

[The show opens as a black and tan 1970 Plymouth Hemi 'Cuda 440 with gold tinted windows rumbles into the underground arena parking lot, its high polished gloss paint shimmering under the parking lot lights. The car pulls up into the parking lot and after idling for a moment, the engine is killed. The door opens and out steps Leon Corella, still sporting a few lingering bruises on his face from two weeks ago. He sports a black T-shirt scored with tribal designs tucked in to a pair of tan slacks with a black belt and silver latch buckle, a pair of dark brown suede shoes, and an angry scowl. Reaching into the back seat, he pulls out his black and gold sledgehammer and slams the door shut. With a bit of a limp, Leon starts heading for the nearest arena entrance, a dangerous and angry scowl on his face. We hear commentary from ringside.]

AS: It's Leon Corella! I can't believe he's here tonight!

SS: Me neither, Ashie. After the beating he took at our last show, I thought for sure he'd be convalescing at home.

AS: Well regardless, he's here and he's got that Sledgehammer of his. And he is looking **very** eager to use it.

SS: ...He's not even allowed in the arena per doctor's orders!

AS: Tell that to the angry man with the hammer who just stepped into the elevator heading up from the parking area.

[The camera cuts to a hallway in the backstage area as the elevator opens up. Leon steps out and is immediately stopped by Mike Sandsbury.]

MS: Leon...

[Leon points the hammer at the TSWF owner. Injured or not, Mr. Corella is quite pissed...]

LC: Out of the way, Mike... I have business to discuss with Chris Hallmark, Vic Morrison, Jack Nomad, and Chad Allen....

[Sandsbury holds his hands up.]

MS: ...This solves nothing. Go home. Please. I'll handle it.

[Leon suddenly shouts at the man in pure anger.]

LC: YOU'LL HANDLE IT?! THIS F***ING MESS IS **YOUR** FAULT!!!! YOU LET THIS SHIT HAPPEN!!!

[...Fury is written on his face, his breaths coming in ragged and heavy as the hammer shakes from the tension in his hands. That anger, however, is tinged with signs of pain. For Corella to even show a hint of that pain means he is suffering.]

LC: Now... step aside before I'm forced to move you.

[The owner of TSWF stands his ground. Lowering his arms, he tenses up in preparation to take a hit.]

MS: All right, if that's how you want it, swing for the fences Leon. I deserve it.

[Corella arches his brow.]

LC: Are you f***ing insane?

[Mr. Sandsbury shakes his head.]

MS: Maybe I am, maybe I'm not, but you were right Leon.

[Leon lowers the hammer into his hands, still angry, but now with a hint of confusion.]

MS: Not only did I set you up for further injury at the hands of Hallmark, I've inadvertently validated Nomad and every damn word he's said about me from day one.

[Sandsbury places his hands on his hips and shakes his head slowly.]

MS: ...and worst of all, I could have fired him at any time before this all reached the point that it has. He should have been fired on day one!

[Leon listens quietly as Mike continues his confessional. Sandsbury slaps a hand to his forehead and runs it down his face.]

MS: I'll be honest with you, Leon. Brandy Danielle-Garrett was kind of the reason I let him in here in the first place. She just drives me up the damn wall with her constant demands and nagging! I have a wife at home to nag me, I don't need one here on the f***ing road!!!

[Resting the butt of the hammer on the floor, Leon leans forward on the hammer head with both hands and continues to listen.]

MS: I let that high maintenance _competitor_ work me up to the point that I hired a deranged sociopath into the company just to scare her off. And NOW... it's escalated to where I can't just arbitrarily fire him. It'd make a martyr out of him! Can you believe he has fans?! The crazy mother <bleep> has FANS, Leon!!!

[Leon merely nods his head. The anger that was driving him now slowly seeps away.]

MS: So please... I'm begging you. If you're going to go through with this, put me out of my f***ing misery right now. Because I'd rather be in a goddamned coma than have to clean up the fallout from whatever you're going to do. And to be honest with you...at least it'd save me from having to apologize to Hallmark! I'd much rather apologize to you on your worst day than Chris Hallmark at his finest hour.

[Taking in a deep breath, Leon finally speaks.]

LC: Look, I've never... ever... let anyone get away with pulling shit on me. Good or bad, I've always gotten retribution against those who have wronged me one way or another.

[A smirk crosses his lips.]

LC: I waited for over a year to get "Vile" Vince Viper for what he and the Lynch Mob did to me and Spade on behalf of AJ Black and SPW. Yet I'm *still* waiting for an opportunity at the Lynch Mob and AJ himself. If I can wait THAT long, I can give Hallmark and his friends two weeks at the very least.

[Sandsbury's shoulders sag a bit and his head lowers. He looks back up at Leon.]

MS: ...You sure you don't want to just crack me with the hammer? Give me a nice case of blunt force trauma and send me anywhere but here?

[Sighing softly, Leon slowly shakes his head.]

LC: I'm afraid not. All I've got for you is this, Mike. Under no circumstances should you EVER apologize to me or any of the wrestlers who come to your arena and work. I've been saying "I'm sorry"

for the last three years and I think it's cost me my edge. People used to hesitate before they ever thought of laying a hand on me. But now? All they see is a wrestler nearing his twilight, begging for forgiveness for his sins. Not the ring dominating threat that I've always been since day one.

[He lifts his head, looking back toward the TSWF Owner.]

LC: Like a great man once said, "Don't ever say you're sorry. It's a sign of weakness." You wanna' keep gettin' walked on? Give Hallmark what he wants. You want to be respected? Cold cock that son of a bitch and tell him how it's going to be from here on in. If he doesn't like it, show him the f***ing door and be done with it once and for all.

[Intensity blazes in Corella's ice blue eyes, as he looks Mike Sandsbury dead in his.]

LC: You're the boss. Act like it for f**k's sake.

[Turning around, Leon promptly heads down the nearby stairwell, leaving Mike Sandsbury to ponder those words.]



[We fade up to the crowd sitting ringside and all around the building inside the Palmer Center in Easton, PA. The excited crowd is chanting "TRI-STATE" as we cut to STEPHANIE SANDSBURY and ASHIE SINCLAIR standing at ringside. Ashie is wearing a yellow dress while Stephanie is wearing a grey shirt; her hair in a short bob, framing her face. A black banner is draped over the front of the table they are sitting behind and it says in red lettering:

TRI-STATE WRESTLING

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

SS: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WELCOME TO TSWF'S "FINAL ENCOUNTER" HERE IN EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA!!!!

CROWD POP!!

AS: And as always, our night is chock full of high intensity action as we build up towards what some are saying is the epic conclusion to a war that has gone on for several months between Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage.

SS: Adams and Rage have duked it out in SIX impressive matches, each man taking three a piece and tonight, we WILL finally resolve the dispute over who truly is THE Tri-State champion in TSWF.

AS: Let's not forget as well the six man battle between a team led by that sociopath Jack Nomad against a trio of superstars that your brother and TSWF owner, Michael Sandsbury, has put his faith in to vanquish the insanity that took over our show a few weeks back.

SS: I have faith in RJ Souza, Elijah Black, and Josie Saito to get the job done. Otherwise, heads WILL roll for sure. It's not a terrific night for my brother knowing he has to publically apologize to Chris Hallmark later on so let's hope that's the only humbling moment for the Sandsbury name this evening.

AS: Personally I hope he takes some of Leon Corella's advice and "mans up". This company can't afford to have guys like Hallmark and Jack Nomad running around doing whatever they please.

SS: Oh I'm sure Corella got in my brother's ear real good. And in two weeks time, retribution will come to all those who stand in his way in the form of a furious Leon Corella.

[The opening synth line to the disco classic "Fame" by Irene Cara sets the crowd booing immediately as the lyrics hit, introducing the most hated man in the Tri-State area.]

#

Baby look at me
And tell me what you see.
You ain't seen the best of me yet
Give me time, I'll make you forget the rest.
I got more in me, and you can set it free
I can catch the moon in my hand
Don't you know who I am?

#

SS: What the heck is he doing coming out here? Shouldn't he be in the back getting ready for his match later tonight?

AS: Well Stephanie, rumors have been swirling that Shadoe Rage had a big announcement to make so let's see what he has to say.

[The curtains part and Shadoe Rage steps out smugly. He is dressed in his hot pink wrestling trunks and a pale pink and gold ringer T emblazoned with "The King -The Champ." He fans his locks over his shoulders as he stares at the crowd through amber-lens sunglasses. The glasses do nothing to hide the intensity and the madness of his stare. As the crowd rains heavy boos down on him, he seems to grow in stature, feeding off their energy as he threatens to backhand a few kids who reach over the aisle to touch him. He puts up his dukes and fake rushes another father who has some hot words for him but then blows a kiss at a woman before swatting it away.]

#

Remember my name (Fame)
I'm gonna live forever
I'm gonna learn how to fly (High)
I feel it coming together
People will see me and cry (Fame)

I'm gonna make it to heaven
Light up the sky like a flame (Fame)
I'm gonna live forever

Baby, remember my name
Remember, Remember, Remember, Remember,
Remember, Remember, Remember, Remember

#

Crowd: YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK!

SS: These fans know what's up. Shadoe Rage is nothing but an egotistical maniac and the fact that he feels the need to grace the ring with his presence so early in our show is a pure demonstration of that fact.

[Rage pirouettes as the first bits of garbage comes sailing over the ringside barrier. Rage ducks it and rushes the guardrail, threatening to go into the crowd as he points his finger into somebody's face and growls threats. He shoves a kid to one side as he puts a leg onto the barrier, threatening to leap before security pulls him back and restores order. Rage takes the ring, demanding a microphone.]

#

Baby hold me tight
'Cause you can make it right.
You can shoot me straight to the top
Give me love and take all I got to give.
Baby I'll return
Too much is not enough
I can ride your heart till it breaks
Ooh, I got what it takes
#

Shadoe Rage: Cut the music.

[He slashes his finger across his throat. The music stops abruptly leaving only the jeering crowd.]

Crowd: YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK!

[Rage charges the corner, leaping onto the top turnbuckle with ease, never even using his hands for balance.]

Shadoe Rage: My name is Shadoe Rage! And I just want to welcome everybody in Easton, Pennsylvania to Rage Country - Population: Everybody! Everybody's electric. I can feel it. You can feel it, can't you? Everybody knows that tonight the King of Rage Country reclaims the crown stolen by Mark Adams Junior. Palmer Centre, get ready because tonight's the night that the end of the world comes for Mark Adams Jr!

Crowd: YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK!

[Rage does a moonsault off the top rope to land on his feet, oblivious to the crowd's reaction.]

Shadoe Rage: Mark Adams Junior has been pretending to be your champion for too long. And now he's down to his last chance, his last stand. Tonight that belt will be suspended high above the ring and only one of us, me, will climb that ladder to victory! He can't do it. He's not good enough. He never was good enough.

Crowd: ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!

Shadoe Rage: Yes, that's the man that is going to fall tonight. But first there is somebody else that I would like to address. Mitchell Sanderberry, I want you to come to this ring right now.

["How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy begins to play over the PA system and out from the back steps TSWF owner, Michael Sandsbury, wearing a blue button up shirt and a pair of dark jeans with black dress shoes.]

CROWD POP

[Sandsbury heads down the aisle and grabs a microphone from the timekeeper's table before climbing up the ring steps and into the ring.]

MS: That's Michael Sandbury, Mr. Rage. I thought you'd realize it by now from the signature on your checks at the pay window.

Shadoe Rage: It doesn't matter what your name is. All that matters is that you do your job the way you are supposed to. No little notes on a website, no slick little comments in passing. Your rule was to ban everybody from ringside while the match was on or they would be fired. That was your rule, was it not? Was it not? Was it not?

Michael Sandbury: Yes.. yes it was.

Shadoe Rage: Then do your job and tell the world! Tell every citizen of Rage Country from one end of the building to the other! And tell every one of my Rageoholics out there watching on television that Mark Adams Junior's seconds are FIRED!

SS: FIRED? You've got to be kidding me? I knew he was petitioning for this but come on now, is Shadoe Rage THAT afraid of Werewolf Gregorson and Kylie Nash?

MS: Well you know...

[He pauses]

MS: I'm not quite sure...

Crowd: JUST SAY NO! JUST SAY NO! JUST SAY NO!

[Sandbury looks around at the crowd]

MS: OH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD...WHY ME?!?

[Another pause as he paces around the ring before turning back towards Shadoe Rage.]

MS: FINE! You're right. They SHOULD and WILL be fired.

Shadoe Rage: (clapping) HALLELUJAH! Now there's no chance for Mark Adams Junior to win! No chance at all!

HUGE HEEL HEAT!!!

Crowd: FIRE SANDSBURY!!!!

SS: The fans not pleased with my brother's decision but it does stand. Kylie Nash & Werewolf Gregorson are FIRED from TSWF as of tonight and will not be around to celebrate with Mark Adams Junior should he win the ladder match and retain his Tri-State title.

AS: Speaking of Adams, I believe we have a camera backstage and let's just say...he's not ecstatic at this news.

[As the crowd continues to boo Shadoe Rage and Michael Sandbury inside the ring, we cut to the backstage area where we find Mark Adams Junior, in an apparent fit of rage over Michael Sandbury's announcement, destroying the catering area as members of the TSWF production staff attempt to calm him down.]

PA#1: Mark, take it easy! C'mon, man, you know this is just Rage's way to psyche you out!

PA#2: Mark, you're letting him win. You're better than this!

MA: Better than what? Better than a sick, sadistic psychopath like Shadoe Rage who gets off on messing with people like they're his own personal playthings? I'm SICK of being "better" than him. Where did it get me? Where did it get Kylie and Werewolf?!?

PA#1: Mark, there's a camera crew taping all of this. The fans...

MA: The fans? You think the fans aren't pissed off too? Listen to that f**king booing, for Christ's sake! The fans want me to lock that bastard Rage in the Icebreaker and snap his motherf**king neck like a toothpick, not climb some stupid fucking ladder for a cheap imitation of the title that he trashed in the first place! C'mon, man, if Michael Sandbury had any f**king balls, he would've fired Rage and that two-bit tranny girlfriend of his MONTHS ago but instead what does he do? He's gives the mother**ker seven more chances to try and take the belt away from me!

Crowd (slightly audible): ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!

PA#2: Mark.. I know...but listen! The fans are chanting your name out there! They want you out there. Not Rage... YOU!

MA: They do? Alright, I'll go out there...but this isn't about some f**king title any more... not tonight. This is f**king personal.

Now get that camera out of my face, goddammit, and get out of my way!

[Cut back to ringside where Shadoe Rage & Michael Sandbury are still inside the ring, answering the boos of the fans as well as the various chants]

Crowd: ADAMS! F**K YOU SANDBURY! THIS IS BULLSHIT!!!

[AC/DC's "If You Want Blood (You Got It)" begins to blast out over the PA system and the crowd explodes with cheers as a disheveled Mark Adams Junior steps out onto the stage. As the music fades to a close, Adams takes a deep breath to compose himself and stares down at Shadoe Rage and Michael Sandbury inside the ring.]

MA: So this is what it comes down to? Werewolf Gregorson hands you the match last week on a silver platter and you want him and Kylie both FIRED?

[Shadoe smirks and nods his head in agreement inside the ring]

MA: Well, that's all well and good, Shadoe, but what did that really accomplish besides costing me my manager? Did it enamor you to the fans or win you even one convert to Rage Country?

No.

Did it make you look like more of a man in the eyes of the two or three fans who ARE members of Rage Country?

Mmm...maybe, but no one ever claimed your fans were MENSA members.

Or did it piss me off and give you an edge going into this ladder match tonight?

Well...

Yes and no.

You see, Shadoc, as I'm sure the fans at home all witnessed just a moment or two ago, thanks to certain camera-carrying individuals who don't know when to leave a man alone, what you did tonight...what you forced Michael Sandbury to do tonight...is just another miscarriage of justice in a long line of miscarriages of justice that you've somehow managed to get away with here in the TSWF.

But I guess that's what comes from having a CEO whose SISTER has a bigger set of testicles than he does!

POP!!!!

SS: Hey!

MA: No offense, Stephanie, and I don't blame you, Mr. Sandbury... really, I don't. But, if you were even half the man you try to come off as around here, you wouldn't have let that piece of crap standing next to you destroy the title in the first place...and then reward him with another shot at the title...or, in this case, SEVEN shots at the title.

That's okay, though, because, Shadoc and I...as much as we hate each other's guts...we've got something in common.

We both make you shitloads of money...and that's all that matters you, isn't it? As long as we keep drawing in the fans and putting a**es in the seats, you'll work us both till we've got nothing left to give or until one of us has enough of your bullshit and walks out that door for good.

And, after tonight, that might just happen.

But I digress.

So, yes, Shadoc, you pissed me off, but, no, that doesn't give you the edge in our ladder match tonight.

In fact, your plan may have backfired because, by pissing me off the way you did, you've given the edge...to ME.

You see, after what you just did, I don't care about titles tonight. All I care about...is hurting you.

And I'm gonna f**k you up so bad even your poor old Momma Rage will need a DNA test to know it's you she's looking at.

[Adams smirks as the crowd pops some more.]

MA: And when all is said and done, Shadoc, when I'm standing over your broken, bloody carcass with your cheap rip-off of a title in my hands, you can have YOUR belt back, because it, like you, isn't worth jack...shit.

Now let's get this thing done with, shall we? 'Cause I've got a Rage of my own going on right now, and somebody has to pay for it.

[Adams starts walking down to the ring.]

SS: Am I understanding this correctly? Does Mark Adams Junior want to fight this ladder match right now?

Michael Sandbury: So that's how it's going to be, Mark? Well fine...you two can tear each other apart right here right now....SOMEONE GET SOME LADDERS OUT HERE!!!

HUGE CROWD POP!!!

[Several ring crew members rush to the ring as Mark Adams Junior continues his walk down the aisle. They scramble underneath the ring and pull out various ladders of size, setting them up around the ringside area.]

AS: I guess we have our answer.

SS: WOAH! What a surprise to have the main event right up at the top of the show.



BEST OF SEVEN SERIES – MATCH #7

LADDER MATCH

SHADOE RAGE

vs.

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



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

POP!!

RA: It will be contested under LADDER MATCH RULES!!!

[The camera cuts to show TSWF owner, Michael Sandbury, at ringside. He has the Tri-State title in hand and hooks it up to a big wire, which is then lifted high above the ring. We also see several ladders set up around ringside thanks to the steadfast TSWF ring crew working double-time.]

RA: The first man to climb a ladder and unhook the title belt WILL BE THE WINNER!!!

ANOTHER BIG POP!!!

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

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

SHADOOOOOOEEEEEE RAGGEEEEEEEE!!!!

BOOOOOO!!!!

SS: Shadoe Rage knows this could be HIS night – all he has to do is reach the top of the ladder and pull down the title belt to get the job done.

AS: Well it's been a long road for Rage but he has scored quite some hefty wins along the way particularly in the Scaffold and Barbed Wire matches.

SS: I remember that Scaffold match like it was yesterday. It wasn't a pretty sight at the end but definitely the highlight for Shadoe Rage in this series.

AS: I don't know, Stephanie. His win in the Barbed Wire Massacre at our last show definitely had a lot of people talking.

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

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

MARKKKKK ADAMSSSSSS JUNNNNNIORRRRR!!!!

EXPLOSIVE CROWD POP!!!

SS: Let's talk about Mark Adams Junior's track record in this series – he busted Shadoe Rage open to win a First Blood match, outsmarted his opponent in the Texas Death, and went to new heights inside of a Steel Cage.

AS: Adams has had quite the upward battle since becoming Tri-State champion but tonight, he knows this is his biggest match ever – the culmination of what some are saying is the greatest rivalry to have ever existed besides the Yankees and Red Sox.

SS: Or USA and Russia. Both men staring across the ring at one another; Shadoe Rage with a motion around his waist as he mouths the words "the title's coming home with me tonight, punk!".

AS: Mark Adams Junior smirks and brings both of his hands up telling Rage to "bring it".

DING! DING! DING!

SS: There's the opening bell and both men move to the center of the ring for a collar and elbow tie-up. And Shadoe Rage with the first offensive maneuver as he takes Mark Adams Junior down with a gutwrench suplex.

AS: Rage is a master of many techniques and is well aware of Adams' fluency in the art of mat wrestling so a little exhibition right there to show what he is capable of.

SS: Shadoe Rage now pulling Mark Adams Jr back up and a whip into the ropes...duck under by Adams who hits a back heel kick. And Mark Adams Junior grabs Rage and hits a fireman's carry takedown.

AS: Adams is definitely heated by Shadoe Rage's attempt to take away the last semblances of family he had left in the termination of Kylie Nash and Werewolf Gregorson.

SS: And the champ pulling the challenger to his feet...half nelson position...and suplexes him head over heels.

Crowd: ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!

AS: The fans entirely behind Mark Adams Junior in this one. The last thing they want to see is a guy like Shadoe Rage walking around as the top champion in this company.

SS: Mark Adams Junior now with an Irish whip, sending Shadoe Rage into the near corner... runs in after him dropping the shoulder down...AND RAGE MOVES! Mark Adams Junior just rammed his shoulder into the steel ring post and possibly separated it.

AS: Well if it is indeed separated, Adams better pop that sucker back into place real quick. Anything less against a man like Shadoe Rage and you'll end up on your back quicker than Brandy Danielle.

SS: Whoa! You sounded like Jack Nomad there for a second.

AS: Oh sorry...didn't mean that. Got carried away and caught in the moment.

SS: Adams stumbles out of the corner holding his shoulder and Shadoe Rage takes him down with a clothesline...NO! Adams just absorbs it and stumbles back, leaving Rage no choice but to hit a standing dropkick to put the champion down.

AS: And now Shadoe Rage heading over to the corner and mounts the turnbuckles, waiting like a vulture for Adams to get on his feet...and when he does, Rage leaps off taking his opponent down with a big flying clothesline.

BOOO!!

SS: Numerous fans using Shadoe Rage for target practice as they voice their dislike for the man with pieces of paper and empty cups of soda.

AS: Some of them are empty...I believe I saw a half-full one smack the back of Rage a moment ago.

SS: Shadoe Rage picking Mark Adams Junior off the mat and slings him into the far corner...lariat squashes the man against the turnbuckles and now Shadoe Rage with a series of right hands peppering the side of Adams' head.

AS: A quick kneelift to the midsection softens up Mark Adams Junior leaving him WIDE open for a cobra clutch suplex out of the corner by Shadoe Rage.

BOO!!!

SS: And with Mark Adams Junior down on the mat, Shadoe Rage heads out of the ring to get one of those ladders, folding it up and sliding it under the bottom rope.

AS: Rage thinks he may have this wrapped up as he climbs back in and sets the ladder up, trying to find the right spot to be within grabbing distance of the title belt.

SS: And now with the ladder upright, Shadoe Rage begins to climb up. Meanwhile, Mark Adams Junior is still down on the mat but stirring slightly.

AS: Rage continuing his ascent as Adams crawls over towards the ladder ...AND PUSHES IT OVER! Shadoe Rage with no other choice but to leap off to save himself but he still hits the mat in a heap.

Crowd: ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!

SS: Mark Adams Jr heading over to Shadoe Rage and pulls him up by the hair to bring him to his feet...full nelson slam followed by a kneedrop to make sure Rage stays down on the mat.

AS: And now Mark Adams Junior sets the ladder back up and begins HIS ascent to the top of the proverbial mountaintop where the top prize in TSWF awaits him.

SS: Slowly he makes his way up the ladder, his shoulder pain definitely keeping him from moving at a quicker pace.

AS: And there's Shadoe Rage crawling over...grabs Adams by the leg and drags him off the ladder.

SS: Rage with a hold of Mark Adams Junior's head and gets a running start...BIG running headsmash into the turnbuckle. Adams stumbles out and Shadoe Rage goes for a clothesline...NO! Ducked under by the champ who grabs on to Rage's waist...BIG OVERHEAD BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX BY MARK ADAMS JUNIOR!!

BIG POP!!!

AS: And now Mark Adams Jr heading back over to the standing ladder and begins to climb up.

Crowd: ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!

SS: The fans can sense that this may be it...the end to Shadoe Rage.

AS: But look, Mark Adams Junior stops midway up the steps and looks down at Shadoe Rage who is by the ropes using them to get back on his feet.

[Adams lets out a loud roar and the crowd roars back]

SS: MARK ADAMS JUNIOR JUMPS OFF THE LADDER WITH A BIG FLYING CLOTHESLINE....

AS: And it sends both men tumbling over the top rope and down to the floor.

BIG POP FOR A BIG MOVE

SS: Thankfully Shadoe Rage was under Adams to break his fall.

AS: Well that would explain how Mark Adams Jr is back on his feet so quickly.

SS: Adams grabs Shadoe Rage and whips him into the ring apron...then into the steel guardrail. And finishes up with a big pumphandle slam out on the ringside floor.

AS: Mark Adams Junior goes to grab Shadoe Rage in a side headlock...BUT Rage with a low blow to stop the champ in his tracks.

BOOO!!!

SS: Mark Adams Junior holding his groin region as Shadoe Rage gets back on his feet and grabs Adams for a German suplex takeover....but Rage doesn't let go as he hits a second German out on the floor.

AS: Shadoe Rage releases his hold on Mark Adams Junior waist and grabs him by the head...running headsmash right into the ring post...now into the timekeeper's table...and finally into the top of the steel barricade.

SS: Rage has always focused on the head and neck of Mark Adams Junior, as we saw prior to the Scaffold match several months ago.

AS: Well, Stephanie, as is the same in a Scaffold match, heights are affected by your balance and if you have head issues, you don't have much balance. Just try and climb a ladder while the room is swimming...it's not easy.

SS: Very true. And as Shadoe Rage takes a moment to catch his breath, we can see the blood dripping from the forehead of Mark Adams Junior.

AS: Adams being tossed back into the ring by Shadoe Rage who slides in after him. Rage grab him and drags him towards the ladder...slings him over his shoulder and starts climbing the ladder.

SS: What the heck is Shadoe Rage thinking?

AS: Clearly he wants to embarrass Mark Adams Junior by carrying him to the top of the ladder and having him witness up close the end of his reign as Rage goes for the title...or at least that's what I think he is probably thinking.

SS: Makes sense knowing the insanity that flows in Shadoe Rage's head. But man the sheer strength to have the load of Mark Adams Junior weighing you down as your climb a ladder.

AS: Shadoe Rage continuing to climb but you can see Mark Adams Junior starting to shift and stir on his shoulder. Rage dragging him up. This is crazy!

SS: Rage nearly at the top ... WAIT! MARK ADAMS HAS GRABBED THE BELT!

POP POP POP!!!

AS: How genius! Mark Adams Junior let Shadoe Rage drag him up to the top! He's got the belt! Get it down, Mark! Get it down!

SS: The King of Rage Country realizing what's happening. He latches onto the belt, too. They're struggling. That ladder is rocking!

AS: And it gives way! The ladder tips sideways! Mark Adams goes flying! Shadoe Rage goes flying!
The TSWF title goes flying!

CRASH!!!!

Crowd: *HOLY SHIT!* *HOLY SHIT!* *HOLY SHIT!*

TSWF! *TSWF!* *TSWF!*

HOLY SHIT! *HOLY SHIT!* *HOLY SHIT!*

AS: Whoa! That has to be a good ten to twelve foot drop. Mark Adams Junior hits the mat hard and rolls around in sizable pain before rolling to the floor.

SS: Shadoe Rage crashed even farther. He fell face-first to the arena floor! Nothing broke his fall!

BOOO!!!

AS: But who has the belt?

SS: I don't know about that. What I DO know is that both men are down and out!

DING!DING!DING!

RA: And the winner of this match at nine minutes and twelve seconds...

AND THE UNDISPUTED TSWF TRI-STATE CHAMPIONNNN...

SS: I can't see!

RA: SHADOOOOOEEEE RAAAAGEEEE!!!!

BOOOOO!!!

SS: I CAN NOT BELIEVE IT!!! Shadoe Rage has just defeated Mark Adams Junior and officially dubbed himself the UNDISPUTED Tri-State champion in TSWF.

AS: Seven matches over four months...and we finally have a champion. Even if it IS Shadoe Rage.

SS: It's been a long, crazy ride for Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage. Both men put out two hundred percent but tonight, when it mattered most; Rage was able to put out a little bit more.

[Garbage fills the ring as "Fame" by Irene Cara plays once more. Shadoe Rage can barely get to his feet with help. Marks Adams has rolled back into the ring, completely beside himself with emotion and

pain. He sits in a corner with his head buried in his lap, trying to hide his feelings after his fall from grace. Michael Sandsbury is seen at the timekeeper's table, practically beet red in the face.]

AS: The fans are absolutely disgusted with the notion that Shadoe Rage is now the official champion here in TSWF. Not to mention your brother still sitting at ringside who must be sick to his stomach knowing he now has both Shadoe Rage AND Jack Nomad at the top of his company's chart.

SS: Absolutely. If Nomad didn't give him a coronary, Shadoe Rage's insane machinations will certainly do the job.

AS: And look...here comes Marissa Monet rushing down to the ring to celebrate with her man.

[The duo looks into the camera as Marissa Monet puts forth a closing comment.]

Marissa: The King finally has his crown ... ALL HAIL THE KING!!!

[The moment of bravado past, she tends to her King who undoubtedly looks the worse for wear.]

SS: Hey, wait a minute. There's something going on backstage and...it's Werewolf Gregorson! Werewolf Gregorson is here...and he's with an armed police escort!

[The music cuts short and Gregorson makes his way down to ringside to a HUGE ovation from the fans as Michael Sandsbury and Marissa Monet both start yelling about how he can't be there, he's been fired, etc. Gregorson has a mic.]

Marissa: GET HIM OUT OF HERE NOW! HE'S A TRESPASSER! HE'S RUINING THE CORONATION!

[Michael Sandsbury grabs a microphone and begins to speak]

MS: Werewolf Gregorson...I know you're a smart man so I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. But I must know why you would come here tonight and violate a direct order from my office.

[Gregorson starts to speak but is cut off by Sandsbury]

MS: You know what...after the night I've had; I don't even want to hear it. Officers, escort that man from the building.

WG: Mr. Sandsbury... Ms. Monet, I suggest you both SHUT...THE...F**K...UP!

POP!

WG: Especially since A) I've never been a TSWF employee and don't have to listen to you and B) I'm a ticket holding member of this crowd.

[Gregorson pulls out a ticket from his pocket and shows it to the sheriff's deputies.]

WG: So if you don't mind, I'd like to finish what I came here to do.

MS: And that would be?

WG: To serve you with this.

[He throws an envelope in Sandsbury's direction.]

MS: What is this? You suing me for wrongful termination?

WG: Not quite. I am here tonight, not as an employee of the Tri-State Wrestling Federation, as I said before, but as a representative of the Massachusetts Athletic Commission.

You see, it was brought to their attention that, as a private individual who is not now nor ever has been an employee of the TSWF or, more specifically, the manager of Mark Adams Junior, I had no legal right to throw in the towel at the conclusion of last week's barbed wire match in Lowell, Massachusetts.

And you have no legal right to fire me.

Be that as it may, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has determined that, as a result of my NOT being a TSWF employee, they have no recourse but to declare the result of that match to be null...AND VOID!

[Marissa Monet hears this and goes ballistic at ringside. None of it seems to register with Shadoe Rage who is holding the Tri-State title belt as if his life depended on it.]

WG: Which means, of course, that tonight's ladder match was NOT the decision-making seventh match in the series...and Shadoe Rage is NOT the new TSWF Champion!

HUGE CROWD POP!!!

WG: So before you go off half-cocked celebrating your newfound title, Mr. Rage, you may want to let Mr. Sandsbury there take a look at what's inside the envelope and decide how he's going to proceed.

[Gregorson turns to Sandsbury, towering over the man.]

WG: I advise you to make the right decision, Michael, for your sake and the sake of your company. I'd hate to see anything...bad...happen to you because you were too hasty.

And, as for you, Rage, I owe you one...for Kylie.

So watch your back, little man, because I may be retired and I may have lost a step or two...but I'm still ten times the man you'll ever be and, if it was me you were facing in that ring, I'd bury you without breaking a fucking sweat.

[At this point, Marissa Monet is flipping out while Michael is completely beside himself with disgust at the situation at hand as he reviews the papers in his hand.]

MS: This is ridiculous. But you are correct. Shadoe Rage ...I have no choice BUT to restart this match. First fall takes it all. And that WILL happen LATER TONIGHT!!! Mister Gregorson, take a seat and just to make sure no funny business goes down, those sheriff's deputies will be guarding you for the remainder of this evening's proceedings.

[Gregorson takes a seat at ringside while Michael Sandsbury heads over to Shadoe Rage and Marissa Monet. He easily snatches the Tri-State title away from a stunned Rage. Marissa is in his face, threatening him, but Sandsbury is resolute. He hands the belt to the timekeeper and demands Shadoe and Marissa be forcibly escorted to the back.]

SS: WOW! What a turn of events! Shadoe Rage is NOT the Tri-State champion.

AS: Yet...

SS: Well hopefully never.

AS: Meanwhile, inside the ring, Mark Adams Junior is still in shock at what has just happened.

SS: He can't believe he has a second chance to make things right later tonight. A few ring crew members helping him to his feet and out of the ring so he can return to the back and prepare for what will DEFINITELY be the fight of his life later tonight.

AS: Right now though, let's go to pre-recorded comments from Chris Hallmark.



CHRIS HALLMARK



Voice: So I did it.

[The blackness is broken by Christopher Hallmark's smiling visage. He's sitting in a high leather back chair with an orange shirt with big blue lettering that spells "NRA". He's seen from the waist up.]

Hallmark: I beat back the ghosts, SINGLE HANDEDLY; I defeated the legend, ALL BY MYSELF! I showed our awful owner that I deserve to be here and I thwarted his efforts to rid the company of me.

AND THEN I WENT ONE STEP FURTHER.

I brought the idea of being a Natural Real Athlete to the world of TSWF. I brought a man after my own heart, Vic Morrison, into the fold with me and we made an example out of Corella. We made an example out of Sandsbury. And tonight, we will make an example out of a few other members of the Tri State Roster. We are the NRA. And this whole company is in our sights.

[Fade]



BULLZEYE

vs.

CHANCE MACKENZIE



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

Introducing first...

["Little Crazy" by Fight begins to play over the PA system]

From Hells Kitchen, New York...he weighs in tonight at two hundred and eighteen pounds...

BULLZZYEEE!!!

HEEL HEAT!!!

[The music continues to play but nobody comes out from the backstage area as the crowd continues to boo.]

SS: Strange... where is Bullzeye?

AS: I'm not quite sure. He has been known to no-show events as of late. Which is why he was put in this match in the first place; to test his desire to work in TSWF.

SS: Wait...I'm getting word something is going on in the back. Let's go to the footage taped moments ago.

[We're backstage, where Bullzeye is wandering the halls of The Palmer Center ahead of his match with Chance McKenzie, when a voice from behind distracts him.]

Voice: Excuse me, Bullzeye?

[Bullzeye turns to the source of the voice...and is met with a steel chair to the gut from Elijah Black! With Bullzeye down to a knee clutching his midsection, Black backs up a couple of steps – before he charges forward, and nails him with the Burakkusuta right between the eyes!]

SS: Well that explains Bullzeye's absence.

AS: Yeah, it totally does.

[After connecting with the Shining Wizard, Black looks down at Bullzeye for a moment and catches his breath, before he crouches down next to him...]

Black: Two down...

[...before he stands back up, picking the chair off the floor and nonchalantly walking away, as Bullzeye lays on the floor, still feeling the effects of the attack. We cut back to ringside with Stephanie & Ashie.]

SS: I guess Elijah Black, in continuing his journey towards the Underground title, didn't feel it necessary to face Bullzeye in the ring.

AS: Well if I was Elijah Black, I would see a guy like Bullzeye, who by the way NO SHOWED the Underground Gauntlet a few shows back, as a non-essential opponent and thus worthy only of a dispatching backstage.

SS: With that said, I'm being told Chance Mackenzie is not even here tonight so this match will be declared a no contest. And I wouldn't be surprised if my brother just releases both men from any future obligations here in TSWF.

AS: That wouldn't surprise me either. Your brother is a no nonsense kind of guy and nonsense is all he's gotten from Bullzeye and Mackenzie thus far.

[The University of Florida fight song hits on the PA and a loud chorus of boos follows it. Chris Hallmark is wearing a blue and orange shirt with the letters NRA on the front. As he walks down the aisle basking in the boos, we see on the back it says "Natural Real Athletes: From Our Cold Dead Hands". Hallmark wipes his feet before getting in the ring. He completes his outfit with an expensive looking pair of black loafers and designer jeans.]

SS: Oh great...here comes the blowhard of the year, Chris Hallmark. I still think he has to be the luckiest man alive to have gotten a win over Leon Corella inside of a steel cage.

AS: Well if it weren't for Vic Morrison, we'd probably be seeing Hallmark selling t-shirts on the side of the road in the Florida Panhandle so the credit has to go to him over all others.

Hallmark: TUCSON ARIZONA!!!! I am so happy to be back here. But what I'm really happy for is what's about to happen next. Now, Mikey... I know you're upset. I KNOW it's been rough on you. AND I KNOW that you're very unhappy your sister got all the looks in the family. BUT... it's time to come out here, swallow your pride, and give me my public apology. Because The NRA has big plans for tonight and I need to get back there with my dude Vic to finish up our game plan.

["How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy begins to play over the PA system and out from the back steps TSWF owner, Michael Sandsbury, wearing a blue button up shirt and a pair of dark jeans with black dress shoes.]

****CROWD POP****

SS: There's my brother. God bless him for being a man of his word despite what Chris Hallmark just had to say about him.

AS: That's why he's the boss and not some underling working for the competition. He has integrity and dedication to this company, no matter what the consequences.

[Michael Sandsbury slowly walks down the aisle, slapping hands with the fans, all the while shaking his head at the man standing in the ring.]

Hallmark: Come on boss. You're walking slower than Corella. Bee Tee Dubs... is the company going to pay for that hip replacement for him?

[Hallmarks chuckles to himself]

Hallmark: Mikey, come on.. get down here and take your medicine already.

[Sandsbury gets down to ringside and walks up the ring steps before climbing into the ring through the top and middle rope. Chris Hallmark stands back, allowing the TSWF owner and his boss all the room he needs. Once inside the ring, Sandsbury is handed a microphone by the ring announcer.]

MS: ...*silence*...

[He lowers the microphone]

Hallmark: NOTHING!? You're going to say nothing. NO NO NO NO, Michael. You need to APOLOGIZE TO ME. I went through THERAPY to get back to this ring. I went through HELL AND BACK in the ring with Corella. Now I have my job and NOW I want my DAMN APOLOGY.

[Sandsbury walks closer to Hallmark, now practically eye-to-eye and nose-to-nose with the U of F alumnus.]

MS: I'm sorry...

FWHACK!

BIG POP FROM THE CROWD!!!

SS: WOW! My brother and owner of this company has clearly hit his breaking point. He just fired the first shot and dropped Chris Hallmark to the canvas with a HUGE right hand.

AS: SEE! I knew Leon Corella's words punctuated inside the head of Mike Sandsbury.

[Mike Sandsbury looks down at Hallmark who is holding his broken and bloody nose.]

Mike Sandsbury: Take my a** to court... I'll go through a lawsuit if it means I can fire you once and for all! You must've heard of the concept of "Conflict of interest", Chris. You can't be my employee if you sue me... so PLEASE! DO IT!!! I DOUBLE F***ING DOG DARE YOU!!!

[Sandsbury tosses the mic to the mat, and walks out of the ring.]

AS: I can't believe it. Hallmark is FINALLY at a loss for words...

[A slow smile crosses Hallmark's face. He takes a cell phone out of his pocket and pushes a few buttons. He smiles a satisfied smile and walks out of the ring heading towards the back. We then cut back to ringside with Stephanie & Ashie.]

SS: What was THAT all about right there?

AS: Looks like Chris Hallmark sent someone a message... what's that mean... I haven't the faintest clue.

SS: Next up, we have the Battle of the Queens. Let's hear now from the self-proclaimed "Queen of TSWF", Miss Brandy-Danielle Garrett. Sheesh, even her name change sounds ostentatious.



BRANDY-DANIELLE GARRETT



[Scene 1 - Reaction: Britani Gattis

This is the third of the “Reaction” series. This gets opinions from those closest to Brandy-Danielle on her recent change in everything. We see the news cameras of KABB go inside the now Abilene, Texas home of Britani Gattis, sister to Brandy-Danielle Garrett. Let’s listen in, as Britani, who has a black suit and skirt combo on with a white tie and black shirt and her glasses, speaks.]

Britani Gattis: Recently, I was asked to give my thoughts on my sister, Brandy-Danielle’s recent attitude and looks change. Well, I actually support it.

[The news cameras look on, as the interviewer seems shocked. He expected her to say she was mortified by it, being how close to Brandy she is and always has been. The announcer then speaks, in a surprised tone.]

Interviewer: I’m not sure I understand. Explain.

[Britani then straightens her tie and thinks of how to answer. She wants to be sure that she makes it clear how she feels about the change. She then speaks, and smiles, as she does.]

Britani Gattis: It’s simple. I used to be an even more ice-cold bitch than what my sister is. So I like the change. But what most don’t know is she started off as a bitch and a bully. I know this because I was one of her victims, as was her husband and my brother in law, Rich Anderson. He was the one that helped her change when no one cared about her anymore. But I’m also glad she is a bitch again. It gives her that winning edge that she needs to turn her career around as she’s been on a losing streak lately here in TSWF and this is what she needs to get back on track.

[The interviewer then nods, as it is now more clear why Britani supports her sister. The interviewer then sighs, as he thinks of what to say next.]

Interviewer: Okay. I guess my next question is this week, your sister goes one on one with another person that calls herself a queen. What do you think of her?

Britani: I am not impressed. She calls herself a queen. That’s just ego, coming from someone who rarely gets in the ring. What has she done in her career other than be a lackey? Not a whole lot. While my sister has been a champion nearly anywhere she’s been and here will be no exception. I seriously don’t think that she knows what she is getting into. Brandy has this one won, and I will be ringside with her, watching the match. You get anywhere near me, I will be suing you for everything. So I wouldn’t advise laying a finger on me.

[The scene then fades, with the interviewer signaling to the crew to pack things up. The interview was done and they got a reaction that they needed, though surprising. Britani seemed to stand by her sister’s every move whether or not people agree with it.]

[Scene 2 - Brandy Speaks

The scene picks up on a San Diego beach. The beach is empty but Brandy doesn’t care. The cameras spot her wearing a very small blue bikini. Her blonde hair is pushed back and of course, her tattoos are showing and she has on a black do-rag. As she lays out on her beach towel, she speaks.]

Brandy-Danielle: Marissa Monet. A woman who claims to be a queen. Well, what have you really done to deserve it, other than kiss Shadoe Rage’s ass? The fact is, you’ve done zero to deserve that title, when on the other hand, I’ve won gold in nearly every company I’ve been in, so I deserve to be called a queen. Now, let’s talk about what makes a queen.

[Brandy smiles, as she turns from her stomach to her back, making sure all of her body is tanned, as she wants to look good on TV when she goes to face Marissa. She wants to be sure she is prepared for this match as it is a big one, though she wrestles every match as if it were her last.]

Brandy-Danielle: A queen is made by her attitude. And I have the attitude. A queen needs no one but herself to get things done. Whereas, you have to constantly kiss Shadoc Rage's a** to get things done. And also, a queen has the brains and good looks. And I have both, while you have neither.

[She then gets off her towel, going into her bag and pulling out a beautiful silver tiara. She then puts the blue diamond covered tiara on her head, posing, as she also pulls out her mirror, which she takes everywhere with her, and speaks.]

Brandy-Danielle: And when we get to Final Encounter, I'm going to show you what being a true queen is all about. As in this city of losers, San Diego, where every sports team is cursed, I am the one winner left in this town. I am the one that will make San Diego a winning city once again, starting with beating the arrogance out of you, Marissa. And let's face it. The ONLY reason you beat me and Josie in that cage was because you got lucky. And besides, Josie was deadweight anyway. She is to blame for the loss for making me do all the work. But that won't be the case, as that moron will be nowhere near ringside. It's you and me. And in the end, I will prove just why I am the true queen of TSWF and why you are nothing more than a fake. And you will get a look...at royalty.

[As the scene fades off, Brandy goes back to her beach towel to tan more. She leaves her tiara on. She then smirks, arrogantly, and pulls her mirror out, putting it in front of her, facing her face, so she can admire her amazingly good looks, while she is tanning.]



MARISSA MONET



[Fade in:

The Black Queen isn't quite herself. Oh sure, the genetic phenom is still a spectacular mix of muscles and feminine curves; a dramatically tall, powerful warrior but her body posture is wrong. She's turned a little bit away from the camera. Her eyes flit back and forth. She tickles her upper lip with the tip of her tongue. The Black Queen is clearly preoccupied. Maybe even nervous. That's something we haven't seen from her before.]

Marissa: Brandy...this again? You're busy calling yourself Queen of TSWF now? You're still trying to get attention? You're still trying to get ahead in a business to which you are ill suited? You're crazy. That's pretty much all I can say for you. You're absolutely crazy. You throw out the name Queen like anybody can be Queen; like the Black Queen of TSWF ... the Queen of Rage Country isn't going to take notice.

[Her head turns a little bit more towards camera.]

Marissa: Any other time, Brandy, I wouldn't care what you call yourself because I find you to be ... insignificant. You're just a jumped up little attention seeker, desperate to find some way to stand out in

the minds of the fans. Truth is, they don't really care for you. For once I can agree with them. As I was saying, normally, I wouldn't stoop for such a thing, but for months now I've had to watch Shadoe pour his everything into this unfair chase for _his_ title and I haven't been able to do a thing to help him. It pisses me off to no end. And right now I'm really _really_ pissed off. So I need something to hit and you claiming to be the Queen of TSWF is enough.

[The camera has Marissa's full attention now.]

Marissa: I used to shoot a lot of these things on location. Make the setting match the message and the mood; astound the people with production values to get them invested in my matches. And they always invested, whether they wanted to see me win or they wanted to see me get my head handed to me. You? I'm not going to give you some fancy shoot. I'm not going to invest that time in you because I don't care who watches this match. I just need to release my tension. And you... you poor simple bastard... you're going to be my victim. Shadoe's risking life and limb against a violent thug and a thief in Mark Adams Junior and you're prancing around playing at being a Queen and playing at being a wrestler. It makes me a little sick because you have absolutely no clue as to what you're trying to do. You have no clue what you're playing at here. And that's the real shame. You wanted some attention? You've got mine. Now what are you going to do with it?

[Marissa lets out an exasperated sigh.]

Marissa: You can't outmuscle me. You can't outwit me. I've hurt you with the DDT and the Checkmate every time just because you don't know your craft. What do you think is going to happen this time? I'll tell you what will happen. I'm going to damage you once more. I'm going to take all the frustration that I feel towards Mark Adams Junior and Michael Sandsbury and I'm going to give you the beating of a lifetime. I'm going to put you in your place; you jumped up little bitch, not because I have to but because I want to. I'm going to outsmart you again, Brandy. I'm going to hurt you. Come to that ring prepared to fight because this time I'm not playing with you, you idiot. There are no ridiculous tricks... like you trying to find my hotel. No gimmicks... like a handicap match or a steel cage. There's just me and you, - the Black Queen of TSWF and the Queen of Never Never Land. This really isn't going to be pretty. Blame Sandsbury for this.

[Fade out]



BRANDY-DANIELLE GARRETT

vs.

MARISSA MONET



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

POP!

RA: Introducing first...

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

#

Hi my name is
You wont remember
Wait till December
Cuz you thought that I was pure as snow
Guess you didnt know
Hold tight, surprise
Open your eyes, its springtime
Flowers blossoming, I am one of them
Bet you like how Ive grown

#

SS: Brandy-Danielle Garrett needs to worry more about her opponent and less on her makeup at the moment.

AS: Stephanie, I have to agree with you there. Brandy-Danielle is definitely going to need A LOT of cover-up once Marissa Monet is through with her.

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

#

Cuz now Im that bitch
Youll never get to
Cant get what you want
So youre acting like a punk
You were too fly then
So fly away now

#

[The camera cuts for a moment to show Britani Gattis sitting front row. Brandy-Danielle walks by her and gives her sister a hug before continuing towards the ring.]

#

Now Im that bitch
And youre just a clown
Cuz now Im that bitch
Now Im that bitch
Now Im that bitch

#

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

SS: Garrett fights back with a kick to the leg...and a second kick as she tries to soften up the tree trunks that Marissa Monet walks on.

AS: So far this has been a stand-up battle as Monet grabs Brandy-Danielle Garrett and tosses her into the corner....and rushes in with a running knee to the midsection.

SS: And with Brandy-Danielle cornered, Marissa Monet works her over with a series of hard body shots followed by an elbow to the bridge of the nose.

AS: Monet is looking to hurt Brandy-Danielle Garrett as much as possible and so far, it seems to be working.

SS: Marissa moves back out of the corner...but then rushes right back in and NAILS Brandy-Danielle with a Shining Wizard that has her stumbling.

AS: The fans giving Monet a bit of a mixed reaction of cheers and boos, to which The Great Black Shark doesn't quite know how to react.

SS: Marissa Monet now hits the ropes....MISSES with a shoulder tackle and hits the opposite side...AND THIS TIME she hits the mark as Brandy-Danielle eats the shoulder full blast.

****MIXED POP!****

AS: Clearly the fans not fond of Brandy-Danielle's change of heart and would rather support a sadistic blood-thirsty female like Marissa Monet over a diva.

SS: Monet has always been upfront with her antics and holds her own inside the ring. All I've seen from Brandy-Danielle Garrett since she walked into this company is a lot of talk and nothing to really back it up with.

AS: Marissa Monet now going for a German suplex...NO! Garrett able to counter with an elbow to break things up...AND A STANDING DROPKICK....

SS: Monet totally caught off-guard there...Brandy-Danielle goes for a flapjack...BUT MONET TURNS IT INTO A SHORT ARM SCISSOR HOLD!

AS: But releases it quickly and flips Brandy-Danielle over to apply a single leg Boston Crab...

SS: The referee checking on Brandy-Danielle Garrett who is able to scramble and grab the ropes in quick fashion.

AS: Monet releases the hold and allows Brandy-Danielle to rise up only to strike with a running punt kick to the head.

SS: OOOOooooo!!! Garrett flopped right back down from that one. Monet with the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: But Brandy-Danielle able to kick out in time. Marissa Monet quickly pulls Garrett to her feet and whips her into the corner.... Running Forearm Smash by Monet....NO! Brandy-Danielle able to lift a leg in time and Monet steps back holding her chin.

SS: Which allows Brandy-Danielle Garrett to grab a hold of her bigger opponent and take her down with a side suplex. And now a bodyscissors submission by Brandy-Danielle...

AS: The official asking Monet if she wants to quit...

Monet: SHUT UP!

SS: Marissa Monet is not going to submit that easily...she works her way towards the side....and is able to grab a hold of the bottom rope to force a break.

AS: Brandy-Danielle not quick to release though as she takes the full four count before letting go. An obvious attempt to work Monet over for a few more seconds.

SS: Garrett grabs Monet and yanks her to her feet...and hits a fisherman suplex...now a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: KICKOUT BY MONET!!

SS: Brandy-Danielle pulling Monet up once more and goes for a flapjack yet again...and once more, Marissa Monet counters, this time with a double axehandle to the back.

AS: And Monet grabs Brandy-Danielle by the hair and tosses her over the top rope down to the ringside floor. Marissa heads out as well as the referee starts his count.

SS: Marissa Monet has a hold of Garrett in a clawhold around the face....

CROWD POP!!!

SS: OH MAN!!! HAND OF GOD RIGHT ON THE FLOOR!

AS: Clawhold into a uranage throat slam and Brandy-Danielle Garrett is implanted right into the mats around the ringside area.

SS: And Marissa Monet smirks as she rolls back into the ring. Now leaning on the ropes, she continues to have that evil grin on her face as the referee starts his count once more.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

SS: Rich Anderson trying to help Brandy up but her body is completely limp.

AS: That Hand of God maneuver is no joke. Marissa Monet has done incredible damage with that one move in past matches and we may have seen her latest victim right here.

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

SS: Anderson gets Brandy-Danielle Garrett up on her feet and starts to move her towards the apron...

NINE!

AS: But she falls down once again.

TENNNN!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: And the winner of this match at five minutes and three seconds...

MARISSAAA MONETTTT!!!!

MIXED CROWD REACTION!!!

[Monet wipes her hands on her tights as she exits the ring and walks towards the back. Meanwhile, Rich Anderson is continuing to try and revive his wife who is still laid out on the floor.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Monet proving her dominance once again as she heads to the back to rejoin her lover, Shadoc Rage who has a HUGE contest to deal with in our main event tonight.

AS: That's right and hopefully she can calm Rage down as he definitely did not look pleased at the conclusion of the ladder match at the top of the show.

SS: On another note, it seems like my brother had some guests in his remote office yesterday. Let's check in and see what went down in the "Owner's Box".



MICHAEL SANDBURY'S OFFICE
W/
PERCIVAL GRAVES AND THE MONGOLOID



[Percival Graves along with the fully geared up Mongoloid step into Mike Sandsbury's office without so much as a knock or warning. Luckily, the TSWF owner is merely going over paperwork on his desk. Percival lights up with a megawatt smile as he approaches the desk with the now infamous contract in hand.]

PG: Mr. Sandsbury!! I have the documents right here for Mongoloid's match with Big Mike Foyer.

[Percival places the document on Sandsbury's desk. The TSWF owner wordlessly glares at the man and his charge before swiping it off his desk.]

MS: I'm calling the match off. Mr. Graves, you and your client crossed the line and I'm seriously contemplating terminating all dealings with either of you...

[Mongo barks, fists clenched tightly.]

Mongo: ...NOW WAIT A MINUTE!! TELL HIM PERCIE!!! TELL HIM!!!

[Percival sports a short lived flat expression as he looks upon the TSWF owner. He gathers up the contract and places it back on the desk.]

PG: Mr. Sandsbury, first and foremost, we had a deal. I got you the match at any means necessary. Secondly, in the procuring of this signature, no laws were actually broken.

[Mike's eyes widen in completely disbelief. He sits straight up in his seat.]

MS: Percival, you are out of your mind! Kidnapping, assault...

[The midget manager shoots Mike a sly smile and a wink.]

PG: Trust me, Mr. Sandsbury. Not all is what it seems.

[Sandsbury cast him an arched brow.]

PG: All will be revealed in time. Just be glad that I'm not asking for a higher percentage on the profits this match will make for the both of us.

[Percival reaches over the desk, tapping his hand on the contract.]

PG: ...and Mr. Sandsbury... you, Mongo, and I signed the first page of this document weeks ago, with viable witnesses. Big Mike Foyer signed the contract in front of the world.

[Mike's gaze narrows a bit.]

MS: He signed it under duress!!

[Percival once more smiles at Sandsbury.]

PG: Mr. Foyer isn't disputing the contract. In fact, sir, I would say that you, who benefit the most from this deal, actually are the only one disputing it.

[Pointing his finger down at the contract, Percival makes his declaration.]

PG: Mr. Sandsbury, this match is going to happen and it will be your biggest event of the year. We all stand to profit from this match-up, even Foyer.

[The little man leans on his cane with a satisfied smile.]

PG: ...I don't expect you to be thankful. I expect you to comply with the agreement you made off camera, with binding legal witnesses. As I said to you before, this is business and in business, we sometimes have to be creative to get what we want.

[The owner of TSWF still isn't amused...]

MS: Percival, let me make one thing very clear to you. When this match is finished, I want you out of my sight...

[...Sandsbury looks over at the massive Mongoloid.]

MS: ...and you, wallflower, will do the same. Consider your match with Big Mike Foyer the last one you have in TSWF.

[Mongoloid growls, Percival glaring hard up at Mike Sandsbury. The TSWF owner isn't phased in the slightest.]

PG: Mr. Sandsbury, I am a great asset to have and a terrible enemy to make. I expect a phone call by midnight tonight saying you have changed your mind. Otherwise...

[A dangerous smile weaves itself across Percival's face.]

PG: ...I will do anything and everything within the boundaries of the law to tip this already rocky ship. You know my number.

[Sandsbury's fists curl tight. Mongo grits his teeth.]

Mongo: Come on tough guy... Gimme' an excuse. I'm not Jack Nomad, I'll paint this room with your insides motherf***er...

[His fists unclench and a look of disappointment crosses his face.]

MS: ...I remember when you came into this office and begged me to let you work here, Mongo. It wasn't that long ago either.

[The Mongoloid taps his fist to his chest with an evil sneer.]

Mongo: Yeah, and that's 'cause I'm a better wrestler now than I was then! I don't need you! I can work anywhere and I got Percival here to show me the way!

[Percival sighs softly and shakes his head.]

PG: Come along Mongo, it's clear that TSWF is run by a man that doesn't know the value of good talent when he sees it.

[Turning, Percival heads out the open office door. Mongo turns and follows the little man out of the room.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Sheesh...what is it with the people around here thinking us Sandsburys will back down from a fight? If Percival Graves thinks my brother is easily intimidated, he better think again.

AS: I for one am glad he decided to make this upcoming match between The Mongoloid and Big Mike Foyer a final salute to both Graves and Mongo. Watching him lumber around was starting to put me to sleep; not to mention I hear our ratings tank every time he graces the ring.

SS: I heard that same rumor. Anyways, we WILL have the Foyer-Mongoloid match later tonight but right now, it's time for the "Presidential Title" match.

AS: This thing between Tripp Skylark and Derrick Ford has really reached a whole new level of ridiculousness. I almost wonder when Honey Boo Boo Child is going to show up and put them both out of their miseries.

SS: Honey Boo Boo Child?

AS: Yeah, you know the girl from the TV show that did better than both the DNC and RNC in terms of number of viewers.

SS: Let's just go to pre-recorded comments from Derrick Ford followed by Tripp Skylark.

AS: Actually I believe we first have comments from Big Mike Foyer regarding his match coming up later tonight.

SS: *huffs* Fine...run the segment. And THEN we'll hear from Ford and Skylark, I guess.



BIG MIKE FOYER



[The camera opens upon one rather pissed off Big Mike Foyer. He stands backstage before the camera wearing a black and gold DERP T-Shirt tucked in to a pair blue jeans, a hand tooled brown leather belt with an engraved silver BMF buckle, boots, and folded black cowboy hat. Apparently the big man is in the process of letting his beard fill back out, thick stubble surrounding his mutton-stache. BMF stands there for several seconds, quivering and quaking with pure anger. His fists open and close and words refuse to come to his mouth as he stares back into the camera.]

BMF:

[He snarls.]

BMF: F*** YOU MONGOLOID!!!

[Rearing his boot up, he rams his foot straight into the camera and the sounds of it shattering on impact are the last sounds we hear before the scene cuts to static.]



DERRICK L. FORD



[Open on Derrick Ford, dressed in his three-piece suit and white Stetson, sitting on a backwards facing chair. He addresses the camera with a thoughtful expression.]

FORD: You know, Tripp, it's funny. I'm a competitive guy, but as much as I hated losing to you in our cage match a few months back, I had assumed that I would have to wait for my chance at redemption. Lo and behold, Michael Sandbury, in his infinite wisdom, sticks us in the same gauntlet match. It could have been simple, Tripp. It didn't have to have bad blood attached to it, even with a lefty pinko commie like you. But you just couldn't leave well enough alone. It wasn't enough to put my manager in the hospital. You had to expose him to that filthy weed you love with no regard for the law or Henry's consent.

[He shakes his head.]

FORD: That's not the actions of someone who wants to leave well enough alone. That's the act of someone who's obsessive. You wanted and needed my attention so badly. And if I had my way, you would have gotten it. I would have preferred to give you the lesson in manners myself, but in my absence, the Wicked Clown would have done nicely.

[A smirk.]

FORD: But Allen couldn't get the job done. He couldn't get past Josie Saito for chrissakes. So much for that plan.

[The smirk fades.]

FORD: But no matter. You couldn't get the job done either and lost to Sandbury's favorite son, Jack Nomad. You were not rewarded for your misdeeds with gold, and I could go about preparing for our next encounter.

[A chuckle as he shakes his head.]

FORD: Then of course you challenged Josie Saito, ducking me and the vengeance of right thinking Americans everywhere. It was cowardly, but no less than I'd expect from a drug addled dope like you. No decent, courageous human being would partake in the hit-and-run antics from which you get so much joy. But, again, rather than simply let your match play out, you have to bring back your old belt from wherethehellver and rechristen it the "Presidential Title."

[Ford reaches down off camera and brings into view the very same championship belt he just referenced. For the moment at least it's still just the SCWE Television Title, though decorated with a miniature American flag that "someone" stuck on with duct tape. He slings it over his shoulder as he continues.]

FORD: I hope you don't mind that I spruced it up a bit. After all, it's clear you brought this back just for me. I mean, there's no way you'd be dumb enough to do that by accident, right? Calling yourself the Presidential Champion while the greatest American in the history of the TSWF is gunning for you is sort of akin to waving a red, white, and blue cape at the world's most patriotic bull. No one, not even someone who's taken as many drugs as you, is stupid enough to do that by accident.

[Scoff.]

FORD: But I'm the one obsessing. Right. I have no reason to attack you, no reason to smash your face in, no reason to steal your chintzy belt...poor, innocent Tripp Skylark is just being tormented by the big bad rich kid for NO REASON.

[His eyes get wider, his voice louder.]

FORD: Did you really think I would let you continue to embarrass me? That after your pranks and insults, that I'd simply walk away? That I would allow you to sully the great legacy of Thomas Jefferson and Ronald Reagan with this title belt? This championship belongs in the hands of someone who loves America more than he loves getting high. Someone who knows what lies at the core of American exceptionalism: natural talent, cutthroat ambition, and moral superiority.

And you, Skylark, don't embody a single one of those things. You're a skinny kid with a drug problem who advocated filthy and immoral living. There is nothing EXCEPTIONAL about you, and I won't have you degrading the founding fathers with your pretentiousness.

[Derrick stands up, knocking down the chair in the process. He points a finger at the camera.]

FORD: "The Final Encounter" may well be my last chance to finally end your run of luck against me, but more importantly it is my last chance to show you that America never quits, never runs, and never surrenders! No more pranks! No more shenanigans! You WILL leave Easton broken, battered and without your precious Presidential Title. Do I make myself clear?!

[The camera spins around to reveal...an empty wooden chair with a picture of Tripp Skylark taped onto it. We hear the belt smack against the hard floor as Ford grabs the chair by the legs...]

THWACK*

[...and smashes it against the wall. Seemingly enraged, Derrick starts wailing on the hard tile floor with the chair until it shatters into a dozen pieces. Breathing heavily, he retrieves the Presidential Title and places it on his shoulder. Ford then picks up a jagged piece of wood and brandishes it toward the camera.]

FORD [panting]: Didn't anyone ever tell you, Tripp, that if you mess with the bull, you get the horns? You're about to find out how true that cliché really is, courtesy of the bull himself. This time you find out just how sharp these horns can get...courtesy of the Hope for the Future of America - DERRICK! L!!
FORD!!!

[And fade]



UNSANCTIONED "PRESIDENTIAL TITLE" MATCH

TRIPP SKYLARK

vs.

DERRICK L. FORD



SS: Man... I know this is between Skylark and Ford...but I gotta say that Big Mike Foyer is PISSED!

AS: Yep... Foyer and Mongoloid are going to go apeshit over one another. Thankfully, it'll be the last we see of Mongo so why not have him ushered out on a giant stretcher while we're at it.

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the Presidential Title, which is NOT sanctioned by the TSWF.

****POP!****

RA: Introducing first...

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

[Metallica's "Fuel" blasts throughout the arena as the crowd starts booing lustily. Through the curtain walks Derrick L. Ford. The 6'4" muscular Caucasian man wears a pair of jeans and cowboy boots, quite different from his normal ring gear but this is not a normal match-up. He has the Presidential Title slung over his shoulder as he surveys the disapproving audience with an apathetic look.]

RA: From Old Orchard Beach, Maine...now residing in Houston, Texas...

DERRICK! L! FOOOOOORRRRRRD!

[Ford laughs as he confidently strolls down the ramp.]

*****HUGE AMOUNT OF BOOS!!!*****

SS: Derrick Ford with the Presidential Title in hand.

AS: Seriously, I hoped your brother would do away with this nonsense of a Presidential Title before it got too big.

SS: It *IS* a Presidential year, Ashie so why not pander to the public's whims like every other politician out there.

[Ford climbs into the ring and hands the title belt to the referee. The music begins to fade as he stretches in his corner, awaiting the arrival of Tripp Skylark.]

RA: And his opponent...

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

TRRRRRRRRIIIIPPPP SKKKKKYYYYYYYYYLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRKKKK!

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

POP POP POP!!!

[Skylark raises his hands in the air as he parades down the aisle. All of a sudden, in a blur, he's knocked down to the ground by The Natural Real Athletes - Chris Hallmark & Vic Morrison. The two men begin to put the boots to Skylark who continuously tries to get on his feet. Morrison pulls Skylark to his feet and nails him with the "Victimizer".]

SS: WHAT THE?!? The NRA out here and they're just decimating Tripp Skylark in the middle of the aisle way.

[Chris Hallmark steps forward and pulls Skylark up once more...]

AS: HALLMARK OF EXCELLENCE!!!

SS: Chris Hallmark just dropped Tripp Skylark on his head. And I don't think he's getting up anytime soon, folks.

[Satisfied that Tripp is not going to put up a fight, Ford motions for the microphone from the ring announcer. He looks at both Hallmark and Morrison, who indicate that the floor is his. With great smirking relish, Derrick exits the ring and heads up the aisle way towards Skylark's prone body. He then stands over his fallen foe while addressing the paying public.]

FORD: Finally, truly, it is morning again here in the TSWF!

[The crowd jeers in defense of the mostly unresponsive Skylark.]

FORD: Take a good, hard look at the men currently standing in front of you. This is the bright future of this great company! This is the greatest collection of natural talent and cutthroat ambition that the TSWF has ever seen.

Chris Hallmark - an All-American in every sense of the word.

Vic Morrison - as dangerous as any man inside of this ring.

And Derrick L. Ford - the Hope for the Future of America and the only man worthy of this Presidential Title.

We are the very pictures of Natural Real Athleticism. We are the true unstoppable force here in the TSWF. We are here to take what's rightfully ours, as all good Americans do.

[A full smile as he turns his attention downwards.]

FORD: Tripp, you've sullied this title's good name for the last time. We cannot allow a liberal drug addict to represent this great country. A TRUE American should hold the Presidential Title. And make no mistake about it: no one, but NO ONE, is more American than the NRA!

THUNK

[Without warning, Ford spikes the microphone on the exposed forehead of Tripp Skylark. Raising the Presidential Title high, he laughs along with Hallmark and Morrison as they head backstage.]



[Back to ringside w/ Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Well well well...The NRA has enlisted another member in the form of Derrick Ford.

AS: Yes. And it looks like Tripp Skylark is on the disabled list. Hopefully he can get some Medicare before Derrick Ford and his friends in DC do away with it.

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

#BREAK IT DOWN...

["Violence" by Dope slams the house P/A.]

HUGE HEEL JEER!

[Stepping through the curtains is none other than a kendo stick carrying Jack Nomad, sporting a short-sleeved maroon "HARDCORE" T-shirt, bright red cargo pants, white high-top sneakers, and taped fists. An evil smile decorates his bearded face as he hoists up the TSWF Underground Championship, showing it off to the fans.]

SS: Oh god, not again!

AS: He's probably out here to rub it in that he successfully defended the Underground Championship twice in one night...

SS: Yeah... the first time with help against an already hurt Leon Corella and the second time by a confused Brandy Danielle.

AS: Garrett... it's Brandy-Danielle Garrett or she'll never let us live it down.

[Dropping the belt back down on his shoulder, Jack casually strolls down to ringside; short strings of ratty, jet black hair hanging in his face as he casts those intense, deranged blue eyes out at the fans. As he nears ringside, he gathers up a microphone from the timekeeper's table and rolls under the ropes into the ring. Strolling front and center, he just stands there, taking in all that lovely heat from the crowd.]

Crowd: GO TO HELL!!! GO TO HELL!!! GO TO HELL...

[The chants continue on and on until finally, Jack makes the kill motion for his music to stop.]

Jack Nomad: Go... to... hell... heh heh heh....

[Propping the kendo stick on his shoulder, Jack can't help but chuckle with amusement.]

Nomad: Last week, I put two souls to the sword and sent them through their own personal hells. Leon Corella and Brandy Danielle!

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

[Jack just can't stop smiling as liquid hate flows from that crowd. He absorbs it through his skin; an emotional osmosis that seems to only strengthen him rather than send him shirking away in the typical fit of rage many wrestlers have in his shoes.]

Nomad: YES! YES!!! Revel in your hate people! Wallow in it! It's the purest of all human emotions! It's the only feeling you can have that is one hundred percent uncompromising. Even when you feel love, there is an uncertainty, but when you hate... it's absolute!

[He strolls over to his favorite corner and turns, leaning into it with his legs crossed and his arms hooked in the ropes. The kendo stick is draped across both ropes, his wrist resting upon it.]

Nomad: Just like the hate that Vic Morrison and Chris Hallmark have for Leon Corella, which I took full advantage of. You see, the moment that Mike Sandsbury compromised the very last ounce of his honor by forcing Corella to face me in this very ring at our last show...

[Snickering, he merely shakes his head then pans his gaze over the crowd.]

...I knew who to go to and what to ask for. I'm not too proud to seek help against unfair and oppressive odds. I even stacked the deck a little by talking with "Jester" Chad Allen off camera. The two of us came to a little understanding and he was all too glad to lend me a hand.

[Relaxing completely, Jack crosses his legs and rests fully against the turnbuckle pads.]

Nomad: You see, Jester is another guy being wronged by Mike Sandsbury. JCA wants to be a legitimate wrestler, not just another sick and sad gimmick revolving around thumbtacks and barbed wire. You see, we both understand what it means to be Hardcore. Hardcore isn't about violent acts with household objects...

[He tilts his head slightly, measuring the murmurs in the crowd as he speaks.]

...It's about doing what you want, when you want. To be Hardcore is to truly be human in an inhuman, sterile world.

[That twisted smile breaks across his face.]

Nomad: Let's move on, shall we. I heard that Mike Sandbury's online mailbox and phone blew up after I left Brandy Danielle bloodied and broken in the middle of the ring just before the main event...

[Jack snickers, malicious intentions read in those dark ringed and ice blue eyes.]

Nomad: All I can say is, thank god I was wearing my cup. Believe me, the erection it hid as I metaphorically raped that b**** in front of each and every one of you was beyond measure.

RIP ROARING INSANE HEEL JEER!!!

Nomad: Oh yes, my c**k may not have been inside her, but Brandy was hardcore f***ed against her will on live television.

SS: This is absolutely sickening, why hasn't anyone come out here to shut him up yet?!

AS: Yes that is a good question, Stephanie. One that will probably never be answered for the dawn of time.

[Jack laughs at the crowd. He pushes off the ropes, heading front and center to the middle of the ring as trash starts being hurled at him.]

Jack Nomad: ...what a slut, huh? Breast implants, big jiggly a**, c**k smoking lips, big blond hair, painted on ring wear...

[The briefest of pauses.]

...I wasn't facing a wrestler. I was facing a porn star that thought she could wrestle. And her husband? Heh. He's the b***h in that relationship. I'm sure the only time he gets to f**k her is when she lets him, which isn't very often considering she's probably too busy f**king real men on the side.

[Another sick snicker as the crowd continues to give him the business.]

Nomad: I will say that I have one thing in common with Brandy and before you say it, no, I haven't processed more sausage than Jimmy Dean.

[He holds up a finger as he continues on.]

Nope. She may have wanted my belt, but she was placed in the ring with me for the same reason I was set against Leon Corella. Even if I lost this belt to Corella, I still would have faced Brandy towards the end of the show.

[A wry smirk crosses his face.]

What you don't know is that Mike Sandbury cannot stand that flip flopping b****. Publicly, she markets herself as a tough, take no bulls*** kind of woman. Backstage though? Brandy whines. Brandy complains. It's all about Brandy, Brandy, Brandy.

[Jack's head tilts back slightly as he takes in a drawn in breath.]

Nomad: As someone who keeps his eyes open and his ears listening, I hear everything that happens in that backstage area and I can almost forgive Mike for wanting the woman executed at my hands.

[He chuckles.]

Meh heh heh heh heh... Almost. Again, it just goes to show you what kind of a man "Mister" Sandbury really is. Mike doesn't like someone; he sets them up to fail. You all saw it with your own eyes!

[Jack points his finger across the crowd. Very gradually the trash throwing has tapered off.]

Nomad: Just because you hate me, that doesn't make me wrong. From day one, I've been nothing but upfront and honest with all of you. I don't demand respect, play to your sympathies, or milk you for cheap pops. I am who I am...

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

[He smiles and pushes out of that corner.]

Nomad: ...I speak the truth. Love me? Hate me? I could care less how you feel. I have accepted all of you as the blind and misled sheep that you are. You don't have to accept me, or follow me, but know this- Every time you sit in that seat, staring up at me and hanging on my every word...

[Jack turns, pointing that kendo stick at the crowd.]

...Every ticket that each and every one of you purchase... You made a decision and that decision was to see me, standing in this ring, doing only what I do best. Boo me and shout "F**K YOU!" all you want, but you bought and paid for this.

[Tossing the microphone down, Jack backs up through the ropes as "Violence" by Dope hit's the house PA once more. Jack strolls down the aisle and in moments, he disappears through the curtains and into the back.]

SS: I hate him... I hate him more than I've hated anyone...

AS: Even Lucy Hawke?

SS: ...Maybe... if I knew who that was.

AS: Let's check in now with Big Mike Foyer moments from the grudge match between he and The Mongoloid who will have comments to follow.



[The scene opens backstage in a private locker room with Big Mike Foyer decked out in a marbled black and red wrestling doublet, his BMF Bulldog head on the front looking as intimidating as ever, heavy knee pads, wrist bands, and wrestling boots. There's a scowl on his face as he pounds away at a punching bag, small puffs of sand exploding from the seams with each impact. Oh yes, he was quite furious to be here and that punching bag clearly was feeling it.]

Tap *tap* *tap* *tap*

[Big Mike pulls back from the bag and glowers at the new on the spot arrival. The four foot eleven inch tall Percival Graves steps into view, leaning on his cane, a satisfied smile on his face as he looks up at his client's opponent. BMF snarls.]

BMF: Tha' f**k you want, Tiny? You got your signed execution for Monkey Boy. I hope you make a lot of money with his corpse, little man. You're going to need it to pay your medical bills after I'm done with him.

[Percival smiles once more, the man not threatened even in the slightest by the massive BMF.]

PG: Mr. Foyer, that's what I've come to talk to you about. You see, I have invited a very special guest... or should I say, you have invited this guest.

[Foyer's brow arches.]

BMF: What are you talking about?

PG: Michael, your baby sister, Becky Lynn is sitting in a reserved VIP booth far from ringside as we speak. She has the best view of all the action in the ring and she has two escorts inside with her.

[The Big Man's eyes narrow and his fists clench tight.]

BMF:You little... f**king... son of a bitch.

[Sighing softly, Percival looks away from Foyer.]

PG: If anything unfortunate were to happen to my client, then I'm afraid I can't promise that little Becky will arrive home in one piece.

[Percival casts those cool grey eyes back at BMF, casting a sly, sideways glance.]

PG: Give him a fight, but if this match leads to any conclusion other than the most obvious one....

[He leaves the words hanging with a sly smile on his face. Turning, Percival steps off camera, Big Mike's hands flexing open and close as he lets out ragged, angry breaths through clenched teeth. The diminutive Manager is heard off camera one last time.]

PG: ...If only you had just agreed to a rematch in the first place, Mr. Foyer. None of this would have ever happened.

[Turning, Big Mike rears his fist back and hits the punching bag so hard it actually snaps loose from its chain, falling to the floor with a heavy thud!]



THE MONGOLOID



[The camera opens upon the massive frame of the Mongoloid in full ring gear, his back to the camera. He sits upon a bench seat, facing his locker, the Mongoloid mask hanging up on a small hook next to his regular clothes. The man runs a gloved hand over his buzz cut blond hair...]

Mongo: I didn't want to go this route, you know...

[His deep voice is surprisingly soft in tone as he speaks.]

...Percival told me it had to be this way. Guys like Mike Foyer don't listen to reason. They listen to threats and violence.

[A grumbling is heard under the big man's breath.]

All you had to do, Mikey, was sign a f***ing piece of paper.

[Reaching his hand in the locker, Mongo grabs his mask and slips it over his head. With both hands behind his head, he ties the leather bindings one by one.]

That's all.... but nooooooo... You gotta' go on and on, talkin' about principle's n' all that crap.

[He's halfway down the back of his mask, taking great time and care to not over tighten it.]

It makes me wanna' ask the question- why do ya' even wrestle in the first place?

[With the last strip tied, Mongo gives the mask an adjustment. Satisfied, he finally shifts and turns on the bench, the wood creaking and groaning in protest against the massive weight on top of it.]

I'll wrestle any bastard that wants to step through the ropes and come at me. You're like some sorta' picky eater. Choosin' the meals you wanna' feast on, rather than goin' out and devouring everything, good or bad. You see, that's me. I go out there and I feed. Sometimes I only get a nibble, sometimes I eat that son of a bitch up.

[Mongo points his finger towards the nearby locker room door.]

It doesn't matter what I get though, I go out there.

[Dropping the hand back down on his thigh, Mongo leans forward.]

I used to play college football for a livin'. Got a scholarship after I got outta' high school and played defensive lineman for Illinois State. Almost got picked up by the Chicago Bears because I could rip through nearly any defensive line and just pulverize a quarterback before he could snap the ball off.

[The big man's head lowers, eyes closed.]

But it didn't work out. I was too big they said. Too big for NFL... heh... Ain't that a kick in the nuts or what?

[He shakes his head left to right.]

I tried to get a nine to five'er job. I wasn't good at much of nothin'. Any job I had, I lost in weeks. Then I found wrestlin' and realized I wasn't half bad at it. I could still club people just as good now as I did in my college days.

[His head lifts and he glares up at the camera.]

Mikey, I've been trainin' hard. I'm in better shape than I was for college football and I've even trimmed down by about fifty or sixty pounds.

[Mongo strokes that bearded chin poking out from the mouth hole of his mask.]

I'm willin' to admit I'm not the best in the world, but I'm gettin' faster, stronger, and better with each passing week.

[Placing his palms on his knees, The Mongoloid grits his teeth.]

...and I heard what you said about me in DERP. Mikey, ya' called me a jobber, said I'm not even worthy of carrying your f***in' luggage.

[Slowly, he shook his sizeable head.]

It's bad 'nuff that me and Percy had to go and do... what we did... to make you take a challenge that any proud wrestler would gladly take. But the shit you've said? You're tha' f***in' bad guy. You're tha' one who's crossin' lines. You're tha' one tossin' long bombs without a care in tha' world because you know that in DERP, I can't touch you.

[His nostril's flare as he takes in a deep breath.]

Mikey, if you wanted me to respect ya', you'd have come on down, signed tha' damn contract, and made this match happen a lot sooner. You probably stood a better chance of kickin' my ass, for starters. Even then though, I'd have shown you just a little respect. Now, I'm going to beat some respect into you, ya' big hairy bastard.

[Mongoloid smacks gloved fists together.]

I'm not out to wrestle you, Bitch Mountain. I'm out to beat you into paste for the shit you've said about me; for the things I've had to do to get at least some kinda' f***in' respect out of you. I'm gonna' show the world what I'm fully capable of... Gonna' show 'em all that I can beat you and everybody else who dares ta' stand in front of me, because...

[Rising from his seat, the camera tracks him. He throws his head back and stretches out his lumbering, massive arms out at his sides, tensed and actually showing signs of defined muscle underneath what has been universally bulbous fat. His arms and head quiver and shake as if he were standing at the epicenter of an earthquake as he roars his name to the ceiling above him.]

I...AM....THA....MMMMMMMMMOOOOOOONNNNNGGGGGOOOOOLLLLLLLLLOOOOOOOIIIIIIIDDD
DDDD!!!

[Lowering his arms, Mongoloid stares into the camera with psychotically glazed eyes, his teeth bared and tightly clenched, and his face rapidly turning red under his mask as his whole body quivers with rage.

Fade to black.]



LAST MAN STANDING MATCH

THE MONGOLOID (w/ PERCIVAL GRAVES)

vs.

BIG MIKE FOYER



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a LAST MAN STANDING MATCH!!!

HUGE POP!!!

RA: The only way to win is to keep your opponent down so they cannot answer a ten count.

[The massive, beastly Mongoloid explodes through the curtains with a roar, throwing his arms out at his sides as his theme "War Is The Answer" by Five Finger Death Punch hits the PA. He starts swinging his arms back and forth, limbering them up as he makes his way to the ring. His slow walk gives us all a long time to really take in the man. We find him attired in a long legged black wrestling doublet, decorated with several blue, white, and gold tribal-esque designs that run from his underarms down past his blue kickpadded, white wrestling boots. He also sports black heavy elbow pads and matching padded grappling gloves. Completing the look is a studded, dark blue leather face mask that just barely conceals his identity. Walking alongside him in a black business suit and red tie, leaning on a white cane, is his 4' 11" manager, Percival Graves.]

RA: INTRODUCING AT THIS TIME... HE STANDS AT SIX FOOT SEVEN INCHES TALL AND WEIGHS IN AT AN INCREDIBLE FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY SEVEN POUNDS...

FROM CHICAGO, ILLINOIS....

ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PERSONAL MANAGER, PERCIVAL GRAVES...

THE.... MMMMMOOOOOONNNNNGGGOOOOLLLLLLLOOOOIIIIIIIDDDDDD!!!!

HEEL JEER!

[Reaching ringside, the Chicago native ascends the ring steps and slips into the ring. He quickly throws his arms up and roars to the crowd.]

MORE HEEL JEERS!!!

#FORTUNE FAME...

#MIRROR PAIN...

#GONE INSANE....

#BUT THA' MMMEEMMMOOORRRRRYYYY RREEEMMMAAAIIIIINSSS!!!

[Metallica's "Memory Remains" hits the house PA and out comes Big Mike Foyer - no cowboy hat, no shades - just his wrestling doublet, pads, boots, and wristbands. He bursts down the aisle with incredible speed, jumping up and sliding under the ropes. In a flash, he's on his feet and peppering the Mongoloid with vicious, violent punches!]

POP!!!

AS: WOAHH! Big Mike Foyer needing no introduction, he just runs in and goes ballistic on The Mongoloid!!!

SS: But what about the implied threat made by Percival Graves earlier tonight regarding Foyer's sister who sits in the VIP Skybox as we speak?

[We get a brief shot of the VIP Skybox situated at the back of the arena. Through the double pane glass, we watch briefly as Becky looks on, a bit nervous as the two large men in the VIP box with her are dressed as waiters. One pouring her a drink while the other stands back by the door, arms crossed. We find the freckle-faced brown eyed brunette attired in a pink T-shirt, blue jeans, sneakers, small hoop earrings, and charm bracelets on her wrists.]

DING! DING! DING!

AS: Referee Jones not bothering to restore order and just letting these two men have at it!

[Suddenly Mongo breaks up the assault with a surprise headbutt, but while BMF staggers back, shaking his head, Mongo falls back into a corner, hanging an arm in the ropes as he presses a palm to his masked forehead.]

SS: Mongo catches BMF with a surprise head butt to try and break up the assault, but it looks like it did more damage to him than Foyer!

AS: Big Mike recovers and runs full steam at the Mongoloid... WHAT'S THIS?!

[As BMF leaps forward with a body splash, Mongo hops forward, catches the 350 pounder in his arms and slams him to the canvas with an impressive...]

BBBBBOOOOOOOMMMM!!!

AS: Teeth rattling impact from that Spinebuster by The Mongoloid!

SS: The whole ring shook!

AS: Mongo goes for a running body splash on to the canvas but BMF moves, letting the big man's belly flop down instead. Both men now on their feet, Mongo going for that Goodnight Lariat, but Foyer ducks... Waistlock and a Backbridge...

TTHHHHOOOOOOMMMM!!!

AS: German Suplex on The Mongoloid!!!

SS: How many slams like that do you think the ring can take before it falls out from under them?

AS: I don't know... but Foyer and Mongo now on their feet once again. Big Mike pressing Mongo high over his head now.

SS: Every muscle in Foyer's body seems to be quivering to hold that four hundred and forty pounder over his head....

KKKKAAAABBBBAAAHHHMMPPPHHHH!!!

AS: BMF with a bone jarring Gorilla Press Slam!

SS: Mongo is clearly not doing so hot, despite the fact that Percival is holding BMF's little sister hostage in our very own skybox!

[Percival and BMF's eyes meet up and the Midget Manager frowns. He then points up at the Skybox where the one "waiter" standing behind Becky now holds an aluminum baseball bat in his hands.]

SS: I used to think Percival was a pretty decent guy until this. How my brother is allowing this to happen on his show is beyond me... OH GOOD GOD!!!

FWHACK!

HEEL JEER!!!!

AS: THE MONGOLOID FROM BEHIND WITH A GOODNIGHT LARIAT!!! DOWN GOES BIG MIKE FOYER!!

[Mongo roars in triumph, pounding his fists to his chest to a nice heel jeer from the crowd.]

SS: Referee Jones now making the count...

Ref: ONE!!!

TWWWWOOOO!!!

TTTTHHHHRRRREEEE!!!!

FFFFFOOOOUUURRRR!!!!

FFFFFIIIIVVVVEEEEE

[Big Mike slowly starts to stir, planting his hands to the canvas.]

Crowd: KICK HIS ASS FOYER!!! *STOMP STOMP STOMP!*

KICK HIS ASS FOYER!!! *STOMP STOMP STOMP!*

KICK HIS ASS FOYER!!! *STOMP STOMP STOMP!*

Ref: SSSSIIIIXXXXXX

AS: The crowd getting behind the DERP competitor, Big Mike Foyer.

SS: BMF clearly not done as he picks himself up using the ropes...

[The Mongoloid glares hard at BMF's back and with a snarl he rushes in, cracking him right in the center of his spine with a running stomp. Mike slides down the ropes and rolls onto his back.]

AS: What a vicious kick to BMF's Spine! And now Mongo unleashing his fury as he just starts stomping the crap out of Big Mike Foyer!

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Random Fan: YOU SUCK MONGO!!!!

SS: The fans clearly know the score here, Ash.

AS: That they do, Steph, and now Mongo grabs Foyer by the throat with both hands and lifts him up. Mongo now has Big Mike up and starts walking around the ring while choking the man! Remember, Big Mike Foyer is no lightweight. He gives up a hundred pounds to the Mongoloid.

SSSMACK!

AS: Ear Pop on the Mongoloid! He drops BMF, who stumbles on his feet...

WHOCK!

AS: ...BIONIC BIG BOOT FROM FOYER!!! MONGO IS DOWN!!!

SS: And Mongo looks to be stunned! Ref Jones is making the count!

Ref: ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

TTTTTHHHRRREEE!!!

[Mongo's head lifts, an arm grasping at open air...]

FFFOOOUUUUUUURRRR!!!

[Percival catches BMF's attention and points up at the skybox once more. BMF looks...]

FFFFIIIIIVVEEEE

[...and sees the big waiter behind his sister readying the baseball bat to strike. With his eyes widening, he reaches down to take Mongo's outstretched arm and hoists him up...]

Crowd: BBBBBOOOOOOOO!!!

AS: BMF just broke the count... he pulls Mongo right into a boot to the gut, doubling him over and straddling his head in a standing headscissor!

SS: Why is he motioning for us to move, Ash?

[BMF whips Mongo onto his shoulders and gets a running start for the ropes, heading straight for the announce table side of the ring.]

SS: HOLY SHIT!!!! MOVE ASH MOVE!!!!

[And we lose connection with commentary as Big Mike Foyer hurls Mongo over the top rope and out of the ring for an explosive landing through the commentary table!]

CROWD POP!

[With a snarl, Big Mike rolls out under the ropes and goes right for Percival! The Midget starts pointing up at the skybox, but Big Mike Foyer doesn't care. He reaches down and grabs the little man by his throat, hefting him up off his feet like a small child!]

HUGE FACE POP!!!

[Percival slaps Big Mike's arm, pointing at the skybox. Apparently he says something that gets his attention. Mike looks over at the box to see the man with the baseball bat now holding it at the neck of his now very distraught sister, the other one holding a box cutter in his hand and shaking his head. Percival yells loud enough at Foyer to be heard.]

Percival: PUT ME DOWN OR SHE GETS HURT!!!! NOW DAMN YOU!!!

[With his arms trembling, Big Mike slowly lowers Percival to the ground, then turns away, roaring with rage and torment. This is cut short as a surprisingly resilient Mongoloid runs around the corner and rocks him back with a violent body avalanche! Foyer stumbles into the ring barricade where he's opened up to a rapid fire assault of furious fists all along the body trunk.]

AS: Ok we're back and at the timekeeper's table for the moment. This is clearly getting out of hand, this match should have been stopped by now.

SS: I know! Where in the hell is my brother when you need him?!

AS: Foyer comes back with a back elbow shot to the side of Mongo's face, sending the big man staggering. He keeps looking up at that skybox, rightfully worried, but Percival urges him on to continue...

SS: I don't get this... it's almost like Percival wants Mongo to think this is legitimate.

AS: Mongo goes for another Lariat, but Foyer counters with a Bionic Headbutt to the man's chest! Mongo is winded!!! BMF now slinging The Mongoloid under the ropes and back into the ring!

SS: Foyer's on the apron and climbing the nearby turn post... is he going to fly?!

AS: Mongo gets up... BIG MIKE FOYER WITH A FLYING CLOTHE-

FWHABBBBBBOOOOOOMMM!!!

SS: HOLY MOTHER OF GOD!!!

AS: MONGO CAUGHT HIM AND CHOKESLAMMED BIG MIKE FOYER TO THE CANVAS!!!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!

SS: Distraction or not, that was impressive! Mongo has improved in the hands of Percival Graves, no doubt about it!

AS: Mongo doesn't even let the count get started; he's picking Big Mike Foyer up and pressing him high over his head! The Mongoloid starts walking around the ring... I think I know what's coming next...

Mongoloid: WWWWAAAAATTTTCCCCCHHHHH TTTHHHHAAA'
BBBBBIIIIIRRRRRDDDDDDIIIIIEEEE!!!

[Mongo stops right at a turn post, stomps one foot and launches Big Mike Foyer across the canvas for a hard landing dead center on his back. BMF sits up, a hand to the small of his back and his teeth clenched in a combination of anger and pain.]

AS: Mongo is stomping his feet, looking like a bull ready to charge.... Percival once more points out the skybox to Big Mike Foyer...

[Foyer looks towards the skybox and sees his sister, tears in her eyes, hands held, symbolically pleading as the man with the box cutter now holds his weapon close to her face.]

SS: This is just despicable....

[He then turns just as The Mongoloid runs full steam ahead at him.]

Mongoloid:
RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRR!!!

FFFFFWWWWWHHHHHAAAAACCCCCCCCCCKKKKKK!!!

HUGE HEEL JEER!!!

AS: RUNNING GOODNIGHT LARIAT RIGHT TO THE FACE!!!! BIG MIKE FOYER IS DOWN!!!!

Referee Jones: ONE!!!

TTTTWWWOOOO!!!!

TTTTTHHHHHRRRREEEEEE!!!!

[Mongo stomps around the ring, rotating his arms, snarling like an angry, sweaty beast!]

FFFFFOOOOOUUUUURRRRRR!!!!

FFFFFFIIIIVVVVEEEE!!!!

SSSSIIIIIXXXXXX!!!

SS: Please, somebody stop this injustice!!!

SSSSSEEEVVVVVEEENNNN!!!

AS: Big Mike Foyer looks like he's completely unconscious, Steph. That second running Power Lariat by The Mongoloid seems to have done the trick...

EEEEEEIIIGGGGHHHTTT!!!!

Crowd: THIS SUCKS!! THIS SUCKS!!! THIS SUCKS!!!!

NNNNNNNNIIIIIIINNNNNNEEEEEE!!!!

SS: COME ON!!! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!!

TTTTTEEEENNNNNNN!!!!

AS: The Ref's motioning for the bell!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: HERE IS YOUR WINNER BY KNOCK OUT...

THE...MMMMMMMMOOOOOONNNNNGGGGGOOOLLLLLOOOOIIIIIIIDDDDD!!!

RIP ROARING INSANE HEEL JEER!!!

SS: JEEZUS! I thought we were through with this bastard. But somehow he came through with a victory.

AS: Trash is FLYING at that ring right now! The fans are beyond disappointed!

SS: Mongo just grabbed the ring announcer's microphone... Oddly Percival is telling him no, but Mongo's going to talk anyways apparently...

Mongo: YYYYYEEEEAAAAHHHH!!! DIDN'T SEE THIS ONE COMIN' DIDJA' BITCHES?!!! I AM THA' MMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOONNNNGGGGOOOOOOOLLLLLLLOOOOOOIIIIIIIDDDD!!! AND I AM... THAT... DAMN.... GOOD!!!!

[He tosses the microphone down as "War is the Answer" by Five Finger Death Punch hit's the house PA. As he slips through the ropes, BMF sits up, shivering and shuddering with furious anger. In a surprise move, however, the side door to the skybox opens and out steps Becky Lynn Foyer. She runs down the aisle and deftly slips past ringside security to check on her brother. Over and over, she keeps saying "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"]

AS: Becky Lynn Foyer in the ring with her brother and saying... she's sorry? What for?

[As Mongo stops at the top of the aisle way, standing triumphant and basking in his moment of victory, Becky picks up the microphone. There are tears in her eyes as she helps the big man to his feet, Foyer clearly confused by his sister's words.]

Becky: MICHEAL! I'M SORRY!!! This was all a setup by Percival Graves!!!

[Percival's eyes go wide and he looks directly at The Mongoloid who freezes in his tracks. He looks towards Percival mouthing "What does she mean...?" The music dies...]

Becky: I... I pissed my money away on football again! I'm sorry!!! I needed the money, Mike! I NEEDED IT!!! I couldn't pay the rent!! I was about to be kicked out of my apartment!!!!

[The wheels started clicking as BMF stands there, listening to Becky with his hands on his hips.]

Becky: That was a setup and so was this! Percival told me to come here, said he'd pay me extra to sit in the skybox and pretend to be scared! I'm so sorry Mike! Please forgive me! I didn't mean it! I had no choice!!!

[Mongo glares hard at Percival, fists clenched and ready to unload on the little man who seems to be in a frenzied panic trying to explain himself. BMF, meanwhile, stares hard at his sister and at one point, his fists are clenched as if he wants to hit her...]

SS: Oh please don't do it Mike! I know this whole thing is wrong, but don't do it!

[...He reaches his hand out and snatches the microphone from Becky.]

BMF: ...I understand, but you could have just asked me for the money if you needed it Becky...

Becky: I'm such a screw up! I mess everything up! I'm sorry!!!

[BMF clearly has a hard time staying mad at this little girl before him and he throws his arms around her, just hugging her close as she cries into his chest. Back on the stage, Mongo grabs Percival up by the back of his jacket and starts walking to the ring with the man held like a well-dressed piece of luggage. He tries to swing his cane, but Mongo knocks it out of his hand!]

AS: Mongo approaching the broadcast position!

[BMF sees Mongo coming and separates from Becky, hands at the ready. Mongo walks around the ring and quickly gathers a backup microphone from the timekeeper's table. Hoisting Percival up, Mongo starts talking on the microphone.]

Mongo:I knew about the first thing, Mikey. I didn't know about what this piece of shit did here tonight. I swear on my brother's grave, I... did... not... KNOW!

AS: This is such a bizarre and complicated situation...

SS: You said it, Ash.

Mongo: Second of all, I want a rematch. A REAL rematch against you. DERP, TSWF, it don't matter where. I may not have alotta' respect for you, but I respect wrestling and what happened here tonight, 'cause of this piece of shit...

[Mongo shakes a rather angry Percival in his hand.]

Mongo: ...that ain't wrestlin'. Now if you can't respect that at least, then you can go f*** yourself 'cause then you ain't worth shit! So whadda' ya' say? Me and You... One more time... head to head... fightin' like men!

[Big Mike slowly nods his head.]

BMF: I can respect that... IT'S ON!!!!

HUGE FACE POP!!!

[Mongo shoots Foyer a big smile, then turns Percival to face him.]

Mongo: You and me are gonna' go backstage and have a little talk about your role as my manager motherf***er!

[Tossing his microphone to a ring attendant, Mongo heads straight to the back, still holding Percival in that precarious position. Cut to ringside...]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: I believe we are witnessing the dissolution of whatever agreement The Mongoloid and Percival Graves have had over the last few months.

AS: Yes but what becomes of the training that Mongoloid has gone through to get to this point?

SS: I'm not quite sure but if he expects to go toe-to-toe against Big Mike Foyer in a legit match where the "fix" ISN'T in...he better find someone to whip his butt in shape double quick.

AS: Folks, we have quite the six person war coming up next so let's hear now from the participants involved starting with Elijah Black.



ELIJAH BLACK



[Elijah Black is sitting on a bench in Center Square, in the heart of Easton's historic downtown district, looking directly towards the Crayola Store.]

Black: It's funny. This town has been here, what, 200 years? 250? And that's before you consider that, for centuries, people that actually had claim to the land as their own populated it. It's got history, from one culture to another, from one generation to another, and countless people have called this place "home" at one point or another.

So what's the place known for? It's where they make crayons.

No, it's not known for being one of the first places where the Declaration of Independence was read, something important, but it's known for being the home of Yellow Green...but not, as I found to my horror, Orange Red. I always liked Orange Red, it was a warm color. I guess I'm supposed to be thankful they didn't dump Blue Green? Think about it, the childhoods of several generations struck off by someone with a biro and a clipboard, and for what? Wisteria? Sorry we weren't quite so important to you as your demographics and branding, Corporate America...

[A look of outright disdain crosses Black's face]

Black: So this is a town where something remembered by everyone from their childhood is made, yet part of their childhood is cast aside for something more "modern", which usually means garish with a name that sounds like Timothy Leary did an experiment with the focus group's water supply? Mango Tango? Piggy Pink? Jazzberry Jam? Somebody actually said these out loud and wasn't called an idiot!

Things change, they always do – sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worst, and sometimes just for the sake of saying you've changed something. The first, at least you thought it through and it worked. The second, you thought it through but forgot to ask anyone if they wanted change – that gets you New Coke and the realization you've wasted more money than your customers will see in their lifetimes on a mistake. The third? That's when you allow corporate zombies to believe they're creative, and they make something that ruins what you had to the point it can't be repaired. Those are the people that thought Pinky & The Brain could be improved and gave us Pinky, Elmyra & The Brain. And nobody remembers it because it was pulled within a month, buried due to the poor reception to their moronic idea. And now we're supposed to pretend it never happened because they won't admit to their mistake anytime soon, knowing the DVD set will sell in the low tens.

In my case, change is necessary.

You see, I sat down and watched my matches with RJ Souza, and soon realized that I made one crucial, catastrophic mistake. Looking back with my eyes open to what was happening, I could see it clearly – I was going into the matches with Souza knowing how to HURT him, but at no point was I trying to BEAT him.

I was hitting him with a lot of offence, I was being creative with weapons and my surroundings...but that's it. There was no strategy, no plan, and no method of execution to follow through from start to finish. Look at the I Quit match... I was making him hurt, I was making him bleed, but never thought of a way to make him say the two words I was asking for to begin with.

If there was one thing I needed to change, that was it. So I took time off, and stripped back who I am in the ring and looked at what needed to be changed. I needed focus, I needed a plan, and I needed strategy. So while everyone else was concerned about the gauntlet for the Underground Title, I looked beyond that one show and thought about what I needed to do afterwards. Anyway, as you already know, I wasn't going to put my name to a match or a title that might have made the name meaningless, so I had more time to start from scratch.

As you may have seen a few weeks ago, I'm a fast learner – I beat Chad Allen not by throwing twenty moves at him when a kick to the gut would do, I wasn't hitting different body parts in a random order, I was focused, cerebral, and broke him down over the course of the match. I went for his neck, but when he missed one move and I cracked him on the knee I knew that was my route to a clear victory. I may not have quite stuck to the plan, getting sidetracked with weapons and making bold statements which could have cost me the match, but there were signs that I was up to the task.

More than that, though, I backed up my claim that I could beat any member of the Underground Gauntlet one-on-one. Chad Allen was, to all intents and purposes, a taste of things to come. A teaser, a sneak preview. He was just the first step to prove I could beat anyone on the list and make my way towards Jack Nomad...or whoever has the belt when the time comes.

Which makes me wonder...what was the look on Nomad's face when this match was announced?

Not only does he have a guy I beat to tell him that I mean what I say, he now gets to watch first-hand as I move onto the next phase of the plan, and work my way through the contenders. And that means you, Nomad...or maybe you, Morrison. That's the irony. The fact that I beat Allen already means I won't be looking to beat him this time around, so he gets an easy night...from me, that is.

There is an elephant in the room, of course. Whilst he can compare notes with one of his partners about how serious I am, I get to partner up with two other people who are on the list, and I probably won't need to go into much detail about my recent history with one of them – because I already talked about it.

See, now I have to co-exist with a couple of people I have, essentially, said are marked men, going against two people I have said are marked men and one person I have said is no longer my concern. And one of my partners I just came off a blood feud with, so I doubt there will be much fluid teamwork from that standpoint. In other words, that hands back momentum to Nomad, Allen and Morrison, as they're a cohesive unit.

The problem that Nomad and Morrison have is that they know I have set my sights on defeating them, one of them, at the next show. Nomad will want to protect himself, so will he throw Morrison under a bus for the time being and hope the others in the tournament, like Skylark, Mongoloid, or my partners for the next match, slow me down? Or is he going to hope he can end my quest at the first opportunity, forgetting there's a couple of people on the apron who can stop him getting his way if they can run across a ring within two-and-a-half seconds.

You see, Nomad, to set the world on fire, the first thing you need is a couple of matches. Your pal Allen was one, and this match is another. The flame isn't rising yet, it's merely smoldering, but the fiercest inferno has to start from somewhere and before anyone knows it, it will be impossible to stop. Of course, you can always get out of its way and drop the title at any point to any competitor...except that will just make you an earlier target, as the belt is my final destination.

Make no mistake, Nomad, I will be coming for you. I may beat you in this match and spare you weeks of waiting for your number to come up, or it might be Morrison and you'll have to wait, but you and I will face off, and I will defeat you.

All you need to do is question when it will happen.

[FTB]



RJ SOUZA



[The locker room. Sacred to so many, but tonight, RJ Souza gets ready to do battle for this beloved area of the TSWF faithful. He is wearing his black Ray Bans, black boots and black jean shorts. He is wearing a black TSWF t-shirt to show solidarity for his team in tonight's 6 person tag match. He is wrapping his arms in black sports tape as he conducts this interview....]

RJ Souza: So, once again, I am the one of the chosen...

You might remember a few weeks back... I shot my mouth off. "I'll do whatever it takes to get back into title contention....." So what does Michael Sandbury do? He tosses me right into the fire to fight Chad Allen. "The Jester" is a very, very violent man. I needed to be in a "Tom Sawyer" frame of mind. I was in my street clothes....Wait...I am making up excuses. The brass tax is I FAILED!! I failed very TSWF fan that wanted me to win the Underground title. I disappointed the TSWF championship committee...I disappointed a lot of people that night. But none more disappointed than ME. Not only could I not win a damn match, but also I looked like a giant moron who can't cash checks that my mouth writes.

So where do I go from here?

Battle lines being drawn. One side has that same violent Juggalo....The Underground champ Jack Nomad....The man I was told to eliminate from winning that said title...and Vic Morrison. Three guys who never gave a damn about anything other than themselves. But the sad thing is...those three stooges are not what I am most concerned about.

I know Josie Saito and where she stands. Never a doubt in my mind I could trust her. But it's THAT GUY again. I respect Elijah Black after our long feud. He and I went to Hell and back...and I even brought a Demon along for the ride. But I don't know if Elijah can just let bygones be bygones. Can he forgive and forget or is he looking for that chance to set everything right on his world with a shot between my eyes. This team's chances of victory remain on one person's shoulders. Can Black let things go and rise up to the challenge in front of us? Or will he allow himself to let his own pride and ego cost TSWF a battle we must win?

We are just moments away from that call.....

[RJ picks up "Louisville" and walks out of the locker room.]



JOSIE SAITO



[The scene opens to the hotel room of one Josie Saito. It's night and the young woman is seated at a table in the darkened room, light emanating from lit candles. She's clad in a silk robe, tied at the waist, and her long, raven hair is piled atop her head and pinned. With glass of wine at the ready, she shuffles a deck of Tarot cards, her face solemn. As the camera zooms closer, she begins to speak, her eyes never leaving the cards.]

Josie: I wish I could say that I was surprised, Brandy. But I guess there was a part of me that always knew that you couldn't be trusted.

[She places the deck of cards face down and plucks one from the top and lays it face up on the table. The Four of Cups, signifying love and devotion that is taken for granted. Josie shakes her head and sighs, taking a small sip from the glass of wine, before facing the camera.]

Josie: I know that we didn't exactly start off as friends initially. Hell, when I first arrived in TSWF, we were at one another's throats. But, after we became aligned, I gave you nothing but my loyalty and trust. I had your back against Morrison, Monet, and everybody else out to get you. And how did you thank me? You decided to spit all over that and attack me at the last show!

[She shakes her head again; a look of disgust crossing her lovely features as she sets the glass aside.]

Josie: I guess I should have paid better attention to the changes in your attitude towards me recently. After I finally started changing my destiny and gaining some success around here, you suddenly became distant. The phone calls were shorter. The strategy sessions practically non-existent. Initially, I thought the attitude change was because you were worried about Rich. As a wife, I can sympathize. But now I see exactly what was going on.

You were jealous, Brandy. You weren't the only member of our team making something of herself anymore and it was killing you inside. That's why you perpetrated that bogus attack and created this new bimbo persona.

[Josie rolls her eyes.]

Josie: At first, I was upset but later, after thinking it over, I just feel sad for you, Brandy. This whole thing, the bad dye job and fake diva attitude, is just a pathetic cry for attention from a very pathetic, little girl. I hope you are able to get yourself together again one day because, quite frankly, you've turned yourself into a living joke.

[She plucks another card from the deck, turning it face up and placing it next to the first one. The Page of Wands, indicating the appearance of a new passion.]

Josie: But enough about, Brandy.

[She waves her hand through the air.]

Josie: I'm quite frankly finished with her. Right now, I have more important things on my mind, namely this upcoming tag match at "The Final Encounter". Many people don't know this but Leon Corella once saved my life. A few years ago, I'd had a very disastrous stint, wrestling in Japan. My pride led me to do some very foolish and dangerous things, bringing shame to my family's name and myself. For a while, I was considered "untouchable" in this industry, a loose cannon that could not be trusted. Finding doors repeatedly shut in my face, I began to think that wrestling would never be a reality for me again.

Until I met Leon .

[Her expression softens a bit, a wistful look in her eyes.]

Josie: He didn't care about the scandal, bad reputation, or my past mistakes. All he cared about was Josie Saito the wrestler. He took me under his wing, helped me join the KAWF promotion, and, in record time, I became their women's champion and held that belt until they finally closed their doors. As a result, other promotions came calling and my career was set back on track.

If it was not for Leon, I probably wouldn't even be here now. I owe the man a debt of gratitude that he probably never even knew. So, to say that I was disgusted by what I saw at the last show would be an understatement!

[She plucks a third and final card from the pile, laying it next to the other two. The Three of Swords, revealing a painful truth.]

Josie: Leon has been an incredibly positive force in this business. And to see him attacked and beaten by those cowards was enough to turn my stomach! I wasted no time in agreeing to Michael Sandsbury's offer to bring this trash to their knees. It's time that they learned that they will not be allowed to run rampant and unchecked!

[There's a steely, determined glint in her eyes.]

Josie: To be honest, I've never liked any of them from the start. My issues with Morrison and that back jumping fool, Allen, are already well known. And they've both been on my radar for weeks, as has Nomad.

I have remained silent on that misogynistic twit largely because I was too busy dealing with Monet and then his good friend, the Jester. But Jack is a hate-spewing idiot and I can't wait to finally get my hands on him. He may have gotten away with bullying Stephanie and laying out Brandy, but he won't be so fortunate against me. Because I will castrate that sorry little boy faster than you can say "Lorena Bobbitt", just like I'll do either of his partners that want to play tough!

[Her lips are twisted in a sneer.]

Josie: You fools had fun, when the odds were in your favor and you had poor Leon outnumbered. But I guarantee that you won't be so lucky, when things are more even. Because I'm coming for you. And nothing and no one is going to stop me from seeking retribution!

[Fade.]



"JESTER" CHAD ALLEN



[Jester, black hoodie up, face painted, sitting on a steel chair, a splintered kendo stick on his shoulder, a souvenir from the last show...]

JCA: So last week I was quiet. Last week I didn't feel that you people deserved to hear my words because I wanted my actions to say more. And that action was to join forces with one of the most hated men in TSWF in Jack Nomad. And I felt that if I came out here and pontificated to all of you, that all you would hear is my words and not see what my actions meant...

[Jester chuckles for a moment]

JCA: But then I forgot how dense all of you are and how you probably wouldn't even begin to fathom my actions, so I shall now spell them out for you, like I would a two year old reading Green Eggs and Ham.

[Jester looks at the kendo stick on his shoulder, then eyes directly to the camera]

JCA: I did what I had to to truly get you all to listen. I came in with simple plans - to move up the ranks of the TSWF roster by wrestling and winning matches; showing that I am more than just a weapon swinging lunatic. But the higher ups in this company and the fans only seem to want to see me bloody and batter people. So I am going to give you what you wish...

[The evil sneer that has drawn fear into the hearts of many men flashes across JCA's face]

JCA: You want blood? Pain? Suffering? FINE...I will give it to you, but I will give it along side the man that you all despise, that you loathe, that you cannot stand to see holding your gold in Jack Nomad. I will gladly help him slaughter all of you like sheep because it is what you ASKED for. Nomad and I have an excellent understanding. Nomad hates all of you as much as I do. Nomad understands what **HARDCORE** truly is. And Jack Nomad will gladly stand along side me as I set this place on fire. Then, as I stand in the middle of the ring, as the TSWF burns around me, I will simply ask you one question..

"Isn't this what you wanted?"

And all you will be able to say is "YES"...and then, and probably **ONLY** then will you truly understand what I was trying to do. I was trying to save you from all of this. I was trying to save you from the real me. But if this is what you want, I will not apologize. I will only maim your heroes.

Run for your lives...

[Head down, we fade to black]



VIC MORRISON



[Cut to one-half of the Natural Real Athletes, Vic Morrison. As usual, we catch him somewhere in the backstage area. He's in a plain black t-shirt and a pair of black warm-up pants.]

VM: Chris Hallmark and I made one thing clear last week... and it's that sacrifices must be made for the real stars of the Tri-State Wrestling Federation to shine. Men who were born to participate in this sport above all others.

Natural Real Athletes... you might say.

Unfortunately for you, Leon Corella, you were that lamb led to slaughter... but it's only fitting, being that this is simply karma rearing its ugly head.

[To that, Morrison smirks.]

VM: I hope you realize that this is only the beginning, Leon. For all the sins you've committed during your career? Enduring one night of brutality is nowhere near enough. No, you can't repent. You can't apologize. Even if you dropped to your knees and begged us for forgiveness... it still wouldn't suffice. You're beyond forgiveness, Leon.

[A green-eyed glare nearly pierces the lens.]

VM: You crossed that line years ago.

The way this is all playing out... it's almost poetic, Leon. I'm glad -- no, ecstatic -- that the doctors couldn't clear you for this week. It makes the punishment that much more, well... punishing.

Rest well, Leon, because if you're in the building next week... The NRA will strike you down like we did last week. Put you on the shelf for the next. Let you come back for another round the week after.

This is going to be your life until you break and decide that you can't take anymore, Leon. Either that or it's until you just... break.

[Morrison pauses.]

VM: In the meantime, I hope the men -- and woman -- you were supposed to be teaming with are ready for the fate that's about to befall them. All I have to say is this...

Seeing the nature of what Jack Nomad, Jester Chad Allen, and myself did to Leon Corella at Beantown Brawl... I don't know how Black, Saito, and Souza could possibly think they stand a chance in hell against three men who couldn't care less about the safety of the people standing on the opposite side of the ring.

If you're confident about the outcome... you might as well be spitting in the wind as far as I'm concerned.

[Into the frame walk Chris Hallmark and Derrick L. Ford, both men wearing NRA shirts. Ford has the Presidential Championship draped over his shoulder.]

Hallmark: Derrick, welcome to the NRA. It is always exciting to bring a like-minded individual into the fold. AND I KNEW that you would be able to demonstrate the benefits of PURE ATHLETICISM to that little douche, Tripp. I always knew that there was Hope For The Future of America once you arrived in Tri-State Wrestling and I knew that you and I would be able to enlighten the masses. With Vic and myself, there is no stopping this movement. We will show this company what it likes to be an ATHLETE. And Vic, we will be out there with you tonight; we got your back and we have MORE lessons to teach.

[And we're out.]



JACK NOMAD / "JESTER" CHAD ALLEN / VIC MORRISON

vs.

ELIJAH BLACK / RJ SOUZA / JOSIE SAITO



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

****POP!!****

RA: Introducing team number one...

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

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

JOSIEEEE SAIITOOO!!!!

****BIG POP!****

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

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

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

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

SS: Josie Saito truly is a team player here and knows how important a victory over the likes of Jack Nomad, Chad Allen, and Vic Morrison would mean to Michael Sandbury.

AS: That she does. And like we heard her say before, she is willing to lay it all on the line to make sure victory comes in her team's favor tonight.

RA: And her partner...

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

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

Here is "Bad Karma" RJJJJJ Souzaaaaaa!!!

[The fans erupt as "Bad Karma" steps onto the ramp to ZZ Top's "Cheap Sunglasses". He wears his black boots, black jean shorts and black Raybans. His t-shirt tonight is black w/ the TSWF logo on it to show solidarity for his team. He is also wearing black sports tape wrapped around both of his arms.]

HUGE CROWD POP!!!

[Souza walks down the aisle and heads towards the ring, smacking hands with the fans along the way. He climbs through the ropes into the ring, giving Josie Saito a high-five as he joins her in their team's corner.]

SS: And there's RJ Souza standing alongside Josie Saito.

AS: Souza feels truly sorry for letting Michael Sandbury down but also promises he won't let lightning strike twice.

SS: And the only odd variable in this whole equation...well he's about to make his way out here any moment now.

[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, surveying the arena around him with the hood of his black sweatshirt around his face and holding his fist in the air – only it isn't a fist, it's his hand with a microphone held in it]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bailed out your banks
But billed me for the loss
#

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

They say we must submit
And be one with the Machines

Because the Kingdom of Fear
Needs compliance to succeed
#

[Pacing around the ring, Black continues his deliberate pace, still holding the microphone aloft]

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 the mic 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, and hops between one foot and the other for a moment...]

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

[...before raising the mic to his lips, his music getting cut off in the process.]

BLACK: Last week, I said a new chapter would begin, and I know that everyone watching would have learned that I am a man of my word. And those who doubt, or just those who missed it, all you need to do is ask Chad Allen what I said and what I did to back it up.

I already started on my mission to prove I am the better man than any of those in the gauntlet, knocking down one...no, wait, I knocked down TWO of those who signed up, so tonight there is only one question that needs to be asked: Nomad or Morrison - which one is it?

[Black tosses his mic to the referee, before removing his hoodie and tossing it out of the ring – and, in doing so, makes eye contact with RJ Souza.]

SS: Still a bit strange that Elijah Black is garnering the support of the crowd but honestly, I think it's a good thing because despite his past, Black has respect for this business and would rather see himself or someone else champion versus a guy like Jack Nomad.

AS: Absolutely. And after what he did to Bullzeye tonight, I think he may be the new measuring stick to which all newcomers will have to deal with before proper entry into this company.

SS: I must say though – this will surely be an interesting trio to see if Black and Souza can work together.

AS: And then there's Saito who Elijah Black clearly has stated he WILL go after eventually on his journey towards the Underground title and it's holder Jack Nomad.

RA: And their opponents...introducing first...

["Five Finger Crawl" by Danzig plays over the PA system and out from the back steps a man with slightly tan skin. His frame is muscular but not too cut. For his age (he's not incredibly old, but not young), he's no slouch in the conditioning department. Vic keeps a fairly rugged appearance – short brown hair that's a bit shaggy and perpetual five o'clock shadow. He has cold green eyes and a perpetually serious expression on his face overall. Additionally, he has no tattoos but does have a few insignificant scars here and there from previous battles. Morrison's wrestling gear consists of a pair of black wrestling trunks with a white stylized "VM" on the left hip outlined in black, black knee pads, and black leather wrestling boots. To top everything off, he keeps his wrists wrapped with white tape and wears a black elbow brace on his right arm. The other two members of The NRA in Chris Hallmark & Derrick Ford, both wearing NRA t-shirts also join him.]

RA: From Miami, Florida... he weighs in at two hundred and twenty-nine pounds... joined by Chris Hallmark and Derrick Ford.... He is...

VICCC MORRISSONNN!!!

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

SS: Vic Morrison out here along with the other two members of The NRA.

AS: And all three men remain at the edge of the aisle way, not looking to enter the ring just yet.

RA: And his partner...

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

#Woke up on the bad side of bed again

#I can't escape this phase

#Everywhere I turn there's another wall

#And the medicine cabinet feeling like I'm stuck in a maze

#I can only find my way out by subtraction, murder is my reaction,

#Look in the basement and you can see what I mean

#People all cut to pieces, soaking in gasoline.

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

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

"THE JESTER" CHAD ALLENNNNNNN!!!!

****HUGE JEERS!!****

[JCA heads down to ringside and stands tall alongside the Natural Real Athletes.]

SS: JCA out here and now we await their "leader" if you will in Jack Nomad.

AS: The main reason this whole thing is even going down is Nomad. The way he was able to gather together Chad Allen, Chris Hallmark, and Vic Morrison to do all that damage to Leon Corella...

SS: It's despicable.

AS: Yes but it does show how much of a hold he has to be able to get all those minds towards one goal.

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

#...I think what scares us is we need... Violence...#

#BREAK IT DOWN LIKE IT'S COCKED AND LOADED!!#

#I GOT IT COCKED AND LOADED!#

#ARE YOU READY TO BLEEEEDDDDD?!!#!#

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

SS: I know I said this once before but I can't say it enough – that mean repulses me to no end and I wish nothing but complete ill will done to him by any member of the opposing team.

AS: I couldn't agree more. And the odd thing is that as we heard from him earlier tonight, Jack Nomad feeds on your hate and disgust.

SS: Hmm.. maybe I should praise him more.. then he can wither away and die from emotional starvation.

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

RA: And their partner...he hails from Jersey City, New Jersey and weighs in tonight at one hundred and ninety-six pounds... he is the TSWF Underground champion...

JACKKKKK NOOOOOMADDDDD!!!!

HEEL JEER!

[Jack arrives at ringside joining the other members of his team. Holding that mop handle high over his head, he scowls at the crowd, his inner hate shining through like balefire in his eyes.]

MORE JEERING!!!

SS: A stare down between both teams. And it seems like no one is ready to make the first move.

AS: The referee standing between the trio of Black, Souza, and Saito and the ring ropes, allowing Nomad, JCA, and Vic Morrison to climb into the ring.

DING! DING! DING!

SS: There's the bell...the referee telling four of the participants to hit the apron, leaving Josie Saito in the ring with Jack Nomad.

AS: The two lock up and Saito with a quick kick to the leg of Nomad as the crowd already chanting her name.

SS: Jack Nomad though throws a right hand at Josie and follows with another right hand. But Saito doesn't flinch, absorbing the blows....AND SHE JUST POUNCED ON NOMAD!!!

POP!!!

AS: Josie Saito on top of Jack Nomad and unleashing a series of stiff elbows to the head. Nomad eating them full-on, almost in a masochistic manner.

SS: And as Saito gets to her feet, pulling Nomad up with her, here comes RJ Souza for the two on one advantage.

AS: Saito and Souza with a double Irish whip into the ropes... Nomad bounces off the side and is met with a double clothesline. Great teamwork by those two thus far.

SS: But there's JCA who tosses Souza right out of the ring, heading out after him.

AS: Things are going to fall apart very quickly in this match-up, let me tell you.

SS: Josie Saito takes a moment to jaw jack with JCA and doesn't notice Jack Nomad rising to his feet behind her. Nomad approaching Saito from behind...

AS: Typical Nomad maneuver.

SS: And spins her around... Oooo... headbutt to the midsection of Josie Saito.

AS: And look at Elijah Black out on the apron, pacing back and forth...just watching every move of Nomad's.

[Black whistles in Nomad's direction, causing the Underground Champ to turn to look at him.]

SS: Black with Jack Nomad's attention....ROLL-UP BY JOSIE SAITO!

ONE!

AS: And Jack Nomad with the quick kick out.

SS: Both competitors back to their feet and Jack Nomad snarls at Elijah Black out on the apron. Saito goes for a shot at Nomad...ducked under and Jack Nomad rushes Saito into the corner.

BOOO!!!

AS: Yuck! How disgusting. Jack Nomad just blew a snot rocket in Black's direction before planting Josie Saito up on the turnbuckles.

SS: Nomad heading up as well...what will we see here?

BOOOM!!!

AS: SUPER FISHERMAN BUSTAH!!!

SS: Man oh man...Nomad dropped Josie Saito off that top turnbuckle with such force. And now he's back on his feet, pulling Saito up with him.

AS: Josie Saito looking a little worn at the moment as Nomad sprints towards the corner...up to the second turnbuckle...and springboards off the ropes for a side kick...

SS: NO!!!! Saito ducks out of the way and Jack Nomad hits nothing but pure white canvas. And now Josie Saito heading up to the top turnbuckle.

AS: Big thumbs up to the crowd....AND SHE SAILS OFF WITH THE DOUBLE FOOT STOMP!

BIG POP!!!

SS: The fans loving it as Jack Nomad bounces around holding his groin. A great on-target blow by Saito.

AS: Maybe now we won't have to worry about little Nomads running around in this world.

SS: Ugh...can you imagine what his offspring would be like? Hell, I would hate to see what lowlife would even agree to procreate with that sonofab*tch.

AS: And now Saito making the tag out to RJ Souza. Not a lot of trust in Elijah Black at the moment.

SS: Well can you blame Saito...she knows Black is going to chop her head off as soon as the time is right. Whether it be here or somewhere else.

AS: Souza in the ring and he pulls Nomad up...shot to the gut to double him over...and a belly to belly suplex keeps Jack Nomad at bay.

SS: Meanwhile, JCA and Vic Morrison on the apron in his corner. Well JCA is...Morrison on the other hand is down on the floor conversing with Chris Hallmark and Derrick Ford.

AS: RJ Souza now grabbing at Jack Nomad...German suplex by "Bad Karma"... both combatants' shoulders are on the mat...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Souza gets a shoulder up as Nomad able to kick out as well.

AS: Josie Saito coming in for the two on one as they grab Jack Nomad and whip him into the corner...out comes Nomad and is sent head over heels with a double backdrop.

SS: Some leader Nomad is...his underling Chad Allen not really moving to save him so far.

AS: Saito exits the ring as RJ Souza with a tornado DDT on Jack Nomad. And now a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: BUT NOMAD GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

BOOO!!

AS: RJ Souza now going for a back suplex...NOMAD WITH THE GO-BEHIND....and hits a half nelson suplex...bridge included...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: SOUZA KICKS OUT!

AS: Phew! That was a close one. Jack Nomad now pulling Souza back to his feet...and hits a swinging neckbreaker.

SS: And now Nomad picks RJ Souza up once more...going for the Snake Eyes in the corner...NOPE! Souza slips down the back and pushes Nomad into the corner chest-first.

AS: But Nomad with a back kick that catches Souza off-guard. Jack Nomad turns around and throws a right jab at Souza...followed by a chop to the chest.

SS: But Souza will not go down that easily as he fires right back at Nomad. And both men trading blows at the moment.

AS: RJ Souza really wanting to make amends for his poor performance two shows back. And so far, I'd say he's doing a pretty decent job at it.

SS: Chad Allen in the ring once more and throws a clothesline at Souza from behind, bringing "Bad Karma" to his knees.

BIG BOOOOOOS!!!

AS: And a double Irish whip from Nomad and JCA...Souza bounces off the ropes and is caught with a double fist to the midsection.

SS: Josie Saito yelling at the referee to do something as he forces Chad Allen back out of the ring. But the damage is still done.

AS: Jack Nomad pouncing on Souza and throws a series of punches to the head...changes up into some elbow smashes...AND SOUZA FLIPS HIM OVER!!

POP!!!

SS: RJ Souza now on top of Jack Nomad who has been in this match since the opening bell. Souza pulls Nomad up and goes for a running headsmash right into the top turnbuckle. And smashes him head-first a few more times for good measure.

AS: Jack Nomad stumbles out as Josie Saito asks for the tag....RJ Souza obliges. But there's JCA in the ring as he hits a running boot to Saito putting her down.

SS: Allen helping Nomad to his feet before heading back to the apron.

AS: And Jack Nomad makes the tag out to Vic Morrison who heads right over to Saito's position and throws a kick to the head.

SS: Morrison now pulls Saito up and whips her into the ropes...Reversal by Saito....Morrison goes for a running lariat...Saito ducks and counters with a Fujiwara armbar.

AS: And Elijah Black is out on the apron looking for a tag but Josie Saito not paying attention at the moment as she continues to lock in that submission hold on Morrison's arm.

SS: Morrison trying to fight through the pain as he maneuvers his way towards the ropes.

AS: OH YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME?!?

SS: Chris Hallmark and Derrick Ford jumping inside the ring...Hallmark pulls Saito off of Morrison and tosses her towards Derrick Ford who slams her down with a spinebuster.

AS: And Chris Hallmark helping Vic Morrison to his feet, whispering something in his ear. He looks over at Josie Saito and then at his corner.

SS: Morrison waving a hand at Nomad and JCA as he, along with Chris Hallmark and Derrick Ford, exit the ring. Are they leaving?

AS: I believe they are. Vic Morrison telling Jack Nomad and Chad Allen they can finish this on their own as The NRA head to the back.

SS: Something tells me this was always about Leon Corella and with him not involved in this match, they've got nothing really at stake.

AS: Jack Nomad is livid realizing he is a man down on his team and tells Chad Allen to get in the ring.

SS: JCA heads over to Saito and pulls her to her feet...Exploder suplex by Allen who then makes a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: SAITO KICKS OUT!!!

SS: JCA pulls Saito up and goes for a fallaway slam....NO WAY! Josie Saito able to slip out and locks the No Escape on Chad Allen.

ONE!

TWO!

THR.....

SS: JCA with the shoulder up in the nick of time. And Jack Nomad is breathing a sigh of relief out on the apron...that smug bastard.

AS: Saito back to her feet and hits the ropes....Allen rises up as Josie Saito goes for a flying clothesline...

SS: Yakuza kick from Allen...SAITO DIVERTS...Josie Saito has Allen by the scruff of the neck, looking to tag in Black...

AS: BUT BLACK REFUSES!!! He drops to the floor and rests against the crowd barrier.

Black: I'VE ALREADY BEATEN HIM!

SS: How ridiculous. This is all about the journey to the Underground title for Elijah Black as he tells Saito he's already beaten JCA so he doesn't see the need to waste energy on him.

AS: Josie Saito is shocked and is caught with a back elbow by Chad Allen. Meanwhile, RJ Souza having an exchanging of words with Elijah Black from the apron.

SS: JCA now going for a powerbomb....SAITO WITH THE REVERSAL! Headscissors takedown from Saito and a quick transition into a cross armbar.

AS: JCA on the mat and Josie Saito has that armbar locked in real tight.

SS: The crowd going wild chanting "Tap" at Chad Allen.

AS: But Jack Nomad not going to let that happen as he rushes in and breaks things up in short fashion with a boot to the head of Saito.

SS: And here's Elijah Black AND RJ Souza in the ring. Black goes after Nomad....Souza after Allen...

AS: Burarkusuta (Shining Wizard) from Black hits Nomad in the head while Souza pulls JCA up and nails him with a Karma Kick.

SS: Black and Souza turn to each other...

Black & Souza: THAT'S MY MOVE!

SS: The official telling Elijah Black and RJ Souza to exit the ring as Josie Saito slowly gets to her feet. JCA rolls out of the ring, leaving Jack Nomad down and out.

AS: Josie Saito still a bit swirly in the head and it shows as she voluntarily tags in Elijah Black.

BIG POP!!!

SS: Black picks Jack Nomad off the mat and hits The Black Manoeuvre, and makes the cover...

ONE...

AS: JCA rushes into the ring.... But RJ Souza catches him with a spear to take him out of the equation!!!

TWO...

SS: No one left to save him...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!!

RA: And here are the winners of the match at twelve minutes and twenty-eight seconds...

ELIJAH BLACK.... RJ SOUZA... AND JOSIEEE SAIITOOO!!!

CROWD POP!!!!!!



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Victory is ours! And Jack Nomad has learned a valuable lesson here tonight – don't trust The NRA.

AS: Cause they may just shoot you in the back.

SS: Good one, Ashie. And Elijah Black exiting the ring on his own, not looking to celebrate with Souza or Saito as he has made his point known – Jack Nomad is in his sights and those two WILL meet again soon enough.

AS: And while the ring crew clears things around ringside and sets up for our main event, lets hear from Shadoe Rage followed by Mark Adams Junior.



SHADOE RAGE



[Fade in:

Shadoe Rage is backstage at the arena. He is disheveled, his dreadlocks flying in disarray around his head. Angry brown marks scar his body, remnants of the barbed wire match that was the sixth match in this best-of-seven series for the TSWF title. There is still a sheen of sweat and some developing bruises marring his caramel skin from the ladder match earlier tonight. The King of Rage Country leans on his Black Queen, Marissa Monet, one arm draped over her broad, muscular shoulders. She stands straight, her height advantage causing Rage to stand full height. Pain visibly shows throughout his body. Whatever pain his body may be in, his mind is sharp, his eyes blaze with the madness and intensity that make him the most dangerous man in the TSWF.]

Shadoe: Stanfield, you must be feeling real, real good about yourself right now.

[He winces and dips. Marissa holds him steady at the waist, pulling him back up with her shoulder.]

Shadoe: You think you've got me! You think you gave me my comeuppance. You think I gave everything I had in the ladder match and now your pet dog, Adams, has the advantage. Your premise is absurd and obscene. You will never take what is mine from me. You will never steal my title away. You don't understand me. You don't understand what stands in front of you!

Shadoe Rage...

Shadoe Rage...

SHADOE RAGE!

I am a KING amongst men. I AM a wrestling God. And I AM the TSWF champion! No matter what you do!

[The burst of rage sucks a little more out of Shadoe. His face blanches a little. He grimaces. But, driven by a cruel madness and harsh determination, he presses on, raising his chin in defiance.]

Shadoe Rage: Mark Adams, Jr., I am still standing. Six foot three, two hundred forty-eight pounds. I will be ready for war, no matter how badly you think you've hurt me. Look at me right now. Look at me right now! You are a vicious cur, a savage brute, and a monster. You're a desperate and dangerous opponent, yes, and it took everything I had to take the title in the ladder match! But it doesn't matter. I will NOT be denied. Pride is making you mad. It's driving you to foolish decisions. You're going into this match headhunting, trying to hurt me. YOU CANNOT BELIEVE YOU CAN TAKE THAT BELT FROM ME!

[Pain wracks Rage's body. He clutches at his ribs.]

Marissa: Steady, baby. Steady.

Shadoe Rage: If you do, you're even dumber than I thought. This series has exposed you. You've been outworked and outmaneuvered at every turn. You've been exposed as a man of no conviction. You've cheated time and time again to gain any victory over me. You have proven yourself unworthy of that title. You don't have the fortitude for it. That title isn't meant for you. You cannot represent it.

[Rage shakes his head.]

Shadoe Rage: That title means everything to me. It is only a status symbol for you. This is only about status for you. You like being champion. You like the attention, the money, and the fame. But that title isn't you.

That title is me.

[He struggles through another intense wave of pain. Marissa gazes down at him with a mix of devotion, love and fear.]

Shadoe Rage: I will go past any limits for that title. I will destroy my body. You? You want to take shortcuts. You want to have men interfere for you; you want to use stun guns. You... you'll cheat at every turn and then pretend you're the champion. No, sir. You know that you're outclassed. That's why you begged. That's why you pleaded for Werewolf and Kylie. That's why you tried this latest chicanery. That's why you've tried to hurt me every match and that's why you failed at every turn. And that's why you will fail now.

That title is in every part of me. There is nothing I won't do for that title. There is nothing I won't sacrifice. We've gone past the point of no return. Neither of us will be the same again after this. I'm going to take you into the abyss and you're not going to crawl out. But I will. And I will emerge from Hell with the TSWF title back in my possession!

[He let's out a hissing sound.]

Shadoe Rage: I will die for that title. My blood, my sweat, my name is that title. I am nothing else. And that's why you can never defeat me.

[Marissa's eyes drop. She kisses his forehead.]

Marissa: It won't come to that. He doesn't have anything left, either.

Shadoe Rage: It doesn't matter. Mark Adams Junior, you will die in darkness tonight! No one will remember your name. MY title is coming home with me. This I vow. For I am Shadoe Rage, TSWF champion! Remember that! For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast, and breathed in the face of the foe as he passed. And the eyes of the Mark Adams waxed deadly and chill. His heart beat but once and forever grew still.

[Rage slips from Marissa's shoulder and drops to one knee, gasping in pain. Marissa is immediately at his side.]

Marissa: Baby? Baby! Cut the cameras off! Get us off the air! Take us off the air!

[Fade to black]



MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[Cut backstage to a cleaned up, stitched up Mark Adams Junior as he meditates in preparation for the final match in his TSWF Championship Series against Shadoe Rage. Still obviously exhausted and demoralized from his earlier Ladder Match loss, Adams appears to be in a much calmer place than he was when last confronted by a TSWF cameraman.]

MA: So it all comes down to this. Mark Adams Junior versus Shadoe Rage. Two men step into the ring, only one man leaves as THE TSWF Champion. Shadoe, I've come too far, worked too hard, and suffered too much at your hands to let you steamroll right over me and take this title away. I said it's not about the belt, not anymore, but I was wrong. Dead wrong. The belt makes me who I am as much as I make it something the fans can look up to and something that the other guys in the locker room can strive toward. I set the bar, Shadoe... me... Mark Adams Junior. And you're not me, not even close. You kick me every time I'm down but I get right back up and keep on fighting. I have to. I'm the champ. The bull's-eye is on my back, not yours. And now it's time for me to step up this one last time and prove it.

Michael Sandsbury, I owe you an apology. You can't be held responsible for the actions of every man or woman who works for you and you're doing the best you can to handle every problem that gets thrown your way. Shadoe Rage is one of those problems. He destroyed the belt and you gave him this series of matches against me, not as a reward, but so I could do to him what he did to the TSWF. I get that now. I do. And I won't let you down again, not now, not ever.

Werewolf, Kylie... I won't let you down either. Kyles, you sacrificed your career for me last week so I wouldn't end up crippled or worse in that barbed wire match. I understand that now. And you dragged the big man down to throw in the towel and do the right thing even though I didn't see it that way before. And, Werewolf, you made it right tonight by delivering that injunction from the Mass Athletic Commission. Hell, it was worth being on the losing end of the ladder match just to see the look on Shadoe's face when you told him he wasn't the champion.

Finally, I've heard all the complaints from the fans from the locker room about this series going on for so long and you're right... every last one of you. I'm the TSWF Champion. I had one job to do and that job was to defend my title against each and every challenger... then move on to the next one. I haven't really done my best at that, I know, because, if I had, Shadoe Rage would be nothing but a memory right now. Tonight, though, this ends once and for all. Am I confident that I can beat Shadoe Rage one more time and walk out of here the Undisputed Champion? No, not really, because he's gotten the best of me before and he still might have a trick or two up his sleeve. But I'm going to beat him anyhow and I'm going to do it because you all deserve this win as much as I do. You've put up with this game of one-upmanship between Shadoe Rage and myself for way too long and it's time, well past time, actually, to end it for good.

[Adams stands up.]

Shadoe Rage, if you can hear me, I'm coming for you. The Icebreaker Crossface is coming for you. And tonight, when I lock it on you in the middle of the ring and the referee asks you if you want to submit, I'm not taking no for answer. Do you hear me, Shadoe? Tonight the King of Rage Country will abdicate his throne, and that's not just another empty threat.

It's the cold...hard...truth.

[Fade.]



BEST OF SEVEN SERIES – MATCH #7 (TAKE 2)

SHADOE RAGE

vs.

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



RA: The following contest is THE final match in the Best of Seven Series!!!

****POP!!****

RA: It will be contested for one fall with NO time limit...

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

[The PA system kicks up and Irene Cara's "Fame" starts with its synth pop 80's beat. The curtains part and out steps Shadoe Rage. He is all business as he is without his gaudy sequin cape nor does he flourish down the aisle. All he does is walk to the ring and around the ringside area. He takes a moment to stop at the end of the aisle and exhale a few short breaths before sprinting towards the ring and sliding in under the bottom rope. He then gets to his feet, slapping his biceps, shadowboxing in preparation.]

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

SS: Shadoe Rage thought he had this whole thing won and wrapped up but no thanks to Werewolf Gregorson, things have gone into a "sudden death" type of situation.

AS: Gregorson calling a mulligan due to a technicality and now we get to witness Rage and Mark Adams Junior duke it out twice in one night.

SS: I gotta wonder though how much gas is left in the tank of both men after that intense ladder match earlier in the show.

AS: I'm sure Mark Adams Junior went to the back and gave himself the biggest pep talk. As for Rage, well god only knows what he and Monet do to prepare for this sort of contest.

SS: We just saw Rage prior to him coming out here and it definitely doesn't look like much happened between those two other than Rage using his woman as a crutch to remain vertical. The ladder match definitely took a toll on his body and I wouldn't be surprised if this ends up being a short-lived contest.

##

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

##

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

##

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

##

SS: And here comes the luckiest man in TSWF right now as he truly thought his time as Tri-State champion had come to an end but nope, he still has one lifeline left to hold on to the gold.

AS: And maintain some semblance of order in what has clearly become a chaotic environment, as portrayed by the likes of Jack Nomad earlier tonight.

[Adams continues to make his way down the aisle and takes a moment to stop by Werewolf Gregorson so they can exchange some proper words before the champ climbs in to the ring, keeping a close eye on Shadoe Rage who remains in his corner for the time being.]

SS: Adams and Gregorson having a moment before Mark Adams Junior entered the ring. I'm sure Werewolf Gregorson has enjoyed tonight's proceedings tremendously but now is the time and the match he has looked forward to all evening.

AS: Clearly Gregorson is in the corner of Mark Adams Junior but what will he do if Adams CAN'T get it done here tonight.

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

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

SHADOOOOOOEEEEEE RAGGEEEEEEEE!!!!

BOOOOOO!!!!

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

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

MARKKKKK ADAMSSSSSS JUNNNNNIORRRRR!!!!

EXPLOSIVE CROWD POP!!!

SS: Adams and Rage staring daggers at one another as the champ bounces in his corner and Rage just stands with a big smirk on his face.

Rage: YOU MAY HAVE GOTTEN LUCKY ONCE BUT SON...YOUR LUCK HAS JUST ABOUT RAN OUT!

AS: Some sass from Shadoe Rage who stands tall in his corner, waiting for the opening bell.

DING! DING! DING!

SS: And there it is... Both men meet in the center of the ring and lock up with a traditional collar and elbow....Rage fires the first shot as he delivers an elbow to the head of Mark Adams Jr.

AS: And now an Irish whip sends Adams into the ropes... Shadoe Rage with a shoulder tackle...But Adams doesn't budge.

SS: Rage steps back and is a bit surprised by the tenacity of the champ. But he rushes forward and catches a running kneelift. Handful of hair and Rage drives Mark Adams Junior into the corner with a headsmash against the turnbuckle.

AS: AND STILL THE CHAMP STANDS HIS GROUND!

SS: Mark Adams Junior has the biggest fire burning in him right now... Shadoe Rage is going to have to dig deep to put him down in this state of mind.

AS: Oooo...kick to the groin by Rage...that might've done it there, Stephanie.

SS: And now a German suplex with the bridge by Shadoe Rage...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: NOPE! Mark Adams Junior kicks out after the two count.

SS: Shadoe Rage pulling Adams up once more...setting him up for a double underhook suplex...NO! Adams puts on the brakes and backdrops Rage instead.

POP!!!

AS: Adams stands over Shadoe Rage....STANDING MOONSAULT PRESS! Cover by the champ...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: But Shadoe Rage able to kick out. Normally we don't see two counts this early on but after what both men went through in the ladder match, there's definitely half a tank left for both of them.

AS: Mark Adams Junior pulls Rage up and whips him into the corner...And he follows in with a lariat that keeps Rage at bay.

SS: Adams setting Shadoe Rage up on the top turnbuckle...looking for a big spot here, Ashie, as he climbs up as well.

AS: The champ positioned behind Rage....lifts him up....

BOOOOMMMM!!!

AS: BELLY TO BACK SUPERPLEX!!!

BIG CROWD POP FOR THAT ONE!!!

SS: Adams with his arms up in the air. He feels this is HIS time.

AS: Now Mark Adams Junior grabbing Shadoe Rage and pulling him up off the mat....he goes for a vertical suplex....NO! Shadoe Rage with the slide down the back of Adams and hits a lariat to the back of the head.

BOOO!!!

AS: And with Adams stumbling, Shadoe Rage throws him out of the ring, following right behind him.

SS: Things certainly could get dangerous out there on the floor; lots of plunder to use as a weapon from the steel guardrail to the ring apron to the ring steps.

AS: Shadoe Rage knows this quite well as he grabs Adams and whips him into the steel barricade. Now he pulls the champ up, looking for a Russian legsweep...but Adams hits an elbow shot to break the hold.

Ref: TWO!

SS: Mark Adams Junior tosses Rage back inside and rolls in as well. Back on his feet now, Mark Adams Junior grabs Shadoe Rage and hits a double underhook faceslam in the center of the ring.

Crowd: ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!

AS: The chants for Mark Adams Junior are deafening as they do not want to see Shadoe Rage as champion.

SS: Mark Adams Jr now with an Irish whip into the ropes...Shadoe Rage bounces off....FLYING CLOTHESLINE!!!

AS: Shadoe Rage able to come back with a big clothesline and the cover now...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: KICKOUT!!!

AS: Mark Adams Junior will not stay down that easily. And Shadoe Rage knows this but he may not have it in him to get the job done either.

SS: Rage grabs Adams once more and throws him to the floor, rolling under the bottom rope to join the champ in the ringside area.

AS: And a BIG shove by Shadoe Rage sends Mark Adams Jr into the guardrail. And now Rage with Adams by the head...tossing him into the ring steps.

SS: The decibel level in the building is unbelievable as Shadoe Rage is using whatever he can find to wear Mark Adams Junior down.

Ref: TWO!

AS: ANOTHER toss into the guardrail by Rage who then runs Adams into the ring post. He truly IS using every ounce of the ringside area to his advantage here.

SS: A few fans trying to get a shot in on Shadoe Rage who takes a moment to jaw jack with them before putting his focus back on Mark Adams Junior.

Ref: FOUR!

AS: Rage with a snap suplex...AND ADAMS WITH THE BLOCK! Chop thrown by Mark Adams Junior...and a second...and a third...Mark Adams Junior is lighting up the chest of Shadoe Rage.

AS: And now he rolls Rage back into the ring and follows him back in as well.

SS: Shadoe Rage is definitely tired as Mark Adams Junior pulls him vertical and runs him into the ropes...back comes Rage and is hit with a fireman's carry takedown.

AS: Mark Adams Junior bounds back up like a man with a purpose as he grabs Shadoe Rage and hits a Tiger Driver....now the cover by Adams...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: NO!!! SHADOE RAGE WITH THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

AS: Mark Adams Junior will not take no for an answer though as he grabs Shadoe Rage and takes him down with a Death Valley Driver.

BIG POP!!!

SS: Now the champ heading to the second turnbuckle....DIVING HEADBUTT!!!

AS: But Mark Adams Junior is not through yet...he grabs Shadoe Rage and pulls him to his feet once more...and sends him flying with an overhead belly to belly suplex.

SS: Shadoe Rage is dog-tired and easily falling victim to this impressive offense from Mark Adams Junior.

AS: Yes...but Adams needs to know when to put Rage away for good and make a cover. Otherwise he may end up falling victim to a sucker move by Shadoe Rage at any moment.

SS: Rage begging off but his pleas fall on deaf ears as Mark Adams Jr grabs him in a side headlock...AND HITS A DDT!

AS: And the crowd is going crazy!!! Adams giving the slash across the throat signal...he's ready to put Shadoe Rage away.

SS: Mark Adams Junior leaps on to the prone back of Shadoe Rage....ICEBREAKER CROSSFACE CINCHED IN!!!! It could be all over here, folks!

HUGE CROWD POP!!!!

AS: That is IF Shadoe Rage taps out which he's fighting desperately not to but it's been a long night for him with the ladder match early on and now this battle.

CROWD MURMUR AND THEN JEERS

SS: WHAT THE?!? Marissa Monet rushing down the aisle but is stopping short at the edge between the aisle way and ringside.

AS: Obviously some sort of loophole she thinks she can abuse without getting fired.

SS: Mark Adams Junior still has the submission hold locked in tight but is starting to wonder what the commotion is all about. He turns his head and sees Monet.

AS: Adams wearily releases the Crossface and gets to his feet, leaving Shadoe Rage lying on the mat in pain. The champ heading towards the ropes and pointing a finger at Monet...

Adams: GET THE F**K OUTTA HERE NOW!!!

SS: Mark Adams Junior not fond of Monet being out here and giving her fair warning to leave or face his wrath.

HEEL JEER EXPLOSION!!!!

SS: Rage grabs Adams by the leg and pulls him down...small package roll-up...

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!

THREEEEEEEE!!!!

SS: ADAMS KICKS OUT!!!

AS: BUT NOT IN TIME!!! THIS ONE IS ALL WRAPPED UP AND DONE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: And the winner of this match at ten minutes and fifty-two seconds...

AND TRULY THE UNDISPUTED TSWF TRI-STATE CHAMPIONNNN...

SHADOEIIIIIIIIII!!!! RAAAAAGEEEEEIIII!

HUGE ROUND OF BOOS!!!

[Shadoe Rage gets to his feet and is ecstatic at his victory as the referee hands him the Tri-State title.]

Rage: YES! YES! YES!

SS: Shadoe Rage is beaming with joy as Mark Adams Junior for the second time tonight is kicking himself over a near fall.

AS: Rage now turning around and he sees Monet at ringside....

[Shadoe Rage drops the title to the mat and a look of horror appears on his face.]

Rage: NO! NO! NO!

SS: WEREWOLF GREGORSON JUST HOPPED THE GUARDRAIL AND IS STANDING BEHIND MARISSA MONET!!!

AS: Gregorson scoops Monet up....HUGE JACKHAMMER SLAM!!!!

[Werewolf Gregorson roars loudly before flipping Rage off and hopping the guardrail once more.]

SS: And there goes Werewolf Gregorson as Shadoe Rage is just at a loss for words and action. He jumps out of the ring and checks on Monet who is laid out on the floor at the edge of the aisle way.

AS: The bigger issue here is the fact that Monet came down during the course of the match..., which means one thing...

SS: OH MY GOD!!! YOU'RE TOTALLY RIGHT!!! MARISSA MONET IS FIRED FROM TSWF!!!

[The last shot of the night is Werewolf Gregorson standing in the midst of the crowd, a camera having caught up to him.]

WG: That's for Kylie...you son of a bitch!

[And we fade.]