

[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.]

##

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 show – Johnny Blayze hitting the Blayne of Glory off the top rope, Brandy Danielle's Moment of Truth followed by her hand being raised in victory, Ezra Malachi and Elijah Black duking it out, Chris Hallmark in an ankle lock courtesy of Mark Adams Junior, the Super Samoan Drop that almost killed Clyde Kennedy and RJ Souza, and Jeff Keenan in the ring staring at Shadoe Rage parading around the stage with Marissa Monet on his arm and the TSWF title slung over his shoulder 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 Rahway Rec Center in Rahway, New Jersey. The crowd is chanting "TRI STATE" as we cut to ADAM DREW and STEPHANIE SANDSBURY sitting at ringside. Adam as always 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: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO TRI-STATE WRESTLING... LIVE AND IN COLOR, FROM ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER HERE IN THE RAHWAY RECREATION CENTER IN RAHWAY... NEW JERSEY!!!!

[MORE CROWD POP!!]

SS: We are still on the "Road to the Gold" with a packed show of three-ways and one-on-one encounters. And our explosive main event as Shadoe Rage will face off against a man who I believe could be the personal savior of TSWF, Jeff Keenan.

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

AD: Not if Shadoe Rage has anything to say about it.

SS: You sound like a broken record, you know that? When are you going to get off the Shadoe Rage bandwagon and form your own opinion?!?

AD (ignoring Stephanie): ANYWAYS...let's kick things off comments from the Mayor of Rage Country himself, Shadoe Rage.



SHADOE RAGE



[It doesn't matter how small budget a place like TSWF might be. They may only have single handheld cameras and not the fancy arena style cameras of a world-wide organization like Shootfire Pro Wrestling (returning soon, God willing) or Phoenix Valley Wrestling (the new gold standard) or even the UWF (whenever they make it to TV.) They may only play to an audience in the thousands rather than the tens of thousands. They may not have a lot of merchandising. They may not have the best catering area or high production values. The wrestlers aren't driving in Lincoln Town cars and changing in private dressing rooms. The toilets don't have those fancy paper seat covers (Squat at your own risk.) And the promotion doesn't even have trippy scarlet snakes. (Maybe?) But it has a ring. It has a Tri-State Heavyweight championship. And it has a champion whether they like it or not. And that champion is none other than Shadoe Rage.

Shadoe Rage? Really? That's how low budget TSWF is? Shadoe Rage, the tag-team guy?

Yeah him.

The guy always wearing pink and gold and eye makeup and pointing and screaming and wearing weird hairstyles and having sex on camera with a transsexual?

No. The guy always wearing pink and gold and eye makeup and pointing and screaming and wearing weird hairstyles and having sex on camera with Marissa Monet, a born woman. A Goddess, if you will.

Po-TAY-to. Po-TAH-to.

Really? Name me one person who actually pronounces it: Po-TAH-to. Anyway, back to Shadoe Rage.

That bastard took over the show last week.

He has his moments when he's inspired. Sadly he got bored in Phoenix minding the gate as part of a tag-team that ran its course a long time ago. Anybody would. After a while you burn out playing straight man to consecutive sophomore comedy teams. Sometimes you want to do your own damn comedy. Sometimes you want to laugh. But no, you have to be the gatekeeper and go out there and pretend to care each and every week while getting nowhere. You have to mail it in so they keep mailing you your cheques. It isn't easy, dammit. It isn't easy.

Can we get back to the TSWF stuff? Your rambling is starting to bore me. Isn't this normally where we get some scene descriptors or something? I feel like I'm standing in a void.

That's because we haven't hit the magic words yet.

Fade in:
Let there be light!

That's much more better!

The shot opens on the much-maligned King of Rage Country and his Goddess. See, TSWF doesn't have fancy location budgets, but they are in the heart of the Tri-State area. Unfortunately, it's also winter so it doesn't make sense to shoot outside where winter coats and boots dominate and leave no chance to show the promotional T-shirts that make up so much of a TSWF wrestler's salary.

Um, see what I'm doing here?

Tapping your wrist?

Yeah, that means we're losing time. Get on with it?

Right.

So there is the King and Queen of Rage Country. Shadoe Rage's back is to us and he's got his arms thrown out so that we can see his ring robes.

Ring robes? Does anybody really wear ring robes any more?

Glory days, my friend. Glorious days. Anyway, Rage slips off the robes.

That's better.

To show the promotional T-shirt, a pink sleeveless shirt that reads: THE CHAMP on the back.

I don't know if I'm buying a pink shirt.

Without the robes we can also see the muscular arms and the pale bronze hand right hand clutching the TSWF Heavyweight championship. Marissa is pressed up against him, her arms wrapped around his waist, her chin perched on his shoulder. She blinks into the camera with those weird gold eyes, a clever smile across her lips. She knows you hate this scene. She knows you hate this pairing. She knows a damn lot.

Yeah, like what it's like to piss up a rope.

Cute. Anyway, with a gentle tap on Shadoe's back. She guides him to spin and face the camera. The original Prophet of Rage's face is dominated by a smug bastard grin. His inferno eyes blaze at you. He cocks his head, the gothy black eye makeup making his sharp hazel eyes stand out even more. His mass of thick dreadlocks keeps him from looking human but helps promote the image of an otherworldly being. This is not a man before you.

Sure he is. He's from Halifax, Nova Scotia. No Gods there. Trust me. I've been there.

He holds up the TSWF strap for everybody to see before he drapes it over one muscular shoulder.

You know, this reminds me about some essays on whether Philip Marlowe, the Raymond Chandler character was gay. He'd always describe men a little too amorously. Noting their muscularity and sex appeal.

What are you suggesting?

Nothing yet. Just saying.

Duly noted. Now that the scene has been set. Let's take a listen to what Rage has to say about his actions last show.]

SR: Freak out! Freak out! Marissa Monet, we heard a little rumour, didn't we?

MM: We did.

SR: We heard that some people weren't happy that we crashed their little party and took out some unwanted guests. We heard that Clyde Kennedy is not a happy man.

MM: Well, obviously, look at his life.

SR: And we heard that the people are not happy with what happened to Brandy Danielle.

[To this Marissa shrugs.]

Omniscient Viewer 1: Say? How come everybody's cool with Danielle competing anyway? Wasn't this like a thing a while ago about women competing with men?

OV2: It's always about who had the idea not the idea itself.

OV1: *You just blew my mind. Okay, I'm going to pay attention now.*

SR: For the last little while people have been on me. ‘How could you do that to Danielle?’ You ... the champion of women’s rights ... hit a woman? Let me tell you something. No, I didn’t hit a woman. I hit a wrestler. In fact, I drove my elbow through the heart of a thief in my temple! She thinks that she can lay claim to my TSWF title? Well, she learned the hard way. This isn’t a woman’s game. This isn’t a man’s game. It’s a survivors game. And I don’t care if you’re somebody’s babe in arms or a ninety-eight year old grandmother ... if you threaten my title then I’m going to hurt you. I’m going to put you down like a rabid little bitch. And that’s what I did, Brandy Danielle. It was nothing personal. In fact, I like you. You’re following in the footsteps of Marissa Monet.

MM: It’s too bad you’re too small to carry my legacy. But fight the fight anyway.

SR: Fight the fight. Too bad it will be in vain. Too bad because the champ is already here. Do you understand what I’m saying? You’re not wrestling in TSWF ... You’re wrestling in Rage Country and that’s my home!

MM: Don’t forget about me!

SR: How could I forget about my Goddess?

[They share a kiss. Nothing too staged. Nothing unbelievable. In fact, you really feel the heat between them.]

SR: And how could I forget the Policy? You’re another one who flew too close to the sun. So you had to burn for that. You had your chance last time. This time, it’s my world and you can’t cash in. You won’t cash in. I won’t allow it. Do you understand? Do you understand? So you had to taste it too. Just so that you understood exactly where you were supposed to be. And that is underneath my boot. Get me? Good. Because the champion is right here and for all your size you just don’t have what it takes to rip this title from my grasp. So, if the two of you even think about retribution? I wouldn’t. Vengeance is mine sayeth Shadoe Rage and I will always have it. Don’t bet your careers. Don’t bet your lives on something so foolish. I’ve spent an entire career chasing one goal ... a heavyweight championship. I have bled and sacrificed. And that moment in Two Thousand and Eight when I won this title there were few other moments that compared.

[Marissa’s eyes glow.]

MM: I can think of some.

[Shadoe Rage shivers at the memory.]

OV1: Umm ... hello?

SR: Few other moments not involving my Goddess, Marissa Monet. You’re not taking that from me. A champion is a champion until he is defeated. And nobody ever beat me for that belt. Nobody has. Nobody will. Do you understand that? I hope so. This belt is forged with my family’s blood and honour. And it will take more than any wrestler to rip it from my grasp.

MM: Speaking of family names.

SR: Oh yes, the family name synonymous with cockroaches and overrated. Keenan. Irish for ‘talentless hack.’ Jeff Keenan ... you’re stepping into the ring with me why? Because you feel the need to demonstrate to the world that you’re a Keenan and therefore some kind of superhero? Remember, you’re the “Fallen Icon” ... step into my ring ... you will fall once again Jeff Keenan. You will fall because I am the past. I am the present. I am the future of TSWF. Each and every one of these people out there knows that to be true.

[Rage jabs his index finger at the camera.]

SR: And you will know it to be true. The Quickstryke is no match for the Angel of Death Drop. You will not catch me by surprise. You will not catch me with your lies. You will never take me down, Jeff Keenan. You don’t have a chance with me climbing through those ropes. So your efforts to be known as the hero of TSWF will not last. You will fall. And there will be no one to catch you.

OV1: *I smell a tag line coming soon.*

SR: Marissa Monet, we are going to war. And Jeff Keenan shall be the first.

MM: But he won’t be the last.

SR: No he won’t ... The first to die in darkness, Keenan. The first to fall at the feet of the King of Rage Country! Fallen Icon ... I’ll make that pseudonym true. Believe that!

[Fade out.]

OV1: *Well, he got some good intensity in there. Lot of old school trash talk and some motivations behind his actions. Maybe I will watch and see what develops. Let’s see what he can do without the gimmick of the Prophets of Rage to rely on.*

OV2: Enjoy the ride.



[Back to Adam and Stephanie at ringside]

AD: See, I told you Shadoe Rage was the man. Nobody can carry a promo like The King of Rage Country.

SS: We’ll just see about that when we hear from Jeff Keenan later in the show. But right now, we have our opening contest as Chris Hallmark goes into a three-way war with Johnny Blayne and Ethan McBride.

AD: All three came out of our last show on the losing end of things but this time around, someone will get a W and the three points that come with it. But who will that someone be?



GROUP B

THREE WAY DANCE

"EYES WIDE SHUT" ETHAN McBRIDE

vs.

JOHNNY BLAYZE

vs.

CHRIS HALLMARK



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

POP!!

RA: 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 HALLLMARKKKKK!!!

[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: Hallmark looks determined to get the job done this time around after that loss to Mark Adams Junior on our last broadcast.

AD: Yes, Chris Hallmark clearly learned a lot from that match and now realizes what has to be done to earn himself a victory here tonight.

SS: Of course it also means going through not one but TWO opponents in this match; and one of them is the big man known as Ethan McBride.

[Chris Hallmark is now at ringside and walks up the ring steps before climbing 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: McBride had some choice words after he witnessed Brandy Danielle gain a win over him and Johnny Blayze last time. Namely that he won't let that same mistake happen twice.

AD: And if Ethan McBride makes a promise, you best realize he WILL do everything possible to make it come true.

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

RA: And participant number three...

[“Firestarter” by The Prodigy begins to play over the PA system]

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

JOHNNYYYYY BLAYYYZEEEEEE!!!!

CROWD POP!!!!

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

SS: Hmm, this is very strange. Where's Johnny Blayze?

AD: Maybe he got cold feet. Get it... Blayze... cold feet.

SS: Yeah, yeah... very funny.

[The camera cuts to the back where Johnny Blayze is lying on the floor with blood coming from his forehead. A steel pipe lies on the floor next to him.]

AD: Well there's your answer, Stephanie. Someone clearly got to Blayze and made sure he didn't make it for this match-up. I wonder who it was.

SS: Oh come on now, Adam! You know darn well this has Shadoe Rage written all over it.

AD: Innocent until proven guilty, I always say.

SS: Well it looks like Johnny Blayze is not going to be taking part in our show tonight so it's down to Hallmark and McBride. The man in stripes going over the rules with both men and there's the opening bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The two men locked up and McBride immediately tried for a choke slam but Chris Hallmark put up the block. Hallmark then attempted a waist lock suplex only to be met with a rake of the eyes from McBride. A shoulder breaker brought Hallmark down and the offense continued with a spine buster that was met with a mixture of cheers and boos from the crowd. Ethan McBride then went for an STO but it was blocked by Hallmark who took the big man down with a half nelson suplex followed by a quick cover for a two count.

Chris Hallmark got to his feet and ran into the ropes; the clothesline attempt by Hallmark was ducked under by McBride who nailed the amateur wrestler with a big time lariat. Ethan then pulled Hallmark to his feet by his hair and just tossed him into the corner; Hallmark bounced off the turnbuckles and McBride went for a flapjack only for Hallmark to catch him with a knee lift.

With Chris Hallmark now on the offensive, he hit a jumping axe handle to the head of McBride to stun the big man and followed up with an incredible gut wrench suplex. Another cover and Hallmark still could only keep McBride down for a two count. Looking to keep the match flowing in his direction, Chris Hallmark went for a jawbreaker but Ethan McBride did not budge an inch so Hallmark used his ring presence to pull McBride to the mat with an arm bar takedown.

The crowd really was split in this match as Hallmark worked over McBride with everything including the kitchen sink but nothing would keep the big man down long enough to get a three count. A half Boston by Hallmark was blocked and McBride got back on top with an Irish whip into the ropes followed by a big boot. Then Ethan body slammed Hallmark before pulling him back up. He then walked around the ring and drove Hallmark down with a vicious sidewalk slam. A pinfall attempt got him a close two and a half before Chris Hallmark got the shoulder up.

SS: WHAT'S THIS?!? Shadoe Rage has made his way down to ringside along with Marissa Monet who is holding up a sign.

AD: Ha ha ha... I love it. It says "TSWF IS RAGE COUNTRY!".

SS: And Shadoe Rage just watching this match from the aisle as he tosses confetti all over the place. Ugh, I hate him so much!

AD: Well you better get used to him because he isn't going anywhere.

SS: Ethan McBride throwing lefts and rights at Chris Hallmark. Now a round of chops to the chest and Hallmark is reeling.

AD: Backbreaker from McBride and now an Irish whip to the ropes. Side suplex attempt from Ethan McBride... Blocked by Hallmark who pulls McBride into a headlock takedown.

SS: The referee now taking a moment to tell Shadoe Rage to get away from the ring. OH MY! Confetti in the eyes of the official.

AD: And Ethan McBride taking advantage of the distraction as he just grabbed a hold of Chris Hallmark and power bombs him across the top turnbuckle. A cover by McBride...

SS: Referee Chris Parker wiping the bits and pieces of confetti from his face as he turns and hits the mat to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: The winner of this match, at six minutes and twenty-two seconds...

ETHANNNNN MCBRIDE!!!!

MIXED CROWD REACTION!!!

[Back to Adam & Stephanie]

SS: How disgusting of Shadoe Rage to get himself involved in yet another match.

AD: As champion, he can come and go as he pleases. And right now, he's going to the back clearly pleased with what has transpired here tonight.

SS: FOR THE LAST TIME, HE IS NOT THE CHAMPION!!

AD: Whatever helps you sleep at night, sweetheart. Anyways, up next is a battle of winners from our last show as Brandy Danielle and Mark Adams Junior get set to do battle with both of them looking to score that big three points that would pretty much guarantee them a spot in our semi-final round.

SS: That's right, Adam. So let's go backstage where Mark Adams Junior filmed some pre-match comments.



MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[Cut backstage to Mark Adams Junior as the second generation superstar finishes suiting up for his one-on-one match against Brandy Danielle. Gone, however, are the white karate pants and the long, dark hair hanging in his eyes, replaced tonight by a pair of black wrestling shorts with a pair of ice-blue lightning bolts crossed in an "X" on the side of each leg, matching boots, and a severe crew cut that makes the resemblance to his late father - for those who remember him - all the more startling. Turning to face the camera, Adams' ice-blue eyes reflect the intensity in this young man's heart as he goes into this match tonight.]

Mark: When I came back to the Tri-State Wrestling Federation, it was with one goal and one goal only in mind - to win the TSWF Championship I was denied in this company's first incarnation.

And what did I do? I defeated my first opponent as promised, thus bringing my goal one step closer to fruition.

But tonight...tonight I face an opponent who did the exact same thing.

Brandy Danielle, like myself, stands one step closer to the title after a hard-fought victory last week.

And it matters not one iota that Brandy Danielle is a woman because, when we stand across the ring from one another tonight, she is simply an obstacle...

As I most certainly am to her.

And while it is true that I live by a code of honor that prohibits me from harming a woman, that very same code is quite clear as to how I should face a worthy and respected foe.

And Brandy Danielle, despite being a woman, is just such a foe.

So, tonight, think not of this match as man versus woman, but as warrior versus warrior. Mark Adams Junior, Master of the 'Icebreaker Crossface'...

And Brandy Danielle, Mistress of the 'Moment of Truth."

May the better *wrestler* win.

[Adams starts to turn away from the camera, pauses, then turns back, the smirk on his face quite reminiscent of another famous member of the Adams clan, his uncle, the legendary Jason Storm.]

Mark: As for you, Shadoe Rage, you can go right on living under the delusion that you never lost that title and are therefore still the Tri-State Champion.

But cross my path, *Champ* ...or insert yourself unwanted into *my* business...and you'll come to find that I inherited more from my father and my uncle than my looks and my wrestling ability.

I've got the Adams temper, too, and a violent streak in my soul that you would be wise to stay well away from.

But if it's blood you want...

It's blood you will get.

And I assure you it won't be mine.

[And with that, WE FADE.]



BRANDY DANIELLE



[Scene: Dallas, Texas. It is a sunny Saturday afternoon, and around four p.m. As we fade up, we see our brunette beauty and her husband, Rich, walking down the busy streets of Dallas as they were walking to the hotel they would be spending a few nights at. Since they had started wrestling, they hadn't had a lot of time to themselves. But the time in this fancy hotel would be short and sweet, as Brandy had a show to get to in eight days. There would be a lot to do and it would be very hectic trying to get it all done, in the midst of Brielle and Britanie's birthday, as they were turning one later this week. As they walk in, they see a gorgeous lobby, with a huge marble water fountain and actual ducks floating in it. This place was ritzy and they could tell

that the huge greenbacks they had spent weren't going for nothing. As they walk up to the check-in desk, which along with the floor, was gold plated so much that you'd think that the hotel was part of the 1849 San Francisco Gold Rush. There was a lot of gold on these floors. Man, the Olympics must have carved their gold medals from this floor cause they had enough here to do that. As we walk up, Brandy has on a long, red formal gown and heels, with her long, wavy brown hair back in a ponytail. Rich has on a nice black suit and tie, as well as his old black leather band shoes, which he was surprised still fit him. At this time, a very attractive, but not nearly as attractive as Brandy, red head greets them in a British accent.]

Bellhop: 'Ello! I'm Aiden. Welcome to the Fairmount Dallas! How might I be helping you tonight?

[Realizing who Rich and Brandy were, Aiden's face lights up as she comes to grips with the shock of having celebrities in the hotel. She then blushes, as she knows now, that she had forgotten that they were UCW wrestlers and as soon as her face turned as red as her fire red hair, she realizes she had made the mistake and immediately went to rectify it, as she spoke, again in that hot British accent.]

Aiden: I'm so sorry! Rich Anderson and Brandy Danielle! I'm a huge fan of yours, Brandy. I love that character they have you playing. Perfect little parody of a typical valley girl! I comment you on that. Way to go, sunshine! Keep up the excellent work, and here is your room key! Enjoy your stay and call down if you need anything at all!

[Brandy smiles one of her grins that lights up the room when she walks in, and once she did, her adorable blue eyes immediately lit up. This room had it all. A huge bed that could potentially hold five people, a huge sixty-four inch television made by Vizio, an amazing looking red cherry finish end table and dresser combo. But the bathroom would have that one-upped as there was a large white marble bathtub with whirlpool jets and many fancy shampoos. But then, Rich goes to the window, and realizes that it has a beautiful back balcony, along with sitting chairs, made of the finest maple that money could buy. Then in her cute valley girl tone, Brandy speaks.]

Brandy: Like, oh em gee! This room is so amazing and stuff! This is like the greatest thing I've ever seen and I've seen lots of great things and stuff! But this is so epic that it makes me want to live here and stuff and its too bad that we, like, can't and stuff. But I so love this place, and stuff!

Brandy Narrating: This place was, like, so beautiful and stuff! Reminded me of home, All the grandeur and beauty of the room, just, like, took my breath away and stuff! But as beautiful as it was and stuff, as much as I didn't want to leave, I like knew I'd have to some time, and like, do my promo and stuff. But for now, I'd enjoy the wonderment of this room and just how beautiful it like, was and stuff, but I was like so caught up in the beauty of this place, but I just couldn't like enjoy, as I had my mind on the match and stuff, so I like may as well talk about it and stuff.

Brandy: Mark Adams Junior. I'm like, sure you know who I am, so we'll like skip the intros and things. You really think people think you're the one? Well, like keep on thinking that and stuff. I know from like experience, as I was once like you, a cocky bitch who thought she was the one. I know that thinking like that, an attitude like yours get you like nowhere and stuff. But let me ask, like, when you look at me and stuff, what do you see? You probably see a cute valley nerd that can't wrestle for shit. Well you're like wrong! Wrong, wrong wrong wrong! I proved last week and stuff, that I can go, so don't for one second think I won't kick the arrogance off of you and stuff!

As for you Shadoe Rage. You really like think attacking me is supposed to intimidate me? You think it's supposed to make me give up the chase for the one title that's eluded me in four years of wrestling? Well, like think again! I am afraid of no one, and nothing. Not even a paranoid champion, is going to stop me from winning this and achieving my dream! No Adams, no Rage nor anyone will stop Brandy Danielle! Holler!



[Back to Adam and Stephanie]

AD: Like oh em gee... my brain is like hurting from that segment.

SS: Trust me, Adam. You don't know annoying until you've had a conversation with my co-workers over in Atlantic City Entertainment. Especially Kennedy Michelle.

AD: Is that so? How about you set me up with this Kennedy Michelle some time.

SS (ignoring Adam): Let's just go to ringside.



GROUP B

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR

vs.

BRANDY DANIELLE



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

Introducing first...

[“My Moment” by Rebecca Black begins to play as a male and female duo step out on to the

stage. The female has 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 DANIELLEEEEEE!!!!

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.]

SS: Brandy Danielle looking amazing as always. Not showing much damage from the post match attack on her a few weeks back.

AD: Guess it just means Shadoe Rage needs to come up with a new way of dispatching these thieves and their attempts at his throne.

SS: You mean like what he did to poor Johnny Blayze earlier tonight.

AD: I've watched enough Law & Order to know there's no proof of that accusation and without any proof, there is no crime committed.

[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.]

RA: And her 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 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.]

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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 Danielle 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 and then thrusts his right arm into the air before hopping back down and turning to face Danielle as his music fades to a close.]

#

If you want blood, you got it

If you want blood, you got it

If you want blood, you got it

If you want blood, you got it
#

SS: Mark Adams Junior offering a hand to Brandy Danielle and it is gladly accepted in a sign of sportsman and sportswoman like conduct.

AD: Oh please! If that were me in the ring, I would've grabbed Mark Adams Junior's hand and ripped it right from its socket.

SS: Is that before or after you got your bones broken from Adams' patented Icebreaker Crossface?

DING! DING! DING!

Mark and Brandy locked up and right off the bat, Danielle tried to show she was no pushover by taking Adams Junior down with a vertical suplex. She then followed up with a snap suplex before going for an Irish whip into the corner. Mark Adams Junior was able to reverse the whip and send his opponent into the turnbuckles. With a head of steam, Mark ran shoulder first towards Danielle only for her to raise a knee, thus catching him in the head and stunning him in the process. Back on the offensive, Brandy Danielle hit a fisherman suplex and went for a quick cover for a two count.

Another suplex attempt and another two count as Mark Adams Junior's ring savvy kept his wits upon him. Mark got to his feet and was caught with a standing dropkick from the female and the crowd cheered Danielle on. Momentum on her side, Danielle tosses Mark Adams Junior to the outside and hit the far ropes looking for a baseball slide only for Adams to move at the last second sending Brandy Danielle into the steel guardrail.

Mark Adams Junior not one to take the easy way out sent Danielle back into the ring and hit an elbow drop on her currently prone body. He then pulled her to her feet and hit a knife-edge chop across the chest (and you got to figure that hurts a lot on a female). But things got interesting as Mark whipped Brandy into the ropes and was met with a spinning leg lariat by Danielle. Brandy then went to the outside and grabbed a hold of a steel chair, bringing the object into the ring and setting it up near a corner.

With the chair set up, Brandy Danielle grabbed Mark Adams Junior and hit a DDT on to the steel seat. The fans were in love with this as they chanted for her over and over again. Danielle then hit the ropes once more looking for a possible Wheel Kick to a dazed Mark Adams Junior only for her attempt to be thwarted by a leg trip by Adams. Both competitors on the mat, Mark Adams Junior took the opening and locked Brandy Danielle in a Fujiwara arm bar for a few seconds before switching into a sleeper hold.

The submission specialist was clearly looking to wear down his opponent's arm and head as he cranked the sleeper for several seconds until Danielle got a hold of the ropes to break the maneuver. But Mark Adams Junior would not be discouraged as he pulled Danielle back to the center of the ring, dropped a knee, and put her in a cross-face chicken wing. The fans were stomping their feet for Danielle but there were also a patch of fans rooting for Mark Adams Junior as well. After about fifteen or so seconds, Mark released the hold and returned to a standing position, giving Brandy Danielle some room to stand up as well.

Once Brandy got to her feet though, Mark was right back in it as he whipped her into the turnbuckles and began raining kicks and chops as the fans began to give him a standing ovation. A shoulder to the midsection was then followed by a release German suplex out of the corner. The crowd began to go crazy as Mark Adams Jr. went for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

But Brandy Danielle was able to kick out in time. Mark then went for a Tiger Driver but Danielle got the block up and took Mark down with a drop toehold into an STF. Not one to tap out easily, Mark Adams Jr fought through the pain and made his way to the ropes after about ten or so long seconds. Brandy broke the hold cleanly and ran into the ropes, possibly looking for that Wheel Kick again. Only this time, she put on the brakes at the last minute and caught Mark off-guard, allowing her to dropkick the knee of Adams and put him in a figure-four leg lock.

After about seven seconds in the submission hold, Mark Adams Junior had the wherewithal to grab a hold of Brandy Danielle's hair and somehow twist her into a small package.

ONE!

TWO!

And again a kick out before three. Mark got up to his feet but had a bit of a limp from that kick to the knee and subsequent figure-four submission. This allowed Brandy Danielle to hit the Moment of Truth and as the crowd cheered Danielle on, she went for another pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

But Mark Adams Junior got a foot on the ropes to break it up.

SS: Brandy Danielle looking stunning at the moment as she almost got an upset victory over Mark Adams Junior.

AD: Honestly, any time she even lasts more than two minutes in the ring, she should consider it a victory.

SS: Danielle not going for a fisherman suplex... SMALL PACKAGE COUNTER BY MARK ADAMS JUNIOR!

ONE!

TWO!

SS: SHOULDER UP AT THE LAST SECOND BY BRANDY DANIELLE! Now Adams back up and the crowd is in a frenzy as Mark Adams Junior with an airplane spin.

AD: Look at him whirl around. The crowd counting the revolutions.

Crowd: 10...20...30...40..50

SS: And Mark Adams Junior finally stops to drop Brandy Danielle to the mat and he is definitely dizzy from all that spinning.

AD: Adams slowly getting his balance and Brandy Danielle back to her feet. Kick to the midsection by Danielle... countered by Adams with a dragon screw.

SS: NO! Enzuigiri by Danielle! And with Mark Adams Junior on Dream Street, she drops him down with a DDT. A cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR.... BIG TIME KICKOUT!

AD: Mark Adams not giving in. Whip into the corner from Brandy Danielle and Mark Adams Jr just bounces out with a clothesline that nearly takes Danielle's head off.

SS: STRONG STYLE!!! Series of kicks to the head of Danielle and now it looks like we're gonna see the Icebreaker Crossface.

Crowd: BRANDY! ADAMS! BRANDY! ADAMS!

SS: The crowd is split on this one as Brandy Danielle is struggling to reach the ropes but Mark Adams is pulling her back slowly.

AD: BREAK THE BITCH!

SS: Sheesh, Adam. Why not tell us how you REALLY feel? Brandy Danielle still trying to escape the hold but writhing in pain.

AD: YES! YES!

SS: Well folks, as you can see..and hear from my partner's reaction.. Brandy Danielle has tapped out.

DING! DING! DING!

RA: Your winner of this match... at fourteen minutes and forty-two seconds...

MARK ADAMS JUNIORRRRR!!!!

*****LOUD CROWD REACTION!!!!*****

[Back to Adam and Stephanie]

SS: Mark Adams Junior to his feet now and helping Brandy Danielle to hers as well.

AD: Oh man... this could get interesting. Maybe he'll destroy the little <bleep> for good!

SS: A nice showing of respect by Mark Adams Junior as he raises Brandy Danielle's hand; pretty much saying she was a great opponent. Which is something you should probably do, Adam.

AD: Argh... what a sap! I wouldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole even if you paid me.

SS: Well folks, up next we have another three-way battle as RJ Souza, Mike Gonet, and Ezra Malachi duel in the squared circle. We tried to speak with the three competitors but it seems none were available for comment prior to our broadcast so let's just go down to ringside for the introductions.



GROUP A

THREE-WAY DANCE

"BAD KARMA" RJ SOUZA

vs.

EZRA MALACHI

vs.

MIKE GONET



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

Introducing first...

[The guitar riff blares through the PA system as "Meant To Live" by Switchfoot plays and Mike Gonet 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

[Mike Gonet 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 Gonet 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!!!

AD: This Gionet kid has some heart... too bad it's gonna get spilled all over the mat courtesy of Ezra Malachi.

SS: I don't know about that, Adam. I have to think Mike Gionet watched the tape of his last match and like any good athlete, he probably learned from his mistakes. Plus he still has a lot to prove if he plans to get out of the shadow casted by his father, the legendary Larry Gionet.

AD: Speaking of his dad, did you happen to catch his match over in PVW? This expert right here thinks the guy was robbed of a surefire Television title shot.

RA: And participant number two...

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 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
Lavin 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...

EZRAAAAAA MALAAAACHIIII!!!!

BIG HEEL HEAT!!

AD: Malachi in the house! He may not have been victorious last time but something tells me he has this one all wrapped up tonight. I mean look at his opponents.. some punk rookie and a dude who clearly thinks he is still in the early nineties.

SS: Folks, just a reminder that the thoughts and opinions of Adam Drew are in no way a direct representation of yours truly or TSWF as a whole.

RA: And participant number three... 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 stares down his two opponents.]

SS: RJ Souza looks ready to do battle and earn himself a victory here. Let's go down to the ring where referee Jon Allen is going over the rules with the three participants.

DING! DING! DING!

And with the opening bell sounded, it looked like Mike Gionet and Ezra Malachi would start things off. Both men traded shots in the center of the ring and the crowd showed their early favorites as they would cheer for Gionet and elicit a sizable round of boos for Malachi. Mike Gionet then went for a kick to the head but Malachi ducked out of the way and took the youngster down with a half nelson suplex. An early cover only got a one count before Gionet kicked out.

Gionet tried for a pin attempt shortly thereafter as he blocked an Exploder attempt by Malachi and cradled him with a small package. Unfortunately, that also got only a one count before the kick out was made.

Both men got back to their feet and stared each other down. Gionet grabbed a hold of Malachi and tossed him out of the ring but the crafty one got right back in. As he got up, he was hit with a koppo kick by Gionet followed by an arm drag takedown. Mike Gionet then hit the ropes and caught Malachi with a swinging neck breaker. The crowd were showing a good reaction to Gionet as he went for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

But Malachi was able to kick out in time. Mike Gionet then pulled Ezra Malachi to his feet and drove a shoulder into his midsection before whipping him into the ropes. Malachi bounced back and ducked under a clothesline before he hit a super kick on Gionet. This gave Ezra Malachi the opening to tag out to Souza who rushed in and took Gionet out with a huracanrana.

Souza then grabbed Gionet and hit a spine buster in the middle of the ring followed by a leg drop across the throat of Gionet. But the rookie would not stay down as he sprung to his feet and hit a kick to the gut of RJ Souza followed by a fisherman buster. The crowd was beginning to get red hot for Gionet as he hit the ropes. Off the side sprung Mike Gionet who tried for a clothesline only to have it ducked under by Souza who tried for a clothesline of his own. Gionet ducked that and sprung back with a flying forearm. He then went for a back suplex only to have RJ Souza flip over his back and take Gionet down with a bulldog.

RJ Souza then went for a piledriver... Gionet countered with a backdrop and made the tag out to Malachi. With Ezra Malachi in the ring, RJ Souza hit a flying shoulder tackle just to keep the odds in his favor. Souza then stood over Malachi who hit a shot right to the gut.

SS: And now RJ Souza's rolling to the outside, holding his stomach. Something doesn't seem right here, Adam.

AD: OH MAN! That must've been some shot as RJ Souza has projectile vomited all over the mat.

SS: With Souza down on the floor, it leaves only Mike Gionet and Ezra Malachi to duke this out for the time being.

AD: Gionet in the ring and nails Ezra Malachi with a sleeper hold reverse slam. Now sizing his opponent up, he goes for a savate kick... Malachi ducks out of the way and hits a swinging neck breaker.

SS: Ezra Malachi now stalking Mike Gionet... WHAT THE?!?! RJ SOUZA WITH VOMIT ON HIS SHIRT BLASTS EZRA MALACHI WITH A STEEL CHAIR!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: The referee has disqualified RJ Souza. Therefore, the winner of this match at seven minutes and five seconds...

EZRA MALAAACHI!!!!

[Back to ringside]

AD: That was stupid, RJ Souza. You just cost yourself three points with that chair shot.

SS: And RJ Souza now being helped to the back by members of the ring crew along with Mike Gionet.

AD: Ezra Malachi still out on the mat so while he regains consciousness, let's go to pre-recorded comments from Elijah Black.



ELIJAH BLACK



[Elijah Black is sitting cross-legged on a stack of pallets at Eastern Truck & Equipment, a couple of miles away from the Rahway Rec Center, wearing a thick coat picked up at a thrift store, although the bald patches in the knees of his jeans probably negate some of the warming effect]

Black: I came here, looking to make a statement, and you can't argue that I made a perfect statement of intent. I looked across at a couple of opponents, both hungry, both looking to make an impression, and I used the platform that I had been given to demonstrate that I have more than just a pathetic, selfish need to be seen as the slightly better man. No, I went in there to raise awareness for who I am and what I represent, giving me the drive to carry me forward.

A drive that takes me on to my next opponent, Clyde Kennedy.

[Black pulls the coat around himself, exhaling a cloud of steam]

Black: Look at yourself, Kennedy. You may as well have "Trust Fund Baby" tattooed on your forehead for all to see, saving us the horrors of meeting you and have you talk down to the lower ninety-nine percent as I'm sure you do. Everything about you drips with privilege – and I bet you revel in letting everyone know about it to keep them in their place.

I bet you were sipping protein shakes at the country club, pumping iron at an exclusive gym, and sparring with whoever daddy paid to enroll you with as you were making your way from being some guy to being considered a wrestler. And you know what, you're a lesser man for it.

Oh, I bet your bank account says otherwise, but think about it – what life experience did you get as you scraped your way from the bottom, desperate to get noticed so somebody could give you a living wage, making sure you could rise above the dirt and make something of yourself? You didn't do any of that, you walked in to wherever you wanted, flashed your Gold card, and it was all made to happen for you.

[Black pauses, and realizes something]

Black: You know what, this is sounding spiteful and self-pitying, which isn't what I want to sound like, so I'd be wasting your time if I threw more accusations at Kennedy for the sake of finding a reason to hate him. That's as needless as it is pointless.

Instead, I will ask Kennedy a simple question – how important is it for you and your ego to win this match?

[Black rubs his hands together and blows on them to warm them up]

Black: I know your type, Clyde, and I know that winning is everything to you – to the point losing is a calamity. So if you don't win, could you handle it?

Yeah, on paper you have all the advantages – you've been well fed every day of your life to give you the size advantage, you've been able to go to gyms to get the strength advantage, and you were able to get the sort of training to make something of yourself – so you've got a lot of things to prop you up...on paper.

The thing is, Clyde, that nothing that looks good on paper is ever so good in reality. That's why half the financial world is down in the toilet and half is on its way. Paper thinking isn't real-life experience, it's a scenario, a possibility, it's thinking aloud. Many things can ruin paper thinking, because paper can't handle any pressure at all.

I know what you're doing, you're visualizing the match in your head. You're thinking catch me early and control the opening minutes, and slowly wear me down until you can comfortably put me away. What you're not visualizing in your head is me cutting you off, coming back at you, or even getting the early initiative. I know why that's the case for the same reason you can't comprehend it – it's not what was planned for you, so it should not happen.

I'm afraid, Clyde, that things don't always go the way people planned. All it takes is one seemingly minor event and it all falls apart, and you will learn that at some point in life – so why not learn it now, with me as the teacher and you as the student who flunks the test?

I know it's presumptuous to talk down your chances which means I'm talking up mine, but so be it – you're thinking the same of me anyway, so it's not like I'm crossing any line that's been scrubbed out. You and I both have an eye on the gold, so why should one of us play the humble guy who's in it for anything but their reasons?

And with that, the ball is in Clyde Kennedy's court. He's got to answer the questions; I merely have to keep up my line of questioning.

[FTB]



"THE POLICY" CLYDE KENNEDY



[The camera stares over the Hudson River; Jersey City off in the distance. Standing on a helipad, the camera pans over to the entrance of a facility, where Clyde Kennedy exits. Dressed impeccably in a tailored suit, he approaches the camera.]

Kennedy: It felt good to get back in the ring. TSWF serves a purpose – not to the fans, but to me. After so much conquering and pillaging while high above the city, a general in the treasury, I feel so alive to be a soldier.

On the front lines, there is no excuse for failure and no success without perfect planning and preparation. I am a unique physical specimen, whose physique is matched exquisitely by my mind.

Usually I thrive because I am so filled with pent up aggression and rage, ready to be unleashed at my opponent. It is abstract – an opponent in the boardroom, an opponent to a hostile takeover, an Occupy trustifarian who deems him or herself worthy of my audience.

[Clyde approaches the camera, moving in close, forcing it to lean up to keep eyes on him.]

Kennedy: But my abstract hate is now a solid. I didn't want to dredge up the past, but if anyone is rightfully the TSWF Champion, it would be its first and only titleholder.

I took the title and forged TSWF in my image.

I lost it to a man who was brought in illegally and had his reign erased from the record books.

You defeated that man moments after I crushed him and all of his allies, rendering his career effectively over.

If there is anyone who can claim the title, it is the man who never lost it. The man who brought TSWF into this world and brought it back from the dead. The man who is unstoppable, unbeatable, and unbreakable.

The man who doesn't need any help to break you over my shoulders. First Elijah Black, then Shadoe Rage – Kennedy's Contraption is the inescapable hold, which no one survives. Unless I let them.

[Clyde's hair begins to move as a helicopter lands over his shoulder. The door slides open, and Clyde walks toward it. Just before boarding, he turns to back to the camera for his final words, yelled above the noise of the chopper.]

Kennedy: AND I NEVER LET THEM.

[Kennedy boards the helicopter, the door shuts, and it takes off over the Hudson. Fade to black.]



GROUP A

ELIJAH BLACK

v.

"THE POLICY" CLYDE KENNEDY



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

[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 BLACKKKKK!!!

BIG HEEL HEAT!!

AD: Did you hear the knowledge that Elijah Black put down on Clyde Kennedy in that segment? Man oh man, he is most certainly my second favorite here in TSWF after Shadoe Rage of course.

SS: Figures. By the way folks, quick update on RJ Souza. It seems he is suffering from a case of the flu but would not give up on his match that easily. Hopefully he'll be better on our next show as he is set to face Elijah Black in our final round robin phase of the "Road to the Gold."

AD: Last chance to score some points. Souza better take his Nyquil and be ready because Elijah Black is going to take him to school very soon.

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...

CLYDEEEE KENEEDYYYY!!!!

[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 Elijah Black. The smirk grows bigger as he waits for the bell.]

SS: Rumor has it that when Clyde Kennedy wins this match, he is going to buy himself a private landmass in the U.S. Virgin Islands

AD: And rightfully so. That guy's probably still a Virgin and he can PAY for sex. Ha..ha..ha!

DING! DING! DING!

A quick collar and elbow lock up led to Elijah Black planting a boot in the shin of Clyde Kennedy followed by a chop across the chest. Then an arm drag brought Kennedy to the mat and the crowd was split for Black. Elijah Black went up top but Kennedy scrambled up to his feet and nailed Black in the stomach, causing him to fall on top of the turnbuckle. With the tide now in Kennedy's favor, he hit a superplex and went for a quick cover only to get a two count.

Kennedy got in the face of the official and didn't see Elijah Black come up from behind and hit a fireman's carry takeover. Black then pulled Kennedy up and hit a series of elbows to the back of his neck before letting him stand upright and just slapped him hard in the face.

This angered Kennedy though who grabbed Black and just went off on him with lefts and rights before delivering a spinning backbreaker into an STF submission hold. Black valiantly tried to break the hold and eventually forced it as he grabbed the ropes after about eight seconds. Clyde Kennedy then tossed Black out of the ring and Kennedy followed him out.

With the action now on the outside, things got a bit violent as both men used whatever they could find to wear the other one down. Black ran towards Kennedy at one point and did a baseball slide through the legs; as Kennedy turned around, Black gave him the one finger salute and dropkicked him down to the floor.

Black then slid back inside the ring and the referee began his count, getting to four before Clyde Kennedy made his way back inside. Black came off the ropes looking for a clothesline only for Kennedy to catch him with a knee to the midsection followed by a clothesline of his own. Clyde Kennedy then pulled Black to his feet and went for an Irish whip into the corner but it was reversed by Black who sent Kennedy into the buckles. Black then charged in for a spear only for Kennedy to lift his leg stunning the man. Kennedy then took Black down to the canvas with a power slam but only got a one count when he made the cover.

Clyde Kennedy went for a elbow drop but Black rolled aside and locked Kennedy in a wristlock. He then used it to drag Kennedy over to the corner where he hit a series of elbows. Black then ran across the ring and charged in launching himself through the air with a flying spear to the midsection of Clyde Kennedy.

Black then took Kennedy down with a DDT and stepped back looking for an opening to finish him off. Off the ropes came Black with a discus lariat attempt, Kennedy blocked it though and Black had the opening he wanted as he hit a jawbreaker to stagger Kennedy and take him over with a release fisherman's suplex.

ONE!

TWO!

THR.... NO! SHOULDER UP!!!

Kennedy did his best to scramble for a moment as Black went after him with a calf kick. Clyde Kennedy grabbed a hold of Black's leg and locked him in a leg lock following a single leg takedown. Black struggled to reach the ropes but after fifteen or so seconds, he did to break the maneuver. Kennedy then propped Black up on his shoulders and went for his big finisher, Kennedy's Contraption (Torture Rack).

SS: Kennedy with the Kennedy's Contraption on Elijah Black and the official asking Black if he wants to submit, to which Black shakes his head "no".

AD: COME ON, BLACK! HANG IN THERE!

SS: Now the referee asking if he should stop the fight and once again, Black tells him emphatically "NO!". A check of the arm now and it falls once.

CROWD POP!

SS: Lifted once more... and it falls twice.

BIGGER CROWD POP!

SS: Will a third time be a charm for Kennedy?

BOOO!!!!

AD: YES! YES! Elijah Black keeps the arm up and is still in this one.

SS: Black now fighting his way out of the hold and Kennedy just tosses him over the top rope to the floor. Kennedy follows him to the outside and just puts the boots to Black. And in a strange showing, the cheers for Elijah Black are drowning out the boos.

AD: Kennedy looking under the ring apron for some sort of weapon and he pulls out a broomstick. Heading back over to where Elijah Black is, he raises that stick over his head.

SS: BLACK GRABS KENNEDY BY THE WAIST AND HURLS HIM INTO THE RAILINGS!

AD: And now a running dropkick to the face of Kennedy as Elijah Black drags him into position before hopping up onto the ring apron.

SS: Elijah Black sails off the ring apron with a moonsault splash across a prone Clyde Kennedy.

AD: Black tosses Kennedy in to the ring and climbs in as well. Now Black standing behind Kennedy possibly looking to hit The Black Manoeuvre...

SS: Kennedy to his feet.. Black goes for it... NO! Kennedy had it scouted and ducks behind, goes for the Kennedy's Contraption once again.

AD: And this time, Elijah Black quickly grabs the top rope to force the hold to be broken. Clyde Kennedy not wanting to break it though and the referee starts the five count.

SS: At four, Kennedy breaks and Black pulls himself to the apron where he grabs the top rope and connects with an enzuigiri directly to the face of Clyde Kennedy.

CROWD POP!

AD: Black climbs the ropes and launches all of his bodyweight down as he hits a back senton across Kennedy.

SS: Elijah Black now waiting patiently for a clearly groggy Clyde Kennedy to rise back up.

AD: Kennedy now up but stumbling around a bit and Black hits the Hoshi Kuroi (Shining Wizard)... AND BAM! THERE'S THE BLACK MANOEUVRE!!

SS: Black with the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!!

DING! DING! DING!

RA: Your winner at twenty-one minutes and eight seconds...

ELIJAH BLACKKKK!!!!

MIXED CROWD REACTION!!!

[Back to ringside]

AD: Elijah Black with the victory and now he is the front-runner in Group A with a definite spot in the next round of the competition.

SS: Yes but the only question is who from Group B will he face as right now, there's tie between Brandy Danielle and Ethan McBride.

AD: Same can be said for Mark Adams Junior as both Clyde Kennedy and Ezra Malachi are sporting three points a piece.

SS: It's a tight race for second place and it could get even tighter depending on how things fall on our next broadcast.

AD: And all of this clearly in the sights of Shadoe Rage who we all know would love nothing but for all ten of these wannabes to drop dead instead of going after his throne.

SS: Argh. I don't know why we keep going in circles about this. Let's just go to some comments from Shadoe Rage's opponent tonight, Jeff Keenan.



JEFF KEENAN



[We cut backstage to find Jeff Keenan in his ring gear standing by with the backstage reporter, Kent Welborn. Keenan has on a pair of Oakley sunglasses that he raises up and perches atop his head.]

Kent: Kent Welborn here backstage with Jeff Keenan who in a few minutes will be facing Shadoe Rage. Jeff, any thoughts on the upcoming match?

Keenan: Well Kent...

[And that's all that got out of Keenan's mouth as Shadoe Rage sideswiped him. The two began to brawl through the backstage area and headed towards the curtains leading towards the ring.]



MAIN EVENT

JEFF KEENAN

vs.

SHADOE RAGE



[Keenan and Rage burst through the curtains and tussle their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

AD: Woo! The champ is HERE! And he's just handing it to Keenan.

SS: And look who's right behind them. Marissa Monet.. the scourge of professional wrestling. It's because of her that people change the channel from a show to something more 'believable'.

DING! DING! DING!

SS: There's the opening bell and Rage with a kick to the chest of Jeff Keenan. And a Russian legsweep takedown followed by an elbow drop.

AD: Shadoe Rage grabs a hold of Keenan's head and nails an impact DDT into the mat. Ooo, a well-placed kick to the groin and the fans are dishing out the boos.

SS: Knee drop on the prone Keenan and there are some fans that actually like Shadoe Rage as they cheer him on.

AD: Shadoe Rage with an Irish whip... Reversed by Keenan. Rage off the ropes with a running lariat.

SS: Keenan ducks out of the way and a big huracanrana... rollup by Jeff Keenan.

ONE!

TWO!

AD: Rage kicks out and immediately springs to his feet. Whip into the ropes and a knee to the midsection doubles Jeff Keenan over.

SS: Lariat puts Keenan down and Shadoe Rage now with a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

AD: Keenan gets a shoulder up but Shadoe Rage pushes him down again.

ONE!

TWO!

SS: And Jeff Keenan again with a shoulder up after two. Now Rage pulls Keenan up and hits a vertical suplex followed by an elbow drop to the midsection.

AD: Shadoe Rage pulls Keenan to his feet and whips him into the corner... Keenan bounces back and a spinning heel kick takes down Shadoe Rage.

SS: Keenan on a roll as he sends Shadoe Rage into the ropes... Rage ducks under a clothesline attempt by Keenan and sends him into the ropes instead.

AD: Hotshot by Rage...NO! That son of a bitch Keenan with a Thesz press.

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Kick out by Rage who hits a poke to the eyes. Spine buster puts Keenan on his back and surprisingly, Shadoe Rage is starting to get more cheers than boos.

AD: Now a head smash into the turnbuckle and Rage looking for a vertical suplex... blocked by Keenan who hits a monkey flip on Shadoe Rage.

SS: This audience does not know how to react to Jeff Keenan; how can that be? How can that man charm these fans?

AD: Because unlike you, Stephanie, some of these fans are not sheep. Notice how I said "some".

SS: Rage springs up once more and puts Keenan in an arm bar submission.

AD: Now cranking on the neck and the arm with that submission maneuver. Go ahead, Keenan... just give up already!

SS: Jeff Keenan makes his way to the ropes and breaks the hold. But Rage not releasing so quickly.

Ref: ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

SS: And NOW he breaks the hold? Ugh, how despicable!

AD: Rage puts Keenan in an abdominal stretch... reversed by Keenan and Rage struggling to reach the ropes.

SS: Oh, look it's Marissa Monet. And she's distracting the referee.

AD: Back kick from Rage and it finds the mark right between Jeff Keenan's legs.

SS: How convenient that Monet needed to talk the official at that exact moment. Real convenient, I tell you.

AD: Flying clothesline... ducked by Keenan somehow.

SS: And Keenan with a belly-to-belly suplex. Rage back to his feet and gets caught with a spinning head scissors takedown.

AD: Cover by Keenan...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Shadoe Rage kicks out. Jeff Keenan grabs a hold of Rage and hits a German suplex. Another cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR....

AD: YES! RAGE GETS A SHOULDER UP!

SS: The onslaught continues though as Jeff Keenan with a snap suplex. And Keenan now on top of Rage and just throwing lefts and rights to the head.

AD: Rage pushes Keenan off and grabs a hold of his leg, torquing his ankle. Jeff Keenan puts a boot up and pushes Rage away.

SS: Keenan back to his feet but with a bit of a limp. Irish whip by Rage... reversal from Keenan and Rage goes sailing through the air thanks to a German suplex. Now a cover by Keenan..

ONE!

TWO!

AD: Marissa Monet distracts the referee once more.

SS: And there's Jeff Keenan with a fit of rage as he turns the referee around and gets in his face about where his attention is at.

AD: HOLY HELL! JEFF KEENAN JUST COLD COCKED THE REFEREE!

SS: AND THERE'S SHADOE RAGE WITH THAT TITLE BELT. TURN AROUND, KEENAN!

AD: He holds it above his head, ready to smash Keenan in his!

SS: KEENAN TURNS BACK... AND RAGE HITS HIMSELF IN THE HEAD. WHAT THE?!?

AD: Marissa Monet now waking up the official. He sees the title belt on the mat and Shadoe Rage as well.

DING! DING! DING!

RA: The referee has disqualified Jeff Keenan. Therefore, the winner of this match at fourteen minutes and twenty-three seconds...

SHADOEEEEEE RAGEEEEEE!!!

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

SS: YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME?!? I CAN'T BELIEVE HE WOULD STOOP SO LOW!

AD: It doesn't matter what you believe. The truth is that Shadoe Rage was smarter than Jeff Keenan. Today, tomorrow, and every day after that.

SS: Trust me, as soon as Jeff Keenan gets his hands on Shadoe Rage again, that story will change real quick.

AD: We'll see about that.

SS: Anyways folks, that's it for tonight. Join us next time as the "Road to the Gold" continues with the final set of round robin match-ups.

AD: And another episode of "Tales From Rage Country". Man I love that show.

SS: See you next time.

[And we cut back to the ring for the final shot of the night as Jeff Keenan is being led to the back by a gaggle of referees and ring agents. All the while, Shadoe Rage is kneeling in the ring with Marissa Monet, big grins on their faces.

And fade]