

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

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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 generic b-roll of the latest TSWF roster posing for the camera – RJ Souza stands front and center with his shades perched upon his face, Clyde Kennedy gives a snarky smirk to the camera, Brandy Danielle strikes a hard glance into the lens, Johnny Blayze has his hands out to the sides in a “bring it on” kind of manner, Elijah Black has his black hoodie open but the hood pulled over his head, and Shadoe Rage tosses some confetti in the air as he poses and 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 Fighting Spirit Arena in Brooklyn, NY. The small confines of the building has created an intimate environment for the first TSWF show in almost two years. The crowd is chanting "TRI STATE" as we cut to ADAM DREW and STEPHANIE SANDSBURY sitting at ringside. Adam is wearing a long sleeve grey shirt with the TSWF logo in white on the front and a blazer while Stephanie is wearing a white blouse; her hair pulled back in a ponytail. A black banner is draped over the front of the table they are sitting behind and it says in red lettering:

\*\*\*TRI-STATE WRESTLING\*\*\*

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

AD: MAN, IT FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO TRI-STATE WRESTLING... LIVE AND IN COLOR FROM THE FIGHTING SPIRIT ARENA IN BROOKLYN... NEW YORK CITY!!!!

[MORE CROWD POP!!]

SS: That's right, folks. After two long years, TSWF is back on the scene and tonight we begin the "Road to the Gold". Over the course of the next few shows, we'll see a round robin contest, which will lead all the way up to the crowning of a NEW Tri-State champion in TSWF.

[The crowd likes the sound of that as they hoot and holler.]

AD: Not if Shadoe Rage has anything to say about it. He holds claim to being the last TSWF champion before it's demise and despite what your brother may say, Stephanie, he should be the one wearing the title instead of us holding a tournament.

SS: Is that how it's going to be? I thought you would've changed after a two-year break but I guess not. We've been on the air for less than five minutes and you're already shoving your nose up Shadoe Rage's rear end. But I digress... tonight we will see a lot of old faces as well as new ones on our "Road to the Gold". So let's kick things off with our opening contest; it's a three-way dance in Group B as "Eyes Wide Shut" Ethan McBride meets Brandy Danielle and Johnny Blayze.

AD: All relative newcomers to this sport although I must say it's quite ballsy for a chick like Brandy Danelle to step in the ring with two guys. Of course that may be the kind of behavior Danielle is into, if you know what I mean.

SS: I do know what you mean and I'm appalled that you would say such a thing. So rather than let you rattle on some more, let's hear from the participants starting with...

[Stephanie is interrupted as "Fame" begins its synth pop chords as the curtains part and Shadoe Rage emerges with Marissa Monet in tow. The odd couple seem amused. Rage carries the TSWF championship in his right hand, his left arm wrapped around Marissa's waist. He has a wry smile on his face. He's wearing his trademark fuchsia and gold T-shirt that reads: "I'm the Champ" on the chest. His dreadlocked hair flies everywhere. Marissa walks more staidly to the ring, bemused by the audience's mixed reaction. It is still New York and The Black Queen is still one of New York's finest. The first couple of TSWF take to the ring as Marissa saunters over to a corner and perches lasciviously against them. Like a randy stallion, Rage bounds onto the ropes behind her, holding up the championship in that lewd pose for the benefit of those with flash photography on their cell phones and digital cameras. A strobe of lights bathes the ring before Rage and Monet, sharing private laughs and lover's glances, take the center of the ring, having been gifted microphones by the ring boy.]

SR: Heard a little rumour, didn't we, Marissa?

MM: Something small. Something a little foolish.

SR: Heard a rumour that the Tri-State Wrestling Federation was having some kind of tournament to crown itself a new World Heavyweight champion.

MM: (shaking her head) Kind of pathetic, really.

SR: Not even kind of. It is ABSOLUTELY pathetic. Yeah, Tri-State wants to get asses in the seats, it seems. They want it so bad that they are willing to lie to loyal and paying customers. Loyal New Yorkers.

[The cheap pop attempt is greeted with boos.]

MM: See, my people are too smart to fall for any old scheme.

[Pop for the hometown girl.]

MM: They know better than to watch a fake tournament for a fake World championship. Hell, they might as well hold this tournament in Brazil or something.

SR: Lotta history in Brazil, isn't there? Yes there is. But speaking of history. Let's go back to the closing moments of TSWF. They had a champion. An unbeaten champion. And his name was Shadoe Rage!

[Rage raises the World title.]

SR: A world championship reign only ends when the champion is pinned or submits. So why are they trying to have a tournament to crown somebody new when the King isn't dead?

[Marissa shrugs in bewilderment and looks out to the crowd for answers.]

SR: I'll tell you why! They're scared! They know what this team can do! The Match Made in Heaven with world titles means the end of competition because there is simply no one better at this than us. Marissa Monet, SPW World champion, is unbeatable in this ring. Shadoe Rage, TSWF Heavyweight champion, is unbeatable in this ring and all the politics and backstage socialising cannot alter that fact. In this day and age, professional wrestling has been stuck in a rut. The same faces trying to leverage the same success behind the scenes. For years, my family has been held down. But no more! My blood ... my sweat ... my tears went into winning this championship and nobody can take that from me. Nobody will ever take that from me!

MM: You are TSWF.

SR: Yes, I am. So I told the promoters that they already had a champion and I wasn't taking part in any fake tournament to crown a new one. And so I'm not taking part in this tournament. And I will not recognise the winner. And you people should not recognise the winner because he or she is a fake, a phony, a nobody ... a false god sent to demean my accomplishments one more time.

Crowd: BOOOOO!!!

SR: But the path of the righteous has never been easy, but it has never been denied. And I will not be denied. I am the TSWF champion today. I was the champion yesterday. And I will be the champion for all the tomorrows that come. And no pack of also-rans is going to get past me. The Road to the Gold starts in Rage Country and it ends in Rage Country. And the Tri-State area is the Heart of Rage Country, isn't it, 'riss?

MM: It sure is.

SR: And no man will walk this road. No man ... no woman ... no Kennedy, Souza ... no Gionet or Danielle ... no McBride or Black or Blayze or Hallmark ... NO ADAMS JUNIOR ... is fit to lace my boots. Not one of them will walk that path to the Gold. I will make damn sure of that. You have your champion. HIS NAME IS SHADOE RAGE! THERE WILL BE NO OTHER! THERE CAN BE NO OTHER! AND JUST LIKE THAT!

[He snaps his fingers with sharp report.]

SR: I will lop off the heads of these infidels for daring to think that they even deserve to be mentioned in the same breath as me!

MM: The TSWF Heavyweight Champion!

SR: They're in Rage Country surrounded by all the Rage-oholics. Dream of running the road to the gold and that dream will..

[Surprisingly the fans sing along.]

DIE ... IN ... DARKNESS!

[The segment closes out with "Fame" playing and Rage and Marissa proudly holding up the TSWF belt.]



[We cut backstage to see some ring crew moving about getting things ready for the next match. As the camera pans across the scene, we notice someone watching the monitor very carefully. He notices the camera fixed on him and raises his head for a moment to acknowledge it with a bit of a grin before heading off down a hallway. The scene cuts back to ringside with Adam and Stephanie.]

AD: Was that?!?

SS: I do believe so. It looks like Jeff Keenan is here in TSWF. But what was with the grin? Seemed sort of creepy. Maybe he didn't find Shadoe Rage's words so savory like \*some\* people.

AD: I'm not quite sure about all that but I do know this much.. if Keenan is in TSWF, it spells trouble. Anyways, it's time for our first match so let's hear from the participants starting with Johnny Blayze.



JOHNNY BLAYZE



[We fade up backstage at Fighting Spirit Arena to see Johnny Blayze standing in front of a TSWF banner. He's geared up for his match and his body is glistening with baby oil to accentuate his muscular structure. His trademark black Oakley shades adorn his face as he runs his fingers through his hair and begins to speak.]

Blayze: Whoa baby, it is freezing cold outside tonight. Good thing TSWF came to their senses and realized that Johnny Blayze is a hot...hot...HOT commodity because Johnny Blayze \*ALWAYS\* brings the heat.

And that is \*exactly\* what Ethan McBride and Brandy Danielle should prepare themselves for tonight. Heck, both of their ring attire should be made of flame retardant material because someone \*will\* get burned.

And that someone is most certainly \*NOT\* Johnny Blayze. Because like the saying goes... if you can't handle my heat...

[He removes the sunglasses and his gaze is directly into the camera.]

Blayze: ...then stay out of my ring.

[Fade out]



BRANDY DANIELLE



Act 1: How I Got To This State: Valley Nerd

[The scene is set, in Dallas, Texas, home of Brandy Danielle. Normally, you'd find her and her husband, Rich, at home or at the training school. But today, they were at American Airlines Center, as Brandy thought this would be an appropriate place to do her first interview of the new year. Alongside the couple are Shawn James, of WBAP, a radio station in Dallas, as well as Ralph Mangus, from both Fox Sports Southwest, and WFAA. The reason all of these were here was because Brandy had called a press conference to discuss why she was the way she was now. A nerd that talked like a valley girl, ha-ha. But as we listen in, Brandy is seated, with Rich standing behind her, and the reporters were seated in front of the desk they were sitting at. As the conference starts, we have our first question.]

Ralph Mangus: Hello, Mrs. Danielle. My name is Ralph Mangus and I work for WFAA and also publish my stories with FSN. My question is that TSWF has just signed you. Are you going to be staying in UCW? They would be devastated to lose someone like you.

Brandy: Like, of course I'm staying and stuff! I have done so much there and stuff, and I'm like in line for the world's title, and besides, my best friend, AJ, like was one of the winners of their

'Stairway to Heaven' ladder match and I would like to, like, congratulate her and stuff!  
Congrats, bff!

Brandy Narrating V/O: As I like, await the next question and stuff, I think of my career thus far and I know I've like, made the right decision and stuff because like, UCW gave me my start and I won't ever like leave them and stuff until it goes down and stuff, so like, I'm loyal and stuff! As another person like gets ready to ask a question, I like smile and stuff, as I await the question.

Shawn James: Hi there. I'm Shawn James, from WBAP here in town, and your fans have noticed that you went from being a normal girl, to wearing glasses, playing video games and talking like a valley girl. What caused the sudden change? It has been quite the change. Before you talked normally; but now you seem to overuse "like" or "and stuff". Why?

Brandy: Well, I like got hit in the head multiple times with a chair back in Hardcore Championship Wrestling by a raving psycho named Lynn Brewster, who like was focused on proving that I was like faking my change in attitude. See, I used to be like, a bitch, when I debuted back in 2009. During that time, I like broke my ankle and stuff, and was in the hospital, in which no one came to see me. This was like an epiphany, telling me that if I didn't change, everyone would leave me. All my friends, family, and Rich would all leave me. But during a fight the following year, we nearly split up. And thus, my change started and like carried over to a match in HCW.

But the chair shots gave me amnesia and stuff, and made me think I was a valley girl and stuff. As for the glasses, I've always worn glasses, just now more often than like ever, and my husband got me into video games, as he's a big gamer and stuff.

Brandy Narrating V/O: As I like, get ready to end the press conference, I decide to let Rich answer a question, if anyone had one for him about me, or anything they wanted to know about him. As our final reporter decides to speak, Rich looks up, figuring the question would be for him, but as it like, turned out and stuff, it was for both of us. What a surprise and stuff!

Ralph Mangus: Finally, this is for both of you. Recently, a friend of yours, AJ Harris, won a very big match and as a result gets any kind of match, anytime she wants. Your thoughts? Rich, let's start with you.

Rich Anderson: Well, I'm excited for her. She's finally hitting it big in UCW. See most might not know this, but a year ago, she walked out, frustrated with how she had been treated. A year later, she returns, and wins the 'Stairway to Heaven'. Well, she was one of three winners. In our mind, she doesn't need the case to be a winner. She's always been a winner.

Brandy: Like, well said, babe. A.J. has like always been a winner, no matter where she's been. Whether it be as a model, as she was like, a model before wrestling, or in that ring, or in life, A.J. is a winner, and like, someone I'm thrilled to call my best friend and stuff! Trust me when I say that she has like, the talent to go far and stuff! I just hope she doesn't like, give up and stuff again like last time. She had such a great run in store for her. To me, it's like she like couldn't take it anymore and stuff and just walked out but I'm hoping that she realizes that she does belong in the ring and stuff. By the way, thanks for coming, and be sure to like, check out my match in TSWF this week!

Brandy Narrating V/O: As the press conference like ends and stuff, Rich and I are seen walking out, holding hands, showing the love we still like have for each other and stuff. There was a lot of emotion here. My eyes were like love struck, as you could tell by looking through my glasses, at my eyes. They say the eyes are windows to the soul. Well if that was like true, then my soul was in love right now and would continue to be for like, ever and stuff! Rich was the person I'd always wanted. He was so sweet and loving. This man was the one of my dreams. He had like everything I could ask for. Brains and athleticism as well as a sweet personality. This man was the only one I could have ever asked for to be with forever and that was just that. As I like, look up at him, lovingly, he like starts to speak and stuff.

Rich: Brandy, we've been busy training all week, and maybe it's time we actually had our first real date since marriage and having Britanie and Brielle. Maybe it's time we had some time to ourselves. Since Britani is in town, I asked her to watch the twins, and she said she would so that we could have a day to ourselves.. And baby, we need it. We haven't had it since our wedding nearly two years ago. We need some time to ourselves.

Omniscient Narrator: And with that our scene ends. Brandy and Rich are then seen heading off to the nearby movie theater where they'd be seeing a movie. Now what movie, it really doesn't matter, because these two had not had a date in two years so now was that chance. I'm going to leave it here because personal details mean nothing in this promo. But for now, I'm going to toss it back over to Brandy, so she can introduce herself to you, the TSWF fan base and roster as well as talk about her opponents.

## Act 2: Intro Shoot

[And as the scene returns, Brandy is found, sitting on a bench, at Gordon Wood Stadium in Brownwood. It was 4:20 pm on a Friday, and she had just finished her training, and was ready to promo for the first time in TSWF. Her opponent, Ethan McBride, was someone who just struck her as insane. Maybe it was his wanting to inflict suffering on his opponent, which was something Brandy would rather not do if it hurt them. But this sicko was out to hurt her. But he wouldn't if she had something to say....]

Brandy: Before I get to my opponents, and stuff, I'd like to introduce myself to all you TSWF fans. My name and stuff is Brandy Danielle. I'm like 23 and married to my manager, Rich. I am here to prove that women can also be dominant in this business and stuff and from the looks of it; I'm like the only woman on the roster. Enough about that though.

Brandy Narrating V/O: Nice intro on my part. But like now it was time to talk about my opponent. He seemed unstable and obviously thought the world is a hideous place. But most of all he, like, seemed more worried about how hideous he looked. The polar opposite of how I once was and stuff. I would let him know that the world isn't about looks and stuff, right now.

Brandy: You don't believe I can be dominant? Well, you have no idea how bad a mistake you're making in underestimating me and stuff. I've made a career out of being underestimated and shutting people up and hon, you're no different. You underestimated me when you saw my name on that card across from yours. I know it and you know it.

Brandy Narrating V/O: At that time, I go from being happy, as normal and stuff, to a state of rage. This guy really ruffled my feathers for how he views himself and the world. He really like

had no self-esteem and stuff if he thinks he's so hideous and stuff and that the world is too hideous and that he is the most hideous part. Reminds me of like when I was my beauty obsessed bitch gimmick, thinking that I was the most beautiful thing on God's green earth and stuff and now, rage unleashed, I would indeed unleash said rage. This man just pissed me off with all this shit about hideousness and stuff.

Brandy: And what is this about the world being a hideous place and you being the most hideous? This, Ethan, shows me two things. First that you don't have ANY self-esteem.! Maybe you should like oh I don't know, learn self esteem and stuff! People like you Ethan piss me off with how much you hate your life and how you look. How 'bout actually showing confidence in how you look. But since you won't I guess I'll have no choice but to beat some self-esteem and confidence into you once we meet in the ring and you can be damned sure that that is exactly what I'm going to do.

Brandy Narrating V/O: Oh like, wait and stuff! I forgot about Johnny Blayze, or so he thought. See, I don't forget anything, like ever, except after I like got blasted with that chair and stuff, and at this point. It was time to talk about Blayze. He seemed like a nice young man, who seemed to have respect for himself and the girls. Those were two things that got my respect and as I smile widely, I decide to speak.

Brandy: Blayze, I like don't know you outside your bio and already I, like, respect you and stuff. See, you remind me a lot of my husband, Rich. He may not be as high on his body as you seem to, so that like leads me to a proposition. What do you like say that we form a team? Now, I don't want you to like go into the match thinking about it, as I won't be. See, this match is like to determine a possible new champion, and be warned that I'm like not going to leave without that shot. On the Road to Glory, there can only be one winner, and that's me. Holler!

[As our scene fades, we see Brandy take the camera and fold it, putting it back in the case, and rejoining her man on the sidelines. She was indeed prepared for this match and it showed in her promo.]



\*GROUP B\*

\*THREE WAY DANCE\*

"EYES WIDE SHUT" ETHAN McBRIDE

vs.

JOHNNY BLAYZE

vs.

BRANDY DANIELLE



RA: The following contest is a three-way dance in Group B and is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit.

**\*\*POP!!\*\***

RA: Introducing first...

[“Firestarter” by The Prodigy begins to play over the PA system and out from the back steps Johnny Blayze – a Caucasian male with an athletic build, cocoa butter tan (accentuated by baby oil), and short brown spiky hair. He’s wearing tight white shorts with red & yellow flames in front and "Blayze" on the back, white knee and elbow pads, and white boots (all with the flames graphic on them). A pair of black Oakley sunglasses completes his ensemble.]

RA: From Daytona Beach, Florida... weighing in at two hundred and fifteen pounds...

JOHNNYYYYY BLAYYZEEEE!!!!

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

[Blayze walks down the aisle, smacking hands with the fans and flirting with the ladies.]

AD: This Blayze fellow sure is full of himself. And can you believe that whole “stay out of my ring” crap? What a lame-o!

SS: Cut him some slack, Adam. Blayze is a variable rookie to the sport and with time, I’m sure he’ll come in to his own on the microphone.

[Once at ringside, Johnny Blayze knees up onto the apron and stands facing the fans. He raises his arms in the air and does a back flip over the ropes into the ring.]

RA: Participant number two....

[“Nowhere Kids” by Smile Empty Soul plays and out from the back steps a tall, muscular gentlemen with long curly blonde hair.]

RA: He hails from Laramie, Wyoming and weighs in tonight at two hundred and seventy-five pounds...

“EYES WIDE SHUT” ETHANNNNN MCCCCBRIDDEEEE!!!

**\*\*\*HEEL HEAT!!\*\*\***

[McBride stalks his way to the ring, not showing much emotion.]

SS: Not much is known about Ethan McBride other than his opinion on the world is that it is a horrid place and he is horrid for inhabiting it.

AD: Well look at him. Have you seen a more sinister looking person in all your life? I know I haven't.

[Ethan McBride walks up the ring steps and climbs into the ring, staring down Johnny Blayze who remains on the opposite side of the squared circle.]

RA: And participant number three...

["My Moment" by Rebecca Black begins to play as a male and female duo step out on to the stage. The female has brown hair and glasses, wearing a pink bra top and pink tights, with black suspenders connecting the two. The gentleman is skinny, has brown hair, green eyes, and is wearing an HPU jersey with jeans and black Converse sneakers.]

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

BRANDYYYYY DANIELLEEEEE!!!!

\*\*POP!!!\*\*

[Danielle poses at the top of the stage and does a turn before strutting down the aisle towards the ring with Rich Anderson right behind.]

AD: Here comes Brandy Danielle along with her manager, Rich Anderson. So it seems she has a thing for skinny guys; maybe I can chat her up after the show.

SS: Trust me, Adam. If Brandy was watching the monitor at all tonight, she is probably going to be staying well clear of the likes of you. Besides, I do believe Rich Anderson is not only her manager but her husband as well.

AD: Ah, husband, shmusband. I've been known to turn out many a married lady.

SS: Say what you will but all I've heard of your track record is that you've turned many a lady into a lesbian.

AD: THAT'S NOT TRUE!

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

\*\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*\*

Johnny Blayze and Ethan McBride started things off with Brandy Danielle waiting on the apron for a tag. Blayze immediately tried to take the big man down with a spinning heel kick which only stunned McBride yet still leaving him open for a swinging neck breaker by Blayze. A small "Johnny Blayze" chant started up as JB slapped on a single leg Boston Crab looking to possibly try for a quick submission victory. Brandy Danielle jumped in and broke up the hold before heading back out to the apron.

This left Johnny Blayze open for a running shoulder block from McBride followed by a quick scoop up and spine buster slam. The crowd was not fond of this and they let Ethan know with some audible boos. McBride continued to pour on the offense as he grabbed Johnny Blayze and whipped him in to the ropes. Back bounced Blayze (try saying that five times fast) and McBride went for a backdrop attempt BUT Johnny Blayze was able to counter with a quick sunset flip into a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Blayze stayed on top of McBride and tried for a hip toss only for Ethan McBride to rake the eyes of Blayze. The big man dragged JB over to the turnbuckles and set him up on the top. He then followed up and brought Johnny Blayze crashing to the mat with a big superplex. Meanwhile, Brandy Danielle was on the outside looking in and very livid at the abuse McBride was dishing out and looked desperate for a chance to get in the ring as she stomped her foot on the apron, urging the crowd to get under McBride's skin with their chants.

Crowd: BLAYZE!      BLAYZE!      BLAYZE!

Ethan McBride went for a bearhug but Johnny Blayze was able to catch him with a poke to the eyes and a quick series of chops to the chest before making the hot tag to Brandy Danielle who somehow brought McBride down with a monkey flip. Danielle followed up with a body scissors submission on McBride but the big man was able to power over to the ropes and force a break. A cross-face chicken wing attempt by Brandy Danielle was then thwarted with an elbow smash by Ethan McBride who tried for a big roundhouse right only for Danielle to counter with an arm breaker. The crowd cheered for Brandy Danielle as she tweaked McBride's arm for a moment before releasing the hold and running into the ropes. McBride got up to his feet and was caught with a running dropkick to the stomach that stumbled him into the corner of Johnny Blayze.

JB made the tag and flew right at Brandy Danielle with a flying forearm. Blayze went for a cover but only got a one count.

SS: Single leg Boston attempted by Blayze... and Brandy able to put up the block. Danielle with a super kick... ducked under by Blayze who takes Danielle down with a wristlock submission.

AD: Brandy Danielle struggling to reach the ropes as she tries to escape the hold and the crowd is chanting for her.

Crowd: BRANDY! BRANDY! BRANDY!

SS: And it looks like the crowd's efforts helped as Brandy Danielle grabs a hold of the bottom rope. Blayze now brings Brandy to her feet and whips her into the ropes. Clothesline attempt missed by Danielle who is caught by a clothesline from Johnny Blayze.

AD: Brandy Danielle falls through the ropes to the outside and here comes Ethan McBride. Johnny Blayze sees McBride making his way over and catches him off-guard with a dive to the outside.

SS: Blayze back up to his feet and tosses Brandy Danielle into the ring, following in as well. A front chancery and Johnny Blayze hits Brandy Danielle with a Northern Lights Suplex! A cover...

**\*\*POP!\*\***

ONE!

TWO!

AD: Kick out by Brandy Danielle. Blayze looking to put Danielle away as he goes for a swinging neck breaker. And the crowd are on their feet.

SS: They can sense when someone has victory close by. Johnny Blayze goes up top...  
BLAYZE OF GLORY!!!

ONE!

TWO!

AD: And once again Brandy Danielle finds it deep down inside to kick out. Belly to back suplex.. Danielle puts on the brakes and takes Blayze down with a back suplex.

SS: The crowd now chanting for Brandy Danielle as she slaps on a heel lock submission. Blayze trying to power through and break the hold.

**\*\*BOOOOO!!!\*\***

AD: Ethan McBride jumps inside and drives a big boot into the side of Brandy Danielle's head. The referee forcing McBride back out to the apron as Blayze throws Brandy Danielle into the corner.

SS: Kick to the chest of Brandy Danielle...and a second kick. Spinning heel kick and the crowd is on their feet cheering for Johnny Blayze.

AD: Blayze sprints and bounces off the side... huracanrana.... NO!! Brandy Danielle somehow has countered the 'rana into a jack-knife power bomb. The cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: ETHAN MCBRIDE FOR THE SAVE!!!

AD: The referee forcing McBride back out once again... Irish whip by Danielle... MOMENT OF TRUTH!!!

SS: Brandy Danielle with a wheel kick out of nowhere. The cover as the referee turns back around..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

\*\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*\*

RA: At eight minutes and twenty one seconds, the winner of this match... BRANDYYYYYY DANIELLLLLLEE!!!

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

[Back to Adam & Stephanie]

SS: In an impressive showing, Brandy Danielle is your winner and earns herself three points in the Group B standings.

AD: Man oh man, did you see the way she came out with that kick?!?

SS: Just goes to show that one move is all it takes to get the job done, despite the odds against you. Ethan McBride and Johnny Blayze now making their leave from the ring as Brandy continues to absorb this reaction from the crowd.

[The crowds roar turns into a chorus of boos as once again, Stephanie is interrupted as Shadoe Rage make his presence felt. The self-proclaimed champion rushes down to ringside and slides into the center of the ring attacking Brandy Danielle with a Lungblower.]

SS: You have got to be kidding me. What's he doing out here again?

AD: Looks to me like he's sending a message to the TSWF locker room that he does not approve of this competition, especially a woman, trying to go after a throne to which he currently presides.

SS: Well it's despicable, is what it is. No man should lay his hands on a woman like this.

AD: Well, we have no separate women's division here so Brandy Danielle knew fully what she was getting into when she joined TSWF. A flying double axhandle by Rage on to Danielle and now he's following up with an Angel Death Drop from the standing position.

SS: Marissa Monet in the ring with a banner. Her and Shadoe unfurling it over the top rope... what the heck is that?

AD: Looks like it says "RAGE IS THE CHAMP". Monet and Shadoe Rage standing proud over Brandy Danielle with that banner in hand.

SS: But not for long as here comes Johnny Blaze along with TSWF security as the "First Couple of New York City" heads for the hills. And as the cavalry helps Brandy Danielle to the back, let's hear from the participants in our next match starting with Elijah Black.



## ELIJAH BLACK



[We're inside a room illuminated by a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling, and in the middle there is a battered sofa that seats a figure clad in a black hoodie, who is facing the floor as he gathers his words]

Man: Hypocrites. All of you...

[The figure pulls back his hood and looks towards the camera, revealing the face of Elijah Black]

EB: Each and every one of you watching this right now, you are what is wrong with this country. Why? Because when I am finished talking, but most likely whilst I'm talking, you will shake your heads and say "Na uh", because you think you know better.

[Elijah Black removes the hoodie completely, to reveal a Black Flag t-shirt]

EB: So tell me, oh wise trendsetters of Twitter, why am I wrong compared to you? What can you possibly tell me about the way you view the world around you that isn't built on the simplest sleight of hand by someone looking to tell you how things are, knowing that you will never question it.

For example, right now, the most recent photos you posted onto Twitter, Facebook or whatever are doubtless of all the trinkets you received for Christmas, or pictures of the feast

you would never finish, for the world to see. And that is sickening, because you show scant disregard for people who can't afford those things, who haven't seen that amount of food that you threw out because nobody could finish it in this whole month, or they get paid pennies for what your friends and family bought for a colossal mark-up from some capitalist dispensary.

I bet one or two of you were involved in scuffles because you wanted the last pair of the "special edition" Air Jordans when they went on sale last week, not sparing a thought to how little of that money you probably begged mommy and daddy to give you because your life didn't feel complete without another pair of sneakers went to the kids that made it in a sweatshop in a country you couldn't even pick out on a map.

[Black fixes the camera with a disdainful look, before an amused smirk crosses his face]

EB: Yeah, I'm wrong, because you're conditioned to think so.

Well, I've got a little surprise for you. Rather than be kept safe from the home truths you seem so happy to pretend are false, if you want to support Tri State Wrestling you're going to have to sit there and listen to a few more of them. It's your choice, consumer – do you show your support for the little guy to live up to so many All-American myths, or do you choose to stay away and listen to banal platitudes that are supposed to be somebody speaking from their heart to say why he doesn't like some jacked-up, merchandise-whoring, sorry excuse for a pro wrestler in a company with a higher publicity budget because everyone else watches it, so they made your mind up for you, because their minds were made up by someone else, and so on, and so on – you see the pattern here?

So, if you want to stay safe, ignorant and blind, turn away now and crawl back to the corporate world of Sports Entertainment, where you aren't a fan but a consumer. Go on; leave now if you can't hack it.

[Black stares at the camera, daring the viewer to return to the world of bodybuilders and midgets]

EB: For those who stayed, good for you. You realized something important – you have a choice. You can do what you're told, or you can think for yourself. One is easy, one is unpopular, and you can guess which is which.

The irony being, there's one person who doesn't have a choice – me. If I decide that there's something more fulfilling for me to do on the one night of the week Tri State needs me, I get fired for not fulfilling my contractual obligations, even though my contract didn't state I had to wrestle every show, just fulfill a set number of dates for the duration of it. So with that in mind, I guess I'd better prepare for my debut match against a couple of other miscreants who drifted down the river from somewhere that could guarantee big paydays and million dollar endorsements to a place that can guarantee...not as lot, to be brutal about it. It's a small operation, with small crowds and small pay-offs, which won't appeal to someone whose ego makes them believe they deserve better, so you have to wonder which of my opponents will bother to show up if there's no guarantee of movies, merchandise, and the obligatory joke about ice cream bars that you can't not make these days.

[Black winks; knowing most of the people watching will know the reference]

EB: On the off chance my opponents haven't decided they're ready for the big leagues without letting the small leagues bask in their greatness first, I relish the chance to show a few of you that I'm not only more in tune with reality than your easily-led selves, but I have more than words in my arsenal. Quite a lot more than words but, well, we wouldn't want to give my opponents too much of an advantage if they knew what they were facing, would we?

Until then, I tell you, I tell Malachi, and I tell Gionet that you can no longer go through life being told "Do Not Adjust Your Mindset" – not when I'm around, because I won't let you feel comfortable in someone else's idea of what America is ever again.

And with that...

[Black reaches out of shot to pull on a cord, switching off the single light bulb so the scene cuts to black, literally]



[Back to Adam and Stephanie]

SS: Well, that Elijah Black is definitely something.

AD: I don't know about you but it's about time this world had someone speak up for all the crap that exists in it. I mean Elijah Black hit it right on the head. The amount of BS I have to sift through on Facebook just to see a relatively interesting post is endless.

SS: Well maybe if you stopped friending bottle blonds with big boobs, you wouldn't have to sift through illegible status updates.

AD: Yeah, whatever. That'll be the day. Let's just go to ringside.



\*GROUP A\*

\*THREE-WAY DANCE\*

ELIJAH BLACK

vs.

EZRA MALACHI

vs.

MIKE GIONET



RA: The following match is a three-way dance in Group A and is scheduled for one fall with a twenty-minute time limit.

Introducing participant number one...

[The guitar riff blares through the PA system as "Meant To Live" by Switchfoot plays. Mike Gionet stands atop the ramp way taking it all in before coming down.]

# Fumbling his confidence #  
# And wondering why the world has passed him by #  
# Hoping that he's bent for more than arguments #  
# And failed attempts to fly, fly #

[Mike Gionet makes his way to ringside as he slaps the fans hands with them cheering him on.]

# We were meant to live for so much more #  
# Have we lost ourselves? #  
# Somewhere we live inside #  
# Somewhere we live inside #

[Mike Gionet slides into the ring and runs to the corner. He jumps on the top rope and thrusts his fist in the air.]

# We were meant to live for so much more #  
# Have we lost ourselves? #  
# Somewhere we live inside #

[The music fades as Mike Gionet jumps off and leans against the turnbuckle, mentally preparing himself for his match.]

RA: From Hawthorne, California... weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds...

MIKE     GIIIOOOONETTTT!!!!

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

SS: At nineteen years of age, Mike Gionet looks to be making a name for himself opposed to getting things handed to him as the son of Larry Gionet.

AD: Absolutely. Although it'll be interesting to see how Mike Gionet does without much of the tutelage from his old man.

RA: Participant number two...

[Purple lights pulse around the arena as “Smash The Control Machine” thunders through the speakers...]

##

With the perfect hair  
And the perfect wife  
And the perfect kids  
And the perfect life  
I will finally be somebody...

##

[...before Elijah Black steps out on top of the ramp, the hood of his black hoodie raised, surveying the arena around him as he stands with his arms held wide to his sides, fists clenched, as he slowly turns on the spot]

##

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

##

[Black throws his head back, throwing the hood back around his shoulders, and walks down the ramp]

##

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

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

##

[Black walks down the ramp at a slow, deliberate pace – as if he's waiting for the fans nearest the barriers to heckle him...]

##

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

Bailed out your banks  
But billed me for the loss

##

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

##

They say we must submit  
And be one with the Machines

Because the Kingdom of Fear

Needs compliance to succeed  
##

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

##  
So waterboard the kids for fun  
It's all the rage

And play born-again American  
Resistance is the game  
##

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ELIJAHHHHH BLACKKKK!!!

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

SS: The anarchist, Elijah Black, getting ready for his debut here in TSWF; looking to take down the establishment from within.

AD: And what an entrance from Black. I was totally getting into that song. SMASH THE CONTROL...

SS: STOP! Please.. just stop.

RA: And participant number three...

##

I'm hopin my true motherfuckers know  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Against all odds, up in the studio, getting blowed  
To the truest shit I ever spoke

##

[The first few bars of "Against All Odds" by Tupac rips through the sound system. Immediately several white lights start to flash around the entrance as Ezra Malachi slowly emerges from the back. His demeanor is business as usual, with his eyes clearly focused on the ring. It's obvious that nothing is going to distract him leading into this match tonight.]

##

Twenty-one gun salute, dressed in fatigues, black jeans and boots  
Disappeared in the crowd, all you seen was troops  
This little nigga named Nas think he I live like me  
Talkin bout he left the hospital, took five like me.

##

[Ezra's step is slow and methodical, as if every step is deliberate and carefully thought out. He stops at the bottom of the ramp and holds both hands up. He slowly starts to smirk before continuing on his way.]

##

You livin fantasies, nigga I reject yo' deposit  
We shook Dre punk ass, now we out of the closet  
Mobb Deep wonder why a nigga blowed them out  
Next time grown folks talkin nigga close yo' mouth  
Peep me, I take this war shit deeply.

##

[As he walks to the ring, the fans reach out to touch him. Not paying attention to them at all, Ezra still focuses clearly on the ring. The entire time that he's been out here on camera his eyes have not once shifted from his final destination.]

##

Done seen too many real players fall to let these bitch niggas beat me  
Puffy lets be honest you a punk or you will see me with gloves  
Remember that shit you said to Vibe about me bein a thug

You can tell the people you roll with whatever you want  
But you and I know what's going on.

##

[He reaches the ring and slides in under the bottom rope.]

##

Payback, I knew you bitch niggas from way back  
Witness me strapped with Macs, knew I wouldn't play that  
All you old rappers trying to advance  
It's all over now, take it like a man  
Niggas lookin like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick.

##

[Quickly getting to his feet, Ezra gets up and heads over towards the corner where he climbs the ropes and again flashes the horns for all to see.]

##

Tryin to player hate on my shit, you eat a fat dick  
Let it be known this is how you made me  
Lovin how I got you niggas crazy  
Against all odds.

##

[Hopping down now, the music slowly fades away and Ezra slouches back in the corner preparing for the match.]

RA: From Fort Lauderdale, Florida... weighing in at two hundred and forty-five pounds... making his return to TSWF...

EZRAAAAAA MALAAAACHIIIIII!!!!

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

AD: Woo! Finally some true talent here in TSWF. The man known as Ezra Malachi was a force to be reckoned with last time around and I'm sure as heck that things have not changed much since we closed our doors.

SS: Well, Ezra has made some previous appearances in federations like ICWF and SCWE so hopefully he doesn't have much ring rust to shake off here tonight.

AD: The referee explaining the rules to the three participants and here we go...

**\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\***

Elijah Black locked up with Mike Gionet and takes the young rookie down with an arm drag. Black then headed to the outside and grabbed a steel chair that he set up in the ring, much to the dismay of the referee. Gionet was whipped into the ropes and Black slammed him headfirst into the chair with a drop toehold. A quick cover only resulted in a one count before Gionet got a shoulder up.

Black stayed on top of Gionet, driving him into the mat with a DDT. The kid was already looking worse for wear as he was dragged back to his feet and Elijah Black went with an open hand slap across the face; a sure sign of disrespect for the second generation warrior. It was very one sided up to this point but things were about to change as Elijah Black went for a super kick only for Gionet to somehow duck out of the way. A sprint into the side and Black was hit with a leg lariat by Gionet. Black got right back to his feet and Mike Gionet went for a hip toss only for Black to reverse and take Gionet down with a fireman's carry.

Something stirred up in Gionet and he sprung to his feet, taking Elijah Black down with a snap suplex. Mike then dragged Black to the corner and set him up on the top turnbuckle. A run up the ropes and Mike Gionet sent Elijah Black sailing with a reverse top rope Frankensteiner. Gionet went for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!!

And Black got the shoulder up. Gionet got to his feet and made the tag to Ezra Malachi who climbed inside and grabbed Elijah Black in a release German suplex. With a small portion of the crowd cheering for Malachi, he sent Black into the ropes and took him down with a shoulder tackle. Ezra pounced on Black and hit a swinging neckbreaker before stomping the knee several times. Elijah Black was on the defensive as Ezra Malachi whipped him into the corner and drove a series of big shoulders into Black's sternum before tagging out to Mike Gionet.

Gionet went for an Irish whip only for it to be reversed by Black who drove a knee into the midsection followed by a snap mare. Elijah then headed to the corner and started to climb up the turnbuckles only for Ezra Malachi to toss him off the top turnbuckle. Malachi then tapped Black's shoulder, tagging himself in to the match.

Malachi went right after Gionet, tossing him to the outside. He then rolled under the bottom rope to the floor and hit a bulldog on Mike Gionet as the referee started his count. A backbreaker from Malachi continued to rock Gionet who was then shoved into the steel guardrail. The referee got up to four before Malachi rolled Gionet back inside the ring and

climbed in after him. And that's when Elijah Black got his revenge by tagging himself in with a tap on Malachi's shoulder.

With Black back in the ring with Gionet, he grabbed a hold of Mike's hair and hit "Delilah's Revenge" – a hair pull backbreaker. Black then hit a standing moonsault and covers..

ONE!

TWO!

But Gionet somehow snuck a shoulder out after the two count. Blind tag by Malachi put him in the ring once more with Mike Gionet. Ezra grabbed a hold of Gionet and just nailed a sit-down power bomb in the center of the ring. Another cover...

ONE!

TWO!

And once again Mike Gionet got the shoulder up after the two count. The crowd booed Ezra Malachi as he locked Gionet in a triangle choke. The rookie slowly crept his way to the ropes to break the hold and Malachi did not let up one bit as he hit a belly to back suplex. Gionet landed right near Elijah Black's feet and Black tagged himself in to the match, looking to go at it some more with Ezra Malachi.

Elijah Black hit Malachi with a running kick to the calf, stunning Ezra Malachi and leaving him open for an arm wringer-lariat combo. Black then looked to go for an electric chair drop but Ezra Malachi was able to block the attempt and put Black down with a vertical face buster.

AD: Pinfall attempt by Malachi only gets to two as Elijah Black able to kick out. High kick now from Malachi and some of these fans are not very happy with Ezra Malachi.

SS: Elijah Black is a very convincing person and it would look to be that he has a bit of a cult following here tonight. Irish whip by Malachi sends Elijah Black into the side and Black bounces back with spinning back elbow to send Ezra Malachi to the mat.

AD: Now a cover by Black...

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT BY MALACHI!

SS: Elijah Black staying all over Ezra Malachi with a series of elbows to the back of Malachi's neck, clearly picking apart Malachi piece by piece starting with the head region.

AD: I still can't get over this reaction that Elijah Black is receiving tonight with a few scattered boos and few other fans cheering him on.

SS: And here comes Mike Gionet! Spinning head scissors sends Black to the outside and now Gionet with a sit-down face slam on Ezra Malachi. This kid has seriously had enough of being overlooked in this contest.

AD: Back suplex by Gionet and now a whip into the ropes... reversed by Malachi who gets Gionet in a rolling takedown into a leg lock submission.

SS: Mike Gionet has felt quite the brunt of punishment in this match and it shows on his face as he struggles to reach the ropes. The crowd now chanting his name as he slowly makes his way across the canvas.

AD: The ropes almost in his reach...

SS: YES! HE MAKES IT! The referee telling Ezra he must release the hold... AND NOW ELIJAH BLACK IN THE RING! SUPERKICK BY BLACK TO GIONET! AND ONE FOR EZRA MALACHI AS WELL!

AD: Black runs into the ropes... discus lariat finds its mark across the throat of Ezra Malachi. And Malachi falls out of the ring. Black follows him to the outside and just runs Ezra Malachi into the ring post.

SS: This ringside area is a dangerous place and Elijah Black knows this as he is using it as his personal playground. Pumphandle gut buster by Black and now Ezra Malachi being thrown into the ring steps.

AD: Black tosses Malachi back into the ring and rolls in after him with a steel chair in hand. Black runs into the ropes and looks to be going for a skateboard dropkick.... NO! EZRA MALACHI DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY!!!

\*\*POP!!!\*\*

SS: MALACHI WITH RING PRESENCE AS HE TAKES BLACK DOWN WITH AN OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

AD: Ezra Malachi now going up top... and Mike Gionet follows him up there. These two men straddling the top rope as they duke it out; punches being thrown back and forth between Malachi and Gionet.

SS: And Malachi gets the upper hand pushing Mike Gionet off the top rope and down to the arena floor. Meanwhile, Elijah Black back to his feet and goes right after Malachi with a shot to the back.

AD: Elijah Black looking to throw Malachi back into the ring with the Iconoclasm.... NOPE! EZRA MALACHI FREES HIMSELF WITH A PUNCH TO THE HEAD OF ELIJAH BLACK!

SS: Black stumbles back and Malachi looking to come off that top rope with an elbow..

AD: BUTTERFLY DEFECT!!!

SS: Elijah Black just caught Ezra Malachi coming off that top turnbuckle and nailed a big-time cutter. This could be it folks.

AD: Elijah Black to his feet... pulls down his kneepad... AND RUNS SMACK IN TO EZRA MALACHI WITH THE HOSHI KUROI (Shining Wizard)!

SS: BLACK NOW PULLING MALACHI BACK TO HIS FEET AND IN ONE QUICK MOTION, HE CONNECTS WITH THE BLACK MANEOUVRE!!

AD: Black for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

RA: At twelve minutes and twenty-six seconds, your winner.... ELIJAHHHHH BLACKKK!!!!

\*\*\*MIXED CROWD REACTION!!!\*\*\*

[Back to Adam and Stephanie]

SS: And with that, Elijah Black scores himself three points and leads Group A at the moment.

AD: Was it me or did it seem like Mike Gionet were just not present tonight? That kid has a lot to learn if he is going to try and live up to his family name. Regardless, Black gets himself a much-deserved win and is one step closer to the Tri-State title.

SS: Now back to Group B competition as Mark Adams Junior and Chris Hallmark face off. The winner of course will join Brandy Danielle at the top of the leader board. Let's hear now from Mark Adams Junior.



MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[Cut backstage to a dark-haired young man of mixed Asian descent as he stands in front of a poster advertising tonight's "Road to the Gold" event dressed in black jeans and a white t-shirt with the word "Legacy" written across the chest in ice blue letters.]

Mark: For those of you who don't remember me, my name is Mark Adams Junior.

I wrestled for the TSWF in its first incarnation and, when I heard it was coming back, I was one of the first wrestlers to come to THEM looking for a contract, instead of the other way around.

You see, I got my start in this company and, despite the fact that it's been 'on hiatus' for a while now, I owe it something. I owe the TSWF because they took a chance on me - a kid fresh out of wrestling school, without a single professional match under his belt - and signed me to an exclusive contract.

Now maybe it had something to do with my pedigree, with the fact that my entire family lived and died for this business, or with the fact that I was trained and recommended to them by one of the most prestigious wrestling schools in the country...

Or maybe they just saw something when they looked in my eyes and knew that 'Hey, this kid is the one.' But, whatever the reason may be, I will always hold a special place in my heart for the TSWF and the fans here in the tri-state area.

So, tonight, when I step into that ring, I intend to pay this company back for the faith they put in me. I intend to give you, the fans, and, by extension, the powers that be here in the TSWF, every reason to believe that I \*am\* 'the one'.

And, whether it's Chris Hallmark, RJ Souza, Johnny Blayze, or Shadoe Rage himself that I find myself staring at from across the ring, I intend to take on each and every challenge and walk away from 'Road to the Gold'...

As the \*new\* Tri-State Champion.

[And fade.]



\*GROUP B\*

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR

vs.

CHRIS HALLMARK



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

Introducing first...

[“The Final Countdown” by Europe begins to play over the sound system.]

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

“THE AMATEUR” CHRISSSS HALLLLMARKKKK!!!

[A young gentlemen with a shaved head and red fighter-style trunks with red boots steps out from the backstage area and stands atop the stage.]

SS: Not much is known about Chris Hallmark other than he had a small stint in mixed martial arts and studied Greco roman wrestling in college. This could possibly be his first foray into professional wrestling.

AD: Well with a background like that, this will surely be a top notch contest between Hallmark and his opponent tonight, Mark Adams Junior.

[Chris Hallmark is now at ringside and walks up the ring steps before climbing into the ring.]

RA: And his opponent...

From Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. He is...

MARK ADAMS JUNIORRRRR!!!!

#

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 and makes his way down to ringside, trading handshakes and high-fives with the fans as he works his way down to the ring.]

#

It's animal  
Livin' in the human zoo  
Animal  
The shit that they toss to you  
Feelin' like a christian  
Locked in a cage  
Thrown to the lions  
On the second page  
If you want blood, you got it  
If you want blood, you got it  
Blood on the street

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 rocks  
Blood on the streets  
Blood in the sky  
Blood on the sheets  
If you want blood  
You got it  
#

[Turning to the ring, Adams looks at Hallmark and nods once in a show of respect, then hops over the top rope and into the ring.]

#  
I want you to bleed for me  
#

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

#  
If you want blood, you got it  
#

SS: The Japanese sensation, Mark Adams Junior is back in TSWF and looks to have not missed a step as he gets set to face off against “The Amateur” Chris Hallmark.

AD: Yes but did you see how Hallmark totally did not acknowledge the show of respect from Mark Adams Junior. It’s as if he could care less who Adams is or where he’s been.

SS: Well these fans know fully well about Mark Adams Junior and are greeting him with a thunderous roar of approval. And with that, it looks like things are about to get underway.

\*\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*\*

Both men locked up and Hallmark pushed off to bounce off the ropes only to get caught on the way back with an overhead belly to belly from Mark Adams Jr. Adams then took it to the mat

slapping on an ankle lock submission hold but Hallmark scrambled to the ropes quickly to break it up. An elbow to the head by Adams kept Hallmark at bay as Mark brought him to his feet. Chris Hallmark got back into things though as he hit a big kick to the thigh of Adams and then took him down with a brain buster. The crowd began to boo as Hallmark went for the cover and got a two count for his troubles before Mark lifted a shoulder up.

Hallmark pulled Mark Adams Junior back to his feet and used an Exploder suplex to take his opponent down so he could make another pin attempt. This one only got him a one count before Mark kicked out. Hallmark tried several more times to get a pin fall after a waistlock suplex and power bomb but both times Mark Adams Junior would not stay down. Adams finally had enough and as Hallmark tried for a German suplex, he hit an elbow between the eyes and brought Hallmark down with a rolling leg lock.

The referee asked Hallmark if he had enough and the amateur wrestler shook his head defiantly from side to side as he tried to break the hold. Adams cinched it in tighter and Hallmark writhed in pain as the official asked once more if he had enough. And once again Hallmark shook from side to side trying to break the grip Adams had around his ankle. For a moment Hallmark laid down to catch his breath and the official told him to respond or he'd stop the fight so Chris got back on his hands and nodded to signal he was still functioning.

Mark Adams Jr. let go of the hold and dragged Hallmark to the corner; placing him atop the turnbuckles. A big belly-to-belly superplex from Adams dropped Hallmark to the mat and left him open for a mount by Adams. The mat technician/submission specialist went for a ground and pound offense on Hallmark before pulling him up for a double underhook face slam. With their favorite looking promising, the crowd roared with cheers for Mark Adams Junior. But that would not last long as Hallmark caught Adams with a shot the midsection followed by a half nelson suplex. A few more suplexes and Hallmark tried for another cover but only got a two count.

An Irish whip sent Mark into the ropes and as he bounced back, Hallmark hit him with a spinning back fist. A thrust kick to the head did not meet its mark though as Mark Adams Junior ducked and took Hallmark down with a leg sweep. Back to the ground and pound went Adams until he locked Hallmark in an arm bar submission, looking to weaken another body part of his opponent.

AD: Mark Adams Junior with a tight arm bar on Chris Hallmark and Hallmark writhing in pain.

SS: Yes he is. And with Hallmark looking ripe, Mark Adams Junior now switching up as he turns the arm bar into his Icebreaker Crossface. And the crowd goes wild as Chris Hallmark is desperately trying to escape the submission maneuver.

AD: The pain is written all over his face and the referee is asking Hallmark if he's had enough. Hallmark shakes his head "no" and continues to fight the pain.

SS: Mark knows victory could be near as he pulls back further on the head of Christopher Hallmark. And once again the referee checking on Hallmark by raising up his arm.

**\*\*POP!\*\***

AD: THE ARM STAYS UP! CHRIS HALLMARK IS STILL IN THIS ONE!

SS: HALLMARK SLOWLY MAKING HIS WAY TO THE ROPES AS THE REFEREE CHECKS ON HIM ONCE MORE!

AD: Mark Adams pulls Chris Hallmark back to the center of the ring...

SS: AND HALLMARK HAS HAD ENOUGH!!

\*\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*\*

RA: Your winner at ten minutes and five seconds.... MARKKKK ADAMSSSS JUNIORRRR!!!!

[Back to ringside]

SS: Mark Adams Junior said he had something to prove and he surely did that tonight as he comes out victorious over Chris Hallmark.

AD: And three points to Mark Adams Junior who now joins Brandy Danielle at the top of the Group B standings.

SS: Those two will be meeting each other on our next show in a battle of winners while Chris Hallmark joins Ethan McBride and Johnny Blayze in a three-way contest.

AD: Hopefully McBride and Blayze learned a little something from their match earlier tonight and can strategize better to handle the two on one situation that tends to arise in a three-way contest.

SS: Very true. And hopefully Hallmark will be better suited to utilize his amateur wrestling background against two opponents who don't rely on similar tactics in their arsenal. Well folks, it's time for our main event. But before we go down to ringside for the introductions, let's hear from the participants starting with RJ Souza.



RJ SOUZA



Voice: You think you know me?

(Still a black screen.....)

Voice: I was contacted for a reason. The star power has arrived to TSWF. The entire Tri-State area is about to get a reality check.....

(Slowly the screen starts to get a little color....)

Voice: Think of the children...Think about the senseless violence that I can bring to the ring. When I bring my "Pumped Up Kicks" to the ring....

(Sudden flashes of white lights.)

Voice: You have no idea what..... Just..... Happen!!

(The screen starts to get brighter.....)

Voice: But on the chance I WANT you to know what happen.....

(Black and white pictures of a man caught in a cross face cripple hold)

Voice: I will make your sorry ass TAP!!

Voice: And the fans will rejoice as the referee declares me the victor.

[The scene has cleared all the way up...and standing there in black jean shorts, black Ray-ban sunglasses and a "Bad Karma" T-shirt stands the "Man In Black", RJ Souza.]

"Bad Karma" RJ Souza: Most of you have no idea who I am. But let me give you the cliff notes. I live my dream day in and day out. If I am not in the squared circle, I am busting my ass in the gym. If I'm not in the gym, I am watching you on tape. When I get to the ring, it's just a matter of time before I show you why...what you done...it comes RIGHT BACK!!!

Welcome to the Terrordome. I hope you are ready to get a healthy dose of Karma.

[And fade to black]



### "THE POLICY" CLYDE KENNEDY



[The camera turns on. White balance and focus are set as the room changes color and shape. The settings approved, the camera aims at the side of a stark Manhattan office. It's not shooting anything in particular, the camera operator still preparing for the subject of the shoot to arrive.

A door opens, and an enormous figure walks past the camera. The figure sits at a desk, and even at this strange angle, he dominates the frame. Only half his face is visible, it's unclear who this man is. His suit is impeccable, obviously tailored to fit his oversized frame. A boom mic hovers precariously above the figure, who eyes it with disdain. The TSWF camera adjusts, finding "The Policy" Clyde Kennedy, for the first time in many years.

His previous trademark goatee has been shaven, replaced with gray and brown stubble. His hair has grown out, brown with flashes of gray. His eyes are light, but do not hide the annoyance with the camera presently in his office. The field producer breaks the silence.]

Field Producer: Long time no see, Clyde. How has the time away from TSWF treated you?

[Clyde's piercing eyes focus on the FP, causing the FP to swallow with great difficulty.]

Kennedy: Profitably.

FP: That's it? Two years of silence? Don't you want to talk to the TSWF fans, remind them who you are? Maybe talk about your brief appearance in the defunct Shootfire Pro Wrestling?

Kennedy: No.

FP: Please, you must want to say something to them. Maybe to your opponent, RJ Souza?

[Kennedy's glare never wavers. He shifts it from the Field Producer to the camera, directly into the lens, breaking the 4<sup>th</sup> wall.]

Kennedy: I have no interest in talking to this "producer" in my office. I'm not sure why he's here, and I certainly hope that I'm not expected to tolerate him in the future. Furthermore I have no interest in "updating" anyone about my life. I'm not in TSWF to make friends.

You'll notice this time that I am not accompanied by anyone. No assistants, no henchman, no one other than myself. I'm here for one reason only. To hurt. To hurt permanently. Why I want to hurt, that I'll share.

Every day for months, the Occupy Wall Street movement has surrounded me. Every day I get called horrible names by people lesser than me, my family's legacy gets insulted by people lesser than me, my life's work denigrated by people lesser than me.

Because I respect the law, I have not punished the ninety-nine percent.

TSWF is the physical manifestation of the ninety-nine percent.

RJ Souza is the physical manifestation of the ninety-nine percent.

I am the physical manifestation of the one percent, the people who are strong enough to carry the burden of the greatest country on earth, the job creators, the life bringers – without me, this city, state, country – the whole world would crumble. I bring life, and I am hated for it. I have been unable to unleash my hate, unleash my pain, unleash my destruction.

With the return of TSWF, I get my chance.

My name is Clyde Kennedy, I am the physical manifestation of the one percent, and I will make RJ Souza tap.

[Kennedy stands up, towering over the camera, and leaves his office. The Field Producer looks relieved to still be breathing. Fade to black.]



\*GROUP A\*

"BAD KARMA" RJ SOUZA

v.

"THE POLICY" CLYDE KENNEDY



RA: The following contest is your main event!!!

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

Here is "Bad Karma" RJ Souza!!!

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

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

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

[Souza walks down the aisle and heads towards the ring, smacking hands with the fans along the way. He climbs into the ring and awaits the arrival of his opponent.]

RA: And his opponent....

[The theme from "Cape Fear," performed by the City of Prague Philharmonic Orchestra, blasts through the speakers. Its menacing tones cause the fans to stand and stare at the entrance. Clyde Kennedy walks out onto the stage, wearing a plain black singlet, with matching knee and elbow pads. Walking with a purpose towards the ring, he marches past the fans, never making eye contact.]

RA: Ladies and Gentlemen, weighing in at two hundred and ninety-five pounds, standing at six foot six inches tall and hailing from Boston, Massachusetts...

This is...

CLYDEEEEE      KENEEEDYYYYY!!!!

[Kennedy stays just out of the grasp of the fans as he slowly makes his way down to the ring, goes up the stairs and steps through the ropes. Once in the ring, Kennedy begins to stretch his arms across his chest, cracking his knuckles, staring at RJ Souza. The smirk grows bigger as he waits for the bell.]

AD: HE'S BACK! YES! YES! YES! The man, the myth, the legend known as Clyde Kennedy is back in TSWF. A former champion, I just know he is going to regain that title belt very, very soon.

SS: What happen to Shadoe Rage being the champ? Boy, you turn allegiances quicker than the French.

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

AD: And here we go! Both men lock up and RJ Souza sends Kennedy into the ropes... no wait, reversal by Kennedy. Souza bounces back and Kennedy misses with an elbow.

SS: Souza goes for a monkey flip, blocked by Kennedy who takes RJ Souza down with a thrust kick to the head.

Crowd: BOO!

AD: The fans not fond of Clyde Kennedy but who cares. I know Clyde Kennedy doesn't.

SS: Kennedy on the offensive as he takes his opponent down with a Russian leg sweep. Now a knee drop and the crowd continuing to become irate with Clyde Kennedy.

AD: RJ Souza pulled to his feet by Kennedy who rips open Souza's shirt and delivers a huge chop across the chest. Poke to the eyes and RJ Souza is stunned as Kennedy takes him down with a spinning backbreaker.

SS: Kennedy bounces off the ropes and drops an elbow on Souza before pulling him to a standing position. Backdrop suplex by Kennedy...NO! Blocked by Souza but he's not able to put on the brakes for the Samoan Drop from Clyde Kennedy.

AD: Kennedy with the first cover of the match...

ONE!

SS: Kick out by Souza. Clyde Kennedy backing up and waiting for RJ Souza to stand up.

AD: Now Kennedy going for a spinning back fist, ducked under by Souza who hits a swinging neckbreaker.

Crowd: KARMA! KARMA! KARMA!

SS: Clyde Kennedy now begging off but RJ Souza does not care as he grabs a hold of Kennedy and hits a bulldog.

AD: Souza stalking a downed Clyde Kennedy... leg sweep from Kennedy takes down Souza and now Kennedy on top of Souza, raking the eyes for good measure.

SS: Kennedy back to a standing position and he puts the boots to Souza before pulling him up to his feet. Abdominal stretch attempt from Kennedy, reversed though by Souza who pulls on Kennedy like a wad of taffy.

AD: Clyde Kennedy will not submit so easily and RJ Souza has to know that fact.

SS: Right you may be, Adam as Kennedy grabs the ropes and forces the break. Now Kennedy's back on his knees begging for mercy and once again RJ Souza does not care as he goes for tornado DDT.

AD: Kennedy with the block... and a lariat puts down RJ Souza. Rolling fireman's carry takedown by Kennedy who goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

SS: SHOULDER UP! RJ Souza still in this but Kennedy throws him into the corner. Clyde Kennedy rushes into the corner with a forearm smash.... NO! RJ SOUZA WITH THE RAISED BOOT!

AD: Kennedy stumbling back and RJ Souza takes him down with a swinging neckbreaker and this crowd is on their feet in support of RJ Souza.

SS: Souza now grabs Kennedy and takes him down with a piledriver. The cover..

ONE!

AD: Kennedy kicks out but RJ Souza pounces right on him once more and hits a spinning DDT. Souza pulling Kennedy to his feet and an Irish whip sends the former champ into the ropes.

SS: Clyde Kennedy bounces back and Souza looking for a thrust kick... sidestepped by Kennedy who brings RJ Souza to the mat with a side slam. And Kennedy is being booed like there is no tomorrow.

AD: These fans don't know talent so their opinion doesn't matter one bit.

SS: Kennedy locks RJ Souza in a knee bar and "Bad Karma" trying to escape the hold. The referee asking Souza if he wants to quit but a resounding "NO" can be heard, even without the presence of a microphone.

AD: Kennedy knows he isn't getting anywhere with the knee bar as he releases the hold and pulls Souza up in a front chancery. A few knees to the head by Kennedy rocks Souza who is put down once more with hair pull backbreaker.

SS: RJ Souza hurting from that backbreaker and Kennedy knows it as he grabs a hold of Souza and brings him across his shoulders.

AD: Looks like Kennedy's Contraption!

SS: RJ Souza being bounced around on those big shoulders of Clyde Kennedy but he is refusing to give up.

AD: Kennedy pulling Souza down further across his back as he slowly walks across the ring to the ropes. This could be very interesting.

SS: With RJ Souza across his shoulders, Clyde Kennedy is scaling the corner, one turnbuckle at a time.

AD: OH MY?!?!?

SS: SUPER SAMOAN DROP FROM CLYDE KENNEDY! AND BOTH MEN ARE DOWN AND OUT IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!

AD: The official counting both men down..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SS: Kennedy slowly moving across the ring towards RJ Souza.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

AD: Clyde Kennedy, with all of his energy, slings an arm across the prone and potentially unconscious body of RJ Souza.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!!!

\*\*DING! DING! DING!\*\*

RA: At nine minutes and one second, your winner... CLYDEEEE KENEEEDY!!!

Crowd: BOOO!!!

[Back to Adam and Stephanie for the wrap-up]

AD: And the man is back in the saddle. Clyde Kennedy with a very close fall over RJ Souza who did not let Kennedy get more than an inch at a time.

SS: Just like every other winner tonight, Kennedy earns himself three points and it looks like he will be facing off against Elijah Black on our next show. Certainly a deadly circumstance there...

[And as if on cue, Stephanie's statement is cut short for a third time tonight by Shadoe Rage who hopped the guardrail and slid inside the ring to pop Kennedy with a belt shot to the head, sending him flailing and subsequently falling through the ropes to the outside of the ring.]

SS: Does this guy ever let up? It's really sickening to see him running roughshod all over our show.

AD: Shadoe Rage along with Marissa Monet standing tall inside the ring as Rage holds the Tri-State title he possesses high up in the air, essentially announcing "I'M THE CHAMP!".

SS: Need I remind you that this is all SELF-PROCLAIMED.

AD: Try telling that to Mister Freak Out himself, Shadoe Rage. I for one agree with him that possession is nine tenths of the law and as long as that title is in his grasp, he can lay claim to being champ all he wants.

[The crowd's tongue lashing of Shadoe Rage turns into a chorus of cheers as out from the back runs Jeff Keenan. Shadoe Rage takes one look at Keenan running towards the ring and hightails it over the ropes.]

SS: OH MY GOD! FINALLY SOMEONE TO STOP THIS NONSENSE!

AD: JEFF KEENAN IS OUT HERE AT RINGSIDE AND POINTING FINGERS AT SHADOE RAGE WHO IS NOW BACKING HIS WAY UP THE AISLE .

SS: A little motion around the waist from Keenan; essentially the universal signal for "that belt will soon be mine".

AD: Wait, I thought you weren't even acknowledging Shadoe Rage as the champ.

SS: If it stops these delusions of grandeur, I'll accept Jeff Keenan as TSWF's saving grace. Folks, we are all out of time. We'll keep you updated on our next show via our website and until then, have a great night.

[We cut to a split screen of Jeff Keenan inside the ring and Shadoe Rage at the top of the aisle with the Tri-State Championship held high once again. And fade to black]