

# AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
OCTOBER 20, 2012

[As the closing notes to the "Sanford And Son" theme fade into nothing, the viewing audience is greeted by the sounds of "Saturday Night Special" by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

A large white map of the United States fills the screen as the music plays. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro 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 Colt Patterson's Mirror Ball.

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 another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where you will see all the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. By my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde and Bucky, we are just over a month away from SuperClash IV, the biggest event of the year for the AWA and things are starting to really heat up heading into Los Angeles.

BW: We already know that James Monosso, if he can get medical clearance, will be defending the World Title that night against Supreme Wright who earned his shot by winning the Rumble at Blood, Sweat, And Tears. That's gonna be something else and that's just scratching the surface of what we're going to see.

GM: That's right and I'm told that tonight, here in Dallas, we should learn more matches for the big show in Southern California and I can't wait for that. Ladies and gentlemen, in case you couldn't join us last time, we have a new Longhorn Heritage Champion in the "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant and I'm told that Mr. Bryant will be on hand this week to address the fans. Plus, we'll see Hall of Famer Gunnar Gaines take on Ryan Martinez and Brian Von Braun makes his return to the AWA rings to take on the World Champion James Monosso in a non-title match... IF Monosso is medically cleared which I don't believe will happen, Bucky.

BW: It ain't wise to question Percy Childes, Gordo. The man's got more contacts than an eye doctor's office. He'll find a way to make it happen - bet on it.

GM: We'll see about that. We've got all of that plus much, much more but right now, let's go up to the ring for tonight's opening matchup!

[The bell sounds as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from San Antonio, Texas... weighing in at 244 pounds... Antonio Torres!

[There's little reaction from the crowd for Torres but that quickly changes as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play over the arena speakers. Twenty-five seconds in, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. He is decked in a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk. The large helmet is attached to black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on the man's massive frame. In addition, he is wearing a black singlet, with a silver M across the front, black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads and black boots with silver trim.]

# SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #  
# DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #  
# THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #  
# THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #  
# SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #  
# IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #

# OH WELL #

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains and weighing in at 420 pounds, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance ramp. He removes the helmet to reveal a black mask with silver markings around the back. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke. He approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. Across the ring from him is a Hispanic male with a sculpted physique, long, wavy black hair and a trimmed goatee; dressed in a black singlet, knee pads and boots.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Antonio Torres has the unenviable task of facing MAMMOTH Maximus tonight. Collar-and-elbow... And Maximus just shoves him off, sending Torres into the ropes.

[They lock up again, and this time Maximus literally facepalms Torres into the corner. Two punches to the face knocks Torres down, but Maximus pulls him back up, to deliver another punch to the face, followed by a series of body shots.]

GM: Maximus is taking liberties with Torres in the corner. Referee needs to stop this!

BW: Referee needs to protect himself. Maximus is mad enough as he is, following Mizusawa's return at Blood, Sweat and Tears; I don't think he needs to be riled up any more.

GM: Maximus whips Torres against the ropes... And just lets Torres run right smack into his wall-like body!

[Maximus picks Torres up and locks him in a standing headscissors. He turns to the nearest ringside camera and we hear him yelling, "I PUT YOU DOWN! LIKE I'M GOING TO PUT THIS PUNK DOWN! AND I'LL PUT YOU DOWN AGAIN IF I NEED TO!"]

GM: POWERBOMB! But not before delivering some choice words to, I believe, the Japanese giant.

[Maximus rolls Torres over and places one fist on Torres' chest for the cover.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

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

BW: He's so fired up, he's not even waiting around for the referee to raise his hand in victory!

GM: I'm not sure this is a good idea but... uhh... our broadcast colleague Jason Dane is climbing into that ring to get some words from the big man. Jason, good luck.

[Dane looks a little uncomfortable as he steps through the ropes into the ring where Maximus is pacing back and forth, obviously still looking for more of a fight.]

JD: Fans, you've just seen the 420-pound monster from the San Bernadino Mountains in action. Maximus, at Blood, Sweat and Tears; Giant Aso, the man formerly known as MAMMOTH Mizusawa, the man you injured way back in March in Saitama, Japan; made his return to the AWA. Not only that, he eliminated you from the Rumble and cost you another opportunity at the AWA World Heavyweight title! We've heard your manager, Louis Matsui threatening the giant; we know you want another shot at taking him out like you thought you had in Japan, but how sure are you, Maximus, that you can do what you did to Aso when he HASN'T got his back turned to you?

[Maximus grabs Dane by the wrist, yanking the mic in front of him to some obvious discomfort for our announcer.]

MM: JASON DANE! Are you asking me how sure I am about facing Giant Aso head-on, man... NO! Monster-to-monster and do to him what I have already done before? Do you doubt my ability to put him down for good without needing some sort of distraction to give me an advantage over the big lug? Are you questioning my capability to take what Aso is capable of dishing, this very same man who went toe-to-toe with Blackwater Bart and lived to tell the tale?

GIANT ASO! Listen to me. Listen to my words! Look into my eyes! I've put you down before! I'll put you down again! You should have stayed away, Aso. You should never have come back! Worse still, you should never have crossed me in the Rumble! Because now, NOW, I'll have to finish what I started! Now I've got to put you down for good! Payback will be mine! THE SATISFACTION WILL BE MINE! And between now and SuperClash, I want you to reflect on the inevitable. I want you to come to terms with the fact that, at SuperClash... That's RIGHT! Let's do this on the biggest stage of them all. I'm getting down on one knee here, Aso!

[And he does just that.]

MM: I'm BEGGING you, Aso, at SuperClash, to step into the ring with me. And I want you to come to terms with the fact that, at SuperClash, you will meet your undoing by my hands!

[Maximus balls his black fingerless gloved fists and holds them together in front of him, as he gets back to his feet.]

MM: Maximus will do what needs to be done! Maximus will fulfill his destiny! And, pretty soon, the world will realize...

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Maximus flings Dane's arm away from him, sending the announcer stumbling across the ring as the big man steps out to the entrance ramp to make his way back to the locker room.]

GM: Whoa! How 'bout that?! MAMMOTH Maximus has issued a challenge to Giant Aso for what may be the largest match in AWA history. I can't remember a time when two men this size climbed into a ring together, Bucky.

BW: Unless it was Tumaffi and a mirror, I think you're right, Gordo.

GM: The challenge has been issued for SuperClash... and I gotta believe that Giant Aso will accept. That's gonna be... pardon the pun... but a mammoth matchup, fans! Right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is with the now-FORMER Longhorn Heritage Champion Glenn Hudson. Mark?

[We cut to backstage to Mark Stegglet. Glenn Hudson stands next to him, looking far less animated than he was when we last saw him. The Australian is dressed simply in black t-shirt and denim jeans. He peers off-camera somewhere as Mark begins, hands on his hips and looking a little uncomfortable.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. I'm standing here with, I regret to say now, the former Longhorn Heritage Champion, Glenn Hudson. Glenn, that title changed hands just a short while ago at Homecoming... in a most controversial manner.

[Hudson's eyebrows twitch in response. He casts a quick "let's get this over with" glance at the camera before turning to Stegglet.]

MS: You came into the match guns blazing. Some spectators described you as seeming almost possessed by nostalgia. It looked like you were ready to put the "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant away and potentially end his career, but then-

GH: That's right, "but then". Dave was gone for all money, but then it was over. This wasn't the result that I had in mind and it wasn't result that Texas wrestling deserved. I'd be lying if I said I didn't feel like I've let people down.

[Glenn rubs the back of his neck, feeling awkward in the moment. Stegglet, however, has his back.]

MS: It seemed from all appearances that Dave Bryant used some kind of foreign object to set you up for his superkick. A lot was certainly riding on this match, but I doubt if any of the AWA's fans would say you let them down.

[Glenn cracks a small grin for just a moment.]

GH: I appreciate what you're saying, Mark, but let me explain something to you. In South Laredo, when two men stepped into the same ring with a championship on the line, they would expect to be hit with anything not nailed down... The very best would expect to be hit with that too. Now, some say Bryant had a pair of brass knucks, I don't know...

[He taps himself on the temple.]

GH: For a split second, I saw he had something... Just didn't see it coming quickly enough.

[Glenn shakes his head and gives a shrug.]

MS: Whatever the circumstances, Dave Bryant is now the Longhorn Heritage Champion. What does this mean though for the man who slowly destroyed that championship's belt? What happens to it now?

[The former champion takes a moment to think about this.]

GH: I've said before, the belt doesn't make the champion. All the same, whatever's left of that belt... I'd like to get it back, bring it back for the Gateway City if nothing else.

[He grins.]

GH: Let's not forget, Dave Bryant upset a lot of people... and I don't think he's copped everything that's coming to him yet. Bryant doesn't need to worry about ten pounds of gold around his waist. Bryant needs to worry about ten pounds to the face... with these...

[Hudson helpfully raises two clenched fists, then turns to Stegglet.]

GH: ... and that's just saying "G'day, remember me?" Ink's on the paper, Jason - he has his contract. We're stuck with Bryant for a while. We don't have to enjoy it, but nowhere on that contract did it say he has to either. Dave, a little bird told me you might be in the building tonight. I think you'll be seeing me sooner... rather than later.

[With that, he abruptly walks out of the shot.]

MS: Glenn Hudson eager to get some payback from the Doctor of Love. I'm sure a rematch isn't far from his mind. Gordon, Bucky... back to you at ringside!

[Crossfade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Fans, coming up next is a very serious situation that we need to address and that's the physical well-being of the AWA World Champion James Monosso.

BW: Percy's got all that under control, Gordo. Don't worry about it.

GM: Percy Childes having ANYTHING to do with that situation is exactly why I AM worried about it, Bucky. It was just two weeks ago that James Monosso came out here and announced to the world that the AWA medical team had NOT cleared him to compete and that he, in fact, needed to retire immediately from the ring in order to save himself from risking permanent injury. Percy Childes, still his legal manager of record, had other ideas.

BW: Look, Gordo... Percy still wants the gold for Nenshou. He wants the strap around his man's waist. And he ain't about to let Monosso walk away after turning his back on him after all he's done for him.

GM: After all he... Percy Childes is the reason that Monosso is IN this situation! He's a user... he's self-centered and uncaring about his charges. Percy Childes uses someone physically and mentally until they're a shell of themselves and then he tosses them aside for the next guy to fall into his trap. We've seen it with Anton Layton already and now we're seeing it with James Monosso.

BW: But he's also arguably the most powerful man in professional wrestling so who the hell are you to judge him, Myers?

GM: Fans, Percy Childes has scheduled James Monosso for a non-title match later tonight against Brian Von Braun... but as of right now, we're told that the AWA medical staff will NOT clear Monosso to compete however Percy Childes has spent all week claiming he could find multiple doctors willing to clear Monosso. Did he succeed? We'll find out later tonight but right now, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing, microphone at the ready.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, hailing from Tulsa, Oklahoma, weighing in at 284 lbs., Wendell McGraw!

[A rather pudgy man wearing black trunks and black and white cowboy boots spits a wad of tobacco to the outside, drawing boos.]

GM: Well, that was disgusting.

BW: Should've spit it out into the audience.

GM: BUCKY!

PW: And his opponent...

[Soundgarden's "Jesus Christ Pose" blares over the PA system, drawing a larger pop than last time.]

PW: ...from Wildwood, New Jersey, and weighing in at 245 lbs., CHRIS STALEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

[Staley slowly works his way from behind the curtain. As he stands at the top of the aisle, he looks around, taking everything in. He smiles at the larger pop that greets him this week. He starts to make his way to the ring, slapping hands, but never taking his eyes off of McGraw.]

GM: Wow, would you listen to the response that Chris Staley has gotten from this crowd in such a short period of time?

BW: It's ridiculous. This guy's a no good never-was in the hardcore world, yet he comes in here, shaking hands and kissing babies, and the sheep here in Dallas eat it up. Makes me sick, Gordo.

GM: Why am I not surprised? I think a man with Staley's new attitude is a breath of fresh air around here.

[Staley reaches ringside, and slingshots himself into the ring. He takes off his black leather jacket and hands it to the ring attendant. That slight lapse in attention is all Wendell McGraw needs.]

GM: Oh my! An attack from behind on Staley by McGraw!

[The bell rings, officially starting the match.]

BW: See, now this is my kind of action. Beat him up 'til he can't move no more.

GM: Ugh. This is ridiculous. Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The ref inserts himself into the fray, backing McGraw off. McGraw looks out into the booing crowd and laughs a nasty tobacco-drenched laugh. Too bad for him that gives Staley all the time he needs.]

GM: Oh my! A series of kicks to the ribs! Now McGraw isn't looking so happy!

BW: Give him time, Gordo.

[Staley follows the kicks to the ribs with a kick to the legs, then a BIG one to the skull, knocking McGraw back into the ropes.]

GM: My stars, did you hear that kick to the temple?!

BW: Sure did. Staley should be suspended, daddy!

GM: What in the world for?!

BW: He...uh...he could have given him a concussion!

GM: Oh brother.

[Staley goes to Irish whip McGraw, but it's reversed. McGraw goes for a lariat, but Staley ducks on the rebound, hits the opposite ropes, and hits a swift dropkick to the knees on his return.

GM: Wow! Did you see the speed Staley built up on that? I've been watching the old tapes of Staley, and I have to say I never saw him move this quickly before.

[Staley pulls McGraw upright and puts him in a full nelson. He tries to execute some sort of move, but McGraw's not budging.]

GM: What's this?

BW: This half-baked idiot utterly failing.

[Staley hits some repeated knees to the back, softening his opponent up. He switches his grip to a side waistlock, powering McGraw into the air and dropping him down to the mat with a back suplex.]

GM: Staley puts him down hard with that, quickly getting back to his own feet and going right after the leg of McGraw...

[He grabs his opponent by the right leg, and starts kicking away at it.]

GM: Uh oh. We saw Staley kick away at his opponent two weeks ago in an attempt at a submission maneuver. Will we see him succeed at it this week?

BW: I hope not.

[McGraw lashes out with his left boot, but Staley deftly moves out of the way.]

GM: Staley is firmly in control now, and I wouldn't be surprised to see him end this soon.

BW: No, no, no. Come on, McGraw!

GM: Staley is now climbing the ropes. What does he have in mind now?

[Staley lets out a shout that's echoed by the fans. He leaps off...]

GM: Flying elbow! Right across the knee! And Staley immediately goes for a cover to get one... he gets two... he gets- no! McGraw managing to kick out.

BW: As much as I hate to admit it, that was a smart move from Staley. He forced McGraw to use what leg strength he has left to kick out.

GM: I'm sorry, did I just hear you \_compliment\_ Chris Staley?

BW: Eh, don't get used to it. Remember, this punk's on a short-term contract.

[Staley gives the international signal to indicate that his opponent is finished, drawing another pop from the crowd.]

GM: Staley now trying to turn the rather rotund McGraw over onto his stomach. Can he do it?

[Staley tries with all his might to turn McGraw over, the fans cheering him on.]

BW: He can't do it, daddy! Wendell McGraw's just too big!

GM: Staley slowly maneuvering him into position. Can he do it? He's not quite there yet.

[The fans rally behind Staley, shouting their encouragement as he muscled McGraw onto his belly!]

GM: He got it! He locks in the Lethal Injection!

BW: No!

GM: Staley pulling as hard as he can on the legs. And...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! Wendell McGraw gives up!

["Jesus Christ Pose" starts up again as Staley quickly releases the hold, allowing the referee to raise his arm.]

PW: Here is your winner, CHRIS  
STAAAAAAAAAAAAALEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

[Staley rolls out of the ring, slapping a few more hands as he makes his way to the announcers' table.]

GM: Well, it looks like we're about to be joined by the big winner.

BW: Oh goodie.

[Staley enters the picture, shaking Gordon Myers' hand. He goes to shake Bucky's hand, but Bucky ignores him, choosing to turn his back on him instead. Staley just looks at Gordon and shrugs.]

CS: Even Bucky Wilde can't bring me down these days.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: That's two straight big wins for you, Chris. You've got to be feeling great.

[Staley nods.]

CS: I am. I am. But I've gotta tell you, Gordon Myers, I'd be feeling a lot better if I had a chance to REALLY show my skills. And that's why I have an announcement to make.

[Gordon raises an eyebrow.]

GM: Oh?

CS: First, I came here for the tournament. I'd say I did...alright.

[Gordon nods.]

CS: Then I entered the Rumble. Again, just alright.

GM: Yes.

CS: Well, now there's a platform custom-made for me coming up. At SuperClash, I want in.

[Gordon gets a quizzical look on his face as he tries to figure out what Staley's talking about. And then, his eyes light up as it hits him.]

GM: You mean...

[Staley grins.]

CS: That's right, Gordon. At SuperClash, I want to

STEAL

THE

SPOTLIGHT!

[The fans cheer this announcement.]

GM: My goodness. That's a huge announcement! Do you think the Championship Committee will let you in?

CS: I don't know.

[Staley turns to the audience.]

CS: What do you guys think? Should I be entered in the match?

[They give a resounding "YES!" in response. Staley turns back to Gordon.]

CS: Well, we know how they feel. Now it's just up to the Committee to decide.

[Staley looks at the camera.]

CS: I'm begging you guys. Give me the opportunity I want. Make me part of this match, and not only will I Steal The Spotlight, I promise I'll steal the entire show!

[The fans give a huge pop for that. Staley smiles and looks back at Gordon.]

CS: Now that's Redemption you can believe in.

[Staley exits, heading backstage.]

GM: Chris Staley makes it official right here tonight, fans! He wants in! Steal The Spotlight seems to be custom-made for an athlete the caliber of Chris Staley if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: If you ask me, he should book a coach ticket back to Osaka where there's a pile of thumbtacks with his name on 'em.

GM: Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]

TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...

And then back up to live action backstage where Jason Dane is standing by.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. I'm here with the man that made a surprising return to the AWA by hopping the guard railing and attempting to go toe to toe with newcomer Terry Shane III, Hannibal Carver.

[Carver walks into the scene, branding iron in hand one again and cigar clenched in his teeth. Clad in his usual black jeans and black combat boots, along with a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood down and a MILLER HIGH LIFE logo emblazoned across the chest. He takes the cigar out of his mouth and exhales a big puff of smoke, locking his gaze on Jason the entire time.]

JD: We all last saw you in the first round of the AWA World Championship tournament, taking on the man who would go on to ultimately win the strap, James Monosso. Since taking the loss at his hands, we hadn't heard anything from you. Why did you choose now to come back to AWA television?

[Carver taps the branding iron lightly against Dane's chest, drawing a look of concern from the announcer.]

HC: Well, to be honest I thought that fight with Monosso was a one time deal. Once he knocked my lights out and covered me for the three count, anyway.

[Smirks.]

HC: After that, I figured I'd take some time off before heading back out east. Way east. But life? Life's a funny thing.

[Takes another drag from his cigar.]

HC: Someone in the office, they saw something they liked. Something they could make a dime off of. I dunno if it was the way I slammed Monosso in the face with haymakers or the way I got right back up no matter what he did to me... but I got the call. So two weeks ago, I was doing exactly what I said I did. Sitting in the crowd, enjoying my beer in celebration of a freshly inked contract... until something happened to kill my buzz.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Which brings me to my next question. Why Terry Shane III? Why a man you've never had any contact with, when most would guess you'd have daggers in your eyes for World Champ James Monosso.

[Carver chuckles but without much humor in his voice.]

HC: Heh. Would they, now? Me and yer champ had the roughest brawl this side of Finnegan's Pub in Dorchester. We cracked each other with fists, slammed each other into the mat and into steel... and it wasn't over until he dropped me on my head TWICE. Just like I mentioned last time with McBaine, any man that can look me dead in the eyes and unleash that kind of hell has earned my respect and then some.

No, one way or another me and yer champ will be in the ring together... but it won't be because I demanded it, it'll be because I tore through every last mother's son here in this company.

[Carver gestures at the camera with the branding iron.]

HC: Which leads me to the snotnose. The opposite of respect, you're using the names of real men who've fought in outright wars in this sport to make a name for yourself. To use everything yer daddy accomplished, as if that means you should just be given everything that mean EARNED. I was having a great old time. Until him and his skirt decided this wasn't a wrestling card, it was a debate. And they talked...

[Carver rolls his eyes.]

HC: And they talked...

[Carver feigns a yawn.]

HC: And talked. Until I decided I had enough, and it was time to shut both of their yaps. I didn't get any satisfaction though, so yeh can bet yer last bottom dolla--

[Just then...]

"You're not going to break out into some Broadway musical rendition of "Tomorrow", are you?"

[Sultry, smooth, and full of side boob...is there anything hotter? The "Siren" Miss Sandra Hayes is definitely bringing it tonight thanks to a lavender half shirt, which also allows a rather extensive expanse of skin between its hem and the top her plaid yellow-and-purple skirt. But lets not dwell.

No, wait, lets. Mmm, pretty, flawless, tanned stomach skin. Mmm, side-boob. Dwell-dwell-dwell.

...side-boob.]

SH: You were, weren't you? As if the opening number at Blood, Sweat, and Tears wasn't enough to make a girl vomit.

[The Siren positions herself dangerously close to Hannibal Carver before the hand of Terry Shane III quickly snares her around the waist, pulling her back to his side. Terry Shane III is dressed a bit more, fitted... A slimming gray jacket, half-way unbuttoned white dress shirt, appropriately tailored denim jeans, and a pair of Chuck Taylor's that say, "hey, I can still have a good time too!".]

TS: It is ironic that you claim to stand before us today, branding your way into my --

SH [waving her fingers]: Ahem.

TS: Excuse me, our, spotlight because you think someone saw something in you that could make them a dime or two. Trust me when I say it is not because of how you throw haymakers or exchange collar and elbow holds. It certainly is not for getting laid out by Bad Eye McBaine or schooled by a "fresh" James Monosso. Which means it really can be only one thing.

SH: He thinks we're his meal ticket!

[Carver scoffs.]

TS: Thank you, for that.

[A curtsy from the Siren.]

TS: You see someone like [pause] us, and you see real talent, you see real wrestling royalty, you see something that you have never had and quite frankly, never will. I do not care how many balconies you have dove off of or chairs to the skull you can take. THAT is not wrestling, that is worth no more than the dime or two you have valued yourself at.

But this?

[Terry Shane III moves in closer, wedging himself between Hayes and Dane who separates him from Hannibal Carver.]

TS: This is priceless. What we are doing here in AWA, what we bring to the table... it is worth more than a million of those branding irons you so exuberantly swing around and the cattle that come with them. So the next time you decide to interrupt what we are building here your fate will end up just as poor little Alexander Pearson's did last week...

Stretched out.

No Escape.

SH: Eat it!

[There's an awkward pause.]

HC: Yeh done?

[Shane nods.]

HC: It's real cute what the two of yeh got going here. Yeh act all big and tough, the skirt chimes in with a witty one liner, and yeh parade that schtick around as if it meant a damn. Yeh think I'm afraid of yeh Terry Shane [spooky fingers] The Third? Hardly. Unlike yer daddy, yeh ain't done a damn thing in this business or that ring out there to earn an ounce of respect from anyone. I ain't Alexander Pearson, if yeh even TRIED to lock that little hold on me I'd rip yer leg off and beat HER over the head with it!

SH: Challenge accepted!

[Shane looks incredulous at Hayes.]

HC/TS: What?

[She continues.]

SH: You think you're so tough, coming out like a one man parade on New Year's Day dressed in your nicest pair of five dollar jeans and matching hoodie. Oh, look at me, I wear big boy boots to work, whoopie! Forget you, Hannibal Carver! Tonight put your manhood where your mouth is!

Tonight... in that very ring [she points to wherever], you... us... NO ESCAPE CHALLENGE! If you can wiggle free --

[An annoyed Carver interrupts.]

HC: Look, yeh don't need to get all hot and bothered by it. Yeh think yeh can beat me? Yeh're funnier than I thought, princess. When I win, and I will win, I'm gonna do everyone a favor and duct tape yer mouth shut. You can thank me later for that. Terrence.

[And with that, Hannibal Carver exits.]

SH: It's so on!

TS: You. Me. There.

[The Salience gestures to the door beside them.]

TS: Now!

[And with that, we cut back to ringside as a grinning Jason Dane watches Hayes and Shane angrily exchange quiet words.]

Which brings us back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Arkansas and Australia respectively... at a total combined weight of 512 pounds...

The team of Clubfoot Jenkins and "Outback" Zack Kelly!

[The duo gets a pretty decent reaction from the crowd. The driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA, and immediately two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

PW: And their opponents... coming down the aisle... from Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of five hundred forty two pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men go to center ring and lift their arms to the fans, as if declaring that this is their turf.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders are set to take on the team of Jenkins and Kelly and this should be a good test for the Longhorn Riders who - as of late - have traded words with the Anton Brothers.

BW: Isn't really a fair trade since the Antons don't know too many words.

["Texas" Pete Colt opts to start off for his team, tugging hard at the top rope as the referee signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: "Texas" Pete is going to start things off in there with "Outback" Zack Kelly.

[The two men circle one another for a brief moment before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Colt with the immediate advantage, holding nearly fifty pounds on Kelly as he shoves him back against the ropes. Mickey Meekly is instantly in there calling for a break and-

[The crowd jeers as Colt steps back and buries a right hand into the midsection of Kelly. Grabbing him by the arm, Colt fires him across the ring...]

GM: Colt shoots him in... ohh! He knocks him down with a back elbow under the chin!

[Keeping the elbow up, Colt drops it down into the chest of Kelly before retaking his feet, launching into a series of stomps on the prone Australian.]

GM: Pete Colt is wasting no time in taking the fight to Zack Kelly immediately in this one. Outback Zack is what many call the Australian who - to be nice - is a little bit naive inside that ring.

BW: You're being REAL nice, Gordo.

GM: Maybe I am but he's such a nice young man who the kids really enjoy seeing in action.

[Colt pulls Kelly up, swinging him back into the Longhorn Riders' corner where he slaps the hand of "Slim" Jim Colt.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Jim Colt. These Colt boys are the sons of former tag team great Sam Colt, Bucky... so this is in their blood a bit.

BW: Sam Colt was one of the best tag team wrestlers I ever saw. He won more tag team titles all over the world than I can count so when you take their lineage and combine it with the fact that they trained at the Keening School Of Grappling Arts... which, even though it's got the Keening name on it, it's a damn fine wrestling school... then these two are a force to be reckoned with, daddy.

[Pete holds Kelly's arms back, allowing Jim to bury a big cowboy boot into the midsection.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders are working well together in the early moments of this one as Pete steps out, allowing his brother to take over with a snapmare...

[Jim Colt props Kelly up into a seated position...

...and then SLAMS his knee into the back of the Australian's head, knocking him down to the mat where he writhes around in pain.]

"WE'RE COMIN' FOR YA, BOYS!"

GM: A very clear message being sent to the Antons there. You have to wonder if that's something we might see at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles or will these two teams be able to wait until then?

[Kelly tries to sit up but Colt shoves him down back before leaping in the air, dropping his long leg across the chest with a bone-rattling impact!]

GM: Ohh! He got a lot of height on that leaping legdrop and Zack Kelly may be finished right here, fans.

[But Kelly proves more resilient than you might expect, kicking out at two. Colt connects with a few short right hands to the head before getting back up, slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes "Texas" Pete once more...

[Each brother grabs an arm, flinging Kelly across the ring...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Outback Zack!

[And the Australian lets off a loud grunt as he leaps up, connecting with a double clothesline that takes both Riders off their feet!]

GM: Outback Zack with the big move! He's gotta make the tag though!

[Kelly crawls across the ring towards the outstretched hand of his partner...

...and makes a lunging tag just as Pete Colt was about to stop him!]

GM: The tag is made! In comes Clubfoot!

[Jenkins comes in fast on his hillbilly bare feet, throwing big right hands at Pete Colt's head...

...and then slams his own skull into Colt's, sending him staggering backwards.]

GM: Pete Colt got wobbled off the headbutt!

[Grabbing the incoming Jim Colt by the head, Jenkins slams his head into his as well before grabbing Pete by the back of the head to smash their heads together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker by Clubfoot Jenkins! Straight out of Arkansas and bringing the thunder!

[The bare-foot hillbilly kinda wobbles around the ring, giving a whoop to the cheering fans who shout along with him.]

"CLUB-FOOT JENKINS!"

[There's another big cheer before he wheels back around to grab a dazed Pete Colt, scooping him up over his shoulder...]

GM: He's going for a powerslam, fans!

BW: What the heck are we seeing here?!

[Jenkins starts to run with Colt over his shoulder when Jim moves in, leaping off one foot and connecting with the other, squarely on the chin of Clubfoot, snapping his head back and taking him down to the mat!]

GM: OHHH! What a kick by Jim Colt! Out of nowhere he scores with that big boot to the mush and that might be it, Bucky.

BW: It might be but it ain't. Finish 'im off, boys!

[Ignoring the protesting referee, Pete Colt hoists Jenkins up onto his shoulders as Jim goes up top, pauses, and then launches himself off with a flying clothesline that flips Jenkins over before dumping him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! It's the Colt Revolver and that should do it!

[Pete Colt covers as the referee drops down.]

GM: Colt gets one... he's got two... and there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Pete Colt gets back to his feet, quickly raising his arms as his brother does the same.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders gain another victory, trying to move themselves up the ladder where perhaps they might get a shot at the National Tag Team Titles but before they do that, they've got the Antons standing right in their path.

[Jim Colt leans into the camera lens.]

"PUNK COLLEGE BOYS, WE COMIN' FOR YA! WE'RE GONNA KICK YER TEETH DOWN YOUR EDUCATED THROATS!"

[With a sneer, he shoves the camera away as he celebrates the victory with his brother...]

GM: An impressive win by the Longhorn Riders, and Jason Dane is climbing in there to get a few words...

[We see that happening as Dane steps through the ropes, mic in hand.]

JD: Gentlemen, your careers have gotten off to a strong start. But your first major test looms in the Anton Brothers. The war of words has been going on about your finisher...

[The burly Pete interrupts in a loud, blustery voice.]

PC: The Colt Revolver! That's what it's called!

[When Jim speaks, his voice is perfectly level but contains a menacing tone.]

JC: Them Antons weren't the first to use it. Even our father wasn't the first. But we do it the best. And we ain't scared to settle up with them Illinois boys to prove it.

PC: And finally, we're gonna do it! We got 'em in Amarillo this week! And in El Paso! And in Galveston! Then week after we got 'em in \*spit\* Tulsa. And \*SPIT\* Oklahoma Village!

JD: You mean Oklahoma City.

PC: If I said what I thought about Oklahoma, they'd bleep it out and fine me. ... Yeah, I don't even care! In Oklahoma [\*TV EDIT\*]!

[The crowd gives that a reacton... and we're in Dallas, so it's not all boos.]

JC: The point is, all this talk ain't nothin' but wasted oxygen. A couple of college kids think they're tough because they know how to get on a mat and roll around. They get some half-penny scrubs in here and throw 'em around like a sack of trash. Well, why don't we all just get together and prove it? In Amarillo. El Paso. Galveston. Even up in Hell. If you see the AWA's comin' to town, maybe you wanna show up and watch what happens when college kids get out in the real world. Give ya a clue: it ain't pretty.

[Pete Colt slaps his brother on the shoulder, gesturing at Outback Zack, who is coming to check on his partner, a split second before jumping him, hammering a forearm across the back of his head!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this at all, fans!

[The fans start jeering as the Riders work in tandem, stomping the downed Australian.]

GM: The referee's telling them to back off or he'll reverse the decision! The match is over and they've won! They should be happy with that!

BW: You talk about sendin' a message - well, here it comes loud and clear from the Colt boys.

[Pete pulls Zack up by the tights, lifting him up on his shoulders...]

GM: They're going for the Colt Revolver again!

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers!]

GM: Here comes the Antons! Get in there, boys!

[Nick and Alex come charging down the elevated ramp as quickly as their bodies will allow. Getting into the ring, a boot to the gut of Pete Colt by Nick causes the Rider to drop Kelly down to the mat as Alex catches Jim with a series of right hands...]

GM: Alex Anton's got Jim Colt trapped up top! He's gonna-

[Reaching up, Anton HURLS Colt off the top rope, sending him crashing down to the mat with a slam!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Jim Colt instantly rolls from the ring...

...but Pete doesn't quite make it as Nick Anton blocks his escape, yanking him to his feet.]

GM: The Antons with a doubleteam...

[The double whip sends him across...

...and an explosive leaping double tackle knocks him flat!]

GM: OH MY! What a move by the Antons!

[With a shout, Nick Anton muscles him back up into a waistlock, lifting him right up off the mat in the hold...]

GM: Good grief, that's a whole lot of power out of Nick Anton!

[As Nick holds the waistlock, Alex hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and CRACKING Pete across the face with a clothesline which sends his momentum backwards, allowing Nick to easily lift him up, planting him on the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE ANTONS CONNECT! THE WINDY CITY WINDUP JUST LAID OUT PETE COLT!!

[A desperate Jim Colt reaches under the ropes, dragging his brother to safety by the arm as the Antons celebrate to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: The Antons received the message sent by the Colts and then just sent one of their own, Bucky!

BW: This ain't over, Gordo! You better believe that this ain't over!

GM: Oh, I believe it. These two teams are on a collision course and sooner or later, they're going to meet inside that ring! Fans, we've got to take another break but before we do, let's go backstage to some pre-recorded footage with Jason Dane!

[Cut to Jason Dane standing in a backstage corridor with his microphone with video marked "EARLIER TONIGHT"]

JD: Folks, I'm here tonight with a very special guest — make that TWO very special guests. And they are ...

[The shot widens to show two figures to Dane's right — the 6 foot, 5 inch Gunnar Gaines and his 6-foot, 7-inch son, Justin. Gunnar's clad in his trademark ring gear of a red flannel shirt over a thermal undershirt, cutoff jeans, black knee pads and black ring boots. Justin has on track pants and an open jacket revealing a T-shirt with a giant cartoon face of a squinting Gunnar Gaines — one that happens to be flashing all 32 of its pearly white cartoon teeth and displaying a thumbs up.]

JD: ... Gunnar and Justin Gaines. Gunnar, you've got a match tonight against Ryan Martinez — one that your son here helped to necessitate.

[Justin gets a perturbed look on his face. Gunnar shoots him a darting glance suggesting that Justin should calm down.]

JD: What's your outlook on tonight's confrontation?

[Gunnar starts to roll his eyes slightly at Dane's choice of words, but then shakes his head. He takes a breath ....]

GG: "Confrontation." That's your choice of words, Jason Dane, but not mine, because I simply don't see it as that.

JD: Why not? Ryan Martinez was seconds away from dropping your 17-year-old son to the mat with a brainbuster. Most dads would want to kill the guy who did that. Why don't you?

GG: Look, Jason. This is professional wrestling. I know it, you know it, and Ryan Martinez knows it. Like I tried to teach my boy, Justin, here — if you mess with the bear, you might just get the claws. Now if you go into a ring and deck a man with a microphone and then later punch him in the balls, you've gotta expect a retaliation.

JD: I must admit I'm surprised, Gunnar. I realize the Gaines family is a long line of graduates from the School of Hard Knocks. I know you were raised to stand on your own, and you're raising your kid the same way. But are you really OK with a brainbuster on your 17-year-old kid?

GG: That was threatened — not delivered. And it wasn't going to be. I know Ryan Martinez better than that. This young man has watched my back. There's no way that was going to happen.

[Justin interjects.]

JG: Besides, Dad — he knew you'da killed him.

[Gunnar takes a step back, turns very deliberately, and takes a long look at his son. He starts to grit his teeth — then shakes his head, laughing.]

GG: Are you a Dad, Jason Dane?

JD: Well, I —

[Gunnar cuts him off]

GG: Yeah, you gotta love a kid who believes in his Daddy no matter what. I wish it would never, ever change. But the thing is, that's one of the things that makes a kid a kid — and Justin, that's 100 percent what you still are. A kid. That's why I need you to get that envelope out of your pocket. The one with your manager's license in it.

JG: [protesting] But Dad, it doesn't expire until ...

GG: [cutting him off] "Right now." Is that how you were going to finish that sentence? Because that's how it ends. Your manager's license ends today, right now, when you hand it to me and I tear it up. Otherwise, you're kind of telling me that you know more than I do and you don't need my instruction on how to be a professional wrestler. Is that what you're saying? Justin?

[Justin, without saying a word, shakes his head.]

GG: Well, then hand it over.

[Justin hesitates, then reaches into his jacket pocket and produces the envelope.]

GG: You sure that's not your report card?

[Without saying a word, Justin opens the envelope and unfolds the piece of paper inside. Sheepishly holding it up where Gunnar and the camera can see, he shows that it is, indeed, the valid original copy of an AWA manager's license bearing the name of one Justin Gaines.]

GG: Give me that.

[Justin holds it out, hardly able to look at what is about to happen. And in one motion, Gunnar takes the license and tears it in two. He stacks the two pieces together and tears again. He stacks and tears again. And again. He takes the pieces and puts them back in the envelope. He hands that back to Justin.]

GG: Don't even THINK of taping it back together, because you're NOT going to be at ringside, you DIDN'T buy a front row seat, you're NOT Santa Claus with a crowbar in his bag or something stupid, and if you try to go to that ring, security's been instructed to stop you. And whatever else you're thinking, don't try that either. I did when I was your age and it didn't work.

[Justin takes this all in, almost appreciating it for what a piece of work his dad is. But his admiration is pierced by two simple words.]

GG: Now get.

JG: Where?

GG: Don't matter, as long as it's anywhere but in the ring. Or in the arena for that matter.

[Two security guards appear next to Gunnar and Justin.]

GUARD: Sir, is this the boy you want us to escort out of this arena?

[Gunnar nods.]

GG: Can you take him to the In-N-Out Burger? Because he likes him a Double-Double.

[Justin's face brightens. At least he's getting SOMETHING out of the evening.]

GUARD: No, sir. We're not allowed to leave the premises.

GG: (shrugging) Too bad.

[The guards escort Justin away. Gunnar watches to make sure of it.]

GG: Now, Jason. I'm sorry about that. I believe you asked me a question. What's my outlook tonight? Well, I'll tell you. My outlook, as you can see, is to give Ryan Martinez a fair match because that's what he deserves. He didn't get one from me in the tournament — William Craven saw to that. Nonetheless he was kind enough to watch my back. It worked out for me once, but not the second time. I'm not one of these guys who never watches the replays and gets a hot head. It was an accident. I saw that. I accept that. Things happen. I didn't win the tournament. It's over. I wasn't going to anyway. Time to go onward. And the first thing is to give young Ryan his due, and see who comes out on top. And I gotta do that without my boy at ringside.

JD: Anything to add?

GG: One thing, Jason. To Ryan Martinez, I say, "Good luck." You'll need it, but good luck just the same.

JD: Thank you, Gunnar. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 fade back up to live action backstage, to where the camera spies former AWA National Champion "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne pacing about in front of a set of double doors where he appears to be waiting for someone. He's clad in a pair of blue jeans and a tight-fitting pink deep v-neck t-shirt. His blond hair hangs loosely past his shoulders and upon his face is plastered an annoyed look. He shoots the cameraman a glance.]

CD: What do you want?

[The cameraman speaks from off-shot.]

Cameraman: We were told you were here waiting for-

CD: Yeah, yeah... they said he'd be here any moment now so I-

[The double doors swing open to reveal Percy Childes. Childes, a short bald man with a dark goatee and mustache and a bit of a belly, is wearing a brown sweater and black pants... he's carrying an attache case and appearing very pleased with himself. Dufresne wastes no time in approaching the Collector of Oddities in a harsh, yet somewhat hushed voice.]

CD: What the hell is going on, Percy? I heard you were meeting with the Championship Committee and it had something to do with ME!

[Childes lifts the case, patting it lightly.]

PC: I am merely executing a contract, Calisto.

[Dufresne arches an eyebrow.]

CD: A \_contract?\_ For what, exactly?

[Dufresne's eyes narrow a bit in concern.]

PC: For my client. Juan Vasquez. I've arranged for the two of you to meet at SuperClash IV.

[We can hear a HUGE reaction from inside the building. Dufresne starts shaking his head as Percy continues.]

PC: The Championship Committee agreed that it would make for quite an attraction. They'll have you sign your name tonight.

[Now Dufresne's eyes widen in real concern.]

CD: This was not part of the plan, Percy! If you want to be Hellbent on AWA domination, that's all fine and dandy by me. I was more than happy to help provide you with some additional ammo to do that, while getting Vasquez off my back so I could go after \_my\_ revenge. But this was \_not\_ what we agreed on! How could you let this happen!?

[Childes chuckles.]

PC: To be fair, I'm sparing you worse. The AWA Championship Committee blames you for the Westwego Incident going down the way it did. They were contemplating washing their hands of you entirely, and even passing the word on to other promoters. There are some spiteful souls in those rooms. Instead, your "punishment" consists of a high-profile encounter at a major show, surely with a large paycheck attached. And should you win, think of the path you will have cleared for yourself.

[Dufresne merely shakes his head in resignation as he is not buying Childes' spin attempt.]

CD: Percy, I respect you. I respect a man willing to do whatever it takes to get ahead. And I understand that you let your dog off his leash and now he's bit his master so you need someone to fill that slot.

But you need to realize that Calisto Dufresne has a \_long\_ memory. You can ask City Jack just how long. You need to make this right and you need to do it right n-

[Suddenly, Dufresne is ambushed from off-camera, a blast from what appeared to be a forearm sending him sprawling out of view. The cameraman quickly adjusted to find him doubled over a large equipment case where Juan Vasquez standing behind him, grabbing him by the hair...

...and SMASHING his skull into the heavy case!]

GM: Ohh! We've got an attack out of nowhere in the back! Juan Vasquez has- ohh! Again, he slams his head into that... it looks like the kind of thing they use to carry some of our equipment to the arena and store it in. Those are incredibly heavy and incredibly solid, fans!

[Vasquez does it a third time, causing Dufresne to slump down to his rear, leaning against the case in a seated position. Vasquez nods slowly, backing off and slapping his knee...]

GM: Oh no!

BW: We've seen this before, daddy! We've seen that running knee!

GM: He's gonna finish Dufresne right here and now! He's going to-

[But just as Vasquez starts to run, a crystal-topped cane catches him across the chest, blocking his path. A seething Vasquez turns to glare at Childes who gives the slightest shake of the head...]

PC: Not now. Now is not the time.

[Vasquez pauses, glaring at his manager...

...and then slumps his shoulders in resignation, joining a smirking Childes as they walk off camera together. We hear a shout from off-camera.]

"We need some help over here! Dufresne's down!"

[The camera shot quickly fills up with AWA officials and medics as we abruptly cut back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are sitting.]

GM: Goodness. I can't believe that, Bucky.

BW: What?

GM: Well, I know Vasquez wants Dufresne in the worst possible way. He wants to avenge what happened to him at WrestleRock over a year ago

but... to sink this low... to sink to these depths to be a henchman for Percy Childes is really something I just never thought we'd see out of this man. He was the most popular man in the AWA... a hero to millions... and now we see him listed on the Most Hated rankings. An awful story for sure.

BW: Yeah, but he's gonna get his shot now. We heard it right out of the mouth of Percy Childes. It's gonna be Juan Vasquez vs Calisto Dufresne at SuperClash IV in front of Vasquez' hometown fans in what has GOT to be one of the most eagerly-anticipated matches in AWA history, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. We've all been waiting for that one to happen for a long, long time now so I can't wait to see it. Right now, let's go over to the interview platform to Jason Dane who has a special guest. Jason?

[Cut to the interview stage where Jason Dane is standing by with Brian Von Braun. Dane's in the usual get-up. BVB's decked out in his wrestling attire.]

JD: Two weeks ago, you came out and made a challenge to Percy Childes. He answered by giving you a match against James Monosso. You couldn't have been expecting that.

[Von Braun looks at Dane for a moment before answering.]

BVB: At this stage, I'm not surprised by anythin' Percy Childes does. I shudder when I think 'bout what Percy Childes is capable of doing. He's tryin' ta kill two birds with one stone, Jason. Ain't no secret he an' James Monosso aren't on tha same page. Ain't no secret he wants ta put that World Title around tha waist of Nenshou.

JD: It was James Monosso who used the King Kong Kneedrop to injure your leg, effectively putting you on the shelf for over a year and a half.

BVB: James Monosso was the culprit, but Percy Childes was the ring leader. He made the call to injure me. He made the decision. He deals with the consequences, Jason.

[BVB puts his hands on his hips.]

BVB: Right now, we're waiting to see if Percy Childes was able to find a doctor to clear Monosso to rattle tonight. Make no mistake about it, he did, Jason. He found someone, I'm sure. Probably networked through a few of his ambulance chaser buddies.

JD: It almost seems like you feel a sense of remorse for having to face Monosso tonight?

BVB: Remorse? No. Monosso made his bed, an' now he's gotta lay in it. I do feel some sympathy for him, Jason. He ain't exactly mentally equipped to battle Percy Childes. He ain't what he used to be physically. Percy Childes rode Monosso as his prize horse for so long, an' now he's ready to put a bullet in Monosso an' send him to the glue factory. All that said, the

only thing sympathy is gonna do for me tonight, is keep my eye off the prize. That prize is Percy Childes.

[BVB turns and leaves the interview stage.]

JD: Fans, let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is a NO ESCAPE CHALLENGE!

[A nice reaction from the crowd.]

GH: The rules are simple, folks, Hannibal Carver must escape or submit. There are no other options.

[The opening riff to Clutch's "Milk Of Human Kindness" plays as the fans get to their feet, curious as to who is about to make their way out.]

PW: Introducing first, the challenger... hailing from South Boston, Massachusetts...

HANNIBAL CARVER!!

[The drums kick the song into high gear as Carver makes his way through the curtain, stopping lift his branding iron high in the air to a mixed reaction, many of the fans still not sure what to make of the madman from Mass. ]

GM: He hasn't done much over the course of his career to endear himself to the fans, but it does appear that some of the folks here liked what he did last time around to Terry Shane III!

BW: No respect! These are the kind of people that cheer a bank robbery!

[Carver strides down the aisle towards the ring, all business. He's clad in the same attire as earlier the evening, save for his Miller High Life sweatshirt, which has been removed to show a navy blue AWA t-shirt. He ignores the reaction he receives from the crowd, positive and negative alike, and steps into the ring... staring with deadly intent at the curtain at the top of the aisle.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Static.

Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.]

PW: Hailing from Indepednence, Missouri and --

"Oh no, no, no, no. Phillis T. Watson, you're fired!"

[A feminine silhouette appears in the entranceway, hip cocked, hand placed on it.]

BW: His real name is Phillis?!

GM: I'm pretty sure that's not true however I assure you ladies and gentlemen, Miss Sandra Hayes has absolutely no authority to fire Phil Watson.

BW: We'll see about that!

GM: No. No we won't.

[Hayes' outfit is probably best described as "punked-out prissy schoolgirl." The skirt is a bright purple and yellow plaid; keeping to the same checkerboard pattern one would expect. The revealing lavender top that we saw earlier is, much to the audience's delight, still present. Her trademark tar-black hair is loose and dangling over her shoulders. Her shoes are like a stripper's imagining of what a private school should be wearing, all platform, no comfort, and the white stockings do not bring the shades of innocence that they should.]

SH: Last week you introduced me to the world as SARAH Hayes and for a man of your age and your low pay scale, that is completely unacceptable! I'll have you know I have left a hand written comment card underneath the door of Todd Michaelson demanding the immediate termination of your contract and rehiring of Melissa Cannon!

BW: Yes!

GM: Don't get your hopes so, there is no –

SH: Now then, without further adieu, I present to you the Savior of the AWA and the man that is going to choke the life out of Hannibal Carver in 13.2 seconds... straight out of Independence, Missouri and accompanied by, well, yours truly MISS Sandra Hayes, here is...

"THE SALIENCE" TERRY SHANE!

[The restless crowd begins to boo.]

SH: THE THIRD!

[And now, even louder.]

GH: She's got plenty of spunk, I'll give her that.

[A single arena light shines on the entrance portal as Terry Shane III, clad in a body length emerald robe, slowly back pedals into view. His arms stretch out, parallel to the ground, with his black hair spilling over his shoulders.]

GH: This is a first of its kind here in the AWA - a No Escape Challenge stirred up backstage earlier this evening with Miss Sandra Hayes possibly biting off more than her... client... may be able to handle. Speaking of which, I have a feeling that referee Mickey Meekly is going to have his hands full here once these two lock up.

[Carver leans against the ropes, shouting out to the Salience and the Siren who approach the ring. Miss Hayes answers the blood call of one of the most dangerous men in the sport of wrestling, exchanging shouts as a calm and relaxed Terry Shane III strides beside her.]

GM: The tension is escalating already. I think it's safe to presume how and why Miss Sandra Hayes carries the nickname of the Siren. She is one of the loudest and most obnoxious women I have come across in this business in a long time.

BW: I'm pretty sure it's because she is so hot that you need to call the fire department to put her out.

[Finally the duo hit the ring. Hayes demands for Meekly to escort Hannibal Carver to the other side of the ring and he grants her wish. Carver smirks, putting his hands up and casually stepping back to the opposite corner.]

GM: Loudmouth or not, Miss Hayes flashes signs of intelligence mixed in with her deranged and wild antics.

[As Hayes helps Shane disrobe, Max Meekly begins calling out some direction and rules to both competitors. Hayes, robe in hand, exits the ring, flinging the robe onto the announcer's table causing Gordon to jump back a bit.]

GM: The nerve of this one.

BW: You seem jumpy.

GM: Meekly is informing both men that Terry Shane the Third will get an opportunity to lock on his patented finisher that can't begin to describe.

BW: Of course you can't. I'd call it a modified crucifix neck crank for lack of a better description.

GM: That works for me. The Salience's father, former two time IWA World Champion Terry Shane Jr. practically invented the spinning toe hold so it comes by no surprise that his son is carrying on the family tradition of creating devastating submission maneuvers. Now if only he carried some of his father's values and honor with him.

BW: Then he'd probably be collecting dust in the Combat Corner right now! We've seen Michaelson's eye for talent fail him over and over again.

GM: Todd Michaelson has brought forth men like Eric Preston, Jeff Jagger, even Skywalker Jones and you're doubting his eye for talent?

BW: Supreme Wright says "hello."

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The referee has called for the bell and we're underway! Mickey Meekly now is instructing both men that they need to get down on the mat to properly prepare for this challenge.

[Miss Hayes continues to scream out at Carver as Shane circles around the man notorious for some of the bloodiest and most dangerous matches that one could ever imagine, keeping both eyes locked on him. Carver finally drops to one knee and as he does so, Shane mirrors his position.]

GM: Both men are approaching this challenge very cautiously. There isn't a lot of honor amongst thieves so to speak in the ring right now. Terry Shane III is going to need to almost lay out first before this No Escape challenge can really get going and he is rightfully hesitant with a man like Carver lurking beside him.

BW: I think his hesitation is a reflection of Carver's lack of personal hygiene.

GM: Would you stop?

[Shane sits out on his rear as Carver follows with Max Meekly keeping a close eye on things. Carver leans back, stretching his arms out as Shane begins to coil his arms around his right arm and around his neck. Within seconds...]

GM: HERE WE GO! Shane is cranking back on the neck and underneath the arm of Hannibal Carver, really rearing back and putting pressure on the neck of Carver!

BW: Look at him squirm!

GM: Carver is gritting his teeth as he tries to wiggle free, you can see right away that this might be a bit more painful than he anticipated, even for him!

[As Shane continues to clutch his hands together as tightly as possible, Carver manages to slip his left hand in-between his own neck and the right forearm of Shane.]

GM: Carver is using his left hand as a vice to pry the arm of Shane away from his neck! He's doing it, he's powering out! Sandra Hayes is screaming at the top of her lungs!

[And then, it happens...]

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

GM: He's out!

BW: Shane let go! Terry Shane III let go of the old!

GM: I'm not sure –

[Shane shoots to his feet and waves his hands off, pointing down at the arm that Hannibal Carver used to wedge himself free.]

GM: The Salience is claiming that he never had Carver's arm in the crucifix position and as much as I hate to agree with him, he has a point. The "No Escape", as identified earlier by Bucky Wilde, is a... what did you call it again?

BW: A modified crucifix neck crank and it's no surprise that Carver tried to cheat his way to victory there, Gordo. He knew he couldn't break the hold after it's locked in so he made sure that Shane didn't get to lock it on in full before he tried to get out.

GM: I'm not so sure about that. Look at the grin on the face of Hannibal Carver. It seems like he's enjoying this, Bucky!

BW: Only a nutball like him would enjoy this. Terry Shane almost hooked him in that hold and stretched him from here to San Antonio, daddy.

GM: A little nod from Carver there, perhaps admitting that Terry Shane got the better of him right there... but it looks like we're going to give this another go here.

[Just like before, both men slowly kneel down, this time Carver lays out first, extending his arms out in both directions and looking back Shane, jawing "get yeh ass over here".]

GM: We apologize for the language from Hannibal Carver there. He's obviously not used to the kind of programming that the AWA tries to put on every week. He's pretty anxious to get things started though, pointing at his arm and ordering Shane to get his legs around it for the crucifix part of the hold. More importantly, with him down first, now Shane has to slide his body underneath Hannibal Carver –

BW: Not something I would ever recommend.

GM: Definitely not. Not even to my worst enemy.

BW: What about Joe Petrow?

GM: Maybe him.

[Shane does indeed slither his body underneath him. He folds his legs over the far arm of Carver and Mickey Meekly pats his legs together, making sure they are indeed latched over Carver's arm. Shane slides his arms around

the neck and other arm of Carver once more, this time taking an over/under grip with his hands instead of just folding them together.]

GM: Interesting approach by Shane here, maybe Carver really did break his grip before as he's changing things up.

BW: He clearly let go. No ifs, ands, or buts!

[Meekly signals to both men and within seconds both men begin fiercely maneuvering their bodies... Carver to pry his body free, Shane to tighten his grip around the neck and limbs of Hannibal Carver.]

GM: The intensity has definitely picked up! Carver is kicking his legs up, trying to buck himself free from Shane's grip!

BW: He's going to tap!

GM: A man like Carver would have to have security pry him from the ring and drag him out before he ever gave up to Terry Shane III, I believe.

BW: I'm not sure if I set my DVR to record Nashville or not, you may have to call this one solo if it gets to that point.

GM: Nashville, really?

BW: It's the buzz of the town!

[Shane wrenches back, his teeth grinding themselves flat as he pulls back with every muscle in his arms.]

GM: Shane really wants this, you can see it in his eyes. Hannibal Carver can't just sit there much longer and he's bucked himself closer and closer to the ropes. I think Hannibal has a back up plan here in mind if he can't muscle his way out.

[Carver begins to yank at his arm locked between the knees of Shane, pulling as hard as he can again, again, and again.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is going to either rip his arm free, or rip it right out of the socket here.

[Sandra Hayes slams her hands against the mat, encouraging Shane to give it even more. As if on cue, he rears back once more and for the first time you hear the slightest cringe from Hannibal Carver who stares up into the arena lights.]

GM: Carver is wearing down! You can see it in his eyes! This has to be taking a toll on both men, Shane's biceps have to be on fire right now!

BW: I heard he did 500 curls a day for the last month to prepare for this.

GM: The challenge was just announced tonight!

BW: I didn't say it was concrete information.

[Carver continues to buck himself up, and as he does so, he inches himself closer and closer to the ring ropes...

...closer...

...and closer...]

GM: Carver is nearly to the ropes! He's forcing the pair of them back!

[And with every last buck he has left he kicks up and extends his right leg out, reaching it for the bottom rope.]

GM: THE SIREN! SHE PULLED THE ROPE BACK!

[Carver's leg falls flat against the mat.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes is interjecting herself right into the middle of this! I think she had every intention of seeing her man to victory tonight, at all cost!

BW: Beauty and brains, my kind of broad!

[Mickey Meekly looks up to the ropes and as he does so you can see the rope bouncing in place with Miss Sandra Hayes standing back, arms up, innocently watching on.]

GM: You can't blame the referee for not catching this, after what happened in the first attempt his eyes have been deadset on the wrestlers.

BW: I don't blame him at all. He's doing a fine job.

[Carver looks up, eyeing the Siren who is standing directly in front of him. He grits his teeth and bucks up once more, using every last ounce to kick his lower body up...

...and just as the Siren reaches for the ropes...

...Carver has something else in mind.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd ROARS as Carver kicks out, striking the rope solidly and sending it back towards Hayes who had made a grab for it, knocking her off her feet and down to the floor!]

GM: Carver kicked the ropes into Sandra Hayes and down she goes!

BW: And you endorse that?! He just assaulted a woman!

GM: Not exactly. He kicked the ropes and if she hadn't been trying to interfere in this match AGAIN, she would have been fine! As it is, it just knocked her off balance. Her pride is hurt more than anything else. And with Hayes out of the way... yes! Carver gets a foot on the ropes!

[But before the official spots the foot on the ropes, Terry Shane III, having seen Miss Hayes down on the floor, lets up once more.]

GM: The official is waving it off... he doesn't understand what just happened there. He didn't see the foot on the ropes and these fans are really letting him have it, Bucky.

BW: Hey, if the man didn't see it, he can't call it! He's distracted by Miss Hayes on the floor and I can't blame him for that. She's pretty distracting for EVERYONE in the building!

GM: Terry Shane III is gesturing towards the downed Sandra Hayes –

BW: That's Miss Sandra Hayes, Gordo. She'll fire you just like she did to Phil!

GM: I don't think so... and she didn't fire Phil Watson either.

[Shane rolls out of the ring, immediately attending to the aid of the Siren and helping her up off the floor. He dusts her off, and as he does so, the Siren really kicks things into high gear, absolutely screaming at the top of her lungs at Hannibal Carver who leans over the ropes and mocks the pair of them.]

GM: This is absurd. Hannibal Carver had gotten to the ropes-

BW: The cowardly escape!

GM: Regardless, he would have won the challenge and now Mickey Meekly is ordering Shane to return to the ring. Terry Shane III is escorting Hayes up to the apron and he –

"Apologize. Apologize, Carver!"

GM: I don't think Shane or Miss Hayes are going to get the answer they're looking for. I think Carver just said that if he'll apologize when he taps out and I think both those things are incredibly unlikely to happen.

[Meekly is ordering Shane back into the ring and he complies, assuring Hayes that it'll be ok as he steps into the ring. Mockingly, Carver stands with his back to him with his hands on his head jawing "come and get it".]

GM: This is getting uglier by the minute. Mickey Meekly is reiterating the rules of the challenge and demanding that both men oblige. Terry Shane III is enraged and he's quickly ready to get things underway for the third and hopefully last time here.

BW: I'll believe it when I see it.

GM: Both men stand toe to toe, and the laughing and jawing quickly comes to an end as the look of intensity overtakes their eyes. It just got real serious, real fast. This time it's Shane who is going to kneel down first – wait, Carver is waving his hands, he's motioning that he'll sit down first and–

[Huge ovation!]

GM: Carver pulled the feet out from underneath Terry Shane III! He's got both of the Salience's feet clenched in his hands, stepping through... rolling him over and –

BW: BOSTON STRANGLER! BOSTON STRANGLER!

GM: It's a chickenwing mixed with a half nelson and Mickey Meekly is waving his hands frantically, as is Terry Shane III whose face is pressed against the mat undoubtedly screaming into it!

BW: Hannibal Carver cheated. Again!

GM: I think Carver had enough of Shane's playful games, he's taking matters into his own hands!

[And then, the unthinkable...]

GM: Wait! What's she-?! NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! OH MY-

BW: MISS SANDRA HAYES SAVES THE DAY!

GM: She DRILLED Hannibal Carver in the skull with his own branding iron! That's solid steel smashing the man in the head and that's gotta hurt no matter who the heck is swinging it! This woman is out of control!

BW: Payback is a –

GM: Hayes is standing over Carver, branding iron in hand, shouting down at him. Terry Shane III is back to his feet and he sees Miss Hayes posing over Carver! He's.. he's furious!

[Miss Hayes joyful smile quickly fades as Terry Shane III rips the branding iron out of her hands, yelling at her to stand back.]

GM: The Salience is not happy! Class or not, I don't think this is how he wanted to come out on top! He's apparently more of a gamer than even I

thought. He wanted to win this challenge by breaking Carver's will, and then well, breaking his neck!

BW: I feel like his face would be a close second.

GM: For as much as he has stirred the pot, there might be some hope with Shane, he might have a bit more of his father in him than we know.

[Shane gestures for Miss Hayes to stand back, then signals for Mickey Meekly to call for help. As the referee turns to the announcer's table Terry Shane peels the downed Carver from the mat and begins to help him up.]

GM: Miss Hayes has done the damage, but Shane is showing his sportsmanship here by – Wait! Wait just a –

[And before Gordon Myers can finish his sentence the barely conscious Carver is on his feet, head hanging down, with Terry Shane III standing to his side and wielding the branding iron high over his head...

...and then striking it downward...

\_\_\_\_WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!!!!!\_\_\_\_

...over the back of Hannibal Carver's skull.]

GM: WHAT THE HELL?! Terry Shane uses the branding iron again! AGAIN TO THE HEAD OF CARVER!

[Carver collapses to the canvas in a heap, unmoving as the fans jeer wildly.]

GM: Hannibal Carver just took two brutal shots to the head with that branding iron and he may be out cold after that, fans.

BW: So much for sportsmanship and having any resemblance to his father. What other garbage were you going on about?

GM: He is classless! Terry Shane III's actions are downright atrocious! I can't believe what I just saw with my own eyes!

[Carver lies on the mat, face down, blood trickling out from the back of his head, with Terry Shane III and Miss Sandra Hayes standing over him – branding iron lifted high.]

GM: This is despicable, fans. These two should face fines and suspensions from the Championship Committee over actions just like that. We need to get some medical help down here for Hannibal Carver right now.

[A trio of AWA officials get into the ring, trying to get Shane and Hayes out as the crowd jeers the dastardly duo.]

GM: Get them out of here! Fans, we're going to go to the back right now and give our crew some time to clean this situation up.

[Fade backstage to Jason Dane, who appears to have a sudden feeling of dread on his face.]

JD: I'm h..

[Suddenly, a voice is heard yelling rather loudly.]

?: ..and my moment of glory!

[Dane lets out a sigh as none other than Alphonse Green walks onto the screen, muttering rather loudly to himself.]

AG: Jason Dane, I bet you and every one of my public wants to know why I wasn't at Homecoming to save the show like I usually do, right?

JD: Not exactly.

AG: I took some time off, to reflect on what happened at Blood, Sweat, and Tears, and boy did it ever depress me!

[Dane shakes his head after Green ignored his statement.]

AG: It was supposed to be the ultimate Rocky-style story at SuperClash, Dane. The upstart with a heart of gold and the fighting spirit of a champion, that's me, taking on the unstoppable juggernaut.. a man, when you knock him down, he.

[Green steps in closer to Dane.]

AG: Gets.

[Closer.]

AG: Right.

[Still closer.]

AG: Back.

[Uncomfortably closer! Dane backs off slightly, feeling a little bit of spittle flying from Green's mouth.]

AG: Up.

[Green backs off slightly, no unsettling grin on his face.]

AG: But no! Once again, a good man's hopes and dreams are shattered. That's one thing about being a part of Gang Green, Dane, and that's all your hopes and dreams come true.

I ought to be putting that on a t-shirt, but I digress! I have more important things to worry about!

[Green slowly lowers his head, shaking it the entire time.]

AG: Supreme Wright, it was supposed to be me. The hot new superstar, the King of the Battle Royals, and the Rookie of the Year. It was my hope, my dream to become the new great superstar this sport has lacked for years, and with one fell swoop, you took that away from me. You are all these people are talking about nowadays, and that's just wrong somehow!

[Green's head raises, a serious look is actually on his face for once!]

AG: It ain't going down like that, pal. Tonight, I want Jim Watkins, Jon Stegglet, whoever's in charge this very minute to hook us up inside that ring. It's bad enough that you have all this attention now, but if you think for one second that you're going to get all the cool t-shirts, the cool catch phrases and nicknames, and even the potentially hottest selling DVD this holiday season: Alphonse Green, the King Of The Battle Royals..

Well, you no good flash in the pan punk, I'm going to prove you Supremely Wrong.

[The serious look on his face doesn't fade, but a facial tick gives away the fact that he thinks he's quite clever for coming up with a fairly lame burn that Wright's likely heard dozens of times already.]

AG: After I beat you in that ring, when you look into my eyes and say 'I'm never gonna steal all your attention away from you ever again, sir.', I'm going to ask you one question before I send you packing from my ring aboard the World Famous Gang Green Flying Machine: Would you like that?

[Green slowly raises his head, that unsettling smile crossing his face.]

AG: Would you like to ride, with Alphonse Green?

[Green slowly walks off camera as Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Wow. I somehow had hoped that despite trying to sneak his way into a Rumble victory and getting eliminated would humble him, but he's as delusional as ever. Alphonse Green has laid down the challenge to Supreme Wright to face him in a match tonight, we'll see if he responds. Back to you guys!

[We crossfade back down to the ring where we see a young light-brown skinned man with black-and red trunks, boots, elbow and knee pads. He has very short black hair which is starting to recede on him a bit despite his youth.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring... from Shenandoah, Pennsylvania... weighing two-hundred twenty-nine pounds...

...MARK HOEFNER!

[Hoefner badmouths the fans, who boo at him. Then he clutches his ears as loud Persian vocals ring out across the arena. The crowd cheers, despite the ear-bending theme.]

BW: I cannot believe these people are cheering an enemy of America.

["Saz O Avaz" proceeds, with the traditional instruments joining the vocals. Sultan Azam Sharif strides out from behind the curtain, wearing his reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal. The proud Iranian waves an enormous flag of his country and steps down the aisle quickly.]

PW: His opponent, coming down the aisle... from Shiraz, Iran... weighing two-hundred fifty-nine pounds...

...SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[Sharif holds his massive flag high as he does a circuit of the ring... he's being cheered by the crowd unilaterally now, perhaps for the first time.]

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif has been clear that he is not, in fact, an enemy of America. He loves his own country; he doesn't hate ours.

BW: All of these people hate us, Gordo. Dontcha watch the news? They burn American flags every day and blow up Americans for fun!

GM: Where on Earth do you get your news?

[Sharif finishes his circuit, and ascends the ring steps. He enters the ring, and is attacked as he steps through the ropes by Hoefner, who dropkicks him in the side of the head!]

[\*DING\*DING\*]

GM: HOEFNER WITH A BLINDSIDE!

BW: Ha! That towel on his head prevented him from seeing Hoefner coming! Serves him right!

GM: That is called a kaffiyeh, and Hoefner just kicked it off of Sharif's head!

[His black hair and neatly-trimmed black mustache now exposed, the former Olympian grits his teeth in pain as his opponent drills a knee to his back. Hoefner launches the bisht-clad Sharif to the ropes, and hits him with a high knee as he comes off, sending the Sultan down in a heap of reddish-brown fabric!]

BW: Whatever! Mark Hoefner is taking it to the man! If that dummy hadn't have dumped Count Adrian Bathwaite, this would have never happened to

him! But he got beat down by Dave Cooper last week and it's just continuing here!

GM: Hoefner, along with seven other inexperienced prospects, recently had a chance to travel with Sharif in the Alabama territory for a tour. He clearly learned one thing: you have to stay on this man! Fistdrop, and a cover! But not even a one count!

BW: After having to listen to this mushmouthed moron while working in that other joint, Hoefner probably couldn't wait for the chance to punch him in the mouth.

GM: Well, let's see how that works out for him. Hoefner again sends Sharif in, and a clothesline... no! Sharif goes behind...

[\*THUD\*]

GM: AND A BIG WAISTLOCK SUPLEX DRIVES HOFNER DOWN ONTO HIS SHOULDERS! And Sharif is hot!

[An angry Sultan throws his bisht off, revealing his baggy white sirwal tucked into his shiny gold hooked boots. A gold sash and white wrist and finger tape complete his in-ring attire. Sharif pulls up Hoefner, and hooks him under the arms for a bearhug... which immediately gets violently twisted into a breathtaking belly-to-belly suplex which hits the mat with an even louder thud! The crowd applauds the high impact!]

BW: Holy...!

GM: WHAT A SUPLEX! The Sultan with an absolutely crushing belly-to-belly, and I believe he could pin Hoefner already if he so chose!

BW: Those evil Iranians love to torture innocent people. He won't finish Hoefner yet.

GM: Mark Hoefner attacked him before the bell, Bucky. He's hardly 'innocent'. A big kick to the ribs of the prone Pennsylvanian, who is sent rolling towards the ropes.

BW: I notice you're not crying about his illegal boots anymore.

GM: I notice that you only just now admitted that they were illegal.

BW: Uh, uhm, Adrian had a permit for them! Yeah, uh, he told me that. So now they are illegal!

GM: Be that as it may, Sharif with a big kick to the back of Hoefner, who sprawls into the ropes! The Sultan off the far ropes... and crashing down across the back of Mark Hoefner with the hobby horse! Hoefner got his neck compressed between the second rope and all of the Sultan's weight, and he is stunned!

BW: Now to disrespect Americans everywhere, he's going to turn Hoefner east before Camel Clutching him. He's forcing his religious beliefs on us! I think I should sue, Gordo.

GM: Will you stop? Camel Clutch applied! And the submission is immediate!

[\*DING\*DING\*]

[In an inversion of what he had done after every match to date, Sharif breaks the hold immediately when the bell rings. He throws his hands in the air as the crowd cheers his victory and the official word comes down.]

PW: Here is your winner, by way of submission... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

GM: An easy victory once he got his feet under him, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but beating a rookie like Hoefner is nothing like trying to face a legend like Langseth or a veteran like Cooper. If one of them had gotten the drop on him, he'd never have gotten it turned around that easy. Oh, wait, it's almost like we saw just that two weeks ago, isn't it?

GM: What's this? Sharif is asking Phil Watson for the house mic!

BW: What? Hasn't he tortured Mark Hoefner enough? Does he hafta torture us, too?

[Sharif gets the mic from Watson, and nods to the fans.]

SAS: DANK YOU! All you ontollEgunt AmerEcun, I owed you an opology for vat I did ven I baleef dot Count Batwaite! So I opologize for dot!

Now! Dahveed Coopair, you vere cowaird two times! Vun time ven you cheat me of Nashonal Shampwonship along vid Mork Lonset, un den two week ago ven you ottock me from behind! I know dot you diddunt vant to ottock me from front! I osk Championship Committee for motch, dey say dey cont get yoor monogair, dot cowaird Joe Petrow, to sign any controct! So I gonna end dis problem one time for all!

At SUPairClosH! I already shallunge Mork Lonset vid my Steal Deh Spotlight motch! But now I shallunge also Dahveed Coopair un Joe Petrow! All you cowairds who cost me Nashonal Shampwonship against Mistair Culista Dafrenzy lost year! I shallunge all of you! I vill get two partnair, un ve gunna hof six man tag to finish it! You wanted Vurld Shampwonship, but you gunna get dis instead... CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT! ZOOM IT!

[Sharif drops the mic and flexes his battlescarred musculature as the fans cheer.]

GM: Wow! Sharif upping the ante with his Steal The Spotlight challenge! He doesn't just want Mark Langseth; he wants Cooper and Petrow too!

BW: If he'd have listened to Adrian, he'd have the World Title right now, and he could fight Mark Langseth any time he wanted.

GM: That's not necessarily true, Bucky. Mark Langseth, you may recall, is currently under indefinite suspension from the AWA and it's only because of this Steal The Spotlight challenge that he's being brought back for one night... but now Sharif has extended the challenge to Dave Cooper and Joe Petrow as well! He wants a six man tag at SuperClash with ALL of Royalty!

BW: After all Sharif's done over the past few years here in the AWA, do you really think he can ever GET a partner?

GM: Well, that remains to be seen, I suppose, but right now-

[Suddenly, the fans' cheers turn to boos as they notice somebody heading to the interview platform -- somebody who immediately catches Sharif's attention.]

GM: Wait a minute! What is Dave Cooper doing out here?

BW: Isn't it obvious? He's here to save us all from having to listen to Sharif say another word!

[Sharif makes his way to the side of the ring, challenging Cooper, but "The Professional" shakes his head as he raises a mic to his lips.]

DC: Son, I know that desert sun in the Middle East can cause a lot of damage to your brain, so I know you weren't really thinking clearly when you decided to send that challenge in the direction of Royalty.

Because, let's face it, Sharif... you don't exactly have a lot of people in this place who are that eager to stand by your side, not just because they don't have the guts to step into the ring with Royalty, but because there aren't a lot of guys back there who believe they can trust you.

[Sharif again shouts something off-mic at Cooper.]

BW: See, Gordo? Dave Cooper's exactly right! Sharif just wrote a check that he can't cash. There's no way he's gonna find two guys willing to stand with him at SuperClash! No way!

[Cooper continues.]

DC: But as far as your idea for Steal the Spotlight goes... hey, you earned the right to get whatever match you wanted, as foolish as it was to ask for that match... but there's just one little thing that's gonna be changed about it.

Because Joe Petrow has a little too much on his plate, and because he's getting a little up there in years, he's not gonna be teaming with me or Mark Langseth. Besides, the contract says you get to pick any match that the

AWA can legally make... and let me remind you that unlike Mark and myself, the AWA FIRED Joe.

[Big cheer! Cooper looks around in disgust.]

DC: So they can't make him do a damn thing!

[The cheers turn just as quickly into boos. Cooper raises a finger in Sharif's direction... no, not that one.]

DC: But I will promise you that Mark Langseth will be at SuperClash IV, and because you demanded a six-man tag at Superclash, that Mark and I WILL find a partner to fill that third spot on our team.

And while I seriously doubt you are gonna find two others who are gonna take you up on an offer to be your partner... we'll be there waiting for you if you do.

[A snicker.]

DC: Royalty is gonna have an easier time finding somebody in that AWA locker room who will side with us than you and these morons in the arena may think.

And that is the end of the discussion!

[With that, Cooper departs from the platform.]

GM: Well, apparently the match is on but... what the heck is Dave Cooper implying, Bucky?!

BW: I think he's sayin' there's a fox in the henhouse, daddy!

GM: He says that Royalty's going to be able to find someone in the AWA locker room willing to team with them! I can't believe that!

BW: I don't know, Gordo. In my experience, two things can motivate men over anything else - money and power. And believe me when I tell you that if there's anything that Royalty has a lot of... it's money and power.

GM: I REFUSE to believe that there's anyone in the AWA locker room who would team with those snakes after what they've put the AWA through over the past year or so. I mean... Westwego... the National Title... all of that lies right at their feet, Bucky!

BW: It does but... well, I've seen stranger things, Gordo.

GM: This six man tag for SuperClash just got a lot more interesting as now both teams are looking to fill out their squads before the big show in Los Angeles... who can manage to do it first? Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more action here on WKIK so don't you dare go away!

[Fade into a high end gym. We see a man pumping iron at what appears to be an extremely expensive exercise machine. After catching a glimpse of the man, being in a gym this fancy, working on a machine that's almost as fancy, it's rather fitting. The man is former AWA, EMWC North American champion, and international wrestling superstar Jonas Olrikke.]

JO(voice over): We can't all be this beautiful.

[Olrikke finishes his workout, and a lovely young woman runs up to him, embracing him. The woman smells Olrikke, and smiles. She then turns to the camera, flashing what appears to be a blue and white stick of deodorant.]

Woman #1: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is dressed up in a \$5,000 suit, dancing a slow dance with another lovely young, dark haired woman. The woman is wearing a black dress. The pair look into each other's eyes, dancing to what appears to be Olrikke's theme song "Save A Prayer" by Duran Duran.]

JO(voice over): But we can all do our part to smell beautiful.

[The woman leans in, getting a good whiff. The woman then turns towards the camera, with a smile on her face, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of cologne.]

Woman #2: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is running some hair cream through his hair. Another fade, and he's splashing after shave on his face.]

JO(voice over): Whether you work hard, or play hard, you need that little extra something to maintain a competitive edge.

[Fade. Olrikke is playing tennis with intensity! Look! The hair on his head isn't moving! Fabulous! After returning a shot, Olrikke pumps his fists in victory.]

JO(voice over): Now in America, Europe's number one men's beauty products will keep you smelling and looking fresh 24 hours a day! Try it today!

[Yet another lovely young lady, who appears to have been his playing partner, runs up to him and gives him a hug. After running her hands through his hair and getting a good sniff, she grins and turns towards the camera, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of hair gel.]

Woman #3: Magnifika....

[Fade to black.]

Fade in backstage, where we see Jason Dane standing by with Supreme Wright. The number one contender is dressed extremely preppy in a powder blue dress shirt with his sleeves rolled up, suspenders, and a bowtie. There's a neutral expression on his face, as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Supreme Wright, I'm sure you already know by now, but earlier tonight, Alphonse Green challenged you to a match. The question now, is whether or not you will...

[Supreme holds a hand up, signaling for Dane to stop.]

SW: You already know what my answer is, don't you, Mr. Dane? Heck, you probably knew, the moment he called me out.

[A smirk.]

SW: But if the thought that I might ever even CONSIDER turning down a challenge ever crossed your mind, then shame on you.

[Dane almost smiles at that. Almost.]

JD: Be that as it may, Supreme...just based on the way he acts most of the time, you have to admit that it's hard to take anything that Alphonse Green says all that seriously.

[Wright stares stone-faced at Dane.]

SW: I take him VERY seriously, Mr. Dane.

[A fierce smile forms on his face.]

SW: Because if anyone knows just how dangerous a man desperate to prove himself is...it's me.

[Dane gulps slightly under Wright's gaze.]

JD: But with SuperClash fast approaching, is it really wise to take any unnecessary risks like this?

SW: That's just about the furthest thing from my mind right now, Mr. Dane. SuperClash and the World Title ain't got a dang thing to do with this.

It's a matter of respect.

And because of that? The only thing I'm focused on right now...is Alphonse Green.

[The intensity in his voice slightly grows.]

SW: It doesn't matter what his reasons or motives are. The fact is, Alphonse Green challenged Supreme Wright to a WRESTLING match. Without fear.

Without hesitation. And that means, that there's no doubt in his mind that he'll defeat me.

[A soft chuckle.]

SW: There ain't a lot of men in this sport with that sort of mindset. They'd sooner jump you backstage or in a parking lot to settle an issue, but Alphonse Green took the initiative to settle this face-to-face. That's exactly the sort of man I can respect.

[His eyes grow wide at the promise of another battle.]

SW: That's EXACTLY the sort of man I want to face inside MY ring.

[Wright turns to the camera, speaking directly to his opponent now.]

SW: You want my spot...

...Mr. Green?

[An intense glare, followed by an unsettling baring of his teeth.]

SW: Then just come and try to take it.

[And with that, Wright walks away to prepare himself for the match to come.]

JD: You heard it here, folks...Supreme Wright has accepted Alphonse Green's challenge and they will battle out inside the ring...tonight! Right now, let's go down to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. Obviously, during the commercial break, two men have made their ring entrances.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Fairbanks, Alaska... weighing in at 285 pounds... he is a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame...

GUNNAR "GRIZZZZZZLYYYYYY" GAAAAAAAAAINES!

[Gaines lifts a beefy arm up to cheers from the crowd as he leans back against the buckles, eyes locked on his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 255 pounds...

RYYYYYAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRRRTINNNNEZZZ!

[Cheers for the young son of the Last American Badboy as well as he tugs at the ropes next to him.]

GM: Fans, this should be an excellent match - a rematch from the World Title Tournament that saw Gunnar Gaines advance with a victory over Ryan Martinez. That match was scarred by some outside interference but with Justin Gaines banned from ringside by his own father, hopefully this one will give us a definitive winner.

[The bell sounds as the two men edge out of their respective corners. Ryan Martinez strides to the center of the ring, stretching out his hand...]

GM: Ryan Martinez, ever classy and honorable in his actions, is looking for a handshake here.

BW: Ever classy and honorable? So it was honor that drove him to try and deliver the brainbuster to a teenage kid two weeks ago? Or was that his classy side?

GM: Ryan lost his temper - he'd be the first to admit that. That's not usually him. But thankfully that didn't happen so tonight, we've got a chance for these two men to clear the air physically inside that ring with one another, fans.

[Gunnar Gaines flashes that trademark grin at the offered hand before accepting it with a nod, drawing cheers from the crowd as they break away, circling one another...]

GM: Ryan Martinez is giving up over thirty pounds here to the veteran and you'd have to imagine that'll put the size and power advantage right in the Hall of Famer's side of the column.

[A collar and elbow is quick to prove Gordon right as Gaines easily spins Martinez around, backing him up into the ropes where the referee orders a break.]

GM: Michael Meekly calls for a break here... will he get a clean one?

[Gaines holds on for a moment...

...and then backs off to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: How 'bout that?

BW: Makes me sick. Shoulda waffled him in the ear on the way back.

GM: Bucky, your idea of sportsmanship is questionable at best.

BW: That may be true but my idea of winning is rock solid, Gordo.

[After a couple of moments, the two men tangle in the center of the ring once more - again ending with Gaines pushing his younger foe backwards towards the ropes.]

GM: It's been sixteen years since Gunnar Gaines was ranked the greatest professional wrestler in the world and at the age of 43, he may have lost a few steps but he's still one of the very best to lace his boots.

BW: He's a former World Champion too so he knows what it's like to compete in the big matches. And you might not believe it but this is a big match for him. He needs to prove to himself - and the front office - that the tournament wasn't a fluke. He needs to prove that a 43 year old Gunnar Gaines is still relevant in 2012, daddy!

[While all the chatter was going on, Gaines broke cleanly again and finds himself circling his opponent anew as the anxious crowd starts cheering for some action. The two men oblige, coming together once more...

...and this time, Gaines goes right to work, bringing a knee up into the midsection of Martinez. A well-placed overhead elbow smashes off the back of Martinez' neck, dropping him to all fours.]

GM: Gaines brings the big shots in immediately. Both of these men hit quite hard and... ohh!

[The crowd cheers a near three hundred pound elbowdrop to the small of Martinez' back, flattening the youngster out on the canvas. Gaines wastes no time in flipping Martinez over and applying a lateral press that gets him a two count before Martinez powers out.]

GM: The young man from Los Angeles is out at two. Perhaps too early to go for a pin attempt there.

BW: Maybe but the veteran may also be trying to make Martinez work by shoving out from under a nearly three hundred pound man.

[Gaines pulls Martinez up by the arm, firing him into the turnbuckles where he charges in after him...]

GM: Ohh! Big running back elbow in the corner!

[Gaines wheels around, hooking Martinez under the arm and around the head and neck...

...before HURLING the LA native through the air, sending him bouncing off the canvas with a hiptoss!]

GM: Gaines LAUNCHED him through the air with that!

[Staying on the younger man, Gaines pulls a rising Martinez into a front facelock, quickly switching to a double underhook...

...and tosses Martinez overhead with a butterfly suplex!]

GM: Gaines is physically asserting himself in every way possible against Ryan Martinez at this point in the match. He's tossing the young man around like crazy and-

[Pushing up to a knee, Martinez throws a trio of right hands into the midsection of Gaines, catching the bigger man by surprise.]

GM: Martinez trying to fight back here...

[Grabbing Gaines by the back of the head, Martinez pushes up to his feet...

...and SLAMS Gaines facefirst into the mat!]

GM: Oh! Martinez slams his face to the canvas! And he's going for a cover of his own here...

[Martinez hooks a large leg, earning a two count before Gaines muscles a shoulder off the mat. Martinez swings a leg over Gaines' torso, taking the mount as he grabs the Hall of Famer by the back of the head...

...and SLAMS his forearm into the temple of the Alaskan!]

GM: Forearm shot... and another... and another... and another...

[Martinez climbs to his feet, letting loose a roar to the crowd who cheers him on as he pulls Gaines up by the arm, winging him into the nearest set of buckles, charging in...]

GM: Ohh! The clothesline in the corner!

[With the crowd rooting him on, Martinez takes the second rope, lifting a closed fist to even more cheers...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Martinez hops down off the middle rope, turning to the middle of the ring where the referee reprimands him for the closed fists before turning back around...

...and eating an uppercut to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Gaines used the distraction to his advantage!

[Grabbing Martinez under the arm, Gaines spins and tosses him bodily into the turnbuckles...]

BW: Martinez is in trouble! This is right up Gaines' alley, daddy!

[A cornered Martinez raises his arms, trying to defend himself as Gaines uncorks a series of lefts and rights to the body, hammering away at the ribcage before an uppercut straightens him up!]

GM: Ohh! The uppercut snaps his head back!

[Still on his man, Gaines snaps off two right hands... then a left... and then ROCKS Martinez with another uppercut!]

GM: Good grief! An absolutely crushing right hand to the jaw!

[The official is shouting at Gaines, ordering him back as Martinez reels in the corner, hanging onto the top rope to try and stay on his feet...]

GM: Gaines steps out... the referee is shouting at him. He may have gone too far right there, fans.

[Shoving past the official, Gaines grabs the arm again, going for another Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[Martinez sends Gaines crashing into the buckles where he staggers back out...

...and gets muscled up onto the shoulders of the younger Martinez!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT THE NEAR THREE HUNDRED POUNDER UP!

[And falls back to CRUSH Gaines under him with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: SAMOAN DROP!! HE PLANTS HIM!!

[Martinez flips over, applying a lateral press again.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The shoulder flies off the mat in time!]

GM: So close! Gunnar Gaines just BARELY got the shoulder up in time right there!

[Martinez pushes off the mat, running his hands through his short black hair. He backs off a couple steps, eyeing Gaines as the veteran struggles to get back up off the mat...]

GM: Gunnar Gaines is trying to get up! Gaines is trying to get to his feet!

[As he does, Martinez surges forward, spinning around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAACK!”

BW: SPINNING BACKFIST!

[The spinning backhand blow SMASHES into the cheek of Gunnar Gaines!]

GM: What a shot! Gunnar Gaines may be out on his feet!

[With Gaines dazed on his feet, Martinez ducks down again, powering Gaines up onto his shoulders a second time...]

GM: Is he going for that Samoan Drop again?!

[Martinez holds him up, walking out to the middle of the ring...

...and falls to the side, DRIVING his skull into the mat!]

GM: DEATH! VALLEY! DRIVER!

[Gaines' skull SMASHES into the mat before he rolls to his back. Martinez crawls over, throwing an arm across the chest...]

GM: He's got a cover here! ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd GASPS as the referee goes sliding out of the ring!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: It's that punk kid!

GM: Justin Gaines is- how the heck did he get out here?! Where did he even come from?!

BW: He came out from under the ring! I saw him crawl out here and-

[The shocked referee shouts at Justin who shouts back at him. Ryan Martinez gets to his feet, adding his voice loudly to the official as he gestures at Justin Gaines who turns his focus to Martinez, screaming at him now instead...]

GM: We've got chaos out here! The referee's shouting at Justin Gaines as is Ryan Martinez! Gaines is shouting at both of them in turn and remember, Justin Gaines isn't even supposed to be out here! Justin Gaines is supposed to be banned from ringside by his own father!

[An irate Ryan Martinez steps out to the apron, still shouting at the seventeen-year old who takes a couple of steps back, perhaps remembering how close he came to taking the brainbuster two weeks ago.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is telling Justin Gaines to get the heck out of here - not in those words mind you - but the sentiments remains. He wants the Gaines family to live up to their word and for Justin Gaines to get back to the locker room area!

BW: Justin Gaines, you gotta give the kid some credit - he's holding his ground, Gordo.

GM: I don't have to give him credit for that! Obviously he's passionate about the business and his father's place in it but he's got no right to be out here tonight. We saw his manager's license get torn up earlier in the evening and-

[Staggering to his feet, an unaware Gunnar Gaines charges Ryan Martinez from the blind side...

...and sends Martinez sailing off the apron, crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Justin Gaines claps proudly for a moment...

...and then suddenly lunges under the apron, hiding under the ring again before his father can spot him.]

GM: What the..? Gunnar! Your son... Justin's under the ring!

[A focused Gunnar Gaines steps out on the apron, raising his right arm into the air...

...and runs down the apron, leaping off, and dropping a heavy elbow down on the chest of the prone Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gaines rolls to his side, clutching his ribs and hip.]

GM: Gaines dropped that elbow on Martinez, doing some damage to the young man but also banging himself up in the process.

BW: A 43 year old body ain't meant to take a drop onto barely-padded concrete like that, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. Gaines took a chance there and it may backfire on him. And somehow, he's still not aware that his son is out here at ringside... well, UNDER the ring to be exact.

[Gaines pulls Martinez off the ringside mats, shoving him under the ropes with a wince. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up onto the apron to step into the ring...]

GM: Gaines is in, pulling Martinez up by the hair.

BW: He just called for the Grizzly Slam!

[Gaines hooks a dazed Martinez around the throat...]

GM: He's got it hooked and-

[Gunnar stops dead in his tracks, looking out to the floor...]

GM: Justin! He saw Justin!

BW: What the hell is that kid doing?!

GM: I think he wanted to see his dad use the Grizzly Slam! But Gunnar spotted him!

[An angry Gunnar shoves Martinez aside, stalking over towards the ropes where Justin was standing. Justin starts to duck under the ring again but a shout from Gunnar stops him in his tracks!]

GM: No, no! You're not going anywhere, kid! Your father would like a word with you!

BW: Do we really need to see this 80s sitcom play out on AWA television?

[Gaines is shouting at his son from inside the ring...

...when he suddenly gets pulled down to the mat in a schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!!

[A shocked Justin Gaines screams and shouts as the referee drops to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

[The bell rings just as Gaines kicks out, sending Martinez sprawling away. An annoyed Gunnar sits up, glaring at Ryan Martinez who has scrambled to his feet to make sure Gaines isn't coming for him. The referee steps between the two men, pointing at Ryan and raising a hand.]

GM: Ryan Martinez with a victory! Gunnar Gaines was distracted by his own son - inadvertently mind you - and got rolled up for a three count. He's gotta be frustrated, Bucky.

BW: Of course he does. He'd given his son an order and thought it would be followed. For all you parents out there, you know how you tell your kids to take out the trash only to find it stinking, rotting, and still in the house two days later? It's kinda like that.

GM: I suppose. Gunnar Gaines looks pretty upset... and look at Justin Gaines hightailing it out of here. He wants no part of how angry his father is right now. He made it perfectly clear that he wanted no part of his son at ringside here tonight.

BW: And we just saw why.

GM: Gunnar Gaines is asking Phil Watson for the mic... I guess he has something to say about what just happened.

[Gunnar has procured a ringside mic and has rolled back into the ring. Meanwhile, Ryan Martinez is making his way out of the arena, celebrating his victory.]

GG: [directing his attention toward the aisle] Hold up, Ryan!

[Martinez stops and looks back toward the ring, a little amused.]

GG: Yeah. You heard me. Obviously, my kid's an idiot. A very talented and crafty idiot — as in, how did he get under that ring? I don't know. But an idiot nonetheless. But these next words I have to say? They don't concern HIM — they concern YOU — so I think you should come back down here, into this ring, so that I can say them face to face.

BW: Uh oh. What's this about?

GM: That's a very good question ... one that Ryan Martinez apparently wants the answer to.

[Martinez returns to ringside, but stops short of getting in the ring. He hesitates.]

GG: It's OK, Ryan. I'm not going to start a brawl when you get in here. I just want to talk about something. An idea I had.

[The announcers lay out as Ryan appears torn between entering the ring to hear Gunnar out, and turning his back to leave. Finally, he moves through the ropes and steps toward Gunnar, still appearing a little agitated.]

GG: Hey, first of all? Sorry about that ending. I don't like it any better than you did. I did everything I could to keep my kid out of the arena and the hell away from ringside. When he came out from under the ring, I was just as surprised as you were. Obviously. Now, you know this constant interference ain't me, and it ain't how I roll. It's a challenge to raise this kid sometimes. You have to forgive him. He's a teenager. A 6-foot-7 teenager with a hot head and an attitude problem.

Now, Justin has screwed up enough matches for you AND for me that I feel I need to make it up to you. So, here's what I'm gonna do. You're looking for your big break, right? Well, as it just so happens, so am I. We both want our place in the spotlight, but it appears that after losing in the AWA World Title tournament, there's no spotlight to be had. For either of us. And that's

just where you'd be wrong. You know how we can get that spotlight? Maybe by waiting around for someone to give it to us? Wrong.

[Martinez cocks his head, curious what Gunnar is getting at.]

GG: What I propose is no more and no less than this. Two legendary wrestling families joined together in one tag team. Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez. And what happens is, we kick some ass and get noticed!

[The crowd pops! Ryan, meanwhile, appears interested in this idea ... but not convinced.]

GG: Maybe you're worried about Justin being there? Look, he's not going to be at ringside for any of our matches, UNLESS he can convince me things are going to be cool. And I set a pretty high bar for that. Besides ... with both of us on the same team, he can't hurt one of us at the expense of the other ... and that's the beauty of it. There's no question — he's endangered this mutual admiration thing we have going on. Big time. But with both of us on the same side? That boy can only help us. You see what I'm saying?

GM: I suppose that's true.

BW: Yeah, Gordo, or he could cause them both to lose.

GM: Point taken.

[Ryan's still listening. But not talking. Gunnar continues.]

GG: See, after the match that you just gave me, bungled finish aside, I'm convinced a team of you and me ... [he points at Ryan, then at himself] .... has potential. How much potential? A lot. You see, I'm a talented guy, knows his way around the ring, been to the top, yada yada yada ... but I'm old. I need youth and energy on my side — aside from my kid that is, who ain't ready yet. And you? Well, you need a mentor aside from your dad, someone who's been there ... no offense against Alex, it's just that the more mentors you have, the better.

It's just so obvious to me that THIS is the answer. You can provide what I need — and I can do the same for you. Guaranteed. In fact, I'm so convinced of it that, I'm not going to just give you a place on my team, I'm going to give you a SPOT.

[A smile slowly crosses Gunnar's face, as he lets that register.]

GM: Where's he going with this? What does he mean by "spot?"

BW: A spot MEANS something, Gordo. Don't you know that?

GG: You heard me, Ryan. I'm giving you a SPOT. And this ain't just ANY spot, because the team I'm talking about ... is the Baddest ... Thangs ... Running. That's right. You get a spot that used to belong to none other than Caleb Temple. That's what I think, Ryan, of you and your potential. We can

be the NEW ... Baddest Thangs Running. The New BTR. Has a nice ring ... don't it? I think it would look great on a T-shirt, but more importantly, I think we could surprise a lot of people. So what do you say? Are you in?

[Ryan has been silent this entire time, but he's never once taken his eyes off Gaines. Like his father, there's an intensity to Ryan that radiates from him. He's quieter than Alex, less likely to go off half cocked, but that lack of a hair trigger temper doesn't make him any less intense. He's simply more deliberate. And now, it seems, he's searching for just the right thing to say.]

GG: Come on, kid. This ain't that hard a question.

[Ryan pauses ... then finally speaks.]

RM: My whole life has been lived trying to be my own man. Trying not to be the "Baby Badboy." I'm not Alex Martinez Jr. I don't follow in my father's footsteps. I make my own path. A mentor? Gunnar, if I won't let my own father tell me what to do, what makes you think I'm going to listen to you?

[Gunnar narrows his eyes ... slightly.]

RM: I'm not looking to be given a spot. I'm not looking for ANYTHING... can you understand that? There's no place for me? Well, when there's no place for me? I go out and I make a place for myself. Can you appreciate that? I don't want you to give me anything. I didn't let my dad give me anything, and I'm not taking your hand outs either.

So you come out here, and you offer me a place? And not just any place. The "spot" you're talking about? The one that belonged to Caleb Temple? You understand what you're offering me? Caleb Temple tore my family apart. He ruined the Martinez family. You think that's the spot I want? You think Caleb Temple's footsteps are the ones I'm going to follow?

But...

[Ryan exhales, and runs a hand through his hair.]

RM: No one on the planet can deny all the things you've accomplished. I'm not going to be led, Gaines. But that doesn't mean I can't listen. It doesn't mean I can't learn. It doesn't mean you've got nothing to offer me.

But I want you to understand this. -I- have something to offer you too. I bring something to the table. It wasn't my name that brought me here. It's what I did to Mark Langseth. It's what I can do. Me, Ryan Martinez. You can give me something Gunnar.

But are you ready to acknowledge that I've got something to give you?

[Ryan takes a step closer to Gunnar.]

RM: The New Baddest Thangs Running? No. We're Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez. The best of the old and the new. We're partners. You're not the

senior and I'm the junior. We're equals. You and me? We do this together, and we go all the way.

And maybe someday? Maybe we'll get to call ourselves the Baddest Thangs Running. Not the new ones. Just the baddest. But you and me? We're gonna earn that name, not just give it to ourselves.

Now, you tell me, Gaines. Can you live with being my partner? If you can, there's only one thing to do.

[And Ryan extends his hand, waiting on Gaines.]

GG: Under those terms?

[He casts his eyes downward, starts to shake his head and laugh — then casts his eyes back up at Ryan. He nods ... with a combination of disbelief and admiration.]

GG: Son ... you got yourself a deal.

[He reaches out ... and Gunnar and Ryan shake hands. The crowd cheers! The announcers lay out ... for a while ... until Bucky finally speaks.]

BW: What the hell just happened? I mean really — what the HELL, just, happened!?

GM: Honestly, Bucky, that's a question I'm asking myself. But you saw it and it was clear as day. Going forward, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines are tag team partners. Gunnar made an offer ... Ryan made a counter-offer ... and Gunnar accepted! Tag teams have come about in stranger ways!

BW: I suppose so, but I'd be curious what Justin thinks. This can't make him happy.

GM: I'm sure it doesn't. Gunnar may have to do some convincing, or maybe he just doesn't care what Justin thinks of it. But more to the point, what do the members of the tag team division make of it? I think this has the potential to be a very dangerous team. These two men, both very capable, have very different styles that could complement each other. Or ...

[Gordon finds himself unable to complete the thought.]

BW: OR ... they could tear each other's heads off, Gordo. Especially with Gunnar's bonehead kid hanging around to mess things up.

GM: Indeed, that could happen, and we'll just have to wait and see but right now, let's go backstage where I'm told Sweet Daddy Williams is standing by with Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[We crossfade to the back where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Sweet Daddy Williams who is in blue jeans along with an red, white, and blue AWA

t-shirt. A trio of gold chains hang down to about his sternum as he stares at the camera over a pair of blue-tinted sunglasses.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Sweet Daddy, you specifically asked me a few minutes ago for this time to address someone in particular. The floor is yours.

[Williams guides the mic towards him.]

SDW: You know, Marko... Sweet Daddy sits backstage for every AWA show... EVERY one of 'em just waitin' for the chance to put on my dancin' shoes, go on out there, and cut a rug all over someone who think they got what it takes to do a funky ol' tango with the Sweet Daddy.

[He cracks a grin.]

SDW: Some nights, my dance card gets pulled and I do the Hustle on down the aisle for all my fans... and some nights, I get left the wallflower sittin' in the locker room just watchin' on TV like all the rest...

Tonight, I was doin' my watchin' and I heard some sweet, sweet music.

Sharif, baby, you done the right thing two weeks ago when you kicked that nasty ol' Bathwaite to the curb.

[He nods.]

SDW: A lot of the people back here, they still ain't gonna like ya, baby... 'cause a your politics and where ya come from. But that ain't me, ya hear? Sweet Daddy don't give a damn where ya come from or who ya think is the best country in the world.

Sweet Daddy cares about the man himself, ya hear?

Now, I know that since you laid down the thunder and tol' Marky Mark Langseth to get his yella tail down to Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Night, the people be linin' up outside your door to join your team... I know that they's people back here willin' to give they eye teeth for a shot to hit the ring with ya.

[Williams nods again.]

SDW: But I also know that if ya find yaself needin' a partner... a true partner... someone you know will stand out there and watch yo' back...

Well, ya ain't ever had a friend like me, Sharif.

[He chuckles.]

SDW: The door is open, Sharif. You need a partner for SuperClash IV? You give Sweet Daddy a call.

[He seems about to walk away when suddenly Scotty Storm and Marty Morgan, the Rockstar Express join him with a clap on the shoulders.]

MM: We don't mean to interrupt, Sweet Daddy, but we wanted to add our names to the list too. Sultan Azam Sharif may not like the way we rock, the way we roll, the way we strut, or the way we stroll...

SS: ...and we may not like the way he waves the flag of Iran around and tells everyone how they're number one. But we do like the spirit he showed with Bathwaite last week... and we do like the idea of getting our hands on Royalty after all the trouble they caused in the past.

MM: So, if you need someone to stand by your side at SuperClash, Sharif... you know where to find us.

[Storm slips an arm on the shoulder of a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

MS: Well, fans, it seems that if Sultan Azam Sharif is looking for a partner for SuperClash... or two even... he won't have to look too far. Right now, let's go to the interview platform to Jason Dane who has some special guests. Jason?

[We go to the interview platform, where Percy Childes stands alongside Nenshou, Juan Vasquez, and Grant Stone. The crowd is booing them mercilessly.

Percy has an attache case in his hands and is smirking... the portly bald-headed goateed manager is wearing a dark brown sweater and black pants. Nenshou stands at attention, wearing a black hooded jacket with long pointed sleeves and a pointy hood, like a wizard's robe. Beneath the hood we see the lower half of a red demonic kabuki mask. Vasquez is dressed in his usual street clothes, a hoodie, a vintage wrestling t-shirt(a faded Tex Violence shirt), and black jeans. Stone, wearing a pair of faded blue jeans and a black A-shirt, looks around with his almost permanent snarl.

Jason Dane is there as well, and he begins the interview.]

JD: With me at this time is Percy Childes, and... would we call this the new Unholy Alliance?

PC: Of a sort. Mr. Stone is here on his own time performing a single task for a large sum of money.

JD: How much is a large sum of money?

PC: To me or to you?

JD: I... suspect that's as much of an answer as I'm going to get. In any event, Percy Childes, your attempts to destroy your former client, James Monosso, are outrageous!

PC: Current client. He can't afford the lawyers he'd need to get out of the contract, Dane.

JD: You tried to get him and Brian Von Braun to take one another out tonight, Percy, but Monosso has not been medically cleared by an AWA physician.

PC: That's why I got a second and third opinions.

[Grinning triumphantly, Percy holds up some paperwork from his attache case.]

PC: A doctor more familiar with James Monosso's medical history than the \*cough\*esteemed Dr. Ponavitch has rendered a medical opinion. Dr. Malus Herbert furnished his findings to the AWA Competition Committee this week.

JD: Herbert? He's... not an unbiased source! He's a former wrestler, and...

PC: ...that means he is more qualified to determine what a professional wrestler can work through.

JD: He'd do anything for money! You bought that analysis!

PC: Do you have proof, or am I suing you for slander? More importantly, is Dr. Herbert suing you for slander, as unlike me he has no reason to curry favor with the AWA offices by not ruining anyone's brother-slash-brother-in-law?

JD: ...

PC: And then I obtained a similar medical opinion from a physical therapy group here in the Dallas area. They've done ones I sent Monosso to for his entire AWA tenure!

JD: So they were already on your payroll.

PC: So they have his records, medical history, and extensive first-hand experience with him. In fact, he's still going there. They are his current care provider; one of the drawbacks to maintaining my current status as Monosso's manager is that I do have to pay for his physical therapy. But... ah, well, his current physical therapy group has cleared him as well.

[By now, the crowd is booing again. But not so much as you'd think, because it does mean they'll see Monosso in action later on.]

JD: This is disgusting.

PC: This is the real world. This is how the real world works. This is why you have so many options when you go vote on November 6th... ha ha ha ha! But I am a man of my word. Nobody who I manage will interfere with him tonight. Got that, Juan?

JV: Yeah.

PC: Nenshou, doi shimasu ka?

[Nenshou nods once.]

PC: There. Done.

JD: You didn't ask Grant Stone.

PC: I don't manage Grant Stone.

[Percy smiles broadly; a sickening smile of the sort that one usually describes as "predatory". The fans clearly see what this means, and they jeer. Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Always a loophole. Grant Stone, is this really the only thing you've come back for?

[Stone lowers his brow as he glares at Dane.]

GS: The only thing? Of course it's the only thing. I'm here to do a job. A job for cash in hand. Think I give a damn about that maggot?

JD: How can you say that? How can be so cold about taking away a man's -

GS: What? Livelihood? His last redemption? His last chance at washing away the filth of his life? Taking away the glory of his championship?

[The big Kentuckian cracks a sick grin.]

GS: That's all just gravy to me. It's not my fault the man found hope. It's not my fault that the maggot's got enemies wanting to put him down. And it's sure as hell not my fault those enemies picked an animal like me, put cash in my pocket, to cripple him.

[Stone looks over at Childes and then back at Dane.]

GS: A man's gotta eat, right?

JD: This is disgusting! Even a man like you can see - can see what's going on here is disgraceful!

GS: A man like me, huh? What's that mean, that me and Monosso share something? I know my place. I know my purpose. I ain't like him, chasing some tin on leather and a shot at a good name.

[Jason shakes his head sadly, and looks back at Vasquez.]

JD: Juan.

[A smirk from Vasquez.]

JV: I didn't realize we were still on a first name basis.

JD: Is this... really what you want at this point in your career?

[A somewhat annoyed expression forms on Juan's face at the question.]

JV: At..."this point" in my career?

[Juan glares briefly at Dane, before lowering his head and chuckling.]

JV: If I didn't know any better, Percy isn't the only one that's been talking with doctors recently. Do you know something about my health that I don't, Dane?

JD: No, nothing like that...it's just that...to see you go from being a hero to THIS, it...

[He's quickly cutoff.]

JV: ...doesn't really matter.

Just like what our dear World Champion said out here two weeks ago, not a damn thing's changed about the man standing before you. Just his circumstances. And if the fans want to turn their backs on me because of it? That's their prerogative.

[...]

JV: After all, everyone's allowed to be wrong now and then, aren't they?

[Big time boos! There's no hint of humor or sarcasm in his voice. Vasquez isn't trying to rile them up...he truly believes what he's saying.]

JV: And as to whether this is what I "want"?

[Juan stares up and takes in a deep breath, before speaking.]

JV: All I want right now, is Calisto Dufresne's sorry butt inside a wrestling ring...and Percy Childe has assured me that will happen.

So you ask me, is this what I "want"?

[He stares Dane right in the eye, the interviewer somewhat wilting under his gaze.]

JV: You're damn right it is.

[And with that, Juan turns away, apparently done talking.]

PC: Have you enlightened yourself and your Twitter followers, Dane?

JD: Well...

PC: Because if you're done asking useless questions, it is time for my Nenshou to again claim another victory and maintain his position as a top contender. Let's go.

[The opening thunderclap of "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis peals out over the PA, as Percy heads towards the elevated aisleway. Nenshou and Vasquez follow, as Grant Stone parts ways and heads to the back. The crowd boos roundly.]

GM: Sickening.

BW: Awwwww. It's quaint how you still think bein' a nice guy means somethin', Gordo.

GM: Nenshou is about to grace the entire wrestling world with his glorious presence. Perhaps we should all prostrate ourselves before his eminence.

BW: Wow! Bitter sarcasm! Gordo, I'm proud of ya!

GM: \*sigh\* Let's go up for the introductions.

[In the ring stands a young man with a dirty blond brushcut and a bulky build. He wears long blue trunks with red laceless boots. The name "HENRY" is printed down one side, and a red fireball is printed on the other. He also wears white wristbands. Nenshou leaps over the top rope to enter the ring on the other side. He stands in his corner as Childes enters the ring after him. Vasquez stays on the floor in his corner. Phil Watson kicks us off.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a ten minute time limit!

Introducing first, to my left... from Stone Mountain, Georgia... weighing two hundred forty pounds...

...HENRY PORTEN!

[Porten runs around the ring and pumps his fist at the crowd, who cheer him.]

PW: His opponent, to my right... introducing first, the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOOOO!]

PW: He represents... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two-hundred thirty-three pounds...

...NENSHOU!

[The stoic Nenshou doesn't acknowledge the fans as they jeer him virulently. Percy strips the wizard-like robe and kabuki mask to reveal that Nenshou is wearing baggy black pants, red boots, and has black facepaint with red and silver patterns. The lithe Japanese star's black hair is brushcut, with a single kanji shaved into it: "Darkness".]

GM: Marty Meekly waving these men on. It should be an interesting match as Nenshou will not be well-served to use his martial arts striking against Henry Porten.

BW: Ha! And why not?

GM: Porten is a striker himself, practicing a mixed martial arts style that predicates largely on a standup striking game.

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

[The fans boo Nenshou as he does not move when the bell rings. He has two fingers on his right hand extended, his right hand held in his cupped left hand, and is focusing on his extended taped fingers.]

BW: There's that "battle meditation" Percy told us about. You tell me Nenshou can't go head up against Henry Porten? Are you insane? That's like saying "hey, that BC Da Mastah MC throws a good punch; William Craven better not brawl him".

GM: Fair enough. Porten impatiently attacks... and pays for it! Nenshou strikes first and strikes hard!

BW: See?!

[Porten had rushed at Nenshou, throwing a good-looking punch... but Nenshou was way too fast, spinning into a roundhouse kick to the face and flattening the Stone Mountain native!]

GM: What a kick! That meditative state seems to give Nenshou a serious edge in anticipating and reacting to his opponent's moves. The Asian Assassin moving in with a heavy jumping stomp to the back of Porten. Henry Porten up, and Nenshou... there's that jumping spin kick... BLOCKED!

[Unfortunately for Nenshou, he overconfidently throws the jumping spin kick at a ready Porten, who puts up a guard and takes the kick on his forearms... then counters immediately with a combination of hard punches to the roar of the crowd!]

BW: HEY! Those are closed fists!

GM: ONE TWO, ONE TWO, AND NENSHOU IS ROCKED! He got too cavalier!

BW: One of those punches was a right cross. Doesn't he know Juan Vasquez is right there?! He's got that trademarked!

GM: Vasquez looks intrigued as Porten taking it to Nenshou! He has him clinched, and striking with the knees... Nenshou whips him down with authority! The legdrag takedown, or "dragon screw" as some call it!

BW: Porten calls it OW MY LEG.

GM: Nenshou off the ropes... right in the back of the neck with that snapping "powerdrive" elbow drop! Porten was rolling to his side to stand, and Nenshou hammered him with the elbow!

BW: He about bounced the kid's head between the mat and his elbow. Percy Childes does not like when people try to embarrass Nenshou. They're gonna make this kid pay.

GM: Try to embarrass him? He's trying to compete and win! What is he supposed to do, roll over and play dead?

BW: If he was wise, he would.

GM: Nenshou picks up Porten, and applies an abdominal stretch. This is an effective way to wear an opponent down, and is a good move to use when facing a dedicated striker like Porten.

BW: Especially when you can get extra leverage and go from "wear him out" to "tear his abdominal muscles".

GM: Nenshou is using the ropes for leverage! Come on, Marty... there, he finally looks around back and sees it. And... Nenshou isn't breaking!

BW: He's got four seconds.

GM: Meekly is counting... and he still won't break! This should be a disqualification!

BW: Hey, hey, hey! Nenshou doesn't speak English! Meekly needs to count in Japanese so he understands him!

GM: That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard you say, Bucky Wilde, which is saying a mouthful! Finally, Nenshou breaks, flirting with a disqualification for no real reason other than bloody-mindedness! He's cruel and he thinks this is all beneath him!

BW: Yeah, Nenshou pushes the refs right to the edge sometimes. Looks like he's in a mood.

[The fans boo the boorish behavior of Nenshou, who sticks his fingers in his mouth for a moment before blatantly jabbing them into Porten's throat!]

GM: And there's that blatant windpipe thrust chop which he's abused for the past two years. The AWA is talking about reviewing and possibly updating the referee staff. Men like Nenshou get away with murder, and I would like to see a hardening of the rules. The rules are in place but are never

enforced properly. There it is again! A blatant strike to the windpipe is illegal! And Nenshou does it all the time!

BW: Tell you what, Gordo. You go get a ref license...

GM: I have one! We had to get referee licenses when we were hired, Bucky... we've discussed this!

BW: Then go referee a Nenshou match! Don't talk it if you won't walk it, daddy!

GM: Nenshou backing Porten in the corner... irish-whip to the far side! And here he comes...

[\*WHACK\*]

GM: ...IN THE JAW WITH THE HANDSPRING ELBOW! That is both smashmouth and finesse at the same time! Porten is staggered!

BW: Sure, change the subject!

GM: We have to call the action! Nenshou picking up Porten... Porten goes over the back!

[\*SMACK\*]

[The fans erupt as suddenly, Henry Porten explodes into a spinning backfist that catches Nenshou clean as he turns around!]

GM: PORTEN LEVELED NENSHOU! WHAT A SHOT!

BW: This match has more potatoes than Idaho, daddy! These two are blasting one another!

GM: Every strike tonight has hit hard, and Porten measuring Nenshou... running knee...

[Porten tries his running kneestrike to the chin of Nenshou as the Asian Assassin gets to kneeling. But as that move is a similar variant of one of Nenshou's moves, the Japanese star senses it and forward rolls just in time!]

BW: No way, daddy! Nenshou's too quick to try and line him up for a move like that!

GM: Porten keeps running... far ropes, and a clothesline strikes Nenshou down! Off the far ropes, Nenshou drops down in front! Porten over him and off the ropes again...

[\*WHACK\*]

BW: THERE'S THAT JUMPING SPIN KICK! WOO!

GM: HE CRUSHED HIM WITH IT! What a shot! Porten is down and Nenshou up to the corner...

BW: MOONSAULT!! And that's all she wrote, daddy!

GM: Three count and it is over, in sudden fashion!

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

[The fans boo as Nenshou gets up, looks down, and spews green mist all over the chest of the downed Henry Porten.]

BW: And spit on the man for good measure.

GM: Nenshou gets the duke, but he'll have to use a little extra face paint this week to cover some bruises from this one. And Henry Porten is going to need to have someone retrieve his face from the fifth row after that last jumping spin kick by Nenshou. That was a vile impact!

PW: Here is your winner... NENSHOU!

["Raijin's Drums" begins to play again as Percy and Vasquez enter the ring. Nenshou imperiously demands that his hand be raised, and he gives an arrogant 'throat slit' motion with his free hand as the referee complies.]

BW: You think Percy was getting Nenshou ready with this? He didn't just randomly pick an opponent. He went for somebody that hit hard because Nenshou needs to be ready to be hit hard. Even a broken, destroyed James Monosso is going to hit like a ton of bricks.

GM: That's very true. Henry Porten accounted well... and look. Sportsmanship.

[A woozy Porten is up, and offering a handshake to Nenshou. Nenshou stops, and looks incredulously at this man who is holding a hand out. He looks at Porten's face... and then down at his hand. And then at his face... and down at his hand again.

Then he blows red mist in his eyes. Porten screams in agony as the burning mist gets him dead on.]

GM: HEY! WHAT WAS THAT FOR?!

[\*CRRAACK\*]

[And the loud boos from the completely unnecessary misting go nuclear as Juan Vasquez throws an even more unnecessary right cross, flooring Porten, who writhes on the canvas.]

GM: AND WHAT IN BLAZES WAS THAT FOR?!

BW: I told you. Copyright law is a harsh mistress.

GM: Nenshou, I expect this from. But Juan Vasquez?! Percy didn't even order him to do that! He just... he just did it! Of his own volition!

[Vasquez hovers over Porten for a moment, staring down at the youngster with a lifeless, "dead inside" gaze, before dropping down and rolling out the ring, walking back up the aisle to a chorus of boos from the crowd.]

BW: Well, maybe the kid should have stayed down. Maybe he should have known his place and not tried that idiotic sportsmanship crap when nobody in this building knows or cares who he is. Maybe he needed a reminder of where he is on the totem pole. That red mist burns for a long time, and that right cross leaves a mark you can see for days. Get back in line, kid. You don't get to stand up and get in the camera view when Nenshou wins.

GM: That's a terrible line of thought!

BW: That's the real world. Didn't Percy just get through explaining that to Dane?

GM: This job is hard to do at times when you have to watch things like that happen, fans. We'll be right back to see Alphonse Green taking on Supreme Wright in one-on-one action so don't you dare go away!

[We fade to commercial to find a giant Kingsley Online Entertainment logo. A voiceover begins.]

VO: We live in an online world.

[A shot of a young child on his laptop computer.]

VO: Today, you are more likely to watch a television show on your computer or mobile device than you are an actual television.

[A family gathered around an iPad with an elderly couple.]

VO: Video chat is no longer an element of science fiction - it is reality. It is now.

[A young girl plays a video game with body movements.]

VO: The future is before us. The future is around us. The future is...

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.]

And then back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins. Watkins is in a pair of dark jeans and a sportscoat.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. We are two weeks away from the first SuperClash Control Center but I feel like that's what we're about to bring you. Mr. Watkins, I understand you've got some news for us on what we're going to see go down at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles in about one month's time.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: It's gonna be a heckuva night on Thanksgiving night, Mark, and I can't wait to see the AWA's finest going at it. So, let's talk about what we know for sure... and the biggest thing we know for sure is that if Percy Childes remains able to get James Monosso medically cleared until that night, then Supreme Wright will challenge James Monosso with the AWA World Championship on the line.

MS: It's hard for you be excited about that due to Monosso's medical condition though - am I right?

[Another nod.]

JW: I am deeply concerned about the health of James Monosso... but at the same time, I love the idea of seeing him take on Supreme Wright in one-on-one action at the big show... if he's healthy enough to do it.

MS: Alright, now earlier tonight, we heard Percy Childes say he had approached the Championship Committee and signed his half of a contract pitting Juan Vasquez against Calisto Dufresne. Has Dufresne signed the contract as well?

JW: He has... with much anger. So, that match is official as well.

MS: Two big matches plus we already know we're going to have the annual Steal The Spotlight showcase. Any word on who will be involved with that?

JW: Earlier tonight, we heard Chris Staley make his pitch to be on one of the teams and we have agreed with that. Staley will be one of the ten men in Steal The Spotlight.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Speaking of Steal The Spotlight...

JW: Yes, Sharif's challenge has been sanctioned. It will be Sultan Azam Sharif and two partners of his choice meeting Mark Langseth, Dave Cooper, and a partner of their choice.

MS: Who will NOT be Joe Petrow.

JW: Evidently not. As Dave Cooper pointed out, Mr. Petrow is not a contracted AWA competitor and as such, we can not compel him to appear in that match... no matter how badly we'd like to.

[Watkins cracks a grin at that.]

MS: Speaking of which...

[Watkins waggles a finger at Stegglet.]

JW: Nope. Not one more word about him until I go out there and see him face to face.

MS: You can't blame me for trying, sir.

JW: That much is true. But back to SuperClash, we've got one more big match to announce... and when I say "big", I mean it. This one will see the battle of the MAMMOTHS as MAMMOTH Maximus meets the former MAMMOTH Mizusawa, the man now known as Giant Aso in what could be the largest match ever assembled for SuperClash!

MS: That IS a big addition to the show! And I'm sure we're going to have even more to announce in the days and weeks to come but right now, fans, let's go back down to the ring to see the Number One contender to the AWA World Title, Supreme Wright, in one-on-one action against Alphonse Green!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a-

[Before the announcement can continue though, abruptly, the cough that heralds the beginning of Metallica's "Bad Seed" is heard, heralding the arrival of the new Longhorn Heritage champion.]

GM: What in the...

BW: It's the champ!

GM: He's not scheduled to be out here right now. Quite obviously, it was time for our match between Supreme Wright and Alphonse Green and Dave Bryant, the... regrettably... new Longhorn Heritage Champion is coming out here instead.

BW: Regrettably? Show a little respect to the new champ, Gordo!

GM: The man got his title shot by stealing the belt -- and then he stole it AGAIN at Homecoming when he knocked out the former champion with a loaded right hand!

BW: Allegedly loaded right hand, and you can't prove that the superkick isn't what knocked him out anyway.

["The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant quickly emerges from the curtain, drawing the ire of the audience. He's wearing a nice crisp, clean suit, complete with tie, and carrying two items -- one, a velvet bag. The other, a dingy canvas bag.]

GM: That's the same bag that Dave Bryant purports has what's left of the Longhorn Heritage championship belt, but what's in the other bag?

BW: C'mon, Gordo, you've been around long enough to know what comes out of those velvet bags. It's the new Longhorn Heritage title belt, of course!

GM: It would be the right thing to do, to replace what he destroyed...which makes me believe that it's something else entirely.

[Bryant stops halfway down the aisle, looking to both sides of the arena and holding up the dingy canvas bag, grinning as he draws a fresh round of derision. He mockingly places the canvas bag over his shoulder like one would normally see someone carry a title belt, putting the velvet bag on his opposite shoulder. He steps into the ring, holding both in the air and laughing audibly at the crowd's reaction. Bryant walks over to a corner and lays the velvet bag down, keeping the canvas bag while holding his hand out for a microphone. Phil Watson hands the mic over and Bryant returns to the center of the ring.]

DB: Ladies and gentlemen, let's have a nice respectful round of applause for your NEW Longhorn Heritage champion!

[Bryant grins and proffers the microphone to each side of the arena, holding up the canvas bag while he does so.]

DB: Thank you so much. It makes me proud to be able to stand out here and represent all of the lovely history behind this belt, makes me proud to stand out here and represent the history of a dead federation in the dirtiest part of a dirty state! Yes, I'm absolutely proud to represent the Longhorn Wrestling Council, despite the fact that even on their best day, they couldn't even afford to bring in "The Doctor of Love". All joking aside, however, the Longhorn Wrestling Council gave the wrestling industry some of the biggest and baddest names to ever grace the squared circle, and for that it should be remembered. Casey James, Tex Violence, Robert Donovan, Bobby Taylor, JW Hardin, Brody Thunder, they all called the Longhorn Wrestling Council home at some point!

[The crowd pops briefly for the name-dropping.]

DB: Of course, I left the name most pertinent to me off that list...Glenn Hudson. The FORMER Longhorn Heritage champion! Now, you all probably don't believe this, but I actually respect Hudson.

[The crowd definitely doesn't believe it.]

DB: It's true! Glenn Hudson was not what anybody would call the prototypical LWC guy. He can brawl, sure, but his greatest skills were, as they are today, the ability to handle a microphone. He didn't get in the ring and play a tough guy, he didn't play someone out for your blood, he went in the ring and he was just Glenn Hudson. Sure, he had a goofy nickname, but

that doesn't change the fact that he carved out a niche in a place where he should've fit like a square peg in a round hole. Instead, he went out, he gave them Glenn Hudson, and he didn't give a damn whether or not they liked it, that was what they'd get or they'd get nothing at all.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: ...and that's why it's such a damn shame that he forgot how to do that.

[The crowd doesn't care for that and lets the new champion know it.]

DB: Boo all you want, it doesn't change the fact that Glenn Hudson got so caught up in this --

[Bryant shakes the bag.]

DB: -- that he forgot how he made a name for himself in the first place! He was so focused on Longhorn Heritage, so focused on avenging the honor of a place that can't avenge itself that he forgot to be Glenn Hudson. He went for his own finishing move precisely one time when we wrestled. One time! It didn't work, and instead he went to the old LWC grab bag of finishers, and guess what happened?

[Another brief pause while the crowd continues to yell at Bryant.]

DB: He caught the deadliest right hand in the business, the best superkick anybody ever threw, and he was out on his back for the one, two, three! Cattlebuster? No deal! Cathedral DDT? Nothing doing, Glenn! You brought out every trick in the Longhorn Wrestling Council book and you threw them all at me, and it didn't mean a damn thing, just like THIS doesn't mean a damn thing!

[Bryant throws the dirty canvas bag to the ground and starts to walk away, then stops and comes back to collect it.]

DB: But, you know something, Glenn, had you remembered to be Glenn Hudson instead of the Longhorn Avenger, I might not be here right now. I already told you thanks for the match in the first place, but now that I'm here in the AWA to stay, now that I'm a champion for the first time in over a decade, I think I owe you something more, something a little more historical.

[Bryant raises the bag meaningfully.]

DB: This, Glenn, this is history right here. This is what's left of your Longhorn Heritage. If you want it, if you want the last physical scraps of Longhorn Heritage...they'll be waiting for you later tonight, Glenn, right here in this very ring.

[Bryant approaches the camera.]

DB: If you want it that bad, all you've got to do is come out here...and claim it.

[Bryant drops the microphone, walking over to the velvet bag left in the corner and holding it up along with the dingy canvas bag, smirking all the while as we abruptly 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 up to live action to the interview stage, where Jason Dane stands by next to the tall, broad-shouldered frame of James Monosso. The

World Heavyweight Champion is wearing his one-strap black singlet with chrome trim, matching boots, and white wristbands. His shoulder-length stringy black-but-greying hair is wet, and his wide, flat, clean shaven face is contorted into a wild-eyed snarl. The crowd cheers the champion, who has the World Championship Belt strapped around his waist.]

JD: James Monosso, it looks like Percy Childe has once again gotten his way. Tonight, you're going one on one with Brian Von Braun; a matchup of two of Percy's biggest enemies.

JM: All that and he still gets his stupid percentage.

JD: How do you intend to approach tonight's matchup, knowing that you're facing a man who has the same hatred for Childe that you do... not to mention your physical condition?

JM: It's like this; every time I gotta step in the ring is like Russian roulette. I might make it out alright, but it might be the night one of the discs in my neck or back snaps in two. So what I gotta do is make sure Von Braun can't pull the trigger. I know he don't care if he takes me out. I know because I'm the same way he is. We do what we gotta do, that's all there is to it. So if I get the chance to put him out, I'll do it. I don't care if it makes Percy happy or not. Well... no. I do care; it makes me sick that fat walrus is still profitin' off me. I just ain't gonna let that stop me. And that's one more thing he'll pay for when I get my hands around his fat neck!

JD: Since you were inside Childe's inner circle, James, I have to ask the question we all want to know. Since Percy Childe has been in the AWA, his power has grown and grown. He seems to have more influence than a manager should have, over matches and schedules... he even rearranged the match order at Blood, Sweat, and Tears.

JM: You don't gotta tell me that! I know! I'm the one he screwed over.

JD: How is he doing this?

JM: I don't know exactly. He never let me around him when he was doin' his deals. I always figured he must be blackmailin' somebody or somethin'. You gotta understand, Dane. I just don't care what goes on in board rooms and committees. All I worry about is the ring, because in the ring, I'm the one in charge. All the politics, all the schemes in the world don't matter when the time comes for somebody to step in the ring with me. Percy wants to get a match with me and Nenshou? He's gonna regret what he asked for! I hate that spoiled brat Nenshou as much as I hate Percy! You know why I did a moonsault at Blood Sweat and Tears, Dane?

JD: I have been wondering.

JM: I want that mascara-wearin' punk to know he ain't nothin'! He carries himself like he's a big shot, like he's too good for everyone and everything! He thinks too good to even talk to the people.

JD: As I understand it, he doesn't speak English.

JM: Ha! You still believe everything Percy says? That mealy-mouthed little creep was born with one silver spoon in his mouth, and another one up his tailpipe! He knows English!

[That revelation draws a bit of noise from the crowd, and makes Dane's eyes go wide.]

JD: ...what?

JM: Him and all them old Japanese guys that come over, wearin' suits, tellin' Percy what they want their precious boy to do. I might not have seen Percy doin' anything with the AWA guys, but I saw Nenshou's people come in and go out. They think they're better than everybody too, showin' bup in limosines with bodyguards. One of their bodyguards tried to push me out of the guy's way once. Once. After that they stayed the hell away from me.

But none of that matters. Tonight it's Von Braun. Then I bet Percy gets Nenshou his match. Then it's Wright.

JD: You have yet to address Supreme Wright.

JM: Look at the way that kid begs for attention. You remember what he said about Jeff Matthews?

JD: He... used the most personal insults I could imagine in reference to Jeff Matthews.

JM: 'Cause apparently he didn't think a former World Champ would know to be focused in a World Title tournament? I don't buy it. You remember what he said about Bill Craven?

JD: Yes. He certainly wasn't afraid to speak his mind about Craven.

JM: For what? Craven wants a World Title more than most people want to breathe, so he didn't need no motivation. And then he talks about me, how I ain't changed, how I hate this sport. That and a buck'll get you a cup of coffee at a fast food joint, Wright. You're like a beggy dog who sees somebody walk by with food, and so he makes all this annoyin' noise hopin' he'll get it. "PAY ATTENTION TO MEEEEEE!" That's what you're like. At SuperClash, you'll get my full attention. 'Cause my contract with Percy runs through the end of the year, so I'll be there.

But I don't know why you're still doin' this, since you already got your title match! Are you one of them divas who can't sleep at night unless everybody's talkin' about you? Why don't you shut up about things that don't matter and worry about gettin' to SuperClash in one piece? I ain't in no position to go tryin' to take out competition, but there's a lot of sharks in the water that smell blood right now... my blood. And when a shark smells blood, it'll attack anyone... not necessarily the one who's bleedin'. An awful lot of people want your shot. You better be payin' attention.

Brian Von Braun is the one who has my attention tonight, so I'm done talkin' about everybody else. Matter of fact, I'm done talkin'. Screw the catch phrase, I got fightin' to do.

[With that, Monosso stomps off. The fans cheer him, and Dane wraps the segment up.]

JD: The champion of the world is going to give it his all tonight, and I wonder what Percy Childe has to say about these claims. Or Supreme Wright, for that matter. Back to you, Gordon.

BW: AND. BUCKY.

[As we fade back to the ring, we see the camera is pointed up at the rafters where we see the dingy canvas bag containing the remnants of the Longhorn Heritage Title swinging back and forth overhead...]

GM: Fans, while we went to commercial and while we heard the words of the World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant climbed a ladder and hung that canvas bag from the ceiling - the bag that he claims houses the remnants of the Longhorn Heritage Title belt... the same belt he told former champion Glenn Hudson to come out here and claim.

BW: Bryant bailed outta here but... does he mean for Hudson to come out here and take that bag down?

GM: I'm guessing that's exactly what he intends... but right now, we've got a match on our hands. Let's try it again, Phil.

[Phil Watson takes another swing at it.]

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

[The familiar voice of one Freddy Mercury begins to boom over the PA.]

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.  
# I feel Alllllllll---lllllll---lllllll-vvvveee  
# And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.  
# I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.  
# Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chorus of boos as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

PW: Coming down the aisle, now hailing from Windermere, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds.. here is.. ALPHONSE.. GREEN!

[Green starts to swagger down the aisle, taunting the fans who have taken to hating the arrogant young man. Green is dressed in Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, with blue kneepads, and white boots. He's also wearing a blue

studded leather jacket, with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and for some strange reason, a hard leather black patch on the right shoulder. His formerly cherubic face is more chiseled, and he actually looks like the type of person girls would root for if he wasn't such a dislikable young man.]

GM: The so-called King of the Battle Royals is putting himself in a no-lose position tonight if you ask me.

BW: How so?

GM: A victory over the Number One contender would rocket Green up the Top Ten Rankings but a loss... well, he's facing the Number One contender so you almost expect him to lose.

[Once Green reaches ringside, he pulls himself up to the apron, and flaunts himself with a huge grin as the boos continue. He does the "you peons wish you were half as good as me!" point, then steps through the ropes, bouncing around with a large grin on his face. He makes sure to tell the fans "I'm not a bad guy!" as the crowd continues to boo him.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Cue "Step into a World(Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One.]

PW: From Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the Number One Contender to the AWA World Title...

SUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright steps through the curtain with no fanciness. There is no wild arm gestures. No lighting effects. No smoke and mirrors. No pyro. Supreme Wright is all business as he stares down the aisle, a young African American male with a leanly muscled, lanky physique revealed by some MMA style shorts. He smashes his own fist into his heart a few times before heading down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Supreme Wright has a date with destiny in just about one month's time and no matter what he tells us in his interviews, that has GOT to be creeping into his mind.

BW: One month away from possibly wearing the most prestigious title in our sport? Yeah, it's GOT to be. Especially when he hears talk about how physically damaged James Monosso is right now.

GM: Physically damaged or not, if James Monosso can get into the ring, he's a dangerous man who could end your career on any given night. Supreme Wright can't afford to get overconfident when he hears news about Monosso's health.

[Wright ducks through the ropes, doing a small turn with his arms outstretched and drawing a mixed response from the crowd.]

GM: A lot of cheers for Wright in the building based off his talent as a competitor and his performance at Blood, Sweat, And Tears... but a lot of boos as well for his attitude and some of the words he's fired in the direction of men like Jeff Matthews and James Monosso.

BW: Wright ain't here to make friends, Gordo. He's here to win gold.

[The referee, Michael Meekly, steps between both men with some final words...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: The bell sounds and here we go!

[The man from Florida slaps his own chest with a fist and then stretches his arm all the way up...]

GM: Alphonse Green... all hundred and ninety-nine pounds of him is calling for a test of strength against Supreme Wright...

BW: Who is about thirty pounds heavier. It's not like it's November knucklelocking Giant Aso, Gordo.

GM: I suppose.

[Wright, a slightly amused look on his face, nods as he edges out to the middle of the ring, raising his own arm to meet Green's.]

GM: Wright's going to oblige him here...

[But as soon as the knucklelock is secured with Wright's right arm, he twists to the side, hammerlocking the arm behind Green who cries out in pain.]

GM: Wright goes immediately to the hammerlock...

[He drops down, hooking both of Green's legs and tripping him from behind, causing Green's face to bounce off the mat to the laughter of the fans. Green rolls to the floor, grabbing at his nose.]

GM: Wright took him down with the trip and Green is checking for a nosebleed.

[The fans continue to mock Alphonse Green as he dips a thumb into his nose, pulling it out to check for blood...]

GM: I don't see any blood, Bucky.

BW: Are you a doctor, Gordo? Give the man time to check his condition.

[Grabbing the ropes, Green pulls himself up on the apron. He ducks through the ropes, marching to the center of the squared circle...

...where he shoves Wright in the chest with both hands!]

GM: Alphonse Green's got a bit of a temper, fans.

[Green gestures wildly at Wright, shouting at the Number One contender.]

GM: Green's telling him that the trip was unsportsmanlike.

BW: It was!

GM: Wright seems to be amused by Alphonse Green who-

[Green suddenly shoots for a double leg takedown, trying to catch Wright off-guard. But the former Combat Corner student sinks in a front facelock, rolling Green over and onto his back...]

GM: Uh oh...

[Wright tees off, hammering home mounted forearms to the temple!]

GM: Supreme Wright's going to work on Green!

[The ref's count reaches four, forcing a break as Wright gets back to his feet...]

...where Green throws a kick at the back of Wright's knees, knocking him down to the mat on his back. The speedy Green gets to his feet, dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Green off the far side...

[He drops into a slide, driving his feet into the ribcage of the rising Wright who falls back to the mat, grabbing his torso. Green springs up, rushing to the ropes a second time...]

GM: Alphonse Green bounces off...

[As Wright pushes to all fours, Green goes for a punt kick to the skull but Wright straightens up, causing Green to sail past him...]

...where Wright BURIES a forearm into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot to the lower back!

[Getting up, Wright grabs Green by the hair...]

...and YANKS him back across a bent knee!]

GM: Good grief! A modified backbreaker by Wright!

[Rolling Green to his stomach, Wright plants the knee in the lower back, cupping his hand under Green's chin and tugging back...]

GM: A modified version of a surfboard here, trying to stretch out the spine of Alphonse Green!

[Green squeals in pain but refuses to submit...

...so Wright rolls back with him, stretching him across the one raised knee while using the other leg to steady himself...]

GM: And an elevated version of the same hold!

[The referee leans in...

...and suddenly slaps the canvas twice, forcing Wright to break it.]

GM: Wright's shoulders met the mat and the referee was right there to lay a count on him.

BW: Good counter by Green.

GM: Good count... are you kidding me? He didn't do anything!

[Wright is quickly to his feet as Green attempts to scramble away. He grabs the fleeing Green by the arm...

...and VIOLENTLY executes a quick armwringer, using another force to actually yank Green down to the mat again!]

GM: Whoa! He ripped him right off his feet with the armwringer!

[Holding the wrist, Wright drops a leg across the tricep, causing Green to yelp in pain...]

GM: Wright turning his focus to the arm now, pulling up against the weight that his own leg applies...

BW: It almost turns it into a Fujiwara type hold.

GM: A lot of leverage on it as Wright tries to wrench that arm.

[Rolling out of the hold, Wright retakes his feet as Green crawls towards the ropes, wrapping his arms around them as Wright tries to move in but gets backed off by the referee.]

GM: The referee wants no part in Wright attacking a man on the ropes.

[But Wright moves past him, looking to attack anyways...

...when Green reaches up, grabbing Wright by his hair, and tugging him through the ropes to the apron!]

GM: Ohh! Green used the hair! The ref's on him for it but-

[Green shoves the ref aside as he leaps up to the middle rope, springing back to nail Wright on the chin with a dropkick that takes Wright off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Alphonse Green continues to use that speed to his advantage. He takes Wright down to the floor... look out here...

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Green leaps into the air, swinging his legs through the ropes...

...and DRILLS Wright in the face with both feet!]

GM: What a shot that was!

[Sliding out to the floor, Green grabs a dazed Wright by the hair, hauling him up to his feet where he snapmares him down to the floor...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A brutal kick to the spine by Alphonse Green!

[He winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Wright down on the floor writhing in pain, Green drags him up, shoving him under the ropes. Green climbs the ringsteps, giving a whoop as he goes to climb the ropes...]

GM: Uh oh. Alphonse Green is headed up top!

[Green is doubled up, trying to stabilize himself as Wright regains his feet...

...and launches into a somersault, bouncing his heel off the side of Green's head!]

GM: OHHH! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

[Wright straightens up, grabbing Green's leg to rip it out from under him, bouncing the back of his skull off the mat.]

GM: Oh!

BW: That's one of the things I like about Supreme Wright, Gordo. A lot of guys would've seen that as a chance to go do something dumb... some

stupid high risk move that would've put them in danger too. Not Wright. Wright just pulls him down to the mat which is exactly where he wants the man.

[Grabbing the wrist with one hand, Wright uncorks a stiff kick to the arm with his right leg...]

GM: Wright's going back to the arm!

[A second kick lands... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth... the crowd roars, rising to their feet as Wright unleashes a barrage of brutal kicks to the arm before giving a roar to the crowd!]

GM: This man is fired up, fans!

[Pulling Green off the mat by the battered arm, Wright turns his back...

...and YANKS the arm down onto his shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! And again! Again!

[Wright does the same thing with the armbreakers, leaving Green on the canvas clutching his hurting limb.]

BW: Alphonse Green should seriously think about calling it quits right here, Gordo. That arm's gotta be in serious danger of being broken but he just keeps on fighting.

[Reaching down, Wright grabs the arm...

...and Green rolls over, slamming a fist into the jaw of Wright!]

GM: Green caught him with a haymaker! A desperation punch!

[Green pops up, snares a front facelock...

...and SNAPS Wright down to the mat with a spinning neckbreaker!]

GM: Neckbreaker outta nowhere for Alphonse Green!

[Clutching his arm, he makes a crawling pin attempt.]

GM: Green's got him for one! For two! For th-

[Wright grabs Green's left wrist with one hand and uses his legs to push off, floating out from under Green and rolling right over the top of him into a side control position where he pulls Green's left arm across his face with his right hand while sliding his own left arm behind Green's neck. BIG CHEER!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!! OUT OF NOWHERE!!

[Green hangs on for a few moments but is soon slapping the mat with his free hand!]

GM: That's it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Out of nowhere, Supreme Wright sinks in that dangerous Cobra Clutch Crossface - a move straight out of the Combat Corner and perhaps more importantly, a move that HAS defeated James Monosso before.

[Wright instantly breaks the hold, climbing to his feet where the official raises his arm in victory.]

GM: Could we be looking at the next World Champion?

BW: And could we have just seen the move he'll use to do it?!

GM: Not a lengthy match but a competitive one for both men as Wright scores another victory as he has his eyes locked on SuperClash IV and his quest to become the next World Heavyweight Champion, Bucky.

BW: You really think Percy Childe will allow that to happen, Gordo?

GM: The match is signed - he has no say in it. It's James Monosso defending the World Title against Supreme Wright.

BW: I would've thought you'd learn by now.

GM: Learn what?

BW: That Percy Childe has a way of deciding what he has a say in.

GM: Not this time. Fans, we're going to take another bre- wait a second!

[The crowd cheers as Glenn Hudson comes stomping down the aisle towards the ring. He nods at Supreme Wright as he passes by him, heading for the squared circle where Alphonse Green is starting to get back to his feet...]

GM: That bag with the Longhorn Heritage Title is hanging over the ring and it looks like Glenn Hudson's coming to retrieve it!

[Hudson steps through the ropes, heading towards the middle of the ring...

...and grabs a rising Alphonse Green by the back of his blue trunks, rocketing him over the ropes to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: OH MY!!

BW: Hudson's hot under the collar and he just took it out on Alphonse Green!

[An angry Hudson spins around, sliding out through the ropes and dropping to the floor.]

GM: He's pulling up the apron... my guess is that he's trying to find the ladder that Dave Bryant used earlier in putting that bag up there to begin with!

[Hudson tugs the ladder into view, muscling it up onto the apron with great effort before shoving it under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Glenn Hudson is back in now, setting up the ladder under that canvas bag. He's gonna get the belt back, Bucky!

BW: What's left of it.

GM: Hudson starts to climb the ladder, right underneath the bag and the remnants of the Longhorn Heritage Title belt. He's about halfway up there now and-

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Dave Bryant suddenly comes tearing into view!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He was hiding by the ramp! Hudson walked right past him and didn't see him!

GM: Bryant's in the ring now and- NO!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Bryant approaches the ladder, putting both hands on it, and gives a hard shove...]

GM: HE'S TRYING TO... HE'S GONNA... NOOOOOOOOOO!!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as the ten foot ladder topples over...

...and Glenn Hudson's body SLAMS violently into the canvas below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! MY STARS IN HEAVEN, WHAT DID HE JUST DO?!

BW: It was a trap! A setup! Dave Bryant lured Hudson in and then he lowers the boom on him, daddy!

GM: Glenn Hudson just got laid out in the middle of the ring at the hands of the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Dave Bryant!

[A sneering Bryant hoists the ladder back up, slowly climbing up it...]

GM: And now Bryant's all alone as he goes to retrieve the title from the rafters of the Crockett Coliseum!

[Bryant reaches the top of the ladder, reaching up...

...and tugs down the canvas bag!]

GM: He's got it! Bryant's got the bag with the belt in it!

[The Doctor of Love comes back down the ladder, smirking at the jeering crowd as he approaches the downed Hudson who is wincing in pain.]

GM: Get him away from Glenn Hudson!

[Bryant stands over him with a twisted grin.]

"This is MY belt... this is MY title... and you're NEVER getting it back!"

[Bryant punctuates his statement with a vicious stomp to the head before turning to exit the ring, walking back up the ramp down the aisle to the locker room.]

GM: Dave Bryant is walking out of here! He just violently assaulted Glenn Hudson, shoving him off a ten foot ladder, and now he's walking out of here with the Longhorn Heritage Title belt.

BW: BOTH belts, daddy! Dave Bryant just showed the world that HE'S the champion now and Glenn Hudson ain't nothin' but yesterday's news!

[The camera follows Bryant down the aisle as the crowd jeers him wildly. The Doctor of Love turns, holding both bags into the air one more time to antagonize a furious crowd...

...and then backs through the curtain the locker room as we fade to black.

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]

TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...

...and then back to live action where we get a nice, casual panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd before coming to rest on the ring where Jason Dane is standing alongside one of the AWA's co-owners Jon Stegglet. Both look a bit... anxious.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me in the ring at this time is one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance - Mr. Jon Stegglet.

[Cheers from the crowd.]

JD: Now, Mr. Stegglet... you're out here tonight for a very specific reason. Why don't you tell all these people why we're in the ring right now?

[Stegglet steps up to the mic with a nod.]

JS: I'm here because at Blood, Sweat, And Tears, the AWA had a special invited guest - a man who was helping co-sponsor the event as a matter of fact - my former employer, Chris Blue.

[A mixed reaction from the crowd for the former executive.]

JS: I get that... he's never been the most popular man in the sport... but he's my friend... and he's a friend to the AWA. It was our honor and pleasure to have him in New Orleans as part of Labor Day weekend so suffice to say that there were a lot of us in the front office that were absolutely shocked and horrified to have him physically assaulted by William Craven.

[Dane interjects.]

JD: Mr. Stegglet, William Craven has been nothing but trouble from the moment he stepped foot into the AWA as the so-called Dragon. Ever since unveiling himself, he's only gotten worse. Can you explain to the fans why an incident like this didn't earn him a fine? A suspension? Even a termination from his contract?

[Stegglet grimaces.]

JS: Mr. Craven has shockingly good lawyers, Jason. His contract is quite ... ironclad, let's say. It would take a whole heck of a lot for us to be able to terminate him for his actions. As far as a fine or a suspension goes ... both were very heavily discussed but we believe we have a better option than that.

JD: Oh?

JS: First thing's first though... at this time, I would like our great fans here in Dallas, Texas to rise to their feet and welcome to the Crockett Coliseum my good friend and mentor... Chris Blue!

[There's a moment before Korn's "Kick The PA" starts up over the loudspeakers to a decent sized reaction. After a brief pause, Chris Blue emerges from the locker room with a wave to the fans. He's dressed in a navy blue sportscoat and a white dress shirt underneath. He walks the ramp swiftly, still waving to the crowd with a smile on his face before ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

JD: Mr. Blue, welcome to Dallas!

[Big cheer!]

CB: Thanks, Jason. I'm really excited to be here tonight - I only wish it was under different circumstances.

[Jon Stegglet moves in for a handshake of his own.]

JS: Boss, I'm glad you agreed to come back here tonight.

[Blue nods.]

CB: What happened in New Orleans wasn't your fault ... it wasn't the AWA's fault ... and I'm not putting blame on any of you for what that nutjob did.

[The crowd cheers the "nutjob" line. Stegglet flinches at it.]

JS: Alright... well, we can't do this by ourselves. Craven, get out here. Now.

[Falling silent, the fans await the green freak's arrival. It's a long wait...]

BW: William Craven is in the building, right, Gordo?

GM: Unless he slipped out the back after the show began, Bucky, he's some--

\*WHUMP-ump-ump\*

[With the sound of a thunderclap, the lights go out, and the world is plunged into darkness. Wind can be heard, chimed in through the PA system. Excitement rises in the arena; a negative energy that grips the fans.]

\*Thump-thump\*

[The sounding of a horrible heart is heard over the PA.]

#I'm over it!#

[Those words, screamed in a-capela by one David Draiman, precede only briefly an explosion of sound as "Forsaken" bursts out of the PA system and into the arena. The camera angle switches as tension builds; red spotlights brightly illuminating the entrance portal and the crowd gives a shout. Emerging from the back comes the green-tattooed Craven, garbed in his entrance attire of black, sleeveless ring robe over his ring gear of black vinyl slacks, his hands and feet wrapped in red gauze..

Turning, back to the ring, Craven shows the reptilian blue eyes highlight the shoulders of his robe before raising his arms to show his bo'ken clutched in one hand.

#You see I cannot be forsaken,#  
#because I'm not the only one,#  
#We walk amongst you feeding, raping...#  
#Must we hide from everyone?#

[As if in reply to the lyrics, the dark figure strides powerfully towards the ring as the lights die. Darkness closes back in, broken only by strobing flashbulbs as fans try to get a picture of what can only be one man...]

GM: William Craven is, indeed, in the building, Bucky, and it looks like maybe he insisted on the full pomp and circumstance of his ring entrance for this little meeting with the boss and his victim from Blood, Sweat and Tears.

[Craven looks out at the crowd one time before ducking between the ropes. Thrusting his arms out before him, William slowly parts them, reaching out to his sides, the robe falling heavily into a heap on the mat, and revealing his serpent-tattooed, muscular torso. He then turns towards Stegglet and Blue, sullen eyes fixated and unblinking.]

JD: Mr. Craven, do you understand why you've been asked to come out here tonight?

[Dully, Craven stares at Jon Stegglet, either not comprehending or not acknowledging Jason Dane's question. His frown deepening, it's clear that Craven's not happy and his misery is not something he cares to keep to himself. Seemingly emboldened by the presence of the other two men in the ring, Dane steps forward in an uncommon show of bravery for the intrepid interviewer.]

JD: Mr. Craven, did you hear me? I said do you--

\*SMACK!\*

[In one motion Craven snatches Dane's microphone and, as the interviewer recoils from the big man Craven reaches up, steps past him, shoves, piefacing him to the mat and gets a decent-sized heel pop from the capacity crowd. Stepping over Dane's frantically retreating form, Craven turns his back to Stegglet and Blue, raising the mic to his lips for a moment before speaking in a rough whisper.]

WC: I will not be spoken to with such disrespect, Dane. By now I would hope that you'd know me a little better. It's been, after all, 18 months since we first met...

[Stegglet, reaching over the top rope, is handed a replacement mic by the timekeeper.]

JS: I don't want to push you but it would be easier if you just answered the question. Do you know why you're here?

[Another several heartbeats pass before Craven replies.]

WC: You find my actions ... recalcitrant. You wish me to appease your sensibilities by retracting them verbally...

[Blue and Stegglet look at one another in annoyance at Craven's unnecessarily wordy reply. Shooting Stegglet a look over one shoulder, Craven sneers.]

WC: An apology...

JS: Yes. Let's get this done and over with then... William Craven, you have been ordered by the front office of the American Wrestling Alliance to apologize to this man for your actions towards him at Blood, Sweat, And Tears.

[Heaving a deep sigh, Craven shakes his head, turning away from the crowd, past Stegglet and towards the most successful promoter of the 1990's. His sullen grimace slowly dissolves as he shakily forces a smile across his craggy face. It's not the threatening shark-toothed grin, not this time, as Craven's eyes betray a despondence in him.]

WC: Shall I recount the events in detail and condemn them one at a time or would a single retraction be sufficient? You see ... our history and my mistakes within could fill volumes ... you bore witness to much of it, yes? It left a bitter taste in your mouth. I could tell. The entire time ... you hated every moment. Indeed, you and I have never had much of a relationship, have we--

[Head snapping to Stegglet, Craven bares his teeth.]

WC: --Jon? The way I see it, you have no place in this ring at this moment. Kindly depart this place...

[Hissing out the last words, Craven edges towards Stegglet with the look of a sick dog in his eyes. Seeing the sunken, red-rimmed and bloodshot glare of Craven takes him aback but Jon doesn't leave immediately. Not until Blue steps in, grabbing ahold of Stegglet's mic.]

CB: It's okay.

[Turning towards his former employer with pleading eyes, Stegglet is clearly shocked.]

CB: Jon. I'll be okay. We're surrounded by security. Just go.

[Unsteadily, Stegglet does as he's told. Looking back as he descends the ringsteps his face is full of worry.]

WC: Good. Good... Where to begin? We first met ... 1998, wasn't it?

[Turning his eyes back to Blue, Craven doesn't wait for a response.]

WC: You ... the dominant promoter. Me, green, aheh, but dominating the East Coast. I didn't know who you were, when first you approached me backstage at that ACWA show. Atlantic City, I believe it was ... one of the home shows. Two years in the business and I still didn't understand it, not one bit. All I knew was that you had the kind of bankroll I needed ... I had to prove to Lydia that I could provide for her. Leaving behind a smaller kingdom and one that I could rule handily I crossed the breadth of the American continent with the expectation of continued dominance ... only to fall into a sideshow rut alongside similar men.

[At first confused by Craven's depressed demeanor, Blue's eyes slowly harden as he listens to Craven recount ancient history.]

WC: Please, don't speak. McBaine appeared, of course, challenging me to show that he, too, was an avatar of the Violence. To show his greater mastery of it, in fact. Then ... Ishrinku, the Demon Boy, risen from the waters. More ... sideshow...

I am sorry ... for entering into a contract with you blindly, Chris Blue.

[Getting hot under the collar, Blue clearly doesn't like Craven's apology.]

CB: That has nothing to do with why we're here, Craven--

[Craven interrupts.]

WC: Please ... Christopher ... so much dirty laundry cannot come clean all at once. Patience.

[Although he still doesn't look like a happy man, Craven does seem somewhat energized by getting some things off his chest. He begins to pace the ring.]

WC: I apologize for foolishly allowing Lydia to come with me on the road. We had reconciled, yes, but she ... could not be a silent partner. She wound up, ultimately, pulling my strings and, a primadonna, she began speaking for me. I apologize for allowing her to influence me ... especially when Mike Justice targeted first my brother, then myself and then her... He targeted my wife, Chris. I'm sorry ... Mike Justice ... targeted my \_wife\_.

[Craven falls still in his pacing, staring out over the crowd as it falls silent. Chin dipping, his head jerks to one side as he fights down old emotions. For his part, Blue looks alarmed at Craven's oddly accusing apologies.]

WC: Just like I'm sorry for the way I \_left\_ the Empire. Sorry for ... disappearing to prevent Lydia facing Justice. Abruptly you were short a talent who, not long before, had been called "rookie of the year", in spite of my 3 years of activity as a wrestler. No doubt that hurt business. Sorry ... that my actions led to my being blackballed by every major promotion on the planet. No money. Lydia left. I'm sorry that Lydia left me.

CB: William--

WC: I'm sorry that I had to work under a mask for YEARS just to have work at all! I ... was so sorry ... for everything that happened in EMWC ... that I cut at myself ... tore out teeth ... and had a man paint me \_permanently\_ to look like this ... so that I didn't have to look at myself in a mirror. Ever. Again...

[Although he's not becoming frantic or violent the practiced intellectual bent in Craven is lost almost completely as Blue recoils, clearly horrified by this revelation from the big, green freak.]

WC: And I'm sorry ... that when I again pledged my fealty to you, my Emperor, in an effort to bring back my days of glory and yours ... that you rejected me \_utterly\_. I'm sorry that when you did ... that I reached into you and attempted to tear free the pink parts of your innards! Clearly it pains me, Chris! Seeing you again broke my dominance, shook me to my core! Caused me to buckle beneath the weight of men I would have otherwise dominated. Just ... being here with you, now, I feel a weakness well up within me as memories of my greatest failures strike me in waves! I can \_feel\_ your recriminations. Feel your disapproval...

I made unto you blood sacrifice after sacrifice! You said that you saw something special in me, Chris! So ... how is it that I was, to you, so easily cast aside?

[Blue looks really uneasy about this conversation.]

CB: Look... this?

[Blue gestures at Craven.]

CB: This is EXACTLY why the EMWC needs to stay dead and buried. I know you feel some connection to it... some connection to the violence. And part

of me does too, I guess ... probably always will. But the names I mentioned before... the Simon Ezras... the Caleb Temples... the Casey James... the Gary Graysons... Demon Boy Ishrinku... Serge Annis... Steve Kowalski... Bad Eye McBaine...

Sure, some of these guys might still earn a paycheck time to time somewhere but... in reality? They're broken, William. They're shattered pieces of what they once were... of what they might have been...

[Blue shakes his head as his words drift off.]

CB: Simon Ezra was one of the most talented kids I ever saw in the ring. He could do things that no one else could and everyone said he had future World Champion written all over him.

Where is he now, William? Some filthy drug den on the streets? Maybe he got lucky and went to the methadone clinic and cleaned up a bit? No one knows. No one has a clue. The guy could be six feet under right now for all we know and we'd still be sitting here talking about how great it was when he threw himself onto an explosive... or when he had a block of ice broken over his skull... or when he tried to set a man on fire.

[Blue points at Craven.]

CB: They brought you out here to apologize to me, William ... but now, after hearing what you've said and thinking about what you've been through...

[He swallows hard.]

CB: Now, I'm thinking maybe I should apologize to you.

[The crowd buzzes with surprise at this change of events.]

CB: I should apologize to you for ever bringing someone with your fragile psyche into the EMWC where it was kill or be killed. I should apologize for ever putting you on a worldwide stage to butcher yourself for the cheers of the fans. I should apologize for letting you achieve a drop of fame on my watch... a drop of fame that you turned into a never-ending thirst to be in the spotlight.

I should apologize for causing you to turn yourself into... this.

[Blue says it with disgust, staring at Craven's mutilated form.]

CB: You're right, William. Once upon a time, I did see something in you. And when I saw that "something" burn up... I cast you aside for the flavor of the month.

I was wrong. I did things back then that I'm not especially proud of.... and I think you did too.

[Blue nods, staring at Craven who doesn't move a muscle, staring slack-jawed at his former employer, eyes shimmering as if freshly wet.]

CB: So, uhh... let's just... let's forget all this, okay? Forget about what happened back then. Forget about what happened at Blood, Sweat, And Tears. I'll walk out of here and we can just agree to let the past be the past, alright?

[Disbelief, shock and horror mar the already shattered face of Craven as his body buckles in a wild take. It's as if he's suddenly gone into labor, giving birth to rage.]

WC: No...

[Blue starts to respond but gets instantly cut off!]

WC: NO!

[Eyes bulging from his cranium, Craven lumbers forward, hunched, clawing at his green scalp. He looks like he could collapse at any moment from the sheer shock of what he's just heard.]

WC: NO PITY! You pity me? Do you know who I am? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN!?

I AM WILLIAM CRAVEN! My name is whispered in fear by all in this industry! You invoke Simon Ezra!? The only occasion we collided I left him buried! I put him in the hospital! You mention Caleb Temple!? He was my pawn, Christopher, as I broke Alex Martinez down and sent him scrambling from this place for the better part of a year. The rest? Mine is a legacy that stretches eighteen years across three decades and the rest of the men you saw fit to compare to me, men whose careers are numbered in dozens of matches stretching over only a few years, they are the true footnotes, to use your own word, on wrestling history!

Thousands of battles. The United States, Canada, Britain, Japan, hundreds of victims and all the while I was defined by the Empire, defined by you. But my legacy, the last remaining remnant of yours, stretches far beyond anything the EMWC could hope to be. For this ... I love you. I have always loved you as a son loves his father!

[Now it's Blue's turn to go slack-jawed as Craven cries in earnest. His gravelly voice cracking, his sharpened teeth gritting, a trickle of red blood drips down his green chin, it's source unclear.]

WC: But if pity is all we have left ... then I have no choice...

\*Thump.\*

[Backed against the ropes, Blue is caught flat footed as Craven drops his microphone, lunges forward and grabs him by the lapel. There's a brief moment of intense, direct eye contact before Craven plants a kiss on Blue's

forehead. A second thump as Blue drops his own mic and touches where Bill kissed to find blood there. Growing louder in these tense moments the crowd finally EXPLODES in sound as Craven switches grips--]

WC: AaaaaaAAAAHHHHH!!!

[--and begins strangling Blue. Slamming against him bodily, Craven shoves Blue into a corner and proceeds to bend him backwards over the top turnbuckle.]

WC: YOU'RE DOING THIS! IT ISN'T ME! YOU'VE DAMNED ME WITH YOUR EYES AND I WILL SEE THEM CLOSED! FOREVER!!!

[Craven continues to shriek, his voice becoming more ragged as security swarms into the ring. His massive shoulders and arms rippling with the effort he maintains his grip as they pull at him. Looping a leg around Blue and through the ropes he erases any chance of the AWA security force dislodging him by leverage as almost a dozen men awkwardly surround him on the apron, floor and in the ring.]

GM: Do something! Someone do something!

BW: None of those guys is strong enough to get those fingers unlocked, Gordo! If they were, they'd be on the roster and not just wearing black shirts with their job titles on 'em!

GM: Someone has to do something! This isn't right, this isn't right at all! Someone has to stop this! We need some help! We need-

[The crowd ERUPTS as the curtain is pulled aside. A man steps out. A man glimpsed several times, but for the first time in a long time, he's standing tall. Whole. Healthy. Recovered.]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ! ALEX MARTINEZ IS HERE!!!

BW: Incredible! I saw him at Blood, Sweat, And Tears but I didn't believe it, Gordo! William Craven left him a broken and bloody mess once upon a time and now...

[But there he is, standing in the center of the aisle, in full regalia. A black leather jacket, brand new, replacing the one desecrated by Joe Petrow. Mirrored sunglasses, the spotlight reflecting off them. Martinez stares at Craven for a moment.]

GM: Martinez racing to the ring. He's been waiting almost a year for this!

BW: But can he get there in time?! And what's he gonna be able to do this monster if he does?!

[Through a sea of security guards he rushes, swinging his long legs over the ropes to get into the ring where he marches across, wrapping his powerful

arms around the torso of Craven. The security team members draw apart, giving the giant room to move...

...as he RIPS Craven off of Blue, throwing him violently down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! He did it! He did it!

[Martinez checks on his former employer for a moment. Blue is gasping for air, coughing violently as he leans against the turnbuckles with his red face telling the tale.]

GM: Martinez threw him off Blue! No one else could do it! No one else was strong enough!

[Martinez wheels around...

...and gets a stiff-fingered blow into the throat from Craven!]

GM: Ohh! Craven goes to the throat!

[Martinez falls back against the ropes, gasping for air himself as Craven leans forward, wrapping his hands around the windpipe...]

GM: Craven's choking Martinez now! He's trying to choke the life out of Martinez!

[Pushing Martinez back against the struggling security guards, the big man topples over as Craven shoves him down to the mat, taking a few guards down with them! The crowd is roaring as Craven hammers away with clenched fists!]

BW: Craven tackles Martinez! He's down, and Craven is raining punches down on him. He's going to destroy Alex Martinez again!

[Indeed, it seems that Martinez' return is over before it began, until Martinez reaches out and grips Craven by the throat, hurling the enormous Craven off of him. Martinez rushes in, whipping Craven into the ringpost, again knocking down a handful of security guards before the big man moves in on him, swinging like wild as the crowd ROARS in response!]

GM: And now Alex Martinez is hammering away on William Craven! This place is exploding!

[Having staggered Craven, Martinez draws back for an enormous punch, but at the last moment, Craven drops down, leaving Martinez to hit nothing but air. Craven slides out of the ring, backing away.]

GM: And for once its Craven backing away! I can't believe it.

BW: This isn't over, Gordo. After everything we've seen, everything that happened last year, I think this just might be the beginning!

[Alex Martinez has somehow found a microphone, and he is about to speak.]

AM: Been a long time. But I'm back.

[The crowd roars its approval.]

AM: And you...

[Martinez smirks, as he looks at the still ruffled Chris Blue.]

AM: Been an even longer time. And I'd say ya owe me for savin' ya. And I know ya well enough, Blue, to know that, when ya owe me somethin', I need to collect right away.

So Blue? Here's the deal. I want Craven. And you? One way or another, you're gonna find a way to happen. And Blue?

[Martinez pulls his sunglasses off, as he stares at his former boss.]

AM: For old time's sake, let's do it like we used to do it in L.A.

[Blue looks up at the big man with a slight nod, grabbing the mic that Martinez just dropped on the mat. He wheels around angrily, glaring down the aisle where Craven has retreated.]

"HEY!"

GM: What is...?

"HEY CRAVEN!"

[The loud voice over the PA system is broken up by a few moments of coughing.]

CB: There's one more thing I forgot...

[More coughing.]

CB: One more thing to apologize for.

[Jon Stegglet leans over to speak to Blue who shakes him off, pushing his friend back.]

CB: You see, when I agreed to bankroll part of SuperClash coming to Los Angeles, I asked Jon for a favor.

[He coughs, turning to spit on the floor.]

CB: I asked... for one more time... to let me book a match of my choice.

[The crowd buzzes, seeing where this is going.]

CB: So, I apologize, Craven...

[Blue looks up at Martinez who looks questioningly at him.]

CB: ...for what Alex Martinez is gonna do to your pathetic green ass come SuperClash!

[BIG CHEER! The camera cuts to Alex Martinez who flashes a grin at the announcement. We cut back to the floor where Jon Stegglet is trying to get the mic away from his former employer.]

CB: No, Jon... I'm not done.

You see, Craven... if you love extreme... if you love the violence so damn much... then I think I'm obliged to bring it to you...

[Blue pauses, shaking his head at Stegglet.]

CB: You want extreme?

[Blue nods. He points up at Martinez.]

CB: I know he does!

[Big cheer!]

CB: You want extreme, Craven? You got it. For the first time ever in AWA history... in my hometown of Los Angeles... we're gonna take the American Wrestling Alliance to the extreme!

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

CB: William Craven versus Alex Martinez...

[Dramatic pause.]

CB: ...in a BARBED WIRE MATCH!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a roar! There's not a single person at ringside who does not look absolutely stunned at this news. Chris Blue looks angry... but with a hint of a smirk on his face as he glares at Craven who returns the stare. Jon Stegglet is nearby, shouting at his former employer off-mic.]

GM: Did he...?

BW: He did! Blue just...

GM: That can't be right! Bucky, don't you repeat that until we can get a confirmation! We need to get someone to confirm... fans, we're gonna take a break. We'll be right back with- that can't be right.

[With chaos all over the ringside area, we fade to black.]

We fade back up on a shot of “Gold Bomber” Gary Bright, former AWA superstar, standing in front of a mirror in a full double bicep pose, showing off his bodybuilder-esque physique.]

GB: Get up.

[Bright pauses for a few moments.]

GB: I mean it... get your flabby rear end off the couch right now.

[Another couple moments.]

GB: Don't make me come over there.

[He finally nods.]

GB: Now take off that potato chip grease stained t-shirt... you know, the one you wipe your fingers on when they've got Buffalo wing sauce all over 'em.

Alright, now stand in front of the mirror...

[Bright's face etches into a look of disgust.]

GB: Ugh. Are you as disgusted by how you look as I am? You all make me sick. You all look a Super Sized meal away from Ebola Zaire's physique.

But I can help.

[Bright's image disappears to show the front of a DVD.]

GB: With the Gold Bomber Workout, you can take your fat and turn it into muscle. Solid muscle. Gary Bright muscle.

The next time you're climbing up the stairs and you feel like your heart is going to explode, you should realize that it probably is.

But with Gary Bright muscle? You can kick your own heart's rear end too!

[We cut back to Bright striking a pose.]

GB: Jealous much? You should be. For only \$29.99, you can get on the Gold Bomber workout plan and make sure that the only man your wife wants to get with is you... and me.

[A big toothy grin.]

GB: Operators are standing by. And if you order now, you get this life-sized cutout of me to inspire you while working out... or to inspire your lady when...

[Somehow the grin gets bigger.]

GB: ...well, you get the idea. Make the call. Now.

[And we fade to black.]

And then back up to live action where the crowd is still buzzing over what they just heard. The camera cuts to the ringside announce table where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Gordon still looks shocked as the camera comes upon him.]

GM: We're back, fans... and... well, we just heard something that I have to honestly say is quite unbelievable. We've been given instructions from the front office to not say a single word... not say one single word about what we just saw.

BW: Obviously, there was a lot of chaos out here. There was a lot of stuff that I have a feeling no one had a clue was coming.

GM: I think that's enough, Bucky. Fans, if you were with us before the break, we're going to try our best to get an update before we go off the air tonight on what we just saw. But right now... well, let's go up to the ring for our next match...

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

PW: This next match is scheduled for one fall!

[The emotional opening chords of Alice in Chains' "Rain When I Die" are accompanied by a darkening of the lights, sending the entire arena into darkness. Blue spotlights flash erratically around the entrance way, converging with the flashing camera bulbs in a sea of blue and white chaos. From the acrid smoke pouring from the entrance portal emerges a silhouette, that of a man standing in a crucifix manner. As this happens, blue spotlights blink around the arena, the fans' excitement raising audibly into a huge set of cheers! The erratic flashes accompany the man as he spins, facing the ring, his face, young, clean shaven, angular features, visible in full. Settling to a knee, the man, identifiable as such now by his lithe but muscular tone, raises his arms in a crucifix like manner. A pause... and then in a flourish to his feet he comes.]

PW: Introducing first...

[The raven haired November makes his way down the entrance aisle, a slow, concentrated, methodical pace. He reaches out, arms staying wide, clapping on hands as fans reach out. November is dressed in silver ring gear: trunks, kickpads and boots, knee pads. He wears a sleeveless ring jacket over this, with a wide hood pulled up over his head. The jacket itself is silver as well, with a water drop styling coming from the top and "dripping" downwards in printed rivulets.]

PW: From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at an even two hundred pounds...

NOVEMBER!

[November continues down to the ring, his grace and balance making him seem like he is floating. A two step dash and November tumbles through the ropes and into the ring, the moody one getting to his feet and moving towards his corner, slowly and with deliberation. The music dies down, the lights come back up, and Phil continues the introductions.]

PW: And his opponent, from Boulder, Colorado, weighing in at two hundred, thirty pounds... TRAVIS CADE!

[Cade, not an unknown figure in the wrestling world, strikes a muscular and toned pose. Possessing of significant muscle, especially in the legs and neck, Cade is a specimen made to fight. He wears a baby blue singlet and wrestling boots, white knee pads and wrist tape finishing off the simple wrestling gear. He keeps his eyes trained on November, wringing out a wrist and stretching in the corner.]

GM: Travis Cade, "The Natural" as he is often called, is no stranger to the wrestling industry, Bucky. He's one heck of a wrestler. He even went to the finals at Todd's J\*STAR tournament, losing an amazing contest against Jaiden Andrews. He could be a strong addition to the AWA roster.

BW: I guess we're about to check that out. The kid looks like he eats his potatoes though. Are we sure he's only two-thirty?

DING DING!

[The two come out circling, Cade swinging for a leg a couple times before settling into a lower crouch.]

GM: Cade diving... single leg and takes November down. Solid amateur technique as he goes to a side headlock. He's smooth on the mat, one of the most accomplished mat technicians in all of wrestling. He's Olympic level, Bucky.

BW: And that's where flippy dee do November is going to have a problem. You can't do high flying if you're on your back.

GM: Up to the feet, still in the headlock and November sends him off the rope... and taken down with a shoulder tackle.

[Cade gives him no space, immediately shooting a double leg as November gets up, slamming him hard and sliding back to a side headlock. November sends him off again, pushing him to the ropes and off again. Cade again hits a shoulder tackle but this time November catches him with a boot to the chest as The Natural shoots for a double leg!]

BW: November caught him right in the sternum with one of those kicks that are really becoming a trademark of his.

GM: Cade staggered, November headkick--caught!

BW: And Cade trips him down, holding the leg.

[Keeping his cool, November pulls his caught leg free and then nips up, wrapping his ankles are Cade's neck!]

GM: Headscissors from the ground! Cade sent into the corner!

BW: But he's back up. A roll to his feet, he's in the corner...

GM: November charges...

[And runs right up Cade, planting his feet in the chest and chin before backflipping off, landing on his feet...]

GM: BACK KICK TO THE FACE! Travis Cade is staggered!

[Cade staggers out, turning to find his opponent when November leaps to the second rope and leaps off, turning as he does.]

GM: Crossbody block--CAUGHT!

[But the momentum brings Cade to his back. However... he holds onto November and keeps rolling up to his feet, changing his grip into more of a bodylock before slamming November HARD to the mat!]

BW: WOW! What a take down, Gordo! That's a point for Travis Cade!

GM: Cover and... barely a one. November's far from done. He's as resilient as they come.

[Cade tries to go to a waistlock and slow the match down but November gets his feet under him and drives him back into the corner, releasing the grip. Cade, though, slams a forearm into the back, November taking a step from the impact only to leap and...]

GM: Kick to the back of the skull! Cade is staggered... FOOT SWEEP!

[The crowd buzzes as Cade goes down, November posing...

...but then stopping, looking into the crowd, shaking his head.]

BW: What's going on here? Some sort of distraction in the crown out there, taking away November's attention and... oh, lookie lookie who's here!

GM: Skywalker Jones is in the crowd!? What's he doing here? He's distracting November, the two of them already having words!

[Jones walks up to the railing, looking over a fan's shoulder, "Come on, boy! Who's the man? Huh? Do a flip or something you has been!"]

GM: November can't let this get away from him...

BW: CADE! He's up...

[And hits a huge belly to back suplex, planting November down! He glares at Jones before making a cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO... KICKOUT!

BW: Skywalker Jones' appearance nearly cost November this match!

GM: You can't take your eyes off someone like Travis Cade for a second. He's too good to ignore!

BW: He's got November back up and... back breaker!

[And again goes for a cover, November kicking out again.]

GM: Right to a bearhug style waistlock, keeping his weight on November!

[Jones can still be heard at ringside, calling November all sorts of names.]

BW: I still don't know what a jigadolt is.

GM: November trying to get back into this, trying to get to his feet.

[Unable to break the grip, November puts his feet close and under him and pushes up. Cade keeps close, keeps squeezing... and takes a back elbow to the nose!]

BW: That will break any grip!

GM: Travis Cade staggered from that elbow... another... and third! November getting some space...

[...and is distracted AGAIN as Skywalker Jones teases jumping the barrier at ringside.]

GM: Again! Again he was distracted! Cade off the ropes...

BW: NO!

GM: November moves and tosses Travis Cade over the ropes and to the floor! November is going to fly!

[Waiting for Cade to get up, November turns, hit the ropes...

...and Jones pulls Cade away, throwing him to the side!]

GM: JONES... NOVEMBER BASEBALL SLIDES OUT AND... WE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

BW: NOVEMBER UNLEASHING ON JONES! THESE TWO JUST \_HATE\_ EACH OTHER!

[Jones is able to push November away long enough to get some room. He uses it to jump to the railing and leap off, but is caught with a punch to the stomach as he does!]

GM: November ALL OVER Skywalker Jones, tossing him into the ring! This is on! November is going to get his hands on Skywalker Jones!

BW: The referee doesn't know what to do!

GM: Get out of the way and let this happen, that's why he needs to do!

[Jones backs off, holding his jaw from a particularly stiff punch. He ALMOST begs off, heading to a corner, holding November back... smirking as the crowd really starts buzzing... and booing.]

GM: HERCULES HAMMONDS! HE IS... ATTACKS NOVEMBER FROM BEHIND! NOVEMBER IS FLATTENED!

BW: The referee is calling for the bell! This one is over!

GM: The referee is throwing this one out! Hammonds just hammered November from behind! Two on one! November cannot stop these two, not working together!

[The much bigger Hammonds holds November up, grabbing his arms from behind. Jones gets up, checking for a bleeding nose, pointing and talking angrily right in November's face. He winds up on the defenseless cruiserweight, winding a punch way back, Hammonds yelling at him to do it...

...when Travis Cade hits the ring, grabs Jones by the arm and throws him over the top rope! FACE POP!]

BW: WHAT IN THE...?!

GM: Travis Cade helping out November?! What is happening here!

[Hammonds, seeing his partner in crime go flying, let's November go and charges!]

GM: AND OVER HE GOES! TRAVIS CADE SAVES THE DAY!

[And the crowd loves it as November comes to his feet, staggering backwards into Cade. He turns around, ready to strike, only to realize who it actually is.]

JONES: THIS AIN'T OVER, NOVEMBER! THIS AIN'T OVER BY A LONG SHOT, FOOL!

BW: Hercules Hammonds is dragging Skywalker Jones away but there is no way this is over with.

GM: But it looks to me, November might have evened the odds here tonight! Only in the AWA, Bucky! Travis Cade and November standing tall!

[They call on the other two, urging them into the ring, the referee trying to talk them down, calling for help from the back as he does.]

GM: This one is FAR from over, fans! These two are absolutely furious at one another... and speaking of angry men, Jason Dane is on the interview platform, where I understand he's about to be joined by some VERY angry men. Jason, take it away.

[The shot cuts to Jason on said platform. He nods to the camera.]

JD: That's right, Gordon. Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, I'd like to introduce a couple of men who some might consider...

[Before Jason can finish his introduction, Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" starts up to a chorus of boos. Cousin Bo comes storming out of the entryway, already ranting and raving about something. The Bishop Boys follow closely, Duane Henry yelling at the fans, while Cletus Lee just looks around, angry as usual. Before Jason can speak, Bo starts screaming into the mic.]

CB: This is ridiculous! A travesty! This is the biggest conspiracy in the history of wrestling! Is that corpulent moron Watkins behind this?! Surely, this is his way of trying to make things right with the owners of this company! He got caught trying to rid the world of Cooper, and now he wants to pin the blame squarely on us! This is... AARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!! I can't take this blatant favoritism!

[The crowd is confused at what Bo's babbling on about so they just boo him out of spite. Jason tries his best to hold back a smile as he speaks again.]

JD: Apparently you've already been informed that due to YOUR interference two weeks ago, Robert Donovan and Jack Lynch will receive a National Tag Team Title rematch... and they're going to get it at SuperClash IV with the whole world watching.

[HUGE pop for that announcement! Duane Henry yells at the crowd, telling them all to shut up. Bo is completely red in the face.]

CB: Interference? WHAT interference?! Did you see how that match ended?! Jack Lynch BLATANTLY shoved the referee! For once, a referee around here made the right call!

JD: Yes, but leading up to that incident, you, sir, pulled Jack Lynch from the ring!

CB: What are you talking about?! Did the ref see anything of the sort? NO!

JD: No, but everyone else, including the Championship Committee, did! The result of the match at Homecoming may stand, but you WILL defend those belts at SuperClash.

[Bo holds his head, as if he has the world's biggest headache right now.]

CB: Unbelievable. Their record as a team is now 0-1, and they're getting a rematch?! The fact remains that they never deserved a title shot in the first place! Read my lips. They...have...never...beaten...anybody. At SuperClash, they're going to come out with a record of 0-2. Only THIS time, we're going to completely decimate them. And there will be no doubt that The Bishop Boys will STILL be National Tag Team Champions!

[The Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers, and the cheering begins. Out onto the ramp steps Jack Lynch, dressed, as always, all in black. The eldest Lynch turns, and points, and out steps his partner, Robert Donovan. Standing side by side, the two men make their way out on the ramp. They move with easy confidence, neither of them taking their eyes off Cousin Bo or the Bishop Boys. Jack motions for - and receives - a microphone.]

JL: Talk. Talk, talk, talk. You boys got a lot to say. And none of it matters. All your outrage, all your "reasons." Well, c'mon Rob, tell 'em what it means.

RD: All I hear is a bunch of words that don't mean a damn thing, Jack.

[The Bishop Boys bristle at this, but the crowd enjoys it.]

RD: Maybe you have a point on our record. We've had one match, an' at the end of the night, we didn't win that match...

[Donovan points at Cousin Bo.]

RD: Thanks to you! You yanked Jack Lynch outta the ring when the match was nearly won, an' you wanna come out and say we shouldn't get a rematch, that we haven't done anything to earn it? We're both former champions, we both got screwed over an' never lost our titles in any honest fashion. Maybe the Championship Committee feels the same way.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: Or maybe they're just smart enough to recognize wrestling pedigree when they see it. Anybody know the Bishop name outside o' the pile of garbage standin' opposite me now? No?

[Donovan waves the microphone around.]

RD: Now, who knows the names o' Donovan or Lynch?

[That draws a pop, and Donovan grins.]

RD: See, the Lynch name is one that's etched into the wrestling lore of Texas forever. My own father, Tony Donovan, he made a name for himself in the south, bein' world champ and a tag team champ more'n once. You may not think we deserve a rematch 'cause of the stunt you pulled at Homecoming, but the Championship Committee? They know who we are, they know what we've done, an' they know that match at Homecoming was total crap!

Whether you like it or not, Bishops, an' I for damn sure hope it's not, you're facin' the combined might of two of the biggest wrestling families in the history of Texas, and there's not a damned thing you can do to get out of it!

[The crowd pops as Donovan hands the mic back over to Jack Lynch.]

JL: See? Those words. Those words mean somethin'.

And here's somethin' else that means somethin'. I want you to listen closely. Because unlike you? What I got to say? Its gonna make all the difference in the world.

Ain't no one in the world I'm afraid to fight. Ain't no one in the world that Rob Donovan can't beat in a fair fight. But that's the kicker. With you Bishop Boys, its never a fair fight, is it? At least, it won't be until I make it.

So here it goes, To make sure that what happened last week with that snake in the grass right there interfering doesn't happen again, we've got ourselves someone to watch OUR backs.

[Jack looks to the curtain, and....]

GM: Who's it gonna be, Bucky?

BW: I have no... NOOOO!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of James Lynch walking into view!]

GM: It's James Lynch! James Lynch is gonna be in his brother's corner at SuperClash!

BW: Where the heck did they get him from?! I thought he was done for!

GM: Obviously not! We've been hearing rumors for weeks that James Lynch was on the verge of coming back and he's here, fans! He's here in Dallas, Texas tonight and he's gonna be at ringside at SuperClash IV when Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan take on the Bishop Boys for the National Tag Team Titles!

[James shakes hands with Donovan and shares an embrace with his brother as some words are fired off-mic in the direction of the Bishop Boys. Cousin Bo, needless to say, is losing his mind.]

GM: Bo is furious! The Bishops are outraged! But none of it matters because we've got ourselves a National Tag Team Title match in just about one month's time in Los Angeles! Oh my! Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more AWA Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 up to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following match is set for one fall! Already in the ring at this time...Rick Scott and the Sicilian Stud!

[There's some faint cheering from the crowd as both the men in the ring raise their arms, the Sicilian Stud pointing at the Italian flag on his singlet and thrusting his arms in the air in anticipated victory.]

GM: Well, there's two men waiting in the ring, but I'm not sure who they're facing.

BW: I could tell you, Gordo, but...

GM: But what?

BW: I'd have to kill ya!

[Bucky laughs at his own fairly terrible joke, but before things can get too crazy, "Ego, the Living Planet" by Monster Magnet hits the PA, and the Robfathah emerges from the curtain.]

GM: There's Rob Christie...two weeks ago, he said that he was going to introduce his new client to the AWA, and I guess that's going to happen right now!

BW: Since there's two suckers already in the ring, I'd guess you should say "clients" instead, Gordo.

[The Robfathah makes his way to the ring, stepping between the ropes and taking the microphone from Phil Watson. Christie pats Watson on the shoulder and ushers him out of the ring, returning to the center.]

RC: No offense, Phil, but for tonight, I've got this.

[The Robfathah clears his throat noisily.]

RC: Ladies and gentlemen, if I may introduce to you my new clients, and the worst nightmare the AWA's tag team division will ever experience...

["Blur the Technicolor" by White Zombie starts up.]

RC: Hailing from the Isle of Samoa...

[Dramatic pause.]

RC: ...they weigh in at a combined five hundred and thirty pounds...

[Another dramatic pause, which the crowd does not really appreciate.]

GM: People seem to be getting a little impatient, Bucky.

BW: These people should show a little respect!

[Christie waits a little longer, then chuckles.]

RC: They are Scola and Mafu, they are...

THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!!

[The crowd roars with surprise at the return of the long-gone tag team.]

GM: The Samoans?! We haven't seen them in- gosh, how long has it been?!

BW: I gotta think it's been well over a year, Gordo.

GM: It must be! What a coup for Rob Christie!

[With that, Christie points to the curtain as two men emerge. One runs about 6'6", the other 6'1". Both are barefoot with heavily taped ankles, wearing unadorned black tights. Their hair is wild, nearly as wild as the look in their eyes as they pause in the curtain briefly and then, both yelling, run down the aisle!]

GM: Christie might want to get out of the way here!

BW: He's their manager, Gordo, and if you know Christie's history you know that he feels like he's found something special here! Judging by the size of these two, the Robfathah might have met them at a nearby buffet.

GM: For our newer viewers, the taller of these two gentlemen is named Scola, and the shorter one is Mafu.

BW: Gentlemen? These are Samoan wrestlers, Gordo, gentle isn't in their vocabulary!

[Christie quickly (relatively speaking) makes his way out of the ring as Scola and Mafu charge their opposition, laying into them with wild rights and lefts.]

GM: Point taken, Bucky! Mafu is locked up with the Sicilian Stud, a man slightly taller and heavier than he is, while his much larger partner, Scola, is focusing on the smaller Rick Scott!

[Scola is just mauling Rick Scott, shrugging off Scott's body shots and locking him up in a short Irish whip that sends the smaller man flying over the top rope all the way out to the floor!]

BW: Holy!

GM: Scola absolutely manhandled Rick Scott there, and he's finally making his way to a corner, and is he...laughing?

[The camera stays on Scola momentarily, and he is indeed laughing somewhat wildly as he steps through the ropes and to his corner. He looks down at Christie, who looks up and nods approvingly.]

GM: That was a tremendous display of power there, Bucky.

BW: It was, but you're missing something here, Gordo -- Mafu is beating the absolute heck out of the Sicilian Stud!

[The referee turns and signals for the start of the match --

DING, DING, DING!

-- and immediately tries to get between Mafu and the Sicilian Stud! Mafu breaks away from the Stud momentarily, making his way to the center of the ring before screaming loudly and charging in, splashing the Stud in the corner!]

GM: Mafu weighs five pounds or so less than the Sicilian Stud, but apparently he doesn't care at all about using himself as a weapon! The Sicilian Stud is staggering out of the corner, but Mafu isn't letting up, he grabs the Stud by the hair -- and drills him with a headbutt!

BW: He knocked the Stud absolutely silly with that one, Gordo!

GM: Indeed he did, and now the Stud's been pushed back into the corner. Mafu throws his arm over the top rope, leaving his chest exposed, and --

[WHAP!]

GM: He just lays into the Stud's chest with a chop!

[WHAAAP!]

GM: One more time...and he's not through!

[WHHAAAAAAAAAAP!]

BW: That makes MY chest hurt, Gordo...and I think the Stud's been busted open!

GM: What?

[The camera proves that Bucky isn't seeing things, as a trickle of blood is shown coming from the chest of the Sicilian Stud. Mafu backs up, grinning as the Stud tries to make his way back to Rick Scott for the tag.]

GM: The Stud is bleeding from his chest, and I think Mafu is going to just let him make the --

[WHAP!]

BW: No he's not, Gordo! He gave the Stud a little bit of hope and then thrust kicked him right in the jaw!

GM: Amazing flexibility from a man this size, and that thrust kick was a precision shot! I'm not sure how much more of this the Stud can take, Bucky, and his partner is barely hanging on in their corner.

BW: I think Mafu heard you and agrees, Gordo!

[Mafu picks the Stud up and scoops him up into a hard bodyslam near the Samoan Hit Squad's corner, and then quickly hits the ropes, hops over the downed Stud, bounding off the opposite ropes and leaping up, dropping his entire body weight in a senton splash onto the prone Stud!]

GM: Mafu really DOES seem to enjoy using his body as a weapon! He just dropped 245 pounds right onto the chest of the Sicilian Stud!

BW: They aren't done, Gordo, check it out! Scola is...climbing the ropes?!

[Scola is in fact, climbing up the ropes, stepping to the inside, waiting.]

GM: Scola is waiting on the second turnbuckle, and Mafu is climbing up...and Scola hooks him for a suplex. It's been a long time since we've seen this one but if you've ever seen it, you'll NEVER forget it!

[Scola hooks up Mafu for a suplex...and he drops his own tag team partner across the chest of the Sicilian Stud in a massive assisted splash!]

GM: That was a heck of a lot of impact, Bucky, and I think the Stud might be down for the count!

BW: The ref is down and counting...one...two...three! That's it!

[DING, DING, DING]

GM: I think Christie still has the mic!

[The Robfathah rolls into the ring, then gets to his feet.]

RC: Ladies and gentlemen, your winners...and future AWA World Tag Team Champions...

THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!!

[Scola and Mafu look ready to continue tearing into the Stud and Rick Scott, but the Robfathah stands in front of them and shakes his head, and with slight looks of disappointment, the Samoan Hit Squad steps through the ropes to the ramp, where the Robfathah joins them. Christie grabs Scola and Mafu by their wrists and hoists them up into the air in victory, grinning, and then the three of them make their way up the aisle and through the curtain.]

GM: Man oh man, the Samoans have returned at just the right time as the AWA tag team division seems to only be getting hotter right now, fans.

Earlier tonight, we saw Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez come together as a tag team. How would you like to see the Samoans take on that duo?

BW: What about the Rockstar Express? I'd love to see Mafu rake one of their faces off on the mat.

GM: The Bishop Boys are going to need eyes in the back of their heads, Bucky, with all the talented teams coming for them these days here in the AWA. Fans, let's go backstage where I'm told our own Jason Dane has caught up with Jon Stegglet. Jason?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where an anxious-looking Jon Stegglet is standing alongside Jason Dane.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Stegglet, thanks for joining us... and I think you know what-

[A riled-up Stegglet interrupts the announcer.]

JS: Yes, I know what you're going to ask, Jason. The answer is: no comment.

[An incredulous Dane looks at the co-owner of the AWA.]

JD: No comment? Seriously? Mr. Stegglet, I don't think we can get let you-

[Stegglet glares daggers at the announcer.]

JS: I don't remember asking for your permission for a damn thing, Jason. I'm not going to talk about what happened out there tonight with... well, you know what-

JD: With Chris Blue, William Craven, and Alex Martinez?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Jason, I think I made myself-

[This time, Dane interrupts forcefully.]

JD: With all due respect, Mr. Stegglet, the people DESERVE to know what's going on. Chris Blue made it very clear that you gave him the authority to schedule a match of his choosing at SuperClash. Is that correct?

JS: It is but we thought he would-

JD: And with that authority, he says he is putting William Craven inside the squared circle with Alex Martinez... is that not also correct?

JS: That's what he says but he can't-

[Dane interrupts one final time.]

JD: One more question, Mr. Stegglet... Chris Blue says that match will be a first for the AWA - a Barbed Wire match. Is that correct?

[Stegglet pauses, glaring at Dane.]

JS: This interview's over.

[Stegglet turns and walks away, leaving an annoyed Dane behind.]

JD: Well, fans... you saw it yourself. One of the AWA's co-owners is REFUSING to answer a direct line of questioning as it pertains to SuperClash IV and a potential showdown between William Craven and Alex Martinez. The ultimate "no comment" if you will.

[Dane shakes his head one more time.]

JD: Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[We crossfade back to ringside where Gordon looks uncomfortable.]

GM: Well, uhh... Jason Dane certainly put the question to Jon Stegglet, Bucky.

BW: But he didn't get the answer! He didn't get the truth! What the heck is going on back there, Gordo? Who the heck gave Chris Blue the power to schedule a match at SuperClash and why?!

GM: Bucky, I'm not sure we should-

BW: You're gonna let Dane talk about it while we sit silent and obey?!

GM: We received a direct order from-

BW: Give me a break... I want the answers... I want the truth... and I'm gonna get it...

GM: What are you-

BW: Dane might not be able to get Stegglet to spill his guts but I can. In two weeks' time, I want Jon Stegglet on The Call Of The Wilde... and when I get him there, I'll get the damn truth - that's a promise.

GM: Fans, we're moments away from tonight's Main Event pitting the returning Brian Von Braun against James Monosso... but before that, we've got a moment that's been a long time in the making. Joe Petrow and Jim Watkins are about to step into that ring and Petrow says he's got something to say that will end this situation between them once and for all.

BW: I tried calling Joe all week and he's not speaking to anyone. My sources tell me he's not even talking to Langseth and Cooper. Whatever Petrow's got up his sleeve here tonight, he's acting alone on it.

GM: I think it's time to find out what exactly that is.

[We crossfade to a nice panning shot of the building. After a moment, with no music or fanfare, "Big" Jim Watkins comes striding down the aisle with purpose, ignoring the cheers of the fans as he heads straight for the ring, ducking through the ropes into the squared circle. He takes an offered mic from ringside.]

JW: It's been a great night of action here in Dallas. We've still got some more to come but I just can't wait any longer. I've been sitting in the back like a kid on Christmas Eve all night long. You know that feeling you get? That feeling you had as a kid on Christmas Eve when you knew - you just knew - that whatever you'd been waiting for all year was going to be in your hands in the next morning.

That's how I feel right now... and that's how I've felt for two weeks now.

[Watkins smiles at the cheering crowd.]

JW: Joe Petrow opened his mouth and said that he was done. He was finished with his lawsuits and YouTube videos and all that junk. He said he wanted to settle things once and for all. He wanted to end this nightmare that started... well, whenever the hell someone decided we might draw an extra couple of eyeballs to our shows if he was on them.

I had nothing do with that decision. In case you haven't noticed, I'm old school. And I know what you're about Joe Petrow. I know what you've always been about.

You're about yourself... you're about getting attention for yourself.

It's what you did when you put that mask on in the Rumble a couple years ago. It's what you did when you made yourself a "consultant" - a so-called kingmaker. It's what you did when you put Royalty together.

And it's what you did at Blood, Sweat, And Tears when you came out there, jumped in OUR ring, and made a grandstand challenge that you damn well KNEW had no chance of being accepted.

[Watkins nods, anger dripping from his words.]

JW: That last one didn't work out so well for you, did it? That last one saw you get your damn skull busted open with these hands right here...

[Watkins holds up his clenched fists, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd.... and then he slowly lowers them.]

JW: But this time? I'm giving you safe conduct, Petrow. I promise that I won't bust your skull open... right away.

[A smirk.]

JW: You get out here... say what you've come to say... and then we'll see what happens.

[After a few seconds of silence, the boos pick up, as the much maligned architect of the theft of the AWA National Title steps out in a nice suit, and a face that has more or less healed, save for a noticeable new scar on his forehead. Carrying his own microphone (and somewhat irked at not getting a proper introduction), wasting no motion, Joe Petrow walks to the ring, through the ropes, and stands some five feet away from his nemesis.

He opens his mouth wide...but no sound comes out. He instead takes a slow look around at the sea of angry faces, and...abruptly, and with great difficulty, decides to change course, and with a heavy sigh begins a calmer monologue.]

JP: Jimbo, I'm well aware you don't like foreplay of any kind, so I'll get right to the point.

A little over a year ago, I was fired, and Royalty disbanded, for offenses much tamer than many seen since, though nobody was ever punished as harshly as me. I've spent so much time since then engaging my lawyers, engaging your lawyers...and I know that you've wasted as much time on these lawsuits as I have...and just plotting our revenge in general, that I never got around to figuring out the real reason why you did it.

But at Blood, Sweat, and Tears, watching the opening of the show while plotting my entrance, watching you blubber with tears in your eyes about what a world title means to you, I finally understood the reason why.

It's not something noble; after that show you damned well know that you don't own the moral high ground here. This whole nightmare of a year we've been through has been over something very simple and pathetic.

[Petrow takes another step closer and looks Watkins dead in the eye.]

JP: You...are *\*insanely\** jealous of *\*me\**!

You hate me because I am everything you hate that about this business, AND, on that one night witnessed by more wrestling fans than any other EVER in this business, I achieved what your lifetime of sacrificing your family never could.

I became the IIWF Eternal World Champion! I became IMMORTAL!! And I earned the wrestling world's eternal RESPECT!

[The crowd emphatically disagrees with that statement.]

JP: Now, I could have rested on my laurels, and I did for many years. But, contrary to your slanderous accusations, I wanted to give back to this industry! Out of the goodness of my heart, I came to the AWA to help a new generation of stars reach their potential.

But every time...\*every time\*...I got a young talent to listen to me, \*you\* always \*had\* to follow up with them, tell them all sorts of \*slanderous lies\* that you want people to believe about me, and eventually they all came back saying "thanks but no thanks"

So I gave up on the new generation, and I focused on the stars of today. Intelligent men like Mark Langseth and Dave Cooper, who were beyond being poisoned by your tripe! I formed Royalty to get the respect that all of us deserved, and together we \*were\* UNSTOPPABLE!

And then I was fired. Because I was too successful. Because your fragile ego could not handle \*my\* success.

I could have done so much for this company. Just look at the success of everyone in the AWA that's ever associated with me! Just imagine the success that the AWA could have had if you had let me use these talents for everyone's benefit!

...but you couldn't let that happen. Simply because of your petty little wrestler jealousy that you're not good enough to overcome. You are a stubborn, bitter old man who will never listen to reason. Your stupid inadequacies have ruined your organization, and they've ruined my \*life\*!

[Having unleashed his venom, Petrow takes a step back to collect himself.]

JP: This business isn't big enough for the two of us. And in this business, there's only one way to resolve that situation.

You've stood there a twitchin' waiting for me to stop flapping my gums, and now I'm going to make it worth your while. I'm going to give you a chance to make your little boy dreams come true.

I've talked with the proper authorities, and they assure me that they can make it happen, one last time. Petrow vs Watkins. Superclash IV.

For the IIWF World Heavyweight Championship.

[Shocked pop from the crowd!]

JP: ...on one condition.

[Of course, there's always a condition!]

JP: I said this business wasn't big enough for the two of us. You beat me, and you achieve the dream you're willing to sacrifice your family for.

FOREVER!

And if you lose...and by "if", I really mean "when"...then you sacrifice for the last time. You lose, and you are out of the wrestling industry, in any capacity.

FOREVER!

So I've come here to ask you to choose: a lifetime of lawsuits, or one night where you can win or lose it all. Decide. NOW!

[Watkins pauses, looking around at the crowd imploring him to take the challenge and curbstomp Joe Petrow into the hospital. His gaze drifts along the cheering fans before settling at his own feet. There are several long seconds that pass before he finally speaks.]

JW: I wondered, you know... I wondered what you would say here tonight to finally end this thing between us. I wondered but I never dreamed it would be this.

[His gaze slowly comes back up to Petrow.]

JW: The IIWF World Championship deserves better than you. It deserved a final resting place that would have lived up to the names of Hardin, Thunder, James, Kowalski, Annis and the rest. It deserved better than being used by you to show the world that you mattered at all.

When your name is mentioned in this business, two things come to long-time fans... Seven Tables... and the IIWF World Title...

On Thanksgiving Night, we're going to add one more to that list.

[The crowd ROARS but then quiets down as Watkins raises his finger.]

JW: On one condition...

You're right, Joe. I fought my entire career to put a World Championship around my waist. For some of us, that just doesn't happen. You can be one of the best in the world. Your name can be synonymous with some of the greatest wars of all time. But the World Title remains just out of reach.

I won't pretend that snatching the IIWF World Title off your waist wouldn't mean something to me. Sure, it's a title for a dead promotion - one that's been gone for years now. But at the end of the day, it's still a World Title.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: But I don't want your title, Joe.

[Petrow looks puzzled.]

JW: I want your career.

[BIG CHEER!]

JW: So, if you want me to sacrifice all I've worked for over the past few years... if you want me to risk the front office tossing me out in the streets for getting physically involved again...

Then you need to make it worth my while.

You want it? You want Petrow vs Watkins at SuperClash IV with the whole world watching?

[The people are roaring now as Petrow nods angrily.]

JW: Then we end it.... and we end it the only way that men like us know how.

Loser Leaves Town... FOREVER!

[HUUUUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

[Petrow looks down at the mat, taking in the words, finally raising his head a few seconds later to answer with a wry smile.]

JP: If I were to lose to the likes of you, what kind of career would I have?

My people will be in touch to work out the details. Two weeks from now, we'll meet back in this ring and we'll seal the deal.

...and at SuperClash, you'll see what I do when my hands aren't handcuffed.

[Petrow immediately turns and leaves the ring as the crowd buzzes at the final threat from the former World Champion. Jim Watkins stands, watching Petrow walk away with a slight smirk on his face, nodding his head at the deal that's just been made. We cut to the announcers at ringside.]

GM: Wow. When Joe Petrow asked Jim Watkins to meet him in the ring tonight, I don't think any of us DREAMED it would turn out like this. Joe Petrow versus Jim Watkins inside the squared circle... and the loser is gone forever, Bucky.

BW: That's what it's come to. All the lawsuits, all the threats, all the fines and suspensions and firings... it's come down to "Big" Jim Watkins and Joe Petrow battling it out with their very careers on the line.

GM: The contract will be signed right here in two weeks on Saturday Night Wrestling but you can add it to what's rapidly becoming the biggest show of the year for the AWA... and that's in a year where we crowned our first World Champion, Bucky.

BW: Let's run it down, Gordo... we're moments away from our Main Event but you can't help but think about SuperClash right now. We've got seven matches already announced for SuperClash - seven big matches.

GM: We just talked about it but Jim Watkins battling Joe Petrow in a Loser Leaves Town match is one for the ages.

BW: How about the National Tag Team Titles on the line with The Bishop Boys defending against Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan... and James Lynch is gonna be in the corner!

GM: It's a battle of the MAMMOTHS when Giant Aso meets MAMMOTH Maximus in one-on-one action.

BW: It has become an annual event - the Steal The Spotlight showcase. A ten man elimination tag team match with the winner getting the match of their choice.

GM: Speaking of Steal The Spotlight, Sultan Azam Sharif will cash it in at SuperClash IV when he teams with two partners to take on Mark Langseth, Dave Cooper, and a partner of their choice.

BW: Someone they say will come out of the AWA locker room, daddy!

GM: I highly doubt that. Plus, Juan Vasquez will look to get the final piece of vengeance for WrestleRock over a year ago when he meets Calisto Dufresne in a battle of two former National Champions. And after all that, in our Main Event, the 2012 Rumble Winner Supreme Wright will challenge James Monosso for the AWA World Heavyweight Title! It's going to be a night for the ages, fans - Thanksgiving Night in Los Angeles, California. Make your plans to be there now!

[Gordon looks up at the ring.]

GM: It looks like they're ready for us so without anything further, let's head up to Phil Watson for tonight's Main Event!

[Crossfade to the ring.]

PW: The following non-title contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining!

["Southern Born Killers" by Stuck Mojo starts up as the crowd cheers.]

PW: From Huntsville, Alabama and weighing in at two-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here is... BRIAN VON BRAUN!

[Brian Von Braun appears from the entrance portal as the ring announcer finishes saying his name. BVB stops at the beginning of the aisle, scanning the audience. His eyes narrow as he scans starting to his left side and finishing his right. He refocuses his gaze to the ring and makes his way down the raised rampway, rolling his shoulders to loosen up.]

GM: It's been well over a year since we last saw Brian Von Braun compete inside an AWA ring. Remember, he was scheduled to take part in the AWA World Title Tournament but the AWA's medical team would not clear him to

compete. That's all changed now as he heads down to the ring for what should be a very tough first match back.

BW: Why would you EVER want your first match back to be against a guy like Monosso? He could just as easily put you right back on the shelf.

[He steps between the top and middle ropes and moves to a corner, climbing to the middle turnbuckle. He raises both arms in the air and then does a double thumb hook to his chest, saying something out to the fans. His music stops playing as he pivots and steps off the turnbuckle. He pulls on the top rope.]

PW: And his opponent...

["The Theme From Halloween" begins to a BIG reaction from the AWA faithful inside the Crockett Coliseum.]

PW: From The State Of Confusion... weighing in at 288 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

JAAAAAAAAAAMES MOOOONOOOOSSOOOOOOO!

[The curtain tears apart as the AWA World Champion storms through to quite the mixed reaction. Some fans have embraced the new champion after his gutsy performance at Blood, Sweat, And Tears but some have long memories and jeer the champion for his past words and action. Neither seems to bother Monosso as he lightly taps the title belt slung over his shoulder and makes his way down the ramp to the ring.]

GM: There's a definite split between the fans who are cheering this man and the ones who are booing him.

BW: Still can't believe you're cheering him.

GM: I'm not sure I'd say that's what I'm doing, Bucky. I respect what he did at Blood, Sweat, And Tears... I respect that he finally flung that albatross, Percy Childes, off his neck... and I respect that he sacrificed so much to become the World Champion. But I know as well as anyone that in many ways, he's still the same man who would threaten me almost every week.

[He whips his head back, sending his shoulder-length stringy hair back as well. It's dripping down his back - a mixture of water and sweat can be assumed. He's clad in a one-strap black singlet that extends to mid-thigh as he climbs through the ropes into the ring...]

...but doesn't immediately charge Von Braun who had balled up his fists expecting it. Monosso stalks around the ring, lifting the title belt over his head as the ring announcer exits.]

GM: No longer property of the state mental institution nor Percy Childes, this James Monosso walks alone, fans.

[He settles back into the corner, watching as Johnny Jagger approaches to ask for the title belt. Monosso holds it in front of him, planting a kiss on the front plate before handing it over.]

GM: Remember, this is a non-title match. The AWA World Title is NOT at stake in this one.

[The referee hands the belt out of the ring...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! It's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The two men come together quickly in a collar and elbow, Monosso easily using his size advantage to back Von Braun into the ropes.]

GM: They're in the ropes and Johnny Jagger wants a break...

[He gets one but Monosso winds up, ready to lower the boom...

...but a faster Brian Von Braun ducks under it, whipping around to throw a series of hooking rights and lefts to the ribs before an uppercut snaps Monosso's head back, stunning him.]

GM: Von Braun's no stranger to the fisticuffs in his own right.

[Grabbing the World Champion by the arm, Von Braun looks for an Irish whip but has it reversed.]

GM: Monosso turns it around, shooting Von Braun into the ropes...

[Von Braun rebounds off, sliding through the legs of a slower Monosso, popping up to his feet behind him and throwing a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Von Braun's speed has been the story in the opening moments of this one. A second chop connects and Monosso is stunned.

[Von Braun pulls Monosso into a side headlock, looking for a bulldog. He runs a few feet before getting lifted into the air, and chucked like a shotput, bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! The power of Monosso turns this one around in a hurry and-

[As Von Braun gets up, Monosso bowls him over with a running clothesline that takes the Alabama native over the ropes and down to the floor below to a mixed response from the crowd!]

GM: All the way over the top rope and down to the floor!

GM: Ohh! The power of Monosso turns this one around in a hurry and-

[As Von Braun gets up, Monosso bowls him over with a running clothesline that takes the Alabama native over the ropes and down to the floor below to a mixed response from the crowd!]

GM: All the way over the top rope and down to the floor!

[Monosso wastes no time at all in stepping out onto the apron, leaning back against the ringpost as he waits, watching Von Braun as the returning superstar starts to stir...]

GM: The World Champion's wasting no time here tonight.

BW: He ain't gettin' paid by the hour, Gordo. Plus, with his medical condition, the longer a match goes, the more dangerous it is for him. He needs to end people quickly and get the heck out of there.

GM: I think we know what's coming next, fans!

[As Von Braun climbs off the ringside mats, Monosso runs down the length of the apron, viciously stomping the skull, knocking him right back down to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Monosso knocks him flat! That's a trademark move from Monosso... and as he drops down to the floor, you've gotta think Von Braun didn't want any part of the champion outside the ring.

BW: You'd have to be INSANE to want a piece of that.

GM: Very funny. Monosso reaches down, dragging Von Braun off the-

[The crowd cheers - well, some of them at least - as Von Braun snaps an uppercut under the chin of the champion, knocking him back a step!]

GM: Ohh! Von Braun's showing he's not going down that easy!

[Von Braun pushes up to his feet, steadying himself as Monosso charges him. At the last moment, Von Braun switches his stance, hooking Monosso under the arm, elevating him...

...and BOUNCING him off the barely-padded floor with a hiptoss!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRIAN VON BRAUN TURNS THE TIDE ON MONOSSO OUTSIDE THE RING!

BW: And I think that just goes to show how banged up Monosso is, Gordo. A healthy Monosso NEVER would have let something like that happen.

GM: I don't know about that, Bucky. James Monosso has been hurting for a long, long time now if you speak to his doctors. He just never got the news from Childs to know how bad it was. Percy's known about his condition for MONTHS from what I understand.

[Von Braun leans against the apron for a moment, catching a breather as Monosso rolls around in pain on the floor.]

GM: James Monosso has spoken about the dangers of competing - how one wrong fall could put him in a wheelchair for the rest of his life. You talk about a "wrong fall" - getting hiptossed on the barely-padded concrete floor could be that fall.

[Von Braun seems to wait a bit, waiting to see if Monosso can get up on his own before continuing the attack...]

GM: Brian Von Braun is holding back, I think. Perhaps showing a little bit of sportsmanship or maybe just mercy for the World Champion.

BW: James Monosso is living the fear that each and every one of these wrestlers faces every time they get in the ring. One wrong fall... one bad fall... and they're in a wheelchair. Von Braun, even if he doesn't respect the World Champion, has GOT to respect that.

[Von Braun, seeing Monosso climb to a knee, grabs him by the stringy hair to pull him up and shove him back under the ropes into the squared circle. He crawls in after him, going for a quick cover to get a two count as Monosso powers out.]

GM: Two count only for Von Braun who might've been looking for a merciful finish right there.

BW: Von Braun only got two off that hiptoss but... he's right on him now!

[Grabbing Monosso by the hair, Von Braun hammers his skull with right hands for a few moments before climbing back to his feet and turning his attention towards the leg of James Monosso. He immediately launches into a stomping attack on the knee, causing Monosso to curl up to try to avoid the blows.]

GM: Von Braun brings the champion back up by the arm... oh no...

[A big whip by Von Braun sends Monosso CRASHING backfirst into the corner. His head and neck snap backwards on impact, the crowd buzzing as Monosso slumps down to his knees.]

BW: Monosso's in trouble, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is.

[Grabbing him by the hair, Von Braun drags him closer to the middle of the ring before dashing to the ropes behind him...]

...and FLOORING the World Champion with a baseball slide clothesline!]

GM: OHHH!

[Von Braun makes another pin attempt, earning another two count before the World Champion lifts the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Von Braun hits that sliding clothesline - nicely done - and Monosso's in some trouble for sure.

[Back on his feet, Von Braun viciously stomps the knee of Monosso!]

GM: Ohh! He's going after the leg now - perhaps thinking in the back of his mind about hooking the Von Braun Leglock on him to finish him off.

[A few more stomps connect with the leg, forcing Monosso to roll under the ropes out onto the ring apron near the elevated ramp...]

GM: Von Braun's going after the leg...

[Reaching over the apron, Von Braun drags Monosso up to his feet. He pulls him into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: He's looking to bring him in the hard way!

[The suplex attempt is blocked though as Monosso hooks a leg around the bottom rope. Von Braun releases his grip, throwing a pair of right hands to the jaw!]

GM: Von Braun's trying to- ohh!

[The Alabama native staggers, grabbing the top rope for support as Monosso creams him between the eyes with a headbutt...]

...and then grabs Von Braun under the arm, muscling him over the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HIPTOSS ON THE RAMP! RIGHT DOWN ON THE RAMP!!

[Von Braun cries out on impact, rolling promptly to his stomach as the crowd buzzes at Monosso turning up the violence by dropping a pair of elbows into the kidneys of his opponent.]

GM: Monosso kneels down on the back, pulling back on the hair...

[The makeshift submission hold only lasts a few moments before the referee's count gets in the ear of Monosso, forcing him to break the hold]

outside the ring. He shouts something in the direction of Johnny Jagger before pulling Von Braun off the wooden ramp by the hair, dragging him several feet up the ramp...]

GM: Where in the world is he going, Bucky?

BW: You want me to speculate on the plans of a madman?!

[Turning Von Braun around, he grabs him by the arm, firing him towards the ropes...]

GM: An Irish whip to the ropes OUTSIDE the ring!

[Von Braun bounces off towards Monosso who hooks him under his arm, letting Von Braun's momentum spin them away from the ring...

...and DRIVES him down to the wooden ramp with a thunderous slam!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: Monosso's hitting hard and with great impact when he does it! He wants to make sure that every blow he lands come closer to ending this match. You will not see any headlocks or wristlocks from James Monosso tonight. He wants big punches, big slams, and if possible, big drops onto unforgiving objects!

GM: The referee's count is up to six... and you would have to imagine that James Monosso would be okay with a countout here tonight. It would end the match and get him out of here relatively unscathed.

[Monosso crawls towards the ring, falling through the ropes at the count of seven as Von Braun rolls towards the ring as well...]

GM: The World Champion's in but what about... yes! Von Braun rolls under the ropes at the count of nine! He just barely made it back inside the ring!

[Grabbing the top rope, Monosso unleashes a series of stomps to the ribs of Von Braun, forcing him back under the ropes and onto the ramp. He steps back through the ropes as well...]

GM: And they're right back outside the ring!

BW: I think after the hiptoss and the big slam, the World Champion's decided that this may be the best way to put Von Braun down. Get him outside the ring on the ramp and really go to work on him.

[Leaning over, Monosso goes to pull Von Braun up...

...and again catches a vicious uppercut on the chin, snapping his head back and causing him to fall backwards with his arms over the top rope for balance.]

GM: Monosso is hanging onto the ropes for dear life... trying to stay on his feet...

[A few more chops land before Von Braun pulls him away, hooking a front facelock again...]

GM: Von Braun's looking for a suplex on the ramp and-

[The crowd buzzes as Von Braun sets, trying to pick up the man who is about sixty pounds heavier than him...]

...and somehow manages to get him up, sloppily dropping him down with a suplex on the ramp!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He didn't get enough of that, Gordo!

GM: He didn't get all of it for sure but he might have gotten enough.

[Grabbing a leg, Von Braun drags him towards the ropes, draping his leg over the middle rope...]

GM: Uh oh! He's going for that leg again!

[Stepping up to the middle rope, Von Braun gives a shout before jumping off, crashing down over the knee!]

GM: Right on the leg! He's going right for it, Bucky!

BW: With the Von Braun Leglock in his back pocket, it's a smart move, Gordo.

[Ducking through the ropes, Von Braun drags Monosso under the ropes into the ring...]

...and promptly hooks a spinning toehold on the leg!]

GM: Von Braun locks it- no! The champ's in the ropes!

BW: He didn't get him far enough back into the ring.

[Grabbing the legs again, Von Braun tries to haul him further away from the ropes...]

...but gets kicked off, sent scrambling down to the mat. He pops back up, trying to get to Monosso before Monosso gets back to his feet.]

GM: Monosso's back to-

[Von Braun cracks him over the skull with an overhead elbow smash, trying to keep him down. A well-placed boot to the chest sends Monosso back down to the mat. He grabs the leg again, spinning it around his leg...]

GM: He's going for the-

[A desperate Monosso battles out, throwing a right hand to the jaw of the doubled-up Von Braun!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Monosso climbs to his feet, grabbing Von Braun from behind in a side waistlock...]

GM: DESCENT INTO MADN- no!

[An equally-desperate Von Braun digs his fingers into the eyes of Monosso, breaking the backdrop driver attempt. He grabs a handful of stringy hair, rushing towards the ropes...]

...and LEAPS over them, bringing Monosso's throat down across the top rope before he snaps back down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a move by Von Braun!

[Von Braun slides headfirst back into the ring, quickly crawling across and into a lateral press...]

GM: Von Braun hooks the leg for one! He's got two! He's got-

[But Monosso fires a shoulder up!]

GM: Two count only there!

[Von Braun again gets up, grabbing Monosso by the leg...]

GM: He's looking for the Von Braun leglock again! He's gonna-

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz as Percy Childes comes walking down the elevated rampway...]

GM: What the... what's HE doing here?! He said that he wouldn't interfere in this!

BW: No, no, no! He said that no one he MANAGED would interfere in the match, Gordo! He said nothing about not getting involved himself!

[An angry Von Braun releases his figure four leglock attempt, turning to shout at the Collector of Oddities who merely sneers in response, gesturing for him to continue.]

BW: Maybe Percy's just out here to watch, Gordo. He only walked about halfway down the ramp and now he's just standing there and watching.

GM: I highly doubt that. You can bet he's got something up his sleeve.

[Childes lightly taps his crystal-topped cane in the palm of his other hand as a fuming Von Braun protests to the official who explains he can't do anything about it.]

BW: Von Braun should stay focused on the World Champion and leave Percy alone. He ain't bothering him.

GM: He very clearly IS bothering him since he's so distracted by him.

[Still angry, Von Braun drags Monosso up off the mat, grabbing him by an arm...]

GM: Irish whip by Von Braun...

[A rebounding Monosso ducks under a clothesline attempt, hitting the far ropes...]

...and OBLITERATES Von Braun off his feet with a leaping shouldertackle that sends Von Braun sailing across the ring!]

GM: WHAT A TACKLE BY THE CHAMP!!

[Monosso quickly gets up, shaking his hurting leg a little as he does so. He grabs a rising Von Braun by the hair, tugging him into an Irish whip of his own...]

GM: Von Braun off the far side...

[Where the champion scoops him up, pivots, and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Monosso drops back down to the mat, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Von Braun FIRES a shoulder off the mat at the last moment to avoid the pin!]

GM: A close call there for both men! James Monosso thought he had him beaten with the powerslam but he didn't quite get enough.

[Reaching down, Monosso drags Von Braun to his feet again, tugging him into a side waistlock...]

GM: He sets for the Descent again!

[...but Von Braun hammers him with a series of clenched fists before spinning away from the backdrop driver attempt!]

GM: Von Braun spins out!

[Von Braun pops into a superkick attempt that Monosso blocks by catching the foot, swinging Von Braun around...

...and hooking him around the throat!]

GM: He's got him! He's got him hooked!

[Suddenly, Percy Childes gestures towards the ring with the cane!]

GM: What's he-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as two men come sprinting down the length of the entrance ramp, hitting the ring fast.]

GM: It's The Aces! Danny Tyler and Steven Childes have hit the ring!

[Monosso promptly throws Von Braun aside, turning his attention towards the new threat...

...who run right past him, diving atop the downed Von Braun and causing the referee to call for the bell!]

GM: What the heck?!

BW: Von Braun just won this match, Gordo! He beat the World Champ!

GM: You might be right about that but what the heck are the Aces doing here?! Where did they come from?! And Percy Childes - that lying no-good so and so said no one he managed would get involved in this match!

BW: But The Aces left the AWA! Technically, they don't count!

GM: TECHNICALLY?!

[The crowd is roaring with jeers now and Childes and Tyler stomp the hell out of the downed Von Braun as a shocked Monosso looks on...

...and then surges into action, yanking Danny Tyler back by the arm before hammering him with a right hand across the jaw that knocks him flat! Big cheer!]

GM: Monosso's... is he SAVING Brian Von Braun?!

BW: This guy's dumber than I thought!

[Monosso turns to Steven Childes, dropping him with a right hand as well before grabbing a rising Tyler by the throat. A quick camera cut shows an irritated Percy Childes turn back towards the locker room and gesture with the crystal-topped cane!]

GM: NO!

BW: The Alliance is in the house!

[Nenshou comes flying from the locker room area, trailed closely behind by Juan Vasquez and Grant Stone. The trio hit the ring hot, swarming James Monosso who was already starting to wilt under a two-on-one attack from The Aces!]

GM: We've got a five-on-two attack going on in that ring!

BW: And with Von Braun and Monosso being the ones getting the heck kicked outta them, who do you think is gonna save 'em, Gordo?! Who?!

GM: I'm not sure if ANYONE will save those two!

[A hard clothesline from Grant Stone floors Monosso as Nenshou and Vasquez stomp him repeatedly. Nearby, Danny Tyler is holding Von Braun's arms behind him as Steven Childes hammers him with right hands to the skull.]

GM: We're going to need some help out here, fans! We need-

[The Aces, working in tandem, send Von Braun SAILING over the ropes where he crashes in a heap on the floor!]

GM: OH! Von Braun is out... and the Aces are going after him!

[Back inside the ring, Grant Stone is holding Monosso's arms as Nenshou and Vasquez take turns kicking him in the chest. After a bit, Stone drags him up by the hair...

...where Vasquez CREAMS him with a right cross, sending Monosso right back down to the mat as the crowd jeers!]

GM: This is awful, fans! Absolutely terrible!

BW: Look out, Gordo!

[Steven Childes pushes past the announce table, dragging Von Braun behind him by the hair...

...and SMASHES his skull into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF, FANS!!

[Von Braun collapses in a heap on the floor as Tyler and Childes take turns stomping him into the barely-padded concrete. The camera cuts back into the ring where Monosso is trying to cover up his head and neck, lying on his stomach on the mat while Nenshou rains down stomps aimed at the base of the neck.]

GM: They're trying to take Monosso out! And Von Braun too!

[A bloodied Von Braun gives shoved under the ropes into the ring as Tyler rolls in with him, gesturing for his partner to join him. We quickly cut up the ramp where a grinning Percy Childes is taking it all in as his nephew hooks in the Childes Play double armbar, allowing Danny Tyler to viciously stomp the shoulder of Von Braun!]

GM: Von Braun's in some serious trouble here and- here comes security!

[The ring floods with AWA security officers, all trying to find a way to restore order to the chaos inside the ring.]

GM: We've got bodies everywhere! Chaos all around! Fans, we've gotta take our final break! Get us out of here!

[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...]

We fade back from black to find a bloodied Brian Von Braun in the ring, giving a nod of respect to an equally-hurting James Monosso who is seated in the corner against the buckles.]

GM: Fans, we're back here in the Crockett Coliseum on Saturday Night Wrestling where Brian Von Braun was- hold on here...

[A bloodied BVB rolls out of the ring, using the ring apron to prop himself up. He waves off an offer of assistance from a ringside official as he moves towards the announce table, snatching a mic off it and breathing heavily into it...]

BVB: PERCYYYYYYYYYY!

[An audible inhale and then exhale.]

BVB: PERCYYYYYYYYYY!

[Another audible inhale.]

BVB: You send Steve and Danny after me?! Is that it!?

[BVB holds up two fingers.]

BVB: Two weeks... TWO WEEKS! I WANT the Aces in that ring! If they ain't standin' there, then I come huntin' them in the back. You watchin', Watkins!? We Southerners... DON'T... BACK... DOWN! Two weeks. Let's... HOOK... 'EM... UP!

[Big cheer from the crowd! An angry Von Braun spikes the mic on the table, turning to hobble back up the aisle.]

GM: Well, Brian Von Braun is making it very clear here... he wants the Aces in that ring in two weeks' time.

BW: Oh yeah? Who's his partner? Monosso?

GM: Maybe. Maybe enough respect was earned tonight between these two men that James Monosso will team with Brian Von Braun to meet The Aces in two weeks' time.

BW: I highly doubt that. Percy would've thought of that.

GM: Percy Childes can't think of everything.

BW: He has so far.

GM: Fans, we're just about out of time here on Saturday Night Wrestling. The World Champion has survived another brutal battle...

[We cut to the ring where Monosso has managed to get to his feet, slowly moving across the squared circle.]

GM: He will live to fight another day but for how long? How long can James Monosso keep this up? In two weeks' time, will Percy Childes have someone ELSE for him? Nenshou? Juan Vasquez? Maybe even Grant Stone? Fans, for Bucky Wilde and myself, we wish you-

[Just as Monosso had stepped through the ropes, his misery ceased for at least one night... "Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play, announcing the arrival of Supreme Wright.]

GM: No! Monosso's already been through so much already...and now he has to deal with Supreme Wright!?

BW: Being the champion means you're always gonna have a bullseye on your back, Gordo! You always gotta be prepared to have someone knock you off your pedestal...especially when that someone's the number one contender!

[Wright steps out, still wearing his wrestling gear. He stops at the top of the aisle, enthusiastically yelling out to the champion.]

SW: MR. MONOSSO!

[The crowd roars with a mixture of cheers and boos at Wright's greeting to the World Champion.]

SW: I don't believe we've ever had the pleasure of meeting, but I think we both know that this introduction is long overdue.

My name...is Supreme Wright.

[He points at the title belt held in Monosso's arms.]

SW: And at SuperClash, I will become the next AWA World Champion.

[There's a decisively mixed reaction to Wright's declaration. Monosso takes a step towards Wright, who quickly holds a hand up, imploring him to stop.]

SW: WOAHH NOW! Relax, Mr. Monosso...I'm not going to lay a single finger on you. I didn't come out here for a fight. This ain't the time or place for it; I just wanted to declare my intentions.

[Monosso keeps his guard up, continuing to eye Wright cautiously.]

SW: I know you've been having some trouble with Mr. Childes lately, so it'd be a pretty rotten thing for me pile on you in your current condition. Besides, that's just disgraceful behavior. But look at you! No matter what they do to you, you're still standing tall! The proud champion, standing there battered, beaten, but absolutely UNBROKEN!

[Supreme's expression turns somber...thoughtful...]

SW: Always...unbroken.

[...serious.]

SW: How do I break...the unbreakable?

[He asks this question to no one in particular...more like he's asking himself.]

SW: To become the World Champion, that's the question I have to answer... that's the puzzle I have to solve. I suppose I could've just as easily asked Mr. Childes, but I figure if he knew the answer to THAT, Nenshou would have that title around his waist by now.

[A smirk.]

SW: But then I realized that there IS one man out there who knows. A good friend of mine, in fact... and I'll admit it, there ain't too many of those out there. But hell, when I gave him a call, he told me he was MORE than happy to help me put an end to James Monosso's second life as a World Champion. After all...

[Supreme pauses for a moment as the opening chords to "Slither" by Velvet Revolver begins to play, drawing a shocked reaction from the crowd. A huge grin forms on his face as he reveals his big surprise.]

SW: ...Combat Corner pride.

[And with that, Eric Preston steps through the curtains! The look of shock on Monosso's face is evident, as his long-time foe takes his place beside Wright, staring down the champion.]

GM: THAT'S ERIC PRESTON! WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN MONTHS!

BW: Supreme Wright's pulling out all the stops, Gordo! Who would know how to stop James Monosso, better than Eric Preston!? These two waged war for over a year in the AWA and in the end, it was Preston that choked Monosso out right in the ring!

GM: Eric Preston is here... and he's on the side of Supreme Wright?! James Monosso continues to see the odds stacked against him! James Monosso continues to see enemies all around him! James Monosso is walking out of Dallas, Texas with the AWA World Title... but for how long?! How long can he survive all of this?! How long can he battle so many enemies?! And how long can he survive the challenge of the Number One contender and the man who knows the secret to defeating the World Champion?! Fans, we're out of time! What a night! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[Eric Preston stands beside Supreme Wright - a picture of opposites. The Number One contender suddenly looks more confident than ever, a huge smile on his face. But Eric Preston however... Preston looks cold... distant... and despite the dark sunglasses covering his eyes, you can feel a stare that burns a hole through his most hated rival...

...as we fade to black.]