

# AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
OCTOBER 6, 2012

[Fade in. Sitting upright in a hospital bed in a simple white gown is a man you would hardly recognize as Joe Petrow. His hair is a mess...but why describe his hair when his left eye is halfway shut, and his right eye completely so? His nose is also badly swollen, and only recently set straight. He doesn't have the energy to speak in more than a monotone, except where it really matters.]

JP: First of all, let me apologize for the way I sound, cuz it's real hard to talk with a swollen tongue, a busted lip, and no air going through my nose. Jim Watkins, I hope you're watching this, because I'm making this video just for you. I want you to see what you did to me. It's what you've wanted to do for a year, right? Payback for all the bad stuff I've supposedly done to you, certainly MUCH worse than the things that guys like Percy Childes and Ben Waterson have pulled off!

Big Jim, I've got something to say to you, but this ain't the time or place to do it. I'm tired of the lawsuits, I'm tired of sneaking around, I'm tired of the game we're playing of making each other's lives miserable! So what I want to say to you, I want to say it inside of an AWA ring.

You make it happen Jim. I'll come alone, you bring as many guys as you want with you, and you can shut me up again the second I stop toeing the line. Because I'm that confident that you'll want to hear my words every bit as much as I want to say them.

This is your one chance to end this. For your good, for my good, and for the good of the AWA. If not, then...I'm tired, but I'm not THAT tired. Because just as Mr. Langseth will not stop until he proves that he is the very best in the AWA, I will not stop...

...until I'm absolutely SURE...that you're gonna follow me...straight to hell!

[The shot freezes as we fade 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. And tonight, this is a very special edition of this show because after being on the road since May, it's Homecoming here in Dallas, Texas!

[The crowd loudly cheers the opening words of Gordon Myers which have been broadcast over the PA system for all to hear.]

GM: By my side, as always, is the legendary manager and announcer Bucky Wilde! Bucky, it's good to be back in Texas.

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. The last I checked, these worthless bums are the same mental midgets who passed me up AGAIN for the Best Announcer award that I so richly deserve. And who did they pick over me?!

GM: Well, I don't really want to-

BW: YOU! THEY PICKED YOU!

[The crowd cheers loudly again as an incredulous Bucky Wilde glares out at them.]

GM: I did want to take a moment before we get into the heart of things to thank all of the AWA's fans for showing their support in the recent fan polling. It's a great honor and privilege to be named the best announcer in our industry and I was truly touched when I got word.

BW: Unbelievable.

GM: No, what's unbelievable is what went down at Blood, Sweat, And Tears about a month ago. At long last, we have an AWA World Heavyweight Champion and his name is James Monosso.

[Another big cheer!]

GM: And your ears are not deceiving you, fans. James Monosso has somehow found himself in the good graces of wrestling fans all over the world. A truly incredible weekend it was over the Labor Day holiday for James Monosso as he defeated the Hall of Famer Gunnar Gaines, his long-time ally Nenshou, Sultan Azam Sharif, and finally, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott to walk out of New Orleans with the title he's wanted for so long. He'll be with us later tonight on the Mirror Ball to address these fans here in Dallas but what about our three big matches signed for right here tonight to welcome the AWA back to Dallas in a big, big way.

BW: William Craven is absolutely LIVID after what happened to him at BST, Gordo. Between Chris Blue trying to make him look like an idiot and the return of Alex Martinez, Craven's out for blood here tonight and you better believe that the blood he wants to spill belongs to Supernova.

GM: AWA officials tell us it will be the final time those two men collide inside the ring so that promises to be a good one. Plus, we have two title matches. First, we will see the Longhorn Heritage Title-

BW: What's left of it.

GM: Very funny. That particular title will be on the line when Glenn Hudson defends the gold against "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant. It has been said that if Bryant does NOT walk out of this building tonight with the Longhorn Heritage Title around his waist, he will NOT be signed to an AWA contract and his days here are done.

BW: There's a whole lot of bodies wanting to stick around the AWA or come to the AWA after the World Title Tournament so Bryant's gonna have a hard time earning a spot here if he can't win the title tonight.

GM: That's exactly right. Plus, in tonight's Main Event, we'll see the National Tag Team Titles defended when The Bishop Boys meet Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan in what should be an action-packed fight!

BW: You said it, Gordo. It ain't gonna be a wrestling match. It's gonna be a fight! Those four men do NOT like one another and with the gold on the line, you never can tell what'll happen.

GM: Moments ago, you saw an exclusive video from Joe Petrow... that's right, fans... the ban on his name has been lifted. After his shocking appearance at Blood, Sweat, And Tears to challenge James Monosso to a World Title match at SuperClash IV on behalf of his client, Mark Langseth, the Championship Committee has ruled that this situation must be addressed... and it WILL be addressed right here tonight by the Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins who has a response for the manager of Royalty. We're going to have all of that plus much, much more but right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening contest!

[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!

["Go U Northwestern," as performed by the Northwestern University Marching Band, starts to play over the arena speakers. A scowling Nick Anton is out first, looking the audience over intently. His brother Alex follows, arms raised, before pumping his fist and pointing at the audience with the other hand.]

PW: Introducing first, hail from Chicago, Illinois, at a total combined weight of 547 pounds, Nick and Alex...

THE ANTONS!!!

[Nick has his eyes locked on the ring as he makes his way down the entrance ramp, occasionally slapping the hand of a fan on the near side of it. Alex, however, is trying to slap hands and high-five as many fans as he can. When he reaches the ring, he steps through the ropes and heads towards their corner, pointing a warning finger and jawing with his opponents as he does so. Their opponents are a masked wrestler dressed in a white, sleeveless top, with three large, black buttons down the front; loose, white patent leather pants and white boots; his ninja-like mask has an orange, carrot-like protuberance on the front; and a skinny man, with a scraggly mullet and a thin, wispy goatee; dressed in a black singlet, camouflage trousers and black boots.]

PW: And their opponents, at a combined weight of 420 pounds, Rich Perkins and COLD SNAP!!!

[Nick Anton walks along the apron towards the corner and climbs onto the middle rope. He rests his hands on Alex's shoulders, who raises his arms in the air, pointing to the sky, as the music fades to a stop.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's Nick Anton starting off against the mysterious assassin from the Great White North...

BW: Nick just took him down with a fireman's carry takeover. That's not very ninja-like.

[Nick keeps Cold Snap in an armbar as he pulls him to his feet. The masked wrestler pushes Nick against the ropes and lands a punch in the breadbasket, breaking the hold. He follows it up with a punch to the jaw, then whips Anton off the ropes.]

GM: Reversal by Nick Anton... Catches him with a brutal whirling backbreaker!

[Anton circles Cold Snap's prone body and drops an elbow across his chest. He goes back to the armbar, again pulling him to his feet. This time, a rake of the eyes allows Cold Snap to escape the hold. Again, he goes for the Irish whip.]

GM: Another reversal... Flying forearm! With authority.

BW: I think the ninja from the Great White North needs to pick a different strategy. Throw a smoke bomb, or something. Right now, he's just bombing.

[Nick Anton picks Cold Snap up and tosses him into his corner, inviting the tag from Rich Perkins. Perkins steps into the ring and is instantly met by a flying knee to the gut. He picks Perkins up in a Canadian back breaker rack position, charges towards an empty corner, lowers Perkins slightly and throws him chest-first into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Whatamanuever! That'll knock the wind right out of you.

[Nick picks Perkins up again, this time locking him in a front facelock, and pulls him to the Antons' corner, tagging in his brother Alex. Alex takes over, whipping Perkins into the ropes and catching him on the rebound.]

GM: Overhead suplex!

BW: I think we'll need to scrape whatever is left of Perkins off the mat by the time the Antons are done with him.

[As if to prove Bucky wrong, Alex pulls Perkins off the mat, grabbing the back of his head and running him face-first into the top turnbuckle. He pulls Perkins off the ropes and whips him across the ring into the opposite unoccupied corner. Alex picks Perkins up again and drops him back down with a snapmare.]

BW: An awkward-looking snapmare by Alex Anton, but I don't think he cares how it looks. Or how it feels for Perkins, for that matter.

GM: Nick tags in and goes right to work on the arm.

[Straddling Perkins across the back, Nick has one arm pulled back in an armbar. He pulls back the other arm, now resting both arms on his thighs, while reaching under Perkins' chin and pulling back in an awkward-looking Camel Clutch-like hold. Perkins has one foot under the ropes, prompting Marty Meekly to call for a break. Nick lets go of the chinlock, but raises his right arm and drops a clubbing forearm across Perkins' forehead.]

GM: The Antons are just brutalizing Rich Perkins.

[He picks Perkins up and, yet again, drops him with another snapmare and locks on a side headlock. He pulls him to his feet, drags him to the Antons' corner and tags in Alex.]

BW: They're just toying with him now.

GM: And Alex drops him with a massive stretch slam! Follows it up with a body slam! Picks Perkins up... And tags in his brother!

[With Alex holding Perkins up in an inverted body vise, Nick delivers a stiff kick to his exposed side as he steps through the ropes.]

GM: Nick calling for Anton Air, I believe... Yes, he's heading up top, as his brother lifts Perkins onto his shoulders.

BW: Air Anton, Gordo, AIR ANTON!!!

[Alex Anton gets to his feet, challenging Cold Snap to do something, as Nick Anton covers Perkins, hooking the far leg for good measure.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this one is over!

PW: Here are your winners... Nick and Alex... THE ANTONS!!!

[Alex gets up and the brothers hug, before the referee holds their hands up in victory. The shot cuts to a slo-mo replay of the match finish.]

BW: They keep hitting that devastating clothesline off the top, but, like the Longhorn Riders sa-

[Bucky is interrupted by a commotion, as we cut back to the announce position, where Nick Anton is yelling pretty much in his face.]

GM: Whoa there, guys!

NA: ... Tell those Colt boys, if they plan on doing something, we aren't too hard to find! And if those Gun Barrel hicks think we're nothing more than snot-nosed college kids, we'll be glad to give them a bit of an education to the contrary!

[Alex Anton shrugs as he pulls his brother away from the announcers' table, but as he relents and heads for the back, Alex turns to the camera and flexes his arms, while saying, "Hey, Pistol Pete, how's this for a double barrel?"]

GM: The Anton boys sure seem to be fired up as they are headed for a collision at some point in the very near future with the Longhorn Riders and the winner of that may find themselves in excellent position to challenge for the National Tag Team Titl- wait a second... what is HE doing out here right now?

BW: Count Adrian Bathwaite is getting into the ring, Gordo!

[After the ring clears from the previous match, we are graced by the presence of the silver-haired Eurasian troublemak... I mean manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite. Bathwaite is wearing a dress shirt made of some silvery material, black pants, dress shoes, and has his cane with him. He's smiling as he walks to the middle of the ring and takes the mic from Phil Watson,

driving him off with an Angry Old Man Cane Jab (tm). The crowd boos him vociferously.]

CAB: Those needle-necked serfs told me that I have to give my announcements from the interview platform. How dare those filth-encrusted commoners try to direct their betters?! I am here, in the ring, to announce to all of you what your Main Event tonight is!

[BOO!]

CAB: Shut your ungrateful gobs, you dirty peasants! Tonight, you witness history! When I saw that subhuman pond scum James Monosso win the title at SuperClash, probably due to illegal substances because no human being could do what he did without help, I was sickened. But then I saw them carry his carcass out of there, and I realized that he had nothing left! So the very next day, I phoned the AWA Championship Committee... and informed them that I was cashing in Sultan Azam Sharif's Steal The Spotlight match!

Tonight! For the title!

[The crowd cheers this, actually.]

GM: What?! I was not notified that we were going to have a World Title Match tonight!

BW: Wow! Monosso lucked out against Sharif at Blood, Sweat, and Tears, but to do it again? In his condition?

GM: Count Adrian Bathwaite is grinning from ear to ear! He knows that his man would have a huge advantage... now that he's been in the ring with Monosso and knows better than to underestimate him again!

CAB: Selfish cheers? Yes, go ahead! Applaud the dumb luck that brought you here to witness history! There is no chance that drooling lunatic can beat my man twice! There was a crooked decision, he had his shoulder up, but that won't...

[Adrian is suddenly cut off by a loud outburst from the PA... the sounds of his own man's theme music. "Saz O Avaz" goes on as Sultan Azam Sharif exits the back. He is wearing his reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal, but is without his flag and is power-walking quickly to the ring. The fans don't know what to make of this yet.]

CAB: Sultan! I told you to stay in the back! And to interrupt your own manager with that garb... uh, great music of yours? Come on, Sultan, you are classier than that.

[Sharif steps into the ring, and walks over to Bathwaite, and holds out his arm for the microphone. Bathwaite turns away to address the fans some more, ignoring his charge's request.]

CAB: But that doesn't matter. What matters is that tonight, I will manage the heavyweight champion of the Wor...\*THUMP\*THUMP\*

[Sharif snatches the microphone from Bathwaite. He has that intense look in his eye that he gets when he is focused and angry.]

CAB: WHAT ARE YOU...

SAS: Men fahtlek. I osked you politely once. Next time, do not ugnore ven I osk you politely.

[The steely tone of Sharif, very different than his normal rambling voice, draws the crowd's attention immediately. Something is very different here.]

SAS: Mistair Count batwaite, I try to told you dis for two week sunce Blood Sweat Un Tear. I diddunt care about Mistair Jum Munassah. He bate me, I diddunt like it, but my shouldair vas down. I vill vait for shampwonship motch.

CAB: But we have the Steal The Spot...

SAS: I vill not vait for Mork Lonset!

[Uh, oh. The crowd cheers as Sharif's voice gets angrier and angrier.]

SAS: Ven I saw dot jehbronie Joe Petrow came out un made a shallunge for SupairClosch, he forget one thing! Mork Lonset cannot make shampwonship shallunge if he is not in AWA! Un since he said dot he vill be in AWA for SupairClosch, I go to Mistair Jumm Watkins un I tell him! I tell him, "I vant my Spotlight motch against Mork Lonset! At SupairClosch!"

[The fans go wild for that little bombshell! But Adrian shakes his head and holds out a placating hand to Sharif.]

CAB: Then it is perfect. You went to go make that match earlier tonight, but I used the Spotlight match already. And when you win the belt, we'll accept Langseth's challenge, and that walking slime-mold Supreme Wright can go back to the desert where vermin like him belong. I called the offices the day after Blood Sweat and Tears and cashed it in.

SAS: But I coshed it in dot night!

CAB: ...what?

[Adrian's eyes go wide as the fans cheer.]

SAS: Un Mistair Jumm Watkins say dot if Mork Lonset show up to SupairClosch... he hof to fight me!

[A huge cheer, and Adrian angrily spikes his cane on the mat, absolutely infuriated.]



GM: WHAT A DEVELOPMENT! Sharif's cashed in his Steal The Spotlight on Mark Langseth for SuperClash! Langseth can't get a title match like he and Petrow want cause he's got Sharif to deal with!

BW: Is the front office even going to let that happen?!

GM: Jim Watkins may be able to shed some light on that for us later toni-

CAB: Sharif... that's it! That's the last straw! I can't believe you did something that stupid!

[The crowd gives a sudden "Oh no he didn't" kind of reaction.]

SAS: Vat you joost said?

CAB: "SAY", YOU IDIOT. What did I "say", not "varr diderr said". Clean the sand out of your ears and maybe you'll eventually learn how to speak English, you complete and utter moron. I pulled your sorry carcass out of that backwater dust bowl Iran, where your career was over because you couldn't make the precious Olympic team, and I brought you to the civilized world, even though you're dumber than a box of rocks!

I had to mold you, I had to make up crazy stories about what was honorable in wrestling, because you're a superstitious idiot who believes in fairy tales like honor, gods, and fair play. And all my work, undone by what? Stupidity! If you had shut up and listened to me, you would have gotten far better than an imbecile like you could ever deserve! How did a noble family birth such a dullard? I guess like everything else in Iran, the nobility is backwards and usele...\*GURK\*

[And that's when Sharif grabs Bathwaite by the throat. The crowd explodes!]

BW: NO! LET GO OF HIM!

GM: ADRIAN BATHWAITE LOST IT! WHAT WAS HE THINKING?!

[Rage, sheer rage is in Sharif's eyes as he holds Bathwaite by the neck with one hand, whipping off his kaffiyeh with the other. The black-haired Iranian glares at his manager with a murderous expression.]

SAS: Count Batwaite.

[This voice has a very menacing edge to it.]

SAS: You are fired.

[Huge cheer!]

SAS: Un I vant to made you pay for vat you say. But I tell Supairnova a long time ago dot it vas wrong to hit old man. Dot is vat you are. Old man. No threat. You get out of AWA un you nevair come bock.

[Sharif lets Bathwaite go, drops the mic, and just walks away. The crowd is disappointed. Bathwaite is almost incredulous, but he realizes what this means. So he picks up his cane...

...and hits Sharif in the head with it!]

[\*WHACK\*]

GM: WHAT A CHEAP SHOT BY BATHWAITE!

BW: Uh oh... Adrian, you just overplayed your hand!

[The blow is felt by Sharif, who holds his hand to the area... but is just made even angrier! He starts moving towards Bathwaite... who hits him again! Bathwaite goads Sharif, and the mic doesn't pick up what he is saying... it is lost to the loud imploring of the crowd, who want to see the Sultan annihilate his ex-manager.]

GM: Bathwaite is as low as it gets! He wants Sharif to violate his own code of honor!

BW: He said honor was worthless! Look, Sharif's mad enough to do it! Remember, Adrian's the kind of guy for whom principle is more important than anything! He'll take a beating to prove himself right!

GM: Sharif... he's clenching his fists! He wants to tear into Bathwaite... but he's stopping himself! He won't do it! He won't violate his code!

BW: Well, good thing we have some people in life who are more decisive. Like that guy!

[And that's when another man emerges onto the scene, nailing Sharif from behind with a clothesline.]

GM: Dave Cooper! Where in the world did he come from?!

BW: I guess Langseth is having Cooper send a message on his behalf!

[Cooper repeatedly stomps away on the downed Sultan as Bathwaite looks surprised, but backs away and then turns to leave, clearly not concerned for Sharif's well being.]

GM: Bathwaite leaving like a coward!

BW: What, you think he's gonna want to mix it up with a guy like Dave Cooper?

[Cooper drags the Sultan up, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Uh oh.

[Cooper flings Sharif into the ropes, catching him on the rebound as he pivots and DRIVES the Sultan into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! COOPER HITS THE SPINEBUSTER!!

[Sharif arches his back in pain as Cooper then drops down to his knees, kneeling down and taunting him as the camera picks up some of his words.]

DC: You think you're worthy to be in the ring with Royalty, son? You ungrateful little...

[Cooper nails Sharif with several punches as he talks, but the cameraman backs off before it can pick up any more words... and the cameraman has good reason to back off as security and AWA officials are struggling to pull Cooper off Sharif.]

GM: I cannot believe the audacity of Dave Cooper to assault Sultan Azam Sharif!

BW: You want to talk about audacity... how can the Sultan just fire Count Adrian Bathwaite for all he did for him?!

GM: Bathwaite deserved what he got, making a match without consulting the Sultan! And Sultan showed me he is truly a man of honor and Bathwaite is most certainly not!

BW: Yeah, and look at what it got him... The Professional showed what he thinks of a man of honor!

GM: There may be no story more disheartening than the tale of how Dave Cooper has changed from his early days in the AWA until becoming the man we just saw in there. Fans, we've gotta take our first commercial break but we'll be right back with more Homecoming action!

[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...

Fade up to backstage where we find Supernova pacing in front of an AWA backdrop. He is already dressed in his wrestling attire and vest, his face already painted. He stops pacing long enough to address the camera, a serious look on his face.]

S: William Craven... for months now, I've been hearing you talk about your revolution. You've assaulted young men who just wanted to show what they could do in the ring... you tried to take out Andrew Tucker for good... you tried tempting Travis Lynch into crossing a line he didn't want to cross... and yeah, I'll admit it, you got the better of me the last time we met up...

[He pauses, pointing a finger to the camera.]

S: But, you see, Craven, when you did meet up with me in the ring the last time we met, you got me because I made a mistake... I thought I had you down for the count and ready to be put away, I let my guard down for one minute and you took advantage... and trust me, that's a mistake I won't make again.

And as far as your revolution is concerned... I won't deny that I've had to cross a couple of lines as of late to get my point across to you that things were not yet over between you and me... that the worst thing you could do is keep pushing my buttons.

[A slight laugh.]

S: But then I heard what Chris Blue, the man behind EMWC, had to say to you at Blood, Sweat and Tears, and it got me thinking.

It made me realize that, as much as it doesn't take a lot to stir me up into action, that it was all the more reason why I can't allow myself to fall into the trap you've been trying to set.

When Chris talked about what happened to Caleb Temple... what happened to Simon Ezra... it reminded me exactly why I couldn't allow myself to keep being tempted by your attempts at this revolution you want. Why it was important to do whatever it took to truly represent what people like Bobby, Jon and Todd wanted the AWA to truly become.

[A nod.]

S: And if you had been paying attention to what I was doing in the Rumble that night, you would know that I didn't have to go crossing any lines to deal with the likes of Nenshou, the Sultan, Hudson or even Juan Vasquez -- a man who I really can't understand what in the world he's just become -- to get the job done. I may have come up one man short, but the bottom line is, I didn't have to embrace this so-called Revolution you keep promoting.

And now... as far as your Revolution is concerned.

[His eyes narrow.]

S: It ends tonight.

Tonight, I am not only going to prove that I truly stand for the values and ideals that the AWA was founded upon... I am not only going to prove that I won't make the same mistake twice... I am not only going to prove that I took those words Chris had to say to heart and not allow my life to never be the same because I crossed too many lines... but I am going to prove to you that, if you think your Revolution is going to gain any more traction on my watch... well, as the song goes...

[And now, his face becomes intense.]

S: YOU GOT ANOTHER THING COMING!

[He takes a deep breath.]

S: Craven, tonight, I can promise you... you're gonna feel the heat.

[And, with that, he steps back, cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a long howl.

Cut back to the commentators.]

GM: The young lion known as Supernova seems to be ready and very confident as he gets ready for his match against the One Man Revolution, William Craven, later tonight. I can't wait for that one, Bucky.

BW: Craven's been hot under the collar since BST from what I hear, Gordo. I hear that what Blue had to say nearly sent him over the edge and Alex Martinez returning to action knocked him the rest of the way. Craven's going to be a monster unleashed inside that ring later tonight and I'm looking forward to seeing it.

GM: Speaking of Alex Martinez, I've been told that he will be here LIVE in the Crockett Coliseum in two weeks' time to address the fans here in Dallas as well as addressing his future here in the AWA.

BW: A short-lived future if he plans on crossing paths with the One Man Revolution again.

GM: That remains to be seen but right now, let's head up to the ring for more tag team action!

[We crossfade to the ring where a masked duo is standing, pacing about as Phil Watson begins.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown... they are THE SHADOWS!

[The two beefy men in full-length black bodysuits and masks raise their covered arms to jeers from the fans.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Watson pauses to allow the sounds of KISS' "Rock And Roll All Nite" to begin blasting over the PA system.]

PW: From Rock And Roll City USA... they are the team of Scotty Storm and Marty Morgan...

THE ROOOOOCKSTAAAAAAR EXPRESSSSSSSSS!

[The cheers grow louder as the fan favorite duo makes their way through the curtain, promptly slapping the hands on both sides of the elevated ramp, reaching down to do so. Both men are wearing black full-length tights with red and white bandanas tied off around their legs in a few places. Their t-shirts have the sleeves cut off to reveal their toned but not muscular arms.]

GM: Scotty and Marty, the Rockstar Express, have been on quite a roll all summer long since making their AWA return, Bucky.

BW: They've been on a winning streak on the live arena events but I want to see what they can do against some REAL competition, Gordo.

GM: We may find out here tonight 'cause the Shadows are no slouches inside that ring.

[Upon reaching the ring, both men mount a midbuckle outside the ring, tugging off their 80's hard rock t-shirts before flinging them into the crowd to the cheers of fans. They hop over the ropes, landing on their feet as referee Mickey Meekly steps in between, making sure the match starts when he wants it to start.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Marty Morgan starting off for the Rockstars and for the Shadows... well, I suppose we'll call him Shadow #1.

BW: Good choice.

[Morgan sizes up Shadow #1 as the bell sounds, instantly realizing he's outsized as the masked man catches him in a collar and elbow, muscling him back into a neutral corner.]

GM: The referee calls for a break.

[But the Shadow breaks with his arms raised, looking for a double axehandle...

...that Morgan easily ducks under, throwing a series of right hands to the ribcage from behind the masked man!]

GM: Morgan avoids the heavy shot and then lands a few quick shots of his own right there. Marty and Scotty are tag team wrestling personified. Quick tags, keeping the ring cut in half, making sure you keep the tired opponent in to wear him down - those are all staples of the gameplan every time the Rockstars climb into the ring.

[Back in the center of the ring, Morgan is waiting as the masked man stumbles towards him...

...and takes him down, bouncing the masked face off the canvas with a drop toehold!]

GM: Nicely done by Marty Morgan!

[Springing to his feet, Morgan cocks the arm and leaps, dropping an elbow down on the back of the head. He stays seated on the mat, hooking a side headlock as the referee kneels down to take a look.]

GM: Morgan wrenching down on the headlock on the big man.

BW: When you're in the ring with a larger man, sometimes this can be the best strategy you can come up with. Wear him down, wear him out, tire him out.

[The Shadow quickly powers up, shoving Morgan back into the corner where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Shadow #2 coming in as well now...

[Each of the large men grab an arm, firing Morgan across the ring...]

GM: Double whip by the Shadows... Morgan ducks under...

[Hitting the far side, Morgan leaves his feet, lashing out with a split-legged dropkick - a foot for each chin - that rattles the two big men as Morgan dashes across the ring, slapping his partner's outstretched hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Scotty Storm!

[The crowd cheers - mostly girls squealing - as Storm quickly scales the turnbuckles, waiting for one of the Shadows to turn around...

...and ends up toppling them both with a picture perfect crossbody off the top!]

GM: DOWN GOES THE SHADOWS!!

[Storm pops back to his feet, rushing towards Shadow #1 as he too scrambles back up...

...and leaps up, hooking Shadow #1's head between his legs...]

GM: Storm with the headscissors!

[...and takes him down to the mat! He pops back up again, throwing a kick into the gut of a rising Shadow #2. He backs the masked man to the ropes, slapping the hand of Marty Morgan!]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Morgan...

[Each of the Rockstars grabs an arm of the second Shadow, firing him across the ring...

...and LAUNCHING the Shadow into the air, sending him crashing down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Big double backdrop by the Rockstars!

[As Shadow #1 regains his feet, the Rockstars rise up in unison, throwing a double dropkick that catches the masked man on the chin, sending him falling through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Out goes one Shadow!

[Scotty Storm grabs the second Shadow, lifting him up by the upper thighs as Morgan hops up on the midbuckle...]

GM: Here it comes!

[Morgan leaps off, lashing out and catching the Shadow under the chin again with a dropkick!]

GM: ROCKSLIDE!

[The big blow knocks the Shadow to the mat, allowing Morgan to apply a lateral press.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"



[Morgan climbs to his feet, embracing his tag team partner as Jason Dane steps through the ropes, joining the Rockstar Express in the ring.]

JD: An impressive victory there for the Rockstars and gentlemen, how does it feel to be back in Dallas, Texas?

[Marty Morgan speaks up first, leaning over the mic.]

MM: JD, I'm tellin' ya, it feels absolutely fantastic to be back here in the AWA... and somehow, it feels even better to be back in front of the greatest fans in the world right here in Dallas, Texas!

[Predictably, the fans cheer that.]

JD: You guys have had a run of victories at some of our live events all summer long. As we head into SuperClash season, what's next for the Rockstar Express?

[Scotty Storm leans in.]

SS: What's next? After knocking off those two masked boys just now, we're gonna head back to our locker room, kick up our feet, pop open a cold one...

[Morgan raises an eyebrow, drawing a chuckle from Storm.]

SS: Alright... maybe a few cold ones.

[Morgan nods as Storm continues.]

SS: And we're gonna watch tonight's Main Event with big ol' Robby Donovan and Jack Lynch going for the tag team titles against the Bishops.

JD: Are you saying you've got your eyes on the National Tag Team Titles?

MM: Did Scotty stutter, JD? We've had our eyes on those belts since the day we walked into the AWA and we feel like we're gettin' closer and closer to 'em all the time. So, we're gonna sit back and watch this match but both those teams oughta know that when they're done with each other, the Rockstars are comin' for 'em, jack! Whooo!

[Morgan and Storm trade a high five before exiting the ring, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: The Rockstar Express has gold in their eyes, fans! Right now, let's go back to my good friend, Mark Stegglet, who is standing by with someone who had a strong showing in the World Title Tournament and is hoping that was enough to earn him a spot here in the AWA - I'm talking about Chris Staley!

[We crossfade to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Chris Staley.]

MS: Thanks, Jason! Chris, after spending the summer here in the AWA, I know you were afraid that you'd be forced to go back to Japan. But for now, it looks like you're still here. What brings you to Homecoming?

[Staley smiles at Stegglet, wearing an AWA t-shirt.]

CS: The AWA offered me no guarantees when I came here at the beginning of the summer - no promises of anything but an opportunity. So, all summer long while I was fighting towards the World Title, I was trying to make the most of that opportunity.

MS: And?

[Staley smiles.]

CS: I just walked out of a meeting with the Championship Committee.

[Staley pulls a piece of paper from his jeans and shows it to the camera.]

CS: This here states that I'm now a member of the AWA with a short term contract.

MS: Hey, that's great! But why short term?

CS: Well, I understand where the Committee's coming from. With me crashing out of the tournament in the second round, and then having a not so great showing in the Rumble, they're keeping their eye on me.

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: That, and my old reputation for being a slacker.

MS: Okay, but I have to assume there's a chance at a longer contract, right?

CS: Yeah, definitely. All I have to do is keep doing my best in the ring and they'll take a look at how things are going on a match-by-match basis. With any luck, I'll get some big wins under my belt, and prove that I'm here for the long haul.

[Mark smiles as he asks his next question.]

MS: So, have you found your Redemption yet?

[Staley laughs.]

CS: Not quite yet, Mark. But it's coming, I can feel it.

MS: When's your first official AWA match?

CS: Funny you should ask. The Committee told me it's coming up later tonight.

MS: Tonight? Are you sure you're ready?

[Staley nods and smirks.]

CS: Never been more ready in my life.

[And with that, Staley's off as Mark nods.]

MS: Chris Staley is a man looking to hang onto this chance for just a little while longer, fans. Right now, we've got to take another commercial break but 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 back to live action on footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." In front of the arena, the cameras the AWA have set up to shoot the "AWA HOMECOMING! SOLD OUT!" sign catch sight of a pair of individuals walking one another up to the entrance way for the talent. Coming to a herky-jerky stop a scant few inches from what once was a booth filled with AWA paraphanelia only a short time ago.

The camera catches glimpse first of the gentlemen stepping in its direction. His black hair lays flat across his shoulders. He's wearing a slate colored sportsjacket with a burgundy dress shirt, and dark washed denim jeans. This is the static interruption that has been interrupting AWA programming the past couple of weeks known as the "Salience" Terry Shane III. He gently places his hand on the lower back of the woman at his side, escorting her up the staired pavement.]

"So much for the bells and whistles. This is quite the unspectacular grand entrance."

[The sultry-voiced Siren at his side is none other Miss Sandra Hayes. Deep red Manolo Blahniks that match the shade of Shane's shirt. The dress is pure Versace elegance, an off the shoulder number done up in black knifed through with glittering silver thread that appears and disappears throughout the bodice. Her tar-black hair is softly curled, tumbling over one side of her head.]

SH: I think a little red carpet wouldn't have killed them, you know? It kinda says, "hey, I'm pretty important and about to turn this place inside out."

TS: Do not act surprised. This is how wrestling royalty is treated in these parts.

SH: Apparently.

[The Salience stops and takes a long look at the arena, drinking in the lights that shine bright.]

SH: You ready for this?

TS: Beyond ready. This is long over due and it is about time the AWA recognizes a talent such as myself.

SH: Ahem.

TS: Right. I mean ourselves. Like I was saying, the AWA will never be the same.

"Excuse me, folks. They sent me out here to get some comments."

[The third voice is another man's; this one is more recognizable to fans of the AWA who know that Jason Dane has arrived.]

SH: And who exactly are you?

[Sandra probably would have continued; she might have even said something that would have gotten her removed from AWA before Shane's career ever even really begun. But Terry Shane III isn't an idiot. In fact he's quite intelligent. He steps in front of the Siren, keeping his sneer light.

TS: I think [pause] this is someone who fancies himself in thrift store clothing and dollar shirts from the local swap meet.

SH: And who thinks he's a size forty six when he's really a forty-four regular.

[Jason doesn't respond to this, turning halfway to the camera.]

JD: Jason Dane, reporting outside the Crockett Coliseum with AWA's newest acquisition, "The Salience" Terry Shane III and his valet --

[He turns to Sandra.]

JD: Excuse me, who exactly are you?

SH: Wait. Waitwaitwait. I know you didn't just call me a valet? What is THAT about?

[Jason shrugs.]

JD: Well, you're going to accompany Terry to the ring, aren't you?

SH: Oh no-no-no. I know where this is going. A valet parks cars. A valet does your laundry. A valet does not bring the strategic and marketing expertise like I do. I know that the AWA hasn't seen a hot young lady with a personality in a long, long time. I know it's slim pickings in these parts -- but I demand a better name than "valet". It's demeaning, it's insulting, and it's kinda derogatory.

[Shane shrugs, the motion so soft it almost blurs away before it even begins.]

TS: You know what we always say. It could be worse.

[Sandra takes a deep breath, standing straight. It's like the act of correcting her posture corrects her mood.]

SH: That's right. I could be poor and you could have the midsection of City Jack. Then where would we be?

JD: My clothing and vocabulary aside, tonight, for the first time since you began appearing on our broadcasts, you find yourself in the awkward position of having to face the same locker room that has been the target of your scorn in recent weeks.

[Puzzled, the Salience and the Siren share a stare.]

JD: Mr. Watkins knows how eagerly you have been looking forward to tonight and he has decided to place you in a match against fellow newcomer Alexander Pearson. I'm guessing he'll be looking forward to seeing what exactly you are made of when it comes time to wrestle.

SH: Too bad that this business isn't actually ever about who's the better wrestler, or else that Wright fella would be champion or a star or something of importance.

JD: Supreme Wright is the number one contender to the World Title and has a heck of a lot more talent in his little finger than --

SH: I think the technical term for what you just did there is this.

[Sandra Hayes makes a hand puppet. You know what we're talking about -- fingers outstretched, thumb curled underneath to make the "mouth". She opens and shuts it along with the words.

SH: "Blahblahblah."

[Her hands fall back to each side.]

TS: Ladies!

[Sandra backs off, Dane shoots Shane a glare.]

TS: I am sure Mr. Pearson would make quite the admirable opponent for someone debuting this evening but I have an agenda to attend to tonight and he unfortunately falls somewhere in-between my bathroom break and "who gives a damn". So, really, unless you have something constructive to add to the conversation, I believe we are just going to high-low you and go inside.

JD: Actually...

TS: I did not think so.

[And with that, Terry Shane III signals for Sandra Hayes to enter the Coliseum and he is quick to match her step for step leaving Jason Dane standing alone out front. Dane gives an annoyed shake of his head at the camera before we fade to black.

And then come back up to live action inside the arena at the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by with MAMMOTH Mizusawa, who

is dressed to compete in a black singlet. The giant is smiling, as he pumps his fist to the fans' cheering and gives an approving nod. Next to him is a pot-bellied, barrel-chested man with shaggy, shoulder-length hair and a full beard, dressed in a pair of loose black pants, a white long-sleeved shirt that is unbuttoned to reveal part of his hefty man-boobs. The man has a pukka shell necklace draped around his neck and a golden ear-ring hanging from his left ear-lobe.]

MS: At Blood, Sweat and Tears, we saw the return of MAMMOTH Mizusawa. Tonight, at Homecoming, what an honor it is to welcome you home alongside Buccaneer Bart Roberts!

[Cheers as Buccaneer Bart waves to the crowd, before leaning towards Stegglet's proffered mic.]

BB: Firstly, Mark, this ma-

[A male voice comes through the arena speakers, interrupting Roberts, as the cheering is replaced by a hushed buzz from the crowd...]

"Firstly, old man, neither you nor Mizusawa ought to be here!"

[Which starts booing when they see none other than Louis Matsui, dressed in a dark blue suit, approaching the interview platform, mic in hand.]

LM: When this fool turned his back on me, that should have been the end of his career. When my client, MAMMOTH Maximus, took him out six, seven months ago, that should have been the end of his time here in the AWA. He should have stayed home in Japan. He might have made something of himself there in Takiguchi's little company. He shouldn't have come back and, worse still, he shouldn't have crossed Maximus in the Rumble!

BB: The cheek of you coming out here and telling us we ought not to be here! If anyone ought not to be out here right now, it-

LM: [Interrupting.] Bart, I don't think these AWA fans are here to listen to the crazed ramblings of some senile, worn-out never-was...

[This time, it is Buccaneer Bart who interrupts Matsui, stepping up to the latter, his left fist cocked. Matsui steps back, flinching, although the Japanese seven-footer is quick to put a hand on Roberts' shoulder, trying to hold him back.]

LM: [Shaken.] Look! I'm a reasonable man, Roberts, which is why I'm out here alone. In fact, I made sure my client wouldn't be here tonight so I could reason with Mizusawa. Let me remind you, Mizusawa, that YOU were the one who screwed up OUR professional arrangement; whatever happened to you subsequently was of your own making! Being the magnanimous man that I am, I am even willing to overlook your costing Maximus his shot at the AWA World Heavyweight title by eliminating him from the Rumble, since you didn't seem to have done any better yourself. All I'm asking is simply for you to go away... Leave... Someone your age, with your size and ability, you can

still make a name for yourself elsewhere. I'll even put in some Matsui Corporation money to get you set up elsewhere...

Because I can only keep the Mastodon away for so long. Because when Maximus comes back, he'll want to make sure that this time, he puts you down FOR GOOD. Because there is only room for one MAMMOTH in the A-

MM: [Interrupting.] Matsui-san... First... MAMMOTH Mizusawa not my name anymore. My name... Is Aso, Giant Aso. Second... If Maximus want try again, I welcome him to try. Only hope this time, he do it face-to-face, not from behind like coward! Because Giant Aso also owe him payoff! Because Giant Aso not going away anytime soon! Because Giant Aso have eyes also on AWA World Heavyweight championship!

LM: A most UNWISE decision! I'd ask you to rethink that choice, Aso, because I will not be responsible for what happens to you from now on. [Looks disdainfully towards Buccaneer Bart, as he backs away.] And if you think this relic is going to be of any guidance, I'm afraid you are more misguided than ever.

[And with that, Louis Matsui leaves the interview platform as we fade back to ringside where our announce team is seated.]

BW: What the heck is going on around here lately, Gordo?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: We've got people turning their backs on their managers left and right! It was Monosso with Percy... earlier tonight, we saw Sharif do it to Adrian Bathwaite... and now the split between Mizusawa and Matsui seems to have become permanent!

GM: Bucky, please don't refer to him as Mizusawa anymore. That is no longer his name.

BW: That's right... Aso? Giant Aso? What kind of a name is that? See, he loses Matsui and he's already making boneheaded mistakes!

GM: Bucky mentioned it right there, fans, but in case you're just joining us, you've already missed some wild moments - especially at the start of tonight's show where we saw Sultan Azam Sharif announce to the world that he would be cashing in his Steal The Spotlight contract on the last night he'd be able to do so... SuperClash IV... so that he can face a man whose name has haunted him for months in Mark Langseth. Now, we have not received word from the front office nor the Championship Committee yet on whether or not that match will be signed but I'm told that both Jim Watkins and Jon Stegglet are on hand tonight and will be addressing the fans about different topics. Perhaps one of them can shed some light on this situation. Right now though, let's go up to the ring and see Giant Aso in action in his AWA return!

[Fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing by with the mic.]



PW: The following contest is a HANDICAP MATCH scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Retribution, Texas, weighing in at 245 pounds, he is DARK JUSTICE!

[The crowd boos as, in one corner, a thickly-built man in a black mask, black singlet and black tights, drags his thumb across his throat in a throat-slashing gesture. Next to him, dressed in plain black trunks and boots, is a bald man, with an angular goatee and mustache.]

PW: His partner, from Krakow, Poland and weighing in at 260 pounds is "KILLER" KRISTOF KREWSKI!

[In the opposite corner, we see Buccaneer Bart Roberts talking through strategy with Giant Aso, who looks across at his opponents stoically.]

PW: And their opponent, hailing from Tokyo, Japan; weighing in at 420 pounds and accompanied by Buccaneer Bartholomew Roberts, he is...

GIANT AAASO!!!

[Roberts slaps Aso on the back, as he exits the ring, as the referee signals the timekeeper to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Giant Aso, the man formerly known as MAMMOTH Mizusawa, taking on two men here tonight at Homecoming; his first match here at the Crockett Coliseum after a nearly seven-month absence thanks to the actions of MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui.

BW: And if he doesn't watch his back, Gordo, Maximus might put him out for another seven months... Or longer...

[Dark Justice exits the ring, leaving Kristof Krewski to start off against Giant Aso. Both men go for the collar-and-elbow, but Aso immediately shoves Krewski off into a corner. Krewski goes for another tie-up, shoving Giant Aso against the ropes and lays into him with a clubbing forearm... Which barely fazes the giant, who returns with a forearm of his own, knocking the "Killer" off his feet.]

GM: Krewski is back to his feet quickly. He goes for another collar-and-el-, no, a go-behind and Krewski is trying to wrap his arms around the waist of Giant Aso...

[Face pop!]

GM: Aso sends his significant posterior right into Krewski's midsection!

[Krewski hits the ropes, but rather than rebound, he hangs on, maneuvering along the ropes towards his corner and tags in his partner.]

GM: Dark Justice comes charging in, goes low, hits the ropes... Shoulder tackle...

BW: And it's Dark Justice that gets knocked down from the collision!

[The masked man slaps the canvas, gets back quickly to his feet and goes for a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Giant Aso hooks one of Dark Justice's arm and sends him up and over with a massive arm drag.]

GM: Dark Justice favoring his back as he begs off, using the ropes to pull himself back up. I don't think the giant's about to let off, though...

BW: Well, the giant has no choice; Dark Justice has got hold of the ropes, so he can't engage. And Meekly's doing the right thing getting in there and keeping them separated.

[Which means Marty Meekly is not in a convenient position to stop an incoming Kristof Krewski, who comes charging in and lays into Aso's side with a big right hook. The crowd boos the sneak attack.]

GM: And now, both Dark Justice and "Killer" Krewski are on the attack!

BW: Stay on him! Stay on him!

[That's what they try to do, but not for long, as Giant Aso wraps a massive arm around each of their necks, holding them down, before knocking their heads together. He pulls Krewski up to his feet...]

GM: Huge atomic drop!

BW: That one was positively nuclear, Gordo.

[Dark Justice attempts another tie-up but gets an open-hand chop across the top of his masked head for his trouble. He drags Dark Justice by the leg to the center of the ring, but is interrupted by Krewski, who lays in with a clubbing forearm across the back. Giant Aso turns and stares Krewski down, before sending him reeling with an open hand chop across the Krewski's chest.]

GM: Aso still has Dark Justice by the leg... Elbow across the knee!

BW: Krewski! Look out for Krewski!

[Kristof Krewski jumps off the second rope, onto Aso's back. The Japanese giant struggles for a bit, but eventually sends Krewski crashing back-first into the turnbuckles. He pulls Dark Justice to his feet and hits a massive head butt, which sends him tumbling through the ropes to the outside. He turns around and meets "Killer" Kristof Krewski, who stumbles out of the corner, with a big boot to the jaw.]

GM: Aso hits the ropes... GIANT SPLASH! Cover! One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this one is over! And Giant Aso proving that there might not be any two men alive who can go toe-to-toe with him.

BW: I wouldn't be too quick to come to that conclusion, Gordo. We know one man who might try to do just that.

GM: The question is, will Giant Aso be ready for Maximus this time around? Fans, just a few moments ago, we mentioned that Jon Stegglet would be on hand to address some matters and I'm being told that he's up at the interview platform right now with Jason Dane. Jason?

[We crossfade to the platform where Dane is indeed standing by with one of the co-owners of the American Wrestling Alliance, Jon Stegglet, who is in a dark blue suit and tie, looking quite serious.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Stegglet, it's gotta feel good to be back in Dallas, Texas!

[Big cheer!]

JS: It's always great to be back here in front of our hometown fans, Jason. There are a lot of highlights on the calendar every year for the AWA but I have to admit that Homecoming might be my favorite. Just being back here after spending four months or so on the road... it's pretty great.

JD: Now, I know you have some reasons for being out here tonight... some issues you need to address in front of the crowd... but before we get underway, what can you tell us about Sharif's Steal The Spotlight challenge to Ma... well, to our former National Champion? Has that match been sanctioned by the AWA?

[Stegglet tugs at his collar.]

JS: To be honest with you, Jason... the Championship Committee is discussing that right now. Sharif says he informed "Big" Jim Watkins of his intent to come out here tonight and announce that match... but Mr. Watkins didn't bother to inform anyone else unfortunately.

[Dane grimaces.]

JD: Considering that and Mr. Watkins' assault of Joe Petrow at the end of Blood, Sweat, And Tears... I mean, he was already on probation from the AWA front office... have we seen the end of Jim Watkins as the Chairman?

[Stegglet gives a long pause.]

JS: We haven't had that discussion yet. As of right now, Jim Watkins remains the Chairman of the Championship Committee... but I have to say, he's treading on thin ice with the ownership of this company, Jason.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Fair enough. I'm told you have a couple of announcements for us.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: I do. First off, I wanted to announce that after fifty plus years in the business, Max Meekly has decided that 2012 will be his last year in professional wrestling. The AWA's Director Of Officiating is retiring after SuperClash IV. Max has served the AWA well since Day One and it will be difficult to see him go.

On a similar note, however, the Championship Committee during our time away from action has decided that EVERY AWA official will be undergoing a review effective immediately. The contracts for all of our officials are drawing near an end and this review will determine whether they stay on or whether we move to find a replacement.

[The crowd's pretty bored with this talk of referees so Stegglet moves on.]

JS: My second announcement tonight has to do with William Craven.

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

JS: Like him or not, the former owner of the EMWC, Chris Blue, was an invited guest at Blood, Sweat, And Tears... and will be an invited guest as well at SuperClash IV. Now, my former employer may have gone over the line a bit when speaking to William Craven...

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: He does that sometimes, you know?

[Dane nods knowingly.]

JS: But that does not excuse William Craven's physical attack of our guest! We were strongly considering a suspension for his actions... but after some conversations with Mr. Blue, we have elected to allow Craven ONE opportunity to come out here on this show in two weeks' time... right into the middle of this ring with myself standing here with him...

...and publicly APOLOGIZE to Chris Blue!

[BIG CHEER!]

JS: Mr. Blue will be here live in two weeks' time to hopefully receive that apology so we can put that aside and get to the business of focusing on the AWA's biggest night of the year coming up in about seven weeks' time - SuperClash IV!

JD: Thanks for coming out here, Mr. Steggle... and if William Craven needed any more motivation for his match with Supernova in just a short while, I think he just got some! 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 set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time, hailing from Addison, Texas...

[There's a definitely pop for the local.]

PW: Weighing in at 246 pounds... ALEXANDER PEARSON!!!

[Pearson excitedly hops to the midbuckle, earning some more cheers as he stands in an blue ensemble of knee and elbow pads with wrestling trunks.]

GM: The young Alexander Pearson is most definitely fired up for his AWA debut.

BW: If I were him I'd be crawling to the ring and stretching out my fifteen minutes of fame as long as possible.. you never know when you'll get a second chance if you, well, aren't any good.

GM: He seems confident enough to not worry about such a thing.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent.

[There's a familiar burst of static before 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 Independence, Missouri and accompanied by Miss Sarah Hayes... weighing in at 212 pounds, here is..

"THE SALIENCE" TERRY SHANE THE THIRD!

GM: The Salience is making quite the statement with this... interesting ...choice in music.

BW: Salience. Do you even know what that means, Gordo?

GM: No, not really. Do you?

BW: Hold on - lemme ask Siri.

[A single arena light shines on the entrance portal as Terry Shane III, adorned in a glistening emerald robe, backpedals into the view of the crowd. At his side is Sandra Hayes, sparkling just as exquisitely in her evening gown

as the two stop, arms raised, soaking in what is quickly turning into a chorus of boos from the crowd.]

GM: These fans here in Dallas, Texas giving the so-called Salience a piece of their minds.

BW: They should be careful about that. They don't have any pieces to spare.

GM: It's rare that someone making their debut receives a reaction like this but Terry Shane III has it coming, Bucky. He's been running his mouth for weeks now about the impact he was going to make on the AWA and really running down the people who are in that locker room.

BW: Terry Shane's just trying to get under the skin of the masses... get some attention headed his way. He knows that in the aftermath of the World Title Tournament, it's gonna take something big to get people to notice him and that's what he's looking to do, Gordo.

GM: If you want to get someone's attention in this business, you should do it in the ring. To me, he's just being obnoxious.

BW: A lot of people have made a whole lot of money in this sport being obnoxious.

GM: If Terry Shane III is anything like his father - a former two-time World Champion - then he could have just come out here and wrestled to win these people over.

[The dark and foreboding music continues as Shane and Hayes match one another step for step as they make their way down the aisle. Neither even hint at acknowledging the fans that flank either side of them as they stare down at the ring where Alexander Pearson awaits them.]

GM: In just a few moments, fans, we're going to find out if this young man is cut from the same cloth as his father - Terry Shane Jr. - a man who I had the privilege to see battle men like Jack Stein and Hamilton Graham many, many years ago.

BW: Man, you ARE old.

GM: Terry Shane Jr. had a certain elegance and calm demeanor about his every move in the ring. Every motion premeditated, every move executed perfectly, Bucky.

BW: Mmmmm.

GM: Bucky?

BW: Oh, what? I'm sorry... did you say something? Miss Hayes just winked at me. I swear.

[The Siren makes her way up the ring steps first, setting herself on the middle rope and allowing Terry Shane III to follow and step into the ring. Shane centers himself in the middle of the ring, standing tall, allowing the Siren to disrobe him. The official turns to the time table and begins to signal for the bell when Shane grabs the mic.]

TS: Good Evening, Dallas.

[The crowd jeers since they thought they were about get action.]

TS: My name is.. Terry Shane. The Third.

[There's a brief pause. Awkward almost.]

TS: Recently, you all have been fortunate enough to hear the stories about how my father Terry Shane Jr. carried this industry on his back for you people for so many years. Not only was he dominating the state of Missouri but he graced the world with his talents while defending the IWA World Title. A title that before him, guys named the Mauler parading around in a ridiculous mask or the foreigner Bruno Moretti tried.. TRIED.. to bring fame to.

But naturally, they failed.

They failed because like many of the AWA stars they lacked that little magic something that gave them an extra amount of prestige.

[More jeers pour down on the third generation grappler as his female companion applauds his words.]

TS: They lacked the fortitude to know what was right for this business to survive. They lacked the ability to decipher between right and wrong and set those feelings aside in order to make this business thrive. They were killing the sport of wrestling. One day, one match, one move at a time.

But like my father, I too have the uncanny ability to make things right. I too... have that extra something inside of me that turns good wrestlers into something extraordinary. Like me.. love me.. hate me.. or hail me. Terry Shane III will never let the voice of the people steer him towards mediocrity. After all, do we really need more feel good stories...where did that get men like Juan Vasquez? He's nothing more than a puppet on a string for Percy Childe to play with now.

GM: This guy better watch his mouth.

BW: He's speaking the truth, Gordo!

[Shane continues without a reaction to the jeers coming from the Dallas crowd.]

TS: Now I could come out here tonight and prove to you that I am the future of the AWA and good ole Gordon over there would get all giddy and

overjoyed with unexplainable emotions and feelings he has not felt since he was an adolescent...

BW: He's already comin' after you, Gordo.

GM: I hear as well as you do, Bucky.

[Shane sneers down over the ropes at Gordon Myers.]

TS: But alas.. what would that prove?

That I can stomp some bootbarn farmboy from Texas? The entire wrestling world would wail and cry and gnash their teeth.

[The crowd erupts into boos.]

TS: That is an incredible... well.. waste of my time. And yes farmboy, that is meant to be offensive. I am not here in the AWA to spend three months chasing down bottom of the totem pole stars on the rise or scumbags of the Earth. I am here to bring greatness back into a sport that is crying for someone of my stature to save it.

I will be your Savior, AWA.

[Predictably, the fans aren't too fond of that idea.]

TS: But I will NOT wrestle this... garbage! Please, I am begging you, give me something more. Give me something, someone, that these people can rally behind. Do not do it for me, do it for them!

[The Salience flicks his hand in the direction of the crowd.]

TS: You all deserve more than this!

[Shane gestures towards Alexander Pearson, and as he does, he begins to walk away from him.]

TS: I promised you I would make an impact here at Homecoming, sweet AWA. I promised you that tonight I would shake the very foundation of this company. But even I, Terry Shane III, can not and more importantly.. WILL NOT work with this. You can have your win Mr. Pearson, consider it a gift that you can tell your children about one day.

Sandra.. my robe.

[Sandra Hayes begins to maneuver herself around Shane when suddenly the Salience is met with a thunderous axehandle to the back by Alexander Pearson.]

GM: Alexander Pearson has had enough!

[The crowd cheers.]



GM: Pearson is laying into Shane with clobbering rights and lefts to his back, taking him down to one knee!

BW: This was unexpected.

GM: It looks like we may get a wrestling match after all! Sandra Hayes is still in the ring folks, the official needs to get a hold of things and clear her out. We haven't even officially begun yet.

BW: Why on earth would anyone ask her to leave? I think I'm falling in love for the first time all over again.

GM: Pearson remains on the attack without so much as even applying a headlock yet! Those words from Shane struck the wrong tune with Pearson and he's letting him know how he feels.

[With half his body robed Shane begins to try and muster the strength to get back to his feet. Once there, he blindly grabs a headlock that Pearson easily powers out of, sending the Salience flailing across the ring with half his robe whipping behind him.]

GM: Pearson springs towards Shane, shoulder tackle! Down goes Shane to the roar of the crowd!

[Pearson looks around at the crowd with a pump of his arms.]

GM: Terry Shane III doesn't seem to have won any fans with his speech here moments ago and they are rallying behind the hometown man!

[Staggering back to his feet, Shane wobbles into a collar and elbow tieup - as much as one can with one arm trapped inside a robe.]

GM: The referee still hasn't started this match - I can't understand why not at this point. However, he still hasn't managed to get Sandra Hayes out of the ring so that might be the-

"OOOOOOOOOOHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! She is no lady at all! Miss Sandra Hayes just kicked Alexander Pearson where the son don't shine!

BW: That's standing by your man.

GM: That's one way to put it, I suppose! That was COMPLETELY uncalled for, Bucky!

[Shane rips the robe from his body and instantly lunges forward with a vicious European Uppercut while Pearson was hunched over, knocking him straight into the corner.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was, sending Pearson falling back to the buckles!

[The Texan staggers out...

...and Shane nearly beheads him with a stiff mafia kick that sends Pearson flat on his back.]

GM: Good grief! A big kick by Terry Shane III and Alexander Pearson just got laid out because of it!

BW: They ain't done with this kid either, Gordo.

GM: No, they certainly don't appear to be.

[Grabbing Pearson by the legs, Hayes holds them while Shane repeatedly stomps and kicks the shoulders and head.]

GM: They're working together on this kid... and you gotta feel for this kid. He probably has friends in the crowd tonight... family. Maybe even his parents. And it seems like they're setting him up for something here.

[Shane positions himself underneath Pearson in a crucifix position, trapping one arm between his legs, and pinning the other underneath his arm and reaches over and around the neck of Alexander Pearson in a neck crank.]

GM: Look at this hold! That's gotta be excruciating, Bucky!

BW: It's a crucifix with a neck crank mixed in... there's no way out of that, Gordo.

GM: The Shane family is well-known in the wrestling world for being the masters of some tortuous submission holds and we may have just seen another one unveiled here tonight.

[The referee signals for the bell!]

"DING!!! DING!! DING!!"

GM: The ref's throwing this out! This is a no contest as the match never even got started! And this kid's got no class at all, Bucky! None at all! He claimed to be here to save the AWA and he's doing nothing of the sort. In fact, he's disgracing the name that his father and grandfather worked so hard to establish!

[Pearson continues to squirm, trying desperately to break free of Shane's hold. Shane simply leans back further, cranking the neck of Alexander Pearson towards his right shoulder.]

"DING!!! DING!!! DING!!!"

GM: Come on! Someone's gotta stop this! If he doesn't let go of this soon, there may be repercussions at the hands of the Championship Committee!

[On cue, Shane breaks the hold, being helped to his feet swiftly by Miss Sandra Hayes. A pair of kicks - one from each - sends Pearson spilling out to the floor below. Hayes signals for a mic again, this time taking it for herself as Shane looks on.]

SH: Is this the best you've got? Is it?!

[Shane's chest pounds in and out with each breathe he takes. The Siren firmly grabs the back of his neck.]

SH: Blackwater Bart, Bad Eye McBaine, Tin Can Rust... we would have even settled for Ron Houston or Dick Bass at this point! You've rolled out tough guy after tough guy to get your name on the map and when Terry Shane III arrives you give us... THAT!

[The Siren points at the breathless Alexander Pearson on the outside.]

SH: This man... this Savior! He is going to take the AWA to places Bobby Taylor and company could have never dreamed of and this is the best you could do!

[Sandra's fists clench, there is definitely a lot of fight in this girl.]

SH: I repeat... THIS is the best that you could do?!

[Just then, excited murmurs come from the crowd as a man hops the guard railing.]

BW: What in the--

[The reaction from the crowd quickly turns to cheers, not for the man as much as what they sense he's about to do.]

GM: Hannibal Carver! With branding iron in hand!

[Sandra turns white as a ghost, immediately bailing out of the ring. Terry stands his ground for a moment, before realizing his odds against an armed madman aren't the best and quickly exits the ring as well. Carver grabs the dropped microphone, stalking back and forth in the ring, never taking his eyes off the duo at ringside.]

HC: Yeh know... if there's anything that'll ruin an evening, it's some loopy broad that doesn't know when to keep her trap shut.

[Big pop for that, as Sandra flips out at ringside... screeching like a banshee as Terry silently fumes.]

HC: There I was, sitting back with my pretzel and my beers. All ready for a night of pro wrestling. Some bare knuckle brawling. Some classic hold for

hold matwork. Maybe a lunatic or two flying off the top rope. See tonight, I was the same as all these folks. I came for the same thing as them.

We came for a fight.

[Big cheers in agreement for that, as Terry puts a hand on the bottom ring rope, ready to re-enter the ring. Sandra immediately claps a restraining hand on his shoulder, shouting that Carver is a bum and a scrub... not worth getting Terry's hands dirty on.]

HC: What we didn't come for, and especially what I didn't come for is to watch some wet behind the ears punk get up on his soapbox and get the ring all soggy with his tears.

[Scowls.]

HC: And we sure as anything didn't come to listen to yeh drag men that have actually done something in this sport through the mud just so he can feel good enough to lace up his daddy's boots.

[Terry slams his fists on the ring apron, before spinning around and shouting at the fans to shut up.]

HC: A man like McBaine. Time was, we used everything we could to tear each other to pieces. Tables, thumbtacks, barbed wire, anything that wasn't nailed down. Just to get our hand raised. That sort of thing makes yeh hold a man in a certain regard.

Not to sit around while someone uses what we did as a stepping stone.

[Carver steps forward, leaning against the top rope and staring straight at Terry.]

HC: I used to be like yeh. Using people to get myself a better spot. The difference? Whether it was shoving them off a balcony, choking them out, cutting them up or dropping them on their head... I brought it to them. Face to face, man to man.

I made my name with my fist in their face. I didn't moan and whine and cry that everyone needed to give me respect.

Yeh want to be the man? Yeh want to be in the same class as yer daddy?

[Carver drops the branding iron to the canvas.]

HC: I told yeh I came for a fight. Tell yer skirt to head back to the motel and get the hot tub ready, step in this ring and show all these people what a man yeh are.

[Carver drops the mic, gesturing for Shane to bring it on. Sandra at this point tugs on his arm, screaming and demanding that he does not wrestle for free, and that Carver is beneath them. The two retreat back up the aisle]

to a chorus of huge boos while Carver stands in the ring, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: A most unexpected appearance here tonight from Hannibal Carver who surprised many by taking part in the World Title Tournament - losing to eventual winner James Monosso.

BW: I'd heard some buzz that the suits were trying to get Carver to stick around and see what he can accomplish WITHOUT thumbtacks, light bulbs, and weedwhackers. Apparently he decided to accept the challenge, Gordo.

GM: He may have accepted the challenge... but Terry Shane III most certainly did not as he's heading back up the aisle with his ladyfriend in tow as they look for the quickest exit to the Crockett Coliseum.

BW: Can you blame 'em? That nutball's got a weapon in there with him!

GM: Perhaps there will be another time and another day for Hannibal Carver and Terry Shane III to collide but right now, let's head backstage to the locker room area where we have the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Glenn Hudson, standing by!

[We cut to backstage, where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA logo'd backdrop.]

MS: Folks, we've seen the culmination of the sixty-four man tournament to crown James Monosso as our first AWA World Champion, but the story tonight at Homecoming could well be the upcoming clash between "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant and this man...

[Glenn Hudson walks into the shot slowly on Mark's right side. The Australian is doing his duty, wearing a Travis Lynch t-shirt, but the hard cast to his normally cheerful face suggests personal rather than business matters are foremost on his mind.]

MS: ... Glenn Hudson, the Longhorn Heritage Champion. Glenn, we've watched this unfold since... well, since the tournament began. Dave Bryant doing everything he could in his attempts to secure an AWA contract, including stealing, defacing and ultimately destroying the Longhorn Heritage belt to force this company's hand.

[Hands on his hips, Glenn gives a nod; one loaded with insincere regret.]

MS: Ultimately, it came to you asking the office, basically begging Bobby Taylor give you the chance to get your hands on Bryant in an official match... and tonight you get that opportunity.

[Having said his piece, Stegglet directs the microphone towards Hudson. He cracks what could be a wry grin, but looks more like a sneer, and raises a thumb.]

GH: That's quite a tale, Mark. You tell it well. Like any good story that has a start and a middle, we must have an ending - and I'll be providing that a little bit later on, But before I do that, I have a story of my own to tell. A yarn to spin, if I may.

[Glenn clears his throat, then almost as an afterthought turns to Mark for approval.]

GH: If I may?

[Seemingly with very little choice in the matter, Stegglet nods. Apparently soothed, Hudson's pissed-off expression eases somewhat and his eyes get a faraway glaze as he sets the scene. His words follow slowly, his tone also softened.]

GH: A man sits alone in his locker room, staring at the clock hanging on the wall. He's waiting for his match; it's not quite time yet. More truthfully, he's waiting for a fire alarm to ring out, or someone to rush in and tell him there's been a bomb threat called in.

[Another shake of the head, more earnestly this time.]

GH: Too late to think of that now. Anything else that will get him out of the mess he's made for himself will be good enough. The hole he's dug for himself to get into this miserable situation.

[He turns to Mark, an index finger raised to emphasise a point.]

GH: Now don't get me wrong, this ain't the man's first rodeo, but the sick feeling in the pit of his gut... well, this well could be his last. When he started out in this great business, he was probably bright eyed, bushy tailed and full of best intentions. He had genuine goals to make his mark. To earn his place in history. To be the best he could be.

[Hudson smirks as he holds back the secret for a few moments.]

GH: It turns out he did had some talent for this sport. He won some accolades.

[A nod.]

GH: He got himself noticed.

[Hudson remains motionless as he then stares at Mark for what could only be a few seconds but seems longer. The awkward moment is broken by Glenn's shoulders slumping ever so slightly.]

GH: But some folk are alright until they get two pairs of britches. Somewhere along the line, this man's path led him to places he didn't foresee. The way forward was hard to make out. Whether he strayed from his path, or his path led him someplace no sensible man had business being,

we'll never know. Did he find himself at this place, this moment, through malice or misadventure? Who can say? It doesn't seem to matter now.

[As Glenn rubs the back of his neck and sets his eyes to the floor, Mark looks increasingly uncomfortable.]

GH: That clock hanging on the wall brings back memories. Like I said, the man's been around long enough. By now, he's heard all the old cliches. When one man wants to scare another, he'll claim his foe's time is running out. "Tick... tock.. tick.. tock...", he'll say, setting the pace.

[Glenn's gaze flicks back to the camera, again with a wry smile.]

GH: But that clock hanging on the wall? The man swears it's ticking and tocking faster than it should. It's not fair... but then again, none of this was ever meant to be. The seconds pass by, almost two at a time, and the man can do nothing but sit and watch and wait nervously, like a whore in church.

[Stegglet's eyes flick to the camera apologetically. The faraway expression returns to Glenn's face as he begins to speak with more enthusiasm.]

GH: Soon he'll have to go. He'll have to leave that locker room and start that sorry march towards the squared circle. To face the heat of the blinding lights, and be deafened by the shouts and jeers of the people. He savours these last few moments alone, because it's facing the people that makes all this real. It's what the people are saying that chills him to his very bones.

[Another pause. Glenn blinks, glances at Stegglet and then refocuses on the camera.]

GH: You see, sometimes a man can see his fate coming and knows it's inevitable. Knows when there's no alternative, when they're backed against a wall... with no way out. Times like these, some people like to evoke the Alamo. March sixth, eighteen thirty-six.

[He waves a dismissive hand.]

GH: This is just another cliché, of course. The man knows it, and he knows the wrestling fans out there, clamouring to witness the man's bloody destiny, know it too. They can go one better. The likes of what lie ahead for this man, they've seen with their own eyes, many times before. They think back to "Blackheart" Casey James and "Lone Wolf" Brody Thunder, tearing into each other with barbed wire and leather straps.

[Glenn grunts in amusement, almost a laugh.]

GH: There is no Alamo for this man. This is his October thirty-first, nineteen ninety-seven! This is the man's "Hell in Houston"!

[Now we're getting somewhere.]

GH: The people remember Casey James pitted against "The Avatar of the Extreme" Bishop, struggling for the Silver City championship in a casket match.

[Hudson shakes his head again, now grinning from ear to ear.]

GH: There is no Alamo. On this day, the man will be "Bleeding Black", March fifteenth, nineteen ninety-eight!

[He turns to Stegglet.]

GH: The people remember Blackwater Bart and "Bad Eye" McBaine and Bram Black and the brutality they committed upon each other!

[He shakes a suddenly clenched fist with each name, then turns back to the camera.]

GH: They remember John Wesley Hardin and they remember "The Madman From The Badlands", Tex Violence! They remember "The Good, The Bad and the Bloody"...

[As he recalls the last event, Hudson jabs his finger at you three times for emphasis.]

GH: February twenty-seventh, the year two thousand!

[Not just a hand this time, now he waves an entire arm in wild dismissal.]

GH: There IS no Alamo, not for THIS man, not now! This is the man's "Last Tangle... in TEX-AR-KAN-A!!"

[Glenn Hudson is ready to go, grinning at the camera with bad intentions. Stegglet is a little taken back but composes himself quickly to wrap things up.]

MS: Folks, I... Let's just say "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant may have bitten off much more than he can chew here tonight.

[Hudson's head snaps suddenly around to him.]

GH: Tonight? Tonight Dave Bryant learns that you can't tarnish a legacy. Those fool enough try?

[Back to the camera. He chuckles.]

GH: They end up history themselves. Truth is, Dave Bryant isn't the man he thinks he is, and the man I've been talking about... isn't Dave Bryant.

[A moment for that to sink in.]

GH: The man, the protagonist of my story.. I don't even KNOW his name. I don't know where he's from. I don't know who trained him. He may not



have even wrestled his first match yet. Right now, he could be a kid in high school.

[Steglett is understandably puzzled, but Glenn can't keep him hanging long.]

GH: So... that man doesn't sit alone in his locker room tonight, up to his neck in hopelessness and despair... but that sorry sonofabitch's day will come. When it does, the people will remember what came before... and they'll remember what happened to Dave Bryant.

[His tongue darts out of his mouth, licking his lips almost in anticipation. Hudson shakes his head one last time, his words heavy with promise.]

GH: That will not be the man's March sixth, eighteen thirty-six. That will be his October sixth, two thousand and twelve. That will be... his "Homecoming".

[With that, Hudson storms out of the shot, leaving an almost stunned Mark Steglet behind.]

MS: On this night... I would NOT want to be Dave Bryant. Fans, we'll be right back after this break.

[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 as we return to live action, we find Jason Dane, standing in front of an AWA backdrop with a confident-looking, Supreme Wright. The Rumble winner is dressed in dapper fashion as usual, in a gray tweed suit and

newsboy cap. He removes his cap and then locks eyes with Dane, the both of them speaking almost simultaneously.]

JD and SW: You/I'm not supposed to be here.

[A big grin forms on Wright's face.]

SW: Mr. Dane, I'm starting to get the feeling you don't like having me around.

JD: Far from it. Supreme Wright...it's just...I think I'm through with trying to place any sort of expectations on you, because quite frankly...you constantly exceed them beyond anyone's imagination. Making it into the final four of the World Title tournament was an amazing accomplishment within itself, but then you proceeded to shock the world once more, when you won the Rumble.

[A smirk from the former Combat Corner student.]

SW: Never saw it coming, did you?

[He chuckles.]

SW: You know...in Las Vegas, they used to call me the "Sin City Saint"...

...and on a weekend filled with'em, I guess you can say that this saint, performed one last miracle.

[Supreme blows on his fingers and buffs them on his suit jacket.]

SW: My road to the World Title didn't exactly turn out the way I expected it to, but getting my shot at the biggest title in professional wrestling on the biggest show of the year?

I haven't done too bad for myself, have I?

JD: You've done phenomenally well...as you now have the opportunity to do something extremely special at SuperClash. But in order to become the World Champion, you have to face James Monosso, a man who quite frankly... looked absolutely indestructible on his way to capturing the AWA World title.

[Supreme crosses his arms over his chest and lowers his head, scoffing.]

SW: Hmph...Monosso.

JD: Something wrong?

SW: Actually, I'm conflicted, Mr. Dane...I really am. You see, over the course of two nights, Mr. Monosso went out there and put on one of the gutsiest performances I've ever seen. I tip my hat to him for that, but it's just that every time I look at him...

[The look on his face turns into a hardened scowl.]

SW: ...all I wanna' do is spit in that man's face.

JD: Huh?

SW: The fans might see the grit and determination and it makes them cheer for the man...but am I the only one that remembers James Monosso as the man that hates professional wrestling?

[A pause. No answer, so Supreme continues on.]

SW: Am I the only man that remembers James Monosso telling, assaulting and demanding a generation of professional wrestlers to quit this sport before it left them broken, desperate and crippled?

[Another pause. Supreme stares at Dane, who has no response. Once again, he continues on.]

SW: Am I the only man who remembers that the man whose very LIFE now depends on holding that World Title, telling the world that being the champion was nothing but one huge, meaningless joke?

[Supreme smiles, shaking his head.]

SW: Nah, it seems to me that it isn't that everyone doesn't remember...they just choose to forget.

[A sigh.]

SW: Maybe it's 'cause they hate Percy Childes THAT much or maybe they just need someone else to latch onto now that Mr. Vasquez's fallen on hard times, but we find ourselves looking to one of the most bitter, miserable, hateful, spiteful creatures professional wrestling's ever seen and...

...consider him a hero?

[The look of disappointment on Supreme's face is evident.]

SW: That's garbage, Mr. Dane.

[Supreme rubs his fingers together, making the universal sign for money.]

SW: The only thing that's actually changed about Mr. Monosso...is the size of his paycheck. Make no mistake about it...that man STILL hates professional wrestling. He STILL would gladly cripple a young man to keep himself out of this sport. And if it wasn't for the fact that it was keeping out of a padded cell, that man wouldn't give a DAMN about the World Title.

[There's a conflicted look on Dane's face. He realizes there's some truth to what Wright's saying, but it's all so harsh...]

SW: You stare at me like that, Mr. Dane...but you know it's true. The moment he loses that World Title, Mr. Monosso knows that it's all over for him. There'll be no rematches. There's no second chances. He'll break...find some way to blow his chance at living a normal life and they'll him drag back to Happy Valley...

[He snaps his fingers.]

SW: ...and that'll be the end of that.

[A deep breath.]

SW: To achieve my dream...to win that World Title...you're asking me to condemn a man to a life shut away from society...to rip sweet freedom away from his grasp and send him back to that little piece of Hell on Earth.

[There's an awkward silence for a brief moment, before Supreme cranes his neck towards Dane...and grins.]

SW: It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

[And with that, Supreme gives Dane a nod and walks off camera as we slowly crossfade back into the area where we find ourselves focused on Phil Watson who is standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, hailing from Tempe, Arizona, and weighing in at 212 lbs., Bradley Adams!

[A scrawny young man dressed in baggy black pants and black boots, with short blond hair, just waves off the few fans who choose to boo him.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Soundgarden's "Jesus Christ Pose" comes blaring over the speakers, drawing a decent-sized pop.]

PW: ...from Wildwood, New Jersey, weighing in tonight at 245 lbs., CHRIS STALEY!

[Staley comes tearing out from behind the curtain, yelling "COME ON!", which draws a more sizable pop. He claps his hands together, then runs down the ramp to the ring, high-fiving as many fans as he can. He stops at the apron and vaults himself over the top rope, raising his arms to the crowd. He quickly discards his leather jacket, handing it to the ring attendant, then removes his AWA shirt, and throws it out into the crowd for one lucky person to catch. One can see the many scars on his body from his hardcore days. Staley wears silver pants and black boots. As he waits for the bell, he stretches in the corner.]

GM: Wow, certainly a lot of energy from Staley tonight.

BW: Yeah, well, you heard him earlier. He's only here on a short-term contract. Hopefully, this Adams kid embarrasses him and sends him home after one match.

GM: Not a Staley fan?

BW: Never have been, never will be.

[As the bell rings, Staley comes to the center of the ring and holds out his hand.]

BW: He's looking for a \_handshake\_? This guy's lost his touch.

[Adams looks at Staley's hand, then looks up at him with a disgusted look. He spits at Staley's feet and then shoves him, which draws boos from the Dallas faithful.]

GM: What lousy sportsmanship! This kid should be ashamed of himself.

BW: Nah, that's about the reaction Staley deserves. Piece of Jersey trash.

GM: BUCKY!

[Staley looks out to the crowd and shrugs. He then turns around and NAILS Bradley Adams with a blistering chop, drawing an "OH!" from the crowd.]

GM: Wow, did you hear that?

BW: That sounded like a whip cracking!

[Staley grabs Adams and whips him to the ropes, leaps over him on the rebound, drops to the mat, and monkey flips Adams almost out of the ring.]

GM: All action from Chris Staley at this point in the match, and you have to be impressed with his athleticism.

[Adams rolls out to the apron, but that's a bad place to be.]

BW: Stay down, kid.

[As he gets back to his feet, Adams is met with a nasty kick to the ribs, sending him crashing to the floor in a heap.]

GM: Wow, there's one of those trademark kicks of Staley we saw in the Rumble.

BW: Fat load of good those were. He made MAMMOTH Maximus mad, and went flying out.

GM: Yes, but you'll remember that earlier on, Staley and Macht Kraftwerk had a heck of a time working together, each unleashing their best kicks on their poor opponents.

BW: Right... until they both got tossed like two sacks of garbage. What's he doing now?

GM: Staley's out on the apron... measuring Adams who is starting to stir...

BW: Didn't I tell this kid to stay down?

[As Adams gets up and turns around, Staley comes flying off the apron with a clothesline. The crowd in the immediate vicinity reaches over to pat Staley on the back.]

BW: Hey, get those unwashed vermin to sit down!

GM: BUCKY! That's no way to talk about our great fans!

BW: Sure, it is. It smells like a sty in here. I wish we could've stayed on the road, Gordo. The South may all make you think you stepped in something every second of every day but Texas? Gaaah. You know the phrase "dumber than they look"?

GM: Of course.

BW: It's not true in Texas. These people are EXACTLY as dumb as they look.

GM: Oh, you're a real riot, Bucky. In the meantime, Chris Staley stays on the attack.

[Staley picks Adams back up, and rolls him into the ring. Staley rolls back into the ring as well. Adams goes to kick him down low, but Staley grabs his foot, and lays in a series of kicks to the inside part of his right leg.]

GM: Staley now with more of those kicks. Looks like maybe he's setting up for a submission.

BW: Well, I'm convinced. I'll give up right now if he just goes back to the locker room so I don't have to watch any more of him in there.

GM: Would you stop?

[Adams tries to work his way back to his feet, but Staley just kicks him in the face.]

BW: Hey! How can you condone that, Gordo?

GM: It's perfectly legal.

BW: Well... um... it shouldn't be, if you ask me!

GM: Good thing nobody did.

[Staley gestures to the crowd that he's going to finish the match, which draws a good pop. He grabs both of Adams' legs and tries to turn him over.]

BW: Hey, he's going for that Lethal Injection! He can't do that!

GM: Why not?

BW: We already have a fan-pandering goofball that does a hold like this! We don't need two of them.

GM: Well, it looks like young Adams is fighting him off anyway.

[Staley looks a bit miffed that he couldn't lock the move in. He pulls Bradley Adams back to his feet and pulls him into a bent-over position.]

BW: We saw him do this against November in the tournament - a variation on it at least.

[Staley lifts Adams up so he's dangling over his back, and then falls forward, Adams landing on the back of his neck with a crucifix powerbomb!]

GM: Ohh! That'll send you straight to the chiropractor!

BW: Yep, that's the JCP Edge, just like I thought.

GM: A devastating move to be sure. And Staley makes the cover for a one... a two... and there's the three.

[Ding! Ding! Ding!]

PW: Here's your winner, CHRIS STALEY!

["Jesus Christ Pose" thunders back over the speakers as Staley has his hand raised by the ref. More and more people are cheering now.]

GM: Bucky, you have to think the Championship Committee has to be impressed with that quick victory and the reaction he's getting.

BW: Yeah, so he beat some scrub. So what? Let's see him take on somebody with some talent like Nenshou or Dave Cooper, then we'll see just how rusty he is.

GM: Bucky Wilde might not be impressed by that victory, fans, but I have a feeling he'd be in the minority on that one. It was a good win, an impressive win, and you have to think that if Staley keeps piling them up like that, he'll be earning himself- wait... hold on one second, fans... I'm told there's a situation backstage ... in fact, some sort of argument has broken out between two people. Details are sketchy, so let's just go live to the backstage area and see what it's all about.

[Backstage, we see a camera's eye view walking forward at a rapid pace. A corner is turned, and we land right in front of Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines ... and his son, 17-year-old Justin Gaines. We join their conversation, which is already in progress and quite animated.]

JUSTIN GAINES: You're not listening to me!

GUNNAR "GRIZZLY" GAINES: Son, look — I am listening to you. I understand you're frustrated. But the answer is no.

JUSTIN: But —

GUNNAR: No buts. Look. You may think you're ready ... you're not. Period. Now, I've seen you beat every high school kid in the state of Alaska. Hell, you beat most of them in the province of British Columbia, as well. You've pretty much run out of competition — at the HIGH SCHOOL level — but this is the PROS. And you're a 17-year-old kid.

JUSTIN: You came back. You're 43.

GUNNAR: You're damn right I did, but I've been sore all month. And I've got experience. Hell, I'm a former — look. This idea you got? It ain't happening. Period. Now ain't the time, this ain't the place ... and that ain't the guy. Personally, I think he'd tear your head off and serve it to you in a Happy Meal box. I know you're mad, but you don't got to be stupid on top of it. Your career could end before it even gets started.

[Justin looks at Gunnar, making little effort to hide his skepticism about what Gunnar is saying.]

GUNNAR: Now, I'm going to go check on things at the local sports tavern. There's an Arnold Palmer waiting for me, along with coverage of a few playoff baseball games on which I've placed a few wagers. You hang out here if you like. Soak up the atmosphere. Talk to people, but mostly you should shut up and learn. Now, I'm trusting you to do that. And **ONLY** that. Because if you do that one thing you were talking about doing — you and me are going to have a problem. A big problem. And you don't want a problem with Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines, especially when he don't just **KNOW** where you live, he **OWNS** where you live. Got it?

[Justin looks at him, starts to open his mouth with a retort — but the look in Gunnar's eyes persuades him to swallow that retort, and say something different.]

JUSTIN: [with resignation] I got it, Dad.

GUNNAR: Good.

[Gunnar reaches over, and gives his son a pat on the back. He takes in one last look at his son, and smiles. He then walks away down the backstage corridor. The camera stays with Justin as he watches his father disappear. Justin then shakes his head and walks away ... in the opposite direction.]



[Back to Bucky and Gordon at ringside.]

GM: I'm not sure what that was about.

BW: No? Well, I have a pretty good idea. And if it's about what I THINK it's about ... unlike the people in Texas, that punk kid Justin Gaines is even dumber than he looks. He had better listen to his daddy, a man who's been there.

GM: I'd have to agree with that. Fans, we've reached the end of our first hour of action tonight here at Homecoming and it's time for our first Main Event of three that we'll see here in the Crockett Coliseum tonight. Let's go backstage for some final comments from William Craven just moments before he steps into the ring!

[Cut to the back where Jason Dane stands at the ready, microphone in hand.]

JD: Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight we have the rubber match in a war that's raged across the AWA for most of 2012. For the third time the man called Supernova faces off against my guest at this time; "The One Man Revolution" William Craven.

[Stepping in from stage right, the seething green man beast seems to begin mid-thought.]

WC: On the eve of my revelation ... he appeared, former King of the Empire, and the conspiracy of the Dragon began. Reviving a rivalry that stretched across decades ... I struck him down through my proxies. Wreaking the legacy of the Empire upon this land of pretenders, I established my status here, making preparations for the AWA's eventual transformation. Then ... up from the ashes he rose ... unexpected.

JD: Mister Craven ... your match tonight?

WC: Do not \_burden\_ me with the victim they've already hand fed me time and again. Have you not heard? The Mighty Martinez ... is returned.

[Tensing, Dane takes a step back.]

JD: Right, but, uh, your match tonight is with Supernova. I assumed you wanted this time to address ... your opponent?

WC: Of course you did.

[Breathing deep, letting loose with a guttural sigh, Craven shakes his head.]

WC: You wish to know my intent, perhaps, for the Supernova? The plain and simple fact is that I've given up on him. Extending every opportunity to the man, I found myself rebuffed ... every turn, rejected. Imagine, Dane, your generosity extended, time and again, only to be spat upon. I think of

Supernova ... as an angry beggar. Having nothing, he demands of others their worth, their time and through it all he comports himself with no great humility. He feels entitled ... entitled to the spotlight, to the glory and so he asks others for bits and pieces of their own.

[An unseemly grin crossing his scarred, green face shows Craven's sharpened teeth. Exhaling sharply, he sprays a light mist of saliva in a cloud.]

WC: A true samaritan, I looked beyond these tiny bits of charity. Where others might simply extend a single gesture; a match here, the reflected glow glancing off a title belt there ... I showed him the path to true glory. I preached to him the virtues of the Violence ... and was spurned. Tonight he garners no more of my love; my charity. Tonight he will, rather, serve as precautionary tale to those who would incur my wrath...

[Looking down, Craven's eyes squeeze shut.]

WC: Such as a man who, had he any ... \_concept\_ of the fate that awaits him ... would have stayed gone ... \_forever\_!

JD: Mister Craven. Is it safe to assume then that you're referring to Alex Martinez?

[Eyes shooting open as if they were on high-tension springs, Craven bares his teeth again.]

WC: Don't you DARE speak that name in my presence ever again, Dane!

[Grabbing Jason Dane's tie, twisting it once and pulling him in close, Craven quivers with rage.]

JD: I'm sorry! It's just--

WC: NO! No ... you were right. It's simply that the chapter was closed.

[Craven releases Dane's tie and smoothes the lapels of the interviewer's jacket, causing Dane to twitch apprehensively with each contact.]

WC: I had moved on. The Mighty Martinez took his leave of the spotlight so that others could have their own time in the sun and I had my Empire. Instead ... he returns again. Countless accolades undeserved. A litany of theft from those better than he. The Hall of Fame's recognition isn't enough for the Last American Badass--

YES! I said "Badass".

[Dane doesn't dare object.]

WC: How horrible for the milquetoast masses that worship the AWA's watered down form of violence. I'm sure their spines all quiver and their

ears all bleed even now as harsh words assail their souls. Listen well, children, as it's time to toughen up.

Alex Martinez has never gotten the best of me in the few times he failed to avoid meeting me in the squared circle. He sent me flailing from the Rumble in a shocking ambush but that momentary advantage will avail him nothing in the coming months. This time ... when I break him down ... he will remain broken... It. Gets. Worsse...

[Hissing out that final word, Craven stalks off, leaving Dane in his wake, eyes wide as we cut back to the arena and to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[The sounds of Judas Priest's "You Got Another Thing Comin" kicks in over the PA system to a big cheer from the AWA faithful!]

PW: Weighing in at 260 pounds... from Venice Beach, California...

THIS...

IS...

SUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Supernova bursts through the curtain, cupping his hands to his mouth and giving a shout to the fans!]

GM: Oh yeah! The young lion from Venice Beach is PUMPED, Bucky!

BW: Supernova may be in for the worst night of his life but you'd never know it to look at him. That kid's dripping with confidence, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is.

[Standing just beyond the curtain, Supernova soaks up the cheering fans with a big grin. Raising his arm, he taps at his heart before pointing to the roaring crowd...]

GM: And this is one man who knows how good it is to be back home in Dallas for the AWA even if men like my broadcast colleague here disagrees.

[Supernova's blond hair is worn in a crew cut as he stares out through black and yellow facepaint that resembles a flame...

...completely oblivious to the lizard beast charging him from behind, wooden sword in hand!]

GM: LOOK OU-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The wooden sword SMASHES across the back of Supernova, knocking the unsuspecting fan favorite down to his knees on the concrete floor!]

GM: Craven came from behind! Supernova was paying tribute to these fans and-

BW: And look where THAT got him! Face-painted goof!

[With Supernova kneeling on the floor, Craven stands behind him, hooking the wooden sword over Supernova's head and pressing it against his throat...

...where he promptly leans back, choking the air out of his rival!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Supernova with that wooden sword!

[Referee Michael Meekly hustles down the aisle, shouting at Craven.]

GM: The referee's down here trying to get control!

BW: What can HE do?! The match hasn't even started yet, Gordo!

GM: We may be about to see another match thrown out just like we did earlier tonight with Terry Shane III! Craven's not responding to the referee at all! He's out for blood here tonight in Texas!

BW: And when - not if - WHEN he splits Supernova's head open like a melon, you can put that blood right on the hands of Chris Blue and Alex Martinez! They pushed the One Man Revolution over the edge, Gordo!

GM: That's a copout! That's a copout and you know it! Craven's a mentally unhinged individual and it doesn't take anyone to push him anywhere! He'd do this if he was having the best day of his life!

[After much protesting and threatening by the referee, Craven lets go, allowing a gasping and coughing Supernova to slump down onto his chest on the concrete floor. Craven tosses the wooden sword aside as he glares at the referee who is ordering Craven to step away from Supernova.]

GM: The referee's trying to get some room to check on Supernova, to see if he can continue to the ring and start this match.

BW: Craven ain't gonna give him a choice, daddy!

[Leaning down, Craven grabs Supernova by the arm, dragging him off the floor, and slinging him over a shoulder.]

GM: This three hundred and twenty pound monster is carrying Supernova to the ring!

BW: Carrying him like a hunter might carry his kill!

GM: Oh, that's a pleasant image.

[Craven slings Supernova bodily under the ropes, turning to glare at the protesting official again before grabbing the ropes, pulling himself up onto the apron. He leans down, ducking through the ropes...

...when a desperate Supernova lashes up with a kick, striking the bottom of the middle rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sending it RIGHT into the groin of William Craven!]

GM: SUPERNOVA GOES LOW!!

BW: Ring the bell, ref! DQ the man!

GM: The match hasn't even started yet and Supernova did what he had to do there to get himself some time to recover! This lunatic Craven was going to try and end his career... you know he was!

BW: Of course he was! That's what he does! William Craven is a madman!

[Craven staggers into the ring, dropping to his knees as Supernova crawls across the ring, using the ropes to pull himself back to his feet.]

GM: The man from Venice Beach is up, trying to shake the cobwebs. You can see him rubbing his throat, still feeling the effects of being choked with that wooden sword.

[Suddenly, Supernova rushes across the ring, arm extended...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!!!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CRAVEN GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!!

[The crowd is ROARING for Supernova as he pounds on his chest with his fists, giving another shout to the fans. Michael Meekly slides back into the ring and after a couple of quick words with Supernova, he wheels around and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The match is underway! The bell has rung and we're on!

BW: What the- why now?! Why does he ring the bell when CRAVEN is down?! What kind of sketchy stuff is this, Gordo?!

GM: He waited to make sure that Supernova coul-

BW: That's manure and you know it! He waited until Craven was down and in trouble before he started the dang match!

[Supernova paces back and forth by the ropes, looking down occasionally to see where Craven is. The crowd is buzzing as they watch Supernova stalk his prey - usually seeing things the other way around.]

GM: Supernova looks like a man determined here tonight to end this menace of William Craven - the so-called One Man Revolution...

[Craven staggers off the barely-padded floor, grabbing the apron to steady himself...

...when suddenly Supernova breaks into a sprint, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: WHAT'S HE...

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS himself over the ropes, catching Craven solidly across the chest and sending them both down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS IN! THE! ZONE!

[After a few moments, Supernova climbs to his feet with another howl to the AWA fans, pounding his chest in celebration for the big move. He grabs Craven by the arm, dragging him off the floor...]

GM: Supernova's not gonna give Craven time to recover, staying right on top of the beast...

[...and WHIPS him spinefirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE APRON!!

[Grabbing the back of Craven's head, Supernova hammers him with right hands to the skull!]

GM: A little more fire tonight in Supernova, I think, fans. He knows he's gonna need to bring every bit of fire in his belly to the fight if he's going to be able to put Craven down for a three count.

BW: Forget pinning Craven - he should be worried about SURVIVING Craven!

[The referee's count on both men hits seven before Supernova shoves Craven under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up

onto the apron where he ducks back into the ring, moving after Craven with a determination.]

GM: Supernova keeps coming... trying to keep Craven from regrouping...

[Supernova grabs a crawling Craven by the foot, dragging him back to the middle of the ring to the cheers of the crowd...

...and leaps into the air, burying the point of his elbow into the chest of Craven!]

GM: A huuuuge leaping elbowdrop by Supernova!0

[Climbing back to his feet, Supernova stomps Craven's chest repeatedly, keeping the One Man Revolution down on the canvas before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Supernova hits the ropes... coming off...

[The face-painted youngster leaps into the air, hoping to put Craven down with a big splash...]

GM: He leaps!

[But Craven lifts his legs, driving his knees into the ribs of Supernova!]

GM: Ohh! Supernova went for the splash and it cost him!

[Craven promptly rolls to his knees, lunging forward to repeatedly slam hammerfists down into the ribcage of Supernova!]

GM: Look at that! No skill! No technique! Just sheer animal instincts and brute force carrying Craven right now!

[He switches his tactics, repeatedly driving his own head into the ribs as Supernova tries to cover them up with his arms.]

GM: Supernova's trying to protect himself but Craven keeps finding a hole in his defense to do further damage to the ribs he just hurt.

[Climbing to his feet, Craven glares down at Supernova before SMASHING a soccer kick into the ribs!]

GM: Good grief!

[A second one connects... and a third, causing Supernova to roll under the ropes to the safety of the ring apron...

...at least it appeared safe until Craven reaches over the ropes to grab him by an arm, dragging him up to his feet...]

GM: Supernova's out on the apron, trying to get away from Craven's attack but Craven pulls him up...

[Still holding the arm, Craven switches his stance and Irish whips Supernova, sending him towards the ringpost...

...where he SLAMS into the steel chestfirst, attempting to hang onto the post before tumbling to the floor!]

GM: My stars! Supernova hits the post and then hits the floor! A brutal move by Craven to put Supernova down on the floor!

[Craven drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he promptly stomps the exposed ribs of Supernova several times, drawing jeers from the fans for every blow!]

GM: Craven goes right back after the ribs. He senses weakness in those ribs on the part of Supernova and now he wants to go right after it!

BW: Of course he senses weakness. He CAUSED the weakness by getting the knees up on the splash!

[Craven drags Supernova up by the back of the tights, holding him in front of him...

...and then SHOVING him forward, smashing his midsection into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! That'll knock the wind right out of you!

[Craven uncorks a series of hooking blows to the ribs, first to the right side of the ribcage and then to the left as Supernova tries to protect himself.]

GM: Craven continues to hammer away at the torso of the man from Venice Beach, trying to really do some damage out here on the floor as the referee lays a count on both men.

[Hearing the count reach seven, Craven shoves Supernova under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the apron himself. He ducks through the ropes, quickly bouncing off them...]

GM: Craven's off the ropes... ohhh!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's response as Craven leaps slightly into the air, burying both feet into the midsection of Supernova!]

GM: A doublestomp to the ribs of Supernova!

[Craven immediately spins around, attempting a cover.]

GM: Craven gets one! He gets two!



[But that's all as Supernova lifts a shoulder off the mat, causing Craven to quickly take a mount where he slams the point of his elbow down repeatedly between the eyes!]

GM: Craven's hammering away with elbows!

[Switching up his attack, he grabs Supernova by the face and SLAMS the back of his head into the mat... and again... and again...]

GM: Come on, referee! Get this monster off the man!

[The official does get Craven out of the mount, shouting at him as Craven paces around the ring, looking for his next opening as Supernova rolls to all fours, trying to get back to his feet...

...but gets DRILLED with a running soccer kick to the ribs!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Craven's moved into "let's shatter this punk's ribs" mode, Gordo.

GM: He certainly has. William Craven is looking to do lasting damage to Supernova here tonight.

[Craven grabs Supernova by the back of the tights, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Belly to back suplex on the way... he lifts!

[But Supernova does a full backflip, using the lifting momentum to float over and land on a knee on the mat. He pops up behind Craven, hammering him with a trio of forearms to the back of the head before leaping up, grabbing Craven by the back of the head...

...and SMASHING his face into the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: Supernova's trying to battle back! A great counter to the suplex attempt right there and the kid is looking for a way to get back into this thing!

[Supernova pushes back to his feet, cradling his ribs as he waves with the other arm for Craven to rise...]

GM: Supernova's telling Craven to get up! He wants to keep this fight going!

[Craven staggers up off the mat as Supernova moves in on him, gritting his teeth as he ducks down, scooping Craven up...]

GM: He's got him up!

[...and SLAMS the three hundred and twenty pounder down to the mat!]

GM: BIG BODYSLAM BY SUPERNOVA!!

[He gives a howl to the fans before turning towards the corner...]

GM: What the...

BW: This guy is nuts, Gordo!

GM: Supernova's heading for the top rope! The man from Venice Beach is looking to climb to the high risk district right now!

[Winching with every movement, Supernova takes a long time to get out of the ring and take his first step up the ropes...]

GM: He's trying to climb the ropes but he's taking too long, Bucky!

BW: He's taking WAY too long 'cause Craven is already up to a knee!

GM: That bodyslam took something out of Craven but it may not have taken enough, fans, because he's starting to stir and that means Supernova is in big trouble if you ask me!

[Pushing to his feet, Craven looks up to find Supernova with one foot on the middle rope and one on the top. He surges forward, blasting Supernova with a right hand to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Craven caught him!

[A couple more hard shots to the skull connect, leaving a trapped Supernova struggling to keep his balance on the ropes.]

GM: Craven's trying to knock him down, pull him down, do whatever he can to avoid whatever Supernova had in mind when he started climbing those ropes!

[Reaching up with both hands, Craven pulls Supernova's head down enough to smash him with a headbutt!]

GM: Ohh! He rocked him right there!

[A hard pull from that same position tugs Supernova down where Craven hurls him back into the buckles.]

GM: Supernova got lucky there, fans. That could've been a lot, lot worse for him!

[Craven squares up, crouching to throw forearm shots at the exposed ribs. He straightens up, throwing knees into the ribs as well before grabbing an arm, firing Supernova across the ring...]

GM: Craven sends him from corner to corner... here he comes!

[Craven lifts the leg, DRIVING it into the ribs of Supernova!]

GM: Ohh! Running front kick to the ribcage!

[Supernova is gasping for air as Craven grabs the arm, firing him across a second time...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Craven charges across, raising the leg...

...while Supernova leans back into the buckles, raising his own legs...]

GM: OHHH! CRAVEN RUNS RIGHT INTO THE BOOT OF SUPERNOVA!!

[Craven staggers backwards as Supernova hops up to the midbuckle, leaping off as Craven attempts to duck...

...and drags the One Man Revolution down to the mat in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!!!

[The referee dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But Craven's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas, breaking the pin count!]

GM: Whooooa! That was close, fans! That was incredibly close to a victory for Supernova here in this final encounter between he and William Craven!

[Supernova tries to scramble to his feet, hoping to get there before Craven does but the One Man Revolution is there first...

...and gets caught with a right hand in the gut by a rising Supernova!]

GM: Ohh! Supernova goes downstairs! He's fighting back!

[A barrage of right hands sends Craven back into the ropes where Supernova sends him across the ring with a whip...]

GM: Supernova shoots him in...

[...and sends him SAILING through the air, crashing down to the mat!]

GM: BIG! BACK! BODYDROP BY SUPERNOVA!!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring now as Supernova pumps a fist.]

GM: The fans can sense that momentum may be switching sides now. Things may be turning to the favor of Supernova as Craven goes crashing down to the mat with that backdrop.

BW: You should never count out William Craven, Gordo. It could be the biggest mistake of Supernova's life if he thinks Craven is done for right now.

[Pulling Craven to his feet, a pair of knife edge chops land across the chest, sending Craven falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Supernova grabs the arm, big whip...

[Craven hits the corner as Supernova backs up, giving another howl before charging across the ring...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!!

[...and getting Craven's disgusting hand shoved into his mouth!]

GM: MANDIBLE CLAW!! MANDIBLE CLAW!! CRAVEN HOOKS IT OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: This is how he beat him in the World Title Tournament, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was! And now it's up to Supernova to get out of this before Craven knocks him out with it!

[Supernova grabs at the wrist...

...and then bites down before Craven can get the hold fully applied!]

BW: HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING THE FINGERS!!

[Screaming in pain, Craven rips his hand out of Supernova's mouth, wincing as he turns around to cradle his fingers. Supernova tries to seize the moment, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[He attempts a German suplex but is forced to release it, coming away grabbing at the ribs.]

GM: He couldn't do it! He wanted the suplex but he couldn't do it!

BW: The ribs are too banged up, Gordo!

[Supernova instead opts for a running dropkick to the back of Craven, sending him tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Supernova knocks him to the floor again... and he's going after him!

[Out on the floor, Supernova pulls Craven to his feet and SMASHES his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh!

[Supernova drags Craven away from the apron, whipping him the length of the ring into the steel barricade at ringside!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL!!

[Supernova looks out at the cheering crowd with a nod, quickly backing away from Craven until there's an entire length of the ring and then some between them...]

GM: Is he gonna- he is! He's gonna go for the Heat Wave on the floor!

[Breaking into a full sprint, Supernova charges towards Craven who is slung over the barricade...

...and LEAPS into the air!]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAV-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! CRAVEN GOT OUT OF THE WAY IN TIME!!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern for Supernova as he gets hung out to dry over the ringside barricade, breathing heavily.]

GM: Craven threw himself to the side and Supernova slammed his ribs into that steel guardrail! He may be seriously hurt after that!

BW: His ribs were ALREADY hurting, Gordo. Just imagine how he feels right now.

GM: I can't imagine it. But what I can imagine is that this night may be just about over for Supernova. After hitting the barricade with that much force, this might be all over for the young man from Venice Beach.

[Craven drags him off the railing, chucking him under the ropes into the ring. The One Man Revolution rolls back in as well, taking a knee on the canvas where he crawls into a pin attempt.]

GM: Craven's got him down for one! For two! For thre-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: I can't believe it, fans! Supernova kicked out JUST in time!

BW: There's a lot of fight in this kid but he's just being dumb now. He should call it a night and live to fight another day!

GM: Supernova's too proud for that! He's got too much guts and determination to have that happen!

[An angry Craven glares at the referee who holds up two fingers. Craven shakes his head before rolling out to the floor, lifting up the ring apron...]

GM: Now what in the world is this maniac doi- oh no.

[The crowd begins to buzz as Craven lifts a steel chair over his head.]

GM: Craven's got a chair!

BW: This ain't legal but he don't care! The One Man Revolution is gonna finish off Supernova once and for all! He's gonna-

GM: He's getting into the ring with the chair! The referee stepped right in front of him! What guts from Michael Meekly to step right in there and-

[An angry Craven grabs him by the shirt, shoving him aside. Meekly looks on in terror as Craven approaches Supernova, watching as the face-painted young lion pushes up to his knees...

...and then unfolds the chair, sitting down in front of him.]

GM: What the...

BW: You got me, Gordo. Craven's not playing with a full deck - we know that. Heck, he may not have ANY cards at all and just think he's got some.

[Supernova continues to struggle, battling up to his feet with one arm clutching his ribs as Craven gets up...

...and then points at the chair, turning his back on Supernova and dropping to his knees!]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: We certainly have! Craven's trying to get Supernova to use the chair on him just like he tried to get Travis Lynch to do it at Blood, Sweat, and Tears!

BW: Lynch was too big of an idiot to do it and it cost him the match! Let's see if Supernova learned from his mistake!

[Supernova leans over, grabbing the chair before the official can remove it. He folds it up, grabbing a leg in his free hand...]

GM: Supernova's got the chair! He's got the chair!

BW: Come on, you goof! Waffle 'im with it! He'd do it to you!

GM: That's the point though, Bucky! Supernova's not like William Craven! Travis Lynch isn't like William Craven! Craven keeps trying to turn these men to his way of thinking but he can't do it! He's a One Man Revolution and there's no one backing his fight! Even Chris Blue, the man he thought would be most on his side, turned him away! Craven is a man alone!

[Supernova has the chair in both hands now, looking around at the fans - some of which are admittedly imploring him to bash Craven's brains in with it but the majority of which are trying to get him to do the right thing and put the chair aside.]

GM: Supernova's at a crossroads here! What will he do?!

[Supernova raises the chair over his head, looking down at Craven's mangled skull...]

GM: No! Don't do it, kid! You're better than this! You're better than him!

[...and suddenly throws the chair aside, yanking Craven off the mat and drilling him with a right hand to the jaw to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: What a moron!

[Supernova lands punch after punch, battering Craven back into the buckles. He grabs an arm, firing Craven across the ring...]

GM: Craven hits the corner!

[Supernova throws himself back into the buckles, giving one more howl before breaking into a sprint...]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAAVE!

[But at the last moment, Craven picks up the discarded chair, holding it front of himself...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which causes the flying body of Supernova to SMASH the chair between them!]

GM: HEAT WAVE CONNECTS!!

BW: But the chair! Who did the chair hurt?!

[The chair falls to the mat, the referee not quite able to see what happened as Supernova staggers backwards, partially stunned from hitting the steel. Craven stumbles forward, dazed from the impact of the steel smashing into his face, collapsing to the mat...]

...and then Supernova falls on top of him!]

GM: COVER! COVER! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS as the referee raises a hurting Supernova’s arm. He winces, grabbing at his ribs as he pushes up to his feet, celebrating his victory.]

PW: Here is your winner...

SUUUUPERRRRNOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The cheers intensify for Supernova as he raises both arms for a moment before again reaching down to grab at his ribs. He leans back against the buckles, watching as a dazed Craven rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Supernova scores a big victory here tonight at Homecoming! These fans are on their feet paying tribute to the man from Venice Beach and after coming so close to winning the Rumble, this has GOT to feel good for Supernova, Bucky.

BW: It does. He’s had a rough 2012 after almost winning the National Title last year at SuperClash III but as we head towards SuperClash IV, you have to wonder if this will put momentum on his side heading into the biggest night of the year.

GM: You got that right.

[The camera cuts to the floor where William Craven is down on his back, staring up at the lights.]

GM: And if William Craven was hot under the collar tonight, what’s he going to be like in two weeks’ time? Chris Blue, Alex Martinez, and now Supernova have all put a chink in the armor of the One Man Revolution over the past month... and now he’s gotta come out here in two weeks and APOLOGIZE to Chris Blue for assaulting him on Labor Day weekend.

BW: Not bloody likely as my old Brit friends would say.

GM: It’s an order from the front office so I don’t see how he can NOT do it, Bucky. But we’ll find out in two weeks’ time on The Body Shop. Right now, let’s go back to the locker room area where I understand we have some pre-recorded comments from the challenger in tonight’s Longhorn Heritage Title match - the Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant!

[We crossfade to footage marked “EARLIER TODAY.” The footage is very obviously in the locker room area, where Mark Stegglet is standing by, looking slightly confused.]



MS: I'm not...entirely sure why I'm here, guys. I got a phone call, saying to be here at this particular time, but --

[A now-familiar voice rings out from off-camera.]

DB: Well, well, well...it's a Stegglet.

[Bryant walks into the shot, wearing his fancy robe, an irritating smirk, and carrying a duffel bag. The bag doesn't look terribly heavy.]

MS: Oh...it was you.

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: Yes, Mark, it was me. I wanted to say a few words before I get what's coming to me tonight at Homecoming, and since the Stegglet I really want to mock is too big for his britches and doesn't conduct interviews these days, I went with the lesser Stegglet instead.

[Mark bristles briefly, which brings a big ol' grin to the face of the Doctor of Love.]

DB: Now, now, Mark, I kid. When I win my full-time deal, and the Longhorn Heritage title to boot, maybe I'll even make you my full-time, exclusive interviewer.

MS: You really think you're going to beat Glenn Hudson tonight, considering what you've done to this guy? He's gotta be frothing at the mouth to take a shot at you!

[Bryant stops laughing.]

DB: See, Mark, this is why I wanted you, you've got the guts to ask those kinds of questions. You've got the guts to ask me what makes me think I have any shot at victory...thankfully, I've got the guts to give you a straight answer, Mark. Listen closely, because this might be the most honest thing that ever, ever comes out of my mouth...

[Bryant pauses for dramatic effect.]

DB: ...I will win this match, I will win my contract and I will win the Longhorn Heritage championship because I am in Glenn Hudson's head, Mark. Now, that's a common answer, usually one people give because they know they can't win a real fight. Anyone who's looked at myself and Hudson knows that physically, we're an even match -- so even that the winner's going to be determined by one of two things. One of those things is luck, and after what went down with Tucker and the Second Chance Rumble, you'll forgive me if I didn't want to trust luck to come out ahead in this. So, instead I went with the second option -- the psychological advantage.

[Bryant shakes the bag, and the sounds of metal clinking against metal is clearly audible.]

DB: You heard that, right, Mark?

MS: Is that...?

DB: Oh, yes. It's what's \_left\_ of the Longhorn Heritage title. I used that belt to get into Hudson's head. I took Hudson's precious symbol of Longhorn heritage, the last trophy of a dead wrestling outfit, and I destroyed it! It was the best chance I had to get back into the AWA once I got knocked out of that Second Chance Rumble. For me, it might've been a Last Chance Rumble, but I saw a way out. I knew I had to make a hell of a splash, and what better way to do that than plain old, garden variety larceny?

[Bryant laughs, but Stegglet looks skeptical.]

DB: Oh, you don't believe me, Mark? What happened to this place after Langseth made off with the National title belt, hm?

MS: Well, it was chaos.

DB: Exactly. It was probably the most chaotic situation a wrestling organization can ever experience, the theft of a championship belt. That belt wasn't just a title, Mark, it represented the heritage of the AWA, all the great champions before it and the greatness of the man who held it then. The same was true of the Longhorn Heritage title, Mark, with one exception -- the AWA can keep making history, it can keep growing, evolving, it can get past the loss of the National title...the Longhorn Wrestling Council, however, is long dead and buried, and the guy that ran it fell off the face of the earth years ago. That place is never coming back, it can never write more history and it can never overcome the loss of the last piece of it anybody gives a damn about.

[The smirk returns.]

DB: That's why I'm so far into his head, Mark, and if you want proof of that just take a look at the Rumble! Glenn Hudson was getting close to the end, close to a shot at the AWA World Title. He could've won that thing, Mark. He could easily have been the first challenger to the new champion, but he threw it away, all for a moldy leather strap.

[Bryant shakes his head, chuckling.]

DB: I own Glenn Hudson, body and soul, Mark! He'll do anything, give up anything, go THROUGH anything to get his hands on the Doctor of Love, and that's how I have this match tonight. So, in closing, Mark, I just want to tell Glenn Hudson one thing...

[Bryant pulls the mic in closer, and eyeballs the camera for moment before uttering two words.]

DB: Thank you.

[Bryant starts to laugh and, giving Mark Stegglet a very light shove on his way, leaves the picture as we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to the locker room area, where the rotund former Manager of the Year (someplace), "The Robfathah" Rob Christie himself, is standing with Mark Stegglet. Stegglet glances over at the Robfathah, who gestures for him to get on with it.]

MS: I'm standing back here with Rob Christie, who requested this time for...um, some reason. Mr. Christie, you don't currently manage anybody here in the AWA, but you've been a presence backstage since before the tournament began. What, exactly, are you doing here?

RC: Well, Mark, you're...sort of right. For awhile, I did not manage a client here in the AWA. My earlier agreement with Dave Bryant expired some time ago, BEFORE he decided to steal AWA property, might I add, and I found myself a bit rudderless, just sort of wandering around backstage, figuring eventually Watkins or Michaelson would get tired enough of seeing me to have me escorted out, but they didn't seem to really care. Then, a month or so ago, a thought came to me -- I needed a new client.

[The Robfathah is beaming like this is the most unique and original thought ever, but Stegglet looks slightly skeptical.]

MS: Not to be rude, Rob, but you haven't managed anybody consistently for a long time now, so you haven't enjoyed any consistent success for at least as long. What makes you think you can just walk back into management and make any kind of impact?

[Christie looks at Stegglet, slightly incredulous.]

RC: Well, aren't you the little investigative reporter! That is, however, a good question. What DOES make me think I can just walk back into the AWA and turn an entire division on its ear?

[Christie grins.]

RC: Maybe in two more weeks, Mark, you, and the rest of the AWA, will get an answer.

[Christie walks off, laughing out loud, while Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Well, there you have it, folks...whatever the Robfathah has planned, we'll all bear witness in two weeks! Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

[We crossfade back to live action at ringside where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde sit with mics in hand.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Ladies and gentlemen, coming down to the broadcast area, Bucky and I are being joined by a gentleman that has drawn some...not entirely positive attention with his claims of bias...

BW: Sour grapes and belly-aching is what it is, daddy!

GM: As Bucky said...here is "Showtime" Rick Marley.

[The camera pans over to where Marley sits, wearing his wrestling gear and a black t shirt with "It's Showtime!" scrawled across the front. The dark haired cruiserweight nods to both men as the crowd offers a mixed reaction.]

RM: Good to be here, Gordon...Bucky.

BW: Speak for yourself, crybaby.

[Marley looks flatly at Bucky as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Rick, a lot of people: the competitors in the back...the fans in attendance...even the front office felt that what you had to say during the tournament was a bit out of character for you...that your accusations were unfounded, unfair, and even a bit self serving...

[Bucky interrupts.]

BW: Gordo's always been too nice for his own good. Let's cut it down to brass tacks, Ricky. The people that Gordo's talking about - they... nah, WE - felt like you were somebody that hadn't managed to make a name for himself trying to elevate his game by busting out some serious revisionist history is what we felt.

[Marley glares a hole through Bucky.]

BW: And on top of that, we felt that you... Ricky, you left here when it got too tough for you and only came back after you made a name for yourself somewhere else!

[Bucky's not done yet.]

BW: Then you come back here, get a huge reaction from the fans, who are all happy to see you...and you promptly do...

Nothing.

[A grin crosses Bucky's face.]

BW: That's exactly what you did, Ricky. Nothing. You coast through a few months and do nothing to justify your inclusion in the World Title Tournament, then right when you start facing tougher competition, you offer up a thousand and one excuses on why it is that you haven't won anything here.

You make me and all of these people here tonight sick, do you know that?

[Marley looks impassively at Bucky, then nods.]

RM: Are we finished with that part?

BW: For now.

[Marley nods.]

RM: Everything you just said is accurate, Bucky. You're 100% right.

[Bucky blinks in surprise.]

BW: Come again?

RM: I was here when AWA was founded...I had some tough matches against Adrian Freeman and The Russians, standing with Tin Can Rust and Soup Bone...but personal issues made me bow out. I walked away to deal with those family issues and I gave up my spot here...then, before I came back, I spent time elsewhere, just like you said.

I came back and things had changed...including my spot in the locker room. I've been in this business for too long for me to pretend I shouldn't have known it would happen...everybody knows what the score is: You come back, you start from scratch.

I lost sight of that, so now I've got work to do.

Work for me...work for AWA, and work for the fans.

BW: You expect us to believe this crock from you after what you've--

RM: Believe what you want, Bucky. You of all people probably understand how frustrated a guy can get when you see someone getting accolades that you feel belong to you.

[Marley looked meaningfully at Gordon Myers before turning back to Bucky.]

RM: Makes a guy say things...well...things he shouldn't have said.

GM: And your frustration with Juan Vasquez?

[Marley's face darkens a bit, then he shakes his head.]

RM: Vasquez did what he had to do. End of story.

BW: So you don't--

RM: End. Of. Story.

At this point I know I've got work to do...and it's not gonna get done talking out here.

James Monosso's the AWA World Champ...he deserves it. He's a hell of a competitor.

But some time soon, I'll be in that ring with my shot at the gold...and you can take that to the bank.

[Marley nods to both announcers before making his way back down the aisle to more cheers than he entered to.]

GM: Rick Marley seems to have... well, he seems to have changed his tune a bit.

BW: He got slapped across the face with a Buckthorn Wilde Reality Check that sent him back to his proper place in the pecking order, daddy!

GM: I don't know about all that but... perhaps Rick Marley deserves a second chance... with all of us.

BW: You think what you want, Gordo. I know the REAL Ricky Marley.

GM: I see. Fans, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Oklahoma City... Kevin Knight!

[A fairly scrawny older competitor with a speckling of gray hair raises an arm to little reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening guitar of "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead blares over the loudspeakers.]

#A revolution never come with a warning.#  
#A revolution never send you an omen.#

PW: Weighing in at 255 pounds... from Los Angeles, California...

RYYYYAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRTIIIIINEZ!

#A revolution just arrived like the morning#  
#Ring the alarm, we come to wake up the snoring#

[As the music continues, Ryan Martinez steps out into the aisle. Tall and muscular, the young Martinez runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair. He wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. His handsome face is set in determination as he makes his way through the crowd, too focused on the task at hand to be aware of the hands that reach out for him. As he steps through the ropes, Knight rushes him.]

GM: Kevin Knight with a sneak attack before the bell, hammering Martinez with right hands against the ropes. He switches to knees now...

[The bell sounds in the background as Mickey Meekly orders Knight to back off.]

GM: Knight's all over him, trying to soften the young man up...

[Grabbing an arm, Knight looks to shoot him across...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Martinez!

[And as Knight bounces back, Martinez lifts him up across his broad shoulders and DRIVES him down to the mat!]

GM: SAMOAN DROP!!

BW: Whew. That'll knock the wind right out of you.

GM: It certainly will.

[Martinez is right back to his feet, dragging Knight to his as well. A pair of right hands connect, staggering the veteran until Martinez uncorks a discus punch that knocks him flat!]

GM: Martinez puts him down on the mat again. This kid packs a lot of wallop in his punches, fans, as Kevin Knight would testify to right now.

[Knight wobbles back to his feet where Martinez shoves him back into the corner. Squaring up, Martinez BLASTS him across the chest with a trio of knife-edge chops until the official makes him back off...

...where he rushes back in, landing a big clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! That'll keep Knight in a daze!

[As he staggers out, Knight ends up getting pushed up onto the shoulders of Martinez again. He walks out of the corner with him draped up there...

...and then shoves him up and down to the side with a thunderous slam!]

GM: Big fireman's carry slam by Martinez... and he says it's over!

BW: Already?!

GM: Ryan Martinez is wasting no time here tonight. He's not getting paid by the hour, fans!

[Martinez pulls Knight into a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

GM: If he hits this, it's over!

[Hoisting Knight into the air, Martinez holds him high and tall, standing for all to see...

...and then brings him CRASHING down on top of his skull!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER!



[Martinez rolls over, applying a press.]

GM: And that's an easy one... two... and three for the young man fighting out of Los Angeles, fans!

[Martinez climbs to his feet, a big grin on his face as he raises his arms in victory.]

GM: A nice win here tonight for Ryan Martinez who certainly could be one the hot young stars here in the AWA if he continues on the path that he's currently-

[The opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" rings out. Eyes divert to the entrance aisle ... but no one appears there.]

GM: That's the entrance music of one Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines! And that could only mean one thing — Gunnar's on his way out here!

BW: I don't see him. Fact, I don't see anyone. I thought he went to the tavern?

[Ryan Martinez, with a pretty distinct idea of what's coming, waits in the ring confidently.]

GM: Let's take you back to Blood, Sweat and Tears, night one, where Gunnar Gaines came OH SO CLOSE to defeating the eventual tournament winner, and first-ever AWA World Champion, James Monosso. But it was not to be.

BW: Yeah, and Ryan Martinez was a major reason why.

[The footage shows for the viewers at home, as Myers is about to describe.]

GM: I disagree. Ryan was there to watch Gunnar's back. He didn't mean to crack Gunnar in the head with that cane belonging to one Percy Childes. He was trying to stop it. That cane ended up hitting Gunnar in the head, with Ryan's hands on it, but it was strictly an accident on Ryan's part.

BW: "Strictly an accident." I have my doubts.

[The entrance aisle remains empty, until out comes a figure — one with more height but a lot less bulk and muscle than Gunnar Gaines.]

GM: It's not Gunnar — It's Justin! Justin Gaines is on his way out here!

BW: Yeah, and daddy's nowhere to be found. The old goof went to the tavern, and left his hot-headed kid backstage to come out here and get himself killed.

GM: Justin may feel he has legitimate beef with Ryan Martinez. That cane shot might have been an accident, but what happened after that most certainly was not. Justin Gaines got in the face of Ryan Martinez, and Ryan knocked young Justin flat on his rear.

[In quick order, Justin slides into the ring and the music fades. Justin starts looking around for a microphone while Ryan Martinez looks on with bemusement. Finding none, he leans over the top rope and barks in the general direction of the timekeeper's table.]

BW: Now he wants a microphone? He ain't even under contract!

GM: Yes, but he does have a manager's license, remember? He does have a right to be here, after all. I'd forgotten that.

BW: Yeah, I bet Gunnar forgot, too. This just gets better and better.

[The agitated 17-year-old is handed a cordless microphone ... then turns to Ryan Martinez, who hasn't moved or changed his bemused expression the entire time.]

JG: Ryan Martinez. How dare you. My dad, Gunnar Gaines, is one of the greatest wrestlers this sport has ever seen. Now, regardless of the circumstances of it, my dad was BEATING James Monosso — the man who became the champ — and you cost my Dad the match. You made him lose. And he lost because you couldn't handle yourself at ringside. In a way, you cost him the World Title. Something he wanted and something he did his best to earn.

[Ryan shakes his head, looking away to the fans in a “Can you believe this?” glance.]

JG: You look at me when I'm talking.

[Martinez looks less amused now as he looks back at a stern-faced Justin Gaines.]

JG: Now I understand it was an accident, what happened to my dad. I saw that later in the footage. But accidents aside, you then went and you put your hands on me and you knocked me to the floor. You could have owned up to what you did. Instead you took it out on me. And I have a big problem with that. That's not what real men do.

[Justin paces back and forth a bit.]

JG: That's why I started wondering, Ryan Martinez — are you a real man?

[The crowd “ohhhhs” on that one as Martinez’ face flashes with amusement again.]

GM: Ryan Martinez seems... not so impressed... with the words of the seventeen-year old kid out here.

BW: Martinez is a respectful kid himself. But when you’ve got someone out here barking at you like this... well, it’s hard to take him seriously.

[Justin angrily continues.]

JG: There's only one way to find out, and that's if you prove it to me by stepping in the ring ... not with my Dad again, because he already beat your tail...

...but with ME.

[The crowd is shocked, some laughter coming from the fans. Ryan Martinez has an incredulous look on his face. He starts to laugh and shakes his head.]

GM: I think that's a no, fans. Ryan Martinez is walking away and-

[An angrier Justin Gaines grabs him on the shoulder, swinging him around violently. Ryan Martinez' amusement seems to be fading to be replaced by rising anger. He slaps Gaines' hand away, lifting a hand to point a finger right in the face of the younger man.]

GM: Easy now, gentlemen. Let's not lose our cool out here. Don't do anything you'd regret, Ryan.

[Justin Gaines is HOT under the collar now, jabbing a finger into the chest of Ryan Martinez.]

JG: You answer my challenge, boy!

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

JG: In fact, you answer it NOW — because my Dad ain't here to save you from Justin Gaines kicking your ass!

Now answer me.

[The crowd murmurs, as if not believing what they just heard. Justin stares straight into the eyes of Ryan Martinez and then, not blinking, shoves the microphone into his chest.]

RM: Look, I...

[Ryan pauses, perhaps rethinking his words.]

RM: Let's not do this out here, kid. Let's go talk about this in the back and maybe we can settle this without anyone doing something they-

[Gaines shouts something off-mic at Martinez that seems to earn more of his ire.]

RM: I'm trying to do the right thing here, kid, but you're making it tough. You know - and I know - that your dad doesn't want you wrestling yet - heck, you're not even legally ALLOWED to wrestle yet in a lot of states. I know you want to be just like your dad... I get that.

[Martinez lets that hang for a minute.]

RM: But just like I wasn't ready when I told my dad I wanted to wrestle... you're not ready now.

[Ryan then hands the microphone back to Justin, who grasps it with two hands. Ryan pats Justin on the shoulder — and then, once, on the head. He turns to walk away — ]

[---BOOOM!---]

GM: Oh my God! Justin Gaines just clocked Ryan Martinez with the microphone! From behind! And you could hear that to the back row!

BW: That could cost young Justin 200 weeks of his allowance. Those mics ain't cheap!

GM: Justin isn't done! He's a flurry of rights and lefts!

BW: Maybe I underestimated this kid.

[The barrage of punches has Martinez falling towards the corner under the sheer amount of them - not because there's any impact or execution behind them really. An angry Martinez spins around...

...and CRACKS Justin Gaines with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: OHH!

[Gaines goes falling back to the mat, reaching up to grab his chin. Martinez angrily steps towards him, shouting at him off-mic...]

GM: Martinez just told him it didn't have to be like this! He told him that he was trying to walk away from this situation!

[Martinez shakes his head, waving off Gaines who is down on the mat still. Ryan turns to walk away again...

...when Gaines shoves himself to his knees...]

GM: What's he-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT MARTINEZ DOWN SOUTH!!

BW: Haha! You gotta admire the kid's spunk, Gordo!

GM: I suppose but that was a blatant low blow!

[Gaines grabs Martinez' legs in a double leg takedown, showing off his amateur wrestling skills as he takes an MMA-style mount, pummeling Martinez as hard and as often as he can with hammerfists!]

GM: He's all over Martinez! Justin Gaines caught him with the low blow and now he's taking advantage of it!

[An angry Martinez again shoves Gaines off of him, trying to get up off the mat as Gaines rushes him...

...and spins around, CRACKING Gaines in the cheek with a spinning backfist!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Good lord!

GM: What a shot that was! You could hear that one back in the locker room, I'm sure!

BW: Ryan Martinez just struck a minor full force in the face! He could serve time for that, I think!

GM: He was just trying to defend himself! Justin Gaines has gone too far! He's crossed the line here tonight at Homecoming and- uh oh!

[The crowd buzzes as a furious-looking Martinez pulls Gaines into a front facelock, slinging his limp arm over his neck...]

GM: He's looking for the brainbuster! He can't do this, fans! He should NOT do this! I know that Justin Gaines has gone too far! I know he's done things that he shouldn't have done here tonight but... he can't do this and deep down, Ryan Martinez KNOWS he can't do this!

[Martinez seems to be having second thoughts, looking around at the fans as he holds Gaines in the set-up position...]

BW: It was nice knowing you, kid. See you in the vegetable ward!

[A figure slides into the ring and stands.]

GM: GUNNAR GAINES!

[Ryan Martinez steps back, allowing Justin to slump down to the mat where he promptly rolls for his life out of the ring, leaving Ryan and Gunnar standing face to face.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines didn't go to the tavern after all! And it looks like he has a few words!

[Gunnar, already having picked up the discarded mic, taps it to make sure it's still functional ... which it is.]

GG: Look Ryan. You know my son. You know he's a little hothead, and you know he's not ready for this business yet, BUT, you also know he's got a bright future, once he's ready.

[Ryan doesn't respond.]

GG: So why then are you getting ready to drop a brainbuster on him and maybe break his neck? I don't know whether to be more angry with — YOU for nearly killing him, or HIM for not listening to my warnings that this was EXACTLY what would happen.

[Ryan, still breathing heavily, has no words.]

GG: Look, I KNOW you didn't mean to cost me that match against James Monosso. I wasn't mad about that. I WAS mad when you pushed my boy down. Was it payback when I threw you out at the BST Battle Royal? Maybe, but that's all part of the rules of the game. Every man for himself. There ain't nothing unfair or unsportsmanlike about that. It's a Battle Freakin' Royal.

Still, I can understand if you'd be a little steamed about it. We were working kind of sort of as partners. And that's why, DESPITE what you just did to my son, and what you ALMOST did to him, and DESPITE what you cost me — I'm willing to do something for you.

And that's give you a match against a Gaines.

[Gunnar points to his son outside the ring.]

GG: Not him, of course. ME. The question is, are you up for it?

[Gunnar hands the microphone to Ryan.]

RM: One thing my dad taught me early on... if you get a chance to climb into the ring with a Hall of Famer...

You take it.

[Gaines grins that familiar Grizzly Grin.]

GG: Good. And just to assure no funny stuff, you know who ain't gonna be at ringside? That one right there.

[He points to Justin, who's still on the outside, looking up into the ring.]

GG: You and me, mano a mano. I'll see you at the next Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Gaines drops the mic, walking out of the ring where he grabs his young son and angrily pulls him up the aisle, leaving Ryan Martinez alone in the ring.]

GM: A near disastrous situation was avoided there by Gunnar Gaines and now we've got a match set in two weeks where Gaines and Ryan Martinez will collide in a rematch from the World Title Tournament. That should be a good one, fans. Now let's go backstage to Jason Dane, who I understand is about to interview our National Tag Team Champions. Jason?

[Cut to Jason Dane standing backstage alone. He nods.]

JD: That's right. At least, that's what I've been told. Yet I haven't heard anything-

[Jason is cut off by an all too familiar voice. Surprise, surprise, it's Cousin Bo, who walks in alone.]

CB: Yeah, alright, cool your jets, Dane. We do this interview on MY time. I'm here, so let's get down to business. Fire away, and we'll see if you have anything intelligent to ask.

[Jason sighs, then looks around.]

JD: Well, I think the obvious question would be...

[Jason shrugs.]

JD: Where in the world are The Bishop Boys?

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: Don't worry. They'll be coming around shortly.

JD: Um, okay. What about Blood, Sweat, and Tears?

[Bo laughs.]

CB: Wasn't that something? We told Violence Unlimited how things were going to go, and by God, we did it.

JD: It was an impressive match, but you did use a chair! How can you be happy with that result?

CB: Did the referee see it? No, so it wasn't cheating. Violence Unlimited lost, thus they go to the back of the line, just like I said they would.

[Jason just shakes his head in disbelief.]

JD: Alright, but one more question about that match before we move on.

CB: Shoot.

JD: What about that devastating looking move you used to win the match?

[Bo smiles.]

CB: Ah, you liked that, huh? That would be The Razorback Special. A brand-spanking new finisher for times when the Elixir just isn't going to get the job done. Something to keep the other teams guessing. And you know what makes me proud of that?

JD: What's that?

CB: That move was entirely Duane Henry's idea. I'm telling you, that kid's a diamond in the rough. Everybody fears Cletus Lee, and they should, but now they have to worry about Duane Henry's ability to soak up videos like a sponge. And the best part? He isn't done yet. He's always thinking of something devastating. Our future challengers now have to worry extra about us.

[Jason snaps his fingers.]

JD: I'm glad you brought that up.

CB: Huh?

JD: Your future challengers.

[Bo looks to the sky.]

CB: Oh, not this again.

JD: Yes, "this" again.

[Just as Jason brings this up, The Bishop Boys make their way into the interview area, both still holding their respective titles. And it looks like Cletus Lee is drinking some sort of whiskey? That's odd. Needless to say, neither looks happy about their next title defense.]

JD: You've known full well for a long time that your next opponents would be Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan tonight.

CB: And I still say they don't deserve a damn title match. Who have they beaten? They want a fight? Hey, we're glad to give it to them. But the titles should not be up for grabs in this match. These two are not a regular tag team. If I were The Rave or The Hive, I'd be angry about being ignored right about now. If we're talking about singles wrestling, look at how well Jerby Jezz did in the tournament. Still don't understand what the boy's talking about half the time, or what the heck kind of name he has, but that doesn't matter. It's a fact that kid did better than Donovan in the tournament.

[Cletus Lee spits a bit of whiskey in the background.]



CB: Look at how many hoops we had to jump through the first time we won these titles. We fought tooth and nail every single time out. And, by God, we earned these belts.

JD: Yes, but look at how you got the belts this time around. Messing around with people's schedules? Taking matches you were never scheduled for? That's not how you earn things around here.

CB: HEY! Who asked for your opinion on what we've earned?! The FACTS are this.

[Bo holds up two fingers.]

CB: Number one: The Lynches, or The Stenches as my good pal Bucky would call them, weren't good enough to take us out when they had the opportunity. And as a result? We ensured James is still sitting on the sidelines.

[Bo lowers a finger.]

CB: Number two: If Donovan had just done his damn job in the tournament, we would've been rid of that old goat Cooper. But no, he kept messing around, and it was up to us to ensure Cooper was in no shape to go much further. At least WE ended up fulfilling our duties.

JD: Sir, you have a very warped view on reality.

[Bo shrugs.]

CB: At least you called me "sir".

[Bo clears his throat.]

CB: So, Donovan, Lynch, you're getting the shot of a lifetime tonight. I suggest you make it a good one. The fight of your life. Because I really want to go ahead and brag some more about being the cornerstones of the tag team division. I want to brag about being the best tag team in AWA history. But what I really want to brag about?

[Bo lifts two fingers again.]

CB: Is being the mastermind behind the end of two more vaunted careers. This is the one and ONLY time you get such undeserving shots.

[Bo chuckles and walks away. Duane Henry holds his title up to the camera and nods. Cletus Lee shoves him aside, takes a big swig from his bottle, and spits a whiskey mist right into the camera.]

Cameraman: ACK!

[Now we can't see anything. But we still hear the voice of Jason Dane.]

JD: Ugh. Great. I really hope that's coming out of their paycheck.

[Cut back to ringside.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and it is for the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[Big cheer!]

GM: Twenty minutes? The usual ten minute time limit for the Longhorn Heritage Title defenses has obviously been doubled by the Championship Committee to allow this grudge match a little more time to work their way to a finish.

BW: That's actually a good thing for Dave Bryant if you ask me. I was worried if he'd be able to get a win in ten minutes to get the title and earn his contract. But twenty minutes? That's more like it, daddy!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first, he is the challenger...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to boo accordingly. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the vitriol being rained down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is...

DAAAAAAAAAAVE...

BRYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAANNNNT!

[The boos get louder as the Las Vegas native makes his way, laughing, down the aisle. He pauses occasionally as a particularly loud fan yells at him, delivering his trademark smirk before moving on down the aisle, pausing on the apron where he turns towards the aisle and raising his arms in victory, taunting the crowd.]

GM: He looks very confident as he hits the ring, Bucky.

BW: He'd better be. Dave Bryant's been in countless big matches in his career but this may be one of the biggest ever for him, Gordo. If he loses tonight, he may very well be forced to hang 'em up.

[Bryant then steps through the ropes into the ring, walking to the very center and turning around slowly, arms extended, again mocking the crowd.]

Bryant grins and then walks over to a corner, untying and removing his robe, handing it carefully to a ringside attendant whom Bryant berates briefly, pointing at them and then the robe, then straightening up and turning to lean against the corner, facing the ring.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A loud, resonating GONG! catches your attention. You have little time to anticipate what may follow, as "Kong Foo Sing" by Aussie band Regurgitator begins to blast from the PA system and through the arena. The crowd pop as Glenn Hudson strolls out at the top of the rampway, nodding with a satisfied expression on his face as he surveys the scene awaiting him. He raises a fist in the air for a few seconds, drawing another cheer from the crowd.]

PW: From Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 229 pounds... he is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

GLENNNNNNN HUUUUDSONNNNNN!

[Hudson comes rushing down the aisle, wasting no time as he approaches the ring. Dave Bryant, realizing that he cannot flee from a man he must defeat in order to earn a contract, moves out onto the ramp to meet him as the referee signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The crowd is roaring from the outset as champion and challenger trade haymakers from their spot on the entrance ramp!]

GM: They're tearing into one another already and we're just seconds into this thing!

[Hudson's brawling days in South Laredo quickly give him an edge as he gets Bryant reeling from the haymakers, switching his stance and snapping off a series of quick left jabs to the jaw!]

GM: Hudson's got Bryant in trouble!

[And a big swinging right hand to the jaw knocks Bryant down to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: The AWA's Senior Official Johnny Jagger is keeping an eye on the action and you'd have to believe he may allow things to get a little bit more out of control in this one than he usually would.

BW: He's got lots of practice in that thanks to that big bully Jim Watkins.

[Hudson leans down, hauling Bryant off the elevated wooden ramp by two hands full of hair...

...which allows Bryant to slip a hand in, digging into the eyes of the champion!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by the Doctor of Love!

[Bryant quickly hooks a front facelock, looking to spike Hudson's head into the wooden ramp with a DDT...

...but Hudson just as quickly straightens up, sending Bryant sailing over the ropes where he crashes down to the mat with a backdrop!]

GM: Hudson counters whatever the heck Bryant was looking for out on the ramp, putting the challenger into the ring...

[Wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, Hudson heads towards the corner where he starts to climb the ropes...]

GM: The Longhorn Heritage Champion is heading for the top rope, fans!

[Bryant is quickly up though, moving to the corner where he cracks Hudson with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant caught him!

[Bryant throws a second right hand, causing Hudson to sit down on the top turnbuckle as Bryant begins to climb...]

GM: We're just moments into this match and these two men are already fighting up on the top! There's no feeling out process in this one as these two men have been waging war for months without getting a chance to tear at one another inside the squared circle!

BW: Bryant knows he has no time to just sit back and let things come to him. He needs to take the fight to Hudson early and often because remember, if he does not win the Longhorn Heritage Title here tonight, he's out of the AWA before he even really got a chance to step into it!

[Bryant lands a couple of short right hands before hooking Hudson in a front facelock, slinging the champion's arm over his neck...]

GM: Bryant's setting for a superplex! We are literally just over a minute and change into this matchup and the Doctor of Love is looking to put away Glenn Hudson right here and now!

BW: He's got him hooked! He's gonna end this thing right now!

[But Hudson's having none of that, throwing short right hands of his own, battering the ribcage of the Doctor of Love.]

GM: Hudson's fighting back! He's trying to get-

[The blows cause Bryant to drop back down to the mat. Hudson quickly hooks a front facelock of his own...]

BW: Hudson's calling for the tornado DDT! Remember, he uses a variation of this for his signature move - No Hard Feelings!

[Hudson kicks off from the corner, twisting Bryant around...

...where the Doctor of Love sets him down on his feet, breaking out of the front facelock and CREAMING Hudson with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand! Bryant countered the DDT and scores with the right hand!

[With Hudson reeling away from him, Bryant pulls him down into a schoolboy rollup...]

GM: Cradle gets one! It gets two!

[Hudson kicks out at two, both men quickly trying to scramble to their feet off the mat.]

GM: Bryant went for the win early. He knows that he needs to try to win this thing as often as he can, Bucky. He can not afford to wait until he feels Hudson is softened up!

[Back on his feet, Hudson throws a wild and sloppy right-armed lariat at Bryant who ducks under it, hooking another schoolboy rollup to pull Hudson's shoulders down to the canvas!]

GM: Bryant pulls him down! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Hudson again gets a shoulder off the mat to the cheers of the crowd! Both men immediately race to get to their feet once again...]

GM: These two men - both veteran of our great sport - are moving so fast here in the early moments of this one. Both trying to get to their feet to get offense in on the other one!

[This time, it's Bryant who throws a big right hand that Hudson avoids, burying a boot into the gut of the Doctor of Love. He hooks a front facelock, slowly turning Bryant over...

...and SNAPS off a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! What a neckbreaker!

[Hudson quickly rolls over, applying a cover of his own.]

GM: This time it's Hudson with the cover for one... two...

[But Bryant kicks out at two, avoiding the pin. He's a little slow to recover after the neckbreaker though, allowing Hudson to grab a handful of hair and hammer him with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Hudson's all over him! He's beating the tar out of Dave Bryant down on the canvas!

[Bryant gets away, rolling under the ropes to the ring apron. He quickly gets to his feet out there as Hudson does the same inside the ring...]

GM: Both men up - one in the ring, one out of it...

[Hudson grabs Bryant by the hair, drilling him with a pair of right hands before tugging him into a front facelock.]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd begins to buzz with recognition as Hudson drags Bryant over the ropes, his feet draped up on the top...]

GM: He's setting up for Tex Violence's Modified DDT! Hudson's showing a little bit of Longhorn spirit here tonight!

[...but Bryant, having the move scouted, wiggles his way free, throwing a right hand into the gut of Hudson. He grabs a handful of trunks on Hudson...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and CHUCKS him through the ropes, sending him crashing down to the floor in a heap!]

GM: OHHHH! Dave Bryant tosses him out like a pile of garbage!

BW: Bryant can't waste any time, Gordo. He needs to get out there, do some damage, and get Hudson back in before he gets counted out. Remember, he can't win the title on a countout and the stipulation was that he had to walk out of Dallas as the Longhorn Heritage Champion to earn himself a contract!

[Bryant steps out on the apron, measuring Hudson as he tries to get back to his feet, and then leaps off, burying an elbow into the back of Hudson's head!]

GM: Ohh! Nice elbow off the apron by Bryant! That'll ring the bell of the champion!

[Bryant quickly pulls Hudson up by the arm, dragging him over towards the timekeeper's table...]

GM: Look out here...

[Still holding the arm, Bryant SLAMS it down on the wooden table!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief! The forearm and elbow just SMASHED into a solid wood table!

[Hudson staggers back, clutching his arm as Bryant pursues, grabbing him by the trunks from behind. He turns towards the ringside railing, gets a running start...

...and HURLS Hudson over the railing into the front row of fans at ringside!]

GM: OHHH! Keep your eyes open if you're seated at ringside tonight! These two are all over the place in the early moments of this one!

[Bryant smirks as he approaches the railing, fans shouting abuse at him as he looks at Hudson who is down on the concrete floor at ringside.]

BW: Bryant needs to be careful, Gordo. That count is getting higher and higher.

[Realizing that, Bryant grabs a handful of Hudson's hair, dragging him over the railing...

...and quickly tossing him back under the apron into the ring, breaking the official's count at seven.]

GM: Bryant pulls himself up on the apron and now he's the one climbing the ropes, fans!

[Bryant gets to the second rope, leaning over as he tries to get up top...

...when Hudson gets up, charges the corner, leaps up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: GLENNZUGIRI!

GM: The kick to the back of the head catches the challenger FLUSH!

[Bryant staggers and then falls crotchfirst on the top turnbuckle to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh!

[With Bryant hurting, Hudson quickly grabs the ropes, grabbing Bryant with two hands full of hair, staring him dead in the eye...]

"WELCOME TO HELL!"

[Longtime fans of wrestling in the South Laredo area ROAR at that proclamation - a sure sign that Bishop's Cathedral DDT off the top rope is about to follow!]

GM: Bryant's in trouble! If Hudson hits a DDT off the top rope, this might be over right now!

[Bryant knows that as well as Gordon does, immediately throwing right hands to the skull of Hudson as the champion tries to hook a front facelock on him.]

GM: The challenger's trying to battle his way out of it! He knows that-

[A hard forearm under the chin sends Hudson back down, landing on his feet on the canvas as Bryant gets up, trying to strike again...

...but Hudson runs up the ropes, wrapping his arms around Bryant's torso as he tucks his head under the Doctor of Love's armpit!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Hudson straightens up, taking Bryant up into the air...

...and DRIVING him into the canvas with a Northern Lights superplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HE CRUSHED HIM WITH THAT!!

BW: You talked about Hudson being filled with Longhorn spirit, Gordo. That was the Northern Lights Aurora Superplex - a move made famous by a wrestler known as "Wildchild" Ryan Decker. Decker was one of the early superstars in the LWC and I think Hudson just gave a little nod in his direction.

[The impact of the big superplex sent Bryant bouncing across the canvas, landing on his chest near the corner where he promptly tries to crawl from the ring as Hudson sits up, looking out to the cheering fans with a nod.]

GM: Hudson hits the big superplex but he wasn't able to take advantage of it and Dave Bryant's trying to get out of the ring to recover, fans!

[Shaking his head, Hudson gets up, grabbing Bryant by the leg and dragging him back to the middle of the ring. He grabs Bryant by the legs, flipping over into a double leg cradle...]

GM: Hudson hooks him for one! For two!



[The crowd roars with surprise as Bryant muscles up off the mat, bridging up to his feet. He turns Hudson over, reaching back to hook him under the arms...]

GM: Bryant's looking for a backslide here!

[The Doctor of Love is trying to muscle Hudson over when Hudson suddenly allows it, flipping back...

...where his feet hit the middle rope, springing back out into a sunset flip that takes Bryant down to the mat!]

GM: WHOA!!

[The official dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Bryant just NARROWLY gets a shoulder off the mat this time, barely avoiding the pinfall that would have ended his title dreams and his chances of becoming a full-time member of the American Wrestling Alliance roster.]

GM: He almost got him there! An incredibly athletic counter to the backslide attempt by Dave Bryant and Glenn Hudson almost won it right there, fans!

[Catching a rising Bryant with a spinning back kick to the gut, Hudson drags him to the nearest corner. He throws up his right hand in a Texas Longhorns signal to a big cheer from the crowd...

...and then charges out of the corner, DRIVING Bryant's face into the canvas with a bulldog headlock!]

GM: BULLDOG!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Hudson flips Bryant onto his back in the center of the ring, leaning across into a lateral press.]

GM: Hudson makes a cover! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The shoulder comes flying off the mat in time to break the pin, the crowd buzzing with disappointment as Hudson pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together in a bit of frustration.]

GM: I think Hudson thought the bulldog was enough to finish him off, fans, but Dave Bryant is resilient! He knows what's at stake here! And if he loses here tonight, he may never get another shot in a major promotion after what he's pulled to try and get into the AWA!

BW: Bryant's seen the underbelly of professional wrestling - working in Boys And Girls Clubs and Jewish Community Centers for scumbag promoters who may vanish before they have to pay you at the end of the night. Working in filthy blood-stained rings that'll give you a disease if you hit them wrong.

Working in dangerous, hostile crowds where there's not enough security to keep 'em back. He doesn't want to go back there, I promise you that.

[Hudson climbs to his feet, dragging Bryant up with him by the hair. He grabs an arm, firing Bryant off to the ropes while he hits the ropes behind him...]

GM: Both men comin' off the ropes...

[Hudson leaves his feet, dropping Bryant with a flying back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Hudson drops him again!

[And again makes another cover, again earning only a two count before Bryant gets a shoulder up!]

GM: These two are going at it hard and we're just under the ten minute mark in this one. A little bit before the halfway point in the time limit. They've got plenty of time left to finish one another off and to make sure they walk out of Homecoming as the Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[Hudson climbs to his feet again, throwing Bryant into the nearest set of buckles. He backs down, all the way to the opposite corner...]

GM: Hudson's setting for that running dropkick in the corner... here he comes!

[But again, Bryant has the move well-scouted and dives to the side, causing Hudson to miss his target before crashing hard down to the canvas!]

GM: Hudson comes up empty on the dropkick!

[Bryant drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor where he pulls Hudson's upper body out under the ropes...

...and SMASHES his elbow down onto the throat of the champion!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes right after him! He got the counter and he immediately goes to work.

[Two more elbows to the throat leave Hudson gasping for breath as Bryant sneers at the counting official. He pushes Hudson's upper body up so that he's sitting facefirst against the ropes...

...and then SNAPS him back down so that the back of his neck is JAMMED into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief! Innovative and painful offense being offered up by the Doctor of Love as he tries to battle back into this match and find a way onto the AWA roster as the new Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[With the count up to five, Bryant pulls himself up onto the ring apron. He gives a few words to Johnny Jagger while measuring Hudson...

...and drops a big leg down across the throat!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Bryant rolls back in, dragging Hudson away from the ropes and into a lateral press.]

GM: The challenger's got him down for one! He's got two! He's got-

[But Hudson fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Two count only!

[An angry Bryant grabs Hudson by the hair, hammering him with short right hands to the eyebrow...

...where a small trickle of blood starts to form.]

GM: Uh oh! Dave Bryant has busted open the Longhorn Heritage Champion!

BW: It's just a small trickle right now but soon, it'll be pouring from his eyebrow DIRECTLY into the eye and Gordo, do you know how painful that is?!

GM: I certainly do not but I can imagine it's pretty bad.

BW: Plus, you can't see a thing without wiping blood out of your eye!

[Bryant smirks at the jeering crowd as he gets back to his feet, striding to the nearest corner where he pushes up onto the middle rope, holding his right hand high...

...and leaps off, burying his fist between the eyes of Hudson!]

GM: FISTDROP!

[Bryant pops up, waving his right hand back and forth in pain from the impact before settling into another cover.]

GM: Bryant covers for one! Two! And Hudson's out before three!

BW: Bryant keeps swinging his hand around. He might have broken a knuckle or two on that fistdrop, Gordo.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're at the halfway point in the time limit for this one as Bryant again goes after that cut, hammering it with right hands and he's really got

Hudson bleeding a gusher now. The crimson mask is forming on the face of the Longhorn Heritage Champion.

BW: And if we're really embodying that Longhorn spirit, there ain't nothin' more LWC than bleeding a gusher.

GM: You got that right.

[Bryant climbs to his feet, dragging Hudson up with him. He hooks a front facelock, walking over towards the ropes near the elevated ramp...]

GM: What's Bryant got in mind here?!

[Lifting the champion up, Bryant goes to slingshot suplex him...

...but overshoots his target, setting Hudson down on his feet on the ramp where the champion cracks him with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Hudson caught him with a haymaker!

[Bryant staggers back towards the ropes where Hudson grabs him under the armpit...

...and ELEVATES him over the ropes, sending him bouncing off the wooden ramp with a hiptoss!]

GM: OHHHH! BIG HIPTOSS BY THE CHAMPION!!

[The crowd is roaring for Hudson as he leans against the ropes, waving for Bryant to get back to his feet...]

GM: Hudson wants him up! He wants this fight to keep going until he's got Bryant beaten!

[A wobbly Doctor of Love manages to shove back to a knee... then to his feet as Hudson rushes him...]

GM: LARIA-

[Bryant ducks under the Lariat attempt, reaching blindly back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And he DROPS the Longhorn Heritage Champion with a neckbreaker of his own! Good grief!

BW: Right on the wooden ramp! That'll jolt your spine!

[Bryant pushes back to his knees, looking towards the ring where the referee's count has hit six. He climbs to his feet, dragging Hudson up with him...

...and launches him back over the ropes into the ring where he falls hard to the mat.]

GM: The champ's back in and the challenger's right behind him!

[Bryant immediately sets his feet, slapping his right leg once as he measures the dazed Hudson...]

GM: Bryant's trying to set for Call Me In The Morning! He's looking to hit that devastating superkick that has served him so well over his years in this business!

[Hudson starts to stir as Bryant unleashes a "COME ON!"]

GM: Bryant wants this bad! If he hits this, it might be over, Bucky!

BW: I think if he hits it - it's lights out for the champion!

[Hudson pushes up his feet, facing away from Bryant as the crowd buzzes with warning for the Longhorn Heritage Champion who slowly turns around towards his waiting challenger...]

GM: SUPERKIC-

[Hudson drops down to a knee, narrowly avoiding what could have been a match-ending blow.]

GM: Hudson ducks the kick!

[Popping back to his feet, he yanks back the right arm and lets it fly as Bryant turns to face him...]

GM: LARIA-

[But Bryant is ready too, ducking under the lariat attempt yet again!]

GM: Bryant ducks the Lariat!

[Hudson buries a boot in the gut of Bryant, hooking a front facelock while grabbing a handful of tights with the off hand...]

GM: He's got him hooked for-

BW: Not that!

[Hudson lifts Bryant off the canvas, horizontal at his peak...

...and DRIVES his skull into the canvas!]

GM: CATTLEBUSTER!! CATTLEBUSTER!!

[Hudson flips Bryant to his back, diving across to hook a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! BRYANT GOT A SHOULDER UP!! MY STARS!!!

[The crowd is absolutely buzzing as a shocked Hudson rolls off, sitting on the canvas next to a barely-moving Bryant. Hudson runs a hand over his blood-soaked forehead, looking around at the crowd as if pondering what else he can do to the Doctor of Love to put him away.]

GM: Hudson can't believe it! He thought he had him there!

BW: Can you blame him? How many matches have we seen a Cattle Buster DDT win over the years?! Whether it was Hardin, Thunder, Casey James, Bobby Taylor - whoever it was using it, it's claimed COUNTLESS victims over the years, Gordo! I'm surprised that Hudson didn't get the win as well!

[Bryant rolls out to the floor while Hudson tries to understand what just happened. The Longhorn Heritage Champion climbs to his feet, looking at the official who holds up two fingers again as Hudson shakes his head, pushing past Johnny Jagger to step through the ropes out onto the apron. He drops down to the floor, pulling Bryant up to his feet by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING HE GOES!!

[Hudson grabs Bryant, turning him around and pressing his throat down against the barricade! He gives the railing a few tugs, pulling it closer to the ring before turning back to look at the squared circle.]

GM: He's choking the challenger on the railing!

[With Bryant's head and neck draped over the barricade, Hudson spins away, pulling himself back up on the ring apron...]

GM: What's he trying for here?

BW: If you knew your LWC history, you'd know EXACTLY what he's trying for here! This is how Tex Violence won the Silver City title from Alex Wallace

back in 1998! He's gonna drop a leg on 'im off the apron and FINISH Dave Bryant!

[Hudson starts to run...

...but Bryant pushes off the apron, staggering away...]

GM: No! Bryant got away from the railing and-

[And Hudson runs again, leaping off with a flying clothesline reminiscent of Tex Violence's Diamondback on the Doctor of Love!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Bryant's down! Hudson wiped him out with that clothesline!

[A fired up Hudson grabs Bryant, dragging him up and chucking him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Hudson puts Bryant back in... and Hudson's heading up top!

[The Longhorn Heritage Champion steps to the second rope, turning his back as he steps up top...]

GM: Oh my stars! Glenn Hudson's gonna fly!

[The champ throws himself backwards into the air, floating through the sky...

...and CRASHING down across the chest of Bryant!]

BW: MOONSAULT OFF THE TOP!! THAT MIGHT DO IT!!

[Hudson clutches his ribs in pain before applying a cover, reaching for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise as Bryant slips a shoulder up!]

GM: NO! NO! BRYANT GETS A SHOULDER UP!!

[A bloodied Hudson pushes up to his knees, burying that crimson-covered face in his hands.]

GM: Hudson can't believe it! Glenn Hudson thought he had this won!

[Bryant again rolls away, trying to get out of the ring as Hudson pushes up to his feet, still looking shocked at Bryant's kickout. The cameraman swings around the ring to find the Doctor of Love, dazed and confused, seated on the ring apron as he reaches into the front of his trunks.]

GM: Wait a second! What the heck is Bryant doing here?!

[Hudson approaches from the blind side, pulling Bryant up by the hair, tugging him back into the ring...]

...where Bryant slaps his hand away with his left hand, taking a wild swing with the right hand!]

BW: Hudson ducks the right hand!

GM: I think he's got something in his right hand!

BW: I don't know what you're talking about, Gordo.

[With Bryant off-balance, Hudson scoops him up onto his shoulders, swinging around with him draped there...]

GM: Hudson's got him up!

[Hudson pauses with a shout of "BLIND! VALLEY! DRIVER!" to a big cheer from the crowd...]

GM: Hudson's looking for the signature move of Bad Eye McBaine!

[Hudson walks out to the center of the ring, ready to drive Bryant's skull into the canvas...]

...but the Doctor of Love slips out, landing on his feet behind Hudson...]

GM: NO!

[...and CRACKS Hudson on the jaw with his right hand, sending Hudson sailing backwards where he hits the ropes, stumbling off.]

GM: He's out on his feet after being hit with whatever's in his hand!

[Bryant quickly sets, turning his back and shoving the contents of his right hand back into his trunks...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!!

[Hudson collapses to the canvas after being hit with the devastating superkick, sprawling on the mat as Bryant lunges across his chest, reaching back to hook both legs!]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

GM: Unbelievable!

[Bryant instantly pushes up to his knees, shoving both arms into the air in triumph!]



GM: Dave Bryant has done it! By hook or by crook - with a loaded right hand and a devastating superkick - Dave Bryant has just won the Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[Bryant drops to his back, rolling out to the ramp. He promptly uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, throwing his arms in the air again as the crowd jeers from all around.]

GM: Dave Bryant has struck gold here in the AWA!

[The camera cuts back to Glenn Hudson, showing him lying flat on his back in the middle of the ring with the referee kneeling next to him.]

BW: Bryant knocked him out cold, Gordo! Out COLD!

GM: With that loaded right hand!

BW: You have proof of that?!

GM: I saw him digging into his trunks for something! I saw him use his right hand to knock Hudson out and then shove something back into his trunks! It couldn't have been more obvious, Bucky!

BW: Apparently it could have, Gordo, 'cause I didn't see it and all I know is that the Doctor of Love is the new champion! That means that the AWA HAS to give him a contract now, daddy!

GM: It certainly does. Glenn Hudson still hasn't moved an inch but when he gets up, you better believe he's gonna be looking for Dave Bryant. This isn't over, Bucky - not by a long shot.

[Bryant backpedals down the aisle, a big grin on his face as he looks at the jeering fans...

...and 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 the ring where we get a nice, casual panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd.

Suddenly, the loudspeakers in the Crockett Coliseum jump to life with the opening guitar riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" as the crowd leaps to its feet to voice its displeasure.]

GM: Here comes trouble.

BW: You talk about a Homecoming, daddy! This is it!

[The curtain swings open and from it emerges the former AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of blue jeans and a pale yellow, tight-fitting t-shirt. His long blond hair cascades down past his shoulders, framing a stoic face. He soaks in the jeers from the crowd without response before marching down the aisle and into the ring; holding his hand out for a microphone from Phil Watson. He paces around the ring for a few moments while the boos die down before finally beginning.]

CD: Nice to see you, too.

[And the boos kick right back up; eliciting a smirk from the former National Champion.]

CD: There's two questions that I know are on everyone's mind, so I might as well just get them out of the way now. First, "Calisto, where have you been since Westwego?"

[Storm clouds brew on Dufresne's brow at the mere mention of that night.]

CD: I think the term that best describes it is simple: "smoldering". It doesn't really matter where I've been for the past six months. It doesn't really matter what really happened on that night in Westwego. All that matters is that it did happen. And everything I did, everything I worked for to bring the AWA into the light went up in smoke that night.

[Dufresne's jaw clenches a bit as he seems to force himself not to say more.]

CD: Not that Dallas is exactly known for its cadre of historians and scholars, but the Westwego Incident, as it has become known as, reminds me of the Shot Heard Round the World in 1951 between the Dodgers and Giants. 34,000 people attended that game – not even close to a sellout – yet after the game was over, you couldn't go three feet without running into someone who would swear that they were there and saw Bobby Thomson hit that famous home run.

A home run before which he stole signs to hit.

[A humorless smirk passes across Dufresne's face.]

CD: Despite all the misinformation that has been bandied about surrounding that night, I will only correct one thing:

Rumors of my demise have been greatly exaggerated.

[Dufresne begins to pace around the ring yet again.]

CD: Which brings me to the second question everyone wants the answer to: "Why would you attack Juan Vasquez?"

That answer is much more simple: Survival of the fittest.

[The crowd boos once again as the Ladykiller shrugs.]

CD: Juan, you can say whatever you want about just needing to get your hands around Percy Childes in order to finally exorcise the demons of WrestleRock, but you and I both know that's not true. Sure, Percy was the mastermind behind the entire plan. Sure, Marcus Broussard, Ebola Zaire, Pedro Perez and all those others made sure that you got what was coming to you.

But there was only one man that made sure you stayed in that hospital bed for weeks on end. There was only one man that took your title and became the longest reigning National Champion in the history of this company.

[Dufresne jerks a thumb at his chest.]

CD: And that man was Calisto Dufresne.

[The boos intensify yet again.]

CD: I knew there was no way you were going to stop there. You stuck a fork – literally – in Ebola Zaire. You went into some backwoods Hellhole to go find the Moonshiners. And those were bit players in the grand game that was WrestleRock. And you expected me to believe that your revenge was going to stop with Percy Childes?

[A snort of derision from the former champion.]

CD: I'm young, Juan, but I sure as Hell wasn't born yesterday. This little game you and I have been playing for the past two plus years? It eventually had to come to a head.

And the spoils that go to the winner have changed, too. At first, you wanted the National Title from around Stevie's waist. And then I wanted it off of yours. And then you wanted it back.

But all that's gone now. There's only one thing left to play for...

...Blood.

And as they say, the best defense is a good offense. I got you before you got me. Twice. But I know that what happened at Blood, Sweat and Tears isn't going to stop you. If WrestleRock didn't stop you, that certainly won't. But running you into Percy's arms... making you beholden to someone else... having to do the dirty work instead of being the golden child of the AWA... well, that just might drive you crazy.

And that gives me all the advantage I need.

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: I'll see you soon, Juan.

[On that note, "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in and Dufresne climbs out of the ring and heads back up the aisle as boos follow him the entire way.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne has set his sights on Juan Vasquez!

BW: And from what we heard at Blood, Sweat, And Tears - we know Vasquez feels the same way. He wants Dufresne and he's willing to do whatever Percy Childs asks of him to make that happen!

GM: That's a whole other story, Bucky. Fans, earlier tonight, we saw Sultan Azam Sharif shock the wrestling world when he proclaimed that he was going to cash in his Steal The Spotlight contract and DEMAND a match with Mark Langseth! This led to a confrontation with his manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite, who was hoping to use the same contract to secure a World Title match for Sharif here tonight.

BW: And then that ungrateful piece of trash Sharif FIRED Adrian Bathwaite! Can you believe that?

GM: At long last, it happened and I couldn't be happier for Sharif!

BW: There's a serious lack of loyalty going 'round these parts lately - first with Monosso, now with Sharif. It's shameful.

GM: But the question remains - will that match that Sharif wants happen? The rules behind Steal The Spotlight make it quite clear that the holder of that contract can request ANY match they want and if it's in the power of the AWA, they MUST oblige. We've got Mark Stegglet standing by with Jon Stegglet to get a ruling. Mark?

[We crossfade to the back where Mark Stegglet looks a little nervous to be standing next to his Uncle who... you know... co-owns the company.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. With me now, fans, is Jon Stegglet, a co-owner of the AWA.

[Could've sworn I just heard that somewhere.]

JS: And your Uncle.

MS: I was hoping not to mention that. You know... journalistic credibility and all.

JS: Gotcha. Well... do your job.

[Mark Stegglet straightens up.]

MS: Mr. Stegglet, earlier tonight, we saw a shocking interaction between Sultan Azam Sharif and Count Adrian Bathwaite... something that resulted in a split between the two of them. But perhaps more noteworthy was the news that Sharif has used Steal The Spotlight to challenge Mark Langseth - a suspended Mark Langseth to a match. You said the Championship Committee was meeting to discuss this situation. Have they made a ruling?

JS: They have.

MS: And?

JS: Mark Langseth's suspension will be LIFTED!

[You can hear the shocked reaction from inside the building.]

MS: Whoa!

JS: You can say that again. Look, it's not a popular decision around the front office or the locker room... but Sharif won that contract. He has the right to choose any match he wants... and if we have the power to make it, he deserves that chance.

He picked his match. We're living up to our end of the deal.

[Mark Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: Are you saying-

JS: I'm saying that Mark Langseth's suspension is lifted so that he can have his match with Sharif on a date of Sharif's choosing. His suspension is lifted ON that date only - not before...

[Jon lets that hang for a moment.]

MS: And after?

[Jon rubs his chin.]

JS: We'll see about that.

[And with that, Jon turns to walk away, leaving Mark behind as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Parts Unknown at a combined weight of 520 pounds...

THE EXECUTIONERS!

[Two men clad in black from head to toe, including masks, bellow at the fans to some jeering.]

PW: Introducing now, Skywalker Jones' personal announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A huge chorus of boos greet Buford P. Higgins, as he's introduced to the crowd. The ring announcer takes it with a smile, as he speaks into his gold microphone.]

BPH: You're witnessin' history tonight, playas', 'cause right now, we have the formation of the greatest tag team in professional wrestling that's yet to be! And I ain't talkin' about Bobby Donovan and the third most popular Lynch brother...NUH UH!

Rise up on your feet, playas' and pay homage to THEE most devastating combination since teenage judgment and alcohol! The strongest man in ALLLL of professional wrestling and the one TRUE human highlight of this sport! I'm talkin' about...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLEEESSSS HAMMONDS!

And...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOOONNNN  
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the men that emerge from behind the curtain. Dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chisled, bare torso is Skywalker Jones, seated atop the shoulders of the massive Hercules Hammonds. From his seat, high atop the world, Jones "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Hammonds reaches the ringside area, where Jones hops off his shoulders and onto the ring apron, where he proceeds to slingshot into the ring with a somersault, landing cleanly onto his feet. He holds out his arms to a roar of boos from the crowd, as Hammonds steps through the ropes and just stands there, looking menacing.]

GM: This is certainly a unique addition to the tag team ranks, as I had no idea Jones and Hammonds had any interest in the National tag team titles. Last we saw, Jones was solely focused on becoming the world champion and Hammonds, well...he suffered an arm injury at the hands of Supreme Wright.

BW: With the constant changes going on in the tag team division, a man like Skywalker Jones knows that those titles are for the taking at any moment. Yeah, The Bishops might have a stranglehold on the belts right now, but can you deny just how much potential a team like Hammonds and Jones has?

GM: That much, I certainly can't. Jones is one of the most amazing athletes I've ever seen inside a wrestling ring and Hammonds...well, he's just a monster.

[Before the bell even rings to start the match, though...something seems to catch Jones' attention, as he quickly exits the ring and berates a member of the audience.]

GM: Wait a minute, it appears that there's a disturbance in the crowd...wait! That's November!

[Indeed it is, as the camera catches a close-up view of the high-flying superstar seated in the crowd. Jones reads him the riot act, daring November to jump the guardrail and fight him.]

GM: Jones and November have had a growing rivalry in recent weeks, as both as engaged in a game of one-upmanship. They even eliminated each other from the Rumble. And as we can see, November's presence at ringside is already proving to be quite a distraction to Jones.

BW: November only THINKS it's a game of one-upmanship. Do you actually think he's even equaling or surpassing what Jones is bringing to the table? Come on, now!

GM: I'm sure there's many people out there who'd argue November is every bit the high-flyer Skywalker Jones is...possibly even his better.

BW: And they'd be wrong!

[As Hammonds has his attention turned to the argument going on outside the ring, The Executioners attack him from behind!]

GM: And look at this! The Executioners saw their opening and they're attacking Hercules Hammonds!

[The Executioners repeatedly rain down clubbing forearms across the back of Hammonds, but they stop their assault, when the massive Mississippi native stands to his full height and glares at them with an unamused look on his face.]

BW: Try a different strategy guys...hitting him is only making him angrier!

[Undeterred, The Executioners each boot Hammonds in the gut and then whip him into the ropes. They attempt a double clothesline, but Hammonds runs right through it, hitting the far ropes and then taking both masked men down with a double flying clothesline!]

GM: What power from Hammonds!

[Meanwhile, Skywalker Jones has made it back to the ring apron, but he merely sits on the edge, screaming insults at November...]

"You ain't nothing! You're just a has-been, never-was, boy!"

GM: Jones really should pay more attention to the match.

BW: Hammonds has this thing under control, Gordo. Jones needs to keep an eye on November. Who knows...he just might jump the rail and attack Jones from behind!

GM: I seriously doubt that.

[Hammonds waits for Executioner #2 to rise to his feet, before hitting a thrust kick into his chest that sends the masked man sprawling across the ring and out of it!]

GM: What a kick!

BW: See? He's got it all under control.



[Meanwhile, Jones has called Buford P. Higgins over, asking for his cell phone. He apparently takes a picture of November in the crowd and begins typing away...]

GM: What's Jones doing?

BW: It appears he's tweeting, Myers...say, what's a "jiggadolt?"

GM: Put your phone away and pay attention to the action in the ring, Bucky!

[Hammonds pulls Executioner #1 up to his feet and applies a cobra clutch. He ragdolls his opponent for a few seconds, before straightening up and lifting Executioner #1 high up into the air...]

"OHHHH!"

GM and BW: OHHH!

[...and dropping him right across his knee!]

GM: What a backbreaker variation from Hercules Hammonds!

BW: That sort of move can break a man in half! And Supreme Wright actually made this guy submit!? What do they feed the boys down in the Combat Corner? Gamma radiation?

[Hearing the reaction from the crowd, Jones turns his attention back to the ring, where he sees Hammonds in firm control...]

"HEY! TAG ME IN! TAG ME IN!"

[Big time boos!]

GM: Oh give me a break! Skywalker Jones doesn't even bother to pay attention to the match at all; basically spent all his time distracted by November...but NOW he wants in!?

[Hammonds shrugs and tags in Jones, who holds out his hands like he's trying to frame a picture. As Executioner #1 slowly rises to his feet, he turns...]

"SMMMMAAACCKKK!!!"

[...and right into Skywalker Jones' patented superkick!]

BW: That's all she wrote, Gordo! No one gets up from that!

[However, Jones seems to have other ideas, as he cups his hands together and yells...]

"DROP THE WORLD!!!"

[Hammonds proceeds to pull Executioner #1 up into a standing headscissors. He lifts the masked man into the air and pauses at the peak of the lift, holding #1 there for a second, before Jones runs up and grabs #1 from behind and drives both of his knees into #1's back, as they bring him down with the powerbomb!]

GM: We've seen this before! This was the move that they used to eliminate Jeff Jagger at SuperClash last year!

BW: A powerbomb and a Lungblower all at once. It's hard enough to survive one of those moves, but no way anyone can take both of them at the same time!

[Jones plants a foot on Executioner #1's chest as the referee counts the easy one, two, three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Your winners, like anyone ever really thought it'd be any different...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLEEESSSS HAMMONDS!

And...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOONNNN  
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[Big time boos! As they exit the ring, Skywalker Jones once again returns his attention to November, shouting and taunting him.]

GM: This has always been Skywalker Jones' problem. All the talent in the world, but absolutely no focus or control over his ego. Why can't he just leave November alone?

[November tries to be the bigger man, ignoring Jones and dismissively waves his hand at him. Annoyed, Jones proceeds to grab a drink from a nearby fan...and splashes it on November!]

GM: OHHHH! Skywalker Jones just threw that drink in November's face!

[Jones cackles wildly, but that smile on his face is soon wiped away, as November dives over the railing and tackles him to the ground!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT GOING ON RIGHT HERE AT RINGSIDE!

BW: I told you! I told you November was just waiting for the right moment to attack Jones!

GM: Jones threw a drink on him! He deliberately provoked him!

BW: Huh? I must've missed it!

[Before November can actually do any real damage to him, Jones is saved by Hercules Hammonds, who knocks him flat with a forearm to the back. Jones quickly makes his getaway up the ramp, with Hammonds and Higgins following closely behind him as 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.]

Fade back up to a plain, empty locker room -- empty except for the seven footer standing in the middle of it, scowling. Robert Donovan does not appear to be the happiest of campers, but he does appear to be dressed to fight.]

RD: Kinda sad that ya can't seem to count on anyone these days, huh?

[Donovan trails off for a moment, glowering at the camera.]

RD: Hell, after seein' what happened, hard to be mad at ol' Wug. I'd have lost my head an' went after that little punk, too...still, thinkin' somebody has your back when they don't ain't a whole hell of a lot of fun. Hell, that was a Rumble, though, so whoever has your back one minute is gonna be lookin' to throw ya over that top rope the next, so ain't much trust to be had there anyhow, right?

[Donovan shrugs.]

RD: Tonight, though, tonight I know Jack Lynch'll be watchin' my back. I know about the Lynches from way back, watched 'em when I was growin' up, heard about 'em from the old man. Normally I'm not much for tag teams, 'cept for that one time a certain Outlaw an' I managed to put a run together down in Texas, but the Bishops screwed me out of a shot at the AWA World Title, an' I really want some payback.

[Donovan unfolds his arms, then cracks his knuckles unpleasantly.]

RD: I know Jack Lynch has my back tonight, Bishops, because even if he an' I ain't friends, we're both fighters an' we're both up front guys. When we talked about this, we realized there's some common ground. We also both realized what might be the most important thing of all goin' into this match...we both hate those damned Bishop boys!

[Brief pause.]

RD: You stole the tag titles, an' you stole my shot at bein' the first AWA champion. Those tag title belts mean a hell of a lot to the Lynch family, an' I ain't gonna bother to tell y'all again what it woulda meant to me to be the first man holdin' that AWA championship belt up over my head at the end o' Blood, Sweat, an' Tears.

[Donovan looks down at the floor for a moment, sighs, then looks back up.]

RD: We may not be the only men you've wronged, Bishops, but we're the ones that're gonna get ahold of ya at Homecoming. We're the ones that're gonna knock your sorry asses down into the dirt, we're the ones who're gonna take those straps from around your waists, an' we're the ones who're gonna be standin' over both of you, holdin' OUR new tag belts high, an' celebratin' the fact that y'all got beat the hell down in the heart of Texas!

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Tonight, Bishops, I'm takin' two things outta yer hides...the AWA tag team championship belts, an' some good, old-fashioned...

[Donovan grins in a slightly frightening manner.]

RD: ...Vengeance.

[The big man storms out as we crossfade back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing alongside the Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins. Watkins is dressed in a black sports coat over a white dress shirt... and quite frankly, looks pretty annoyed at the world.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. As you can see, I have been joined by Jim Watkins and Jim, earlier tonight, we saw a video from Joe Petrow... a hospital bed-ridden Joe Petrow at that...

[Watkins cracks a grin.]

JD: He made it very clear that he's prepared to end this war between he and you... and he wants you to meet him in the middle of the ring in two weeks' time to settle your issues.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: I wanted this time to talk to you for two reasons, Jason.

The first is to tell Joe Petrow that he doesn't have to ask me twice. I'll see him in the middle of the Crockett Coliseum on the next Saturday Night Wrestling and we can settle this however he wants. With words...

[Watkins raises a big right hand.]

JW: Or... non-verbal communication.

[Watkins glares at Dane who clears his throat.]

JD: I'm guessing Mr. Petrow will receive that message loud and clear. You said there were two reasons that you wanted to-

[Watkins interrupts.]

JW: Yes. The other reason I wanted this time is to address all this crazy talk on the Internet about SuperClash IV. I swear, we were barely off the air on Labor Day weekend before the Internet lit up with discussions and polls... "Who should James Monosso face for the World Title at SuperClash?"

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: Nenshou? Mark Langseth? Stevie Scott?

[Another shake of the head.]

JW: Let me make things crystal clear right now... to Joe Petrow... to the Internet... to the world...

The ONLY man that will get a shot at the World Title on Thanksgiving night in Los Angeles is the man who EARNED that shot by winning the Rumble at Blood, Sweat, And Tears... and that man is Supreme Wright.

I'll repeat it... one last time...

On Thanksgiving Night, the AWA World Title will be on the line... and it will be Supreme Wright challenging for it.

[Dane speaks up after a moment of silence.]

JD: I suppose it might be presumptive to say it but... Supreme Wright will be challenging James Monosso for the gold at SuperClash IV.

[Watkins looks at Dane.]

JD: Right?

[Watkins slowly nods before walking out of view.]

JD: Jim Watkins with some strong - and official - words for Joe Petrow and the world. He'll see Petrow in the ring in two weeks' time to settle their differences once and for all and it WILL be Supreme Wright challenging James Monosso for the World Title in seven weeks' time in Los Angeles, California. Speaking of the new World Champion, let's go out to my good friend, Colt Patterson, in the Body Shop to hear from the new champ for the very first time!

[We crossfade away from Dane to a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum just before a voice rings out.]

"WELCOME... TO THE BODY SHOP!"

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction.]

"And here is your host... COLT PATTERSON!"

[After a moment, we crossfade to the set of the Body Shop which looks like a weightlifting area of a gym complete with mirrors hanging all around. Several free weight machines are set up including a bench press where Colt Patterson is seated, wearing a leopard print vest with no shirt underneath it. He has black leather pants on along with a diamond-studded beret and red-tinted sunglasses that he tugs down to the edge of his nose.]

CP: This here is the Body Shop - THE spot to get the scoop... the skinny... the stuff. And tonight, I'm gonna get'cha the stuff for sure.

Ladies and gentlemen... for the very first time as the NEW AWA World Champion... JAMES MONOSSO!

[The familiar shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween" opens, and the crowd roars. Heading through the curtain is the AWA World Champion James Monosso. The tall, broadshouldered man with the greying stringy hair walks slowly to the set, moving in a manner reminiscent of stalking. He's wearing blue jeans, old white sneakers, and a cheap grey sweatshirt. Monosso's flat face betrays no emotional cues... he's the same wild-eyed maniac as he ever was, and right now he's calm and 'neutral'. Around his waist is the AWA World Heavyweight Championship Belt.

Monosso walks up to Patterson, who commences as the music dies down. Patterson eyes him up and down with a bit of disgust on his face.]

CP: Most guys who win the World Title can afford better clothes. You got a company to represent now.

[Monosso returns the disgusted stare with one of his own.]

JM: Well, I ain't most guys. And I don't represent the AWA. They wouldn't want me representin' them anyway.

[Patterson shakes his head.]

CP: You're the World Champion, Monosso! This ain't a part time gig! This ain't a side job! This is it! You don't the choice to opt out of representing what this joint is all about!

[Monosso runs a hand through his stringy hair.]

JM: Let me tell you about that.

It's been a long time since anybody cheered for me. I know why they did. They did because they hate Percy Childes almost half as much as I do. They did because they don't agree with what I say but at least I say it and don't lie about it. I don't hide behind nothin'. Not behind rules, not behind bribes, not behind puppet politicians in the AWA front office, not behind hare-brained schemes. I didn't change, Colt Patterson.

But maybe I got proved wrong about a couple of things. I sure was wrong about Percy Childes when I got in with him two years ago. I ain't scared to say when I'm wrong.

[Monosso looks down at the ground for a moment before looking back at Patterson.]

JM: I was wrong about Jim Watkins too.

[The crowd buzzes a bit at that proclamation.]

JM: I owe Jim Watkins big. Not just because of how he helped me out when Percy had me arrested. But after the show, he sent lawyers to New Mexico to find out about my status with the state corrections board.

Turned out that weasel, that liar... Percy Childes tricked me! Yeah, they had a warrant, but only because I never showed for a court-ordered post-release anyalysis date! They didn't even care enough to enforce the warrant until he called to file all these complaints about me!

[Patterson smirks, obviously impressed by Percy's wily side.]

CP: So, in other words...

[Monosso nods.]

JM: I'm free. I'm truly free.

[James smiles for a moment, as the crowd cheers the news. Then his smile contorts back to a frown as he remembers the circumstances of that.]

JM: And for the last two years plus, that fat creep let me think that I was still on the certified list! He let me think that he was the only reason I was out of that living Hell, and that I had to do everything I did or I'd go back! But... look, I ain't gonna lie. I'm a violent man. I lose no sleep over what happens to somebody who signs a contract to fight of their own choice. They either know the risks or they're an idiot who got snookered into this



sport. My mind ain't changed on any of that. I don't think these people would have cheered me for long. I am grateful they did cheer me on Blood Sweat and Tears. It mattered more than I remembered. I used to... I used to be cheered, you know. I forgot what that feels like. It was the first time I felt alive in ten years.

[And that makes them cheer more.]

JM: But you... all you people and I, we ain't really cut out for one another. I meant the things I said! I can't change who I am! But I'll give you at least the respect of saying that and not lying like a hypocrite. It don't really matter no more. You see... Jim Watkins did somethin' even better for me than bail me out. He was the first man in the sport who I ever saw but someone's life over their bottom line.

[Patterson looks puzzled for a moment.]

CP: What do you mean?

[Monosso grabs at the back of his neck, rubbing it absentmindedly.]

JM: After Blood Sweat and Tears, I had nothin' left. Obviously. I should be dead after what I went through. One idiot manager even said I was on drugs, but the hospital has about a gallon of my blood that says otherwise. No... I went through that because I had no choice. It really was my life on the line, or so I thought.

I... I never had much time left, Patterson. I'm almost fifty, I think... I don't know my own birthdate. And Watkins made a team of doctors study me after the event. What they found...

...I used it all up.

[The crowd becomes very somber as they realize what Monosso is saying.]

JM: My back and my neck are destroyed. I'm only standin' out here tonight because of anesthetic. I know that the AWA just went through so much trouble to crown a champion.

But... they're gonna hafta do it again...

[The crowd is absolutely buzzing with confusion now.]

JM: I have to retire.

[You can hear the collective gasp echo through the building.]

GM: What did he...?

BW: Quiet, Myers!

GM: Did he just-

[An obviously-surprised Patterson interjects again.]

CP: Wait... hold on here. You're retiring?! After everything you just went through to win that piece of gold, you're retiring?!

[Monosso doesn't respond.]

CP: When... when is this supposed to happen, Monosso? After all this, when is this-

[Monosso looks up, interrupting.]

JM: Now, alright? Right now!

[Patterson's jaw visibly drops. Now the crowd boos in earnest, though it isn't the kind of boo they'd give a heel. It's the booing of a sad situation. Monosso looks absolutely disheartened as he continues speaking.]

JM: I was a two-time World Champion, eighteen years apart. But if I go back in, I won't be able to walk no more.

They tell me that if I rest this up, they can do surgery and I'll be able to walk without painkillers and live a semi-normal life. As much as most retired guys, anyway.

[Monosso looks up at Colt.]

JM: You know what that's like, don't you?

[Patterson nods slowly.]

JM: I gotta tell ya, Colt, the paycheck for winnin' the tournament... gives me a chance. If I invest it well, I might make it. I had no hope of that otherwise. And Mr. Watkins... is makin' the AWA pay for the surgery. He got them to sign off on it. So that's why I owe him. I want to tell everybody that so you know that he is a good man. And I haven't seen many of those in my life. I know I ain't one.

So... that's it. I just gotta surrender this title in public to make it official.

[James unstraps the belt, holds it in front of him... waiting a long moment to take it in. As he does, the fans stand and give him an ovation. He looks around, confused, and sheepishly nods.]

JM: Thank you.

[He takes a deep breath.]

JM: So, I, James Monosso... hereby...

[And his mic cuts, as another voice comes over the PA to interrupt him.]

"...have no contractual right to surrender that title. Or to retire."

[Monosso turns, glaring at the top of the entry ramp where Percy Childes stands with a wireless mic. Nenshou is standing directly behind him, clad in a red robe with a matching ornamental hood. Percy is holding up a small stack of papers in one hand. The crowd boos vehemently!]

PC: Your contract, James, your contract. You never were very good at business, were you? I'm still your manager, and until our contract expires on New Year's Day, you can't fire me.

[The crowd jeers that announcement as Monosso shakes his head in disbelief, looking over at Patterson who shrugs. Percy ignores Monosso, walking towards the ring as he speaks.]

PC: That wording is in there, you know. Nobody else has that kind of a clause in a managerial contract, but then, you never read it. "No decision on the voluntary termination of employment with the Company may be made unilaterally by the Principal; all such decisions require the approval of the Manager." The Company is the AWA, the Principal is you, and the Manager is me.

And, as you know, I have the power to make matches for you as I see fit. So, naturally, in the condition you're in, it would be heartless of me to put you in a World Title Match against Nenshou tonight, wouldn't it?

[BOOOO!]

PC: I guess you can call me heartless.

[Childes and Nenshou step through the ropes into the ring. Nenshou shrugs out of his robe, swinging his arms back and forth to get prepared for the World Title match as Childes smirks at a surprised Monosso.]

PC: Oh, and after we take that title from you... and just think! If somehow you pull it out tonight, we'll do it again next Saturday night! But after we take that title from you, I'm thinking the fans deserve a farewell tour. Don't you fans think you deserve a farewell tour of this man that you cheered?

[The crowd jeers Childes for taunting them!]

PC: That you cheered when he tried to CRIPPLE me? Well, I'm thinking the likes of MAMMOTH Maximus, William Craven, Blackwater Bart if we can get him back in... I'm sure I could entice a grudge rematch with Hannibal Carver, Bad Eye McBaine, or both. I think we should make your farewell tour a true, final farewell. What do you say?

[Monosso glares at Childes hatefully as the boos rain down.]

PC: What's this? Not attacking me? You're not afraid of Nenshou, James? You said so yourself, you know. Oh, but the doctors. Yes, I see. The

doctors have convinced you that you'll be a cripple if you keep fighting. No, I don't need to guess at it; as your manager, I had the right to request the findings. So Nenshou and I know exactly where your injuries are... which makes us qualified to judge whether you are in a suitable condition to fight.

[Childes produces one of the sheets of paper he was carrying.]

PC: Let's read this: "In our professional opinion, every match that Mr. Monosso undertakes represents a risk of permanent paralysis, either partial or total." Well, after studying the data, Nenshou ensures me that you will indeed suffer partial paralysis. Oh, not total. He wants to see you do that zombie shuffle to the ring for your farewell tour, where they will finish the job!

So, again I ask, what do you say?

[The fans are extremely loud, wanting Monosso to go get Childes. James pulls at his hair in frustration...]

...and then stomps off the interview platform, climbing up onto the entrance ramp, facing the ring. He takes several long steps down the ramp towards the ring before he suddenly stops. He seems to have realized something, so he gestures for a mic.]

JM: What do I have to say? You're an idiot!

[The crowd cheers!]

PC: How eloquent.

[Monosso continues.]

JM: So you talk and talk and talk. Well, I don't have to show up for none of those matches! They can strip me of the title! I was just about to hand it over anyways so what difference does it make?

[Percy grins again.]

PC: Did you really think I wouldn't have an answer for your simple-minded escape plan? Your contract - all AWA contracts - have a breach of contract clause that allow them to fine you and fine you heavily. Ask Mark Langseth.

[Monosso glares at Childes, lifting the mic again.]

JM: Fine! Then I show up, hit the guy with a shovel, and go home.

[Percy shakes his head.]

PC: You think that earns you less of a fine? I know I've signed all your checks for you here in the AWA but trust me - those types of fines are not cheap.

[Suddenly, another voice rings out as a dismayed Monosso looks down.]

"This has gone far enough!"

[A moment later, Jim Watkins walks through the entrance, mic in hand.]

JW: Childes, you've gone too far here tonight. James Monosso has done so much for you... so much sacrifice of his own body. Why do you think he's in the physical condition he's in?! It's because of what he's done for you!

[Childes nods knowingly.]

JW: And for you to not even have the respect for this man to let him walk away with his head held high makes me sick. He's not medically cleared to wrestle, Percy... and you know it. You've seen the same paperwork that I have. He's not cleared to compete by Dr. Ponavitch and that means he DOESN'T compete tonight.

You can stand out here with Nenshou and say you're signing the title defense as much as you want but it ain't happening, Childes.

As far as your garbage about not letting the man retire... well, we'll let the legal department decide on that.

[Childes steams as he stares at Watkins.]

PC: I have two weeks to seek a second opinion. And believe me, I will get an expert medical opinion that will give your beloved Championship Committee and the esteemed Dr. Ponavitch no choice but to grant medical clearance.

[A smirk.]

PC: I already know that they'll find my managerial rights to be ironclad.

[Watkins glares at Childes.]

JW: I wouldn't be so sure about that.

[Childes chuckles softly.]

PC: Oh, I am. It would be most... unwise... not to do so.

Fine, Jim Watkins. I am a patient man. I will play your game. I have seven weeks until SuperClash IV to remove that championship from around James Monosso's waist. Seven weeks to give the AWA fans the Main Event they truly deserve when Nenshou defends the gold against Supreme Wright.

Until then... well, I have to be honest, Jim... I did foresee this possibility...

[Watkins looks on with disgust at Childes, edging closer to the ring as Monosso does the same.]

JW: Is that right?

[Percy nods.]

PC: It is. At times in this business, I find myself a misunderstood individual.

You may think that I hate this business with all the things I say about it. But that would be wrong. The truth is... I love it.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion at Percy's sudden change of heart.]

PC: You may ask why?

[A wicked grin crosses Childes' face as the crowd begins to loudly buzz with concern!]

PC: Because it's one of the few places in the world you can find someone willing to break another man's neck for an envelope of cash.

[The crowd's buzz grows louder as a large man comes running down the raised entrance ramp!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: IT'S GRANT STONE!!

[Stone comes charging behind Monosso...

...and DRILLS him with a high impact clothesline that knocks the World Champion flat on the wooden ramp!]

GM: OHHHHHH! What the... what the HELL is Grant Stone doing here?!

[Stone rains down stomps on the back of Monosso's neck as a panicked Jim Watkins shouts at him from nearby. Stone threatens a right hand in Watkins' direction, sending the Chairman back a few steps as Stone drags a limp Monosso off the mat, dragging him towards the ring where he chucks him through the ropes where a gleeful Percy Childes looks on!]

GM: Look at Childes! He's loving this! That man is sick! He's twisted, Bucky!

BW: Grant Stone is infamous in this sport as a man who'll do ANYTHING for money and this isn't the first time we've seen him act as a paid hitman for someone here in the AWA.

[Stone steps through the ropes, dragging Monosso off the mat to his feet...

...and lifts him up onto his shoulders in a torture rack...]

GM: What in the ... no! Don't do this! Don't do this, Stone! PERCY, CALL HIM OFF! CALL HIM-

[Stone suddenly falls to the side, DRIVING Monosso's head and neck violently into the canvas with a Burning Hammer!]

BW: ETCHED IN STONE!!

[The crowd falls silent as Stone slowly climbs to his feet, looking down at a motionless Monosso...

...and with a nod, he takes a thick envelope offered by Percy Childes.]

GM: And there's the payoff! Grant Stone just took a pile of money for attempting to put Monosso BACK in the hospital!

BW: I'm not sure the hospital was their goal, Gordo.

GM: We need to get some help out here right now. We'll be right back, fans.

[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...

As we come back from commercial break, we find a smirking Percy Childes in the ring.]

GM: We're back, fans, but that piece of garbage Percy Childes is still in the ring - essentially gloating over what he just did to James Monosso, the AWA World Champion. Nenshou's in there with him... so is Grant Stone, the Collector of Oddities' hired gun. We need to get them out of there because it's almost time for the Main Event here tonight at Homecoming. We need to-

[The voice of the bald-headed Childes cuts off Gordon.]

PC: Myers, could you please shut up so I can let these people hear what they really came to hear tonight.

[The crowd jeers at Childes who doesn't react.]

PC: Everyone thinks that my plans were derailed at Blood Sweat and Tears. Everyone is wrong. I control the World Heavyweight Championship, and all I need to do is to get that belt around the correct waist.

I have the services of Juan Vasquez, one of the greatest wrestlers of the past era. And I will see to it that he gets the man he wants with every ounce of his being.

I have the most talented, skilled wrestler and athlete of this and the next era. Nenshou. The prince who shall soon be king.

And I have more. Oh, yes. If you pay attention, you may even see it coming. But the vast majority of the AWA will not.

[Suddenly, yet another voice... one that's familiar to AWA fans... rings out.]

"Ya need to shut yer hole before I come down there and shut it for ya."

[The crowd cheers the shot at Childes who suddenly looks surprised...



...and then looks even more surprised as someone walks through the curtain to confront him.]

GM: It's Brian Von Braun!

BW: What the... this really IS a Homecoming! Who else is gonna show up tonight?

GM: Von Braun's coming out here on the ramp and he's staring a hole right through Percy Childes!

[Von Braun is wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, red t-shirt with the logo pretty much covered by his black leather jacket. His hair is short like it was last time we saw him. There's cheers from the crowd, more out of having not seen BVB in a few months.]

BVB: It's been a year and a half since yer boys took me out. I tried to come back a couple months ago for the tournament but the docs wouldn't let me.

[Von Braun produces a piece of paper.]

BVB: That's changed, Childes. This says I'm all clear ta rassle, ya sonuva-

[Von Braun lowers the mic, perhaps not wanting to earn a fine on his first night back.]

BVB: I'm glad we could do this, Percy. I'm glad it could happen like this. I was watchin' when ya dropped my hame durin' Blood, Sweat, an' Tears. Maybe ya knew I had been cleared... I know you're well-connected like a DC politician. The "Why" don't matter. Here's what does.

Did all the red tape cutting with Jim Watkins and the Championship Committee this past week. I've got the green light. I don't care what ya have ta say, neither.

The front office says that in two weeks, I can step in there.

And the only thing I want to hear out of ya is "Yes," Percy.

"Yes, I'll sign the match. Yes, I'll give ya what ya want."

[Von Braun glares at Childes, lifting an arm to point at him.]

BVB: In two weeks, I want the best ya got, Percy... in THAT ring.

[Big cheer from the crowd.]

BVB: Don't care if it's Nenshou. Don't care if it's Ebola Zaire. Don't care if ya dig up Polemos. Don't care if this is how Juan goes from "associate" to full-fledged member. Send them. No conditions. No tricks. Ya got a chance ta prove ta tha world tha Childes name is worth a spit.

[BVB shakes his head and lets out a chuckle.]

BVB: So help me, ya don't wanna say "No." Then ya don't know when or where I'm gonna show up.

[Von Braun turns and seems about to leave. Childes seems to have shaken off his shock and has his arrogant smile back.]

PC: Not so fast, Brian. You dare to come out here and throw down a challenge for the Unholy Alliance?

Well, Brian... I believe I have an answer for you.

[Childes taps his cane on the ropes.]

PC: The answer is yes. I will make the arrangements and in two weeks, you will indeed face a man I have handpicked for you. A man whose credentials ensure that he is a proper match for you. Never let it be said that Percy Childes is not magnanimous to those who are beneath him. Like the entire Von Braun family, for instance.

[Percy practically snarls the name of the family he hates so much.]

PC: And Brian, if you can put my man down, I will give you a match against the next one. And I will even give you a guarantee that neither I, nor my men, will interfere in the match. We'll put that in the match stipulations.

But if you fail to soundly defeat my man, I don't want to hear from you again! We'll put THAT in the match stipulations too. That seems fair.

Do we have a deal?

[Von Braun hesitates... then nods.]

PC: Excellent. Then I shall do my best to give these cretins a match they won't soon forget.

The man I manage that Brian Von Braun must put down on the next Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Dramatic pause.]

PC: ...is James Monosso!

[BOOOOOOOOOOO! Percy leaves, with his men behind him.]

GM: I can't believe it! Percy Childes is making his enemies fight one another! Typical Childes!

BW: Yeah.. genius, daddy! Genius!

GM: So, if James Monosso can get medical clearance... or I should say if Percy Childes can get Monosso medically cleared, then in two weeks, we will see Brian Von Braun go one-on-one with James Monosso!

BW: Welcome back, Von Braun.

GM: Fans, this appears to be an obvious case of Percy Childes trying to kill two birds with one stone and it makes me sick to my stomach. We're going to take one final break but when we come back, it's Main Event time here at Homecoming 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 one final time to rest on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: It is now time for your MAIN EVENT of the evening! The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA National Tag Team Championships!

Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[The sounds of "Hard Row" by The Black Keys kicks in to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the Dallas, Texas crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! It's been a while since we've seen Jack Lynch in an AWA ring but that's about the change!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: At a total combined weight of five hundred and eighty-two pounds... the team of...

JAAAAAACK LYNNNNNCH!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Lynch stalks into view, throwing up his right hand in the claw position with a shout! He is, as always, dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. Beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks and a black pad on his right knee. He pulls down the right hand, covered in a black leather fingerless glove as he turns towards the entryway.]

PW: And... ROOOOBERRRRT DONNNNNNOVANNNN!

[The crowd roars once more as the seven footer comes stomping through the curtain. He throws up an arm to a big cheer from the crowd before shaking hands with Jack Lynch. Donovan's wearing a pair of loose fitting blue jeans and a black wifebeater t-shirt over his large torso. A heavy brace is visible on his left elbow as he swings his arm towards the ring with a "Let's do this!" ]

GM: The challengers have never teamed before but just to look at them, you're looking at a formidable pair of individuals!

BW: That's the real trick though, isn't it? They're two individuals and the Bishop Boys are a TEAM! They're the National Tag Team Champions and I think it's gonna take more than someone teaming for the very first time - even if they're great on their own - to take those titles off them, Gordo.

GM: We're about to find out.

[Donovan steps over the ropes into the ring as Lynch mounts the middle rope outside the ring, shrugging out of his black coat to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: And I think we all know who the fans will be behind here tonight.

BW: Who cares? The Bishops haven't had the fans on their sides since their return to the AWA and it hasn't seem to bother them one bit. Cousin Bo says he wants to be able to tell the world that the Bishop Boys are the greatest team in AWA history and you have to wonder who could argue that point.

GM: That includes a lot of great teams, Bucky. Teams like Kentucky's Pride, the first National Tag Team Champions. Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman. Violence Unlimited. Rough N Ready. Even the Lynches.

BW: All they're missing from their resume is a Stampede Cup, Gordo.

GM: I'd have to agree with you on that one.

[The challengers huddle up, discussing strategy as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" kicks in to a HUUUUGE burst of jeers from the crowd!]

PW: From Kingsland, Arkansas... at a total combined weight of 568 pounds... accompanied to the ring by Cousin Bo...

They are the AWA National Tag Team Champions...

CLETUS LEE... DUANE HENRY...

THE BISSSSSSSHOP BOOOOOOYS!

[Cousin Bo ducks through the curtain first, giving a whoop to the jeering crowd. He takes several steps down the ramp before turning back to the entryway where his team emerges from the shadows.]

GM: Not many believed that we'd be here tonight seeing the Bishop Boys with the National Tag Team Titles still around their waists but they did manage to keep the gold with a shocking victory over Violence Unlimited.

BW: Shocking victory?! These are the National Tag Team Champions! The only person surprised by this win is YOU!

GM: I don't know about that.

[After a moment, Cletus Lee Bishop - the Redneck Wrecking Machine - strides into view, his bottle of whiskey still dangling from his hand. Bo shakes his head at the sight of it.]

GM: What's that all about? Cletus Lee Bishop is carrying that bottle with him. Fans, we do not condone any kind of drinking before a match like this and I can't believe that Cletus Lee is out here like this.

BW: I thought Bo had better control over his men than that. If Cletus Lee is dru- well, if he's incapacitated in any way, this could be an easy night for the challengers.

[Duane Henry follows behind, carrying both title belts over his shoulders. He sneers at the jeering crowd, pointing down the ramp to the ring and clapping his bigger brother on the shoulder. Cletus Lee nods in agreement as they continue down the ramp towards the squared circle.]

GM: The National Tag Team Champions taking their time here tonight - a little unusual for them, Bucky.

BW: Cousin Bo's not happy. The boys ain't happy. This may be their own form of a little bit of protest.

[Cletus Lee goes to swing his leg over the top rope and actually stumbles a bit as he moves over the ropes. Duane Henry can be seen chuckling to himself as Jack Lynch looks on in surprise. Lynch and Donovan huddle up again as Cousin Bo waves his boys together.]

GM: Both men with a last second huddle here. Michael Meekly's telling them we need to get one out on each side... and it looks like it's gonna be Robert Donovan starting for the challengers.

BW: It's gonna be Duane Henr- no! It's gonna be Cletus Lee! How 'bout that? The big man wants him a piece of Donovan and Lynch right now!

[Cletus Lee grabs the top rope, steadying himself as Donovan swings his arms back and forth across his chest, waiting for the battle to begin.]

GM: There's the bell and this tag team title match is underway!

[Cletus Lee edges out from the corner, rubbing an arm across his eyes.]

GM: I still can't believe we're witnessing Cletus Lee Bishop out here like this, fans. It's totally unprofessional!

[Cletus Lee and Donovan look like they're about to tieup when suddenly Cletus Lee pulls back, shaking his head...

...and points right at Jack Lynch to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Cletus Lee wants Jack Lynch!

[Lynch nods, extending his gloved hand. Donovan glares at Cletus Lee for several moments...

...and reluctantly turns to slap Lynch's hand, bringing him into the match.]

GM: Jack Lynch is in! It's gonna be Lynch vs Cletus Lee to start things off and Jack Lynch has been waiting a long time now to get his hands on the Bishop Boys. Remember, it was back in March when the Bishops broke James Lynch's arm and turned the AWA tag team division on its head.

[Lynch begins to circle Cletus Lee, going for a tieup but Cletus Lee stumbles, falling to a knee.]

BW: Whoops.

GM: This is ridiculous, Bucky.

[Lynch points to the kneeling Cletus Lee, saying something to the referee who shakes his head...

...when suddenly Cletus Lee ERUPTS from his knees, throwing a right hand into the jaw of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand!

BW: He was faking, Gordo! He wasn't drunk at all! He was just trying to lure the challengers in!

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Cletus Lee walks him to the corner, slamming the Texan's head into the top turnbuckle. The big man turns, slapping Duane Henry's hand.]

GM: The champions make the exchange early on in the matchup.

[A whip sends Jack Lynch smashing into the neutral corner. Cletus Lee grabs Duane Henry by the arm, rocketing him across the ring...

...where he does a full flip, smashing Lynch in the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Duane Henry scrambles to his feet, grabbing a surprised Lynch by the hair, dragging him out to the middle of the ring, scoring with a big headbutt to the temple!]

GM: Oh! Headbutt by Duane Henry!

[Turning his back, Duane Henry takes Lynch over with a snap mare, depositing him in a seated position on the mat. The smaller Bishop dashes to the far ropes, bouncing off...

...and throwing himself into a double axehandle, smashing his hands over the back of Lynch's head and neck!]

GM: Lynch goes down after that... and Duane Henry slaps the hand of the big man.

BW: Gotta keep the fresh man in there.

[Cletus Lee steps in, grabbing his brother by the arm and tugging him into a side waistlock. He lifts Duane Henry up for a back suplex...

...and then tosses him out into a flying legdrop on a stunned Lynch!]

GM: Great doubleteam by the champions... and Cletus Lee shoves his brother aside for a cover!

[The referee drops to count.]

GM: One! Two!

[But the shoulder comes out at two, allowing Cletus Lee to grab Lynch by the hair, hammering his skull with right hands to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Cletus Lee is hammering away at him!

[At the referee's count of four, Cletus Lee backs away, raising his hands to show the break as he climbs up to his feet...

...and then backs to the ropes, leaning against them as he waves for Jack Lynch to get back to his feet!]

GM: Cletus Lee is setting up! He's looking for the big boot already!

[As Lynch staggers to his feet, Cletus Lee charges across the ring, lifting his mammoth leg...]

GM: BIG BOOO-

[...but Lynch rolls to the side, avoiding the big kick as Cletus Lee goes sailing past, ending up driving his own crotch into the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Jack Lynch spins around, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and shoves the rope down before yanking it up, driving the top rope into the groin over and over again to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Jack Lynch is going to town on him here!

[The six foot seven Texan backs off, leaping up with a standing dropkick that sends Cletus Lee stumbling off the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded floor below as Robert Donovan shouts encouragement from his corner.]

GM: Lynch sends Cletus Lee to the floor... and look out here, he's going out after him!

[Lynch rolls out to the floor, leaning down to pull Cletus Lee off the floor by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES THE BIG MAN!!

[Lynch approaches Cletus Lee whose arms are draped over the barricade that his weight just knocked back a couple of feet, sending fans scurrying to safety as the big Texan moves in, landing a pair of big right hands as the referee warns him to get the action back into the ring.]



GM: The referees here tonight seem to be on their game, trying to keep things from straying too far against the rules.

BW: Oh yeah? One match tonight ended with a chair in the ring and according to you, another one ended with a loaded right hand. Why don't you tell me some more about what a great job the officials are doing?

[Lynch drags Cletus Lee off the railing, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. Lynch steps through, leaping into the air to land a legdrop across the back of the neck of Cletus Lee.]

GM: Leaping legdrop by the challenger! He's going for a cover!

[Lynch gets a two count before Cletus Lee powers out to the jeers of the crowd...

...and this time, it's Lynch's turn to take a mount, pummeling the big man with right hands to the skull. He breaks away, slapping the outstretched hand of Robert Donovan.]

GM: There's the tag to the seven footer! Robert Donovan is coming in and he looks to be out for blood!

[Each man grabs an arm, flinging Cletus Lee into the ropes...

...and they connect with a double back elbow under the chin, sending Cletus Lee staggering back towards the ropes.]

GM: Lynch is on his way out as Donovan moves in on Cletus Lee.

[Grabbing the bigger Bishop by the back of the head, Donovan pastes him with a pair of right hands before firing him across the ring again...]

GM: Donovan fires him in...

[Donovan surges forward, slamming his shoulder into Cletus Lee's! The big man spins away but not go down, earning an "oooooh!" from the crowd.]

GM: We saw that at Blood, Sweat, And Tears, fans! It's just incredibly hard to knock that man off his feet! He just got hit with over three hundred pounds of a big ol' bull but he stayed standing!

[The former Longhorn Heritage Champion quickly moves in again, throwing haymakers that bounce off the skull of Cletus Lee, sending him staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: One more whip by Donovan...

[A swinging clothesline comes up empty as the rebounding Cletus Lee ducks underneath. Duane Henry slaps his shoulder for the blind tag on the rebound.]

GM: Blind tag!

[Donovan catches the rebounding Cletus Lee with a back elbow under the chin, again stunning but not dropping the big man as Duane Henry grabs the top rope, leaping into the air, springing off the ropes and catching Donovan on the chin with a dropkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: The high-flying skills of Duane Henry Bishop are on display early in this one as Donovan get rocked with that dropkick that sends him down to a knee!

[Duane Henry gets back to his feet, slamming his forearms repeatedly across the back of Donovan’s head and neck...

...but the seven footer reaches up, shoving Duane Henry backwards as Donovan climbs to his feet!]

BW: Look at Duane Henry! He just keeps on coming!

[A flurry of right hands land on Donovan as Duane Henry tries to chop the big man down to size by switching to kicks to the midsection...

...until Donovan grabs him by the throat! Big cheer!]

GM: Uh oh! He’s got him, fans! He’s got one-half of the champions by-

[That’s the stunned Cletus Lee’s cue to rush back in, cracking Donovan with a straight right hand to the jaw, breaking up the chokeslam attempt! The fans jeer and Jack Lynch shouts at the official who forces Cletus Lee to exit the ring as Duane Henry goes back on the attack, slamming his forearm into the back of Donovan’s head, sending him staggering across the ring.]

GM: Cletus Lee with the save and that gets Duane Henry back on offense.

[The smaller half of the tag champs grabs Donovan by the back of the head, hammering home a European uppercut that again sends Donovan stumbling away. Grabbing an arm, Duane Henry goes for a whip...]

GM: Big whip coming... no, Donovan reversed it!

[So Duane Henry instead comes bouncing off the ropes towards a waiting Donovan who SLAMS his knee into the midsection of the smaller man, causing him to flip over Donovan’s leg and SMASH down into the canvas clutching his solar plexus.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Donovan takes a look towards his corner where Jack Lynch is looking for a tag. Instead, he moves back in on Duane Henry, pulling the smaller man up to his feet...

...and lifting him all the way up into a gorilla press!]

GM: Oh my! Pure power on display by the seven footer and that's a long way up for Duane Henry Bishop!

BW: We can hear Cousin Bo SCREAMING at him from out here on the floor. He does NOT like the way this match is going for the champions right now, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does not.

[Donovan walks around the ring for a bit, ready to chuck Duane Henry somewhere...

...but the wily Duane Henry reaches down, digging his fingers into the eyes of Donovan!]

GM: Oh! Duane Henry to the eyes and that'll get him out of that...

[He stumbles to his corner, slapping Cletus Lee's hand!]

BW: And right there may be the difference in the match, Gordo. How many tags have we seen out of the champions now?

GM: Maybe a half dozen?

BW: Compared to ONE for the challengers, right? This is tag team wrestling, Donovan. You can't do it alone!

[The bigger Bishop comes storming into the ring, arm cocked...

...and BLASTS the staggered and blinded Donovan with a clothesline, knocking the seven footer flat to a shocked roar from the crowd!]

GM: CLETUS LEE DROPPED DONOVAN!!

[One of the strongest men in the AWA applies a lateral press, earning a two count before Donovan lifts the shoulder again. Cletus Lee immediately gets up, reaching back to slap the hand of Duane Henry.]

GM: And right away, Cletus Lee brings his brother back into the match...

[Grabbing Donovan by the arm and hair, Cletus Lee chucks him into the Bishops' own corner. Both Bishops quickly walk towards where Jack Lynch is standing but stay out of arm's reach as Cletus Lee grabs Duane Henry by the arm...]

GM: Another double team coming up here... ohhh! He FIRES Duane Henry into a big corner splash!

[Duane Henry stumbles out, allowing Cletus Lee to charge in with the same corner splash!]

GM: And another one by the big man! Robert Donovan looks to be in serious trouble at this stage of the match, fans!

[Cletus Lee exits the ring, leaving Duane Henry behind who scales the midbuckles, hooking Donovan in a side headlock...]

GM: Duane Henry's looking for a bulldog!

[But Donovan's having none of that, using his tremendous power to hoist Duane Henry into the air...

...and CHUCK him halfway across the ring before he crashes down to the mat onto his back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: But he's gonna have to keep looking 'cause Donovan got out of that one in a big way right there!

[The crowd cheers and then starts encouraging Donovan to get to the corner and make the tag to an eager Jack Lynch...]

GM: Donovan's gotta make that tag, fans! His partner, Jack Lynch, is waiting for him and Donovan's gotta get there this time!

[Pushing up out of the corner, Donovan straightens himself and then starts walking along the ropes when Cletus Lee intervenes, grabbing him by the head and spinning him around...]

GM: Right han- blocked!

[And Donovan CRACKS Cletus Lee with a right hand of his own to a big cheer!]

GM: Donovan drills him! He's making his move... he's almost...

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HE MAKES THE TAG!!

[Jack Lynch comes tearing into the ring, rocking a rising Duane Henry with a pair of right hands before firing him into the ropes...]

GM: The favorite son of Texas flings him in...

[And LAUNCHES Duane Henry overhead with a backdrop!]

GM: BIG BACK BODYDROP!!

[Lynch immediately hits the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Lynch goes high... and a CRUSHING kneedrop on Duane Henry!

[Out of the corner of his eye, Lynch spots Cletus Lee moving in and is ready for him, greeting him with a flurry of right hands.]

GM: Big right hands by Lynch!

[Grabbing Cletus Lee by the head, he pulls him towards the corner...

...and SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Cletus Lee stumbles backwards as Lynch grabs a rising Duane Henry by the back of the trunks...

...and HURLS him into a spear tackle on his own brother, knocking Cletus Lee back into the corner!]

GM: Oh yeah! Jack Lynch is fighting 'em both off as Robert Donovan recovers in the corner!

[Grabbing Duane Henry again, Jack Lynch hoists him up over his shoulder in a Canadian backbreaker, turning to face the corner where Cletus Lee is standing...

...and rushes in, smashing Cletus Lee into the buckles with his own brother!]

GM: OHHH! I don't know what you call that except "effective!"

[Cletus Lee, hanging onto his brother, staggers from the corner...

...and then falls down, effectively powerslamming his own brother into the canvas! The crowd roars as Jack Lynch pumps a fist to the crowd. He leans down, grabbing Duane Henry by the hair.]

GM: Remember, Duane Henry IS the legal man!

[Lynch grabs an arm, firing Duane Henry into the ropes...]

GM: Lynch shoots him in...

[Lynch scoops Duane Henry up, dropping him with a powerslam of his own!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

[Lynch moves back to cover, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[The near fall is broken up by Cletus Lee Bishop who stomps the back of Lynch's skull to break the pin. The referee immediately gets up to reprimand the larger man who ignores him, pulling Jack Lynch to his feet...

...and eating a right hand from Lynch because of it!]

GM: Jack Lynch caught Cletus Lee with a haymaker!

[A few more follow, the crowd getting louder after every shot!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands and the referee is rapidly losing control of this one, fans!

[Seeing his partner in trouble, Robert Donovan steps over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: In comes Donovan...

[And promptly grabs a rising Duane Henry around the throat!]

GM: Donovan's got him!

[The seven footer hoists Duane Henry up into the air, holding him high...

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

GM: CHOKESLAM BY DONOVAN!!

[Donovan rushes at Cletus Lee, tackling him around the waist to drive him back to the corner as Jack Lynch makes a dive to cover the downed Duane Henry!]

GM: That might do it! We may have new National Tag Team Champions! He's got one! He's got two! He's got- ohh! Come on!

[Gordon's outrage is sparked by Cousin Bo who desperately reached into the ring, dragging Jack Lynch under the ropes...

...where Lynch immediately cracks him with a right hand, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Lynch on the manager!

[Lynch drops down to the mount, grabbing Cousin Bo by the hair and pummeling him with right hands!]

GM: He's all over Cousin Bo on the floor!

BW: He's a manager! Get your cow-pie handlin' hands off him, Stench!

[Donovan drags Cletus Lee out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: He's looking for the powerbomb!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Donovan wraps his large arms around the equally large torso of Cletus Lee Bishop in a gutwrench...]

GM: Donovan wants the gutwrench powerbomb!

[A dazed Duane Henry gets to his feet...

...and HAMMERS Donovan with a double axehandle to the back of the head and neck to break the attempt!]

GM: We've got both Bishops in there with Donovan now!

[Pushing Donovan back into the corner, Cletus Lee and Duane Henry work together, hammering him with punches, forearms, and kicks.]

GM: Jack! You gotta get back in there!

[Each Bishop grabs Donovan by the hair, smashing home a double headbutt that knocks him down to a knee...]

GM: They're doing a number on Donovan in the corner!

[Suddenly, Jack Lynch sees what's going on, climbing back through the ropes where he rushes across the ring, leaping into the air to drive a high knee into the back of Cletus Lee to a big cheer!]

GM: It's breaking down again! Fists are flying everywhere and-

[A protesting Michael Meekly tries to intervene when Jack Lynch suddenly throws him down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Ring the bell! This one's over!

GM: It certainly might be, Bucky! You could be right and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates upon hearing the bell as Michael Meekly moves to talk to the ring announcer as the fight continues inside the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match as a result of a disqualification... and STILL AWA National Tag Team Champions...

THE BISHOP BOYS!!

[The boos rain down on the ring as the two teams continue their fight, completely ignoring the announcement of a winner.]

GM: Fans, the fight is still going! We're out of time!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch hooks the Iron Claw on Duane Henry Bishop!]

GM: We'll see you next time! So long everybody!

[As the brawl continues the ring, we abruptly fade to black.]