



### Promo

**“Tag team wrestling is an art form,” the voice of Alex Hudson could be heard as he and Isaac filled the camera’s view. They were standing in a dark room, with a bright light shining down upon them. “It’s something this company has lost sight of if you ask me.”**

**Isaac spoke next, “Hiring all these jokes as teams,” flashes of Hollywood, the Stewards, Shinigami Foundation, and European Fiery nation appeared as he finished his statement. “And then, there’s us. The Product.”**

**Alex stepped back into view, “When you see the two of us in the ring, we will produce tag team excellence. Win or lose, there will be no question what kind of match you watched. Which brings me to this week. Fan’s choice. Whoever the fans decide, they get to go on and face The Connection. Kandis and Tommy Valentine. Look at us and look at them, people.”**

**Isaac grinned, “There’s no other choice. It’s that obvious.”**

**“You could go with us, you could go with...” Alex’s facial expression shifted from confidence to that of disgust, “Hollywood. Ryan and Chris Hollywood. Supposed brothers. Oh, and they’re famous.” Alex chuckled. “Am I supposed to care that you’re supposedly famous? I’ve watched a lot of tape, and I’ve barely heard of you guys. And sure, you could say that at least I’ve heard of you, but that’s not the flex you think it is, guys.”**

**“You two are a mockery of the greatness this division once held,” Isaac growled. “When we were preparing for our debut, we weren’t watching footage of Ryan and Chris Hollywood. No, we were watching old matches between Hiro and Celeste, going against the Dresser Boys. Hell, we were watching old Model Behavior matches. Long gone, those days are, unfortunately,” the giant shook his head as the camera switched back to Alex.**

“The big guy’s right. You’re a mockery. The ring is a sacred place and you’re just jokes. You guys couldn’t even beat one man while working together in a dumpster match. Despicable. You have skills. They’ve barely seen the light of day, however. They remain in the dark, and that’s not going to change should our paths cross. Isaac and I will take you and beat you from pillar to post, outclassing you in every single way.”

**Alex continued**, “We get it. You want to be important, but you’re not willing to put the work in. You’re in it for the checks and the laughs. We,” **he looked at Isaac before glancing back at the camera**, “are not amused. You may think it’s because we don’t have personalities, based on the fact that we take this sport very, very seriously. But that’s not the case. It’s because you’re simply not funny. Maybe back in 2006 when you could’ve feuded with Model Behavior over who was the best D list celebrities to turn wrestlers. But this isn’t then, and your act is already tiring.”

“And so are you,” **Isaac stated**. “You don’t show up for work. And I mean, real work. Not the bullshit you pull. So, should our paths cross, we will outwork and send your sorry asses packing back to the back. Understand that. Don’t believe us? We’ve fought nations and burned nations to the ground. Haven’t we, Konrad?” **he winked**.

“HEY RAAB!” **Alex shouted into the camera, chuckling afterwards**. “We have gone to war, haven’t we? You have been our little punching bag, buddy. You and your cronies, but that’s okay. We welcome any challenge. Whichever band of idiots you send out at Breakdown, should it go down that way. Maybe it’ll be Ludvig and Dakon all over again. Maybe we can duke it out with Oskar and Kemal?”

**Isaac chortled himself**. “I don’t think it really matters if you ask me. The result will be the same as it’s always been. You are falling to us.”

“I mean, what is with you guys thinking that my father is hiding behind me?” **Alex shrugged**. “And what was it you called us, Dakon? A pathetic team. You said we couldn’t make a proper impact but if we’re being honest here, all people were talking about during your match against my dad was not only him getting the win for Team Hudson,” **Alex threw a fist in the air as he smirked**, “but they were talking about my finisher. And not only that...”

“They were talking about how I flattened your ass like a pancake, dough boy!” **Isaac threw his head back and laughed**. “And then what did you say? You talked about how Konrad selected you and Ludvig to dish out the damage to us, calling us pricks. Like, is that your best shot? Is that the best you can do?”

**Alex stepped back into view, shaking his head**. “No, no. Their best was at Rebirth. They did all they could, but in the end, we proved to be beyond more than they could handle. Pricks? Maybe? But I’d like to say it’s just that we’re confident in our abilities, win or lose. And Raab thought we

were just going to be wasted, due to the fact that he doesn't like how my father has put him in his place on more than one occasion."

"Let's not forget," **Isaac cackled**, "the fact that they brought up your dad's sex life. What does that have to do with wrestling? The answer is simple. Nothing. And you can grow your European wrestling talent. That's fine. The thing is this. Are you actually growing talent or just adding names to your stable in hopes that any of you can taste true relevancy?"

"Maybe that's why we haven't attacked you in the ring, or backstage," **Alex said**. "I guess that type of shit is a measuring stick around here for Raab and his cronies. Quite frankly, this is embarrassing. Feels like we're clubbing baby seals over here. Let's do this. Whoever you send Raab, should we lock up in the ring, we will do our best to ensure your team looks better than you could ever possibly do with them."

"And then," **Isaac added**, "we will mop the mat with them, because there can be only one rising team and it's not Hollywood. It won't be any iteration of your **nation**."

"It's going to be us," **Alex beamed**. "That's gotta be what makes us pricks, right?"

"Beats me."

"Well, I believe in our abilities and that we've got the real match everyone wants to see next on our calendar," **chimed Alex**. "And if we do, well that brings us to you..."

**Isaac began speaking**, "Hello, Kandis. Hello Tom. Allow us to introduce ourselves. I'm Isaac Stone..."

"I'm Alex Hudson..."

**Isaac continued**, "We're the Product as I'm sure you've heard if you've been paying attention. I know that we have. As we've mentioned before, we've studied tape. We've seen your matches. We know your accolades as a tag team. Four SCW World Tag Team Championships."

**Alex spoke up**, "SCW Tag Team of the Year!"

"We've paid attention. You've worked well during your time as a team, but we can't help to have questions," **stated Isaac**. "Kandis, your motto is to fuck around and find out. You've held tag gold. TV gold. You won Taking Hold of the Flame and won the World title by beating Selena Frost in the main event of Rise to Greatness. Incredible achievements. Astonishing, and yet you present yourself as trash. As filth. Not as an elite professional wrestler. So, why are you still here?"

“Is it because you need to show off your ass and twerk? To ride the wave generated by hip hop culture, because you can’t create your own. Is that it? Is that all you’re here for? To be gawked at like some poster for young men to beat off, too. You can say that’s not the case, but let’s look at your track record. You lost the World title. Your run itself was lackluster, wasn’t it? You beat Raab but then again, who hasn’t? You started to attack ring officials, going on Twitter rants filled with nonsensical rage, only to not back it up.”

“You fumbled, Kandis and you fumbled hard. You had a chance to fight Selena again, to prove your win wasn’t a fluke, and there was no heart. There was no desire to prove you were the best. And to me, that’s just said. You went from the top of the mountain to the very bottom base. And what ended up happening? You got suspended, losing your nerve, fucking around and finding out that the consequences of your actions,” **Isaac scoffed.** “It’s something that I just don’t understand if I’m being honest.”

“You worked your way up from EMERGE, and you get on the biggest stage this business has to offer, and what do you end up doing? You piss all over everything you worked for. And now you’re back, but you’ve been quite a while. Sure you’ve posted photos on social media and maybe you kept that ass of yours in shape, but ring rust is real. I’ve not been around that long, but I’ve seen it. Time away kills a wrestler. So, will you and the ring have this connection? Will it all come back to you like riding a back, or twerking in your case, or will that not be the case? Will you prove to be reckless, and get yourself hurt? Because I have no issue in hurting you. I’m sure I’ll have to and when I do get my hands on you, there will be no one to save you. Not even Tommy.”

**Alex and Isaac were now standing in front of one another. Isaac stopped speaking and turned away, while Alex faced the camera, beginning his final address.** “Tommy. Thomas. Thorn. Tom-Tom. I hope this week is the night we finally meet. Now, I’m sure you’re wondering why the hell I’d say something like that. No, it has nothing to do with my dad and you ending his second World title reign in SCW. He’s moved on to bigger and better things. But no. You’re like an idol, Tommy. Even when my father didn’t like you, he still may not, but back in the day, he did say that you had the potential to become everything you ever wanted in this business, and so much more. I remember watching you take the air. I’d mimic Griever’s Bane on friends of mine. Hell, I’m pretty sure I got suspended for doing that at school, and yet, I thought it was well worth it.”

**Alex continued,** “I watched every show. Every pay-per-view. I saw every title reign. Every heartbreaking loss. This was when I was a kid. I always had hope that you’d overcome the odds, no matter how grave the situation appeared. Losing the World title to Lucas Knight? You were going to bounce back. I just knew it. But then,” **he sighed, shaking his head,** “you didn’t. For me, it became like if the phrase of not meeting your heroes was a person, that person would be you, Tommy Valentine.”

For all your accomplishments, all of my father's praise, you allowed yourself to become a shell. A broken, empty shell, who rarely seemed to care about this sport. I was your biggest fan, and you tarnished that, along with the rest of your legacy. I mean, let's look at your tandem with Kandis, shall we?' **Alex shrugged.** "You started on what? Social media? It wasn't about this sport. It wasn't about the tag division you and David Helms dominated. It was about some jackass getting a piece of ass. The Connection is the byproduct of internet dating." **He shuddered at the thought.** "The Product, Isaac and I...this team came together because we love this sport. We love tag wrestling. Like I said, it's an art form and you've fucked around and I've found out just how much of a mockery your presence generates."

"Should the fans make the right choice, I am going to personally ensure that I stomp out the hero that lived long enough to become the villain. I will make sure you realize you should've never come back without having heart, or that fire you once had. You will realize that you're broken still, and that its best for you to stay at home and stay safe, collecting residuals instead of pissing on everything I love. That we...love..." **Isaac looked at the camera, with Alex as well, as it panned back, slowly fading to black.**