

## AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
JANUARY 14TH, 2012

[We fade in from the sounds of the closing theme to "Punky Brewster" (EEEEVVVERYTIME I TURN AROUND... I SEE THE GIRL WHO TURNED MY WORLD AROUND... STANDING THERE!) to a black screen with the AWA logo dead-center in the middle of it. A voiceover begins.]

"2011 saw one of the tumultuous years in the history of the AWA."

[The blackened screen gives way to a shot of Juan Vasquez being destroyed by a ring full of rulebreakers at Wrestlerock.]

"It was a year of shocking assaults."

[It fades to Violence Unlimited and the Lynches doing battle at the Stampede Cup.]

"A year of thrilling matches."

[Fade to Supernova shocking the world by winning the Memorial Day Rumble.]

"Of inspirational triumphs."

[Fade to a shot of a downed Alex Martinez sprawled underneath a metal barricade.]

"Of jaw-dropping surprises."

[Fade to a final shot of Calisto Dufresne holding the National Title belt over his head.]

"And a year where the AWA was locked in a titanic struggle of good versus evil."

[The shot of Dufresne fades away to a blackened screen.]

"With the dawn of a new year, one question stands tall above all others...

...what will 2012 bring?"

[The black screen holds in silence for a long moment before fading to a shot of the cheering Crockett Coliseum crowd. The fans are jammed into the bleachers, screaming their heads off as the show comes on the air. Very little has changed since our last visit to the Coliseum - we still have the elevated entryway leading from the entrance to the ring. There are raised

interview platforms on either side of the ramp - one for your standard interviews and one set up for Todd Michaelson's Money Pit.

The rampway cuts through the crowd to the ring - a standard white canvas surrounded by red, white, and blue ropes. There are thin blue mats covering the hard concrete floor before you reach the steel barricades that have been erected at ringside around the ring, finally replacing the rope "railings" that once stood there. Two small tables are at ringside - one for the ring announcer and timekeeper, both waving as our camera pans past them.

The other seats our announce team. Gordon Myers, the dean of professional wrestling broadcasting wears a salt and pepper jacket that matches his similar-colored hair, a navy blue dress shirt and red tie. He is all grins as he looks to the camera through his black-framed eyeglasses. By his side is Buckthorn "Big Bucks" Wilde, a former legendary manager in the South turned successful color commentator, dressed in an eye-scorching sunburst yellow jacket coupled with a sky blue dress shirt and rainbow-colored tie. He smiles a freshly-whitened smile as the camera rests on him.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to the first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling for 2012!

[The voiceover, pumped over the PA system, results in a big cheer from the Texas crowd!]

GM: We are LIVE here in the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas - the home turf for the American Wrestling Alliance, THE Major League of Professional Wrestling. A Happy New Year to one and all of our fans and 2012, I have a feeling, is gonna be a big one, Bucky.

BW: And we ain't wasting a single second of the new year to get down to business, Gordo, 'cause tonight we've got the AWA National Title on the line with Calisto Dufresne taking on Raphael Rhodes for the biggest prize in our sport!

GM: Raphael Rhodes has been waiting for a year and a half to cash in this shot at the title. Rhodes won the right to face the champion on Memorial Day 2010 but due to a series of injuries, he's been unable to cash in that title shot until right here tonight in Dallas, Texas. That's going to be our Main Event! But we've also got Supernova, the #1 contender to the AWA National Title, taking on the Japanese giant, MAMMOTH Mizusawa!

BW: Mizusawa's on a cold streak, Gordo. Tonight, he gets his chance to turn it all around against the hero of these idiots in the crowd. I can't wait to see him squash Supernova like a face-painted bug, daddy!

GM: But Mizusawa is not the only member of the Matsui Corporation with a match tonight as Louis Matsui, thanks to the giant's loss at SuperClash, will be forced to get inside the ring tonight for five minutes when the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Robert Donovan!

BW: It's a crime! It's a tragedy! Louis Matsui is NOT a professional wrestler, Gordo. This shouldn't be happening and it should be Jim Watkins' first act back as the Chairman of the Championship Committee to stop it.

GM: Jim Watkins is back in charge and later tonight, he'll be delivering a State of the AWA address that I'm personally looking forward to. Plus, Playboy Enterprises will introduce their newest member to the world! We've got all of that and so much more but right now, let's go up to-

[Gordon is cut off as the opening riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" comes blaring through the Crockett Coliseum PA system, signaling the entrance of the most hated man in the business today, the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: What is this all about? He's not scheduled to be out here, Bucky.

BW: Since when does the greatest professional athlete in the world today need an engraved invitation to come out and address his fans, Gordo?

GM: His fans?! Give me a break.

[Suddenly, "Sharp Dressed Man" cuts off and is replaced by the classic New Years tune, "Auld Lang Syne". As the curtains part, the Louisiana native comes strolling through the entrance portal, looking dapper as ever. Deeked out head to toe in a crisp black tuxedo, with a black top hat sitting atop his head. Over one shoulder is the AWA National Title and in one hand is a black cane to complete his outfit. As the crowd greets him as expected, he begins to saunter towards the ring. He climbs up the steps and through the ropes, where a microphone is presented to him by Phil Watson. The champion circles the inside of the ring a few times, soaking in the "cheers from his adoring fans", before finally beginning, in his best Guy Lombardo impression.]

CD: Should oooold acquaintance beeeeeeee forgot, and neverrrr brought to miiiiiind.... Should oooollld acquaintance beeee forgot, and days auuullld laaaang syyyyyyne.

[A deep, flowing bow from Dufresne for his performance as he's showered with more jeers.]

CD: Truer words have never been spoken. The wonderful thing about New Years celebrations is that it's a time of looking forward. It's a time where you can start over. Out with old, in with the new and all that.

[A nod.]

CD: That's something that we began to do in 2011, you and I.

[A wave to the crowd.]

CD: We purged this organization of the cancer that was eating away at it. We cleaned out those wounds and allowed them to heal under a banner of

justice and truth. And now, in 2012, we can finally begin to move on from those who would have held down this great organization with their utter lack of talent and dedication.

[Dufresne waves the cane in the air for emphasis.]

CD: Men like City Jack.

[Pop!]

CD: Men like Supernova.

[Big pop!]

CD: Men like...

[Dufresne smirks.]

CD: ...Well, He-Who-Shan't-Be-Named.

[A \_huge\_ pop as the crowd knows just who Dufresne was referring to.]

CD: But this crusade had its beginnings ever earlier than 2011. In fact, think back to 2010. When we rid ourselves of a man named Raphael Rhodes...

[Dufresne spits on the mat.]

CD: ...who touted himself as a brother in arms to me. But he was more like a dog than a brother. Sure, I loved that big dog like nothin' else. But one day that dog decided to up and bite me. And despite the love you have for Fido, when your dog bites you, you only have one choice:

[A dangerous stare from the National Champion.]

CD: You put him down.

And that's exactly what I did in 2010, and that's exactly what I plan on doing to start 2012. I'll put Raph down again, just like I did his bastard brother, Simon.

[If you thought that might anger a certain Brit in the locker room, you would likely be correct. Oh, look. Here he comes now!]

GM: THAT'LL DO IT RIGHT THERE!

[Raphael Rhodes comes charging down the elevated ramp, already dressed to wrestle. Dufresne sees him coming and shrugs off the title belt, dropping it on the canvas as he grabs the black cane with both hands, rearing back...

...and taking a baseball style swing with it at the incoming Rhodes!]

GM: Whoa! He tried to take the man's head off but Rhodes ducked under and-

[Rhodes swings around, uncorking a big knife-edge chop that knocks Dufresne right off his feet and down to the mat, drawing a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: These people in the crowd aren't exactly fans of Raphael Rhodes but they're fans of anyone who can take the fight to Calisto Dufresne, I guarantee you that much!

[The Brit yanks Dufresne off the mat by the hair, shoving him back into the corner where he uncorks a second big chop before grabbing Dufresne by the back of the head, pulling him down...

...and DRILLING him with a European uppercut that snaps him back!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by the challenger!

[Grabbing the arm of Dufresne, Rhodes fires him across the ring, charging in after him...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!!

[The National Champion staggers out, barely able to stay on his feet when a headbutt between the eyes knocks him flat, allowing him to roll under the ropes to the floor. Rhodes stays in the ring, shouting at Dufresne to get his (BLEEPITY BLEEP) back into the ring.]

GM: Whoa, we apologize for the language of Raphael Rhodes right there but this is obviously quite an emotional moment for him. None of us will ever forget the Southern Syndicate putting Simon Rhodes out of professional wrestling to send a message to his brother, Raphael.

BW: And Calisto Dufresne played a real big part in that, daddy.

GM: He certainly did. Dufresne's out on the floor - he looks completely overwhelmed out there, fans.

[Suddenly, a voice rings out over the PA system. All eyes turn to find the Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jim Watkins, at the top of the ramp.]

JW: Hot damn! That's what I missed about this job!

[Watkins is all smiles as he looks down the ramp at the ring where Dufresne is starting to retreat.]

JW: Not so fast, champ. Last time I checked, you were the one who decided it was okay to interrupt our schedule for this show so you could run your mouth.

And to me, that means you wanted to be out here right now.

[The crowd cheers, getting what's going on. A quick camera cut to Dufresne shows him at ringside, frantically shaking his head with a "I'M NOT DRESSED TO WRESTLE!"]

JW: So, the way I look at it, if you wanted to be out here right now so badly... it's the least I can do to oblige.

Let's get a referee out here... and let's do the Main Event right now!

[A big cheer from the crowd! A frustrated Dufresne slams his arms down on the wooden ramp, shouting in Watkins' direction.]

GM: Oh yeah! We're gonna have our National Title match right now! The first match of 2012 for the AWA is gonna be a Main Event for the AWA National Title - the biggest prize in our sport!

[The camera shows a grinning Watkins...

...a smile that quickly disappears as two more individuals come storming out of the locker room onto the ramp, shoving their way past Watkins.]

GM: What the heck are THEY doing out here?

BW: Uh oh! I don't like the looks of this!

[The crowd jeers the sight of James Monosso and Percy Childes storming down the elevated ramp towards the ring.]

GM: They said that no one ranked below them would get a title shot before they do!

[Childes can be seen speaking to Monosso, a constant stream of instructions as the Madman from Happy Valley continues to nod his head, his stringy wet hair flipping back and forth as he marches towards the squared circle.]

BW: Raphael Rhodes just went from the frying pan to the fire, daddy!

[Monosso steps through the ropes...

...where Rhodes is waiting for him, burying a running knee into the ribs as he's climbing in. The Brit immediately tears into him, hammering down brutal forearms to the back of the head and neck, knocking Monosso down to a knee.]

GM: Rhodes caught him coming in and now he's taking the fight to the-

[Monosso promptly throws a heavy right hand into the midsection of Rhodes, sending him falling back as the big man gets to his feet. He raises both arms over his head, clasping his hands together as he strides towards Rhodes...

...but gets caught in the gut with a boot by a frantic Rhodes!]

GM: Rhodes fires back!

[Grabbing the stringy hair, Rhodes SLAMS his skull into Monosso's!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Monosso falls back into the ropes from the impact, instantly reaching up to clutch at his forehead. From outside the ring, Percy Childe unleashes a sea of shouting as Rhodes approaches, grabbing Monosso by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Monosso!

[Rhodes hits the ropes, bouncing off...

...and gets absolutely CLUBBED with a standing clothesline, the arm smashing Rhodes across the face rather than the throat or upper chest, dumping him to the mat.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: There's absolutely no thought of execution there, Gordo. Monosso just drew back his arm and threw it as hard as he humanly can... right into the face!

[A quick cut to the floor shows a grinning Calisto Dufresne, slapping the canvas and shouting encouragement to Monosso.]

GM: And the National Champion sure seems to be enjoying this, Bucky!

[Monosso lays in a few stomps to the ribs of the downed Rhodes, forcing him to roll over to his stomach. The big man backs away, letting loose a howl as he stomps back across the ring, leaping into the air...

...and SMASHING his knee down on the back of Rhodes' head in a giant leaping kneedrop!]

BW: KING KONG AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON JAMES MONOSSO!

[The Madman grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist down into the face over and over and over again with Dufresne loudly cheering each and every blow.]

GM: Monosso's all over him! He's a sea of rage and fury being unleashed all over Raphael Rhodes!

[An angry Monosso climbs to his feet, pointing a finger up the ramp at Jim Watkins as he grabs Rhodes by the hair, dragging him off the mat to reveal a trickle of blood escaping the nose of his victim...

...and tugs him into a side waistlock.]

GM: Oh my stars. Not this.

[Monosso nods his head before powering Rhodes into the air, DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck with thunderous impact!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: DESCENT INTO MADNESS!

GM: Raphael Rhodes' neck just SLAMMED into the mat at an absolutely sickening angle! What in the world kind of human being would do that to another person?!

BW: You really want to ask something like that? This isn't the first time we've seen James Monosso in a match, daddy!

GM: This isn't even a match! He's got no reason to be out here! He's got absolutely no reason to be a part of this situation and yet-

BW: And yet, they told the front office... they told the Championship Committee... they told the entire world that it would NOT be tolerated for someone ranked lower in the Top Ten than he is to receive a title shot before him. Raphael Rhodes isn't even ranked, Gordo!

GM: Raphael Rhodes WON this title shot! He DESERVES this title shot!

[Monosso pushes up to a knee, staring down the aisle at Jim Watkins who has started walking towards the ring at this point. Childes shouts to Monosso from the floor.]

GM: What the... what did Percy Childes just say?!

BW: He told him to do it again!

GM: My god, why?!

[Monosso climbs to his feet, dragging a limp Rhodes to his feet by the back of the trunks, tugging him into another side waistlock...]

GM: No! Don't do this, Monosso! Percy Childes needs to stop this!

BW: Now why the heck would he do that?

GM: This isn't right! Raphael Rhodes doesn't deserve-

[The big man powers Rhodes into the air a second time, DRIVING his head and neck into the canvas at a sickening angle.]



GM: Gaaaah. I can't believe I just saw that. That's two... TWO Descent Into Madness drivers and Raphael Rhodes is... is even moving? We're going to need some help out here, Bucky.

BW: Raphael Rhodes is a cursed man, Gordo. Every time he's had his sights set on cashing in that title shot, he's been injured and... well, I think we just saw that happen again, Gordo.

GM: Raphael Rhodes is NOT moving, fans. He is NOT moving.

[Monosso pushes up to his knees again, this time slowly raising his right hand to point...

...and as the camera follows the point, we find Calisto Dufresne staring right back at him.]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: Get the heck out of there, Calisto!

GM: James Monosso with a very clear message to the National Champion! The National Champion just realized that he's next for James Monosso!

[A quick cut to ringside shows a gleeful Percy Childes nodding his head, tapping his crystal-topped cane on the ring apron as Monosso slowly climbs to his feet as Dufresne snatches up his title belt, slowly backpedaling towards the entryway with his hand raised up in front of him.]

GM: Dufresne wants no part of this! He wants no part of James Monosso here tonight!

BW: Tonight? The Ladykiller don't want no part of this madman EVER!

[Monosso walks towards the ropes, seemingly moving to go after the National Champion when Jim Watkins reaches ringside, waving his arms back and forth...]

JW: Knock it off, Monosso. Knock it off right now.

[The madman turns, glaring at the Chairman of the Championship Committee.]

JW: Percy, call off your dog.

[Childes says a few things to Monosso who pauses in his tracks.]

JW: This ain't right... none of this.

[Watkins looks at the downed Rhodes and waves towards the back.]

JW: Can we get some help out here?

[Watkins lifts a hand, pointing to Monosso.]

JW: You think this is how you get a title shot? You think you terrorizing the entire Top Ten will get the Committee to notice you?

[He shakes his head.]

JW: Not a chance. I promised these people a National Title match tonight!

[Big cheer!]

JW: And instead, I get this...?

[Watkins gestures to the downed Rhodes as a pair of medical team members slide into the ring to assist him.]

JW: And I suppose you think that I should give you Rhodes' shot instead.

[Childes nods, gesturing at Watkins with the cane.]

JW: Maybe you're right. Maybe it truly is survival of the fittest around here and maybe James Monosso just proved he's the man who deserves the next shot at the National Title.

[The crowd jeers the idea of that.]

JW: I don't know. Is that what you all think should happen?

[The crowd boos louder as Watkins appeals to them.]

JW: That's kinda what I thought. But like it or not, I did promise a title match... and we're gonna have a damn title match!

[The boos turn to cheers! Dufresne looks annoyed from down the aisle.]

JW: I just don't know who's gonna be in it... not yet at least. But tonight, in the Main Event, Calisto Dufresne will defend the AWA National Title against...

[Watkins pauses, scratching his chin.]

JW: Hell if I know. Someone though. And it won't be you!

[Watkins points at Monosso, drawing anger from the Madman from Happy Valley and his manager but elation from the cheering crowd.]

JW: And to top that off, if James Monosso so much as shows his face during that title match... if I even see your face anywhere NEAR this ring, I'm gonna toss you out of the Top Ten rankings and you'll have to earn your way back into them!

[Another big cheer! Monosso doesn't seem to like the sound of that but Percy manages to settle him down and get him to exit the ringside area.]

The duo hustle down the side of the elevated rampway, Childes making sure to keep Monosso away from Dufresne.]

JW: So, tonight, as promised, Calisto Dufresne WILL defend the National Title against-

[The loud vocal intro of "Saz O Avaz Mahoor" is heard over the PA, and the fans stand as the enormous Iranian flag carried by Sultan Azam Sharif is now immediately visible at the top of the aisle. The Sultan, draped in his reddish-brown bisht and white kaffiyeh, powerwalks down the aisle while waving his huge flag proudly overhead. Across the arena, there are boos and cheers... boos largely aimed at the Iranian flag of Sharif and his nationalism, but cheers because we may well see Calisto Dufresne dethroned tonight.]

GM: And here comes the Sultan, Bucky!

BW: I don't know if I like the looks of this, Gordo. Where the heck is Adrian Bathwaite? Sharif shouldn't be making rash decisions without the Count here to tell him what to say... err, to advise him!

GM: I think you were closer with the first one. But Calisto Dufresne isn't the only one displeased to see Sharif coming out here. Remember, the last time Sharif shared a ring with Jim Watkins, it was during the Tower Of Doom and these two men were at war with one another!

[Sharif steps through the ropes but before he says a single word, Watkins speaks up.]

JW: Sharif, if you're here to finish what you started last year...

[By now, the Sultan has corralled his enormous flag (it's hard to enter rings holding those) and has approached Watkins. He holds out one hand in a placating manner.]

SAS: Meh fahtlek, Mistair Jumm Vatin, but you... zawba'atun fii finjaanin! It diddunt mattair vat hoppen vid you last year, ven you did wrong to me un my managair, Mistair Count Batwaite. Man yukhti' fa-huwa 'insaanun wa-man ya'fuu fa-huwa malaakun; may Allah give you maghfirah. But dot is not vhy I om here! I om here because I von Steal Deh Spotlight, zhust like I say I vould do! Un you know dot mean I can help you, since dose udder jehbronies are not here to cheat me...

[Watkins straightens up and nods.]

JW: I guess they were right about you. You got your head on straight without Bathwaite around.

So... you're cashin' it in? Even seein' what you just saw from Monosso? Cause lemme tell ya, kid... if you win tonight, he's gonna want the next shot atcha!

[The crowd cheers the idea of seeing Sharif and Monosso square off.]

SAS: I am not afraid of that no-talent jehbronie Jumm Munassah; he could not do harm to Olympic champion, Pavlani Keshvar, even he does not know how to wrestle! But Mistair Culistuh Dafrnzy, him I respect! So to have championship match...

CAB: HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, WATKINS!

[The boos are now unanimous, as Count Adrian Bathwaite enters as hurriedly as he can. He's acquired a wireless microphone, and is power-shuffling to the ring using his cane. The silver-haired Eurasian manager is wearing a tacky dark orange shiny button-up shirt and navy slacks. Watkins looks really annoyed at the arrival of the manager.]

JW: You too? I should have known this wasn't gonna go down without you getting involved. Don't tell me you're here to rob Sharif of his RIGHTFUL shot at the title.

[At that, Sharif's head turns to Watkins with an obvious look of confusion.]

CAB: You lousy, flea-ridden peasant! You are the one trying to trick the Sultan into wasting his title shot at an inopportune time! You're out here trying to rush him into using his Spotlight match before I could impart wise counsel to my man the Sultan. Well, I'm on to you, Watkins. You've always been jealous of me, back since the times when I gave you a right proper wrestling lesson in the ring years ago.

[Watkins looks amused at the mention of a match from a long time ago.]

JW: Yeah, well... you did have fifteen years experience on me in wrestling... and probably twenty or so years of life. Let me know when you want a rematch, old man. Somehow I don't think you'll have the strength to pull my trunks for leverage this time.

[The crowd cheers as Bathwaite rages, jabbing his cane at the air in front of Watkins.]

CAB: Don't smart off to your elders or your betters, you foul-smelling barely-literate hogpicker! I am here to tell you that my man will definitely NOT be utilizing his Spotlight match until the time is perfect...

[The AWA faithful boos that announcement.]

CAB: ...and I alone will determine when that is.

[Sharif looks confused in the direction of his manager, saying something off camera as Watkins replies.]

JW: I know your game, Bathwaite. The lawyers told me you tried to convince them that the Steal The Spotlight victory gave Sharif the chance to face whoever he wants whenever and wherever he wants... or you wants.

You want the chance to face a weakened champion just like Dufresne did when he won the title.

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: The Spotlight win doesn't give you that right, Bathwaite. This isn't an anytime, anywhere deal - you need to give advance notice to cash in that contract. You need to tell the Championship Commi-

[An angry Bathwaite interrupts.]

CAB: That is not explicitly spelled out anywhere on the contract...

[Watkins doesn't look happy to hear that.]

JW: Maybe, maybe not. I'll leave that for the lawyers to decide.

CAB: My lawyers will prove my case any day now and until such time... Sultan, withdraw!

[Sharif looks puzzled, shaking his head.]

SAS: But I know I can beat...

[Bathwaite interrupts.]

CAB: Withdraw, please. The Spotlight match will be used at the perfect time for maximum benefit.

[Sharif's nods in resigned obedience, and starts to exit the ring.]

JW: Sharif.

[The Sultan continues to exit, without answering Watkins. So he tries again.]

JW: Qadir bin Nejem!

[Oooh, THAT made him stop for some reason. Sharif looks back at Watkins, partly confused and partly... annoyed? Offended?]

CAB: YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO CALL HIM THAT! ONLY THE HIGHBORN MAY ADDRESS A SULTAN BY NAME!

[Watkins ignores Bathwaite and locks eyes with Sharif.]

JW: When you're done being someone else's tool, and you're ready to follow Kolya Sudakov's footsteps and become a man... you give me a call. We can renegotiate that contract.

[The crowd CHEERS as Watkins steps right up in Bathwaite's face, a steaming mad Bathwaite by this point.]

CAB: SILENCE, YOU FILTHY MONGREL! That is enough! Sultan, he's trying to trick you! Let's take our leave from this vile place!

[Sharif exits as the fans boo Bathwaite. Watkins shakes his head as they make their exit...

...and then turns his attention to a beaming Calisto Dufresne who pats the title belt over his shoulder gleefully.]

JW: You think this gets you out of something?

[Big cheer!]

JW: It may not be Rhodes facing you tonight. It may not be Monosso... or Sharif. But someone WILL be in here to face you for the National Title here tonight, Dufresne.

[Another big cheer! Dufresne shouts something unheard at Watkins.]

JW: Yeah, you go call your lawyers. What I said on New Year's Eve holds true. If you don't step in there to defend the title tonight, I will strip the title right off you. You understand me?

[A dejected Dufresne shakes his head, backpedaling down the aisle.]

JW: Don't worry though. You'll find out who your challenger is...

...just as soon as his name is announced before your match tonight!

[One last big cheer and Dufresne throws a small tantrum at ringside.]

GM: The title match is on! But who's gonna face the champion?! We'll find out later tonight!

[With the National Champion acting like a small child whose favorite toy was taken away, we fade to black.

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 down to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! What a start to 2012 we've already seen here tonight. Remember, later tonight in the Main Event, Calisto Dufresne WILL put the National Title on the line against a contender of Jim Watkins' choosing and not a single one of us will know who it is until they're announced.

BW: Now, how in the heck is that fair, Gordo? Calisto Dufresne prepared to defend his title against Raphael Rhodes tonight. James Monosso made sure that didn't happen... and now Jim Watkins says he's gotta defend the gold anyways?!

GM: Jim Watkins says that these fans DESERVE to see a title match! And that's exactly what's going to happen here tonight, Bucky.

BW: I say that this is a setup. Watkins hates Dufresne walking around as the National Champion and he and that crooked Championship Committee are trying to pull a fast one.

GM: We'll see about that but right now, it's debut time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go up to the ring for tag team action!

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring, weighing at a total combined weight of five-hundred and seven pounds. Here are... ALEX WORTHEY AND J.P. DRIVER!

[The two men step forward out of their corner and raise an arm in the air. The opening guitar from Metallica's "Sad But True" cuts through the arena. The crowd boos.]

PW: On their way to the ring, weighing in at six-hundred and fifteen pounds and accompanied by Jeremiah King. Here are Devastation and Overlord... THE SKUUUULLLCCRUSHERS!

[Jeremiah King appears through the entrance portal wearing a black suit with blue pin stripes; a blue, button-down shirt; and black and blue colored power tie. A pair of expensive name brand shoes completes his attire. He starts towards the ring, and the Skullcrushers emerge behind him from the entrance portal.

Devastation has his face painted up with red and black face paint in a pattern that makes him look more intimidating. Devastation wears long black tights with "Devastation" written down his right leg in red; black wrestling boots with red laces; black armbands around his bicep; leather studded vambraces; and a leather studded gorget.

Overlord wears his black mask with only slits for eyes and the nose. Overlord wears long black tights with "Overlord" down his left leg in red; black wrestling boots; black wrist tape; black armbands right above his biceps; studded leather vambraces; a studded leather gorget; and a studded black vest.

The three walk to the ring as the boos continue from the crowd. All three men step between the middle and top ropes. Overlord sheds his vest immediately and strikes a bicep flex pose. The three head to their corner, King offering last minute strategy as Devastation and Overlord remove their vambraces and gorgets and drop them to the ringside attendant.]

BW: Oh wow. Talk about two big men, Gordo.

GM: Jeremiah King was on the phone after SuperClash in a conversation that we caught on tape and I can only assume that this was what he was talking about. He has indeed found two big men. We're no stranger to Devastation. His last go-around here in the AWA wasn't as successful as he would like.

BW: Perhaps all he needed was a REAL manager to focus him, Gordo unlike the last guy who handled his business. Speaking of Jeremiah King, he's joining us on commentary while his team is in the ring.



[Sure enough, we hear a headset being put on.]

GM: Thank you for joining us, Mr. King.

JK: The pleasure is all mine, Gordon. I want you two to watch this team tonight. I want you to see the future of AWA tag team wrestling.

GM: Physically speaking, these two are very impressive looking, Mr. King.

JK: You're correct, Gordon. You haven't seen this much beef since John Candy wolfed down the ol' ninety-sixer in The Great Outdoors.

[Devastation and Overlord turn and charge their opponents before the bell. The Skullcrushers lay in with clubbing forearms taking Worthey and Driver down to their knees. The Skullcrushers continue to just beat on their opponents as Marty Meekly calls for the bell and then attempts to get control.]

GM: The Skullcrushers take early advantage of the situation. They're just beating Driver and Worthey down with those brutal forearms.

JK: This is twenty twelve for the AWA, Gordo. The Skullcrushers are your two-thousand and twelve Stampede Cup winners. Mark my words.

BW: I don't think those two guys your men are in there with know where they're at. Look at the size of those arms on Overlord! I believe these two have a chance to win the Cup, no doubt.

GM: That's putting the cart before the horse, Mr. King.

JK: If it doesn't happen, Gordon? You can write those words down on a piece of paper, and I'll eat it! This is just the beginning for the Skullcrushers.

[Overlord and Devastation grab their opponents and then lift them into military presses. They hold them there for a few seconds before Driver gets dropped in the ring. Overlord walks over to the side of the ring and drops Worthey over the top rope and to the arena floor.]

BW: Alex Worthey gets dropped about twenty feet down!

JK: How do you stop this onslaught, Bucky? You can't!

GM: J.P. Driver is in the ring by himself. Marty Meekly is telling one of the Skullcrushers to get out of the ring.

[Devastation steps out of the ring and onto the apron. Overlord grabs Driver by his throat and lifts him into the air and holds him there.]

GM: Choke lift applied by the big man. Meekly starts his count.

[At five, Overlord throws Driver into the turnbuckle from the middle of the ring.]

BW: Good grief! Overlord just threw J.P. Driver halfway across the ring!

JK: Strength, Bucky. That's what these two have. They're big. They're powerful. They're mean. They're nasty. Like Honey Badger, they just don't care!

[Overlord charges into the corner and crushes Driver with an avalanche. Overlord backs out as Driver stumbles forward. Overlord grabs Driver and lifts him up onto his shoulder. Overlord charges out of the turnbuckle and drives Driver into the mat with a running powerslam.]

GM: Vicious powerslam from Overlord. He's brutalizing J.P. Driver in that ring.

JK: Pay attention to these two, Gordon. They're the beginning of the King's Army.

[Overlord pulls Driver up by his neck and pulls him towards the Skullcrushers' corner. He makes the tag to Devastation. Overlord places Driver in a bearhug. Devastation bounces off the ropes and delivers a brutal kick to the face.]

BW: I hope J.P. Driver knows a plastic surgeon after that kick!

JK: He calls that the Face Wrecker for a very good reason!

[Devastation makes the cover. Meekly drops down and makes the three count and calls for the bell.]

GM: Just like that, it's over!

PW: The winners of the match... THE SKUUUUUUUULLLLCRUSHEEEERRRRS!

["Sad But True" starts up again. Meekly goes to raise the Skullcrushers' hands in victory, but they yank them away. Overlord delivers a few post-match stomps to J.P. Driver. Jeremiah King takes off his headset and directs his men to leave the ring.]

GM: Impressive debut for the Skullcrushers.

BW: Impressive? Dominant is a better word, Gordo.

GM: Nevertheless, the Skullcrushers have their work cut out for them when they meet some of the top flight talent in the AWA tag team division.

BW: You kidding me? I would pay good money to see the Skullcrushers take on the Lynches right now.

GM: The new National Tag Team Champions, James and Jack Lynch, have a lot of challengers lining up for their shot at them... and it is my understanding that we'll be adding one more team to that list later tonight.

BW: What?! You've got a scoop?!

GM: You're not the only one with sources around here, Bucky.

BW: We'll see about that, Gordo.

GM: Fans, it has now been several weeks since we've seen any sign of Alphonse Green. Mr. Green, as you may recall, was last seen trying to walk out of Saturday Night Wrestling presumably never to return after LOSING a "vote of confidence" poll on the AWA website. He was crushed by this news... devastated by it. And this gentleman whose family has been involved with the business for decades seemed ready to toss in the towel. But Ben Waterson had other ideas. Let's take a look at that and when we come back, we'll have words from Alphonse Green himself. Roll the tape.

[We fade to footage marked "SNW - 11/12/11" where we find a dejected Alphonse Green dressed in street clothes walking down the locker room hallway towards the exit. Green passes by several of the local talent, who stare at him as Green passes by. A couple of the wrestlers appear to be mumbling to each other, but Green doesn't stop to acknowledge them. As Green spots the exit sign, he turns to go down the hallway to leave the Crockett Coliseum, possibly for the last time. However, standing in front of the exit, with his arms crossed.,

...is the "Agent to the Stars" Ben Waterson.

Green does not appear to be pleased to see Waterson, as he appears to motion for Waterson to move so he can leave. Waterson does not budge. Instead, he raises his hands, and appears to be telling Green to "hold on" and to "calm down", from what can be picked up. Green puts his arm down as Waterson approaches the young man.]

AG: What do you want?! Just get out of my way!

[Waterson shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: I'm not going to do that, kid. I'm not going to just step aside and let you throw away everything you've worked for.

AG: Please... just...

[Waterson stands firm.]

ATTSBW: Your old man is Tony "Dead Lift" Green, right?

[Green slowly looks down, a slight nod.]

ATTSBW: You know what Tony Green did in his career?

[No response.]

ATTSBW: Absolutely nothing.

[Alphonse looks up, a mix of confusion and anger on his face.]

ATTSBW: Sure, he was popular up in Portland. Sure, he made the fans cheer. He had big muscles, flexed them a lot, and had people go all goofy for it.

But that's it, kid. He was nothing. He wasn't a big star. He wasn't a World Champion. He wasn't a Hall of Famer.

But you...

[Waterson smirks.]

ATTSBW: You could be all those things, kid. You could be all those things and more. If...

[A pause as Waterson slowly reaches out, placing his hand on Green's shoulder.]

ATTSBW: ...you listen to me.

[Green looks non-committal... and then slowly nods his head as a chuckling Waterson leads him through the exit and out towards the parking lot area.]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: I don't get it! Ben Waterson... why would he want ANYTHING to do with Alphonse Green?!

GM: Apparently he sees something in this kid that no one else has. He said he can be a big star... a World Champion... a Hall of Famer?!

BW: I don't... I'm a bit shocked by all that, Gordo.

GM: You're not the only one. But Ben Waterson has been long credited as one of the most brilliant minds in our sport. First, Pedro Perez... now Alphonse Green... Waterson International gets stranger and stranger all the time.

[We fade from that footage to a man standing in front of an AWA banner, with his back turned to the camera. The man is wearing a black leather jacket, with a star studded on it. For some strange reason, there is a shoulder pad over one of the shoulders. The man also appears to be wearing a blue hoodie underneath the leather jacket. The camera waits for the man to turn around, but for some reason he does not turn to face the camera.]

?: Did y'all miss me?

[The gruffy voice underneath the hoodie starts chuckling to himself, putting his hands on his hips.]

?: Because I certainly missed my... adoring public! For those of you that have already forgotten, and I certainly hope you haven't: Alphonse Green's the name, and I'm here to.. entertain.

[Green chuckles once again, ignoring the fact that he failed to make a clever rhyme.]

AG: I'd turn around and look each and every one of you in the eye, and tell you what I've been up to these last few weeks, but alas, I cannot do that. I cannot not show my face, filled with regretful disappointment, to everyone out there in TV-land. Regret that I cannot be in that arena tonight, providing you the entertainment that you people have starved for.

[Green shakes his head, briefly, resisting the urge to turn around. He lifts his right arm in the air, extending his index finger]

AG: But fear not, my friends. Thanks to Ben Waterson, the man who has convinced me that I can be the best possible entertainer that I can be.. I will make an appearance inside the squared circle in two weeks time. No more will you have to settle for the stale likes of Juan Vasquez, Eric Preston, Supernova, Rick Marley, Robert Donovan, BC Da Mastah MC.. no more stuffy old acts..

Quite frankly, reading off those names could have put me to sleep, but I digress. Ladies and gentlemen, my return's gonna be one of those moments where millions of people go on the internet and go.. "Where were YOU when Alphonse Green made his triumphant return to the AWA."

Now.. back to your boring ol' snoozefest known as AWA Saturday Night.

[Green quickly turns and walks off camera, the camera then fades back to the ring where Phil Watson is ready to do his duty.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... hailing from Denver, Colorado... "Mile High" Marty Moore!

[A small but fiery young man hops to a midbuckle, pumping a fist to a handful of cheers from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Black Cat" by Janet Jackson fills the air just before an explosion of jeers from the AWA crowd does the same thing.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Buddy Morton... from St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... he is the final man to hold the PCW World Title...

"RED HOT"

REEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMMERRRRRS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length red robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain for his opponent. The always talking Morton shouts at the camera and nearby fans, talking up his managerial charge. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe.]

GM: Rex Summers makes his way to the ring... and you have to assume he's wearing the PCW World Title under that robe.

BW: Are you saying you want to see what Rex Summers has under the robe?

GM: Not exactly, no.

[Summers reaches the middle of the ring, snatching the mic away from Phil Watson.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The music abruptly cuts off, allowing the booing crowd to be clearly heard as Buddy Morton leans over the mic.]

BM: SHUT YOUR MOUTHS, ALL OF YA!

[More boos predictably.]

RS: Don't even bother, Buddy. From the looks of all this Texas trash...

[A huge burst of boos erupts! Summers just smirks at the reaction.]

RS: ...none of them have bothered to clean out their ears in the past two years enough to be able to hear when their betters are speaking to them.

[More boos!]

RS: But where your ears fail you Dallas dimwits, let's hope your eyes still work because it'd be a real shame for you to not be able to see what happens when I take my robe off and show the entire world what the very definition of mankind is all about.

Hit the music.

[The music starts up again as a grinning Buddy Morton takes up a spot behind Summers as "Red Hot" tugs the wrapping belt free, pulling the cloth apart to reveal the golden title belt strapped around his muscular torso. He gets another smirk on his face as he allows Morton to pull off the robe,

folding it neatly as Summers strikes a double bicep pose, drawing some cheers from the females in the building.]

BW: Man oh man... you want to talk about a man who is physically put together... look at this guy, Gordo.

GM: I see him, I see him. Very impressive.

BW: I bet your old lady wishes you looked like that, eh?

[Summers allows Morton to take the title belt off his waist next, thrusting the title belt high over his head to the jeers of the crowd. Morton slings the belt over his shoulder with a grin, patting Summers on the back as the final PCW World Champion turns to the side, flexing a bicep for the fans before backing to the corner as Morton exits the ring.]

GM: Well, apparently Rex Summers is ready to actually compete now.

BW: Hey, you're always worried about what the fans want to see, Gordo, and the fans NEEDED to see Rex Summers in all his glory!

GM: From their reaction out here, I'd say that is a very incorrect statement.

[Summers grabs the top rope, tugging at it to loosen up as Marty Moore hops back and forth from foot to foot, waiting for the official to ring the bell. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger gives both men a quick word before calling for the bell to start the match.]

GM: There's the bell and here we go!

[Summers strides out of the corner to the middle of the ring, immediately striking another double bicep pose before obscenely thrusting his hips in the direction of Moore...

...who responds by dashing out of the corner and leaving his feet with a double knee press that SMASHES Summers underneath him on the canvas to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Marty Moore had seen enough of that, Bucky!

BW: No fair! Rex wasn't ready for that!

GM: That's all his fault. The bell had rang and that means it's time for action.

[Moore scampers to his feet, leaving them once more to catch Summers squarely on the chin with a leaping dropkick that sends the well-toned champion sprawling down to the canvas once more.]

GM: A dropkick on target as well and-

[Summers promptly rolls out to the floor, clutching his chin as he staggers away from the ring.]

GM: And I think Rex Summers isn't liking the way this one is going so far, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? This punk kid from Colorado jumped him before the bell and-

GM: Before the bell?! That's a blatant lie!

[Summers huddles up with his manager out on the floor as Moore approaches the ropes, stepping on the second one as he waves for the last-reigning PCW World Champion to get back into the squared circle.]

GM: Marty Moore wants his opposition back inside that ring right now, fans!

BW: But Rex Summers does what he wants when he wants. Moore can stand up there and wave his arms until the Lynches' baby sister comes home but Rex has his own timetable.

[Summers shouts something in Moore's direction as he circles the ringpost, shaking his head. Moore shouts a response, engaging the referee to get the match back into the ring.]

GM: Moore is getting Johnny Jagger to start a ten count on Rex Summers now... and it wouldn't surprise me if Summers took the countout to avoid another dropkick like he just took.

BW: Are you kidding me? Rex Summers may decide at times that it's better to live to fight another day... but this ain't that time. This punk from Denver ain't gonna cause all that ruckus.

GM: Marty Moore has been very impressive on the live arena shows as of late though, Bucky. This young man may have a very bright future ahead of himself here in the AWA.

[But Moore's enthusiasm doesn't pay off as he drifts too close to the ropes allowing Summers to slide an arm under the ropes, yanking his leg out from under him and promptly dragging him out to the floor.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Summers winds up, ready to deliver a right hand...

...but Moore blocks it, throwing a haymaker of his own that sends the Minnesota native stumbling backwards. Moore promptly pulls himself up on the apron, pausing a moment before uncorking a standing backflip off the apron onto a shocked Summers, knocking him down to the floor to another big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! Standing backflip off the apron!



BW: Moore took a page out of Skywalker Jones' playbook right there, Gordo.

GM: He certainly did and this young man is fired up!

[Moore pumps a fist to the cheers of the crowd as he pulls Summers off the floor, firing him under the ropes into the ring. Moore tugs on the ropes, dragging himself up on the apron as he grabs the top rope...]

GM: Look out here!

[With a mighty pull, Moore catapults himself over the top rope...

...and lands RIGHT on the raised knees of Rex Summers!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Ahahaha! Never count out the champ!

GM: The champ... give me a break.

BW: Did he or did he not defend the PCW World Title at two major events in 2011, Gordo?

GM: He certainly did but that doesn't-

BW: Did he walk out here tonight carrying the gold that represents PCW?

GM: Yes, but-

BW: If he carries the gold and he defends the gold, how can you say he's not the champion?

GM: It's not an officially recognized AWA championship, Bucky! The company it represents is dead!

BW: So is that pit of washed-up hasbeens and never-weres down in South Laredo but we kept bringing up how great that was! Robert Donovan wears a title belt that pays tribute to how great that was! In my eyes, if Robert Donovan is a champion then so is Rex Summers!

[Summers climbs back to his feet, laying in a few stomps to the now-hurting ribs of Marty Moore before he grabs a handful of hair, hauling him to a standing position before pushing him back to the corner.]

GM: Knee to the gut in the corner... and there's a second one...

[At a shout from Buddy Morton, Summers leans over, grabbing the middle rope...

...and SLAMS his shoulder into the ribs!]

GM: Good grief! A brutal tackle in the corner!

BW: Summers is going right after those ribs he just busted up with that magnificent counter. Brilliant strategy!

[A second and third shoulder drive in the corner as Moore screaming in pain as Summers raises back to a standing position, grabbing Moore by the arm to fire him across the ring...]

GM: Moore hits the corner hard! That'll rattle those injured ribs even more, Bucky!

BW: The sign of a true champion is knowing when your challenger has a weakness and knowing how to exploit it, daddy.

[Summers slowly walks across the ring, a slight smirk on his face as Morton shouts out, "We got him, baby!" from the floor. The last-reigning PCW World Champion JAMS his elbow back into the jaw of Marty Moore before grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Another whip... ohhh! Moore SLAMS into the buckles at high velocity!

[Summers nods to the jeering crowd as he slowly walks across the ring for a second time, pausing in the middle to swivel his hips in the direction of a stunned Marty Moore...]

...and breaks into a dash!]

GM: Clothesline in the corn- OHHHHH!

[The crowd roars as Moore ducks his head and torso between the ropes, tilting back at the last second to cause Summers to slam chestfirst into the buckles...]

...and then leans back further, swinging his feet up into the back of Summers' head and neck!]

GM: What a counter by Marty Moore!

[Summers staggers backwards out of the corner as Moore slips out to the apron, quickly scaling the ropes. He throws up an arm to the cheers of the crowd as he steadies himself, leaping off...]

...where Summers sidesteps, violently throwing Moore down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! Good grief!

[Not wasting a second, Summers pulls Moore off the mat, tugging him into a double underhook...]

...and SPIKING him skullfirst into the canvas!]

BW: HEAT CHECK!

GM: That'll do it!

[Summers rolls Moore to his back, planting his elbow in the chest and placing his chin on his palm as the referee counts to three.]

GM: This one's over.

[Summers blows a kiss in the direction of the camera as he climbs to his feet, soon greeted by Buddy Morton who hands him the PCW World Title belt and a microphone. The belt promptly goes over his shoulder with a few pats to the face of it as he raises the mic.]

RS: Just... another... victim.

[Summers smirks at the jeering crowd.]

RS: This kid here...

[Summers gestures at the still-downed Moore.]

RS: He put up a fight... a good fight... but in the end, just like everyone else, he's gotta go for a Heat Check.

[Big smile.]

RS: And just like everyone else, once you go for a Heat Check... it's all over. Which brings me to Travis Lynch.

[Big cheer!]

RS: Travis Lynch... Travis Lynch... what am I going to do with you? Twice, you've gotten a shot at this...

[Summers pats the title belt over his shoulder.]

RS: ...and twice you've failed to get the job done. You can sit around and cry about how it happened but the fact of the matter is, you told these people that you were gonna take this title off my shoulder and...

[He laughs.]

RS: ...restore honor and dignity to the history of this belt.

[Morton shouts, "YOU'RE THE BEST, REX! THE BEST!"]

RS: And now you want some kind of no disqualification match so that all of your cheating ways get ignored by the referee? I don't think so. So, you take your tears, Travis... go on home to old man Lynch and your mama... and see if they can make you some milk and cookies to take the sting of being embarrassed by Rex Summers away.

Oh, and say hi to your sister for me.

[Summers again blows a kiss to the camera before laughing.]

RS: Which moves me to bigger and better things.

2012 is going to be the biggest year yet for Rex Summers. 2012 will be the year where Rex Summers shows the entire wrestling world that the PCW World Title is the most prestigious title in wrestling...

...because Rex Summers holds it!

[The crowd showers the arrogant Summers with jeers.]

RS: Which means I've got one last thing to do here tonight. I'm done playing around with pretenders and wannabes like Travis Lynch and Dick Bass.

2012 is the year when Rex Summers clashes with champions!

Robert Donovan... Jack Lynch, James Lynch... and especially you, Calisto Dufresne...

In fact, this challenge goes out to ANY champion in wrestling who can hear my voice.

In this business, there is ONE measuring stick that everyone must stand up against if they want to know where they stand in the pecking order in our sport.

[Summers holds his hand as high as he can.]

RS: There's Rex Summers.

[Pause... and then he lowers his hand as low as he can.]

RS: And then there's everybody else.

[Summers cracks a grin.]

RS: Prove me wrong.

[He tosses the mic aside to even more jeers as he strikes another double bicep pose.]

GM: Rex Summers has issued a challenge to any champion in the entire sport! He wants them to step up to the plate against him in 2012! He believes he's the greatest champion in our sport!

BW: That's a bold move, Gordo. He just laid a challenge on the entire industry - including Donovan and Dufresne. He wants to prove that the PCW

World Title is the number one championship in our business and that he's the number one champion!

GM: As I've said, the PCW World Title is no longer an officially recognized championship but that makes for a VERY interesting situation, fans, that will be worth watching in the weeks to come.

BW: Calisto Dufresne's gotta be sitting in the back thinking this is some kind of a nightmare. You wear the AWA National Title knowing that everyone wants your spot - they all want that gold. But have we ever been in a position where SO MANY dangerous competitors have been shooting for the champion?

GM: Dufresne's got his work cut out for him in 2012 - that's for sure. Speaking of having their work cut out for them, what about the Matsui Corporation here tonight? MAMMOTH Mizusawa is going to collide with the number one contender, Supernova, in a match that will have major National Title scene implications. Plus, Louis Matsui's mouth may be shut... permanently... by Robert Donovan here tonight in that five minute challenge match! I can't wait for that! But right now, Jason Dane is standing by to get comments from both members of the Matsui Corporation so let's go to him now.

[We crossfade to the interview platform where Jason Dane is standing by with Louis Matsui, who is NOT in a suit and tie tonight. Instead, he has on a loose black T-shirt and black trackpants. MAMMOTH Mizusawa is dressed to compete in a black singlet.]

JD: Louis Matsui, tonight is a big night for both you and MAMMOTH Mizusawa, but I understand you have an announcement?

LM: Jay-DEE! A big night would be an understatement! While my client would have no problem dealing with that clown Supernova, tonight could end up with either me walking out of here, head held high, or wheeled out a broken man. Now, seeing as I am the most important member of Team Matsui...

[A raised eyebrow is all the reaction from Mizusawa.]

LM: I am going to need my client to help me prepare for that encounter... Which means, he cannot be wasting his time on that painted bug.

[Jeers from the crowd.]

LM: MAMMOTH Mizusawa will NOT be competing tonight!

JD: Now, wait a second... how can you even-

[The jeering crowd erupts in cheers as Supernova emerges from the entrance way in his wrestling gear, shaking his face-painted head as he walks towards the interview platform. Matsui doesn't look pleased at all as Mizusawa gives a hard stare to the interloper.]

JD: Supernova, looks like you've got something to say.

S: You know me too well, Jason!

[Matsui is about to speak, but Supernova quickly interjects.]

S: You just keep your mouth shut... you're gonna need all the energy you got against Robert Donovan... not that it matters as he'll just squash you like the bug you are!

[The crowd response is favorable. Matsui's reaction is not. Supernova now faces Mizusawa, who has not taken his eyes off his scheduled opponent.]

S: Now, Mizusawa, when I say something to a man's face, I mean every word, so I'll say it right now... I respect everything you have done in the AWA! You've taken on the best this company has to offer, you've pushed Juan Vasquez to the limit, you were close to beating Robert Donovan, and yeah, I expect you're gonna give me everything you've got tonight!

And yes, I know you well enough... I know you'll be in that ring tonight!

[More cheers from the crowd but Mizusawa's expression has not changed.]

S: But the one question I've got for you is this... why in the world do you allow this leech to continue to attach himself to you?

[He motions to Matsui, who doesn't look pleased.]

S: What really has this man done to further your career? You lost to Vasquez and you weren't seen for some time... he then promised everybody he was gonna bring Vasquez down, and what does he do?

He runs to Dufresne, Broussard, Waterson... and he leaves you sitting at home watching!

And not until Donovan stepped to the plate did he go crawling back to you and beg you to bail him out!

[Supernova then comes closer to Mizusawa, whose stare remains hardened.]

S: The question I gotta ask is... why keep letting him drag you around on a leash? When do you get to the point where you say that enough is enough?!

Like I said, I respect you as a wrestler... but as far as what kind of a man you are, I just gotta ask you... how long do you let this leech here [motioning to Matsui] guide you around before you realize you could be so much more without him?!

[A moment of uneasy tension, neither wrestler making a move.]

S: Like I said, Mizusawa... I know you well enough that I can safely say... I'll see you in the ring... and we'll find out just how well the giant can take the heat!

[With that, Supernova departs the platform, turning back momentarily to look at Mizusawa, who shows no emotion. The face painted wrestler then disappears through the entranceway, even as the crowd starts chanting "LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!" Instead of using the mic held out by Jason Dane, Louis Matsui tries to whisper his words in MAMMOTH's ear. Suddenly, Mizusawa reaches out for the proffered mic and brings it to his lips. The giant speaks, the crowd quietens.]

MM: Rouis-san... I. Want. Face. Supernova!

[Matsui glares in disbelief at first as the crowd cheers the big man's words. Then Matsui starts shaking his head, slowly at first, then quicker and quicker before he's a blur of motion...

...and then an eruption.]

LM: You want? You WANT?! It's not about what you want anymore! What would facing another failed number one contender prove? No! You stick with me and we survive this night? We go finish what I ought to have done last Fourth of July...

MM: Five minutes...

LM: What?

MM: Five minutes. I go to the ring. I crush Supernova. I come back.

[Mizusawa continues in Japanese. Matsui listens, but responds in English.]

LM: And then what? You think you'll ever get a shot at the title while Calisto Dufresne is champion?

[MAMMOTH holds up one thick finger.]

MM: Caristo Dufresne...

[Deafening boos! Mizusawa continues counting them off on his fingers.]

MM: Marcus Broussard...

[Boos!]

MM: James Monosso...

[Boos!]

MM: Surutan Shariff...

[The crowd is unsure how to react.]

MM: Eric Preston...

[Cheers!]

MM: Stevie Scott...

[More cheers! MAMMOTH is now counting on the fingers of his other hand.]

MM: Robert Donovan...

[The cheers grow louder at the memory of their encounter at SuperClash III.]

MM: Juan... Vasquez!

[The crowd reaction nearly blows the roof off the Coliseum.]

MM: And, tonight... Supernova... One by one... I wirr crush them!

LM: Oh yeah? You want to do this tonight? Of all nights? Then you're on your own! You get yourself into this mess? You deal with it yourself! I'll be in the back getting ready for Donovan!

[And with that, Louis Matsui leaves the interview platform as Mizusawa slowly turns towards the ring...

...and points at the squared circle before also leaving the platform, walking down the ramp towards the ring.]

JD: Guys, it looks like the giant is heading to the ring... and this match is gonna start right now, I think!

[The crowd is actually roaring now as MAMMOTH Mizusawa stalks down the rampway, heading towards the ring as we fade to black.

Cut to a black screen as the words, "ON DVD & BLU-RAY" fade in. Fade to a night shot of a rock wall and tower in an exotic locale, if the tropical foliage surrounding it is any indication. A gruff male voice is heard.]

M: [V/O] It's one of the strongest forts in the Orient...

[A garrison of soldiers, dressed in eighteenth century British military attire, marches along the wall.]

M: [V/O] Manned by some of the best men in the Imperial army and navy...

[Shot of a British officer yelling an order. A soldier lights a cannon fuse. The gun fires a powerful shot.]

M: [V/O] The best weapons the East India Trading Company could buy...



[A shot of a very blond, slightly effete man, in sharply-cut eighteenth century garb looks through a telescope, raises an eyebrow and sneers. Cut to a ragged group of men, hiding in the shadows of the thick vegetation, in the dimly-lit night. Their leader, a young man with long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, an ear-ring in one ear and a meticulously-trimmed goatee, takes a step forward, saying as he does...]

YM: And we're going to take it.

[Cue the jaunty pirate music, as we see shots of men sneaking about in the dark, interspersed with shots of the young man sneaking up on British soldiers, incapacitating them with blows to the head, and an obligatory swordfight. Cut to the very blond, slightly effete man, a cup of tea in hand.]

VBSEM: [In a crisp English accent.] I want to know who it is and I want him brought to me... And make sure someone's watching her!

[A shot of the young man, gagging a British soldier as he struggles against his binds. A female voice is heard behind him.]

F: [V/O] Oh, and who might you be?

[The young man turns around and finds a buxom blonde, so buxom, her breasts are spilling out and threatening to burst her corset.]

YM: Robin... Cock Robin... Captain Cock Robin! At your service...

[A barrel-chested, shaggy-haired, full-bearded old man comes bursting into the room, holding off two British soldiers with his cutlass. He yells at the young man, and we realize it's the gruff-voiced man from earlier...]

GVM: ROBIN!!! A little help!

[Cut to the very blond, slightly effete man, as he slams his teacup down on a wooden desk...]

VBSEM: Robin!

[Cut to the buxom blonde, seemingly in the throes of passion...]

BB: Oh, Robin!

[A black screen and the words, "JONATHAN LONGFELLOW..." followed by a shot of the young man, one hand on his hip, while he gives his opposite shoulder a shrug.]

YM: What? Too much Cock Robin for you?

[Black screen, again, and the words, "ARCHIBALD WOOSTER..." Shot comes back on the very blond, slightly effete man as he draws a sword, narrows his eyes and hisses...]

VBSEM: I'm going to cut that little c-

[Black screen and the words, "INTRODUCING: HOLLY OAKES..." The buxom blond smashes two jugs onto the heads of two soldiers.]

BB: That's for calling me Boob Lady!

[Again with the black screen and the words, "BLACK BART ROBERTS..." Close-up shot of the shaggy-haired, bearded old man, his eyes wide and darting from side to side...]

GVM: We are not the only pirates around here!

[The young man sneaks around in the dark and backs into someone else. He turns around and comes face-to-face with a slight Asian man, the poor man's Jackie Chan, if you will...]

PMJC: Robin!

[Black screen and the words, "LUCIUS LEE..." The shot fades back to the one before.]

YM: [In a hushed tone.] What are you doing here? You're spoiling my job!

[A massive figure walks into the frame. Cut to the black screen and the words, "ALSO INTRODUCING..." Cut to a shot of a scowling seven-footer whom the AWA fans will recognize as one MAMMOTH Mizusawa...]

PMJC: My island! I get first dib! You not happy, you take it up with Crashing Bour-der!

[Black screen, again, and the words, "MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA..." We then see a montage of swordfights, cannons being fired, someone getting thrown off the wall, accompanied by a Wilhelm scream, before the screen goes black. The word "IN" fades in, then the film title in a stylized script: "PIRATES OF THE ORIENT."

We fade back to live action where the giant has entered the ring and is now settling back against the turnbuckles. As soon as we are back to live action, the PA system comes to life with Judas Priest's "You Got Another Thing Comin'" to the roar of the crowd!]

PW: And his opponent... from Venice Beach, California...

THIS!

IS!

SUUUUUUUUUPERRRRRNOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The cheers grow louder as the Number One contender to the AWA National Title comes tearing through the entrance curtain, ripping off an AWA t-shirt and flinging it into the crowd. He pauses at the top of the aisle, pounding on his muscular chest with a howl...

...and then points down the aisle at the waiting Mizusawa before he comes barreling down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: This is gonna be another amazing way to kick off 2012, Bucky!

[Supernova steps through the ropes, again hammering on his own chest to the roar of the crowd as he swings around, staring at Mizusawa who has yet to move from the corner. Referee Mickey Meekly steps between the two, arms fully outstretched to keep them apart from one another...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Supernova dances out of the corner to his side, trying to find a way to the side or back of the giant as he strides from the corner.]

GM: Supernova knows he needs to stick and move here... stay out of the reach of the giant. And especially stay out of his grasp.

BW: That's right. If he gets caught, he gets squashed. Period.

[Supernova dashes forward, throwing a snapping jab that Mizusawa slaps away. The giant has spread his stance, his arms up in a defensive posture as Supernova looks for an opening.]

GM: If you're Supernova, how do you go about getting in there with the giant?

BW: You gotta use your speed and quickness like he's trying to do right now. But jabs? That's not gonna do it.

[The young lion looks thoughtful as he bounces back and forth, fists up like a boxer...

...and then rushes in, leaping up to wrap his left arm around the head of Mizusawa while wildly throwing his right hand to the skull!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: That's not what I had in mind, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure ANYONE would approve of a strategy like this from Supernova!

[An angry giant reaches up with both arms, simply shoving Supernova off and down to the mat. Mizusawa raises his right hand, checking his mouth for blood as Supernova scampers to his feet, rushing back in...

...and repeating the same action, leaping up to grab the head with his left arm and hammering away with his right hand!]

GM: Supernova is trying to take the fight to Mizusawa!

[This time, the giant actually lifts Supernova up before shoving him off, sending him crashing to the mat...

...and then rushing forward, attempting a big clothesline as Supernova gets to this feet!]

GM: Supernova ducks the clothesline!

[The Venice Beach native wheels around, throwing right hands to the skull of the off-balanced giant!]

GM: Right hand! Right hand! Right hand!

[Supernova grabs the big man's arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi-

[But Mizusawa yanks him back in, hooking him under his powerful arm, and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a sidewalk slam!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! HE CRUSHED HIM TO THE MAT!!

[Mizusawa promptly takes a lateral press as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Supernova slips out of the pin attempt, getting his shoulder off the mat just in time.]

GM: That was so close! MAMMOTH Mizusawa with a devastating counter to that Irish whip and he just barely missed out on a victory right there.

BW: That's the danger of a man like the Japanese giant. He can turn a match around so quickly. Just when you think everything is going your way, Mizusawa can turn out your lights in the blink of an eye.

[Mizusawa pushes up to his knees, holding up three fingers at the official who shakes his head and holds up two in response.]

GM: Mizusawa thinks he had it right there.

BW: I'm not so sure he didn't, Gordo. I still think he had a three count in the opening moments of the Donovan match and the referee robbed him of the Longhorn Heritage Title.

[The giant pushes up to his feet, eyeing the downed Supernova who is now crawling from the ring, dragging himself under the ropes where he falls down to the floor.]

GM: Supernova very wisely gets the heck out of the ring. He knows the giant is looking for the kill now and the young lion is searching for shelter to weather the big man's storm.

[Mizusawa shakes his head, slinging a long leg over the top rope and stepping out to the ring apron. He pauses for a moment, staring down at Supernova as the number one contender crawls towards the ringside barricade, attempting to put even more distance between himself and his opponent.]

GM: Remember, MAMMOTH Mizusawa is currently the #7 ranked contender to the AWA National Title. Supernova is #1. Either way this match goes, you can expect to see one man rise in the rankings and one man fall in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: The Championship Committee's trying to figure out who should receive title shots at the gold and in what order. Every match like this will have a major impact on that decision.

GM: Don't forget, we've got a National Title match still to come tonight with Calisto Dufresne defending the title against... well, we still don't know who he's defending against.

BW: Could be one of these guys.

GM: It certainly could.

[Mizusawa finally steps down off the apron to the floor, stalking after Supernova who has used the metal railing to get back to his feet. The Japanese giant approaches, pushing Supernova's head back with his left hand...

...and delivers a brutal open hand overhead slap to the chest that echoes through the Crockett Coliseum!]

GM: Good grief! It's like being smacked with a waffle iron!

[Supernova collapses down to a knee against the railing as Mizusawa grabs a handful of hair, dragging him back to his feet. He walks back towards the ring, pulling the young lion behind him...

...who lashes out with a left hand to the ribs!]

GM: Supernova's trying to battle back!

[The young lion throws a second and a third blow to the body, breaking Mizusawa's grip. Supernova backs off, throwing a kick to the midsection as well.]

GM: He's fighting the big man!

[Grabbing the giant by the back of the head, Supernova drags him to the apron, using a second hand to hold the hair...

...and SMASHES his skull into the ring apron as the referee's count hits seven!]

GM: The count is up to seven and-

[Supernova scampers up onto the apron, throwing a back kick to the mush before stepping into the ring.]

GM: Supernova's back in!

[A dazed giant grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron.]

GM: Mizusawa's on the apron and-

[The young lion dashes back in, throwing wild right hands to the skull of the dazed giant. He grabs a handful of Mizusawa's hair, turning towards the ringpost...

...and rushing down the apron with him!]

GM: TO THE RINGPO- no!

[Mizusawa brings up his lengthy leg to rest on the buckles, blocking the slam into the post...

...and SMASHES his elbow back into the jaw of Supernova!]

GM: Ohh! Mizusawa blocks it and-

[Grabbing a handful of Supernova's hair, Mizusawa crushes him with a headbutt that knocks the young lion down to the mat. He steps over the ropes back into the ring as Supernova pushes up to a knee...

...and gets CREAMED with a big boot to the jaw of his kneeling opponent!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That might be it! The giant should go for another cover!

[But Mizusawa falls back to the buckles, obviously still stunned from the smash into the ring apron. He waves off the official who comes to check on him, walking out of the corner...]

GM: LEEEEEGDROP!

[BOOM!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE LEGDROP!

[Mizusawa stays seated on the mat, wincing in pain as Supernova scrambles to his feet. He dashes to the far ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: OHHH! LOW DROPKICK TO THE JAW!!

[Supernova promptly throws himself into a cover, earning a two count before Mizusawa powers out of the pin attempt.]

BW: No way, Gordo. It's not enough to keep a giant down!

GM: The dropkick rattled the giant's head but it couldn't get a three count for Supernova.

[The Venice Beach native climbs back to his feet...]

...and leaps sky high into the air, smashing his elbow down into the chest.]

GM: High flying elbowdrop!

[He rolls into another cover, earning another two count before Mizusawa kicks out.]

GM: Supernova gets another two count but not enough to keep him down.

[Supernova scampers to his feet again, grabbing the top rope with both hands to rain down stomps on Mizusawa. He steps up on the middle rope, kicking his legs out to go horizontal to the mat...]

...and crashes down in a splash!]

GM: Another cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[But the giant kicks out with ease again, this time actually sending Supernova through the ropes and out to the apron.]

GM: Good grief! Look at the power!

BW: Mizusawa could make his case for being the strongest man in the entire AWA as well, Gordo. Lots of talk about guys like Danny Morton but the giant stands above 'em all in my opinion.

[Supernova pulls himself to his feet, quickly moving to the corner, climbing the buckles...]

...as the giant pushes himself to a standing position as well!]

GM: We've got ourselves a race!

[The young lion steps up to the top rope...

...but a massive paw gets wrapped around his throat!]

GM: He got caught! Mizusawa caught him going to the top!

BW: I don't know what the heck Supernova was thinking about right there but it didn't pay off for him, Gordo!

GM: He's trying to fight free! He's trying to get loose!

[But the giant simply reaches up with the other hand, hurling Supernova off the top rope, sending him crashing down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: OHHH! What a slam by the giant!

[Mizusawa leans against the buckles, ignoring the jeering crowd as he plots his next move.]

GM: We're over five minutes into this fifteen minute time limit.

[The giant winds up his mighty right arm, walking from the corner...

...and DROPPING a thunderous elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Good grief! Another big elbow dropped down in the heart of Supernova!

[The giant rolls to his side, taking on a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Supernova slips the shoulder out from under the big man, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count there!

BW: I don't know how he kicked out of that. That elbowdrop looked like it could have cracked his sternum like a nut.

[The giant grabs Supernova by the hair, holding him steady...

...and SMASHES another overhead chop down across the sternum!]

GM: Gaaah! That's just devastating... absolutely devastating.

[Mizusawa climbs to his feet, reaching down to grab his opponent by the throat, dragging him to his feet. He does a full spin, showing the ragdoll at the length of his reach...]



GM: He's gonna chokeslam him, Bucky!

BW: If he hits this, I think it's over right now... and if Mizusawa beats the #1 contender, how do you not name him the new #1 contender, Gordo?

GM: It would be a very tough debate. I'll give you that.

[Mizusawa pauses, hoisting Supernova into the air...

...who somehow slips free, hooking a front facelock on the way down...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT! DDT! WHAT A COUNTER!!

[The young lion muscles his opponent onto his back, diving across the chest once more.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP RIGHT THERE! Supernova thought he had him with the DDT counter to the chokeslam but MAMMOTH Mizusawa simply would not stay down!

[Supernova promptly takes the mount, grabbing Mizusawa by the back of the head...

...and starts laying in heavy right hands to the skull!]

GM: Right hand to the head! Again! He's hammering away at the giant!

[Just before the referee's count hits five, Supernova retakes his feet, pounding his chest with another howl. He turns towards Mizusawa's massive legs, pulling them up to try to fold them up...]

GM: He's going for the Solar Flare! He's trying to hook those gigantic limbs of Mizusawa in- nope, he just couldn't do it!

[Supernova leans in the buckles, having been kicked off by the giant. MAMMOTH Mizusawa quickly gets to a knee, shaking the cobwebs clear as he struggles to get back up...

...and the young lion dashes forward, looking for a clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But the kneeling Mizusawa somehow manages to scoop the running Supernova off the mat, rotating swiftly...

...and DRIVING the fan favorite into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in a big cheer as Supernova just barely fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: So close! Mizusawa was so close right there to victory! He almost had him with that absolutely destructive powerslam!

BW: I gotta give Supernova credit, Gordo. This kid just keeps getting up from some of the most devastating shots that I've ever seen. Mizusawa is slamming him, dropping heavy artillery on him, but this kid keeps kicking out. I'm impressed and I don't impress easy.

[Mizusawa pushes back to his knees, looking very frustrated at the official who holds up two fingers again. The giant climbs to his feet, still glaring at the referee as he backs to the ropes...]

GM: Uh oh... this can't be good for Supernova.

BW: He's gonna drop it all, daddy!

[The Japanese giant slowly walks away from the ropes, looking down at the prone fan favorite...]

...and LEAPS!]

GM: SPLAAAAASH!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Supernova scrambles to his feet, ducking through the ropes and rushing to the turnbuckles. He quickly scales the ropes, stepping his left foot to the top rope...]

...and HURLS himself off the top rope, sailing through the air, and CRASHING down across Mizusawa's chest!]

GM: SPLASH!! BIG SPLASH OFF THE TOP!

[Supernova grabs both legs, tugging them as tightly as he can into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!! INCREDIBLE!!

BW: And now it's Mizusawa who I'm impressed by! He just kicked out of a top rope splash from Supernova and-

[Supernova pushes up to his knees, grabbing his head in disbelief.]

GM: Supernova thought he had him there! He went deep into the playbook for that one, Bucky. It's not often that we see such a high-risk move out of the man from Venice Beach.

BW: It's not but that just shows how much he wants this win... and how far he knows he needs to go to get it. MAMMOTH Mizusawa is not your average opponent. I'm not sure if Supernova's usual bag of tricks is enough to keep the giant down for a three count but something like that top rope splash? It might be.

GM: The Number One contender now, trying to get the giant up to his feet, dragging, pulling, lifting, hoisting... he muscles Godzilla into a standing position...

[Grabbing the big man's arm, 'Nova sends him crashing into the corner with an Irish whip!]

GM: Big whip to the corner! A whole lot of impact there!

BW: And look at the giant! He looks out on his feet, Gordo!

GM: We're rapidly approaching the ten minute mark in this match. Remember, this match carries a fifteen minute time limit so it's very possible that the giant has run out of gas here in Dallas.

[Approaching the cornered giant, Supernova grabs the arm again, and fires Mizusawa from corner to corner again, sending him crashing into the buckles a second time. As the giant hits the corner, his arms hook onto the top rope, desperately trying to prevent falling to the canvas.]

GM: Mizusawa seems to be in some serious trouble here, Bucky.

BW: And you have to wonder if having Louis Matsui out here would have mattered at all.

[Supernova makes the long walk across the ring again, grabbing the arm to whip him across a third time...

...but this time, the young lion throws himself back into the corner and lets loose a howl, charging across the ring at top speed, leaping into the air, and SMASHING the giant in the corner with a leaping body splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE!! HEAT WAVE CONNECTS!

[He promptly grabs the arm, flinging Mizusawa from corner to corner yet again...

...and again throws himself back into the corner.]

GM: He's going for it again!

[The howl echoes through the Crockett Coliseum again as Supernova charges out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and comes up empty as Mizusawa sidesteps the charge, causing the young lion to crash into the corner!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: I think he hit his head on the post, Gordo!

GM: I think you may be right, Bucky.

[Supernova slumps off the corner, staggering backwards...

...and gets FLIPPED inside out with a devastating standing clothesline from the seven foot monster!]

GM: MY STARS!! What a clothesline by Mizusawa and-

BW: He's not done!

[With Supernova down on the mat, Mizusawa promptly backs to the ropes, bouncing off as he slowly walks away from them...

...and DROPS all his weight down in a crushing splash!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo.

[The referee dives to the canvas, slapping the mat once... twice... and finally a third time.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd boos as the giant slowly gets to his feet, raising a triumphant arm.]

PW: Here is your winner... MAMMOTH MIIIIZZZZUUUUUSAAAAWAAAAA!

[The giant slowly turns to face all sides of the ring, celebrating his victory to the jeers of the crowd before slowly making his exit over the ropes and out onto the entrance ramp.]

GM: MAMMOTH Mizusawa is your winner... and just like you said, Bucky, it just took a short moment for the giant to completely change the complexion of that match. Supernova thought he was in control, he thought he had it all well in hand but Mizusawa proved him very, very wrong.

BW: If it's sometimes better to be lucky than good, MAMMOTH Mizusawa just showed that it's ALWAYS better to be a giant. And in my eyes, he's the new #1 contender right now, Gordo.

GM: That's up for the Championship Committee to decide but he certainly has a valid claim to make that case. Supernova would also be very deserving of a rematch for the National Title in my opinion but this has to hurt his standing in the Top Ten.

BW: The scary thing is - does this open the door to James Monosso being named the Number One contender to the AWA National Title?

GM: A frightening thought. Fans, Jason Dane is standing by with yet another man who is looking to work himself into position to challenge for that coveted National Title. Let's hear now from "Showtime" Rick Marley!

[The camera cuts over to "Showtime" Rick Marley, standing next to interviewer extraordinaire Jason Dane. The dark haired high flier is grinning ever so slightly, seemingly at ease as he looks on AWA's backstage man.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back. I'm standing here with "Showtime" Rick Marley, who seems to be in a much better state of mind than we've seen in for quite some time...

[Rick nods before speaking.]

RM: And how could I help but be a bit more relaxed, Jase? I came back here to AWA after being gone for...well...a long time. Teased my return and made a big entrance. Told everyone that I'd bring the fun and excitement back to AWA after years of dark, gritty wars...and then one of the biggest perpetrators of that style ended up in a match with me.

JD: But you LOST that match, Rick.

[Marley nods.]

RM: I did. Monosso pinned my shoulders to the mat for a 3 count... Now, at first I was going to complain...point out that he used every trick short of superglue to keep me down...but then, after I thought about it...after I talked it over with some people that have been around the block a bit longer than I have, I decided that no...James got his win.

Kudos to him.

...

I mean, if a guy like James Monosso needs to pick up a cheap rollup with legs on the ropes and a hand full of tights to get a 'W'...if he thought that proved something...more power to him.

Me? I think I proved what I needed to in that match:

I could have ended Monosso once and for all. Could have hit the Limelight on him right across that metal rail and put him out of this business once and for all. I could have done to him what he did to...

[Marley stops in mid-sentence and chooses his words wisely.]

RM: I could have done to him what he's done to a lot of other wrestlers, but I chose not to, because I didn't NEED to. I didn't need to go down to his level to make my point, and that's something that Monosso is REALLY good at making guys do...

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"Like me, right?"

[The eyes of Jason Dane, Rick Marley and the camera's lens turn to the side, as Eric Preston walks into view. Preston is dressed casually and seems to be in good spirits. He has a smile on his face as he pulls the microphone from Jason's hand.]

EP: Didn't wanna get caught up in his trap, get stuck in the Monosso quick sand. Get your career put on hold for a year while ya find a way to put down a lunatic with an enabler. I hear ya, Rick, believe me. You made the right career move.

But the only thing ya proved is that when you had the man in your crosshairs, you couldn't pull the trigger. Didn't have the stomach to do what had to be done. And hey, hey-

[Preston holds his hand up, shaking his head.]

EP: I'm not here to rag on you, or anything like that. I'm a student of the game, I know how great Rick Marley is, we all know how great you are. But while I've been busting my tail trying to climb the ranks, you decided the AWA wasn't for you.

And when you came back, you ducked James Monosso and then threw a challenge out for some gold.

Sorry my man, but you gotta win a big match or two before you start clamoring for the gold prizes. If it's a title shot you're after, the line starts right behind me.

[Rick looks a bit confused as he looks from Preston to Dane, then around at the camera crew, then back to Preston again, quirking an eyebrow.]

RM: You got put on the Championship Committee without me hearing, Eric? Congratulations...next we'll see the Eric Preston Show, Starring Eric Preston.

[Off mic, Preston shouts "I'd watch it!"]

RM: Not sure selling commercial time'll be an easy feat though...just sayin'.

[Preston smirks as the mic is offered back to him.]

EP: No, Rick, I'm on the committee of people who made James Monosso tap out, and I'm the only one on it. I'm also on the same committee for Anton Layton, in fact I'm the damn chairman.

The number one contender for the AWA National title is me, no matter what that Top Ten list says. Forget the Sultan, forget Monosso, forget Broussard, you're lookin' at him. And I earned it, Rick.

Which is maybe something you should start looking into.

[Preston begins to hand the microphone back to Dane, a little more worked up then he anticipated only to have the stick intercepted by Marley. Smile fading, the dark-haired light heavyweight purses his lips and nods.]

RM: You did a hell of a job attracting lunatics over the last few years, there Eric. Like Jamie Lee Curtis in her time as a scream queen...but with less interesting sweaters.

[Rick holds up his hand to head off an objection or comment from Preston and rolls on.]

RM: You want to suggest that I need to pay my dues? Look into earning a shot? That I'm looking to leapfrog guys that are more deserving than me?

Well, let's see...how can I put this succinctly?

[Marley looks to Jason Dane, winks and shrugs before looking back at Preston.]

RM: Let's dance.

You're so convinced that you deserve the shot more than me? You're bought into the fact that I don't have the heart to pull the trigger and get the job done right? Think that I'm an attention hog that's taking the spotlight away from guys like you that have been in the trenches?

[Preston leans in.]

EP: Yeah Rick, didja pick up on that?

[Marley ignores the barb.]

RM: Good. Then we don't have any issue.

Me.

You.

One on one in the middle of that ring...no tricks, no excuses...no need for a ringside psychiatrist. It should be novel for you.

[Preston nods his head.]

EP: Yeah. Okay, okay, you're on big shot. Let's see ya get your hands dirty and earn something for once-

[And on "earn", Preston takes a step forward and pokes Marley in the chest.]

EP: -rather than just phoning it in so you don't mess your head shot up. This'll be good for ya, ya might learn something.

[Marley looks down at the point on his chest where Eric Preston poked, raises his eyebrows, then looks up at Preston, opening his mouth as Jason Dane reaches out to grab the mic and interrupt.]

JD: You heard it here tonight, folks...

Eric Preston! Rick Marley! One on one ! The challenge is made! Back to you, Gordon and Bucky!

[As Dane talks, Marley and Preston are clearly not finished as they jaw back and forth a bit, neither willing to give ground to the other. Fade back to ringside.]

GM: Wow! How about that, Bucky? Eric Preston and Rick Marley have issued a challenge to one another for an upcoming event - they want to go one on one in ANOTHER match that would have major Top Ten contender ramifications.

BW: With Supernova losing at SuperClash and again here tonight, suddenly the field of contenders looking to get a shot at Calisto Dufresne and the National Title is wide open. Everyone's got their fingers out, trying to stick 'em in the pie, and grab the biggest piece of 'em all. James Monosso, Rex Summers, Preston, Marley, Mizusawa, that's just to name a few! I may be the President of the Calisto Dufresne Fan Club-

GM: That exists?

BW: -but even I'm worried about the champ right now. This just might be too much for even him to survive.

GM: Let's switch gears for a moment from the AWA National Title to the National TAG TEAM Titles. Earlier tonight, we saw the debut of the Skullcrushers, a team that made it instantly known that their goal is to be the 2012 Stampede Cup Champions... but what about the 2011 Stampede Cup Champions and the new AWA National Tag Team Champions, James and Jack Lynch?

BW: The Stench Boys got lucky at the big show and pulled one off against a team that, quite honestly, is bigger, badder, and a whole lot better. If it



hadn't been for some well-timed interference by the returning Bishop Boys, I think that match would have had a very different result.

GM: The Lynch Brothers have been oddly silent since SuperClash but I'm told that in two weeks' time, right here in Dallas, Texas, the new champions will address the fans... AND defend the titles for the first time on television. That should be a very interesting situation, Bucky.

BW: We know they've got a lot teams gunning for them. Specifically the team we're about to see compete.

GM: Of course, you're referring to the Number One contenders to the National Tag Team Titles, The Aces, who are back from their vacation in Cancun.

BW: I can't wait to see how they've improved, Gordo. Percy simply said they were on vacation. You know he had them training.

GM: There's no telling what Percy Childe had this tag team doing. Let's head to Phil Watson for the introductions.

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing with the Blue Brothers already in a corner.]

PW: This match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring. They hail from Anderson, South Carolina and weigh in at a total combined weight of three-hundred and sixty-seven pounds. Here are Andy and Will Blue... THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[Andy and Will step forward and each raises an arm in the air getting a small cheer from the crowd.]

BW: I feel sorry for these two.

[Guitars cut through the arena signaling the beginning of Red Kross' cover of "Dancing Queen." The crowd begins booing. "Radiant" Raven is the first to emerge into view, holding a mirror just below her head. She eyes the crowd with apathy. Raven wears a black evening gown. She has black hair. Her hair and eye make up accentuate her blue eyes making her seem exotic.]

GM: New entrance music for the Aces.

BW: And a new valet, Gordo. I already like the tweaks I've seen Percy making. He was telling me about it in the locker room earlier today.

GM: They can add whatever they want, Bucky. What these two did at SuperClash is beyond reprehensible. It started a movement of the Von Braun family to boycott the AWA.

BM: The Von Brauns are a thing of the past, Gordon. That's why they're getting lawyers and threatening boycotts. They don't know what to do with the old as dirt sissy pants in the hospital.

[At twenty-two seconds into the song, "Delicious" Daniel Tyler emerges from the entrance portal increasing the boos. He holds his arms out to let his purple and black sequined cloak billow out behind him as he twirls around the entrance ramp letting the fans see "The Aces" across the back of the cloak. "Sweet" Steven Childes and Percy Childes follow out behind Tyler, keeping back a few steps so Tyler can twirl. Childes is also wearing a purple and black sequined cloak. Both men have the hoods pulled up to obscure their faces. Tyler stops spinning when the first chorus of the song hits, his back to the ring and his arms out.]

PW: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds. They are accompanied to the ring by "Radiant" Raven and Percy Childes. Here are "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler... THE ACCCCCCEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The foursome makes their way to the ring at forty-nine seconds into the song. Tyler and Childes lead the way ignoring the boos and taunts from the crowd. Both men grab the top rope and pull back, leaping over the top rope and into the ring. Raven hands the mirror to Tyler. Childes steps on the bottom rope and pulls up on the middle rope to allow Raven and Percy into the ring.

Raven gets the mirror back and Tyler breaks into another twirl in the ring. As Tyler breaks into the twirl, both men throw their hoods back revealing purple and black sequined masks. Tyler continues twirling around the ring making his way to where Raven is holding the mirror. Tyler drops to a knee and strikes a pose as Childes stands behind him, mock primping his hair. Percy claps as he watches on.

After nearly ten seconds, the Aces get to their feet and go to different corners. They climb to the middle turnbuckle and raise their arms in the air. Their music stops playing as the Aces remove their cloaks and drop them onto the ring apron for the ringside attendants. Raven hands the mirror to Tyler as Childes holds the ropes open for her and Percy to step out. Once on the apron, Raven is handed the mirror back and heads to the ringside area with Percy.]

GM: The Aces are wearing masks? Bucky? Thoughts?

BW: I don't know, Gordo. Maybe someone should ask them why they're wearing masks.

[Andy Blue steps out onto the ring apron. Tyler does the same for the Aces. Childes and Tyler discuss strategy with Percy as the Blues do the same. Steven glances over his shoulder and see his opportunity. He rushes across the ring and delivers a dropkick to Will's back sending Will colliding into Andy. Mickey Meekly quickly calls for the bell.]

GM: Steven Childes wastes no time in attacking Will Blue from behind! Before SuperClash, we never would've seen something like that from the Aces.

BW: Percy has made sure the Aces are now capitalizing on opportunities, Gordo.

GM: Oh, please.

[Childes grabs Will Blue and pulls him out of the corner. Childes puts Blue's right arm behind his back and then shoves Blue shoulder first into the turnbuckle. Childes grabs Blue and pulls him out, grabbing Blue by the right arm. Steven drives his shoulder into Blue's right shoulder. He drives a second shoulder in and finishes it off with a third. He applies a standing armbar and cranks up on it.]

GM: Stevie...

BW: Steven. He goes by Steven now.

GM: Excuse me. Steven Childes works over that arm. We saw the debut of the Childes' family move at SuperClash. He used it to injure Scott Von Braun's shoulder.

BW: He's weakening Will Blue's shoulder up now.

[Blue backs Childes into the turnbuckle and then fires him across. Steven Childes hits the buckles back first, and Will Blue charges in right behind him. Childes moves out of the way, causing Blue to bury his right shoulder into the metal ringpost. Childes pulls Blue out of the corner and applies a straddle armbar.]

GM: Childes moves and goes right back to work on that arm.

BW: Sound strategy, Gordo. You can see Percy's influence. Steven's not coming off the top buckle so far in this match. He's really expanding his game, showing us all of his capabilities.

[Childes drives a forearm down onto the right shoulder and then shouts at Andy Blue, who by now is back up on the ring apron. Childes taunts the other Blue Brother causing him to come into the ring. Mickey Meekly cuts off Andy Blue and tries to get him back out onto the ring apron. Childes looks over at Percy who slaps his hands together as Tyler enters the ring and applies a straddle armbar to Will Blue. The crowd boos.]

GM: Would you look at that? A legal tag wasn't even made!

BW: Sure it was. Percy tagged for them.

[Tyler wrenches back on the armbar. Meekly turns around and notices a different partner in there and questions Tyler about the tag. Tyler nods his head, saying, "You heard it didn't you?" Meekly gets into position and asks Will if he gives up. Will Blue shakes his head. Tyler shouts a few taunts at Andy Blue, who comes back into the ring causing Meekly to cut him off. Tyler looks over at Percy. Percy slaps his hands together as Childes scales

the apron. Tyler drags Blue into position, allowing Childes to slap him across the face without the referee's knowledge.]

GM: Look at this flagrant breaking of the rules, Bucky.

BW: Flagrant breaking? The odds are stacked against the Childes family in there. You can talk about the bad blood between the Childes and the Von Brauns all night, Gordo. I can speak about the bad blood between the Childes and the Meeklys all week, daddy.

GM: There's bad blood there?

BW: Oh yeah. Dating back to when the Meekly ancestors came over with the Spanish and helped wipe out the Childes' Mayan ancestors.

GM: ...

BW: If you think thirty years built up enough anger, just think about what five to six-hundred can do, daddy.

[Instead of leaving the ring, Tyler ambushes Andy Blue with a flying forearm. Childes pulls Will Blue up and then drops him down with a single-arm DDT.]

GM: Ooof! Single-arm DDT is enough to pop a shoulder out of socket, Bucky!

[Tyler continually stomps Andy Blue eventually using his foot to push him out of the ring. As this happens, Childes applies a double armbar to Will Blue.]

BW: There it is, daddy! Von Braun Leglock and Iron Claw move over!

GM: Stevie has that Childes' Play applied!

[Meekly quickly checks on Will Blue who lasts a few seconds before submitting. Meekly calls for the bell, but Childes refuses to release the hold.]

GM: This change of attitude makes me sick, Bucky! Will Blue gave up, but Stevie isn't releasing the hold.

BW: It's Steven, Gordo. Steven.

[The camera ringside gets in close. Steven Childes screams, "It's not over until he says uncle! Say uncle! Say it!" Will Blue yells, "Uncle! Uncle! Uncle, uncle, uncle!" Percy Childes is right there to hear it and gets a twisted smile from Blue screaming uncle. Steven Childes releases the hold and rolls out of the ring.]

PW: The winners of the match... THE ACCCCCCCESSS!

[Daniel Tyler exits the ring not allowing Meekly to raise his hand in victory. Percy taps the end of his cane on the ring apron to show his approval. The Aces head up the aisle towards the raised interview area.]

GM: We're going to get some words from the Aces. I hope Mark Stegglet gets some answers, Bucky. After everything that we saw at SuperClash and then their absence, these fans are owed an explanation.

BW: These fans aren't owed anything. I hope the Stench family was watching. These two are the number one contenders for the National Tag Team Titles.

GM: I bet you the Lynch family was watching, Bucky, and watching VERY closely after what happened at SuperClash.

[We cut to the interview area where Mark Stegglet is standing by. Raven holds the mirror as both Steven and Daniel admire themselves in it. Percy Childes steps forward.]

MS: Fans, we just saw a brand new side to The Aces. And with me right now, Stevie Childes and Danny Tyler, along with their manager Percy Childes. My first question is for Danny Tyler... Danny, you're not a part of all of this 'family feud' vendetta that the Chil...

[Percy reaches out and casually pulls the microphone away from Mark Stegglet.]

PC: Let me save you some effort, Mark Stegglet. The Aces are not granting interviews at this time. At least, not to lesser interviewers. And that's not really an attack on you, Mark. You're not bad. But The Aces deserve better than "not bad". They are the cream of the crop in tag team wrestling, and at this momentous time in their careers, they will speak only to an interviewer deserving of the honor. No offense.

But let's not make this a total waste of time. As their representative, I am perfectly willing to field questions from you.

MS: ...no offense?! How am I supposed to not take offense from that?!

PC: Well, I should clarify. I'll field questions about The Aces. Not about your wounded pride.

MS: Then I'll ask you. Why is Danny Ty...

PC: Daniel Tyler is class personified, and I wish he was a Childes. He's as good as family to us. Next.

MS: Then, the changes. We see you've got the new valet...

PC: Radiant Raven is more than a valet, Mark Stegglet. She is the inspirational advisor to the Aces. We've heard what the fans have said about our actions. And as much as we'd like to call the opinions of the uneducated

and out-of-touch masses irrelevant, they do pay the bills. So several of the letters sent in by the more literate fans have called their actions "ugly". Raven personally screens the fan mail... she goes through a thousand pieces in a month at least... so that only letters from the fans able to construct actual sentences get through, and all three of them used the word "ugly" to describe what they did.

So she's bringing the mirror. Everywhere the Aces go, Radiant Raven will have the mirror on hand, to remind The Aces that the fans think that they're ugly. And by extension, that the fans are jealous liars who can't handle being confronted with physical perfection.

[The crowd vehemently boos Percy's condescending denunciation of them.]

MS: But they're wearing masks. Why is that?

PC: As I have just said, the fans are jealous liars who can't handle being confronted with physical perfection. And I also mentioned that, since it is their money we take each night, we need to be at least marginally accommodating to their needs. So... since they can't handle true beauty, we are denying it to them. They simply do not deserve to see The Aces.

[BOOOO!]

MS: That's...

PC: But I can tell you this. There are two gentlemen who will be seeing The Aces in the very near future: Jack and James Lynch.

[YAAAAAY HESAIDTHELYNCHES!]

PC: Now, the ladies like to scream about them, particularly young James.

[SQUEEEEEEE!]

PC: Admittedly, I'm told they're not bad looking gentlemen. Raven, where would you rate them on the Ace scale of beauty?

["Radiant" Raven answers. Her voice is surprisingly cold, almost analytical.]

RR: Jack is a zero point two eight. James is a zero point four.

PC: That's actually quite impressive, being forty percent as good-looking as The Aces. What will be more impressive is if he walks away from our inevitable title match at anything above a zero point one.

[We can see both Aces grin, and shake their head in the negative.]

PC: And that's all the time we have for you, Mark. You're quite welcome. But before we go, I'm sure you'll want to ask: if The Aces won't talk to you, who will they talk to?

MS: I think I see where this is headed...

PC: Yes, you're much smarter than Jason Dane.

[Percy looks over to the announce position.]

PC: Bucky, when you want your world exclusive, give me a call. You're the only interviewer in the AWA The Aces consider worthy of the honor. The Tag Team Of The Year 2012 need an Announcer Of The Year caliber man; nothing less will do.

Let's go, gentlemen. The \_discerning\_ female public awaits.

[With that, all four exit, leaving Mark Stegglet shaking his head.]

BW: You hear that, Gordo? I'm startin' to feel the Call...

GM: Oh, brother. As if the whole Senator nonsense didn't get you started.

BW: Jealousy is understandable, daddy. I get that all the time.

GM: Fans, we've got to take a commercial timeout but don't you dare go away 'cause we'll be back right after this!

[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 a ringside shot of Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! At this time, we have a very special interview segment, except for one problem, Bucky.

BW: What's that?

GM: You have no idea who we're interviewing!

[Bucky looks shell-shocked.]

BW: Are you serious, Gordo? Do you really know who this is? Did you scoop ME?!

GM: I told you I had my sources too, Bucky.

BW: Well, are you going to tell me who it is?

[If he was, Gordon never gets the chance, because a familiar tune cranks up first over the PA.]

#GENERALS GATHER IN THEIR MASSEEEEEEEEESSSSSSS!#

[Big pop! Black Sabbath's "War Pigs" cranks up with Ozzy's vocals, and that only means one thing in the AWA.]

GM: The War Pigs! The War Pigs are back in the AWA!

[Indeed, Gordon. Emerging into the Crockett Coliseum are the muscle-bound, face-painted, spiked-shoulder-pad-wearing, mohawk-sporting duo of Hammer and Sabre. Fueled by what is sure to be steroid rage, they thrust their massive arms into the air to another huge pop, then power walk their way to the broadcast table with Myers and Wilde.]

S: HEY LUCY...WE'RE HOOOOOOOMMMMMEEEEEE!

[Huge pop again!]

GM: Hammer, Sabre, it is a bit of a surprise to see you back here in the AWA after what I understand was quite a successful stint in Japan.

H: It's good to be back, Dane...but it's only good for us. While we've been over in Japan, busting heads and breaking bones, we've still kept an eye on what's been going down in the AWA. And what we keep hearing is all these teams that claim to be the best in the world.

[Hammer shakes his head vigorously. With vigor.]

H: YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT THE BEST TEAM IN THE WORLD RIGHT HERE! The last 12 months we've been in Japan...undefeated! Not once did my shoulders or the Sabre's shoulders get pinned to the mat! We took 'em all on and sent 'em all to the emergency room. And finally, they all got down on their hands and knees and begged us to leave.. Not since the US unleashed the atomic bomb on Hiroshima did the island of Japan see such mass destruction.

[The big man glances at Myers.]



H: But let's be clear on something, we didn't leave because they asked us to. The War Pigs do \_what\_ we want, \_when\_ we want, and we figured that we \_wanted\_ to come back to the AWA and unleash the same mass destruction here. Tell 'em, Sabre!

[Hammer pounds his chest once with his right fist as Sabre steps toward Myers and the microphone.]

S: WEEEEELLLLLL, Gordon Myers...here's how it's gonna go down. When it comes to tag team wrestling, the place to be is right here in Dallas, Texas, and in the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Hometown pop!]

S: BUT...what you \_also\_ have here is a few teams who have a little higher value of their own abilities than reality might suggest.

[He pauses, pointing at the camera. Menacingly!]

S: Anyone here that wants to lay a claim that they're the best tag team in the world...well...we've been wreaking havoc in Japan for a full year and last time I checked, Gordon Myers? Japan was definitely part of the world. You're looking at the men who were the reigning Super Japan Pro Wrestling tag team champions when we were begged to leave the country. Twelve months. Countless matches. And not one. Single. Loss.

[That's good for a double biceps flex from Hammer.]

S: Now riddle me this, Gordon Myers.

[Sabre turns back to the camera with a big ol' grin on his face.]

S: If we didn't lose there...who in the world is gonna stop us \_here\_?

[In the background, Hammer nods before the duo exits the broadcast area.]

GM: Oh yeah! The War Pigs are back and they just might be better than ever! The Lynch Brothers, wherever they are, may have just gotten a little bit nervous about being the champions with those guys aimed at them.

BW: I only hope the Lynches are wearing dark pants right now.

GM: Good grief. Let's go up to the ring for more action!

[The fans immediately recognize the opening of Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose", and overwhelmingly jeer the three men making their way to the ring.]

PW: Accompanied by their manager, Cousin Bo, weighing in tonight at a combined 568 lbs., and hailing from Kingsland, Arkansas, Cletus Lee and Duane Henry, THE BISHOP BOYS!

[Bo leads the way out, cackling at the two men already in the ring. Duane Henry walks out all smiles, pounding his taped fists together. Cletus Lee slowly makes his way out, pulling his wild hair away from his face so he can scowl at the crowd, who are in awe of the 6'9" 328 lb. monster]

BW: Did we ever even introduce the two chumps in the ring?

GM: BUCKY! No, we didn't introduce the two gentlemen who have a tough test ahead of them. The man in red tights and white boots is Tony Rinetti, and his partner dressed all in black is Derek Maguire.

BW: Jerry Maguire?

[Gordon sighs again.]

GM: No, Bucky, it's DEREK Maguire.

BW: Eh, doesn't matter. Either way, he's toast in about 3 seconds.

GM: Really? You think the match will be that short?

BW: At best, I give them 2 minutes.

[Outside the ring, Bo looks at his cousins, and gives the cut-throat signal. The Bishops charge the ring, attacking their opponents like they owe them money. The bell rings.]

GM: Classic Bishop Boys. Rush the ring and pound away at anything that moves.

BW: That's why I love them. The tag division needed a good jolt, and these are just the guys to do it.

[Cletus Lee grabs Maguire and gorilla presses him, running towards the ropes and absolutely launching him to the outside.]

BW: I told you! Nobody can stand toe to toe with the Bishops!

GM: Violence Unlimited might have a thing or two to say about that.

BW: Those two do-gooders? Please. Cletus Lee could destroy them on his own.

[Inside the ring, Cletus Lee already has Rinetti hooked for his devastating series of headbutts. The fans cringe at the sound they make.]

GM: My goodness! I had forgotten just how sick those headbutts sound.

BW: Sick? They're awesome! I need to get him to do that to my bookie.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Cletus Lee tags Duane Henry in.]

BW: Ooh, here we go. Bo tells me Duane Henry has been obsessed with watching wrestling tapes and DVDs, to make him a better all-around wrestler.

GM: And he was already dangerous to begin with.

[Duane Henry runs in, grabbing Rinetti and hitting a Release German Suplex..]

GM: Wow, that was impressive.

[Duane Henry hits the ropes, and on the rebound, nails a senton on his hapless opponent.]

GM: Good lord. The Bishops showing actual wrestling ability. Whatever Duane Henry's been watching, he's definitely let it all soak in.

BW: Hey, I told ya. Bo doesn't want them messing around anymore.

[Duane Henry viciously kicks his opponent until he's in his own corner. Duane Henry points at the groggy Maguire and yells at Rinetti to tag him.]

GM: Oh, come on! Maguire hit the concrete floor. I doubt he even knows where he is.

BW: Probably not, but that's the risk you take when you sign to face The Bishop Boys.

GM: I guess.

[Rinetti makes the tag, and Duane Henry just slingshots Maguire in.]

GM: Uh oh, Cletus Lee is asking for the tag.

[Duane Henry seems a bit peeved at having to stop his barrage, but he tags his larger brother anyway.]

GM: Dissension, perhaps?

BW: Nah, they just hate having to stop beating their opponents to a pulp.

[Cletus Lee starts biting his opponent's forehead.]

GM: Well, that's sickening.

BW: Wuss. You'll notice he broke before five. Cletus Lee is a much smarter man than anybody gives him credit for.

GM: The man's a monster.

BW: Yeah, that too.

[Cletus Lee picks Maguire back up and nails him with an overhead chop. Repeatedly.]

BW: Eight! Nine! Ten! Hah, look at that Maguire kid. I think he's gonna cry.

GM: This is a travesty of a match. Just end it, please.

[On the outside, Bo nods to Cletus Lee, who does so in return.]

BW: Wait, they're ending it already? And I was having so much fun too.

[Indeed, Cletus Lee tags Duane Henry back in.]

GM: Oh, lord, here it comes. One of the most devastating finishers I've ever seen.

[Duane Henry lifts Maguire into an Argentine Backbreaker. Cletus Lee runs to the ropes behind him and hits his Charging Big Boot to the skull on the rebound. Duane Henry hangs on and swivels the opponent forward, hitting a seated powerbomb.]

BW: DOC ALLEN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR! Oh, how I missed it so.

[The ref counts... quickly... to three.]

GM: That's all she wrote, fans!

[The bell rings and "Nothin' To Lose" starts back up.]

PW: Here are your winners, THE BISHOP BOYS!

[The ref tries to raise their hands, but they just brush him off and leave the ring.]

GM: Well, I guess it's time to speak with Mr. All-

[Gordon notices the three men are just leaving.]

GM: Wait a second. Where are you going?

[Bo stops for a second.]

CB: We did what we came for. Now we're leaving. Gonna find the nearest bar and raise hell all night long.

[And with that, The Bishop Boys are gone.]

GM: Huh, not like Mr. Allan to turn down an interview.

BW: He doesn't owe you anything.

GM: But still... he usually has a lot to talk about. Very odd. Well, fans, the Bishop Boys are another huge addition to the AWA tag team division and like we mentioned earlier, the National Tag Team Champions are certainly going to have their work cut out for them in the weeks and months to come just as much as Calisto Dufresne will. But that leaves one champion out of the mix - the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion, Robert Donovan - who will face Louis Matsui in a special five minute match later tonight. What's the big man have on his mind after defeating MAMMOTH Mizusawa at SuperClash 3? Let's find out right now!

[Fade to a rather plain-looking locker room, with a rather large person standing in front of a row of otherwise unadorned lockers. This large person is dressed as he usually is, black jeans, black boots, and a blood-red tank top. His left elbow is braced, his fists are taped, long hair tied back and his pride and joy -- the Longhorn Heritage Championship title belt -- draped over his shoulder. Robert Donovan is looking straight at the camera, grinning like the cat who got the canary.]

RD: So, a heck of a lot's happened over the past few weeks, huh?

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Whole lot of good mixed with a whole lot of bad, if ya ask me. Dufresne's still carryin' a belt that ain't his, the tag title belts moved in a way that ain't gonna make anybody involved happy, Percy Childe won't go away and ain't nobody figured out how to make James Monosso shut the hell up yet.

[Slight pause.]

RD: Now, we get to the good. First thing's first...welcome back, amigo. Those of you that thought he wasn't comin' back have a whole hell of a lot of receipt comin', and if you want any help handin' out those receipts, champ, you just let me know. I know an awful lot of guys willin' to step right up and chip in.

[The grin returns.]

RD: Hate to say it, Juan, but your return was only my second favorite part of Superclash. My favorite part, by far, was drivin' this fist...

[Donovan holds up his taped right hand.]

RD: ...into the chest of the biggest man I've ever fought an' puttin' him down for the three count. Now, some of you who know me might think I'm a little mad about what Matsui did out there, think the victory was tainted... me, I look at it like justice. Matsui claims he orchestrated what happened to Vasquez, and anyone watchin' knows he tried to poke his nose into that match an' make sure this title belt went to his client rather than yours truly. Do I wish he hadn't?

[Donovan shrugs.]

RD: Hard to be real mad at the guy when he gave me what I wanted -- five free minutes in the ring with the man who set us all up to take a hard fall. Five minutes of consequence-free beatin' -- courtesy of yours truly. Ain't no need for many more words about that...I just want you to think about it, Matsui. Think about it long and hard, see if you can't find yourself a way to slither out of it. I'll be waitin'.

[Donovan turns to leave, then stops, turning back to the camera.]

RD: Oh, and speakin' of waitin'...I have a few words to say regarding championships. Mine...

[Donovan slaps the Longhorn Heritage belt.]

RD: ... and yours, Dufresne! See, there's a lot of talk goin' around about who the number one contender is an' nobody really knows who the hell the Committee is gonna give the nod to next. Way I see it, there's a damn short list of guys who have a legit claim at that belt, and while this ain't gonna make me real popular with some of ya, there's two names at top of that list.

[Donovan holds up one taped finger.]

RD: Number one? The real champ, the man who never got a rematch, the man who got robbed to begin with -- Juan Vasquez. This one ain't hard to figure out, boys -- try to not screw it up.

[Donovan holds up his second finger alongside the first.]

RD: Second name...is mine. The Longhorn Heritage champion -- the only other singles champion, the only other man whose claim carries more weight than any o' the rest of yours. I know at least four people are gonna take issue with that, an' two of them in particular have been real vocal lately. To you, James Monosso, a clown threatenin' legal action if anyone "not ranked above him" gets a shot first, I respectfully request you shut your damn mouth. To the second man makin' the most noise...

[Dramatic pause.]

RD: ...Eric Preston...you ain't gotta tell me you're deservin', kid. You just want your shot, any shot at any belt?

[Donovan reaches up, takes the Longhorn Heritage belt off his shoulder, and holds it up to the camera.]

RD: Come get it, kid. I said I'd defend against anybody, anytime, an' I meant it. You want a shot at some glory? You want a shot at this title? It's yours -- you tell me when an' where and we'll climb in that ring an' beat each other senseless for it.

[Donovan grins.]

RD: You wanna prove you got the mettle, I'm waitin', Mr. Preston. I know you ain't afraid, not of me, not of takin' a beating, not of bein' in the spotlight, not of carryin' this belt.

[Donovan turns, leaving a few parting words.]

RD: Anytime, Preston.

[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.]

We crossfade back up to live action where Jason Dane stands on the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is the San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard!

[The crowd boos their little hearts out as Broussard emerges, dressed rather gangsterly in a sharp grey pinstriped suit, with black shirt and tie underneath. He neatly tucks his sunglasses into his pocket, and then takes out a small bottle of hand sanitizer, quickly rubbing his hands down before patting Dane on the back.]

MB: You know Jason, I've had a lot of time to think about things since SuperClash, a lot of time to put things into their proper perspective. And I have to say that frankly, Team Broussard did a fabulous job at SuperClash.

[Broussard nods as Dane gets all "whazzupwitdat?"]

JD: Excuse me?

MB: The whole point and purpose behind choosing those people for my team was for one singular goal: getting me to the final pairing. Getting me to the finish line, so I would have a chance to win the Steal the Spotlight match. And for that, gentlemen, you did a fine job.

And on top of that, Stevie Scott was given the proper treatment he deserves, which is a swift boot in the mouth for being the second rate, shoe shining, pretender to the throne that he is. Just more proof, that without Ben Waterson by his side, Stevie's not a threat.

I could not have been more pleased with the course of events at SuperClash... save for how it ended.

JD: You mean when the Sultan reversed into his own hold and made you submit?

[The crowd cheers as Broussard shakes his head from side to side, unable to deny.]

MB: I've never had a problem giving credit where credit is due-

JD: Yes you have!

MB: I've never had a problem acknowledging a superior effort, and what the Sultan gave was a superior effort. And on that night, it's true, the Sultan bested me. But the trick, Jason, is showing longevity. Showing that you are not a one hit wonder, and frankly I have my doubts about the Sultan. Once



again, another man dragged around on a shoe string by a stronger intellect, once again, another man who is just carrying out orders. Soldiers do not win wars, my friend, it's the generals who give commands.

The greatest ring general of all time is the one standing before you, the man who made the AWA something more than a sideshow. And from one general to another, Count Adrian Bathwaite, I have a proposition for you.

Give me a rematch with your Sultan. Give me a chance to win that National title shot back, and in exchange I'll put up-

[Broussard looks away for a moment and digs into the inside pocket of his coat, and comes out with a check book.]

MB: In exchange, I'll put up five thousand dollars of my own money.

BW: What?!

MB: Cameraman, get a good look at this.

[Broussard opens the checkbook and holds it up, leaning into the camera.]

MB: There it is, young man, five thousand dollars from my personal checking account, signed by Marcus A. Broussard. Five grand against the Steal the Spotlight winnings that I can't win the rematch, that I can't prove once again just why I am who I say I am, the genuine article, the one and only true legend of the AWA. Learn to live with it, Dane, there can be only one and you're lookin' at him.

And if the Sultan could manage to defeat me in that ring, again, what a feather in his turban it would be, and not to mention a very lucrative endeavor to boot. But if and when he loses to me and proves himself to be the one hit wonder I suspect him to be, well...

...I can't say I would be surprised. The floor, as they say, is yours, Count Bathwaite.

[Broussard turns to walk away, leaving Jason Dane alone on the platform.]

JD: Marcus Broussard with an offer to Count Adrian Bathwaite and Sultan Azam Sharif... an offer they... can't refuse? We'll find out, I'm sure, but for now, let's go back down to ringside for more action!

[Crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. We have the debut of Charles Shyster Rant next, Bucky. He's a recent graduate of the Combat Corner. He takes his first steps in the world of professional wrestling tonight.

BW: Let's not forget he's also the AWA Customer Care Center Employee of the Year for 2011.

[Cut to the ring where "Outback" Zack Kelly is already standing complete with his outback hat and lucky Kangaroo's foot.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring. He hails from Wagga Wagga, Australia and weighs two-hundred and forty-seven pounds. Here is... "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[Kelly steps out of his corner and raises his arm in the air.]

GM: Zack Kelly gets the task of welcoming Rant to the AWA.

BW: Welcome him like a doormat.

[Cue the AWA Customer Care Center Hold Music. The crowd boos. Charles S. Rant emerges onto the elevated aisle followed by his supervisor, Jim.]

PW: Weighing in at two-hundred and one pounds and coming from the AWA Customer Care Center. He is accompanied to the ring by his supervisor, Jim. Here is... CHARLES S. RAAAAAAAAAANT!

[The duo head to the ring with Jim in the lead. His entrance music stops and a voice is heard over the PA.]

# We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received #

[This gets the crowd booing louder. The horrible hold music continues. Jim and Rant get to the ring. Rant steps through the ropes. Rant walks to one side of the ring and shakes his head. The hold music stops again.]

# We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received #

[Rant says to the crowd, "I'll get to your calls as soon as I can!" The hold music starts back up as Jim takes his spot on the outside of the ring. The hold music finally stops.]

GM: Marty Meekly is in the ring to officiate the match. Let's see if Rant can translate his success from the AWA Customer Care Center into success in the AWA ring.

BW: He's got nothing to worry about, daddy. His supervisor, Jim, is out here to coach and encourage him.

GM: Doesn't Jim have a last name?

BW: Yeah, but he doesn't give it out due to AWA Customer Care Center policy. He's got to protect himself.

GM: He's on television, Bucky. Lots of fans are able to see him.

BW: I don't make the rules, Gordo. I just know them.

[Meekly calls for the bell. "DING, DING, DING." Rant and Kelly meet in the middle of the ring and lock up. Kelly gets quick control as he moves from the lock up into a side-headlock. Rant attempts to power out, but is unable to. Kelly cranks down further on the side-headlock and pulls Rant out to the middle of the ring. After a few moments, Rant finally wraps his arms around Kelly's waist and then lifts him up and drops down with a back suplex.]

GM: Rant breaks the headlock with a nice suplex. I didn't know if he would get out of that headlock there for a moment, Bucky.

BW: He's still pretty new to this whole thing. You have to love this kid's ambition, Gordo. He proved himself as a customer care agent. Now he's going to prove himself as a wrestler.

GM: We were able to get some recorded comments from both Charles Rant and Jim earlier today.

[The action goes to half screen and moves towards the bottom right portion of the screen. We see Charles Rant and Jim standing in front of a blue AWA backdrop in the upper left hand of the screen.]

CR: I have been providing great customer service to AWA fans for the last year. Such great customer service, I was named AWA Customer Care Center Employee of the Year for two-thousand eleven. In two-thousand twelve, I step inside an AWA ring for the very first time. I will succeed in bringing a great customer experience to all of those watching.

[In the action screen, Rant rapidly drops four elbowdrops to Kelly's sternum as Jim applauds on the outside of the ring. Rant makes a cover on Kelly. Meekly gets into position and administers the count. Kelly kicks out at two. Rant rolls to his knees and rolls Kelly over onto his stomach and applies a front-facelock.]

CR: Like the greats before me, Marcus Broussard... um... Calisto Dufresne... ah... Skywalker Jones... okay.

[Jim interrupts.]

J: Watch those non-words, Charles. Those will count against you if Quality Assurance evaluates this promo. Use "I see", "I understand", "Yes, ma'am", "No, ma'am". Phrases like that. Use those.

CR: Right, right. Use those phrases and avoid non-words. AWA, watch out. Your AWA Customer Care Center Employee of the Year for 2011 just set his sights higher!

[The action screen goes back to full screen. Rant continues to crank on the front-facelock. Kelly pushes up to his knees and is able to regain his feet a few seconds later. He struggles to get to the ropes, but Rant pushes back keeping the Ozzie-native from breaking the hold.]

GM: Rant doesn't want to follow in the footsteps of Dufresne or Broussard, Bucky. Those are not two people to model yourself after.

BW: Everybody has a dream, Gordo. Everyone aspires to the heights reached by the greats like Dufresne and Broussard. Twenty twelve will be the year Skywalker Jones reaches that level. Charles Shyster Rant will not be far behind him.

[Kelly wraps his arms around Rant's waist and lifts him up, bringing him down into an inverted atomic drop. Rant puts his knees together and reaches for his nether regions. Kelly rebounds off the ropes and hits Rant with a clothesline taking him to the mat. Rant quickly regains his feet only to be hit with another clothesline.]

GM: We've seen Zack Kelly use this before! He calls it the Boomerang!

[On the third rebound, Rant ducks the clothesline attempt. Kelly rebounds off the opposite side and gets taken down with a dropkick. Rant gets to his feet and points to his head.]

BW: It's smarts like that which got him that award for employee of the year, Gordo.

GM: I'd like to see how he does against a real veteran in there, Bucky.

[Rant pumps a fist in the air and then climbs to the middle turnbuckle. Rant puts his hands together and waits for Kelly to get to his feet. As Kelly gets up he scans around for Rant. Kelly gets all the way to his feet and turns around. Rant leaps only to be met with Kelly punching him in the stomach.]

BW: Kid needs to get his timing down, Gordo.

GM: No doubt about that, Bucky. Charles Rant should've come off that turnbuckle much sooner than he did.

[Rant falls to his knees. Kelly backs up and waits for Rant to get a vertical base. Kelly charges and waffles Rant with a well-placed double axe-handle to the chest. Kelly drops down and makes the cover. Meekly gets into position and gets to two before Rant kicks out. Jim shouts encouragement to his employee.]

GM: A devastating axe-handle almost put Rant down for the count. Zack Kelly is really giving the young Rant a run for his money. Kelly is up to his feet now.

[The crowd boos as Rant uses a well-placed thumb to the eye to stop Kelly's momentum. Meekly warns Rant, who simply ignores the official and rakes

Kelly's face. Kelly leans on the top rope for support. Rant moves in again and rakes Kelly's face a second time.]

BW: That's why he's a top employee, Gordo.

GM: For breaking the rules?

BW: He didn't break any rules, Gordo. He took advantage of a situation.

GM: What would you call a thumb to the eye, Bucky?

BW: Good customer service?

[Rant pulls Kelly out to the middle of the ring by his hair and drops him to the mat with a swinging neckbreaker. Rant backs off, holding up his arms and waiting for Kelly to get to his feet.]

GM: Rant backs off and waits for Kelly to get to his feet.

BW: I think he senses this one is over!

[Kelly gets up and Rant locks in a full nelson. Rant put his left foot forward and trips Kelly slamming him face-first into the mat.]

GM: He hits a faceslam on Zack Kelly!

BW: He calls that Accidentally Disconnected!

GM: "Accidentally?"

[Rant rolls Kelly onto his back and makes the lateral press. Meekly makes the three count and signals for the bell.]

BW: Charles S. Rant gets his first win in AWA, daddy.

GM: I'm a little suspect on his claims to be an Employee of the Year, Bucky. What is considered great customer service by these two?

[Jim enters the ring as the AWA Customer Care Hold Music starts up. He pushes Meekly aside and raises Rant's arm in the air.]

PW: The winner of the match... CHARLES SHYSTER RAAAAAAAAAAAAANT!

[The hold music comes to a stop.]

# We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received #

[The hold music starts back up.]

BW: Charles Rant does have the lowest hold times and handles the most calls per day than anyone else in the AWA Customer Care Center, Gordon.

GM: Sounds like he hangs up on people.

[Jim looks over at the camera and says, "Another great customer service experience provided by the AWA Customer Care Center Employee of the Year!" The hold music stops.]

# We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received #

BW: I predict big things for Charles Shyster Rant this year, Gordo. You could be looking at a future Longhorn Heritage Champion.

GM: Or I could be looking at the next addition to the unemployment line. There's something fishy about this guy, Bucky. Fans, it was New Year's Eve two weeks ago when "Playboy" Johnny Casanova informed the whole world that he had found the newest addition to Playboy Enterprises. Tonight, on the Money Pit, they unveil that person to the world.

[Suddenly, the O'Jays' "For the Love of Money" blasts through the Crockett Coliseum and all heads turn to the section of the interview area that is now set up for The Money Pit. 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!

[The crowd shows it's appreciation by giving a cheer.]

TM: It's gonna be a big year in the AWA in 2012 and to start things off right here on the Money Pit, I wanted to present a very big moment - the official announcement of the newest member of Playboy Enterprises! I promised the fans that when I started this show, that I wanted the Money Pit to be the epicenter of all the events that made the wrestling industry shake and tonight, I think we're gonna do exactly that.

[Big cheer!]

TM: Alright. Without further ado... I introduce to you... Big Mama, "Dirty" Dick Bass, and "Playboy" Johnny Casanova - PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES!

[Robert Palmer's "Addicted To Love" blasts over the PA system as "Playboy" Johnny C makes his way through the entrance curtain onto the set of the Money Pit. He's a million dollar smile (fitting for the Money Pit) plastered on his face as he stretches out his arms to the booing crowd, shouting "Thank you! Thank you all so much!" while dressed to impress in a top notch suit.]

BW: Wowzers! Look at that suit, Gordo! You ever seen that nice of a suit in your life?

GM: Are you kidding me? I know I'm an old man but that suit is the epitome of a blue light special, Bucky.

BW: You're as blind as a bat, oldtimer. That's easily a three thousand dollar suit, daddy!

GM: I don't think so but tonight is indeed a big night for Casanova AND the rest of Playboy Enterprises so I'm sure he wanted to look his best.

BW: Casanova is big pimpin' spendin' g's.

GM: He's... huh?

BW: Never mind.

[Following Casanova through the curtain is his main squeeze, Big Mama. She's also dressed to impress in a beautiful burgundy gown cut in all the right places to emphasize her... shapely... frame. She smiles at the jeering crowd but something doesn't seem quite right about her expression.]

BW: Man oh man... Big Mama looks absolutely mesmerizing tonight, Gordo!

GM: She does?

BW: Whew, I haven't seen someone look that good since that cocktail waitress on New Year's Eve at that club in Downtown Dallas. Sure, I had a few drinks at that point but...

GM: Is this really important for the whole world to know?

[The final one through the curtain is "Dirty" Dick Bass, not quite living up to his nickname on this occasion as the big Florida native looks very uncomfortable in a pair of dress slacks, white dress shirt with blue pinstripes, and of course, his black Stetson hat. Being the rebel he is, Bass has rolled up the sleeves to mid-forearm and has the top two buttons undone. He walks with purpose, seemingly mad at the world.]

BW: And if you want further proof as to how big a night this is for Playboy Enterprises, just look at Dick Bass!

GM: I wonder how much cash Casanova had to slip in his pocket to get him to wear that tonight.

BW: Are you kidding me? On a night like this? I bet Dick Bass was happy to do this for his benefactor!

[The trio stand amongst the fake piles of money in the Money Pit, looking out to the crowd before turning finally to Todd Michaelson. Michaelson shakes hands with Casanova as the music starts to fade.]

TM: Johnny, this is a big night for you guys. Before we get to your big announcement, I've gotta drop a bit of a surprise on you.

[Casanova arches an eyebrow.]

TM: Just before I came out here, Jim Watkins asked me to let you know that the Antons were in his office earlier today - and they've made a challenge for two weeks from tonight. They want Playboy Enterprises in tag team action!

[Big cheer!]

TM: Do you accept?

[Casanova is visibly surprised... which quickly turns to annoyance. He huddles up with Dick Bass, leaving Big Mama standing on the side to watch. After a brief conversation, they break apart and Casanova waves an arm.]

PJC: Those Antons want some of me and Dick Bass? They are gonna get more then what they bargained for. How dare those two no talents try and ruin Playboy Enterprises' night by challenging the best tag team in the AWA to a match? You two little punks want it? YOU GOT IT!

[Bass sneers cruelly at that announcement. Casanova smirks and continues.]

PJC: But as you were saying BEFORE the Antons, Todd. Tonight isn't just a special night Todd, it's a HISTORICAL night, baby! Who would have thought when I first came back to this business that Playboy Enterprises would blow up the way it did? Who would have predicted that in just a short amount of time, Playboy Enterprises would go from Johnny Casanova and his lovely Big Mama, to adding veteran skill and toughness like my good friend Dick Bass and dominating the AWA like it's nobodies business!

[Big Mama claps and cracks a small smile, still looking a little nervous. Dick Bass just nods his head and rubs his trademark handlebar moustache. Michaelson shrugs in a "Who am I to argue?" sort of way. Casanova continues.]

PJC: But now Todd, the family gets bigger, better and nastier. This wasn't just something we threw together, Michaelson. This has taken months and months of scouting. We looked high, we looked low. [smirks] Heck we even



checked out the Combat Corner to see if there was indeed a "diamond in the rough."

[Casanova smirks and continues.]

PJC: We looked over each others list. We crossed out the "could be's", we red lined the "averages", Todd. We were looking for somebody who could help us get to that next level of dominance here in the AWA.

[Casanova pauses, smiling wide. Todd Michaelson looks annoyed.]

TM: And?

PJC: What do you mean "AND", Todd? I told you, you would be the \_FIRST\_ one to know. What? Do you think I would come out here and waste any more of these peoples lives then they already have themselves?

[The crowd shows it's displeasure at the last comment. Casanova waves a hand at the crowd and continues.]

PJC: Forget these people. It's time to show the World the \*NEWEST\* member of Playboy Enterprises! I introduce to you...

BW: It's Rex Summers I know it!!

GM: Be quiet!

[Casanova pauses for dramatic effect.]

JC: "THE BULL"

BRUUUUUUUUUNOOOOOOO!  
DAAAAAAWSONNNNNNNNNNN!

[Twisted Sister's "The Destroyer" begins to thunder through the Crockett Coliseum.]

GM: Bruno Dawson! The six foot one, three hundred and eleven pound wrecking machine from Huntington Beach has returned to the AWA and, Bucky, this is quite the coup for Playboy Enterprises!

BW: Wait... What in the .... that's \_NOT\_ Rex Summers!

GM: No, it's not, Bucky. Sorry to disappoint you.

[The crowd is booing as Bruno Dawson steps onto the ramp decked out in blue jeans, black t-shirt and black leather motorcycle jacket. His hair is close cropped to his head, a mid length chin goatee hangs from his square chin and scowls at the crowd with menacing blue eyes.]

BW: HA! No snot nosed kids rushing to the barricade to touch this guy, Gordo!

GM: Would you?

[Casanova is clapping proudly as Dawson walks onto the Money Pit set, glaring at Todd Michaelson's outstretched hand. Dick Bass stands nearby, no emotion on his face as Big Mama nervously cracks a smile, clapping slightly. Casanova slaps Dawson on the shoulder, a big grin on his face.]

GM: It's been quite some time since we've seen Bruno Dawson here on Saturday Night Wrestling. I certainly didn't expect to see him here tonight as part of Playboy Enterprises, Bucky.

BW: Like you said, this is a big addition to the group and he certainly will take them to an entirely different level.

[Bass shakes Dawson's hand as Casanova pulls a black t-shirt out from under his jacket as the music fades.]

PJC: Six foot one, three hundred and eleven pounds of \_destruction\_ Todd! We have me, the sexiest man on the Planet! We have the rough and tumble Dick Bass! We have the looooovely Big Mama and now we have the wrecking machine, "The Bull" Bruno Dawson! Let's make this official!

[Casanova rolls out the black t-shirt. Nothing fancy as it just has "Playboy Enterprises" in white block lettering across the front.]

PJC: Bull, welcome aboard!

[The Playboy starts to hand the shirt to the big man when a surprising voice speaks up.]

"I have something to say."

[Casanova turns in shock, his jaw dropping at the source of the voice, Big Mama. He quickly wads up the shirt before Dawson can take it, an amused grin crossing his face as he looks at his main squeeze.]

PJC: You want to say some words to our newest member, sugar doll? Welcome him to the family? Of course you do. How stupid of me. Go ahead, sweet pea.

[Casanova grins, gesturing to Dawson as he gestures for Todd to hold the mic in front of Big Mama. She looks nervously around the arena, looking up at Dawson and then back to Casanova.]

BM: Actually...

[Casanova leans over the mic.]

PJC: Speak up, sweetheart. No one can hear you.

[Big Mama nods.]

BM: Actually, Johnny... I wanted to talk to you.

[Casanova breaks away from a side conversation with Dick Bass in mid-sentence. He turns, looking a little thrown off but flashes that big grin again. This time, he doesn't bother with the mic and we can barely hear a "What is it, baby?"]

BM: You're right, Johnny. We did scout across the country looking for the right fit to join our group. You and Dick searched in some places while I went and looked at others.

[Big Mama looks at Dawson.]

BM: And even though I think you made a great pick, darlin'... it wasn't WE who made this pick...

[Pause.]

BM: It was YOU.

[Casanova looks taken back a little bit. He gently rubs his main squeeze's cheek.]

PJC: Whoa whoa whoa, sugar bear! What are you talking about? I picked who I thought would be best for the team and then we all agreed on-

[Big Mama cuts him off]

BM: No, you and Dick agreed...

[Pause.]

BM: I never had a say.

[The crowd buzzes, suddenly a lot more interested in this situation. Dick Bass also shows a sudden interest, moving closer to the confrontation.]

PJC: What are you trying to say?

[Casanova's accusing tone is a bit surprising but Big Mama doesn't back down.]

BM: What I'm trying to say is... Johnny, you ain't the only one who found somebody.

[Casanova looks shocked. Bass looks shocked. And Michaelson gets a big ol' grin on his face at what just happened on his show.]

GM: Did you hear that, Bucky? Big Mama has recruited someone too!

BW: She can't do that!

GM: Why not?

BW: Because Casanova is the boss! The main man! He's in charge!

[Casanova has managed to shake off the shocked look on his face, regaining his composure as he places a hand on his woman's shoulder.]

PJC: Okay... uhh... alright, I guess. So, you found somebody too, huh?

[Big Mama nods.]

PJC: That's cute... it's really cute and all but...

[Casanova looks at Bass who shrugs.]

PJC: See, there's only ONE spot open in Playboy Enterprises and-

[Big Mama gets a pissed-off look on her face. Casanova suddenly stops, obviously re-thinking what he was about to say.]

PJC: Well, uhh... alright, just you prove to you that we value your opinion too... I'm willing to make a deal with you.

[Casanova covers the mic with his hand and whispers in Dick Bass' ear. Bass shrugs and nods his head.]

PJC: How 'bout this, my sugar dumping - two weeks from tonight, it's gonna be the biggest night in Playboy Enterprises history! Not only are me and Dickie gonna stomp those Antons into the mat and take another step towards the National Tag Team Titles!

[The crowd jeers that prediction.]

PJC: But we're gonna settle this issue here too. Bruno, you feel like a match in two weeks?

[Dawson silently nods, obviously displeased by this new development.]

PJC: In two weeks, Bruno here is gonna compete against whoever you've found. And the winners gets the spot in the Enterprises, no questions asked.

[Casanova cracks a big grin, slowly extending his hand.]

PJC: We got a deal?

[Big Mama taps her bottom lip a few times, looking at Casanova...

...and then sticks out her hand, accepting the handshake.]

BM: Deal.

[Casanova confidently raises Big Mama's hand, pointing to her to the jeers of the crowd before the foursome on the Money Pit walk off, leaving Todd Michaelson behind.]

TM: Now THAT'S a Money Pit, fans. What a night!

[The shot cuts back to ringside where the announce team is seated, looking surprised.]

BW: Let me get this straight... Johnny Casanova picks Bruce Dawson, a Mixed Martial Arts trained athlete. But Big Mama's got a pick of her own... and that pick is gonna meet Dawson in two weeks' time with that spot on the line?

GM: That sounds about right. Folks, this is quite the turn of events. Here we thought tonight we would get to see who was the newest member of Playboy Enterprises. Instead it seems Casanova didn't give Big Mama a vote and she went out and found her own person and now the two final picks will face each other! But that's gonna happen in two weeks - just like the tag team showdown between Playboy Enterprises and the Antons. But we've still got our own big showdowns to come here tonight. Don't forget the National Title match Main Event plus Robert Donovan and Louis Matsui get five minutes inside that ring together! And that, fans, is coming up next!

[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 the ring where Jim Watkins and Louis Matsui are quite obviously in a verbal confrontation.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! And as you can see here, during the break, Jim Watkins had Louis Matsui brought to the ring by AWA security. We're told that he was caught trying to sneak out of the building and had to be physically restrained by arena security.

BW: I don't believe that... not at all! Louis Matsui is one of the bravest men I've ever met!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me. Give me a break, Bucky.

[While Louis Matsui is in the ring with a bevy of AWA officials, including Jim Watkins and Senior Official Johnny Jagger, trying to plead his case, a familiar tune starts up -- Metallica's cover of "Turn The Page".]

BW: No! This can't be happening -- what did Louis Matsui ever do to deserve this?

GM: Orchestrate the most heinous beatdown in the history of the AWA?

BW: Second most heinous after this debacle, Gordo!

[A slight chuckle is detected from Myers, and then the Longhorn Heritage champion steps into view. He's wearing his ring attire and the biggest grin you'll ever see, Longhorn Heritage title belt wrapped around his waist. Donovan pauses at the top of the aisle, looking around to the cheering audience and raising one taped fist in the air, then striding quickly down the aisle. Matsui is in a near-panic now, but Watkins is right in his face, reminding him in his own special way that he signed the dotted line and now he gets to pay the price.]

GM: I think Matsui is having second thoughts in there, Bucky.

BW: You think?! He's about to spend five minutes in the ring with seven foot plus of angry Longhorn Heritage champion! Matsui's a genius, but it's not gonna help him much now...

[Donovan slowly walks up the steps, staring daggers at Matsui...then he motions for a microphone. One of the officials in the ring hands it off to the big man, who then steps down from the ring steps, onto the floor.]

RD: Hey there, Louis...you ready for this?

[The crowd cheers loudly, enjoying Matsui's obvious distress.]

RD: Jim, thanks for makin' sure this little snake didn't manage to slither outta' sight -- if y'all could clear the ring, 'cept for a referee to keep the time, I guess, I think I can handle it from here.

[Donovan grins. Watkins turns and nods, then ushers everyone out of the ring except Johnny Jagger. The small crowd of officials makes their way out around the Longhorn Heritage champ, Watkins pausing to slap the big man on the back before making his way up the aisle.]

RD: So, Louis...you put much thought into this?

[Pause.]

RD: It's okay if you didn't wanna really think about what's gonna happen to you tonight... 'cause I've been thinkin' about it plenty! Thought about what I'd like to do to you in that ring, thought about just how far I could take this, wondering if anybody would really care to stop me if I did to you what you and your cronies did to the champ all those months ago.

[Donovan appears to be deliberately amping himself up here, and Louis Matsui is just staring at him, looking horrified.]

RD: I kept thinkin' about that, Matsui, kept thinkin' about how you claimed to be the man behind the curtain of that sorry event...

...an' then I realized that I ain't got the right to put my hands on you.

[The crowd buzzes and Matsui dares to look hopeful.]

RD: No, Louis, I ain't got the right. I dropped you like a sack of bricks with a single punch, you got back at me for that punch, so far as I'm concerned, things between us are even. I ain't gonna step in that ring with you tonight, Matsui.

[The crowd boos as Matsui puffs up in the ring, turning and laughing at the audience.]

RD: ...Not really sure why you're up there laughin', Matsui...all I said was that I ain't gonna step in that ring.

[Matsui stops, looking at Donovan and yelling about a contract.]

RD: Yeah, I know, you signed an ironclad contract. Don't worry, nothin' violated there -- the contract very clearly state that I, Robert Donovan...or somebody of my choosing...will step into that ring with you for a time not to exceed five minutes. See, thing is...

[Donovan smirks.]

RD: ...I decided to hand you off to somebody else.

[Matsui is absolutely screaming at Donovan now, and he quickly moves to the ropes and steps out, clearly meaning to make a break for it, yelling about breach of contract -- unfortunately, he tries to escape a little too close to the champion, who quickly snags him by the throat with one hand.]

BW: He can't do this! Donovan said he wasn't going to lay another hand on Matsui! And this is outsi-

[The crowd stirs as another seven-footer emerges from the entranceway.]

GM: MAMMOTH! MAMMOTH Mizusawa is here and he is making a bee-line for Robert Donovan!

BW: And Donovan lets Matsui go, so he can meet the oncoming threat.

GM: We could get a repeat of SuperClash here, Bucky.

BW: Only this time, MAMMOTH's fighting for a bigger prize: to save Matsui's skin!

[The two big men have their eyes locked on each other as they circle one another, Mizusawa placing himself between Donovan and Matsui. We hear Matsui yelling, "Yeah, let's see you try to put your hands on me again!" Donovan's eyes dart between MAMMOTH and Matsui, as if unsure what to do, while Mizusawa has not taken his eyes off the Longhorn Heritage champion.]

Suddenly, Donovan breaks into a smile and backs away from MAMMOTH and Matsui. The jeers grow as the crowd realizes they are not going to get what they were promised.]

BW: I knew it! I knew it! Matsui doesn't fear Donovan! Robert Donovan FEARS MAMMOTH Mizusawa!

RD: [Having gotten hold of another mic.] Hey, Louis, when I said we were even, it also meant that the giant ceased being my problem to deal with. As of this moment, MAMMOTH Mizusawa becomes someone else's problem; someone who has a little bit of business to settle with you, Louis. And that someone is...

[Dramatic pause.]



GM: Who's it gonna be?

BW: I'm afraid to even-

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play as the Crockett Coliseum crowd goes nuts at the sight of Juan Vasquez emerging from the entrance way. Louis Matsui's eyes bug out, while MAMMOTH Mizusawa stands his ground.]

GM: OH MY STARS! IT'S JUAN VASQUEZ! ROBERT DONOVAN HAS HANDED LOUIS MATSUI OVER TO JUAN VASQUEZ!

BW: He can't do this, Gordo!

GM: He has, Bucky, and even Senior Official Johnny Jagger isn't going to do anything about it. Right now, only MAMMOTH Mizusawa stands in the way of Juan Vasquez getting some payback from one of the men responsible for putting him out of action for the better part of last year.

[A mere two feet separate Vasquez and Mizusawa, as Vasquez comes to a halt. Now, it's Vasquez and Mizusawa locked in a staredown.]

GM: The crowd is silent; you can cut the tension with a knife! What is going to happen here tonight?

BW: These two are no strangers to one another either, Gordo!

GM: They certainly aren't! And we may be about to see another chapter in Vasquez/Mizusawa as a bonus!

[We hear Matsui yelling, "Get him! Get him, Mizusawa-san!" Juan Vasquez says something to Mizusawa, but we don't catch what it is. MAMMOTH breaks eye contact with Vasquez to look over his shoulder at Matsui, who continues yelling orders and urging MAMMOTH to get a hold of Vasquez. Mizusawa turns back to Vasquez, nods...

BIG POP!

...and steps aside! The crowd grows wild again as Juan Vasquez finds his path to Louis Matsui cleared. Wide-eyed, Matsui yells at Mizusawa, "What are you doing!?" We barely catch Mizusawa saying in response, "Your mess. You deal with it." The giant turns and heads to the back as Matsui finds himself face-to-face with Vasquez, with nowhere to go, the crowd baying for his blood. He does what any genius of his calibre would do; he tries to dive under the ring.]

GM: Vasquez has him! Vasquez has him! Louis Matsui tried to escape under the ring, but Vasquez has him by his foot and is dragging him out!

[Juan grabs Louis by the collar and throws him under the ropes and into the ring, following him into the squared circle. Matsui quickly backpedals into a

corner, looking for a means of escape, but finding none. Juan picks up Donovan's discarded microphone off the canvas and smiles sinisterly at the bespectacled manager.]

JV: Relax, Louis...I ain't gonna' hurt ya'...

...YET.

[The crowd roars, as Matsui desperately tries to beg off.]

JV: You see, I've had a hell of a lot of time to think about this...and this would be \*too\* easy. You deserve everything that's coming to you, but I'm gonna' make you suffer. I'm gonna make you sweat it out. I'm gonna' get my five minutes...but nothing says I had to cash in those five minutes right now.

[There's a disappointed groan of disappointment as Matsui places a hand on his chest, thanking his lucky stars. However, he doesn't get much time to relax, as Juan is suddenly right up in his face, grinning.]

JV: I'm gonna' save you for last, Louis. After I get through with Waterson, Broussard, Dufresne, Nenshou...hell, every single last one of those bastards that tried to put me out for good? I'm comin' after YOU.

Understand?

[Matsui nervously nods his head rapidly up and down.]

JV: Good. Now get outta' my sight.

[Juan points towards the entrance.]

JV: You're free to go.

[Receiving a last minute reprieve, Matsui breathes a sigh of relief and pumps his fists, repeating "YES! YES!" before turning to leave the ring. However, as he begins to step through the ropes...Juan places a hand on his shoulder.]

JV: Actually, Louis...

[The manager's face grows pale as he turns to a grim-faced Vasquez, who's no longer smiling.]

JV: ...I've changed my mind.

[And before anyone can react, Vasquez yanks Matsui into his clutches and right into...]

GM: THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!!! VASQUEZ HAS LOUIS MATSUI IN THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!

BW: Wait! The clock hasn't even started yet! He can't keep Matsui in this hold for five minutes! That's inhumane!

GM: This is the very same hold that put MAMMOTH Mizusawa to sleep and Louis Matsui's feeling its effects now!

[A counter reading "5:00" suddenly appears on the screen and begins to countdown, while Matsui wildly flails his arms and legs, as Vasquez digs his right thumb into his throat. After awhile, Matsui's movements begin to slow and his body slumps, as he completely loses consciousness. Despite this, Vasquez keeps Matsui in the hold for a few seconds more, before unceremoniously dropping him onto the canvas, unconscious. He then picks the microphone back up, screaming at Matsui, as the clock continues to tick away.]

JV: SIX MONTHS! SIX MONTHS, YOU STUPID SON OF A BITCH! AND YOU THINK I'M JUST GONNA' LET YOU WALK AWAY!?!

[Juan wipes his hand, trying to keep his emotions in check.]

JV: Can you even begin to understand what I had to go through just to come back?

CAN YOU???

[He screams down at Matsui, who remains unconscious.]

JV: But this was all "personal", right? I had it comin' to me because I "wronged" you all, right?

[He laughs in disbelief. Juan can hardly believe the audacity in that statement, shaking his head furiously.]

JV: THAT'S A BUNCH OF CRAP!!!

[He stares at Matsui angrily, holding back from doing more damage to the helpless manager.]

JV: Orchestrating the worst beating in AWA history and trying to end my career...THAT makes it personal. Countless hours of rehabilitation, wasted nights laid up in a hospital bed never knowing if I'll ever be the same...THAT makes it personal. The heartbroken look on my wife's face...

[Juan pauses for a moment, seemingly affected by the memory.]

JV: ...the tears streaming down my daughters' cheeks...

[A look of anger forms on his face as he recounts the memory.]

JV: ...THAT makes it personal.

[Juan is literally shaking with rage now, but he restrains himself as best he can.]

JV: I'm not here to take back the National title. That's not why I came back. Right now, there's something that I want SO much more than the title. Something that's been on my mind since I woke up in that hospital bed and something that I've wanted every single day for the last six months:

REVENGE.

[He takes in a deep breath, speaking calmly now.]

JV: Waterson, you ain't got any idea what you've done. None of you bastards do.

[His voice is trembling with anger, as he just glares angrily at Matsui.]

JV: There once was a time...when Gordon Myers asked for a hero to save the AWA. Someone that would stand up and fight for what's right against the forces of darkness. That time, I answered the call and I saved the AWA from you and The Southern Syndicate, Waterson. And they all called me a "hero" for it. But I didn't come back to play hero, this time, amigo.

Don't you DARE call me a hero.

[Just then, an extremely groggy Louis Matsui begins to stir as the clock slowly inches towards "0:00." There's a slight trickle of blood coming out of his mouth and he clearly has no idea where he is, but as he pushes himself up to his knees, Juan drops the microphone...]

\*SMAAACCKKKK!!!\*

[...and a massive right cross puts Matsui down for good. Juan then picks the microphone back up, completing his thought.]

JV: 'Cause there ain't gonna' be a damn thing heroic about what I'm gonna' do to you all.

[And with that, Juan drops the microphone of the canvas and exits the ring, leaving the unconscious Matsui behind him as the counter hits 0:00.

The crowd is buzzing about what they just saw, not sure how to react as the two-time former National Champion walks back up the elevated rampway, his face still burning with rage. The announcers are silent, watching just like the rest of the AWA faithful as Juan Vasquez takes his first steps towards the vengeance he thirsts for.

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.]

Back from commercials, we open at the announce table where Myers and Wilde are joined by Stevie Scott. Scott is in his usual casual attire of the Hawaiian flower-dy shirt, bermuda shorts and loafers sans socks.]

GM: At this time we welcome in two-time AWA National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, who has had a rough time as of late with one Marcus Broussard.

HSS: Yeah, that's no secret is it, Myers? You see, people might be thinking that because Marcus Broussard pinned my shoulders to the mat at SuperClash III that Stevie Scott might be down. Might be depressed. Might be thinking he's in over his head. Well, the correct answer, Gordo, is "D." None of the above.

I want everyone to take a minute and reflect on the confrontations that Marco and I have had in the last several weeks. Tell me, Gordon, who's gotten the better of those confrontations so far?

[Hesitantly, Myers answers.]

GM: I hate to say it, but Broussard has.

[Stevie smiles a li'l bit and nods. Not the reaction Myers was expecting.]

HSS: You're exactly right. He indeed has gotten the better of me to this point.

Now, this is a two-part question, Gordo, so here's the second part. How has he gotten the better of me?

[Less pause this time.]

GM: Well, at SuperClash, he pinned you with his feet on the ropes, for starters.

[Again, Stevie nods.]

HSS: Correct again, Myers. You could learn a thing or two from this guy, Buckthroner.

[Wilde isn't too happy with that, but says nothing. 'Cause he ain't supposed to right now.]

HSS: Every time ol' Marco has gotten the best of me, it's been a little sketchy. Using the ropes for a pinfall, Pearl Harboring me in an eight-man tag outside the ring...yeah, he's gotten the upper hand...

...but he's never done it face-to-face, man-to-man.

[The crowd cheers that.]

HSS: And you know what else? He's never going to play that way.

So as the old saying goes, when in Rome?

[Steviesmirk~!]

HSS: You do as the Romans. Or in this case, as the Dude With Over-Inflated Value of His Impact on the AWA.

[And speaking of the devil, the San Jose Shark walks out himself, still in the same suit from earlier on in the night. Broussard once again walks up next to Gordon Myers and lifts Myers's hand just so, raising it to optimal speaking range.]

MB: Earlier this evening, I came out and talking about how badly I wanted a rematch with the Sultan, because I was so close to winning the Steal the Spotlight match. I put up five thousand dollars as collateral, because that's how important it is to me.

But you?

[Broussard points at Stevie.]

MB: You're making excuses, Steve. "He had his feet on the ropes," "He had all of his friends around," "He had help," "He caught me on a bad day, I had a headache, my shoes were untied."

[Broussard backs off and brushes his shoulders, shaking his head as if he's disappointed.]

MB: Throw out all the footnotes you want, every disclaimer you can find, because Lord knows you'll find them. But they all cloud the simple truth that you are so loathe to admit: you haven't done a damn thing worth mentioning since you showed back up in the AWA.

You can talk all you want about the things I say or the way I conduct myself, because once again you've never asked for permission before. But you've been living off of your former success far more than I have, and you've shown no ambition to try to eclipse it.

Either you're moving forward or you're going backward, there's no standing still, you know that. I'm moving forward, I'm finding a way to regain that title of mine. But you?

[Broussard points a finger again.]

MB: You're making excuses.

So what'll it be, Hot Shot? When in Rome...

[Broussard backs away and motions with both hands, ceding the floor to Stevie. Stevie pauses, as a smile slowly comes over his face.]

HSS: Well said, Marco. Well said. You always have had a way with words.

So why don't we go ahead and clear this up once and for all, huh? Two weeks' time, right here on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling...me and you, in that ring right there...

[Stevie points to that ring right there.]

HSS: ...and then we'll see who's moving forward and who's moving backward.

[Broussard doesn't move, just glares at Stevie as Myers holds the microphone up to him.]

MB: I think we all know the answer to that, Stevie. Sign the match.

[The crowd explodes as Stevie grins, and Broussard nods confidently.]

MB: Let's find out just who the genuine article truly is.

[On that note, Broussard turns and leaves. Stevie watches him walk off before offering his final words.]

HSS: We sure will.

[And then he leaves as well.]

GM: Wow! Another big challenge for two weeks from tonight! What a show that's gonna be with the Antons taking on Playboy Enterprises, Bruno Dawson meeting Big Mama's selection for the spot in the same group, and now Stevie Scott meeting Marcus Broussard in one on one action!

BW: Plus, the return of the Lynches... yay.

GM: I love your enthusiasm, Bucky.

BW: You know what, Gordo... this show coming up in two weeks sounds pretty great. But I've been sitting here thinking tonight ever since you knew that the War Pigs were returning and I didn't.

GM: What?

BW: It bothers me. I feel like I'm slipping or something. I feel like the unwashed masses are catching up with me. I don't know if I want to be in a world where people like you scoop me or where idiots like Larry Doyle's cousin in Arizona beats me for awards.

GM: I don't think that's-

BW: So, I've decided to do something about it. You ain't the only one around here who has a scoop, Gordo.

GM: Oh?

BW: I received a phone call during the last commercial break.

GM: I noticed.

BW: Big news, Gordo. Big news. Someone is returning in two weeks' time - someone making a long awaited return that I'm excited to announce.

GM: Who is it?

BW: Nah, nah, nah. News this big... it can only come in one place.



GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh yes. The big return will be announced in two weeks...

GM: Just say it.

BW: Are you ready for this, Gordo?

GM: Nope.

BW: ON THE CALL OF THE WILDE! YAAAAAAAH!

GM: Oh, brother. I can't wait.

BW: I know you can't. Your thinly-veiled fake sarcasm aside, Gordo, this is gonna make Michaelson's Money Pit look like... well, something from Arizona.

GM: This can't end well.

BW: Scorched earth like a son of a gun, Gordo. Scorched earth.

GM: Let's go to the ring for more action.

[Cut to the entrance area. Suddenly, the Marine Corps Anthem starts up and, like a spitfire, "Stars and Stripes" Clayton Shaw bursts through the curtain. The powerhouse wrestler, wearing his trademark "stars and stripes" boots, salutes the crowd formally before whooping enthusiastically and walking down to ringside, making sure to slap every hand that reaches out to him.]

GM: It has been some time since we have seen Clayton Shaw...

BW: ... not long enough ...

GM: ... but the former member of the Marine Corps sure has lost nothing of his popularity with the fans here at the Crockett Coliseum.

BW: Of course not. Play them some patriotic tunes and they will eat out of the palm of your hands.

[Shaw has made his way to ringside and stops dead in his tracks as he sees two men in uniform, obviously guests of honor tonight. At first he gives the soldiers another stiff salute before he breaks into a grin and shakes their hands, obviously happy to see them here.]

GM: As usual, we at AWA go out of our way to honor members of our Armed Forces, who can attend our shows for free.

BW: What? You mean any Tom, Dick or Jean who has some camo in their wardrobe can freeload their way into a ringside seat?

GM: Come on, Bucky, show some respect for the women and men who defend our freedom.

BW: I am sure Shaw's opponent will loooooove the All-American atmosphere tonight ... NOT!

[As Shaw climbs into the ring, still pointing at the servicemen, the voice of Ian McKellen in his role as Magneto booms over the PA:]

"Because there is no land of tolerance. There is no peace. Not here, or anywhere else."

[Then, strobe lights start to flicker just as the ominous tunes of "The Game Has Changed" by Daft Punk start to play. As the haunting beats kick in Bruno Verhoeven's massive frame comes into view.]

BW: So, do you think the "New Butcher" appreciated the Marine Corps Anthem before?

GM: It remains to be seen how young Bruno will react to Clayton Shaw's patriotism. We know how his father thought about the USA but the son may actually be more respectful of his adopted home.

[For a moment, the young German's eyes wander around the arena, disgust obvious on his face. He spits on the ground once, then marches toward the ring, not acknowledging the crowd at all anymore. His movements are tense, almost rigid, and his jaw is working all the time.]

BW: There is your answer, Gordo. For my money, the kid may actually be more brutal than his daddy. He has been on a rampage since his return and has spared nobody.

[Bruno slowly climbs the ring steps, pushes down the top rope and climbs over it into the ring. Verhoeven takes a moment to glare at Shaw before he moves into the center of the ring and raise a gloved fist above his head. The salute lasts only a few seconds before he lumbers back into his corner.]

\*DING\*

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, and a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing first, to my right. From Charlotte, North Carolina ... weighing in at two-hundred-and-eighty pounds...

"STARS AND STRIPES" CLAYTON SHAW!

[The crowd applauds Shaw who responds with yet another salute before turning to face his opponent.]

PW: Aaaaaaand to my left. He hails from Berlin, Germany ... weighing in at two-hundred-eighty-five pounds...

"THE NEW BUTCHER" BRUNO VERHOEVEN!

[Bruno moves to stand next to the stocky Shaw, looking down on him.]

\*DING\*DING\*DING\*

GM: Both men are known for their strength and size, even if Verhoeven is five inches taller than his opponent.

[A moment of intense stare down passes before the men slam into each other with a collar-and-elbow tie-up. There is heaving and grunting and Bruno manages to force his opponent two steps backwards but Shaw rallies and its right back to the center of the ring. Both men release the hold at the same time and step back to the cheers of the crowd, seizing each other up.]

GM: Looks like a stalemate.

BW: It seems as if Bruno is taking it easy tonight. Come on, kid, squash the jarhead.

[Again, both men lock up. This time, Shaw gains the upper hand and forces Bruno backwards, first one step, then another one, a third ... and Shaw is doubled over after being hit by a kneelift. The crowd reacts with boos even as "the New Butcher" hits a double axehandle blow to Clayton's back and the former marine goes down to his hands and knees. Verhoeven follows it up with an elbow drop to the small of the back, gaining high elevation as he flattens Shaw.]

BW: There you have it, Gordo. Bruno is turning Shaw into a smear on the mat. I am sure that guy is already seeing "stars and stripes" ... heh!

[The German grabs his opponent by the neck with his right hand, hauls him up to his knees ... and pushes him face-first back into the mat. The crowd jeers at the self-proclaimed son of the German Juggernaut ... who repeats the simple but effective maneuver.]

BW: Look at that. That's the efficiency of his people. Plain, brutal and he is just re-arranging the face of his victim. If he keeps this up, Shaw will look like Honest Abe.

GM: Please, Bucky, refrain from insulting our presidents.

BW: Lincoln ain't going to sue, is he?

[Bruno grabs Clayton's neck for a third time ... and this time, his opponent fires a punch into Verhoeven's stomach. Bruno grimaces and a second punch to the stomach finds his target. "The New Butcher" releases his grip and, after a third punch, "Stars and Stripes" pops to his feet. He hollers at the crowd who cheer his efforts, runs into the ropes and barrels into Verhoeven with a shoulderblock ... to no effect!]

BW: Ha!

GM: Both men may be evenly matched power-wise, but this attack seemed to just fizzle.

[Verhoeven shakes his head no as Shaw scowls, runs into the ropes again, rebounds, faster this time ... another shoulderblock! Verhoeven staggers two steps back, hammers with two fists against his chest and roars out in defiance. Clayton hurls himself into the ropes again but this time Bruno jumps forward as well and just as Shaw takes the first, accelerated steps towards his opponent he is mowed down by a massive running big boot. As the crowd boos him, the German rookie steps over the fallen opponent towards the ropes and shoots both of his heavily muscled arms over his head.]

BM: I think I could feel the shockwave from that hit. You are looking at a new generation of devastation here, Gordo.

[Bruno stomps viciously on Shaw's ribs, then presses his foot down and yells at the referee. The official dives down for to count the cover but Shaw pushes the boot away after a one-count. The Charlotte native sits back up, fists clenched and his face full of determination. Bruno makes the universal "come-at-me" gesture as he waits for Shaw to get back up. Verhoeven throws a left jab, Clayton throws a punch, Bruno counters with a right hook and "Stars and Stripes" fires back with massive haymaker and we have ourselves a slugfest as both men throw powerful right hands at each other to the delight of the crowd. Both men are staggered and finally, a punch-drunk Verhoeven misses as the smaller Clayton ducks under a blow and executes a sick-looking leaping headbutt.]

GM: That sounded like both of them might suffer a concussion.

BW: Bruno's head is made out of German steel and the jarhead's brain is too tiny to crack ... don't worry.

[Bruno is stunned by the headbutt and Shaw manages to whip him into the turnbuckle. The former marine follows it up with a running clothesline that finds its mark. The crowd murmurs in anticipation and their favorite gives them what he wants as he climbs to the middle rope, raises a fist above his head ...]

BW: No, please, not this ...

[... and starts to rain down punches onto Bruno Verhoeven as the crowd sings along.]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SI-BOOOOO!

[With an animalistic roar, "the New Butcher" grabs a hold of his opponent who stands over him and manages to press him over his head once ... twice ... three times! The crowd gasps at this display of strength even as Bruno hurls his opponent four feet across the ring.]

GM: Oh my stars ...

BW: ... and Stripes? He is gone, Gordo! Finished!

[It does not look good for Clayton Shaw as Verhoeven lumbers over to him, drags him to the feet by the ears and starts to lock on a Full Nelson. Amazingly enough, just before his fingers intertwine, Shaw fights back. At first, Verhoeven looks annoyed, then surprised as both men start to strain against each other, eyes widening, veins bulging ... and the crowd starts up a chant of "USA! USA! USA! USA!" ]

GM: USA! US-

BW: Shut up, Gordo. Where is your journalistic integrity? We are supposed to be ... neutral.

GM: I cannot believe the word neutral is in your vocabulary.

[And just before Shaw has pushed Verhoeven's arms down completely, the German's strength seems to return ten-fold as he manages to lock his hands and execute a high-impact full nelson bomb! The chant turns to boos again as Bruno pops back up, rushing into the ropes with a speed belying his size, and squashing Shaw beneath a diving splash! Verhoeven hooks the leg as the referee slides down besides them ...]

One!

Two!

[And Bruno pulls his opponent up to break his own cover.]

GM: He could have ended it right there.

BW: You do not get it, Gordo. Shaw has woken the beast. And the beast is not done yet.

[Verhoeven's face is a grimace of rage as he brings his opponent back to his feet, Shaw looking pretty much out of it at this point. Still, Bruno doubles him over with a punch to the kidney, grabs him and raises him in a vertical suplex. The boos become more and more intense as Verhoeven continues to hold him for moments that seem to stretch into an eternity ... before both

wrestlers fall, toppling backwards like Goliath.]

GM: That's 280 pounds that Verhoeven is throwing around here.

BW: Genetics. He has them, the jarhead doesn't.

[Verhoeven glares at the fans for a moment, shouting something in German nobody understands but the tone of his voice is less than pleasant. He goes on to grab Shaw's throat, drag him to his feet like a lifeless rag doll. What follows seems inevitable ...]

GM: SLAUGHTERSLAM!

BW: Back to the barracks, Shaw!

[The cover is academical only and the referee ends the match with a very quick one, two, three.]

\*DING\*DING\*DING\*

[Of course, the fans don't appreciate the outcome as jeers and boos start up again.]

GM: There you have it, fans. "The New Butcher" claims another victim.

BW: That won't have been the last one, trust me. The kid has changed. We are watching a transformation, from man to monster, from bull to minotaur, from lizard to Godzilla.

[In the ring, Verhoeven has demanded a microphone. Over the din of the negative crowd reaction, his deep voice is as unsettling as it ever was, his accent blunt and ugly.]

BV: Zis? You giff zis?

[He violently shakes his head, his cheeks flushed red and dripping with sweat.]

BV: Nein! Not zis! More! Giff stronger! Giff bett-uh! I vant MORE!

Ze Slaughterhouse vill not close! Ze Slaughterhouse vill not rest!

Men vill bleed! Men will suff-uh!

NO PEACE! NO TOLERANCE! NO SAFETY!

["The Game Has Changed" starts up again as Verhoeven hatefully stares at the camera while the referee attends to a still dazed Clayton Shaw in the background.]

BW: Bruno Verhoeven is becoming a monster before our very eyes, Gordo!

GM: The man who claims to be the son of Otto Verhoeven has certainly changed since his last stint here in the AWA and in the weeks and months to come, I can't wait to see what this young man is capable of. But right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the former National Champion, the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov!

[We cut to the locker room area where Stegglet is standing next to the aforementioned Sudakov.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. As you can see, I'm here in the locker room area with a free man! Kolya Sudakov, congratulations on your big victory at SuperClash!

[Sudakov nods, smiling slightly.]

KS: Spasiba, Mark Stegglet. Spasiba.

MS: By now, everyone knows that your pinfall on Ivan Kostovich puts him out of the AWA until SuperClash IV... but what they may not have heard yet is that in the wake of that defeat, both Dick Sullivan and Vladimir Velikov have left the AWA as well! It must feel great to finally have that monkey off your back after so long.

[Sudakov breathes deeply.]

KS: Kolya fought for too long to get away from Kostovich and Uncle Vladimir, is true, Mark Stegglet. But Kolya take no pleasure in Uncle Vladimir leaving the AWA. Uncle Vladimir did much for Kolya for long, long time.

MS: So, you're saying you... wish him the best in his future endeavors?

[Sudakov again cracks a slight smile.]

KS: Something like that, da.

MS: Well, with all of those old enemies out of your hair, many have wondered just what is next for the Russian War Machine. As 2012 gets underway, have you set any goals for yourself?

KS: Kolya has simple goals. Compete, win, dominate.

MS: Those are very simple goals. Do you have them aimed in a particular direction? I think many of us would love to see you tangle with someone like the man we just saw in the ring, Bruno Verhoeven. Or perhaps turn your focus towards someone like James Monosso or MAMMOTH Mizusawa.

[Sudakov doesn't instantly respond.]

MS: Kolya?

KS: There is name missing from your list, Mark Stegglet.

MS: Oh?

KS: While Kolya would be honored to face the names you mention, Kolya also has - how you say - set his sights on someone else... or something else.

MS: Well, I'm intrigued. Go on.

[Sudakov suddenly starts to unbutton his white dress shirt.]

KS: This business have short memory, Mark Stegglet. It is - how you say - what you done for me lately?

[Stegglet nods.]

KS: Business forget that Kolya is Russian War Machine. Business forget that Kolya is toughest man in sport!

[Sudakov yanks off his dress shirt, revealing a finely toned physique.]

KS: Business forget that Kolya is former National Champion!

[He slaps his muscular chest with an open hand.]

KS: Dufresne forget too, Mark Stegglet.

[He raises his powerful right arm, showing off the dreaded Russian Sickle.]

KS: But Kolya... Kolya make everyone remember in 2012.

[Sudakov seems about to end his interview when a badly-disheveled Anton Layton stumbles into view. Layton looks like he hasn't bathed in days or more, his hair matted and tangled above a badly-soiled t-shirt and sweat pants. The Russian War Machine is visibly irritated as he takes a step back.]

MS: Anton Layton! What in the world-

AL: PERCY!

MS: What did-

AL: PERRRRRCYYYYYYY!

MS: Are you looking for Percy Childes?

[Layton grabs Stegglet by the collar, shaking him violently.]

AL: WHERE IS HE?! WHERE?!

MS: He's down that hall! He's over-

AL: WHERE?!



MS: DOWN THERE!

[Stegglet points down an adjacent hallway as Layton shoves him hard against the wall, stumbling in the direction that Stegglet pointed in. Stegglet gasps for air and then frantically gestures at the cameraman, leading to the camera's viewpoint dancing down the corridor behind Layton who continues to shout.]

AL: PERRRRRRRCYYYYYYY! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU SONUVA-

[Layton walks past Yuma Weaver, violently throwing the Native American wrestler into the wall as he storms past him.]

AL: CHILDES, I SMELL YOUR TREACHERY!! YOU'RE HERE SOMEWHERE!!

[Layton pulls a stop outside a locker room door. He first reaches for the door, tugging at the handle to no success. He bellows, slamming his fist repeatedly into the door.]

AL: FACE YOUR FEARS, PERCY!! CONFRONT ME!!

[The door does not open as Layton continues to hammer at it. Mark Stegglet creeps closer, trying to stay out of reach of Layton as he screams in anguish, smashing his skull repeatedly into the wooden door.]

MS: Erm... Mr. Layton?

[Layton quickly spins, fists at the ready...

...and reveals a trickle of blood coming from his forehead that slammed into the wooden door several times.]

MS: Oh... you're bleeding.

[Layton doesn't seem to hear Stegglet, simply storming past him, shoving him aside a second time.]

MS: What in the world has gotten into Anton Layt-

[Suddenly, the locker room door creaks open, revealing Percy Childes' face.]

MS: Percy Childes! Did you hear all that? What's gotten into Layton?

[Childes doesn't answer.]

MS: Why didn't you open the door?

PC: Anton Layton is a problem that must be dealt with.

[Childes smirks.]

PC: But not today.

[The door slams shut again, leaving a gaping Stegglet behind.]

MS: A problem to be dealt with? Are we seeing the end of the Unholy Alliance? Fans, this situation just got very interesting. Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where the two announcers are standing.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. And that certainly was an odd happening we just saw back there, Bucky. Any idea what that was all about?

BW: No clue. But you know that if anyone can find out, it's gonna be me!

GM: So you say. But your sources failed you on the War Pigs here tonight.

BW: Total fluke, Gordo. You learnin' something before me? No chance that happens again... and I'm gonna prove that in two weeks on the next Saturday Night Wrestling when The Call Of The Wilde returns and I reveal the biggest surprise of 2012!

GM: The biggest surp- it's the second week of January!

BW: The Call Of The Wilde is the number one show in all of wrestling and I'm gonna show why in two weeks - guaranteed!

GM: I see. Well, fans, I suppose we have that to look forward to. But what I'm looking forward to right now is the State of the AWA address by "Big" Jim Watkins, the Chairman of the Championship Committee. A whole lot of stuff has gone down in the AWA since Watkins' last time running the ship and you better believe he's got a lot on his mind here tonight. He's up in the ring so let's get down to this!

[We crossfade to the ring where Jim Watkins is indeed standing, mic in hand.]

JW: Thanks, Gordon. I wanted to do this tonight because I've heard a whole lot of talk since the last time I ran things around here. Jonnie Stegglet did a damn fine job if you ask this ol' cowboy. This gig ain't easy - not at all - but I think he kept things running smoothly.

But there are a few areas that he and I disagree on... I've never been someone the suits have exactly liked. I'm a bit of a loose cannon... I say what's on my mind... I do what I think you fans would want to see...

[Big cheer! Watkins grins.]

JW: And I think y'all appreciate that. So, that's part of why I wanted to come out here and address the state of the AWA here tonight. Let's talk about some stuff that's gone on lately...

[Watkins pauses, stroking his chin.]

JW: How 'bout William Craven?

[The crowd explodes in jeers. Watkins raises a hand.]

JW: Not the most popular guy around here right now. I'm with ya on that. The guy hid behind a mask for a year, tormenting Alex Martinez, physically and emotionally bustin' him up until the time was right for him to try and get the killshot. It ain't no lie to say that Craven tried to put Martinez out of this sport for good at SuperClash.

And for that alone, a lot of people want him to never step foot in the AWA.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: You may have seen his little commercial two weeks ago with his lawyers. They say he's got a contract. He's got a legally-binding contract that makes him an AWA competitor.

I've taken a long look at this contract, gone over it with our own lawdogs and well...

[Watkins shrugs.]

JW: He's right.

[The crowd boos!]

JW: I know, I know. I don't like it too much either. But you see, I hate lawyers. Absolutely hate 'em. And I'm not about to put this company through hell bickering with Craven's lawyers over some wrongful termination suit.

So, I sat down with Craven... and we talked... and we struck a deal.

[Watkins cringes at the boos.]

JW: Now, the terms of the deal have been sealed for now but suffice to say, Mr. Craven made certain agreements to me that made me feel like honoring that contract was the best decision I could make.

Therefore, William Craven has been officially named a member of the AWA roster.

[HUGE SHOWER OF BOOS!]

JW: And in two weeks' time, he'll be here in Texas on the Money Pit to tell the entire world why he's here in the AWA and what he plans to do next.

So, that's one.

Now, speaking of lawyers, everyone's heard about this big mess with the Von Brauns - hell, you may have seen some of 'em on your way into the building tonight, raising all sorts of trouble outside trying to get you to not come into the building.

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: I'm real sorry what happened to Scott, boys. I really am. He was a good man and he deserved better than what Childes and Tyler did to him at SuperClash.

That said, they've been hit with fines and put on probation... and to me, that's good enough.

[More boos! Watkins isn't making friends tonight.]

JW: So, if you don't think that's enough, boys... I got a proposition for you.

This may be a bit predictable but if the Von Brauns have a problem with Percy and the Aces, they're more than welcome to show up here any time they want to settle it!

[Cheers!]

JW: I'm laying out an open invitation to the Von Braun family. You got held back at SuperClash from helping Scott and that wasn't right. That won't happen on my watch.

You want a piece of the Aces? Come and get 'em.

No contracts, no agreements. Just come and get them.

[Watkins leans closer to the camera lens, looking into it.]

JW: You hear me? Stop hanging out in the parking lot and harassing the paying customers and get your tails in the ring like men to settle things!

[Another big cheer!]

JW: Alright... that's two. Now what about the Bishop Boys?

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: I'm not a big fan of the idea that someone can buy their way out of a suspension but that's what happened. And to be honest with ya, I'm okay with them being back as long as they're on their best behavior.

But what they did at SuperClash ain't acceptable to me.

The entire world was watchin' that match between Violence Unlimited and the Lynches - the two best tag teams in the world no matter what any poll says.

And then the Bishops came in and screwed things up.

So, the question to me ain't when does VU get to beat the holy heck out of the Bishops... cause that's just gonna happen whenever they want to do it if you ask me.

The real question is - when does VU get their rematch for the titles?

[Watkins grins at the crowd's reaction to that.]

JW: I don't have a date for you here tonight but believe me when I tell ya that one of the Championship Committee's top priorities is putting that match together in the near future. We'll get it done and I GUARANTEE you that the Bishops ain't gonna play a part in it when we do.

Now... one more thing...

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: The AWA National Title.

[Big cheer!]

JW: In my books, Supernova should get a rematch in the near future... but that loss he had out here earlier tonight may upset the apple cart on that one.

There's a whole lot of people deserving of title shots... and I'm a little tired of seeing Dufresne sit back and let his challengers all take each other out of the picture.

But who is the #1 contender?

That's a question for the Championship Committee to decide... and that IS our top priority.

[Suddenly, ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" rings out over the PA system to an explosion of boos. It just takes a moment for a pissed-off Calisto Dufresne to stride out from behind the curtain in his ring gear, the National Title belt slung over his shoulder.

And he's got a mic in hand. Damn.]

CD: Can we PLEASE stop all this pandering crap?!

[The crowd jeers predictably!]

CD: I mean, for the love of God, Watkins. You've had the job back for a couple weeks and the first thing you decide to do is come out here and pander to these idiots who don't even have the good sense to realize that they're looking at the greatest professional athlete in the world.

You can tell LeBron and Kobe, Pujols and that juiced up Braun, and don't forget Mr. Tebow...

[Predictably, Dufresne drops to a knee in his best Tebowing pose.]

CD: You can tell 'em all that Calisto Dufresne is the trendsetter... Calisto Dufresne is the top of the mountain... Calisto Dufresne is the symbol of excellence in the sporting world.

And you can tell all these people that they should shut up, sit down, and pay attention when I'm doing them the favor of gracing them with my presence!

[The crowd is really rabid at this point, shouting down Dufresne as he continues to walk down the ramp.]

CD: So, Watkins... don't come out here and pretend like you don't already know who the Number One contender is in your warped mind. And don't pretend like you're not staying up nights trying to figure out how to get this title off my perfectly-sculpted waist.

But the fact is, Watkins... I look up and down this locker room of talent you've assembled and while they are - without a doubt - the best wrestlers in the world...

...ain't a one of them can beat me and take my title.

[More boos!]

CD: I don't know who you've whipped up to throw at me tonight... and quite frankly, I don't care. And I don't know who you're gonna put in that Number One contender spot after I humiliate you here tonight and keep my title... and quite frankly, I don't care.

You could have gone all mad scientist and merged the DNA of John Wesley Hardin, Steve Kowalski, Brody Thunder, Casey James, Serge Annis, Caleb Temple, and Joe Petrow...

[The crowd buzzes.]

CD: Yeah, I said his name. Fine me, you son of a bitch.

[Watkins is fuming now as he glares down the ramp.]

CD: You could take the DNA of all those guys, put it in the blender, and create some kind of super wrestler to take me down...

...and in the end, all I'd have to say is Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am and I'd walk out of here, title over my shoulder, like the greatest professional athlete in the world that I know I am.

So, let's stop the charades, Watkins... and let's give these people what they paid their hard-earned salaries to see.

[Dufresne grins just before stepping through the ropes, walking across the ring and getting in Watkins' face.]

CD: That's me.

[And he shoves the mic into Watkins' chest, turning away with his arms in the air to even more boos from the crowd.]

JW: Alright, champ... you're right. Let's hook 'em up.

[Big cheer!]

JW: Boys, if you would...

[Suddenly, the entryway fills, wrestler after wrestler walking out of the locker room area towards the ring. We quickly spot Bruno Verhoeven, all of Playboy Enterprises, Jeff Jagger, Kolya Sudakov, and several others. Dufresne looks towards the entry ramp in shock, shouting "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL, WATKINS?!" ]

JW: You see, champ... I went back there to try and figure out who you should face tonight. I really tried hard. But there were just so many really strong choices.

[As he's speaking, we see Eric Preston, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, Pedro Perez, and Rex Summers walk into view as well.]

JW: So, what I decided to do was to bring out everyone I considered for this slot to challenge you here tonight... and do a little blind drawing. Whatever name I pull out of my old cowboy hat is gonna be the person who faces you tonight...

...and the rest?

[Watkins grins.]

JW: They're gonna be our lumberjacks to make sure you don't take off out of here and try to get out of this match.

[Big cheer! We see Rick Marley, Supernova, Sweet Daddy Williams, and the Antons arrive at ringside.]

GM: We're gonna have a lumberjack match for the National Title as our Main Event!

BW: A blind drawing?! This isn't fair to the champ!

GM: Fair or not, it's gonna happen and it's gonna happen right after our final commercial break! Don't go away, fans, because the National Title will be on the line when we come back right after this!

[Fade to black.]

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.]

We fade back up to live action where we find Violence Unlimited standing in the locker room area with Jason Dane.]



JD: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, I've been joined at this time by the former National Tag Team Champions, Violence Unlimited!

[Jackson Haynes visibly cringes at the word "former."]

JD: Gentlemen, knowing how much you love gold, I'm surprising you're not out there at ringside trying to get this shot at Calisto Dufresne.

[Haynes whips off his cowboy hat, slapping Dane across the face with it.]

JH: On an ordinary night, you just might find us out there lining up to get a shot at Dufresne and the gold but this ain't no ordinary night, Dane. This is a night when Jim Watkins just told us that we're GONNA get a shot at our titles again and soon!

We ain't greedy, Dane. One set of gold is good enough for us for now.

Especially since we never should have lost that gold to begin with.

[Dane turns to offer the mic to Danny Morton.]

DM: Lemme tell ya something, broth-

[Suddenly, there's a loud commotion from off-camera as two figures rush into view!]

JD: THE BISHOPS!

[Dane gets shoved to the ground by Duane Henry Bishop just before Danny Morton flattens Duane Henry with a forearm smash to the jaw. A few feet away, Jackson Haynes and Cletus Lee get into a big scrum, throwing rights and lefts as they tangle up, smashing into the nearby wall.

Duane Henry is down on the ground getting hammered by Danny Morton when Cousin Bo creeps up, a wooden folding chair in his hands...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The chair splinters upon impact with the large back of Danny Morton, falling to the floor in pieces as Morton slumps down to the floor as well. Nearby, Cletus Lee has managed to get an advantage, grabbing Haynes by the hair, and SMASHING his skull into the cement wall!]

GM: OHHHH! GOOD LORD, BUCKY!!

[Haynes collapses in a heap on the floor, allowing Cletus Lee to simply stomp him repeatedly as Cousin Bo and Duane Henry do the same thing to Danny Morton several feet away. Suddenly, a swarm of AWA security and officials rush the violent scene, trying to get the Bishops away from the downed Violence Unlimited.]

GM: They're not even supposed to be here! They said they were leaving!

BW: Huh. I guess they lied.

GM: Get them off Morton and Haynes! For goodness' sake!

BW: You know, maybe they really are ninjas after all.

GM: Oh, that's hysterical.

[With chaos reigning backstage, we abruptly cut back to the ring which is now surrounded with AWA competitors. Calisto Dufresne is pacing back and forth, clutching the title to his chest as he looks out over the most recent ringside additions - Stevie Scott, Marcus Broussard, and the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Robert Donovan. Jim Watkins is still in the ring, grinning at the situation.]

JW: Alright, I think we've let the champ here wriggle around on the hook long enough. Time to reel him in and club him with an oar.

[Dufresne shouts something unheard by the mic at Watkins who shakes his head.]

JW: Now that ain't nice at all, Calisto.

[Watkins holds up his cowboy hat, shaking it about a few times.]

JW: We'll shake this back and forth a bit... make sure everyone's got a fair shot...

[He lowers the hat, sticking his hand in while closing his eyes...

...and pulls out a slip of paper.]

JW: And the challenger in tonight's Main Event, battling for the AWA National Title is...

[He unfolds the paper to look at it.]

JW: SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS!

[There's a big cheer from the Texas crowd as the fan favorite pumps a fist, pulling himself up onto the apron using the ropes. The camera pans around ringside, showing an assortment of disappointed faces as the near-challengers absorb the news that they will only be lumberjacks for this match.]

GM: Oh yeah! Sweet Daddy Williams is gonna challenge Calisto Dufresne for the National Title and listen to these fans here in Dallas! They can't think of a better way to start 2012 than with this big title showdown, Bucky.

BW: I can't either because the Ladykiller is gonna mop the floor with this bozo.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The fans cheer again as Williams tugs off his red windbreaker, tossing it to the floor as he stands in his white trunks that read "SWEET DADDY" across the rump in red stitching. He points a finger at the champion who hands the title belt off to AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger. Jagger holds the title high over his head, showing it to the roaring crowd before he hands it out to the ringside attendant...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! Sweet Daddy Williams. Calisto Dufresne. The AWA National Title on the line in this Main Event lumberjack match! Don't forget, fans, there's sixteen competitors outside the ring whose sole job is to throw one of these two men back into the squared circle if they get sent out to the floor.

[Williams steps through the ropes into the ring, rushing into a collar and elbow tieup with the National Champion. The two men jostle for a bit, trying to get an edge...

...and Williams uses his size advantage to shove the lighter man down to the canvas to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Down goes the champion!

[Williams struts a bit, turning to shake his backside in the direction of the kneeling champion...

...who springs to his feet, racing at the exposed back of Williams but the fan favorite wheels around to cut him off, snapping a jab into the mush of the incoming champion!]

GM: Hard left jab by the challenger... there's a second... and a third now.

[The crowd is roaring for Williams as he dances to the side, peppering Dufresne repeatedly with snapping blows to the face. He finally stops, spinning his right and left arms around each other...

...and throws a big right hand to the jaw, knocking the Ladykiller down to the canvas!]

GM: Dufresne goes down hard off the right hand! The challenger is taking it to him in the early moments of this on- OHHHHHHHHH!

[The AWA faithful echoes the shout of Myers as Williams connects with a running clothesline that takes Dufresne over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the barely-padded floor...

...which brings some of the AWA superstars surrounding the ring moving in on him.]

GM: Look out now.

[It's Jeff Jagger who pulls Dufresne to his feet. The Ladykiller frantically fights back, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Jagger, and then rolling back into the ring on his own. A seething Jagger shouts something at Dufresne who turns his back on the ring to return verbal fire...

...and suddenly finds himself pulled down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: CRADLE!!

[Johnny Jagger dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans with disappointment as the champion just narrowly gets a shoulder off the canvas. Both champion and challenger try to scramble to their feet off the kickout, each trying to beat the other to a standing position.]

GM: Williams to his feet and- ohh! Dufresne catches him coming in with a knee to the midsection!

[Dufresne throws a big boot to the gut as well, knocking Williams down to a knee. Standing over the challenger, the Ladykiller smashes an overhead elbow down on the crown of the skull, knocking the Atlanta native down to a seated position on the mat.]

GM: The champion is hammering away, driving the challenger down to the mat below...

[The Ladykiller turns towards Jim Watkins who is still at ringside, sneering in his direction as he hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and DRIVES a hard kick into the chest of Williams sending him sprawling backwards to the canvas.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That one's through the uprights, daddy!

[Dufresne shouts something in the direction of the fans, drawing their ire even more.]

GM: I think he just made a comment about the Dallas Cowboys.

BW: Kicking ain't their problem, Gordo.

GM: Nevertheless, you can bet the fans here in Dallas aren't going to be fond of ANY insults directed towards their beloved Cowboys.

[Dufresne rains down a series of stomps to the ribs, forcing Williams to roll away from him towards the ropes. Grabbing the top rope, the champion delivers a few more stomps, forcing Williams under the ropes to the floor...

...where Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass are more than happy to throw some more stomps to the body of the prone challenger!]

GM: Oh, come on! Playboy Enterprises is out there doing a number on the challenger!

BW: Hey, Watkins wanted to make this a handicap match! This is what he gets and rightfully so in my opinion!

GM: How do you figure?

BW: Watkins and the Championship Committee were trying to pull a fast one on the champion here tonight so whatever he's gotta do to shove it right back in their faces is completely legal in my book.

GM: I'd love to see that book one of these days, Bucky.

BW: You couldn't handle it, Gordo. No pop-ups.

[The assault from Playboy Enterprises is short-lived as the Antons rush to the rescue, forcing Casanova and Bass away long enough for Rick Marley to shove the challenger back under the ropes into the ring where Dufresne is waiting for him, dragging Williams off the mat by the arm...]

GM: He brings the challenger back to his feet... wheels him into the ropes...

[And drops him with a well-placed back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Williams might need to get his dental work checked after that one! Right in the mouth with an elbow... nicely done.

[Dufresne slowly raises his fist to the sky, glaring out over the jeering crowd with a smirk on his face...

...and then DRIVES the same fist down between the eyes with a standing fistdrop!]

GM: Ahhh! What a shot by Dufresne!

[The Ladykiller secures a lateral press, shouting at the official who drops down to deliver a two count before the shoulder comes up.]

GM: No dice! Just the count of two there for the champion.

[Dufresne quickly shoves himself up to his knees, wasting no time in grabbing Williams' head off the mat. Balling up his right hand, he slams it repeatedly into the skull, earning a warning from the official who moves into a count.]

GM: The referee is laying a count on Dufresne - up to three... now four...

[But the Ladykiller releases his grip, shoving the challenger back down to the canvas before climbing to his feet. He lays in a pair of stomps on the prone Atlanta native before backing to the ropes, bouncing off, and slowly walking out...

...and DROPPING a big knee down across the skull of Williams!]

GM: Devastating kneedrop by the Ladykiller! And he goes for another cover here!

[Dufresne actually hooks a leg this time but still only gains a two count before Williams fires a shoulder off the mat. From outside the ring, we can hear a few shouts of support. The Ladykiller turns towards the shouts, pointing a finger as the camera cuts to show Nick Anton and Robert Donovan giving some support to the fan favorite.]

GM: Williams is not alone out here, Bucky.

BW: No, of course not. He's always been one of the favorites of these morons in the crowd. But that ain't gonna help him when Calisto hooks in the Wham Bam and turns out his lights.

GM: I meant men like the Antons and Robert Donovan who very audibly giving their support to the challenger here tonight.

BW: As long as they don't PHYSICALLY give their support to him, they can shout all they want.

[An angry Dufresne drags Williams to his feet...

...and promptly chucks him through the ropes to the floor, dropping him down at the feet of Pedro Perez who immediately buries a trio of kicks into the ribs of Williams. The referee shouts at Perez from inside the ring, backing him off but Marcus Broussard dives on him, throwing right hands to the skull of the challenger.]

GM: Get some control over this, referee!

[Stevie Scott comes tearing around the ringpost, throwing himself into a full-body tackle on Broussard, toppling him to the floor. The Hotshot hammers away on Broussard...

...which leaves his back exposes for Bruno Verhoeven who blasts him with a big double axehandle to the back of the neck!]

GM: We've got fights breaking out on the floor and-

[Suddenly, Rick Marley climbs up on the ring apron, charging down the length of it...

...and throws himself off in a crossbody, knocking Bruno Verhoeven off his feet! In the meanwhile, Eric Preston and Supernova pull Williams off the mat, shoving him back under the ropes.]

GM: Williams back in and-

[Dufresne pulls him up...

...and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[With a bunch of the lumberjacks still tangled up on the other side of the ring, Dick Bass and Johnny Casanova rush into the fray again. Casanova pulls Williams up by the arm, turning towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Williams collapses back against the barricade, his arms draped over the steel railing. Dick Bass moves in, wrapping his hands around the throat of Williams to blatantly choke him while the official tries to get the fighting under control on the other side of the ring...

...when Kolya Sudakov rushes into the scene, throwing right hands at Casanova and Bass to chase them off, shoving his SuperClash tag team partner back into the ring.]

GM: The Russian War Machine helping out Sweet Daddy Williams. Remember, those two men teamed back at SuperClash to great results and are actually the #5 contenders to the National Tag Team Titles at this time.

[Dufresne drags Williams off the mat, pushing him back into the corner where he lays in a big knife-edge chop.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by the National Champion!

[The champion shouts at a vocal ringside fan before lashing the challenger across the chest with another big chop!]

GM: Two big chops now!

[The Ladykiller grabbed Williams by the arm, attempting an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Dufresne CRASHING into the buckles, staggering back out of the corner...

...and getting LAUNCHED overhead, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[The Ladykiller flails about on the canvas, clutching the small of his back. He struggles, getting back to his feet...

...and gets bowled over with a running clothesline!]

GM: Williams takes him down with a clothesline!

[Dufresne slowly struggles up again...

...and gets mowed down a second time with a clothesline!]

GM: Another shot takes him down again!

[The National Champion in a pure panic rolls under the ropes, dropping down to a knee on the floor...

...where a big paw is hooked around his throat!]

GM: WHOA! DONOVAN'S GOT DUFRESNE BY THE THROAT!

[The National Champion gets to his feet, gasping for air...]

BW: He can't do this, Gordo! Donovan can't do this!

GM: The Longhorn Heritage Champion made it REAL clear earlier tonight that he believes he's the rightful Number One contender and this might be his way of letting Dufresne know that!

[Dufresne is begging off, screaming for mercy as Donovan glares into his eyes...

...and then reaches down, hoisting Dufresne up into a gorilla press!]

GM: OH MY!!

[And the seven footer hurls the National Champion OVER the ropes, sending him crashing down to the canvas with a jolt!]

GM: Donovan puts him in the hard way!

[Williams grabs Dufresne by the hair, hauling him up to his feet, and promptly tugging him into a front facelock. He slings the Ladykiller's arm over his neck, hoisting him into the air...



...and DUMPS him down hard in a vertical suplex!]

GM: Suplex! What impact!

[Williams rolls over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the Ladykiller is out at two, firing a shoulder off the canvas. With a whoop to the crowd, Williams takes the mount, grabbing Dufresne by the hair as he rears back with his right hand...]

GM: Big right hand! And another!

[The crowd roars as Williams drills Dufresne over and over with haymakers to the skull. The referee again starts a count, forcing Williams to break off his assault at the count of four. He climbs to his feet, letting loose a big shout as he rushes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Off the ropes and-

[BOOM!]

GM: HIGH LEAPING ELBOW!!

[He rolls back into the lateral press, pinning both shoulders to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Dufresne's shoulder again pops up off the canvas!]

GM: No! Just a two count!

BW: Come on, champ. Get your head back in this thing!

[Williams pushes up to his feet, clapping his hands together in frustration as he leans down to grab Dufresne, pulling him to a knee...

...where the National Champion sticks a thumb in the eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by the champion!

[Dufresne pushes up off his knee, approaching Williams from behind with his arms raised overhead for a double axehandle...

...and the Atlanta fan favorite swings around, throwing a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Williams caught him coming in!

[Approaching the champion from behind, Williams wipes at the blinded eye, hooking Dufresne around the waist, hoisting him up...

...and dumping him down on a bent knee with an atomic drop that sends Dufresne smashing into the buckles! He swings around, staggering back out of the corner...]

GM: Dufresne's in trouble!

[The challenger scoops him up, rotating...

...and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The shoulder comes flying off the canvas at the absolute last moment!]

GM: Oh my stars, Bucky! How close was that?

BW: It was dangerously close, Gordo. I'm sweatin' through ALL my clothes over here. The champ's gotta get on track. He's gotta do something big here to get back into this.

[Williams looks up in disbelief at the official, shaking his head as he holds up three fingers. Johnny Jagger reiterates the two count as we can hear his son shouting encouragement to Williams.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams was a half a count away - maybe less - from becoming the AWA National Champion here on the first Saturday Night Wrestling of 2012!

[A frustrated Williams pulls the champion off the mat by the arm, winging him into the corner. With a whoop, Williams mounts the midbuckle, throwing his right hand up into the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Williams gives another whoop...

...which allows Dufresne enough time to upend Williams, sending him crashing down hard to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Dufresne collapses to his knees, clinging to the ropes as the referee moves over, stepping up on the middle rope to check on the downed Williams who quickly becomes victim to an assault from Pedro Perez and Rex Summers.]

GM: Perez and Summers are all over the challenger! Come on!

[And cue the cavalry! It begins with Rick Marley who pulls himself up on the apron, leaping into the air, springing back off the middle rope...

...and WIPING OUT Marcus Broussard and Dick Bass with a moonsault!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Eric Preston takes his cue next, pulling himself up on the apron. He dashes down the apron, diving off in a somersault that catches MAMMOTH Mizusawa squarely in the chest, knocking the Japanese giant down to the floor!]

GM: IT'S BREAKING LOOSE OUT HERE AT RINGSIDE!

[Before you know it, there is brawling going on all over the ringside area with the lumberjacks throwing down with one another.]

GM: The fight is on and... wait a second! Where the heck is he going?!

[The camera catches Calisto Dufresne on his feet, stepping through the ropes out onto the elevated platform. He turns back to the ring, waving his arms at the whole scene as he retreats down the platform, heading for the locker room.]

GM: The National Champion is walking out!

BW: Haha! I love it! This is brilliant, Gordo! Jim Watkins thought he had Dufresne trapped in this match but the Ladykiller just showed Watkins that he's a genius! He's out of here and there ain't a single thing that Jim Watkins can do about it!

[The Ladykiller continues to back down the aisle, all smiles as Sweet Daddy Williams crawls back into the ring. The challenger looks down the ramp in disbelief at the fleeing champion, waving him back to the ring.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams wants more! He's on the verge of becoming the AWA National Champion and he knows it! Heck, so does Dufresne! That's why he's running for it!

BW: Oh, give me a break, Myers. Dufresne had this match well in hand. He was luring him in. He was just waiting to lay down the killshot on him!

GM: You give ME a break, Bucky! Anyone with eyes would totally disagree with everything you just said. Calisto Dufresne's title reign was in serious jeopardy here tonight and he's trying to get out of here with that title over his shoulder while he still can!

[As the National Champion continues to backpedal down the aisle, pausing to actually wave at the dazed challenger...

...the crowd suddenly ERUPTS in a roar!]

GM: What the...?

BW: No, no, no! Not him! Not now!

[But yes, Bucky... it IS him. And it IS now.]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ!! VASQUEZ IS AT THE TOP OF THE RAMP!!

[A fact that the backpedaling Dufresne is completely oblivious to until the roaring crowd makes him suspicious. He slowly turns around...

...and freezes in his tracks. He stares at Vasquez unmoving for a long moment and then shakes his head, lifting his hands to beg off from the man he helped sideline for half of 2011.]

GM: Vasquez stops him cold! Calisto Dufresne doesn't know what to do, fans! He's stuck between Juan Vasquez and the man who is inching closer and closer to the National Title right here tonight.

BW: Look out, champ!

[With Dufresne momentarily distracted, Sweet Daddy Williams makes a bee-line down the ramp, swinging the champion around, and cracking him on the jaw with a right hand, forcing him to drop the National Title belt on the wooden platform.]

GM: Yeah! Get him, Sweet Daddy!

[Grabbing a handful of the champion's hair, Williams drags him down the elevated ramp towards the ring, hurling him over the ropes with ease. The challenger steps through the ropes, pointing a finger at Dufresne who backpedals to the corner, lifting both hands to beg off...]

GM: The challenger's got him trapped in the corner! We're almost out of time here on Saturday Night Wrestling! If this match is not over before we go off the air, we will leave the cameras rolling and will present the conclusion of the match to you on the AWA website immediately following the end of this showdown!

[Williams approaches the corner...

...and again gets stuck with a thumb in the eye! He promptly grabs the hair of Williams, smashing his skull into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the turnbuckle pad!

[Dufresne hops up on the second rope, pushing Williams away from the corner with his boot. He rises, standing tall...]

...and leaps off, aiming a double axehandle at the challenger's head!]

GM: AXEHAND-

[But Williams raises his arms, blocking the axehandle attempt!]

GM: Blocked!

[With a grin, Williams secures his arms around the waist of Dufresne in a bearhug...]

GM: He's going for the Metroboom! A tribute to his old friend City Jack!

[But if there's a hold in wrestling that Calisto Dufresne knows better than anyone, it's this one. He promptly smashes his arms together on the ears of Williams, breaking the attempt. Dufresne grabs a handful of Williams' trunks...]

...and DRIVES him into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL!!

[Dufresne yanks him by the trunks again, pulling him into a front facelock. He pauses for just a moment before hoisting Williams horizontally off the canvas...]

...and DRIVING his skull into the mat!]

GM: HE DRILLED IT!!

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

[Dufresne flips the challenger onto his back, diving across his chest as he tightly hooks both legs...]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The National Champion wastes no time in bailing out of the ring, clearing out just before the ring fills with the raging battle all around the ringside area.]

GM: All heck has broken loose but Calisto Dufresne, by hook or by crook, has retained the National Title!

BW: Hell yes he has! The greatest professional athlete in the world lives to fight another day, daddy!

[Dufresne walks along the length of the wooden ramp, scooping up his fallen National Title belt...

...and thrusts it high over his head, soaking up the roaring jeers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Calisto Dufresne has done it! Calisto Dufresne is still the AWA National Champion and what a way we just kickstarted 2012! The Ladykiller keeps the gold... but for how long when you look at all the top contenders lining up for a shot at him? Are Dufresne's days with the gold numbered? For Jason Dane, Mark Stegglet, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you next time... at the matches!

[The camera holds on Dufresne, still posing with the title belt held high overhead as the fans scream their hatred in his direction from all around...

...as we fade to black.]