

[A hospital room. After the attack from Elijah Black, RJ Souza is lying in a bed. His face is wrapped up in bandages with a small opening around his eyes, nose and mouth. Next to him is his wife, Destiny. She sits by her husband's side as he rests.]

RJ Souza: Mmmmp.

Destiny Souza: How you feeling hon?

RJ Souza: Mmmph?

Destiny Souza: Your jaw has been wired shut. Elijah Black really did a number on you. You really found a way to piss him off.

RJ Souza: Mmmmp!! Mmmph Mmmph mmmph mmmph mmmph?

Destiny Souza: Hold on...

[Without words, Destiny grabs a pen and paper. She brings it to RJ. It looks like he's starting to scribble something down...and then he shows it to her, keeping it from the camera.]

Destiny Souza: No, I am not going to do that. Last time you ran with him, he nearly killed your career. We got time. The doctor said you should be healed in about six weeks.

[RJ starts to shake his head violently in disagreement.....He points back to the pad.]

RJ Souza: MMMPH!!!

Destiny Souza: This might be a Pandora's Box we might not want to open. If he comes back, this could kill you.

[RJ scribbles something onto the pad, once again, away from camera's view.]

Destiny Souza: I understand. If you insist.

RJ Souza: MMMPH!!

Destiny Souza: Okay...I'll do it. But don't blame me when this backfires in our faces. I have to call outside. You have no reception in here. Love you...

RJ Souza: Mmmph mmmph mmmph mmmph...

[Destiny walks out of the room... no sooner is she in the hall when she starts dialing. After a few more steps, she starts talking.]

Destiny Souza: Hello, Thomas?

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: Yes, it's Destiny. RJ's been hurt real bad. He wants your help.

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: Trust me, I wish you just fall off the ends of the earth. But RJ says he wants you to help him.

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: What do you mean "We'll see"??

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: What do you want?

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: You want me to do what??

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: How much?

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: I don't even know if I could do that if I wanted to.

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: Don't make me beg.....

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: Let me know as soon as you can.

(Pause)

Destiny Souza: You better be there.

[Destiny hangs up the phone. She sits down on a chair in the hallway and starts to cry.]

Destiny Souza: What have I done???

[FTB]



[We hear the opening chords of "Rooftops (A Liberation Broadcast)" by Lostprophets as the show intro for TSWF's Saturday Night broadcast begins to play and we fade up into a montage of NYC landmarks - the Empire State Building, Times Square, Madison Square Garden, to name a few.]

##

When our time is up
When our lives are done
Will we say we've had our fun?

Will we make a mark this time?
Will we always say we tried?

##

[We then transition to scenes from the last few shows – Adam Drew losing his job after being beat by Rich Anderson, The attack on Brandy Danielle by Josie Saito, Elijah Black's attack on RJ Souza and the subsequent stretcher job, Chris Hallmark standing over Jeff Keenan, Tripp Skylark and Leon Corella arms raised in the air, Shadoe Rage & Marissa Monet brawling with Jakob & Kendra Volga, and finally Mark Adams Junior clutching his Tri-State title moments after winning as we fade to black.]

##

Standing on the rooftops
Everybody scream your heart out.
Standing on the rooftops
Everybody scream your heart out.
Standing on the rooftops
Everybody scream your heart out.
This is all we got now
Everybody scream your heart out.

##

[We fade up once more to the crowd surrounding the ring in the small confines of the gymnasium of George Washington School in Union, New Jersey. The crowd is chanting "TRI STATE" as we cut to STEPHANIE SANDSBURY and ASHIE SINCLAIR sitting at ringside. Ashie is wearing a white flowery top while Stephanie is wearing a black blouse; her hair pulled back in a ponytail. A black banner is draped over the front of the table they are sitting behind and it says in red lettering:

TRI-STATE WRESTLING

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

SS: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF TRI-STATE WRESTLING... HERE IN UNION, NEW JERSEY!!!!

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

SS: Man, now I know why I always had Adam do the open. These TSWF fans are loud!

AS: Yes they are indeed. We thank the faithful fans of TSWF for coming out to tonight's show as well as tuning in to our broadcast from the comforts of your individual homes.

SS: Folks, whether you're here with us tonight or at home, we hope you enjoy yourselves because we have a great lineup of action in store for you all tonight.

AS: Lots of fallout from Hatred Saturday as Brandy Danielle and Josie Saito will go at it in a no disqualification, no countout street fight sort of match.

SS: Brandy has been fuming ever since Hatred Saturday about how she was robbed of a chance to gain revenge on Shadoe Rage as well as to earn a chance to challenge for the Tri-State title so this will most certainly be a high stakes match for her.

AS: And speaking of the Tri-State title, we also have two big matches that surround that title as not only will we be deciding a new number one contender to the title but also witnessing Mark Adams Junior's first title defense later tonight.

SS: That's right. Elijah Black, Chris Hallmark, and Leon Corella have all been given the golden opportunity to prove themselves to the championship committee as the winner of that four-way dance will challenge Mark Adams Junior at an upcoming show.

AS: Now you say four-way dance but yet we only know the identities of three of the participants. Any clue as to who the fourth man might be?

SS: Not at all. With most of the locker room already occupied and Tripp Skylark being put on the bench for his disorderly conduct at our last show, your guess is as good as mine.

AS: Well I can tell you this much, Stephanie. We heard from RJ Souza at the top of the show and he will be watching very closely as he convalesces at home from his injuries. Such a heinous attack perpetrated by Elijah Black; makes me wonder how come HE wasn't benched for unsportsmanlike conduct.

SS: I couldn't agree more. And who is this "Thomas" that RJ Souza's wife, Destiny was speaking to on the phone?

AS: Stephanie, we could sit here all night and discuss and question things but the fans want to see some action so let's go now to comments from Josie Saito followed by Brandy Danielle.

AS: Then it's down to ringside for our opening contest.



JOSIE SAITO



[The scene opens to an immaculate study, adorned with watercolor paintings and Grecian sculptures. Seated on a Victorian couch in the center of this beauty is “The Revolution” Josie Saito. The raven-haired woman is clad in a dark purple corset and black pencil skirt. Her hair is styled in a wave ala Rita Hayworth, falling past her shoulders, and she wears a pair of dangerous, black spike heels.

Her feet rest on the muscular back of a male figure, who lays face down and absolutely still on the carpet. He wears a simple black thong, showcasing his chiseled physique. Josie grabs a champagne flute from the nearby table and takes a sip before fixing her gaze on the camera.]

Josie: It is interesting how the things we learned in our youth can impact us in the present. Take the Greek myths, for instance. When I first came to the States, they absolutely fascinated me with their tales of vengeance and intrigue. In particular, I remember the story of poor Queen Oenoe.

[She gingerly places the glass back on the table.]

Josie: The young queen was celebrated by all because of her beauty and nearly worshipped by a public that truly did not know better. Soon, the foolish, prideful woman became so convinced of her own greatness that she thought herself as spectacular as the gods themselves. Fortunately, the goddess Hera stepped forward and put her back in her place, turning her into a bird and proclaiming that she would never be with her children again.

Even then, when I was nothing but a child, I was intelligent enough to recognize the implications. Those who dare think themselves better or even near to the gods need to be dealt with swiftly and with force.

[She frowns, crossing her legs.]

Josie: I was reminded of that lesson again when I first saw Brandy Danielle. I wondered whom this witless girl was, daring to pass herself off as some sort of athlete. At first, I found her antics amusing. But the more I saw of her, the more irritated I became. See, Brandy foolishly began to believe her own hype. She started to think that she was an actual legitimate threat in TSWF, someone on par with a legend like Shadoe Rage. I blame the public. They have become accustomed to celebrating mediocrity.

[A smirk soon crosses her rube red lips.]

Josie: But I know the real deal, Brandy. You’re not even fit to lace his boots. So, I came here to educate you, something that five and dime wrestling school you came from forgot to do. See, I’m not one of

these no-talent scrubs you were being fed in the bush leagues. I'm a woman that's won world titles all over the globe and against some of the most talented women and men in this business. Not to mention we'll be playing to my strengths in a few days.

[She grins.]

Josie: Did you know I was cutting my teeth on hardcore matches, when you were still sitting in mama's house, dreaming of being a wrestler? And I have learned a million ways to injure an opponent by now. So, if you thought that attack from the last show was something then you haven't seen anything yet. Because you are so obviously out of your league.

Now, I know you're not nearly smart enough to recognize that so pack your things and then get the hell out of Dodge while you can. So, I fully expect you to play the part of the wounded heroine out for revenge.

[She makes a show of rolling her eyes and feigning a yawn.]

Josie: Fine. We can play that game. But remember. Just like Hera, I'm used to putting a bitch beneath my heels.

[With that, Josie stands to her feet, a moan, equal parts pleasure and pain, escaping the man's lips, as the scene fades to black.]



BRANDY DANIELLE



[It is now a few hours after the attack. An attack in which Brandy suffered a concussion. The same concussion that led her to believe she was a valley girl, but now, it may as well have had the reverse effect on her as a whole. Would she be turned into a bitch again? Last time that happened, she nearly lost everyone she cared about. But as we go to her home in Dallas, she is seen with her husband Rich and their new friend, Ashie, who had just been granted a job as a commentator, replacing that dickhead, Adam Drew.]

Brandy Danielle: What happened? One minute, I was celebrating with you, Rich, then next I was being stretchered out. Who was that? What happened? I don't feel well.

[Rich walks over, concerned. The last time Brandy had a concussion; she came out of it totally different. He hoped for her own safety that this time, she was back to normal, though he loved the valley gal talk. As Ashie walks over, a look of concern crosses her face. She hoped her new friend was okay and ready to fight.]

Rich: How's it feel, baby? I know it can't feel good. But get some rest. You'll be better tomorrow, I promise. I know you. You'll be better by daybreak. And if not, I'm here for you as is Ashie until you recover. We won't leave your side.

[This made Brandy smile, as she loved the loyalty that her husband and friend showed towards her. They wanted her to be at her best for the match on the 29th, but she knew she would be. She was a tough girl and would recover. But once she did, she was in need of new attire. Since the valley girl days were over, she knew she'd need perhaps contacts and new gear, for sure, But that would come tomorrow, as now, she had to recover.]

Brandy: I feel a bit better. But I'm still unclear on what happened, Rich. All I remember is waking up at a hospital and that's about it. Can one of you guys tell me what happened so I'll know and remember when I have to promo against the person?

Ashie: My stars, Miss Brandy! You was jumped from behind by a rather muscled woman! I do reckon her name is Josie somethin'. But I can't recall for the life of me, what it was! Point is, I know you are tough, Miss Brandy. You'll get over it.

[Brandy then gets up, looking a bit better, as she walks over towards Rich, and hugs him. Rich is surprised that she had regained enough of her senses to walk back to Rich. But she usually recovers quickly, so maybe it wasn't a big surprise.]

Rich: Good to hear and see, honey. I love you and I don't want to see you hurt. I want to see you at your best. Because Josie has no idea what she's getting into. She's gonna have the fight of her life, that's for sure. You've proven in the past that you aren't one to be fucked with and now, she's done just that, so now, it's time to show her that she made a mistake by jumping you.

[At that time, they notice Ashie start to pout a bit as she sits down on the floor, looking rather sad. She had been so happy lately so this was a new thing to see her upset. Clearly, something was bugging her, and Brandy wanted to find out what. As she motions for Rich to leave for a minute, she sits down next to Ashie, as she speaks, concerned for her friend.]

Brandy: What's wrong, Ash? You'd been so happy all week and now you look like you're about to cry and I've never seen you like this. You okay? What's up? I'm concerned, hon.

[Ashie smiles, as she looks back up at Brandy. Ashie wanted someone to be with. Rich had Brandy. All of Ashie's friends were either married or dating but her. She wanted someone to share her life with right now and not having that person was getting her down. She wanted that perfect guy, but hadn't found him yet.]

Ashie: Miss Brandy, I just want a guy to love. You and Rich have been together three years, even more than that if ya'll count the time ya'll were dating, and yet I've got no one. I'm just not real happy with that. I've always had someone by my side 'till he left me last year and I just ain't found the right guy. I know it will happen, Miss Brandy, but I'm not sure I can do it on my own, you know?

Brandy: I'll see what I can do, Ashley. But it'll take some time. But for you, I'll do it. Just cause I love seeing you happy. But just leave it to me. I'll have you someone in no time. No worries. But for now, don't worry about it, my friend.

[As our scene fades away, Brandy and Ashie are seen sitting with their arms around each other, as we would possibly soon see Ashie with another boyfriend, courtesy of Brandy Danielle - a lady that Ashie saw as the sweetest person in the world right now. But we'd see, for sure.]

As the scene resets, we see Brandy, fully recollected on her thoughts and completely refocused. Fact is she had been in this spot twice before. Back in GDW, and in HCW v2. So this attack wouldn't stop her. As we go into her bedroom, a huge bedroom, with a huge sleigh bed is seen. Today, Brandy is sitting on that bed, wearing her new red and black attire. Black tights, red and black shirt, with her name written across the chest, as well as her new boots, which were all black. As she prepares to speak, the camera rolls.]

Brandy: So here we again. Another show and someone else trying to put me out. Well, let's get one thing straight. I've had this done four times now in my career and only one was successful, which was an accident. The other three...utter failures. Back in HCW, Lynn Brewster, a legend in this business tried and failed. And most recently, Shadoe Rage tried. He failed. And just last week, Josie tried and failed. Don't any of you get it? I can't be taken out that easily! You're gonna have to do much more than give me a concussion to take me out.

[She then paces a bit, as she starts getting worked up. You can tell she's pissed because her face is red and her black hair is nearly showing its red roots. Brandy is now fired up as she was attacked last show for no reason for gods sake!]

Brandy: You attack me for no reason and expect the obviously stupid valley girl! Hell no! You get the REAL Brandy for once. You try to choke me out yet do nothing but give me a concussion. But even though I didn't remember it at first, I do now, and I'm not about to forget it. See, you crossed the bitch. A Brandy that has been dead for years now, or so you thought. I'm sick of being underestimated. It's time every one of you saw the real me and in this match, you'll see it. See, I have NO respect for someone who attacks from behind. And Josie, that makes you a COWARD! If you have something to say, just do it to my face instead of when my damn back is turned. But I should expect no less. You are just like anyone else that tried taking me out. You all do it from behind and fail. But since you want someone taken out so bad, allow me to do so for you. See, you've angered me and when that happens, say goodbye to the good girl and say hello to one pissed off Texan. As we say in Dallas, you mess with the bull, you get the horns, and hon you just made the mistake of your life. Why? Because you crossed me, plain and simple. Now, see you in the ring. For the last time. Because simply, I'm out to end your career. Enough said.



JOSIE SAITO

vs.

BRANDY DANIELLE



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty-minute time limit and it is contested under no disqualification and countout rules.

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

Introducing first...

[“My Moment” by Rebecca Black begins to play as a male and female duo step out on to the stage. The female has black hair with black tights with a red and black shirt, her name written across the chest. Her all black boots are also a new part of her attire. The gentleman is skinny, has brown hair, green eyes, and is wearing an HPU jersey with jeans and black Converse sneakers.]

RA: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at one hundred and forty pounds... she’s accompanied to the ring by her manager, Rich Anderson... give it up for...

BRANDYYYYY DANIELLEEEEE!!!!

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

[Danielle poses at the top of the stage before heading down the aisle towards the ring with Rich Anderson right behind.]

SS: There is the man and woman responsible for ridding this company of Adam Drew. And for that, I applaud both of them.

AS: Yes but it came at a price as Brandy was so caught up in her moral victory that she ended up getting busted open by Josie Saito.

SS: Well, we’re seeing a new attitude from Danielle as she is tired of being a pushover and is ready to bash some heads and kick teeth in to get things done here in TSWF.

[As Brandy and Rich walk down the aisle, Brandy slaps hands with a few lucky fans before running and sliding into the ring where she does a quick pose atop the top turnbuckle.]

RA: And her opponent...

[As "Gang Bang" by Madonna plays, Josie Saito steps onto the entrance ramp and sneers out at the crowd, the fans jeering. She wears a black cropped tank top and army fatigue pants. She completes the look with black combat boots, her long black hair falling straight down her back and her hands taped with white athletic tape. In her right hand is a gleaming katana blade.]

Like a bitch out of water

Like a bat out of hell

Like a fish out of water

I'm scared. Can't you tell

Bang! Bang!

Bang! Bang!

SS: Saito with a katana blade in hand. I wonder if that is part of her strategy in this no disqualification match.

AS: Honestly, I think bringing a sword is a cowardly act. Clearly Josie Saito needs weaponry to keep things even against Brandy Danielle.

[The young woman stalks to ringside, the blade held high and a stern look on her face. Throughout, her cold gaze remains on the ring and Brandy Danielle. The fans mean nothing to her at this moment.]

I thought you were good

But you painted me bad

Compared to the others, you're the best thing I had

Bang bang, shot you dead

Bang bang, shot you dead

[As she enters the ring, Josie mounts the empty second turnbuckle, eyeing the crowd in contempt, before hopping down and tossing her blade aside.]

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

[The match starts with trash talk passing back and forth between both competitors; Brandy repeatedly pointing at her head, apparently "discussing" the bottle shot from Saito at the last show. Josie promptly laughs and shouts at her "SHUT UP AND WRESTLE BITCH!"]

SS: This is already shaping up to be an interesting contest as both women exchange words.

AS: Yes and Saito with a few not so nice ones for Miss Brandy Danielle.

[Brandy immediately goes for an open palm slap but finds her arm caught and twisted into a painful

standing wristlock, followed by an armdrag. Brandy rolls with the fall and quickly gets to her feet. Josie is on her in a flash with a blazing chop to the chest, followed by a whip to the corner.]

SS: Irish whip from Saito sends Danielle into the corner. And the black haired wonder crashes back-first into the turnbuckles.

AS: Here comes the Saito Express...

[Josie runs right at Brandy and throws a boot right into her opponent's face, Brandy dropping down for a seat with a dazed expression on her face. From there, Josie starts grinding the heel of her boot right into Brandy's throat, gripping the top ropes and really throwing her full weight behind it! Immediately, Brandy kicks and pistons her legs, her hands gripping at that foot to try and get Josie off of her!]

AS: Brandy Danielle not taking anything sitting down as she fights back immediately.

SS: Gritting her teeth, Josie relieves the pressure alright, only to stomp down hard on the pretty face of that Dallas, Texas native.

AS: OUCH! That definitely looked like it hurt some.

****HEEL JEER!****

[Josie waves off the protesting members of the crowd, then reaches down and gathers a stunned Brandy to her feet. She twists the arm and goes for the whip into the side, only for Brandy to suddenly come alive and pull Josie right into a drop toe-hold! A surprised Saito rolls on her back, clutching at her chin. With Rich Anderson shouting instructions to Brandy from the outside, Brandy quickly rolls to her feet and vaults over to the ropes. Showcasing her Lucha roots, she springboards with a moonsault and crashes down across Josie's torso.]

SS: Amazing luchador style from Brandy Danielle. Did you see her fly right there?

AS: Danielle showcasing those skills in these early moments. And now a cover...

ONE!!!

TWO-

SS: KICKOUT!!!

[Josie thrusts her legs and the two women break apart, quickly getting to their feet. Brandy goes for a high kick only for Josie to duck and drive her fingers right into the exposed midriff of Brandy Danielle. The intense pain drives Brandy to her knees, her teeth clenched as she grabs at that hand now squeezing her guts...]

AS: What a maneuver from Josie Saito. She's essentially using a stomach claw with the assistance of those long fingernails.

SS: Something you don't normally see in a male vs. male match but with these two women, those finger nails are deadly weapons.

[Bending her back into a prostrated position, Josie starts twisting and turning those fingers, grinning ear to ear as she hears Brandy howl with pain. Gritting her teeth, Brandy fights against the pain and catches Josie with a surprise jab that puts her on her rump, shaking her head in surprise. Brandy then rolls out of the ring with her hands to her gut, stumbling a bit as pain shoots through her abdomen.]

AS: Brandy Danielle down on the floor trying to catch her breath as Rich Anderson comes over to shout some encouragement and check on her well-being.

SS: This is taking a lot out of Danielle but I have a feeling the motivation stirred up by that bottle shot a few weeks ago will keep her going until the blood drains from her body.

[As Brandy Danielle suddenly drops to her knees by the apron, doubled over as if in sudden intense pain, Josie slides out from under the ropes. Rubbing briefly at her jaw, she makes her way over to her opponent and grabs at her shoulders. Brandy whips around with a nasty surprise, a steel chair- pulled straight from under the apron and delivered right to Josie's forehead!]

FWHACKT!

SS: OH MY! WHAT A SHOT FROM BRANDY DANIELLE!

AS: DANIELLE STEEL RIGHT THERE!

[Saito stumbles, turning away and looking a bit dazed and discombobulated by the blow. She drops to her knees after a second chair shot cracks her square in the back!]

FWACHACKT!!!

AS: Oooo and another shot from Brandy Danielle just shoots right up Josie Saito's spine.

SS: Brandy Danielle now unfolding that chair and setting it up on the floor.

[Brandy unfolds the chair, a menacing promise dancing in her eyes. She quickly makes way for her kneeling opponent, gathering her up by those luxuriant, liquid black locks of hair and walking her over to the chair. Brandy gets right in Josie's face.]

Brandy Danielle: THIS IS FOR THE BOTTLE, B**CH!

[Hooking her leg with Josie's, she takes a firm hold of the back of the woman's head and together they fall forward. Brandy smashes Josie's face right into the chair with a leg trip Face Crusher. Josie rolls off of the chair with a bloodied nose and a possible concussion!]

SS: WE HAVE BLOOD, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

AS: The crimson flowing from Josie Saito's face as her nose most definitely got smashed to pieces right there.

[Brandy picks Josie up to her feet and slings her over the ring apron in such a way that Josie's head hangs over the edge, looking down upon the floor. Small droplets of blood dribble upon the floor from that broken nose. Brandy grabs the chair and folds it up, then climbs onto the apron. Getting a bit of a walking start, Brandy hops up, feet tucked in. She swings the chair up under her legs and hits an Arabian Face Buster across the back of Josie's head!!!]

KAWRACKPT!!!!

[ARABIAN FACE BUSTER POP!!!]

[Josie thrashes and flips off the apron, landing in a broken heap on the floor. The chair goes flying and Brandy lands hard on the floor, but back rolls to her feet with a hand to the small of her back.]

SS: WOW! I've never seen such a maneuver before. Brandy Danielle pulling out new tricks to take out Josie Saito.

AS: Like we said before, this is a new Brandy Danielle we are witnessing. The Black Haired Bitch has been awoken!

[As Josie lays there, unmoving, Brandy quickly walks around the ring, flipping the apron up as she looks around for a few choice items. After a bit of searching that takes her on a trip all the way to the opposite side of the ring, she finds what she's looking for. First she pulls out a table and sets it up, followed by two aluminum trash cans which she places underneath the table.]

[TABLE POP!]

SS: What can Brandy Danielle possibly be doing right here?

AS: Well whatever it is, it can't bode well for Saito.

[Taking a short cut, Brandy slides into the ring, crosses the length of it, and slides out beside a slowly recovering Josie Saito. Gathering her up, Brandy offers up a vicious slap across the bloodied woman's face, and then slings her back into the ring. The slap seems to have an unexpected effect as Brandy gets back in the ring to be surprised by a suddenly alive and very, VERY angry Josie Saito! Saito tears into Brandy with brutal body shots, driving her right back into the ropes!]

SS: Make that TWO black haired bitches that have been awoken. Saito just drilling Brandy Danielle with those body shots.

[Grabbing Brandy by the wrist, she pulls her from the ropes and right into a Double Arm DDT! Seething with anger on her half-crimson masked face, Josie hops to her feet and quickly latches on with a grounded Hadakajime. Brandy kicks her legs and holds her free arm out flailing in surprise. Her only response is to roll onto her back, which gives Josie even greater leverage, but Brandy lifts her legs up and presses Josie's shoulders to the canvas!]

ONE!!!

TWO-RELEASE!!!

AS: Very good ring presence from Brandy Danielle to turn that judo choke submission into a pin attempt situation that almost worked entirely in her favor.

SS: That's right. But don't think for a second that Josie Saito is going to let Danielle hold her down as long as she can keep breathing.

[Josie releases the hold and shoves Brandy away, rolling off the canvas and to her feet. Brandy is up in short order only to catch a hard back chop across the chest and find herself stumbling back into the ropes on the other side of the ring. Josie rushes in with an impactful knee lift to the gut, followed by an elbow shot to the face that drops Brandy to her knees!]

SS: Brandy Danielle not in a good place right now as right down below these two women is that makeshift concoction of tables and garbage cans.

[Grabbing her by the hair and swaying slightly from the effects of a possible concussion, Josie straddles the back of Brandy's head with a standing headscissor. Noticing the table outside the ring, an evil smile crosses her face and she points directly at it with both fingers.]

AS: You totally called it, Stephanie. Josie Saito sees that structure of wood and metal and is preparing to put Brandy Danielle right through it.

SS: Live by the structure, die by the structure.

[Dipping forward, Josie wraps her arms around her waist and hoists Brandy up and over her head into a Crucifix position, then steps back far enough to get a good walking start. As she nears the ropes, Brandy slips free and lands on her feet. Josie turns and finds herself booted hard in the gut, and promptly flung up and over the ropes. Josie saves herself by grabbing the top rope, barely avoiding a nasty landing through the table.]

AS: What a comeback from Brandy Danielle. And now it is Josie Saito who needs to tread lightly or end up the victim of that insanely deadly set-up of Danielle's.

[Brandy steps back, lets Josie get settled on the apron, and then charges forward. Dropping the shoulder, she hits a spear, driving Josie right off the apron. The downside? She goes flying through the ropes right after her, both women crashing violently through the table, crushing both trash cans beneath it flat!]

SS: HOLY F—K!

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

AS: These fans are all on their feet as both women lay in a heap of wood and steel down here on the ringside floor.

SS: There they lay on top of one another, intertwined in a small pile of human wreckage, shattered wood, and crushed metal, the referee rushing to check on both women as they lay there for several seconds, trying their best to gather their senses.

[It would be Brandy who rises from the destruction first, a bit dazed but lucid enough to realize she's wrestling a match. Gritting her teeth, she gathers Josie up and slings her up against the nearby ring barricade where a male fan moves in and gets a little too handsy through the barricade. Once there Brandy Danielle hits a quick series of jabs, only to have Josie block the last shot and counter with a blazing chop!]

SS: Quick counter from Josie Saito!

[Josie then follows up with a spinning heel kick that hits Brandy square in the chest, sending her flailing into the ring apron. Josie then spins around and viciously slaps the fan with an impressive impact that sends him falling into his seat and over. His buddy moves in and quickly shoves her back, right into the waiting arms of Brandy Danielle who quickly lifts her up and dumps Josie on her head with a Back Drop Suplex!]

AS: Fan assistance there as Brandy Danielle caught Josie Saito with an impressive backdrop suplex right into the concrete.

SS: And more blood flowing from Saito to complement the crimson streaked across the face of Brandy Danielle.

[Brandy gets up and quickly goes over to the fan that shoved Josie. She then gives him a kiss on the cheek, then turns back and pulls Josie to a leaf-legged stand.]

AS: A nice showing of gratitude for that lucky fan. And Rich Anderson high-fives him for his efforts as well.

[Quickly Brandy slings Josie into the ring and slides in after her. Gathering her foe to a stand, Brandy grabs Josie's leg and steps over it with a spinning wheel kick she calls THE MOMENT OF

TRUTH! Somehow, Josie falls back though, avoiding the impact and instead rolls Brandy up into an Indian Deathlock STF she calls, THE J-LOCK!!!!]

SS: J-LOCK FROM JOSIE SAITO!!!

AS: Brandy Danielle cringing on the mat but not ready to submit. This match and getting revenge is far too important to her.

[Brandy cries out in pain, her arms flailing wildly, looking anywhere and everywhere for the ropes, hearing nothing but Josie repeating the same words over and over...]

Josie Saito: TAP!! TTTAAAPPP!!!! TTTTAAAAAPPPPPP!!!!

[Fighting through the pain, Brandy claws at the canvas, pulling and scraping her way back to the ropes. This only makes Josie deepen the back bridge and pull harder on Brandy's chin, increasing the pressure on her neck and spine!]

AS: OUCH! Brandy Danielle being bent in all sorts of shapes by Josie Saito.

[Inch by inch, Brandy pulls herself and Josie to the ropes. Each second in the hold feeling like an eternity of agony and when she reaches the ropes, grabbing tight, it was only then that she realized that this match is hardcore... no DQ... no count out... no rope breaks. Crying out in frustration, she does the only thing she can and starts clawing at Josie's face with her fingernails. At first, this does nothing, until she drags a finger across that bloodied, possibly broken nose! The pain is so intense that Josie rolls off, clutching at her face!]

SS: Desperation move from Brandy Danielle! Josie Saito holding her face and that broken nose of hers has to be an Achilles heel at the moment.

AS: Yes and how convenient that it's covered in red, like a big ol' bull's-eye for Brandy Danielle to attack at.

[Brandy rolls to her feet, gripping the back of her neck. Josie's quick to rise shortly thereafter and goes for a wild, angry swing. Brandy catches her by the arm and drops to the canvas, locking Josie up with a little compression choke we all know and love as the Anaconda Vice, but she calls it "Like, WHATEVER!" Josie lets out a choked, gargling scream as Brandy is now the one screaming TAP!]

SS: Tables have turned, folks. Brandy Danielle now the aggressor as she has that submission hold locked in on Josie Saito.

AS: And it looks like the overall pain is just too much for Saito. Will she tap?

[Josie grits her teeth and does just that, slapping Brandy's arm repeatedly. The Ref motions for the bell.]

**DING!

DING!

DING!**

[Brandy shoves Josie away and back rolls to her feet, roaring with triumph, her arms out at her sides as her theme hit's the house PA. Josie rolls out of the ring with a hand to her neck coughing.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match....

BRANDYYYYYY DANNNNNIELLEEEE!!!

CROWD POP!



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Brandy Danielle is your winner in what can only be described as a vicious battle between two women.

AS: In all my years of being friends with Brandy Danielle, I've never seen her like this. Clearly we are seeing a new bitch awoken and if I were the other members of the TSWF locker room, I'd be wary of her. Especially Mark Adams Junior.

SS: Well I'm sure the champ is always watching and is well aware what drive and determination gets you in life. So if Brandy Danielle should earn herself a title shot in the future, best of luck to her. With that said, let's hear from the champ himself.



TRI-STATE CHAMPION

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[The scene opens on the front steps of the George Washington School in Union, NJ, as TSWF Champion Mark Adams Junior and his new manager, the lovely Kylie Nash, field questions from a handful of reporters covering the event. Dressed in black jeans and a black t-shirt with the words "The Iceman Cometh...Again" written across the chest in ice blue lettering, the champ's TSWF title belt is displayed proudly on the front of a makeshift podium as he speaks.]

MA: As you know, tonight I defend the TSWF Championship against the man who still mistakenly believes that *he* is champion. I'm speaking, of course, of Shadoe Rage, a man I have been looking forward to squaring off against in a TSWF ring for a very long time.

REPORTER#1: Mark, don't you think that you're getting in over your head tonight? I mean, you're still pretty much a rookie, while Rage is a veteran who's been around the block a few times, so to speak.

MA: Shadoe Rage is a deluded...shadow...of his former self. Despite his proclivity to bend the rules in whatever direction he pleases, he once had the makings of a proud champion.

Now...

Now he's just a man who refuses to accept the cold hard truth. And the truth is that *I*, not Shadoe Rage, am the TSWF Champion.

REPORTER#2: Mark, don't you think that now, of all times, after what Shadoe did to Brandy Danielle, is a bad time to be bringing in a female manager? I mean, no offense to the lady because she does have a hell of a wrestling pedigree, but she's even greener in the ring than you are.

MA: Just because Kylie hasn't wrestled a professional match doesn't make her less of a threat. You mentioned her pedigree so you must be aware of the fact that Werewolf Gregorson wouldn't let anyone, let alone his own step-daughter, anywhere near this business if she wasn't fully capable of dealing with outside interference.

REPORTER#3: But, Mark, she's a former Miss Hawaiian Tropic, not a Ladies Champion like your aunt.

[Kylie gestures to Mark for the microphone and he willingly steps away from the podium.]

KN: It's nice to see that you've done your homework and all but I'm not just another pretty face. My father trained me from the time I was ten years old to defend myself and, while I may never have stepped into a wrestling ring *professionally*, I did train to be a wrestler at the Hurricane Academy in Orlando.

Of course that was *after* I spent ten years training in Muay Thai, Aikido, and Judo at my father's Werewolf Dojo in Anchorage.

MA: And, believe me, gentlemen, I've seen Kylie handle herself against some very unsavory characters in the years that I've known her.

REPORTER#2: So, um, Mark, what exactly *is* your relationship with Miss Nash? Are you two...

MA/KN: No!

Adams grins and takes the mic.]

MA: My relationship with Kylie is like an older brother to his sister. Our families have been close for years and, when I came here from Japan, Kylie's father accepted me like a long-lost son. He, my uncle

Jason, and Kirk Maclean are all like fathers to me so, just like my father and my uncle came to the ring with my aunt as their manager, so have I chosen to have my sister by *my* side.

REPORTER#1: Getting back to tonight's match, Mark, what exactly *are* your plans for dealing with Shadoe Rage?

[Another world-famous Adams grin.]

MA: A magician never reveals his secrets, my friend, but I will tell you this.

Shadoe Rage, for all his delusions about still being the TSWF Champion, is lacking the most important accouterment to support his claim...

The title belt itself.

And, to get that, he'll have to be better than not only Mark Adams Junior...

But better than himself.

REPORTER#2: Better than...Mark! Mark! Wait!

[As the reporters try to puzzle out the solution to Adams' last comment, he and the lovely Miss Nash dash up the stairs to the main entrance of the school. As the big front doors slam shut behind them, WE FADE.]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Mark Adams Junior most definitely prepared for this match against Shadoe Rage tonight. But I'm left puzzled, just as everyone else is, to what the champ means by Shadoe will need to be better than himself.

AS: Well clearly Shadoe Rage has always relied on underhanded tactics to get what he wants but this time around, it's going to take more than that to put down Mark Adams Junior.

SS: You might be on to something there, Ashie.

AS: I know.

SS: Now folks, 2012 is a big year not just for TSWF, but also due to the national elections scheduled to take place in November. We here at Tri-State are proud to be getting involved with the "Get Out The Vote" effort, teaming up with the non-profit group "Hope for the Future of America" to register a new generation of enlightened voters. HFA was busy before tonight's show signing up TSWF fans for the polls and a few volunteers were kind enough to talk about their work for the fans and for their country. Let's take a look!



HOPE FOR THE FUTURE OF AMERICA



EARLIER TODAY

[Outside of the George Washington School in Union, NJ is a plain folding table with a simple banner taped to the front reading "Hope for the Future of America." A small group of early arrivers to tonight's show are hunched over, filling out paperwork. A few are seen leaving with buttons and miniature flags. We hear Stephanie Sandsbury from just off camera.]

SS: "Hope for the Future of America" has teamed up with Tri-State Wrestling to encourage political participation and social awareness in the Tri-State area. Here's what some of the hard-working volunteers had to say:

[Cut to a young looking kid, maybe twenty years old, with dark hair and a Yankees cap. He fidgets nervously but the wide eyes betray his excitement for being on camera.]

VOLUNTEER 1: My name is Doug Goldberg and I'm a volunteer for HFA. I believe every vote makes a difference and that everyone should be heard.

[Cut again to a burly blonde haired girl, who looks slightly older than Doug.]

VOLUNTEER 2: Hi, I'm Katie Barber and I'm a volunteer for HFA. The issues our country faces today are too important to be sitting on the sidelines. HFA gets more people into the voting booths and more people caring about the crucial decisions our government makes every day at the local, state and federal levels.

[Another cut to a thin, more professionally dressed woman in her late twenties. She has long, dark hair and bright blue eyes.]

WOMAN: My name is Jessica Vale and I'm the East Regional coordinator for HFA. We're proud to partner with the TSWF this year to raise awareness for our cause. Political engagement is an issue that touches each of our lives and we believe in getting to the root of the problem. Tri-State Wrestling is a fantastic organization deeply rooted in the region - a region we hope to improve, thanks to our hardworking volunteers. Getting the message of active involvement is what HFA is all about and with the help of the TSWF, we will be able to reach more prospective voters than ever.

[A final cut sees Doug and Katie flanking Jessica behind the HFA table.]

TRIO: THANKS TSWF, AND DON'T FORGET TO VOTE!



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Once again, thanks to Doug, Katie, and Jessica as well as everyone from Hope for the Future of America for coming out to tonight's show.

[We cut to see Doug and Katie sitting front row waving to the camera.]

AS: I think it's great that the youth of today are inspired to get involved in political endeavors and hope that with their help, we can make a difference in this country in November.

SS: Absolutely. Now it's time to hear from the participants in our number one contender's match starting with "The Amateur" Chris Hallmark.



????



[A black screen.....then a small white light cuts across the middle.....getting bigger]

V/O: I am a beacon of hope and light.

[It gets bigger until the entire screen is all white]

V/O: I am the man who brings out the best...

[Paused...and the light starts to fade back into darkness.....]

V/O: ...And worst of everyone.

[Then the light comes back fast and hard...and then a faceless man looks at the screen]

V/O: I know all, see all and expose all.

[Sudden Darkness.....]

V/O: I am Coming SOON!!!



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Who was that? Obviously not Chris Hallmark.

AS: I have to think it is this "Thomas" guy that we heard about earlier.

SS: Man this is getting weird. Well folks, _NOW_ let's go to comments from Chris Hallmark.



"THE AMATEUR" CHRIS HALLMARK



Voice: PEE AND POOP ALL OVER MYSELF!!! EVERYWHERE.

[The Camera fades in from black to an irate Christopher Hallmark talking into a cell phone loudly at an airport terminal.]

Hallmark: NO! NO! I won't calm down. I WAS HUMILATED! I became a jock to do the PRANKING.. NOT TO BE PRANKED! This little stoner. I SWEAR TO GOD I AM GOING TO MAKE HIM PAY.

[Hallmark sees the TSWF camera. His eyes draw close as he looks at the camera. He cups his hand over his mouth.]

Hallmark[Muffled]: Just bring plan B.

[Hallmark hits end on the cell phone and slides it into the pocket of his designer jeans. He's wearing a Death Clutch T-Shirt and has a pair of Beats By Dre headphones hanging on his shoulder.]

Hallmark: So TSWF is TMZ now? We're tracking down people in the airport, are we? FANTASTIC! WHAT MORE CAN THIS DUMP OF A COMPANY DO TO MAKE ME UNHAPPY!?

[Hallmark shoves the cameraman. And starts to walk past him.]

Hallmark: Oh following me? Good good. That's definitely good for your health and safety. The moronic, fat, union camera guy following the highly trained athlete as he's angry.

[The cameraman speaks inaudibly.]

Hallmark: Just doing your job? You know there was another group of people just doing their job. You know what they're called... JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES... AND NO ONE LIKES THEM EITHER.

[Hallmark pushes the cameraman again and walks further down the terminal. The camera follows again.]

Hallmark: STOP FOLLOWING ME!!!!

[His eyes are bloodshot and full of rage. Again we hear Hallmark listen as the cameraman speaks.]

Hallmark: The higher ups say I need to talk about my actions? They say I need to address Keenan and Sledgehammer guy and Stoney McFuckleballs!? DO I LOOK LIKE I WANT TO TALK ABOUT THAT!? I have a flight to catch. I have to go meet with my advisor.

[Cameraman speaks again.]

Hallmark: Yeah do you really think Keenan was the only one guiding my professional wrestling career? Do you really think I'm that dumb? I went to the University Of Florida. Our school PRIDES itself on education.

Cameraman: BWAHAHAHAHAHA.

[Hallmarks eyes draw narrow as he stares at the shaking camera lens.]

Hallmark: You stop laughing. RIGHT. NOW. I swear I wish I didn't have a contract. I've called the government for the NUMEROUS OSHA violations I have experienced working with TSW BLEEEECH. And they won't shut it down or void my contract. THEY much like YOU laughed at me. MUCH LIKE TRIPP SKYLARK... THEY LAUGHED AT ME.

[Hallmark draws a long dramatic breath in.]

Hallmark: I AM TIRED OF BEING LAUGHED AT. All you idiot fans want to see the plucky underdog. The guy who JUST LIKE YOU smokes a lot of pot and does other illegal narcotics beat up the GUY LIKE ME who bullied the crap out of you in high school and college. You want to believe that. BUT I have a little secret.

[Hallmark motions to the camera to come close. It zooms]

Hallmark: THAT'S NOT HOW THE REAL WORLD WORKS.

[Hallmark shoots a wink and the camera zooms back framing Hallmark in the busy airport terminal]

Hallmark: The real world works like this. The cool popular kids rule the world, they tax the poor and then they laugh about it as you idiots cling on to words like HOPE and CHANGE. Sure, Tripp can get the upper hand on me periodically. But I go home with a stunning young lady, I lay down in a bed designed by Vera Wang in a house that could fit at least an entire other family in it with me and I just relax.

[The cameraman speaks again, muffled again.]

Hallmark: WHAT DO YOU MEAN I WAS ANGRY. I AM NOT ANGRY I AM RELAXED. RE-LAXED. YOU SHUT YOUR POOR MOUTH!

[Hallmark starts what now seems to be his trademark pacing. Back and forth through the terminal a small crowd has gathered and people seem to be filming him with their cell phone cameras]

Hallmark: Fine, maybe I'm a little shook. MAYBE. MAYBE I know that no matter what happens my life will ALWAYS be better than Tripps. Maybe I know that. BUT I. DON'T. CARE. I want to smush his stupid face. I want him to pay for MAKING ME PEE ON MYSELF. I HAD PEE ALL OVER ME! AND FECAL MATTER... DON'T GET ME STARTED ON THE FECAL MATTER.

[Hallmarks stops dead in his tracks as he finally sees the crowd gathering around him. And TSA agents slowly creeping towards him. His eyes shift around the area quickly.]

Hallmark: No but I am calm. I'm calm because I don't have Keenan to hold me back. I'm calm because the only person Tripp has to watch his back is old enough to have watched Gone With The Wind in theatres. I'm calm because all these stupid little tricks show how SHOOK Tripp is. He knows that the ONE PERCENT will always triumph over the ninety-nine. THE ATHLETE WILL ALWAYS... ALWAYS beat the Stoner. No matter how many times you watch Breakfast Club, Tripp. We are not equal. We will never be equal and I will always be better than you.

[The crowd boos Hallmark.]

Hallmark: Like I care what you morons think. How many of you are flying Coach? What's that? ALL OF YOU. Oh Cool. Hey you can boo me while I'm in First Class. Now, I need to get my focus. Because Tripp, you're not in a number one contender's match. I AM. And Corella.. you're going to regret you ever cast your lot in with the stoner. I am going to make you PAY for his sins. Elijah Black... you're boring stupid and honestly I've smelled you. You smell terrible. You smell like a lion having sex with a dead turkey. It's awful. Just keep your smelly self out of my way so I can smash Corella. And I can claim what is rightfully mine. THE TSWF Championship. I will not be denied and I will leave my HALLMARK OF EXCELLENCE ON TSWF.

[Fade.]



TRIPP SKYLARK



[Backstage, in some random hallway it seems, the one and only "Stoned Submission Specialist" is busy standing in front of a giant letter 'C'. Probably some part of a larger sign, but all that's visible in the letter "C". And, Tripp, well, he's staring very intently at the letter... almost... angry?!]

TS: I don't trust you letter _C_!

[?? How high he tonight??]

TS: I don't trust you one bit. I got you figured out son!

[This is why Tripp should NEVER be given a night off!]

TS: One minute you're making a hard 'ka' sound, like chronic... cash... coke! But whenever you get in front of an I, E or Y, you change! You make a soft C sound! All of a sudden its center... city... spicy!

[Shakes his head.]

TS: I'm onto you, letter C! I won't play your game! From now on I won't ever use a hard or soft C! _EVER_ _AGAIN_! Or my favorite strain of trees isn't California ice!

[Tripp stops, and reflects...]

TS: California.... Ice.....

[An alarmed look comes over his face...]

TS: California... Ice....

[Quickly Tripp spins around and rests his back against the wall.]

TS: You know what letter I _LOVE_? It's the letter C! It's the best letter in the entire alphabet! You can't spell cannabis without it!!!

[Nervous sigh.]

TS: So... Uh... Yea... Umm.... No matches tonight, right? Got nothing really important to do with my evening, correct? WRONG! Wrong, wrong, wrong, ladies and gentlemen for I, Tripp Skylark, have the most important duty of _ALLLLLLL_...

...That is rooting on my dear friend Leon Corella in his four way battle!!!

[Emphatic, supportive head nod.]

TS: Tonight, I leave the wrestling gear in the locker room, and try on a different hat... one of a cheerleader! Toodles for now folks, I gotta find my spirit!!

[Fade.]



LEON CORELLA



[We open upon the majestic, ivory white stone arched entrance of the George Washington Elementary School in Union City, New Jersey. If it weren't for the Elementary part of the school's name, one would look at a place like this and think it was more of a private school than a public education facility. With the evening's sun bathing everything in its orange glow, we find Leon Corella standing before that entrance arch, decked out in a dark brown Armani suit with a black dress shirt and a gold silk tie, black textured Gucci loafers, silver framed-maroon lensed Rayban wraparound shades, and his favorite, diamond and ruby studded platinum Rolex watch. With his hands in his pockets, he stares up at that arch for several seconds in quiet reflection. As the camera pulls up for a profile shot of his face, he slowly lowers his head with a soft sigh and gives a slow, sad shake of his head.]

Leon Corella: ...an Elementary school...

[Peeling the shades from his face, he folds them up and slips them into his inner breast pocket.]

...I've gone from working in places like Madison Square Garden and the Chicago Dome to an Elementary School in Jersey. I bet my father is rolling over in his grave to know where I've wound up.

[He slips his hands in his pockets and lifts his head a bit.]

It's all part of the price I pay each and every day for my pride... my ego... What I wouldn't give to be living like a video game character right now.

[Leon chuckles softly.]

You make a mistake in a game and you just hit reset and go back to when everything was still going good, but with the knowledge of how to avoid the pitfalls you just suffered through. There at least, you're allowed the ability to correct your mistakes and avoid the consequences of your ill-conceived actions. Unfortunately, life just doesn't work like that.

[Smirking, he pauses for a few seconds, looking back up at the sign.]

...A damned Elementary school. Working a National Guard Armory or even a gutted out Warehouse isn't as embarrassing as an elementary school auditorium, even one as nice as this one, but every company has to start somewhere.

[He then slowly looks to the camera, his head tilted at a slight angle.]

...and even as I stand here wearing a suit that probably costs a fourth of this entire school's value, I'm damn sure not too good to work the venue. I made the bed and it's my job to sleep in it. This is my price and I gladly pay it knowing that my presence in the Tri-State Wrestling Federation will form the foundation for its future success.

[Leon now completely turns to face the camera.]

But here's the kicker for all those little kids working this company, thinking of me as a broken down, crippled old man.

[A wolf-like smile crosses his face as his head dips forward, ice blue eyes looking past strands of blond hair now hanging in his face.]

Go ahead, try to steam roll me. Make that mistake; I'm begging you, because I live to make you regret it. Four important bullet points for each and every single person to consider when they step in the ring against Leon Corella...

[Leon brings his hand up, holding one finger up in front of the camera.]

Number one- I'm not a broken down cripple. I've seen my fair share of injuries, but the fact is I'm in better physical shape now than I was ten years ago and that's despite a past promotion having literally siced it's dogs on me and tried to break my back. Keyword- TRIED.

[He pops up a second finger.]

Number two- I'm aged but not old. I thought about it and while I'm closing in on forty I'm in damn good health, especially at my age, and I'm tired of this perception in pro wrestling that you are elderly when you pass the thirty-five mark. I've seen some of you kids sweating waterfalls and getting gassed out in that ring at the ten minute mark while I'm still going strong with just a bit of sweat on my brow.

[A snicker passes his lips.]

I bet if that Hallmark kid wrestled a One Hour Last Man Standing match, I'd beat him hands down and that's taking everything he's got. He'd gas out, I'd put him down in two... maybe three moves tops, and boom, call it a day. The fun thing about rookies is that they have no clue how to pace themselves.

[Next finger.]

Numero Thres- I am a 48th generation student of the Pankration and a third generation Professional Wrestler. On top of experience, I am probably the best trained and most skilled man in a wrestling ring in TSWF. I'd probably have the accolades to back it, but when you start out refusing even the most pedestrian of championships because your pride and ego won't let you look anywhere but the biggest hunk of gold you can put around your waist, you tend to have a slim championship portfolio.

[Final finger.]

And Finally- I adapt to survive. I can wrestle any kind of match. Hardcore, Puro, Tables, Ladder, Inferno, Casket... Hell I've even wrestled an Exploding Texas Death Match against a guy who was an

EXPERT at it and I beat him into unconsciousness. Whenever I lose, I study the person that beat me and I incorporate their style into mine just so I can come back and beat them at their own game.

[Dropping his hand, Leon points to the ground before him briefly.]

I am a constant evolution in progress and while the venue I work today may be a well-polished turd, I assure you that the match I put on will be world class because that is who I am and what I do.

[He steps in towards that camera, his head lifted upright. Leon pulls those shades from his pocket and unfolds them slowly.]

Hallmark, Black, and our yet to be named fourth participant, don't mistake my words for arrogant pride or as a sign of over confidence.

[Leon slips the stems of those shades over his ears and pushes them up the bridge of his nose with one finger.]

I am the greatest challenge the three of you have ever seen in professional wrestling and if any of you can beat me, then you will be able to walk away from that ring saying with one hundred percent certainty you earned it.

[He then points that same finger at himself now, his jaw set and his brow furrowed.]

...but mark my words, I will win. Not because I'm stronger or better than any of you, but because I need to win. I need to face the champion and beat him and if I have to tear through three other men like a chainsaw through tissue paper, then so be it.

[Leon turns slightly and pauses once more, looking over his shoulder towards that elementary school sign.]

...An Elementary School...

[He shakes his head slowly, then turns and walks away from the camera.]

...What's next, a wrestling ring in a Cemetery?

[Fade out.]



ELIJAH BLACK



[Elijah Black is sitting inside the nurses' station of the Rahway Rec Center, perched on the desk with his palms spread flat and pressed against the surface so his figure is spread out in the midst of this clean, white environment – quite the contrast to the urban camo jacket, torn-up jeans and the black t-shirt he's wearing]

Black: You know what gets me every time I hear it? The irony, in its purest form, that goes over the head of everyone in a position of power, influence of authority who wants people to watch their product.

Think about it – they run a show called “Hatred Saturday”, they even move out of this here Rec Center into a new market so they can pull in fans from a wider area, the sort of fans who will pay to see a show called “Hatred Saturday” in a federation that makes a big deal about their content not being toned down with the understanding that, from time to time they will push the envelope. Yet when, on a show named “Hatred Saturday” they can't trip over each other fast enough to say how terrible it is that somebody is pushing that envelope at the expense of what used to be RJ Souza.

What, you thought I wasn't going to open with that?

Yet whilst they damn and deplore my actions, you can bet that behind the closed doors of this company they're thankful for what I did. Not for putting an asset who might encourage a few casual fans through the door because they vaguely remember seeing him wrestle on TV way back when, but because I got people talking. Rather than complain that the main event to the last show never got started, instead people are talking about what happened. Can you name one other occasion where the main event of a wrestling show never took place, or was done in a matter of seconds, and people spoke about it asking what would happen next, rather than ask for a refund?

What they're talking about isn't the usual moronic utterances you see on YouTube. No, they're talking about how Souza had it coming, because I told him the home truths he didn't want anyone to consider. He wanted to be noticed; yet the fact is that I did notice him – he was the loser who was already out of contention because of his dumbassed actions, and he wanted someone to blame for it. I didn't put him on a pedestal because, simply put, he didn't deserve it. He did something somewhere else but, and you need to pay attention to this Souza, I wasn't there. Why should I, why should anyone, give you respect for what you did in the past when you can't come close to repeating the success in the present?

[Black pauses to idly pick up a handful of cotton balls out of a jar, playing with them between his fingers as he talks]

Black: Of course, something else needs to be said – the fact that there weren't facilities at Riverfront Park to fully treat Souza. Along with the blood loss, there was worry about whiplash, a concussion – things a facility like this isn't set up to deal with. They can deal with black eyes and split lips, skinned knees and nose bleeds, the things that can be fixed with an ice pack, a sticking plaster or a cotton swab, but in Souza's case he had to be taken to the emergency room to be checked out – and the first thing he thought when he woke up was "Damn, why couldn't this have happened in Canada", where he wouldn't have to worry about his life savings and his health insurance coming into direct conflict with one another. Instead, he had to endure the most expensive healthcare system in the world, something that doesn't justify its price despite how much the people that use it every day get ripped off, and for what? Trying to prove a point to me? Well I guess that plan didn't work out for you, did it?

Take my advice Souza; take your punishment like a man. If you want to make something of it once more, you will find yourself waking up in a CT scanner. If you want to air a grievance, all you have to do is agree to meet me in a match that will end with you saying "I Quit" and I can move past you once and for all.

[Black stops playing with the cotton balls, and drops them into a trashcan, brushing the cottony residue from his fingers before he continues]

Black: That's what's in the past that people have been talking about, now for what's in the future that people have been speculating about.

Souza may have taken one opportunity for me to become Tri State champion, but the fact is that he can't take all of them from me. All he has to do is see that, one show after I put him on the shelf, I'm offered another chance to face Mark Adams Junior – which is hardly punishment for the shocking scenes I inflicted on the poor people of Point Pleasant, is it?

When it was my shot at the title, I was looking for victory for reasons that are obvious to anyone. This time, however, victory isn't enough - I am looking to make a statement, to dominate, to underline how Adams got lucky because of someone else's interference. He knows I will come for that title again, and when I do so he won't have the chance to hope that somebody holds a petty grievance.

It doesn't matter that Hallmark and Corella have ideas of winning the match to get their opportunity, or the mystery man wants to try and surprise us because he doesn't have the balls to tell us who he is ahead of time, because right now I am focused on putting right the wrongs that this federation has endured. Last week was the first, and with this win the second shall be taken care of, and the champion in name only will be dethroned.

Yes, I am writing off the contribution of my opponents for this match. They'll get moves in on me and on each other, but for all that they will be wasting their time to a certain extent – because I have now made it my mission to rid Tri State of those who do not deserve to be where they are. Hallmark and Corella belong, so they shall merely be defeated, but for those who have faked and fluked their way to positions they should not be in, they will be destroyed.

I shall be the number one contender not because I believe that I can, but because Tri State needs me to. And with that in mind, the mystery man can play his games all he likes, but at the end of the day it won't matter one bit, as his debut will always be overshadowed as I take the next step towards changing things for the better.

[FTB]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: So now we know it was Chris Hallmark who was the victim of Tripp Skylark's prank at our last show. What a disgusting scene that must've been.

AS: Absolutely. Being covered in your own waste is not a fun place to be. And I'm sure Hallmark will be looking to take his aggression out on his opponents in this match. If I were Leon Corella, I'd keep my eyes peeled for a thrashing courtesy of Chris Hallmark.

SS: And then you have Elijah Black who isn't too concerned with any of his opponents. We'll see how that strategy unfolds very shortly.

AS: Well on a whole other note, it seems RJ Souza, despite his physical state, has shown up to the building tonight. Let's check out the footage taped of them as they made their entrance.



RJ SOUZA



[Destiny and RJ Souza walk through the door leading from the parking garage into the building. RJ is walking on crutches very slowly, a metal halo around his head and neck. Destiny's cellphone rings...and she answers.]

Destiny: Hello?

(Pause)

Destiny: What do you mean he hasn't checked in yet? Just keep me notified, okay?

[She hangs up the phone. She looks at RJ].

Destiny: I told you, this was a mistake.

[RJ shakes his head in disagreement.]

Destiny: We'll see. I hope you know what you are doing.

[RJ nods and they continue walking towards the box office.]



#1 CONTENDER'S MATCH

"THE AMATEUR" CHRIS HALLMARK

vs.

LEON CORELLA

vs.

ELIJAH BLACK

vs.

TBD



RA: The following four-way scramble is scheduled for one fall with a thirty-minute time limit.

POP!!

RA: Introducing first...

["The Florida Gators Fight Song" begins to play over the sound system.]

RA: From Fort Walton Beach, Florida... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds...

he is...

"THE AMATEUR" CHRISSSS HALLLLMARKKKK!!!

[Hallmark is a young gentleman with a shaved head in an orange and blue singlet with white Adidas wrestling shoes steps out from the backstage area and stands atop the stage.]

SS: Very interesting that RJ Souza is in the building tonight.

AS: Guess he wants to watch Elijah Black up close and personal.

[Hallmark walks to the ring, paying no attention to the fans, head up the ring steps and climb into the ring.]

BOOOO!!!!

RA: Participant number two...

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

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

[Through the curtains steps none other than Leon Corella wearing black and gold tights decorated with a metallic golden skull and red rose on the outer thighs, matching elbow and knee pads, similarly detailed wrestling boots, and heavy white tape from his fists to half the forearm. Strands of short blond hair hang in his face as he scans the crowd with ice blue eyes, his gaze intense and intimidating.]

RA: He hails from New Orleans, Louisiana...and stands six foot five inches tall and weighs in at approximately two hundred and fifty-six pounds...

LLLLLEEEEOOOOONNNNNN CCCCCOOOOORRRREEEELLLLLAAAAA!!!

[Leon strolls down the aisle, little in the way of fanfare as he makes his way to the ring.]

SS: OH MY.... (laughs) ... THAT' RICH!

[Leon gets halfway down the aisle when out from the back runs Tripp Skylark, his hair done in pigtails, Pippy Longstocking style, and wearing a black and green "SRH" cheerleading outfit, complete with pompoms and a megaphone. Leon looks at him and just shakes his head as he continues down the aisle.]

SS: Tripp Skylark looking to be Leon Corella's personal cheerleader.

AS: And only Skylark would take that role to the fullest extent.

[Upon arrival, Leon hops onto the apron and walks the length of it, looking briefly to the crowd before throwing one leg through the ropes, dipping down and walking out onto the canvas. Skylark stays down on the floor and just bounces around, waving his pom-poms in the air.]

SS: Obviously this is his way of showing his kindness to Corella for backing him up these last few weeks.

AS: Only Tripp Skylark would find a way to still get involved even when he's not an active participant on tonight's show.

[Leon makes his way to the nearest ring post, climbing up onto the second rung of ropes. He then lifts his arms up, palms upturned towards the sky as he tilts his head back.]

****POP!!****

[He then hops down from the post and makes his way to his corner, awaiting the start of the match. Chris Hallmark makes a few gestures towards Corella and Skylark, chuckling at the get-up Skylark is wearing.]

RA: Participant number three...

[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, the hood of his black hoodie raised, surveying the arena around him as he stands with his arms held wide to his sides, fists clenched, as he slowly turns on the spot]

##

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

##

[Black throws his head back, throwing the hood back around his shoulders, and walks 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 at a slow, deliberate pace – as if he's waiting for the fans nearest the barriers to heckle him...]

##

Then they outsourced my job
And gave a raise to my boss
Bailed out your banks
But billed me for the loss
##

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

They say we must submit
And be one with the Machines
Because the Kingdom of Fear
Needs compliance to succeed
##

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

So waterboard the kids for fun
It's all the rage
And play born-again American
Resistance is the game
##

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

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

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

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

[Black jumps off the top rope into the ring, in one movement throwing his hoodie to the mat, as he does another rotation with his arms stretched wide and his fists clenched, this time within the ring]

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

[...before kicking his hoodie to ringside and crouching in his corner of the ring]

RA: In the ring at this time... he hails from East Lansing, Michigan... and weighs in tonight at two hundred and seven pounds...

ELIJAHHHHH BLACKKKK!!!

****BIG HEEL HEAT!!****

AS: Ugh, I can't get the visions out of my head of what Black did to RJ Souza on our last broadcast.

SS: I know, Ashie. I've been there before and it definitely takes some time before things like that become a numbing factor in your head.

AS: I just hope that whenever RJ Souza gets back to one hundred percent, he answers Elijah Black's demands for an I Quit match and puts him in his place.

SS: I do too. So the three KNOWN participants for this match have arrived. Now time to see whom this 'mystery man' is.

RA: And the final participant...

##

No, his mind is not for rent
To any god or government.
Always hopeful, yet discontent,
He knows changes aren't permanent,
But change is.

##

[As the Guitar solo plays for "Tom Sawyer" from Rush, The "Man of Light" stands at the entrance. He wears his white mask and white double singlet with white tights all the way down to his white boots. A white cross can be seen across his chest and on the side of his boots. He walks slowly as a man of God would.....]

AS: Who is this?

SS: I'm not quite sure. One would assume this is that friend "Thomas" that RJ & Destiny Souza have been alluding to throughout the show.

##

And what you say about his company
Is what you say about society.
Catch the witness, catch the wit,
Catch the spirit, catch the spit.

##

[Tom Sawyer climbs the stairs onto the ring apron.... and Elijah Black just stares right at him.]

SS: Elijah Black fixated on this man. He knows this is a message from RJ Souza.

AS: Hell, it might even _BE_ RJ Souza.

SS: Highly doubt it, Ashie. There's no way that RJ Souza could have recuperated to ring-ready status in only two weeks. His neck injury was definitely one that keeps a man out for a good month, at the least. And you see him on those crutches when he arrived to the building earlier tonight.

##

The world is, the world is,
Love and life are deep,
Maybe as his skies are wide.

Exit the warrior,
Today's Tom Sawyer,
He gets high on you,
And the energy you trade,
He gets right on to the friction of the day.

##

[Tom Sawyer raises his hands and "turns up" the house lights. He looks at his opponents across the ring from him...and then looks his gaze upon Elijah Black.]

RA: In the ring at this time... he hails from The Deepest Reaches of Your Nightmares and weighs in tonight at two hundred and forty-five pounds...

"THE MODERN DAY MESSIAH"

TOMMMMMM SAWWWWYERRRR!!!!

MIXED CROWD REACTION!!

SS: These fans don't even know what to make of Tom Sawyer.

AS: Clearly a mind game being played by RJ Souza. The question that remains is this -- Will Elijah Black play along?

SS: We're about to find out.

DING! DING! DING!

SS: Chris Hallmark starting things off with Tom Sawyer. And Sawyer with a quick snap suplex on Hallmark.

AS: Hallmark also taken back by this man in white; not to mention Tripp Skylark on the floor.

SS: Now a few jabs from Sawyer before he runs into the ropes. A clothesline attempt missed and Hallmark takes the masked man down with a Samoan Drop. Quick cover only gets a one count.

AS: Hallmark now letting up though as he keeps Sawyer at bay with a waistlock takedown. Now an Irish whip into the ropes and Chris Hallmark charges in with the Running Forearm Smash.

SS: Another cover and once again, a one count for his troubles. Quick pull-up from Hallmark into a German suplex.

ONE!

AS: Both combatants' shoulders are on the mat.

TWO!

SS: Sawyer kicks out and Hallmark falls over in the process. Both men back to their feet as Chris Hallmark nails a kick to the thigh of Tom Sawyer followed by a fallaway slam.

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

AS: And the crowd starting to get under the skin of Hallmark so he makes the tag out to Elijah Black.

SS: Black goes after Sawyer but is caught in an armlock. Sawyer now with an arm wringer on Elijah Black... and he is inviting Leon Corella to come in to do the same on Black's other arm.

Tripp: Don't wait, don't hesitate, for the battle has just begun! Intimidate and dominate, for Leon's are number one.... bitches!!!!

SS: Tripp Skylark doing his best to cheer on Leon Corella. And what a creative cheer he has made up there.

AS: Corella climbs in and wrings Black's right arm. He's asking Tom Sawyer if he's doing it right.

SS: And Sawyer telling him he isn't so he applies more pressure on Black's left arm to show him how it's properly done.

AS: Chris Hallmark now in the ring, asking if he can try, saying he can do anything better than Corella.

SS: Elijah Black being made an example of here as Hallmark wrenches on the arm.

AS: And of course Leon Corella telling him to get out of the ring as he goes back to wring the arm once again.

SS: Corella wrings the arm the other way, flipping Elijah Black on to his back. Leon Corella telling both Tom Sawyer and Chris Hallmark that he finally gets it, to the approval of Sawyer and disgust of Hallmark.

AS: Elijah Black escapes to the floor to shake some feeling into his arm.

SS: The official telling Hallmark to get out of the ring so that Leon Corella and Tom Sawyer can continue this match.

AS: Sawyer and Corella exchanging kicks, punches, and chops in the center of the ring and the fans are really behind Leon Corella at the moment.

SS: As is Tripp Skylark. Corella now with a side headlock but Tom Sawyer able to counter with a go-behind into a backdrop suplex.

AS: And here comes Elijah Black once more. He goes right after Tom Sawyer with an arm drag followed by a standing dropkick. Now a headlock followed by an uppercut and Elijah Black is just tearing into this mystery man.

SS: Black with a series of elbows into the back of Tom Sawyer's neck. Leon Corella though not standing back as he grabs Black and hits a side suplex. Now he helps up Tom Sawyer for a little two on one action.

AS: Corella and Sawyer with a double whip into the ropes, looking to possibly catch Elijah Black with some sort of double team maneuver.

SS: Elijah Black rebounds off the ropes and ducks the double elbow, gets behind Corella and grabs him by the head. Ooo, he throws Corella head-first into the face of Tom Sawyer, stunning the masked man.

AS: Side headlock takedown on Corella and a series of punches to the head of the grounded opponent.

SS: The referee trying to make sense of this as he sends Tom Sawyer out of the ring.

AS: Elijah Black now peppering Corella with a couple of forearm shots... Corella catches the arm though and is able to take Black down with a snapmare.

SS: Black back to his feet though and Corella with a fireman's carry takedown. Whatever Elijah Black is doing, it doesn't seem to be working so well at the moment.

AS: Exactly. Elijah Black needs a new approach if he is going to survive this four-way dance against the likes of Leon Corella and Chris Hallmark and Tom Sawyer.

SS: Black with a low blow to stun Corella and now back to his feet is Elijah Black. Quick tag to Chris Hallmark.

AS: Hallmark runs right at Corella who is doubled over and hits a chop block to the legs.

Tripp: Shake it to the left, shake it to the right. Come on, Leon, lets fight, fight fight!

SS: Tripp Skylark looking to put some pep into Leon Corella's step as Chris Hallmark is on the offensive.

AS: Hallmark with a thrust kick to the head of Corella... BUT CORELLA SPRINGS RIGHT TO HIS FEET!

SS: The cheers from Skylark working seemingly as Corella grabs a hold of Hallmark and rushes him back-first into the corner. Now he's placing Hallmark up on the turnbuckles...

AS: AND HITS A BELLY TO BACK SUPERPLEX!!!

POP! POP! POP!

SS: Now Corella grabs a hold of Hallmark once more and hits a beautiful backbreaker in the center of the ring.

Tripp: It's Leon! Motherfuckin' Leon! The mighty, mighty Leon!

And we got

V (clap x4)

I (clap x4)

C - T - O (clap x4)

R - Y.

We got the victory.

Everyone in the crowd, get on your feet and let's drop a beat.

[Tripp stomps his left leg and claps under his right leg. Then stomps on right and claps under left leg. Then claps in front, then claps behind back, then pumps his fist in air with his left hand on hip.]

Gooooo Leon!!!!!!

SS: I really have to see this has been very entertaining to see Tripp Skylark on the outside.

AS: Yes, it harkens me back to my days as a cheerleader in high school back in Savannah.

SS: Snap suplex from Corella flattens Hallmark and now a bounce off the ropes... BLIND TAG BY ELIJAH BLACK!

AS: Black tapped Leon Corella on the shoulder as he was bouncing off those ropes. Elijah Black now in the ring and hits a clothesline on Corella before tossing the veteran out of the ring.

SS: Elijah Black stalks Hallmark and heaves him up with a vertical suplex... and drops him gut-first on the top rope. With Hallmark prone, Black stepping aside and looking at Tom Sawyer, offering him to step in the ring toe to toe.

AS: Sawyer blows him off so Black connects with a knee lift to Hallmark's temple, knocking him to the ring apron.

SS: Look at this. RJ and Destiny Souza taking a seat in the front row.

[The camera cuts for a moment to show Destiny Souza helping her husband, RJ to a seat at ringside. RJ Souza is heavily bandaged and wearing a neck/head halo as he walks on crutches.]

SS: Elijah Black sees Souza and is sort of shocked. He clearly thought Souza might've been standing in the ring with that white mask on.

AS: Well he's not. And now Black taking a moment to jaw jack at him from the comforts of the ring apron.

SS: I'm sure if Souza were not in such a precarious state, Elijah Black's tone would be completely different.

AS: Well, back to the match now as Elijah Black heads to the floor. He grabs a hold of Hallmark's arm and runs up the ring steps... Tornado armdrag from Elijah Black... NO! Hallmark somehow someway catches him in mid-air and dumps him to the floor with a uranage.

SS: Impressive comeback from Chris Hallmark who now throws Black back into the ring. And a cover by Hallmark...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: Leon Corella runs in to break it up.

SS: Chris Hallmark pushing Corella and Elijah Black back to his feet. Hallmark goes to punch Corella who ducks and backdrops Hallmark... right into a clothesline from Elijah Black.

AS: Black now heading to the apron, allowing Leon Corella and Chris Hallmark to dismantle each other some more.

****BIG HEEL HEAT!****

SS: Well, well, well...Marissa Monet now making an appearance in the aisle.

AS: It's been the edict of her husband, Shadoe Rage, that this number one contendership match is a fraud since he is the champ, and not Mark Adams Junior. So it would only make sense that she would come down to stick her nose in the business of these four well-deserving competitors.

SS: Absolutely. And right now Monet is just slowly making her way down the aisle, not looking to get too involved too early.

AS: Corella with an Irish whip on Hallmark... and a fireman's carry pickup by Corella. And now Hallmark trying to punch his way out.

SS: Hallmark back on his feet and goes for a dragon screw... ENZUIGIRI FROM CORELLA!!! And the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Kickout by Hallmark.

AS: And Tom Sawyer jumps in and hits a Rocker Dropper on Corella.

SS: Monet now at ringside and...

****BIG CROWD POP!!****

AS: Without question, Rich Anderson has rushed down here with a swarm of ring crew members. He's seen enough of Monet and Rage's antics over the last few weeks and will not let those two sully another moment in TSWF.

[Monet turns and argues with the ring agents and Rich Anderson. They swarm her and drag her back up the aisle towards the back.

SS: And for a second show in a row, Rich Anderson has saved TSWF from what could've turned into a most dramatic of situations.

AS: I told you he was a savior.

SS: And you are most correct in that statement. Back to the action as it's back to Leon Corella and Chris Hallmark as the legal men.

AS: Hallmark hits a toe kick to the head of Corella and now a belly to belly suplex.

SS: Tag out by Hallmark to Elijah Black. Irish whip from Black sends Corella into the buckles and he charges in after him...

AS: And eats an elbow from Corella. Black stumbles back stunned as Corella rushes out to capitalize and gets caught with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker from Black.

SS: Black holds on and nails a Russian legsweep... Hallmark rushes in and DOUBLE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP!!!

AS: Hallmark hit Black with a legsweep as the same time he was hitting one on Corella.

SS: AMAZEBALLS!!!

AS: I suppose you can describe it as that. Here comes Tom Sawyer now to work over Corella but there's Elijah Black with a spear into the sternum of Sawyer.

SS: Black with a huracanrana that takes both him and Sawyer down to the floor, leaving Hallmark and Corella inside the ring.

Tripp: LEON... LEON... LEON... THAT'S WHO _I'M_ KEEN ON!!! HALLMARK... HALLMARK...HE'S NUTTIN BUT A SKIDMARK!!!

SS: Chris Hallmark has had enough of this. He leans over the ropes and starts to yell at Tripp Skylark to shut up.

AS: Leon Corella grabs a hold of a distracted Hallmark... BIG TIME GERMAN SUPLEX!!!

SS: Corella with the bridge...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this match at twenty-six minutes and four seconds

LEONNNN CORRELLLLAAA!!!!

BIG CROWD POP!

[Furious, Elijah Black goes after Tom Sawyer with a Hoshi Kuroi.]

SS: Elijah Black down right in front of us here on the floor.

AS: DEAD LIKE YOU!!!

SS: Elijah Black has just nailed this masked man with that deadly backbreaker into a cutter combo out on the concrete floor. And now he just stands over the prone body of this 'Tom Sawyer'.

[Black then rips the white scowl off his head to reveal....]

SS: JOHNNY BLAYZE?!? Tom Sawyer is Johnny Blayze?

AS: Am I missing something?

SS: I'm not quite sure.

V/O: No his mind is not for rent...To any god or government...Always hopeful, yet discontent...He knows changes aren't permanent...But change is.....

[A spotlight shines at the top of the ramp and standing in the light is another man wearing the same wrestling attire as Tom Sawyer/Johnny Blayze. He's slightly larger in stature and his arms are crossed...Not moving at all. He takes his right hand, sticks out his thumb..... points it to his neck....and crosses it slowly.....then points at Elijah Black.]

SS: This is getting weirder and weirder.

AS: Let me get this straight... there's more than one Tom Sawyer?

SS: That's a question Elijah Black is asking himself as he just stares at the top of the ramp at the masked man staring back at him.

[The spotlight goes dark and Black looks out at the crowd, trying to find RJ Souza but he's gone from his seat already.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Well whatever the deal is with this Tom Sawyer fellow, it doesn't bode well right now because Elijah Black dispatched the one down here at ringside and is continuing to put the boots to Johnny Blayze down on the floor.

AS: Black in his actions sending a message back to RJ Souza. And I believe it's loud and clear – "you want to play games? Then bring it on!"

SS: Yes but all that aside, Leon Corella has earned himself a shot at Mark Adams Junior on our next event.

AS: Or Shadoe Rage.

SS: I suppose that would be the case, IF Rage were to defeat Adams in our main event tonight. We heard some very interesting comments from the champ earlier tonight and he seems more than ready to defend his title.

AS: That's right. And I like what I heard about Miss Nash's pedigree. It's always pleasant to know that the women here in TSWF know how to handle themselves, should the moment call for it.

SS: I for one hope to never be put in that situation. I'm here to do a job and it's certainly not to step in between those ropes and tangle with anyone.

AS: Me too.

SS: Well folks, it's time for the main event. And I believe the challenger, Mister Shadoe Rage, would like to address the crowd before this match so let's hear from him at this time.

[In the audience, the camera spies HFA volunteers, Doug Goldberg and Katie Barber, as they are distributing various items to the fans.]

AS: It's those HFA people! What are they doing? Don't they know we've got a show to run here?

[As Ashie says this, Katie makes her way to the announce table to drop off two items each to both member of the announce team. Stephanie seems to be rather proud of her new HFA button, while Ashie feebly waves his miniature American flag.]

AS: Buttons for some.. miniature American flags for others. Do people really still fall for this stuff?

SS: Show a little patriotism, Ashie! These fans certainly are!

[As if on cue, the Washington Post March plays over the loudspeaker. Out to the ring strides the tall, thin Jessica Vale in a navy blue skirt suit (with an American flag pin on her lapel) and white

blouse. Navigating her way to the ring, she holds up her own miniature flag to cheers from the audience.]

Crowd: USA! USA! USA! USA!

[Smiling widely, Vale prepares to address the audience as the music dies down.]

JV: Good evening, Union!

[Hey, that's us!]

JV: We at Hope for the Future of America want to thank you for your warm reception to us today. We're just starting our partnership with Tri-State Wrestling and we couldn't be happier. This is too great a country to let slip into the mire of indifference, am I right?

[A fresh round of "USA!" chants break out in response.]

JV: We humbly agree. Tonight marks the beginning of a new chapter for HFA, for TSWF, and for those who love America. Do you love America?!

[YES WE DO!]

JV: Then wave your flags...

[The audience becomes awash in waving flags.]

JV: ...and show your appreciation....

Crowd: USA! USA! USA! USA!

JV: ...for the man who made all of this possible!

[Jessica simply extends her arm towards the entrance ramp while the crowd chants away.]

Crowd: USA! USA! USA! US...

#DON'T TREAD ON ME!#

[The raucous sounds of Metallica's "Don't Tread On Me" fill the air. Out from the back, resplendent in a new charcoal grey suit, white shirt and red tie, comes a figure that might ring a bell or two for fans of other promotions...]

JV: May I present to you, the founder of HFA...MISTER HENRY SPIKES!

[The man himself is indeed here, as the six foot six inch former politician basks in the loud mixed reaction that greets him. Henry glad-hands a few fans on his way to the ring, grinning his wide grin all the while. With a new spring in his step, Spikes bounds into the ring. With the music winding down,

he graciously accepts the microphone from Jessica Vale. For a moment, they just stand there as various parts of the audience compete to have their contributions heard:]

"HEN-RY SPIKES! HEN-RY SPIKES!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Doug and Katie start waving their flags, bringing the audience back to a more agreed-upon response:]

"USA! USA! USA! USA!"

[Finally satisfied, Spikes presses on.]

HS: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for that warm welcome. It is so nice to be back here in the ring again, and it is an honor to have made it to Tri-State Wrestling!

[The grin recedes into something more believable.]

HS: It's been a little while since I've been inside the squared circle, and some time since I have been in the limelight. I've been working behind the scenes to get this little operation up and running, and its success to date is something of which I am quite proud.

[He holds a hand up questioningly.]

HS: Why do it? Why turn away from the worldwide stage I once had to pursue such a common, unremarkable thing as voter registration? It occurred to me, shortly after my last place of business shut down, that I had lost my way. I was so intent upon ruling the fiefdom in front of me that I forgot that I once had larger dreams. I once yearned to have a voice that spoke to the masses and for the masses. I dreamed of representing not a wrestling organization, but a country and a way of life.

[He straightens his lapels. Jessica Vale nods in approval.]

HS: Hope for the Future of America may only be a small step back in that direction, but it is a first step. I have seen the future of this wonderful country, without intervention from individuals such as myself, and what I see is bleak. But we CAN be great again! We CAN rise to be a world leader free from the trappings of socialism that threaten to derail this country's promise! But we need voters to make that dream a reality,

SS: Trappings of what?

[Henry plows on. The crowd gets a tad restless. Jessica's flag waving stirs up a more feeble reaction.]

HS: But signing up new voters is just one part of the solution. For it is not enough to be ABLE to vote, but you must be able to vote INTELLIGENTLY. This country is sorely lacking in true leadership and has grown to shun the qualities of what used to make a great American. I believe we are all sorely in need of shining examples of the true American spirit to guide the way to the future. And while at one time I considered myself such a man...

[A few audible sighs of relief are heard. One may have been from the broadcast table.]

HS: ...I believe that I am better served to be the messenger, to bring the truth of American exceptionalism to even the most liberal, pessimistic of fanbases.

[Some of the audience surmises that Spikes is talking down to them. Others are simply growing bored with his diatribe. Both groups join together to start booing the hell out of him.]

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOO!

[As if second nature, Henry doesn't acknowledge the jeers. Jessica continues to wave her flag, but Doug and Katie don't seem to be going along anymore. The audience continues to jeer despite their prompting, causing Henry's face to grow hard.]

HS: At the next show, TSWF faithful, you will have a firsthand look at HFA's true vision of America's future. The gloves are off. I do not intend to "play nice" as I may have while employed by the God Complex. I cannot, shall not let any force get in the way of Truth anymore. It is not what George Washington, the man whose name adorns this very facility, would have wanted for his country. So for him, for the founding fathers, and for real Americans everywhere, I will bring change to TSWF and to America...change you BOTH sorely need.

[Spikes drops the microphone, as "Don't Tread on Me" plays again. He opens the ropes for Jessica Vale, who gracefully descends the steps. The pair walk to the back, ignoring the less than enthused fans, with Doug and Katie following in their wake.]



[Back once more to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: On a night chock full of strange behavior, we have yet another example as for a moment in time, Henry Spikes turned our ring into a political forum.

AS: I told you things were not good with those HFA'ers.

SS: Umm, actually, no you didn't.

AS: Well I'm saying it now. Those HFA people are no good. And speaking of people who are no good, I believe we are now ready to hear from Shadoe Rage.

["Fame" begins its synth pop intro as the crowd immediately boos the arrival of the TSWF "fake" champion, Shadoe Rage. The curtains part and the metrosexual madman emerges, holding his championship belt high in the air. He is dressed in his ring gear - dark pink trunks and a light pink sleeveless lycra spandex tank top. He wears yellow knee pads and pink knee high wrestling boots. He wears his gold sequined robe with BLACK JESUS written in black sequins on the back. He twirls and pirouettes on the ramp, soaking in the fans' hatred before he points to the curtains. Marissa Monet emerges from behind the curtain, dressed in her traditional second skin black jeans and white

wifebeater to show off her amazing upper body musculature. She saunters into Rage's arms for a kiss before they stroll down to the ring, the Match Made in Heaven. The most arrogant bastards around.]

SS: I cannot believe this.. Shadoe Rage coming down here with that non-existent version of the Tri-State title.

[Marissa takes a microphone, stepping over the top rope before she bends over in a corner. Rage vaults through the top and middle ropes, twirling in place before he mounts the ropes behind Marissa in a lewd, stallion-like pose. He leers at the fans as Marissa kind of shakes her head in a heady mix of embarrassment and joy. She hands up the microphone. Rage takes it and hops to the mat, smiling out at the crowd.]

SR: My name is Shadoe Rage.

Crowd: BOO!

SR: Shadoe Rage.

[MORE BOOS!]

SR: My name is _Shadoe Rage_ and I am _your_ World Champion.

Crowd: MARK ADAMS JUNIOR! MARK ADAMS JUNIOR! MARK ADAMS JUNIOR!

[Rage cocks his head and sniffs at the air. His ears perk up at the name. He looks nonplussed. He turns to Marissa for help. She mimes a belt around her waist. The penny drops. Can he really be that thick?]

SR: Right, Mike Aiden Junior.

[Marissa shrugs as if to say "close enough."]

SR: Let me ask you little cum-stained monkeys something. What did he do to become your champion?

[Jesus, he won the title tournament, you guy-lined knob!]

SR: He won a bogus tournament in Brazil?

[Get it?]

SR: It doesn't matter, people. Because he never beat me. And now the idiots who operate this penny ante cut rate federation want me to compete for his title? Do you see how backwards this is? I'm the champion. No one has pinned me for this belt.

[He raises it to the rafters.]

SR: I choose who competes against me for my title. I don't recognize this as a title match, but I will be competing in this match. Why? Because I want to show y'all something.

down like a dog right here in this ring and keep doing my job and bringing fans into the building who want to be me and who want to be with me. Well, Mr. Phony Champion... You've been trying to walk in my shoes, but it's not going to work. You're going to feel what it's like to be Marissa, though.

[Even Marissa looks perplexed.]

SR: Because you're going to be begging and pleading for me to stop because you just can't take it anymore.

[Ever watch a Black woman blush?]

SR: But unlike Marissa you're going to mean it. And just like with Marissa I won't stop until I'm satisfied. And I promise you this, you little cum-stained monkey. I will not be satisfied for a very, very, very loooooonnnnnnnnggggggggg time!

[Marissa rubs her womb and mouths "It's true."]

SR: The name is Shadoe Rage. Shadoe Rage. Shadoe Rage! Remember it!

["Fame" plays the Match Made in Heaven out.]

SS: He just refuses to believe anyone is champion but him.

AS: Yes and Mark Adams Junior about to come down here to prove him wrong.



****MAIN EVENT****

****TRI-STATE TITLE DEFENSE**

SHADOE RAGE (Challenger)

vs.

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR (Champion)



#

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 with the Tri-State title slung over his shoulder. He is joined by Kylie Nash. The duo make their way down the aisle, trading handshakes and high-fives with the fans as the champ heads towards the ring.]

It's animal
Livin' in the human zoo
Animal
The shit that they toss to you
Feelin' like a Christian
Locked in a cage
Thrown to the lions
On the second page
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
O positive
#

[Climbing the steps to the ring, Adams pauses on the apron and turns around to look out at the fans. Kylie stays down on the floor.]

Blood on the streets
Blood on the rocks
Blood in the gutter
Every last drop
You want blood
You got it

#

[Turning to the ring, Adams looks at Shadoe Rage and nods a few times as a show of acknowledgement of what caliber of challenger stands before him. He then hops over the top rope and into the ring.]

I want you to bleed for me

If you want blood, you got it

#

[Climbing to the second turnbuckle, Adams surveys the crowd once more and then thrusts his right arm into the air with the title in hand before hopping back down and turning to face the center of the ring as his music fades to a close. He hands the Tri-State title to the referee who shows it to Rage before placing it on the timekeeper's table.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... The following match is your MAIN EVENT!

BIG LOUD POP!!!

RA: It is scheduled for one fall with a sixty-minute time limit...

AND IS FOR THE TSWF TRI-STATE CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!

ANOTHER LOUD POP!!!

Introducing first... in the left corner...

He hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... standing tall at six foot, three inches and weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty-eight pounds... accompanied by "The Great Black Shark" Marissa Monet...

SHADOOOOOOEEEEEE

RAGEEEEE!!!!

HUGE HEEL HEAT!!!

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... accompanied by Kylie Nash... he is the TSWF TRI-STATE CHAMPION... give it up for...

MARKKKKK

ADAMSSSSSS

JUNNNNNIORRRRR!!!!

EXPLOSIVE CROWD POP!!!

SS: The referee giving last minute instructions to both men.

AS: And there's the opening bell.

DING! DING! DING!

SS: Both men lock up and a few chops to the chest from Adams before just throwing him out of the ring.

AS: Rage down on the floor and taking a breather on the floor. Mark Adams Junior bounces off the ropes and goes for a clothesline through the ropes... AND SHADOE RAGE MOVES!!!

SS: Mark Adams Junior hits the floor as Rage side-stepped at the last second there. Now Shadoe Rage with a few stomps on Adams as the referee begins his count.

ONE!

AS: Another stomp by Shadoe Rage...and the foot is held by the champ. He pushes up and Rage falls to the ground.

TWO!

SS: Monet being kept back by the presence of Kylie Nash as Mark Adams Junior throws Rage back into the ring.

AS: Double underhook from Adams as he looks to be going for a suplex... and Rage slides out. Single leg takedown from the challenger and now an elbowdrop hits the mark.

SS: Numerous fans using Shadoe Rage for target practice as they throw garbage at him and his mistress, Marissa Monet, out on the floor.

AS: Rage grabs a hold of Mark Adams Junior and is caught with a shot to the midsection. Now a forearm to the back of Rage and Adams going for a wheelbarrow faceslam...

SS: Rage once again escapes.

AS: The champ hits a chop followed by a kick and takes Shadoe Rage down with a pumphandle slam. And the crowd is really behind Mark Adams Junior at this moment.

SS: Adams tosses Shadoe Rage into the ropes and Rage purposefully falls over the top rope to the apron. Mind games being played by Rage as he slides back under the bottom rope and grabs Adams into a roll-up.

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Adams kicks out and Rage complaining about a slow count. He grabs Adams once more and hits a gutwrench suplex before another cover.

ONE!

AS: Quick kickout and Rage heads to the floor for another breather. Adams climbs out after him and chases him around the ringside area before Rage slides back in to the ring.

SS: Adams slides in after him and is met with a kick to the head. Irish whip and Rage hits a flying forearm.

AS: Rage bounces off the ropes and waits for Adams to rise up. Now Rage sprints towards Adams and goes for a clothesline... DEATH VALLEY DRIVER FROM MARK ADAMS JUNIOR!!

SS: The crowd going wild as Adams locks Shadoe Rage in an STO. And Rage fighting desperately to break the hold or escape.

AS: A lunge for the ropes is met by Monet pushing them closer as Rage's fingers nearly grasp the bottom strand.

SS: Mark Adams Junior releases the submission hold and pulls Rage to his feet. Knife-edge chop to the chest stuns Rage as Adams puts him down with a fireman's carry takedown.

AS: Cover by Adams...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Rage with a shoulder up at the last second. Adams now dragging Rage up to his feet and throws him into the turnbuckles. A charge by Adams for a shoulder tackle... AND RAGE SLIPS DOWN TO MOVE OUT OF THE WAY!

AS: Mark Adams Junior may have hurt his shoulder there as Rage whips him into the ropes. Side headlock takeover from Rage and now Adams' head being grinded on by Shadoe Rage.

SS: Adams looking for the ropes and slowly making his way towards them.

CROWD POP!

AS: And with that, Adams forces the break but Shadoe Rage not letting go that easily.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

SS: Rage finally releases the hold. Adams pounces on him and drills a series of mounted punches into the face of Shadoe Rage.

AS: Now he pulls Rage up and hits that double underhook suplex. Up top goes Adams and he flies off with a diving headbutt.

SS: Mark Adams Junior pulls Shadoe Rage back up and goes for a half nelson suplex... Rage counters with a fireman's carry... NO! Adams turns it into a choke sleeper.

AS: Shadoe Rage with a thumb to the eye and he heads to the floor once more. Adams follows and is caught with a choke lift by Rage.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

SS: Rage now with a sleeperhold attempt on the floor... go-behind from Adams who hits a full nelson slam on the concrete.

AS: Marissa Monet goes after Adams but Kylie Nash steps in once again to chase her off. Mark Adams Junior grabs Shadoe Rage and tosses him back in to the ring.

SS: The champ now going up to the top turnbuckle... what's this going to be?

AS: ANGEL OF DEATH DROP!!!

SS: Mark Adams Junior hits the patented moonsault elbowdrop of Shadoe Rage's. Now the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR.....

AS: SHADOE RAGE KICKS OUT AT THE VERY LAST SECOND!

SS: Mark Adams Junior with some mind games of his own as he almost defeated Shadoe Rage with his own finisher. Clearly we now know what the champ meant when he said Rage would have to defeat himself in order to become champion.

AS: Rage at a loss for words as he is pulled to the floor by Marissa Monet. These two need to re-evaluate their strategy if they are to be successful in this contest.

SS: Adams gives Shadoe Rage all the space and time in the world to regroup. He knows he is inside of Rage's head at the moment.

AS: Shadoe Rage now climbing back in the ring and goes after Adams with a lariat. Adams ducks under and whips Rage into the ropes.

SS: He comes back off the side and rocks Mark Adams Junior with a roaring elbow to the temple.

AS: Rage grabs Adams and hits a stiff piledriver into the mat. And this crowd is very vocal as they boo the house down on Shadoe Rage.

SS: Adams being pulled to his feet and is caught with a knee to the gut. Now a headsmash into the turnbuckle as Shadoe Rage maintains the offense. Irish whip from Rage once more and Adams is planted with a spinebuster slam.

AS: Up goes Shadoe Rage and he flies off the second turnbuckle with a legdrop across the throat of Mark Adams Junior.

SS: Rage with the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: ADAMS KICKS OUT!

SS: Shadoe Rage pulls Adams to his feet and hits a German suplex...

ONE!

TWO!

THR....

SS: ADAMS SHOULDERS UP IN TIME!

AS: Another German suplex....

ONE!

TWO!

AS: And once again the champ gets his shoulder up before the three count.

SS: Shadoe Rage is furious as he hits a falling kneedrop on Mark Adams Junior. Up goes Rage once more as he may be looking for that Angel of Death Drop.

AS: NO! Shadoe Rage only up to the second turnbuckle once again as he tries for a kneedrop....

SS: AND ADAMS MOVES IN TIME!! The crowd goes wild!

AS: ICEBREAKER CROSSFACE FROM MARK ADAMS JUNIOR!!!

SS: But Marissa Monet distracts the referee. Adams releases the hold and goes after her.

AS: Rage with a dropkick to the back of Adams who bounces stomachfirst off the ropes into a rollup.

ONE!

TWO!

SS: ADAMS WITH THE KICKOUT! This crowd is behind Mark Adams Junior all the way.

AS: Rage bounces off the ropes.... And is met with a back heel kick from Adams.

SS: And now Shadoe Rage just begging for mercy but Mark Adams Junior not giving any tonight, folks.

AS: Whip into the corner and Adams rushes in with a clothesline. Now he places Rage up top... BELLY TO BELLY SUPERPLEX!!!

SS: Shadoe Rage had to have bounced a good five feet after that one, Ashie.

AS: Adams looking for another suplex... and Rage with a rake of the eyes. Headbutt floors Adams.

SS: Another choke lift from Rage. And the referee starts his count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

AS: Rage releases but then lays an arm across the throat of Adams for another choke.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

SS: Rage to his feet and stomps the groin of Adams. He picks Adams up and throws him down to the floor at the feet of Marissa Monet. Rage looks at Kylie Nash and tells her to 'stay right where she is... or else.'

AS: Monet grabs Adams and whips him back-first into the steel guardrail. Now Rage jumps out of the ring and drills Adams with a plancha.

Ref: ONE!

SS: Rage climbs up on the ring apron and goes for a flying axehandle... NO! Mark Adams Junior able to get a foot up in time and nails Rage in the face as he flew down.

Ref: THREE!

AS: Adams grabs Rage and hits a full nelson slam on the floor. Now he grabs Rage once again and throws him back in to the ring before climbing in as well.

SS: Rage tossed into the corner and Mark Adams Junior laying into him with chops to the chest.

AS: Rage comes back though with a kneelift and follows up with a swinging neckbreaker.

LOUD CROWD!!!

SS: Rage with a headlock... looks to be going for a DDT... NO! Adams with the backdrop.

AS: Mark Adams Junior grabs Rage by the legs and tries for a wheelbarrow faceslam... Rage with the counter and takes Adams down with a bulldog.

SS: These two men going at it without any stopping. They both know how important the TSWF Tri-State title is and will not pull any punches until it is around their respective waist.

AS: Irish whip by Rage... and he takes Mark Adams Junior out with a flying clothesline. And with the champ down on the mat, Shadoe Rage pounces on top of him... WOW! RAGE WITH THE ICEBREAKER CROSSFACE!

SS: Rage taking a page out of Adams' playbook by applying his own finisher on him. Adams struggling to reach the ropes or to escape the hold.

AS: You'd think he'd know a proper counter to his own finishing move but right now, Mark Adams Junior looking like the victim of that deadly submission hold.

SS: Adams slowly getting to the ropes as these fans chant his name.

Crowd: ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!

AS: WOA! Mark Adams Junior getting to a vertical state with Rage clinging to his neck and back. What strength from the champ!

SS: Adams falls backwards into the ropes and both men tumble to the floor. That had to be a good ten feet of free-fall right there.

AS: Neither men moving at the moment.

SS: Monet trying to help Shadoe Rage to his feet but he is a limp noodle.

AS: Marissa Monet goes to grab a chair from a fan...but the fan won't let go. What's going on here?

SS: Obviously a fan of Mark Adams Junior who doesn't want to see harm done to their favorite. Or at least that's my guess.

AS: Shadoe Rage back on his feet and now coming over to see what the issue is. AND THE FAN JUST NAILS RAGE AND MONET WITH THE CHAIR!

SS: Now I've seen it all. Fans fighting back against the wrestlers? This truly IS a new era in professional wrestling here in TSWF.

[The "fan" pulls a baseball cap off their head to reveal Brandy Danielle.]

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

AS: YES! YES! IT'S BRANDY DANIELLE!!!

SS: Danielle now jumping the guardrail and slams that chair down on Monet and Rage a few more times.

****ANOTHER CROWD POP!!****

AS: Now Brandy Danielle grabbing Mark Adams Junior. And she tosses him inside the ring.

SS: The referee continues his count which is currently at six.

Ref: SEVEN!

Crowd: EIGHT!

Ref: NINE!

TEN!

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

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this match as a result of a countout...

AND STILL TSWF TRI-STATE CHAMPION....

MARKKKKK

ADAMMMSSSS

JUNNNIORRR!!!

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

[Brandy Danielle applauds at ringside as Mark Adams Junior slowly makes his way to his feet inside the ring.]

SS: The champ not quite sure what happened in the closing moments there. But the referee raising his hand in victory.

AS: And Brandy Danielle feeling her work is done is now heading back up the aisle to the backstage area.



[Cut back to Ashie and Stephanie for the final wrap-up]

SS: Brandy Danielle struck at the proper time and hit Shadoe Rage right where it would hurt the most... his waist.

AS: Her distraction cost Rage his shot at becoming champion and maybe NOW he will pay a little more attention to Miss Danielle.

SS: WHAT THE?!? Shadoe Rage and Marissa Monet back to their feet here in the ringside area. And Rage just grabbed Mark Adams Junior's title from the timekeeper's table.

AS: Rage has jumped the railing. He has the Tri-State title hostage. What are we going to do?

SS: Shadoe Rage doesn't care what the referee's decision is. He wanted that title belt and now he has it.

AS: And like they always say, possession is nine-tenths of the law.

SS: What does this mean for the champion? I guess we'll have to find out in the days to come. Join us next time for another edition of TSWF Wrestling where we will hopefully have an official title defense between Mark Adams Junior and Leon Corella.

AS: As well as hear from the other superstars of TSWF about the events of tonight's show and how they affect things going forward.

SS: See you then.

[The last shot of the night is Shadoe Rage standing in the crowd with Mark Adams Junior's title belt held over his shoulder while the old version of the title is held high in the air. Mark Adams Junior stands on the top turnbuckles and stares Rage down.

And fade.]