

[The scene opens up with the impressive frame of Leon Corella in full ring gear, seated upon a folding chair before the black and bronze TSWF banner. He clasps his taped fists together; strands of short blond hair hang in his side-burn framed face. He trains those intense, ice blue eyes upon the camera. There is sadness in those depths, born from a lifetime of disappointment and hardship, yet one could also see a fire still burning bright within him. A flame that hasn't been snuffed out yet, despite his troubled career history. When he speaks, his voice sounds rough and graveled, his tone resonant and commanding.]

Leon Corella: Why am I here?

[Leon's gaze pans around the dingy little locker room he sits within, a derisive smirk crossing his face.]

...In a filthy locker room, working a Tri-State territory that can barely afford to have working lights on in its own arena? At venues that include High School auditoriums and converted factory mills? Why am I... Leon Corella... sitting in a promotion that is clearly well below my pay grade and talent?

[He rubs his palms together and looks back to the camera.]

Maybe a career misspent is to blame? Maybe I've pissed off so many promoters over the years that this is it for me... Hell some could even wager that I'm not as talented as I think I am....

[Leaning back in the chair, Leon props his padded elbows on his thighs, letting his hands hang limply between his outstretched knees.]

Like many guys at my age in this business, if you don't find a big company to hit your stride and fill a role, this is the kind of place you wind up in. The pay sucks, the medical benefits are only as good as what you can pay for, and you're typically treated as a stepping stone for some young kid who thinks he's as good as you are, can run his mouth on the stick, and usually has a decent enough look about him.

[He chuckles softly.]

Heh heh heh... I should know... I cut my teeth in places like this. If it weren't for my father's fame many years ago, I wouldn't have had it so easy in the early goings, nor would it have been as hard for me when I actually got in front of a real television audience for the first time.

[Cupping one hand over the other, Leon's head lowers slowly.]

Seventeen years is a long time in this business to not make your mark and yet, my pride just won't let me quit. It won't let me die into obscurity like so many others of my... ilk... have. I refuse to be less than a shadow of a memory and as such, I find myself here... In this dingy little locker room, paying my own medical bills and taking in only a small portion of the ticket sales. All for another fleeting chance at glory...

[His head lifts, slightly cocked to one side as he now looks back into the camera.]

...This is my last shot to be the franchise player that I know deep down in my heart I've always been meant to be. I'm not the guy whose last professional moment will be against some old, scruffy man

past his prime in a match that means nothing. I'm not the guy who will go out whimpering and crying about regrets on his death bed. I am NOT the guy everyone will think of when the word failure is brought up.

[Straightening his posture, Leon points his finger to his chest, his jaw set and neck tight with tension.]

I have it in me to take this company into the palm of my hand and turn it into the greatest promotion that has ever been, by giving it the one man who truly is the greatest technical wrestler the world has ever seen.

[He taps that finger to his chest for emphasis, and then points it briefly to the camera.]

You fans watching at home and from the front row seats deserve nothing less than the absolute best because without you, we...

[Leon points his thumbs at himself briefly.]

.. the immortals, are nothing. All the skill in the world doesn't mean jack shit if there's nobody there to see it. All the championships in the world can't hold a candle to hearing that crowd chanting my name in a sold out arena and come hell or high water, that is where TSWF will be after I step in that ring to remind the world just why the hell I ever had the balls to call myself The Perfect One, once upon a time.

[Leon smirks once more, shifting in his seat slightly.]

I am that... damn... good.

[Leaning forward, he reaches past the camera and flips a switch, the scene quickly fading to black.]



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

##

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

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

##

[We then transition to scenes from the last few shows - Brandy Danielle's Moment of Truth followed by her hand being raised in victory, RJ Souza superkicking Elijah Black in the back of the head, Chris Hallmark standing with Jeff Keenan, Tripp Skylark and Leon Corella arms raised in the air, Shadoe Rage

brawling with Jakob Volga, and finally Mark Adams Junior clutching his Tri-State title moments after winning as we fade to black.]

##

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

##

[We fade up once more to the crowd surrounding the ring in the open air environment of Riverfront Park in Point Pleasant, New Jersey. The crowd is chanting "TRI STATE" as we cut to ADAM DREW and STEPHANIE SANDSBURY sitting at ringside. Adam is wearing a blue "Jersey Shore" t-shirt while Stephanie is wearing a light green blouse; her hair pulled back in a ponytail. A black banner is draped over the front of the table they are sitting behind and it says in red lettering:

TRI-STATE WRESTLING

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

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

HOMETOWN CROWD POP!!

SS: It's a new era here in TSWF as we finally have a champion to call our own in Mark Adams Junior. Adams will be joining us shortly to give us his first address as champ as well as announce his inaugural challenger but first, let's talk about tonight's lineup.

AD: They definitely dubbed this evening properly when they called it "Hatred Saturday" as we have several big grudge matches tonight, Stephanie.

SS: That's right. We have the new duo of Tripp Skylark and Leon Corella who we saw at the top of our show as they do battle with the young rookie Chris Hallmark and his veteran mentor, Jeff Keenan. I wonder what tricks Hallmark and Keenan will have up their sleeves now that they have to face both men in tag team action.

AD: All they need to do is take out Corella's knees and the old cripple will be ripe for the pickings.

SS: Alrighty then. We also have RJ Souza and Elijah Black going at it; Black certainly looking for a bit of revenge after Souza cost him his chance to become champ a few weeks ago.

AD: Jealousy is a vile thing, Stephanie. And RJ Souza is teeming with it. I just hope he gets what he deserves for stealing the Tri-State title away from Elijah Black.

SS: We have a big show so let's get right to it as we welcome the NEW TSWF Tri-State champion to the ring.



TSWF TRI-STATE CHAMPION

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



RA: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the NEW TSWF Tri-State champion....

MARKKKK ADAMSSS JUNIOR!!!

[AC-DC's "If You Want Blood (You've Got It)" begins to blast out over the PA as the newly-crowned Tri-State Champion steps out onto the stage dressed in a charcoal grey suit, a beautiful brunette in a stylish white dress at his side and his TSWF Championship held high over his head.]

AD: Hey, who's the broad?

SS: Shut up and maybe we'll find out.

[Pointing his finger at a section of the crowd where several very recognizable faces - Adams' uncle, Jason Storm; his longtime friend and mentor, "Hurricane" Kirk Maclean; and a handful of "legends" from RAW and the old Supreme Wrestling Federation - can be seen cheering along with the rest of the crowd, Adams pats his title belt and mouths the words "This is for Dad," then makes his way down to ringside, stopping to hold the ropes for the young lady at his side before joining her in the ring.]

AD: Well that took him long enough, don't you think? And what's with the personal cheering section?

SS: Did you ever think, Adam, that the champ may have friends and family who'd want to celebrate this moment with him tonight?

AD: Why? It's not like he won the belt without help you know.

[Standing in the center of the ring, Adams looks out at the crowd as he begins to speak.]

Mark Adams Junior: You know, when I was a kid, growing up in Japan, I never really knew my father.

Mark Adams, The Iceman, one of the greatest tag team wrestlers...and later one of the most decorated hardcore champions in the business.

Well, Mark Adams died...in a wrestling ring, no less...long before I ever knew who he was, and the only way I ever really got to know him was through his friends and family.

Kirk Maclean. My uncle Jason. The superstars he lived, wrestled, and died with.

And the one thing I learned about my father was that, whether the fans loved him or hated him at any given moment wasn't important to him, not in the least.

But what WAS important was that he went out there each and every night and gave them a hundred and ten, a hundred and twenty percent, even if his body wasn't up to the task that, in his heart, he knew he had to complete.

And that's just as important to me as it ever was to him!!

AD: Oh, boo hoo, I have father issues.

SS: Adam!!

MA: So I guess what I'm trying to say is that, whether you like me or not, whether you think I deserve this title or not...

AD: Not!

MA: I AM the TSWF Tri-State Champion...and I am a FIGHTING Champion. I have no intention of resting on my laurels or milking the rules to avoid defending this belt.

So whether it's Elijah Black, Clyde Kennedy, Brandy Danielle, or even Leon Corella who gets the first shot, I'll be bringing my A-game and I'll be walking out of that arena the same way I walked in...

As the Tri...State...Champion.

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

MA: Oh, and RJ...

You've got MY attention now too.

[And, as AC-DC's "If You Want Blood (You've Got It)" begins to play for the second time, we cut back to Adam and Stephanie.]



SS: Does that mean he's giving a title shot to RJ Souza?

AD: I hope not. That bastard doesn't deserve anything, especially a title shot, after his behavior against Elijah Black.

SS: Well I guess we'll have to wait and see just what happens. Hopefully we can get a clearer answer before we go off the air tonight. Right now, we have pre-recorded comments from Brandy Danielle about her "Truth or Consequences" match later tonight.



BRANDY DANIELLE



[Scene: Dallas, Texas. Usually, it is very busy and very active. But on this dreary Sunday afternoon, it is quiet as a mouse, which is quite unusual for this city as it is one of the world's biggest cities. But at this time, we go inside the home of Rich Anderson and Brandy Danielle. And today, they have Brandy's sister, Britani, there with them, as Brit was eager to know how her sister was feeling after everything that had happened. But she'd find out soon, as it was promo time.]

Brandy Danielle: Shadoe Rage, you've been attacking me for weeks now, and I challenged you last week and you chickened out. But now, I have you in my kind of match. Truth or Consequences. A match that I've, like, never lost and stuff. A match that basically you have no chance in. A match that I can do whatever I want to you to get the point across. And you so will not have a chance. You wanna bitch about being forced into this matchup? Try again dude. You made your bed. Now you have to lie in it. For weeks you called yourself the champion. Were you able to back your words? No. All you did was jump people. And that's not backing it up. That's a coward. A real man or woman, such as me, doesn't whine and bitch when someone takes his or her title rightfully. And Mark Adams earned that title. So not only will I fight for me in this matchup, but also for everyone in that tournament that got sick of you bellyaching because there was going to be a new champion crowned so everyone back there, especially the champion, watch this very closely. Because this is the **LAST** time you'll ever see Shadoe Rage in this company again. Tonight is the night I run him out forever.

Shadoe, you, like, want to jump me from behind a few weeks ago? Well here's a nugget of information, dude. You basically awakened a bitch in me that I thought was dead. You woke a whole other Brandy Danielle. A Brandy that has had more success in one day than you have had your entire career! I've had it with people like you that think I don't belong, when I've clearly shown that I do belong! I nearly won the fucking world title and you wanna assume I don't belong? You want to think it was a fluke?

[Brandy then loses it as her face goes visibly red and she starts breathing hard, you can tell that she has lost it. A normally calm Brandy has gone from the sweet valley girl to a fire-breathing dragon in less than two minutes and now we'd see it in evidence.]

Brandy: Shadoe, let me tell you this. It wasn't a damn fluke! While I was busting my ass trying to win my first World title, where were you? I'll tell you where you were. You were in the back bitching to your whore about losing "your" title. Well here's the thing. That title was never yours. When we reopened, that title vacated. So you had no damn right to carry around something that wasn't yours. And this show, when we meet, it's not going to be a match. Hell, it's going to be a runaway. You aren't even going to be able to fight back and let's face it, I'm going to destroy you and make you wish you'd never laid a hand on me. See, by doing so, you provoked a total dragon. You provoked a woman perfectly capable of kicking your ass back to nineteen sixty five and trust me, I'm going to do just that. If you think I'm going to let you off easy, then what the hell are you smoking? If you think I'm a walk in the park, then you obviously didn't watch ANY of my matches since I got here. If you had, you'd know that I'm as tough as they come. And these amazing fans in the Tri State area know that and know that I can and will defeat you and bring honor and decency back to TSWF. And once you're out of the company, because trust me, I'm going to run your ass out, then this company will be back to the way it was before. We won't be hearing you bitch or moan anymore. And with that said, I want to bring in my husband, Rich, who has something to say as well.

[At that time, Rich walks in from behind the camera, but for once, the smile has gone from his face, replaced by a scowl that only comes from a barbecuer. Rich has heard enough of a certain someone's petty insults and petty jabs and now it was time he did something. Not only for him and his wife, but everyone Adam Drew had offended over his career.]

Rich: Thanks, sweetheart. Now, for those that don't know who I am, my name is Rich Anderson. I was one of the two that nearly bought this place out and ever since my wife and I got here, one person has done nothing but degrade us. That one person is Adam Drew. Adam, your belittling of my Brandy and me has come to an end. I have had it and want your ass in that ring. And I've talked with the management here and they agree with me. So your career is on the line. So when we get in that ring, just realize that you have no chance. Just realize that your career here will end, when I'm done with you. You'll learn that when you mess with her, you mess with me. You're going to learn some respect in this match and that will be the last thing you'll ever learn.

[Rich would be sure he wins this battle with Adam Drew, for the respect of everyone in the back who has heard enough of his big mouth. For everyone who has wanted to shut this prick up. But for now, he'd hand it back to his wife, who had a few more words for Rage.]

Brandy: And Rage, you expect me to be that perky carefree valley girl I normally am? Too damn bad. You took her out and replaced her with what you're hearing now dude. You awakened a beast in women's clothes. A beast with red hair and more brains than you'll ever have. But I'll end by saying that I will see you in the ring. Holler!



RICH ANDERSON

vs.

ADAM DREW



[“Stand Up For Rock & Roll” by Airbourne begins to play over the PA system and out from the back steps Rich Anderson & Brandy Danielle. Both are in street clothes and make their way down the aisle towards the ring. They exchange pleasantries with the fans as they walk and at ringside, they both slide under the bottom rope and in to the ring. Rich looks straight at Adam Drew and beckons him to step inside the ring.]

AD: You’ve got to be kidding me?!? Who does this moron think he is... how dare he challenge me? Besides, I’m not even prepared for a fight. Just look at the clothes I’m wearing.

SS: Well Adam, you don’t really have much of a choice. And besides, it doesn’t look like Rich Anderson is in any sort of ring gear either.

[Rich and Brandy continue to jaw-jack at Adam Drew who is still sitting behind the broadcast announcer’s table at ringside.]

AD: Fine, if this douchebag wants to play with my career, then I’ll take him down in a heartbeat. And then it’ll be game...set...match.

[Adam Drew removes his headset and drops it on the table. He climbs in to the ring and stretches as he smirks at Rich Anderson. He points a finger at Brandy and then sticks it in his mouth in a provocative manner. This stirs up a fire in Anderson who rushes at Adam Drew.]

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

SS: Kneelift from Rich Anderson leads into a snap mare. And Anderson going for a quick cover.

ONE!

SS: But Adam Drew kicks out. And now my broadcast partner seems to be begging for mercy. Clearly the realization of what he has gotten into is starting to sink in.

****POP!!****

SS: Atomic drop from Rich Anderson who now runs into the ropes. And he's met with a kick to the balls by Adam Drew. WOW! Adam Drew with a vertical suplex. And now he pulls Rich Anderson back to his feet. Forearm to the back by Drew and he goes for a punch... BLOCKED BY ANDERSON!

****POP!!****

SS: And once again, Adam Drew is begging off. Rich Anderson grabs a hold of Adam and hits a side suplex. And a cover once more...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Adam Drew with a foot on the ropes to save his own hide. You'd think he'd just give up but this job is all he has, folks. Swinging neckbreaker from Anderson and maybe Adam should've done his research. Then he would've known that Rich Anderson is a former professional wrestler; one that was one half of a tag team championship team with Brandy Danielle.

Crowd: BOO!!!

SS: Rich Anderson was standing over a prone Adam Drew and was caught with a low blow by Drew. Adam now grabs Anderson and throws him into the turnbuckles. He runs in shoulder-first and meets nothing but steel ring post as Rich Anderson moves out of the way.

Crowd: WOO!!!

SS: These fans enjoying every second of this as they clearly not fond of Adam Drew's behavior either. Anderson now pulls Adam Drew out of the corner and takes him down with a drop toe hold. Quick conversion and Adam Drew is now locked in a deadly Boston crab submission.

Brandy: NOT YET!!

SS: Brandy Danielle telling her husband not to finish things off. And Anderson releases the submission hold. Now he grabs Drew and smashes him head-first into the top turnbuckle. With Adam Drew stunned, Rich Anderson hits a standing dropkick.

****POP!!****

SS: Swinging neckbreaker from Anderson and Brandy Danielle is elated on the outside. She is loving every second of this revengeful plot on Adam Drew. Anderson bodyslams Drew in the center of the ring and applies a chinlock submission.

Brandy: NO! NO! NO!

SS: Quite the mean streak being shown by Brandy Danielle as she wants just a little bit more punishment to be dished out by her husband. Double underhook suplex sends Adam Drew flying as he crashes across the ring. Now Anderson pulls him by the legs into the center of the ring and makes the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

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

BIG POP!!

[We show Brandy on the outside celebrating her husband's victory.]

SS: And with that folks, Adam Drew is not out of a job. This means I need to learn to call this action solo; a task I can tell you won't be easy but working with Adam sometimes wasn't a walk in the park either.

[Out of the crowd jumps a Japanese woman, dressed in street clothes with a bottle in her hand. She runs up behind Brandy and smashes the bottle in the back of her head.]

SS: Is that who I think it is? OH MY GOD! Brandy Danielle has been KO'ed on the outside by... by... JOSIE SAITO!!!

[With Brandy dazed, Josie immediately wraps her arms around her waist and release German suplexes her into the ringside stairs. She then pounces on Brandy, choking her out. Rich Anderson jumps out of the ring and chases her off.]

SS: Thank god for Rich Anderson or this could've gotten worse.

[Saito laughs to herself as she backs up the aisle. All the while, ring crew members rush down past her to check on Brandy Danielle who's bleeding from the head as it lies in Rich Anderson's lap.]



[Back to Stephanie Sandbury]

SS: Josie Saito here in TSWF and already making a big impression as she sneak attacks Brandy Danielle. But why?!?

[A young female with blond hair and freckles pops in to frame and hands a piece of paper to Stephanie. She reads it and hands it back to the young female.]

Adam (off-camera): THIS IS A COMPLETE ABUSE OF POWER! YOU TELL THAT <BLEEP> BRANDY DANIELLE THAT SHE'LL BE HEARING FROM MY LAWYER! THIS IS NOT THE LAST YOU'LL SEE OF ADAM DREW! YOU CAN COUNT ON IT!

[Adam stomps through the frame and the young female takes his spot at the broadcast table]

AS: What an awful, awful man that Adam Drew is. I'm just doing my job and he dares to use such language in front of a lady.

SS: Um, do you mind telling us who you are and what just happened here?

AS: Oh my stars... I am so sorry, Stephanie. My name is Ashie Sinclair and I'll be your new broadcast partner. It seems Mister Drew's comments as of late have finally caught up to him. And Mister Rich Anderson was so sure victory would be in his favor, he pre-arranged to have me take Mister Drew's spot here on the announce team.

SS: Well, I never thought the day would come that I didn't have to be subjected to Adam's crude behavior. Mister Anderson, on behalf of myself and probably our female fans watching live as well as at home, a big THANK YOU from all of us.

AS: I'm sure he would return the favor with a big "YOU'RE WELCOME". Just a shame what happened to Miss Danielle. I do hope she gets better soon so she can get her revenge on... what was that Asian girl's name?

SS: Josie Saito.

AS: Ah, Miss Saito.

SS: Yes I hope so as well. Well, the show must go on so why don't you set up the next match, Ashie?

[Hallmark stops dead, eyes cold staring at the camera.]

Hallmark: You could DIE TOMORROW AND NO ONE WOULD CARE. It'd be one less awful smelly drug abusing hippie in this world. One less idiot acting like they know about politics when they camp out on their towns green. And I swear to God. You keep messing with me, I will be glad to make that a reality. Now, you're cohort.

[The camera zooms out and we see a well-stocked gymnasium and pictures of Hallmark in amateur action across the top of the mirrored wall. Sporadically there are trophies on the floor as well. Hallmark walks over to a bench-press which is racked with two plates on each end. He sits at the end of the bed.]

Hallmark: Leon Corella, I never watched you on Pay Per View. I had no idea who you were until you started swing a gold plated phallic symbol at me. Let's get something clear gramps. I want nothing to do with you. NOTHING. I'm not here to try and hunt down ancient Thunder Lizards. I'm here to win titles, make money and clean up this sport. That last part takes me to your buddy Tripp. NOT YOU. TRIPP. You want to tangle with Keenan. Do it. You two can probably talk about how things were better in black and white and how Emm Pee Threes don't sound as good as records... I don't care what you two talk about. All I know is stay the hell away from me before you need a new hip.

[Hallmark lays back on the bench and the camera positions itself overhead.]

Hallmark: Tag team action, it's a little new to me. I'm sure my mentor will have some tips for me and I'm sure much like everything else in my life I'll master it. I sure I'll put my mark on it just like I intend to put my mark on the TSWF. First, this tag match THEN Tripp. AND ELIMINATING TRIPP. You will be ELIMINATED. And it WILL be a SOBERING EXPERIENCE.

[Hallmark lifts the weight and throws it up in rapid succession as the camera fades.]



TRIPP SKYLARK



[Busy staring at himself in a men's room mirror, with a glazed over puzzled look on his face, happens to be the "Stoned Submission Specialist"... TRIPP SKYLARK!!! Dressed in his usual attire of cargo shorts and a band tee (today's choice being a Liquid Blue tie-dye known as "Sunshine daydream"), Tripp lets out a sigh, choosing to place his hands on the counter, allowing himself to lean closer to the mirror, staring deeper into his own eyes...]

TS: ..._WHY_???

[A big pitiful sigh comes out of Tripp as he turns around, now leaning back against the counter top.]

TS: I just dun get _WHY_..... There I am, a victim of the damn numbers game these insecure pricks like to play, down on my luck, preparing myself for an ass whopping and the mental struggle to somehow be happy I picked up the "W"...

...and then _HE_ showed up!

[Light flutters in Tripp's eyes it seems. Suddenly his looks more dreamy than puzzled.]

TS: I didn't know Leon even knew my _NAME_, let alone liked me enough to put his neck out there like that. Perhaps he did it on morals or principles... Perhaps he did it just because Hallmark and Keenan's charade was that nauseating, he _HAD_ to save the public from its horridness!

Or...

Perhaps...

[A smile forms on Tripp's face, but his eyes seem to be even more in dream world.]

TS: Perhaps he _LIKES_ me... perhaps he really _LIKES_ me! Not in the Freddy Mercury sense, but in the 'I somehow remind him of himself when he was this fresh to the sport' sense, trying to first make his break. Perhaps he sees the untapped potential I have within and has devised a plan to tap that keg!

[Pause.]

TS: Perhaps... he sees this as his last go-around, his last chance to really leave his mark on the biz'ness he loves so much... A means of passing the torch onto the next generation, trying to make sure a young hot superstar like myself doesn't stray off the beaten path...

[Pause, as Tripp shrugs, choosing to now turn back around, so he can again face himself in the mirror.]

TS: Shits fuckin' GOOOOOOOOOOOOD nukka! Turning me into some whiny emo bitch! Haha! All in a day's work right!?!?!?

[Tripp laughs, waves himself good bye, and collects his roll of Saran wrap and scotch tape off the counter!?!? With a devilish smirk, Tripp exits the bathroom as the camera fades.]



“THE AMATEUR” CHRIS HALLMARK & JEFF KEENAN

vs.

TRIPP SKYLARK & LEON CORELLA



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

POP!!

RA: Introducing first...

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

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

he is...

“THE AMATEUR” CHRISSSS HALLLLMARKKKK!!!

[Hallmark is a young gentleman with a shaved head in an orange and blue singlet with white Adidas wrestling shoes steps out from the backstage area and stands atop the stage. He is joined by Jeff Keenan wearing black and gold boots with a QUICKSTRYKE written down both legs. He wears black tights with ICON written across the back in Gold cursive. His boots are black and cold with 'JK' written on the tongue.]

RA: And his tag team partner... From Boca Raton, Florida... weighing in at two hundred and thirty-three pounds...

“QUICKSTRYKEEEEE” JEFFFFFF KEENANNNNN!!!

SS: Chris Hallmark and Jeff Keenan both making their way down to the ring. Not much verbalization from Keenan nowadays; makes me wonder just how in sync these two truly are.

AS: Well yeah, it seems like Mister Hallmark, being the younger of the two, wants to do things his way and taunt Tripp Skylark on the microphone... and well, Mister Keenan, he’s old school and would rather handle his business inside the ring.

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

BOOOO!!!!

RA: And their opponents... introducing first... he stands five foot nine and weighs one hundred and ninety seven pounds... He is the one and only....

TRRRRRRRRIIIIPPPP SKKKKKYYYYYYYYLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRKKKKKKKK!

[With that, the fans rise to their feet and begin to let Tripp hear their opinion of him. The noise is simply deafening, especially because Tripp doesn't even bother to have any music played for him! He just struts on out behind the curtain, sporting his street clothes, and those damn sunglasses.]

RA: And his tag team partner...

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

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

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

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

LLLLLEEEEEEOOOOONNNNNN CCCCCOOOOORRRREEEELLLLLLAAAAA!!!

[Leon high-fives Tripp Skylark before both men stroll down the aisle, little in the way of fanfare as they make their way to the ring. Upon arrival, Leon hops onto the apron and walks the length of it, looking briefly to the crowd before throwing one leg through the ropes, dipping down and walking out onto the canvas. Tripp rolls underneath the bottom rope and stands up in the middle of the ring, still smirking. He drifts back to his corner, getting ready for the match with a few stretches.]

AS: Now that is a cohesive unit, if I ever saw one. A mirror image of the student-teacher relationship that Hallmark and Keenan have but with a certain gleam about them.

SS: Skylark definitely very appreciative of the assistance Leon Corella performed last time around, saving the youngster from a potential beatdown at the hands of Hallmark and Keenan.

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

****POP!!****

[He then hops down from the post and makes his way to his corner joining his partner.]

SS: Some mind games already being perpetrated by Tripp Skylark as he gives a wink to Hallmark and Keenan.

AS: And Leon Corella, well he's just tapping those fists together. Getting ready to knuckle up as they say.

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

SS: There's the opening bell and it looks like Chris Hallmark is going to start things off against Leon Corella. Collar and elbow tie-up into a side headlock by Hallmark... and he puts Corella down to the mat with a DDT.

AS: And right away, Chris Hallmark is starting to get under the crowd's skin as he makes a nonchalant cover of Corella.

SS: Quick kickout from Corella and both men back to their feet. Hallmark tries for a thrust kick to the head... NO! Leon Corella able to counter and take Hallmark down with a cradle suplex.

AS: Leon Corella now on the offensive and not giving an inch as he pulls Hallmark to his feet. Irish whip sends "The Amateur" into the ropes and Corella catches him on the rebound with a beautiful scoop slam.

SS: Corella heads to the floor and grabs a sign from a fan. What's it say?

AS: I believe it says "HEY CORELLA, TAKE MY SIGN!". How nice of him to oblige that fan.

SS: Well, the rules being thrown out very quickly as Corella back in the ring and he hits Hallmark with the sign over the head. A loud thud rings out and now Corella rips the paper away... TO REVEAL A BIG ROAD SIGN!

AS: And the crowd on their feet as Leon Corella now tosses Chris Hallmark to the floor. Tripp Skylark jumps off the apron and grabs a steel chair. Hallmark waffled across the back with that chair and Skylark tosses him back inside.

SS: "The Amateur" Chris Hallmark not fond of the use of weapons and it looks like Corella and Skylark are doing everything they can to go against the rookie's personal beliefs.

AS: Corella grabs Hallmark by the arm and pulls him right into a European uppercut. Skylark climbs in to make it a two-on-one but there's Jeff Keenan with a shot to knock Skylark back out of the ring.

SS: And now Keenan with a clothesline attempt at Corella, who counters and takes "Quickstryke" Jeff Keenan to the mat with a Fujiwara armbar. The referee telling Corella that Keenan is not the legal man and demands he release the hold.

AS: Corella obliges and Keenan scrambles back out of the ring, holding his torqued limb. Leon Corella now with the tag to Skylark and both men with some double team action as they hit Hallmark with a double elbowsmash followed by a double clothesline.

SS: Hallmark being pulled back to his feet and sent into the ropes... DOUBLE BACKDROP FROM SKYLARK AND CORELLA!

AS: Like I said before, cohesiveness shows with these two. Meanwhile, Jeff Keenan out on the apron yelling at Hallmark to get his head back in this match.

SS: Corella with a tag and he's the legal man once more. Now he sets Hallmark up atop the turnbuckles and climbs up with him. BELLY TO BACK SUPERPLEX!!!

CROWD POP!!!!

AS: An impressive move from Leon Corella as Chris Hallmark bounced off the canvas like a Superball. Skylark taking notes out on the apron as his partner and mentor, Leon Corella, takes Chris Hallmark to the proverbial woodshed.

SS: Yes but Hallmark refusing to be counted out of this match just yet as a series of chops to the chest by Corella is met with a round of punches to the head from "The Amateur". And Corella with some more chops before he whips Hallmark into the side.

AS: Chris Hallmark bounces back and able to duck under a shot from Corella to drive an elbow to the midsection. And with Corella doubled over, Hallmark takes him down with a Samoan Drop.

SS: Keenan jumps inside the ring but Hallmark tells him he has this covered and ushers him back to the apron.

AS: Strange tidings between those two. You'd almost think Hallmark would WANT some assistance after the lashing he's taken these last few minutes.

SS: Corella whipped into the side and met with a shoulderblock by Hallmark. And now a DDT floors the veteran.

AS: And NOW Hallmark makes the tag out to Keenan who quickly sets Leon Corella up on the turnbuckle and hits a superplex of his own.

BOOOOOO!!!

SS: European uppercut meets its mark. But there's Tripp Skylark with a run-in shot to the back of the head to knock Keenan down.

AS: Corella back to his feet and tells Skylark to return to the apron as he applies a sleeper on Jeff Keenan. The referee checking to make sure the submission hold is legal as Keenan valiantly tries to break the hold.

SS: The breath being squeezed out of Keenan as he continues to escape and the official asking him if he wants to submit.

AS: Keenan shakes his head emphatically and moves towards the ropes to force the break. Corella back to his feet and Hallmark taunts him from the apron. This gives his partner, Jeff Keenan, ample time to get back to his own feet as he catches Corella in the back with a spinning heel kick.

SS: And an Irish whip attempt by Keenan is reversed by Corella who takes his opponent down with a Baba chop. He pulls Keenan back up and hits an enzuigiri to the face.

AS: Tag made to Skylark who leaps in and catches Keenan with a back suplex as Hallmark rushes at Corella, both men tumbling down to the floor.

SS: Standing moonsault into a cover from Tripp Skylark...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: But Jeff Keenan able to kick out in time. Skylark though quickly grabs Keenan and turns him into a surfboard.

SS: Yes but poor ring presence allows Jeff Keenan to grab the ropes, preventing much damage to be applied. Both men back to their feet and Skylark with a reverse neckbreaker... **BLOCKED BY KEENAN!**

AS: Here comes Chris Hallmark. Double Irish whip sends Skylark into the ropes... **AND SKYLARK COMES BACK WITH A DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE TO TAKE HALLMARK AND KEENAN DOWN!!**

****POP!!****

SS: Hallmark rolls to the outside as Skylark grabs Jeff Keenan and hits a roundhouse kick to the gut.
CRADLE PILEDRIVER FROM SKYLARK!!!

AS: And now the cross armed chinlock... what's he call that, Stephanie?

SS: Choking the Chicken.

AS: Oh my! Well right now, Tripp Skylark has Keenan in the submission hold and the referee asking Keenan if he's had enough.

SS: Chris Hallmark on the apron trying to inspire his partner to keep fighting as the referee checks on Keenan once again.

AS: Jeff Keenan is a veteran of this game but I'm not sure if he has much more in the tank to fight out of this one, Stephanie.

SS: Most possible, Ashie. And Chris Hallmark starting to think so as well as he climbs through the ropes...

DING! DING! DING!

SS: But it's too late! Jeff Keenan has submitted to Tripp Skylark's "Choking the Chicken" submission maneuver.

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winners of this match at seven minutes and ten seconds

TRIPPPP SKYLARKKKK AND LEONNNN CORRRELLLLAAAA!!!

CROWD POP!!

[Chris Hallmark stands at the top of the aisle shaking his head in disgust as Jeff Keenan lies on the canvas staring up at the lights.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Chris Hallmark obviously not happy with the performance from his partner. Regardless, Keenan now heads to the back while Corella and Skylark celebrate down here at ringside.

AS: Chris Hallmark remaining up at the top of the entranceway as he waits for Jeff Keenan.

SS: Both men having words... AND "THE AMATEUR" NOT EVEN LETTING HIM GET A SYLLABLE OUT!!

AS: Hallmark grabs Keenan by the waist and takes him down with a belly to back suplex. Keenan hits the concrete and just bounces as Hallmark has solidified his disgust for his mentor.

SS: Things just continuing to get interesting moment by moment here tonight. Looks like Josie Saito has asked for some camera time so let's just go backstage and see what she has to say.



JOSIE SAITO



[The scene fades backstage. Standing in front of a TSWF banner is the woman responsible for attacking Brandy Danielle earlier in the show. She is "The Revolution" Josie Saito. The young woman is clad in a black cropped "Misfits" tank top and black jeans. She also wears a pair of black, leather boots. Her black hair falls down her back and there is a wild, excited look in her brown eyes. A satisfied grin crosses her lips as she fixes her gaze on the camera.]

Josie: I know what's going through your mind right now, Brandy. You're wondering why everyone seems to hate you.

First, Shadoc Rage. Now, me.

[The grin becomes a smirk, brimming with malevolence, as she folds her arms across her chest.]

Josie: Well, the answer is quite simple. All you need to do is take a good look in the mirror, past the ridiculous hair and questionable taste in attire, and see the pathetic joke that the rest of us see. I've watched you for weeks now, prancing around that ring and passing yourself off as an actual athlete to these idiotic sycophants and it has left me sickened!

[The smirk is now gone, replaced by a savage sneer. Her eyes narrow in contempt, glaring a hole through the camera.]

Josie: You've had a number of opportunities to impress me now and I've found you lacking each and every time. You're not real a competitor or athlete, Brandy. You're just another airhead bimbo, coasting on her looks and marginal appeal. I should know. I've encountered a number of your kind throughout my career and have eliminated them all with ease.

And now? It's your turn.

[She smiles now, no mirth or light in the simple gesture.]

Josie: I'm prepared and ready to rid this sport of cancers, the piss poor inferiors who should not be here and do _not_ belong here. Tonight was your first and only warning. You can do the smart thing - pack your bags and get the hell out of Tri-State Wrestling. Or you can do what I think you'll do - play the hero, defy me, and then get down in flames.

[Her smile widens.]

Josie: The second option is infinitely dumber, but good God is it fun! And don't worry. It won't all be unbearable for you. After all, there is pleasure to be found in pain.

[Fade.]



[Back to Ashie and Stephanie once more]

AS: I don't like that Josie Saito one bit. Something about her rubs me the wrong way. The fact she picked on an innocent person like Brandy Danielle; it just goes to show she will stop at nothing to get her way.

SS: Well she comes with quite a resume of accomplishments. If I were Brandy, I might take a look in the mirror and ask myself if this is a woman she really wants to get involved with.

AS: Same might be said for Shadoe Rage. This match he has against Brandy Danielle is a specialty of hers and no one has ever defeated her in it.

SS: Well, there's a first time for everything, Ashie. And I believe we have Shadoe Rage backstage with some comments on this match; although I'm not a hundred percent sure Brandy Danielle is even ring ready after the attack by Saito.



SHADOE RAGE



[Cut to the backstage area. Why the hell is this Shadoe Rage guy so goddamned smug? He wears guyliner for God's sake. He isn't the biggest, baddest or strongest wrestler in the world. Sure he's got a great body and maybe he's kinda handsome in a freakazoid way with his pretty hazel eyes and pirate back-length beaded and adorned locks. Sure he seems to have some weird kind of surge in TSWF,

considering he was nothing more than one-half of a `past its prime' tag-team and a one week TSWF champion. Now the pretty little freak acts like he's the baddest man on the planet. Jackass.]

Shadoe: Marissa Monet, I'm asking for your forgiveness right now.

[The ebony Goddess looks down on her man quizzically. She leans on his chiseled shoulder.]

Marissa: Forgiveness?

Shadoe: TSWF is making me step into the ring with Danielle Steele.

Marissa: The romance novelist?

[Shadoe shrugs.]

Shadoe: I don't know, I suppose. Maybe. Yeah, I guess.

Marissa: That doesn't seem right.

[Shadoe looks nonplussed. Jerk, her name is Brandy Danielle.]

Shadoe: (shrugging) Whatever, it doesn't matter to me. I just want you to know that what you witness in that ring is in no way like the way I wrestle with you.

Marissa: I should think not.

Shadoe: (stroking her cheek) It could never be like with you, but I guess it doesn't matter to Danielle Brianna because she still wants to have a piece of me.

Marissa: Danielle Brianna? Still doesn't sound right.

Shadoe: You're talking about the novelist who wants to wrestle me, right?

Marissa: (speculating) No, I'm pretty sure I'm not. And I don't think you are either.

[You're not. But keep acting like a punk who can't remember anybody's name because they're too unimportant. Go on, see how far it gets you against the little spitfire. She's going to knock you into next week.]

Shadoe: Whatever the little cum-stained monkey's name is, it doesn't even matter because she's just stepping into that ring to touch me. Maybe I should call the police. File a sexual harassment charge.

Marissa: There is that.

Shadoe: Poor little monkey, she can't help herself. She wants to come to Rage Country and feel the touch of my hand. She wants me to grip, manipulate her, move her, bend her, twist her ... she wants me down on that mat panting and sweaty.

Marissa: Maybe you are talking about the romance novelist.

Shadoe: Brandy Starr, that's what I said in the first place.

[He looks toward the camera.]

Shadoe: Brenda Starr, you've got no chance of turning my head. I am in love with a Goddess and there is nothing that will turn me from her path.

[Marissa kisses his forehead coquettishly.]

Marissa: Aren't you sweet.

Shadoe: Too sweet! Too sweet to be soured by the touch of some little cum-stained monkey who wants one brush with greatness! No, Brenda Taylor, you're not getting that taste. Do you know who I am? My name is Shadoe Rage. Shadoe Rage. SHADOE RAGE! I'm the TRUE TSWF champion and the King of Rage Country! And I am not a failure.

Marissa: No you are not.

Shadoe: So there is no chance of me stooping to your level, Barbara Taylor. There is no chance of me ever gracing you with the touch of my masculinity.

[What?]

Shadoe: I know you dream of this big golden thing, but you'll never know the pleasure. No you won't. Yeah, you never will. The closest you'll get is lying under me for three seconds.

Marissa: And only three seconds.

Shadoe: Barely enough to get me started but more than enough to get you off, Taylor Dane. More than enough to get you off. And you're going to get off that mat in a daze, skin flushed and rosy, a broad grin ear to ear and a slightly dazed look in your eyes. Because that will have been the greatest moment in your life, Dana. Your one true brush with greatness.

Marissa: And the brushing is so great.

Shadoe: But that experience will never be again. You can take that and write it in your next manuscript, "Broken Dreams in Rage Country: one woman's true story of love and alienation"!

[This has all taken a tremendous turn towards the deeply weird.]

Shadoe: So get down that aisle and take your medicine. Get your thrills and have your happy ending. It's on me. Shadoe Rage.

[Yeah yeah.]

Shadoe Rage.

[Jesus, we remember.]

Shadoe Rage.

[Fade out]



SS: I'm getting word from the back that Brandy Danielle has been taken to a local hospital to have her injuries looked at. Clearly Shadoe Rage got the same information or he wouldn't be acting so cocky.

AS: Well Mister Shadoe may be interested to know that Mark Adams Junior had confirmed backstage earlier tonight that his first title defense would occur on our next broadcast. And it would be against the winner of this "Truth or Consequences" match.

SS: I guess that means Shadoe Rage by default.

AS: I guess so. Somebody should tell Mister Rage that the champ was even quoted to have said "While I have all the respect in the world for Brandy Danielle and would love the opportunity to work with her again, I'm hoping Shadoe Rage somehow manages to come out victorious so I can show him once and for all how a real Champion acts in the ring."

SS: Very interesting comments from Mark Adams Junior. And now those two will go at it in a few short weeks.

AS: What a contest that will surely be. But it looks like Shadoe Rage and Marissa Monet have some company right now. Let's quickly go backstage and find out what's going on.

[We cut backstage to find a brawl has ensued between Rage & Monet going up against Jakob & Kendra Volga. The four are tussling all around and pour through the backstage curtain out into the aisle.]



****FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE MATCH****

SHADOE RAGE & MARISSA MONET

vs.

JAKOB VOLGA & KENDRA VOLGA



SS: Shadoe Rage with an elbow shot to the head of Kendra Volga and now a high knee. But Kendra comes right back at him with a kick to the groin.

AS: Kendra Volga brings up that wooden axe handle and looks to smash Rage with it... but Shadoe Rage snatches it away and jabs it in her midsection. Man, the nerve of that guy to lay his hands on a woman.

SS: Well he WAS set to face Brandy Danielle so in his mind, what's one woman for another. Now an Irish whip sends Kendra Volga into the metal guardrail.

AS: Meanwhile, Marissa Monet has Jakob Volga up on her massive shoulders and hits a Death Valley Driver into the concrete. Shadoe Rage grabs Jakob and hits a Snake Eyes on to the barricade.

SS: But look, there's Kendra Volga who grabs Rage from behind and hits a double arm DDT. But Marissa Monet goes after Kendra and sends her down the aisle with a whip.

AS: Jakob Volga back to his feet now and he pulls Shadoe Rage up... only to knock him down again with a short arm clothesline.

SS: Jakob drags Rage up once more and goes for a full nelson... Rage with the go-behind and tries for a backslide.

ONE!

TWO!

AS: Jakob kicks out in time. And a low blow catches Rage in the nether region. Now, Jakob Volga back up and just kicks at Rage who punches right back at him from the ground. Both men standing up and Rage with that axe handle... **KENDRA VOLGA FROM BEHIND TO SNATCH IT UP!!**

SS: Rage is shocked and is caught by Volga with the axe handle to the head. And Jakob Volga with a backbreaker as the fans go wild.

AS: Power bomb attempt from Jakob Volga... countered by Rage with a water wheel drop! And now a choke lift from Monet on Kendra Volga. She tosses her down to the floor and applies a kneebar on Jakob Volga.

SS: Jakob trying to kick Monet away but Shadoe Rage just putting the boots to his head. This is most certainly some gang mentality warfare right now

AS: Now Shadoe Rage with the axe handle as he just smashes it down on Volga's knee. And Kendra Volga tries to get back to her feet and is caught with a shot to the head once more. Jakob Volga flailing on the floor as Monet and Rage continue to work that knee over.

SS: Shadoe Rage comes down to the ringside area and is grabbing the ring bell from the timekeeper. He runs back up the aisle and just NAILS Kendra Volga with the metal bell. Meanwhile, Monet has finally released the kneebar on Jakob Volga.

AS: Shadoe Rage pulls Jakob up to his feet and clocks him with the ring bell as well.

CROWD ROAR!!!

SS: MARK ADAMS JUNIOR OUT HERE!!! And Shadoe Rage high tails it through the crowd!

AS: The champ obviously watching in the back and finally saw enough as he now checks on Jakob and Kendra Volga who are both worse for wear down in the aisleway.

SS: Things are certainly going to be hot between those two in two weeks' time.

AS: It most certainly will. As will our next match as it looks like we have quite a fight coming up between RJ Souza and Elijah Black. Let us hear now from Elijah Black.



ELIJAH BLACK



[It's now springtime in Rahway and in the public parks the leaves beginning to turn green and the buds beginning to sprout, and the sun is casting its rays across the land. However, in the midst of this, there is Elijah Black – sat on the back of a park bench, radiating darkness as the sun radiates light]

Black: A new era has dawned in Tri State, that much is hard to deny even by the most entrenched Luddite who keeps their head buried in the sand. Anyone who wants to pretend Mark Adams Junior isn't the Tri State champion is fooling themselves, because it's clear as day that he holds the title.

The difference is, nobody can say that Adams actually WON the belt, rather he was gifted it by somebody that was so desperate to see his name in lights once more that he'd interfere in a match he had no business even watching, and makes out that he was right in doing so.

RJ Souza, you may have been at the top of the profession before, in a place where that kind of crap is permitted or even encouraged, but you haven't been in Kansas since the moment you walked through the door in Tri State. Now you are among guys that will work themselves to the bone to get a meager pay-off at the end of the night, and your actions were deliberately contrived to prevent me getting a bonus for winning the biggest match in this company's history, and the bonus that comes for holding the title for every show until the time comes when I don't.

What a vindictive act, Souza. You couldn't handle a few home truths about your current situation, not least because you heard them from somebody who had achieved more in this company in the space of two matches than the former big league big shot, and it ate away at you for weeks and weeks and weeks, until you finally couldn't handle it anymore and interfered in my match and tainted the prestige of Adams' title win in doing so. I'm sure Adams doesn't care, after all he has the title so how he won it isn't too much of a worry for him, but do you think he represents what everyone else around here thinks about your actions?

[Black looks up towards the sun]

You know what else I saw during the match? I saw another big league big shot resurfacing way down the food chain, as Marissa Monet was also watching my match intently. Is this a sign of the future – big names from dead companies showing up, not contributing to the shows but going out of their way to take away from the guys who want to work their way up?

[Black slaps his hands together hard]

No, that is NOT how things will go, not as long as I have a breath in my body.

The powers that be have decided the smart thing to do is to put me and Souza into a match at the earliest opportunity, thinking that we can guarantee a heated brawl based on our mutual dislike of each other based on his selfish act. Wrong, Tri State, wrong...

[Black ruefully shakes his head]

I cannot put into words the contempt I feel for the existence of RJ Souza right now, and this is several weeks after the fact. I don't hate him, I almost feel sorry for him – he has to lower himself to such cheap chicanery to feel relevant, that it's almost not worth letting him get under my skin. But on the other hand, an example has to be made – his first world problems need to be nipped in the bud, because who else will he ruin the fortunes of because they said some unkind, yet one hundred percent true, words about him? I'd be doing a service to the whole company if I brought my foot down hard on the neck of his need to feel relevant.

So, thinking about it, a regular one-on-one match isn't the way to go about it by any means. It's as if they want us to whale on each other, but not try to kill each other in the process. Which begs the question: What does Tri State want? I'm sure there are some bloodthirsty fans out there who want to see a bloodbath between the two of us, but they want to play safe and just have a heated brawl. Disappointing, really – if they went all-out, more people would want to see that. After all, it's not like there was a "no blood" rule at the Colosseum, was there?

An example must be made, not for some honor bullshit that sees the dregs of society gun each other down for looking at each other funny, but because nobody wants to see the sort of crap that Souza pulled, and it needs to be stamped out. And I am going to make sure Souza learns his lesson soon enough and, trust me, he won't miss it...

[FTB]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Elijah Black acting like he's the victim in all of this and is now going to quash the villainous RJ Souza.

AS: It's like bizarro world or something.

AS: Well we have some pre-recorded comments from RJ Souza as he arrived to the building earlier tonight. Let's go to the videotape and hear from him before this grudge match gets underway.



"BAD KARMA"

RJ SOUZA



[RJ is walking into the locker room. Reporters are standing around him, trying to get something out of him]

Reporter 1: Do you feel bad about costing Elijah Black the TSWF title?

Reporter 2: That was not like the "Bad Karma" we know. Are you going away from being a fan favorite?

Reporter 3: What about that Karma Kick in the back of the head? Are you afraid you will injure another wrestler for life again?

Reporter 2: Did you really mean to piss Elijah Black off??

[RJ shuts the door behind him and the reporters out with it. He drops his gym bag on the floor and takes a deep breath. He then takes a seat on the bench, puts his head in his hands and sighs.....]

RJ Souza: Sometimes the White knight has a Dark Day. It took me a minute, but that kick to the back of Black's head. It felt so.....good!

How does a guy skate under the radar that far after losing his only match to the one and three "Bad Karma"?

How do you give a title shot to that guy?

How do *I* not get the damn rematch instead of him?

All questions I asked myself like those leeches outside that door. But I did what I needed to do. I got your attention now, Black. It took me costing you a nice belt buckle and a HUGE payday, but I got everything I wanted. The washed-up ICWF veteran isn't sitting on that big pile of money here. I could work here, putting over all the young talent here. But I want to make it clear....I'm not playing anymore. I helped retire two guys who didn't want to put in the work. I want to put in as much effort as I did when I traveled the world, making huge money doing what I loved. I'm not going to expect anything less from my fellow workers.

I would love this to be on a bigger stage. I want to have everyone see that "The Man in Black" has not lost his step. What a way to prove it by beating the number one contender for the TSWF's top title.

When the smoke clears, Elijah..... History will be made in that ring...and I will be headed to where I belong. Right in the spotlight of the TSWF's title picture.



****MAIN EVENT****

RJ SOUZA

vs.

ELIJAH BLACK



RA: The following match is your MAIN EVENT!

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

RA: It is scheduled for one fall with a thirty-minute time limit. Introducing first...

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

Here is "Bad Karma" RJ Souza!!!

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

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

HUGE CROWD POP!!!

[Souza walks down the aisle and heads towards the ring, smacking hands with the fans along the way. He climbs into the ring and stares down the aisle, awaiting the arrival of Elijah Black.]

SS: Quite the comments from RJ Souza who shows no remorse for his actions a few weeks ago.

AS: Is it crazy to see Elijah Black as the victim in all of this? Because I truly do think Mister Black was wronged by Mister Souza.

SS: Interesting viewpoint, Ashie. Unfortunately it may be one that you hold on to alone.

RA: And his opponent...

[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...

##

[...and, right on cue...Elijah Black is nowhere to be seen]

##

Let's play born-again

American, resistance is the game!
##

[Still no Black. And Souza begins to get antsy in the ring.]

SS: Strange that Black is not out here. I wonder if the effects of that Karma Kick are worse than we originally perceived.

AS: It is most certainly a deathly maneuver; one that put two men on the shelf, as we learned from RJ Souza himself.

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
##

[As RJ looks towards the entranceway, Elijah Black bursts through the crowd and leaps the guardrail, chair in hand, and slides into the ring...]

AS: Oh my... this is not good at all.

SS: TURN AROUND, RJ!

[Black stands in the ring behind Souza, waiting for him to turn around, as the production crew cut the music. As the house lights come back up, Souza turns around...]

***HEEL HEAT!!!**

[...and Black punts him directly between the legs.]

AS: RJ Souza in a defenseless heap on the mat.

[With Souza incapacitated, Black drops the chair to the mat and steps behind Souza, hooks the arms...and connects with The Black Manoeuvre onto the chair]

SS: OH MY! Black with The Black Manoeuvre on the steel chair!

[As the boos and jeers rain down, Black does a slow 180 turn in the ring, soaking up the crowd's response, before he lifts the chair in order to roll Souza onto his back, showing that Souza is busted open – and then he holds up the chair to the crowd, with Souza's blood splattered on it. The referee throws up the "X" signal to the back.]

SS: Folks, RJ Souza is not moving and the referee now asking that a stretcher be sent down from the back. This does not look good.

[Black drops the chair to the mat and rolls out of the ring, as EMTs start to head down to the ring – but Black quickly re-enters the ring, mic in hand, and stands over Souza.]

Black: The question for you, RJ Souza, is whether I have YOUR attention.

[Black walks to the ropes, and addresses the EMTs]

Black: You guys can stand in the aisle and wait, because I'm not finished.

[Black returns to the downed Souza, standing directly above him, getting in his face]

Black: What were you thinking, Souza? That getting involved in MY match, costing ME the title, would come without consequences? Are you that deluded that you think your days wrestling in the corporate world made you untouchable?

It's funny you decided to screw me out of the title, when I wasn't the person that ended your dream of becoming Tri State champion. You know what cost you the title? You did.

You'd already lost to Clyde Kennedy, so what did you do in the match you needed to win? You got yourself disqualified because you are one stupid son of a bitch. You were out of contention when you faced me, but somehow decided it was MY fault.

[Black pauses, looking out to the crowd who are at a near riot level.]

SS: As much as I hate to admit it, Elijah Black has a point. Souza was already on a losing track before he defeated Black and probably didn't have much of a chance to advance anyways.

AS: Sure but this is completely uncalled for. Watching this is giving me the creeps.

Black: As for whoever thought the best idea was pitting the pair of us in a one-on-one match after he selfishly screwed me over.. how stupid are you? Didn't you think, for one moment, that I might have a grievance?

[At ringside, the EMTs are imploring that Black let them tend to Souza]

Black: What, you want to do your jobs? Fine, don't let me get in your way...

[Black perches himself on the top rope, mic still in hand, as the EMTs slide the gurney into the ring and start to attend to RJ on the mat.]

Black: Don't worry about mopping up the blood, it's not like Tri State has a "no blood" policy for their TV shows.

[The EMTs slide a backboard in to the ring and then slowly maneuver Souza on to the backboard, checking to see if he's regaining consciousness. Once he's stabilized, they slide him out of the ring on to a waiting stretcher.]

AS: I truly cannot believe that Elijah Black would do such a thing to another human being. This is utterly repulsive. RJ Souza may never walk again.

[The stretcher is wheeled up the aisle.]

Black: Whilst you're checking on him, you should ask if Tri-State offers full medical coverage. He wouldn't want to wake up and find he's lost a few grand because his medical insurance doesn't cover workplace injuries.

[At this point, Destiny Souza makes her way down the ramp, showing serious concern about her husband's wellbeing. Black spots her, and climbs down from the turnbuckle, and crosses the ring to face her as she comes down the ramp]

SS: Destiny Souza out here and she is in tears as she looks at her incapacitated husband strapped to a stretcher.

Black: Well look what we have here; RJ's wife has made an appearance. What's the worry, Destiny? Afraid that I damaged the golden goose?

SS: Now this has just gone too far. The fact that Destiny Souza is even out here shows the severity of the situation as she's been dealing with some personal health issues of her own that have caused her to not be at her husband's side since he joined TSWF.

Black: Are you concerned about your husband's safety, or do you want some answers to the most important question in your life right now: "Can my husband afford that new set of implants I've got my eye on?"

How does it feel, Destiny, seeing your husband go from a company that played to large crowds across the country every week, to having to scratch around in a company that runs one show a month in the ass end of New Jersey?

How much have you had to give up, Destiny? Do you have to wait in line to pay for your groceries like us normal people? Do you have to watch the pennies and have to endure the shame of having to choose to have a manicure, a spray tan, or your roots touched up?

AS: Does Elijah Black have no soul? Goadng an innocent woman who is clearly in pain?!? I hope he goes to hell.

Black: Well guess what, Destiny? Your husband won't be getting paid this month, because he didn't fulfill the dates he was booked for. You won't be getting a dime more than his appearance fee to tide you over for the next month, so if I were you I'd learn to live without a few of the luxuries.

[At this point, the EMTs have wheeled him up the ramp and are beginning to load him into a waiting ambulance – but Black still isn't finished, as he leaves the ring and begins to follow the EMTs up the ramp]

Black: Before you leave, I want you to do me a favor. When you've taken him to the emergency room, when you've done your tests and diagnostics and your wallet biopsy, I want you to tell RJ Souza one thing: I refuse to face him in the ring until he's ready to say two words – "I Quit."

[At this point, Tri State referees run from the backstage area, getting between Black and the EMTs as they finish loading Souza into the ambulance. Black drops the microphone and rolls back into the ring, retrieving the bloodied chair and rolling back out of the ring, before leaving through the crowd.]



[Cut back to Ashie and Stephanie]

SS: I'm at a loss for words at the moment. The images we've just had to witness will surely be burned into all of our brains for the days to come.

AS: It's irreprehensible behavior like Elijah Black's that makes me question the line of work I'm in at times. To watch a man like RJ Souza possibly never see the light of day and be berated without the ability to defend himself... it's disgusting.

SS: Well on behalf of everyone, we wish RJ Souza a very speedy recovery. And hopefully Elijah Black will be punished for his actions.

AS: I most certainly hope so.

SS: Folks, join us in two weeks when we will see Mark Adams Junior defend the Tri-State title for the first time against a formidable challenger in Shadoe Rage.

AS: And we also hope to get an update on Brandy Danielle after the vicious attack perpetrated on her by Josie Saito.

SS: Very true. We'll see you next time.

[The last shot of the night is the ambulance leaving the building and driving off into the black night. And fade.]