

[We fade up to see a man standing in the center of the TSWF ring. He's wearing a white button down shirt with a pair of grey slacks and a grey blazer. The Tri-State title is folded and tucked under his arm.]

Man: Ladies and gentlemen, for those of you who don't know who I am, my name is Michael Sandsbury and I am the owner of this here company. Not to mention the chief member of the TSWF Championship Committee. Now I'm normally not in the habit of appearing on-camera but certain matters have forced me to come out here and make a big announcement.

[He lifts up the Tri-State title to show the crowd.]

MS: And it surrounds this very prize. Recent events over the last few months have caused quite a controversy when it comes to the Tri-State title. And it is not my intentions to run a company where the top prize is mired with dispute. Therefore, I along with the other members of the Championship Committee have made a very big decision; one that may not be agreeable with everyone in this building but none the less, it is the right one to be made.

As of this moment, the Tri-State title belongs to no one.

BOOO!!!!

MS: Wait...wait...wait. Let me finish. Mark Adams Junior earned the right to be called "champion" and that distinction will remain. But the physical title belt he earned was destroyed during our last event by Shadoe Rage and the title I hold in my possession is not one I feel he should be walking around with. It is a reminder of the past and that is not what TSWF is all about.

Shadoe Rage feels differently and he is allowed to his opinion and beliefs.

Therefore, it has been decided that these two men, Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage, will compete over the next seven TSWF events in a "Best of Seven Series" to decide an UNDISPUTED Tri-State champion.

Each match will have it's own set of stipulations - ones that will surely determine by the end just how far these men are willing to go to be able to call themselves a champion and to wear the title belt.

Whoever reaches four victories first wins and will be the NEW and UNDISPUTED TSWF Tri-State champion.

If it's Shadoe Rage, he can parade around with this title belt all he wants.

BUT if it's Mark Adams Junior, a new title WILL be made and the cost of it WILL come out of Mister Rage's pocket.

And the first match will be tonight. Mark Adams Junior... Shadoe Rage... First Blood Rules!

BIG POP!!!!

MS: Oh and to ensure that this competition is not scarred or swayed by ANYONE, I am instituting a new policy for these "Best Of Seven" matches...

All managers and valets will be barred from ringside.

And... if ANYONE dares to interfere, they will be terminated IMMEDIATELY.

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

MS: Thank you... and enjoy the show.

[Sandsbury puts the title belt under his arm once more and climbs out of the ring, heading up the aisle towards the backstage area.]



[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 – The crazy and colorful match between Brandy Danielle and Josie Saito, the appearance of Tom Sawyer with RJ Souza, the intense fight between Tripp Skylark and Derrick Ford, Leon Corella fighting off Mongoloid and Chris Hallmark, and finally Mark Adams Junior staring at Shadoe Rage 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 inside the Bayville Elks Lodge in Bayville, New Jersey. The crowd is chanting "TRI STATE" and "USA" as we cut to STEPHANIE SANDSBURY and ASHIE SINCLAIR sitting at ringside. Ashie is wearing a red dress with blue stripes while Stephanie is wearing a white top; her hair in a short bob, framing her face. A black banner is draped over the front of the table they are sitting behind and it says in red lettering:

TRI-STATE WRESTLING

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

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

HOMETOWN CROWD POP!!

AS: This crowd is all sorts of excited to see some hard-hitting wrestling action.

SS: What better way to celebrate the tenacity of our American armed forces than with some professional wrestling. And as we all heard moments ago, things have definitely changed in TSWF when it comes to the Tri-State title.

AS: A big seven match series between Shadoe Rage and Mark Adams Junior with the winner walking away with bragging rights as Tri-State champion. It doesn't get any better than that.

SS: And it's also been made official that match number THREE in that series will take place during the Delaney Exxtreme Bash in Pittsburgh, PA on June 21st. We hope all of our loyal fans can make the trip to the Steel City for what will be an insane contest.

AS: I wonder what stipulations will be applied to that particular contest.

SS: Well if it is in any way shape or form in line with the rest of the event, it will most certainly be a high impact set of stipulations. But that's enough about that. Tonight we have a great lineup leading up to Rage/Adams in our main event in a First Blood match.

AS: Not to mention that tag team grudge match between Chris Hallmark teaming up with The Mongoloid against Leon Corella and Tripp Skylark.

SS: That's coming up later in our show but right now, let's hear from Chris Hallmark before we head down to the ring for our opening match.



"THE AMATEUR"
CHRIS HALLMARK



[The camera opens to a calm, shirtless, smiling Christopher Hallmark. He's wearing obnoxiously blue and orange plaid shirts. There is very little light in the room, just enough to illuminate Hallmark's frame.]

Hallmark: Hey, Mr. Camera man. I know at first we didn't get along but after Ring Showdown things are coming up Hallmark! I'm even starting to like you a little bit. Your fat smiling face means it's time for me to trash my opponents verbally. Believe it or not, I almost enjoy that more than beating them in the ring. Because when I get to talk, my greater intelligence really shines through. I'm starting to get this pro wrestling stuff. You see it's not about being the most skilled. It's about making the most of what skills you have. Because let's be honest if it was about in ring ability; Michael Sandbury would hand me that tin title belt and fellate me too just for good measure.

[A creepy smile crosses Hallmark's face.]

Hallmark: But no, you need to take what you can do and AMPLIFY IT. Oh and I amplified it. Have y'all met my Plan B? The Mongoloid. See Corella, you can stroke your gold plated phallus and tell me you are the end of me. And tell me how long you've been in the business and talk about being a twentieth generation star or whatever you are. But I'm a man of action. So while you were yammering on like an Alzheimer's patient, I made a call and I found the most muscle I could find. And I told him to deliver a message. A HALLMARK CARD.. if you will. I hope you got that message loud and clear, Leon. Your experience. IT. MEANS. NOTHING. This is a whole new game, old man. And I'm playing Diablo Three while you're still trying to figure out how to log on to Prodigy. I am LIGHT YEARS ahead of you. One of the few things Keenan taught me was wasting my time with Skylark wasn't going to help me get ahead in the business. I needed to make an impact. And to do that, I needed a name.

[Hallmark points up. The camera pans up to see a dully-lit Leon Corella written in red above Hallmark's head.]

Hallmark: Oh I'm sorry. Let me shed some light on this.

[Hallmark reaches out to his left and flicks a switch, the lights flood the room. It's the small room that we've seen before. There are significantly fewer pictures of Tripp Skylark on the wall and more of Corella. It seems the room is chronologically chronicling Corella's career. As the camera pans, there is a fleck of gold in the corner. As the camera focuses, we see it is a blood soaked gold plated sledgehammer. A hand comes into the frame and the camera is jerked back to focus on Hallmark now standing and bordering on rage.]

Hallmark: You want to know about that.. DON'T YOU. You want to know how I got one of the master's tools? IT'S CALLED THE INTERNET, STUPID. I bought it off of some idiot on EBay named CorellaFan4Eva. I guess CorellaFan fell on hard times and had to sell his AUTOGRAPHED sledgehammer. Man is he going to be upset when he watches New Jersey Shootout...

[Hallmark stops himself.]

Hallmark: Or maybe I've said too much. Leon. This tag match. This is not the end of us. And YOU.. YOU ARE NOT THE END OF ME. Do you know why? Because I'm the next step in evolution from you. You see wrestling needs to return to its amateur roots. It needs the classic

competition. No more silly gimmicks. No more idiots like Skylark. ATHLETES like myself and to a lesser extent YOU... battling each other for supremacy. But since you insist on having a weapon around, I'm going to make sure I do the same. But see not only do I have the hammer. I also have the MONSTER. The Mongoloid is made for smashing faces. And you and Tripp are the first on the list of MANY TSWF quote unquote superstars who are going to have to answer to the BRAINS AND BRAWN of this two bit establishment. And the mayhem begins at New Jersey Shootout. Corella, Skylark, you asked for this...

[Fade]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Wow. Chris Hallmark has possibly gone insane to invoke the wrath of Leon Corella upon himself.

AS: Yes but he has The Mongoloid... and that cut-rate version of Corella's gold sledgehammer. Clearly some mind games being played by Hallmark. I just hope Corella doesn't make the wrong move.

SS: We'll see about that later. Right now, let's go backstage and hear from RJ Souza.



RJ SOUZA



[RJ and Destiny Souza are in the backstage area. RJ is still in a wheelchair; wearing his black jean shorts, black Nikes and his Ray-Ban sunglasses. He also has on one of his official licensed "Bad Karma" T-shirts. Destiny is wearing her black hair up, a pair of blue jeans and a "TSWF" T-shirt]

RJ: You know how much I hate this. I still have to wait for the new tests to come back. I don't want to wait. I am sick of Elijah Black making me look like I don't want this match...

[The camera turns to see Elijah Black approaching from the far end of the hallway, once again wearing his thrift store/army surplus chic, his black-dyed hair tied back]

Destiny: Speak of the Devil....

[Black pauses, giving a mock curtsy toward Destiny Souza, then resumes his approach]

Black: Tell me, during your time off, have you been giving any consideration to my proposition?

[Black looks at Destiny once again]

Black: Or were you too busy calling in your boy, The Masked Mongoloid, that it slipped your mind and you forgot to agree to my challenge? I can't say I blame you for that, as you did take a pretty severe blow to the skull the last time we were in the same ring, didn't you?

RJ: Oh No, Black. I didn't forget. I got this damn chair to remind me. The sooner I am out of it and get into that ring...IT'S YOUR ASS!!!

You think I wanted to call in that "Masked Mongoloid"...as YOU called him? No, Black. I didn't. I know what that man is capable of. He almost destroyed me. More so that you could EVER DO!!

Black: Sorry, did I touch a nerve?

If you want to talk about touching a nerve, consider this – apparently I'm a little too "dangerous" for the people running this place and I won't be allowed into the ring until you give them the nod, tip them the wink, or blink once for yes and twice for no and I get to take back what was never Mark Adams Junior's to begin with.

So, once again RJ, the match. The one where you won't be pinned, you won't be made to submit, but you will be made to say "I Quit"? When, RJ? When?

[Black switches his focus to Destiny Souza again. She looks terrified, as she has seen what Elijah Black has done to her husband.]

Black: Or maybe I should petition to have a proxy compete in your place? Somebody you trust. Somebody you can rely on. Somebody you want to follow you through the gates of hell to drag your irrelevant ass out of the fire.

[Black grabs the collar of Destiny's shirt, pulling her toward him as he does so. RJ tries to get out of the chair, but the pain is too great.]

Black: How does that old saying go? "What's yours is mine?" Think about that, what's yours can also be given to your Destiny – unless, of course, you want to be a man and tell me when our match is going to happen. And it will happen, RJ...

Voice from behind: I am sure it will Black.

[The voice is the white masked man known as Tom Sawyer. He is dressed in his white tights and white boots. He steps in front of Destiny, breaking the grip from Black...and looks at Elijah Black]

Tom Sawyer: Using terror on a crippled man's wife. The man YOU crippled, Black. Then, you challenge his woman to replace him for your amusement. But to grab her in a death grip until he answers your challenge?

[Sawyer does a golf clap]

Tom Sawyer: I could not do that any better myself. That was brilliant. Let's show the Whole Wide World how manly we truly are.

[Sawyer raises his hands in praise, tilting his head back slightly.]

Tom Sawyer: Genesis 4:9 "And the LORD said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?" Make no mistakes, Black. I once tried to kill RJ Souza myself.....I may try once again. I don't plan on satisfying you with an answer from the cripple in the wheel chair. Right now, your way to him is through me. Psalm 23:4 starts... "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me". I am that Shadow of Death, Black...and if you are stupid enough to have no fear... You are dumber that I thought. You should look into my eyes, Black....FEEL YOUR FEARS!!

[Black and Sawyer don't budge...]

Tom Sawyer: (Evil Laugh) Not bad for a "Masked Mongoloid", huh...Mister...Black.

[Lights go out....and come back...and the trio is gone...With Black wondering what just happened.]



[Back to Ashie and Stephanie]

AS: What is the deal with this Tom Sawyer guy? We don't know much about him other than he walks in the light and he has not many allegiances to RJ Souza other than wanting to get inside Elijah Black's head.

SS: Well, it seems to me that Elijah Black is not scared of Sawyer. But maybe after he sees what Sawyer can truly do inside the ring, his tune might just change.

AS: It's time for our opening contest. Let's go down to the ring.



TOM SAWYER

vs.

CHRISTOPHER FERNANDEZ



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

Introducing first...

From Ellicott, New York... he weighs in tonight at two hundred and twenty-four pounds...

"THE REVOLUTION"

CHRISTOPHER

FERNANDEZ!!

[A fairly tall Hispanic man steps out from his corner and raises a hand in the air. He's wearing blue tights with white striping down the leg and blue boots.]

RA: And his opponent...

##

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

##

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

SS: We're seeing the official in-ring debut of Tom Sawyer seeing as the last time we saw "Tom Sawyer" in the ring, it turned out to be Johnny Blayze in a mask.

AS: Yes but how do we even know that THIS is the real Tom Sawyer and not another ruse?

##

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

##

[Tom Sawyer climbs the stairs onto the ring apron....]

SS: Well with Sawyer, I guess we'll never know. Although the man heading to the ring definitely is as tall as the man we've seen with RJ Souza as of late, so I have to think that he could be the real deal.

##

The world is, the world is
Love and life are deep
Maybe as his eyes are wide
Exit the warrior
Today's Tom Sawyer
He gets high on you
And the energy you trade
He gets right on to the friction of the day

##

[Tom Sawyer raises his hands and "turns up" the house lights. He looks at his opponent across the ring from him.]

RA: From The Deepest Reaches of Your Nightmares... he weighs two hundred and forty-five pounds...

"THE MODERN DAY MESSIAH" TOMMMM SAWWYERRRRR!!!

SS: Christopher Fernandez taking a good hard look at Tom Sawyer and you have to wonder what is going through his head right now.

AS: If I were Fernandez, I'd be questioning my reason to live. Looking at Sawyer is like looking into your soul, they say.

DING! DING! DING!

SS: There's the bell and Christopher Fernandez springs right out of the corner with a dropkick but Sawyer swats him away.

AS: Sawyer grabs Fernandez by the head and Fernandez with a punch to the gut. But Sawyer shrugs it off and whips Fernandez into the corner.

SS: And Chris Fernandez rebounds out into the waiting arms of Tom Sawyer who bodyslams him to the mat. Now a grab of the head once more and Fernandez is put down with a bulldog.

AS: Tom Sawyer taking Fernandez apart so far as he hits a side suplex for good measure. Sawyer now running into the ropes... and nearly takes Fernandez's head off with a flying clothesline.

Crowd: SAWYER! SAWYER! SAWYER!

SS: Handful of hair as Tom Sawyer pulls Chris Fernandez to his feet and sends him into the ropes... FERNANDEZ LEAPS UP AND SPRINGBOARDS OFF THE TOP ROPE TO DROPKICK TOM SAWYER!

AS: Sawyer is dazed but remains standing. Fernandez runs at him...Oooo...kneelift catches Fernandez in the head.

SS: Tom Sawyer throws Chris Fernandez out of the ring... Fernandez hangs on to the top rope though and catches Sawyer around the head with his legs, pulling him down to the floor.

AS: Both men out in front of us and Chris Fernandez whips Tom Sawyer into the ring steps...Sawyer stumbles and Fernandez yelling "The Revolution is Here!" at the fans. Kick to the midsection from Fernandez... CAUGHT BY SAWYER!

SS: And Tom Sawyer throws Fernandez backwards into the steel guardrail. This man is a beast.

AS: The referee's count up to three as Sawyer goes for a bulldog...Fernandez with the counter and hits a back suplex. And Fernandez climbs back in the ring... followed by Sawyer who got right back up from that suplex.

SS: Both men back in the ring now and Fernandez goes after Sawyer who catches him with an eye poke. Sawyer with a big boot... ducked by Fernandez who kicks the legs of Sawyer.

AS: For an unknown such as Fernandez, these fans are really behind him.

SS: Clearly the fans not too sure about Tom Sawyer's methods and would rather back an upstanding gentlemen such as Chris Fernandez.

AS: Possibly.

SS: Sawyer goes after Fernandez for a Samoan Drop... Fernandez with the counter though turning it into a crucifix pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

AS: Sawyer with a kick out... Fernandez back on his feet and tries for a Pyramid Bomb... Sawyer with the small package roll-up...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: And Fernandez kicks out this time. Sawyer grabs a hold of Fernandez and throws some chops to the chest and head. Irish whip sends Fernandez into the side... rebound... and Sawyer hits a swinging neckbreaker.

AS: Now the crowd starting to get behind Sawyer once more. But for how long as he hits a boot to the head of Fernandez.

SS: Followed by a backspin DDT that puts Fernandez down.

AS: Tom Sawyer clearly not done yet as he pulls Chris Fernandez to his feet and goes for a front slam... NO! Fernandez with a roundhouse right... but it doesn't phase Sawyer one bit as he hits the forward slam anyways.

SS: And now Sawyer grabbing Fernandez and places him up on the top turnbuckle... DOWN GOES FERNANDEZ... victim of a big superplex off the top!

AS: Is that enough for Sawyer or does he want to punish Fernandez some more? Obviously this is an exhibition of what could be in store for Elijah Black if Tom Sawyer and he were to meet in the ring.

SS: Fernandez looking a bit worse for wear at the moment as Tom Sawyer pulls him up into a pumphandle slam. And the crowd definitely chanting for Chris Fernandez at the moment.

AS: And Tom Sawyer raises his arms out to his side... giving the sign for The Crucifitcion. Fernandez's head between Sawyer's legs.... AND BOOM! Down goes Fernandez as Tom Sawyer hits the crucifix power bomb.

SS: The cover... this looks to be an easy one for Sawyer...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

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

TOM SAWYERRRRRR!!!

** MID-SIZED POP!**

[Sawyer looks down at his fallen opponent. He gets down to one knee, giving him his "Last Rites", then holding his arms up in praise. He gets back to his feet and gets a mic from the ring attendant.]

Tom Sawyer: Malachi 1:8 states "And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with

thee, or accept thy person? Saith the LORD of hosts." This here, is not the appropriate competition for the Lord of Light. Tonight, Elijah Black sent a message to my business associate. He made it very clear that Mr. Black will stoop to any level to fight a man in a wheelchair.

That is not deemed an appropriate opponent either.

[Slowly, many men, dressed as the Modern Day Messiah start to come over the barricades, until there are about 25 of them, surrounding the ring.]

Voice: Hey, Mindfreak, a moment of your time...

[The camera pans around, picking out Elijah Black stood amongst the crowd, his eyes fixed on Tom Sawyer]

Black: It's bad enough that RJ Souza wants to hide behind a man that hides behind a mask, but he has to go that one step further and bring in Harry freakin' Houdini. So, not only is he unwilling to fight his own battles, he wants to bring someone in who would rather pull out a couple of magic tricks instead of fight Souza's battles for him.

Tell me, Sawyer, what's your next big surprise? Pulling a rabbit out of your mask? Sawing your opponent in half? Or maybe being suspended upside-down whilst wearing a straitjacket and submerged in a tank of water?

Actually...you know what? Why not give the last one a shot? It'll save me hearing you talk and talk and talk, and give me ample opportunity to show RJ Souza that certain people like myself like to use what is known as "actions" to eliminate problems.

Let me tell you one thing, Sawyer, and you listen well. There's one thing you need to fear, and you had better start hoping that it doesn't knock on your door before your big finale – exposure.

You lie awake at night fearing that people will see your face. You're terrified of taking any direct action, hiding behind cheap illusions when someone that's got a pair would take direct action. And you've got a pretty bad choice when it comes to who your friends are, judging by you suddenly becoming buddy-buddy with Souza as he's being wheeled from show to show without accepting that he's the one that invited such actions.

[Black makes his way through the crowd, hopping the barrier to ringside]

Black: So what's the plan now, Sawyer? You've already done the bit with smoke, and I don't see any mirrors around here, so I say you're act is wearing out almost as much as your welcome already has.

Tom Sawyer: You want this match, Mr. Black, you will need to face ME!! "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to except through me.". John 14:6 said it...but you will need to obey it. You want RJ Souza.....You come through me. The Nation of Light watches your every move Mr. Black. Just as you think you have the upper hand..... It all seems to DISAPPEAR!!

[The lights go out...and when they come back up...everyone is gone...including Elijah Black.]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Wow. This business between RJ Souza and Elijah Black has definitely been weird ever since Tom Sawyer showed up but now it's just bizarre.

AS: I know. Where did Elijah Black go just now? Honestly, Stephanie, I hope RJ Souza gets well soon enough because I don't think this matter will truly be resolved until he and Black face one another.

SS: True but I'm sure Tom Sawyer would love to get in the ring with Black and prove that it's easy to rough up a woman or a man in a wheelchair but not so much when the man standing across from you is near seven foot tall and quoting bible scriptures.

AS: Amen to that!

[The two have a chuckle]

SS: Good one, Ashie. Folks, we're going to take a break but when we get back, we'll check out a sit-down interview I had with Leon Corella. Stay tuned.



[Cue cheesy instrumental light jazz that always seems to be the backing track to sentimental, emotional testimonial commercials that really end up just shilling for some bullshit product. But we're not shilling products here, I swear. On the screen, front and center with one of those 'dramatic' and 'serious' distant stares across his face sits a dreadlocked tie dyed crusty wookiee.]

WOOKIE: There was a time that I was lost... I was confused, living life but not really LIVING! I was turned off by our materialistic society! I was disillusioned by the whole game of life and was ready... willing to check out.

[Nods.]

WOOKIE: But then...

[Cheesy music gets a bit more uplifting.]

WOOKIE: Then I met Tripp Skylark!

[The music gets a bit happier, as the wookiee's face begins to glow, remembering the day he quit the system and started living free.]

WOOKIE: With his help and all of his friends dahn at FREE LIFE ENTERTAINMENT, I found a new meaning in life! A new purpose! I was able to make bold decisions and big changes! I

was able to pull my head out of the cubical chaos I was fooled into and instead am now flying among the clouds!

[The camera zooms out, showing the wookie's current location of a suburban sidewalk, pamphlets in hand.]

WOOKIE: That's why I'm out here today, going door to door. I am paying it forward, peoples! Tripp and Free Life Entertainment helped turn my life around with a simple message and a lot of love! Who knows, I may be able to do the same for one of my fellow Americans!!!

[Nods.]

WOOKIE: My names Terry Fueller, and I approve the message of freedom. A free mind is a free life!

[With a very emphatic nod and a thumbs up, the camera fades away from Terry... as the follow appears on the screen:

NOVERMBER SIXTH 2012...

DON'T GET HIGH AND FORGET TO VOTE!

OCCUPY THE VOTING BOOTHS PEOPLE!

OCCUPY

THE

VOTING

BOOTHS!

[The words linger for a bit, before they too disappear....]



[Back from break, we fade up on Ashie & Stephanie]

AS: Ugh... another political ad? When does it stop?

SS: November sixth, I would guess. Anyways, let's now go to that pre-recorded interview with Leon Corella.



LEON CORELLA



[Here we are in the TSWF makeshift locker room where we find Leon Corella taping his fists up, getting ready for his match. We find him not attired in his usual fancy tights, but instead in a pair of blue jeans, non-regulation steel toed boots, a black and gold TSWF T-Shirt, and wearing a look on his face that seems icy, cool, and surprisingly calm. The locker door opens up, his eyes briefly averting from his task at hand, then back down as he starts taping his other fist. Stepping into view is none other than TSWF's own Stephanie Sandbury.]

SS: Good evening Mr. Corella. I'm here with a few questions with regards to your time here in TSWF.

[He pauses briefly in mid taping of his wrist, then resumes.]

LC: Fire away, Steph.

[She nods her head and settles down on the bench beside him, notepad in hand.]

SS: What are your thoughts on your previous opponent, Mark Adams Junior, whom you defeated by disqualification last week?

LC: Well Mark Adams definitely made me work for my pay. He has every right to be the champion and because he gave me one hell of a fight, I don't mind him staying champion for a little while longer.

[Stephanie nods, seeming a bit surprised by that admission.]

SS: You're not angry with Chris Hallmark and The Mongoloid costing you the match at the expense of your own well-being?

[Leon bites the tape, ripping it clear from his wrist and patting it down. After tossing the tape roll into his bag, he turns and looks Stephanie in the eye with a cold gaze of hard steel, his jaw setting a bit. Stephanie shifts uncomfortably in her seat for a moment.]

LC: Angry? No... no... I'm not angry. What I am is so many levels beyond angry that I can't even put it into words. Chris Hallmark has no idea who he's dealing with... what I'm capable of doing when someone pushes me like he's pushing me. Now I'm trying very hard not to go into that dark pit inside of me, grab my hammer, find him, and flat out end him.

[He leans in a bit towards Stephanie.]

LC: You've probably done your homework on me, right? You know my history...

[TSWF's intrepid reporter/commentator slowly nods her head.]

SS: I know you've been part of some rather... ahem-questionable actions.

[Turning away from Stephanie, Leon leans forward, interlocking his fingers together tightly, elbows propped on his knees.]

LC: Then you know exactly what's in store for him if he keeps going down this path and even though he actually deserves it, I don't want to go there. Hate is more powerful than any narcotic when it comes to addiction, Stephanie.

[The man lowers his head, strands of blond hair falling into his face.]

LC: I was addicted to hate for a very long time and like any drug, it destroyed everything I held dear in my life. I know that if I get even a taste of it, that's all it'll take and I start down that long road of destruction all over again. Hate empowers, intoxicates, and ultimately consumes you until it's all you are.

[Leon's head lifts, his expression resentful, angry, and pained. He looks directly at Stephanie, his experienced eyes telling her a long sad story as she looked into them now.]

LC: There's only so much a man can take before he unleashes his own personal idea of what hell truly is and Hallmark has come dangerously close to that. You see, I live for match ups like the one I had with Mark Adams Junior. True tests of metal.

[The saddened pain gives way to bitter anger, Leon quickly looking away from Stephanie.]

LC: He deserves a real victory and not this disgrace of a title defense. If I were in his shoes, I'd probably be even angrier than I am right now! What Chris Hallmark did was not only the petty act of a worthless coward, but he disgraced the Tri-State Championship!

[He points his finger at the floor, righteous fury taking over as he looks back towards Stephanie, who sits back silent, letting the man go on, rather than ask more questions.]

LC: It's bad enough we had that whole belt theft with Shadoe Rage, but now this horse shit?

[Stopping for a moment, Leon looks away and places his hands out. He takes a few deep breaths and starts counting under his breath, slowly calming himself down in the process. Stephanie finally decides to ask a question, quickly marking off a few that Leon's rant might've answered.]

SS: Speaking about that, Mr. Corella, had you won the championship, what would have been your plans to deal with Shadoe Rage and his theft of the TSWF belt?

[Leon turns and looks to Stephanie Sandsbury. Lowering his arms down, he leans forward, propping his forearms on his thighs.]

LC: Well after beating Rage's ass within an inch of his life at the first opportunity that presented itself, I'd take the belt back by force, naturally. There is no other response to something like that and Mark better get the ball rolling and handle his business before I do it myself out of principle!

[Turning to face the camera, Leon looks directly to the lens.]

LC: And Shadoe, do you know what kind of a man steals a championship instead of earning it is called?

[A wry smirk crosses his face.]

LC: A p***y. Even with all the horrible things I've done in my past, one thing I can definitely say I never did was steal anything I couldn't earn. If I held a championship in my hands, it was because I beat the other man for it, not because it just happened to be unguarded.

[Leon points his finger as if pointing directly at Shadoe.]

LC: Be grateful that Hallmark's stupidity cost me the championship, because had I won the right way, Shadoe, oh my god... You wouldn't know a single day of peace until you returned the championship to its rightful place.

[Dropping the finger, he adopts a more menacing posture in his seat, his face twisting into that familiar scowl as he glares into the camera.]

LC: As for you, Chris. You're a stupid little boy that stepped into a man's world last week and this week, you pay for it.

[He looks back to Stephanie again.]

LC: I think we're done here; I have to find Tripp and finish getting ready for my match.

[Rising from his seat, Leon steps off camera, the sound of a door opening and promptly closing follows. Stephanie looks directly to the camera now.]

SS: Well there you have it; I came for an interview and got a shoot instead. Let's cut back to ringside.

[Cut.]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: So as you can see, Leon Corella not too happy with many things in TSWF. And the top item on that list is Chris Hallmark.

AS: Like I said before, Chris Hallmark opening up a Pandora's box of hurt by messing with Leon Corella. A veteran such as he prides himself on in-ring competition and to have an

opportunity to become champion here in TSWF sullied by Hallmark, well that's the biggest slap in the face to Corella.

SS: That it is. Folks, I'm sorry to report this but it seems Casey Stillbourne has no-showed yet another of our events.

AS: And for that, he'll be lucky to ever get asked back to a TSWF event again.

SS: Yes and speaking of luck, it just so happens that a newcomer to TSWF by the name of Vic Morrison was standing by backstage, just looking for a fight. Let's hear now from Mister Morrison.



VIC MORRISON



[Fade up on a man shrouded in shadows. The only features you can make out are his well-built frame in a black t-shirt, the fact that he has a heavy five o'clock shadow at the moment, and short brown hair. There's no sort of eye contact with us. A calm, yet intimidating, gravelly voice emanates from the shadows.]

MAN: You know, when they say that there's a reason for everything... it's true. There is always a plan. Every single one of us follows a path, whether we know it or not... and most of us don't. Me? I embrace it. Why? Because my fate... determines your fate.

The outcome for you, should our paths cross, won't be as fortunate as you believe it will be. Trust me.

Just ask every person that has ever crossed my path in the past.

As for what my fate is? I'm not talking about titles... I'm not talking about fame. The rest of you can have all of that.

[He chuckles coldly.]

MAN: I'm looking for personal satisfaction... and that's something that makes me so much more dangerous than the rest of you could ever hope to be.

You see, I've done it all. I've wrestled in the big leagues, I've dominated Japan. Do you really think I give a damn about the Tri-State Wrestling Federation?

[He shakes his head.]

MAN: For Vic Morrison...

[The shadows disappear, revealing a familiar stone-cold face and those cold green eyes.]

VM: This is just an exercise in brutality.

[Out.]



JOSIE SAITO

vs.

~~CASEY STILLBOURNE~~

VIC MORRISON



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

****POP!!****

RA: Introducing first...

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

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

VICCC MORRISSONNN!!!

SS: Morrison no slouch in this business as he has worked for close to twelve years with numerous titles and accolades to his name.

AS: River City Wrestling...NEO...EMWC...Shootfire Pro...the list goes on and on.

SS: And now he's here in TSWF and like he said, it's not for gold but for brutality.

AS: I hope Josie Saito is ready for this because Vic Morrison is known to put his opponents through a physical wringer time and time again.

RA: And his opponent...

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

Like a bitch out of water

Like a bat out of hell

Like a fish out of water

I'm scared. Can't you tell

Bang! Bang!

Bang! Bang!

SS: As usual, Josie Saito prepared for battle complete with that katana blade she carries in hand.

AS: A weapon nonetheless that she has used many a time to put down my good friends, Rich Anderson and Brandy Danielle.

[The young woman stalks to ringside, the blade held high and a stern look on her face. Throughout, her cold gaze remains on the ring and Vic Morrison inside of it, ignoring the fans.]

I thought you were good

But you painted me bad

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

Bang bang, shot you dead

Bang bang, shot you dead

[As she enters the ring, Josie mounts the empty second turnbuckle, eyeing the crowd in contempt, before hopping down and tossing her blade aside. She leans against the ring post, waiting for the match to start.]

DING! DING! DING!

SS: Morrison looking at Saito and scoffs at the fact he has to face a woman. But to him, it's just another victim.

AS: They stand nose to nose and Saito throws the first punch. And now a chop to the chest leads into a German suplex attempt... Morrison with the go-behind though and tries for a suplex of his own.

SS: Which is also met with a go-behind, this time from Saito. And Morrison not playing games hits a back elbow to the face of his opponent.

AS: And a snap suplex takes Saito the mat as Morrison is met with a slight mixture of cheers and boos from the crowd.

SS: Vic Morrison not letting up as he throws some shots at Saito leading into an elbow to the back of the head. Irish whip sends Saito into the ropes... Reversal by Saito...

AS: And a shoulderblock hits Morrison sending him down to the mat. Saito with a falling splash... and Morrison gets the knees up.

Crowd: BORING!!! BORING!!! BORING!!!

SS: Wow... the fans not fond of the action between these two.

AS: Well Stephanie, when you have a main event with First Blood rules coming up later on, these fans expect nothing less than exceptional from the buildup.

SS: That is true. Morrison now with a half nelson suplex... Saito though able to counter with an elbow to break it up. Now Saito with a guillotine choke... blocked by Morrison though.

AS: Honestly I think these two are matching each other hold for hold and the fans need to appreciate the effort being put out by both competitors right here.

SS: Morrison picks Saito up and hits a Samoan Drop. And you can hear a pin drop in this place...its kind of obnoxious.

AS: Vic Morrison telling the fans to wake the hell up before he goes back over to Josie Saito. Pulls Saito to her feet and hits a double underhook suplex. And turns right into an abdominal stretch.

Crowd: CHANGE THE CHANNEL! CHANGE THE CHANNEL! CHANGE THE CHANNEL!

SS: Man, these TSWF fans are just crapping all over this match. I honestly don't know what else to say other than "I'm sorry".

AS: Well Morrison is finding the crowd's behavior insulting as he cinches that submission hold on even tighter. And the fans just sitting on their hands, not giving either competitor much praise at the moment.

SS: Saito though making her way to the ropes and forces a break after a good twelve, thirteen seconds in that abdominal stretch maneuver of Morrison's.

AS: Saito still a bit worn out as Vic Morrison heads up top... and comes off with a flying axhandle... only for Saito to nail a punch to the gut as he flies down. Morrison down on the mat and Saito pulls him to his feet.

SS: Knee to the face and now a sleeperhold from Saito. Morrison quickly pushes his way towards the ropes and forces the break. Saito not letting up as she hits a Russian legsweep.

AS: And Morrison grabs her by the leg and pulls her into a cradle pin.

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Saito with the shoulder up after the two count. Morrison with a quick side headlock before pushing Saito into the ropes. And on the rebound, Saito gets hit with a thrust kick to the head.

AS: You can hear a few scattered fans booing Morrison and a few others cheering him. But that's it. These fans not showing much of anything right now.

SS: Morrison with the No Quarter slam.... NO! Josie Saito with a desperation move as she gouges Morrison's eyes with her nails. And now Saito going for a headsmash into the turnbuckle...

AS: Except Morrison puts on the brakes and smashes Saito's head into the corner instead. And a spinebuster floors Saito.

SS: VICTIMIZER!!!

AS: Vic Morrison with the cobra clutch forward legsweep takedown. And now the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of the match at seven minutes and twenty-eight seconds...

VICCCC MORRRISSONNN!!!

MIXED REACTION!



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Vic Morrison is your winner and what an interesting debut for him here in TSWF.

AS: Makes you wonder what your brother will have to say about Mister Morrison's abilities in the ring.

SS: I'm sure he will take into consideration who Morrison was working against and go from there. But right now, let's hear from your good friends, Brandy Danielle and Rich Anderson about Anderson's upcoming match against Derrick L. Ford.



BRANDY DANIELLE & RICH ANDERSON



[Scene 1: Seriously Hacked Off - Once again, we rejoin Rich and Brandy, at their home in Dallas. But they are not happy. Apparently this Josie situation had gotten way out of hand and it was time they did something about it. As we catch up, we hear Brandy speak.]

Brandy: Rich, what are we supposed to do? Seems like every match one of us is in, that moron Saito jumps us. I'm not too sure I feel safe anymore with a psycho like her around. I hope you have a plan.

[Truth was, he did have a plan. He just happened to know someone that could easily rip Josie in half next time she tried anything. It was someone he met while making a trip to a prison, to do a bible study with the local prisoners. She had been in prison for choking a cop. How the cop got her arrested at her height was beyond him but oh well.]

Rich: Well, no need to worry. While I was off doing my prison ministry last week, I ran into an old friend. She definitely has the size and strength but also the physical menace to stop anyone from harming us. And with that said, I want to bring her in now. Come on in, Jessica!

[At that time, a huge seven-foot tall woman who looks to weigh about three hundred pounds comes in. She has a black mohawk as well as short shorts and a tanktop on. Rich also takes note of the fact that she has glasses on as well. As he speaks, he notices Brandy getting a bit scared.]

Rich: She may be big, and she is. Seven foot one. Three hundred twenty pounds. And like I said, she's got one hell of a power game. See, as soon as she was released from jail, I talked her into going into wrestling. Since she's been out, she basically dominated the indies. But I talked management into allowing her to bodyguard for us. So if I were Josie, I'd watch it. But there's no need for YOU to be scared. She's on your side, sweetheart.

[At that time, Brandy seemed to get a bit more comfortable with this giant being around her. Normally she wouldn't be intimidated but this was a new situation on its own. Never had Brandy seen a woman this huge and noted now that she did not want to make her angry because it would be the last thing she would do if she did.]

Brandy: Well, okay. But what does she call herself in the ring? A monster like her should come with a cool name and stuff. Why not call her Anarchy? She does look like someone that loves causing anarchy and total mayhem so that to me would be a fitting name for her!

[At that time, Jessica thought a bit. "Anarchy" huh? Well the thing is that fit cause she did love anarchy and causing it in ring. And hell, people are even scared of her outside the ring with her height, so let's go with it! As she pushed her glasses up, Anarchy spoke.]

Anarchy: You know, that name is perfect. I love causing pain, mayhem and anarchy in the ring and to anyone who crosses my friends. I'll take that name! I love it! Thanks, uh what's your name again?

[Brandy then thought for a bit on how to take this. They hadn't met but Brandy expected that she would recognize her, if she had watched MCW or UCW in the past four years. Which made Brandy wonder how long "Anarchy" had been in jail. Oh well. Seeing as how Brandy was a sweetheart, she introduced herself to her, smiling as she did.]

Brandy: My name is Brandy. Brandy Danielle. I'm surprised you didn't know me, as I have been wrestling four years and have gold nearly everywhere I've been, but that's another story. Glad to have you on board, Anarchy. I hope Saito will think twice about jumping us again. If she's smart, she will

[And to be honest, Saito didn't seem that smart. Messing with Brandy and Rich every time she got a chance would only make things worse for her, and it had in Saito's case. But for now, it was promo time. Here, they would introduce Anarchy to the masses. As Brandy got behind the camera, and Anarchy stood off camera for now, we hear Rich speak.]

Rich; What's up folks? For those that don't know me, I'm Rich Anderson, husband of the lovely Brandy Danielle. Lately, my wife has been getting jumped from behind for no reason by some psycho named Saito. And last show, she attacked ME for no reason with a katana. So to prevent her from doing so again, let me bring in an old friend that will make sure Josie comes nowhere near me or Brandy. Come on in, Anarchy.

[At that time, a large seven foot tall, three hundred plus pound monster, wearing butt shorts and a tank top that had the bottom sides cut out, comes in. The shorts and tank top are both red, and she has on red face paint, with black trim. She also has on black glasses that she wears off camera and when she isn't wrestling. At that time, she speaks.]

Anarchy: Miss Saito, welcome to your nightmare. You've messed with my friends long enough and now you will deal with me. You come anywhere near them at any time, you deal with me. And trust me. You don't want to do that if your smart simply because you won't walk out in one piece, if you even walk out alive. See, everyone who's messed with me has paid the price and if you're smart, you won't cross my friends or me again.

[Well said, Anarchy, well said.]

Rich: So, fresh off my first win, guys and gals, I got a guy named Derrick Ford. Derrick.. I will say this. Welcome to TSWF. You have entered into a federation, a company full of talent. However, my wife and I are not in the mood to goof around. We have gone through the worst weeks of our lives thanks to Josie Saito. But you will just be the way to get a message to her through me beating you like a drum.

[Good point made. I would do anything to make sure I got my hands on him. Because after what happened with Josie, I had some pent up rage to unleash. And face facts. I would do it at this guy's expense. If I had to find him to get my hands on him, I would. Anything necessary, do it. Whatever it takes.]

Rich: One last thing. Derrick, in the mood I'm in, and the mood my wife is in, may god have mercy on you. Because we sure aren't. See, for weeks we've had our matches wrecked by that psycho, Saito. And what anger and what frustration we have, we are taking out on you. Because let's face it. You may THINK you matter but truth is you don't. What have you done recently? Not a damn thing. While Brandy and I have both held gold nearly everywhere we've been. Face it, your ass is brass. Because the mood I'm in right now, nothing good will come out of this match for you. When I'm in there with you, I won't be seeing you. I'll be seeing Josie Saito's ugly face in that ring and want to pound you even more which is what I'm going to do. Beat me if you can. Survive if I let you.



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: That katana sword handle shot to the back of the head must have scrambled Rich Anderson's brains. This is not Ford's first foray into a TSWF ring as he went to a time limit draw against Tripp Skylark at our last show.

AS: Obviously some miscommunication in the Anderson/Danielle camp. But one thing I will say... this Anarchy chick is bad news for Josie Saito or anyone who crosses Brandy and Rich's path.

SS: Very true. Let's hear from Derrick Ford and Henry Spikes who addressed the crowd before we went on the air. Then it's down to the ring for the introductions.



HOPE FOR A FUTURE AMERICA



##

DON'T TREAD ON ME!

##

["Don't Tread On Me" hits signaling the entrance of only one man - the man himself, Henry Spikes. Spikes, resplendent in his three piece navy blue suit (with American Flag lapel pin), displays his wide grin to the unappreciative audience. The Bayville crowd shows its displeasure as the head of HFA casually walks down the aisle, blissfully ignorant of the invective heading his way.]

AS: Time for our regular dose of civics, courtesy of Hope for the Future of America.

SS: I don't think Bayville appreciates the lesson.

[As Henry reaches the ring, microphone in hand, the music fades out, leaving only the sweet serenade of jeers and insults for this modern day political hero. Spikes waits politely for it to slow down. When it doesn't, he resignedly begins to speak.]

HS: Citizens of Bayonne...

[HEY, THAT'S NOT US! BOOOOOOOOOOOO!]

SS: Spikes with a rather embarrassing error...

AS: Didn't anyone brief him on where we were before he got here?

[The gaffe seems to have broken Henry's concentration. For a moment he appears embarrassed.]

HS: Nice to see you're all paying attention. Of course I know I'm in Bayville.

[Nope, not buying it. The grin drops amid the fresh abuse and when he begins again, it is with a slightly harder edge to his voice.]

HS: At the last TSWF show, we saw a travesty take place. YOUR champion, the HOPE for the FUTURE of AMERICA, debuted to what should have been a rousing success. Instead, a man of superior athleticism and intellectual capacity could merely fight a derelict stoner to a fifteen-minute draw.

[The crowd ROARS at the referral to the Stoned Submission Specialist. This draws a sneer from the man in the ring.]

HS: There's only one word that can describe what happened that night in Ronkonkoma - mistakes. It was the mistakes of Derrick Ford that prevented his inevitable victory and nothing more. Mistakes happen in life, after all.

[He raises his hand].

HS: I certainly make them. After all, I made a mistake just now, because when you work day after day to try and educate the public on the issues of our day and on the importance of voting, it is true that these towns can sometimes run together. But rather...

[Even with the mic, the sound is lost in the torrent of boos.]

HS: But rather than try to explain it myself, I think we should hear from someone from whom you should all hear. Ladies and gentlemen, please open your minds, your ears, and your hearts to the newest member of the TSWF roster, the Hope for the Future of America...

DERRICK! LI FORD!

##

GIMME FUEL

GIMME FIRE

GIMME THAT WHICH I DESIRE

OOOOOOHHHH

##

[Jogging quickly out of the back, handing miniature American flags to fans along the aisle and ringside, are interns Doug Goldberg and Katie Barber. Most fans accept the free swag, while a few are thrown back at the volunteers. Once their work is finished, they try to cue the fans to wave their flags as Derrick Ford, finally, steps out into view. He too is rocking a navy blue suit (complete with American flag lapel pin) topped off with a white Stetson hat. He tips the hat respectfully to the fans waving their flags (of which a fair few have decided to play along), while angrily admonishing one fan that refuses in perfect non-regional diction.]

DLF: Hey! What's your deal?! Why do you hate America?! You better wave that damn flag, traitor!

[Spikes is applauding inside the ring. The fans do not follow his lead (minus those who just got free flags), instead giving Ford the same round of treatment as his manager. Ford stalks into the ring, trying to block out the abuse but failing. He grabs the mic from Spikes as the music fades out.]

DLF: Alright everyone, listen up! Your new role model, your new HERO, has arrived here in Bayonne!

[NOT THIS AGAIN! BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!]

DLF: That's no way to...

[Spikes whispers in his ear. The response is meant to be muted but is too close to the mic.]

DLF: Bayville? So what? What's the difference?

[Oh, the fans aren't happy to be compared with those losers from Bayonne a second time. Ford takes a different tack in response.]

DLF: Look, Bayville, Bayonne...for our purposes it doesn't matter. We are all AMERICANS. We should all have PRIDE in our country. But too often, that pride is stripped away by the realities of today. Take my previous opponent, Tripp Skylark.

[WOOOOOOO!!!!!!]

DLF: The man is nothing but a miscreant who champions the use of marijuana! Is THAT what we want our future to be? Feebly wandering through life in a cloud of smoke, eating Fritos and watching Cheech and Chong videos?! It's that kind of decline in moral standard that has stripped the meaning of the word American, a word that used to recall honesty, purity and hard work. Now? Now it's about taking handouts, running up debt, and messing around with family structures!

[The interns wave their flags, trying to get those around ringside to do the same. It's not having much effect.]

DLF: It disgusts me that kids today look to people like Brandy Danielle and Marissa Monet for their heroes. Any real, true American knows that in order for the family unit to maintain its integrity, clear gender roles must be established. And when the female half of the couple is stronger than the male, well...that's how you get homosexuality and gay marriage, and we certainly don't want that do we Henry?

[Spikes gives a solemn shake of the head. The interns wave their flags even harder.]

DLF: But what choice do the young people of America have? The liberal media with their messages of "tolerance" and "acceptance" is inundating them. Why should we accept the decline of our society? Why should we tolerate weakness in a country that USED to symbolize strength? The American people need to wake up to their miserable condition. Henry is doing his part by going from town to town to open the eyes of the average American.

[He wags a finger.]

DLF: But that's not enough. It's not enough to get people to see. You need a beacon, a guiding light to show them the way forward. You need a name synonymous with the American Dream, a family that made its wealth for itself providing the oil that each and every one of you need to get you to your jobs each and every day. You need someone who has been groomed to represent the best of the best from day one, in the belly of the liberal beast! I come to TSWF, to the heart of the latte-sipping New York media market, to show you all the error of your ways. To be the true Hope for the Future of America that only the very top of the one percent can provide! And while you may have heard this necessary message in the TSWF before my arrival, rest assured I will NEVER cut and run from this challenge!

[A few cheer at the slight of the former TSWF champion.]

DLF: While I may have had two years worth of ring rust to knock off against the stoner, rest assured I am at full capacity now. I did not come to the TSWF to lose, or to lose to some second fiddle like Rich Andersen or Shadoe Rage. So Rich, just remember: those lights you see as I put you through the canvas? That's not from the arena. That's a new era dawning for America. It is morning again in the TSWF, and that morning's name is DERRICK! L!! FORD!!!

["Fuel" kicks back in as Ford and Spikes leave the ring, followed by their flag waving followers.]



DERRICK L. FORD

vs.

RICH ANDERSON



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

Introducing first...

##

Run Away if you see me.
Don't even say my name.
Don't think that you can know me
Don't try and play that game...

##

[As "I Came to Play" by Step Zero is heard, Rich Anderson comes out, holding Brandy Danielle's hand, to cheers from the crowd. They are joined by Anarchy – the seven foot tall, three hundred plus pound monster wearing red shorts and a red tank top that has the bottom sides cut out. She also has on red face paint with black trim and black glasses.]

SS: The First Couple of Brownwood, Texas making their way down to the ring along with their new "bodyguard" if you will.

AS: Anarchy bringing up the rear as she will always be watching the backs of Danielle and Anderson from now on.

SS: Honestly, the way that the fans in our last match-up treated her, I would almost think that Josie Saito has left the building.

##

Everyday that I get better...

I watch as you get worse...
My script is to the letter
& I'll write your final verse...
##

[At the bottom of the ramp, Rich throws up the rock on hand sign as the fans pop.]

I am here to stay.
And I am going to play!
##

[As he enters the ring, he slides in and hits the middle of the ring. Brandy Danielle and Anarchy stay down on the ringside floor.]

I came to play...
There's a price to pay...
Time for you get on your knees and pray...
##

[As the song fades, he throws up the rock on sign again.]

RA: He hails from Brownwood, Texas and weighs in at one hundred and fifty-five pounds...
accompanied by Brandy Danielle and Anarchy...

RICHHHH ANDERRRRSONNN!!!

POP!!

RA: And his opponent...

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 black slacks, black shoes and no top. At his side, resplendent in his three-piece suit, the always-grinning Henry Spikes. Ford surveys the disapproving audience with an apathetic look. Spikes, meanwhile, raises Ford's hand into the air, displaying him as a true champion of the people. The people don't appear to be buying it.]

RA: Accompanied to the ring by Henry Spikes...from Old Orchard Beach, Maine...now residing in Houston, Texas...he stands at six foot four and weighs two hundred and forty pounds...
DERRICK! L! FOOOOOORRRRRRD!

[The duo walk towards the ring, Ford laughing as he confidently strolls down the ramp, while Spikes glad-hands a few patrons in the front row.]

SS: Ford making his way to the ring and he has to be wondering what he could do differently to ensure another time limit draw doesn't end up on his record here in TSWF.

AS: Well a big size difference between him and Rich Anderson so if I were him, I'd definitely stay on top of my opponent and not let him get away. A small guy like Anderson will go airborne very quickly and always take the bigger man in Ford.

[Spikes walks up the ring steps first, opening the ropes for his friend and charge. As they enter the ring, Spikes again presents Ford to the paying public, garnering a fresh round of abuse. The music begins to fade as Ford begins to stretch in the corner.]

SS: Ford looking at Anderson and going back to his pre-match stretching. Obviously not too worried about his opponent but rather focusing on the campaign and the larger adversary in all this, Tripp Skylark.

AS: As long as he keeps that stuff off our airwaves, I don't care what he or Ford do between now and November Sixth.

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

SS: There's the opening bell and both men lock right up in the center of the ring. Ford goes right for a headlock but Anderson counters with a back suplex.

AS: Anderson throws Ford into the corner...Ford bounces out and right into the arms of Anderson who hits a DDT.

SS: And Derrick Ford underestimating Rich Anderson as he begs off for the moment. Anderson though goes right after him with a shot that is blocked and Ford catches him with a low blow. Followed by a series of chops to the chest.

AS: A wave of boos going through the crowd as Ford lights up Anderson with those chops. Anderson though coming back with shots of his own as the crowd cheers each one of them on.

SS: Thrust kick from Ford... ducked by Anderson who kicks Ford in the ribs. Irish whip from Anderson... goes for a backdrop... Ford with the sunset flip roll-up...

ONE!

AS: Kickout by Anderson who is wrapped up in a leglock by Ford.

SS: Anderson struggling to get to the ropes as Ford locks on that submission hold.

Crowd: ANDERSON! ANDERSON! ANDERSON!

AS: The fans behind Rich Anderson, willing him to the ropes with their chants. Ford pulls Anderson back towards the center of the ring but still releases the hold. Now pulling Rich Anderson to his feet and sends him into the corner... reversal by Anderson...

SS: Who runs right in with a shoulder to the midsection of Derrick Ford. Abdominal stretch from Anderson... Ford with a punch to stop it. Kick to the thigh, blocked by Anderson.

AS: Ford sees it coming and hits Anderson with an elbow followed by a scoop up into a backbreaker.

SS: And now Derrick Ford runs into the ropes and nails Rich Anderson with a flying shoulder tackle. And these fickle fans are booing Ford like there is no tomorrow.

AS: German suplex from Ford and the ref makes the count...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: KICKOUT! Ford pulls Anderson back up and hits a Samoan Drop.

AS: Ford goes for an Indian deathlock... ANDERSON WITH THE LOW BLOW!

SS: Ford is stunned.

AS: Anderson with the Irish whip into the corner... shining wizard sends Ford down to the mat... Anderson goes up top... MOONSAULT!

ONE!

TWO!

SS: FORD KICKS OUT!!

AS: Anderson on a hot streak as he grabs Derrick Ford and hits a brainbuster. And now heads out of the ring and grabs a steel chair.

SS: This is definitely a different side of Rich Anderson as he sets the chair up in the center of the ring. Awaits for Ford to get back up before sprinting into the ropes... springboard off the chair... HURACANRANA ON DERRICK FORD!

ONE!

TWO!

AS: KICKOUT!! Anderson runs into the ropes once more and springboards off the chair for a second time to hit a flying clothesline.

SS: Rich Anderson pulling out all the stops here as he goes for another cover...

ONE!

AS: ANOTHER KICKOUT FROM DERRICK FORD!

SS: Anderson is furious as he grabs Derrick Ford and hits a backbreaker in the center of the ring as the fans are on their feet cheering him on. And the referee tossing that chair out of the ring.

AS: Up top goes Anderson... and spinning headscissors takes down Derrick Ford. Cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Ford kicks out!

BOOOO!!!

SS: Anderson grabs him and hits a back suplex. Now moving into the corner... looks like we may see The Buzzkiller.

AS: Ford up to his feet.... BANG! Superkick to the face from Anderson.... And the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR.....

AS: NO!!!! SOMEHOW DERRICK FORD KICKS OUT OF THE BUZZKILLER!

SS: The crowd is going into a frenzy. Rich Anderson whips Ford into the ropes... Reversed by Ford. BUZZKILLER!!!

AS: Anderson able to sneak in a second Buzzkiller.... Cover by Anderson...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: FORD GETS A FOOT ON THE BOTTOM ROPE!

AS: Great ring presence by Derrick Ford. Terrible mistake from Anderson who got caught in the moment.

SS: Anderson refusing to let up as he hits a shoulder to the midsection of Ford and goes for a Northern Lights suplex.

ONE!

TWO!

THR....

SS: And yet AGAIN Derrick Ford will not stay down.

AS: Anderson, beside himself as he is running out of ideas to put away Derrick Ford, goes for a double underhook suplex... blocked by Ford!

SS: Derrick Ford with a kick to the thigh followed by an Irish whip. Anderson rebounds and is met with a back elbow from Ford.

AS: Now an armbar takedown brings Anderson to the mat. But Ford not keeping this grounded as he hits a half nelson suplex and goes for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Kickout by Anderson. Derrick Ford up on his feet and complaining to the ref about a slow count.

AS: Meanwhile, Rich Anderson springs to his feet and hits a running clothesline to the back of Ford's head. Now pulls him back up and tries for a Russian legsweep... Ford with the elbow to counter though.

SS: Ford with a powerbomb... WATER WHEEL DROP FROM ANDERSON!

AS: Anderson back on top as he goes for a vertical suplex... Block from Ford who hits a backdrop suplex instead.

SS: German suplex from Derrick Ford... both combatants' shoulders are on the mat...

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

SS: Another draw for Derrick Ford. This guy cannot catch a break.

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

DERRICK L FORDDDD

CONFUSED REACTION!!!!

SS: WHAT THE?!?

AS: Looks like Ford got the shoulder up at the last second. Close match but this time around, Derrick Ford walks away with the victory.

SS: Impressive action from both men but yes, Derrick Ford goes to the pay window.



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

AS: Brandy Danielle hugging Anderson on the floor, telling him he did well. Anarchy on her toes though as she is keeping an eye peeled for any shenanigans.

SS: Well if the past rings true, this would be when Josie Saito would likely strike. But it looks like she's nowhere to be found.

AS: Someone who has been found is Tripp Skylark. Let's hear from the Stoned Submission Specialist as he finishes up his preparations for the tag team battle between he and Leon Corella against Chris Hallmark and The Mongoloid.



TRIPP SKYLARK



[Cut to the back in the TSWF locker room, where "Stoned Submission Specialist"... the "Pittsburgh Pothead"... the "Steel City Stoner"... Tripp Skylark is preparing himself for tonight's match. Already dressed in his wrestling gear, Skylark is busy finishing the lacing of his boots, making sure everything's just right. With that one of a kind Skylark smile, he looks straight into the camera...]

TS: Shits getting all serious up in here! Got Hallmark hiring giant morons to fight his battles like the little bitch he is... Got Hope for America continuing their bullshit charades, trying to brainwash America into buying the same ole bullshit that destroyed our great nation...

[Shakes his head.]

And here I am.... The little stoner fuck caught in the middle, playing the role of the fool.

[Pause.]

Or am I?

[Tripp giggles as he finishes the lacing and leans back in the chair.]

TS: See, that's part of the game, folks. I amuse myself. I do stupid, little antics that just seem to drive people _CRRRAAAZZZY_ and everyone laughs. Everyone enjoys watching me run around cause all this mischief. They really do. But you know what else they like to see? You know what they _REALLY, _REALLY_ enjoy witnessing?

My domination inside that ring!

[Assuring nod.]

TSL From PCW to WILD to SCWF... I've succeeded. I've won match after match. I've climbed the rankings faster than Facebooks' stock drops. I've held title after title, never losing them only to watch the company run itself into the ground only to close the doors forever.

But do you, Hallmark, know any of that?

[A shrug that says "Bet ya don't!"]

TS: Do you even _THINK_ about my track record? My success inside the squared circle? Do you even ponder what's gonna happen when you stand in that ring and go to toe with me, now that you've gotten my attention and _forced_ me to knock off the fun and games?

[That one of a kind smile creeps back...]

TS: You see, Skidmark... When you're an ass like I am... When you push peoples buttons the why I just _LOOOOOVVVEEEE_ to do... You quickly learn the value of self-defense. It becomes a very _VERRRRY_ vital life skill to know how to protect oneself and make sure that when ya anger the giant steroid raging jock, ya twist him up into a human pretzel so tight ya blow his optic nerve right out his eye socket.

True story.

[Very emphatic nod.]

TS: Hope your recent momentum shift hasn't gone to your head, Skidmark. I know you managed to save your TSWF career, somehow pinning a _GIRL_ inside the square circle. I know you even got one up on Corella, with your hired muscle. And, shit... I myself could even make a man tap out before the time limit expired!!!

But that doesn't phase me. Not one bit. Ya know why? HUH? Do ya Skidmark!?!?

[Pause, as Skylark does a little drum roll on his leg...]

'CAUSEE I PUT MY MAN BOOTS ON TODAY MOTHAS' FUCKA!!!

[And there's that grin! Now ear to ear almost!]

TS: Which means only one thing.... Tonight's itinerary has _TWO_ items on it:

[Brief pause.]

from his fists to half of his forearm. Strands of short blond hair hang in his face as he scans the crowd with ice blue eyes, his gaze intense and intimidating.]

SS: Leon Corella dressed for a fight.

AS: Well with the state of mind he's in, I wouldn't expect anything else from him.

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

RA: Ladies and gentlemen, hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana... He stands six feet five inches tall and weighs in at approximately two hundred and fifty six pounds....

[Leon makes his way to the nearest ring post, climbing up onto the second rung of ropes.]

RA: TSWF proudly presents...

LLLLLEEEEEEOOOOONNNNNN

CCCCCOOOORRRREEEELLLLLLAAAAA!!!

[Leon lifts his arms up, palms upturned towards the sky as he tilts his head back. He then hops down from the ring post and makes his way to his corner where he joins Tripp Skylark in awaiting their opposition.]

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

[The massive, beastly Mongoloid explodes through the curtains with a roar, throwing his arms out at his sides as his theme, "Holy Roller" by Throwdown hit's 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 and white kickpadded boots. He also sports black heavy elbow pads and matching padded grappling gloves. Completing the look is a studded, dark blue leather facemask that just barely conceals his identity, a big white M over the front.]

RA: He stands at six foot seven inches tall and weighs in at an incredible five hundred and two pounds... From Chicago, Illinois....

THE.... MMMMMOOOOOONNNNNGGGOOOOLLLLLLLOOOOIIIIIIIDDDDDD!!!!

HEEL JEER!

[Reaching ringside, the Chicago native remains down on the floor. He quickly throws his arms up and roars to the crowd.]

SS: The Mongoloid's ginormous frame standing down at ringside, staring a hole at Leon Corella and Tripp Skylark.

AS: Who by the way are staring right back. No word being exchanged by anyone. This is clearly a war of action and nothing else.

RA: And his partner...

[“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” CHRISSSSS HALLLLMARKKKK!!!

BOOOO!!!!

[The lights go down]

SS: Somebody forgot to pay the electrical bill.

AS: Oh come on now, that’s so cliché. Obviously Chris Hallmark is trying to get in the head of Leon Corella.

[The lights come back up and standing in the center of the ring is Chris Hallmark, holding the less than authentic gold sledgehammer.]

SS: Hallmark in the ring and he has that sledgehammer with him.

AS: Ooo... shot to Tripp Skylark and it knocks him flat out.

SS: Corella quickly turning around... shot to the gut... and he’s momentarily stunned.

BOOO!!!!

AS: Hallmark now with another shot... CORELLA CATCHES IT!!! Boot to the midsection and Corella has the hammer in hand.

POP!

SS: Corella just busted the hammer over his knee. The head cheaply falls to the mat and Corella kicks it out of the ring as he holds the wooden handle in hand.

AS: And here comes Mongo! The Mongoloid lumbers his way into the ring as Hallmark scrambling for higher ground on the floor.

SS: Leon turns around... tries to jab Mongo with that wooden handle... NO! The Mongoloid catches it and just RIPS it out of Corella’s hands.

AS: Mongo throws a shot at Corella but it's ducked aside. Another shot by Mongo and once again, the quicker Corella able to get out of what can only be described as a world of hurt from the big monster Mongoloid.

SS: Tripp Skylark now back on his feet and JUMPS on Mongo's back.... Sleeperhold from Skylark.

AS: The Mongoloid trying to swat Skylark off his back but that hold is cinched in pretty tight, it seems.

SS: And there's Hallmark once more as he slides back into the ring with a steel chair in hand.

BOOOO!!!

AS: Chair shot to the back of Corella... he stumbles forward but not fazed as he turns around and stares at Hallmark with a fiery rage. Hallmark with another shot... CORELLA CATCHES IT IN MID-SWING!!

POP!

SS: And a kick square in the nuts from Hallmark brings Corella to his knees. OOOO... VICIOUS CHAIR SHOT TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!!!

AS: Meanwhile, look at Mongo. He's slowly falling asleep... OH MY GOD!!! The Mongoloid just fell backwards and landed hard on Tripp Skylark, essentially squashing him into the mat.

SS: Skylark may be dead and buried after that one, Ashie.

AS: Hallmark and Mongo now celebrating their victory. But the bell never rang.

SS: Yes... and where's the referee? I swore I saw him a minute ago.

[And out from the back steps the referee who is joined by Michael Sandbury.]

SS: Wow! The boss man back out here once more. This can't be good.

MS: I said things like this would not be appreciated for much longer but clearly some people just don't want to listen to reason. Well guess what, Mister Hallmark... I hope you've enjoyed your time here tonight because as of this moment, YOU'RE...

***BIG POP BECAUSE THEY THINK HE'S GONNA BE FIRED!!!**

MS: SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY!

****GOOD ENOUGH POP!!****

SS: Wow, Chris Hallmark just earned himself a lengthy stay on the bench.

MS: I tried...I really did...but you've left me no other choice. I suggest you get yourself a one-way ticket to Des Moines and work as a curator at the Amateur Wrestling Hall of Fame. And while you're there, think about what you've done because once word gets out, your days in this business may be dead and buried.

[Michael Sandbury lowers the microphone and heads to the back. Meanwhile back in the ring, Chris Hallmark is furious. Hell, he's beyond furious but what more can be said?]

SS: Chris Hallmark is fifteen shades of red as he just cost himself a HUGE opportunity here in TSWF.

AS: Hallmark looking down at Corella and Skylark... he gestures for Mongo to lift up Corella... which the big man gladly does.

*****BOOM!*****

SS: Thunderous shot from The Mongoloid just dropped Corella once more. That one-shot knockout power shines again.

AS: And now security rushing the ring to make sure Hallmark and The Mongoloid don't do any further damage.

SS: It's a shame to see Hallmark force my brother's hand but the show must go on. And things are surely about to pick up as we head into our first of seven matches between Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage. Both men have some big comments before this First Blood contest so without further ado, let's hear from Mark Adams Junior.



MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[Cut backstage to the locker room area where Mark Adams Junior - a seething Mark Adams Junior - is pacing back and forth in front of his good friend and manager, Kylie Nash. The usually reserved TSWF Champion's temper seems on the verge of exploding.]

MA: So, after everything I've done for this company, after all the hard work, all the hours in the gym, it boils down to this. Shadoe Rage steals my title belt, destroys it, and the Championship

Committee, instead of punishing him for his actions, gives him a goddamned Best of Seven series to try and embarrass me some more?!?

KN: Mark, you can't look at it like that. Think of it as a Best of Seven series where you can take it all out on him instead.

MA: Wishful thinking, Kylie. Shadoe Rage, despite all the stipulations the Committee has put into place in this match, will always find a way to manipulate the system. I mean, really? They'll fire you for interfering tonight but did they do anything at all to him for his transgressions? They let him walk, Kylie, and he destroyed the very symbol of this company that he claims to represent!!

KN: Mark, I...I don't know what to say.

[Adams stops pacing.]

MA: That's okay, Kylie, because I do. The Championship Committee made tonight's first match in this Best of Seven farce a First Blood Match but apparently they didn't pay attention when they did.

I'm Mark Adams Junior, Kylie, the son of a Hardcore Legend and the nephew of a guy who's wrestled more King of The Deathmatch style tournaments than almost any other wrestler alive. My legacy is blood, Kylie, and even my music says it.

So, Shadoe Rage, he'll get his Best of Seven and he'll get his First Blood.

'Cause if he wants blood...

He's got it.

[And, with that, we fade.]



SHADOE RAGE



[Fade in:

What the Hell has happened? Where are the acid-induced intros? The fourth wall hasn't been shattered, it's merely scraped. Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Rage Country. It is a sad day here. There is no sun shining. There is no rainbow. The skies are cloudy and grey. There may even be a few tumbleweeds blowing in the streets. The population of Rage Country is in mourning. There is only one stern Queen and a very broken, dispirited King. We take you to pre-recorded comments from the King of Rage Country, in front of a plain black

screen, no colorful outfits, just a black T-shirt and unkempt hair. Marissa Monet consoles him from the side, cradling his head against her bosom. My God, what a day. The King of Rage Country is crying.]

SR: Mark Adams Jr., what kind of man are you?

[He got the name right?]

SR: (sniveling) Yeah, I didn't know your name before, Mark Adams Junior, but I know it now. <sniff><sob><sniff> You're the man that ruined a kingdom ... destroyed a dynasty.

[Marissa Monet pats his head, running her hands through his unkempt locks.]

SR: I am Shadoe Rage. I was a God. The TSWF champion. The World was mine! I ruled with a velvet glove, a kind and benevolent champion. I gave my time and my body to the people of TSWF. I showed them greatness.

[His voice is cracking like a boy caught in the early stages of puberty.]

And when they were all beginning to believe, Mark Adams, Junior, you went and stole my belt!

[Rage raises his red, teary eyes from Marissa's chest. Marissa dutifully wipes snot from his nose with her shirt. Good Lord, what a mess!]

SR: What kind of man would do something like that? This is professional wrestling! How cheap, how base, how low can you get, Adams? How low can you get?

[He buries his face in both hands.]

SR: I haven't been able to sleep. <sob><sob> I've barely been able to eat. <sob><sob> I can't even pleasure the Queen. I'm not a man anymore, Mark Adams Junior. You took that away from me!

MM: It's alright, love. It happens, baby. You'll be back.

SR: I don't even ... deserve to be with my Queen. Not like this. Not like ... some eunuch. You stole everything from me, Adams ... EVERYTHING! And now people look at me like I'm some kind of a freakish joke. WHY? Why would you do that to me? I never hurt you. I never bothered you.

[His whole body wracks with dry heaves and cries.]

SR: I was just being me. I was just being TSWF champion. There are some things in this business that you just don't do. Some depths to which you don't sink. I mean, who raised you? Monkeys? Animals? How could you desecrate a championship like that, villain? How?

[Rage is holding his head, totally lost. Lost to everything.]

SR: You're unworthy. You are a vain, stupid man. You are unworthy to ever even touch a championship belt. You have defiled my soul, you have sullied the Queen, you have disgraced a championship I defended with honor.

[That moment of bravery is lost in a sea of misery.]

SR: You've stolen everything from me, Adams. And President Stansbury you just sit back and let it happen.

MM: You know what we have to do.

SR: (shaking his head slowly) I do. I do. I do.

[The King of Rage Country is nearly catatonic. He just looks at the camera with blank red eyes.]

SR: I have to make you pay, Mark Adams, Jr. I have to get everything back. My title. My dignity. My pride. I have to make an example out of you. Sandsfield, you just make it happen and step out of the way. I'm going to hurt you, Adams. I'm going to hurt you. I'm going to hurt you.

[Marissa gently kisses his forehead.]

SR: Adams, you cum-stained monkey, you're gonna die. You're gonna die. YOU'RE GONNA DIE! I'm done. Fade to black. Leave me alone. Just leave me alone. Please, leave me alone.

[The camera fades to black over the sounds of Rage sobbing.]



[Back to Ashie and Stephanie]

AS: Is Shadoe Rage serious? I've never seen a man as delusional as him in my LIFE!

SS: I'm not sure but folks, before we go to the ring for our main event, let's see what just transpired backstage between Leon Corella and TSWF owner, Michael Sandsbury.



[We cut backstage as the owner of TSWF steps through the curtains and passes through the gorilla position, a pensive expression on his face. Suddenly bursting through the curtains behind him is none other than Leon Corella, the side of his face still reddened from that chair strike to the side of his head. Leon quickly passes the man and steps directly in his path.]

Leon Corella: So that's it? You're going to suspend him? He just kicked me in the balls and cracked me with a chair. I deserve my chance for retribution... and you know it!

[Mr. Sandsbury shakes his head with disagreement.]

Mike Sandsbury: It's a suitable punishment. He's out and I don't have to deal with his insubordination anymore. Plus now you can focus on more important things - like perhaps a rematch with Mark Adams Junior.

[Leon's face twists into a scowl.]

Leon Corella: No, it's not a suitable punishment. Putting him inside a steel cage alone with me for thirty minutes.. that would have been a suitable punishment! He owes me a pound of flesh with interest!

[The boss looks at Corella, his head tilting ever so slightly, an eyebrow raised.]

Mike Sandsbury: Let me get this straight, I'm having my judgment questioned by a man who is not only my employee, but possesses one of the lousier track records in professional wrestling, a guy who is also on the wrong side of thirty _rapidly approaching forty_ and not exactly in high professional demand. You clearly don't get the pecking order around here. I'd hate to have to cut two pink slips in one night...

[He then tilts his head the other way, Leon stepping back a bit, trying to fight down his anger.]

Leon Corella: With all due respect, sir, you know I'm right. Chris Hallmark is getting off easy. That lousy track record of mine speaks for more than just my failures.

[Mike smirks, lifting his head up and tilting it back a bit.]

Mike Sandsbury: I suppose you have forgotten about his pal, the Mongoloid, whom I think has done more against your reputation than Hallmark ever did.

[Leon slowly nods his head.]

Leon Corella: That's true, but I wanted to cut the head off the serpent. Then finish the bulbous body beneath it.

[He gives Leon an understanding nod.]

Mike Sandsbury: Believe me, I understand where you're coming from but you can't have it all your way, Leon. Be grateful that I'm not a petty man or I might view your disagreement as a challenge to my authority. I want my wrestler's to feel comfortable to disagree but let's get one thing clear. You may not like it but what I say goes around here. I say Hallmark is suspended. End of story.

[Setting his jaw, Corella nods.]

Leon Corella: Yes.... sir...

[Smiling, Mike pats his shoulder.]

Mike Sandsbury: I also think you have more to say to The Mongoloid than Chris Hallmark. From what I've seen, Chris is nothing without his muscle and because I have been fairly impressed with The Mongoloid's size, strength, and obvious striking power, I'm going to offer him a contract with us.

[Leon's eyes widen, his lip twitching slightly.]

Leon Corella: You're giving that idiot a contract?

[A wry smirk spreads upon Mike Sandbury's face.]

Mike Sandbury: If you'd let me finish... it's for one night only. And why not? I gave you a contract despite several people advising me not to pick you up. Where I see potential, I go for it and while you're an impressive wrestler, I've never seen anyone knock you out as effortlessly as that man has.

[Corella visibly fumes with rage now, his fists clenched tightly.]

Mike Sandbury: Why so angry, Leon? It's not like you're trying to avoid the guy. Although, you are really focused on Chris Hallmark. It makes me wonder if you're... I don't know... afraid-

[He's suddenly cut off, Leon quick to interrupt the boss, a disagreeable expression crossing Mike's face.]

Leon Corella: I fear no man. You want The Mongoloid here, fine. He's here. It's your money; waste it how you see fit.

[Mike smirks.]

Mike Sandbury: You know, I think I see why you had problems with past promotion owners. You are a pretty impertinent man, Leon. You interrupt me before I'm finished speaking and love to question my judgment.. first on how I choose to punish wrestlers who are clearly in the wrong and now on my eye for talent and spending habits. Ok, question this... Your opponent next week is The Mongoloid, and I'm going to make his one-time in-ring appearance an interesting one.

[Leon nods his head, a wolf-like grin crossing his face.]

Leon Corella: I'm game. Throw the monster at me, I'm up for anything.

[A small, subtle smile crosses Mr. Sandbury's features.]

Mike Sandbury: I want something brutal, something that'll challenge you. Let's go with a Hardcore Tables Match. You know the drill, you have to pick your opponent up and slam them through a table to win. You can lift five hundred and two pounds, right?

[Not even giving Leon a moment to answer, Mike Sandbury lightly taps his cheek and then steps past him, continuing on his path down the hallway. The camera zooms in a bit on Leon, looking over his shoulder with his nostrils flaring, heated anger simmering in his eyes.]



****MAIN EVENT****

****MATCH #1 in the Best of 7 Series****

****FIRST BLOOD RULES****

SHADOE RAGE

vs.

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[The music starts up as Irene Cara's "Fame" starts with its synth pop 80's beat. The curtains part and Marissa Monet leads the way. The 6'6 Amazon strides down to ringside dressed in her black battle gear, glaring with her laser-like hazel eyes. Behind her comes Shadoe Rage in his gaudy sequined cape and pink and gold ring gear. He flourishes down the aisle, spinning and his cape billowing as he shouts and threatens the audience, pointing and jawing until he hits ringside. With disdain, he threatens a child at ringside.]

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

[Marissa steps over the top rope, marching around the ring as Shadoe climbs onto the apron and vaults over the top rope. Marissa bends in the corner, facing the audience and Shadoe mounts the ropes behind her like a randy stallion, creating a wave of flashbulbs at the lewd tableau.

Rage points and circles his finger in the air before he dismounts and sweeps off his ring gear. He is intense, slapping his biceps, shadowboxing, yanking and pulling at the ropes. He looks ready to explode.]

SS: The referee telling Marissa Monet she must return to the back.

AS: Monet protesting but the rules are the rules.

##

It's criminal

There ought to be a law

Criminal

There ought to be a whole lot more

You get nothin' for nothin'

Tell me who can you trust
We got what you want
And you got the lust
If you want blood, you got it
If you want blood, you got it
Blood on the streets
Blood on the rocks
Blood in the gutter
Every last drop
You want blood
You got it
Yes you have
##

[The crowd pops as "If You Want Blood (You've Got It)" by AC-DC begins to blast out over the P.A. and Mark Adams Jr. steps out onto the stage. The Tri-State champion make his way down the aisle, trading handshakes and high-fives with the fans.]

SS: See, that right there is a prime example of the differences between Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage.

AS: What ever do you mean?

SS: Rage tried to pull a fast one bringing Marissa Monet to the ring. Whereas Mark Adams Junior knows the rules and had Kylie Nash stay backstage.

AS: Good point.

It's animal
Livin' in the human zoo
Animal
The shit that they toss to you
Feelin' like a Christian
Locked in a cage
Thrown to the lions
On the second page
If you want blood, you got it
If you want blood, you got it
Blood on the streets
Blood on the rocks
Blood in the gutter
Every last drop
You want blood
You got it
O positive
#

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

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

[Turning to the ring, Adams looks at Rage and sneers. He then hops over the top rope and into the ring.]

I want you to bleed for me
If you want blood, you got it
#

[Climbing to the second turnbuckle, Adams surveys the crowd once more and then thrusts his right arm into the air before hopping back down and turning to face the center of the ring as his music fades to a close.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... The following match is your MAIN EVENT AND WILL BE CONTESTED UNDER FIRST BLOOD RULES!

BIG LOUD POP!!!

RA: It is scheduled for one fall with NO time limit...

AND IS PART OF THE TRI-STATE TITLE BEST OF SEVEN SERIES!!!!

ANOTHER LOUD POP!!!

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

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

SHADOOOOOOOEEEEEE

RAGGEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

BOOOOOO!!!!!!

RA: And in the right corner....

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

MARKKKKK

ADAMSSSSSS

JUNNNNNIORRRRR!!!!

EXPLOSIVE CROWD POP!!!

SS: The referee giving last minute instructions to both men. For those not familiar with the rules of a First Blood match, it's simple. No disqualifications, no countouts, no time limit. Just two men doing whatever it takes to make their opponent bleed first.

AS: That pretty much sums it up.

DING! DING! DING!

SS: And there's the opening bell. Both men run right at each other and duke it out in the center of the ring. No love lost between these two, let me tell you.

AS: Mark Adams Junior with a double leg takedown and not a wheelbarrow faceslam on Shadoe Rage. Now a belly to back suplex... but Shadoe Rage with the go-behind and a superkick to the back of the head.

SS: Rage goes for a lungblower... Adams though able to put up the block and hits a tiger driver instead.

AS: The fans chanting like mad for Mark Adams Junior. They know he was cheated out of his glory these last few weeks and only want to see him with the title back around his waist where it belongs.

SS: Forearm to the back of Rage and another Tiger driver from Adams... and it's turned into a rana by Rage!

BOOOOO!!!

AS: Rage on the offensive and hits a kneedrop. Now going for a side headlock... countered though by Adams who hits a back suplex.

SS: And Mark Adams Junior wearing Rage down as he hits a full nelson slam. Irish whip now sends Rage into the ropes and a quick back brain kick puts Shadoe Rage to the mat.

AS: The referee checking for any signs of blood but comes up empty handed.

SS: Shadoe Rage trying to beg off but Mark Adams Junior wants to hear nothing of it as he grabs Rage once more and hits an elbow to the head. Another whip into the ropes and Adams goes for a backdrop... Rage puts on the brakes and nails Adams with a flying clothesline.

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

AS: These fans really not fond of Shadoe Rage one bit.

SS: Good thing wins and losses are not based on popularity here in TSWF.

AS: Rage now with a Hotshot, trying to use the turnbuckle as a weapon... Adams though stops it and hits a lariat to put Shadoe Rage down for the moment.

SS: Knife-edge chop lights up the chest of Rage but no blood. And now Adams just using those kicks at the waist of Shadoe Rage who returns the favor with some punches and chops of his own.

AS: This is going to come down to who can hit the hardest, I feel.

SS: Adams grabs a hold of Rage and hits a backbreaker. But Rage just springs right back up and takes Mark Adams Junior down with a gutwrench suplex.

AS: And a bulldog for good measure. The referee checking Mark Adams Junior....

****POP!****

AS: NO BLOOD!

SS: Rage with a superkick to stun Adams... and a German suplex sends the champ to the mat. Shadoe mounting Mark Adams Junior and throwing lefts and rights, trying to break open the forehead but that skin is definitely tough.

AS: Adams throwing shots of his own from the mat and now he turns things over as he gets on top to throw some lefts and rights down on to Shadoe Rage.

SS: Still no crimson from either man as we're about five or so minutes into the match.

AS: Mark Adams Junior runs into the ropes... Rage tries for a dropkick but Adams able to side-step sending Rage flopping to the mat.

SS: Adams shoots Rage into the corner and follows him in with a clothesline. And now he's got Rage propped up on the top turnbuckle.... **BELLY TO BACK SUPERPLEX!!!**

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

AS: Shadoe Rage definitely hurt his back from that one and the crowd is behind Mark Adams Junior all the way.

SS: Adams puling Rage to his feet and hits a big chop. And now an overhead belly-to-belly suplex puts Rage down once more.

AS: To Mark Adams Junior, this is more than just about busting Rage open. This is about unleashing a world of pain and suffering on a man who has made the champ's life unpleasant since the day he won that title.

SS: Adams tries for a dragon screw legwhip.... Rage though able to counter and hit an enzuigiri. The ref checking for any drops of red....

ANOTHER BIG POP!!

AS: STILL NO BLOOD!

SS: Rage with the Hotshot and Adams on wobbly legs as Shadoe Rage runs into the ropes...

AS: And hits a flying forearm that puts the champ down. Rage now pulling Adams back to a vertical position and goes for a piledriver.... NO! Blocked by Adams who just unloads with some shots to the gut of Rage.

SS: Shadoe would normally rely on Marissa Monet to help him garner an advantage but this is all on Rage. Nobody else can save him.

AS: Rage throwing some shots back and both of these men not giving an inch. Rage grabs a hold of Adams by the head and goes for a headsmash into the turnbuckle.... BLOCKED BY ADAMS!!!

SS: The champ shoots Rage towards the opposite corner and takes him down with a snap suplex. Now another suplex attempt by Adams... blocked by Rage who takes Adams down with a rana.

AS: And a kneedrop catches Adams on the chin. Rage pulls him back to his feet and whips him into the ropes... elbow catches Adams off-guard but he doesn't go down.

SS: Yes but the snap mare from Rage does put Adams on the mat. But Shadoe Rage looking to do some more damage as he hits a spinebuster on Mark Adams Junior.

AS: Now Rage going up top... looking for that Angel of Death Drop....

BOOOM!

SS: Rage hits the moonsault elbow from the top rope... but it doesn't do enough damage to open Adams up. Meanwhile, the decibel level in the building is unbelievable.

AS: These fans have been waiting for this match all night and now that they have it, they won't more.

SS: Rage picks up Adams and goes to the corner...looking for another Hotshot... Adams stops him at the last second and hip tosses Rage to the canvas.

AS: Almost eleven minutes in and Mark Adams Junior runs into the ropes... Rage catches him on the rebound with a kick to the groin. Now a belly-to-belly suplex from Rage... FACE RAKE FROM ADAMS!!!

SS: And the release German suplex sends Shadoe Rage sprawling on the mat as the crowd goes wild. ICEBREAKER CROSSFACE!!!

AS: Mark Adams Junior knows fully well that submissions don't matter in this match.

SS: Yes but there's also no disqualification so even if Rage were to get to the ropes, Adams does NOT have to release the hold. It's a perfect strategy if you're trying to put a world of hurt on your opponent.

AS: Shadoe Rage is valiantly trying to break the hold as he inches his way towards the ropes but in the same respect, he's seemingly writhing in pain.

SS: Adams continues to lock on the hold for a few more seconds. But then releases it. He knows he could keep it on all night but wants to make Rage bleed and secure himself a solid victory in this opening match of the Best of Seven series.

AS: Mark Adams Junior has Shadoe Rage on his feet once again and attempting to place him on the top turnbuckle... NO! Shadoe Rage able to somehow block but Adams doesn't care. He hits a forearm which rocks Rage.

SS: And now Adams can place Rage up on the top turnbuckle... and as he follows him up there, down both men go as Adams hits a beautiful Super Bomb.

AS: Both men definitely hurting after that one as the referee looks them over.

Crowd: ADAMS! ADAMS! ADAMS!

SS: The fans wanting Mark Adams Junior to get back on his feet and finish Rage off but that powerbomb off the top rope did take a toll on him.

AS: The official now checking to see if the impact busted either man open.

SS: But he finds nothing. We're about thirteen, fourteen minutes into this as Mark Adams Junior now getting back up, slowly but surely.

AS: Adams looking for a gutwrench suplex on Shadoe Rage.... LOW BLOW!!!

SS: Rage with the low blow shot on Adams who is now holding his nether regions in pain. Leaving him wide open for a lariat from Shadoe Rage.

AS: Whip into the corner from Rage.... He runs in after Adams... but eats padding as Mark Adams Junior able to roll out of harm's way at the very last instance.

SS: Adams now looking for a pumphandle slam... Block by Rage who nails a belly-to-belly suplex. Up top goes Rage and he flies off the turnbuckles with an axhandle... NOPE! Mark Adams Junior catches him in the gut with a well-timed shot.

AS: Rage hits the mat hard and Adams grabs him by the waistband of his tights... and just throws him out of the ring.

POP!!!

SS: Now things are going to get interesting. There are enough implements of destruction on the outside of the ring to make the toughest man bleed.

AS: Adams heads to the floor and shoves Rage back-first into the guardrail. Now an Irish whip and Rage is knocked head over heels by the ring steps.

SS: The referee checking Rage to see if the impact did anything....

BOOOO!!

AS: NO BLOOD!!!

SS: Adams yells out in fury as he goes over to where Shadoe Rage is. He sets up part of the ring steps out on the floor and now he has Rage in a Tombstone position over the steps.

BOOOM!!!

AS: TOMBSTONE ON THE STEPS!!!

SS: STILL NO BLOOD!

AS: Mark Adams Junior is beside himself. He now grabs Rage by the head.... OH MY LORD!

SS: ADAMS BASHING RAGE HEADFIRST INTO THOSE STEEL STEPS OVER AND OVER AGAIN!!!

DING! DING! DING!

AS: THAT'S IT FOLKS! ADAMS HAS OFFICIALLY BUSTED OPEN SHADOE RAGE!

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has spotted blood from the head of Shadoe Rage. Therefore, the winner of this match at eighteen minutes and twenty-three seconds...

MARKKKK

ADAMSSSSSS

JUNIORRRR!!!

EXPLOSIVE CROWD POP!!!



[Cut back to Ashie and Stephanie]

SS: What an incredible first match between those two men. Neither willing to give up but in the end, Mark Adams Junior did what he set out to do and made Shadoe Rage juice hard.

AS: And now he is up one match to zero over Rage.

SS: Shadoe Rage still out on the floor in front of us as Mark Adams Junior swipes some of the blood off his forehead and rubs it on his chest. A little war paint reminder of what he has achieved here tonight.

AS: Congratulations to Mark Adams Junior. But I have to say on a whole other note...I still can't believe Chris Hallmark got suspended tonight. Your brother sure knows how to run a tight operation.

SS: Tough calls need to be made in order to steer a ship in the right direction. Sorry to see Hallmark go but in his wake, we have an incredible match booked for our next show as we'll see that Hardcore Tables match between Leon Corella and The Mongoloid.

AS: That will surely be an insane contest. Between that and whatever stipulations are designated for match number two of the Best of Seven series, our fans will definitely get their appetite for carnage fed.

SS: That they will. Until next time, thanks for joining us. Do check out the TSWF website for more information on our upcoming events.

[The last shot of the night is Mark Adams Junior standing at the top of the aisle with blood smeared on his chest. The camera turns to be behind Adams as he stares out at the crowd and we can see off in the distance, Shadoe Rage being helped to his feet by members of the TSWF ring crew.

And fade.]