

# ALL STAR SHOWDOWN

February 25th, 2012  
Crockett Coliseum  
Dallas, Texas

[As we fade up from black, we hear a fast-paced 80s style synth beat in the background. Our first sight is MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed to compete in a black singlet, stands by backstage, while his pot-bellied, barrel-chested, shaggy-haired, full-bearded new manager, Buccaneer Bart Roberts paces in front of him. Roberts does not stop pacing, even as he speaks.]

BR: At SuperClash, [Pointing to Mizusawa.] THIS MAN took the Longhorn Heritage champion to the distance. They called it the battle of the giants, even though THIS MAN has shown on multiple occasions that he is more than capable of throwing Robert Donovan around as if he were a man half his size! I know the fans want to see these two big men go at it again; I know THIS MAN would gladly step into the ring against Donovan one more time and I KNOW I'm looking forward to being at ringside when these two behemoths clash, so I don't see why we shouldn't have MAMMOTH-Donovan Part Two right here tonight!

Of course, there's the Battle Royal to take care of, but, tell me...

[He stops in front of the giant and turns to the camera.]

BR: Can any of the other competitors in the Battle Royal move mountains? Can any of the other competitors sling islands over their shoulders and toss them about? Can any of the other competitors literally shift the earth beneath their feet? Then how can they expect to throw MAMMOTH Mizusawa out of the ring? How can they expect to eliminate THIS MAN from the Battle Royal?

The answer is they CAN'T! And tonight, Donovan, we'll be looking out for that Blackheart Punch!

[Roberts claps his hands together for emphasis as we crossfade to another participant in tonight's Battle Royal. The massive, heavily tattooed Bruno Verhoeven is standing in front of an AWA banner, already wearing his ring attire. There is a snarl that turns his young face into an aggressive visage.]

BV: Tonight ... BATTLE ROYAL!

You ...

[He jabs his index finger at the camera.]

BV: ... TRAPPED ... viz me! TRAPPED viz ZE BUTCHER!

Run? HIDE?

[He violently shakes his huge head "no".]

BV: Nein! You vill not 'SCAPE! Just suffer! Just PAIN!

[Bruno beats his chest once.]

BV: Just ... TRAPPED ... in ze SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[Crossfade to Skywalker Jones, tapping his finger down onto the glass screen of his iPad. In the background, a smiling Buford P. Higgins and Jones' throng of cheerleaders root him on. Jones looks up at the camera, flashing his brilliant million-dollar smile at us all.]

SJ: People, I'm so confident in my victory, I've already updated the information on my Wikipedia page!

[He spins his iPad around, showing off his online bio.]

SJ: 'Cause there ain't no doubt who's gonna' win that battle royal! There ain't no doubt who's gonna' be walking out of this building the Longhorn champion by the end of the night! And if you think it's anyone else, then you're just fooling yourselves!

BUFORD!

Tell the people the name of the man who's gonna' win it all!

[Higgins steps forward, all smiles.]

BPH: My man, it can only be the greatest of all-time! He makes your woman his pet! He's your sister's regret! Fresh, fly and dope...it's the amazing technicolor dreamboat! Say his name with me, playas, 'cause tonight, your new Longhorn champion can only be...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath, now!]

BPH:

JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE  
EEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

[Higgins turns and gives a double point towards Jones, as the supremely confident high-flyer strikes a heroic pose, while the cheerleaders shake their pom-poms in the air. Crossfade again, this time landing on Alphonse Green, who is wearing his black leather jacket with oddly placed shoulder pad. He also has a pair of expensive sunglasses on, and a smile plastered across his face.]

AG: I can feel it, Gang Green, can you?

[Green removes his sunglasses, the grin not fading from his face one bit.]

AG: Tonight's the night that your favorite superstar, the leader of Gang Green himself shocks the world and cements himself as the biggest, brightest young superstar today. First off, I'm going to eliminate every single wanna be [airquoting] 'star' in that battle royal. Then.. later on in the night after I pin that big goofus Robert Donovan to the mat, the image of me holding that Longhorn Heritage Championship will be one that will be immortalized forever.

[The camera slowly pans in on Green's face.]

AG: Alphonse Green... is in the building.

[The camera fades out on Green's grin, and into B.C. Da Mastah M.C. BC is wearing his trademark pink singlet, and strokes his hightop fade as he begins his rap.]

BC: Ay yooooooooooooooooo!  
B.C. Da Mastah MC in da hooooooooooooouse!

[BC sways back and forth.]

BC: It's time to be rockin' and rollin'  
Over the top rope, all sorts a suckas will be goin'  
After the match, in my celebration,  
I'm gonna come to the realization..

[BC stop swaying, and crosses his arms, doing the double V pose.]

BC: ..that I'm gonna be main eventin'  
A title match confrontation,  
Me and Big ol' Robbie D.  
Gonna put on the best big man match in history!  
YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!  
YO YO YO YO GO GO GO GO!

[BC's bobbin' and weavin' as the camera fades to a wildly colorful pattern with a spaceship shaped RAVE logo. Apparently time machines are saucer shaped.]

Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG are in the foreground. Jerby's wearing a banana-yellow, neon-green, cherrywood brown, and plum colored shirt that looks like Zubaz came back in style: twice, on the same shirt. He's got a small denim vest over that with patches of every color. The mixed-ancestry Raver has pale slightly reddish skin tone, and his hair has been dyed red, orange, grey, and blue in different areas. He has what looks like a Lazer-Tag sensor hanging on his chest from some rainbow-colored straps, and the infamous brass steampunk-looking streamer-launchers on his wrists. Shizz

Dawg OG has a bit of a darker skin tone, and his hair looks like an attempt at green, yellow and pink zebra stripes gone wrong. He is shirtless, revealing a well-defined (but still kinda skinny) physique. He's tied a huge number of bandanas around his arms, and a few sashes around his chest, all of one or more wildly bright and vivid colors. He, too, wears the homemade Lazer-Tron harness and the brass wristdevices.]

SDOG: Jerby Jezz! We don't have time to distribute the uploads to these primitates! They gotta flow why The Rave are in the Freeform Bellingham-Rules Wildstyling Challenge!

JJ: I got this, Shizz Dawg OG! Satellate your earlobes this way, loseweakers! We, The Rave, willam have timeslid from the future to save the future from the gyzzrus rollspur who havebe followinged us from the future to wreck the past to change the future to rule the past!

SDOG: When the Lynches snarfed the National Wildstyling Championships, our future was destroyed! Frally!

JJ: But tonight, we're gonna change the flow by pre-inventing the Houlder Rule eleven years in advance when we win the Freeform Bellingham-Rules Wildstyling Challenge via Superior Over-The-Top-Rope Victory, snarf the Loseweakerhorn Hermitage Wildstyling Championship from Ronald McDonovan, and use the Houlder Rule...

[Shizz holds up a book entitled "RULES OF WILDSTYLING, 2031 EDITION (ANALOGUE VERSION FOR COLLECTORS AND OLD CREPS)" and points to it with his other hand when the Houlder rule is mentioned.]

JJ: ...to flip the Loseweakerhorn Hermitage Wildstyling Championship for the most winhaving National Wildstyling Championships because it was accidentally put lower on the page than Ronald's soon-to-be-snarfed gold!

[Jezz holds up a printout of the Update memo which is sent to all of the wrestlers that show the rankings.]

SDOG: Flow with all that, jacksaws? Then flow with this...

Rave: RAVE! RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[And we crossfade to Nick and Alex Anton backstage, rocking matching purple-and-white Northwestern Wildcats letterman jackets over white-on-purple singlets and black knee pads.]

AA: Seeing as how Playboy Enterprises have got problems of their own to sort out, tonight the Antons set their sights on a bigger prize. Tonight we're throwing our names into the Battle Royal for a shot at Robert Donovan's Longhorn Heritage title. But that doesn't mean we're done with those two goofs Bass and Casanova! Next time around, you bring Scotty Mayhem if you must! You bring Delilah, too, so we can stick 'er-

NA: [Interrupting.] DONOVAN! We have a whole lot of respect for what you've done round here! We have a whole lot of respect for what you've done to uphold then LWC heritage! But it's time to give that championship an injection of new blood! It's time to give the Longhorn Heritage title an ANTON INJECTION!

[We fade from the Antons to the Longhorn Heritage Champion himself, Robert Donovan.]

RD: So, ain't a whole lot somebody can say to someone they don't know...right? I don't know who I'm talkin' to or who's gonna march their happy hind end out to that ring tonight, but I know one thing for damn sure.

[Donovan reaches up and pats the Longhorn Heritage title belt.]

RD: I know that whoever you are, you're comin' for this. You're comin' for my pride and joy, you're comin' for the last livin' symbol of that old hole in the ground in Texas I loved for so many years. You're comin' for what's \_mine\_ and you're gonna find out somethin' real unpleasant tonight.

[Donovan's looking his least friendly right about now.]

RD: What I did to win this title ain't a damn thing compared to what I'll do to make keep it...what I'll do to make sure that I can keep takin' pride in that Longhorn Heritage. So, whoever you are, whatever you think you're about to do, think again, because I'm leavin' here tonight the Longhorn Heritage champ, and there ain't a damn thing you or anybody can do about it.

Not a damn thing.

[We crossfade from a closeup shot of the Longhorn Heritage Title to a closeup shot of the AWA National Title. As the shot pulls back, we find the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne clad in a navy blue three piece suit with the National Title hanging over one shoulder. His blond hair is pulled back into a pony tail, emphasizing a none-too-happy look on the champion's face.]

CD: Robert Donovan, you oversized oaf. It shouldn't have surprised me that you would dare stick your nose in a match that had nothing to do with you. It's dishonorable; but what else could I have expected from a lesser lifeform such as yourself?

[Dufresne shakes his head in disgust.]

CD: And somehow, despite all of that, you've managed to secure yourself a chance on March 24th to take away the thing that matters most in the world to me.

[A conniving smirk plays across the champion's face.]

CD: Well, tonight, maybe I'll get the chance to do the same thing to you.

[Crossfade from the smirking National Champion to Scotty Mayhem and the lovely Big Mama standing in front of a backdrop with "Scotty Mayhem" splashed across it in Tye dye colors.]

Mayhem: OHH YEEAAAH! Tonight's the night, yeah! Tonight Scotty Mayhem is going to show Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass, just how dedicated he is to the Playboy Enterprises. You say you have a surprise for The Mayhem, Johnny Casanova? Well you're the one that is in for the surprise when I beat whoever you put in front of me one, two, three! With the lovely Big Mama by my side, nobody stands a chance, YEAH!

[points a finger at screen]

Mayhem: DIG IT!

[And we crossfade again to Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass standing in front of a background with "Playboy" Johnny Casanova splashed across it. Dick Bass wears the usual attire while Johnny Casanova wears a black suit and red tie. Smiling ear to ear.]

JC: Ya wanted to prove your loyalty to Playboy Enterprises, Scotty Mayhem? Well now ya got your shot! [chuckles] I went to see Big Jim Watkins about getting a match I thought would not only prove your loyalty to tha' Enterprise, but entertain those imbecile fans out there tonight. So I gave him the name and he couldn't help but agree. Ya wanted to be a part of the Enterprise, Mayhem? Ya want to prove to me and Dick Bass you will do whatever it takes to succeed in this fold? Well, Scotty Mayhem, that's gonna be put to the test when ya step into the ring with someone ya may know...

[Casanova and Bass look at each other, both nodding with wicked smiles before Casanova turns his attention back to the camera.]

JC: Let's see how ya do against your good friend...

JEFF JAGGER!

[Casanova breaks out in laughter as Bass smiles cruelly.]

JC: We'll see ya both out there Mayhem and remember [points at the camera.] No holding back, because anything less then 100%, [smirks] just ain't good enough for Playboy Enterprises!

[Casanova laughs again as we switch to "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger standing against a plain background; already clad in his wrestling attire. He looks somewhat pensive as he runs a hand through his medium length brown hair.]

JJ: I don't like it. Don't like it one bit. Scotty Mayhem is one o' my best friends in the entire world an' ole' Johnny Casanova decides he wants \_me\_ to face him tonight?

[Jagger shakes his head.]

JJ: I'm a professional, so I'll do what I gotta do and show up when my name is called; but this ain't gonna be like me goin' after Skywalker Jones, no sir. This is just gonna be two damn good wrestlers an' two damn good men puttin' on a show. And if Johnny Casanova or Dick Bass wanna stick their noses where they don't belong...

[A grin from the Carolina native.]

JJ: ...they might just get bloodied up.

[We crossfade again, this time landing on "Showtime" Rick Marley standing in front of an AWA backdrop, his dark hair pulled back into a ponytail.]

RM: Eric Preston, tonight you get your answer.

Tonight you get to find out if Rick Marley is all bluster, or if the hype, the pomp and the circumstance are all deserved.

Tonight the fans get to see for themselves what sort of answers you can give...

'Cause tonight?

We're takin' it to the next level.

[Crossfade to Duane Henry Bishop by himself.]

DHB: TONIGHT! The talk ends, Violence Unlimited, and the violence truly begins! And we're gonna prove that ya ain't nothin' but a bunch o' windbags. Think I'm wrong? Prove otherwise.

[Crossfade again, this time to a muscular Travis Lynch standing in front of his locker, swinging his right arm back and forth in a discus throwing motion.]

TL: One more time baby! Tonight Rex Summers, we step into the ring one more time and now there's no way for you to get yourself disqualified, no way for you to be counted out! You're walking into that ring as the PCW Heavyweight Champion but when that bell sounds for the final time you'll hear the great fans in Dallas screaming and cheering as my hand is raised ... you'll look up to see the NEW PCW Heavyweight Champion ... TRAVIS LYNCH!

[And one final crossfade, this time showing "Red Hot" Rex Summers and his longtime manager, Buddy Morton, standing in front of a row of metal lockers. Summers is standing, his upper torso bare, in a big double bicep pose. Buddy Morton looks on gleefully, the PCW World Title belt draped over his flabby shoulder.]

RS: Tell me, Travis Lynch... when you sit back in your double wide, dreaming of the success that your brothers have had, having your cow of a sister figure out how to hit "PLAY" on your old VCR so you can watch tapes of yours truly, what is it you envy most?

[He flexes.]

RS: Is it the arms? The chest?

[He turns around, striking a different pose.]

RS: The back maybe?

[He spins back around, an arrogant smirk on his face.]

RS: Or is it the waist? I think it's the waist, Travis. I think you sit back and look at the best lookin' man in the world today and you wish you had the power and definition of my body... but most of all, you look at this waist and weep. You stay up nights wondering how you can be half the man that I am, Travis.

[Summers shakes his head.]

RS: But something ain't right here, Buddy. Something ain't quite right on the sexiest man alive.

[Buddy snaps his fingers, securing the golden title belt around Summers' waist.]

RS: There we go, Travis. That's the ticket. 'Cause you see, no matter how good "Red Hot" Rex Summers' body looks with nothing on it at all... ask your sister about that one, Trav... it looks oh-so-much better wrapped in solid gold.

Tonight, you get the match you want... but I walk out of All Star Showdown with gold around my waist no matter what.

[Summers flashes a big wink at the camera before planting a kiss right on the lens. We fade from there to the sounds of Animotion's "Obsession" which plays over a highlight reel of all of the night's competitors in action leading to a big full-screen graphic that reads "ALL STAR SHOWDOWN" in red, white, and blue lettering.]

Voiceover: The American Wrestling Alliance presents ALL STAR SHOWDOWN!

[We cut from the title frame to the interior of the Crockett Coliseum, a red hot roaring crowd in attendance from moment one. The interior of the building stays constant - still the ring dead center at the end of an elevated entryramp that runs from the locker room. There are still the two elevated interview platforms on either side of the ramp, one set up for Todd Michaelson's Money Pit.



We crossfade down to ringside where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are ready to rock. Gordon is in a black suit with white dress shirt for the occasion while Bucky's opted for a "subtle" splash of a red sportscoat and yellow dress shirt.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to ALL STAR SHOWDOWN! We are LIVE tonight on WKIK for this special late night broadcast and fans, what a lineup we have here tonight! We've got two title matches for you plus some of the greatest professional wrestling action in the world! Bucky Wilde, it's gonna be a big night here in Dallas!

BW: It certainly is because tonight, we're gonna see Rex Summers FINALLY put an end to Travis Stench's whining and crying. Stench has got his last shot at the PCW World Title here tonight... and he's got the rules he wanted to boot, Gordo. No countout, no DQ, Jim Watkins at ringside to keep Buddy Morton in check. But none of that's gonna matter when Stench gets Heat Checked back to his daddy's farm!

GM: That's going to be an incredible matchup but what about the match that should have major implications on the Top Ten rankings here in the AWA when "Showtime" Rick Marley and Eric Preston collide?

BW: Preston and Marley are two goody two shoes going head to head. But in a match like that - with so much at stake - you just know that at some point, someone's gonna break a rule and THAT'S when things get fun.

GM: Speaking of breaking rules, I think we can pretty much throw the rules out the window when Violence Unlimited and the Bishop Boys meet for the very first time here tonight in tag team action!

BW: Violence Unlimited believes they're the best tag team in the world and The Bishop Boys helped take away the titles that proved it. You better bet that Morton and Haynes will be out for payback tonight.

GM: We've got all of that plus much, much more but right now, we're going up to the ring where the twenty men who've entered tonight's Open Invitational Battle Royal are ready to go with the winner getting a shot at Robert Donovan and the Longhorn Heritage Title in tonight's Main Event!

[We cut to a wide shot of the arena where the men entered in the opening match of the night are still making their way towards the ring. The shot cuts again, revealing a smirking Calisto Dufresne, National Title belt slung over his shoulder, trotting down the ramp.]

GM: And can you believe the nerve of this guy, Bucky? The Ladykiller, Calisto Dufresne, has entered himself into this Battle Royal here tonight after what happened two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling when Robert Donovan came in after Dufresne's match with Jack Lynch, delivered that massive gutwrench powerbomb, and actually pinned the champion!

BW: It wasn't a sanctioned match, it wasn't a legal pin! I've heard this jackanape Donovan running around for two weeks now telling everyone how he pinned the National Champion and how he's gonna do it again in one month's time at the big Anniversary Show. He embarrassed the champ and now, tonight, the Ladykiller gets a chance to do the same thing to him.

GM: How?! You ACTUALLY believe that Calisto Dufresne is going to win this Battle Royal and then go on to defeat Robert Donovan in tonight's Main Event for the Longhorn Heritage Title?

BW: You bet I do. The man is the greatest professional athlete in the world today, Gordo. And tonight, he's gonna make history by becoming the first double champion in AWA history!

GM: We'll see about that. Before the bell rings for this one, let's take a look at the participants...

[A list of names comes up on the screen: MAMMOTH Mizusawa, The Rave, Col. PW de Klerk, The Hive, Sweet Daddy Williams, Kolya Sudakov, BC Da Mastah MC, The Antons, Alphonse Green, Bruno Verhoeven, Pedro Perez, Skywalker Jones, El Caliente, Karl Kane, The Lost Boy, Chris Choisset, and Calisto Dufresne.

As the graphic fades, we find the same twenty men standing inside the squared circle, waiting for the action to start...

...when suddenly Metallica's cover of "Turn The Page" starts up to a big reaction from the AWA crowd!]

GM: Hold everything! The champ is here!

[The crowd's cheers grow louder as Robert Donovan strides through the entrance curtain, hoisting the Longhorn Heritage Title belt over his head. He looks down the ring with a nod, slowly making his way down the elevated rampway.]

GM: Robert Donovan has decided to get an up close and personal preview of the twenty men who are battling it out for the chance to face him for that particular piece of hardware hanging over his shoulder in tonight's Main Event, Bucky.

BW: He's got no right to be out here! This is another show of bias by the Championship Committee!

[Calisto Dufresne steps over towards the ramp, firing off a volley of harsh words in the direction of the man who will challenge him for the National Championship in less than one month's time.]

GM: The Ladykiller is really letting him have it. I have it on good authority that Dufresne absolutely destroyed the backstage area two weeks ago after what went down with Donovan. He was enraged by that situation!

BW: As he should be! Jim Watkins was supposed to be out there to keep law and order and he just stood by and watched as Donovan ASSAULTED the National Champion. The AWA's lucky that Calisto didn't file charges because of that!

[As Donovan reaches ringside, he fires off a few words of his own to the National Champion before taking a seat in a metal folding chair as the ringside referee, Mickey Meekly, signals for the bell. The sound of the bell puts the entirety of the ring into motion, a sea of humanity coming together in a flood of fists. Friends and allies alike instantly find themselves pitted against each other as Pedro Perez and Alphonse Green, both members of Waterson International, get tangled in a collar and elbow, shoving one another around as they look towards the ropes.]

GM: There are no friends or allies in that ring tonight. It's every man for himself with a prize like a shot at the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line, fans.

BW: And all managers have been banned from ringside by the Championship Committee which means that Ben Waterson is sitting in the back somewhere completely infuriated at the sight of his two charges trying to toss one another out of this ring.

GM: When you look at that ring right now, Bucky, who's the favorite?

BW: In a Battle Royal, you always have to assume that size makes you the favorite. So, you have to look at guys like Bruno Verhoeven... perhaps even a dark horse like The Lost Boy. But the odds on favorite has GOT to be MAMMOTH Mizusawa.

GM: The Japanese giant will draw a lot of focus, especially early in this match when there's so many men in there that can work together to try and eliminate him.

[We quickly see that plan being put to work as Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG each grab at a massive tree trunk-like leg, trying to muscle the giant over the ropes.]

GM: The Rave working together to try and get Mizusawa out of there.

BW: It's a good strategy but these two are so small. They're going to need some extra muscle in there if they're thinking of getting the giant over the ropes.

GM: Remember, to be eliminated, you must go all the way over the top rope and have both feet touch the floor.

[Spotting The Rave with Mizusawa immobilized, Nick Anton pushes Col. PW de Klerk aside and moves to assist the time-traveling duo.]

GM: It looks like we're getting more help in on the giant. Both legs are trapped right now and-

[But as Anton gets within arm's reach, Mizusawa reaches out and grabs him by the back of the head, crushing him with a headbutt that knocks him down to a seated position on the canvas.]

GM: It's going to take a lot to get Mizusawa over the top. Remember, the giant battled Robert Donovan back at SuperClash III for the Longhorn Heritage Title but came up a little short. Tonight, under new managerial guidance, perhaps could turn out differently.

BW: I don't think so. This goof thinks he can actually lead Mizusawa to places that Louis Matsui could not? Ridiculous!

[Reaching down, Mizusawa grabs the back of Jerby Jezz's head, ripping him off the leg slightly...

...and STOMPS down, smashing Jezz' face into the giant's knee!]

GM: Uh oh! Look out! There's a giant on the loose!

[Grabbing Shizz Dawg OG now with both arms, Mizusawa powerfully hoists him off the mat, into the air, and throws him into the nearest set of buckles.]

GM: Ohh! What a show of power by the giant!

[Mizusawa turns to move in on Shizz Dawg as we cut to another part of the ring where Bumble Bee has El Caliente pushed halfway over the ropes. The luchador's legs are wrapped around the top rope, preventing his fall as one-half of The Hive hammers away with kicks to the back.]

GM: We're seeing some encounters in there that we haven't seen before. But no one's been eliminated so far in this one.

[Another cut finds Kolya Sudakov pushed against the buckles by Calisto Dufresne who has his hands wrapped around the throat of the former National Champion.]

GM: I still can't believe that Dufresne's in this thing. He's got no business in there, Bucky. He couldn't care less about being the Longhorn Heritage Champion.

BW: Oh, I beg to differ, Gordo. He knows how important that title is to Donovan so that means he cares very much about hurting Donovan's ego like Donovan did to his two weeks ago.

[On cue, we cut to the floor where Donovan is looking on. The crowd jeers as the powerful Bruno Verhoeven shoves veteran Karl Kane over the ropes, sending Kane crashing down to the mats in front of Donovan. Verhoeven glares at Donovan, shouting something in German in his direction...

...and then crumpling under a pair of hard forearms to the back, sending the New Butcher falling into the ropes. Sweet Daddy Williams, having stumbled

Verhoeven, ducks down to grab at a leg to try and upend the German over the ropes.]

GM: He's trying to toss Verhoeven!

BW: And if he's able to do it, then Sweet Daddy Williams will have gotten rid of someone who I think is a major favorite in this match!

GM: We're down to nineteen men and Verhoeven tossed the only one so far! But now he finds himself in trouble here with Sweet Daddy Williams trying to get the leverage to toss him to the floor.

[Williams turns slightly, waving a hand at the nearest man to come and assist - an assist that comes in the form of BC Da Mastah MC who comes into the fray, reaching through the ropes to grab Verhoeven around the head and neck, trying to pull while the Hotlanta native hoists him off the canvas.]

GM: And now there's two men trying to toss Big Bad Bruno over the ropes to the floor!

[The crowd boos as Col. de Klerk marches into view, grabbing BC by the head and pulling him back off of the German. He delivers a stiff back elbow under the jaw, knocking the rapper back into the ropes. de Klerk winds up, throwing an uppercut to the jaw of da MC.]

GM: de Klerk just bailed out Verhoeven and-

[Williams breaks off from the German, cracking de Klerk with a right hand to the jaw. A second one knocks him back to the ropes where Williams pushes forward, trying to shove de Klerk over the ropes.

We cut again, revealing Pedro Perez and Alphonse Green - no longer fighting with each other and now working together to try and get The Lost Boy over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: You have to think that if Waterson International can stay on the same page in this one, it gives them a bit of an edge over quite a few people in the ring tonight.

BW: Maybe - there's a handful of teams in there though as well.

[A camera cut reveals Nick Anton holding Chris Choynet across his chest, walking towards the ropes with him.]

GM: Anton's going to throw Choynet out! He's-

[The crowd cheers as Yellow Jacket leaps up to the second rope, springing off and snapping a kick into the mush of Anton, causing him to drop Choynet down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! What a kick!

[But the Hive member doesn't get to take advantage of it before Alex Anton bowls him over with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! And Alex Anton flattens him in response!

BW: See what I mean, Gordo? Tag teams sticking together in this one get the edge in my book.

[The crowd suddenly roars as Skywalker Jones gets hit with a big clothesline from MAMMOTH Mizusawa, a blow that flips him over the ropes...

...where he hangs onto the ropes, landing on the ring apron!]

GM: Skywalker Jones is in trouble! He's in big trouble, Bucky!

BW: Hang on, kid!

[Mizusawa reaches over the ropes, pulling Jones up to his feet...

...and wrapping his hand around the throat of the highflyer!]

GM: He's got him! The giant's got him on the apron!

[Jones frantically reaches out, raking his fingers across the eyes of the Japanese giant!]

GM: Ohh!

[Mizusawa stumbles backwards, clutching his eyes. Jones quickly grabs the top rope, leaping up, springing off, and DRIVING both feet squarely in the back of the head of the giant who wobbles across the ring, falling chestfirst into the ropes...

...which brings both Antons to bear on the giant, each reaching down to grab a leg!]

GM: The Antons are trying to toss him out! They're trying to make a name for themselves right here and now, Bucky!

BW: They have struggled to really get going here in the AWA since their arrival but tossing the giant out of this Battle Royal could certainly help them out.

[A wild-eyed, face-painted man from Parts Unknown rushes into view, grabbing his tied-off topknot...

...and SLAMS his own skull into the kidneys of Alex Anton!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt by The Lost Boy!

[Nick Anton breaks off, trying to help his brother...

...and gets CRACKED with another stiff headbutt from The Lost Boy who sticks out his tongue, revealing an awful shade of green.]

GM: The Lost Boy, a big star in Blackjack Lynch's PCW, is trying to find his way onto the AWA roster on a permanent basis here tonight. We've seen him make a few appearances in the past but he hasn't earned that fulltime gig quite yet. Could tonight be his night?

BW: If he walks out of Texas with the Longhorn Heritage Title, it would have to be, Gordo!

[The crowd jeers as Alphonse Green and Pedro Perez work in tandem to hurl Chris Choynet over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Choynet's gone! He's eliminated!

[Perez and Green share a high five, turning back around as Calisto Dufresne joins the high five then gestures at Kolya Sudakov who is hammering Jerby Jezz with right hands to the mush...

...which makes him easy prey for the trio as they quickly work together to throw the Russian War Machine over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Oh my stars! Sudakov's gone! Kolya Sudakov has been eliminated!

BW: Wow! That's huge, Gordo. The former National Champion just got eliminated early in this Battle Royal by Dufresne and Waterson International!

GM: Sudakov looks shocked and-

[The camera cuts to show Bumble Bee throwing forearms to the jaw of Shizz Dawg OG against the ropes.]

GM: The continuation of a long-time rivalry between The Hive and The Rave is going on over there on the ropes. Those two teams have had a ton of fantastic encounters at live arena events all over the South, Bucky.

BW: That's right. We've only seen a few of 'em on TV but you better believe that when those two teams square off, you WANT to be sittin' ringside.

GM: Perhaps we'll see them go at it again on the upcoming Anniversary Tour at the end of March. I sure hope so.

[The camera cuts again to reveal Bruno Verhoeven delivering a series of stinging hooks to the ribs of the cornered El Caliente.]

GM: The Butcher is hammering away on the luchador from the SouthWest Lucha Libre promotion down in Mexico... ohh! Big back elbow to the jaw!

[Verhoeven drags the luchador out of the corner, pulling him into a powerful scoop...

...and then pressing him overhead!]

GM: Verhoeven's got him up! He's gonna throw him over the top!

[El Caliente wriggles free, landing on his feet behind the Butcher. He snaps off a series of kicks to the ribs before the big German turns around...

...and then POPS him on the chin with a palm strike!]

GM: Good grief!

[The open handed strike actually knocks Verhoeven back a few steps, falling into the ropes. Grabbing the top rope, El Caliente throws kick after kick to the ribs of the German...

...until Col. de Klerk rushes up from behind, hurling El Caliente over the ropes to the floor to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! The South African scores a big elimination there!

[He spins around, throwing a big salute in the direction of Bruno Verhoeven.]

GM: And perhaps we're seeing the formation of a German and South African union here, Bucky.

[Verhoeven responds by throwing a knee into the ribs of de Klerk, grabbing him by the back of the head...

...and HURLS the South African over the ropes to the floor!]

BW: Or not.

GM: de Klerk is gone! He's eliminated! We're down to fifte-

[The crowd groans as Nick Anton goes sailing over the ropes at the hands of Alphonse Green who caught him off-balance trying to push Jerby Jezz to the floor.]

GM: Nick Anton's gone! We're down to fourteen!

[Outside on the floor, an angry Nick Anton slams his arms down on the apron, shouting up to his brother who drills Green with a forearm smash to the jaw that knocks him flat.]

GM: The Lost Boy is tearing into the giant!

[With Mizusawa backed into the corner, The Lost Boy throws repeated headbutts to the bridge of the nose...

...until the giant grabs him by the throat with both hands, powering the face-painted brawler into the air!]



GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

[And DRIVES him down with a thunderous MAMMOTH Slam!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[A nearby Pedro Perez pulls The Lost Boy off the mat, throwing his limp form over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: He's gone as well!

BW: And look at how resourceful Pedro Perez is in there! He took advantage of a situation that saw another man absolutely level The Lost Boy to gain an elimination.

GM: You don't get extra points for more eliminations, Bucky.

BW: No, but you might get more prestige in the eyes of the Championship Committee and that can go a long way to getting someone where they need to be, Gordo. Perez and Green are working well in there together - who knows? They could be next in line for a shot at the National Tag Team Titles if they keep it up in this one.

[An angry Mizusawa stalks towards Perez who backpedals, hands raised as he begs for mercy...

...and runs right into BC Da Mastah MC who swings him around and drops him with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by everyone's favorite rapper!

[Who suddenly gets a knee to the kidneys from behind. He's quickly spun around...

...and HURLED over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! The floodgates have opened and Calisto Dufresne just sent BC Da Mastah MC out to the floor! And that brings us down to twelve men still inside that ring, Bucky.

[The Japanese giant stands in the middle of the ring, letting loose a bellow...

...and promptly flattens an incoming Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG with a double clothesline!]

GM: DOWN GOES THE RAVE!

BW: No, no! They need to win this thing! They need to... what was it they said they needed to do?

GM: I couldn't understand a single thing they said in that interview.

BW: Me neither but it sounded important.

[Mizusawa doesn't even move to eliminate either man though, turning around as Yellow Jacket springs off his kneeling partner's back, cracking the giant in the jaw with a flying forearm!]

GM: Ohh! The Hive working in tandem against the big man!

[Skywalker Jones charges in right behind Yellow Jacket, using the still-kneeling Bumble Bee to spring off, smashing his knee into the face of the giant as well.]

GM: High flying, high impact offense on display from The Hive and Skywalker Jones and what an odd grouping that is, Bucky!

BW: Battle Royals make for strange bedfellows at times.

[Skywalker Jones and Yellow Jacket each grab an arm on the giant, holding the arms fully outstretched as Bumble Bee regains his feet. He backs off, ready to charge...

...but Shizz Dawg OG intervenes, pushing the masked man aside to rush in, leaping up and smashing both feet into the face of the giant with a dropkick!]

GM: Good grief! These daredevils are all teeing off on the Japanese giant, fans!

[Springing to his feet, Jerby Jezz too shoves Bumble Bee aside before he rushes across the ring, leaping into the air, and smashes BOTH knees into the skull of the giant, sending him slumping back into the ropes.]

GM: Mizusawa might be on Dream Street, fans!

[Bumble Bee measures the man, rushing towards him, and leaping into the air...

...and SMASHES his hindquarters into the face of the dazed giant!]

GM: STINGER SPLASH AGAINST THE ROPES!!

[The crowd cheers the display of offense as Mizusawa slumps to a knee. Grabbing the giant by the hair, Skywalker Jones hammers him with a series of right hands to the skull. With the help of The Hive, they force Mizusawa down into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Uh oh - look out now!

[With Mizusawa down on the mat, the two members of the Hive go to the adjacent corners, pushing past brawling AWA grapplers...

...and break into a sprint, throwing double low dropkicks to the skull of the giant to a roar from the crowd!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The camera quickly cuts to the other side of the ring where Calisto Dufresne has upended Sweet Daddy Williams over the ropes, dropping him down to the floor to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Eleven men remaining in this one! The fan favorite, Sweet Daddy Williams, gets tossed out by the National Champion!

BW: And love him or hate him, Williams had to be considered a top threat to knock off Donovan here tonight so that’s a major elimination as well, Gordo.

GM: We’re down to the Japanese giant, Mizusawa, both members of The Rave, both members of The Hive, Alex Anton, Alphonse Green, Pedro Perez, Bruno Verhoeven, Skywalker Jones, and Calisto Dufresne. One of these eleven men will move on to face the Longhorn Heritage Champion here tonight for the gold.

[We cut back to the downed and cornered Mizusawa who is helpless as both members of The Rave scale the ropes in the corner he’s in. They grab the top rope, kicking their legs out...

...and SWING down into a high impact double dropkick to the mush!]

GM: Good grief! And if you can believe it, The Rave and The Hive are actually working TOGETHER right now to take down the Japanese giant!

BW: They’ve taken him down but how in the heck are they gonna get him out, Gordo? Even four guys - when they’re those four guys especially - are going to have issue putting him over the top rope.

GM: It’s a good point, Bucky.

[Skywalker Jones backs off, swinging his arms back and forth to try and get people to clear a path. He breaks into a sprint, charging across the ring...

...and ends up wrapped in the powerful arms of Alex Anton!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Anton pops his hips, HURLING Jones up and over in a released belly to belly throw...

...that SANDWICHES Mizusawa in the buckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A pumped-up Alex Anton shoves Jones aside as he reaches down, hooking Mizusawa by the arm and trying to haul him up off the canvas to his feet.]

GM: Alex Anton on the other hand changes that situation, Bucky!

BW: That he does. This kid's got some muscles on him.

[A quick camera cut reveals Alphonse Green, Pedro Perez, and Calisto Dufresne huddled up in the corner, looking for their next victim...

...when Bruno Verhoeven charges into the corner, throwing haymakers at any and all of them!]

GM: Verhoeven's seen enough of this three-man wrecking crew!

[A well-placed right hand knocks Perez down to the canvas while a left hook to the body sends the Ladykiller falling back into the corner, clutching his ribcage. Alphonse Green throws a right hand of his own, bouncing it off the skull of the Butcher who simply smiles.]

GM: Verhoeven didn't feel it!

[Green throws a second right hand... and a third... and a fourth... but Verhoeven shakes them all off, throwing his head back in a roar before reaching out and grabbing the second-generation competitor around the throat!]

GM: The Butcher's got him, Bucky!

[Verhoeven drags Green to the center of the ring, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as he hoists him into the air...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! THAT'LL TAKE THE AIR OUT OF 'IM!

[Verhoeven throws his arms back, letting loose a wild roar...

...and turns around into a thrust kick to the chest by Bumble Bee!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him with that kick!

[Bumble Bee dashes to the ropes, leaping into the air, and popping Bruno upside the ear with a forearm smash!]

GM: Leaping forearm by Bumble Bee!

[He signals to his partner who comes in to join him, throwing a flurry of forearms to the skull, knocking Verhoeven down to a knee...

...which allows Bumble Bee to charge in, bashing Big Bruno with a running knee to the mush!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: What a shot! The Hive is really impressin' me here tonight, Gordo. They're holding their own in there in a match where I think most people expected them to be an afterthought.

[With Verhoeven down on the canvas, Yellow Jacket hoists his partner up on his shoulders in a fireman's carry...

...and swings him out, dropping his chestfirst down across a prone Bruno!]

GM: Good grief! What a doubleteam by The Hive!

[Yellow Jacket looks out at the crowd, pointing to them to a lot of cheers...

...which leaves him distracted as Jerby Jezz rushes him from behind, shoving him over the ropes to the apron!]

GM: Ohh! So much for working together! Jerby Jezz just tried to eliminate Yellow Jacket but Yellow Jacket hung onto the ropes! He's out on the apron!

[An annoyed Jerby Jezz grabs Yellow Jacket by the mask, hammering him with a forearm to the temple. A second one has Yellow Jacket hanging onto the top rope with both hands, his weight hanging backwards towards the floor.]

GM: Yellow Jacket's trying to hang on! He's trying to keep on the apron to save himself!

[Jerby Jezz slaps the wrist of Yellow Jacket with a "HIII-YAA!"]

BW: He literally slapped his wrist! He's trying to break the hands off the ropes!

[Jerby Jezz steps up to the second rope, leaping high in the air, and drops an overhead chop across the right wrist!]

GM: Another shot to the wrist!

[Bumble Bee slips up behind Jerby Jezz, swinging him around into a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[A dazed Jerby Jezz throws a wild right hand but Bumble Bee ducks under it, drops to his knee, and throws a stiff shot to the ribcage. He pops up to his feet, throwing a palm strike uppercut that sends Jezz over the ropes out to the apron as well!]

GM: And now Jerby Jezz is out there WITH Yellow Jacket!

[Bumble Bee reaches over the ropes, grabbing Jerby Jezz by the hair to haul him to his feet. He grabs Jezz' arm, going for an Irish whip towards Yellow Jacket who goes for a backdrop...]

GM: What the...?

[Jerby Jezz somehow manages to turn himself around before the backdrop, using Yellow Jacket's back to backflip over the backdrop, landing precariously on one knee on the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Incredible!

BW: Amazing! Did you see that?

[Inside the ring, Bumble Bee breaks into a dash towards Jerby Jezz, Yellow Jacket ducking his partner's outstretched arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Jezz ducks that as well, reaching up to hook the right arm with his own arms, swinging his body back over the ropes into the ring, floating all the way through into a crucifix...

...and using the crucifix to try and drag Bumble Bee over the ropes!]

GM: WHOA!

[The crowd is roaring at the exchange of near eliminations by The Hive and Jerby Jezz...

...and then gets even louder as Shizz Dawg OG charges the adjacent corner, running up the turnbuckles, turning slightly, and HURLING himself into a somersault plancha aimed at Yellow Jacket!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big dive sends Shizz Dawg OG crashing onto Yellow Jacket, knocking him down on the apron...

...and down to the floor!]

GM: They're both eliminated! They're both-

BW: NO! NO! LOOK!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Yellow Jacket AND Shizz Dawg both out on the floor...

...standing on one foot.]

GM: What in the world is going on here?! They're still in this thing!

[With one foot on the floor and both hands on the bottom rope to keep in the match, the two men struggle to keep their balance...

...and Yellow Jacket lashes out with a chop to the side of the neck that sends S-DOG hopping a couple feet away, hugging the bottom rope to his face.]

GM: He's trying to hang on! Remember, BOTH feet have to touch the floor for these two to be eliminated and they're out there with only foot on the floor.

BW: How long can they hang on like that, Gordo?

GM: I have no idea.

[A quick cut back to the ring shows Bumble Bee struggling against the crucifix as Jerby Jezz violently shakes him, trying to pull him over the ropes...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[The crowd ROARS as Skywalker Jones dashes across the ring, leaping so that his legs go flying between the top and middle ropes...

...and RIGHT into the faces of both Yellow Jacket and Shizz Dawg OG, knocking him them down to the floor!]

GM: THEY'RE GONE!!

[Skywalker Jones, having caught his arms on the top rope, grins at the double elimination as he sits on the ropes...

...which allows Calisto Dufresne to slide in from behind, burying a forearm smash in the kidneys of the highflyer. He grabs two hands full of hair, VIOLENTLY swinging Jones down so the back of his head BOUNCES off the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Pedro Perez and Alphonse Green are instantly on the scene, stomping the downed Jones on the canvas.]

GM: We're down to nine men in this matchup! One of these nine men are going to be facing Robert Donovan for the Longhorn Heritage title later tonight.

BW: And at this point, this Battle Royal has been going on for closing in on twenty minutes. These men have GOT to be getting tired, Gordo. And that can't be good for their chances against Donovan in the Main Event.

[We cut to Robert Donovan, still looking on with interest as the Waterson International duo works over Skywalker Jones on the canvas just a few feet away from him. Calisto Dufresne peels away from that, moving over to

where Bumble Bee and Jerby Jezz are still tangled up. Out on the floor, we can hear Shizz Dawg OG shouting at Yellow Jacket who is angrily buzzing in response.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to help Jerby Jezz get Bumble Bee over the ropes... he's trying to-

[A hard shove sends both men toppling over the ropes...

...but landing safely on the apron!]

GM: Ohh! They went over the top but they somehow manages to save themselves again!

[A quick cut across the ring shows Alex Anton and Bruno Verhoeven working together to hammer MAMMOTH Mizusawa in the corner. After a hard right hand to the jaw by Anton, the Japanese giant reaches up, grabbing each man behind the head...

...and SLAMS their skulls together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker by the giant! He's still in this thing as well and-

[The crowd ERUPTS in a mixed reaction as Mizusawa HURLS Alex Anton by the head over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Alex Anton is gone!

BW: And then there were eight! You gotta think that Perez, Green, and Dufresne have managed to put themselves in the driver's seat in this one, Gordo.

GM: Speaking of which, Perez and Green have got Skywalker Jones back up on his feet... double whip coming up...

[Jones hits the ropes, rebounding off to duck under a double clothesline attempt by both men, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: Double backdr-

[Jones drops into a split-legged slide, sliding all the way under the two doubled-up men and coming to a halt. He instantly lashes out with a right hand, popping Perez on the jaw and sending him stumbling away. A panicked Alphonse Green takes a swing at the downed Jones who rolls to the side to avoid it, then rolls back and swings a leg up, catching Green on the chin with a kick!]

GM: Ohh!

[The camera cuts again, showing Bumble Bee throwing stiff back elbows to the mush of Shizz Dawg, trying to knock him off the apron. Grabbing a handful of the dazed Rave member's hair, Bumble Bee leaps over the top



rope, SNAPPING Shizz Dawg's throat down over the ropes which sends him falling backwards...

...and landing right on the shoulders of Jerby Jezz who catches him in an electric chair position!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He caught him! That's brilliant, Gordo! Jerby Jezz just saved his partner from elimination right there and-

[Bumble Bee grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes and snaps off a kick to the sternum of Shizz Dawg, staggering him backwards as Jerby Jezz tries to keep his balance. Shizz Dawg falls backwards, hanging upside down as Jerby Jezz hangs on for dear life to his partner's thighs.]

GM: What in the... what is Yellow Jacket doing?

[Climbing up on the elevated ramp, Yellow Jacket reaches down, slapping his open palms on the wooden platform...

...and breaks into a sprint, leaping off...]

GM: OH MY...

[...and DRIVING his feet into the face of the hanging and helpless Shizz Dawg!]

GM: ...STAAAAAARS!!!

[The crowd is absolutely ROARING for the highflying dive as Jerby Jezz stumbles back the other way, still somehow managing to stay on his feet as his partner flails about limply over his shoulders.]

BW: Put him on the apron, JJ!

GM: Bumble Bee is standing out there... trying to find a way to-

[Seizing the moment, Calisto Dufresne charges Bumble Bee from behind, bumping him off the apron with a back elbow, sending him sailing through the air...

...and landing RIGHT on the shoulders of his partner to a huge reaction!]

GM: WHAT IN THE...

BW: Now I've seen everything!

GM: Jerby Jezz and Yellow Jacket have saved their respective partners! I've NEVER seen anything like this in a Battle Royal, Bucky!

BW: That makes two of us, Gordo.

[Yellow Jacket makes sure his partner is steady and then moves towards Jerby Jezz who has somehow managed to get his partner back into a steady and stable position on his shoulders.]

GM: The Rave and The Hive have taken this match to a whole other level, fans! Bumble Bee and the Dawg are on the shoulders of their partners and- are you kidding me?!

[The two men start shoving at one another from atop their partners' shoulders, trying to knock the other down to the floor.]

BW: CHIIIIIIICKENNNNFIIIIIIIGHT!

[The crowd is roaring for the crazy situation as the two teams struggle with one another, trying to score a bizarre elimination...

...when suddenly inside the ring, Pedro Perez finds himself military pressed high overhead by MAMMOTH Mizusawa!]

GM: The giant's got Perez over his head! He's got- LOOK OUUUUUT!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Mizusawa HURLS Perez over the top rope, sending him crashing into the pile of Rave and Hive humanity, knocking all five men down to the floor in a pile!]

GM: Perez is gone! The Rave's out! The Hive is out as well! We're down to five men! Mizusawa, Dufresne, Alphonse Green, Bruno Verhoeven, and Skywalker Jones are the final five and one of these men will move on to face Robert Donovan in tonight's Main Event for the Longhorn Heritage Title! What a match, Bucky!

BW: I haven't seen a Battle Royal this fun in a long time, Gordo.

[Mizusawa turns around to find Skywalker Jones staring him dead in the eye...

...which turns into a Jones backhand!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[A rage-filled Mizusawa grabs Jones around the throat with both hands, powering him up into the air...

...where Jones somehow breaks free, hooking his legs around the head of the giant! Jones flails backwards, attempting a massive rana, but the giant does not go over for it, instead holding Jones hanging upside down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ALPHONSE GREEN WITH A SLIDING DROPKICK OUT OF NOWHERE!!  
GOOD GRIEF!!

[Mizusawa releases Jones, allowing him to slump down to the canvas...

...and grabs a rising Green by the hair instead!]

GM: The giant's got Alphonse Green!

[A colossal headbutt connects, sending Green falling back into the turnbuckles. The Japanese giant quickly moves in, grabbing an arm and winging Green from corner to corner...]

GM: Green hits the buckles hard... look out here!

[The giant lets loose a shout as he charges across the ring...]

GM: AVAAAAALAAAAANCHE!

[But at the last moment, a nearby Calisto Dufresne grabs Green by the arm, pulling his ally clear of the running splash that hits nothing but turnbuckle!]

GM: He missed! Dufresne pulled Green clear and-

[Trying to seize the moment, the National Champion and Green each grab a leg on the giant, trying to upend him over the ropes.]

GM: They're trying to eliminate the giant! They want to toss him out and put this down to the Final Four!

[With Mizusawa clinging to the top rope, Bruno Verhoeven marches across the ring, shoving a recovering Skywalker Jones aside...

...and pulls Green off of the giant, dropping him with a right hand. He grabs Dufresne by the hair, dragging him off Mizusawa before flooring him with a headbutt.]

GM: What is going on here?

BW: I think Verhoeven wants to do it himself!

[With the giant backed in the corner, Verhoeven tees off with rights and lefts to the ribs, chopping the big man down to a knee. The big Butcher hits the ropes, bouncing off...

...and getting caught around the throat by a rising Mizusawa!]

GM: The giant's got him! He's got-

[The crowd ROARS as Mizusawa flings Verhoeven over the ropes by the throat!]

GM: THE BUTCHER'S GONE!

[A rage-filled Verhoeven gets to his feet, screaming in the direction of the ring. He shoves a nearby cameraman down, shouting at Robert Donovan now who rises to his feet, ready for a fight if it comes.]

GM: We're down to four! Mizusawa, Dufresne, Green, and Skywalker Jones!

[Out on the floor, Verhoeven storms past Donovan towards the entryway as we see Dufresne rush back in on the Japanese giant, firing rights and lefts as quickly as he can manage...

...until Mizusawa reaches out, grasping him in his powerful clutches, and flings him backfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Back to the corner!

[The Japanese giant swings around, ready to squash the National Champion in the corner...

...when suddenly Alphonse Green rushes into the pictures, hammering away with forearms on the massively broad back of MAMMOTH.]

GM: Well, that's not going to get anything done.

BW: He's outgunned in this one.

[MAMMOTH slowly turns around, a cold gaze resting on Green as the giant reaches out, grabbing him by the throat! He backs Green down, moving towards the center of the ring...]

GM: He's gonna finish off Green right here!

[Dufresne stumbles out of the corner, arms raised over his head, and SMASHES Mizusawa across the back with a double axehandle...

...that basically has no effect.]

GM: I don't even think he felt that, Bucky!

BW: Dufresne should get the heck out of-

[The crowd ROARS as the giant hooks his free hand around the throat of Dufresne, pulling the two men together like ragdolls before standing with them in the center of the ring!]

GM: HE'S GONNA CHOKESLAM 'EM BOTH!

[Suddenly, Skywalker Jones slingshots out over the ropes to the apron, promptly leaping back up, springing off the top rope, and LASHING OUT with both feet to the back of the giant's head!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A DROPKICK!!

[The blow forces Mizusawa to release his grip, falling forward chestfirst into the ropes with his upper body leaning over the top rope. Jones makes a frantic dive at the legs, trying to lift him into the air. He shouts backwards, getting Dufresne and Green to assist him...

...and somehow the trio manages to muscle him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! THE GIANT IS GONE!!

BW: YES! YES!

GM: And we're down to our final three - Calisto Dufresne, Alphonse Green, and Skywalker Jones are battling for the right to face the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[The camera cuts out to Robert Donovan who is now sitting a little closer to the edge of his seat, looking on with great interest as Green and Dufresne promptly assault Skywalker Jones, hammering him down to the canvas where the National Champion promptly puts the boots to him.]

GM: Green and Dufresne, working together here like they have all match long, are really doing a number on Skywalker Jones.

[Dufresne waves Green off, dragging Jones to his feet and holding his arms back as Green throws knife-edge chops across the chest that rattle the pectorals.]

GM: The fans have quieted down a bit now. None of these three men would rank very high on a list of the Most Popular competitors in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: The cheers won't mean a thing to 'em when they're wearing that Longhorn Heritage Title though, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that.

[The National Champion throws Jones back to the corner, driving a pair of boots into the midsection as Green backs off, measuring the man...

...and then charging back in, connecting with a big running clothesline! Jones staggers out of the buckles, getting hoisted up onto the shoulders of the National Champion.]

GM: Dufresne's got him up! Holding him up in that fireman's carry type hold.

[Dufresne goes into a slight spin, ready to fling Jones off his shoulders and down to the mat...

...but as he does, Jones hooks a front facelock and DRIVES Dufresne skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! BIG TIME COUNTER BY JONES!!

[A freaked-out Green drives a knee into the mush of a rising Jones, sending him falling back into the ropes. Green grabs him by the arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Clothesli- Jones slides between the legs!

[He immediately pops back to his feet, leaping into the air, hooking Green as he turns around...

...and drops back down, SMASHING Green's face into his raised knee!]

GM: OHH! FACEBREAKER BY JONES!!

[Green falls back, grabbing his face with both hands as he frantically kicks at the canvas. Jones gets back up, striking a pose over the downed Green...

...and uncorks the standing Shooting Star Press down across the chest!]

GM: ZERO G!!

BW: It doesn't have the same level of impact from down there on the mat though, Gordo.

GM: It might've had enough!

[Jones is all grins as he pushes back up to his feet, doing a full spin as he points out to the crowd...

...and then UNLEASHES an out-of-nowhere superkick flush on the jaw of a rising and staggered Calisto Dufresne, sending the National Champion sailing over the ropes and down to the floor! HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE ELIMINATES THE CHAMPION!

[Jones puts his hand over his mouth with a "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" before hopping up to the midbuckle, hammering his chest with a fist and pointing out to the roaring crowd as Robert Donovan, a big grin on his face, mockingly applauds the eliminated National Champion as a pair of officials help him back down the aisle.]

GM: We're down to two!

[Jones drops back down off the buckles, falling back against them and waving his arms, shouting "GET UP, PLAYA!" to the downed and dazed Alphonse Green who is slowly trying to push himself back to his feet.]

GM: Green's starting to stir... up to a knee...

[As Green reaches his feet, Jones rushes towards him, leaving his feet again in a leaping sidekick...]

GM: Big leg ki- ducked by Green!

[Green lashes out with a boot as Jones turns back towards him, quickly pulling him into a standing front facelock. He hooks Jones under the armpit...]

GM: Green's going for that swinging neckbreaker we've seen him use and-

[Jones rushes forward, smashing Green's back against the buckles. He straightens up, throwing three big right hands to the chin before grabbing Green by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Green!

[The whip sends Jones CRASHING chestfirst into the buckles at high velocity, stumbling out as Green approaches him from behind...]

...and promptly busting out a picture perfect backflip, catching Green squarely on top of the skull with a boot!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A MOVE BY JONES!!

[Slightly dazed from the whip, Jones regains a knee, nodding to the crowd as he pulls Green off the mat...]

GM: He's gonna toss him here!

[Jones rushes the ropes, handful of hair pulling Green along with him.]

GM: OVER THE TO-

[But Green grabs the top rope, managing to pull himself onto the apron as Jones leans against the ropes.]

GM: Green's still hanging on!

[A frustrated Jones grabs Green by the back of the head, hammering away with right hands to the skull. He grabs a handful of hair again, this time aiming for the ringpost...]

...but Green brings a foot up on the ropes, blocking the slam! He digs his fingers into the eyes of Jones, raking them across to temporarily blind the highflyer!]

GM: Cheapshot by Alphonse Green!

[Green pulls Jones into a front facelock, trying to hoist him into a suplex out to the floor.]

GM: He's gonna try to take Jones out the hard way!

BW: A suplex to the floor is the VERY hard way, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is!

[Green struggles and strains, finally managing to power Jones up into the air...

...where a well-placed knee forces Green to set him down on his feet on the apron!]

GM: They're both on the apron!

[We can see the fans all over the arena rising to their feet to watch what seems to be the closing moments of the match as the two men trade blows out on the ring apron. A series of snapping jabs from Jones breaks down the attack from Green, leaving him clinging to the top rope with one arm.]

GM: Green's in trouble here! Jones is hammering away with those short jabs to the mush!

[Grabbing Green in a sloppy Thai clinch, Jones SMASHES a knee up into the face of Green, knocking him down to a knee!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Jones!

[Jones turns his body, wedging himself between Green and the ropes as he places a foot firmly on the chest of Green.]

GM: He's trying to shove him off the apron with his foot!

BW: That's brilliant! It should give him enough power to do it from that angle, Gordo.

GM: Green's hanging onto the ropes with his right arm, totally wrapped around that rope.

[Jones grits his teeth, trying to shove Green to the floor...

...but Green leans forward, wrapping his left arm around the leg of Jones to prevent the shove. He slowly gets up, still holding the middle rope with his right arm but now forcing Jones to sit on the top rope.]

GM: Green's trying to force his way out of this predicament.

BW: I'm not sure it's gonna work.

GM: He's giving it everything he's got though!

[Green slowly turns his body to face the crowd, an action that causes Jones to turn over as well, his chest now parallel with the top rope as Green hooks both legs over his shoulders with his arms!]

GM: What in the world...?!



BW: I think he's trying to use those legs to slam him down to the floor!

[Jones struggles against the slam attempt, wriggling his legs to try and free himself from Green's grip. Alphonse suddenly steps out from under Jones, allowing the highflyer to land back on the apron...]

...where Green promptly shoves him from behind, hoping to catch Jones off-balance. The highflyer sails towards the corner, managing to leap up and land on the middle rope to save himself...]

GM: Oh! Jones caught himself!

BW: GREEN!

[Green rushes forward again, shoving the off-balance and elevated Jones a second time...]

...which sends him flipping over the corner, and CRASHING backfirst down to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Alphonse Green collapses on the ring apron from exhaustion as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... moving on to face Robert Donovan later tonight for the Longhorn Heritage Title...

ALLLLLLPHONNNNNSE GREEEEEEEEEEEN!

[The exhausted Green doesn't even respond to the announcement, still chestfirst down on the apron as Robert Donovan rises to his feet, arching an eyebrow in surprise. He nods at the announcement, slowly turning to make his way back up the aisle.]

GM: You talk about your major upsets. Alphonse Green just outlasted nineteen other men to win this Battle Royal here tonight and in the process, he just earned himself a shot at the Longhorn Heritage Championship!

BW: It's gotta be considered a major upset, Gordo. We're not that far removed from a time when Green couldn't buy a convincing win inside this squared circle and now he's gonna take on Donovan for the gold? Incredible! And all thanks to the brilliant managerial mind of Ben Waterson, daddy!

GM: I see. Well, fans, that'll be our Main Event still to come later tonight. You can see an elated Green out here at ringside celebrating... well, trying to celebrate with the fans at least. They're not having much of it though.

What an exciting way to kick off this special All Star Showdown here on WKIK and we'll be right back with more AWA action!

[We cut to commercial as Green leans against the metal barricade with a "YEAAAAAH, BAYBAY!", trying to get the fans to reach over and pat him on the shoulders to no avail.]

Cut to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time!"

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

...and then back up to live action where we find Gordon and Bucky standing at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! For those of you who are just joining us, Alphonse Green has won our big show opening Battle Royal and he'll face Robert Donovan with the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line later tonight. But right now, we're about to go back to the ring for more action - this time featuring one-half of the former National Tag Team Champions, "The Professional" Dave Cooper. Mr. Cooper made his return to the AWA several weeks ago in a very controversial interview segment and then two weeks ago, returned to the ring by brutally assaulting his opponent before the match could even start - an action that led to the proud Native American, Yuma Weaver, coming to the ring to try and intervene. Tonight, those two men collide one-on-one! Before we get to that match, we have some pre-recorded comments from Dave Cooper -- evidently, he's refused to talk to either Jason Dane or Mark Stegklet.

BW: And why should he? Those two can't ask a hard-hitting question -- certainly not like I can!

GM: Your definition of a hard-hitting question must be different from mine -- let's hear from Cooper.

[Fade in: "The Professional" Dave Cooper just stands in front of a wall. Cooper is already dressed in his wrestling attire and vest, an angry look on his face.]

DC: So Yuma Weaver decides he wants to step into the ring with The Professional. Weaver, I give you credit for having the guts to get into the ring with me, but you are lacking in a lot of other areas. You don't have the talent to measure up to me, you don't have the drive that I've got, and you sure don't have the brains to be smart enough to know what you are getting yourself into, son.

Tonight, Weaver, you become the first stop on my reign of terror through the AWA. Because The Professional has played enough games in this place and isn't playing them any longer. I'm gonna see to it that you are beaten down and know full well exactly what The Professional is all about.

And after I finish you off, I'll be waiting to see who has the guts to step forward next and feel what it's like to suffer before me, and continue to learn exactly who is the best the AWA has to offer and who is destined to rise to the top of this promotion. I don't care who it is who steps in my way next -- everyone is on The Professional's hit list and is going to be dealt with accordingly.

It starts with you, Weaver, and it continues from there until my objectives are accomplished -- and that is the end of the discussion!

[Cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is ready to make the introductions.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 15-minute time limit!

["The Professional" by Leon then kicks in over the PA system, drawing a loud heel response.]

PW: Introducing first, he hails from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and weighs 260 pounds... this is "THE PROFESSIONAL" DAVE COOPER!

["The Professional," Dave Cooper, walks out from the back and down the rampway. Cooper wears black wrestling trunks, black kneepads, white wrestling boots, and a brown vest with the words "The Professional" on the back in white lettering.

Cooper's eyes are hardened and reveal no emotion as he walks down the rampway, paying no attention to the fans. He steps between the ropes, removing his vest, a cold look in his eyes.]

GM: Dave Cooper making no bones about the way he feels about things since his return to the AWA.

BW: And tonight, Yuma Weaver is gonna be the first one to know what it's like to feel The Professional's wrath!

GM: I'm sure Weaver will have a lot to say about that, Bucky, especially after what Cooper did last Saturday Night Wrestling.

[And that's when the nephew of Chief Thunder Mountain comes out from the back and sprints down the rampway.]

PW: And his opponent... whoa!

[Watson is quick to get out of the ring as Yuma Weaver steps through the ropes, with Cooper quick to meet him.]

GM: And look at this -- both men already going at each other as the bell sounds!

BW: This is what you call a fight, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is a fight, Bucky -- Cooper throwing closed fists but Weaver responding in kind with some hard forearms!

[Those forearms quickly turn into the trademark of Yuma Weaver.]

GM: And look at those thunderous chops!

BW: Cooper's trying to fight back, but we know how much power Weaver puts behind those chops!

GN: Cooper's backed up to the ropes... Weaver with an Irish whip and a hard chop on the rebound! Cooper goes down!

[Cooper staggers to his feet but Weaver is quick to strike again.]

BW: He won't let up, Gordo! I can't believe it, but Weaver's dominating right now!

GM: He's got Cooper backed up... Weaver charging and a big clothesline!

[The momentum sends Cooper tumbling over the top rope and to the floor, much to the delight of the crowd.]

BW: Disqualify him! He sent him over the top rope!

GM: That rule doesn't exist here in the AWA unless the referee feels the competitor is making a deliberate attempt to injure rather than defeat. It's very much at the referee's discretion. And right now, Weaver is trying to go after Cooper -- but the referee won't allow it.

BW: About time he did his job!

[The referee directs Yuma Weaver away from the ropes as Cooper pulls himself up. Some fans heckle him, prompting him to turn around and yell "Shut up!"]

GM: Cooper climbing onto the apron -- taking his time getting back in the ring.

BW: He's gotta slow down Weaver's momentum.

GM: No doubt about that -- Cooper did try to catch him as he first entered the ring, but Weaver was ready and... hold on!

[As Cooper is about to duck between the ropes, Weaver gets past the referee and approaches him -- and is met with a thumb right to the eye.]

GM: Cooper resorting to dirty tactics!

BW: He had to -- Weaver isn't willing to show that Native American honor he talks about.

GM: Considering what Cooper did two weeks ago, I don't blame him.

BW: Yeah, well, Cooper's back in the ring and now we get to see The Professional do what he does best!

[Cooper grabs the blinded Weaver by the arm, sending him into the ropes, then coming off with his patented roaring elbow.]

GM: Spinning elbowsmash finds the mark and Weaver goes down... now Cooper grabbing the leg and kicking away at it.

BW: Hey, take one of Weaver's legs and keep him off his feet... that's a good strategy.

GM: Cooper pulling Weaver up while keeping the leg hooked -- ohh! Some kind of a spinning legwhip down to the mat... and right into a stepover toehold! Into a SPINNING toehold now!

BW: Cooper's trying to physically break down that leg and I love it, Gordo.

[Cooper takes several turns in grabbing Weaver's leg and then spinning around it, twisting the leg harder each time.]

BW: It's a simple move but it can be really effective in working over the leg, Gordo.

GM: Cooper using it very well and Weaver is in trouble. He needs to find a way out of this.

[And as Gordon says this, Cooper goes to apply the hold again, but Weaver gets his free leg up and kicks Cooper's rear, sending him chestfirst into the corner.]

GM: And there it is! Cooper sent face first into the turnbuckles!

BW: But Weaver's gotta be in bad shape, Gordo.

GM: He is limping but back on his feet! Cooper dazed -- and there are those chops again!

[Weaver spins Cooper around in the corner and fires off his best move, eventually causing Cooper to slump into the corner. Weaver then turns to the crowd a moment and lets loose a war cry.]

GM: And the momentum shifting back to Weaver's favor!

BW: He better stop asking for everyone's approval. That just allows Cooper to get back on the warpath.

GM: But Weaver is getting back on the attack -- he drags Cooper up and a nicely executed vertical suplex! The cover follows... one... two... no, Cooper kicks out!

BW: That suplex may have been nice but it takes more than that to beat The Professional!

GM: Weaver picking Cooper up again... big bodyslam!

[Weaver then turns to the corner and begins to climb -- although a bit slowly.]

GM: And now Weaver will take a chance...

BW: And a bad decision at that! He's not moving quickly -- you can tell his knee is bothering him!

GM: Cooper now to his feet -- Weaver trying to end this one quickly -- oh no!

[Gordon has just reacted to Cooper lunging forward and hitting the top rope, causing Weaver to lose his balance and crotch himself in the corner.]

BW: Weaver getting too cocky for his good -- just like his ancestors who thought they made the deal of a lifetime when they sold Manhattan to the Dutch!

GM: The tide of this match has definitely turned -- Cooper now dragging Weaver from the top rope and onto his shoulder -- powerslam and with authority!

[Cooper gets to his feet and then delivers a vicious kick right to the ribs!]

GM: Oh my! Hard kick to the ribs!

BW: You shouldn't have tried playing the hero, Weaver -- now you're paying the price for that!

GM: Cooper drags Weaver up -- Weaver again fighting back, though! Never underestimate the courage of this young man!

BW: Courage is one thing, Gordon, but you need skill to beat The Professional!

[Weaver manages to get a couple of shots to Cooper's ribs before hooking a side headlock...

...but that gives Cooper the opportunity he needs.]

GM: Cooper lifting Weaver -- kneebreaker!

BW: See what I mean, Gordo? Look at how smart Cooper is -- he took advantage and went right back to work on that same knee!

GM: Weaver down on the canvas... and now Cooper grabbing that leg. He drops an elbow right on it! And now another one!

[Rising to his feet, Cooper then stomps on the injured knee, before turning momentarily to defiantly raise his arms to the booing crowd.]

GM: Cooper going for the leg again -- and now he applies the figure-four leglock!

BW: And now Weaver has only one option, and that's unconditional surrender!

GM: Cooper really wrenching that knee! Weaver in bad shape, but he's telling the referee he won't give in!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED IN THIS MATCH! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: The figure-four leglock is one of the most painful holds in wrestling -- can Weaver hold on?

BW: What, for a time limit draw? That's 10 minutes, Gordo -- no way does he last that long!

GM: But perhaps Weaver can find another way out. Can he get to the ropes? Can he reverse it?

[Weaver tries to reach for the ropes but they are too far for him...

...but they aren't too far for Cooper.]

GM: Oh, come on! Turn around, ref!

BW: No, Weaver gave up! I saw it!

GM: He did not!

BW: Well, it sure looked like it to me! I swore I saw him pulling out a white flag of surrender! And the ref must have thought so, too!

GM: Cooper using the ropes for leverage and...

BW: No, he's not! The referee's looking at him right now!

GM: That's only because Cooper let go when the referee turned!

[The referee questions Cooper about the bottom rope shaking a bit, but Cooper just shouts back, "It's probably just loose! Do your job and tell him to say uncle!"]

GM: The referee turning back to Weaver -- and look at this!

BW: Yeah, Weaver's definitely pulling out that flag and...

GM: No, Bucky, Cooper is using the ropes again!

BW: He's just trying to tighten that rope -- he said it was loose, after all!

[The referee turns to face Cooper, just as he lets go of the ropes again.]

GM: I can't believe this -- how can the referee miss what Cooper is doing?

BW: The referee's job is to see if Weaver wants to give up! And that's exactly what the referee did!

GM: And when he did, Cooper took advantage! But wait... Weaver's trying to reverse the hold!



[Weaver clenches his fists as the crowd swells, Cooper trying to hang on..

...but Weaver is able to muster the strength to turn himself and Cooper over, thus putting the weight on Cooper's knee!]

GM: Weaver reversed it! And now it's Cooper who is in trouble!

BW: I don't know where he got the strength to do that!

GM: The referee checking with Cooper -- but Cooper rolls Weaver back over and both men are in the ropes! The hold will have to be broken!

[The referee untangles Cooper and Weaver's legs, with Cooper pulling himself up first as Weaver holds his knee in pain.]

GM: Cooper quickly going after Weaver -- he's going to try to the figure four again and... no, inside cradle by Weaver! One... two... knockout by Cooper!

BW: And that's not gonna make Cooper happy!

[Indeed, Cooper gets to his feet quickly, driving a hard kick right square into Weaver's face!]

GM: He caught him with his boot right in Weaver's nose!

BW: That's just a friendly reminder about who he's dealing with!

GM: Cooper wasting no time... he drags Weaver up and sends him into the ropes -- spinebuster slam!

BW: And nobody does the spinebuster better than Cooper!

GM: Cooper waving his arms -- he wants to finish this off!

[Cooper heads over to the corner, climbing to the second rope and waiting for Weaver to rise.]

GM: Cooper taking a lot of time here.

BW: He just wants to measure him perfectly.

GM: Weaver to his feet, staggering a bit -- Cooper comes off and... OH MY!

[Cooper goes for a double axehandle, but Weaver greets him with a hard fist to the midsection, drawing loud cheers.]

GM: Cooper took too much time to measure him! And now Weaver on the attack!

BW: He's dishing out those chops, Gordo, but there's not much behind them! That knee is clearly bothering him!

GM: But he's doing enough to keep Cooper stunned! He sends him into the ropes... back body drop!

[Weaver pumps a fist, drawing more cheers from the crowd, as Cooper gets to his feet.]

GM: And now Weaver rushing Cooper... a spin and there's his patented discus chop!

BW: But he can't cover -- his knee!

[Indeed, Weaver drops down to the canvas, having put his weight on the injured knee.]

GM: Weaver might have had the match won... as it is, Cooper has time to recover!

BW: That's Weaver's problem -- he should have known better than to put the weight on that knee!

GM: Cooper slow to his feet -- Weaver quick to meet him... a series of hard forearms to the head -- he's backed Cooper into the corner.

[Weaver then mounts the second rope, delivering a quick series of blows as the fans count along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[And then Weaver drops down, firing off a hard chop, before whipping Cooper to the other corner.]

GM: Weaver with an Irish whip -- he comes charging in!

BW: Nobody there! Cooper moved!

GM: Weaver crashing chest first into the buckles! Cooper from behind, clipping the knee!

[Wasting no time, Cooper grabs Weaver's leg and wraps it up in a stepover toehold, but this time, grabbing under Weaver's chin and pulling back.]

GM: And the STF applied! Submission hold right in the center of the ring!

BW: We haven't seen Cooper use this move often -- but it shows just how good he is at submission holds!

GM: The referee checking with Weaver -- he'll have his work cut out trying to find a way out of this move.

[After several seconds, though, Weaver can take no more.]

BW: He's giving up, Gordo! The Professional gets it done!

GM: Indeed, Yuma Weaver has submitted -- he couldn't take any more damage to the knee!

[Cooper rises to his feet, brushing aside the referee as he tries to raise his arm.]

PW: The winner of the match... "THE PROFESSIONAL" DAVE COOPER!

GM: Cooper picks up the win and... hold on, what is he doing?!

[Cooper has delivered another sharp kick to Weaver's ribs, before dragging him off the canvas.]

GM: Come on, the match is over... not the gourd buster!

BW: Oh yes, Gordo! And Weaver is destined for the happy hunting ground!

[But Cooper isn't done yet, as he slides outside the ring and grabs a certain foreign object.]

GM: Now what... not a steel chair!

BW: This is called sending a message to the AWA, Gordo! Don't mess with The Professional!

GM: Cooper with the chair... now driving the end of it into Weaver's knee! Come on!

[The referee yells for Cooper to stop, but he pays him no mind, driving the chair into Weaver's knee a second time.]

GM: We've got more referees and officials coming out from the back... not a third time!

BW: You thought you'd get away from knee injuries when you stopped playing football, Weaver -- you were wrong!

[As referees and officials swarm the ring, Cooper has placed the chair on the canvas and is about to thread Weaver's leg through the chair, but he never gets the chance as the number of referees and officials are just too many.]

GM: Thank goodness we got some help for Weaver -- I can't imagine what Cooper might have done.

BW: I can... and I'm not happy about being denied that pleasure of seeing it unfold!

[The referees and officials order Cooper out of the ring, who grudgingly complies. As Cooper exits the ring and heads up the ramp, he raises his arms defiantly, drawing more boos from the crowd.]

GM: Dave Cooper gets the win, but what a terrible act on his part after the match.

BW: He just let Weaver know what happens when you get on The Professional's bad side. The rest of the AWA better take notice -- you can tell Cooper is mad as heck and not taking it any more!

[Officials then help Weaver, who is slow to get up and out of the ring.]

GM: An impressive - and potentially very important - win for Dave Cooper as he tries to work himself into the Top Ten rankings and show the world that the past is behind him as he looks towards the future and the Longhorn Heritage Championship.

BW: A few more matches like that and I don't think the Championship Committee will be able to deny him a shot at that title, Gordo.

GM: You could be right, Bucky. Fans, we're going to go right back up to the ring in just a few moments for more action but before we do, at a recent live arena event, we saw a tag team match pitting the massive Skullcrushers against the recently-returned War Pigs, two of the strongest teams in the entire AWA. We don't usually do this but AWA officials were so impressed by this showdown, we're going to show some highlights of that matchup followed by comments from Jeremiah King and the Skullcrushers! Let's take a look!

[The words "February 18, 2012" appear on the bottom of the screen as we cut to house show footage. The voices of Jason Dane and Mark Stegklet are instantly recognized.]

JD: We're coming to you from Amarillo Civic Center in Amarillo, Texas. We're about to get underway as the War Pigs meet the Skullcrushers in a match. What are your thoughts on this match, Mark?

MS: Jason, these two teams are quite similar in their approach to wrestling. It'll be an all-out brawl as far as I'm concerned. The War Pigs are coming off a very successful stint in Japan while The Skullcrushers are looking for a win to really jump them up in the eyes of the Championship Committee.

[Sabre and Devastation are standing in the ring for their respective teams.]

JD: We have Sabre in the ring with Devastation. I have to agree, Mark, this is going to be an all-out slugfest between these two teams. Last Saturday, the War Pigs had a few words for the Skullcrushers. From my

understanding, Jeremiah King immediately went out and signed a match for the Skullcrushers against the War Pigs.

[Mickey Meekly is in the ring and calls for the bell. Sabre and Devastation go into a collar-and-elbow tie up. Both men jockey for position before Devastation gets the advantage and forces Sabre back two steps. Devastation pounds his left pectoral with his right fist.]

MS: Devastation gets the better in that exchange. I don't know that Sabre is used to wrestling someone who can match strength with him.

JD: Very true, Mark. These two ran roughshod over the competition in Japan. How do you compete with someone who is as strong as you are and takes the same rough and tumble approach that you do?

[Sabre looks out to the crowd like he can't believe what just happened. He rushes right back into a lock-up with Devastation. This time, it's Sabre who gets the better and forces Devastation back a few steps. Devastation looks surprised as Sabre slaps his pectoral.]

MS: Sabre gets the better of the exchange this time! I don't think Devastation knows how to react! Sabre proving he's just as strong as Devastation!

JD: Devastation moves back to his corner. King is now up on the ring apron, discussing strategy.

[We crossfade to a scene which is obviously later in the match. The Overlord and Hammer are now in the ring. Overlord rebounds off the ropes and runs shoulder first into Hammer. Neither man budes. Hammer motions for Overlord to go again. Overlord charges into the ropes and comes off with another shoulder tackle, neither man budging.]

MS: Hammer and Overlord aren't able to get the other man to budge. You want to talk about the irresistible force meeting the immovable object, this is it, Jason. I hate that analogy, but I can't think of any better way to describe it.

JD: I think that's very accurate, Mark.

[It's Overlord this time who points to the ropes. Hammer rushes into the ropes only to have King reach in and trip him up. Hammer turns around to grab King and gets hit with a clothesline to the back of his head. Hammer doesn't go down. Overlord just starts clubbing Hammer's neck with forearm shots.]

MS: Jeremiah King provides an opening for his man.

[We crossfade to later into the match. Overlord has Hammer locked into a bearhug and is just grinding away on it.]

JD: Overlord has had Hammer in that bearhug for a few moments now.

MS: Hammer has tried an a bell ringer and punches, but none of those have broken this bearhug!

[The crowd cheers and rallies behind Hammer. Hammer gets both arms underneath Overlord's arms and attempts to break the bearhug. The cheers get louder and Hammer breaks the bearhug, surprising Overlord who takes a step back, giving Hammer enough space to rock him with a right hand to the skull. A second right hand lands before Hammer whips Overlord across ring, driving him down with a powerslam on the rebound. The big man springs to his feet, letting loose a yell that gets the crowd roaring before he ducks down, pulling Overlord up by the mask.]

JD: Look at Hammer's power! He just broke the bearhug and then powerslammed the big man!

MS: This crowd is energizing Hammer. He surprised the Overlord and he's capitalizing on the opportunity he just created!

[Hammer scoops Overlord up onto his shoulder and walks to a corner. He runs out of the corner connecting with a running powerslam. He hooks the leg as Meekly dives into position. Meekly gets to two before Devastation breaks up the pin attempt.]

JD: Devastation is in there to break up the pin!

MS: Here comes Sabre!

[Sabre enters the ring and starts trading punches with Devastation. Hammer gets up as does Overlord and those two start trading punches.]

JD: It's broken down in the ring, Mark! All four men are in the ring and tempers are flaring due to bruised egos!

MS: I don't know that Mickey Meekly can gain control of this one!

[Meekly tries to gain control, but gets shoved down to the mat for his trouble. He gets back up and warns both teams, but is shoved half-way across the ring the second time. Meekly gets to his feet and calls for the bell. DING, DING, DING.]

JD: Meekly has lost control!

[Meekly tries in vain to get control, but it's an all out brawl between the two teams. After a few moments, the Skullcrushers are forced from the ring by the War Pigs. Jeremiah King gets control of his team and the three men start to back up the aisle. Meekly confers with Phil Watson.]

PW: Due to BOTH teams putting their hands on an AWA official, Mickey Meekly has ruled this match a DOUBLE DISQUALIFICATION!

[Big round of boos from the crowd. Hammer climbs to the middle turnbuckle calling for the Skullcrushers to come back and finish the fight. Sabre motions for them to bring it too. Jeremiah King shakes his head as his two charges look at one another. The crowd erupts into cheers as the Skullcrushers charge back to the ring, slide in, and resume the four-man brawl. We cut back to live action where Jason Dane is standing by with Jeremiah King and the Skullcrushers. King is decked out in a black three-piece suit, red button-down shirt, and black tie. The Skullcrushers are wearing their ring attire and spiked accessories.]

JD: We just saw it right there, fans. Last week, Jeremiah King, your team wrestled the War Pigs to a double disqualification. I have to ask you, Jeremiah, why go after the War Pigs?

JK: That's a simple answer, Jason. The War Pigs warned the Skullcrushers about imitation and warned of the consequences for copying their look. We wanted to make sure the War Pigs weren't bluffing. I went out and signed a match against the War Pigs to let them know their intimidation tactics won't work. Are you familiar with the biblical David versus Goliath story, Jason?

JD: A bit.

JK: Relay what you know about the story for the unfamiliar out there.

JD: The small man, David, beat Goliath, the giant, in combat.

JK: Exactly. It's a story of false hope and rosy realities, Jason. It gives the meek the thought that they really and truly can inherit the Earth. Mistress reality is much harsher and crueler than that. The small man? He doesn't beat the big man very often. If you need a case and point, look at the War Pigs' domination of Japan. They were competing against teams half their size with a quarter of their strength.

[King looks at Dane.]

JK: Don't get me wrong, Jason. The War Pigs are a VERY impressive tag team. How can they compete against a team as strong as they are?

[Devastation and Overlord both flex their arms and chests.]

JK: How can they compete against a team with as much bravado as they have? How do they compete against a team they CAN NOT intimidate? Those are the answers they're currently looking for at the moment, Jason. A double disqualification? Most would consider that a setback. Not me. Not the Skullcrushers. Not the War Pigs.

JD: At the end of the match, you tried to call your two men off. They went back into the ring to continue the fight.

JK: Discretion is the better part of valor, Jason. Sometimes you have to let men fight when it's all they know. The War Pigs can call that weakness. The fact is, the Skullcrushers charged back to the ring to finish the fight. And

they brought the fight. It allowed some good scouting on my part. I learned something.

JD: What's that?

JK: The War Pigs can no longer claim to be the strongest tag team in the AWA, Jason. Now? Now they have competition. As everyone knows, competition is a good thing.

[Devastation steps forward and sticks his tongue out making a scary face. He gets the mic.]

D: SABRE! HAMMER! [He grins.] How does it feel to be thrown around like all those other teams you've thrown around? How does it feel to have someone FINALLY stand toe-to-toe with you!? How does it feel to take on two men who have that same mentality of beat down first and don't bother asking questions looking across the ring from you?

[King pulls the mic back to him.]

JK: I have a challenge for the War Pigs. Hammer and Sabre, I hope you're listening. One of you step forward for a singles match. You name the time. You name the place. And you name which Skullcrusher you face. We'll show up. We'll prove to you that you're NOT the strongest team any longer. How does that sound?

[Devastation laughs as Overlord strikes another arm/chest flex pose. King and the Skullcrushers exit the interview stage.]

JD: The Skullcrushers just laid out a singles challenge to the War Pigs. They name the time, place, and which Skullcrusher they wrestle! That's one that may very well bring the building down. Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more All Star Showdown!

[Fade to black.]

The shot comes to a close up of the face of former AWA star, City Jack.]

CJ: Former AWA National Tag Team Champion, City Jack, here to talk to you about a serious issue here in America...

[The camera dramatically pulls back to show a restaurant "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks".]

CJ: The most important meal of the day! Breakfast!

[The shot cuts to Jack, sitting down in a booth, with a big plate of pancakes.]

CJ: Now just looky here, all these fluffy flapjacks, smothered all on by every flavor of syrup you can imagine! Topped with all the butter in the world your eyes can see!



[As City Jack grabs a forkload of pancake, the shot zooms to Jack's bearded face, eye's bulging wide.]

CJ: This here meal's enough even for this hungry hoss!

[Jack shovels the mass of butter, syrup, and pancake into his mouth and chews with a smile on his face.]

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

[The shot then cuts to a green screen of Jack in front of quick, blown-up shots of all the breakfast foods the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Not a flapjack fanatic? No problem! We've got ahm-lets! Eggs of any kind! Waffles! Bacon! Sausage! Breakfast burritos! Oat-meal! Soups! Dishes o' fresh fruit! Cre... Cra...

[Jack smiles as the background picture remains stuck on a crepe, with the words "World Famous Savory Crepes". Jack points to the words.]

CJ: Them things!

[The shot then cuts to Jack, back in the booth, but this time with every imaginable food item the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Why, if you're like me and can't decide? Get 'em all! Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks offers ALL sort of combos your heart - and stomach -

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

[Jack waves his hand across the plethora of breakfast items in front of him.]

CJ: So when you're hungry and looking for somethin' to fill your gullet -

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "[Flapjacksforjacks.com](http://Flapjacksforjacks.com)" and make your way to a place near you!

[Jack smiles, winks with a nods... and then rams another big wad of pancake into his face.]

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

[City Jack holds up a fork as "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks" pops above his head with the website address pulsating below Jack's face.]

And we fade back to live action where we find Jason Dane as he stands in the dressing room of Scotty Mayhem. Mayhem is ready for action as he paces back and fourth, obviously a little rattled of Casanova's earlier reveal of his opponent. Big Mama tries to soothe him, to no avail.]

JD: I'm in the dressing-room area with Scotty Mayhem and Big Mama. Scotty, Casanova revealed that tonight - in just mere moments - you will be taking on one of your closest friends, Jeff Jagger.

[Mayhem nods and adjusts his thick framed sunglasses. The veins pop out in his neck as he begins to speak.]

Mayhem: You know Jason Dane, I should have known that Casanova would try to pull something like this, yeah. He wants Scotty Mayhem to prove his loyalty to the Playboy Enterprises, then what better way then to have him face one of his closest friends, am I right?

JD: It would make sense I guess.

Mayhem: It would make sense would it Dane... yeah it makes alot of sense...

[Mayhem looks around, hands on hips he then explodes, pointing at the camera.]

Mayhem: YOU THINK YOU CAN RATTLE THE MAYHEM, CASANOVA? [calms down] Yeah, he thinks he can rattle Scotty Mayhem, Jason Dane. But the truth is I'm not rattled at all. It is no secret Scotty Mayhem and Jeff Jagger go way back, yeah. It is no secret that we travelled up and down the roads together, had each other's backs and looked out for each other.

[points at the screen again]

Mayhem: You really think you pulled a rabbit out of a hat on this one don't ya Casanova? Yeah. Well let me telling you something Johnny. Jeff Jagger and Scotty Mayhem know the deal, yeah. This is a business and you do what you have to do to get ahead. You wanted Scotty Mayhem against Jeff Jagger- YOU GOT IT!

[looks at Dane]

Mayhem: But I'll promise ya one thing brother. It's gonna be \_EPIC\_! You don't get much better then me against Jeff Jagger because were going to light the place on fire, yeah. But when it's all said and done Jason Dane, it will be Scotty Mayhem's arm raised in victory!

YEAH!

[Mayhem and Big Mama storm out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Scotty Mayhem doesn't seemed fazed by the news that he'll be facing one of his long-time friends here tonight, fans! Let's go down to the ring and find out!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing as Robert Palmer's "Addicted To Love" begins to blare over the PA system.]

GM: Wait a second... what's HE doing out here?

BW: Hey, "Playboy" Johnny C's got a lot riding in this one! Of course he'd be out here for it!

GM: I don't like this, Bucky.

[The already booing crowd gets louder in volume as "Playboy" Johnny Casanova and "Dirty" Dick Bass emerge from the locker room area and start the long walk down the aisle. Bass is in a black cowboy hat and t-shirt along with cowboy boots and jeans. Casanova is about as far the other way as possible, sporting a shiny, glittering red tuxedo with matching tie and "PLAYBOY" written across the back in silver, fancy script.]

BW: Wow! Look at the Playboy! He spared no expense to look his finest here tonight, Gordo!

GM: He spared no expense of Big Mama's money! Don't forget - it's her inheritance that's paying for all of this.

BW: That's... she wanted him to look like this! She gave him the money to look like this, daddy!

GM: I'm sure.

BW: Haters gotta hate, I guess, Gordo... but Johnny's settling down here in a chair at ringside to make sure these two give it their all against each other. Another smart move by the leader of Playboy Enterprises - we ain't got room for any goldbrickin' in the PBE, daddy!

[Phil Watson raises the mic.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of Smashing Pumpkins' "Zero" kicks in to a big cheer from the Dallas crowd.]

PW: From Charlotte, North Carolina... standing 5'11 and weighing in at 210 pounds... he is the CAAAAROLINA CRUSHER...

JEEEEEEEEEEEEFF JAAAAAAAAAAGGERRRRRRRRR!

[Jagger comes jogging through the entrance portal clad in a long pair of royal blue wrestling tights with "CAROLINA" written down one leg in white

lettering and "CRUSHER" down the other. White wrestling boots with a blue "JJ" on them cover his feet, while his chest is bare. His medium-length brown hair is pulled back out of his eyes, revealing a young and eager face that carries a huge smile. The crowd provides a modest face pop as Jagger quickly makes his way towards the ring, slapping the outstretched hands of as many fans as he can reach.]

GM: And I think I can speak for everyone when I say it's good to see this young man back in action, Bucky. He's been on loan to a few different promoters since SuperClash III - including what I understand was a fantastic homecoming back in the Carolinas for the promotion where he got his start.

BW: Awww, he got homesick.

[Jagger steps through the ropes, raising his arms to a cheer and then scaling to the middle rope, saluting the fans. He slaps his chest over his heart and then holds up his hands in the "I love you" gesture to even more cheers before dropping back down in the corner.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The cheers stay strong as "Rock Warriors" by The Rods replacing the Pumpkins.]

PW: Being accompanied by his manager, Big Mama... he hails from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in tonight at 237 pounds...

"THE INTENSITY"

SCOTTY MAAAAAYHEM!!

[Big Mama is the first through the curtain, showing off her rapidly slimming figure in a black sequined dress with matching purse. Flashes go off from cameras all over the building as Scotty Mayhem strides out behind her, decked out in a silver sequined robe with shiny black trim. He does a full spin with his arms outstretched, showing the "MAYHEM" in black script across the back of his robe while the same script is on a silver headband over his forehead. White, jammer style sunglasses cover his eyes, as he twirls a finger in the sky while making his way to the ring.]

GM: And take a look at Big Mama, Bucky! She looks absolutely beautiful!

BW: You suckup, Myers. You're just like the rest of 'em. She was nothing before the Playboy dragged her out of the dumps! You were just like the rest of these idiots making fun of her when she was fat and dumpy out here just a few months ago! Now that she's paid a visit to a plastic surgeon and Jenny Craig, your tongue is hangin' out of yer mouth!

GM: You really have a problem with her these days, don't you?

BW: You better believe it, Gordo! Who the HELL was Big Mama before Johnny C plucked her out of obscurity and what does she do to pay him back for it? Disgusting!

[Reaching ringside, Mayhem points to where he wants Big Mama to stand as he glances a warning gaze in the direction of Johnny Casanova who sneers arrogantly. Mayhem threatens a backhand in Casanova's direction, an action that brings Dick Bass in front of the Playboy, ready for a fight if one breaks out.]

GM: This match may turn into a fight amongst Playboy Enterprises!

BW: You'd like that, wouldn't you? And this moron from the Sunshine State isn't part of Playboy Enterprises!

GM: He most certainly is. Casanova signed the contract himself. Big Mama and Scotty Mayhem are as much a part of Playboy Enterprises as Casanova and Bass are, Bucky.

BW: It literally makes me physically ill to hear you say that. I may need a barf bag over here.

[Bass fires off a few words in Big Mama's direction as Mayhem steps closer to that, shouting from the ring.]

GM: Mayhem is obviously concerned for Big Mama. Dick Bass may be getting a little too close to her for Mayhem's tastes.

BW: This could really play into Jagger's hands here tonight. Mayhem is so worried about Big Mama he might not be 100% focused on the match.

GM: You could be right, Bucky.

BW: What do you mean "Could be?" I'm ALWAYS right.

[Mayhem tugs off his robe, revealing silver, shiny trunks with a big black star on the front and "MAYHEM" across the back. He tugs his white kneepads into place, kicking the middle buckle with each of his yellow boots. He runs a hand through his wild hair before handing the robe over the ropes to Big Mama who is out on the floor. He drops to a knee, trading a few words with Big Mama before springing to his feet at the sound of the bell.]

GM: Here we go! This is sure to be a good one!

[The two friends exchange a handshake to start the match to the cheers of the crowd before they break apart and begin circling one another. A few moments of that ends with a collar and elbow tieup that Mayhem quickly tugs into a side headlock.]

GM: Mayhem goes immediately to the headlock, taking control of his opponent...

[Casanova shouts at Mayhem almost instantly from the floor.]

BW: Some helpful advice from the Playboy.

GM: Helpful? He yelled, "Rip his head off!"

BW: Well, that would prove helpful if he could do it, right?

[Jagger grabs the wrists of his friend, twisting out of the hold into an overhead wristlock... then to an armbar... then out of the armbar and into a rear waistlock.]

GM: Quick grappling by Jeff Jagger, a graduate of Todd Michaelson's Combat Corner. He's very good on the mat in there - inspired by the career of former World Champion and Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews in many ways.

[Scotty Mayhem struggles against the waistlock, shifting his weight back and forth to try to escape before pulling off a standing switch, ending up holding the waistlock on Jagger.]

GM: Reversal by Mayhem - remember, Scotty Mayhem was one voted the Best Technical Wrestler in the state of Florida so he DOES have that skillset as well even if we seldom see it.

[Jagger looks for an escape, grabbing at the hands of Mayhem to try and break the grip. Not finding an immediate way out, Jagger uses his weight to back Mayhem into the corner where the referee calls for a break and gets a clean one, each man nodding to the other to the cheers of the crowd as they head back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Both men showing respect for each other, Bucky. Many people may not know this but Scotty Mayhem actually helped train Jeff Jagger when both were in the Carolinas.

BW: Well, bully for them! This is a wrestling match, not a hugging contest, Gordo. Let's see these two REALLY go at it!

[The two men tie up again, Jagger instantly going to the wristlock this time.]

GM: Jagger into the standing wristlock, putting the pressure on the arm of his friend and trainer...

[But Mayhem quickly reverses the hold with an armtwist, hooking an armbar, and then slamming his elbow down across the bicep. A second elbow leaves Jagger wincing in pain as Mayhem shifts back into the side headlock.]

GM: And another nice exchange between these two fine technical wrestlers, Bucky.

BW: Johnny Casanova isn't happy about it though, Gordo.

[A quick camera shot to the floor shows Casanova shouting at Jagger as Mayhem backs towards the ropes before Jagger shoves him off...]

GM: Jagger sends him in... drop down...

[Mayhem leaps over the downed Jagger, hitting the far ropes, and coming off into a high hiptoss by Jagger, sending Mayhem crashing down on his back!]

GM: Oh my!

[Jagger looks to press his advantage but quickly cracks a surprised grin as Mayhem - quick as a cat - rolls up to his knees, hands raised to defend himself. Jagger gestures for him to get up, bouncing from one foot to the other as the crowd cheers again.]

GM: Did Casanova just tell him to boot Mayhem in the head?

BW: Sound advice!

GM: I suppose.

[Mayhem slowly gets up, grimacing as he reaches around to grab at his lower back. He runs a hand through his wild hair with a nod. The two men come together for another tieup but Mayhem instantly brings up his knee into the midsection, cutting off the lockup.]

GM: Mayhem goes downstairs with the knee... ohh! Hard overhead elbow to the back of the neck of Jeff Jagger takes him down to a knee!

[A second elbow sends Jagger down to all fours before Mayhem drags him up by the arm, wheeling him around towards the corner...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Jagger... no, reversed by Mayhem!

[The second reversal sends Jagger crashing hard into the buckles. Mayhem instantly dashes in behind him with a back elbow that comes up empty as Jagger moves aside.]

GM: Ohh! Mayhem hits the corner hard! He was going for a back elbow in the buckles but Jagger avoided it. And you have to think these two men know each other pretty well, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, yeah... when are these two gonna get nasty, Gordo? I want to see them stop playing to these idiots in the crowd and really rip into one another.

GM: Honestly, I don't know if you'll see something like that from these two. They're friends, Bucky!

BW: You know what friends get you? An empty wallet and a pain in the a-

GM: BUCKY!

[Jagger moves in on the corner, grabbing his friend by the arm and firing him across into the opposite corner...

...and drops him as he staggers out of the buckles with a running clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline takes Mayhem down to the mat!

[Jagger quickly applies a cover, only getting a hair over a one count before Mayhem kicks out. The Carolina native nods as his friend regains his feet, meeting him there, and instantly smashing a forearm down across the back of the neck. A second one drops Mayhem to a knee but he comes right back up before being put back down with a third forearm. As Mayhem gets up, he wobbles back to the corner...]

GM: Jagger moving in on him again...

[Jagger lines Mayhem up and chops him hard across the chest!]

BW: So much for a clean break.

GM: I guess so.

[As Jagger lands a second chop, we cut out to the floor where a smirking Johnny Casanova leans over to whisper something to Dick Bass, the two sharing a chuckle.]

GM: Casanova and Bass certainly seem to like what they're seeing so far in this one.

[We cut again, this time to Big Mama who is clapping, shouting encouragement to her man.]

BW: What a jezebel this one is.

GM: You don't know that, Bucky.

BW: Whatever.

[We cut back to the ring where Jagger walks Mayhem out of the corner, taking him over with a snap mare before dropping an elbow on him.]

GM: The elbowdrop connects and Mayhem is hurting off that one, rolling over to the ropes.

[Mr. Intensity grabs the ropes, trying to get back to his feet. From the floor, we can hear Johnny Casanova mocking him as Jagger grabs his recovering friend from behind, turning him around to send him into the ropes...]

GM: Jagger FIRES him in... whoooooa my! Jagger set for the backdrop but Mayhem saw it coming and kicked him right in the face!



BW: That's illegal! A kick to the face?! DQ him, Meekly!

GM: There was absolutely nothing illegal about that other than he used the toe of the boot but that's a total judgment call on the part of the official, Bucky.

BW: And if there's anything the Meeklys have as a family trait, it's bad judgment. Like all those nights that Mama Meekly chose not to use birth control.

GM: Would you stop?

[Mayhem leans on the ropes for a moment, trying to collect himself as Jagger tries to pull himself off the mat...

...and gets rolled over as Mayhem knocks him flat with a running elbow to the forehead! The impact sends Jagger rolling towards the safety of the ropes with Mayhem in pursuit.]

GM: And now it looks like Scotty Mayhem is turning up the pressure in this one.

[Mayhem reaches the ropes, finding his friend has rolled out to the apron. The Jacksonville native reaches over the ropes, dragging Jagger to his feet by the hair before he pulls back on the hair, draping Jagger back over the ropes with his throat exposed...

...and SLAMS an overhead elbow down onto the throat, sending Jagger falling off the apron, crashing down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Ohh! A high impact elbowsmash sends Jagger hard to the floor!

BW: That's the kind of thing a friend does to another friend?!

GM: Friendship aside, every match these days is so important in the AWA. This could easily be a match that could decide a future contender for the Longhorn Heritage Title, Bucky.

BW: So you're saying friends are great until there is money, titles, and glory involved? I agree with you, by the way, just want to make sure we're on the same page.

GM: I'm not even sure we're reading the same book, Bucky.

[Mayhem draws a warning from the official who he pushes aside, looking to go out after him but Marty Meekly gets right back in his face, warning him against going to the floor. An irate Mayhem backs off, pacing back and forth in the ring like a caged animal, a slight look of concern on his face as Johnny Casanova approaches the downed Jagger, shouting at the fan favorite. He turns his gaze to Big Mama who shouts something to Scotty Mayhem before clapping again.]

GM: Casanova does not seem happy that Big Mama is out here supporting Scotty Mayhem although I can't imagine why he'd be surprised at that. She brought Mayhem into Playboy Enterprises! But if looks could kill, we'd be holding a wake for Big Mama, I'm afraid.

BW: What do you expect, Gordo? He brought her into this business. He supported her. He wine and dined her, gave her the good life. Then she goes out and hires his enemy to become a member of HIS group! Like I said - jezebel.

GM: You really are too much.

BW: Just callin' it like I see it, Gordo.

[Casanova continues to mock Jagger out on the floor as the Carolina native is slow to his feet. Inside the ring, Mayhem climbs the turnbuckles, one foot on the top, the other on the second.]

GM: Mayhem's on the ropes! He might jump off onto Jagger... or Casanova for that matter!

BW: He better not! The Playboy will eat his lunch!

GM: The Playboy's been eating a lot of people's lunches by the looks of him.

BW: Oh, you're a real riot, Myers.

[Mayhem looks around at the crowd who cheers, waiting for him to take to the air...

...but he suddenly hops down off the ropes, stepping out to the apron where he turns his attention to Dick Bass who had tread a little too close to Big Mama again. He points a warning finger at Bass, telling him to "take a hike." Bass replies with a smirk before backing off.]

BW: Like I said earlier, Mayhem is so paranoid of Casanova or Bass touching Big Mama, that Jagger could use this to his advantage. Look at him. Instead of going after Jagger, he is worried about Bass getting too close to Big Mama.

GM: I would have to agree with you on that, Bucky. Mayhem needs to stay focused here. But it is hard to do that when you have Casanova and Bass creeping around the ring.

[An irate Mayhem rushes back down the length of the apron, quickly scaling the ropes as Jagger slowly gets to his feet...

...and takes flight, soaring through the air with a double axehandle aimed at the skull of his friend!]

GM: OFF THE TOOOOOP!

[But Jagger sidesteps, throwing a right hand to the midsection that sends Mayhem crashing into the railing as well, falling back and clutching his sternum as Jagger falls back into the apron, hanging onto the ropes as he tries to shake his head and clear the cobwebs.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem is down as Jeff Jagger countered the high risk move right there, fans!

BW: That's why they call 'em high risk moves, daddy! You just never know what's gonna happen when you come off that top rope and now Mayhem is hurtin' for certain!

[Jagger rolls into the ring to continue his recovery as a cautious Big Mama creeps around the ring to check on Mayhem...

...and finds Johnny Casanova standing in her path.]

GM: Uh oh. This can't be good.

[Casanova raises a finger, jabbing it in the air at Big Mama, shouting at her to "back off!"]

BW: That's right! Back off, you hussy!

GM: Casanova's bullying Big Mama out here! Just look at him talking to a lady like that!

BW: Lady?! Where?! All I see is a backstabbing, gold-digging good for nothin-

GM: Gold-digging?! It's HER money! It's HER money backing this whole operation! You think Dick Bass would associate himself with someone like Casanova if he wasn't being paid through the nose? Big Mama IS Playboy Enterprises!

[Nevertheless, she backs off from the threatening Casanova who glares at her for a few more moments, shaking his head before he turns back towards the downed Mayhem.]

"GET UP, PUNK!"

[The ringside fans jeer Casanova as he continues to shout.]

"YOU WANTED TO BE A PART OF THE ENTERPRISE?! GET UP AND PROVE IT, YOU LOSER!"

[A voice calls out over the PA.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Casanova gets a little too close to Mayhem for the official's tastes as Marty Meekly rolls to the floor, backing the Playboy off...

...which gives Dick Bass a chance to roughly grab Mayhem by his wild hair, flinging him under the ropes into the ring to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: He was just helping him back into the ring! That's what allies do!

[The referee wheels around, seeing Mayhem in the ring, and starts questioning Bass who simply raises his hands in innocence, walking away as the official gets back into the ring.]

GM: Bass got directly involved in this match - and you try to tell me that these two aren't out here to try and make sure that Scotty Mayhem fails in this match!

BW: No way, Gordo. Dick Bass just made sure Mayhem didn't get counted out - he should be thanking the Playboy and Dirty Dick! They're out here to see if he's got what it takes to be a member of such an elite group and so far, in my opinion and I'm sure they'd agree, he just hasn't cut it!

[Jeff Jagger, totally unaware of Bass' interference, pulls Mayhem off the mat into a seated position, jamming a knee into the spine!]

GM: Ohh!

[Jagger hooks his hands under the chin, pulling back in a kneeling chinlock to give himself a little more time to recover.]

GM: This is a punishing hold right here. That knee in the spine really makes something like this uncomfortable, Bucky.

BW: A lot of pressure on the neck and back in a hold like this. Jagger pulling back pretty hard on that chin which'll only make matters worse.

[After a few moments, Jagger breaks the hold to retake his feet, bringing Mayhem up with him. A boot to the gut doubles up Mayhem before Jagger dashes to the closest set of ropes, rebounding the short distance to smash a knee up into the injured sternum of Mayhem, sending him back down to the mat!]

GM: That kneelift hit him right where the railing did! A nice move by Jagger who goes for a cover here...

[The referee drops down to count but quickly points out that Mayhem is under the ropes. Jagger nods, dragging Mayhem away from the ropes, standing over him...

...and leaps up, dropping a leg across the neck!]

GM: Ohh! High leaping legdrop connects!

[Jagger rolls into a cover as Meekly drops to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two!

[But Mayhem fires the shoulder off the canvas at the two count to the cheers of the crowd and Big Mama.]

GM: Just a two count off the legdrop there. Jeff Jagger slowly to his feet - perhaps showing a little bit of stamina issues from his time away from the AWA, Bucky.

BW: The kid's got a gas tank. We saw that back at SuperClash in Steal The Spotlight. But you're right, Gordo, he does look a bit slow in there tonight.

[Jagger retakes his feet again, dragging Mayhem up by the hair. He promptly ducks in, scooping Mayhem up and slamming him down to the mat!]

GM: BIIIIIG BODY SLAM!

[Jagger pauses, measuring his man...

...and drops to his knees, driving the point of his elbow into the throat, leaving Mayhem flailing about on the canvas, clutching his windpipe!]

GM: Ohh! Turnabout is fair play, I guess!

BW: I think that's in the Old Testament - an elbow to the throat for an elbow to the throat!

GM: Another cover!

[Jagger hooks the leg on a gasping Mayhem, earning another two count before he desperately kicks out.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem does NOT want to stay down here tonight, Bucky.

BW: There's a lot of money involved when you're in a group like Playboy Enterprises. I'm sure he doesn't want to do a single thing that might end with him getting kicked to the curb by Johnny C.

[Jagger again pulls Mayhem to his feet, tugging him into a front facelock as he slings Mayhem's arm over his neck...

...and violently takes him over with a snap suplex, Mayhem's entire body rattling on impact as Jagger floats into another cover, hooking the leg again.]

GM: Another cover gets one! It gets two! It gets- no, out at two!

[The crowd cheers but Jagger looks a little frustrated when he pushes up to his knees. He looks up at the official who repeats that it was a two count. Saying nothing, Jagger pushes back up to his feet with a nod in the official's direction. Outside the ring, we cut to Big Mama who is cheering her heart out, clapping and slapping the mat for Scotty Mayhem.]

BW: I gotta give Jagger credit here, Gordo. He's stayed on the throat and chest, keeping Mayhem off-balance and gasping for air. And even though Mayhem's kicking out of these pin attempts, he's still had to use his stomach muscles to do it which'll only tire him out more.

GM: Jeff Jagger is fighting a very good gameplan here tonight.

[With Casanova shouting in the ring, Jagger casts a dirty look in his direction before dragging Mayhem off the canvas again, pushing him back to the corner.]

GM: Back to the corner... what's gonna happen here?

[Jagger grabs the arm, firing Mayhem across the ring!]

GM: Mayhem hits the buckles hard... here comes Jagger!

[Jeff Jagger sprints across the ring, lowering his upper body into a spear tackle position...

...which turns out badly when Mayhem desperately dives out of the way, sending Jagger shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE TACKLE!!

[Jagger stumbles backwards, clutching the shoulder as Mayhem grabs a handful of trunks, wheeling his friend around...

...and sending him BACK INTO THE STEEL!]

GM: AGAIN TO THE POST!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[This time, Jagger stays between the ropes, his face covered with pain at every slight movement as Mayhem falls to a knee in the ring, sucking wind.]

GM: Both of these men are nearing the end of their gas tanks, I think, Bucky.

BW: It certainly looks that way. Even more of a disgrace for Playboy Enterprises. You know the Playboy can go sixty minutes on a bad day, Gordo.

GM: I don't think so.

[Casnova arches an eyebrow with interest as Mayhem gets back to his feet, pointing to the corner.]

GM: Are you surprised that Scotty Mayhem broke the rules like that in attacking his friend, Jeff Jagger?

BW: Not one bit. He threw the rulebook out the window and that's EXACTLY what it takes to be a member of the Enterprise. That's the killer instinct that he's gonna need if he's gonna make it with this group. He's gotta throw his friendship with this kid out the window too and show Bass and Casanova he means business.

GM: To me, it goes back to what we were saying about how important a match like this potentially is to the Top Ten rankings. You know both of these men would love to crack that Top Ten and put themselves in line for a shot at the Longhorn Heritage Title.

[Pulling Jagger from the corner and tossing him down to the mat, Mayhem turns to the corner, stepping out to the apron where he quickly scales the buckles again, waiting up top for a groggy Jagger to regain his feet...

...and then leaps from his perch, crowning Jagger with a double axehandle!]

GM: OHH! He got all of that!

BW: Cover him!

[Mayhem does exactly that, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Jagger fires a shoulder off the canvas! Mayhem looks questioningly at the referee, asking about the count. Big Mama shouts at her man to keep up the attack, drawing a warning point from Casanova from across the ring. She looks a little intimidated but continues to cheer anyways.]

GM: Just a two count there off the double axehandle!

BW: But it was close, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was! Jeff Jagger just BARELY got out from under that pin attempt in time and Scotty Mayhem was oh-so-close to victory right there, fans. And both of these men are going to need to pick up the pace as we're closing in on the ten minute mark of this matchup.

[Mayhem drops a few stomps on Jagger, showing some frustration before he leans down to drag the Combat Corner graduate back up to his feet...

...and gets caught with a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Jagger caught him downstairs!

[A second right hand to the gut gives Jagger the time and space to get back to his feet. Getting to his feet, he wraps his arms around the waist, tilting Mayhem back so he's parallel to the mat...

...and DROPS his spine down across Jagger's knee!]

GM: Backbreaker! Excellently executed!

[Jagger promptly climbs to his feet, backing to the corner, breathing heavily as he hops up to the middle buckle. He sits on the top turnbuckle for a few moments, trying to catch his breath before rising...

...and leaps off the middle rope, a legdrop aimed at his friend's chest!]

GM: LEGDRO-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Jagger rolls to his stomach, clutching the small of his back as Mayhem breathes heavily a few feet away, trying to recover as the crowd roars for both men.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Mayhem sits up at the call of the time limit, shaking his head back and forth as he rolls to his knees. Big Mama shouts some encouragement as Mayhem pushes to his feet, falling back against the ropes. He staggers forward, reaching down to drag his friend up by the hair. Mayhem keeps his hand locked in the hair as he twirls the other hand around in the air, rushing towards the ropes...

...and somehow manages to HURL himself over the ropes, snapping Jagger's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Good grief! A trademark move by Scotty Mayhem right there!

[Mayhem quickly slides back in, rolling over into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But at the last possible moment, a gasping Jeff Jagger fires the right shoulder off the mat!]

GM: NO! NO! So close right there! Scotty Mayhem was a half count away from winning this match!

[A frustrated Mayhem slams his open hands into the canvas, Casanova mocking him from the floor. Mayhem grimaces, pointing a finger at the Playboy as he pushes back to his feet.]



GM: Mayhem's back to his feet here but he needs to keep his focus on Jeff Jagger and ignore Johnny Casanova as hard as that may be to do right now.

[Nodding his head, Mayhem leans down, pulling his friend to his feet by the hair...

...and getting CRACKED in the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh, what a shot that was!

[Jagger staggers backwards after landing the blow, falling against the ropes...

...where Mayhem rushes in, arm outstretched!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Jagger drops his head, catapulting his friend over the ropes and down onto the barely-padded floor below with a high impact backdrop!]

GM: OVER THE TOP AND ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE FLOOR!! GOOD GRIEF!

BW: I'm not sure where these two keep finding the energy to do stuff like that, Gordo. This match should be over by now by my estimation.

GM: And the time limit gets closer and closer in this one. Can one of these two men find a way to finish the other off before we hit the fifteen minute limit?

[We cut to a shot on the floor where Scotty Mayhem is wincing in pain, clutching his knee.]

GM: Uh oh... that doesn't look good for Scotty Mayhem.

BW: It certainly doesn't and that just shows how badly these two want to win. Friends or not, this is still a business and you don't get shots at gold and glory by losing. But look at the Playboy, Gordo - he's loving this!

[Casanova does look pretty happy as he moves towards the downed Mayhem, taunting him anew. Big Mama looks concerned but stays far away from where Casanova is standing a few feet from Mayhem. The referee again moves to the floor, forcing Casanova back. Big Mama quickly approaches, kneeling down next to Mayhem. She reaches out to touch his knee but Mayhem swats her hand away.]

GM: That knee is hurt pretty badly it appears, Bucky. And that plays right into Jeff Jagger's game.

BW: He is an expert in applying both the figure four leglock as well as the Last Rites deathlock so this definitely helps him out in a big way. If I was Jagger, I'd be focusing on that knee right about now. Kick it, stomp it,

punch it, smash it into the post - do whatever you have to do to slap on one of those holds, Gordo.

GM: I would have to agree, Bucky. Mayhem's obviously in a tremendous amount of pain. But Jagger actually looks concerned... he's not moving right out there after his friend and- the referee is now checking in on Mayhem, making sure he wants to continue.

[Mayhem nods his head as Big Mama helps him get back to his feet. He hops, obviously favoring his left leg as he pulls up on the apron, rolling under the ropes. Jagger looks at the official who asks Mayhem again if he wants to continue. As Mayhem shouts that he does, Jagger moves in, grabbing the leg and dragging him to the middle of the ring.]

GM: He's going for the figure four!

[Jagger twists the leg around his own in a spinning toehold, reaching down for the other leg...]

GM: We're down to less than three minutes left in the time limit!

[Jagger pauses, looking down at his anguished friend.]

GM: Jagger's hesitating! He's concerned for his friend here. He knows that leg is badly hurt. Is winning more important than friendship, Bucky? That has to be running through the mind of Jeff Jagger at this point.

BW: Winning is EVERYTHING in this business! Throw that friendship aside and finish this punk off! Show everyone that the Playboy was right all along - Mayhem doesn't have what it takes to hang with Playboy Enterprises!

[Jagger releases the hold, backing off. He stands, looking down at his friend with his hands on his hips. Mayhem drags himself to the ropes, using them to pull himself off the mat. Jagger extends his hands, talking to his friend from across the ring.]

GM: It looks like Jagger is trying to convince Mayhem to throw in the towel.

[Mayhem shakes his head, waving for his friend to lock up.]

GM: Mayhem's not having any of it! He wants to keep going!

[Suddenly, Johnny Casanova pulls himself up on the ring apron, shouting at the referee.]

GM: What is he... get him down from there!

[Casanova is all over the referee, telling him to stop the match since Mayhem's "a friggin' cripple!" With the official distracted, Dick Bass reaches under the ropes, yanking Mayhem's bad wheel out from under him!]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

[Pulling the leg under the ropes, Bass slams an elbow down on the injured knee. Mayhem sits up, screaming in pain as Bass grins. Jeff Jagger rushes across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide that sends Bass sailing backwards into the steel barricade!]

GM: OHHHH!

[An angry Jagger rolls out to the floor, grabbing Bass by the arm, flinging him into the railing again!]

GM: JAGGER'S ALL OVER BASS ON THE FLOOR!!

[Big Mama walks over to Mayhem who is down on the apron, checking on him as he rolls back into the ring...

...when Johnny Casanova suddenly grabs her by the arm, swinging her around by it!]

GM: What a- did you see that?!

BW: Of course I did! It's about time, Gordo! Someone needs to show her who's in charge!

[Casanova grabs her purse out of her hand, shouting at her.]

GM: What a jerk! What a bully this guy is!

[Jagger rolls back in the ring as the timekeeper calls out "ONE MINUTE REMAINING!"

GM: Sixty seconds! Jeff Jagger's back in, pulling Mayhem back to his- ohh!

[A desperate Scotty Mayhem throws a right hand to his friend's gut, doubling him up, and then SLAMS his elbow down on the back of the head, knocking him down to the mat. He swings around, leaning through the ropes to shout at Casanova who is still screaming at Big Mama. He reaches out, grabbing Casanova from behind by the hair.]

GM: He's got him! He's got-

[A panicked Casanova swings his arms back, trying to free himself...

...and BASHES Mayhem over the head with the purse! Mr. Intensity immediately falls backwards limp.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: What the heck was in that purse?!

GM: I don't know but- was that an accident?!

BW: It looked like it, Gordo!

[A dazed Jagger spots Mayhem down on the mat, throwing himself over him.]

GM: Jagger has no idea what happened! He's got a cover!

[The referee dives to the canvas, slapping the mat once... twice... and finally, three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him! He pinned Mayhem!

[Jagger rolls off Mayhem, an arm raised in victory to a mixed reaction from the crowd. Casanova smirks at the outcome, visibly mocking Scotty Mayhem who is barely conscious on the canvas. Big Mama quickly scales the ringsteps, entering the ring to check on her charge.]

GM: Jeff Jagger STILL has no idea what happened, Bucky.

BW: That's just what he wants everyone to think to maintain his goody two shoes image!

[Big Mama kneels down next to Mayhem as a confused Jagger pulls himself off the mat, looking down at his friend. A steaming mad Casanova rolls into the ring...

...and yanks Big Mama off the mat by the arm!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[He gets right in her face, jabbing a finger into her chest as she begs off, trying to check on Mayhem...

...when Jeff Jagger rushes forward, smashing Casanova with a right hand to the skull that knocks him off his feet!]

GM: Oh yeah! Get him, kid!

[Jagger hops on top of the downed Casanova, hammering away with right hands to the skull of the Playboy. On the other side of the ring, a recovered Dick Bass rolls in, looking furious as he rises to his feet, Delilah in hand.]

GM: Oh no! Look out for Bass! He's got the whip!

[With the whip coiled, Bass reaches out, hooking it around the throat of Jagger!]

GM: HE'S CHOKING HIM!

[Bass YANKS Jagger to his feet using the whip, causing the youngster to strain and struggle against the leather pushing into this throat. He digs at his own skin, trying to slide his fingers between the whip and his throat to free up his breathing.]

GM: Bass is strangling Jeff Jagger in the center of the ring with Delilah!

[Feeling a surge of courage, Big Mama snatches up her discarded purse, winding up with it...

...and WHAPS Dick Bass between the shoulderblades as hard as she can which, granted, is nowhere near as hard as the others in the ring but it's hard enough to cause Bass to release his grip, falling to a knee.]

GM: Oh my! Big Mama just came to the rescue of Jeff Jagger!

[A snarling and surly Dick Bass regains his feet quickly, turning and pointing a meaty finger at a retreating Big Mama.]

GM: Bass is no Southern gentleman, fans! He WILL hit a lady!

[Bass seems to imply exactly that, seething as he approaches Big Mama who is now trapped against the ropes...

...when a desperate Scotty Mayhem throws himself from all fours, wrapping his arms around the legs of Bass! The crowd cheers the heroic save!]

GM: Mayhem's got him around the legs! He's preventing Bass from- yes! Run, Big Mama! Run for it!

[Big Mama quickly exits the ring to the elevated ramp, watching as a furious Bass lowers the boom on the still-dazed Mayhem with a forearm smash to the back of the head followed by a series of brutal stomps to the skull.]

GM: Bass is all over Mayhem!

[Until Jeff Jagger rushes back into the fray, throwing a series of right hands that sends Bass falling back to the ropes...

...and a perfectly-placed dropkick knocks him through the ropes to the floor to the cheers of the crowd! Big Mama quickly rejoins her man in the ring, kneeling alongside he and Jeff Jagger as a still-angry Casanova retrieves Delilah and Dick Bass and starts the long walk up the aisle, firing words back towards the ring.]

GM: Folks, this one appears to be far from over. It seems like Playboy Enterprises has just exploded before our very eyes, Bucky. Casanova and Bass want NOTHING to do with Mayhem. They didn't want him to win tonight - didn't care one bit. They just wanted to see him fight his good friend, Jeff Jagger, and in the end that paid off for both Jagger and Mayhem AND Big Mama for that matter.

BW: Big Mama... sheesh, this is all her fault, Gordo!

[The crowd cheers as Jeff Jagger helps Scotty Mayhem off the mat, leaning against the ropes.]

BW: She could have picked anybody in the world to join Playboy Enterprises but she intentionally went out and got Scotty Mayhem, a man who both Casanova and Bass have history with. An obvious slap in the face to both of those men!

GM: Whoever you want to blame for the situation, Bucky, it seems likely to only get worse from here. Dick Bass and Johnny Casanova aren't likely to just let this situation go. This one's got more to come.

[The crowd cheers again as Jagger and Big Mama help Mayhem from the ring, each taking some weight under an arm from Mr. Intensity as they help him back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: What a wild night it's already been here on All Star Showdown and we're nowhere near done yet, fans! Stick around 'cause we'll be right back after the break with the PCW World Title on the line! Don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...  
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...  
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...  
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to ringside to our favorite announce duo.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, we are joined by the War Pigs...

[And indeed, Hammer and Sabre walk into the picture. Their faces are painted like usual but they are in street clothes instead of ring attire.]

Hammer wears a "Gold's Gym" t-shirt with the sleeves cut off, showing off his massive arms, and loose-fitting black pants. Sabre also wears similar pants as Hammer, and is in a very tight-fitting Detroit Lions t-shirt.]

GM: ...and earlier tonight, you certainly heard the challenge laid down by Jeremiah King and the Skullcrushers.

H: Oh, we heard it alright, Gordon Myers! And we also listened to Jeremiah Queen spouting off his mouth about how the War Pigs \_aren't\_ the strongest, baddest tag team in professional wrestling! Well, Queen...if you think that one tiny little match proves ANYTHING, you're as wrong as you are ugly! We've made a living off of shutting people's mouths just like yours, and if you keep on talking...

[Hammer opens and closes his hand in a talking motion.]

H: ...then you're gonna end up sucking your breakfast, lunch AND dinner through a straw! Tell 'em, Sabre!

S: Queen and the Skullcrushers...what you three lack in good looks, you make up for in stupidity! You need to take a minute to think real long and real hard about what you're asking to get yourselves into here. Yeah, you two rodeo clowns are big. You've got big muscles just like me and Hammer do. You paint your faces, just like me and Hammer do. You stick your tongues out, you throw people around...in short, you try real hard to look a lot like the War Pigs.

But there's a point where similarities end and the differences start, boys. And when you get back in that ring with us? WE'RE GONNA SHOW YOU HOW DIFFERENT WE ARE!

[Pop for big guy yelling!]

GM: It seems that you could get that chance very soon with the challenge that Jeremiah King made for one of you to pick the Skullcrusher you want to face in singles action.

[Hammer shakes his head.]

H: Queen seems to forget that we ain't singles wrestlers. If we wanted to be, you can rest assured either me or Sabre would already have ripped Dufresne's head off his shoulders and be the AWA National Champion right now. We're a tag team. We ain't interested in any one-on-one action, mostly because it means we don't get to beat up multiple people every time we get in the ring!

BW: So are you saying you don't accept the challenge? Are you chickening out?

S: Bucky, shut your mouth and take your wardrobe back to 1976 where it belongs. The Hammer didn't say we wouldn't accept the challenge. Because while we ain't interested in climbing the singles ranks...

...we're also NEVER going to back down from a good, old-fashioned FIGHT!

[Yay for violence pop!]

S: Queen, you'll get your answer soon enough! And I can promise you this...when the dust clears and the bodies have hit the floor, you WILL be wishing you had NEVER crossed paths with the War Pigs!

[Sabre slaps Hammer on the shoulder as they turn and leave the table and the announcers behind.]

GM: The War Pigs are on the... warpath, no pun intended. And when they collide with the Skullcrushers in either singles or tag team action, believe me - you want to be there for it! Fans, coming up in mere moments is our big PCW World Title showdown between the current champion Rex Summers and his most persistent challenger in Travis Lynch. We caught up moments ago with both champion AND challenger so let's take a look!

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Travis Lynch is doing last minute push-ups in preparation for his match. Jason Dane is standing just off to the side.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, as you can see, I am back in the locker room area with the man who is about to go to the ring for his final opportunity to challenge for the PCW World Title, Travis Lynch!

[Travis quickly pounds out five more push-ups and stands to his feet. He flashes a grin at the camera as he does so and nods at Jason, who quickly begins to ask his question.]

JD: Travis, we are just moments away from your heading out to the ring to take on Rex Summers. Your thoughts going into this big, big matchup.

TL: How do I feel about it? Well all I can say Jason is tonight is the night!

[Travis flashes a confident grin as he resumes speaking.]

TL: Tonight, when I walk down aisle and into that ring, I'll gonna fight till my dying breath for each and every one of the great fans here in Dallas, Texas and all those fans watching at home in Florida, for all the fans in Arizona and beyond. And if I bleed tonight, I'm bleeding for each and every father and mother, who brought their sons, daughters and grandchildren to watch me and my brothers do what we do best.

Tonight, I fight for the company good ol' Blackjack BUILT and LOVED! I'm fighting for the place my brothers and I have called home for our entire lives ... I'm fighting for the place Morgan Dane, Sweet Daddy Williams, Blackjack Patterson, and my dad ... hell even the Moonshiners all bleed for and carved their legacies in. I'm fighting for the history of the PCW!



You see Rex, I'm sick of you draggin' the good name of the PCW through the mud! I'm sick and tired of you spittin' on what those men stood for, Rex ...what my brothers and I stand for to this day!

[Jason looks as though he has another question for Travis, but Travis looks at him for only a split second before he continues to speak.]

TL: I know what you're thinking, Jason. Am I doing this just for the PCW and the Lynches - oh hell no! I'm doing this for the Von Brauns, the James boys, the Lees - all the great wrestling families in this business. I'm doing it for the families who have honored, cherished and still LOVE this great sport unlike you, Rex Summers! Look at him Jason, all Summers has proven time and time again is that the ONLY thing he cares about is Rex Summers! He doesn't know what it's like to see the pride in the eyes of your family as you begin to train, as you step into the ring for the first time. No all he knows is what it feels like to be given a paycheck. He doesn't understand the way this business pulls a family together or how it can rip one apart piece by piece.

[The pride of Texas pauses and shakes his head to the side.]

TL: All Rex Summers has is himself and that windbag Buddy Morton. And let's face it Buddy Morton is not someone you want to fight for or even someone you want to have your back. But me .. I have the fans, the legacy of the PCW, the Youngs, the Lees and of course the LYNCHES to fight for!

[Travis nods his head.]

TL: But most of all ... most of all I am doing this for me! I made a promise to Jack, James and of course Blackjack ... I promised them I would make you pay Rex, I promised I would bring the PCW Championship back to the Lynches ... well tonight is my LAST chance to make good on that promise.

[Travis takes a deep breath and slowly exhales. He runs both his hands over his curly dirty blonde hair and pushes the few strands that were falling into his face away. He exhales one more time before speaking.]

TL: Tonight is the my last chance to raises the PCW Heavyweight Championship high into the air for the very FIRST TIME and and I WILL NOT fail!

[Crossfade to another part of the Crockett Coliseum's backstage area where "Red Hot" Rex Summers is standing alongside his manager, the plump Buddy Morton. The PCW World Title belt is secured around Summers' waist, showing off his muscular torso above it. He is dressed for the ring, his hair slicked back as glares arrogantly at the camera.]

RS: I've been in this business a long, long time and I've never been one to care one bit about what those sweatogs out there in the crowd think of me. They can cheer me if they want...

[Summers throws a grin in Morton's direction who chuckles, his belly shaking with his laughter.]

RS: ...or they can boo me out of the building - it doesn't really matter to me - but time after time, I've climbed into that ring with men who cared a whole lot about that. They wanted it. They needed it. They lived for it! And then there's guys like Travis Lynch who begged for it.

Travis Lynch stands before you and he talks like a guy who crawled out of the shallow end of the gene pool... you know, the end with something floating in it. But if you can wade through his rambling mumbles, you hear something that I've never heard before.

You hear a man who is determined to make the fans cheer him on in the ring against yours truly by making them feel sorry for him.

[Summers grins again, turning slightly as he reaches up to mockingly wipe his eyes.]

RS: "Waaaaa, my brothers are more successful than me!" "Waaaa, I never got to hold the title that a real man like Rex Summers is holding." "Waaaa, my daddy never loved me!"

Well, Travis, you can cry all the tears in Texas and these people might buy it... but when you step into that ring tonight with me, you're going to find a man who wants to slap you across the face every time you open your stinkin' mouth.

[Summers pats the title belt on his waist.]

RS: Tonight is your last chance - your final opportunity. Because every time we meet, you've had an excuse as to why you can't walk out of the ring with the title you claim as your birthright. Tonight, there will be no excuses, Travis. No countouts. No disqualifications. That fat oaf Watkins out at ringside to make sure Buddy stays out of things.

Fine. I come from your old man's promotion, remember? So I'm used to things being slanted in a Lynch's favor. This is no different for me. This is no different than all those times I beat James' head into the canvas until he couldn't walk a straight line. It's just another example of the AWA front office telling the world that the Lynches are the greatest thing since sliced bread and then doing whatever they can to "prove" it.

[Yes, he did finger air quotes.]

RS: But tonight, Travis Lynch, when I take your hollow skull and spike it six feet beneath the mat... you'll be out of excuses. You'll have no reason left why you lost other than to finally... FINALLY be a man and admit to yourself and all of your sweatog fans out there that Rex Summers IS the better man.

Rex Summers IS the greatest champion that the AWA has to offer.

[Summers shakes his head.]

RS: So, you keep up your whining and crying... you keep singin' the blues to those idiots in the stands. And you know what, Travis? You make yourself the most popular man in Texas. I just don't give a damn.

What I care about is this...

[He lightly pats the title belt.]

RS: ...and all the other pretty pieces of gold just like it. Tonight marks the end of you, Travis Lynch, and the beginning of Rex Summers claiming every single title that the AWA has to offer.

After tonight, everyone's gonna be talking about Rex Summers...

[Summers turns slightly, letting his gaze fall on Buddy Morton.]

RS: ...and that's exactly how it's supposed to be.

[And with that, Summers blows a kiss in the direction of the camera as we fade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and it is for the PCW World Championship!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: This match has NO disqualifications... NO countouts... and "Big" Jim Watkins will be at ringside!

[The camera cuts to the aforementioned Chairman of the Championship Committee who nods to the cameraman as the crowd cheers in anticipation of the match to come.]

PW: Introducing first...

["Tom Sawyer" by Rush plays to a HUUUUUGE reaction from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Listen to these fans, Bucky!

BW: I hear 'em! How can you not?! I may have just lost thirty-six percent of my hearing from that!

GM: Travis Lynch is a hometown boy - a hometown hero! He is a hero to these fans here in Texas - especially in Dallas.

[The camera comes to rest on the entrance curtain, waiting for the challenger's arrival.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in tonight at 260 pounds... he is the challenger...

TRAAAAAAVIASSSS LYNNNNNNNNCH!

[There is another DEAFENING roar at the announcement of the challenger...

...but still no challenger arrives through the curtain.]

GM: Where is he, Bucky?

BW: How the heck should I know? Maybe he got a few brain cells in that empty water bucket he calls a skull and decided to go home to Daddy.

GM: Not very likely. This crowd is at a fever pitch, waiting with anticipation for the arrival of-

"REXXXXX!!!!!"

GM: What the...?

[The cameraman on the ramp suddenly rushes forward, sticking his lens through it and finding Travis Lynch and Rex Summers in the middle of a brawl just beyond the curtain. Lynch has his powerful arms wrapped around the torso of Summers, charging back to slam his spine into a concrete wall, knocking a metal trash can over in the process.]

GM: Ohh! We've got a fight! We've got a fight on our hands in the backstage area!

BW: He can't do that! REFEREE, STOP THIS! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

GM: This is a no disqualification, no countout match, Bucky! Anything goes!

BW: The match hasn't even started yet! Summers wasn't ready for this!

GM: We don't even know what happened! For all we know, Summers STARTED this!

BW: No way, no way.

[The crowd buzzes in confusion since they can't see the action going on behind the curtain. Lynch straightens up, throwing a heavy right hand to the skull of Summers against the wall. He grabs two hands full of Summers' hair, spinning him around...]

GM: No, no, no!

[Lynch attempts to slam Summers' skull into the concrete wall but the former bodybuilder and arm wrestler extends both arms, bracing himself. Lynch struggles against him, trying to force him into the wall but Summers holds steady...

...and then lashes out with an elbow to the ribs!]

GM: Oh! Summers goes down to the midsection of the challenger!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Summers drags Lynch a few feet away from the wall to the other side of the corridor...

...and SLAMS his skull into a wooden table, sending bottles of water spilling all over the hallway!]

GM: Good grief! Fans, batten down the hatches 'cause we've got a fight on our hands!

[Summers pulls Lynch up by the hair again, turning to shout at him...]

"YOU THINK YOU CAN DO THIS TO ME?! YOU THINK YOU CAN JUMP ME?!"

[...and then SLAMS his head into the table again!]

BW: See, Gordo?! I told you! I told you Lynch brought this fight to Summers! HE started this!

[Grabbing Lynch by the muscular arm, Summers whips him across the hallway...

...where Lynch SLAMS into the concrete wall, slumping down to the floor in a heap. Summers angrily spits on the downed Lynch, turning towards the background and shouting, "Buddy! Let's do this!"]

GM: Summers has left Travis Lynch laying in the backstage area... and now they're headed out here! Summers and Buddy Morton, his manager, are heading out into the Crockett Coliseum!

[Where the shocked and confused crowd immediately lets him have it with a shower of powerful boos. An angry Summers shouts in their direction, angrily gesturing at them.]

GM: Rex Summers is pretty upset, Bucky. He's hot under the collar!

BW: This isn't how Rex does business, Gordo. He likes to enter on his own terms... he takes the robe off... he does his thing on the mic... he shows the women what they're missing out on it by being with their fat, out of shape husbands and boyfriends. Travis Lynch RUINED all of that tonight!

[Summers gets several feet down the ramp, pausing to strike a big double bicep pose in the direction of the fans who jeer him rabidly...

...when suddenly a crazed shout comes from behind the curtain. Summers quickly turns towards it.]

GM: What the...?

[Travis Lynch comes TEARING through the curtain, actually ripping part of the cloth down as he charges through them at top speed, stampeding towards a shocked Summers...

...who gets bowled over as Lynch leaps onto him, knocking him flat with a full spear tackle!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[From inside the ring, AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger calls for the bell, officially starting the match as he ducks through the ropes, heading down the ramp as well.]

BW: Now where the heck is HE going, Gordo? This isn't Falls Count Anywhere! He should stay in that ring and do his job!

GM: His job is to officiate this match but the match is going on down the aisle! So, where else should he be?

BW: I just told you! Don't you even listen to me anymore, Myers?!

GM: I try not to sometimes.

[With the official jogging down the elevated wooden ramp, Travis Lynch simply tees off, hammering Summers with repeated blows to the skull!]

BW: I can't believe the referee is allowing this! All that happened before the bell - it's totally not fair to Rex!

GM: You didn't have such a complaint when The Rave did the exact same thing just last month!

BW: But that was AGAINST a Stench, not FOR one!

[Climbing to his feet, Lynch looks down angrily at Summers and then looks around at the screaming fans. He reaches down for an arm, dragging Summers to the edge of the ramp, draping his head off of it.]

BW: What the heck is this?!

[Lynch stands on the edge of the ramp, waving for the crowd to clear a path before he drops off the ramp onto the floor.]

GM: Travis is out in the crowd... these fans cheering all around him...

[Lynch winds up his muscular right arm and then SLAMS down an elbow across the upper chest and throat of Summers!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot right there!

[The youngest grappler in the Lynch family winds up again, delivering a second brutal elbow to the throat area, leaving Summers gasping for air as

he rolls to his stomach. An angry Buddy Morton shouts at Lynch from a few feet away, the official standing between him and the brawling.]

GM: Buddy Morton is looking on out there but he's gotta keep one eye on Jim Watkins, who has promised that if Morton gets physically involved in this match, he will have HIM to answer to!

BW: And how is THAT hillbilly justice fair anyway?

[Lynch puts his hands on the guardrail at ringside, shoving it as hard as he can towards the crowd, creating some space between the railing and the elevated platform.]

GM: What is he doing out there?

BW: Trying to clear a landing strip!

GM: A landing... you don't mean!

BW: Oh yeah, I do! Your hero is about to break your heart - and all these idiots' too, Gordo!

[Lynch drags himself up on the elevated platform, pointing a warning finger at Buddy Morton as he measures Summers whose head is dangling over the edge, facing down.]

GM: What on Earth does Travis Lynch have in mind here?

[Lynch takes a few steps, leaping into the air, and drops a big leg down across the back of Summers' neck, plummeting off the ramp and down onto the floor! Summers follows his path, the force of the legdrop flipping him off the wooden platform and down onto the exposed concrete floor as well!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT IN THE WORLD DID HE JUST DO?!?

[The crowd ROARS for the high impact move as both Lynch and Summers lie on the concrete floor, neither man moving much as the fans cheer all around them.]

GM: Travis Lynch just put his body on the line! He's pulling out all of the stops here tonight in the heart of his home state, Dallas, Texas! Rex Summers has been running from Travis Lynch every way possible for months now, and Travis is pulling out all the stops in his final opportunity to bring honor to the Lynch family!

BW: Attacking a man when he's not ready, that's Stench honor for you!

GM: He waited for him to turn around, that's certainly more honorable than the tactics that Rex Summers has used to retain that championship in the past.

[After several moments of struggling to get up, Lynch uses the railing to drag himself off the floor. The powerful young man leans down, dragging Summers off the floor. Nearby, an elderly fan cheers loudly for Travis, waving his wooden cane around in the air. To the surprise of everyone, Travis snatches the cane from the fan's hand!]

BW: Theft! Robbery! Call the fuzz! BOOK 'IM, DANO!

GM: I don't understand...

[Giving a quick "I'll pay you back!" shout back, Travis winds up and SMASHES the cane off of Rex's skull, sending him staggering forward, towards the guardrail near ringside, trying to escape from the onslaught!]

GM: OH MY!!

BW: Ring the bell! DQ! DQ!

GM: Do I really have to remind you that there are no disqualifications in this one here tonight, Bucky? Travis Lynch can do whatever he wants to "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[Summers stumbles along the ramp, heading towards the ringside area to get away from his challenger.]

GM: The months of frustration pouring out of the youngest Lynch, but he has to get Rex Summers in the ring to win the title...and it looks like he's doing just that.

[Reaching ringside, Summers attempts to scale the guardrail as Lynch approaches him from behind, winding up with the wooden cane...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE JUST SHATTERED THAT CANE OVER SUMMERS' BACK!

[The big swing across the muscular back of Summers sends him flipping over the railing to the barely-padded floor surrounding the ringside area. Lynch tosses the broken cane aside, hurdling over the barricade into the ringside area.]

GM: Travis Lynch broke that wooden cane on the champion's back!

BW: A cane that that old man needed! How can you cheer on Travis Stench after that?!

GM: I'm sure that fan was more than happy to play a part in this!



[Lynch drags Summers off the floor by the hair, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch puts Summers into the ring - into the squared circle for the very first time in this matchup. He's in complete control of this one at this point in the match, Bucky.

BW: Don't count Rex Summers out just yet, Gordo! Just because there hasn't been a definitive conclusion in their other matches does NOT mean that he's not the better man, and once he catches a breather, he'll prove just that!

[The fan favorite rolls under the ropes into the ring, pushing off the mat as a dazed Rex Summers drags himself up to his feet using the ropes. Lynch quickly approaches, throwing a right hand to the jaw that knocks Summers' back into the corner!]

GM: Big right hand by the challenger! There's another! And a third!

[Grabbing Summers by the arm, Lynch fires him across the ring...

...and scoops him up, pressing him high over his head into the air!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!! LYNCH HAS HIM HIGH OVER HIS HEAD!!

[Lynch hurls Summers down to the canvas, the crowd going nuts as Summers cries out, reaching around to clutch his lower back. Buddy Morton shouts from his spot on the floor, cheering on "Red Hot" who finds himself by the ropes, wincing with every movement.]

GM: Travis Lynch is taking the fight to the man who holds the title belt that represents his family's legacy in this sport! His father's legacy in this sport! That title belt was created and BUILT by Blackjack Lynch!

[As Summers drags himself off the mat, Lynch charges in...

...and CONNECTS with a big running clothesline, a blow that takes Summers over the ropes, dumping him down onto the elevated platform to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: OVER THE TOP DOWN ONTO THE RAMP!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[A fired-up Lynch steps out onto the entrance ramp, looking out at the crowd with a nod as he drags Summers off the wooden ramp by the arm, dragging him away from the ring.]

GM: What in the...?

[After getting several feet away from the ring, Lynch wheels around, firing Summers into the ropes where he rebounds off...

...and gets ELEVATED high overhead, sending him crashing down onto the platform at top impact!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP OUT ON THE WOODEN RAMP!!

BW: Good lord, can you even IMAGINE what that feels like?!

GM: No, and I don't really want to.

[Dragging Summers off the ramp by the hair, Lynch fires him OVER the ropes and down onto the canvas. The challenger steps through the ropes again...

...and finds Summers down on his knees, pleading for mercy as Lynch stands over him!]

GM: Oh, NOW he wants mercy?! NOW he wants Lynch to back off!

BW: If he was a gentleman and a sportsman, he would!

[With Summers down on a knee, Lynch lifts his right hand to a GIANT roar from the crowd!]

GM: He's calling for the Iron Claw - the legendary hold of his entire family!

BW: Rex Summers needs to get out of there! This can't happen! Do something, Buddy!

[The camera cuts out to Buddy Morton who looks torn between running in to help and staring at Jim Watkins who has risen out of his seat and has his eyes locked on Morton.]

GM: Not with Jim Watkins out there watching him!

[Summers starts to get up, trying to defend himself...

...and the Iron Claw gets hooked on his skull! GIGANTIC ROAR!]

GM: THE CLAW! THE CLAW IS ON!

BW: NO, NO, NO!

[Summers reaches out, grabbing onto the ropes with his arms!]

GM: Summers is in the ropes! He's hooked onto the ropes!

BW: Get in there, referee!

GM: There's no disqualifications in a match like this so Lynch can hang onto that hold all day with Summers wrapped up in the ropes but... I don't know. Can the official call for a submission with someone hanging onto the ropes?

BW: No, no he can't! Look at Jagger trying to get in there to break up the hold!

[The referee seems to have decided that there can't be a decision reached when a man is in the ropes.]

GM: Johnny Jagger is having a hard time getting in there! Travis Lynch just wants to rip the man's head right off, Bucky!

[The crowd jeers at the sight of Jagger trying to intervene on the Iron Claw, finally wedging himself between the two men, forcing Lynch to break the hold and back off.]

GM: I'm not sure that's in the rulebook but Johnny Jagger has obviously decided to use his own discretion in breaking up that hold and Travis Lynch is NOT happy about that!

[Jagger pushes Lynch all the way back to the middle of the ring, explaining his decision to the challenger who balls up his fist, apparently ready to explode on Jagger!]

GM: Don't do it, kid! It may not get you disqualified but assaulting an AWA official will get you hit with a whole lot worse than a DQ.

[With Lynch and Jagger arguing, Buddy Morton pulls himself up on the apron, waving his hand back and forth in front of Summers' face.]

GM: What in the... does he have SMELLING SALTS?!

BW: That's right, Gordo! A good manager is ALWAYS prepared!

[We cut to the floor where a frowning Jim Watkins looks on the verge of getting Morton down from there but instead, just glares at him.]

BW: That's right Jimmy, you just sit there! A manager has every right to check on the welfare of his man!

GM: Travis Lynch is STILL arguing with the official - a bad idea at a time when his attention should be locked on the PCW World Champion! He had Summers exactly where he needed him and-

[With the challenger distracted, the champion is shaking the cobwebs up against the ropes, pushing himself on his knees out to the center of the ring behind Lynch...]

GM: Summers looks like he's regained his bearings in this one now and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A HUGE uppercut lands, smashing up between the legs of BOTH Lynch and Jagger!]

GM: What the-

BW: Hahah! Jagger had it coming, Gordo!

GM: He WHAT?!

BW: He's so obviously biased towards Travis Stench! And the best part of it is that there's no disqualifications! Jagger can't do a damn thing about it, Gordo!

GM: The AWA's Senior Official is down on the mat! The challenger in this match is down on the mat!

[The crowd boos at the sight of both men down on their knees on the mat!]

GM: An absolutely VILE move by Rex Summers right there! If it was just on Lynch, it... well, it wouldn't be acceptable but since it's a no disqualification match, it would be legal. But to involve the official like that?

BW: Jim Watkins doesn't seem to have a problem with it, Gordo. Why do you?

[The camera cuts again to Watkins, showing him looking on. He again has a frown on his face, looking concerned at the downed official, but hasn't budged from his place out on the floor.]

GM: I can assure you, Bucky, Jim Watkins most certainly DOES have a problem with assaulting officials but he's only out here to prevent Buddy Morton from getting physically involved with the match. And I may have found that low blow despicable but Buddy Morton did NOT interfere.

[Suddenly, Morton tosses the PCW World Title belt under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: In comes the belt! Summers snatches it up...

BW: DO this, Rex!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Summers hoists the title belt up, showing it off to the crowd...

...and then glares down at Travis Lynch, still kneeling before him.]

GM: Remember, fans, there is NO disqualifications!

[Summers winds up, ignoring the collective squeal from the crowd...

...and then PASTES Travis Lynch between the eyes with the title belt, knocking him flat!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Rex Summers just BLASTED Travis Lynch in the head with the PCW World Championship belt! Travis Lynch is down like a shot after that and-

[Summers tosses the belt aside, dropping to his knees to apply a lateral press.]

GM: We've got a cover here but there's no referee to make the count... thanks to Rex Summers! There's no one to make the count and it's his OWN fault, Bucky!

BW: Jagger, you lazy son of a... get up and do your job!

GM: Give me a break, Bucky. You know, I know, and I think every man watching this knows how hard it is to recover from something like that. When you get hit there, it takes a long, long time to get back to your feet.

[An angry Rex Summers climbs to his feet, looking down at Johnny Jagger who is clutching his groin still.]

GM: Rex Summers has given up on the pinfall for now... oh no.

BW: Oh, yes! He's going for the belt again!

[Snatching the title belt off the mat, Summers stalks back towards Lynch who is down on the canvas.]

GM: He's got the belt and- don't tell me he's going to... no, he placed it in the center of the ring on the canvas...

[Reaching down, Summers hauls Lynch off the mat by the hair.]

GM: The champion pulls him up and... oh my.

[The crowd collectively groans at the sight of Travis Lynch's skull split wide open.]

GM: Travis Lynch is bleeding BADLY, fans! His skull has been split wide open!

BW: Say what you will about them, but I'll give them this: NOBODY bleeds like a Stench brother!

[A smirking Summers nods as he drags Lynch into a standing headscissors, stepping into the middle of the ring where they're standing over the title belt on the mat.]

GM: Wait a second!

[The chiseled Summers reaches down to wrap his muscular arms around the torso of Travis Lynch.]

GM: Is he- Rex Summers is going for a piledriver! He can't do this, Bucky!

BW: The hell he can't! You said it yourself over and over, Gordo, this is no DQ! Anything goes! These two can do whatever the hell they want to do to each other! And right now, Rex Summers wants to spike this punk kid on his head with the piledriver!

GM: If he hits this, he-

BW: Lemme finish that for ya! If he hits this, he won't NEED a pinfall because he'll never have to worry about Travis Stench ever again! The kid won't be able to kick out because he won't be able to move anything from the neck down!

GM: This just goes to show how personal this situation is, Bucky. You hardly ever see a piledriver attempted in a professional wrestling ring because these men know how dangerous it is. They know what's at stake when one is attempted. They know they hold the other man's entire CAREER in their hands!

[Summers' powerful muscles flex and quiver as he jerks Lynch slightly off the ground before setting him back down.]

GM: Summers couldn't get Lynch off the mat enough to deliver this!

[A second and third attempt come up empty as well as Summers fails to get Lynch vertical...

...and the crowd collectively roars - a large portion of them high-pitched squeals - as Lynch finds the strength to reverse the hold, backdropping high over his head, sending him crashing to the mat behind him!]

GM: A desperation reversal by Travis Lynch to save himself! He knew he was in trouble and he somehow found a way to save his own skin right there, fans! Both men are down now - both men have taken a lot of punishment already in this one.

BW: Rex should get up, waffle 'im with the belt, and try the piledriver again, Gordo.

GM: You're unbelievable!

[The crowd cheers, clapping and stomping for the bloodied Travis Lynch as the Texan struggles to get up off his knees and back to his feet but somehow Rex Summers is able to get there first, wincing as he grabs at his back that has taken a great deal of Lynch's offense.]

GM: Rex Summers is in an awful lot of pain in there, Bucky. That back has really been put through the wringer.

BW: Yet he's still standing. He's the first man up and he's still fighting. You know, Rex Summers doesn't get nearly enough credit for his own toughness! You don't remain a champion for that long without it!

[Summers leans down, pulling Lynch up by a handful of bloody hair. He switches grip to the arm, winging Lynch across the ring...]

GM: Big whip by the champion... clothesli-

[But Lynch ducks underneath it, rushing to the far side of the ring where he hits the ropes, rebounding off again...]

GM: Here comes Lynch again!

[And the young Texan takes flight, catching Summers squarely across the chest with a leaping crossbody press!]

GM: Oh my! Taking a page out of his brother James' playbook!

[Cut to a frantic Buddy Morton running around at ringside, wanting to do something, but powerless to intervene!]

GM: A dazed Travis Lynch with a cover here... and look at this! Look at the courage of Johnny Jagger!

BW: COURAGE?! NOW he's okay?! He was sandbagging Rex a minute ago!

GM: The referee is crawling over, trying to get back into this thing!

[A hurting Jagger slowly raises his arm, slapping the canvas once.]

GM: ONE!!

[He raises the arm again, slapping the mat a second time.]

GM: TWO!!

[He raises his arm a third time but as he's on the way down, Summers fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: No! No! Just a two count there!

BW: It's gonna take a lot more than that to keep Rex Summers down for the count!

GM: I'm not sure he would have gotten out if the official had been in position from the start. Travis Lynch heading outside of the ring and what is he... Travis, asking a fan in the front row to stand up.

[The fan obliges...

...and Travis grabs the chair, folds it up, and throws it into the ring!]

GM: Travis Lynch has got himself a steel chair!

BW: This isn't fair!

GM: Remember-

BW: Yeah, yeah, yeah - it's a no DQ match! We get that! But this isn't fair!

[Lynch nods his head to the cheering crowd, about to head back into the ring...]

...until another fan stands up, and hands his chair to Travis. Travis takes this chair, and also throws it into the ring.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: What the heck is going on here, Myers?!

GM: I don't know!

[Now, everyone in the front row has gotten up and holds their chairs up for their hero. And the cheers increase with the number of chairs thrown into the ring...3...4..]

BW: What is that goof DOING???

[..5..6..7..]

GM: It appears that Rex Summers is in for quite a beating...but I believe that we're reaching the point of overkill!

[...8..9....10!!!]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, there are TEN steel folding chairs in the ring right now!

BW: Craven was right. This place IS turning into Los Angeles.

GM: It is not! This is an extreme situation and it may call for an extreme solution - no pun intended. Fans, Travis Lynch is headed back into the ring now - that ring filled with steel chairs and who the heck KNOWS what he's going to do now!

[With Lynch rolling back into the ring, Summers climbs to his feet, retrieving one of the chairs off the mat...]

GM: Look out here!

[The PCW World Champion rears back with the steel chair in hand...]

GM: He's gonna crown the challenger with the chair!



[But at the last possible moment, Lynch throws a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Lynch is fighting back!

[A second right hand causes Summers to drop the chair...

...and a kneeling abdominal Iron Claw sends a ROAR through the building!]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM! HE'S GOT THAT CLAW ON!!

BW: On the stomach?! What the heck?!

GM: And listen to Summers scream in pain! The abdominals might be the most muscular part of Rex Summers' body and Lynch is ripping at 'em right now with that Iron Claw!

[The crowd groans as Rex Summers reaches out, jabbing his thumb into the eye of Lynch!]

GM: That was a cheap shot, fans! A blatant jab to the eye - but of course, there's no disqualifications so the match will continue even though the blow was right in front of the referee.

BW: And as much of a cheater as Stench is, you think he's regretting the no DQ rule right now because Rex Summers is just wearing him out with it. This idiot has no idea what he's doing in there with someone like Summers. He should leave the cheating to the professionals!

GM: Are you kidding me?

[With Lynch blinded temporarily, Summers hauls him up to his feet by the bloody hair. A wild right hand from Lynch almost connects but Summers steps back to avoid it. The former arm wrestler mocks Lynch's blindness from a safe distance, laughing as Lynch throws another right hand and falls to a knee as he misses.]

GM: This is awful, fans. The man can't see a thing and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER LOW BLOW!! Right in front of the official, he just wound up and kicked him right between the legs! What lengths, Bucky Wilde, what lengths and depths will this man stoop to in retaining this title?

BW: Did you really just ask me about "length" after a low blow? This is a family show, Gordo!

GM: Give me a break. Look out now, fans. Rex Summers is going after one of those ten steel chairs inside the ring right now. He's picking that one up and- wait a second... he's going after the title belt underneath it instead!

[The crowd jeers as Summers straightens up, slowly raising the title belt over his head.]

GM: Rex Summers is the PCW World Champion but for how long, Bucky? Can he hang on here tonight against such a determined challenger? This is Travis Lynch's final shot at that title belt and he's doing everything he can here tonight to win that championship gold!

[Summers stands over the kneeling Lynch, glaring at him with a look of intense hatred covering his face...

...and then with a shake of his head, he waves his hand at Lynch, turning away.]

GM: What the... where is he going, Bucky?

BW: He's done with this chump! He's outta here, Gordo!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Nope! This one's over! His night's over! I hear he's got quite a few ladyfriends waiting for him down at the Four Seasons tonight. Might as well get a early start on a late night!

GM: Rex Summers is walking out of here with the PCW World Title belt, fans! He's walking out on this match! He can't even do this, I don't think. There are no countouts either!

BW: He's doing it, Gordo! He's walking out!

GM: He can't! There are no countouts!

BW: Yeah, but try getting him back in the ring when he's on I-35!

GM: This can't be happening! After everything Travis Lynch has been through to get this match... after everything these two men have been through here tonight, it can't end like this, fans... it just can't!

[Rex Summers backs down the aisle, Buddy Morton by his side on the elevated ramp. Morton waves a flabby arm back at the ring where Travis Lynch is trying to get back to his feet.]

GM: Summers and Morton are walking out of here and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

BW: WHAT IN THE-?!

[Rex Summers freezes in his tracks, staring down the ramp. Behind him, Buddy Morton actually backs into his charge, nearly knocking him over. Morton spins around as well, looking down the aisle.]

GM: The Lynches have arrived! A show of solidarity in support of their younger brother, the National Tag Team Champions are out here!

[Jack and James Lynch, dressed in street clothes, have positioned themselves between Summers, Morton, and the entrance curtain. Jack Lynch shakes his head, raising a gloved hand to point in Summers' direction.]

GM: Let's see you get out of here now, Summers!

BW: Why isn't Watkins doing anything, Myers?! This is what he's supposed to be out here to stop!

GM: The Lynches are NOT interfering in this match - they're making sure the match continues as it should!

[As the Lynches walk closer and closer to Summers, Morton and Summers backpedal faster and faster towards the ring. Summers is losing his mind at his point, screaming at the two brothers who are approaching with ominous looks on their faces.]

BW: What business is it of these redneck twits if Rex Summers wants to take a cab out of here!?

"FIFTEEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! FORTY-FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: This has been going on far too long...one way or another, this feud will end tonight!

[Summers keeps on backing up and backing and backing until he finally bumps into the ropes...

...where a bloody Travis Lynch is waiting for him!]

GM: Lynch is there! The fight is on once again!

[Summers blindly swings around, trying to take Lynch's head off with the title belt but he ducks under the wild shot...

...and ROCKS Summers with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Oh, what a shot that was!

[With Summers dazed, Lynch hooks a front facelock, slinging Summers' arm over his neck, and powers him up into the air...]

GM: He's got him up - gonna bring him in the hard way!

BW: Yeah, right on those steel chairs!

[Lynch holds him high for several seconds, letting the blood all rush to the champion's head with the crowd roaring...

...and DUMPS him down in a spine-rattling suplex onto a partial pile of steel chairs! Summers shoots up instantly, screaming out in pain before Lynch shoves him back down, applying a press.]

GM: Lynch gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Summers again fires a shoulder up, breaking the count.]

GM: Two count only there for the challenger - and if I were him, I'd sink that Iron Claw on again right now and pin those shoulders to the mat.

BW: Luckily, he's too stupid for that!

[Buddy Morton, freaking out at ringside, is pounding on the apron to urge his man on as the bloodied challenger pushes up to his knees, contemplating his next move.]

GM: Man, that's a bad cut on the forehead of the challenger. He is quite literally sporting the crimson mask in this one.

BW: You're right, Gordo! Jagger should stop this one for blood loss! From what I hear, if you lose too much blood, your brain cells start dying out and Lord knows Travis Lynch can't afford to lose too many brain cells. He didn't have that many to begin with!

GM: Oh, you're hysterical! Fans, Travis Lynch is back to his feet, trying to find a way to finish off Rex Summers. Trying to find a way to put his opponent down for a three count and do his family proud.

[We cut to the elevated ramp where both James and Jack have taken a knee, shouting encouragement to their younger brother who nods in their direction as he reaches down to pull a kneeling Summers back to his feet.]

BW: Like I said before, Gordo, do NOT count Rex Summers out of this. This man is as tough as his body is chiseled, daddy!

GM: Travis Lynch, grabs two hands full of hair, as he tries to get his opponent off the mat. This ring is absolutely filled with steel chairs so who knows what's gonna happen next...

[But before Lynch can get him off the mat, Summers goes back to the well, dipping down and SLAMMING his arm up into the groin of Travis Lynch!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The crowd groans as Lynch collapses to the canvas, clutching his groin in pain.]

GM: For the - what's that? The third time in the match? For the third time in this match - at least! - Rex Summers has gone low on the challenger! This is getting out of hand!

BW: It's no DQ, daddy! Rex should stomp his marbles until his future grandkids cry for mercy!

GM: You make me sick sometimes, Bucky Wilde.

BW: You sound like my old man, Myers. If Stench knew it was coming, he should have found a way to block it. You say Remy kicked him low three times? I say Stench has fallen for it three times because he's as big of an idiot as you'll ever see compete. He ain't the brightest bulb on the tree, Gordo, even by Stench standards.

GM: I dare you to say that to his face - to any of the Lynch boys' faces for that matter. They're right up there - get to it.

BW: I'm needed here.

[Referee Johnny Jagger launches at Summers, shouting at him as he struggles to his feet.]

BW: Now what the heck is that all about, Gordo? He's got no right!

GM: Jagger might not be able to disqualify Summers for those low blows but he certainly doesn't have to like it!

BW: Haha! Did you hear Rex? He just told Jagger to disqualify him if he doesn't like it!

GM: He knows very well that Johnny Jagger can NOT do that, Bucky.

BW: Then Jagger should shut his trap and do his job!

[Summers leans over, smirking at the downed and wincing Travis Lynch as he grabs a chair.]

GM: Summers has one of those fallen steel chairs... what's he doing with it now?

BW: It looks like he's wedging it between the top and middle turnbuckle, Gordo.

GM: And now as he turns back to Travis Lynch, you've got to wonder if the blood loss is starting to wear on Lynch. How long can a man fight with that much blood pouring out of his skull, fans? We're approaching the twenty minute mark of this match and he's been bleeding for a long, long while here.

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Summers hauls him to his feet...

...and FIRES him to the corner, Lynch's spine SLAMMING into the steel chair!]

GM: Oh my! That'll do some damage to the back of the challenger. So far in this one, it's the champion's back that has been put through the wringer so apparently he thought turnabout was fair play.

BW: Look at the dent in the chair, Gordo! Summers put his full force and muscle into that and Lynch paid for it!

[Lynch crumples out of the corner, collapsing to his stomach on the canvas. The arrogant PCW World Champion uses his boot to roll Lynch to his back. He steps over him, a foot on either side of his torso as he busts out a double bicep pose to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Really? Is now REALLY the time for posing?!

BW: I've gotta agree with you there. Rex has got this punk kid right where he wants him. He needs to finish him off right here and now, Gordo.

[Summers slips his hands up behind his head, swiveling his hips around and round to the jeers of the crowd. He opts not to attempt a cover at this point, reaching down to drag Lynch up into a front facelock.]

GM: Summers is dragging Lynch around by the head and neck with that hold - looking for something though.

BW: I think he's looking for a spot of the ring with a chair in the right spot.

[The crowd begins to buzz when they realize that that's EXACTLY what Summers is looking for. Finding a spot, the former bodybuilder poses for a second and then scoops Summers up, holding him over his shoulder for a moment...

...and then SLAMS him down onto the steel chair!]

GM: Again to the back! Good grief! The pain has to be shooting up the spine of Travis Lynch after that one!

[Summers turns his back to the ropes, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Summers gets a cover for one!

[With the referee's attention on Lynch's shoulders, Summers kicks his legs up so that his feet are on the middle rope!]

GM: Feet on the ropes! Feet on the ropes!

[The referee counts two anyways, oblivious to the breaking of the rules but luckily, Travis Lynch kicks out before the count of three.]

GM: It's another near fall in this one. Both champion and challenger alike have had a lot of two counts, Bucky. And this veteran is using every shortcut in the book to try and finish off this plucky youngster.

BW: That's experience - it's ring generalship! You're talking about the PCW World Champion, daddy! Now and forever!

GM: I've never been a big fan of Forever or Eternal championships... or the men that held them.

[Summers again climbs to his feet, picking up a nearby steel chair, lifting it over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: THE STEEL CHAIR GETS SLAMMED DOWN ON THE BACK OF LYNCH!!

[He tosses the chair aside, a gleeful look on his face as he arrogantly strikes another pose, dropping to a knee before turning and lounging his way into a cover.]

GM: An arrogant cover here but this could be enough after that blow with the chair!

[The referee drops down to count again.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch scissors one arm with his legs and hooks the other with his powerful arm, pulling Summers' shoulders to the mat with a crucifix rollup!]

GM: CRUCIFIX BY TRAVIS!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Rex Summers just BARELY got out of that and Travis Lynch was a heartbeat away from being able to call himself a World Champion!

[We cut to the elevated ramp where Jack Lynch shouts something at the official.]

GM: The Lynch brothers, the National Tag Team Champions, certainly thought it was a three count and a lot of people in this building did as well.

BW: Yeah, well, it wasn't so they can all take a long walk off a short pier!

GM: Travis Lynch, fans, is giving it EVERYTHING he's got in there! No matter what Rex Summers throws at him, this kid is finding a way to battle back! He knows what's at stake here... he knows what's on the line. This is his last chance at that title and- man, that blood continues to pour from his head. The cut still hasn't managed to clot and it may just be a matter of time before the blood loss is just too much for him.

BW: All kidding aside, Gordo, the blood loss could easily start to make him feel light-headed and dizzy... and eventually could lead to him blacking out completely. The referee should take a look at that cut.

GM: You'd like that, wouldn't you?

BW: He looks like a horror movie victim!

[Summers HAMMERS Lynch with a lunging elbowdrop to the back of the neck before he gets back up. Frustrated now, he turns to Buddy Morton who scrambles up on the apron without hesitation...]

GM: Wait a second! Get him down from there!

[Summers reaches down, grabbing the PCW World Title belt which he hands over to Morton.]

GM: He's telling Morton to smash Lynch over the head with it! He wants Morton to do it for some reason!

[Wasting no time, Summers grabs Lynch off the mat, dragging his arms behind him...]

GM: He's got Lynch's arms held! The man is helpless and Buddy Morton's got the belt!

BW: It's no DQ! They can do whatever they-

[But Jim Watkins doesn't agree, springing from his chair when he sees Morton wind up with the title belt.]

GM: WATKINS! WATKINS!

[Watkins comes rushing around the ring apron to where Morton is standing and just as the devious manager is about to begin his swing, Watkins YANKS both legs out from under him, causing him to plummet and SMASH his chin right on the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Get your hands off him, you savage! What right does he have to do this?!

GM: AND JIM WATKINS MAKES GOOD ON HIS PROMISE!



BW: THIS IS RIDICULOUS! Everyone in the arena is teaming against Rex Summers tonight!

[An irate Rex Summers tosses Travis Lynch away like a ragdoll, first screaming at Johnny Jagger, then turning his attention to Jim Watkins.]

GM: Watkins, with Morton by the lapel... he's absolutely HAMMERING Buddy Morton with four, five, SIX shots to the jaw...

[A fired-up Watkins pulls Morton up by the hair...

...and SLAMS his head into the ring apron, causing him to sprawl out motionless on the barely padded floor!]

BW: He's not stopping interference, he's MAULING that man!

GM: He said he'd do it! He warned Summers! He warned Morton! He warned the world! Jim Watkins has just LAID OUT Buddy Morton! He will NOT be a factor in this match anymore!

BW: Summers can't let this get to him. He's still in control of this match! He still has Stench right where he wants him! Finish him, REXY!

[The camera cuts to the floor where a grinning Watkins returns to his steel chair at ringside.]

BW: Oh, he's so proud of himself! What a hero! What a good guy!

[Rex Summers is inside the ring, screaming over the ropes and ranting in Jim Watkins' direction...

...which proves to be a mistake as Travis Lynch regains his feet, steel chair in hand!]

GM: Summers is shouting at Watkins! He doesn't see Lynch! He doesn't know that he-

[Slowly, the PCW World Champion swings around...

...and gets the edge of the chair SLAMMED into his midsection, doubling him up!]

GM: Good grief!

[Lynch winds up as far back as he can go...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!!

[A fired up Lynch HURLS the chair down to the canvas...

...and throws his right hand up into the air to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Lynch is calling for the Claw! He's calling for it!

[Reaching down, he drags Summers up to his feet by the arm, firing him into the turnbuckles where the steel chair is still wedged, Summers' injured back SMASHING into the steel before he stumbles out...

...into a perfectly-executed discus punch!]

GM: OHHH! LYNCH CRACKED HIM!!

[The blow sends Summers sailing back to the buckles where he hits before bouncing back out...

...and getting Lynch's massive hand wrapped around his skull!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

[The crowd EXPLODES in a deafening roar as Lynch steers a struggling Summers around, moving away from the ropes...

...and uses his leg to kick Summers' legs out from under him, slamming the back of the champion's head into the chair on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

[The blow to the back of the head seems to stun Summers as the official dives to the mat, counting the champion (who is still trapped in the Iron Claw) down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cue one of the loudest reactions EVER heard inside the Crockett Coliseum.]

GM: He's done it! He's done it! Travis Lynch's odyssey has finally come to an end! He IS the PCW World Champion!

[The crowd is absolutely ROARING. The wide camera shot of the arena reveals fans jumping up and down with joy in the aisles of the Crockett Coliseum as James and Jack Lynch quickly make their way into the ring, rushing to embrace their bloodied younger brother.]

GM: James and Jack are in there now to join the party! Travis Lynch has done it! In all of my years in this business, this is one of the finest moments I can ever recall having the privilege of calling.

BW: This is one of the darkest days of my life, Myers.

[The bloodied Lynch pushes up to his knees, looking up at his brothers with a blank expression on his face, seemingly unable to comprehend that it's over even though Rex Summers has already rolled to the safety of the arena floor.]

GM: Travis Lynch may be in shock, fans! He looks like he can't believe it!

[Out on the floor, Jim Watkins has retrieved the title belt that fell to the barely-padded concrete during the battle and hands it over to Johnny Jagger who holds the title belt over his head...

...and then places it over the shoulder of Travis Lynch!]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match...

...and NEW PCW WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Rush's "Tom Sawyer" blares out over the PA system as Travis Lynch clutches the title belt to his chest, still very little understanding on display on his blood-covered face. His oldest brother, Jack, physically lifts him off the mat...

...and raises his arm in the air, pointing to his baby brother! The crowd ROARS anew!]

GM: What a moment! What a moment for Travis Lynch! What a moment for the Lynch family! No more do they have to suffer their lasting legacy of the promotion they all gave their everything for to be in the hands of a man who doesn't appreciate it. Rex Summers was that one blemish in the history of PCW - the one man who kept Blackjack Lynch from being able to be happy with his life. But tonight, in his hometown, Travis Lynch has done it, fans!

[Leaning in the corner with his brothers celebrating around him, Travis is lost in his own world, staring off into the distance. Jack and James pull him into another embrace, speaking to their younger brother off-camera...

...and then hoist him into the air on their shoulders!]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment!

[Finally, Travis seems to snap out of it as he looks down at his brothers, Jack and James, two boys, two \*men\* he's idolized since birth, holding him aloft. And he feels the weight of the PCW championship on his shoulder...the mission of his life for so long, finally accomplished.

It all hits Travis Lynch at once. And the tears fall like rain, from his own eyes and those of his most ardent fans, as he grabs and raises the PCW World Championship high over his head for the world to see, and lets out a roar of triumph the likes of which few men have made or will ever make.]

GM: An emot... an emotional moment here in the Crockett Coliseum, as one of Dallas's own finally wins the big one in front of his home town fans!

BW: I can barely hear myself think in here, Myers!

GM: Maybe that's a good thing!

[The Lynches circle the ring, showing off their baby brother and his newfound title to the masses who cheer their every movement. They walk past the slowly stirring body of Rex Summers who is out on the floor. They make their way to the other side of the ring where Buddy Morton is motionless on the floor. Then over where a grinning Jim Watkins applauds his old friend's sons celebrating their moment. Finally, they set Travis down, holding the ropes open for him as he steps out onto the elevated ramp, again lifting the title belt high above his head to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: This is something else to see, fans. A truly great night for the Lynch family and somewhere you know Blackjack Lynch is watching this and he's very proud of his boy.

[With the crowd cheering every step they take, the Lynch family is all smiles as they work their way back up the ramp...

...and Travis takes one more chance to thrust the title belt into the air with his muscular arm as the crowd roars before the trio ducks through the curtain.]

GM: Whew. Like I said, what a moment and what a night for that family - heck, for these fans as well. This is one of the biggest moments they've had a chance to see in this building, Bucky.

BW: I don't want to talk about this. Ever.

GM: And at long last, the PCW title is FINALLY in the hands of an honorable man! It will be very interesting seeing what kind of champion Travis Lynch will become.

BW: Every single Lynch is a champion. What is this world coming to??

GM: Speaking of coming to, it looks like Rex Summers has done just that.

[Rolling under the ropes into the ring, Rex Summers is also a man lost, completely unable to accept the reality that he is no longer a champion. He sits on the canvas for several moments, looking around the ring where the ring crew has started to remove some of the steel chairs from the squared

circle. The mocking taunts of the crowd hits Summers from all sides as he grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet.]

GM: It was a tough matchup. I can't say that I like all of Rex Summers' tactics in this match but I do have to admit, he put up one heck of a fight to try and keep that title belt, Bucky.

BW: That he did, Gordo. That he did. Rex Summers is a great wrestler and he was a great champion and I'm sure we haven't see the last of Rex Summers wearing gold here in the AWA.

[Stepping out to the ring apron, he drops down to the floor, helping his manager back to his feet.]

GM: Buddy Morton took a bit of a pounding at the hands of Jim Watkins out there. He barely looks capable of standing at this point in the matchup.

[The crowd jeers the duo as Summers somehow manages to muscle his manager up onto the ramp, climbing up to join him. He pulls him to his feet again, slowly making their way down the ramp.]

GM: Those two are headed to the back to lick their wounds but-

[Suddenly, Summers hooks a double underhook on Buddy Morton...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps at the horrific sound of Buddy Morton's skull SMASHING into a solid wooden platform!]

GW: What in the...Rex Summers with a...HEAT SHOCK! Double arm DDT to his own manager on the ramp? I don't understand this at all! Why?

BM: Isn't it obvious!? Rex Summers isn't the champion anymore because of that man that he just dropped like a bad habit! If Buddy Morton did his job, none of that would have happened!

GW: Summers, walking back down the ramp alone... and somehow, I get the feeling that we haven't heard the last of Rex Summers.

BM: And I get the feeling that we HAVE heard the last of Buddy Morton!

GM: Fans, we're going to try to figure out what's going on here. Right now, all i can say is that Travis Lynch is the new PCW World Champion and Rex Summers is... well, Rex Summers may have just snapped as he laid out his own manager.

BW: Former manager.

GM: I suppose you're right about that. Fans, it's been an exciting night of action and it's not over yet but for right now, let's go backstage where we got some words earlier this evening from the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Robert Donovan!

[We fade from ringside to the locker room area and footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where the Longhorn Heritage champion stands in front of a row of unadorned lockers. The title belt is draped over his shoulder, and he's already wearing his ring attire. The big man actually looks slightly shamefaced, contrary to his usual glower.]

RD: So, in case y'all missed it, the Longhorn Heritage champion pretty much got undressed by an older guy with a hat a couple o' weeks ago.

[Donovan chuckles ruefully.]

RD: I'm sure anybody payin' attention noticed that my reaction after it happened was a little less'n cordial. Pretty sure a few tables got flipped, some chairs thrown around, an' a couple of lockers got dents in the doors they're probably still hammerin' out. After I calmed down a little, I sat my oversized rear end down an' I thought about what Watkins said.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: An' he was right! Every damn word was true. Pissed as I was and still am about the way I saw everybody gettin' jerked around, I was just as damn guilty of doin' the jerkin' around. Sittin' here on my duff holding this title, waitin' for somethin' to happen. That ain't the way I wanna do things. I wanna be a fighting champ, I want this title defended anytime there's somebody with enough guts to stand up an' take their shot at me. I don't care who it is, when it is, whatever, if you think you've got what it takes to take this off my waist, you can consider this a direct challenge from me to you. From here on out, I got an open contract for defendin' the Longhorn Heritage championship...an' if nobody puts their name on that dotted line, by God, I'll take my seven foot ass out there an' I'll find somebody myself.

[Donovan grins.]

RD: ...Just like I went an' found you a couple of weeks ago, Dufresne. See, realizin' that Watkins was right an' that sittin' here doin' nothin' would get me nowhere, I decided I'd go out there an' show the Committee just what gettin' you in the ring means to me. I decided to plant your sorry ass right in the middle of that squared circle an' get myself a nice, if unofficial pin on the National Champion.

[Donovan reaches up and takes the Longhorn Heritage title belt off of his shoulder, folding it and holding it out in front of him.]

RD: Now, you see this, Dufresne? This here is the only other singles title in the AWA. Holdin' it means I am the Longhorn Heritage Champion, a title I earned in a match against another man who was fit to fight, who was ready to go, who knew I was comin' and knew how I was comin'. You? Your title

was ill-got and ill-kept, usin' every damn trick in the book to make sure that it doesn't leave your waist. Well, Calisto, guess what...at the AWA's Anniversary Show, you an' I got a date...

[Donovan places the Longhorn Heritage belt back on his left shoulder, and looks briefly over at his right.]

RD: ...an' I got plenty of room to put that National Title right alongside the last symbol of Longhorn Heritage.

[Donovan's glower is back, and he locks it onto the camera for a few moments before stalking off as we fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...  
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...  
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...  
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out and we come back from commercial to the interview stage where the Aces and Percy Childes are standing by with Jason Dane. The Aces are in their wrestling attire with their masks and deep-hooded cowls. The hoods are pulled back to reveal the masks. The Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes, stands nearby, staring thoughtfully at his crystal-topped cane.]

JD: Welcome back, AWA fans, and as you can see, I'm standing here with the Aces and their manager, Percy Childes. Are your two charges ready to speak, Percy?

[Percy simply looks back at "Sweet" Steven Childes who steps forward to Jason Dane.]

SC: We are, Jason. After the grave injustice that befell the Aces two weeks ago, we're ready to break our silence.

JD: About two weeks ago, the Von Brauns came forward and attempted to get revenge for what you did to Scott Von Braun back at SuperClash three.

By allowing them to wrestle you, the Von Brauns have effectively ended their boycott and "occupation" of the AWA. What are your thoughts?

[Childes chuckles.]

SC: My thoughts? Why bring up the past, Jason? That's exactly what the Von Brauns are. The past. I want to talk about the present and the future for the Aces. The future? Well, the National Tag Team Titles of course. The present? It's the present that bothers me, Jason. In the present, "Big" Jim Watkins has seen fit to not only DENY the Number One Contenders their rightful match, but to give it to the Number TWO contenders at the Anniversary Show.

[Big cheer for Violence Unlimited.]

JD: Jim Watkins said Violence Unlimited would get a rematch due to how the match ended with interference from the Bishop Boys.

SC: And Jim Watkins isn't smart enough to realize he's setting a precedent so that ANY person or team who loses to nefarious means can step up and claim a rematch. Jim Watkins isn't smart enough to have the foresight to understand the dumb decision he's making. That means people the likes of Juan Vasquez...

[BIG cheer for Vasquez (obligatory name drop).]

SC: ... Stevie Scott...

[Smaller cheer.]

SC: ... Kolya Sudakov...

[Big cheer.]

SC: ... and the rest of the past champions can line up for a title match. Jim Watkins will properly give these men their rematches. Men like Nenshou?

[Big round of boos.]

SC: Men like him who were SCREWED out of their titles by pettiness can't even SNIFF the possibility of a rematch. That's because Jim Watkins panders to these Texas neanderthals because they...

[Quotation mark gesture with his hands.]

SC: ... "pay the bills."

JD: Nenshou!? He doesn't even work here any more! Your own manager said that! In fact, he was recently spotted in the crowd at another promotion's event!

[Percy cracks a grin at that.]



JD: Regardless of that, Jim Watkins had stated he's going to clean up around the AWA. His first order of business is to keep managers from involving themselves in matches.

SC: Yeah, so I heard with his Ten Questions. "I'm the type of man who will slap so and so across the face." Jim Watkins better remember one thing where it concerns Percy Childes. A slap across the face means you lose the use of that arm... permanently.

[Big boo at that last comment.]

SC: Jim Watkins has come to a realization. Maybe it's because he took his obese nephew to see Star Wars in three dee and thought that Uncle Percy was Palpatine and was attempting to drop the "shroud of the darkside" over the AWA.

[Tyler can't help but laugh at that last comment.]

SC: And the man wonders why he's remained single the last twenty years, but I digress. Uncle Percy isn't some genius who can manipulate some unseen power with billions of midichlorians. It's much, much simpler, Jim. Uncle Percy is just smarter than you are. Much like a game of chess, he has his king and rooks into position to declare checkmate and take over the AWA.

[Percy smiles broadly at the analogy.]

SC: Make no mistake about it. James Monosso will win the National Title, and the Aces will win the National Tag Team Titles. Uncle Percy has set his mind to this task, and nothing Jim Watkins will do will change that fact.

JD: Is it over with the Von Brauns?

[Childes steps back as Tyler steps forward to answer the question.]

DT: Are you deaf or just as dumb as the rest of the grass grazers in the audience?

[Big round of boos for that one.]

DT: Better yet, I bet your Mama was one of the Lynch clan? God knows Blackjack Lynch treated northern Texas like his personal growing field and sewed his oats throughout. That's why we've got so many of his illegitimate kids running around.

[Bigger round of boos at that one!]

DT: The Von Brauns are the past. If they rear their ugly faces again, we'll eliminate each and every single one of them, Jason. I want to talk to Jim Watkins. I want Jim to pay attention to me while I'm out here. Jim likes to

walk around, his chest puffed out, and give ultimatums to the wrestlers of the AWA. I'm going to give Jim Watkins an ultimatum.

[Daniel Tyler looks into the camera.]

DT: You listening, Jim? Tell ya what. Go ahead and wash down that crappy Texas barbecue...

[BIG round of boos.]

DT: ... with that warm, flat, stale Pabst Blue Ribbon Texas trailer trash calls beer.

[This is how you make enemies in Texas.]

DT: Go ahead and wipe off the barbecue sauce off your face and cheap, JC Penny suit. And lick your fingers clean, because I WANT your UNDIVIDED attention, fatman.

[Momentary pause.]

DT: You done finger lickin'? I don't care how many Abe Lincolns Blackjack Lynch is paying you to protect his get. You do what's right. You robbed the Aces last week. We had the National Tag Team Titles in the bag, and YOU ROBBED US! Like a thief in the night, a fox in the hen house.

[Tyler points at the camera.]

DT: YOU need to correct this wrongful error of judgement. You tell Violence Unlimited to go fly a kite for the Anniversary Show and give the Aces what we EARNED at SuperClash three. You give US the title match with the Lynch Brothers. I want an answer before the night is over with. You better say, [mocking Watkins] "Let's hook 'em up." If not? We're not going to BEAT the competition until you right this wrong. We're going to have Bill Masterson, our personal friend I might add, working OVERTIME trying to find new talent as we ELIMINATE the competition!

[Another round of boos.]

DT: Short of that, Jim? Something bad WILL happen.

[Daniel Tyler looks at Percy.]

DT: Got anything to say, Uncle Percy?

[Percy, who has remained stoic, this entire time, growls out a single word.]

PC: Yes.

[It's clear now... he's keeping a poker face, because he's absolutely enraged and trying to keep himself under control.]

PC: Watkins...you're a hypocrite. The biggest hypocrite in the sport, if that can be believed. I send my charge to Puerto Rico so you can get some business done. I convince the hottest star in the sport that returning to the the AWA should be his first choice on his free agency wish list. And I restrain myself from employing the strategy of injuring one of the Lynches pre-match for a certain victory advantage before the match we should have had. Unlike other former champions who did that and got away with it. I played ball with you, I stayed out of matches... not out of fear, but out of an understanding that you would treat us fairly.

What a liar you are. What a two-faced weasel. "Hook 'em up"... "hook 'em up." You talk down on Calisto Dufrense, and the man has displayed ten times more integrity than you have. So this is what I say to you, Jim Watkins.

You claim that your philosophy is "hook em up"?

Well, James Monosso is coming back in two weeks, Jim. Your age is no excuse because he's in your neighborhood. And when he gets here, he's going to "hook 'em up".

With you.

[The fans react loudly, and Jason asks the follow-up.]

JD: Is that a challenge to Jim Watkins?

PC: No, that's a fact. Jim can make a match out of it, or it'll happen as soon as he steps out from the back. I don't care either way. All that matters is that the Championship Committee is going to have an empty seat to fill fifteen days from today. That's not a threat, that's not an attempt at intimidation... that's just the truth.

Let's hook 'em up, Jim. Let's hook 'em up.

[With that, Percy and the Aces exit stage left, leaving a shocked Jason Dane behind.]

JD: I truly can't believe what I just heard, fans. Percy Childes has laid down... I suppose you can call it a challenge. James Monosso returns to the AWA in two weeks' time and Childes says - legally sanctioned or not, he's coming for "Big" Jim Watkins! Gordon, Bucky... are you as shocked as I am?

[We cut down to ringside where Gordon Myers does indeed look stunned.]

GM: This is insane, Bucky... it really is. Percy Childes may say that's not a threat but that's a boldfaced lie. This is a direct threat to the Chairman of the Championship Committee for this company, Jim Watkins. He says Watkins can make it a match or he can just make it a fight but one way or another, James Monosso is coming for Jim Watkins.

BW: I love it, Gordo! That redneck Watkins has been throwing his weight around for weeks now - and even longer before that. He is abuse of power personified and it finally caught up to him. In two weeks' time, James Monosso is coming for Watkins whether he likes it or not!

GM: I can't believe that the Championship Committee will stand by and allow Percy Childes to threaten Jim Watkins like that. The Aces physically threatened Watkins in that interview - Childes did the same. And now he says that James Monosso will attack Jim Watkins in two weeks?! Jim Watkins is an executive for this company! Monosso should be fined for even SUGGESTING he'll assault the man and if he actually does it, he should be suspended indefinitely... heck, I'd fire the man on the spot, Bucky!

BW: The AWA has been very severe in the past in their punishments when officials have been assaulted so... you could be right, Gordo. Monosso might be in some serious jeopardy if he actually comes after Watkins. But Percy's got a plan, I bet... Percy's ALWAYS got a plan.

GM: A plan? Are you kidding me? He's going to- wait one moment, fans...

[Myers lifts his hand, listening through his headset.]

GM: Okay... alright... I understand that Mark Stegglet just caught up to "Big" Jim Watkins who just heard the news. He's going to get his reaction from him right now. Mark?

[We quickly cut to the backstage area where a fuming Jim Watkins is standing next to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Watkins, I know you just saw-

[Watkins angrily interrupts.]

JW: You're [BLEEP BLEEP] right, I saw it, Stegglet.

MS: Mr. Watkins, I must remind you that we're on the air and even in our late night time slot, certain language rules are-

JW: I know the damned rules too, Stegglet! But this ain't right... this ain't right at all. When I asked to come back to this job in December, they told me...

[Watkins' words trail off as he shakes his head.]

JW: But I can't do it, Stegglet.

MS: Can't do what, sir?

JW: I can't walk away from something like that. Where you from, kid?

MS: New York City.

[Watkins nods thoughtfully.]

JW: The South is different. Always has been. People like to make jokes about us... rednecks, pickup trucks, greasy food... whatever your insult of choice is. I've lived and worked all over the South and I can tell you, son, there ain't a whole lot the same between Dallas, Texas... New Orleans... Memphis... the Carolinas... Oklahoma... wherever you go.

But there is one thing that's pretty damn universal.

[Watkins lifts a hand, visibly shaking as he points to the camera lens.]

JW: We. Don't. Back. Down.

[Watkins shakes his head for emphasis.]

JW: Percy Childes, you lowdown piece of garbage... you want to come out on national television and tell the world you're coming for Jim Watkins? You want to threaten me?

[A nod.]

JW: We. Don't. Back. Down.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Are you saying-

JW: You're DAMN RIGHT I'll accept his challenge!

[We can almost hear the cheers from inside the arena.]

JW: You can throw whoever you want at me, Childes! Bring Monosso! Bring Nenshou! Bring those little twerps Childes and Tyler, I'll bust their skulls up too!

[Stegglet tries to interrupt again and gets cut off.]

JW: Childes, you send that psychotic nutjob my way and I'll take a piece of out of hide! I'll beat him so bad, he'll wish he was back in the loony bin staring at a rubber wall!

'Cause this is the South! This is Texas! AND WE DON'T BACK DOWN FROM PIECES OF TRASH LIKE ALL OF YOU!

[Stegglet pulls the mic free.]

MS: Wait a second! I thought you told the Championship Committee AND the front office that you wouldn't take any more matches!

[Watkins shakes his head angrily, slamming his open palm into the wall behind him with a loud "THWAAACK!"]

JW: WHERE I COME FROM, YOU DON'T BACK DOWN FROM A CHALLENGE!  
ANY CHALLENGE! NO MATTER WHO THROWS IT DOWN!

[Watkins is absolutely frightening now, screaming at the camera.]

JW: YOU GO ASK KOSTOVICH HOW IT TURNS OUT TO FIGHT WITH JIM  
WATKINS! ASK SHARIF! ASK BATHWAITE! ASK-

MS: But sir, I don't think you can-

JW: I DON'T GIVE A \_DAMN\_ WHAT YOU THINK, SON!

[Mark Stegglet listens through his earpiece for a moment, waiting for  
Watkins to calm down.]

MS: Mr. Watkins, I hate to be the messenger at a time like this but... well,  
I'm being told that the Championship Committee is holding an emergency  
conference call to discuss this situation. You're wanted in that room to  
discuss-

[A still fuming Watkins now looks a little surprised.]

JW: Right now? They're meeting now?

MS: That's what I understand, sir. They've requested your presence  
immediately.

[Watkins glares at Stegglet for a long moment and then walks out of view,  
mumbling under his breath.]

MS: This situation just got very, very interesting. Fans, we've got to take  
another quick break but we'll be right back to see Eric Preston take on  
"Showtime" Rick Marley so don't touch that dial!

[Fade to black.

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an  
inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams,  
holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.]

And then fade back up to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside Eric Preston in footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT."

MS: I'm standing back here in the backstage area with Eric Preston, who will engage in one of the more interesting matches the American Wrestling Alliance has seen in a while when he battles Rick Marley, with some very important positioning in the AWA Top Ten rankings at stake. Eric, what's going through your mind?

[Preston, still in street clothes, is very placid and calm as he speaks.]

EP: You know Mark, I've had some time to step back and look at things these past few weeks, and I realize that I may have done some things or said some things that did not portray me in a very positive light, and for that I do apologize. I may have said some things to or about Rick Marley that weren't very fair, and for that I do apologize.

Rick Marley is a heck of a wrestler and a heck of a competitor, and letting my competitive nature get the better of me wasn't a very cool thing to do.

At the same time...

[Preston shrugs, non-chalant.]

EP: ...at the same time, I'm not too concerned about Rick Marley's self esteem. Not too worried about how he feels about himself. Shoot, look at the man, talk to the man, he doesn't need any help feeling good about Rick Marley.

And you're right, this is one of the more interesting matches the AWA has had in a few months, because we're both two guys that the fans are behind, who feed off the energy of the crowd. But we're also two guys who want to be at the very top of the AWA ladder, Mark.

You can feel it, everyone can sense it, there's blood in the water. There is a huge scramble to be the man to beat Calisto Dufresne for that belt, and we're all throwing our hat in the ring. So wins and losses matter, Mark, matches count. So excuse me if I was a little perturbed that Rick Marley just walked in here and started swingin' it around, calling for title shot. Especially after he ducked someone, and tried to spin it as a career decision.

[Preston puts his two hands up, as if he's looking at a billboard.]

EP: If you put up the resume of Eric Preston next to Rick Marley's AWA resume, there's no comparison, jack. I conquered the demon that Rick Marley ran from, I have not ducked a match or a fight for two years, I have never failed to stand and deliver.

So yeah, when he said he didn't want to get bogged down like I did and have his career stalled out, I took offense. But I'm a big boy, I can handle it.

But let me turn the tables on you, Rick. The whole world knows who Rick Marley is, and I'm sure you would agree that for a long time, the whole world knew Rick Marley as the guy who couldn't win the big one. And that wasn't fair, because Rick Marley can get it done in the ring like few others, and he gives the paying customer their money's worth.

But still, you know better than anyone, image is everything... and that one stuck to you like static cling.

[Preston shrugs, and throws his hands slightly.]

EP: Which is why I got "bogged" down with Monosso and Layton, which is why I never turn down a match and never duck a fight. So that no one ever says "Eric Preston can't win the big one."

'Cause it's the AWA, brother, they're all big... and I win 'em all. And tonight's as big as it gets. Best of luck, Rick.

[We crossfade from the fired-up Preston to another area backstage where "Showtime" Rick Marley stands...or more accurately paces back and forth...next to Jason Dane. The dark haired cruiserweight's excited energy is a contrast to the unflappable interviewer, who calmly regards Rick, then nods.]



JD: Rick Marley, we are now moments away from the match between you and Eric Preston, a match that you seemed to go out of your way to provoke. Do you have any thoughts for the fans.

[Marley walks up to the mic, opens his mouth, then frowns, shakes his head, turns around, walks back a short distance, then nods, and walks back...]

RM: Lots of thoughts, Jason...but mostly one: It's time.

[Marley nods.]

RM: That's right. I thought that the time had passed where anyone could rightly question my place in this sport.

I thought the time had passed where a guy would think that I hadn't earned my spot.

I thought the time had passed where a guy would call me out and question if I was good enough...if I had the heart...if I had the ba--

[Marley pauses, then shakes his head with a rueful chuckle.]

RM: Almost got censored on that one...If I had the intestinal fortitude to be mentioned among the title contenders...among the main eventers...among the creme de la crem of the sport.

But Eric Preston? That's EXACTLY what he did.

[Jason Dane opens his mouth to comment, but Marley holds up his hand.]

RM: Nah nah nah nah nah nah NAH.

Not quite finished yet, Jason.

You see, Preston seemed to feel like I was just an empty name, that I was trading on past success both here and around the world...and that just doesn't sit well with me. I'm here to be the best.

No, that's not quite right...I'm here to PROVE that I'm the best. I'm here to show that the way that I do things in the ring is second to none...that I'm the guy that puts people into seats and gets 'em to open up their wallets and spend their hard earned money to watch us inside that squared circle...to watch us do what we love.

Each one of those people earned that money with their blood, sweat and tears...so the idea that I'm somehow scamming them? That somehow I didn't earn my spot in that ring, or in this company?

It doesn't sit well, Jason, not at all.

JD: I don't think that's what Eric Preston said, though. He was simply--

RM: He may not have MEANT it, Jason...but it's what he said. He implied that I'm stealing from the fans...that I've pulled one over on them...and that just won't do.

So...TONIGHT:

Eric Preston.

Rick Marley.

One on one...and we'll just see who earns that spot.

[Without another word, Marley moves off the set, leaving Jason shaking his head.]

JD: A highly agitated Rick Marley is focused on tonight... let's go down to the ring for this very important matchup!

[Crossfade to the squared circle where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...From Greenville, South Carolina... weighing 251 pounds...

ERIC PREEESSTTOOOOOOONNNN!!

[The opening chords to "Slither" by Velvet Revolver start to play in the Crockett Coliseum as the fans erupt in cheers. They turn towards the entrance as the song kicks into high gear, and erupt again as Eric Preston trots out into the entrance way. Preston throws up a fist to the crowd, and then zig zags down the aisle, slapping hands and exchanging war whoops. The chiseled Preston wears dark green tights with a white and silver diamond pattern at the waistline, white boots with black laces that have the outline of a star on the outside of each in red. A thick black elbow pad is on his right arm. His wrists are heavily wrapped in white athletic tape, and as he climbs into the ring he lets the officials check him out, before loosening up his shoulders in the corner.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Cheer!]

# Father... Forgive me the wrongs I have done... and those... I am about to do.

[The arena lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count. Suddenly, the remainder of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system.]

PW: From Allentown, Pennsylvania... weighing in at two hundred and twenty-one pounds...

"SHOOOOWTIIIIIME"  
RIIIIIIIIIICK MAAAAAAARRRRRLEYYYYY!

[As the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley making his way to the ring. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.

Marley slaps hands with the fans at ringside until he is about 15 feet from the ring, at which point he sprints the distance, leaping over the ropes in a tumbling somersault, popping up to his feet in one motion, striding across the squared circle to climb to the second rope in front of the announcer's table, where he raises both hands to the crowd before back flipping back into the ring.]

GM: What a great match-up this is going to be.

BW: No doubt about it, Gordo. This has huge implications on the National title contender rankings. You better believe both of these guys want a shot at the big gold, badly!

"DING! DING!"

[Both men walk towards the center as the bell rings. After a few moments of sizing one another up, they both move in for a tie-up, but at the last second, Preston pulls away, shaking his head.]

GM: Preston didn't like something about that lockup, Bucky.

BW: It's like arm wrestling, Gordo. You don't start the match until you like the grip.

[They edge close to one another again, Marley lunging into a tieup but after a moment, Preston breaks out of the collar-and-elbow, backing off once more, this time drawing some boos from the crowd. Marley jaws at Preston, who merely smiles at the Allenstown native.]

BW: Preston's playing some mind games with Marley there, trying to get in his head a bit. In a match like this, you gotta' take every advantage you can get.

GM: Both men circle one another, looking for an opening...

[They come together in the center again, jockeying for position against the other. The former Combat Corner student quickly uses his height and weight edge to his aid.]

GM: Preston using his size advantage here, backing Marley down into the corner... the referee steps in, asking for a clean break...

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OH MY!

BW: Whew...you could strip the paint off a Cadillac with a slap like that!

[There's no clean break from Preston, rather a big red handprint in the middle of the chest courtesy of Preston's overhand chop. Marley clutches his chest in pain as Preston reaches for his arm.]

GM: Irish whip coming up...

[Preston grabs the limb, firing Marley across the ring HARD into the corner, charging right behind him...

...and SMASHING him against the buckles with a charging clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! Big running clothesline in the corner!

[Wasting not a single second, Preston immediately grabs Marley by the arm again.]

GM: Another whip sends him acro- no!

[In mid-whip attempt, Marley manages to reverse it in mid-stride, sending Preston crashing hard into the buckles, staggering out of the corner after the impact...

...and gets floored with a standing dropkick on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! The dropkick connects right on target and Marley puts him down hard!

BW: Preston's still showing a little inexperience in there, going to the well one too many times. He's got size and strength on Marley, but Marley's been in the game way too long to let little mistakes like that go by unpunished.

[Recovering from the dropkick, Preston scrambles back to his feet quickly...

...but gets just as quickly taken back down to the canvas with an armdrag from Marley!]

GM: Armdrag takes him down! Nice execution on that!

[Preston scrambles up again, trying to keep off the mat but gets taken right back down with another armdrag to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: The fans are behind Rick Marley after that armdrag but I'd expect we'll hear them cheer both of these men equally here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Cheers are for sissies who care. These two need to block all that out and stay focused on their opponent. So much at stake in a match like this that has two members of the Top Ten rankings colliding one-on-one.

GM: Preston's ranked Number Six in the Top Ten while Marley is Number Seven. A win by either could help them crack the Top Five... maybe even the Top Three, Bucky.

BW: It absolutely could.

[As Preston pops back to his feet one more time, Marley secures a side headlock, twisting his body to take Preston down to the canvas with a headlock takedown. Marley's face is pure focus as he keeps the hold locked on, turning up the pressure.]

GM: A flurry of offense there by "Showtime" Rick Marley - really showcasing his quickness as he keeps his opponent down on the mat.

BW: And if he can keep the man down, he'll keep his size advantage in check as well. Preston can't muscle him around down on his back like this.

GM: it's an interesting strategy though as you would expect that Preston might be the one wanting to keep Rick Marley grounded - keep the high flying to a minimum.

BW: It's also true. This match could become a ground battle and quite frankly, I'm not sure who holds an edge in that department. But right now, Marley's keeping him off-balance and finally, down on the mat.

[Of course, that point is rendered moot as Marley uses his free hand to mess with Preston's hair and then releases the hold, slapping him in the back of the head!]

BW: And it's also a great way to make him look like a moron. Ha!

GM: A little disrespect being thrown Preston's way from Marley...more mind games, Bucky?

BW: Absolutely. Marley's been in the game a lot longer than Preston and you better believe he knows exactly how to push his buttons.

[Marley is the first back to his feet, all grins as Preston pushes himself off the mat, a bit of fire in his eyes. He angrily rushes towards Marley who sidesteps, hooking Preston under the arm and tosses him down to the mat with a hiptoss!]

GM: Marley takes Preston off his feet again!

BW: Preston needs to keep his cool in there, Gordo. He's losing control a little bit.

[Showing Bucky to be right, Preston pops back up to his feet, rushing in, and runs right into another hiptoss down to the mat. He crouches a bit, waiting for Preston to regain his feet before rushing in, leaping up onto his

shoulders, and then taking his off-balance opponent down to the canvas with a flying headscissors takeover! The crowd cheers the show of athleticism.]

GM: Whoa my! You don't see headscissors done quite like that anymore, Bucky. Preston went down to the mat and rolled all the way out to the floor. He's flustered by how things are going in this one so far, fans.

[Preston slams an arm into the ropes in frustration, turning away from the ring with a shake of his head...

...which gives Marley a moment to hit the ropes behind him, sprinting across the ring at top speed, ready to launch himself at the Combat Corner alum!]

GM: RICK MARLEY'S GONNA FLY!

[But at the last possible moment, Marley stops himself from leaping over by grabbing the top rope, swinging his legs and torso through the ropes to turn back around into the ring. Eric Preston, having just turned around, instinctively ducked the apparent dive attempt but they angrily straightens up, annoyed at being tricked...

...which makes him easy pickings as Marley slingshots himself over the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WHATTA MANUEVER!

[...and takes Preston down with a flying rana headscissors on the floor!]

GM: You've gotta be impressed by Rick Marley in the opening minutes of this one, Bucky!

BW: You're absolutely right, Gordo. You do because Marley's overwhelming the kid with pure speed. Preston can't keep letting Marley run around like a spider monkey out there. He needs to pop him in the mouth or kick him between the goal posts...just find a way to slow him down.

GM: A bit crude, but a very astute point, Bucky. Eric Preston is having all sorts of trouble keeping up with Rick Marley.

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED IN THE TIME LIMIT! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes go in this one, fans. Plenty of time for these two great grapplers to find out who the better man is tonight here in the Crockett Coliseum on this special edition of AWA All Star Showdown!

[Climbing back to his feet and saluting the cheering crowd with a raised arm, Marley tosses Preston under the ropes and back into the ring. He grabs the ropes himself, pulling himself up onto the apron where he grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting himself over...

...and SMASHING down with a legdrop across the prone Preston's throat!]

GM: Oh my!

[Marley rolls into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg, but only securing a two count before Preston slips a shoulder out.]

GM: Big legdrop from outside-in, but Marley only gets two!

BW: Preston's gotta' get something going soon or he's not going to last much longer. Marley's dominating him right now.

GM: Preston's gotta think back to his days in the Combat Corner. I know how well Todd Michaelson trains his students and Preston's gotta have a bunch of tricks in the ol' playbook to get himself back on track in this one.

[Preston stumbles up to a knee, pushing to his feet as Marley dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

"THUUUUDDDD!!!"

GM: OHHHH! BIG POWERSLAM OUT OF NOWHERE! ONE, TWO...NO! ONLY TWO!

BW: Preston almost got Marley right there! You called it, Gordo. The kid dug down deep and figured out a way to get back in the swing of things. Marley probably didn't expect Preston to be able to pull something like that out, but the kid's shown he's full of surprises. That's how he got Monosso and that's how he got Layton.

GM: Eric Preston has proven a lot of people wrong over the past year or so. No one thought he'd get past Monosso. No one thought he'd get past Layton. But he's standing here tonight on the verge of becoming a Top Five contender for the AWA National Title... but "Showtime" Rick Marley, a superstar all over our sport... is directly in his path.

[The Greenville native drags Marley to his feet by the arm, firing him off the ropes. The rebounding Marley gets hammering with a right hand to the midsection on the rebound, doubling him up...]

GM: Uh oh! We know what Preston's thinking here!

[Preston dashes to the adjacent ropes, rebound off with his eyes set on scoring that big Dream Machine kneelift...]

...but at the last second, Marley straightens up, avoiding the blow...]

GM: Swing and a miss on the Dream Machine!

[But as he whizzes by Marley, Preston immediately slams on the brakes and spins around with his arm outstretched, damn near decapitating Marley at the same time he charges in for the counter-attack!]

"SMMMMAAAAACCK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: But the lariat from Preston doesn't!

BW: That was all instinct, daddy! Preston knew he whiffed the kneelift, but he knew exactly where Marley was and just spun around with that lariat... Marley never knew what hit him!

[Preston seems to consider going for a pin attempt for a moment but ultimately opts not to as he drags Marley off the mat, hooking a front waistlock...

...before popping his hips and tossing "Showtime" high over his head! The highflyer sails halfway across the ring before crashing roughly down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh my! A beautiful overhead throw by Preston!

BW: We in the 21st century call that a released belly-to-belly suplex, Gordo.

GM: Whatever you call it, it was very effective and here's the cover! He gets one! He gets two! No! Marley slips a shoulder free in time!

BW: That suplex was nice, but it wasn't quite Marcus Broussard-level, Gordo!

GM: That's certainly up for debate, Bucky.

[Eric slaps his hands on the mat in frustration, before pulling Marley up by the hair.]

GM: Preston showing some signs of frustration again - just showing how badly he wants this victory here tonight, fans.

[A hard forearm shot to the jaw sends Marley staggering backwards before Preston grabs the arm, sending Marley into the ropes again...]

GM: Preston FIRES him in, Marley off the far side...

[Preston hoists Marley into the air, twisting him around in a tilt-a-whirl...

...that Marley somehow reverses in mid-air, hooking his legs around the head of the opposition and flipping him down to the mat with a spinning headscissors!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A COUNTER BY RICK MARLEY!

[Marley quickly scrambles to his feet, looking to strike fast as he dashes towards the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, and springing backwards...]



GM: What in the...?

[As Preston rises off the mat, he finds himself snared in a floating Marley's front facelock, twisting him around...]

...but his attempt at a tornado DDT falls short as Preston slams on the brakes, setting Marley down on the mat...]

GM: Counter by Preston! Look out!

[And Preston again snaps Marley over in an overhead suplex, this time hanging on and applying a bridge with a Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SUPLEX BY PRESTON!!

[The official dives to the canvas for the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Marley FIRES a shoulder off the canvas to break the pin at the last moment!]

GM: Oh my! Preston was VERY close to a victory right there, fans! Rick Marley's high-risk gamble right there did NOT pay off as Preston reversed it into a bridging suplex for a near fall!

BW: That's the risk you run when you're jumping around without a care in the world out there. Sometimes you hit a home run, sometimes you strike out and sometimes you escape a failed drug test on a technicality.

GM: I... don't quite understand what you're trying to say, Bucky, but I think our ratings in Milwaukee just went through the floor.

[With Marley dazed from the high-impact suplex, Preston climbs to his feet, turning his gaze towards the turnbuckles.]

GM: Eric Preston's looking towards the corner!

BW: You've gotta be kidding me! You're winning the match, you idiot! Don't do something stupid!

[Preston nods to the crowd, stepping through the ropes to the apron where he begins climbing the ropes...]

GM: Preston is taking a page out of Rick Marley's playbook and he's taking to the sky, fans!

[Slowly reaching his perch, Preston clasps his hands together, throwing himself from his perch as Marley staggers to his feet, aiming for his skull with a double axehandle...]

...and gets BLASTED out of the sky as Marley regains the presence of mind to counter, leaping into the air, and taking the South Carolina native down with a dropkick to the chest! Big cheer!]

GM: DROPKICK COUNTER BY RICK MARLEY! This time it was Preston going to the air and finding nothing!

BW: I don't know why he wanted to change things up like that. He was doing just fine bullying Marley around with his power moves, but then he decides to fly? Looks like the Combat Corner doesn't teach those kids to use common sense!

GM: Both men are down and the referee's administering a ten count on BOTH men!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Only five minutes left in the time limit and that means these two men have to pull out all the stops now! They've got to dig down deep and come up with that one big move that'll put their opponent down for a three count, Bucky.

BW: This is where it gets intense, Gordo. So much at stake, so much on the line. Let's see what these two have got left in 'em right now.

[The referee reaches to about six, when Marley uses the ropes to pull himself back to his feet. Preston is up as well, but Marley is already on him...]

"TWWWWAAAACCK!!!"

GM: OHHHH! A BIG KICK TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

BW: Enzuigiri right to the melon!

GM: Call it whatever you want, but it knocked Preston loopy!

[With the kick still echoing throughout the Crockett Coliseum, a dazed Eric Preston stumbles but, to his credit, stays standing. Marley rises to a knee, looking shocked at Preston's ability to stay on his feet.]

GM: Preston's still standing somehow and Marley can't believe it!

[Trying to take advantage of the situation, Marley dashes to the ropes in front of Preston, leaping to the middle rope and again springing off, this time backflipping through the air...

...hooking an inverted facelock on the way down and DRIVING the back of Preston's head into the canvas with an inverted DDT! BIG CHEER!]

GM: OHHHHHH MY STARS! A BACKFLIP REVERSE DDT! That wasn't quite the Re-Write, but it'll do! Here's the count! ONE! TWO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ROARS at the kickout as Preston fires a shoulder off the canvas JUST before the three count!]

GM: Only two! Only two! Preston hangs on!

[Rick Marley pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands for a moment.]

GM: Marley thought he had him! You know he did!

BW: Heck, I thought he had him too, Gordo.

GM: But Eric Preston lives to keep the fight going and Rick Marley needs to shake off the disappointment of that nearfall, fans. He needs to keep his focus.

[Climbing up to his feet, Marley shakes his head as he drags Preston off the mat by the hair. He ducks down, scooping Preston up, and slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Bodyslam by Marley... and now HE’S going up top, Bucky!

BW: This could be the breaking point of this match. If he hits this, he wins. If he misses, Preston wins. I’m calling that right here and now.

GM: High risk offense has been hit and miss for both of these men tonight and Marley’s out to the apron now, climbing the ropes.

BW: He’s taking a little bit too long, Gordo. I think he may be hurting worse than he thought and he’s having a hard time getting up those ropes.

GM: Preston’s still-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS as Preston pops up to his feet!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He was playing possum! Preston wasn’t as hurt as we thought he was!

[The Combat Corner alum dashes across the ring, leaping up to the middle rope and hooking Marley around the waist...]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! What’s he going for here?!

BW: He’s gonna suplex him off the top!

[A desperate Marley throws a hard right hand to the jaw, cracking Preston with it to stop him short. A second right hand connects as well, breaking Preston's grip on him. Marley grabs two hands full of Preston's hair, SLAMMING his skull into Preston's, sending the South Carolina native sailing off the buckles and down to the canvas!]

GM: MARLEY FIGHTS BACK! HE'S GOT PRESTON DOWN AGAIN! Preston had a second wind carry him across the ring and up on those ropes but Marley ripped the wind right out of his sails with that headbutt! Preston went down hard off the buckles and... look out here!

["Showtime" takes his spot on the top buckle, looking out at the crowd.]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[Marley hears the time announcement and leaps into the air, tucking his arms and legs...]

GM: OHHHH!!!

[...and hits it all!]

GM: THE HIGHLIGHT REEL!!! RICK MARLEY CRUSHES ERIC PRESTON WITH IT!!!

BW: He crushed him with it! He certainly did! But it looks like he took as much out of himself with it as he did Preston! He's not making the pin!

[A pain-filled Marley rolls around on the canvas, clutching his back in obvious agony.]

GM: He needs to make the cover! If he covers him, I think it's over!

[Marley finally manages to roll to his chest, dragging his body towards Preston, and throwing an arm over the chest in a sloppy cover.]

GM: He's got the cover! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS again!]

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! NO SIREEEBOB! PRESTON'S OUT AT TWO!

[With the AWA faithful still roaring for the knockout by Preston, Marley rolls off him and stares up into the ceiling lights with a look that screams, "How the heck am I gonna' put this punk away!?"]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are hurting! The clock continues to run - creeping closer and closer to the two minute mark now, Bucky. It's pressure time for these two men! Who has enough left? Who has what it takes to put the other down for a three count?

[A weakened Marley slowly pushes himself off the mat, staggering as he reaches his feet. He runs a hand through his hair, looking around the ring as if trying to figure out what to do next. Reaching down, he drags Preston to his feet as well, instantly throwing a kick to the gut to double up his opponent.]

“TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!”

GM: It's panic time in the Crockett Coliseum! And Rick Marley hooks the front facelock!

[Marley makes a hand gesture to the crowd to indicate “it's over!”, watching as the fans rise in anticipation of what's about to come...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR LIMELI-

[...but as he spins around to attempt the three-quarter nelson bulldog, Preston instinctually shoves Marley off, sending him crashing chestfirst into the corner turnbuckles!]

GM: Preston throws him off! You know he's watched his share of video! You know he's got Marley well-scouted!

[Marley stumbles backwards out of the buckles, slowly turning around into a big boot to the gut.]

GM: Preston catches him coming out... and now Preston's got the front facelock applied!

[Preston gestures to the crowd, earning a barrage of clapping and foot-stomping as he hoists Marley into the air off the canvas, turning his body so that he can drop Marley's legs off the top rope, adding more momentum to the suplex attempt...]

GM: BLUE RIDGE BUST-

[But the attempt at a slingshot powerslam goes awry at the peak of the lift where Marley twists his body in mid-air, attempting to secure the inverted facelock for the Rewrite DDT...

...but the momentum of the move is too much for him, throwing his timing off and depositing him harmlessly on the mat behind Preston, falling to a knee!]

GM: NO! MARLEY ESCAPES!

[Marley pops to his feet as Preston spins around, throwing his leg out for the Casting Call superkick instead...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[...only to have Preston duck, sending Marley sailing past him where he secures "Showtime" around the waist!]

GM: MISSED!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[Marley lashes out backwards, scoring with a hard elbow to the temple. A second one lands as well, sending Preston falling back to the corner!]

GM: MARLEY OUT OF THE- TO THE CORNER!

[Marley leaves his feet again, leaping into the air for a back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[He pulls Preston out of the corner, swinging him around. He winds up, throwing a right hand that Preston blocks before throwing a right hand of his own!]

GM: Preston blocks the right hand and connects in turn!

[A second right hand from Preston connects... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: He's hammering Marley backwards towards the corner!

[The Combat Corner grad throws a boot to the gut, doubling up Marley.]

GM: Marley's in trouble here!

[Preston backs off, slapping his knee hard...]

GM: He's calling for the Dream Machine!

[Preston dashes in, throwing the kneelift...]

GM: KNEE!

[Marley sidesteps at the last moment, shoving Preston towards the corner where his leg SLAMS into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! HE HITS THE CORNER HARD!

"THIRTY SECONDS! THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

[Preston stumbles out of the corner, obviously limping as he turns around, leaving him easy pickings as Marley ducks down, ripping Preston's injured leg out from under him with a single leg takedown!]

GM: Marley takes him off his feet and-

[“Showtime” Rick Marley grabs both legs, grapevining them over his own...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: You don’t have time for this!

GM: Under thirty seconds remaining and-

[Marley flips Preston onto his stomach, leaning back in the scorpion deathlock!]

GM: SHOWSTOPPER! MARLEY HOOKS IN THE SHOWSTOPPER!

[The crowd ROARS in a mixture of anticipation for a Marley victory and fear of a Preston loss. Marley leans back in the hold, shouting “AAAAASK HIM!” to the official who immediately kneels down on the canvas, checking on the South Carolina native!]

GM: Marley’s got Preston trapped in this devastating hold with nowhere to go!

BW: But does he have enough time, Gordo? Does he have enough time to get a submission out of Eric Preston?

GM: Eric Preston looked like he hurt his knee going for the Dream Machine right there... who knows what sort of damage he's suffered!

[Preston is in agony, but he furiously shakes his head, refusing to give up.]

GM: Preston's holding on! He's not submitting, but Marley's sitting WAY back on the hold! The pain has to be unimaginable!

BW: It's only a matter of time! He has no escape! He has no counter! He-

"DING! DING!"

[Suddenly, the bell rings as the crowd roars in confusion.]

GM: Did Preston give up!? Or did he manage to hang on? Did he manage to last the time limit?

[Marley raises his arms into the air in victory, but the referee pulls his arms down. The referee confers with Phil Watson, who renders the decision...]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the fifteen minute time limit has expired. As a result, this match has been ruled... A TIME LIMIT DRAW!

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction for the announcement. Marley obviously is disappointed, arguing with the official for a few moments before simply shaking his head and walking to the corner where he angrily kicks the buckles.]

GM: A time limit draw - they went the full fifteen minutes, Bucky.

BW: They did so neither man scores a win. And you know Rick Marley will be out here in two weeks talking about moral victories since he had Preston trapped in the Showstopper at the bell but... well, I think that could have gone either way, Gordo. It could've been Marley trapped in the Cobra Clutch Crossface and we've seen that move finish off men that I never thought it would.

GM: Marley's disappointed, obviously. He thought he had it won. And don't forget, Eric Preston was a whisper away from hitting the Dream Machine that could've won this for him as well. I don't know, Bucky. It could have gone either way like you said... and to be honest, I want to see it again!

[Marley leans in the buckles, soaking up some cheers from the fans as he looks across the ring at Preston who is slowly trying to get up off the mat, clutching his lower back.]

GM: This might not be done yet, fans.

[The official gets Preston up to his feet where he puts his weight on his injured leg and immediately topples back to the corner, wincing in pain. The official gets closer, checking on him but Preston waves him off. The hurting Combat Corner grad stares across the ring at Marley.]

GM: What's going to happen here?

[Marley slowly walks across the ring, stopping in the middle with his hands on his hips. Preston edges from the corner, obviously hobbling with each step. He pauses a step away, glaring at Preston...

...and then jabs a finger hard into Marley's chest!]

GM: Preston just told him that this isn't over! He wants another shot at "Showtime" Rick Marley, fans! And with any luck, he's gonna get it! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but before we do, let's go backstage where I understand that the FORMER PCW World Champion, Rex Summers, has DEMANDED time to address what happened earlier tonight!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where an irate FORMER PCW World Champion, "Red Hot" Rex Summers, is pacing back and forth alongside Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Mr. Summers, you asked for time to-

[Summers reacts violently, grabbing Stegglet by the lapel and shoving him back against the wall.]

RS: Mark Stegglet, you've been involved with this business for a long, long time. It's in your blood. Tell me, Mark Stegglet, have you EVER seen someone as blatantly ripped off as I was tonight?



[Stegglet doesn't answer, perhaps not knowing what to say.]

RS: Your silence is golden, Stegglet. Just like the title belt that USED to be around my waist. You know, Stegglet... I once believed that wearing the PCW World Title was a symbol of excellence that told the entire wrestling world that Rex Summers was the best in the world.

[He shakes his head.]

RS: I was blinded, Stegglet. Blinded by cheap gold and the ramblings of a snake oil salesman. Buddy Morton was a chump... pure and simple. He was a fat piece of trash who tried to convince me that I didn't need to look at the big picture - at the Longhorn Heritage Title, at the National Title - as long as I held that gold. As long as I was the PCW World Champion, I could stand out here and tell people that I was the only REAL champion in the AWA.

But nobody bought that, did they?

[Stegglet slightly shakes his head.]

RS: Of course not! Why would they? I held the title of a dead company and told the world I was their champion. What a joke... what an embarrassment. I was the champion of a promotion built on the backs of the golden boys of professional wrestling, the Lynches. Old Blackjack and the kids bled, sweat, and cried to build PCW into what it was... and to build the PCW World Title into what it was as well.

But that was a different time and a different place - a time when being the PCW World Champion DID make you the best in the world. That time is long gone, I see that now.

[He releases Stegglet, allowing the announcer to land on his feet, brushing out his sportscoat.]

RS: Buddy Morton didn't want me to see it but now I see it just fine. PCW is dead. Being the champion of a dead promotion means absolutely nothing. Travis Lynch is going to learn that now as well. He'll come out here, holding that title belt over his head... and he should. He deserves that. He beat me in the middle of the ring.

But that title belt alone doesn't make you a champion, Travvie. Remember that because you remain not HALF the man that Rex Summers is.

[Stegglet gets caught shaking his head.]

RS: What?

MS: Nothing. It's just... by the way you were talking, I thought perhaps you had developed some humility.

[Summers snorts with derision.]

RS: Humility is for the weak and pathetic who KNOW they're not better than everyone else. "Red Hot" Rex Summers doesn't need a title belt around his waist to prove that he IS!

But...

[He cracks a grin.]

RS: I do look SO good in gold.

MS: Are you saying you want a rematch with Travis Lynch?

[Summers waves him off.]

RS: No, my days chasing that title are long gone. I've got my eyes set on a different prize now.

MS: Like?

RS: What did I just say, Stegglet? Being the champion of a dead promotion means absolutely nothing.

That goes for Robert Donovan as well.

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: Are you challenging Robert Donovan for the Longhorn Heritage Title?

RS: He carries a title belt that pays tribute to a dead promotion just like I did. But his title is officially sanctioned by the front office... which means it has value. And to "Red Hot" Rex Summers, that championship has potential. All it needs is someone to make it what it truly should be.

MS: And what's that?

RS: That you'll have to stay tuned for, Stegglet. But don't worry, kid. You'll get your answer sooner than you think...

[An arrogant grin.]

RS: A lot sooner.

[And Summers strides out of view, leaving a puzzled Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Fans, we'll be right back after this break.

[Fade out.]

Fade to a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

"Of your friends and family seeing you on television?"

[And just a little closer, revealing a red, white, and blue sign that reads "AWA Combat Corner."]

"Well, now you can make all your dreams come true by signing up today at the AWA Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut to the interior of the building where we can see lots of standard gym equipment surrounding a very basic wrestling ring. There are people lifting weights, running on treadmills, and of course, working out in the ring.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time!"

[Cut into the ring where Todd Michaelson is barking out instructions.]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business!

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we crossfade back to a shot of Jason Dane who is backstage looking around. He gets the signal that he's on and clears his throat.]

JD: Fans, I'm being told that The Bishop Boys are scheduled to come this way, but there's no sign of them just yet. I guess I'll just wa-

[Right on cue, here come The Bishop Boys, with Bo leading the way.]

JD: Mr. Allan! What do you have pl-

CB: SHUT UP!

[Jason jumps back a few feet at Bo's shout.]

CB: Just hand me the freakin' microphone.

[Jason does so.]

CB: Violence Unlimited! You wanna talk about windbags? How about that interview from two weeks ago? Just always has to end with a cliché, doesn't it? Thank God Haynes had that stupid hat on him or else they wouldn't know when to clam up.

[Bo rolls his eyes.]

CB: Now, I know you're not overly familiar with our history, but WE were the team that destroyed everyone in our path. WE took names and kicked asses. And tonight, we aim to get back to business. The business of breaking bones. Being the absolute best team in the AWA. You wanna underestimate us? Fine, it's your funeral. I can guarantee that one way or another, you are not making it to that rematch with the Lynches. Those belts are headed home with us, and the tag team division can crumble team by team one more time. Don't like it?

[Bo shrugs.]

CB: Don't care.

[Bo thrusts the mic back into Jason's hand and stomps off, The Bishop Boys close behind.]

JD: Wow. Uh, back to you, guys.

[We crossfade back to the interior of the arena - a nice panning shot over the capacity crowd.]

"For the Love of Money" starts playing in the Crockett Coliseum and all heads turn to the section of the interview area reserved for the AWA's longest running wrestling talk show! A deep voice cuts over the top of the classic track...]

"Ladies and gentlemen...  
TODD MICHAELSON!"

[The camera cuts to a "set" made of wooden walls that are painted and dressed to be a mock-up of a bank vault. There are also various stacks of (presumably) fake money and bags of money all over the ground. Sitting in the middle of it on a wooden stool, Todd Michaelson is dressed to the nines, a smile plastered across his face. The music fades.]

TM: Welcome to The Money Pit!

[Cheering, the fans in attendance let Todd know how they feel. His smile, however, looks off, and fades as quickly as the pop that rang for the introduction of his segment.]

TM: Things are heating up in the AWA in part because of the man called Supernova. The former #1 contender not only was the only man to take the man to take William Craven to task for his call for a "Hardcore Revolution" but he took it to the big, green monster physically as well to save a journeyman grappler from Craven after the match was already over.

After hiding in shadows as "The Dragon" for a year Craven is working hard to keep the wrestling world buzzing about him. Thusfar, he's been successful.

So let's bring him out, the monstrous man of many names ... the so-called One Man Revolution... William Craven!

["Forsaken" by David Draiman plays the big man out as he emerges, dressed as if ready for a match. He wears a sleeveless, hooded black robe, black slacks and green gauze binding his hands, wrists, feet and ankles. Stepping to the center of the Money Pit set he casts back his hood, wagging his split tongue and baring his sharpened teeth at the capacity crowd.]

TM: Mister Craven, please have a seat. I see you left your assistant at home today.

[Moving towards an offered stool, Craven neatly perches at it's edge, his weight on the balls of his feet.]

WC: Hm? Ah, the Minion ... yes. I see no need to have him here and, frankly, as much as he is a good messenger he is no warrior. This, therefore, is not his place. He knows his place, Michaelson...

[A signature, shark-toothed smile from Craven earns him a grimace from Michaelson who, one can guess, still isn't too happy with Bill for potentially crippling Alex Martinez. Bill's tone also bears some menace, hardly concealed by his shining, ice blue eyes. Michaelson eyes Craven up and down a bit before speaking again.]

TM: Not to jump the gun here but... you look like you're anticipating a brawl with Supernova...

WC: Well ... of course. Such would suit my needs for the violence and create more chaos needed by the revolution. Like air to a drowning man, I would be preserved by such a confrontation.

[Michaelson nods, seemingly annoyed by Craven's wordiness.]

TM: Riiiiight. Well, Billy Boy... I hate to be the bearer of bad news there, Billy, but I'm afraid that Supernova had some travel problems earlier today and is here only via telephone. Do--do we have the connection? Did anybody get him on the horn yet?

[Craven's face goes blank as one hand raises unconsciously towards one cheek. Michaelson turns back from what looks to be an audio tech in the

background to look at the green man seemingly in the midst of mentally withdrawing from his surroundings.]

TM: What the...?

[The voice of Supernova rings out over the PA system.]

S: Am I on? Can you hear me?

[No one responds though as Michaelson is looking a bit anxious at the sight of Craven.]

TM: Craven? What's the problem?

[Rising from his seat Craven reaches into his robe, withdrawing his wooden sword. Michaelson quickly springs off his stool, moving behind it as he raises his hands in defense.]

TM: Hey! Settle down! What are you doing?! We haven't even gotten started yet!

[Craven ignores Michaelson's words, throwing his head back.]

WC: Where is he?

TM: He's not here! I told you that he-

[Supernova's voice rings out again over the PA system.]

S: Hello? I can hear you. Can you--

[Craven shouts to interrupt!]

WC: Where are you!?

[Michaelson inches closer, gesturing for Craven to settle himself down.]

TM: He's not here, Craven, okay? Can you hear me, man? His flight's been delayed, he's not in the-

[Craven shouts an interruption!]

WC: No. NO!

[Grabbing up his stool Craven flings it at Michaelson. The light piece of furniture glances off Michaelson's shoulder and brings the former World Champion down to a knee, clutching at his arm. He shouts through clenched teeth something off the mic...]

WC: This wasn't the plan. Where is he!? BRING HIM TO ME!!!

[Advancing on the wounded Michaelson, Craven sends the long-retired veteran scrambling from his own set as a pair of officials rush onto the scene.]

GM: Somebody stop this lunatic!

BW: He's out of control!

[Using Michaelson's abandoned stool, he flings into the pile of fake money, sending it flying in every direction. One of the officials shouts off-camera, bringing a pair of security guards into view. One of them quickly approaches the wild-eyed beast...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and is immediately knocked flat by a swing from Craven's bo'ken!]

GM: OHHH! Right between the eyes! This psychotic animal just assaulted a member of AWA security! He should be fined! He should be suspended!

[Dropping his weapon, Craven puts a foot through one of the wooden walls, ripping away boards until he finds a stud.]

WC: I'll rip this place apart until I find him! Bring him to me!

[Looking to be tearing apart a bank vault with his bare hands, Craven cuts the image of a monster ever more convincingly. Jerking at the stud in the wall, he finds it strong, then wedges himself in and nails three short elbows to shake the 2X4" loose. With a pair of security guards grabbing at him, Craven spins about, staggering with the 8' long piece of lumber.]

GM: Get out of there! Get everyone out of there!

[Wheeling around with the board, he shoves it forward, bowling the security staff over and using the lumber to, effectively, clothesline them both. Reaching skyward with his oversized weapon he brings it down across one of them, snapping the board across the back of a guard!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Casting the jagged wood aside, Craven grimaces before moving over to a nearby table and overturning it. Clutching at his stomach one security guard is tended to by the other as more swarm in.]

GM: I can barely believe what I'm seeing. Craven just looking to cause as much property damage as possible.

BW: That kid's just lucky, Gordo, 'cause I think the floor took most of that 2X4".

GM: Fans, we have to go to break. Hopefully, when we return, the situation will again be under control.

[Fade to black.]

Fade to a shot of the PCW World Championship belt, slightly spinning to reveal every angle of it. A voiceover begins.]

"It was once the greatest promotion in the South."

[The shot fades into a still black and white photo of Travis Lynch smashing a right hand into the side of The Lost Boy's skull.]

"A place where rivalries ran deep."

[Jack Lynch hooks the famed Lynch Iron Claw on the head of Ebola Zaire, blood streaming from between his fingers.]

"And blood ran even deeper."

["Maniac" Morgan Dane has the edge of a steel chair seat jammed into the throat of a downed James Lynch. The voice of Dane is heard over the shot.]

"I never fought anywhere else that was quite like it."

[Larry Doyle smashes his cowboy boot over the skull of Rex Summers. Doyle's voice is heard.]

"When you were able to make your name in Texas, you knew you could carry that name anywhere in the sport with pride."

[Blackjack Lynch locks his own Iron Claw on The Mad Russian.]

"I wanted to build a company where wrestlers wanted to come work... and that the fans would line up to come see."

[The shot fades back to the PCW Title belt as the voiceover returns.]

"Premier Championship Wrestling - Then And Now. Coming soon on DVD, Blu-Ray, and Digital Download!"

[We slowly fade to black.]

And then back up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match. It is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit.

[As usual, "Nothin' To Lose" hits the loudspeakers. For once, Bo makes his way out first. He claps and then hikes two thumbs behind him. Duane Henry comes storming out, yelling at everybody in the audience. He even dares some people to come get him. Cletus Lee slowly makes his way out, damn



near ripping the entrance curtain. He stares back behind him for a second before Bo points him towards the ring and gives the cutthroat gesture.]

PW: Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 568 pounds... from Kingsland, Arkansas... They are accompanied to the ring by Cousin Bo... Cletus Lee Bishop and Duane Henry Bishop...

THE BISHOP BOYS!

GM: Folks, it feels like it's a long time coming, but tonight Violence Unlimited meet the Bishops head on and it promises to be a barn-buster.

[Cletus Lee nods and steps over the top rope one leg at a time. Duane Henry slides through the ropes as Cousin Bo takes his place at ringside.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" coming over the PA sends the crowd into a crazed roar!]

PW: Fighting out of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Moscow, Tennessee... At a total combined weight of five hundred and ninety-five pounds... They are Danny Morton and "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes...

VIOOOOOLENNNNNNNCE UNNNNNNNNLIMITED!

[The curtain flies open as Haynes and Morton stomp into view of the capacity crowd which roars in response. Morton throws both muscular arms into the air, waving his hands towards the crowd in a "keep it comin'" gesture. Jackson Haynes stalks back and forth across the aisle, pointing a finger down the aisle. He grabs his cowboy hat, winging it off into the crowd to a big cheer as the two powerhouses begin stomping their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Here comes Violence Unlimited and listen to these fans, Bucky!

[The duo hits the ring fast, Haynes moving through the ropes which exposes him for a moment - the only moment that Duane Henry Bishop needs.]

GM: Duane Henry! Duane Henry jumps the big man! And Cletus Lee meets Morton as he enters the ring!

BW: This match hasn't even officially started and everything is already breaking down between these two teams!

[The crowd is roaring as Duane Henry Bishop grabs Haynes by the arm, rocketing him into the corner before rushing in, leaving his feet with a leaping clothesline against the buckles! Across the ring, Cletus Lee Bishop has Danny Morton down on the mat with a foot pressed down on the throat of the Oklahoma native. Mickey Meekly tries to pull Cletus Lee off, but Cousin Bo hops on the apron to hold him back. Jagger waves to the back as more referees run down to ringside.]

GM: Folks, we have to take a break while the official tries to restore some order, so we can get this match started. And get Cousin Bo off of there!

[Fade to black.]

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...  
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...  
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...  
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to the AWA ring, where Cletus Lee Bishop is straddling Danny Morton and raining down blows onto his forehead. The referee begins counting and Cletus Lee backs off at four.]

GM: The referee warning Cletus Lee about the closed fists.

BW: Much good that will do with these four, no, FIVE men, Gordo!

GM: Welcome back, folks! During the break, the AWA officials managed to separate these two teams long enough to get this match between the Bishop Boys and Violence Unlimited underway.

[Winding up his arm, Cletus Lee drops a big elbow down across the back of Morton's head and neck, cutting off any attempt to tag out to Jackson Haynes. The crowd jeers him for breaking up the tag. The big man shows no reaction to the crowd as he hauls Morton up by the hair, smashing him right in the middle of the face with a forearm smash!]

GM: Oh, goodness!

[Morton stumbles back a couple steps before getting shoved hard back into the Bishops' corner.]

GM: Morton falls back to the corner... ohh!

[The crowd groans as the larger of the two Bishop Boys charges in, crushing Morton against the buckles with a running shoulder tackle!]

GM: Cletus Lee is like a tank in there, Bucky!

BW: It's been a long time since we've gotten to see Cletus Lee in action and my memory serves me well. He's as big of a monster as I recall.

[Cletus Lee grabs a handful of Morton's hair, dragging him from the corner as he slaps the hand of Duane Henry.]

GM: The tag is made... ohh! Cletus Lee smashes him headfirst into the buckles! Danny Morton staggers out, is down to a knee now and look out here! Duane Henry Bishop hops up to the middle rope...

[The larger Bishop steps out as Morton stumbles to his feet right before Duane Henry leaps off, smashing a double axehandle between the eyes that completely flattens Morton.]

GM: What a shot by Duane Henry Bishop and listen to Cousin Bo shouting instructions out there. That guy is a real piece of work, Bucky.

BW: A successful piece of work! Don't forget that the Bishops are former National Tag Team Champions too. We're seeing a collision between two sets of former champs in this one.

GM: Two teams who also believe that they're the best team in the world - no matter who currently wears the gold.

[Duane Henry balls up his fist, standing over the downed Morton, and drops down, burying his fist between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh, what a fistdrop by Duane Henry!

[Cousin Bo shouts at Duane Henry who nods, getting back to his feet. This time, he winds up his left arm...

...and leaps HIGH into the air, smashing the point of his elbow down on the sternum of Morton!]

GM: A big elbow now as well! Both of these teams use that smashmouth, kick you in the mush, high impact style offense to great effectiveness. You're not likely to see a lot of wristlocks and armbars with these four men, Bucky.

BW: You're more likely to see someone waffle the other team with a broom... or a truck.

[Duane Henry gets up a second time at the order of Cousin Bo. He steps over the downed Morton, planting his feet...

...and snaps off a standing senton, smashing down across the chest of Morton!]

GM: Oh my! Standing backplash by Duane Henry - and he goes for a cover!

[The referee counts one but Morton powers out of it easily.]

GM: A lot of impact on that backplash but it's not enough to keep Danny Morton off his feet for long, Bucky.

BW: Nah, it'll knock some of the wind out of him though. Sometimes you gotta do certain things to set up other things inside that ring, Gordo. You'd know that if you ever competed inside the squared circle.

[Cousin Bo shouts to Duane Henry again who, this time, shakes him off and pulls Morton into a rear chinlock.]

GM: Well, how about that? We just got done talking about how we'd likely not see any armbars or wristlocks but now we're seeing a rear chinlock securely applied by Duane Henry Bishop, Bucky.

BW: I talked with Duane Henry earlier today and he told me that in his time away from the AWA, he really worked on his game inside the ring. He doesn't feel like he has to rely on Cousin Bo for strategy so much any more and apparently he's decided to ground Danny Morton to try and wear him out and take away his amazing power game.

GM: Danny Morton is arguably the strongest man in the company but down there on the mat under Duane Henry, it doesn't do him a lot of good.

[Across the ring, Haynes begins slapping the turnbuckle and is soon joined by the crowd, clapping and stomping, as they try to will Morton back to his feet. Duane Henry shakes his head vigorously as Morton begins to stir beneath him.]

GM: Duane Henry's really cranking in with the chinlock, but Morton is digging deep... Morton is powering himself back to a vertical base!

BW: Cousin Bo is yelling at Duane Henry to try something else, but how do you stop a rallying Professor Pain?

[Despite his best efforts, Duane Henry Bishop cannot stop Danny Morton from getting to his feet. He still has the chinlock on, but that, too is quickly broken when Morton shoves him away towards the ropes.]

GM: Morton flings him off to the rop- whoa my!

[The crowd's cheers quickly turn to boos however, as Duane Henry launches himself backwards off the middle ropes with an Asai moonsault!]

GM: What a move by Duane Henry!

BW: And that's exactly what we were just talking about, Gordo! Duane Henry with a springboard moonsault out of nowhere and that'll definitely stop a rallying Professor Pain, daddy!

GM: Surprisingly, Duane Henry not going for a cover there off that flipping crossbody.

BW: There's a lot of bad blood between these teams, Gordo. Duane Henry may not want to see this one end quite yet.

GM: You could be right, Bucky. He stays on top of Morton, staying on the offense with some vicious stomps to the chest! That'll keep Professor Pain down on the canvas and-

[A hard stomp to the cheek leaves Morton motionless on the mat as Duane Henry again sets his feet, deadleaping into the air, and bringing a leg crashing down across the side of Morton's head!]

GM: Ohh! A whole lotta impact on that legdrop but again Duane Henry is NOT going to cover the man...

[Rolling back to his feet, Duane Henry slaps the hand of the massive Cletus Lee Bishop who steps into the ring...

...and scoops Duane Henry up, swinging him through the air...]

GM: What in the...?

[And VIOLENTLY bodyslams him down across the sternum of Danny Morton!]

GM: Ohh! What a doubleteam move by the Bishops!

[Duane Henry rolls off the downed Morton, all the way under the ropes to the floor as Cletus Lee drops down into a cover at Cousin Bo's insistent shouts.]

GM: Cletus Lee with a lateral press - he gets one! He gets two!

[But Jackson Haynes has seen enough, rushing into the ring and lowering the boom with a boot to the back of Cletus Lee's head to break up the pin attempt.]

GM: Jackson Haynes breaks it up at two!

[Cletus Lee is quickly to his feet, surging towards Haynes who was about to exit the ring. But Haynes swings around at the sound of the roar of the crowd, fists balled up and ready for the fight to come. The referee dives between the two men, breaking up any potential brawl even as the crowd buzzes in anticipation of the big man showdown.]

GM: The referee's in there trying to keep order!

BW: Meekly's got a death wish, daddy!

[An angry Cletus Lee glares at Haynes before turning back to Morton, reaching down for a handful of hair to drag the American Murder Machine back to his feet...

...but gets caught by surprise when Morton blasts him with a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Morton caught him coming in!

[A second right hand breaks Cletus Lee's grip on the hair, allowing Morton to get freely back to his feet...

...where he grabs Cletus Lee by the back of the head an instant before pulling his face into a brutal forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Oh my! Morton clocked him with that one!

[A second forearm sends Cletus Lee falling back a couple steps...

...which gives him enough room to uncork a wild right hand, cracking Morton in the jaw with it!]

GM: Cletus Lee returns fire with that haymaker!

[And suddenly it breaks down into an out-and-out war with forearms and fists being exchanged to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: They're beatin' the heck out of each other here on All Star Showdown!

[Morton, realizing the stalemate, quickly buries a knee into the gut of Cletus Lee, breaking off the throwdown to gain an advantage. The Oklahoma native wraps his arms around the torso of Cletus Lee, looking to throw him...]

GM: He's got a gutwrench!

BW: There's no way, Gordo!

[Cletus Lee struggles against it, trying to stay on his feet. He buries an elbow into the exposed ribs of Morton, landing it time and again until Morton is forced to break the hold...]

GM: Cletus Lee battles out, clothesline!

[But Morton ducks the hastily thrown blow, easily avoiding it and catching the off-balance Cletus Lee as he swings around...]

GM: SCOOP!

[The crowd ROARS as Morton bodyslams the big man down to the canvas, throwing his arms back with a roar as he finishes the show of power!]

GM: DANNY MORTON IS A BEAST!

[At a shout from his partner, Morton drops into a cover, earning a two count before Cletus Lee lifts the shoulder up.]

GM: I think Danny Morton should make a tag here, fans, but he seems to have no interest in that!

[Morton backs off, waving for Cletus Lee to get back to his feet which the big man quickly does...

...and just as quickly slaps the hand of Duane Henry Bishop without Morton attempting to stop him.]

GM: Danny Morton didn't move an inch to try and prevent that tag - and now he's waving for Duane Henry to give him his best shot!

[The crowd cheers as Morton throws his own arms down, sticking out his chin to the smaller member of the Bishop Boys!]

GM: What in the world...?

[Duane Henry is not a man to pass up that offer, stepping through the ropes, breaking into a sprint, and leaping into the air, lashing out with both feet to the mush of Morton!]

GM: Running dropkick to the jaw of Danny Mort- oh my stars!

[Morton falls back a couple steps and then slaps himself twice across the face, letting loose a roar and then sticking out his tongue with a rapid running in motion at Duane Henry who regains his feet...

...and then charges at Duane Henry, leaving his feet with a dropkick of his own that sends the smaller Bishop sailing across the ring, crashing down to the mat!]

GM: WHATTA DROPKICK BY DANNY MORTON!

[A shocked Duane Henry rolls back to the corner, looking for a tag...

...but Danny Morton grabs him by the leg, dragging him out of the corner to the middle of the ring.]

GM: And Professor Pain cuts off the tag! He stopped him just short of reaching the corner!

[Morton reaches down, hauling Duane Henry off the canvas by the back of the pants. He tugs the smaller man into a side waistlock...]

GM: He's going for the Backdrop Driver! He's-

[The crowd deflates with disappointment as Duane Henry crumples to a knee, trying to avoid the move that would almost certainly end the match. Morton hammers down, throwing a pair of forearms down at the neck...

...and then yanks Duane Henry up again, blasting him with a knife-edge chop across the chest that sends him spiraling back to the corner where Morton slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Here comes the Hammer!

[Coming in hot, Haynes grabs Duane Henry by the arm, dragging him from the corner into the middle of the ropes where he flings the smaller man across the ring...

...and then elevates Duane Henry high into the air, sending him crashing down to the canvas with a big backdrop!]

GM: Duane Henry goes down hard!

[A whirlwind of movement, Haynes dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, and drops a massive elbow across the chest of Duane Henry Bishop!]

GM: Elbow! Right to the heart!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Haynes nods his head to the cheering crowd as he pulls Duane Henry off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: He's calling for the powerbomb! Both members of Violence Unlimited are looking for the win in this one as quickly as they can. The time limit is halfway there but Haynes wants that win right now!

[Duane Henry again drops to a knee, clinging to Haynes' leg to avoid the lift.]

GM: Duane Henry's got both of his opponents well-scouted! He's hanging onto Haynes like his life depends on it...

BW: Which it certainly might.

[A pissed-off Haynes lets loose with a barrage of clubbing forearms to the back of the smaller man, breaking Duane Henry's grip and taking him down to both knees.]

GM: Haynes hammers him down - pun intended there.



[Grabbing a handful of hair on the kneeling Duane Henry, Haynes pulls his head back and starts raining down right hands to the forehead of his opponent!]

GM: The referee's on his case for the closed fists - counting two, three, four...

[Haynes backs off, showing the official an open hand which Meekly quickly waves off.]

BW: Did he just try to claim he was using an open hand?

GM: I believe so, yes.

[Smirking at the official, Haynes violently pulls Duane Henry up by the hair, using the same grip to throw the smaller man towards the ropes where he falls, sprawling over the middle rope. The camera cuts to the floor showing Duane Henry's upper body hanging over the second rope as Haynes dashes to the ropes behind them...]

GM: Haynes hits the ropes, comin' hard now...

[And a few feet out from the ropes, Haynes leaps into the air slightly, bringing his weight down in a sitdown splash across the back of Duane Henry Bishop!]

GM: Oh my! That'll really do some damage to the smaller man, Duane Henry, there and-

[Haynes turns towards the Bishops' corner, flashing a gesture that earns a quick cut away from him to a shot of the crowd.]

GM: It's never a dull moment for our technical crew when Jackson Haynes is involved, fans.

[When we cut back to the ring, we find Haynes slapping the hand of his partner, bringing Danny Morton back into the ring. The big man from Oklahoma pulls Duane Henry out of the ropes, promptly picking him up and slinging him over his shoulder...]

GM: Uh oh! I think we all know what's coming up here!

[Backing to the corner, Morton lifts a hand, giving a big thumbs down.]

GM: OKLAHOMA STAMP-

[But before he can charge out of the corner, Cousin Bo snakes an arm under the ropes, grabbing Morton around the ankle, holding on tight to prevent him from delivering the devastating slam!]

GM: Cousin Bo's got him! He's hanging on for dear life! Trying to save his cousin!

[Morton struggles against the hold, finally losing his balance and dropping Duane Henry down to the mat. A shout from Jackson Haynes sends the official over to reprimand Cousin Bo from getting involved.]

GM: That very possibly should have been ruled a disqualification for outside interference, Bucky. It's certainly at the official's discretion but- that might be a bad call in my opinion.

BW: I don't know if I've ever heard you talk bad about a referee. I may be rubbing off on you.

GM: I seriously doubt that. The official is still shouting at Cousin Bo, Morton with a few words for Bo as well and-

[Which makes Morton easy prey for a forearm slammed up into the groin from behind!]

GM: Oh, come on! Haven't we seen enough of those tonight?!

BW: The referee didn't see a thing either, Gordo! Cousin Bo did a fantastic job of keeping him distracted while Duane Henry lowered the boom on him!

GM: You can bet if Jim Watkins was still out here, that wouldn't have happened!

BW: Jim Watkins may be getting his walking papers from the Championship Committee right now if my sources are right!

GM: He what?! No way, Bucky! There's no way that would happen!

[Jackson Haynes comes through the ropes, looking to assert himself physically on Duane Henry Bishop...

...but Cousin Bo points out the oncoming Haynes to the official who wheels around, getting in the Hammer's path!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, Cousin Bo talked some sense into this referee! He's finally doing his job! He's stopping that big lug Jackson Haynes from sticking his ugly mug where it doesn't legally belong.

[Haynes tries to get past the official who stands his ground, threatening a disqualification as the Hammer tries to push past him...

...which gives Duane Henry a chance to get to his feet, waving his brother back in.]

GM: In comes Cletus Lee behind the referee's back!

BW: This is all Haynes' fault!

[With Morton still on his knees, feeling the effects of the low blow, Duane Henry and Cletus Lee take turns hammering away at him for a few moments before Duane Henry pulls Morton up, holding his arms behind him...

...which makes him easy prey for a big overhead chop!]

GM: Good grief!

[Duane Henry shoves Morton towards Cletus who buries a boot to the gut before securing a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's got him hooked! Come on, referee!

[Cletus Lee reaches down, hooking Morton around the torso, and hoists the man from Oklahoma into the air...

...and DRIVES him down to the mat with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! CLETUS LEE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[The big man exits the ring as Duane Henry drops into a cover and the official wheels around, dropping to all fours to make the count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Jackson Haynes dashes in, dropping an elbow across the back of the head and neck to break up the pin!]

GM: Haynes breaks it up!

BW: What the heck, Gordo?! I thought the ref had put him out!

GM: He was trying to but he had to count that pinfall - that nearfall that came as the result of an ILLEGAL doubleteam by the way!

[The official immediately gets in Jackson Haynes' face again, threatening him with a disqualification if he comes in again. An angry Duane Henry gets up, shouting something in Haynes' direction before he decides Danny Morton would make a better target than canvas and proceeds to lay in a couple of hard stomps to the head. He leans down, dragging Morton back to his feet by the hair again and gestures across the ring...]

GM: Not sure if Duane Henry is pointing to his corner here or his brother...

[Still holding on to Morton's head, he runs towards the corner and smashes Morton's head into the top turnbuckle.]

BW: Corner, then.

[The boos are deafening as Duane Henry signals that it's over. He pulls Morton away from the corner.]

GM: Duane Henry's trying to lift him into what could be the back breaker rack!

BW: Are you kidding me?!

[The persistent Duane Henry struggles and strains, trying to distribute the weight evenly over his shoulders...

...and somehow manages to ease Morton up into it!]

GM: Wow!

BW: He does it! What power by Duane Henry Bishop!

GM: I'm not sure that's power as much as it's an understanding of leverage and how to use your opponent's weight against him.

BW: You just can't give the Bishops any credit, can you?

GM: That's giving them credit!

[Duane Henry attempts to stagger across the ring to tag in his brother but the weight of Danny Morton is too much for him, causing him to stumble. Cletus Lee Bishop decides he doesn't need a tag, stepping over the ropes.]

GM: Wait a second! He's in illegally again!

BW: I think they're looking for Doc Allan's Miracle Headache Elixir!

[Cletus Lee slaps his leg, preparing for the charging big boot to the skull of the still-racked Oklahoman...

...but Jackson Haynes is having none of it, tearing through the ropes into the ring!]

GM: HAYNES! HAYNES!

[Cletus Lee rushes forward, determined to kick Danny Morton's head off his shoulders...

...but at the last moment, Haynes pulls his partner down off the shoulders of Duane Henry to an enormous roar! An off-balance Duane Henry luckily crumples to the canvas, just barely avoiding the big boot that ends up grazing the side of his head accidentally!]

GM: Ohh! He almost kicked his own brother's head clear off!

[The larger Bishop brother looks down at his brother...

...and then looks up at Jackson Haynes, glaring at the Hammer who lifts his hands, gesturing Cletus Lee towards him in a "bring it!" gesture!]

GM: This crowd is rockin', Bucky! This is what they wanted to see! They wanted to see the two big men face off and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Cletus Lee throws a haymaker and Haynes responds with one of his own. The crowd goes wild as the two big men exchange haymakers in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Haynes and Cletus Lee! Haynes and Cletus Lee!

[A staggered Duane Henry gets to his feet, grabbing Haynes from behind to aid his brother...

...but the Hammer swings around, cracking Duane Henry with a big left hand that knocks him down to his rear!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes knocks Duane Henry flat!

[Cletus Lee goes to grab Haynes from behind but Danny Morton pushes up to his feet, hooking Cletus Lee in a rear waistlock!]

GM: Morton hooks him and-

[But the larger Bishop is going nowhere, lashing out backwards with an elbow that catches Morton squarely in the face!]

GM: Danny Morton and Duane Henry are trying but nothing's gonna stop Cletus Lee Bishop and Jackson Haynes from demolishing one another!

BW: Tell that to Mickey Meekly!

[Meekly throws himself between the two illegal men, trying to prevent them from going at it...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAYNES FLATTENS MEEKLY!

[A big left hand, presumably accidental, catches Mickey Meekly on the jaw, knocking him flat.]

BW: Disqualify him!

GM: I don't think it was intentional, Bucky...

BW: I do! And even if it wasn't, does it matter? He laid his hands on an AWA official! He should be immediately disqualified for it!

GM: Now what in the heck is Cousin Bo doing?!

[With the referee down, Cousin Bo shoves the timekeeper out of his chair, folding up the seat and shoving it under the ropes to Duane Henry Bishop.]

GM: He's got a chair in there to Duane Henry! Come on!

[Duane Henry picks up the chair, smacking it into the mat a couple times as he sneaks up behind Jackson Haynes...]

GM: Look out here!

[He winds up, ready to crown the Hammer over the skull with the steel seat...]

...but the crowd ERUPTS as Danny Morton grabs the chair, preventing the swing!]

GM: He caught it! Morton caught the chair!

[And SNATCHES it out of Duane Henry's grip, lifting it up with both hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! CLETUS LEE BISHOP JUST KICKED THE CHAIR RIGHT INTO THE FACE OF DANNY MORTON!!

[Danny Morton drops like a rock from the impact of the big boot to the chair that just smashed into his face. Duane Henry Bishop shouts at his brother, looking to move in on the downed Morton...]

...when suddenly the bell sounds, the ring quickly filling with bodies streaming from the locker room to break up the brawl!]

GM: The bell has rung - I don't know how because Mickey Meekly was in no condition to call for it - but this match is... we're being told this was a double disqualification. They're throwing out the match but I don't know if the Bishops or Violence Unlimited even cares, Bucky!

[Jackson Haynes grabs Cletus Lee from behind, swinging him around to eat another right hand to the mush while Duane Henry relentlessly stomps Danny Morton into the mat. Cousin Bo quickly slides in as well, joining Duane Henry in the barrage of stomps!]

GM: We've got a three-on-two and Danny Morton... heck, he may be out cold, Bucky!

BW: I don't know that I've EVER seen Danny Morton go down like that. That big boot to the chair did him in, daddy!

[Cletus Lee throws himself at Haynes, tangling up with the wild-eyed brawler from Tennessee...

...and they tumble over the ropes, crashing down to the floor where the fight continues!]

GM: They go all the way over the top to the floor but the fight keeps going!

[The ringside area fills up with bodies trying to pull Cletus Lee and Jackson Haynes apart. There is a sea of AWA officials, along with Outback Zack Kelly, Futurestar, Kyle Houlder, Jackie Wilpon, the Sicilian Stud, and Hugh Jenner rushing to the ring and the ringside area, trying to restore the peace as the crowd roars for the wild brawl!]

GM: Zack Kelly, Futurestar and Kyle Houlder are trying to tear Haynes and Cletus Lee apart...

[Cletus Lee Bishop shoves Futurestar down to the barely-padded concrete floor...

...and then CRACKS Kyle Houlder with a backfist, knocking him flat!]

BW: Thanks for trying! Hope those teeth go down easy.

[We cut back inside the ring where Duane Henry Bishop has retrieved the steel chair, shoving the edge of it into the throat of Danny Morton, choking him violently with it as Cousin Bo continues to lay in the boots. Jackie Wilpon and the Sicilian Stud rush into the ring, trying to drag Duane Henry off the downed Morton.]

GM: They're trying to get Duane Henry off of-

[As Hugh Jenner joins in, they manage to drag Duane Henry off a gasping Morton. An angry Duane Henry flattens Jenner with a right hand before turning his focus towards the outside, seeing the brawl outside the ring...

...and heads to the corner, shoving a referee aside as he gets there!]

GM: Wait a second! Hold on here!

[The crowd buzzes as Duane Henry reaches the top rope, looking out at the chaos on the floor...

...and HURLS himself off the top rope, crashing down with a crossbody on the pile, knocking both Cletus Lee Bishop and Jackson Haynes down to the floor along with Zack Kelly and Futurestar!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A SUICIDAL DIVE TO THE FLOOR WIPES OUT EVERYONE IN SIGHT!!

[Duane Henry throws himself on top of the nearest body, throwing right hands at the skull as more and more officials come pouring from the back, the bell ringing again.]

GM: The bell continues to ring but not a soul is listening to it out here at ringside! We've gotta get some more help out here! Get security out here! Clear the locker room!

[The brawling continues all over the ring and ringside area as we abruptly fade to black.

Fade to a shot of the PCW World Championship belt, slightly spinning to reveal every angle of it. A voiceover begins.]

"It was once the greatest promotion in the South."

[The shot fades into a still black and white photo of Travis Lynch smashing a right hand into the side of The Lost Boy's skull.]

"A place where rivalries ran deep."

[Jack Lynch hooks the famed Lynch Iron Claw on the head of Ebola Zaire, blood streaming from between his fingers.]

"And blood ran even deeper."

["Maniac" Morgan Dane has the edge of a steel chair seat jammed into the throat of a downed James Lynch. The voice of Dane is heard over the shot.]

"I never fought anywhere else that was quite like it."

[Larry Doyle smashes his cowboy boot over the skull of Rex Summers. Doyle's voice is heard.]

"When you were able to make your name in Texas, you knew you could carry that name anywhere in the sport with pride."

[Blackjack Lynch locks his own Iron Claw on The Mad Russian.]

"I wanted to build a company where wrestlers wanted to come work... and that the fans would line up to come see."

[The shot fades back to the PCW Title belt as the voiceover returns.]

"Premier Championship Wrestling - Then And Now. Coming soon on DVD, Blu-Ray, and Digital Download!"

[We slowly fade to black.

And then come back up to live action where Jason Dane is standing in the backstage area.]



JD: Welcome back, fans, to AWA All Star Showdown! It's been an incredible and exciting night of action and it's not quite over yet. We've still got our Main Event featuring Alphonse Green challenging for the Longhorn Heritage Title against the current champion, Robert Donovan. We'll be going up to the ring for that match shortly but right now, I want to remind you that earlier tonight, Percy Childes laid out a major challenge for two weeks from tonight - James Monosso versus... "Big" Jim Watkins. That's right. He wants the Chairman of the Championship Committee one-on-one inside the ring and he says that if Watkins turns him down, then Monosso will come for him anyways. Jim Watkins, as you know, has never been known as a man to turn down a challenge... and he proudly accepted. However, the Championship Committee... they may have other ideas.

During tonight's action, I was told that a member of the Championship Committee would be coming out here right now to address this situation plus some other matters that require their attention.

[Dane looks off-camera as the shot pulls back, revealing a morbidly obese African American man wearing a light blue dress shirt with heavy sweat stains under the armpits. He tugs on a set of eyeglasses, adjusting them on his face.]

JD: Mr. Martin Gordon, welcome to All Star Showdown.

[A nervous Mr. Gordon tugs at his glasses again.]

MG: Uhh... okay, thanks... thank you, Jason.

JD: I understand that you have several situations to address right now.

MG: That... uhh, yes... that's right... completely right. As many of you know... uhhh, Juan... Juan Vasquez is not here. He's not here in... in this building... not tonight.

[Dane looks a bit impatient, nodding his head.]

MG: He has asked the Committee - and we... yes, we have agreed... in two weeks on Saturday Wrest- Saturday Night Wrestling... it will be Juan Vasquez going at it... in the ring... in the squared circle... with Pedro Perez!

JD: Juan Vasquez taking on Pedro Perez two weeks from tonight?

MG: That's... uhh, yes... that's correct, Jason.

[Gordon looks pretty pleased with himself.]

JD: Okay, anything else you can tell us?

[Gordon nods.]

MG: In about a month... a month from now... we've got our... it's the Anniversary Show, you know?

[Dane nods.]

MG: So, we've got... uhh... some more matches for that.

JD: Great! As we all know, Robert Donovan is going to challenge Calisto Dufresne for the National Title that night. And we also know that Violence Unlimited will get their National Tag Team Title rematch on that night against the Lynch brothers.

[Gordon raises a finger.]

MG: About that one there.

JD: The tag title match?

MG: That's right. After... after what we've heard and seen the... uhh, the Aces do... lately... recently. And especially after what we saw here just... right now... a few minutes ago. The Committee has decided that the... the tag title match is in serious jeopardy of outside... of some interference ruining it.

JD: I'd agree - that's a definite risk, yes.

[Gordon nods, his head bobbing up and down.]

MG: The Committee has a... a solution to that... uhh, situation.

JD: Which is?

MG: The first... a first time ever for the AWA... tag teams... in a cage!

[Dane looks surprised!]

JD: Are you saying that the National Tag Team Titles are going to be on the line INSIDE a steel cage for the very first time?!

MG: That's right, Jason!

[Dane nods excitedly.]

JD: Wow! That is big news! Anything else about that show?

MG: Uhh, yes... after... after what we just saw earlier also... we've decided to put... uhh... Rick "The Showtime" Marley...

JD: "Showtime" Rick Marley, yes?

MG: He's gonna face Preston again!

JD: Another big rematch for the Anniversary Show as Rick Marley and Eric Preston - who battled to a time limit draw earlier tonight - will go at it again! I like it! Okay, sir... what about Jim Watkins?

[Green fidgets a bit, adjusting his glasses. He removes a handkerchief from his pocket, wiping his brow.]

MG: Mr. Watkins understood the... uhh, the situation quite... quite clearly when he agreed to... when he came back to his... the uhh, the Chairman in late December. He agreed with the Committee that... umm, he couldn't... there was to be NO matches between... uhh, between himself and uhh, contracted talent where he... um, sorry... while he held the role of Chairman.

[Another wipe of the brow.]

MG: Therefore, tonight, he was given a... he had a very... he had a choice to make...

[He raises a finger.]

MG: He could have the... uhh, the match with James Monosso in uhh... in two weeks...

[He raises another finger.]

MG: Or... or he could uhh... he could keep... his um, job.

[Another wipe of the brow.]

MG: He could NOT have... he couldn't have them both.

[Dane nods impatiently.]

JD: And? What did he say?

[Gordon nods.]

MG: He... umm... Mr. Watkins has asked for - and he... yes, he received some time to... uhh, to make his choice and he umm... he has been... uhh, given the rest of the night off to uhhh... do that.

JD: Lemme see if I get this straight. Jim Watkins was told that he could either have the match with James Monosso two weeks from tonight or he could his job as the Chairman of the Championship Committee.

MG: That's corr... yes.

JD: And he was given the rest of the night off to make that decision?

MG: Right.

JD: Okay, Mr. Gordon... thank you for your time.

[Gordon nods, walking in front of Dane and blocking him from the camera's view as he exits. Dane watches him leave, shaking his head.]

JD: A lot of stuff going on back here in the locker room area, fans. But it's Main Event time here on All Star Showdown so let's go down to the ring and Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: And it is for the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[The familiar voice of one Freddy Mercury begins to boom over the PA.]

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.  
# I feel Alllllllll--lllllll---lllllll-vvvveee  
# And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.  
# I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.  
# Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chrous of boos as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

PW: Introducing first, he is the challenger... now hailing from Windermere, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds and being accompanied to the ring by his manager, the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson... here is...

ALPHONNNNNNNSE GREEEEEEEEEEEN!

[The shower of jeers begin as Alphonse Green strides through the curtain, an arrogant sneer on his face as the Agent To The Stars walks out behind him, jabbering away on his iPhone.]

GM: Alphonse Green won the right to face Robert Donovan in this match by winning that twenty-man Battle Royal that started our night here on All Star Showdown. But winning a Battle Royal and defeating a seven foot giant for his title are two VERY different things, Bucky.

BW: They are but remember, Alphonse Green is a second generation grappler who has really come on strong since signing on with Ben Waterson. Waterson International has taken Green to a whole other level, Gordo.

GM: I agree with that but is it enough to defeat a legend like Robert Donovan?

[Green starts to swagger down the aisle, taunting the fans who have taken to hating the arrogant young man. He is dressed in Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, with blue kneepads, and white boots. He's also wearing a blue studded leather jacket, with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and for some strange reason, a hard leather black patch on the right shoulder. His formerly cherubic face is more chiseled, and he actually looks like the type of person girls would root for if he wasn't such a dislikable young man.]

GM: Ben Waterson sure has been on the telephone a lot lately, Bucky. It seems like every time we see him - whether it's doing a backstage interview or out here at ringside, he's on the phone with someone.

BW: He's a busy man, Gordo - a very busy man. He wouldn't be able to get everything done unless he multitasked a little bit.

GM: I would think his charges would be a little upset to see his lack of focus as far as they're concerned. I mean, this is a Longhorn Heritage Title match and Waterson hasn't said a single word to Alphonse Green yet.

BW: How do you know? I'm sure they've been having a strategy session all night.

[Once Green reaches ringside, he stands on the apron, and flaunts himself with a huge grin as the boos continue. He does the "you peons wish you were half as good as me!" point, then steps through the ropes, bouncing around with a large grin on his face. He makes sure to tell the fans "I'm not a bad guy!" as the crowd continues to boo him. Ben Waterson has a few more words through his telephone before putting it away, absent-mindedly clapping for his man.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Metallica's "Turn The Page" kicks in to a big cheer from the Dallas fans!]

PW: Weighing in at 345 pounds... fighting out of Pensacola, Florida... he is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

ROOOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOOOVAAAAAN!

[The seven foot two brawler emerges from the curtain to an even bigger reaction from the crowd. Pulling the title belt down from off his shoulder, Donovan lets loose a bellow as he hoists the title belt high over his head.]

GM: There he is, fans! The man who won the Longhorn Heritage Title on September 3rd of last year - a title that means so much to him. Donovan spent a lot of his early career in Laredo, Texas, fighting to help build the Longhorn Wrestling Council into a promotion that is still revered to this day as one of the greatest places to ever host a wrestling match. So, that belt, designed to pay tribute to the same place, means the world to Donovan, Bucky.

BW: It's kinda embarrassing actually, Gordo. That place is dead and gone... nothing but dust and ashes. Sounds kinda like Donovan's career once Calisto Dufresne gets done with him at the Anniversary Show.

[Donovan's dressed in a black t-shirt with "HERITAGE" written across the chest and a pair of blue jeans as he steps over the ropes...

...and Alphonse Green rushes him!]

GM: What in the...?

[The crowd can actually be heard laughing as Green throws rights and lefts at the seven footer to no effect. The bell rings as Donovan simply stares down at Green in shock. Ben Waterson stands out on the floor, shouting instructions at his charge.]

GM: The match is underway and I haven't the slightest clue what Alphonse Green is doing. He can't possibly think that he's gonna be able to brawl his way to victory against the seven footer!

[Shaking his head in disbelief, Donovan reaches out with an open hand, shoving Green down to the mat by the face! The crowd cheers the show of disrespect as Green tumbles across the canvas.]

GM: Donovan shoves him down!

BW: What a jerk! A big, giant bully!

[Donovan hands the title belt off to the official before marching across the ring, moving in on Green.]

GM: Waterson's right there, shouting at Alphonse Green...

[The big man reaches the ropes, reaching over them to grab Green by the hair, hauling him up to his feet...

...and hooks a massive hand around the throat!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him hooked! He's-

[Ben Waterson suddenly reaches under the ropes, grabbing Donovan by the ankle. The Longhorn Heritage Champion lets go of Green, kicking at the pesky manager, trying to chase him off...

...which gives Green the chance to reach up, raking his fingers across the eyes of Donovan!]

GM: Ohh! Alphonse Green goes to the eyes! What a cheapshot!

[Green reaches up, grabbing Donovan by the back of the head, rushing towards the corner...

...and SLAMS Donovan's skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the corner!

[The second generation grappler grabs the top rope with both hands, ready to slingshot over the ropes...

...but a shout from Waterson stops him in his tracks.]

GM: What in the... what's he doing? Why did he stop?

BW: Whatever Waterson said to him seems to have Green re-thinking his next move, Gordo. Ben Waterson's got the winning strategy for this title match - I believe that and you can bet that the challenger does as well.

[Green suddenly drops down off the apron, backing away from the ring. Waterson moves in, huddling up with the second generation competitor as Donovan leans against the ropes, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs. He runs a hand over his eyes, trying to clear his vision as well...

...and then steps over the ropes to the ring apron!]

GM: Donovan's coming after him, fans! The Longhorn Heritage Champion is on the warpath - trying to prove himself a fighting champion.

[Donovan stalks after Green who is beating a quick retreat, backpedaling hard as Ben Waterson shouts at the champion. Donovan storms past him, pursuing Green towards the entrance ramp...]

GM: Donovan turns the corner, coming hard after the challenger...

[Reaching the ramp, Green seems to panic for a moment before scrambling up on top of the wooden platform, turning around...

...and charging the edge, leaping off...]

GM: GREEN DIVES OFF THE PLATFORM!!

[He sails through the air with a bodypress...

...only to get snatched out of the sky by Robert Donovan!]

GM: Caught! The champion caught him! And he looks like he's holding a small child in his arms in there!

BW: Green is completely outmatched physically in this one, Gordo. He's five foot nine and under two hundred pounds while Donovan is seven foot two and three hundred and a half. If he wants to win the title here tonight, he can NOT fight the man physically. He needs to outsmart him!

[Donovan turns around, showing the captured Green to the crowd...

...and then BRUTALLY slams him down on the barely-padded floor sending a howl of pain into the air from Green!]

GM: Ohh! What a slam!

BW: That's gotta be illegal! Ring the bell!

GM: Why would you want that? The title can not change hands on a countout or a disqualification.

[The seven footer glares at the nearby Ben Waterson, pointing a finger of warning at him before dragging Green back to his feet, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. Donovan grabs the ropes, trying to pull himself up on the apron...

...and Waterson surges into action, wrapping his arms around the big man's leg!]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, do something about this!

[The official is shouting over the ropes at Waterson who is hanging onto Donovan's leg for dear life, keeping him trapped on the floor...

...which allows a recovering Green to dash across the ring and DRIVE both feet squarely into the jaw, knocking Donovan down on the floor!]

GM: Good grief! What a baseball slide dropkick that was!

[Green steps out to the apron, waving the official out of the way as he backs down to the ringpost, measuring Donovan as the big man tries to get up off the floor.]

BW: And this is exactly what we're going to need to see out of Alphonse Green. He needs to stick and move. He needs to hit those quick, high flying, high impact moves and then get the heck out of there before Donovan recovers.

GM: Right now, he's out on the apron looking for something... any clue what he's going to do here?

BW: Not a one.

[As Donovan pushes up to a knee, reaching up to check his nose and mouth for signs of blood, Green lets loose a high-pitched yelp before breaking into a sprint down the apron...

...and leaps off, catching the rising Donovan squarely on the chin with a flying knee off the apron!]

GM: OHHHHH!



BW: His knee caught Donovan RIGHT on the chin! If they were in the ring, this match might be over right now. We might have a new Longhorn Heritage Champion if we were inside the squared circle.

[Sensing exactly that, Green grabs Donovan by the arm, trying to drag him off the floor and onto his feet.]

GM: There's just no way that a man the size of Alphonse Green is going to be able to manhandle Robert Donovan like he's attempting to do right now.

[A frustrated Green waves to his manager who quickly moves in.]

GM: Waterson's trying to help him get Donovan on his feet! This isn't fair at all!

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo. They're trying to HELP the man!

GM: They're trying to help him right out of that title!

[The official shouts at both men again from the apron, screaming as Green and Waterson work in tandem to shove Robert Donovan under the ropes into the ring. Green starts to follow him in but Waterson grabs him by the arm, pulling him in to speak with him.]

GM: Some more strategy being discussed by the challenger and his manager right now... and it looks like Green's going for the homerun here! He's heading for the corner and I think he's going up top, fans!

BW: Green's headed for the high rent district trying to cash in on this amazing opportunity he's landed here tonight. He wants the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[Green scales the ropes, standing atop them on his perch as Donovan starts to stir to his feet...

...and leaps off, sailing towards Donovan with a crossbody press!]

GM: HIGH CROSS BOD-

[But the crowd ERUPTS as Donovan catches Green in mid-air, rotating, and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a powerslam in one seamless motion!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM! WHAT A COUNTER!!

[Donovan leans in for a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[The crowd jeers as Green just BARELY gets a shoulder off the mat in time!]

GM: He almost had him there! Robert Donovan almost had a successful defense of the gold right there, fans!

[Donovan climbs to his feet, looking questioning at the official who holds up two fingers. The seven foot two giant reaches down, dragging Green to his feet by the arm...

...and then nearly separates his head from his torso with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: OHHHHH! Donovan literally decapitated him with that one!

BW: Literally? Did his head roll out under the bottom rope 'cause I must have missed that.

GM: You know what I mean, Bucky.

[Donovan stands over Green for a moment, reaching up to drag his thumb across his throat to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: Donovan says it's over! He says he's gonna finish this kid off right now!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're at the halfway point of this one and-

[Donovan shouts out, "I AIN'T GONNA NEED FIVE MORE MINUTES!" to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: You heard the man. Donovan says the five remaining minutes won't be necessary as he hauls the young man back to his feet...

[The crowd ROARS as Donovan tugs him into a gutwrench.]

GM: Here it comes, fans! The coup de grace from Robert Donovan!

[But before he can hoist Green off the mat for the powerbomb, he finds Ben Waterson up on the apron again.]

GM: Waterson's trying to distract Donovan - trying to buy his man some time to recover and find a way out of this situation. Alphonse Green may have bitten off more than he can handle here tonight on All Star Showdown, fans.

[Donovan angrily shoves Green down to the mat, glaring with his hands on hips at Waterson who is ranting and raving at Donovan, the fans, the official - anyone he can yell at to buy Green some time...

...when an angry Donovan suddenly rushes from his spot and DRILLS Waterson with a big boot to the shoulder, sending him sailing off the apron and down to the barely-padded floor to a HUGE ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY!!

BW: What the-?! What gives him the right to put his hands on a manager?!

GM: We saw what Donovan did to Louis Matsui and Larry Doyle already - maybe Waterson's next!

BW: Maybe he is! And you think that's okay?!

GM: After all the junk that men like Matsui and Waterson have pulled over the years in the AWA, I think it's about time they got a taste of their own medicine, Bucky!

[Donovan smirks at the sight of Waterson on the floor as he slowly turns, putting his attention back on Alphonse Green who has managed to climb back up to his feet, stumbling towards Donovan...

...who buries a boot into the midsection of Green, reaching down to secure the gutwrench!]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[The crowd roars as Donovan hoists Green into the air, turning him over in mid-lift...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous gutwrench powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHHH! HE LEVELS HIM WITH THE POWERBOMB!!

BW: That's all she wrote, daddy!

[Kneeling down next to Green, Donovan plants an open palm on his chest, nodding at the official to make the count.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd roars as Donovan gets back to his feet, a big grin on his face after having successfully defended his title.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner and STILL Longhorn Heritage Champion...

ROOOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOOOOVAAAAAN!

[Donovan raises an arm in triumph as the official hands the Longhorn Heritage Title back to his feet. He lifts the belt into the air, the crowd cheering him...

...and then erupting into a mix of boos and concerned shouted warnings!]

GM: DUFRESNE!

[With Donovan's back turned, the National Champion comes charging down the elevated ramp, slipping through the ropes with his own title belt in hand...

...and SMASHES it between the shoulderblades of Donovan, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers at the sight of Calisto Dufresne standing over the motionless Robert Donovan, title belt gripped in hand. An intense Ladykiller kneels down, grabbing a handful of Donovan's hair and shoving his face up against the gold of the National Title belt.]

BW: Haha! I love it! Dufresne is showing Donovan that this is the closest he'll ever get to that National Title!

GM: We'll see about that in one month's time at the Anniversary Show!

[An angry Dufresne throws his belt to the mat, dragging Donovan up to his feet, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Somebody stop this!

[Dufresne pauses a moment, looking out at the crowd...

...and then attempts the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT but is unable to get Donovan's massive frame off the canvas, turning the move into basically a regular DDT...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...right on the fallen National Title belt!]

GM: OHH! DDT ON THE BELT!!

[Dufresne rolls Donovan to his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Donovan did the exact same thing two weeks ago and you loved it, you hypocrite!

[The referee reluctantly drops down to the mat, slapping the canvas quickly three times...

...and Dufresne springs to his feet, throwing his arms up in the air!]

BW: He did it! He did it! Dufresne has beaten Donovan!

GM: He has not!

BW: You saw it yourself just now, Gordo! Robert Donovan was pinned in the middle of the ring by Calisto Dufresne and-

[A smirking Dufresne climbs to his feet...

...and starts waving towards the locker room area.]

GM: What's he doing now? The National Champion is waving his arms towards the back and-

[The crowd BURSTS into jeers at the sight of Rex Summers jogging down the ramp towards the ring, his face chiseled in focus and determination.]

GM: What the HELL is going on here?

BW: Easy there, Gordo!

GM: What is Rex Summers doing out here and what connection does he have to Calisto Dufresne?! Summers LOST his title here tonight! He's got no business being out here at all!

[Summers steps through the ropes, gesturing for the house mic as Calisto Dufresne exits the ring, a big grin on his face.]

GM: I don't get it. They didn't even say anything to each other - no handshake, no acknowledgement at all really. What on earth is going on here?

[Mic in hand, Summers stands over Robert Donovan.]

RS: Robby, Robby, Robby... as you probably could've guessed... it's been a pretty crappy night for the sexiest man alive...

[The majority of the crowd jeers the egotistical claim.]

RS: I lost my title... my whole identity in this company... and to a Lynch of all people!

[He visibly shudders.]

RS: I don't know if I'll ever live it down. But when I got back to that locker room after dropping that piece of trash Morton on his stack of dimes of a neck with the Heat Check, I sat there for a good long while and thought about what was next for me.

I thought about what I could do to make me forget all about Travis Lynch and the PCW World Title.

And then someone brought me a video clip.

You know who was on that clip, Robby?

[He smirks, kneeling down next to the barely-moving Donovan.]

RS: It was you, buddy boy! How 'bout that?

And on that clip, you know what you said?

[Summers stands up, producing a sheet of paper.]

RS: I wrote it down so I wouldn't misquote you.

[He clears his throat obnoxiously.]

RS: You'll pardon me if I don't do the accent, right?

[He nods to himself and begins to read.]

RS: "I want to be a fighting champ, I want this title defended anytime there's somebody with enough guts to stand up and take their shot at me. I don't care who it is, when it is, whatever, if you think you've got what it takes to take this off my waist, you can consider this a direct challenge from me to you. From here on out, I got an open contract for defending the Longhorn Heritage championship."

[He crumples up the paper, tossing it aside.]

RS: By now, Robby, I'm sure you're catching on but let me make this very, very clear for you...

[Summers backs off as Donovan pushes up to a knee, the official trying to help him to his feet.]

RS: You want to be a fighting champ? I can oblige. You want to defend the title anytime there's somebody with enough guts to stand up and take their shot at you?

[He gestures to himself.]

RS: Consider this me taking my shot at you...

[Summers BLASTS the kneeling Donovan with a kick to the jaw, knocking him back down to the mat. He smirks at the jeering crowd.]

RS: You don't care who it is, Robby! You don't care when it is, Robby! You said to consider this a direct challenge from you to me...

[An arrogant grin crosses his face.]

RS: Challenge... accepted. Referee, get this piece of trash up. I want him conscious when I take the only thing he loves off his waist.

[The official kneels down next to a barely-conscious Donovan, trying to explain to him what's going on as Summers leans back in the corner, waving for Donovan to get up.]

GM: I don't know what the hell Summers is up to but Donovan does NOT have to do this!

BW: Of course he does! He ran his mouth earlier tonight - fighting champ, direct challenge, open contract to defend the title! He might not LEGALLY have to do this but for Donovan, this is gonna be an honor thing! He's gonna take this match and lose the title because he's got honor! What a joke!

GM: Don't do it, Rob! There'll be another time! Another place!

[Donovan drags himself back towards the ropes, using them to pull himself to his feet. He leans against them, trying to steady himself as he spots Summers standing across the ring from him.]

RS: Come on, Robby! Tell this chump to ring the bell and let's give these people a REAL Main Event they'll never forget! They want an All Star Showdown... well, it don't get no better than this, baby!

[The seven footer leans against the ropes, the official visibly advising him against the match.]

GM: Donovan is still in there. They need to get him out of the ring right now. They need to get him back to the locker room before he makes a decision that he regrets!

[The official slips his torso under Donovan's arm, walking him towards the ropes near the elevated platform.]

RS: Where ya going, Robby? I know you're not walking out on a challenge that you laid down yourself! I know you're not gonna let down these idiot fans and deprive them of the chance to see you shut me up!

Come on, Robby... I can see that yellow streak on your back from here but I thought it was a just a bad piece of fashion advice.

You're no coward, Robby... no man that fought in Laredo could ever be a coward.

[He chuckles.]

RS: That's what they like to tell everyone, right? They like to pretend that everyone who came through Laredo who was some kind of a wrestling god... some tough-as-nails hardass who the wrestling gods reached down and annointed as a future Hall of Famer because they were willing to fight and

bleed on crap-covered rodeo dirt! Because they were willing to put themselves on display like some depraved form of human cockfighting in the local dive bar!

You tell me that real men are Tex Violence... Casey James... Bishop... Kikai... Thunder, Hardin... all the rest?

I tell you all of those guys are rollin' over in their graves at the thought that the man left... the last man left to carry their legacy is walking away from a former bodybuilder like me.

[Summers strikes a double bicep pose for good measure, drawing more jeers from the crowd.]

RS: Come on, Robby... do 'em proud. You reach down deep, find whatever balls you've got left, and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Donovan wheels around, barreling across the ring, and SPEARS the mic right out of Summers' hands, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!! OH MY!!

[An angry Donovan pushes up to his knees, glaring at the official with a "Ring the damn bell!"]

GM: WHAT?!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell!]

GM: We're having a SECOND title match here tonight! All Star Showdown is CRAZY!

[Donovan pushes himself off the mat to his feet, reaching down to grab the legs of Rex Summers...]

GM: Oh no! Look out here!

[And falls back, sending Summers sailing over the ropes, crashing down on the wooden platform with a catapult!]

GM: Good grief! All the way over the top and down onto the wooden platform! Summers crashed down very hard - and don't forget, he went through an absolutely grueling no countout and no disqualification match earlier tonight, fans!

BW: That's right! So don't go 'round acting like this is a completely fresh Summers trying to take advantage of Donovan's weakened state.



GM: Calisto Dufresne is involved in this somehow... and you can bet this will just add more fuel to Robert Donovan wanting to get his hands on him!

[Donovan steps over the ropes to the elevated wooden ramp. He leans down to pull Summers up...

...and catches a hard right hand on the chin, the blow sending Donovan stumbling back against the ropes outside the ring, leaning on them.]

GM: Summers caught him coming in with that hard right hand!

[The former arm wrestler gets back to his feet, moving in on Donovan with a big boot to the midsection. A second one follows before he grabs Donovan by the arm, dragging him away from the ropes. He gets several feet away before wheeling him around into the ropes...]

GM: Donovan hits the ropes and-

[A left-armed clothesline puts Donovan down on the platform!]

GM: Ohh! Summers takes him down hard with that clothesline!

[The former PCW World Champion takes the moment to rain down kicks on the prone Donovan, the crowd jeering his every move. Summers measures the man, driving an elbow down into the throat area! From inside the ring, the referee shouts at both men, threatening a double countout.]

GM: The referee's count is up to six... and now Summers rolls Donovan under the ropes and into the ring.

[Summers promptly heads down the apron to the corner, scaling the ropes as quickly as possible. He pauses, one foot on the top rope as Donovan starts to stir...

...and then takes flight, sailing through the air, and smashing his forearm down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Summers comes off the top with that forearm!

["Red Hot" quickly applies a cover, earning a two count before Donovan lifts a shoulder off the mat. Summers gets to his feet, again raining down stomps to the chest and ribs. He steps over Donovan to the ropes, stepping up to the middle rope, throwing himself up and out...

...and CRASHES down with a knee into the ribs of Donovan!]

GM: Summers drops a knee into the ribs - here's another cover!

[And again, Summers gets a two count before Donovan kicks out!]

GM: Another two count there by the... well, I guess he's the challenger. I still can't even believe this match is happening. This shouldn't be happening, Bucky.

BW: Tell Donovan that. He had the choice to walk away from it but his stupid ego and sense of honor wouldn't let him do it!

GM: Summers was totally trying to get under his skin with all that talk of the LWC and the men who fought there. Men like John Wesley Hardin and Casey James. Rex Summers is a great professional wrestler but he has a long way to go before he can EVER be mentioned in the same breath with those individuals, Bucky.

BW: If he knocks off Donovan here tonight for the Longhorn Heritage Title, he'll take one step closer to being in that category, daddy!

[Summers uses Donovan's arm to haul him up to his feet, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: Summers sets... could be the Heat Check!

[But instead, he slowly turns over so that he's back to back with Donovan...

...and then abruptly DROPS down to his rear, snapping Donovan's neck against his shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! What a neckbreaker!

[The arrogant Summers leans back, draping an arm loosely over the champion.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[But the seven footer powers out at two!]

GM: No, no! Just a two count there for Rex Summers!

[Summers angrily sits up, glaring at the official for a moment before climbing back up to his feet.]

GM: Rex Summers can NOT lose focus if he wants to stand a chance of becoming the Longhorn Heritage Champion here tonight, fans. He needs to keep his eye on the prize.

[Summers lays in a few stomps to the chest of Donovan before backing to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Summers is on the second rope, measuring the man...

[And leaps off, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat, pushing the torso down into another lateral press!]

GM: He's got him down again for one! For two! For-

[Donovan powers out yet again, drawing big cheers from the AWA fans!]

GM: Donovan hangs on! It's going to take a lot to put him down because we all know how important this Longhorn Heritage Title is to him.

[Summers pops up to his feet, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

BW: Summers says this is it! He's gonna finish him now!

GM: This guy's got a whole lot of overconfidence.

BW: It ain't ego if it's a fact, jack!

[Dragging a dazed Donovan off the mat, Summers pulls him into a double underhook!]

GM: Heat Check! He's going for it!

[But Donovan, feeling the hold come on, rushes forward, smashing Summers' back against the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! He hits the corner hard!

[Straightening up, Donovan grabs Summers by the arm, winging him across the ring and hard into the buckles where his spine is jolted!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Summers' back was a wreck after the match with Lynch, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was and that might have knocked out of whack even more! He hit the corner VERY hard!

[Donovan walks across the ring, glaring at Summers until he gets about halfway across...

...and then rushes the rest of the way in, laying in a tremendous clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by the champion!

[The impact of the blow knocks Summers down to his rear in the corner...

...which allows Donovan to plant his boot right on the windpipe, choking the air out of the former PCW World Champion!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Summers down on the mat!

[The referee immediately intervenes, trying to get Donovan to back off but is forced to resort to a count, reaching four before Donovan lets up, leaving Summers gasping for air on the mat. Donovan nudges the official aside as he hauls Summers off the mat, firing him across the ring again...]

GM: He hits the corner hard a second time, stumbling out and-

[The crowd ROARS as Donovan throws his big boot up, catching Summers squarely on the chin and knocking him flat!]

GM: BOOT! RIGHT ON TARGET!

[Donovan drops down to the mat, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Donovan gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[And this time, it's Summers who fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: A two count! Two count only for Robert Donovan!

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together in frustration as he climbs to his feet, reaching down for a handful of hair...

...and getting a desperation kick from Summers that catches him on the ear!]

GM: Ohh! He kicked him in the side of the head!

[Summers scrambles up to his feet, trying to get away from Donovan and catch a breather in the corner...

...which allows the stunned Donovan to rush in behind him!]

GM: AVALANCHE!

[The impact of the running splash in the corner smashes Summers' upper body into the buckles, sending him stumbling back into the waiting arms of the Floridian who hoists him up in a side waistlock...

...and drops him down hard on the back of the head and neck with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Suplex! And there's another cover for Donovan! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Summers again throws his shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin!]

GM: Two count only AGAIN! Robert Donovan is throwing the kitchen sink at Rex Summers but he simply can't find a way to keep him down for a three count yet.

BW: Now can you give Rex Summers credit, Gordo?!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED!! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're halfway through the ten minute time limit for this one and it's been a very even back and forth matchup so far, Bucky.

BW: It has but it looks like Donovan aims to change that!

[The seven foot powerhouse pulls a dazed Summers off the mat, yanking him into a gutwrench...]

GM: He's got him hooked! This is how he beat Green!

[Donovan clasps his hands together, ready to drive Summers through the canvas...

...when a desperate Summers lunges forward, pushing Donovan backwards and bumping into the official, knocking him down!]

GM: Ohh!

[Summers takes a quick look, sees the referee down but not out, and promptly SLAMS his arm up into the groin of Donovan!]

GM: LOW BLOW!! LOW BLOW!! The Rex Summers Special!

[The former PCW World Champion climbs to his feet, shoving Donovan with both muscular arms in the back, sending Donovan stumbling towards the ropes where he falls, his upper body draped between the top and middle ropes.]

GM: Donovan is hurting after that.

BW: Wouldn't you be?

GM: I certainly would. Now what the heck is Summers doing?

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Summers pulls the official to his feet, dusting him off, checking his condition - all those things that Rex Summers would never do...]

GM: The referee is tied up with Summers and-

[The camera cuts to Donovan, draped over the ropes...

...when suddenly Ben Waterson springs into the picture, his metal briefcase in hand!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Waterson immediately hits the deck, throwing the briefcase aside so that no one knows he just caved in the skull of Donovan with it, sending the seven footer back down to his back in the middle of the ring!]

GM: What the HELL was that?! Where did Waterson come from?!

BW: I think he was out here the whole time! I don't think he ever left after Donovan kicked him off the apron!

[Summers smirks, shoving the official aside...]

GM: Wait a second! Was Summers in on this too?! Did Rex Summers and Ben Waterson have this planned out?!

["Red Hot" Rex Summers drags a limp Robert Donovan up to his knees, pulling him into a double underhook...]

...and then SPIKES his skull into the canvas!]

BW: HEAT CHECK! HEAT CHECK!

GM: It's a modified version of it since he can't get Donovan up but it's just as effective and- no, no... not like this!

[Summers flips Donovan to his back, throwing himself across him and reaching back to hook a massive leg.]

BW: ONE!! TWO!!

GM: NO!

BW: THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sound of the bell. The official reaches out to the timekeeper, grabbing the title belt.]

GM: No, this can't be happening. Tell me this isn't happening!

BW: It's happening, Gordo! Happy days are here again!

[Phil Watson raises the mic as the official goes to a kneeling Rex Summers, raising his hand...]

PW: Your winner...

...and NEEEEEEW AWA LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPION...

[Dramatic pause as the crowd jeers every moment of this.]

PW: REEEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMERRRRRRS!

[The boos intensify as the title belt is handed to Summers who springs to his feet, clutching the title belt to his chest!]

GM: Rex Summers is... I can't believe I'm saying this but Rex Summers is the new Longhorn Heritage Champion!

BW: He walked into the Crockett Coliseum wearing gold and by God, he's walkin' out of the Crockett Coliseum wearing gold tonight! Rex Summers has shocked the world, daddy!

GM: By hook or by crook... there was some kind of plan here, Bucky. Some kind of pre-orchestrated plot in effect by Summers, Dufresne, Waterson... who knows who was involved with it! We just witnessed highway robbery at its finest! This is grand theft!

BW: What a night!

GM: Fans, we've gotta go! We're out of time!

[Summers stands on the midbuckle, gesturing to the title belt he clutches in his hands.]

GM: We'll see you next time! So long everybody!

[And as Summers celebrates his shocking victory, we fade to black.]