention.

AS: The ref turns and starts pointing to the back, ordering Spikes away from ringside.

SS: HE TAPPED OUT!!! FORD TAPPED OUT!!!

AS: But the Ref didn't see it! Don't let up Leon!

SS: Corella doesn't realize what is going on and is releasing Ford's legs. He's walking around, fists raised in victory. Oh man, this isn't good!

AS: Wait... he's starting to get a sense of something as the bell hasn't rung to conclude the match. He turns and sees the official arguing with Henry Spikes.

SS: And Leon Corella moving in and tapping the ref's shoulder, reminding him he's got a match to officiate.

AS: But look at this. As Corella and the ref are arguing, Henry Spikes has thrown a pair of brass knuckles to a downed Derrick Ford.

BOOO!!!

SS: Henry Spikes gets the ref's attention yet again, shouting something about Chris Hallmark in the front row. The Ref looking to Hallmark and "The Amateur" shrugs his shoulders, mouthing the words "What'd I do now?"

AS: Meanwhile, Leon Corella rolls his eyes at the whole charade and turns his attention back to Ford. And he narrowly ducks to avoid the brass knux coming at his head.

SS: Corella scoops the man up, spins around and plants him to the canvas with a devastating Spine Buster! Those Brass Knuckles go flying out of the hand of Derrick Ford!

AS: Now, Leon Corella hops to his feet and roars to the crowd, arms stretched out wide and muscles tensed.

Leon Corella: GGGAAAAAMMMMMEEEE OOOOOVVVVEEEEERRRRRR!!!

POP POP POP!!!

SS: With Ford stunner, Corella turns and gathers him to his feet and promptly boots him in the gut. Standing headscissor by Leon Corella and he now has both arms in an underhook.

AS: He's actually going for it, hurt knee and all!

SS: Leon Corella wincing a bit from the pain shooting up his leg and he halts his lift.

AS: But he bites through the pain, shakes his head and lifts Ford up onto one shoulder!

SS: Whoa! Amazing strength from Corella who almost loses his footing but now has a walking start... forward fall and he drives Derrick Ford's head and shoulders into the canvas with a Crucifix Inverted Tiger Driver!

AS: Corella with the Double U-Hook and now the cover...

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

TTTHHHRRRREEEEE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH AT TWENTY MINUTES AND THIRTEEN SECONDS VIA PINFALL...

LLLLLEEEEEOOOOOONNNN CCCCCOOORRRREEEEELLLLLLAAAAA!!!

SS: Corella with the win and now he releases the hold, letting Ford slump to one side. And now a slow rise to his feet , clearly in a great deal of pain but it's not going to stop him from savoring this big time victory.

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

#THEEEY YYY CCCCAAAALLLLL TTTHHHHAAA' RRRRRIIIISSSIIIIINN'
SSSSUUUUNNN!!!

AS: The official grabbing Corella's wrist and holding it up in the air, pointing to him as the winner of the match.

SS: Meanwhile at ringside, Chris Hallmark dumps his box of Popcorn to the floor and glares at Leon Corella. And of course Tripp Skylark just ecstatic as his friend came out victorious over his adversary.

AS: Corella locking eyes with Hallmark and limps his way over to the ropes. The two men trading words as Hallmark leaves his front row seat.



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Hallmark has had enough and seen enough for one night as he quickly gets out of Dodge, heading towards the nearest exit from the building.

AS: Man, can we get Skylark to share a car with him next time? That was just classic slapstick the whole time.

SS: That it was. Once again, Leon Corella is your winner but man he has to be wondering just how damaged that knee truly is.

AS: We'll surely find out in the days to come but right now we have to go to pre-recorded comments from RJ Souza about his I Quit match coming up shortly.



RJ SOUZA



[You see a small clothing box. A pair of hands are folding the "Tom Sawyer" mask and placing it inside. We pan out to see the hands belong to the Man In Black.....RJ Souza)

RJ Souza: You saw how that worked out, Elijah? I have been wanting to let him out of the box for so long. But YOU had backed me into a corner. I needed to get an outlet for the head games I wanted to play with you. I'm not going to ask you to admit it. You never will. But I had you more confused than a crazy man in a circular room that was told to pee in the corner. That was...Fun.

But in return, you get your match. You will get your "I Quit" match that you wanted so desperately wanted. I got the justice I soooooo needed. I feel that I might have let my fans down. But I was not going to just sit back and let you think you got that big advantage. No. I made sure that I found a way into your head. I found a way to bring that all mighty ego down to its rock bottom. You didn't play me, You just got played out.

But this week...One of us will say those dreaded words that no one here wants to ever say....."I Quit". Those two words will make one of us a very humble man. I hope that your

head can stop ringing from that Karma Kick that put your sorry ass on the mat last week. You got to love how I did that to you. As you have once done it to me....except...I LET YOU WALK AWAY!! But not this time. This time, I will lock you in my Karma Kross....And I am going to squeeze....and squeeze some more. I am going to make that big head of yours pop right off your neck. The pain will simmer inside your head until you just can't take it anymore...and you scream..... "I QUIT!!"

[And cut]



ELIJAH BLACK



[Elijah Black is standing outside the Jefferson Memorial, pacing back and forth as he formulates his thoughts, clearly with something on his mind – not a surprise, given the events of the last show]

Black: You know one thing Americans need to know more about? Their own history. Look where I am now, standing by the memorial of the man who signed the Declaration of Independence...yet do you see crowds coming here? No, they're all a few miles away at the Lincoln Memorial, because the truth about Lincoln has been airbrushed from common knowledge – you know, the minor detail of him instigating the Civil War, stripping those he felt were too sympathetic to the Confederates of their civil rights, and displayed remarkable bigotry toward slavery. In other words, they may as well put a statue of George W Bush there, given their MO was pretty much the same.

[Black nods to himself]

One thing that history has told us is that the people with the most to lose by being exposed as the shallow preachers of self-interest are those willing to sacrifice as many people as it takes in order to cling to power for as long as possible. When the world is against them, when their power is slipping through their fingers like sand through the hourglass, they will throw people to their inevitable destruction to try and protect them for as long as it takes to make their escape. Or if they're truly deluded, they think that they will ride out the storm and come out on the other side stronger than before.

What happens to the people they send out doesn't matter to them, because they don't matter as a human being. They are a mere symbol of a pathetic resistance who have been sent to do the bidding of someone they should question, but have been hoodwinked and beaten down into thinking this is the way forward. Forward, with a gun in their hand, to face the wrath of the world.

There are words for this line of defense. Totalitarian. Dictatorial. Sociopathic. Souza...

[Black stops his pacing, facing the camera]

What you did, RJ Souza, was to pick some kid who wanted to make his way in the world, asked him to do you a favor, and sent him to his destruction.

Did it occur to you, as you and your brother were gloating while I'd just decimated this person whose name you didn't even think was worth saying to the people who had watched him get beaten within an inch of his existence, that you two have become the Evil Empire?

Can you name one moment in time where I have marched someone out to the ring in order to work as little more than bait, to take as much punishment as they can withstand before they cannot last any longer, and then gloated about it afterwards?

[Black offers a moment for people to consider the question, but already knows the answer]

Once again I must ask, why are YOU the person people are supposed to cheer for? Every single thing you have done has justified me attacking you, from your selfish interference in the match where I was going to become the leading light of this company, from you having to get somebody to do your dirty work whilst you were pretending to be injured, to you sacrificing somebody so you can pretend you're so damn clever.

So I ask the Tri State fan base, why are YOU cheering for RJ Souza? He's clearly dangerous. Not dangerous in a way you can put a slogan on a t-shirt, but dangerous in a stay-the-hell-away-from-this-man way.

All this begs the most important question – who are you going to get to fight your battle for you this time, Souza? Your brother? Your wife? Someone else you can con into stepping into the ring with somebody whose blood is turning black with thoughts of taking you apart? Or are you going to surprise us all by actually being a MAN and gracing us with your presence in the ring for a change?

You see, Souza, I bypassed something as simple to understand as hatred for you some time ago. At first you were a joke, somebody trying to cling to the glories of the past that has left them behind and leaving behind the corporate world of sports entertainment for wrestling in a place that would take you, and finding yourself failing to keep up with everyone who was breaking their backs just to get noticed.

Then you started acting like an entitled pedant, thinking that you had the right to interfere with the biggest match in the history of this place just because I'd said some unkind words about you rather than any logical reason to get involved. And yet, despite being such an ungodly asshole, you wanted to play the victim and say I was the one in the wrong, despite me earning my place in that match whilst you weren't even going to take part in it by the time I faced you. You can't airbrush that, Souza, and I won't let you. Too much history is airbrushed because it doesn't fit the fiction people want to say their history is, and you will not be allowed to add to it.

But then you decided to try something new. You decided to bait me. You wanted to have some fun at my expense – and that kid you sent out to take YOUR punishment, I presume – and from that point on you thought playing games would be what would give you the upper hand and make the crowd embrace you once more.

Well, I hate to break it to you Souza – and I mean that with as little sincerity as is humanly possible – but it won't work. Why would anyone cheer for somebody who was pretending to be injured this whole time, whilst the person they had an issue with at least had the common

courtesy to participate in matches when he wasn't suspended for NOT injuring you? You've become a parasite, Souza, leeching people's sympathy for your own egotism and continuing to play the victim when you're only a couple of steps away from ordering genocide against those whose worldview is different to yours.

And this, Souza, is why I wanted this match. I want to make you suffer, to swallow your self-interested actions and choke on them, but as you choke and the light in your eyes starts to dim, don't forget to say "I Quit", Souza, because that way I will prove that I am merciful. Even after I have beaten you, bruised you, spilt your blood and torn down the arena, I will not actually try to kill you in the ring.

You see, I am no murderer, no Bad Seed, and not someone who wants to inflict violence on those who stand in my way. But I am someone who will go to great lengths to make you see the errors in your judgment for the past few months, and leave you a few reminders about what you did and why you should have taken another path that was always open to you.

[Black pauses, a smile crossing his lips, as he runs his tongue over his lip ring]

The fact is, Souza, is that I got what I want, and all I had to do was ask.

I stayed true to what I wanted all along – you, in a ring, with the opportunity to hear you say you couldn't take it a second longer and wanted it to stop. No disqualification, no count-out, just as long as it takes to get the result that has to happen.

What did you achieve by having you or your brother running around in a mask for a few weeks? You delayed the inevitable, but it was just a delay – just you and your brother, alone in your bunker as the world you know comes crashing down around you, thinking you could get through it no matter what the rest of humanity could see was going to happen.

Isn't that what I said a long time ago, when you and I were facing each other in a dead rubber in the tournament to crown the first champion? You may have been something once, but something once doesn't make you something for the rest of time – if you had something, you could have thrown your weight around and used your influence to pull some strings, keep me sidetracked and out of your way for as long as possible. But that didn't happen, Souza, because you don't have any collateral here in Tri State, and you can't ask for protection from those in charge – you and I both know it's Mark Adams who has the office doing everything they can to keep him on top...thanks in no small part to you.

If you can't have the match postponed, merely delayed, what does that say about your chances? You've not had the problem brushed under the carpet and walked away at your own pace, you've been running to try and stay ahead of what's coming for you, but you didn't stay ahead for as long as you would have hoped.

If it were anyone else on the receiving end of your actions, I'd almost laugh at how absurd they were. But they aren't, and I won't – instead I will put my foot down now, and I will do it with force. Because, Souza, that's how to deal with parasites – you don't negotiate.. you don't compromise.. you use force. You hit them hard, you hit them fast and, most importantly, you hit them last.

See you soon, Souza. See you soon...

[FTB]



****I QUIT MATCH****

ELIJAH BLACK

vs.

RJ SOUZA



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... AND WILL BE CONTESTED I QUIT RULES!!!! NO DQ, NO COUNTOUTS! THE MATCH WILL END WHEN ONE MAN SAYS THE WORDS "I QUIT"!

****BIG ROAR!****

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...

#

[...before Elijah Black steps out on top of the ramp wearing an open black zip-up hoodie, 'Dead Kennedy's' t-shirt, and a pair of cut-off urban camo jeans, the hood of his black hoodie raised, holding his arms out wide so he can bathe in the crowd's reaction]

#

(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 removes his hoodie and chucks it into the ring, as he continues to walk to ringside...]

#

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 off the top rope into the ring, removing his t-shirt and standing with one fist raised in the ring...]

((The revolution will be monetized
And streamed live via renegade wifi))
#

[...before tossing his t-shirt at the referee]

SS: Elijah Black in the ring and visibly ready to put a hurting on RJ Souza.

AS: After what transpired last time around, I wouldn't be surprised if Black sees red the minute Souza hits the ring.

SS: Sure but no matter how much Black spins it, I don't think the fans are going to side with him over RJ Souza.

RA: And his opponent...

From Oakland, California... Weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...

Here is "Bad Karma" RJ Souza!!!

It's time to put on those Cheap Sunglasses!!!
#

[The fans erupt as "Bad Karma" steps onto the ramp to ZZ Top's "Cheap Sunglasses". He wears his black boots, black jean shorts and black Raybans. His t-shirt reads "Karma Klass '99 – Hazardous When Pissed Off".]

****HUGE CROWD POP!!!****

SS: See what I mean. These fans understand why RJ Souza did what he did, dressing up as "Tom Sawyer" and playing mind games with Elijah Black.

AS: I'm not saying Souza was wrong for his actions. Just that Elijah Black is ready to kill Souza so he better be ready to defend himself from the moment the bell rings.

[Souza walks down the aisle and heads towards the ring, smacking hands with the fans along the way.

He climbs into the ring and stares at Elijah Black, smirking the entire time.]

DING! DING! DING!

SS: Both men circle each other to start things off... Black grabs Souza in a side headlock and goes for a takeover... Souza with a series of forearm shots to the back to loosen the grip and now a handful of Black's hair in hand as he hurls the man to the canvas.

AS: Souza not playing games and neither is Elijah Black. This is going to be pure warfare with both men trying to hurt the other until the pain is too much to stand.

SS: RJ Souza now grabs Elijah Black and hits a DDT to the excitement of the crowd.

AS: Our fans know a grudge when they see one and this right here is red hot from the get-go. Blood will be shed by closing bell, I can sense it.

SS: Souza with a German suplex attempt but Black puts up the block and bulldogs RJ Souza to the mat. Now a wristlock from Black and the referee asking Souza if he wants to quit.

AS: RJ Souza shakes his head no and muscles his way out of the hold and back on to his feet.

SS: Souza shoves Black into the corner and connects with a hard knife-edge chop that echoes around the arena...

AS: But Elijah Black quickly regains the advantage with a thumb to the eye and connects with a hard forearm to the jaw to stagger Souza. And now a head smash into the turnbuckle and Black follows up by running Souza's forehead across the top rope.

SS: Elijah Black with a double underhook faceslam and just grinds his heel along the forehead of Souza, trying to open it up and let the blood flow.

AS: That's one way to make someone say I Quit... or pass out from excessive blood loss.

SS: Now Black pulls RJ Souza to his feet and whips him into the corner once more. And follows in with a running dropkick to the face knocking Souza down. And just verbally abusing Souza as he connects with a series of bootscrapes to the face.

AS: Into the ropes goes Black and he bounces back to connect with a running facewash.

SS: RJ Souza down and out at the moment as Elijah Black rolls out of the ring and grabs the ring steps, sliding them into the ring near the corner Souza is laid out in.

AS: He takes his time setting them up and as RJ Souza slowly gets to his feet, there's Black with a running start... he leaps off the steps to get extra height and connects with a flying forearm smash in the corner.

SS: And a hold of the head to drive Souza into the steps with a one-handed bulldog.

****BOOO!!!****

AS: Elijah Black toying with Souza at the moment as he tosses him down to the floor.

SS: With RJ Souza out on the ringside floor, Elijah Black looks to run into the ropes, bouncing back and forth to get momentum...

AS: Souza slowly getting up and Elijah Black runs towards the ropes...AND FLIES THROUGH THEM WITH A SUICIDE DIVE!!

SS: Amazing velocity on that one as both men crash into the steel guardrail, landing in the first few rows of fans.

Crowd: TRI-STATE! TRI-STATE! TRI-STATE!

AS: The fans clearly pleased with the action so far as both Black and Souza put their bodies on the line in an attempt to get a victory over the other man.

SS: Both men slowly getting up and are trading blows from their knees – punches and jabs just flying as Black and Souza start to move towards the ring once more.

AS: Souza going for a hip toss... Black with the block and a punch to the gut. Now trying to flip out of the hold... but Souza with the experience as he grabs him in the air and drops him face-first into the floor.

*****POP!*****

SS: And now RJ Souza tossing Elijah Black back into the ring and following inside. Headlock from Souza and he returns the favor from earlier as he rubs Black's face across the middle rope.

AS: Souza with the size advantage as he holds Black down...and now pulls him off the ropes, still in the headlock though, and runs across the ring to plant him a big time running bulldog.

SS: RJ Souza pulling Elijah Black to his feet once more and goes for a swinging neckbreaker... NO! Black able to drive an elbow into the gut of Souza and hit a side suplex.

AS: And a series of right hands to the face as Black mounts on top of Souza... quick pull-up and Black tosses him out of the ring once more.

SS: Elijah Black climbing out of the ring and grabs Souza, whipping him hard into the nearby crowd barrier. And before he has time to recover, Black with more hard right hands to the face.

AS: Those shots have opened up a cut across the forehead of RJ Souza and Elijah Black seizing the moment like a shark as he pulls aside the ringside mat, pulling Souza towards the exposed area.

SS: Black preparing to hit a DDT onto the concrete... but is taking too long as he milks the moment and RJ Souza able to recover and back body drop him...

BOOM!

AS: Souza sent Elijah Black head over heels right into the crowd and he landed spine-first on the first row of steel chairs.

SS: The fans separating as RJ Souza climbs over the barricade and grabs a hold of Black, dragging him towards the back of the building.

AS: The two men brawling up to the back balcony, Souza connecting a string of unanswered rights to stagger Black at the very back of the area.

SS: Black teetering on the edge of that balcony and RJ Souza looking to be tuning up his Karma Kick... and he lets loose...

AS: Elijah Black ducks the move and punches Souza in the groin... AND HURLS HIM OVER THE EDGE DOWN TO THE UNPROTECTED CONCRETE OF THE ARENA FLOOR SEVERAL FEET BELOW!!!

SS: Black climbing down from the balcony and grabs Souza by the head. Back towards the ring he takes Souza and runs full speed into the steel ring post...

BAM!!!

AS: More blood flowing from the forehead of RJ Souza as Elijah Black rams him again into the steel ring post.... And a third time is a charm.

SS: Forget saying "I Quit"....Elijah Black truly wants to see Souza pass out.

AS: Black continues to grab Souza by the head and just rams him over and over into the steel post as he Souza slowly drops to the floor.

SS: Elijah Black grabs that crowd barrier that they knocked over earlier in the match and chucks it into the ring.

AS: Meanwhile, the referee checking on Souza and asking if he quits...

Souza: You...will...NEVER make me...

SS: Black cutting off RJ Souza before he can finish his response as hits an elbow drop to the sternum, knocking the wind out of him. And now a quick toss sends Souza into the ring.

AS: RJ Souza is not looking too hot at the moment as Elijah Black is now climbing the turnbuckle and peers down at a prone Souza, preparing to hit a shooting star press.

SS: This could be the final nail in the coffin of RJ Souza. He definitely bit more than he could chew by getting under Black's skin as much as he did under the guise of "Tom Sawyer".

AS: Black measuring his opponent and gets ready... he leaps off the top rope...

[It feels like slo-mo as Black rotates in the air...]

SS: HOLY HELL!!!! BUTTERFLY DEFECT!!!

AS: RJ SOUZA JUST LEAPED OUT OF NOWHERE AND CAUGHT ELIJAH BLACK WITH HIS OWN MOVE!!

SS: Black's face driven HARD into that steel guardrail that was lying in the ring.

Crowd: THIS IS AWESOME! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

THIS IS AWESOME! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

THIS IS AWESOME! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

SS: Souza just about manages to get to his feet, laughing in the face of Black as he lies almost motionless on the mat.

AS: Look at that! Elijah Black now busted open as well -- the crimson red flowing from above the eyebrow and his nose is gushing blood from the impact with the barricade.

SS: RJ Souza heading outside now and grabs a steel chair, propping it up on the top turnbuckle.

AS: Back inside goes Souza and he pulls Elijah Black to his feet. Irish whip towards that chair in the corner... NO!!! Black with the reversal and he catches Souza with a chop to the throat.

SS: Now a roundhouse kick to knock him off balance and the final shot as he drives Souza face-first into the chair with the Karma Krash.

AS: Black returning the favor as he utilizes one of Souza's moves against him.

SS: And now Elijah Black heading to the floor... under the ring he heads... and pulls out a wooden table.

AS: Now Black setting it up between the ring apron and the crowd barricade. A makeshift bridge if you will...

SS: Elijah Black heading back into the ring and picks up Souza from the mat, heaving him on to the ropes.. Oooo Souza being crotched along that top rope. The referee asking him if he wants to quit...

Souza: <BLEEP> NOOOOO!!!

AS: SOUZA REFUSES!!!

SS: And Elijah Black not happy with that response as he connects with a headbutt before stepping out on to the ring apron.

BOOOOM!!!

AS: ICONOCLASM THROUGH THE TABLE!!!

CROWD ROAR!!!

SS: Both men not moving as they lay in a pile of wooden pieces and broken metal.

AS: But not for long as Elijah Black calls over a referee and sets RJ Souza up for the “Eyes Wide Closed”.

Black: COME ON SOUZA....TELL HIM WHAT HE WANTS TO HEAR!!!

SS: Souza refusing to answer and Black is just infuriated. AND HE JUST PUNT KICKS RJ SOUZA FULL FORCE IN THE GROIN!!!

Black: HOW ABOUT NOW, SOUZA?!? HAD ENOUGH YET?!?

Souza: KISS MY <BLEEP>!!!

AS: AND ANOTHER BRUTAL KICK TO THE GROIN OF RJ SOUZA!!!

Black: STOP BEING STUPID, SOUZA!!! SAY IT!!! SAY IT!!!

Souza: <BLEEP> YOUUUUU!!!

SS: RJ Souza refusing to give Elijah Black any satisfaction.

AS: Black grabs a hold of RJ Souza’s arms.... EYES WIDE CLOSED!!!

SS: RJ Souza driven face-first into the concrete with such a sickening thud!

AS: Black now stalking Souza and pulls down a kneepad, preparing to unleash the Burakkusuta.

SS: RJ Souza slowly getting up as Black rushes forward.... NO WAY!!!! RJ SOUZA CATCHES HIM AT THE LAST SECOND AND SLAMS HIM KNEE FIRST INTO THE STEEL GUARDRAIL!

AS: Elijah Black on the ground grimacing in pain and RJ Souza is surprisingly on the offensive after taking a HUGE amount of punishment from Black.

SS: Souza taking a moment to get back on his feet, definitely feeling the effects of the Eyes Wide Closed and the moment prior when he was put through a wooden table.

AS: Now grabbing a steel chair, he waits patiently for Black to rise up...

Crowd: SOUZA!!!

SOUZA!!!

SOUZA!!!

SS: RJ Souza just slamming that chair on the ground, tuning it up like a musical instrument. And now Black starting to get back on his feet...

AS: AND SOUZA WITH THAT CHAIR AS HE SWINGS IT FULL-FORCE AT THE LEG OF ELIJAH BLACK!!!

SS: His femur could be shattered after that shot.

AS: Smart strategy from Souza who weakens the limb and is essentially taking away one of Black's most potent weapons.

SS: And now another swing and RJ Souza brings the chair down atop Black's head!

AS: Black on his knees and sees the blood trickling to the floor from his head...

Souza: HOW'S THAT FEEL, BLACK!!! HOW'S IT FEEL TO SEE YOUR OWN BLOOD POOLING ON THE GROUND?!?

SS: RJ Souza now going under the ring and grabs a ladder, sliding it in to the ring. He sets it up in the corner and Elijah Black slides in after him.

AS: Black is the walking dead at the moment but seeing his own blood has put him on a pure adrenaline rush.

SS: Black with a release fisherman suplex out of the corner into the center of the ring. And now he grabs Souza and scoops him up...

AS: Tree of woe setup on that ladder as RJ Souza hangs upside down, legs tucked under one of the rungs.

SS: Elijah Black now climbing up a few rungs and is balancing all of his weight on one foot placed firmly on RJ Souza's groin.

AS: A terrible predicament for Souza at the moment. Destiny better be watching this carefully because her husband may end up castrated by the end of this match.

SS: Black yelling at Souza to call it a day but Souza refusing to relent. And Elijah Black pushing more and more of his weight on to Souza...

***CRASH!!!!**

AS: The movement was too much and that ladder has just toppled out of the corner, landing right on top of both men.

Crowd: HOME DEPOT!

HOME DEPOT!

HOME DEPOT!

SS: The fans calling for a bigger ladder, it seems.

AS: Elijah Black is the first man up and limping badly from that ugly landing as well as the chair shot to his leg earlier on.

SS: Black is definitely more mobile than Souza at the moment as he picks his opponent up but seems to be struggling to lift him up for a fireman's carry.

AS: The legs of Elijah Black looking a bit wobbly at the moment but he's biting through it all as he picks Souza up into that fireman's carry... AND DRIVES HIM DOWN ON TO THE LADDER!!!

SS: Souza bounces off the ladder and rolls around the mat, holding his back in pain.

AS: Black picking up the ladder and now holding it on his shoulder.

SS: That ladder isn't light and you can see the effort it's taking Elijah Black to keep it steady as well as the blood loss has to be causing a bit of dizziness.

AS: Black moving around with the ladder, swinging it in a wide arc... AND NAILS RJ SOUZA IN THE FACE!!!

SS: But look at this... the referee goes down as well. Clearly the official has eaten a few rungs during that spin.

AS: Elijah Black now placing the ladder across the turnbuckles like a makeshift staircase and grabs RJ Souza by the hair, dumping him along the rungs.

SS: Black climbing over him and on to the top rope... and here comes a second referee down to the ring.

AS: Elijah Black jumps off the top turnbuckle, aiming a foot at the back of Souza's head... NO WAY!!! RJ SOUZA DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY AND ELIJAH BLACK HAS CRASHED THROUGH THE LADDER!!!

SS: BLACK IS CAUGHT UP IN BETWEEN THE RUNGS LIKE A MOUSE IN A TRAP!

AS: RJ Souza seizing the opportunity in front of him as he quickly slaps on a cravat on the expose Black... and is just torqueing back to the point that Elijah Black's spine is bending over the rung holding him in place.

SS: Elijah Black in a world of pain... the second referee slides over and asks him if he wants to quit...

Black: URRRR.....UGGGGG.....NOOOO.....OH...MY...GOD.... YES YES YES!!!

***DING!

DING!

DING!!!***

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... Elijah Black has said "I Quit". The winner of this match at eighteen minutes and forty-five seconds....

RJ SOUZAAA!!!

CROWD POP!!!

SS: There you have it. RJ Souza has made Elijah Black say "I Quit".

AS: Black really had no choice... it was either submit or risk serious injury, possibly even career ending.

SS: RJ Souza on his feet now and celebrating... but what's this? The first referee now conscious and unclear what is going on as he is asking the second referee what happened.

AS: Souza on top of the turnbuckles in the corner and doesn't see what is going on here.

SS: Elijah Black sees it though and is now slowly back on his feet. He's removing the belt from his short and... OH MY!!! HE HAS IT WRAPPED AROUND THE THROAT OF RJ SOUZA!!!

AS: BLACK IS CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF SOUZA!!!

Black: SAY IT, SOUZA, SAY IT OR I SWEAR I WILL END YOU!!!

AS: RJ Souza trying to fight it and get his fingers in between his throat and that leather belt but to no avail.

Souza: I...*GACK* *CHOKE* *GACK* QUIT!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THE ORIGINAL REFEREE HAD RESTARTED THE MATCH AND FROM THERE, RJ SOUZA SAID "I QUIT" WITH THE ORIGINAL REFEREE WITNESSING IT. THEREFORE...

THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH AT TWENTY MINUTES AND TWENTY-TWO SECONDS...

ELIJAHHHH BLACKKKKK!

HUGE ROUND OF BOOS!!!!

[Black collapses to the canvas as the two referees argue amongst themselves.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: I cannot believe this. Due to a technicality, Elijah Black is your winner. This is just awful!

AS: Yes but something tells me this one is not over by a long shot. RJ Souza not looking very happy as Elijah Black now making his way from the ring with victory in hand.

SS: Souza on his feet and staring at the back of Black. He knows now what he must do if he truly wants to end this thing.

AS: Well I hope your brother knows what to do as well. This is a travesty of justice here.

SS: And speaking of travesties, let's hear from Shadoe Rage.



SHADOE RAGE



[Fade in:

Shadoe Rage is an asshole. Simple and plain. You can tell by the smug look on his face. He just swallowed the canary and there are yellow feathers all around his mouth. That's metaphorically speaking. Although with the King of Rage Country, he may have actually eaten a goddamn canary just because he could and you wouldn't. His point being that you and him just don't live in the same world. But you knew that, didn't you? You could probably guess. Not many ordinary men wear guyliner. Not many ordinary men have dreadlocks down their backs tied up with bits of string and gold and fuchsia beads. Not many ordinary men are built like classic Greek sculptures. Not many call themselves the King of Rage Country and actually have the rule of an imaginary kingdom and an Amazonian Queen at his side. Not many ordinary men can get up 2-1 on Mark Adams Junior in a best of seven match with the prospects looking like an insurmountable 3-1. Not many ordinary men would still be standing after a hellacious scaffold match, a deadly twenty foot fall and the prospect of doing it all again in a Texas Death Match. That's why Shadoe Rage is not an ordinary man. And that is why he is an asshole. Because he flaunts that everything he is is clearly better than you. Just listen to him as he discusses his latest match.]

SR: The party is just getting started as Shadoe Rage starts gearing up for the technical sweep. Outsmarted you once again, didn't I, Mark Adams Junior? One more time I was just better than you.

[He snaps his fingers. He seems to be expecting something. While he waits, he poses and flickers his tongue in a lewd manner. And just when you're starting to run out of patience, Marissa Monet prances across the shot with a T-shirt hanging from an aluminum bat. For those of you who tuned in last time to TSWF that's the aluminum bat she pulverised Mark Adams Junior with before the start of the match. The pink and yellow ringer T-shirt hanging from it? That's new. It simply reads: 'RAGE, THE CHAMP' as if that is already said and done. The Queen of Rage Country dips down to kiss her King on his bearded cheek before she stands behind him, arms draped over his shoulders, the bat and shirt held at his chest.]

SR: Don't you wish you were me, Mark Adams Junior? Don't you wish you were smart like me?

[Marissa nods.]

MM: Yes.

SR: Don't you wish you were as lucky as me?

[Marissa nods her head and gives the thumbs up sign.]

MM: Yes!

SR: (leering) Don't you wish you were as big as me?

[Marissa traces a fairly lengthy line between two points in the air. She raises her eyebrows lasciviously for you just in case you weren't paying attention to the raving madman.]

MM: Oh yes!

SR: Don't you wish you were as big as me?

[Marissa now makes a circle with her thumb and index finger. She exhales in admiration.]

MM: Oh God, yes!

SR: And don't you wish you didn't have to wrestle me?

MM: Testify. Yes! Yes! Yes!

[Rage grows serious for a moment. Marissa drops the "When Harry Met Sally" routine. She gets serious. It's time for them to talk to the peons again. Yes, once again, he's just not one of you. Shadoe Rage is better than you. And you both know it. Yes you do.]

SR: Delany's Big Ass Exxtreme Bash. You were just too smug. You were a wounded animal. Your head was all beat up and you thought you were going to beat me in my world? You thought you would stroll to the top of the mountain and beat me. Well, once again, I proved that I am a God and you are just an ox. How foolish are you? I let Marissa Monet get

a piece of you just to prove that I could. You think Spreadbury's laws apply to me? You think anybody can tell me what to do when I am trying to regain my title from corrupt hands? It's not going to happen.

[Rage raises his hands to his head and lifts his sunglasses so that his insane hazel eyes stare straight out into the camera.]

SR: No it's not. So we meet again in Washington, DC. Taking this show on the road out of the Tri-State area to the nation's capital. Yeah, there's something about a Texas Death Match in Washington, DC.

[He clicks his fingers repeatedly.]

SR: Somewhere there's a joke in there about your nation's 43rd President. I'll let you try to figure it out. Just like I'll let you try to figure me out. Because so far you haven't been able to do it. You're the Oklahoma City Thunder and I am the Miami Heat. You're not bad, but I'm just better than you. And that's all there is to it.

[Rage wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He turns to Marissa Monet.]

SR: I want you watching this match from the hotel. I know this guy. I ambushed him; he's going to try to go after you in the most basic human attempt at revenge. Too bad he's not the tactician that I am, isn't it, my Queen?

MM: I'm not afraid of him. I want to be there.

[Shadoe gently caresses her cheek.]

SR: No. I want to know that you're all right. Washington DC, the Texas Death Match is all about the King of Rage Country getting up one more time on the ox from Baton Rouge!

[Rage stares directly into the camera, eyes blazing.]

SR: Mark Adams Junior, Saturday night in Washington, DC at the 9:30 Club it's all going to be about one thing ... the Texas Death Match. You and I, we're going to beat each other so bad that one of us ... YOU ... will not be able to get up after a pin fall. Texas Death Matches are some of the wildest and most dangerous matches in all of wrestling. So I'm going to beat on you and beat on you and beat on that broken head of yours until you refuse to answer the belt. No disqualifications. No count outs. But no allies? Aren't those the rules, TSWF? So he can't bring his lady ox or the Werewolf. They can't get involved or he forfeits the match! And that makes it just you and me, Mark Adams Junior. That's not so good for you. Because Saturday night in Washington, DC, you enter Rage Country ... population me and you. And only one man is walking out of that arena alive, man. And that's me! That's me!

THAT'S ME!

[He stabs his thumb into his chest.]

MM: Wait. Is Werewolf Gregorson even employed by TSWF?

[Rage pauses.]

SR: I don't think so. See, Mark Adams Junior, that's why I have my Queen. Think you found a loophole? Well, now I'm ready for it. Now I'm ready.

[Rage lets out a long, whistling sigh. His breathing has increased. His heartbeat is getting up as he seems to be fighting back the urge to freak out all over the screen. Hell, maybe he might even split his pants and turn green. God help us that doesn't happen.]

SR: (fighting down the rage to a semi level of coherency) Mark Adams Junior, you're going to wish we could go back to that time when I didn't even know your name. You're going to wish for that innocent time because now my attention is focused right on you ... RIGHT ON YOU! And I'm going for the technical sweep. I'm putting you down and getting you out of here quickly. You're down to foolish pride. And it's killing you. You know that you're good. You think that your moves should work. I know you're going to try to tie me up in submission holds and knock me out with dangerous moves from the top. Not a bad strategy, Mark Adams Junior, but you clearly don't know who I am. I'm Shadoe Rage, the King of Pain. The King of Rage Country. I'm the man that's better than you. Do you understand? Do you understand? CAN YOU HEAR ME, YOU CUM-STAINED MONKEY? You're in the ring with Shadoe Rage! That means you'll never even pin me once. NOT EVEN ONCE!

[He can hear you, Jackass. Everybody can hear you with the way you're shouting.]

SR: Good, because maybe you're starting to understand. After that scaffold match I'm beat up. I feel the pain all through my body. My back is sore. My shoulders are knotted. My knees are screaming at me with every step I take. But that pain means nothing to me. It won't overrule my will to win. It won't overrule my desire to reclaim my Tri-State championship. I will do anything for that belt. How about you? How far can you go? I may be nicked up but when we fell twenty feet to that mat, you landed on your vulnerable head. I know you're not even close to one hundred percent. I know you're hurt. I'm hurting. I can feel every muscles complaining as we speak.

MM: (whispering in his ear) Don't worry baby, I'll massage it out later.

SR: (smiling) I like my life, Mark Adams Junior. It's just better than yours. And I'm going to prove that July 7th. Give it up, you're way outclassed. And your dreams of stealing _my_ World title from me are all going to die ... in darkness! Die in darkness, Adams. Do you hear me? Die in darkness! You're gonna die!

[Marissa points to the shirt that reads: "RAGE, THE CHAMP" and then looks up tellingly at the camera before she extends her middle finger as she leans her head against Shadoe's.]

MM: I would hate to be you.

[Maybe we all would.]

[Fade out]



MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[The scene opens on Mark Adams Junior as he stands alone in front of a black TSWF banner, no Kylie Nash, no Werewolf Gregorson, just Adams, the TSWF Champion in all his broken black-and-blue glory, the TSWF Championship draped over one shoulder.]

MA: You know, where I come from, a person's honor means more to him than a leather strap with a piece of gold attached. But here, in the TSWF, I guess that's not the case. Last week, at Delaney's Big Ass Extreme Brawl, Shadoe Rage beat me fair and square in our scaffold match by countering a powerbomb off the scaffold and turning it into a winning predicament for himself...

But he dishonored not only himself but the very title he claims to be fighting for by allowing that...woman...to take advantage of a loophole in our contract and attack both Kylie Nash and myself before the bell.

Kylie is fine, by the way, but she and her father have both been banned from the building tonight - by me - in order to prevent such a flagrant violation of the spirit of the rules from happening again.

As for tonight...

Tonight we have the fourth match in this Best of Seven series between Shadoe Rage and myself, a Texas Death Match in, of all places, our nation's capital.

A place where men such as Shadoe Rage have, for the past two hundred plus years, manipulated the laws to suit their own purposes while swearing up and down that they're doing it for the good of the people.

Sound familiar, Shadoe? Because it should.

And since we are in the nation's capital and the majority does rule here, I stand before you tonight for possibly the very last time...

Because if I can't beat Shadoe Rage and he does, in fact, go on to win his third match in the series, I will surrender my title on the very next card and walk out of the TSWF for good.

Call it my early concession, if you will, because I no longer believe that this company does care about the good of the people or they would put an end to this fucking farce once and for

all and stop Shadoe Rage and men like him from manipulating the system to suit their own needs.

(Pause)

[Adams smirks]

MA: Buuuuut that's not how it's gonna happen, now is it?

You see, that's another thing about our nation's capital. It's built on lies. Lies like the one I just told about surrendering my title if I can't beat Shadoe Rage tonight.

Because I will beat Shadoe Rage tonight and I will do it in a way that he will never forget the name Mark Adams Junior, no matter how far he slips into that delusional little world of his where he's never been beaten and my title still belongs to him.

And as for...that woman...nowhere in the contract for this Best of Seven series does it say that I can't lay a hand on her.

So try...just fucking try...to stick your nose into my business tonight, you dried up old fucking shrew, and you'll be regretting that decision for the rest of your natural life.

Because I am the TSWF Champion, I do fight for the people, and there's nothing...

Not one mother...fucking...thing...

That you or that messed up, delusional, psychopathic King of of so-called Rage Country can do about it.

[And, with that, we cut to ringside]



****MATCH #4 IN THE “BEST OF 7 SERIES”****

****TEXAS DEATH MATCH****

SHADOE RAGE

vs.

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[We cut to ringside as the music starts up and Irene Cara’s “Fame” starts with its synth pop 80’s beat. The curtains part but nobody comes out.]

SS: What the hell is this all about? Where’s Shadoe Rage?

****CROWD ROAR!!!****

[The camera shot changes to show Shadoe Rage sprinting through the crowd and hopping the guardrail.]

AS: Rage obviously on the defensive here, thinking Mark Adams Junior may try to ambush him before the match.

SS: A tactic only written in the book of Rage, if you ask me. Mark Adams Junior is far above such lowly machinations.

[Shadoe climbs onto the apron and vaults over the top rope. He then mounts the ropes like a randy stallion, creating a wave of flashbulbs at the lewd tableau. Rage points up in the air and circles his finger in the air before he dismounts and sweeps off his ring gear. He is intense, slapping his biceps, shadowboxing, yanking and pulling at the ropes. He looks ready to explode.]

*****BOOO!!*****

AS: Rage telling the official to ring the bell but he’s not going for it. He is going to call this down the middle and let Mark Adams Junior make his way to the ring first before even thinking of starting this match officially.

##

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. He is without Kylie Nash or Werewolf Gregorson, choosing to go at this all alone. The champ makes his way down the aisle, trading handshakes and high-fives with the fans as he heads towards the ring.]

SS: Mark Adams Junior out here alone. He knows what Shadoe Rage is capable of and would rather not risk any cause for his friends and family to get hurt in the process.

AS: And Rage choosing to keep Marissa Monet out of the building as well. After what happened last time, we know Adams would LOVE to get his hands on The Great Black Shark. But that will have to wait for another day.

[Adams continues to make his way way down the aisle and climbs in to the ring, setting up position in the corner opposite Shadoe Rage.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... this is your MAIN EVENT!

BIG POP!!

RA: This contest is part of the "Best of Seven" series for the Tri-State Championship and will be held under TEXAS DEATH RULES!!!

Introducing first... in the left corner...

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

SHADOOOOOOOEEEEEE RAGGEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

****BOOOOOO!!!!****

RA: And in the right corner....

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!!!*****

[Both men continue to stare each other down as the referee gives them both last minute warnings. And there's the bell...]

*****DING! DING! DING!*****

SS: Quick lock-up as both men vying for the early leverage over the other one. Adams with a headlock and shove towards the corner...

AS: Rage hits the turnbuckles and sprints right back out with a clothesline that takes Mark Adams Jr. down. And a sleeperhold applied around the head of Adams.

SS: Shadoe Rage knows that the head of Mark Adams Junior is still not one hundred percent, especially after the fall they took from that scaffold a few weeks ago.

AS: Adams though able to slip out and scramble away for a moment. Shadoe Rage stalks him though and spears him into the corner. And a quick pick-up into a double underhook suplex... But Adams able to put up the block.

SS: And hits an overhead release belly to belly suplex of his own. Now Adams on the offensive as he drops an elbow down on Shadoe Rage.

AS: Scoop-up from Adams and he tosses Rage out of the ring... **BUT SHADOE RAGE HANGS ON TO THE TOP ROPE!**

SS: And now the legs around the head of Mark Adams Junior who is pulled to the floor. Shadoe Rage on the apron and flies off with with a clothesline that sends both men down on the ringside floor.

AS: Shadoe Rage springs back up to his feet though and grabs Adams, tossing him head-first into the steel guardrail. Adams leaning up against the barricade and Rage runs right at him with a kneesmash, sandwiching Adams between his kneecap and the steel.

SS: Clearly the head of Mark Adams Junior is still a target for Shadoe Rage who now grabs Adams in a side headlock... And swinging neckbreaker drives Mark Adams Junior down.

AS: Rage now heading under the ring and finds himself a wooden axhandle. Back over to Adams he goes and lifts the axhandle up, preparing to bring it down hard on Adams' head.

POP!!!

SS: BUT ADAMS WITH THE BLOCK FROM THE GROUND... he grabs the axhandle and drives it in the gut of Rage.

AS: And now Adams back on his feet while Shadoe Rage is doubled over. And the axhandle slammed across the back of Rage. Man, it just splinters into several pieces.

SS: Mark Adams Junior not through with the weapon yet though as he now chokes Rage down on the floor. And you can see some cuts have been opened along the back of Shadoe Rage from the wooden splinters.

AS: Adams tosses the axhandle aside and grabs Shadoe Rage by the head... and just rams him into the barricade. And now he just tosses him over into the crowd who are on their feet with excitement.

SS: Rage stumbles around as Mark Adams Junior hops atop the barricade... AND LEAPS OFF WITH A FLYING CLOTHESLINE!!!

AS: Shadoe Rage and Mark Adams Junior down on the floor in the middle of the crowd. And he quickly gets back up and flings Rage over a row of chairs. The fans just scattering away as these two men brawl their way through the sea of bodies.

SS: What the?!? Someone just handed Mark Adams Junior a fire extinguisher... clearly our fans came prepared in case the fireworks outside got out of control.

AS: And Adams brings the metal cannister down over the back of Shadoe Rage repeatedly. Hardcore plunder being utilized very early in this match-up.

SS: Now both men heading towards the aisleway as Adams throws Rage into the barricade on that side of the crowd.

AS: Mark Adams Junior grabs a steel chair and takes a swing at Shadoe Rage... but he gets out of the way in time. And now Rage snatching the chair from Adams' grasp and waffles the champ with it.

SS: And we have our first cover...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: AND ADAMS ABLE TO KICK OUT!

SS: Rage pounces on him and applies a chokehold... a legal maneuver in a contest such as this.

AS: Adams valiantly trying to force Rage's grip around his neck but not having much luck as the referee is now asking him if he's had enough.

SS: Adams shaking his head from side to side and now the official checking the arm as Adams writhes in pain.

AS: He lifts it... and it falls!

****BOOO!!!****

AS: He lifts it a second time...

SS: AND IT STAYS UP!!!

*****POP!!!*****

SS: Shadoe Rage releases the choke hold and puts Adams in a standing headscissors position... **TOMBSTONE PILEDRIVER ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!!!**

AS: And Mark Adams Junior is officially busted open along the top of his head, folks.

SS: Rage grabs a hold of Adams once more and delivers a vicious backbreaker in the middle of the crowd.

AS: Another backbreaker from Rage... **AND RAGE HOLDS ON TO ADAMS, THROWING HIM UP AND OVER HIS HEAD!!!**

SS: **ADAMS FLIES BACKWARDS AND LANDS HARD ON TOP OF A PILE OF CHAIRS.**

AS: Shadoe Rage heads over and drops down on Adams for a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEE!!!

SS: Rage has pinned Mark Adams Junior and now the official will begin the ten count, to which Adams MUST answer before ten in order to stay in this contest.

Ref: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

AS: AND ADAMS UP ON A KNEE!

Ref: FOUR!

FIVE!

SS: And now Adams back up on his feet as the crowd is chanting for him over and over again. It's deafening in here right now.

AS: Shadoc Rage grabs Adams for a DDT... BUT ADAMS ABLE TO BACKDROP RAGE OVER!

SS: And a stretch muffler from Adams as he works Rage over with the submission hold.

AS: Rage trying to break the hold or find an escape but there's no ropes around to help him along.

SS: Mark Adams Junior applying more pressure as Rage struggles to get out of the hold. And Rage getting closer to finding a small opening to slip out of the move through.

AS: Adams senses Rage is close though and releases the hold on his own. He also knows that he can't trigger the ten count with a submission but still wanted to work Shadoc Rage over for a few moments.

SS: Mark Adams Junior with a kick to the head of Shadoc Rage and now throws him over the guardrail into the aisleway. Adams sets up a steel chair and gets a running start... springs off the chair... OH MY LORD! SOMERSAULT SPLASH FROM MARK ADAMS JUNIOR!!!

AS: And Adams comes crashing down a top Shadoc Rage. The cover by Adams...

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE!!!

SS: And now it is Shadoe Rage's job to answer the ref's call in time.

Ref: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

AS: Shadoe Rage stirring and is able to get up before the five count.

SS: And there's Mark Adams Junior waiting as he grabs Shadoe Rage and tosses him down the aisle towards the ring. Adams runs after him and grabs him once more... Oooo.... Rage's head slammed down on to the ringsteps.

AS: Adams has Rage by the head once more and pulls him up on top of the ring steps... AND DRIVES HIM DOWN WITH A DDT INTO THE STEEL STEPS!!!

****POP POP POP!!!****

SS: The crowd is giving Mark Adams Junior a standing ovation as he heads up the steps and walks along the ring apron. And now he heads up to the top turnbuckle and faces towards the ring... what can he possibly be going for here?

AS: SHOOTING STAR MOONSAULT PRESS OFF THE TOP TURNBUCKLE!!!

SS: BUT SHADOE RAGE ROLLS AWAY AT THE VERY LAST SECOND!!! Mark Adams Junior has just crashed down BIG TIME into the concrete floor. And Rage with the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

SS: The referee beginning the ten count on Mark Adams Junior who right now has to be in la-la land after that big time risky move failing against him.

Ref: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

AS: AND MARK ADAMS JUNIOR MIRACULOUSLY GETS BACK TO HIS FEET!!!

SS: These fans are on their feet rooting for the champ and here comes Shadoc Rage once more with a belly to back suplex on Mark Adams Junior.

AS: And now he has a hold of a steel chair... setting it up on top of the face of Mark Adams Junior... AND JUST LEGDROPS IT DOWN!!!

SS: That's going to leave a mark, let me tell you.

AS: Rage with another standing headscissor setup on Mark Adams Junior...and just piledrives him on top of that steel chair.

SS: And now he has Rage by the head once more and rams him into the ringpost. Quick German suplex that sends Adams into the steel guardrail. Cover by Rage...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

AS: And once again, it's up to Mark Adams Junior to answer the referee before the ten count is over.

Ref: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

AS: Adams is up!!! And the crowd erupts!

SS: Shadoe Rage not wasting any time though as he goes for a Hotshot along the guardrail...
NO WAY! Mark Adams Junior counters with a Thesz Press. The cover...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: Rage gets the shoulder up! Mark Adams Junior back on his feet as quickly as possible and a fan at ringside hands him a metal street sign.

Adams: Welcome to K Street...

SS: AND ADAMS WAFFLES SHADOE RAGE WITH THE STREET SIGN!!!

AS: Blood splattering off the forehead of Shadoe Rage after that one. This is turning into a bloodbath and we're only a good eighteen, nineteen minutes into this match. Who knows how long these two will go at it before it's too much to handle!

SS: Mark Adams Junior pulls Shadoe Rage up to his feet... Half Nelson Suplex sends Rage down and out on the floor.

AS: And now Adams locking on the Icebreaker Crossface. Shadoe Rage knows he needs to get out of this or risk passing out from the pressure.

SS: Rage trying to fight through the pain but look at that blood flowing down his face. The pressure just pushing the plasma out of those cuts along his forehead.

AS: Not to mention it's got the blood flowing from Adams' face as well. He's using every ounce of his being right now to make Shadoe Rage go to sleep.

SS: The official asking Rage if he should stop the fight.

Rage: NOOOOO!!!!

AS: Shadoe Rage with a resounding "no" as he continues to summon energy to stay in this thing. And once again the referee checking to see if he is still able to compete.

Rage: SHUT THE <BLEEP> UP, REF!!!

SS: The official choosing to check the arm now... he lifts it once.... Rage lets it fall.

POP POP!!!

AS: He lifts it again.... And Rage again lets it fall. Obviously the pressure possibly becoming too much for him to take.

SS: The ref lifts it a third time....

BOOO!!!!

AS: AND SHADOE RAGE SOMEHOW KEEPS IT UP!!!

Rage: YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME FIRST, ADAMS!!!

SS: Shadoe Rage with a clear cut message for Mark Adams Junior who now chooses to release the hold.

AS: Rage on his back, breathing very heavily as Mark Adams Junior heads out of the ring and grabs a hold of that broken axhandle.

SS: And look at this...Shadoe Rage digging into his kneepad for something.

AS: Mark Adams Junior sliding back into the ring with that wooden axhandle in hand... over to Shadoe Rage he heads but Rage clearly hiding something in his hand.

SS: Adams brings up the axhandle and Shadoe Rage takes a swing at his midsection... HE HAS BRASS KNUCKLES ON HIS HAND!!

AS: Mark Adams Junior sees what's there and shifts his position, bringing the axhandle down across the hand of Shadoe Rage.

SS: Rage drops the brass knuckles and is clutching his hand in pain. Mark Adams Junior now drops the axhandle and picks up the brass knuckles, sliding them on his hand.

AS: And now he heads up to the top turnbuckle... sizing up Shadoe Rage.... AND OFF HE GOES!!!

SS: DIVING FISTDROP FROM MARK ADAMS JUNIOR RIGHT ACROSS THE HEAD OF SHADOE RAGE!!!

AS: Rage bounces around from the impact and then just flops down on the mat like a dead fish.

SS: Mark Adams Junior now dragging Shadoe Rage over to the corner... he grabs a hold of Rage's arms and... WHAT'S THIS?!? MARK ADAMS JUNIOR PULLS OUT A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS!

AS: Adams with the handcuffs and he is putting them on Shadoe Rage, essentially cuffing them behind his back. OH MAN, THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

SS: Mark Adams Junior forced to come down to Shadoe Rage's level on this one as he has Rage handcuffed in the corner. And now slings him over his shoulders... DEATH VALLEY DRIVER INTO THE TURNBUCKLE!

AS: Shadoe Rage is down and out in the ring. Adams with the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

POP!!!

AS: Shadoe Rage has to answer the ten count or be done for in this match. But I'm not sure if he can get to a vertical base with his hands tied behind his back in those handcuffs.

Ref: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SS: Rage starting to come to and he is realizing his predicament as he flips around on the mat.

Ref: SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Ref & Crowd: TEN!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this match at Twenty One minutes...

MARKKKK ADAMSSSS JUNIORRRRRR!!!!

EXPLOSIVE POP!!!!



[Cut back to Ashie and Stephanie, live on-camera once more.]

SS: Mark Adams Junior comes back to win this one and even things up at two matches a piece.

AS: And now they go on to our next show in a dead heat to compete in a fifteen foot steel cage enclosure.

SS: That's right. As a matter of fact, several of the matches on our next broadcast will be settled in a steel cage so definitely tune in for what we are already dubbing "Caged Fury".

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 Mark Adams Junior standing in the center of the aisle, sweat pouring off of him, soaking in the fact he has put away Shadoe Rage again for a night.

And we fade.]