

[We fade up live and on-camera in the office of Mike Sandbury, a Spartan room to say the least. A desk and a bookshelf full of binders and legal books populate this cream-walled, blue carpeted room. A single TSWF promotional poster featuring Mark Adams Jr. in full ring gear, carrying the Tri-State championship in hand, his face transfixed with an intense roar decorates the wall beside the bookshelf. As Mike flips through a ledger, there is a polite knock at the door. He looks away from his work, his eyes glancing over at a clock on the desk. Shrugging, he flips the book shut and shoves it aside.]

Mike Sandbury: The door has hinges...

[Stepping into the room is none other than The Mongoloid, in full ring gear, wearing a black T-Shirt sporting a picture of a rather heavysset man who is similar in build to Mongo, but wearing a different style wrestling doublet, full pads, and no mask with long stringy blond hair and a bushy beard. Apparently the man's roaring from inside a wrestling ring, fist in the air. A name sits above that picture.... "Bryan Mongo 1964 - 2006 R.I.P." A memorial T-Shirt for someone that clearly nobody has ever heard of. Mike takes note of this, arching his brow.]

Mike Sandbury: Mr... Mongoloid? I'm surprised you would come to my office and in such a polite fashion, considering who you're aligned with.

[Mongo looks towards the TSWF owner, a certain nervousness apparent by the stiffness of his movements, the width of his eyes. A few beads of sweat have gathered on his blond bearded face.]

Mongo: I've come here because... Mr. Sandbury, I don't want to work here just one night. I'm sure you've noticed that I've entered the DERP competition in TSWF's name. I... I used Chris Hallmark to get here because I didn't think you'd hire me.

[Mike's head tilts a bit and his finger steeple.]

Mike Sandbury: Well, this certainly is a revelation. So the pay he offered you had nothing to do with it?

[The big man sighs softly and clasps his hands tightly together.]

Mongo: I don't know how he found me, but he did. You see, all my life, I've wanted to be a wrestler on TV, but most places like that won't hire me. They all say the same thing... "You're too fat. You're too ugly. You don't have the right look. You're too tall. You're not tall enough. Your gimmick sucks." I've heard it all...

[He presses those palms together, a pleading look in his eye.]

Mongo: ...I've worked out of backyards, in parks, places that don't even get local TV time. You're company at least gets local exposure. It's the closest I've ever come to being a real success, and not just a fat chump paid to do a few spots and be sent packing. When Chris Hallmark came to me and offered me the money, I couldn't say no.

[Unlacing his fingers, The Mongoloid balls his fists up tight and presses his knuckles together. Apparently the man doesn't know what to do with his hands...]

Mongo: I don't like him all that much, but he gave me more than just an opportunity and some cash. He gave me a way to get payback for my brother...

[...Pulling his hands apart, Mongo gestures to his shirt.]

Mike Sandsbury: I was wondering about that. The man looks vaguely familiar, but I can't quite place him.

[Mongo bites back emotions as he speaks, barely able to keep his voice from breaking.]

Mongo: He was my big brother, Bryan Mongo. He wrestled Leon Corella back in Two Thousand and Four and Leon hurt him... hurt him badly...

[Intrigued, Mike leans back in his chair, arms folded over his chest.]

Mongo: He beat Bryan so bad that he had a massive stroke in the ring. He suffered a heart attack on the way to the hospital but survived. The worst part is, he lingered on, half paralyzed with the mind of a ten year old boy...

[The big man quickly wipes moisture from his eyes.]

Mongo: I was eighteen when he died. I found my big brother, who had looked out for me for my entire childhood, dead in his sleep, thinking he was a ten year old. All because of the man I'm facing tonight.

[An understanding and sympathetic look crosses Mike's face.]

Mike Sandsbury: I'm sorry to hear about that, Mongo. I can understand why you would want Mr. Corella's head on a platter, but that doesn't excuse your misconduct or the actions you've taken on behalf of Chris Hallmark. But what I can appreciate is you coming directly to me like a man and speaking your mind.

[Mongo's brow furrows a bit, but the big man wisely remains silent. The owner of TSWF points a finger down at his desk.]

Mike Sandsbury: This is a business and most importantly, a competitive sport. Actions like the ones taken by you, Hallmark, Shadoc Rage, and many many more, undermine my efforts to present a legitimate wrestling program. Now tonight, I want you to get this out of your system with Corella. After this match is over, we will set an appointment and work out the details.

[Mike then points his finger at Mongo.]

Mike Sandsbury: ...and for the record, I'd have given you a shot had I known of you.

[Mongo slowly nods his head.]

Mongo: Uh... Thanks. Now I'm gonna go make a Perfect Bitch out of Leon Corella....

[The Mongoloid turns away from the Boss and heads out the door in short order. Mike leans back in his chair, fingers steepled.]

Mike Sandsbury: So... that's Hallmark's game... wonderful.

[And fade.]



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

##

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

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

##

[We then transition to scenes to recap the last few shows – The crazy match between Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage, the appearance of Tom Sawyer and his speech to Elijah Black, the intense brawl between Leon Corella, Tripp Skylark, Chris Hallmark and The Mongoloid, Chris Hallmark being suspended, and finally Mark Adams Junior staring at Shadoe Rage, both men holding a leather strap in the hands 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 Elmcot Center in Corona, NY. The excited crowd is chanting "TRI STATE" as we cut to STEPHANIE SANDBURY and ASHIE SINCLAIR sitting at ringside. Ashie is wearing a white dress with red dots while Stephanie is wearing a grey top; her hair in a short bob, framing her face. A black banner is draped over the front of the table they are sitting behind and it says in red lettering:

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

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

SS: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WELCOME TO TSWF'S SUMMER BRAWL... HERE IN CORONA, QUEENS, NEW YORK!!!!

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

AS: It's a hot one outside but not as hot as the action we are going to see here tonight.

SS: That's right, Ashie. We've got what will surely be two destructive contests later tonight – a Hardcore Tables match between Leon Corella and The Mongoloid as well as that big Leather Strap match between Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage.

AS: And after what we heard moments ago backstage, the stakes are certainly higher for The Mongoloid as we learned him and Corella have a bit of history between them.

SS: I for one don't know what it's like to lose a brother to this business but if something were to happen to Michael, I'd definitely feel revenge was in order.

AS: Well I've been told we WILL hear from Corella later in the show so let's see what he has to say on the matter. As for the Strap match, both Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage have been preparing for this one all week.

SS: And with the scaffold match already lined up for match number three of the "Best of Seven" series, you know both Adams and Rage are going to be looking to wear their opponent down to a point where they may not even be able to handle the vertigo that comes with being a good twenty feet up in the air.

AS: Very true. And what about the news that we've signed "Highlight" Chance Mackenzie to a deal here in TSWF?

SS: Mackenzie definitely comes with a history of feats inside the squared circle but how will he fare on the smaller scale that we hold dear here in TSWF. We'll find out very shortly as Mister Mackenzie has requested some camera time. But right now, let's hear from Vic Morrison who will be facing Rich Anderson in our opening contest.



## VIC MORRISON



[A man wearing a black sweatshirt, hood up, has his back turned to us. He's standing in the middle of some desolate, industrial-looking urban area. It's Queens. Right on the border of Brooklyn, somewhere on Maspeth Ave. Slowly turning around, we see his profile as he eyes the camera. It's Vic Morrison.

The enigmatic, newly-signed competitor turns around, fully focusing his attention on us, sporting a cold, grim look on his face.]

VM: See, the problem with you people is... you just don't understand what's good for you. You don't understand reality... or, rather, you don't accept it.

I am as real as it gets. Trust me.

If you find that... "boring"? Well, I guess I'll need to do something to whet your appetite soon, won't I? Don't ever be mistaken -- I don't care if you like me or not. I don't care about impressing you. But when you perceive that I'm not some kind of a threat? I take issue with that.

Unfortunately, that's where Rich Anderson comes in.

[Morrison smirks.]

VM: Rich, you've got a chance at redemption this week... but don't think that you're going to get any. Because, you see... you're just a pawn, Rich. Quite honestly, I don't even believe that you want to even be here.

I watched you a little last week. Your wrestling skills are mediocre, at best. You sound like an idiot when you speak. You aren't ready for this. At all.

You're a lamb led to slaughter... and it's going to be that way each and every week.

Trust that my appetite is voracious, Anderson... and, like I said, I'm not here for money. I couldn't care less about belts. I'm here to break your bones... I'm here to drain blood out of your body, Anderson, and I'm here for those two reasons alone... and once you look in my eyes? Deep inside yourself, you'll start to realize how weak you were all along... that you can't possibly last.

But it'll be too late by then.

There's no redemption here, my friend. There's no quarter.

[He shakes his head.]

VM: "Survive if I let you...?"

[Morrison lets out an ominous chuckle.]

VM: You're not in control of the situation, Rich. Nowhere near. Fate is in control... and fate has brought me here to teach you that lesson.

[Out.]



RICH ANDERSON



[As we fade up, we now head back to Dallas to see Rich and Brandy, ready for another match in TSWF. But this time it was not a normal fight, as the duo had a third person, in Anarchy, plus someone else that would be revealed at show time but enough of that. As we go to Rich, we see him in a not too pleased mood, as he speaks up. You could tell he was in a semi bad mood, as the loss from Jersey Shootout was lingering and it was evident that it was bothering him. He was never in this bad a mood and it soured as he spoke up here.]

Rich: So last time around, I lost to someone that really, I should not have lost to, even if it was a very close matchup and let's clear this up. I had my shoulder up first. That ref was obviously biased. And NOW, I have to face someone that is obsessed with brutalizing people. Well, here's a little hint, Morrison. You won't be brutalizing me. Why not? Simple. I am much tougher than that pushover you had at Jersey Shootout. And at this show, you will find out just how tough I am. You look at me and think "one hundred fifty four pounds. That's undersized for a wrestler." Well, does the word "underdog" mean much to you? See, I take pride in being who I am. I probably am the lightest male on this roster but that doesn't bother me.

[At that time, Rich smirks a bit, as he notes that Anarchy is right behind him but he doesn't seem too afraid and why should he be? He hired and discovered her so why would he be intimidated by her? Anyways, as he speaks, he smiles a bit more. It was to be noted that he was smiling a lot lately, since he hired Anarchy as his backup and Brandy's as well. Maybe now they could sleep easier. But he didn't seem bothered by his loss of last show at all. Of course he wasn't. He was not the type to dwell on his losses or wins. He just wanted to move on to now. No need in dwelling in the past because it would only come back to hurt his chances in this match and he really needed a win at any cost. Let's face it. Outside tags, he hadn't gotten a win yet anywhere.]

Rich: Vic Morrison. Last show, you defeated the lady that Brandy beat two shows ago. The very lady that had been jumping us for no good reason, which is why we brought in the very giant you see before you. Her name is Anarchy. She is over three hundred pounds and seven feet one inches tall. And be warned. If you try to jump me from behind or lay a finger on my wife, you will have Anarchy to answer to and trust me; you don't want to anger me or Anarchy. But what is this obsession you seem to have with brutality? This ain't Mortal Kombat, son and you won't be brutalizing me. Why not? It's really simple. For every bit of power you have, I have twice as much speed and technical know-how, which is something a bigger guy like you wouldn't have.

[As he considers what to say, he smiles back at his wife, who was hanging out with her sister right now, so Anarchy was behind the camera. Anyways, his confidence grows, as he speaks with pride and great happiness. You can tell just how happy he is, as his face outshines the bright, Dallas midday sun, which is nearly impossible, but he found a way to do it. As nearly always, he was naturally happy and why not? He had it all. An amazing and nerdy wife, a sister who was also one of his best friends, and the most amazing sister in law, in Britani, who was Brandy's sister.]

Rich: Vic, you may think I'll be a walk in the park. You may think you're the Goliath in this David vs. Goliath match with me being David. Well, if you didn't know the old story from Genesis, let me remind you. David beat Goliath and simply put, when we get into that ring, your days of terrorizing this company are over. Myself, Brandy and Anarchy will make sure of it. WE are going to do everything possible to be sure that you don't hurt anyone. We will not have it. In fact, we have a fourth person, which will be revealed later, working with us to achieve this. Anyways, see you in the ring and good luck. With the mood we're in, you're gonna need it.

[At that time, Rich considers how to end this thing, as he goes from jovial to serious, in less than thirty seconds. He clearly was in that focused mindset and it showed through the engraved look on his face. This sort of look had never crossed his face, ever since marrying Brandy, three years ago. He was more focused than he'd ever been and it clearly showed in this part of his promo.]

Rich: You see, you may THINK that just because I haven't won yet other than Adam Shrew, that maybe I'm an easy win. Well, I'm not. I am a former UCW tag team champion with my wife and I have massive amounts of talent. But that will all be evident in the ring. You have no idea what you're getting into, Morrison, and when we get to the show, you will realize the mistake you made in showing for this match. Because, as usual, I will take it to any extremes needed to win. Enough said.

[And now he wouldn't hesitate to end this promo now because face it. He'd said everything he wanted to. Well except one or two little things. But now, was the time to close this out because well, he had a date. But right now, its closure time. As things heat up, his face goes from happy to serious in no time flat.]

Rich: Vic, when we step into that ring, I want to wish you luck. Why? Because I'm going to kill the only thing that means anything, and that's your career. You see, you nearly killed someone's career last show and now it's my turn. If I have to break your neck, so be it. If I have to break every bone in that lackluster body of yours, so be it. Whatever I need to do to end your career, so be it. Good luck, bitch, you're going to need it."

[And with that, this promo is over. As the scene fades, we wonder what sort of mood Rich would be in once the show comes around this weekend. Would he be focused on the win and what it takes to do it? Does he want to end Morrison's career? Find out on Saturday!]



[Back to Ashie and Stephanie]

AS: Anderson definitely not happy with his loss against Derrick Ford on the last show.

SS: Yes but is that memory enough to put him over the top on someone like Vic Morrison.

AS: We'll find out shortly as its time for our opening contest. Let's go down to the ring.



RICH ANDERSON

vs.

VIC MORRISON



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

Introducing first...

##

Run Away if you see me.

Don't even say my name.

Don't think that you can know me

Don't try and play that game...

##

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

SS: Rich Anderson making his way down to the ring and as expected, he's joined by his wife Brandy Danielle and their bodyguard Anarchy.

AS: The trio making their way out here and the fans giving it up for Anderson. They definitely get behind the underdog stigma that has stuck with Rich Anderson as of late.

##

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

##

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

##

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

##

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

##

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

##

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

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

RICHHHH ANDERRRSONNN!!!

\*\*POP!!\*\*

RA: And his opponent...

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

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

VICCC MORRISSONNN!!!

SS: Morrison definitely not pleased with how the fans treated him last time around.

AS: Yeah but he also doesn't seem like a man who cares a hell of a lot about the fans opinion. His only crowning moments come from the bodies he leaves in his wake after each match.

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

SS: There's the bell and Rich Anderson rushes right at Vic Morrison with a clothesline... ducked under by Morrison who grabs a hold of Anderson and hits a spinebuster.

AS: Quick scoop up by Morrison now and he drops Anderson down with a Samoan Drop. And the fans already booing Vic Morrison within the first ten seconds of this match.

SS: Morrison tries for a single leg Boston crab... blocked by Anderson who kicks back at Vic Morrison allowing himself some room to get back on his feet.

AS: Rich Anderson now grabs Morrison and goes for a head smash into the corner... blocked though and Vic Morrison hits a vertical suplex.

\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*

SS: It seems like no matter what Vic Morrison does, the fans turn right on him.

AS: Morrison not paying much attention to the crowd as he takes Anderson down once more with a bulldog. And a cover...

ONE!

SS: Anderson able to kick out after the one count. Vic Morrison bounces into the ropes...

AS: And comes right back with a shoulder tackle that floors Rich Anderson.

SS: NO! Anderson springs right back up and the fans pop like mad for him.

AS: Quick belly to belly attempt from Anderson... NO! Vic Morrison with the low blow and takes Anderson down to the mat with an armbar.

SS: But Rich Anderson will not stay down! The smaller man back on his feet and goes for an Irish whip.. reversal by Morrison...

AS: And Rich Anderson hits the ropes and uses them for momentum as he nails Vic Morrison with a running clothesline.

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

SS: Anderson runs into the ropes once more but Morrison catches him on the rebound with an elbow smash.

AS: And now Vic Morrison back on top as he goes for a brainbuster. Anderson hits the mat hard and Vic Morrison pounces right on him with a guillotine choke.

SS: Anderson valiantly trying to break the hold as the official asks him to respond or he'll stop the fight.

AS: A nod is enough to keep Rich Anderson in this match.

SS: And now a check of the arm... he lifts it... IT STAYS UP!!!

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

AS: A good amount of tenacity from Rich Anderson as he continues to fight his way out of the hold. A few punches slowly forcing Morrison to release and the crowd is going wild.

SS: Morrison forced to break and the referee backing him up to allow Anderson to his feet. Quite the unorthodox method from the official but clearly Rich Anderson could use the breathing room after that tense submission hold.

AS: Rich Anderson back on his feet and goes after Morrison with a whip into the ropes. Morrison bounces off...

SS: AND IS MET WITH THE BUZZKILLER!!!

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

AS: The crowd goes nuts as Anderson makes the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: KICKOUT BY MORRISON!

AS: A very close call from Anderson but it wasn't enough.

SS: Anderson back on his feet and hits a snap mare... now a sprint into the side...

AS: And he takes Vic Morrison down with a spear. He's moving pretty quick which is important when you're the smaller man.

SS: Anderson goes up to the second turnbuckle and flies off with a splash... NO! Vic Morrison able to get the knees up in time and Rich Anderson rolls around on the mat holding his stomach.

AS: Morrison gets back up now and hits a Samoan Drop to elicit a sizable round of boos from the crowd.

SS: The cover by Morrison...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: And Morrison LIFTS Anderson's head up. He's obviously not ready to put the underdog away.

SS: Now Morrison tossing Anderson out of the ring and following him down to the floor.

**\*\*BOO!!\*\***

AS: Vic Morrison with a chair which he has set up down on the floor... Oooo!!! Big time cradle DDT on to the chair and Morrison tosses Anderson back into the ring before climbing in behind him.

SS: A roll-up by Morrison... this could be over, folks...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: ANDERSON GESTS A FOOT ON THE BOTTOM ROPE! How does he do it?!?

SS: Vic Morrison furious here as he pulls Anderson closer to the center of the ring and applies a kneelock submission.

AS: Rich Anderson struggling to reach the ropes but still inching his way towards them.

SS: The fans stomping their feet along with Brandy Danielle, urging Anderson on.

AS: And slowly but surely he's making his way but Morrison pulls him back and slams his knee into the mat.

SS: Rich Anderson hurting at the moment and clutching his knee as Vic Morrison just stomping away at it. Now a scoop-up and Morrison with the No Quarter slam.

AS: Anderson bounces off the mat from the impact of that move. Morrison grabs him once more...  
VICTIMIZER!!!

SS: The cobra clutch forward legsweep sends Rich Anderson smashing into the canvas face-first. Now the cover by Morrison...

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEE!!!

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

RA: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match at seven minutes and fifteen seconds....

VIC MORRISON!!!

\*\* BOOOO!\*\*

[Vic Morrison gets to his feet and stands over Anderson, stalking him like a vulture.]

SS: OH COME ON NOW! The match is over, Morrison. Leave Anderson alone.

\*\*BIG CROWD NOISE!!!\*\*

AS: AND THERE'S JOSIE SAITO!! THIS CAN'T BE GOOD! Anarchy standing in front of Danielle like a giant wall of protection.

SS:WHAT THE?!? SAITO SLIDES IN THE RING AND GOES AFTER MORRISON!!

AS: Roaring elbow from Saito sends Morrison down. And he rolls to the floor. This is so strange!

SS: Morrison heads to the back as Brandy Danielle and Anarchy climb into the ring. Meanwhile, Josie Saito helping Rich Anderson to his feet. I truly have no clue what is going on here, folks.

AS: And a high-five between Josie Saito and Brandy Danielle? I'm friends with her and didn't even know about this...alliance.



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: Oh man, Morrison pretty much decimated Rich Anderson and was close to picking at the carcass.

AS: Yeah. I was quite surprised by the power and brutality of Vic Morrison. It seemed like Anderson was in the wrong place at the wrong time tonight. Thankfully Josie Saito put a stop to Morrison before he could do any further damage.

SS: I was surprised by that. Strange bedfellows if you ask me. I just hope Rich Anderson isn't too banged up to compete on our next show. He's definitely favoring that knee and that Victimizer looked like it took a lot out of Anderson's sails.

AS: That it did. Folks, we mentioned at the top of the show about the signing of Chance Mackenzie. Let's go now to pre-recorded footage from his arrival to the building tonight.



"HIGHLIGHT"  
CHANCE MACKENZIE



[We cut to outside the Elmcors Activities Center, where a black stretch limo slowly pulls to a halt at a back entrance. The driver, clad in a traditional chauffeur's uniform, steps out of the driver's seat and briskly walks over to the passenger's door. A few moments pass before a skinny, middle-aged male step out. He's a tall drink of water, skinny but fit, and dressed in a "slim fit" pink floral blazer and shorts with a simple white collared dress shirt underneath. Picture Kurt Hummel from Glee, only middle-aged, blonde, and even more fabulous than the gay TV icon. Ladies and gentlemen, meet Francois Devereaux III.]

FDIII: What's the issue here, Jeeves?

D: For the tenth time, it's Mark. Mark.

FDIII: I'm Mark!

[Yes, I just wrote a RENT reference. Sue me.]

D: *\*sighs\** Wow. So original. I've never heard that one.

FDIII: Sarcasm noted. But as much as I'd like to continue this absolutely catty banter with you Jeeves, let's get back to business. If my client isn't to this show in the next ten minutes, he's going to go all Britney Spears on your ass. And not the "It's Britney Bitch!" Britney, either... the shaven head, pill popping, alcohol swilling redneck fury Britney Spears. I do not want that on my conscience, Jeeves. It's almost yearly review time, and Daddy's in need of some new summer couture.

[The driver looks at Devereaux with a complete deer in headlights look.]

FDIII: Well?

D: I quite literally have no idea what you just said.

FDIII: Ugh. Get us there or it's your ass!

D: Umm... we're here.

FDIII: Excuse me?

D: We're here.

FDIII: What do you mean, "We're here?"

D: We have arrived at our destination. This is where you requested to be driven to. I for one didn't quite understand why a trio such as yourselves wanted to come here, but the money was paid up front and I verified the address \_twice\_. 107-20 Northern Blvd in Corona? This is it. Check it yourself. Welcome to the Elmcot Youth and Adult Activities Center, enjoy your stay.

[A slight smirk forms on the driver's face.]

FDIII: Oh [BLEEP]. Oh [BLEEP]. Oh [BLEEP]ing [BLEEP].

[A female voice is heard from inside the limo.]

F: Is everything okay out there, Francois?

FDIII: What am I going to do? How did I overlook this? I'm a dead man!

F: Well...?

FDIII: Ashleigh, everything's fine. Just fine!

[As Devereaux paces the parking lot contemplating his future endeavors, another figure emerges from the limo. He's dressed straight out of page twenty-six of the Abercrombie catalog, with a pair of red skinny chino pants, a red plaid button down "John's Brook" shirt, and a pair of red and black "Preppy Flip Flops." See? Though I may have embellished on the exact page of the catalog, I wasn't kidding about the Abercrombie catalog comparison. Either way, this guy does \_not\_ look pleased.]

M: What in the heck is going on out here?

[The man adjusts the view on his Giorgio Armani sunglasses to see reality (versus a shaded reality), then turns his glance towards Devereaux. With a look of complete and utter horror upon his face, Devereaux tries to put together a decent reply.]

FDIII: Umm... Well... Erm...

M: You screwed up again, didn't you?

FDIII: Well... I... Uhh...

M: Wait a second. What's that smell?

FDIII: Smell?

M: I'm going to be sick. You don't smell that?

[The man takes a deep inhale, and then coughs violently.]

M: Failure. This entire area reeks of it.

[He looks around, perplexed.]

M: Where are we... and more importantly, why are we here?

D: Corona, New York.

FDIII: Your first appearance for TSWF.

M: Francois? Last time I checked, Corona is not Manhattan. This... "arena" -- and I use that term loosely -- is also not Madison Square Garden. You told me this was the chance of a lifetime. You told me I'd be a fool not to sign a contract. And this -- this -- is what I couldn't pass up? This is your mistake, Francois. You of all people should know the quality of athlete I am! I don't go slumming around in basements, bingo halls, and gymnasiums! I deserve much, much better than this!

FDIII: Yes sir. I understand sir.

M: Fix it. Now. Otherwise you'll be standing in the unemployment line with the rest of the yokels.

[Before Devereaux can utter another word, the man storms into the car and slams the door. Meanwhile, Devereaux reaches into his pocket and begins to frantically dial a number on his iPhone. He starts to pace back and forth again, waiting anxiously.]

FDIII: Yes, I'm looking to speak with Mr. Sandsbury... Of course, I figured he might be there... Yes, I'll leave a message... Tell him it's Francois Devereaux III, personal assistant to Chance McKenzie... Yes, "Highlight" Chance McKenzie... It's in regards to his contract... You know what? Forget it. I've arrived at the venue and I think I'll speak to him personally.

[He puts the phone back into his pocket, then starts a brisk paced walk into the Activities Center. But as it were, you've all been formally introduced to the newest acquisition to TSWF, "Highlight" Chance McKenzie... at least it seems like it, anyway. I mean come on, it wouldn't be a story without a cliffhanger would it? So you'll just have to wait and see, buddy!]



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

AS: Just as we expected... Chance Mackenzie is not too pleased with his new surroundings.

SS: Yes but the question still remains – what will he do when he actually has to step foot inside of a TSWF building and wrestle in a TSWF ring. THAT is the cliffhanger, folks.

AS: And speaking of cliffhangers, I wish I was hanging from one right now instead of having to watch another rousing political ad from Hope for a Future America or Free Life Entertainment.

SS: Well I'm sorry to tell you this, Ashie, but we have some footage from both coming up right...about...now.



HOPE FOR A FUTURE AMERICA

&

FREE LIFE ENTERTAINMENT



[We find ourselves outside the Elmcour Youth and Adult Activities Center in the parking lot, where FREE LIFE ENTERTAINMENT is.. or at least WAS. busy unloading the van and setting up for the day's activities of making sure everyone decides to occupy the voting booths come election time in the fall. Perhaps their ringleader or at least their partner is crime, Tripp Skylark, stands a few feet away from the van, as they now sit, every unpacked perhaps, on the bumper. I guess Skylark strapped his 'stump speech' shoes on today.]

SKYLARK: Alright boys, we have arrived bright and early. There is PLENTY of time to accomplish today's goal. It's only... <Checks watch> six-thirty.... Shit... Well.. Uh... There is still TIME! Now let's take a moment to inhale deeply.....

[Inhale deeply. Do it. I dare you.]

SKYLARK: And now exhale slowly...

[Do it. I dare you to relax. I dare you.]

SKYLARK: Again, deep inhale...

[Are you relaxed yet? I double dog dare you to relax!]

SKYLARK: And exhale slowly...

[TRIPLE dog dare you !]

SKYLARK: Ooookey, troops! MOVE OUT!!!

[And with that, the merry band of stoners collecting their gear (folding table hand painted with craziness, pamphlets, flyers, Frisbees, hackey sack, and camping chairs... oh, and Indica Ian is busy pulling a cooler. Oh, haha., Afghani Andi forgot something! With the buddy system in full effect, Kevin Kush accompanies Andi back to the van.

The group walks.... stumbles?... a giant distance of... seven yards, maybe to start setting up their booth. You can tell they get quite excited as they near the entrance, where Skylark has a spot reserved for the FREE LIFE ENTERTAINMENT booth.

Or he thought he did.]

SKYLARK: \_WHAT THE FUCK\_?!?!

[Confusion, and anger sink in as the crew approaches the occupants of \_THEIR\_ spot.... the damn HOPE FOR AMERICA entourage!]

SKYLARK: Hey, no fair! I reserved this spot \_PERSONALLY\_ early this morning!

[To the forefront steps the Hope for the Future of America himself Derrick L Ford. From underneath his white Stetson hat, Derrick looks his ersatz tag team partner up and down with a scowl before responding.]

Ford: Really? With \_THAT\_ over there, I take it?

[Ford points to his left. The cameraman takes the hint and looks where he points, finding.... a \_DELUXE\_ camping chair, complete with canopy top to block out the sun \_AND\_ a foot rest to stretch out one's wearing legs after a long day of hiking.]

SKYLARK: Yea, I did! What, the concepts too \_COMPLEX\_ for your brain to understand? That is \_MY\_ chair, thus it is \_MY\_ spot! Shit, how else do ya save your spot that you shoveled so hard to create in the dead of winter? I tell ya how... \_THE PIXBURGH CHAIR\_!

[And then as if a light bulb goes off in his head...]

SKYLARK: \_PIXBURGH\_ chair.... Guess that means it's a Pixburgh thang, not a national thang... Urm....

[On a dime, Skylark spins around, facing his comrades now.]

SKYLARK: Okey, boys! There was a slight case of geocentrism on my behalf! My bad, my bad! But like any resourceful pothead... I already had Plan B inside my head!

[Emphatic nodding, stressing that he really did have a Plan B.]

SKYLARK: You see... Instead of setting up right \_HERE\_ where these buffoons have located their camp.... We are gunnna go... Set up.... right over... \_THERE\_!

[Skylark points to another part of the sidewalk. This one is NOT next to a little grassy knoll with an excellent shade tree. But it does have its own bathroom.]

SKYLARK: Sometimes life gives you lemons, fellas! That's when you find the person who's been given \_VODKA\_, and you throw a fuckin' party!

[Without hesitating, Skylark turns, flips the \_entire\_ Hope for America crew the bird (As does the rest of the Free Life Entertainment army), and grabs his chair, marching right over to his new spot. The rest of the crew follows and sets up camp... with much less enthusiasm as the smell enters their nostrils.]

Ford: Hey, I'm not through with you yet!

SKYLARK: <Turns around> Oooooohhhh realllly???

Ford: You know, I've watched your little "Occupy the Voting Booth" videos, and I just HAD to say...

[Smirk.]

Ford: I haven't seen a bigger pile of horse manure since we moved away from the ranch in Texas! How do you all think the economy operates? What happens when your hateful policies drive away the rich and powerful who PAY YOUR SALARIES?! I'll tell you what! No jobs, no exports, no imports, and a great big crater where the American dream once stood!

SKYLARK: Yea, the deregulation yins tried worked soooooo well! Letting the rich keep their money and play with it all by themselves was just a \_GREAT\_ idea! All those banks failing \_REALLY\_ helped out our economy! Oh and shit.. They \_REALLY\_ shoulda' let those car companies die. I mean, GM.. Ford... Chrysler.. Their just sucking wind right now. No way in \_HELL\_ their paying back dem loans..... or they already fucking have!

[Ford snorts, and then shakes his head.]

Ford: Oh sure we should educate the masses. That's EDUCATE, not BRAINWASH. The type of tripe you're spouting is directly contributing to our collective massive debt. This is a country founded on hard work, and you're advocating cheap thrills and government handouts! This is NOT the America I grew up in and it is NOT the America I want to lead into the future! Do you people really want to take the easy way out, or do you want to meet our challenges head on?

SKYLARK: I'd \_LOVE\_ to meet our challenges head on, but when you got a Congress that refuses to reach across the aisle and actually have a discussion over the matters at hand, shit \_DOESN'T\_ get done! Ya can't expect epic awesomeness outta a president when Congress refuses to do any actual \_WORK\_!

[Ford goes to retort but Skylark holds his hand up.]

SKYLARK: But this is what being an AMERICAN is about, Forty! We can sit here, disagree until we are blue in the teeth and keep on keepin on! We are \_ALLOWED\_ to discuss our ideals and opinions to reach some sort of common truth!!! So.. tonight.. LEAST for tonight.. Let's celebrate being an

AMERICAN and the freedoms we enjoy... and squash this beef for a few hours to ensure Sawyer and Black don't get the best of us?

[For a long moment, Ford's eyes blaze even as his lips remain sealed. Then...]

Ford: Fair enough. After all I have a bone or two to pick with Tom Sawyer. A man who dresses all in white and spouts bible verses while wearing a mask that conceals his face? The bible is a holy book, and its messages deserve to be heard, but NOTHING angers me more than to see the Word of God twisted and mangled until it fits someone's personal agenda.

[Everyone, including Doug and Katie, stop for a moment to reflect on this statement. Confused murmuring is heard. Ford plows on ahead.]

Ford: A true man of God would not cower from his responsibility. He becomes the FACE of his message, a leader that can deliver his disciples to the Promised Land. Tom Sawyer is nothing but a fake prophet, who hides behind a mask and his betters rather than demonstrate the true character the word of God demands. So let the false prophet come, because America's Dawn will be waiting to shine the light of Truth on him.

SKYLARK: Fuck 'em both. Sawyer's a fake who makes me pukes now when I hear one of my favorite all time classic rock songs. Hate it when THAT happens! And Black? Got nothing against him, really, but shit. Stand across the ring from Tripp Skylark, and either you'll catch a second hand buzz... or find yourself turned into a pretzel. Sometimes BOTH!

Ford: Black and Sawyer...just two more men who need to see the truth. But with God and the divine justice of America on our side, we can't lose. Just do me a favor, will you Tripp? Let the adults handle this one. I'll even throw in a bag of Fritos for you if you just don't mess this up.

SKYLARK: Fuck Fritos. I want cheesy puffs!

[And Skylark sticks out his hand, Ford accepts it... but doesn't let go. The two men get in a brief staring match... until Skylark diffuses the situation with a twist of the nipple!!! Ford tweaks out at the gay behavior, as Skylark giggles. Both leaders return to their prospective camps, where Skylark finds his Free Life Entertainment comrades almost green in the face from the smell of the porter potties.]

SKYLARK: I know, boys! I know! But there's only one way to combat a foul smelling stench like that... FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!!! I'MA MAKE THAT PORTER POTTY SMELL LIKE A FUCKIN' SKUNK!!!!

[And with that, Skylark pulls a doobie out his pocket and sparks it instantly as he makes his way into the portable outhaus. Before the camera fades away, Skylark's muffled yell resembles something like "OH SHIT, THIS ONE FLUSHES!"]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

AS: Ugh... I truly hate both of those organizations. I've never begged for November to come sooner in my life.

SS: I'm sorry you feel that way, Ashie but I don't think either group is going to stop for a very long time.

AS: Well let's just move on with the show then.

SS: Alrighty then. Folks, up next we have some great women's wrestling action between Josie Saito and Marissa Monet. Let's go now to pre-recorded comments from both women.



#### JOSIE SAITO



[Fade in - The scene opens at a small café in New York . It's a summer morning and the camera pans the outside tables, landing on one where "The Revolution" Josie Saito is seated. The young woman is clad in a red bandage dress and heels. Her black hair falls straight down her back, severe bangs falling above her eyes. She's sipping gingerly from a mug of coffee before tossing a contemptuous glare at the camera. Yep. Somebody's not happy. She places her mug aside, shooting her full fury at the camera.]

Josie: It appears that TSWF brass really enjoys trying to play mind games with me! One moment, I'm scheduled to face this Casey Stillbourne person. The next, I'm told, within minutes of my match, that I have a substitute opponent and am fighting Vic Morrison instead?

[She shakes her head and sneers.]

Josie: That's certainly no way to treat a competitor of my caliber! I suppose some idiot thought it would be cute to send me against this company's new pet project as a measuring stick.

[She rolls her eyes and snorts.]

Josie: But I found it highly unprofessional and sorely lacking! I'm not some common street trash ruffian! I am a woman that takes time for her craft. I study, plan, and proceed, when it comes to dissecting an opponent. And I can't do any of that when I'm getting blindsided and marginalized!

[She leans back in her chair, folding her arms across her chest.]

Josie: First, I had to fight that idiot, Hallmark, when I should have been getting another shot at Brandy, and now this!?!

[She shakes her head again.]

Josie: It's completely unacceptable! I didn't come here to be jerked around and played the fool. So, I hope that whoever sprung this little surprise is happy. Because, at the next show, I start with some surprises of my own. And I doubt many people will be pleased!

But first, I have to deal with Marissa Monet, a name that I've heard bandied about for years. [pauses] You know, our careers almost mimic one another. We both fought mainly against male opponents and had to work twice as hard as them to prove our dominance. We also both found love in this profession. The only difference is that I became a true partner to my husband, while she has become subservient to hers. How else do you explain one of the most talented women in this business deciding to stand on the sidelines and let her man garner the accolades?

[She lets out a snort of disgust.]

Josie: You used to be an example to women and little girls, Marissa, of what we can do when we challenge patriarchy and refuse to settle for less. Now, look at you, cheering and standing around the ring like a common valet. It would be one thing if you never had the talent. But your past accomplishments speak for themselves. What happened to the woman that was the SPW World Champion? The one that refused to let gender and somebody else's biases stop her?

[Her eyes narrow.]

Josie: I'm not sure. But, when you find her, let me know. Because what I see standing before me is a pale imitation! You've let us all down, Marissa, including yourself. So, I'm making it my mission to help put you back together again in the best way I know how.

The ring.

Hopefully, if you know what's good, you'll rediscover yourself, find that fire, and see the return of the woman I know is lurking beneath you, instead of this....thing that you've become now. Otherwise, I will waste no time in putting you down and ending you for good. So, get ready. Because there will be no Shadoe or anyone else that can help you now!

[Fade.]



## MARISSA MONET



[Fade in:]

This one is simple and uncomplicated. Marissa Monet, the Black Queen, doesn't have the outrageous production budget she used to have in SPW. So there are none of her location shoots or her weirdly-beautiful Gothic sets. Nope. There's just her, dressed in black wife-beater and jeans. Her hair is smoothed back from her face, twisted into two braids around the side of her head like a crown. She wears little makeup, just some dark red on her lips and natural colored eye shadow. Her rich brown skin shines with the kiss of sun, great genetics and a light sheen of oil. She seems perfectly comfortable dominating the frame of the low budget set, a casual ease and a slight sense of glee permeating her being as she looks dead into the camera, connecting with the unseen audience. A fleeting smile tugs at her lips before she speaks.]

MM: I am Marissa Monet. I'm known as the "Black Queen", the "Great Black Shark", the "Genetic Phenom", the Queen of Rage Country. Longest reigning SPW World Champion. I have been among the most reviled and beloved athletes of my generation. I am the greatest female athlete ever to come out of Coney Island. And why, TSWF, you may wonder am I running down my resume? Simple because for the first time in a long time I am stepping into the ring against another female wrestler just as accomplished as I am and I just can't wait to prove myself against her.

[Marissa rubs her hands together. Impressive muscles dance on her shoulders and arms.]

MM: Because I've been hearing it for years that I had no business competing against men and people thought I was undermining women's wrestling by not competing against women. They said it made it look like the women's divisions of promotions were beneath me. So here I am in TSWF ready to lock up with Josie Saito and let me tell you I can't wait. Because I get the chance to shut the critics up. I never thought myself bigger than women's wrestling. I wanted a World championship. I wanted to compete against everybody. And I did to the highest level. There's nothing more to it than that. Give me the best competition. Because that is what feeds me. And Josie Saito is the best competition for me right now. Josie's a vicious competitor. She's experienced. She's ruthless. She's got great size and skill. She can match me on the mat. She can strike with me. And she's probably a little faster, too. That means she has the tools to compete with me. She has the pedigree to compete with me. That means I have to pay attention to her and work and face a challenge I haven't faced in a long while.

[Marissa studies her giant, long-fingered hand.]

MM: I've watched Josie's matches against Vic Morrison and Brandy Danielle and I know she's better than the results of those matches. I know that the katana-wielding killer is still there. She just had some bad breaks. And I know that the fans booing her out the building is going to inspire her to work

even harder this match. I get that. The fans have always energized me, especially when they were against me. And they're going to still be against me. Even here in New York. My town. My home. Because they know they are too far beneath me. Unlike you, Josie. So when you square off in that ring against me, Josie, you're going to hear something you don't normally hear. You're going to hear cheers. Because the people know that I am the most ruthless bitch in this business and they hate me for it. They're scared of me. They're scared of Goliath. And for years I tried to prove to them that I wasn't so mean, I wasn't so nasty. I tried to change my game for them. Well, no more. I'm not changing my game for anybody. Professional wrestling is a rough sport and it is rough on the ego, too. Everybody's got to accept that at some point, I suppose. I had to. And I'm going to make you accept it, Josie Saito. I know you believe yourself to be one of the toughest bitches walking the Earth and I believe it too, in point of fact. But I know that whatever you have I've got in spades. Because on top of everything else, I'm more than a little pissed off, Josie.

[Pause for a beat.]

MM: Oh yeah, I'm real pissed off at the disrespect the Match Made in Heaven have been getting around here. They want to bar me from ringside at Shadoe's matches like I am some sort of common rabble? Why? Because they know I inspire him? No. It's because they think he needs me to win. They think they are weakening him. And maybe they are. Nobody can stand in our way when we're together. I'd argue there is precious little any one can do when we're apart as well. Shadoe will take his title back without my help. He never needed it against Mark Adams Junior. But President Sandsbury decided that he needed to do something with me. Can't have the greatest female wrestler on the planet hanging around doing nothing. So he gave me you, Josie. Don't know if he thought that would upset me or something.

[She shrugs.]

MM: Frankly, I don't really care. Because Sandsbury has in fact delighted me. Delighted me with an opponent that can match me. It's been too long since I've faced good competition in this ring. It's been too long since I've respected one of my opponents. Josie, I am honored to be wrestling you. This is going to be a great fight, Josie. A very great fight. Marissa Monet is back.

[She presses her palms together and bows to the camera.]

MM: Thank you.

[Fade out]



JOSIE SAITO

vs.

MARISSA MONET



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

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

RA: Introducing first...

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

# Like a bitch out of water #

# Like a bat out of hell #

# Like a fish out of water #

# I'm scared. Can't you tell #

# Bang! Bang! #

# Bang! Bang! #

SS: Quite the comments from Marissa Monet about Josie Saito. I guess her tune changes when it's someone of her caliber standing across the ring.

AS: Hopefully for both women, the crowd will not go sour on these two because unlike the typical Divas you see in a wrestling ring, both of these women DO know how to work inside of a squared circle.

SS: Yes, indeed. And obviously we now know the surprise that Saito spoke of was her unlikely alliance with Brandy Danielle. One that still boggles my mind.

AS: And it would seem that even after she's aligned herself with Brandy Danielle, the fans still aren't one hundred percent in her corner.

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

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

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

RA: And her opponent...

[The arena is bathed in darkness as the houselights cut out. The fans grow restless in the darkness until white spotlights hit the aisle, alternating between white and black squares that lead to the ring. "System" by Chester Bennington begins its melancholy beat and the fans roar out in protest as Marissa Monet makes her entrance.]

**\*\*MASSIVE BOOS!!\*\***

#  
You fell away  
What more can I say?  
The feeling's evolved.  
I won't let it out.  
I can't replace your screaming face  
Feeling the sickness inside

Chorus:  
Why won't you die?  
Your blood in mine.  
We'll be fine  
Then your body will be mine.  
#

[The curtains part and Marissa Monet strides through. She pauses at the top of the ramp, arms folded across her chest. Her biceps bulge with the action, displaying the "God's Child" tattoo on her right shoulder and the striking shark logo on her left biceps. She stares at the fans first on one side and then stares at them on the next. Her lips slowly curl back into a big lusty smile.]

#  
So many words  
Can't describe my face.

This feeling's evolved  
So soon to break out.  
I can't relate  
To a happy state  
Feeling the blood run inside.  
#

[She stops at the ring steps before climbing the steps and stepping over the top rope. The Queen takes the center of the ring. She throws out her arms and lifts her head to the rafters in the Jesus pose as her eyes rollover white and her mouth falls slack revealing a killer's smile and perfect white teeth.]

#  
Why is everything so fucking hard for me?  
Keep me down to what you think I should be.  
Must you tempt me and provoke the ministry?  
Keep on trying, I'm not dying so easily.  
I will not die.  
Why is everything so fucking hard for me?  
I will not die.  
Why is everything so fucking hard for me?  
#

**\*\*MASSIVE BOOING AND CATCALLING!!\*\***

[Marissa begins to walk in figure eights around the ring, prowling each corner and staring at Josie Saito. The fans can feel her frenzy building. With that the houselights come up and Marissa snaps out of her trance. She bares her teeth and begins shadowboxing, ready for action. The fans roar as she takes center ring and raises her black-gloved fist in the air.]

**\*\*ROARS OF PURE HATRED!!\*\***

RA: FROM BROOKLYN, NEW YORK... STANDING SIX FOOT SIX... ALL HAIL THE BLACK QUEEN...

MAAAAAAAAAARISSAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!  
MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONET!!!!

[Despite the rabid boos, the arena pulses with the strobe light of flashbulbs!]

SS: Quite the entrance from Marissa Monet who is obviously used to larger scale productions.

AS: Yes but she knows that no matter where she is, the fans will always hate on her.

SS: I'll be curious to see who carries the favor of the crowd during this match. I have to think Saito slightly tips the scale with her actions earlier tonight.

AS: If I've learned anything about the fans here in TSWF, it's that they are not easily swayed. I'm sure they're still displeased with Saito and would need a huge showing to get them in her corner completely.

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

SS: And here we go. Both men lock up and Monet with a quick armdrag into an armbar.

AS: Scoop up by Monet and she goes to slam Saito who counters with an elbow to the top of the head. And now a kneelift finds its mark in the sternum of Marissa Monet.

SS: Irish whip sends Monet into the ropes.... She rebounds and misses with a clothesline. Off the ropes she goes once more... and the Shining Wizard catches Saito off-guard.

AS: Saito stumbles but stands her ground as she grabs Monet and sends her into the corner. And now charges right behind her to hit a crushing clothesline.

SS: Josie with the round of punches in the corner and Monet begging off at the moment.

AS: Irish whip from Saito...reversal by Monet though... and she takes Josie Saito down with a backbreaker.

SS: Up goes Monet as she takes Saito with her and hits a back suplex. Saito now down on the mat and Monet with a heel hook.

AS: Josie Saito looking to break the hold and makes it to the ropes in quick fashion. The referee telling Monet to release the hold and back off.

SS: Monet reluctantly giving Saito some space as she gets vertical once more. A dash at Monet and The Great Black Shark caught with a running elbow smash.

AS: Saito on the offensive at the moment as she smashes Monet head-first into the turnbuckle. And now a side suplex puts Monet down. The cover...

ONE!

SS: Monet with the kick out. Saito pulls her back up and hits a Russian legsweep takedown.

AS: And a portion of the crowd is booing Saito as she slaps on an STF. Monet valiantly looking to break the hold as she struggles to reach the ropes.

SS: The fans not too fond of Monet as she chant "Tap" over and over again.

AS: Well at least they're not chanting "Boring" like the last time Saito was in the ring.

SS: Monet still trying to force that break as she inches towards the ropes...

AS: And she gets a hold of the ropes after being trapped for about fifteen or so seconds.

SS: Marissa Monet taking a moment on the mat to catch her breath. Meanwhile, Josie Saito now going up top, possibly looking for a diving headbutt.

AS: She takes flight.... Oooooo... and Monet able to roll out of the way at the last second.

\*\*\*BOOOO!!!\*\*\*

SS: Marissa Monet definitely getting pissed amidst all these boos. She pulls Saito up to her feet and hits a couple of kicks to the leg and knee areas. And now a thrust kick to the back catches Saito hard.

AS: Monet pulling Saito up across her shoulders... and the fallaway slam drops Josie Saito to the mat.

SS: Now Marissa Monet taking a moment to parade around the ring, seemingly enjoying the boos from the fans.

AS: And back to Saito she goes as she pulls her up and nails a brainbuster in the center of the ring. Things not looking so good for Josie Saito at the moment.

SS: Irish whip sends Saito into the side... back she comes and gets nailed with a spinning leg lariat. And now Monet pounces on her with a single leg Boston crab.

AS: I think the fans have chosen their favorite in this match as she urge Josie Saito to “not tap” and “fight through the pain”.

SS: And that’s exactly what she’s doing. Josie Saito looking for the nearest strand of ring rope to get her grip on.

AS: Monet trying to pull her back but Saito able to get her fingers around the bottom rope to force a break.

SS: But the damage to Saito’s back still done. Monet back up on her feet and runs into the ropes... back she comes...

AS: Thrust kick to the head of Josie Saito!

SS: But look at that... Saito stumbled right into referee Pat Clark, inadvertently knocking him down to the mat.

AS: Monet sees this and knows it’s her moment of glory as she heads to the floor to grab a steel chair.

SS: But here comes referee Smith James running down to the ring. And he grabs the chair from Monet, telling her to get back in the ring.

AS: Marissa Monet not too happy at the moment that her plan was thwarted but in the ring she goes.

SS: She grabs Josie Saito and sends her right into the corner... Saito bounces out and is met with a lariat from Monet.

AS: And a quick gutwrench suplex plants Saito down on the mat. The cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: KICKOUT FROM SAITO!!

AS: Monet on top of Saito once more and just throwing a series of punches right at her head.

SS: Pull-up from Monet into a Northern Lights suplex...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Saito gets the shoulder up!

AS: Monet now trying for an Indian deathlock... Saito puts up the block and kicks Monet away.

SS: And look at the pissed look on Saito's face. She is furious as she stands back up.

AS: Both women in a stare down... chop from Monet... met right back with a chop from Saito.

SS: Punch from Monet.... And Saito punches her right back.

AS: And Monet with a series of vicious chops that send Saito reeling... kick to the sternum and Monet grabs Saito to hit a lungblower.

SS: We knew these two would not let up one bit and the fans are thoroughly enjoying this so far.

AS: Monet into the ropes... Saito with a legsweep... and now an armlock submission.

SS: Marissa struggling to reach the ropes but Saito choosing to let go. Now she pulls Monet to her feet and sends her into the corner.

AS: Saito charging in with a clothesline... NO! Monet able to lift a leg and catch Saito on the chin.

SS: Josie stumbling backwards and Monet rushes out with a Shining Wizard. The cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Saito kicks out in time! Marissa now pulling Josie to her feet and goes for an Irish whip... Saito with the reversal though and hits Monet with a shoulder tackle as she rebounds back.

AS: A cover by Saito now...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Monet kicks out after two. And referee Pat Clark finally coming to on the outside and Smith James letting him get back on the job.

AS: Saito goes for a sleeperhold... Monet with the block and a back kick catches Saito in between the legs.

SS: Monet turns around and hits a suplex.... And another... and a third one!

AS: Saito down on the mat and now Monet with a standing moonsault.

SS: Marissa now pulling Saito up on her feet... kick to the back... and now an inverted standing headscissor position.

AS: Looks like Monet's going for the Vagina Dentata.

SS: BOOM! Saito just crashed down into the mat and her neck has to be feeling that big time.

AS: But Monet not done yet as she now pounces on Saito's back and is just drilling the back of her head with punches.

SS: Saito completely dazed here as Monet picks her up and hoists her up on to the top turnbuckle...  
AND JUST DRIVES HER DOWN WITH A DDT!!!

AS: The Great Black Shark with the Great Black Attack.

SS: Monet looking down at Saito and smirks as she drops down for a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE!!!

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

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of the match at ten minutes and thirty-two seconds...

MARISSAAAA MONETTTTt!!!

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



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

SS: Monet the winner of this match. And now she's down on the mat in that trance of hers.

AS: They call it the "Blood in the Water" trance and she is just crouched over a downed Josie Saito like the proverbial shark in blood-infested waters.

SS: Now Monet back to her feet and heading to the back. Very strange antics from the "Great Black Shark".

AS: While we get prepared for our next match, let's hear from the participants starting with the enigmatic Tom Sawyer.



## TOM SAWYER



[An altar of some sort. Built around a dark room with only a white cross on the front. Walking in slowly is the "Modern Day Messiah" Tom Sawyer. He is dressed in an all-white suit, hiding himself behind his wrestling mask. The blank stare of the White masked man shows no emotions as he talks into the camera....]

Tom Sawyer: "Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?" says Galatians 4:16. The things you have done, Mr. Black...just out reach my own standards. I have done some very terrible things to people.....for reaction..... for sport..... Just because I could Elijah. I have maimed, injured and caused pain in an effort to spread the word of the Light. I have never taken it to a level that forced me to beat a disabled man or fight a woman I could beat without breaking a sweat. Yes, Mr. Black. I told the truth. Thousands of fans saw the truth. Can you see...The Truth??

[Sawyer walks to a post. He lights a candle and adds more light into the room.]

Tom Sawyer: I know you think this is all about how Souza has no desire to face you in a "I Quit" match. But let's be realistic. How good can he be in a wheel chair? That guy has a heart so big, his body would break before he give in. If he had my body right now, he would beat you down for what you put him through. He would fight with valor for the comments you directed at his wife. That man is not in a right place right now...because of you.

"Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself:" says Leviticus 19:18. This week, you and I will have to go into battle against Derrick Ford and Tripp Skylark. Two men who have problems like us. I honor my commitments, Black. When that bell rings, I see two men on the other side who need to be shown the light. You have my word that I will not turn on you during this match. I take this opportunity to show others I can "play well" in tag teams. That I can "Make a Difference" in case my services are ever needed again.

Make no mistake about it, Black. The end of the match means the end of our truce. I will avenge for my friend. You will just need to realize the sacrifice you will make for your sins...

[The candle explodes...and fade to black]



## ELIJAH BLACK



[Elijah Black is sitting cross-legged on the steps of ElmcOR Youth & Activities Center, wearing a pair of cut-off jeans and a faded Bad Religion t-shirt. After a moment, he acknowledges the camera's presence, and begins a slow, sarcastic clap]

Black: I guess congratulations are in order...

[Black stops, placing his palms together and forming them into a gun shape, before pointing directly at the camera]

You took your sweet time, Tri State, but you finally remembered that I am a member of your full-time roster, and that means that you should consider putting me in a match. You'd think it would've come so easily to them, given the last time I had a match it was for the #1 Contender's spot, but apparently it slipped the mind of everyone running the show.

So to make up for it, they put me in a match with Tom Sawyer...

[Black switches his disdainful glare directly toward the camera]

...as his tag team partner.

[Black throws his hands up in despair]

Who is running this place? Some genius thinking that partnering me with that David Blaine wannabe would make perfect sense? I bet the opponents, Ford and Skylark, are thinking – or saying – the same thing. So I ask whoever put this match together a simple question, WHERE is your BRAIN?

Don't you like the thought of dirty, filthy money lining your pockets? You could've kept things simple and just have me change the color of Sawyer's mask from white to red, but instead you tried to be clever and in doing so you did something that makes no sense.

[Black takes a deep breath]

But as the wise and all-knowing Masters have spoken, the match has to go ahead, and as I'm on one strike for altering the running order of a past show, it probably won't be wise for me to repeat the trick just yet. No, there's a time to take out Sawyer, and it will come soon enough.

Which leaves me in a bind. On the one hand, I could just turn up, take him out and walk, leaving him to his fate. There are advantages to this, mainly being that I get paid for my match yet still get the

night off, but on the other hand that's such an unimaginative way to go about my business. I mean, really, what would be the point? Not least because I could do with having some in-ring time, as I've had a notable lack of it recently.

On the other hand, we could wrestle our own matches and tenuously co-exist with one another. That could work...but, again, as our opponents will be doing likewise; it would be a bit anticlimactic to watch two teams who can't exist facing each other. They may as well have made it a four-way dance.

But enough about that for the time being, how about the opponents?

You see, in an ironic way, they gave me the perfect foil. Derrick Ford, the sort of guy who was born with a silver teat to suckle on, has wandered into view. So maybe I was hasty in using so much sarcasm when using the word "genius" to describe the people running this place. After all, if they can line me up with an opponent deserving to receive a brick of reality in the face, maybe they know what they're doing after all. Or maybe it was a mistake, but a fortunate mistake.

You know what else you represent to me, Ford? The sort of person who coasts on the limited gifts they have. You've got the size, you've got the power, but what you don't have is variety. You can rough guys up, you have some impact, but it's all so...limited. It's as if you know you have enough to beat the majority of the guys you face, so you don't need to try. You are the personification of "might makes right" – and you should know by now how much I don't like the sort of person who thinks they can casually push around those they deem weaker than themselves because they can and because they've done it for so long that it's second nature to them.

But don't think that you're off the hook, Skylark...

[Black winks to the camera]

You may not be the masked mongoloid getting in my business, you may not be the embodiment of the institution that holds down those who think differently, but you are an opponent – and that makes you a marked man. Maybe you'll get an easy time from Sawyer, but I'm not here to give anyone an easy time. So if it's you in the ring in prime position...

[Black points a couple of his fingers toward the camera again like a gun, and imitates pulling the trigger]

...the blood in your mouth will mix well with the taste of defeat.

Of course, if you fail to get along with your partner, you could always leave him in the ring to his fate and walk away. After all, Skylark, you have reason to – and I won't judge you if you do it. If the fans judge you, always remember you can ask them why. Ford's your mortal enemy, after all, so letting him eat a loss isn't out of character for you.

Which brings me back to myself and the deadweight on the apron.

You know what will get under Sawyer's skin more than anything else imaginable? If I was the perfect tag team partner. If I was watching his back the whole match, making myself available for the tag when he needed to make it, and preventing Ford or Skylark taking advantage of the referee to eke out

an advantage of their own, it will drive him NUTS. He'd have no reason for his hocus-pocus crap, he couldn't justify trying to take me out during or after the match – in fact, I would have cut off his balls because he couldn't justify doing a damn thing to me because I didn't do a single thing to warrant him doing it. And if that didn't crawl under his skin and become that itch he couldn't scratch, the fact is that if he did try any of that, it gives me carte blanche to retaliate in whichever way I see fit. Maybe not immediately, maybe not even on that night – but it will always be there.

And that's the beauty part – Sawyer won't want to cause himself to lose, either. When I looked into his eyes, I saw a man – well, almost a man, given his lack of testicles – who fears being shown up, being outsmarted...a man who fears losing. He'd hate for me to be a step ahead of him and leave him for Ford and Skylark to finish off however they see fit, because that surrenders the advantage to me. So he's going to want to co-exist with me, because it is in his best self-interest.

And you know what else plays into my hands? I know Game Theory, and I know how to use it. Oh, I may not be a fan of it – too many capitalist ideals are based on the idea it's healthy to screw over your competitor and claim the spoils for yourself – but I understand the concept. And now that I've put it out there, that's all Sawyer – and Skylark, and Ford – can think about. So, who will do the dirty on who, and when?

That's something else burrowing beneath your skin. Now you all know that it's going to happen to somebody in the match, a decadent society demands it, but I'm aware of it – you just know the basics that I've fed you, so you're all looking at the worm on the hook, but don't know who if your partner will resist biting or not.

Try not to think about it too much, fellas – it's only a wrestling match...

[FTB]



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

SS: I must say the fact that Tom Sawyer and Elijah Black are both somewhat on the same page is kind of odd.

AS: Black knows enough about Sawyer to know that he is not going to be the odd man out on their team and he will utilize that knowledge on Sawyer if necessary.

SS: And as we saw earlier, it seems that Tripp Skylark and Derrick Ford are also on the same page...somewhat. With that said, it's time to go in to the ring for the introductions.



DERRICK L. FORD & TRIPP SKYLARK

vs.

TOM SAWYER & ELIJAH BLACK



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

Introducing first...

##

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

##

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

SS: Tom Sawyer making his way down to the ring and I have to wonder still just how long he and Elijah Black can work as a cohesive unit before things turn sour.

AS: Well, Stephanie, my guess is not for long. One of those two will break eventually.

##

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

##

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

SS: No word this week from RJ Souza. Makes you wonder just who's under that mask.

AS: Good observation, Stephanie. Do you really think it's Souza though?

SS: I guess we'll find out eventually.

##

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

##

[Tom Sawyer raises his hands and "turns up" the house lights.]

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

“THE MODERN DAY MESSIAH” TOMMMM SAWWYERRRRR!!!

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

RA: And his partner...

[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, his back to the crowd and the hood of his black hoodie raised. As he turns to the crowd and pulls back his hood, he reveals a white mask – just like Tom Sawyer’s – and walks down to the ring]

##

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

##

SS: Wow! Elijah Black sending a message to Sawyer with that mask.

AS: Leave it to Black to find a way to mock Tom Sawyer with the smallest of details.

##

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, removing the mask as he does so and chucking it to the floor, 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.... From East Lansing, Michigan... he weighs in tonight at two hundred and seven pounds...

ELIJAHHHHHH

BLACKKKK!!!!

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

AS: Sawyer giving Black his space as he stands in the nearby corner.

SS: Elijah Black can question my brother's motives all he wants but I think it's interesting to see these two in the ring on the same team. As it will be to see Tripp Skylark and Derrick Ford working together.

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

##

GIMME FUEL

GIMME FIRE

GIMME THAT WHICH I DESIRE!

OOOOOHH!

##

[Metallica's "Fuel" blasts throughout the arena as the crowd starts booing lustily. Through the curtain walks Derrick L. Ford. The 6'4" muscular Caucasian man wears black slacks, black shoes and no top. At

his side, resplendent in his three piece suit, the always grinning Henry Spikes. Ford surveys the disapproving audience with an apathetic look. Spikes, meanwhile, raises Ford's hand into the air, displaying him as a true champion of the people. The people don't appear to be buying it.]

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

DERRICK! L! FOOOOOOORRRRRRD!

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

SS: Ford accompanied by Henry Spikes as always. And the duo campaigning as they head down the aisle.

AS: Ugh... I know I sound like a broken record but the antics of those two make my stomach hurt.

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

SS: Ford in the ring and neither Sawyer or Elijah Black really giving him much notice.

RA: And his partner...

Now making his way to the ring as the final member of this tag team action! He is the "Pittsburgh Pothead"... the "Stoned Submission Specialist"... the "Psychedelic Superstar!".....

TRIPPPP SKYLARK!!!!

[With that, the crowd instantly rises to their feet and lets loose an amazingly loud ovation for their counter culture hero! And since Tripp continues to refuse to use entrance music, its awe inspiring how loud these TSWF faithful are tonight... especially once Tripp hits the top of the ramp way!!! What's that in his hand!?!? AN\_ACOUSTIC GUITAR\_?!?! OH NO!!!! Tripp clears his throat... He's not gonna is he... Oh lordy, lordy, lordy!!!]

Tripp (singing):

The man who stole the future...  
Has an oil drum for a heart  
And a strange preoccupation  
With other people's private parts  
They want us to do what they say  
But I'd rather live my own damn way  
We'll take our cultures back someday, but...

[Big pause as he asks the crowd to join in... and a few do that know the song, as Tripp begins his stroll to the ring, playing as he walks.]

Tripp (and some members of the crowd singing):

It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
But I know it's gonna get better!

[There it is! The title of the song! "It's Gonna Get Better!" by David Gans, conveniently available for one's viewing pleasure right here: <http://youtu.be/wV6BZ0RSpvo> And, man, Tripp's really not doing a bad job with this, though the other wrestlers in the ring don't look very amused.]

Tripp:

Yes I know it's gonna get better  
'Cause it almost always does  
Can't say much about the who and how  
But I believe it just because  
Day by day our bonds unweave  
Mammon gloats as nature grieves  
O save us from these pious thieves!

It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
But I know it's gonna get better

I love the world we live in  
'Cause I live in it with YOU!

[Skylark's sure to put the emphasize on the 'you' there, as he stares directly at his tag partner for the evening, Derrick L. Ford! He walks right up the ring steps, not missing a beat, and not breaking the stare.]

Tripp:

I don't know why they're so proud  
To be defined by what they buy  
These righteous despoilers, these blood-for-oilers  
Taking orders from on high  
Now I can't say whose word I'd take  
About this God whose laws I break  
I'll swan-dive into that fiery lake

It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
But I know it's gonna get better!!!

[And now in the ring, Tripp takes a little tour. First visiting his opponents briefly, winking and smiling, before turning his way back to Ford, getting as close as he can.]

Tripp:

Endarkened forces keep clamping down  
On us unconforming souls  
Waving flags and bashing fags  
And burning truth like coal  
Now I don't know but I've been told  
The naming rights have all been sold  
Hell is hot and Heaven's cold, and...

It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
It's gonna get worse before it gets better  
But I know it's gonna get better

I \_love\_ the world we live in  
'Cause I live in it with \_YOU\_!!!!

[Again, the 'you' is emphasized, as Tripp ends the song in the classic way -- intense strumming of all strings!!! The TSWF faithful give him a standing ovation, as a ring attendant takes the guitar and places it at ringside. Tripp goes to give Ford a handshake..... but the HFA representative simply exits and takes residence upon the ring apron!!! Shaking his head, Tripp turns around..... and gets meant with a clothesline from hell from Tom Sawyer!!!]

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

SS: Tom Sawyer with the first shot as he lariats Skylark to the mat. Elijah Black happily climbs out on to the apron in his corner and Derrick Ford heads to the apron on his side as well.

AS: Tom Sawyer now punching Skylark and the crowd already going wild. Irish whip sends Skylark into the ropes...

SS: And Skylark bounces back with a shoulderblock that rocks Tom Sawyer.

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

AS: And look who's heading down to ringside.

[The camera cuts for a moment to show RJ Souza standing in the middle of the aisle way on crutches, watching the match.]

SS: Well I guess that answers that question. Tom Sawyer gives a nod to Souza and then a nod to Elijah Black, telling him “you will never know what’s going on...unless I let you.”

AS: Black waves a hand telling Sawyer to focus back on the match. But it’s too late as Tripp Skylark from behind with a spinning leg lariat.

SS: This crowd is really behind Tripp Skylark as he attempts to plant Tom Sawyer on the turnbuckles... Sawyer with the block and puts Skylark in a bearhug.

AS: He squeezes the Pittsburgh native for a few seconds before dropping him to the mat and making a clean tag to Elijah Black.

SS: Black shoves Sawyer out of the way and connects with a hard right to Skylark’s face.

AS: Now a slap from Elijah Black and look at that, Tom Sawyer tags himself back in, shoving Black out of the way to boot Skylark in the gut.

SS: Sawyer now pulls Skylark out of the corner in a front facelock.

AS: But Black with a full extension, leaning out with the tag rope in hand, and he tags himself back in once more.

SS: And look at that, he pulls the tag rope off the buckles for good measure. This is already starting to fall apart between Black and Sawyer.

AS: Tom Sawyer on the apron as Elijah Black shoves Skylark back into the corner and makes a show of dropping the tag rope down to the mat before connecting with a running dropkick in to the corner to take Skylark down.

SS: And now a few boot scrapes to the face of Tripp Skylark as he’s down.

AS: Black goes up to the second turnbuckle for a moonsault... NO! Tripp Skylark rolls out of the way and scuttles over to his corner to tag out to Derrick Ford.

SS: And there’s Tom Sawyer with a roundhouse kick to Derrick Ford. And Black with a back suplex to complete the motion as Sawyer leaves the ring.

AS: Black now with a whip into the ropes... reversed though by Ford who sends Black into the side.

SS: And Elijah Black bounces back to hit a flying forearm. And the cover by Black...

ONE!

AS: Ford kicks out in no time. Black back on his feet and hits a Discus lariat... and another cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SS: And Ford kicks out once more. Black up again and grabs Derrick Ford in an arm wringer... tag to Sawyer... who arm wringers Ford.

AS: And now Sawyer tags Black back in who applies another arm wringer on Ford only to tag Sawyer back in.

SS: Sawyer locks on the arm wringer and goes to tag Black... but Black drops down from the apron to the floor and grabs a chair from under the ring.

AS: Black with the chair and for a second there, he and Sawyer have a stare-down.

SS: Tom Sawyer thinks Black may be showing his stripes but all Elijah Black is doing is setting that chair up at the foot of the entrance way and sits down.

AS: Now Black telling Sawyer to continue the match.

SS: Tom Sawyer grabs Derrick Ford by the head and smashes him into the corner. And now a power bomb plants Ford in the middle of the ring. Pin attempt by Sawyer...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: But Derrick Ford able to kick out. And now Sawyer whips Ford to the ropes...

SS: And look at that, Elijah Black low-bridges the top rope causing Ford to fall to the outside.

AS: Sawyer and Black exchanging words as Black makes a sarcastic comment about their 'teamwork'.

SS: And a slap to the chest of Black by Sawyer tags the conniving one into the match. Black grabs Ford and tosses him into the ring.

AS: Elijah Black goes for a DDT... Ford counters with a kneebar and Tom Sawyer just standing on the apron. I think these two are no longer on the same page.

SS: Black inching his way towards the ropes though and trying to break the hold.

AS: Derrick Ford releases the hold on his own and grabs Black, pulling him to his feet.

SS: German suplex from Derrick Ford as he bridges for the pin...

ONE...

TWO...

AS: And there's Tom Sawyer running into the ring. He jumps on to Ford's midsection to break the bridge and the pin.

SS: Now Black getting off the mat and Sawyer looks him in the eye, letting him know that he helped him out that time and Black should consider returning the favor as he returns to their corner.

AS: Meanwhile, Derrick Ford back up as well and takes Black down with a roll-up.

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

SS: BLACK WITH THE NEAR FALL BUT GETS HIS SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

AS: Ford pulls Black up and nails him with a jawbreaker. And now he heads over to his corner and slaps Skylark on the chest to tag him in.

SS: Skylark gives Ford a hard look but smiles still as he enters the ring.

AS: Black aims a superkick at Skylark... Skylark catches the foot though.

SS: And Black gives him the middle finger. Skylark taken off-guard by the gesture is open for a dragon legwhip from Black.

AS: Black now goes for a backslide.... Skylark with the reversal!

ONE!

TWO!

SS: Tom Sawyer runs in to make the save. And heads to the apron once more.

AS: Tripp Skylark pulls Black to his feet and attempts a backfist... Black ducks under and lifts Skylark up for a rolling fireman's carry slam.

SS: But Skylark able to slip out and get behind Black with a bridging German suplex for the pin...

ONE...

TWO...

SS: Tom Sawyer gets into the ring once more, connecting with an axe handle onto Skylark's midsection to break the bridge and the pin attempt.

AS: And here comes Derrick Ford running in as well and bowls Sawyer over with a flying tackle.

SS: Black gets back up to his feet and looks down at Sawyer, smirking.

AS: Elijah Black climbing to the apron, letting Sawyer have at it in the ring for a bit.

SS: Tripp Skylark with a clothesline attempt on Sawyer... Sawyer counters and picks Skylark up in a Gorilla Press slam.

AS: Up and down goes Skylark. Sawyer now with the Irish whip... Sawyer with the spear... NO! Skylark able to catch Sawyer off-balance with a kneelift.

SS: And now a flip piledriver from Skylark and the crowd is going absolutely nuts. Standing moonsault into a cover by Skylark...

ONE!

TWO!

AS: Shoulder up in time by Sawyer!

SS: Skylark back over to his corner and tweaks Ford's nipple to tag him in.

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

SS: Tripp Skylark giggling on the apron as Derrick Ford grimaces in his direction. Now Ford waiting for Sawyer to get up off the mat, stalking him as he gets back to his feet.

AS: Sawyer slowly regaining his vertical position and there's Tripp Skylark with an abdominal stretch on Sawyer. And now he's shouting across the ring at Elijah Black

SS: But Black doesn't seem too interested one way or the other.

AS: Skylark trying to apply more pressure to that submission hold while Elijah Black impatiently stomps his foot on the mat.

SS: Black having seen enough has decided he may as well break up the hold and steps into the ring. He rushes towards Skylark...

**\*\*\*BOOO!!!\*\*\***

AS: And kicks Tom Sawyer low. Skylark breaks the hold, expecting the match to be over on a DQ.

SS: The referee telling Black that he can NOT be disqualified on account that he and Sawyer on the same team.

AS: Skylark hears this and turns back around, just as Elijah Black springs off the back of Tom Sawyer and hits a huracanrana taking him and Skylark over the tope rope and down to the floor.

SS: And here comes Derrick Ford with a thrust kick to the head of Tom Sawyer. Meanwhile, out on the floor, Elijah Black grabs a hold of the acoustic guitar and just smashes Tripp Skylark with it.

AS: The official has somewhat lost control of this at the moment as Sawyer is the legal man inside the ring while Tripp Skylark is the other legal man but on the outside of the ring.

SS: Ford now with a low blow shot on Sawyer, leaving him open for the Gas Pump.

AS: Derrick Ford has Tom Sawyer up for the slam... Black rushes in to the ring and cracks Ford full-on with the Shining Wizard.

SS: Now Black grabbing Sawyer by the mask and dragging him into their corner by the eyeholes, stepping on to the apron and tagging himself in the hard way.

AS: This is disgusting. Tripp Skylark is down on the floor from that guitar shot and Tom Sawyer is being shoved out of the ring by Black.

SS: Black removes his knee pad now and tosses it in Skylark's direction, practically inviting him to step into the ring and prevent his team from taking the loss.

AS: Black connects with a second Shining Wizard on Ford and heads up top..

SS: Looks like Black's going for that "Black Skies" split legged moonsault.

AS: Elijah Black off the top rope and crashes atop Ford and hooks the leg on impact.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

\*\*DING!      DING!      DING!\*\*

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winners of this match at fifteen minutes and eleven seconds... the team of...

ELIJAH BLACK AND TOM SAWYERRR!!!

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

AS: Black up on his feet and smiling at the fact it was he who garnered victory in his team's favor.

SS: Tripp Skylark back on his feet and realizing what has happened.

AS: Elijah Black giving him a nod...

SS: What's that all about?

AS: Another nod from Black towards Skylark.

SS: Umm, I think he's asking for his knee pad back.

AS: Skylark grabs the knee pad and tosses it at Black before leaving the ringside area.

SS: Obviously that duo is now diffused. And Elijah Black about to head off as well. But he sees Tom Sawyer getting back to his feet in the corner.

AS: Uh oh!

SS: Black charges towards Sawyer... looking to be going for the third Shining Wizard of the evening...

AS: NO! He stops short. Now just pointing at Sawyer and laughing in his face.

SS: Tom Sawyer not happy with that gesture as she kicks Black in the gut and sets him up for the Light's Out.

AS: But Black able to rush him backwards into the corner and the two men fall through the ropes and down to the floor.

SS: Black and Sawyer duking it out on the ground. And now Elijah Black on his feet as is Tom Sawyer.

AS: Elijah Black looks over and sees RJ Souza... oh my! He just grabbed one of Souza's crutches!

**\*\*BOOM!!!\*\***

SS: And Black waffles Tom Sawyer in the gut with the crutch and smashes it over his back. Tom Sawyer down on the floor and Black heading up the ramp. He exchanges a few words with RJ Souza who hobbles over on one crutch to check on his "ally".



[Back to Stephanie & Ashie]

AS: Things definitely went south very quickly in that match-up as we are left with Tom Sawyer down on the floor and Derrick Ford down in the ring.

SS: I wonder what Ford will think when he finds out Tripp Skylark didn't save him from the pinfall.

AS: Well it's not like Skylark had much choice. He was sort of incapacitated on the floor after that guitar shot.

SS: Yes but who was it that brought that guitar down to the ring in the first place? Hmm...

AS: Good point. Well folks, we need to take a break for a moment and set things up for the Hardcore Tables match coming up next so while we do that, let's head backstage and check in on Leon Corella.



#### LEON CORELLA



[Yes, this is happening live, on camera, in a private locker room, and is not a pre-recorded segment. Seated upon a folding chair, elbows resting on his padded knees, we find Leon Corella hands clasped; chin resting upon them, looking directly at the camera with a pensive expression on his face. He sports full ring attire - black and gold tights with matching knee pads and wrestling boots, white athletic tape on his hands, wrists, and halfway up his forearms, and a black and gold TSWF T-Shirt. His short blond hair is wet and slicked back and his face is decorated by more than a pair of sculpted sideburns. A nasty dark purple bruise lines the side of his face.]

Leon Corella: Last week, tensions ran fairly high and tempers flared. These things tend to happen when somebody kicks you square in the nuts and nearly takes your head off with a steel chair, then has his boyfriend nearly finish the job with a stone slab for a right arm.

[Slowly those ice blue eyes trail from their focal point on the floor to be brought to bear upon the camera.]

I have to hand it to the kid; Mongo packs one hell of a punch. The chair shot alone would have left its mark, but the right side of my face was swollen for most of the week. This is probably the nicest it's looked since that day.

[Slowly he leans back in the chair, letting his hands drop into his lap, his head tilted slightly to the right.]

You know what's funny? I think I pulled the same tactic that Chris Hallmark pulled on me, on somebody else years ago. It was only that moment of recollection that saved me from taking a hammer to the skull. Too bad my good friend Tripp got nailed before I realized what was happening.

[Shifting in his seat a bit, Leon looks away a bit, taking a moment to reflect. Chuckling a bit, he looks back to the camera.]

He even brought a sledgehammer to the party. If I didn't know any better, I'd almost swear this kid wants to be me, but then I look back at my past and think to myself, "Who the f\*\*\* would want to be me?"

[Leon crosses his arms over his chest, an incredulous look crossing his face as he briefly shakes his head.]

Nobody in their right mind would want to spend a wrestling career in my shoes. I think I've made every single bad decision one man can make. I mean, I even tried shitty gimmicks when I was younger. I was a wrestling fireman once for Christ sakes! I still have the damn jacket, flaming red tights, and yellow boots to prove it....

[There is a shudder of disgust and a shaking of his head as he remembers those formative years of his tenure as a wrestler.]

...and apparently I'm still making those bad decisions because last week, I couldn't keep my mouth shut. I would have been in the clear and gotten the rematch I wanted had I just shut the hell up and not said a word to Sandsbury, but I just couldn't let it go.

[Uncrossing his arms from his chest, he leans forward, an elbow on one thigh and a hand on the other, a look of regret crossing his face.]

You see, one thing I've never been able to do my entire life, was be like a duck and let the water roll down my back. Someone wrongs me and my first instinct is to get payback. As I said before, there are very few individuals out there who have gotten over on me and not paid for it at some point.

[Leon's head lowers, a sigh escaping his lips.]

So I mouthed off at the boss...

[His head lifts and he looks back to the camera.]

...and now I'm stuck in a match where the odds aren't actually in my favor. You see a tables match isn't so much as being able to out maneuver or out wrestle your opponent as it is about careful positioning and knowing where the tables are. The Mongoloid has already proven he's got a huge strength advantage and can hurl even a heavy man like me a pretty good range across the ring.

[Clasping his hands together, Leon places his elbows on his knees.]

That being said, Mongo's like most big wrestler's I've faced. He's obviously quite large and packs one hell of a punch, but he's slower than a tank from World War One. If he can't catch you by surprise, you can usually see those lumbering swings of his coming. The name of the game will be stick and move. Don't clench with him, don't get carried away, hit hard and pull back.

[A smirk crosses his face.]

Mongo, the sum of everything you are can fit into the palm of my hand easily. You're not a hard guy to figure out and I have the combination necessary to unlock and beat you. You're young, hot tempered, and tend to act without a whole lot of thought. I'm older, experienced, and while I have a hell of a temper myself, I'm in business mode coming into this match. To get where I want to be, I have to get through you biggins, and while you tire yourself out trying to end me...

[That smirk slowly gives way to a wolfish, predatory smile.]

...I'll be taking my time and picking you apart piece by piece until finally, all that's left is a man that's as broken as the lumber he's just been put through.

[Leon rises to a stand, that grin still lingering.]

I may not end you tonight, Mongo, but I definitely will give you something to think about for years to come.

[Reaching out, he taps the side of the camera as if he were lightly patting someone's cheek.]

Enjoy the match kids, I do believe you're going to love it...

[He then turns and exits, stage right.... cut to ringside.]



**\*\*HARDCORE TABLES MATCH\*\***

LEON CORELLA

vs.

THE MONGOLOID



RA: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit. AND WILL BE CONTESTED UNDER HARDCORE TABLES RULES!!!!

[A good shot of the tables erected around the ring is shown to the viewers at home.]

Introducing first...

[The arena lights dim as the opening chords to Muse's cover of "House of the Rising Sun" assault the house P/A to an instant face pop. Stepping out through the curtains is none other than Leon Corella in blue jeans, a black and gold TSWF T-Shirt, and heavy work boots, with his fists taped and his face twisted into an angry scowl.]

##  
THERE IS... A HOUSE.... IN NEW ORLEANS...  
THEY CAAAALLLLL TTTHHAAAA' RRRRRIIIISSIN' SUN!  
##

[The lights resume their normal hue as he starts down the aisle with grim determination written on his face.]

##  
AND IT'S BEEEEENNNN THA' RUIN...  
OF MANNAAAAYYYY AAAA POOORR BBOOY...  
AND GOD...  
I KNOOOOWWW I'M ONE!  
##

[Noting the tables surrounding the ring, Leon marches his way up the ring steps, slips through the ropes, and steps out onto the canvas. Standing to Leon's immediate left, the Ring Announcer starts to work his magic on the microphone.]

RA: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, STANDING TO MY RIGHT IS A SIX FOOT FIVE, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX POUND WRESTLER FROM THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA!

TSWF... GIVE IT UP FOR...

LLLLEEEEEOOOOONNNNNN CCCCCOOORRRREEEELLLLLLAAAAAAA!!!!

\*\*FACE POP!\*\*

AS: Corella making his way to the ring and he is more than ready to put an end to this madness with The Mongoloid.

SS: And after that, he can focus back on the bigger issue which is Chris Hallmark. You know Corella is going to want his revenge against "The Amateur" for what happened on our last show but not as long as Hallmark is sitting on the sidelines with a suspension.

AS: Trust me, Stephanie. Leon Corella is a somewhat patient man and he will bide his time until Hallmark makes his return.

RA: And his opponent...

["Holy Roller" by Throwdown hit's the house PA as the big bad Mongoloid steps through the curtains in his usual ring gear, still wearing his "Bryan Mongo - R.I.P." T-shirt. He carries a microphone in his hand, quickly bringing the mic back to his lips.]

Mongo: CUT THE MUSIC!! CUT IT!!! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!!!

[The big man seems to be a bundle of nerves as he speaks out on that microphone, his breaths deep and heavy as he fights down performance anxiety. Back in the ring, Leon props his hands on his hips, his body language and expression reading as if to say "Are you serious?"]

Mongo: LEON CORELLA! YOU KILLED MY BROTHER... YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!! I DEDICATE WHAT I DO TO YOU TONIGHT.. TO HIS MEMORY!!!

[The live crowd reacts, mostly, in shock at this new revelation. Especially since they did not see the footage at the top of the TV broadcast. With tears in his eyes, Mongo makes his way down that ramp as fast as he possibly can... which is more or less a brisk walk. Back in the ring, Leon's eyes widen. He holds his hand up and quickly snatches the microphone from the Ring Announcer.]

Leon Corella: WOAHH WOAHH WWWOOOAAH!! I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE'S BROTHER!!! What in the hell are you going on about?!

[Stopping just outside the ring, Mongo lifts the microphone back up to his face.]

Mongo: MY BROTHER! BRYAN MONGO!!! YOU BEAT HIM HALF TO DEATH IN TWO THOUSAND FFFOOOOUUURRR!!!!

[Leon blinks and Mongo starts to walk towards the ring steps. Again, Corella halts him, hand held up.]

Leon Corella: Bryan Mongo? That was before even KAWF! Kid, I've taken a lot of chair shots to my head over the years, but I think I'd remember killing someone!

[The Mongoloid quakes and shivers as emotion overtakes him. Gritting his teeth, he answers Leon.]

Mongo: You wouldn't... BECAUSE HE DIED IN SIX YEARS AGO WITH THE BRAIN OF A TEN YEAR OLD, YOU BBBBAAASSSTTTAAAARRRRDDDD!!!

[A sudden look of realization clicks and Leon backs away for a second; with his jaw set and his brow furrowed.]

Leon Corella: So... you're here for revenge... Ok. Then hearing the truth about that won't make you happier, Mongo.

[He points his finger, not at Mongo's face, but at the shirt.]

Leon Corella: My actions didn't kill your brother. Now that I think back on it, I even protested facing the man...

[Mongo points his finger at Leon and scoffs.]

Mongo: HAH! BECAUSE YOU WERE AFRAID!!!!

[Leon slowly shakes his head.]

Leon Corella: No, because at that time, I still had something of a conscience. Your brother had no wrestling ability and was in poor health. I mean the guy was a whopping six hundred pounds for Christ sakes. You at least have some muscle tucked underneath that fat; your brother was a tub of goo!

[Mongo clearly is getting more irate by the second as Leon continues on with the hard truth.]

Leon Corella: I protested so hard to get out of that match because I knew the guy didn't know what he was doing and shouldn't have been in the damn ring! I fought it so hard that they had to threaten to fire me in order to get me to go through with the match!

[The big man's lips quiver as he looks hard at Leon standing in the ring.]

Mongo: You could have quit...

[Leon sighs softly and slowly shakes his head.]

Leon Corella: Somebody else would have done it, Mongo. Your brother was a stubborn fool who got in over his head. He didn't exercise, didn't diet, didn't train, and at the end of the day, his luck just ran out. He was tough and didn't go down easy, but when I pinned him and they carted him off, I thought that was the end of it. I didn't know about the rest and had I known, especially at that time, believe me...

[He steps towards those ropes and makes direct eye contact with The Mongoloid.]

Leon Corella: ...I'd have done something about it.

[Mongo's teeth clench and his jaw sets.]

Mongo: Sure you would have... just like you did for your ol' pal, Big Mike Foyer...

[Leon steps back from the ropes, visibly stung by the name even being mentioned. He brings the microphone back to his lips.]

Leon Corella: ...That... that was different...

[Sensing he has Leon verbally on the ropes, the Mongoloid ascends the ring steps and steps out onto the apron. The more he talks on the microphone, the more comfortable Mongo seems to get.]

Mongo: ...HOW WAS IT DIFFERENT?! HUH?! ADMIT IT! MY BROTHER WAS BETTER THAN YOU, SO YOU DEMOLISHED HIM!!!! JUST LIKE BIG MIKE FOYER!!!

[Leon's lip twitches with anger and he suddenly snaps at Mongo.]

Leon Corella: THE DIFFERENCE?!!! USE YOUR DAMN HEAD FOR SOMETHING OTHER THAN STUFFING TWINKIES IN IT!!! BIG MIKE COULD WRESTLE! YOUR BROTHER WAS A DAMN JOKE!!!! IF HE HAD ANY ABILITY, HE'D STILL BE ALIVE AND WRESTLING TODAY, DUMBASS!!!

[THAT DID IT! Microphones thrown down, Mongo rushes in, taking a bit swing at Leon, but finds himself ducked! He turns just in time to get a pair of work boots thrown into his chest via a picture perfect standing dropkick that sends the big man staggering! The ref quickly motions for the bell!]

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

[Mongo is still standing when Corella gets back to his feet. The massive masked man rushes in with another swing, only for Leon to catch him by the arm, twist the wrist and kick the big man's leg out from under him. Leon quickly grounds Mongo with a Fujiwara Armbar, twisting the arm at the shoulder, applying torsion to the elbow and wrist, and even working the fingers. He's rewarded by a growl of pain, Mongo pounding his fist to the canvas.]

SS: Wow. Leon Corella has the big man down on the mat.

AS: And it looks like a little joint work has The Mongoloid howling a bit.

SS: But remember, Ashie, this match can only end when someone is put through one of the tables surrounding the ring. No pinfalls or submissions necessary.

[Leon grits his teeth as he fights against the massive monster, Mongo doing everything he can to try and get out of this hold. Placing his free hand on the canvas, and shifting ever so slightly, he starts to roll. Leon looks left to right, groaning as he tries to push Mongo back down.]

AS: And now The Mongoloid trying anything possible to force a break of this hold. Even if it means squashing Corella underneath his immense weight.

[With a roar, Mongo manages to plant a foot and shove himself into a roll, Leon barely avoiding the potential injury by releasing the hold, stumbling forward a bit as he does so.]

SS: And there's the break.

[Mongo gets to his feet and Corella rushes in with a series of strategic, well placed kicks nailing Mongo right in the shoulder and upper arm. He practically maneuvers the mammoth wrestler into the ropes, a loud and jarring smack accompanying each and every hit!]

AS: Yes but Corella working the big man over some more.

SS: And both men in a precarious position near those ropes; as the tables await them below.

[Leon is very careful with his steps, backing away just out of Mongo's reach after each hit. After numbing the arm up, Leon changes tactics and drops with a low orbit dropkick to the side of Mongo's knee, the big man dropping down with a sharp cry of pain! Hopping to his feet, he fires off a second low dropkick nailing the big man square in the shoulder, Mongo falling onto his side, rolling onto his back and grabbing the arm with his teeth grit in pain.]

AS: The Mongoloid looks hurt for the second time in this match.

SS: I have to say I'm quite impressed with Corella's strategy to not get caught in the big man's grasp but rather work a stick and move game plan.

AS: One that has been most effective thus far.

[Quickly rolling to his feet, Corella presses the advantage, running and hopping over his downed opponent, hopping onto the second rope. Then pushing himself onto the top rope, he then hops off, landing both feet squarely on the mammoth gut of The Mongoloid with the Sakfu Stomp! As the big man sits up and clutches his gut, Leon tucks and rolls on upon impact getting back to his feet with expert ease.]

SS: CURB STOMP!!

AS: The double footed stomp right to the midsection of The Mongoloid. This is just insane.

[Spotting Mongo using the ropes to haul himself up, Leon steps back into the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and merely waits...]

SS: Well, at least Corella is sportsmanlike enough to allow The Mongoloid to get back on his feet before continuing his offensive.

AS: Personally, I thought Leon Corella was going to just be flattened by The Mongoloid but so far, the tables have definitely turned... pardon the pun.

[The big man pulls himself up and just as he turns, Leon backs into the ropes and snaps off with a fast sprint and cracks Mongo across the face with a hard running Big Boot. Mongo's head whips to the side and he falls back into the ropes, his arms hung in place to keep him from falling! As the man pants for breath, Leon backs up and rushes in again with a follow up clothesline that hits with such force that both men go flying up and over the ropes! Leon flips with his falling motion and lands on his feet with a bit of a stumble. Meanwhile Mongo's fall was far less gymnastic and more like a train wreck as he lands flat on his stomach with a heavy thud on the unpadded concrete floor.]

SS: BOTH MEN ON THE FLOOR!!!

AS: This is where things could definitely get interested. It's easier to put your opponent through a table from the ring but what fun is in that.

SS: Mongoloid still down on the floor. Quite a fall for the big man who clearly does not have the background to know how to take it without potential injury.

[Leon runs a hand down his face, disappointment expressed upon it. He looks to the Mongoloid and shakes his head. With sweat running profusely from his body, dribbling all over the floor as if from a leaky faucet, the Mongoloid pushes himself up. He no longer wears his mask, rather it seems like it has become glued to his face via all the sweat contained beneath it. He breaths hard and heavy, glowering at Leon with clenched fists. He roars at the man.]

Mongoloid: IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?! THE MONGOLOID IS STILL KICKIN'!!!

SS: WOW! The Mongoloid taunting Corella.

AS: Yes. Telling him to "bring it on some more".

[Mongo rushes in and Leon closes the gap quickly, hitting the big man with a stiff forearm shot to the side of his head that sends him staggering. He quickly follows that up with a loud and proud knife edge chop to Mongo's chest that leaves red welts in its wake! Mongo howls in pain, clutching at his chest and stepping back from Leon.]

SS: Vicious chops to the chest sends The Mongoloid reeling for a moment.

[Again, Leon moves in and lights him up with a chop...]

\*FWHAP!\*

WOOOOO!

[...And another...]

\*FWHAP!\*

WOOOOOO!!!

[...and more and more, driving Mongo back with each successive blow!]

\*FWHAP!\* WOOO! \*FWHAP!\* WOOO! \*FWHAP!\* WWWOOOO!!!

AS: The Mongoloid taking those chops and eating them up as he stares Corella down again.

[Leon has him backed up all the way to an already setup table at this point and it's there that Leon nails Mongo with a swift gut kick, then goes for the scoop! Leon lets out a strained cry of two parts effort and surprising agony as he lifts The Mongoloid up!]

\*\*\*OMFG HE PICKED HIM UP POP!!!!\*\*\*

SS: YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME?!?

AS: Nope Stephanie. Your eyes are not deceiving you. Leon Corella has lifted up The Mongoloid and could possibly be a slam away from finishing this match up.

[Corella's leg muscles quiver and it quickly becomes apparent that this is a bad idea as he slowly finds himself teetering backwards! With eyes widened in horror, Leon falls back with the Mongoloid on top of him!]

SS: NO WAY! The sheer weight of The Mongoloid was too much for Corella who just took it full speed on top of him.

AS: Corella not moving at the moment as he is squashed underneath the big frame of The Mongoloid.

[For several seconds, Leon struggles beneath the weight on top of him, Mongoloid suddenly looking up at the crowd with a vicious smile. He hooks both of Leon's kicking legs and starts counting loudly for all to hear.]

Mongo: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE!!!! FOUR!!! FIVE!!! BAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

SS: The Mongoloid jokingly showing he could have Corella pinned...

AS: IF pins were allowed in this match.

SS: But they are not and The Mongoloid should know that.

[Mongo then pushes off of Leon with a push up motion, only to drop right back down on top of him, his opponent letting out a whooping cough as all the air is forced from his lungs!]

Mongo: NOBODY CAN BEAT THE MMMMOONNNGGGGOOOOLLLLLLOOOIIIIIIIDDDD!!!

[Pushing up, the Big Boy splashes down on Leon again... and again! Over and over he pummels Leon's body with his own, laughing like a mad man the entire time!]

SS: Mongoloid using his weight as a weapon as he splashes Corella over and over again from that horizontal position.

AS: Interesting tactic to knock the wind out of Corella before he potentially slams him through one of those tables.

[On the sixth drop, he pushes off of Leon and gathers him up, his breathing extremely labored now. Clearly he is wearing out fast, but he pushes on with determination, picking his hated foe up by his short blond hair and lifting him up by it. Scooping Leon up, Mongo lets out a roar and rushes the table full steam ahead and launches him off his shoulder!]

\*SMACK!\*

SS: OUCH! That did not go over well.

AS: No it did not.

[The crowd winces collectively as Leon hits the table, thrashing madly on impact, but the table doesn't give! Leon falls to the floor with a hand to his back, his teeth grit with pain. Mongo's eyes bug out of his head and he grabs at his mask in disbelief.]

Mongo: WHAT THA' HELL?!!!

[He moves in, gathers Leon up and quickly tosses him into the air and drills him into the table yet again, this time with a One handed Pancake from Mongo's fresh arm!]

\*SSSWMMMAAACCKKKKT!!!\*

Leon Corella: AAAAARRGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!

SS: Still no luck. Corella feeling the full brunt of two slams on to a table that will just not break.

[This time he remains on the table, his back arched and face strained by murderous pain! Mongo now growls with anger and starts to hammer down on Leon with lumbering, savage, clubbing blows across his torso. Leon thrashes on the table with each hit, Mongoloid roaring as he vents his fury and frustration all at once!]

AS: Those must be some super tables to withstand the force of Mongoloid smashing and crashing on top of them.

[Mongo stops, panting and wheezing for breath. He steps back and leans against the apron, clearly displaying for the world that cardio was not a priority in his training. As Leon lies there, clutching at his guts, Mongo notices the proximity of the table and the ring apron. There he quickly pulls himself onto the apron and walks along the ropes.]

SS: What's The Mongoloid up to now?

AS: I don't know, Stephanie. But whatever it is, it won't end well for Leon Corella.

[With a mighty roar, Mongo leaps off of the apron but it's only seconds before impact that he realizes the fatal flaw in his logic. Leon Corella rolls off the table and onto the floor, letting the Mongoloid crash belly first through the table in explosive fashion!]

\*CCRRRAAACCKKKKKKKUUUNNNSSSHHHKKKKTTT!!!\*

[The Ref motions for the bell.]

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

RA: THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH BY ELIMINATION...

LLLLLLLLEEEEEOOOOOOONNNNNN        CCCCCOOOOORRRREEEELLLLLLAAAA!!!!

\*\*HUGE        FACE        POP!!!!\*

SS: The Mongoloid crashed himself through that table, doing Corella's work for him.

AS: Bad choice of action by The Mongoloid if you ask me. Obviously a rookie mistake.

[Mongo rolls out of the wreckage, his hands going right to his face to hide his embarrassment. Leon, clutching his gut, slides into the ring and picks his microphone up.]

Leon Corella: Now Mongo, I know you can say I got lucky and you'd only be half right.

[Mongo sits up on the floor and kicks at the wreckage of the table. An EMT comes in to check on him and he shoves the man away...]

Leon Corella: When you challenge someone to a Tables match, make sure you know what kind of tables you're working with. You see the two tables that were setup here? Guess what? They were flown in from Japan just for this match and Japanese Tables take one hell of a beating.

[Mongo glares up at Corella, who now looks down at him from inside the ring. There is a somber look on Leon's face.]

Leon Corella: ...I do regret I said what I said at the start of this... "match" ...it was out of line, but your brother, Bryan, wasn't even booked that night. My opponent missed his flight and was stuck five states away, so he was the substitution. The real tragedy here is that he wasn't even supposed to be there.

[Leon backs away from the ropes.]

Leon Corella: He was just a lucky Chicago local who got called at the last minute to face me. If I had only know what had happened...

[A frown crosses his face and Leon shakes his head, tossing the microphone aside. He turns and slips through the ropes, stopping to look at the Mongoloid, still seated next to the wreckage of that table. Mongo glowers back at him with hatred and mouths "LIAR". Sadly, Leon shakes his head and heads straight for the back.]



[Back to Ashie & Stephanie]

AS: The Mongoloid the unfortunate loser in this match. And now he has to head to the back with the knowledge that everything he was told about his brother's last foray in the ring was a half-truth.

SS: Absolutely. It's a shame when things of that nature occur but I can only hope The Mongoloid takes what Leon Corella has told him and uses it for good instead of holding on to this anger boiling within him.

AS: Up next is our main event. And while the ring crew cleans up the ringside area of broken table pieces as well as removing the intact tables, let's go to pre-recorded comments from both Mark Adams Junior and Shadoe Rage.



#### MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[Cut backstage to the locker room of Mark Adams Junior as the TSWF Champion and his manager, Kylie Nash, are receiving some last minute instructions on his match tonight from Kylie's adoptive father, the legendary Werewolf Gregorson. Dressed in a charcoal grey suit and tie with his shoulder length silver-white hair tied back in a ponytail, the 6'8" former World Champion drives home a point with a resounding "bang!" as he slams one hand down on the dressing table, causing his daughter to jump and Adams Junior to break into a knowing grin.]

WG: And that's how you win a strap match against a man like Shadoe Rage, Mark. You need to be calm, cool, and collected...and you need to remember that the strap is not only your greatest ally in that match, but your greatest enemy as well.

MA: Calm, cool, and collected? So...not how I was last week in that First Blood Match?

WG: You were a bit...off your game, Mark. I've seen you angry before, and I've seen that violent streak of yours up close on many a different occasion...but I've never seen you so...bloodthirsty.

MA: I hear I get that from my father.

WG: Your father made a science out of hurting people, Mark, and out of taking unnecessary risks. Don't relive your father's mistakes. Use your temper as a tool...and make Shadoe Rage be the one who suffers for it.

MA: I hear you, Werewolf. But this isn't a run-of-the-mill title defense. It's Best of 7 - you know that - and the longer this series goes, the more chance there will be that I make a mistake. I need to beat him fast and I need to beat him to the point that he has no chance of taking my title away from me again.

KN: It's not like he won the belt, Mark. He stole it!

MA: And the very fact that's being given a legitimate opportunity to steal it again only goes to show how decisively I need to beat him. So beat him I shall, even if it means flaying every inch of skin off his back in the process.

WG: Mark, I'll say it again. Calm, cool, collected. Don't let your emotions dictate your actions in the ring. Shadoe Rage can be beaten scientifically, even in a strap match. He wants you upset, Mark, because then you're sloppy. I wouldn't tell you this if I didn't believe it was true.

MA: You may be right, big man, but I need to think about it. Kylie, I'll see you after the match.

[Adams kisses his manager on the cheek and leaves the room, leaving his manager and her father alone to talk.]

KN: He's not going to take your advice, is he?

WG: No...he's not. But he's an Adams, Kylie, and they don't play well with others.

KN: Do you think he can beat Rage tonight if he does it his way? Tell me the truth.

[Gregorson pauses to reflect.]

WG: I don't know, Kylie, but, again, he's an Adams. His father, his uncle, and his aunt have all been known to play to a very drummer than most other people...but, somehow, they've always ended up on top regardless.

KN: So are you planning on sticking around for the show, or did you have some other commitment here in New Jersey? Dinner with The Donald maybe?

WG: No, I came all the way from Alaska to see this match, Kylie, so I have no intention of going anywhere until I do. And don't you worry about Mark. Win or lose tonight, there are still five more matches to go in his series against Shadoe Rage...and if there's one thing I've learned about the Adamses, it's don't ever bet against them.

KN: Oh? Why not?

WG: Gambler's Luck, Kylie. Mark has it, his aunt and uncle have it, and his father had it, too. If he plays his cards close to the vest tonight, whether he listens to me or not, he'll be going home victorious.

KG: And if he doesn't?

WG: Well, then, I believe your mother has a special ointment that will help immensely in soothing the strap marks he'll be bringing home with him on his back. I'll give her a call and tell her to have some ready...just in case.

[And, as the elder Gregorson kisses his daughter on the top of her head, we fade.]



## SHADOE RAGE



[Fade in:

The series is 1-0. The hometown favorite has ignited the crowd and drawn first blood. It is not a great day for the citizens of Rage Country. No one is happy at all, but they are not defeated. They are not broken. They are not bowed. Here comes the King now as the shot dissolves from black into light. He looks every inch the regent. Tall, broad-shouldered and straight backed. He is cloaked in the heliotrope robes of royalty, swaddled in the masculine passion of hot pink and gold. His brow bears the scars of battle, a single thin discolored line where he was broken open and his noble blood spilled for his citizens. But have no fear, gentle citizens, for the King is not dead. Long live the King of the Darkness ... the King of the Rage. Your King and soon to be undisputed champion of the TSWF ... Shadoe Rage.]

SR: Feeling real good about yourself, aren't you, Adams? Feeling real good about the fact that you made me bleed?

[Rage touches his forehead.]

SR: First blood to you. But listen to me, Adams, Jr. and listen to me well, you kicked me when I was down. You kicked a tiger in his back and now that tiger is up and his teeth are bared and he is so, so hungry. That's what I am. I am so hungry for revenge. The score is 1-0, but do not get too gleeful, Adams, there's six matches to go in this series ... I'm lying. There are four matches to go in this series because I'm putting you down four straight ... starting with this strap match. There will be no sense of drama in this series. It's uneven. You know it. I know it. I am better than you, Adams. There's nothing more to it than that, you cum-stained monkey. The stipulations of first blood were geared for you. I have noble flesh. Of course it breaks open easier than your base, churlish flesh. You are an ox. I am a God. But now, the standards are much higher, Adams, aren't they? The quest for the return of my championship leads us to the strap match. You know I have the advantage here. I am accustomed to whipping dross oxen like you, Adams. I'm accustomed to beating men into submission. And I'm going to whip you so bad with that strap. I'm going to flay you. I'm going to flog you. I'm going to leave strips of you around that ring as I haul your carcass and touch every post until I reach victory.

[Ladies and gentlemen, it's in the eyes. Look at the King of Rage Country's eyes. There is so much fever, so much intensity. He is beyond the mortal man and that infuses his every word with a gravitas that few can ever hope to impart. The King means every word.]

SR: Mark Adams, Junior, first blood doesn't make a damn bit of difference. Not to me, not to this competition, you cum-stained monkey. This series is about willpower. This series is about greatness. And those are qualities, you churl, that you lack. You have none of my greatness. You have none of my will. I will not bow before the strap. No. My people were whipped for years. Their backs did not break. My own father, may God have mercy on his soul, used to beat me with a strap. But it never broke me. It never made me say 'Enough.' It never made me submit. So now, with my powers greater than ever, do you think the two of us being tied together will deter me? Do you think it will cow me? Do you think it will make me cringe? And do you think that you will even be in position to touch the corners after I've hurt you so badly? You will be lucky to be conscious.

[He draws in a deep breath.]

SR: Mark Adams Junior, I know the fans seem to like you, but I wonder if the management of TSWF likes you. I wonder, because they put you in a war with an angry God. How do you expect to win? Tell me, Adams? Because there is no scenario in which you come out on top. It isn't happening, man. It just isn't happening. You're not stronger than I am. You are not faster. You are not more vicious. You are not tougher. There is nothing that you can do better than I can except lose. And that is exactly what is going to happen. You are going to be beaten down and dragged like the sack of garbage that you are while I ... [Rage points to the sky] ... walk proudly to glory.

[The snarl is back. The tension makes all the small muscles in Rage's body stand out on end. This might even be your King at his most relaxed. Who knows. He's in a very, very weird headspace. Look, he's even appearing without his Queen.]

SR: My rightful championship is coming home, Adams. I have earned the right to be called champion. This company knows it. The people know it. And no little cum-stained monkey is going to take it from me. No, you are not fit, you charlatan. So I tell you "Get back!" and I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and wrath. "For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed; And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill, And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!" For I am the King of Rage Country, the Enemy of the World, the Sexy Savage. I am the Prophet of Rage. The Angel of Death. I am Shadoe. I am the TSWF champion.

[The camera closes in on the maniac's deranged hazel eyes. They shine with all the brilliance of a nuclear mushroom cloud.]

SR: And Mark Adams Junior ... you are not!

[Fade out]



**\*\*MAIN EVENT\*\***

**\*\*MATCH #2 in the Best of 7 Series\*\***

**\*\*LEATHER STRAP MATCH\*\***

SHADOE RAGE

vs.

MARK ADAMS JUNIOR



[The music starts up as Irene Cara's "Fame" starts with its synth pop 80's beat. The curtains part and out steps Shadoe Rage in his gaudy sequined cape and pink and gold ring gear. He flourishes down the aisle, spinning and his cape billowing as he shouts and threatens the audience, pointing and jawing until he hits ringside. With disdain, he threatens a child at ringside.]

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

[Shadoe climbs onto the apron and vaults over the top rope. He then mounts the ropes like a randy stallion, creating a wave of flashbulbs at the lewd tableau. Rage points and circles his finger in the air before he dismounts and sweeps off his ring gear. He is intense, slapping his biceps, shadowboxing, yanking and pulling at the ropes. He looks ready to explode.]

**\*\*\*BOOO!!\*\*\***

AS: Shadoe Rage out here alone, without the presence of Marissa Monet.

SS: Monet and Rage making a point to show that if this is the way TSWF wants things to go, they can play their game too.

AS: Even if this way is the right way.

[The crowd's demeanor changes to a favored one 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.]

**##**

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  
##

[Adams stands there alone and soaks in the crowd before making his way down the aisle, trading handshakes and high-fives with the fans as he heads towards the ring.]

SS: And here's the champ out here without Kylie Nash.

AS: Nash sitting backstage with her dad, Werewolf Gregorson, watching this match very carefully.

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

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

##

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

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

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

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

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... The following match is your MAIN EVENT AND WILL BE CONTESTED UNDER LEATHER STRAP RULES! TO WIN, YOU MUST DRAG YOUR OPPONENT AROUND THE RING AND TAG ALL FOUR CORNERS!

\*\*\*BIG LOUD POP!!!\*\*\*

RA: It is scheduled for one fall with a sixty-minute time limit...

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

\*\*\*ANOTHER LOUD POP!!!\*\*\*

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

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

SHADOOOOOOOEEEEEE            RAGGEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

\*\*BOOOOOO!!!!!!\*\*

RA: And in the right corner....

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

MARKKKKK

ADAMSSSSSS

JUNNNNNIORRRRR!!!!

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

SS: The referee giving last minute instructions to both men as they strap themselves together with that long leather strap between them.

AS: And there's the opening bell.

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

SS: Quick lockup and Adams with the first salvo as he takes Rage down with a leg sweep. And now he wraps the strap around his fist and lays into Shadoe Rage with a couple of heavy hands shots.

AS: Rage throws some shots of his own from the ground position and kicks Adams away.

SS: Both men back on their feet and Adams chops at Rage. Now a forearm to the back into a backbreaker.

AS: Adams going for turnbuckle number one... BUT RAGE PULLS HIM BACK BEFORE HE CAN TOUCH IT!

SS: And a forearm shiver rocks Mark Adams Junior. Now Rage with the strap and just whipping Adams with it.

AS: Whip into the ropes and Rage pulls Adams back into a clothesline.

SS: Mark Adams Junior down on the mat and Shadoe Rage dragging him over to corner number one.

AS: And Rage taps the turnbuckle... that's one of four for Shadoe Rage.

SS: Adams slowly getting up and Shadoe Rage with a shot... blocked by Adams who sets Rage up on the turnbuckles.

AS: And a HUGE belly to belly superplex sends both men flying through the air and down hard on the mat.

\*\*POP!\*\*

SS: Adams back to his feet and putting the boots to Rage before pulling him to his feet.

AS: Shadoe Rage catches Adams off-guard though with a low blow and now a jumping side kick.

SS: Now Shadoe Rage once again going for those corners... he gets to the first one... and taps it.

AS: On to the second corner as Rage drags Adams around the ring.

SS: And make that two for Shadoe Rage as he's able to tap the second set of turnbuckles.

AS: Rage looking to make quick work of this as he heads towards the third corner... But Mark Adams Junior back in this as he yanks Rage away and locks him in a Fujiwara armbar.

SS: Adams looking for that small opening to keep Rage grounded as he releases the submission hold and puts a stomp to the knee of Rage. Now he pulls him up and hits a gutwrench suplex.

AS: Mark Adams Junior grabs a hold of Rage once more and hits a double underhook suplex.

SS: And Adams now looking to tag turnbuckle number one... but Rage wraps the strap around his legs and trips him down.

AS: That strap definitely like a third participant in this match as it is seeing a lot of action thus far.

SS: Almost like an unbiased tag team partner.

AS: Exactly. The building exploding in a chorus of boos as Shadoe Rage grabs Adams and hits a snap suplex. And Rage now inciting the crowd even further as he chokes Adams with the leather strap.

SS: Now back on his feet, Shadoe Rage looking to hit that first corner once again... but Adams not letting him get very far.

AS: Rage heads back and grabs Adams by the head and just drills a knee into it.

SS: And now Rage heading towards that first corner. He tags it with ease.

AS: On to corner number two... and Mark Adams Junior trips him up and tags it before him.

SS: And Mark Adams Junior now with a shot to the head of Rage as he drags him towards HIS corner number two.

AS: Adams makes the tag and is heading towards his third corner. Rage trying to put on the brakes and Adams throws some vicious knife-edge chops to the chest of Shadoe Rage.

SS: And a pumphandle slam for good measure as the crowd is going crazy. They can feel that victory is near for Mark Adams Junior.

AS: Adams heading towards the third corner once more but Shadoe Rage gets in the way and hits a flying clothesline to the back of the head.

SS: Rage touches corner number one.

AS: Now drags Adams over to corner number two... and tags that as well.

SS: Shadoe looking for corner number three but Mark Adams Junior creating tension in the strap as it's wrapped around his leg.

AS: Rage coming over and trying to unwrap it to give more slack. And Adams takes him with a surprise legsweep.

SS: Mark Adams Junior back to his feet and grabs Shadoe Rage for a double underhook suplex... Rage counters and backdrops Adams over.

AS: Shadoe Rage now with a piledriver, crashing Adams headfirst into the mat.

SS: Rage runs into the ropes... looks for a possible running knee... NO! Adams springs up somehow and hits an overhead belly to belly suplex.

AS: Adams heading towards corner number one... Rage pulling him back.

SS: Mark Adams Junior now sending Rage back-first into the corner... Adams bounces out and is met with a swinging neckbreaker.

AS: Oooo... Adams took the brunt of that pretty hard as he holds his neck. He may have a stinger, folks.

SS: Rage looks at the prone Mark Adams Junior and begins to drag him around the ring.

AS: Shadoe Rage rips off the turnbuckle pad in corner number one...and now he tags it officially.

SS: But Adams touching it as well though. Each man with a corner apiece.

AS: On to corner number two... and Rage tags that.

SS: But so does Mark Adams Junior. Still even here. And I'm not sure Shadoe Rage is aware that Adams is doing this.

AS: Corner number three reached... Rage tags. And then Adams does as well. It's a dead heat here, folks.

SS: Both men at corner number four... Adams with the drop on Rage. Looking to now hit the corner himself... NO! Rage pulls him back and hits a Hotshot across the top rope.

AS: Adams bounces off the rope and is caught around the neck with the strap.

SS: And Shadoe Rage hanging Mark Adams Junior over the top rope... AND HE TAGS THE FOURTH CORNER!!!

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

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... the winner of this match at six minutes and twenty-three seconds...

SHADDDOOOOOEEEE RAGEEEEE!!!!

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



[Cut back to Ashie and Stephanie]

SS: The score is now even as both men have a win under their belts as we head into the scaffold match at the “Delaney Exxtreme Bash” on June Twenty-First.

AS: Do join us in Pittsburgh, PA...

SS: Wait one second...

[We cut back to the ring to see Shadoe Rage just putting the boots to Mark Adams Junior’s head.]

SS: Shadoe Rage has pulled Rage back into the ring and is just destroying Mark Adams Junior with those kicks.

AS: And now Rage has Adams up on his feet and across his shoulders... OH MAN! Adams dropped head-first across the exposed top turnbuckle. That has to sting.

SS: Rage standing over Mark Adams Junior who is busted open from the forehead and just laid out on the mat.

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

AS: AND HERE COMES WEREWOLF GREGORSON!!!

SS: Gregorson rushing down the aisle and Shadoe Rage knows better than to stand around with that big man barreling towards him.

AS: Rage hopping out of the ring and heading for dodge as Gregorson slides into the ring to check on Mark Adams Junior.

SS: Rage said he was going to make sure Adams' brains were scrambled going into the Scaffold match and it looks like that may be the case. Hopefully we can get a medical update on Adams in the days to come.

[The last shot of the night is Shadoe Rage standing atop the stage to celebrate his victory as Mark Adams Junior is being attended to inside the ring by ring crew and referees. Werewolf Gregorson kneeling down beside him.

And fade.]