

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS
NOVEMBER 3RD, 2012

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

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

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

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

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to a shot of the cheering Crockett Coliseum crowd. The fans are jammed into the bleachers, screaming their heads off as the show comes on the air. Very little has changed since our last visit to the Coliseum - we still have the elevated entryway leading from the entrance to the ring. There are raised interview platforms on either side of the ramp - one for your standard interviews and one set up for Colt Patterson's Mirror Ball.

The rampway cuts through the crowd to the ring - a standard white canvas surrounded by red, white, and blue ropes. There are thin blue mats covering the hard concrete floor before you reach the steel barricades that have been erected at ringside around the ring, finally replacing the rope "railings" that once stood there.

Two small tables are at ringside - one for the ring announcer and timekeeper, both waving as our camera pans past them. The other seats our announce team.

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

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where you will see all the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. By my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde and Bucky, we can start counting the days now - a mere nineteen days away from SuperClash IV - the biggest night of the year for the AWA when we'll be coming to you LIVE from the historic Los Angeles Sports Arena!

BW: That building has been the home of the Olympics, the NBA All-Star Game, the NCAA Finals, and even the Democratic National Convention but there ain't no night that's gonna EVER be bigger in its history than Thanksgiving Night when the AWA comes to town, daddy!

GM: Over the past few weeks, we've seen the lineup for that gigantic show come together, fans, and it seems like it only gets better with each day that goes by. Throughout the night, we'll be checking in with Mark Stegglet in the SuperClash Control Center to run down the matches for the biggest night of the year!

BW: But before we even get to Los Angeles, we've got a heckuva show here tonight in Dallas, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. On a show that the Championship Committee has deemed Tag Team Turmoil, we've got three big tag team Main Events in store for the fans at home. Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones have been causing some issues for November over the past several weeks leading back to Blood, Sweat, And Tears and tonight, November gets his chance at some payback when he teams up with Travis Cade to take on that duo.

BW: Skywalker Jones, the Human Highlight Reel, and one of the strongest men in the AWA, Hercules Hammonds? You think November and Travis Cade who ain't been heard from in years are gonna be any competition at all for them?

GM: As a matter of fact, I do. I also think that the returning Aces are in for some trouble when they meet Brian Von Braun and whoever he found to team with him after what they did to BVB two weeks ago.

BW: I've got it on good authority that Von Braun couldn't even FIND a partner for tonight and that the match is off!

GM: The rumors have been very strong that Von Braun was having trouble finding someone willing to trust him after his history here in the AWA but I'm holding out hope that someone comes through at the last minute to teach those Aces a lesson.

BW: Would you team with him?

GM: That's not the point, Bucky.

BW: I guess that settles that. But what about our Main Event, Gordo?

GM: A six man tag that should light this place ablaze with the Unholy Alliance trio of Nenshou, Juan Vasquez, and the paid assassin Grant Stone taking on the World Heavyweight James Monosso... and any two men he can find to team with him.

BW: My gut tells me Monosso has the same problem that Von Braun does. He can't find anyone to team with him either... especially against those three. It's like walking into a slaughterhouse!

GM: I guess we'll find out later tonight but right now, let's head up to the ring for tonight's opening contest!

[We crossfade up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Glory Road... he is FUTURESTAR!

[The silver-masked man hops up on the midbuckle, drawing a few cheers in his silver tights and black boots before jumping back down to the mat.]

PW: And his opponent... in the corner to my left... from Tokyo, Japan...

MR. SAAAAADISUUUUTOOO!

[Sadisuto steps out of the corner - a middle-aged Japanese man with slicked back black hair, a thin mustache, and a Fu Manchu beard. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He waves a hand of heavily-taped fingers dismissively at Futurestar as referee Mickey Meekly signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Futurestar moves quickly from the corner, rushing right into a standing front kick to the abdomen by Sadisuto that doubles up the masked man, leaving him easy prey for an overhead chop to the back of the neck, knocking Futurestar down to the canvas.]

GM: Beware the martial arts skills of Mr. Sadisuto! He's one of the most talented men in the company with his hands and feet!

[Dropping to his knees, Sadisuto slams a knee into the shoulder area of Futurestar. He grabs a flailing arm, pulling it under his armpit into an armbar while still kneeling on the shoulder for leverage.]

GM: Sadisuto hooks the arm, yanking it back in an armbar...

BW: He's not looking for a submission here, Gordo - he just wants to hurt this kid.

GM: Earlier tonight, we got some comments from Mr. Sadisuto. Let's listen in to those right now...

[We see a small screen-in-screen open in the upper right hand corner of the screen, featuring Mr. Sadisuto in front of a grey background. He addresses us in his accented English.]

MS: Ha ha ha ha! AWA! All you Amelican people look fohward to SuperClash. Mistah Sadisuto say: many many American wrestler too afraid to face Mistah Sadisuto. The reason I do not have SuperClash match is because no one want to get in ring with me. They all know that I will make them feel vely vely much paaaaaain. So, I will no longah wait. I challenge aaaannnnnyone in AWA! You think you tough guy? Come face Mistah Sadistuo, and you gonna SUFFAH! Ha ha ha ha ha!

[The screen-in-screen fades away as the veteran climbs to his feet, still holding the wrist...

...and then drops his leg across the outstretched arm, slamming it down across the shoulder!]

GM: Oh! Sadisuto continues to try and break down the arm...

[He uses the limb to pull Futurestar off the mat, throwing him back into the nearest turnbuckles. Stalking towards the masked man, the Japanese veteran throws a pair of stiff palm strikes to the chest before spinning back and BURYING a kick in the stomach!]

GM: Ohh! What a spin kick that was!

[Gasping for air, Futurestar slumps down to all fours as Sadisuto backs off, slaps his forehead...

...and drops a falling headbutt into the kidneys of his opponent!]

GM: Headbutt!

BW: He calls that Chokurei! A grounded version of the bombs away headbutt he drops off the top rope to finish off many a foe.

[Futurestar tries to crawl from the ring to get a breather but Sadisuto grabs him by the ankle, hauling him under the ropes back into the middle of the ring...

...and then drops a standing legdrop across the chest before rolling into a lateral press!]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto covers him for one... he's got two... he's got-

[The shoulder flies off the mat, breaking the pin...

...which causes an angry Japanese grappler to hook his hands around the throat, throttling the masked man to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: He's choking the life out of Futurestar - pushing the count all the way up to four before he breaks it off!

[Back on his feet, Sadisuto backs up, slapping the forehead again...]

GM: BOMBS AAAAAAA...

[But Futurestar rolls to the side, avoiding the headbutt!]

GM: ...OHHHHH! HE ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!!

[Winching, Sadisuto rolls to his back, clutching his forehead as Futurestar pushes up off the mat, rushing to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaping into the air, dropping a big splash across the spare tire of a gut!]

GM: Big splash by Futurestar!

[He reaches back for a leg, gaining a two count before Sadisuto kicks out. The masked man quickly scrambles up, slapping his forearm before dashing to the ropes again...]

GM: Off the far side...

[Sadisuto staggers up, slowly turning towards Futurestar who leaves his feet and CRACKS the Japanese grappler with a forearm smash on the noggin!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot by Futurestar!

[The masked man dives atop Sadisuto, reaching back to hook a leg.]

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

[The Japanese grappler just BARELY gets a shoulder up in time!]

GM: Ohhh! The fans here in Dallas thought the youngster had him right there, Bucky!

BW: Sadisuto needs to get back on track in a hurry, Gordo.

[Futurestar gets up, backing to the corner where he steps up to the middle rope as his opponent staggers up...]

GM: Double axehand-

[But Sadisuto bottoms out, dropping to a knee and causing Futurestar to inverted atomic drop himself!]

GM: Oh! Nice counter!

[Grabbing Futurestar around the head and neck, Sadisuto uses his right leg to sweep out the masked man's legs while slamming him VICIOUSLY down to the mat!]

BW: STO! Sadisuto rocks him!

[Shoving the official aside, Sadisuto hops up to the middle rope, slaps his forehead...

...and leaps off, burying his head in the midsection of the stunned Futurestar!]

BW: Kotei no Ken!

GM: The Emperor's Sword and that oughta do it, fans!

[Sadisuto makes the cover, earning the easy three count.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto gets the one-two-three and there's your winner, fans.

BW: And you heard what he had to say, Gordo. He says everyone is afraid of him! He says everyone is afraid to face him at SuperClash!

GM: I don't know about that. A good victory here for Sadisuto as he tries to work his way up the ladder of contention here in the AWA. Fans, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by! Jason?

[The camera cuts backstage to reveal AWA's straight shooter Jason Dane standing with his mic in hand standing across from "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired high flier is dressed for business in his wrestling gear and a black "It's Showtime" t shirt.]

JD: Thanks Gordon. I'm backstage with "Showtime" Rick Marley, a man that's generated attention for all the wrong reasons after his diatribe at a perceived glass ceiling here in the AWA. Care to make any comment on that, Rick?

[Marley shakes his head, looking at Dane before he replies.]

RM: Like I said before on the subject, Jason: Bucky was right. I need to be ready and able to step up and do what's necessary to get ahead. When I spoke, I thought I was doing a favor for everyone...shining a light on a topic that people ignore.

Instead I came off as a self-entitled, whining prima-dona, and anyone that knows me will say that's the farthest thing from the truth.

JD: So now you're saying that you take it all back? Do you honestly expect the fans or the other wrestlers in the back to take you on your word after something like that?

RM: What's said is said. What I'm telling you now is that I'm looking forward to showing everyone what Rick Marley can do here in the AWA.

I'm looking forward to raising my game to the next level so that I can show everyone what the REAL Rick Marley is like...I've been coasting on my reputation for too long here...so long that I forgot that when you come right down to it a resume's nothing but a piece of paper.

Nobody's gonna shell out their hard earned money to hear about what you USED to do. They're here to see what you can do today.

So today I'm gonna show them...

And you can take that to the bank.

[Marley walks out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Rick Marley has apparently gained a new insight into what he must do here in the AWA to get to the next level, fans. Now we'll all have to sit back, wait, and see if he can do it. Right now, let's go right back down to the ring for more AWA action!

[Crossfade back down to the squared circle where Phil Watson stands by as "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: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing 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. He stops in front one of the cameras, looks directly at it and we hear him say, "LONGHORN RIDERS! Gotcha!" He points at the camera with a finger pistol and mocks shooting at it, then brings the finger to his mouth and blows at it coolly.]

GM: Two weeks ago, the Antons crossed paths with the Longhorn Riders and got the better of the encounter, but I think this situation is far from over, Bucky.

BW: The Colts, like so many wrestlers from the South, never forget, Gordo, and I'm sure the only way of settling this rivalry is to put all four men in that ring and letting them go at it.

[When Alex Anton 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. One of their opponents is a very youthful-looking man with long black hair, that extends below his shoulders, a scruffy mustache and beard. He has on plain full-length black trunks and boots. His partner has a very compact build]

PW: And their opponents, at a combined weight of 471 pounds, Rick Scott and KYLE HOULDER!!!

[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 Alex Anton starting off against Kyle Houlder. They lock up... Arm twist, into a beautiful fireman's carry takeover. Waistlock into the pin... Only two!

[Maintaining the waistlock, Alex rolls Houlder over into another bridging pin and again gets only two. He tries again and this time rolls Houlder too close to the ropes.]

GM: Kyle Houlder with one foot on the bottom rope. Senior Official Johnny Jagger calls for the break, and Alex Anton rightfully does so.

BW: I don't think these no-good Antons can do anything rightfully.

[They lock up again, but Kyle Houlder slips out and claps his hands over the ears of Alex Anton.]

GM: Talking about not doing things rightfully...

BW: The bell clap is as legal as a side headlock, Gordo, and that's what Kyle Houlder has Anton locked in.

[Houlder hangs onto the side headlock, dragging Anton down to the mat with a takedown.]

GM: Nice headlock takedown by Houlder... fans, earlier today, we caught up with the Longhorn Riders who had some strong words for these two brothers. Let's take a look...

[As Houlder grits his teeth, wrenching Anton's head and neck with the grounded headlock, a screen-in-screen opens in the upper right hand corner. Standing there in front of a grey background are Pete and Jim Colt, the Longhorn Riders. Both men are wearing black motorcycle helmets and white dusters.]

PC: Antons! Everywhere we go, people ask us why we ain't hung an' buried you boys yet! You got lucky in Oklahoma, and not so much in West Texas. But there ain't been no REAL winner yet.

JC: Seems like we done our feelin' out process. We got a lot of bruises, a lot of cuts, and a lot of aches. But nobody's broke a bone... yet. It's time we finished this.

PC: It's only gonna get more physical, more crazy, and more violent! We can go as far as the sky is wide, boys! The question is... how far can YOU go?

[The small screen fades out as Pete points at the camera. In the meantime, Alex Anton has battled up to his feet where Houlder is desperately trying to keep control.]

GM: Houlder with a series of closed fists to the noggin of Alex Anton... Irish whip! Reversed! Double leg pick-up, and an inverted atomic drop there.

BW: That'll send a jolt down your spine!

[Keeping his arms around the upper thighs, Anton muscled Houlder up and over into a belly-to-belly type throw.]

GM: Oh my! These two young men are just so strong, they come up with some very unique offense from time to time and that was one of those times right there. A belly-to-belly type throw but using the upper thighs instead of the grip around the torso.

BW: Now what the heck is he trying to do?

[Pulling Houlder to his feet, Anton leans down, muscling him up into a cross-body hold. He marches across the ring, stepping up onto the middle turnbuckle in the neutral corner...]

GM: I have not the slightest idea what he's thinking about doing but it can't be good news for-

[Suddenly, Anton leans back, HURLING Houlder over his head and three-quarters of the way across the ring with a devastating fallaway slam off the midbuckle! The crowd ROARS for the high impact move as Anton climbs off the canvas with a grin.]

GM: Good grief, fans! What a show of power by Alex Anton right there!

[Anton uses his boot to roll Houlder towards the corner, inviting Rick Scott to make the tag.]

BW: And that's just sheer confidence right there. Tag team wrestling is about keeping the weakened man inside the ring so you and your partner can weaken him even more but Alex Anton doesn't even care. Bring in the fresh guy! That's what he's telling the world right now...

GM: And here comes the tag from a brave Rick Scott.

[Showing no fear, Scott doesn't hesitate to tag himself in, charging across the ring towards a waiting Alex Anton...

...who drops down into a single leg, muscling Scott off the mat and down onto his stomach where Anton quickly goes for an STF.]

GM: Submission maneuver by Alex Anton! Can he make tough Rick Scott submit?

[Alex doesn't quite have the hold locked in before he lets go, looking to the corner.]

GM: Alex Anton released the hold before he really even secured it!

BW: I think his brother said something to him there.

GM: I think you're right as Alex is pulling Scott to his corner... And here comes big brother Nick!

[Coming in off the tag, Nick immediately hooks a side waistlock, bringing Scott up and over, dumping him on the back of his head and neck with a back suplex!]

GM: Goodness! These two boys are just dominating their competition right now.

BW: Anton tried a bridge there for a pin but Rick Scott was rolling on impact, rolling right to the ropes to avoid the pin attempt. Smart move by him.

GM: Is it? At this point, I might just call it a day and take the pinfall if I was Rick Scott rather than absorb more punishment.

[Grabbing the fleeing Scott, Nick drags him back to the corner, slapping his brother's hand...]

GM: Another tag - the Antons have really been working so well together since their tour of Japan earlier this year. You have to think that while 2012 is grinding close to an end, 2013 might be the year for these two young men here in the AWA. The National Tag Team Titles are within their reach... perhaps even the Stampede Cup as well...

[Alex Anton steps in, promptly slapping his brother's hand again...]

GM: Interesting.

[Alex whips Rick Scott across the ring, catching him under his arm on the rebound where he spins a couple times before DROPPING Rick Scott across his bent knee in a side backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! And look at this! Nick Anton is up on the middle rope now!

[Nick gives a shout to the crowd before leaping off, burying the point of his elbow into the chest of Rick Scott which dumps him painfully down to the canvas!]

GM: A new doubleteam out of the playbook of the Antons... but they're not done yet, Bucky!

BW: They could finish the guy off right here but you're right, Gordo - they ain't done yet!

[Another quick tag brings Alex back into the ring where Nick has fired a dazed Rick Scott into the ropes, sending him bouncing back where Alex easily hoists him up, twirling him through the air, flipping him over, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: WHATTAMOVE THAT WAS!

BW: A tilt-a-whirl SLAM by Alex Anton with a whole lotta impact! You know, I could really get behind these two if they weren't such baby-kissin' goody goodies.

GM: Another tag!

[This time, Alex Anton lifts a stunned Rick Scott up onto his massive shoulders as Nick Anton scales the ropes, reaching the top...

...and with a whoop, he leaps off, catching Scott across the collarbone with a clothesline that sends him flipping off Alex's shoulders and CRASHING facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: AIR! ANTON! CONNECTS! WHATTAMANEUVER OUT OF THE ANTONS!

[Nick covers Scott with a pushup style cover, his powerful arms at full extension as the referee mercifully counts a quick three.]

"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, first of the tilt-a-whirl slam...]

BW: I've got to give Alex Anton his due, Gordo. He's one of the few guys in the AWA who can manhandle an opponent...

[Then, of the match finish.]

BW: And then comes Air Anton... another direct message being sent to the Longhorn Riders, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. I know we've already got the National Tag Team Title match scheduled for SuperClash, but I wouldn't be surprised if either of these teams make an impression on Thanksgiving night as well. Fans, we've gotta take our first break of the night but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action where backstage Mark Stegglet is standing before an AWA banner alongside a battle ready November. The pale skinned, raven haired high flyer is dressed for action, Mark Stegglet microphone in hand and dapper as always.]

MS: Tonight, November, you and newcomer Travis Cade face off against Hercules Hammonds and a man who is becoming quite a rival for you, Skywalker Jones. Give me your thoughts on this match and your career moving forward with the AWA.

[November nods his head as Mark talks, developing a response.]

N: Tonight, Mark, isn't about my future with the AWA. Tonight, Markn, isn't about my career moving forward. Tonight... is about tonight. Tonight is about doing what's right. Tonight is about two men against two men. It's about a young man in Travis Cade getting another shot at a proper contest in the AWA and a shot at the men who decided it wasn't his time just yet. And tonight Mark...

[Very uncharacteristically, November chuckles in glee anticipation.]

N: Tonight is about me getting my hands on Skywalker Jones and showing the young man what twelve years in this business has taught me. What twelve years against the very best the world has ever seen, traveling the globe for competition and wrestling three hundred days a year has taught me. Skywalker Jones IS a helluva talent, don't get me wrong. The kid has a bright future in the wrestling business. But tonight, he isn't shining. Tonight he isn't looking to the future. Tonight, Mark Stegglet, right here in the Crockett Coliseum it's about Skywalker Jones regretting the day he had to face off against the most focused November anyone's ever seen.

[November is about to walk off camera when suddenly Skywalker Jones' private ring announcer Buford P. Higgins walks into view, a smirk a country mile wide plastered on his face.]

N: What do you want?

[Higgins chuckles before speaking.]

BPH: Really sorry about what happened to Travis Cade, playa'. Tough break!

[November looks to Stegglet who shrugs before he turns back to Higgins.]

N: What are you talking about?

[Higgins clasps his hands at his chest in mocking surprise.]

BPH: Oh, you didn't know? Well, this is kinda' awkward...

[An angry November leans forward, grabbing Higgins by the lapels.]

N: What... the HELL... are you talking about?!

[A violent shake or two seems to motivate Higgins to come clean.]

BPH: IT'S CADE! HE GOT ATTACKED! THEY JUST FOUND HIM IN THE LOCKERS-....

[November shoves Higgins back against the wall, tearing out of view. Mark Stegglet pauses for a moment before gesturing for the cameraman to follow him. The camera's shot is shaky as we jog down the hall alongside them, hearing November shouting in the background.]

MS: Keep after him. There! He went over there!

[The cameraman spins around a corner where November has just gone, chasing in pursuit...

...and then comes to a halt when he sees a crowd of people surrounding something or someone, looking down at the ground. November drops to a knee instantly next to them. The camera edges forward before an official steps in front of it, shaking his head.

The camera catches one more glimpse of a concerned-looking November before fading back to ringside.]

GM: I'm not quite sure what we just saw there, fans, but it appears as though Travis Cade, the man who is scheduled to team with November later tonight, has been assaulted in the locker room area. We couldn't exactly see his condition but judging by the expressions on the faces of those around him, this seems like a pretty serious situation, Bucky.

BW: I hope November's okay with comin' out here alone to face Jones and Hammonds 'cause that's exactly what he's got facing him in just a little while.

GM: We'll try and get you an update on Travis Cade as quickly as we can but right now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, and weighing 248 pounds, this is BRANDON CARTER!

[A young man with long black hair, dressed in red and white tights, raises his arms to the crowd.

"You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: And now, his opponent, hailing from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...
IS...
SUPERNOVA!

GM: Listen to this crowd! They are getting up for the most popular wrestler in the AWA!

BW: All these fans are doing is giving me a headache!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to reach down and slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl.]

GM: After many months, Supernova finally overcame William Craven... and who knows what the future might hold for this young man!

BW: I can only hope it's a ticket out of the AWA!

GM: I can tell you the feeling is most definitely not mutual on that one, fans.

[The bell rings as Supernova circles Carter and the two lock up.]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup... Supernova with the advantage and backing Carter into the corner.

BW: And he's gotta break it up now.

GM: The referee starts the count... Supernova backing away... fist to the face by Carter!

BW: That's how you take advantage!

[The crowd jeers as Carter grabs a side headlock, repeatedly ramming his fist into the painted face as the referee struggles to get around the combatants and see what's going on.]

GM: The ref can't quite get there to see it and Carter's doing a number on Supernova with those right hands!

BW: Hey, it's strategy, Gordo... something completely lost on that face-painted goof!

[Carter swings Supernova around, ignoring the official as he shoves him back.]

GM: Carter backing Supernova in the corner... he fires off a chop!

[But as he does, Supernova just simply stares back at his opponent.]

GM: No effect!

BW: He's been in the hit head too much... he's too dumb now to know what it's like to feel pain!

GM: Only you could make that kind of analysis, Bucky.

BW: Of course... I'm not a multi-time Announcer of the Year for nothing!

[Carter fires another chop, but Supernova growls and flexes his arms, causing Carter to back up.]

GM: Carter sensing the tide may be turning here.

[Lunging forward, Supernova grabs an arm and flings Carter into the ropes...]

GM: Powerful whip by the young lion... and a BIIIIIG clothesline on the rebound!

BW: Look at him sucking up to the crowd now!

[Supernova lets loose a howl, causing the fans to howl right back.]

GM: Carter trying to get to his feet... Supernova will help him up.

BW: Only so he can bodyslam him back to the mat!

GM: And with authority!

[A grinning Supernova hits the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Oh my! He goes HIGH in the air for an elbowdrop! Did you see the elevation on that, Bucky?!

BW: I saw it, I saw it.

[Supernova is up to his feet, howling once more, then pounding his chest.]

BW: Yeah, we heard you the first time! Quit trying to make me deaf!

GM: Supernova bringing Carter to his feet... here's an Irish whip to the corner... and we know what's next.

BW: I'm afraid I do.

[Indeed, Supernova comes flying from the opposite corner, crushing his weight against Carter.]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

BW: Down goes Carter... and I hate to say it, but I know what comes next.

GM: Indeed, Supernova has Carter by the legs... he ties him up... there's the Solar Flare.

[Supernova leans back in the hold as the referee checks Carter, who quickly signals he's had enough.]

GM: And there's the submission! This one's over!

[The bell rings as Supernova releases the hold and has his hand raised by the referee.]

PW: Here is your winner... SUPERNOVA!

[The fan favorite cups his hands to his mouth and howls once more.]

GM: And chalk up another victory for the young man from Venice Beach... and Bucky, it looks like he's going to join us now!

BW: [sarcastically] Oh, how lucky for us.

[Supernova comes to the commentator position, where he is quick to shake hands with Gordon Myers.]

GM: Supernova, another win in the books for you, and not far removed from your victory over William Craven.

S: Gordon, I gotta admit I'm feeling pretty good about myself now! Seems as though, for several months, I had a monkey on my back that I just couldn't shake off! Well, it was just a few weeks ago when I finally did get that monkey off my back and it feels like the weight of the world has been lifted on my shoulders!

[A quick laugh.]

S: But, Gordon, there's something else I need to get off my chest as it pertains to what else has been happening in the AWA. I'm sure you know about the battles I had prior to locking horns with William Craven and I just have to say one thing about that. So I'd like to talk about...

[Supernova then stops, as he, Gordon and Bucky all have their attention drawn...

...to the man who is now approaching the announce desk: "The Professional" Dave Cooper. He is dressed in blue jeans and a button-down shirt, the fans loudly booing.]

S: Hey, you just hold it right there...

[Cooper raises his hands defensively, shaking his head.]

DC: Now, now, son, I didn't come out to here start any trouble... I just wanted to come out here and talk to you about something.

[Supernova looks tense as Cooper continues, not waiting for a response.]

DC: You see, son, it was back at SuperClash III that you had yourself a shot at the AWA National Championship, the top match of the card... you WERE the Main Event... but the next thing you know, you're off talking about how

important the AWA is to you and that you'll protect it from the revolution that William Craven was talking about. And so you took him down just a few weeks ago and what did it get you?

Nothing in return... not even a match at SuperClash IV.

[Cooper just smirks as Supernova's eyes narrow.]

DC: So I want you to ask yourself a question... just what exactly were you fighting for when you fought Craven? Did it ever occur to you that maybe the AWA wasn't so grateful for what you did? Did it ever occur to you that maybe... just maybe... there's some people out there who might be able to show you-

[Cooper's words are cut off by a loud, protracted male singing voice over the PA, which is immediately recognizable as the opening to "Saz O Avaz". Both Supernova and Cooper immediately turn and get ready for an attack as Sultan Azam Sharif storms out of the back. He is clad in his reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal, but is not carrying his flag as is his custom. There is an intense look on the face of the Iranian man with the neatly groomed mustache and goatee as he approaches the interview stage.]

DC: Well, look who decided to crash the party -- it's the camel herdsman.

[Sharif approaches unabated, and Cooper dips his hand in one of his jean pockets. Supernova remains ready for a fight. Sharif stops at the microphone and points at Cooper.]

SAS: Dahveed Coopair, you lied like vat you always did! You always look for troubail! Everybody know, un Supairnova know, un all ontollEgunt AmerEcun know dot you only serve Mork Lonset un Joe Petrow!

[Supernova bursts in, angry at the interruption.]

S: Now, hold on just a minute... Sharif, I find it a little odd that you'd be the one showing up. After all, you and I happen to have a little...

[Slight laugh.]

S: History together.

[Cooper can be heard with an "Exactly!" off-mic, gesturing at Sharif.]

SAS: Men fahtlek, I know vat I do to you, un vat you do to me, vat you seem to forgot! But I know vhy you vant to beat up old man now. I also vas tempted to, he vas fitna to me! Even though you chould hof not done dot, to attock old man, now I understand. Now dot I know I vas wrong about Count Botwaite, man yukhtiq fa-huwa qinsaanan wa-man ya'fuu fa-huwa malaakun. Un I forgive you for vat you do to me. Dot is vhy I...

[Supernova interrupts.]

S: Hold on... did I hear you just say you forgive me for what I did to you? What about what you did to me?

[Cooper interjects.]

DC: Yeah! What about what you did to-

[Supernova glares at Cooper.]

S: Hey, I'm the one talking, pal!

[That draws a cheer and Dave just shrugs. Supernova turns back to Sharif.]

S: Let's get to the point... why are you out here telling me this?

[Sharif proudly straightens up, slapping an open hand over his chest.]

SAS: I do vat I belief is right! Dot jehbronie Dahveed Coopair is a slave! Slave to Mork Lonset! Slave to Joe Petrow! Un dey vant you to be slave too!

[It's Cooper's turn to get upset now.]

DC: Now wait a minute... I ain't no slave if I stand for a cause I truly believe in! And I absolutely do believe in the cause I stand up for! Unlike some people in this place, who seem to think you just turn your back on a cause when it suits your own agenda!

[Supernova turns back to Cooper warily.]

S: [Well, then, why don't you tell me why I should be listening to you?

[A smirking Cooper gestures at Sharif.]

DC: Because it's better to listen to me than listen to anybody who has had his brain fried by desert heat and worships some guy named Allah King whatever.

[Sharif has had enough of being insulted, and blows up.]

SAS: I OM OLYMPIAN! YOU DO NOT DISRASPEC ME!

[And, now finished with the verbal portion of this confrontation, the Sultan decides to go straight after Cooper. Cooper backpedals, and security quickly moves in to prevent an altercation. Sharif tries to get to the "Professional", but Cooper is more mobile than the Iranian and easily gets away from him.]

DC: What makes you think being an Olympian makes you worthy of respect? Why, just look at...

[But that's when Cooper gets spun around and nailed right in the kisser -- by one Supernova!]

GM: OH MY STARS! I think Supernova just...

[Gordon stops, though, as now Cooper, a bit stunned at first, now lunges for Supernova, but security is now trying to restrain him. Supernova backs up, standing next to Sultan, who is still agitated but holding his ground, likely because he just saw Supernova's response to Cooper. Supernova has the mic.]

S: Did you think for one minute that I forgot about what you did back in May? About you trying to get into the arena a few weeks later to cause more trouble? You really think I forgot about that and that I wasn't going to stand for it?

[The crowd cheers.]

S: I may not have seen eye to eye with this man [motions to Sharif] but what he did to me was nothing compared to what you did to the AWA, pal!

[He now turns to Sharif.]

S: Sharif, you and I may have had our difference but I can respect that you've severed ties with Bathwaite... and I can definitely respect that you want those Royalty punks in the ring! And if you are looking for somebody to stand with you against that motley crew...

[He then extends a hand toward Sharif.]

S: You can count me in!

[Sharif quickly accepts the handshake, turning to stand united against Cooper who angrily turns to kick the bottom rope before being pushed from the ring by security.]

GM: Oh my! That makes two, Bucky! We've got Sharif and Supernova meeting Royalty at SuperClash IV!

BW: I never... NEVER... would have thought that Supernova would sign on to team with Sharif after all that they've been through. But the question remains, Gordo... who is the third man?

GM: For who?

BW: For BOTH teams actually. Both teams need a third man in place for the big six man tag team match. It was obvious that Cooper was looking to sign on Supernov... hrm.

GM: What?

BW: Well... I just said that I never thought Supernova would team with Sharif.

GM: Right.

BW: What if he's not, Gordo? What if Supernova is helping Royalty shock the whole world?! Cooper's right! Supernova went from the penthouse at SuperClash III to not even making the show before what just happened. His stock has gone WAY down in the span of a year and who better to send him back to the top than Royalty?

GM: I think you're getting paranoid, Bucky. Supernova is a fine, upstanding young man. There's NO chance he'd align himself with Mark Langseth and-

BW: -Dave Cooper? Couldn't we have said the same thing about Dave Cooper when he was a goody two shoes out here fighting for the National Tag Team Titles? Money and power have a strange way of affecting people, Gordo - that's all I'm saying.

GM: I think Supernova's better than that and I think you'll see that yourself at SuperClash in Los Angeles in just a few short weeks. Fans, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is with a newcomer to the AWA. Jason?

[We crossfade from the in-ring altercation to the backstage area where we see Jason Dane standing beside a solidly built man with pale skin, long dirty blond hair, a beard, and green eyes. He's wearing a black button up shirt and matching jeans and stands with his thumbs hooked in the belt loops.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm standing now with the newly signed "Dangerous" Dick Wyatt, a second generation wrestler out of Memphis, Tennessee. Welcome to the American Wrestling Alliance, Dick.

[A boisterous Dick Wyatt spins towards Jason Dane, fire in his eyes.]

DW: That's MR. WYATT ta you, son.

[Dane takes a step back, raising his hands.]

DW: I heard about the problem ya'll were havin' with a pest infestation, and said to myself: Self, it's time ta lend your expertise to those poor Texans. They don't know what happens when you let vermin like that run around for too long... they dig in an' you can't never get 'em out.

JD: Vermin? What infestation are you talking about?

[Wyatt looks at Jason Dane, shock evident on his face.]

DW: Why...them Lynches, son! Don't tell me you're a Lynch-lover!? You seemed like...well...like you had all o' your teeth! Every right thinkin' person knows that the only people that like the Lynches are either other Lynches or inbred, cousin kissin' hillbillies...

...but I repeat myself.

[Wyatt cackles loudly and obnoxiously.]

DW: My daddy taught me well comin' up in this sport, Jason Dane. Do you know who my daddy is?

[Dane shakes his head.]

DW: That's what I thought. My daddy's first rule is, was, an' always will be: Never trust a stinkin' Lynch.

His second rule was "If you wanna be a rockstar, just be a wrestler. Playin' instruments is hard, but whoopin' up on people's easy"...so that's what I'm here to do.

[Wyatt cracks a big wild-eyed grin.]

DW: I'm a drink swillin', Lynch killin', kiss stealin', wheelin' and dealin' son of a gun...

...and I ain't the only one who feels that way.

[Dane jumps in.]

JD: Wait... what do you mean by that?

[A smirking Wyatt lifts his hands, twisting his fingers into a pistol shape and "shoots" at the camera before walking off camera.]

JD: Dick Wyatt has arrived here in the AWA... and if I'm understanding him right, he's got his sights set right on the Lynches. Jack, James, and Travis had better grow eyes in the back of their heads right now. Now, let's go right back down to ringside for more action!

[We crossfade back down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Introducing first, in the corner to my right... at a combined weight of 750 pounds making their AWA debut... the team of RICHTER LANE AND LEE TREMORS...

AFTERSHOCK!!!

[The crowd jeers the two hulking figures dressed in an outrageous arrangement of bright colors, wristbands, arm tassels, and overalls standing in the corner. Lee Tremors' raggedy brown hair is tucked into a green, yellow, and red rasta hat. Behind him, tipping the scales at nearly 450 pounds... the Original Black Mamba, Richter Lane. Lane's dreadlocks spill down and over the straps of his two sizes too small overalls that barely are able to hold his, well, body mass that spills out of any opening that they are able too.]

GM: Tremors and Lane are making their debut here and they are quite the interesting duo.

BW: They're two giants! Did you even hear Watson?! 750 pounds! They're gonna squash whoever they're facing into the mat!

GM: They certainly are some massive men in there, looking out on this crowd with a purpose.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents... weighing in at a combined weight of 540 pounds they are the team of...

RYAN MARTINEZ AND GUNNAR "THE GRIIIZZZZZZZZZZZLY" GAINES!!!

[The signature guitar riff of "Bad to the Bone" slides into play. Dubbed over it, the voice of Michael Franti and the lyrics of "Yell Fire".]

#A revolution never come with a warning.#

#A revolution never send you an omen.#

[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 eyes the large men standing in the ring, too focused on the task at hand to be aware of the hands that reach out and slap him on the shoulders and back.]

BW: One half of the new Baddest Thangs Runnin'!

GM: Not quite. You heard what Ryan Martinez said last week, he is not about to step from one shadow to the next. He spent his entire career crawling out of the footnotes of his father Alex and the last thing he intends to do is be mentioned in the same sentence as someone like Caleb Temple who has knifed his way into their family tree on more than one occasion.

[The Grizzly Grin disappears in an instant, replaced by a stone-faced, deadpan look. With determination, Gunnar makes his way beside his new partner, clad in his trademark ring wear — black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed. Together the pair step into the ring, raising their hands to a nice ovation from the crowd.]

GM: They certainly look and act the part of a tag-team, now lets see if they can wrestle like one.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's going to be the younger Ryan Martinez to start things off against Lee Tremors. The two men size up pretty well with Martinez slightly taller than Lee who has a good 40-50 pounds on him.

BW: Forty-five. It says it right here on the stat sheets.

GM: Regardless, the two men lock up, collar to collar... elbow to elbow.. it's rare that you see Martinez back up a step in a position like this but Tremors is driving his weight behind him and forcing him into the corner. The official is quick to step in and break them.

[Just as Martinez lifts his hands to break, he's met with a solid punch to the gut from Tremors. The official steps in immediately and orders Tremors back.]

GM: You can see the grin on ole' Gunnar in the corner, I don't think he was keen on Ryan giving up his position so easily. Martinez is by the book, and Gaines is as crafty as they come, it's going to be interesting to see not only how their wrestling styles blend but their personalities as well.

BW: The Hall of Famer is jawing to his partner to press forward and Martinez seems to oblige as he instantly locks up with Tremors once more.

[As the two men tangle in the ring, Tremors begins to force Martinez to the adjacent corner once again. However, just as they near it, Martinez slips his shoulder and swings Tremors into the turnbuckle back first. Before the official can even think to separate the two, Martinez slashes his right hand forward with a knife edge chop, and another, and another... and another.]

GM: Martinez is laying into Tremors with those chops!

BW: You can see the big man's chest already start to blister!

[Grabbing an arm, Martinez fires Tremors off where he hits chestfirst in the opposite corner, quickly following in his footsteps and blasting him with an elbow as he meets him at full speed.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Tremors staggers backwards from the corner and Martinez hooks him from behind and drops with a belly-to-back suplex. A quick cover by Martinez and a quick kick out from Tremors.]

GM: Tremors won't be put away that easy but you can't fault Martinez for looking for the quick pin after flexing his strength with that impressive suplex. You never know how a guy is gonna respond the first time he steps foot into an AWA ring.

[Martinez plants his fist into the face of the downed Tremors. With Gunnar itching to get into action, Ryan Martinez tags his partner in to a nice pop from the crowd and Gaines jumps into the ring. As he does, he's met with a quick boot from Tremors who made his way to his feet during the exchange.]

BW: That right there shows you some of the inexperience from Gaines and Martinez, Gordo.

GM: How so?

BW: Martinez should have held onto Tremors while making the tag. It allowed for Tremors to recollect himself and meet the oncoming Gaines with a big boot.

GM: It's a valid point, Bucky. Tremors is staying on top of Gaines, hammering away on his lower back with some well placed double axe handle smashes.

[Tremors pounds Gaines down to one knee where he promptly grabs the veteran by the back of the head, smashing his face into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! A whole lotta impact behind that!

[Tremors gets to his feet quickly for a man of his size, stomping down on Gaines as he inches closer and closer away from his partner with every boot.]

GM: And that small mistake in teamwork that you pointed out has quickly changed the tempo of the match. Tremors is slowing down the veteran with those stomps. He's now pulling him and he heaves him back into the corner.

[Leaning over, Tremors grabs the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the torso of Gaines before straightening up, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made - in comes Lane!

[The crowd gasps as the 450 pound Richter Lane steps foot into the ring.]

GM: Tremors is holding Gaines in the corner and Lane is moving like a middle linebacker in the ring as he charges forward.

[And absolutely CRUSHES Gaines under 450 pounds of charging grappler!]

GM: OHHH! MY STARS, WHAT AN AVALANCHE!

BW: That's one turnbuckle sandwich I want no part of.

[A wobbling Gaines staggers out of the corner into the powerful arms of Lane who wraps the veteran up in a sloppy bearhug before lifting him up, pivoting, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY!!

BW: I think my soda just fell off the table.

GM: And all kidding aside, fans, that might be it!

[Lane positions his 450 pounds over Gaines' chest.]

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

[But Gaines manages to slip a shoulder up underneath the big man.]

GM: A near upset in the making here, folks. Gaines and Martinez could be in for a rude awakening in their tag team debut!

BW: You know, Gordo... I've seen it hundreds of times. So many singles wrestlers look at the tag team scene and think they can come together as a team and dominate. These two are very good on their own in there but as a team? That remains to be seen. Just like with Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan.

GM: Well, Jack Lynch is a heck of a tag team wrestler - we know that.

BW: But with a different partner! The point still stands... just like the Bishops Boys will be standing with the National Tag Team Titles around their waists on Black Friday, daddy.

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky.

[The massive Lane regains his feet, stepping towards the ropes where he bounces off, nearly snapping the rope from the turnbuckles...]

GM: Look out here! Four hundred and fifty pounds coming out... UP!

[Lane leaps into the air for a big splash...

...but Gaines rolls aside, avoiding the potentially match-ending move!]

GM: HE MISSED! Richter Lane went for the big bellyflop and the pool was empty!

[The Hall of Famer climbs to his feet, trying to get some momentum back as a hurting Lane tries to get up as well, clutching his ribs.]

GM: Both men are climbing back up to their feet - Gaines to the ropes!

[The veteran comes roaring back, leaping into the air...]

GM: Diving shoulder tackle by Gaines!

[The big impact seems to stun Lane but doesn't drop him!]

GM: Lane's still on his feet! He's still up!

BW: Incredible!

GM: Gaines is going back for seconds as he hits the ropes once more... another shoulder tackle!

[This time, Gaines doesn't leave his feet, throwing all his weight into the charge as he hammers his shoulder into Lane a second time!]

GM: Goodness! Lane is wobbly! He's got the big man reeling, fans!

[A fired-up Gaines slaps his shoulder, racing to the ropes for a third time with a purpose, flashing forward as fast as his old legs will allow him too, and he drives his shoulder into Lane for a third time. The crowd roars for the impact...

...and then buzzes with surprise as Lane staggers but doesn't topple.]

GM: He's still on his feet! The near quarter-ton'er won't go down!

[Shaking his head in disbelief, Gaines hits the ropes for a fourth time!]

BW: What's he doing, Gordo?! He needs to make the tag!

GM: You could be right about that, Bucky. Ryan Martinez is shouting to his partner, looking for that tag...

[Gaines bounces off the ropes, springing back, and after several thunderous steps, he throws himself off the mat...]

GM: Whoa! A dropkick from the veteran!

[The dropkick catches Lane under the chin, sending him staggering backwards towards the ropes!]

GM: That might've done it! He's falling back! He's going down!

[But before he can, Lane's body falls into the ropes, and somehow....they are able to hold him. Shaking the cobwebs, Gaines takes a couple steps towards his corner...]

GM: Gaines going for the ta- no!

[Instead, he wheels around to paste Lane with a pair of right hands, leaving his fresher partner out on the apron where he shouts some encouragement to the veteran.]

GM: Ryan Martinez looks like he wants the tag in there but Gaines wasn't looking for it quite yet. Perhaps he thinks he's got more damage to deliver to the big man.

[Grabbing Lane by the head and neck, Gaines pulls him away from the ropes...

...and gets cracked with a headbutt between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Lane caught him!

[A clubbing forearm to the back of the neck knocks Gaines down to all fours where Lane winds up with both arms...

...and SLAMS a heavy double axehandle down into the kidneys! He instantly flips Gaines over, applying a press!]

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

[Somehow, Gaines shoots his shoulder up...again.]

GM: Resilient effort by Gunnar Gaines! Never could he have imagined he would be in this position tonight! Martinez is stomping his boot in the corner, trying to rally and will his partner back into this match!

BW: Instead of stomping his foot, he should've ran in there and stomped that fat son of a gun on the melon, Gordo! That could've been all over right there and Ryan Martinez left his partner hanging out there.

GM: Martinez is built a little bit different than most wrestlers. He follows a strict code of ethics and it may take some convincing from his seasoned partner to make decisions like that.

[Lane pulls himself back up, leaning down to drag Gaines up by the arm, promptly firing him into a neutral corner...]

GM: Gaines hits the buckles again... he needs to get out of there, fans!

[Lane lumbers across the ring again, looking for the big splash in the corner...

...but the veteran uses his grip on the ropes to pull himself out of range, causing Lane to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

BW: He moved! Gaines moved out of the way!

GM: This is it! This is Gunnar's chance to tag in Martinez! He's trying to gather himself!

[With Lane clutching his chest and staggering back into the ropes, leaning on them heavily, Gaines rolls to the ropes where he starts to drag himself up one hand at a time...]

GM: Gaines is on his feet, hanging onto the ropes! He needs to get all the way across the ring though! He needs to walk all the way down the ropes to where his partner is waiting for him!

[Smartly, Martinez switches to the other side of the ringpost, arm stretched out as Gaines draws closer and closer to him...]

BW: Lane is starting to stir! He's got his sights on Gaines!

[Hesitating no more, Gaines wills himself forward, making a mad dash for the far corner of the ring.]

GM: YES! HE MADE IT! GAINES WITH THE TAG!

[Like a ball out of a cannon, Martinez shoots himself into the ring. He immediately pounces on the recovering Richter Lane. He drives his knee into him...and another.. and unthinkably the third knee nearly lifts Richter Lane off of his feet...nearly...]

GM: Martinez with bad intentions behind those knees! Richter Lane felt every single one of those.

BW: Debatable. He's got quite the cushion protecting his midsection.

[Martinez takes to the ropes much like Gaines did, blasting forward, and right before he meets Richter Lane he spins...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH BY MARTINEZ! Lane is staggered!

[Instantly, he hits the ropes once more... again.. twisting his body around before impact.]

GM: DISCUS BACKFIST! He's hitting Lane with everything he's got! He's learning real quick what Gunner Gaines seemed to stumble upon as well... nothing will take this big man down!

[Before he hits the ropes again, he eyes Gunnar Gaines...his body hunched over the top rope...Gaines nods. The veteran is ready.]

GM: Martinez is tagging Gaines back in! Gaines barely had half a minute to catch his breath!

BW: Both men hitting the ropes... DOUBLE SHOULDER TACKLE! LANE IS GOING DOWN!

[But, as happened earlier, the ropes seem to save Lane from meeting the canvas...]

GM: What's it gonna take?! Gaines and Martinez are starting to act like a cohesive unit as they take to running once more... DOUBLE CLOTHESLI-OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd reacts the same way as a big running double clothesline takes the four hundred and fifty pounder all the way over the ropes, tumbling to the floor.]

GM: My stars - after all it took to get Richter Lane off his feet, I can't believe they took him all the way over the top to the floor like that!

[Gaines steps out on the apron, backing down to the ringpost as the crowd starts to buzz again. He backsteps as far as he can, giving himself some space...]

GM: Gaines is gonna fly! He's taking flight!

[Vintage Gunnar Gaines charges forward, balancing himself along the ring apron as he gains speed...lifting off...hurling his body towards Lane on the outside.]

GM: DIVING ELBOW FROM THE APRON! GAINES CONNECTS!

BW: That's one way to keep the big man down.

[Gaines rolls over to his back, visibly wincing as he reaches down to rub at his ribs and hip. Inside the ring, Ryan Martinez shouts encouragement to his partner who is out on the floor in pain.]

GM: Gaines has to be feeling the effects of that reckless dive!

BW: They call it vintage Gaines for a reason, he's got to keep moves like that locked in basement if he hopes to prolong his career here in AWA.

[Both men struggle to get up as the referee begins to count them down. Four....five....six. As the seven count comes down, Gaines manages to get to his feet. He looks down at the downed Lane, grabbing an arm.]

GM: Gaines is up.. he's pulling at Richter Lane, trying to drag the big man in with him!

BW: Give it up! There ain't no movin' that tank!

[The count hits eight... then nine...]

GM: He's not gonna make it!

BW: Run, dummy!

[Gaines suddenly turns away from Lane, throwing himself under the bottom rope just in time.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! The official is calling this one!

[The crowd reacts with a mixed response at the bell as the official walks over to the kneeling Gaines, raising an arm in victory.]

GM: Well, it might not have been exactly what they had in mind but Gaines and Martinez score a win in their debut as a tag team here in the AWA. It wasn't pretty, not by a longshot, but Gaines and Martinez earn their first win as a team.

BW: They're going to have to really work out some kinks if they have their eyes set on the Bishop Boys anywhere in the near future but hey, Gordo, a win is a win so you gotta give 'em credit for that.

GM: Yet two more men who are looking to find a way to break into the SuperClash IV lineup and who, no doubt, will be watching with great interest when Mark Stegglet comes from us out of the Control Center later tonight. Fans, it's time for us to take another quick break and after that, we'll be back with more AWA action!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find Scotty Storm and Marty Morgan, the two men who make up the tag team known as the Rockstar Express, standing in front of a generic AWA backdrop.]

SS: You know, ever since the Rockstar Express came back to the AWA, the people have been askin' us when we're gonna get our shot at the Bishop Boys.

MM: That's right. We've been all over the South this summer - taking on the best the AWA has to offer and sendin' 'em packing for it.

[Storm grins.]

SS: We've been down in San Antonio with the Riders... we've been up in Houston with The Rave... even over in Oklahoma City with our buddies The Hive.

MM: That Queen Bee really knows how to party, people.

SS: That's right, Marty... but somehow, someway... no matter how many teams we beat... no matter how many teams end up staring up at the lights after facing us, we still can't get a shot at the Bishops. But all that's changing in the next couple weeks, fans.

[Morgan nods.]

MM: That's why you gotta go to AWA.com and buy your tickets now for when the AWA comes to town. I don't care if it's in El Paso, Laredo, or Tulsa, the Rockstars are comin' for those gold straps so you can tell Duane Henry, Cousin Bo, and that big oaf Cletus Lee that they'd better polish 'em up real good 'cause when the Rockstars put 'em down for the one-two-three and head to Los Angeles with those belts around OUR waists... well... tell 'em, Scotty...

[A big grin.]

SS: Those belts ain't never gonna look any prettier, baby.

[A big high five is exchanged between the two as we see all the live event info for the shows that the Rockstar Express just mentioned...

...and we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit.

[Watson grimaces before delivering his next line.]

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: Rise up on your feet, playas' and pay homage to THEE most devastating combination since bacon and eggs! The strongest man in ALLLL of professional wrestling and the one TRUE human highlight reel of this sport! I'm talkin' about...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLEEESSSS HAMMONDS!

And...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOOONNNNN
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.]

GM: Jones and Hammonds make up one of the more exciting tag teams in the entire division, Bucky.

BW: With Jones' incredible high-flying skill and Hammonds' awe-inspiring power, these two men have GOT to have their eyes locked on the National Tag Team Titles - not to mention the Stampede Cup early in 2013, Gordo.

[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.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The crowd rises to their feet, buzzing with anticipation.]

GM: Well, who's it going to be, fans? We were unable to get any confirmation on whether or not Travis Cade would be able to compete here tonight in this match or if, in fact, November had to go find another tag team partner to take part in this match.

BW: We're all about to find out, Gordo.

[The buzzing continues, turning into a big cheer as Alice In Chains' "Rain When I Die" kicks in over the PA system.]

PW: Introducing first... from Seattle, Washington...

This is... NOOOOOVEMMMBERRRRR!

[The cheers pick up as November strides through the curtain, an obvious look of concern on his face as he stands at the top of the entrance aisle, looking down at the ring where Skywalker Jones is mocking him.]

BW: I don't see no sign of Cade, Gordo!

GM: Neither do I. November can't actually be thinking of doing this alone, can he?!

BW: He's dumb enough to try it, I'm pretty sure, since he thinks these idiot fans will cheer him for it.

[November starts to walk down the ramp as Phil Watson raises the mic again.]

PW: And his tag team partner...

[Watson pauses, shrugging his shoulders to Jones and Hammonds.]

GM: Phil Watson doesn't know who it is either, fans. Obviously, Travis Cade is too hurt to compete here tonight but who's going to be taking his place? Who will-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks out into cheers as November's partner emerges from the curtain.]

GM: It's Chris Staley! Staley's going to team with November!

BW: These two have ties back to their days in Los Angeles, Gordo. They've never been partners or friends especially as far as I know but they do have that history to fall back on.

[Staley reaches November's spot on the ramp, a look of surprise on the face of the cruiserweight as he shakes Staley's hand, trading a few words before the duo heads down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Here they come and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...and HERE! WE! GO!

[The crowd roars as Chris Staley goes right after Hercules Hammonds and November makes a beeline for Skywalker Jones who dives from the ring to the floor, his rival in hot pursuit!]

GM: Jones is making a run for it but November's coming right after him!

[The two high-flyers quickly make their way around the ringside area, Jones shouting for people to "GET OUT DA WAY!" while in the ring, the powerhouse Hammonds is driving Staley back towards the ropes with a barrage of muscle-filled forearms to the face!]

GM: Hammonds is sending Staley back- ohh!

[Ducking under a big forearm, Staley whips around and throws a stiff kick to the side of the knee that staggers Hammonds. A second one causes Hammonds to fall back to the ropes, looping a muscular arm over the top to stay on his feet.

We cut outside the ring where Jones is heading fast towards the entrance ramp...]

GM: Skywalker Jones has run out of room here at ringside! He's going to-

[With his momentum behind him, Jones leaps into the air, leaping right up off the floor and onto the raised ramp on his stomach. He tries to crawl to his feet as November reaches him, grabbing an ankle from behind!]

GM: November caught him! He caught up to Skywalker Jones!

[Jones promptly rolls to his back, lashing out with a kick that catches November flush in the chin, sending him staggering back as Jones climbs to his feet, giving a whoop to the crowd...]

GM: Look out here!

[Jones turns his back on November, backflipping off the raised ramp, toppling November down to the mats on the floor with a moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JONES COMES OFF THE RAMP WITH A BACKFLIP AND DOWN GOES NOVEMBER!!

[Leaving November down on the floor, Jones climbs up on the apron, giving a shout at Chris Staley who turns away from Hammonds, coming towards the arrogant highflyer...]

GM: Staley turns his back on Hammonds and-

[The powerful Hammonds lays a double axehandle in across the back of the head and neck, sending Staley falling towards Jones who uses the top rope to slingshot himself forward, smashing Staley with a forearm to the face!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Jones!

[Staley falls backwards, allowing Hammonds to hook him in a side waistlock, powering him into the air...

...and DROPPING him across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: What a backbreaker! Hammonds is a beast, daddy!

[Hammonds gets to his feet, angrily stomping Staley in the sternum once before stepping back as Jones grabs the top rope, catapulting himself into the squared circle...

...where he CRASHES down across the chest of Staley with a senton!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Slingshot senton by the man from Hot Coffee, Mississippi! He might be able to finish this one right now after the backbreaker and the senton, daddy!

[Jones flips over, hooking a leg as Hammonds steps out to the apron. Across the ring, a slightly dazed November pulls himself up into his corner, watching as Staley kicks out at two.]

GM: Two count only there for Hammonds and Jones who, from what I understand, have started talking about taking a run at the National Tag Team Titles not to mention the 2013 Stampede Cup.

BW: There's been a lot of talk in the industry about tag teams trying to jockey for position to get on the SuperClash IV lineup on Thanksgiving night in Los Angeles but for a lot of teams, starting to make an impression on the Championship Committee heading into next year's Stampede Cup is even more important. It's no coincidence that we're seeing teams like the Samoan Hit Squad and The Aces returning right now if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Jones drags Staley off the mat by the arm, reaching out to slap the hand of his partner.]

GM: Hammonds in on the exchange - Hercules Hammonds - a second generation star in his own right who doesn't get a lot of attention since he plays second fiddle to Skywalker Jones.

BW: There ain't too many out there who WOULDN'T play second fiddle to Skywalker Jones, daddy.

[The duo send Staley across the ring with a double whip where he rebounds off, coming back at full speed...

...and SMASHES into the unmoving torso of Hammonds, a blow that sends Staley crashing down to the canvas while Hammonds doesn't budge an inch.]

GM: Oh my! Hammonds got run into at full force and looked like he didn't even feel it!

BW: Like a gnat buzzing past his ear, Gordo.

[A smirking Hammonds reaches down, pulling Staley back up by the arm. He plants his palm on Staley's chest, shoving him back to the corner with ease where Jones backs away, giving his partner some room. The big man leans over as he approaches, grabbing the middle rope...]

GM: Chris Staley's in some trouble here... shoulder after shoulder to the gut... that'll knock some of the wind out of him.

[He straightens up at the referee's four count, hooking Staley under the arm and HURLING him through the air and down to the mat with a HUUUUUGE biel throw!]

GM: Staley got thrown halfway across the ring... maybe more!

BW: That may have been a rookie mistake by Hammonds though 'cause he threw him right towards the corner where November is waiting for him!

[Hammonds stalks towards him, spreading his arms wide...]

GM: Headbutt!

[The crowd cheers as Staley rolls to the side, causing Hammonds to slam his own skull into the canvas!]

GM: He missed! Hammonds misses the headbutt!

[From the corner, Skywalker Jones shouts angrily at his partner who pushes up to all fours, rubbing his forehead...]

GM: Staley got out of the way and-

[Rolling to his side, Staley stretches out...]

GM: TAG!

[November leaps up to the top rope, springing off with a dropkick squarely to the chest of the rising Hammonds!]

GM: Missile dropkick by November sends Hammonds down!

[November pops back up, just in time as Jones comes racing in...

...and hiptosses Jones over onto a prone Hammonds!]

GM: Ohh! November uses Jones against Hammonds!

[November leans over, pulling Jones off the mat before laying in a trio of forearm that backs Skywalker Jones to the corner. He grabs an arm, whipping Jones across the ring...]

GM: November rushes across after him!

[...and runs right up the chest, backflipping off Jones' upper body to land on his feet...]

GM: Ohh!

[...and instantly flings himself forward, scoring with a high impact rolling kick in the corner!]

GM: OHH! FRONT FLIP KICK!!

[With Jones dazed off the koppo kick, November spins around, rushing towards the rising Hercules Hammonds...]

GM: Hammonds is back up on his- ohh! He slides through the legs!

[November climbs to his feet, leaping into the air and up onto the broad shoulders of Hammonds. He spins around, looking for a rana...

...but the bigger man hangs on to the legs, preventing the headscissors!]

GM: Hammonds blocks it! Hercules Hammonds is too strong for-

[The crowd ROARS as Chris Staley steps in, charging across...

...and DRILLING Hammonds with a running mafia kick under the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The blow stuns Hammonds, allowing November to take him down with a headscissors, reaching back to hook a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd groans as Jones rushes across, leaving his feet to plant them both into the mush of the cradling November!]

GM: A dropkick by Skywalker Jones cuts off that pin attempt by November!

[Jones grabs November by the arm, pulling him up...

...and HURLING him over the ropes!]

GM: Over the top... but November hangs on! November hangs on and he's on the apron!

[Spotting his rival, Jones rushes towards him, trying to knock him off the apron with a through-the-ropes tackle...

...but November sidesteps, SLAMMING his shin up into the face of Jones before he can back off!]

GM: Oh! What a counter by November!

[Pushing Jones' torso back, November hooks the man from Hot Coffee's arms over the top rope...

...and BLISTERS him across the chest with a knife-edge chop from out on the apron!]

GM: Big chop by November!

[The crowd cheers as November throws chop after chop to the chest before the official releases Jones from the ropes, allowing him to stagger back towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Remember, fans, November and Hammonds are the legal men inside the ring at this- now what in the world is this all about?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Royalty's Dave Cooper comes walking part of the way down the aisle.]

GM: What the heck is HE doing out here, Bucky?

BW: I can only guess that he's doing a little scouting, Gordo. Cooper's made it pretty clear that the third man who will join he and Mark Langseth in that

huge six man tag team match at SuperClash IV will come out of the AWA locker room and... well, these are four pretty good suspects.

GM: You're trying to tell me that one of these four men are the partner of Cooper and Langseth?!

BW: Maybe, maybe not. Maybe the deal is done. Maybe Cooper's still looking for the best choice. Heck, maybe he's full of it and their partner is someone Langseth or Petrow's known for years and this is all just something to drive the AWA locker room batty.

[Cooper nods at the action in the ring as November shouts something in his direction.]

GM: November certainly doesn't look too happy to see Cooper out here.

BW: Or he's acting that way very convincingly.

GM: Do you REALLY believe that Royalty has a third man inside the AWA locker room?

BW: Gordo, I pride myself on being the man who knows the news before anyone else... and even I can't answer that one.

GM: Would someone really betray the AWA to go with the men who tried to bury us?

BW: You're talking about a period of time when even announcers are going on the Internet to tell everyone the AWA's dirty laundry. There ain't a whole lot of loyalty in this business - you know that.

[With Jones out of the ring, a distracted November gets clubbed in the back of the head by Hammonds.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds' devastating power strikes again!

[Pulling November up by the back of the trunks, Hammonds slaps Jones' outstretched hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Skywalker Jones. Jones with a scoop... and there's the big slam!

[After a "dusting" of his shoulders, Jones deadleaps as high as he can into the air - which is pretty damn high - and BURIES the point of his elbow into the heart of November!]

GM: Ohh! King-sized elbowdrop by Jones!

[Jones rolls over, reaching back for a leg...]

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

[The shoulder pops up off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only.

[Jones lays in a few stomps to the chest before turning to the corner, grabbing the ropes and deadleaping up to the top rope. He pauses up top, taunting the crowd...]

GM: BACKFLIP!

[November looks to be easy prey for the moonsault...

...until he raises his knees!]

GM: OHHHH!

[November shoves Jones off him, leaving the Mississippi native clutching his ribcage in pain as November crawls across the ring...

...and makes a lunging tag for Chris Staley!]

GM: The tag is made!

[Staley comes in fast, pulling Jones off the canvas. He lashes out, connecting with a series of stiff kicks to the ribcage, doubling up Jones before he hits the ropes, bouncing off...]

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Staley nearly took his head off with that kick to the skull!

BW: It’s called an axe kick, you goof!

GM: Call it whatever you want - I call it effective!

[Staley pulls Jones off the mat, flinging him towards the ropes. Jones staggers off, catching a back elbow under the chin that stuns him...

...just before Staley spins all the way around, drilling him with a forearm smash to the jaw that knocks Jones clear off his feet!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Staley!

[Before Staley can go for a cover, Hercules Hammonds comes charging into the ring...

...and catches a leaping front kick to the chest, sending him staggering back!]

GM: Staley’s taking on both men!

[He promptly pulls Jones up, grabbing an arm to shoot him into the corner where Jones crashes into Hammonds, staggering back out...]

GM: Big clothesline by Staley puts Jones down!

[Staley doesn't even attempt a cover though, knowing that Hammonds is just a few feet away. The camera cuts to Dave Cooper who strokes his chin with interest as Staley moves towards Hammonds, catching him around the legs as Hammonds staggers from the buckles...]

GM: Staley takes him down and-

[The crowd cheers as Staley ties up the legs, turning Hammonds over into the Lethal Injection!]

GM: Lethal Injection! Staley hooks in the leglock and-

[And completely exposes himself to Skywalker Jones who rears back and lets a superkick fly...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! WHAT A SUPERKICK!!

[The blow sends Staley right out of the hold into the turnbuckles...

...where Jones grabs him by the arm, dragging him across the ring, and forcing him to slap the hand out of a stunned November!]

GM: Jones forces a tag! Staley might be out cold after that superkick but I don't think November's had sufficient time to recover from the last time he was in the ring.

[A hurting Hammonds gets back to his feet as Jones drags November to the middle of the ring. With a shout, Jones directs some traffic, holding November by the hair as Hammonds gives a quick nod, rushing to the ropes adjacent to November...]

GM: The big man is really moving!

[He bounces off, running straight towards a dazed November's exposed side...

...but November grabs Jones by the 'fro, pulling him in Hammonds' path!]

GM: He- OHHHH!

[A running high impact shoulder tackle sends Jones FLYING across the ring, bouncing into the ropes before falling through them to the apron! The crowd roars for the miscommunication as a shocked Hammonds stares at his employer!]

BW: He calls that the Tupelo Torpedo and it just laid out his employer!

[November steadies himself as Hammonds turns towards him...

...and gets CRACKED on the jaw with a leaping knee!]

GM: What a shot!

[Grabbing an arm, November whips Hammonds towards the ropes...

...where a dazed Chris Staley pulls down the top rope, sending Hammonds sailing over the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STALEY LOWBRIDGED HIM!!

[Staley backs up on the apron, pressing his back against the ringpost as he waves for Hammonds to get back to his feet. Inside the ring, November turns his attention to Jones who is out on the apron, climbing up to his own feet...]

GM: Jones is up, November's coming for him...

[Slinging himself between the ropes, Jones catches November with a shoulder in the gut. He straightens up, catapulting over with a front flip to land on his feet behind November and dashes to the opposite ropes...]

GM: Jones off the ropes...

[But on his way back, he gets caught by November who shoves him as high up into the air as he can...

...and CREAMS him with a leaping Meteor Punch on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[November pops back to his feet, pumping a fist in triumph as Staley dashes down the apron, front flipping off onto a surprised Hercules Hammonds, wiping the big man out of play!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WE'VE GOT BODIES DOWN EVERYWHERE! Except for November... and he's going up top!

[With a shout to the crowd, the Seattle native turns his attention towards the turnbuckles where he promptly begins climbing...]

GM: Staley and Hammonds are outside the ring... November and Skywalker Jones, the two legal men, are inside the ring! And November is heading for the high rent district!

BW: This could be it, Gordo. If he hits whatever he's got in mind, it could be all over.

[November steps up, one foot on the top rope...

...when a desperate Buford P. Higgins climbs up on the apron, screaming and shouting in November's direction!]

GM: Get him down from there, ref!

[The official goes to do exactly that, shouting at Higgins to get off the apron and back down to the floor...]

BW: Higgins is trying to give his man some time to recover after that Meteor Punch!

[Jones starts to stir, climbing off the mat to a knee, trying to shake the cobwebs as November fires off a few words at Higgins. Higgins shouts back, pushing back against the official who bumps into the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee looks shocked at what he accidentally did to November who is now crotched atop the turnbuckles.]

GM: November was ready to deliver the big- look out!

[Jones pops up, dashing towards the corner where he deadleaps to the top!]

GM: What the-?!

[Jones hooks his arms around November's torso...

...and backflips off the perch, SMASHING November underneath him in a backflip belly-to-belly slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WITNESS! TO! GREATNESS! IT'S OVER, DADDY!!

[The referee reluctantly dives to the mat as a smirking Higgins drops off the apron, allowing for the one... two...]

GM: Not like this... come on, ref... not like-

[...and finally, the three count comes down.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Jones rolls off of November to his knees, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph!]

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: You know what’s unbelievable, Gordo?! That you ain’t bought a ticket for the Skywalker Jones bandwagon yet, daddy! This man is the most exciting professional wrestling in the entire WORLD to watch compete and you’re sitting there shaking your head right now.

GM: It makes me sick that Jones has as much talent as he does and still relies on cheap stunts like outside interference from his... what do you call Higgins anyways?

BW: His personal ring announcer! And the bottom line is that Skywalker Jones wins again, Gordo! You can complain all you want about HOW it happened but the fact remains that it happened!

[Jones climbs to his feet, suddenly embraced by a recovering Hercules Hammonds as Chris Staley helps November from the ring and out onto the elevated entrance platform.]

GM: Chris Staley is trying to get his partner back to the locker room. November may have some busted up ribs after that devastating move he took at the end of the match.

[We crossfade to the top of the ramp where Dave Cooper is softly applauding. With a smile, he turns away from the ring and heads back through the curtain.]

BW: Dave Cooper seems to be impressed.

GM: And wouldn’t that be fitting for this master of cheap shots and antics to hitch his wagon to Cooper and Langseth?

[We cut back to the ring side of the ramp where Staley has November on his feet, an arm draped over his neck.]

GM: Chris Staley is obviously disappointed by this development. He rushed right out here to be November’s partner when he had no real reason to. He-oh, who gave this guy a microphone?!

[Skywalker Jones’ taunting voice interrupts Gordon.]

SJ: YEAH! YEAH! What now, little man!? WHAT NOW!?!?

[The crowd boos Jones vehemently as he taunts a retreating November and Staley.]

SJ: Ain't got anything to say to me now that Skywalker Jones put you out like a chump, do ya'!?

[Jones cackles.]

SJ: But enough about this jiggadolt, people... 'cause Skywalker Jones got an important announcement to make! I was sworn to secrecy, but I figure it's news that's so great, I might as well tell the world!

[A big million-dollar grin forms on Jones' face.]

SJ: At SuperClash, Skywalker Jones has been HAND-PICKED by the Championship Committee to captain a team in the match that was MADE for his talents! That's right, people, Skywalker Jones, once again, is gonna'...

...STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!

[Not content to leave ringside just yet, November shakes his head in disappointment, but upon the announcement grows a large (though pained) grin. He waves towards a ringside attendant, Jones' eyes warily on him. Grabbing a microphone he cracks his neck, eyes remaining on the ring.]

N: Funny you say that, kid. I happened to be privy to a little secret of my own these past couple days and... and well, you're really gonna hate me.

[The crowd starts buzzing in knowing anticipation.]

N: At SuperClash, Skywalker Jones...

[Dramatic pause.]

N: I just happen to be the other captain!

[POP! Jones goes mad in the ring, disbelief screaming from him.]

N: That's right, at SuperClash it's Team Jones vs Team November in STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT! And my first pick...

[November spins to the named.]

N: ...IS CHRIS STALEY!

[Jones angrily kicks the bottom rope, ranting and raving to Hammonds and Higgins who don't know what to do as Staley lifts November's arm, pointing at the ring where Jones is in mid-tantrum.]

GM: How 'bout THAT news, fans?! November and Chris Staley will be on one side of Steal The Spotlight with Skywalker Jones on the other side of the ring!

BW: We got team captains for Steal the Spotlight! This is going to turn out to be one heck of a match, Gordo!

[Chris Staley pumps a fist in celebration as November makes his way past him and towards the back. Jones is infuriated, livid in the ring, his anger and frustration pouring from him.]

GM: And I can't wait to see who else gets added to those squads in one of the biggest matches we have in the AWA all year long. The Steal The Spotlight matchup is always one of the highlights of the year for me, Bucky.

BW: Ten of the AWA's best trying to break into that next level by stealing the focus of the wrestling world on the biggest night of the year. Remember, it was just last year at SuperClash III where Sultan Azam Sharif won the match and now he's gonna use it in just a few short weeks to bring Mark Langseth back to the AWA and try to put an end to Royalty once and for all.

GM: Sharif made that challenge two weeks ago - a six man tag pitting Sharif and two partners of his choice - one of which we now know will be Supernova - against Mark Langseth, Dave Cooper, and a partner of their choice. We've heard some buzz about who both sides are planning on picking - we just saw Dave Cooper out here presumably scouting for his side - but let's hear right now from a man who offered up his services to Sharif two weeks ago - Sweet Daddy Williams!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Sweet Daddy Williams is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. He's dressed in a red windbreaker opened up slightly to reveal a bare chest underneath. Mic in hand, the Hotlanta native addresses the camera.]

SDW: SuperClash, SuperClash - whoo, baby... it rolls right off your tongue, doesn't it? It's the buzz in the air... the word on the street... the thing that everybody's talkin' 'bout. Who's gonna be there? Who's gonna get to fight on the biggest night of the year on the biggest stage of 'em all?

[Williams jerks a thumb towards himself.]

SDW: It's a hard thang to get left off of SuperClash so if you ain't on it by now, you start fightin' to find a way to GET on it, ya dig? Two weeks ago, I made it real clear to Sultan Azam Sharif that if he needs someone to stand by his side in Los Angeles against Royalty, he only need pick up a phone and give ol' Sweet Daddy a ring.

He's got Supernova on his side now and I can't think of anyone I'd rather have standin' by MY side that night. But that leaves one spot, Sharif, and if you're listenin', you know that ol' Sweet Daddy may have a lot of mileage on the odometer... a lot of wear and tear on the edges if you will...

But he's also the one that no one expects to win the Demolition Derby that's still rollin' when she's all said and done, baby.

[Williams seems about to speak again when someone walks in from off-camera.]

SDW: You lost, jack?

[The camera pans a bit to reveal Brian Von Braun, looking a little ragged around the edges.]

BVB: No, not lost.

SDW: Then I'm thinkin' ya know that this is Sweet Daddy's time to speak.

[Von Braun nods.]

SDW: The way I see things, ya oughta be gettin' yourself ready for another tangle with Percy's boys, right?

[Another nod.]

SDW: So, why ya interruptin' me?

[Von Braun stares at Williams.]

BVB: 'Cause I need a partner... and I hear you like a good fight. I can't promise you much, Williams... but I can promise you a heck of a fight out there tonight against The Aces.

[Williams stares at Von Braun a bit... then breaks out into a chuckle.]

SDW: Team up with the guy that no one trusts? Seems like deja vu to me. I already been down that road, Von Braun... and the people watchin' this show, they know how it endin' for Sweet Daddy.

[A shake of the head.]

SDW: I like a good fight as well as any of 'em but this one? You can count me out of this one, son.

[Williams turns, walking away as an irritated Von Braun glares at his back...

...and then SLAMS an open palm into the AWA backdrop, knocking it off the wall and down to the floor before he storms out of view. We hold the shot on the empty wall for a bit before fading back to a nice panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd...]

GM: Well, it looks like Brian Von Braun, as rumored, is having some trouble finding a partner for his match tonight against The Aces. But the Main Event question remaining is - is James Monosso having the same issues?

BW: He's gotta be, Gordo - he's gotta be!

GM: Let's go over to Jason Dane who is standing by with the World Champion to find out!

[We move over to the interview platform, where Jason Dane stands by with the World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso.]

Monosso, a tall broad-shouldered man with shoulder-length stringy greying-black hair and a flat, wide, clean-shaven face, is wearing a grey sweatshirt, blue jeans, boots, and is wearing the AWA World title belt around his waist. He's looking off in the distance with his wide eyes as Dane begins.]

JD: James Monosso, we know that tonight, you're scheduled to compete in a six-man tag team contest with two partners of your choice against Percy Childes' Unholy Alliance of Nenshou, Juan Vasquez, and the hitman sent to injure you, Grant Stone. Let's get right to the main question... who have you found?

JM: Found?

[Monosso parrots the last word in an almost incredulous tone. He turns his head slowly to look at Dane with an expression that makes Jason feel very uneasy.]

JM: You forgetting something?

[Monosso leaves off there. Dane, by now used to Monosso's habit of actually expecting answers to rhetorical questions, shrugs his shoulders.]

JD: Apparently. Please tell me what I'm forgetting.

JM: I'm James Monosso.

[Again, the champion stops with an answer which doesn't seem to fit the context of the question. And again, Dane is finally used to this.]

JD: James, sometimes we can't follow your train of thought.

JM: Yeah, yeah, so let me spell it out. Everybody hates me. The fans have been cheering lately. But they cheer me because they hate Percy Childes more. I know they don't forgive me for what I did, and why should they? I ain't no different, except I know I was wrong about some things now. But even if the fans cheer me for now, nobody in that locker room wants anything to do with me.

When I was with Percy, he kept us all separate. We had a separate area, because he knew that me or Zaire or Layton or whoever he had, would just up and whack somebody who crossed us even if the camera wasn't on. He wanted it done out here... usually. So he kept us away. Now, I'm dressin' in the same area as everybody else. They stay far away, and they say things all the time to provoke me, hopin' I'll start somethin' and get suspended, or that they can blow it up and get a title match out of it. I know how wrestling politics works; I been doin' this for over twenty years!

So no. I ain't "found" nobody because I don't talk to nobody. I don't want anything to do with them any more than they want anything to do with me!

This ain't self-pity, this is a fact: I am alone. Whatever magic wand changed the fans' opinion of me didn't change anything else.

[An incredulous Dane looks shocked.]

JD: But... you can't be thinking of facing the trio of Nenshou, Vasquez, and Stone by yourself?!

[Monosso nods.]

JM: If I have to, I'll grab a couple of these kids that come out tryin' to get a break. Main event money in a match with a champion is a helluva break. If they survive. And if not, it's another "I told you so" for me. I'll survive either way.

[Dane seems about to respond when suddenly the crowd roars with a mixture of cheers and boos as the number one contender, Supreme Wright steps through the curtains and joins Monosso and Jason Dane on the interview platform. Wright is a contrast in dress to the champion, wearing a stylish, open necked, tailored silver suit. He smiles confidently at the champion, as Jason Dane begins to question him.]

JD: Supreme Wright, what are you doing out here?

SW: I'm pretty sure you already know the reason why I'm out here, Mr. Dane... but I'm here to speak to our World Champion.

[Wright then turns his attention to the champion.]

SW: You know, it's one thing to be brave, Mr. Monosso...but it's a whole 'nother thing to be a martyr.

[Monosso says something off-mic at Wright who continues without reacting.]

SW: You don't have to go into that match alone.

[The crowd begins to buzz, realizing what Wright is implying.]

SW: Yeah, maybe you don't want anyone's help, but it's obvious you need it. I have no intention of facing a cripple at SuperClash and I sure as heck ain't gonna' stand around and let it happen. The fact is, you NEED someone to watch your back tonight whether you like it or not. Maybe no one else wants the job, but I'll tell you right now.

[A grin.]

SW: I'm your huckleberry.

[There's no mixed reaction here. The entire crowd cheers Wright's announcement, even as Monosso glares a hole through him.]

JM: Look, Wright. I don't care one way or another about you, and I already said what I think. You got your title match, and obviously since I'm fighting to stay in one piece, you'll get everything I have at SuperClash no matter what else you say or do.

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: You're not concerned that he may be trying to scout you, or worse?

[Monosso looks at Dane like he has two heads.]

JM: What's to scout? I hit people in the face until they fall down, then I drop them on their head till they break. It ain't brain surgery. And as far as back-jumping me goes, if he wanted me down all he'd have to do is nothin' but sit back and watch, right? So whatever. I don't care. He can come fight if he wants to.

[Big pop! Wright shakes his head in disbelief.]

SW: I thought you knew me better than that, Mr. Dane. Mr. Monosso's got nothing to worry about. If I wanted to eliminate him, I would've done it already. But I got no intention of touching him until SuperClash.

This? This is just a matter of making sure that my opponent doesn't get finished off by The Unholy Alliance before we even get to lock up in the ring.

This is making sure Mr. Monosso survives long enough to actually MAKE IT to SuperClash...

[Wright turns and locks eyes with Monosso, as a deadly serious expression forms on his face.]

SW: ...where *I* will get the honor of finishing him off.

[A huge "OHHH!!!" can be heard from the crowd, the second those words leave Wright's mouth. There's a building tension between champion and challenger, but suddenly, the fans who have been torn about their feelings about the men on stage are able to revert back to a familiar feeling – the desire to boo.

From the back emerges the former AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of indigo blue jeans and a tight-fitting red t-shirt; his blond hair hanging down past his shoulders. His eyes flicker momentarily to the fans in annoyance as he approaches the two men.]

CD: Rumor has it that you boys are in the market for a partner.

[Monosso gives Dufresne a semi-incredulous stare as the crowd gives off a shocked, mixed reaction.]

JM: You? You... WANT to fight somebody? That's new.

[Dufresne smirks at Monosso.]

CD: I love to fight people... champ.

[Dufresne's eyes rest on Monosso's title momentarily as his lips purse together.]

CD: I just love doing it when the odds are stacked overwhelmingly in my favor. You may not have both oars in the water, and you...

[Dufresne nods at Wright.]

CD: ...may need a lesson in humility...

[A smirk.]

CD: But there's no denying that the two of you can do serious damage inside that ring. And I happen to be in need of someone to do some serious damage to that crazed maniac, Juan Vasquez. I'm not going to pretend to be out here on some benevolent quest to help the two of you, but we do have mutual interests in this case.

You can think whatever you want about me, but one doesn't become the only man to win the National Tag Team Titles and the National Title without the ability to deal a little punishment.

And trust me, I'm highly motivated to do just that.

[Monosso eyes Dufresne up and down for a moment before giving a short nod.]

JM: Yeah, I guess that makes sense. You're in. You obviously know how to take people out, so that's fine by me.

[Dufresne nods, making his exit. Wright remains, staring right into the eyes of the man who he'll face at SuperClash IV for the World Heavyweight Title.]

JD: Well, I guess we've got a Main Event, fans! Nenshou, Juan Vasquez, and Grant Stone taking on the World Champion James Monosso, Supreme Wright, and Calisto Dufresne! That's gonna be something else, fans! But right now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[Fade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing by with the mic. Also in the ring is a bald man with an angular goatee and mustache, dressed in a pair of black trunks, black knee pads and black boots.]

PW: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, from Krakow, Poland; weighing in at 260 pounds, he is "KILLER" KRISTOF KREWSKI!

PW: And his opponent...

[Silence, save for the buzz of the crowd, as Buccaneer Bart Roberts steps through the entranceway. He is dressed in a pair of loose black pants and a white long-sleeved shirt that is unbuttoned to reveal part of his hefty man-boobs. Roberts has a pukka shell necklace draped around his neck and a golden ear-ring hanging from his left ear-lobe. The crowd cheers as he is followed closely by a smiling Giant Aso, who is dressed to compete in a black singlet, black knee pads and black boots.]

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

GIANT AAASO!!!

[Buccaneer Bart marches resolutely to the ring, while behind him, Giant Aso reaches out to slap the outreached hands of fans sitting on either side of the entrance ramp. Reaching the ring, he steps onto the apron and over the top rope. Krewski steps towards Aso, forcing the referee to come between them in order to keep them separated.]

GM: We saw Krewski last month in a handicap match against the Japanese giant. Things did not turn out well for his partner and him that time; I'm not sure how Krewski expects a different outcome on his own this time around.

BW: Dead weight, Gordo; sometimes you do better without having to carry any dead weight with you. At other times, you just have to work with the broadcast partner they give you, knowing how much more you'd shine if you had this gig alone.

GM: I always knew more of our fans would put the sound on their TV sets on if they knew you weren't right here next to me.

"DING! DING!"

GM: Giant Aso extending a hand towards the Polish competitor, but Krewski does not seem to appreciate this show of sportsmanship.

[In fact, Krewski raises his fist, with thumb extended, and draws it across his throat, to jeers from the fans. Aso, however, simply smiles and shakes his head bemusedly.]

GM: And they lock up! Aso powers Krewski into the corner. Krewski doesn't seem to believe what just happened.

BW: I don't know why he's so surprised. He's been in the ring with the Japanese giant before; he's felt the strength of Giant Aso.

GM: Well, he's trying again. They lock up... Krewski trying to hiptoss Giant Aso, but Aso will not budge!

[Aso has Krewski's arm trapped under his. In desperation, Krewski leaps and throws one leg over Aso's head, wrapping his legs around the giant's neck. Unfazed, Aso uses one arm to push Krewski's legs apart and off him.]

GM: That flying head scissor-like move fails somewhat, and Giant Aso still has Krewski's arm trapped. Whoa! Aso just yanks Krewski back to his feet!

[Krewski continues struggling against the armbar, shaking his head vigorously when the referee asks if he wants to submit. He pushes Aso against the ropes and tries to go for another hiptoss on the rebound, but simply hurts his arm more from the strain. Desperate, he reaches for Aso's hair, yanking it and pulling the giant towards the ropes.]

GM: Clubbing forearm across the back of the giant!

BW: Uh-oh!

GM: Headbutt by an enraged Giant Aso!

[The headbutt sends Krewski falling to the mat where he promptly rolls to the floor and shakes his bald head, trying to clear the cobwebs. Marty Meekly begins the count and Krewski climbs back into the ring at three.]

GM: They lock up again... You've got to be kidding me! Krewski's going for a full nelson, I think... I don't think he can even get his hands together...

BW: No! Aso has them!

GM: And, KA-BOOM! The giant sends his hefty posterior right into Krewski's breadbasket.

[The impact sends the Killer collapsing against the ropes. Aso stalks Krewski, pulls him off the ropes and whips him into the corner. He telegraphs the backdrop, allowing Krewski to kick him in the face as he steps away from the turnbuckles.]

GM: Ohh! Aso's never going to startle anyone with his speed and that may have cost him there when he went for the backdrop.

[A second kick lands as well, this one into the shoulder of the giant, sending Aso down to a knee where Krewski goes to work on him.]

GM: Kristof Krewski is turning this match-up around! He is laying into the Japanese giant with kicks and double axe handle smashes.

BW: Stay on him! Stay on him!

[Krewski does just that, pulling Aso's left arm back and laying into his shoulder with clubbing forearm blows. He has Giant Aso down on both knees and steps over Aso's back to apply more pressure on the stretched arm and shoulder.]

GM: He continues hammering on that shoulder. It's been a while since we last saw anyone physically assert themselves against the giant this way.

BW: He's gone soft, Gordo. Ever since the name change, Aso's gone soft.

[Aso suddenly musters enough strength to pull Krewski down, causing him to release the hold.]

GM: That didn't look too soft to me, Bucky.

BW: But Krewski's quick to his feet and he catches Aso with another kick to the shoulder. He's still got the giant reeling, Gordo!

GM: But Giant Aso is on his feet, Bucky. And he catches Krewski with a slap to the top of his shaved head!

[The big slap chop seems to stun Krewski who throws another kick to the torso in response. Aso winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Tremendous knife edge chop by the giant!

[The blow sends Krewski falling back against the ropes where the giant winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Those chops are brutal! Even someone the size of MAMMOTH Maximus has gotta be thinking that he wants no part of those come Thanksgiving night in Los Angeles.

BW: Heck, you might be able to HEAR those chops in Los Angeles right now, daddy!

[Grabbing Krewski by the back of the neck, Aso lands another headbutt, sending the Polish Killer through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Wow! Can you imagine what it feels like to get hit with a headbutt by Aso, Bucky?

BW: There was a guy who used to be the champ in LA who would hit guys with a brick sometimes. I imagine it feels a lot like that... only worse.

GM: It looks like Krewski's trying to get back in.

BW: Why?! Why would you do that?! Did that headbutt knock the senses clean out of him?

[Krewksi pulls himself up on the apron but Aso is waiting for him, grabbing him under the arm for a big hiptoss over the ropes into the ring!]

GM: Ohh! He brings Krewksi in the hard way!

[Aso doesn't relent, pulling the smaller man up by the arm, shooting him off the ropes...]

...and DROPPING him with a big boot to the face!]

GM: The big boot connects! The end of this one may be coming shortly, Bucky.

BW: Aso to the ropes... look out!

[The crowd "OHHHHHHHs" as Aso drops all his weight down in a massive splash across the chest!]

GM: GIANT SPLASH CONNECTS!!

BW: You'll need a spatula after that one... or maybe just a hose.

GM: And an easy one-two-three for the giant!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Giant Aso scores a victory here tonight, getting some much needed momentum on his side as we head towards SuperClash IV and that Battle Of The Giants between Aso and MAMMOTH Maximus. Louis Matsui's gotta be more than a bit nervous about what he saw here- HEY!

[Gordon's exclamation comes at someone hurdling the barricade, racing very closely past the announce table towards the ring...]

GM: We've got someone who just jumped over the railing - a fan or something, I think! Where the heck is security out here?!

[A figure, dressed all in black, slides under the bottom rope, behind Giant Aso. Crouching low, he surges forward and knocks the seven-footer down to one knee with a chop block. Standing before Aso, we see that not only is the man dressed all in black, he also has a black executioner's mask on.]

BW: That's no fan, Gordo! That's Engel whatshisname... One of Matsui's other clients...

[A jumping spin kick staggers the giant. The masked man lands on his feet and, reversing his rotation, lands a roundhouse kick, which knocks Aso down. The jeers intensify as Louis Matsui comes down the ramp, smirking.]

GM: And there's the rat himself!

[Reaching the ring, Matsui stops a dazed Krystof Krewski as he is headed to the back. He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a bundle of cash. Matsui holds it up to Krewski, then points to the ring, where his masked henchman is being held back by the official, while Buccaneer Bart kneels beside the recovering Aso, checking on his charge.]

GM: What the... what's he saying to Krewski?!

BW: I think Matsui's gonna finish off the giant traitor once and for all! He's not waiting for SuperClash!

GM: What are you... look at this!

[Krewski nods and rushes the ring. He shoves Buccaneer Bart away and down to the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on! The guy's a manager! He was just checking on his man and-

BW: That makes him fair game! Polish Power! Get him, Krewski!

[The Polish Killer proceeds to lay into Giant Aso with a flurry of punches and clubbing forearms. Similarly, the masked man shoves the referee away and joins Krewski in keeping the pressure on the Japanese giant.]

GM: I think Matsui just offered Krystof Krewski a huge payout to assist in this attack on Giant Aso! Marty Meekly's trying to get in there, as is Buccaneer Bart... And Matsui pulls Roberts away! And now Roberts is getting in Matsui's face!

[As the two managers bicker in the ring, another man comes lumbering through the back.]

BW: Maximus!

[With surprising speed, MAMMOTH Maximus charges the ring, stepping through the ropes, behind Buccaneer Bart. His fellow Matsui Corporation member, meanwhile, is holding Giant Aso up on his knees, pulling the giant's arms behind him, as Krystof Krewski lands punch after punch across his massive forehead and the occasional kick to the gut.]

GM: Krewski and Engel have got Aso tied up! They're working him over! And now Maximus is here to join in the attack! This is terrible!

[But that is not what Maximus is here for. He grabs Roberts' shoulder and turns him around.]

GM: What the-?!

[On instinct, Buccaneer Bart throws a punch, but it does not faze the big man.]

BW: Oh, that's a big mistake, fat man! Maximus is gonna-

[Maximus suddenly lunges forward, scooping Roberts down off the mat, holding him across his chest...]

GM: NO!

[...and DROPS facefirst towards the corner, squashing Roberts underneath him in a front powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAMMOTH MAXIMUS JUST CRUSHED BART ROBERTS!!

BW: And he ain't done, Gordo! He's gonna leave nothing left of Roberts but a grease spot in the ring!

GM: Oh, no, no, NO! Matsui is motioning for Maximus to go up top. Engel and Krewski still have Aso occupied!

BW: Matsui's holding Roberts' feet down so he can't roll away...

GM: Somebody stop this! Somebody's gotta-

[Maximus bounces on the middle rope, kicking his body parallel to the mat...

...and SQUASHES Roberts underneath him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!

[Maximus pops up to his feet, slapping himself in the chest. He turns towards a trapped Aso with a, "THE WORLD IS MINE!"]

GM: Oh, you're a real tough guy beating up on a manager!

BW: Quiet, Gordo. You might be next.

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus has left Buccaneer Bart Roberts in shambles here on the mat and- what's Matsui doing?!

BW: Uh oh! Louis wants him to do it again!

[A grinning Matsui points to the ropes, shouting at his man.]

GM: No, no... don't do this! Do NOT do this!

BW: Matsui's yelling at Maximus to do it again and, this time, he wants him to hit it from the top rope!

GM: Get in there, referee!

[Marty Meekly does exactly that, trying to intervene but Matsui holds him back, keeping him at bay as Maximus goes to climb the ropes again...]

BW: He's gonna do it! He's gonna do it right now!

GM: Giant Aso is being held down by Krewski and- he's helpless, fans!

[With a motionless Bart under him, Maximus goes up...

...and steps to the top rope before kicking his legs back, CRUSHING Roberts a second time!]

GM: Aaaaagh!

BW: Another Prehistoric Plunge, this time from the top rope! And Bart might be in trouble. One Prehistoric Plunge is enough to do damage to a man twice his size and half his age. Who knows what sort of internal injury he's sustained from two of them?

[Maximus gets up, standing over Roberts who has a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth.]

GM: Bart Roberts is bleeding from the mouth, fans! He may be suffering from an internal injury of some kind - internal bleeding perhaps.

[Maximus turns his focus towards a rage-filled Aso who suddenly lets loose a roar as he powers up to his feet...]

GM: ASO'S UP!!

[Aso SLAMS his posterior into the torso of his masked assailant, sending Engel whatshisname down to the mat.]

BW: Get out of there, Louis!

[As Matsui and Maximus flee, the former MAMMOTH Mizusawa grabs Krewski with both hands before delivering a thunderous headbutt to knock him down to the mat.]

GM: Matsui's out of there! Maximus as well!

[A furious Giant Aso sees them out of reach...

...and grabs Krewski by the throat with one hand, powerfully hoisting him from the mat to his feet!]

GM: Oh my... he's gonna destroy this guy!

[Giant Aso points a monstrous arm towards the fleeing Louis Matsui, MAMMOTH Maximus, and Engel whatshisname...

...and then wraps that same hand around the throat of Krewski, lifting him up in a two-handed choke...]

GM: He's got him up!

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

GM: TUSK CRUSHER!!

[Krewski rolls to the floor as Aso glares at Matsui before turning and taking a knee next to the motionless Buccaneer Bart Roberts.]

GM: Giant Aso battles himself out of harm's way... but he couldn't do it in time to save his manager from a violent assault at the hands of MAMMOTH Maximus.

BW: Maximus may have just made sure we NEVER see Roberts in a ring again, Gordo.

GM: You could be absolutely right about that. We don't know the condition of Giant Aso's manager but it can't be good. Aso looks very concerned at this point as some of the AWA's medical staff is coming down to the ring. We need to... yes, we're going to take a quick break right now and then we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

Woman #1: Magnifika....

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

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

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

Woman #2: Magnifika....

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

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

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

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

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

Woman #3: Magnifika....

[Fade to black.

As we return from black, we find the "Collector of Oddities" Percy Childes standing in front of a returned-to-its-place AWA backdrop. The short, bald manager is wearing a white dress shirt, brown sweater vest, and black slacks. Pudgy and sporting a dark mustache and goatee, he looks into the camera and speaks.]

PC: I don't have much more I need to say at this point.

The Aces are back. We are the true Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Championships... as we have earned two World Title matches that have been taken from us for personal reasons by AWA executives. We will gladly prove this, in the ring, to anyone who feels otherwise. And Brian Von Braun, you're going to be the very first example we make out of anyone who thinks they can stand against us.

And on top of that, tonight I send the newest iteration of my Unholy Alliance into action together. An alliance in the truest sense, as Grant Stone is here solely on a single-contract basis: to harm James Monosso. And did I hear correctly, that Calisto Dufresne is coming out into the open to face Juan Vasquez? Better than I could have hoped. We will forge our destiny in one fell swoop. Surely, the emergence of Supreme Wright is just as fortuitous as Dufresne's appearance; Nenshou is very interested in analyzing him first-hand, in case it comes to pass that they will face one another for the championship. That is inevitable at this point... unless something unfortunate were to happen to Mr. Wright this evening, of course.

In the days to come, it will only get worse. The AWA is traveling to Houston on Wednesday, to Galveston on Thursday, to Garland on Friday. Next Saturday we will cross the state line and head to Little Rock. Sunday we work Fayetteville. At each and every one of these stops, James Monosso, my Alliance will be there for you. If you evade us tonight, there are many opportunities to come. You cannot hope to survive them all. And then?

Then the new era begins in earnest. So I invite all of these people who cheer for the mad Monosso to come out and watch it hapen. Perhaps it will come to pass in your own hometown.

[A graphic appears with ticket buying details on all of the shows Percy Childes just mentioned...

...and then we fade to ringside where the announce team is seated.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. Just before the commercial break, we saw Louis Matsui orchestrate a devastating assault on the manager of Giant Aso, Buccaneer Bart Roberts. During the break, Mr. Roberts was stretchered out of the Crockett Coliseum where he will be rushed to a nearby medical facility. We hope to provide more information on his condition before we go off the air, fans. But right now, let's go up to the ring for-

[Without warning, the opening beats of the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel of a Gun" cranks up over the PA, drawing a big pop and bringing the crowd to its feet.]

GM: Well, this wasn't quite what we had planned but it sounds like we're about to be joined by Stevie Scott, Bucky, who we have not heard from since his loss to James Monosso in the finals of the World Title tournament.

BW: Yeah, probably stayed at home licking his wounds after getting oh-so-close to the World Title but in the end he couldn't get the job done. I bet the old Stevie Scott with Ben Waterson at his side would have walked out of there with the title around his waist, but he went and got soft.

[Soft or not, Stevie certainly doesn't look happy as he walks out into the aisle. He also looks a little different. His hair is a bit shorter than before and combed back instead of the usual uncombed look. He also sports a thin beard. What hasn't changed his is "Hotshot" t-shirt, which he wears in addition to his wrestling attire. He also carries a folding chair as he power-walks straight to the ring, ignoring the fans along the way.]

GM: From the looks for things, Stevie Scott is none too happy this evening.

BW: Can you blame him? He's probably realized he's just not good enough anymore.

[Stevie shoots a glare at Bucky, presumably having heard his comment, before violently opening the chair and setting it down in the center of the ring. He then plops down in the chair as the music fades out.]

HSS: As you can tell, I don't plan on going anywhere soon. I got a lot to get off my chest tonight, and I figure I may as well be comfortable while saying it.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Scott leans back in the chair.]

HSS: One month ago...one month ago, at Blood, Sweat and Tears, I had an opportunity. I had an opportunity to become the first ever AWA World Heavyweight Champion. I made it no secret that winning that tournament, and subsequently that title...meant damn near everything to me.

[He pauses, and shakes his head.]

HSS: I didn't do it.

I came close...damn close...I outlasted 62 other men but that tough SOB James Monosso...

[Stevie tips an invisible cap.]

HSS: Gotta tip my cap to you, old man. You did it. You beat me again, and that's not an easy thing to do. You survived the odds, you stuck it to Percy Childes...and that's something everyone liked to see, no doubt.

[Big pop in agreement with that comment.]

HSS: But that doesn't mean it don't stick really painfully in my craw. Because as far as I am concerned, one second here...one second there...one inch here...one inch there...and I could be sitting here tonight as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

And, in fact, since I did reach the finals, it also makes no sense to me that Stevie Scott is not the number one contender for the title.

[Stevie adjusts himself in the chair. Not there, you sicko! He shifts his weight to the other side!]

HSS: Now, I have my ideas. I have my theories. But this isn't the time for them. Suffice it to say, however, that the man who IS the number one contender to Monosso? I'm the only one in the AWA who's pinned his shoulders to the mat for three seconds. So Monosso, Wright, or whoever else needs to pay attention, remember this...my turn is coming. And I'm going to make the most of it.

[He nods quickly.]

HSS: But that's not the main reason I came out here tonight. I've got something else on my mind. Something that's been bugging me for several weeks. Now, I don't know what you people think about my old nemesis Juan Vasquez...

[The eruption of boos answers that. Stevie cocks his head to his shoulder and raises his eyebrows with a smirk.]

HSS: Alright...now I guess I DO know.

I'll make this short and sweet. Vasquez...

[He points at the camera.]

HSS: I want to talk to you.

Face to face. Man to man. In this very ring.

But I also know...

[The former champion cocks his head to his right shoulder, as another smirk crosses his face.]

HSS: I also know that Percy Childes isn't going to be interested in any confrontation that doesn't include a whole lot of fanfare.

[Stevie scratches his chin.]

HSS: So...I was reading on the Internet the other day about this dude that's working here. His name is Jason Dane.

[Yes, Dane's name actually draws a bit of a pop.]

HSS: It seems that Jason Dane feels a little held back...a little overshadowed... that he hasn't been given a true opportunity. So he's decided to _create_ his own opportunity.

Well, Dane...you want your opportunity to prove your worth? You want to show Stegglet, Masterson, your sister, your brother-in-law that you've got the goods?

Bring me Vasquez.

[Big pop!]

HSS: Two weeks from tonight. Right here. Bring me Juan Vasquez and you can get the EXCLUSIVE meeting of the minds between the two best damn wrestlers the AWA has ever seen!

You want the attention of everyone out there in TV land? Make this happen and I promise you that you've got it.

Because you... Vasquez... and everyone else out there?

[Stevie gives the camera a very focused glare.]

HSS: They can't WAIT to hear what I've got to say.

["Looking Down the Barrel of a Gun" cranks back up, as Stevie drops the mic and stands up. Leaving the chair where it sits, he slingshots himself over the top rope to the floor and walks back up the aisle, confidently smirking the whole way.]

GM: Well, that was unexpected! We knew Stevie would have something to say about James Monosso... we knew he'd likely have issues with Supreme Wright being the Number One contender and not himself. But Juan Vasquez?

BW: Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez put this joint on the map when they nearly tore the whole damn South down trying to take each other out of action for good. And in two weeks, Scott wants Vasquez in that ring... for what? A match? A fight?

GM: I'm not sure. He says that everyone will want to hear what he's got to say. It would imply that he just wants to TALK to Vasquez, Bucky. And how 'bout the news that he wants Jason Dane to make it happen? Apparently you're not the only announcer around here looking to break the big scoops anymore.

BW: Dane just wants more Twitter followers. I'm the only man around here who can make the news!

GM: I suppose we'll see about that in two weeks' time. Fans, let's go up to the ring for our next match!

[Phil Watson stands in the ring ready to give the introduction. Standing to his left is a familiar wrestler in his familiar white and blue ensemble.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall!

In the ring at this time, from Portland, Maine, weighing 221 pounds, CHRIS CHOISNET!

[At the mention of his name, the youngster with a big smile and big dreams raises his arm to acknowledge a smattering of cheers.]

GM: This young man has picked up a couple of wins during our recent AWA tour, but he has yet to achieve that signature win on Saturday Night that could finally propel him up the rankings. Perhaps tonight's his night, Bucky?

BW: Let me call someone and get back to you on that...

PW: And his opponent...

[# We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received #]

PW: From the AWA Customer Care Center, weighing 201 pounds, CHARLES SHYSTER RANT!

BW: Nope, ain't happening for Shwanay tonight!

[The annoying, and blaring, hold message for AWA Customer Service can only mean that everyone's favorite customer service liason is on his way. Saturday is casual day in the office, so Mr. Rant wears khaki-colored pant length trunks and a bright orange golf shirt, as he walks to the ring, shouting his "I'LL GET TO YOUR CALLS AS SOON AS I CAN!" line to be heard over the cacaphony of his own entrance.]

GM: Charles Ra...[decides he also needs to shout over the incredibly annoying and loud entrance noise] CHARLES RANT IN ACTION TONIGHT, AND HE APPEARS IN AN EVEN MORE FOUL MOOD THAN USUAL!

BW: YOU WOULD BE TOO GORDO, IF YOU HAD TO DEAL WITH ALL THE CALLS COMING IN ASKING ABOUT SUPERCLASH! HIS SUPERVISOR JIM HAD TO STAY BEHIND TO HANDLE THE LOAD!

GM: WELL THAT-

[Mercifully, the hold message stops as Mr. Rant enters the ring and strips off his golf shirt, tossing it aside towards nothing in particular.]

GM: Whew. As I was about to say, this might be a great opportunity for Chris Choynet, catching Mr. Rant without the benefit of his advisor.

BW: Gordo, this is *SHOEONAY* we're talking about here! CSR will be fine!

[DING! DING! DING!]

GM: There's the bell, both men wasting no time with a collar and elbow tie-up. Quick go-behind by Choynet, *nice* leg sweep takedown, and a float around into a front facelock. That amateur background of Chris Choynet really paying off in the opening moments of this match.

BW: Well Shawny always has his moments, he just doesn't have the killer instinct to follow-up and actually *win* matches!

GM: I'm actually inclined to agree with you, Bucky. But I know he's been working incredibly hard to improve, and I hear that he has even been getting advice from Sultan Azam Sharif on bettering himself.

BW: Talk about the blind leading the blind.

GM: Rant struggling back to a standing position looking to push Choynet back to...Choynet grabs the left leg! FISHERMAN'S SUPLEX!

BW: WHAT!?

GM: His trademark maneuver! Referee there for the count! ONE! TWO! THR---oh my stars, that was *so* close!

BW: He caught Rant napping there, but he just woke him up!

[Having achieved separation, Charles S. Rant scrambles to his feet just before Chris Choynet, and *blasts* him with a running double axe-handle that sends Choynet crashing down hard!]

GM: Mr. Rant never saw that coming this early in the match, and he was maybe a hundredth of a second away from being the victim of a big upset!

BW: Yeah, but Sundae didn't wear him down at all before doing that, so CSR had enough left to kick out. He blew his one shot there Gordo, and now Rant isn't gonna let him have any room to breathe!

[Indeed, in the time Bucky was talking, Rant has dropped *four* rapid-fire elbows on the fallen Choynet.]

GM: Well Charles Rant *is* a graduate of the Combat Center, so you know that Todd Michaelson has him well-grounded in the basics, and that is what he is going back to right now.

BW: Pay attention while you're getting beat down, Shoe Knee, *this* is how you win matches!

[Rant picks up Choynet, and slams his down hard with a bodyslam. Choynet reacts with a pained yell, and Rant enjoys the reaction so much that he picks him up and does it again. And again!]

GM: Rant now on top for the cover! And a kick out at two. You're not going to beat Chris Choynet this early unless you at least hook a leg, Bucky.

BW: Maybe he wants Choynet to keep going so he can hurt him more! And don't forget that each one of these kickouts *does* take away a little of your stamina, Gordo!

GM: All things equal I'd give Choynet the advantage in the stamina department, but Charles Rant is certainly leveling the playing field with this sustained offense. Nice swinging neckbreaker by Rant! Again with the cover, and again with a two count.

BW: CSR is being smart with this chain offense. Show Day might have stayed in control if he hadn't tried to go for checkmate in one move!

GM: Can you at least show the man some respect by getting his name right?

[Perhaps feeling that he has a little breathing room now, Rant plays to the crowd, shouting "I'LL GET TO YOUR CALLS IN THE ORDER I RECEIVE THEM!" to an overwhelmingly unfavorable reaction.]

GM: Mr. Rant dragging the plucky youngster to his feet, and locks in an abdominal stretch. They're close to the ropes, so the referee better check because this guy likes to...and there it is, grabbing the rope for extra leverage! C'mon, ref, stop him!

BW: CSR isn't grabbing anything but Slow Play, Gordo!

GM: Of course he isn't *now*, because he stopped the instant that Mickey Meekly raised his head!

[The camera cuts to a shot of a grimacing Chris Choynet, whose grimace suddenly doubles, as the shot switches back to a wide shot showing Rant grabbing the top rope again, the crowd screaming to try and get the official's attention. Again the referee rises to look, and again he just misses Rant letting go of the top rope!]

GM: Charles Rant is a rookie, but he is cheating like a seasoned veteran.

BW: You can't call what you can't see, Gordo!

GM: Look at the rope shaking, what else could cause that!?

BW: Destrucity?

GM: What? Anyway, this extended hold is taking its toll on the obliques of Chris Choynet, as official Mickey Meekly back down again to check...

[As the official turns to look down, Rant once again grabs at the ropes. Anticipating this, the official immediately jerks his head up, and this time he catches CSR red-handed, to the horror of Rant and the delight of the crowd!]

BW: I can't believe this! An AWA official showing signs of intelligence!?

[Dispensing with the traditional five count, the official instead walks over and kicks Rant's arm off the top rope...and sensing his chance, Chris Choynet uses the diversion to hip toss his way out of danger!]

GM: *And* an attitude! Chris Choynet takes advantage, and this could be the opening he's been looking for!

BW: You *condone* that!? The referee got physically involved in the match!

GM: He could have just disqualified Mr. Rant for that blatant violation of the rules!

[Once again, Rant is first to his feet, but this time he tries a walking double axe-handle...and this time, Choynet is waiting with a punch to the gut!]

GM: And the crowd is coming alive now for this youngster from Maine! A series of lefts and rights to the midsection backs CSR into the corner! Choynet rushes in...and tosses Rant back on the center of the ring with a *big* biel throw!

BW: C'mon Rant! Find your inner Bangledeshian!

GM: Choisnet picks up Rant, whips him into the far side...*high* back body drop! This crowd is on its feet sensing an upset!

BW: Don't worry Gordo. This is where Chain Day always makes that fatal mistake that holds him back!

GM: Choisnet behind Charles Rant, waiting for him to rise to make his move...Choisnet pushing from behind, maybe a rollup...but Rant holds on to the ropes!

[Chris Choisnet falls backwards without his foe, but quickly rolls through, gets back to his feet, and rushes in to try it again. But he is a split second too late, as CSR is able to sidestep the onrushing Choisnet, who rushes front-first into the ropes empty handed. The force of the ropes pushes Choisnet backwards, into the waiting hands of Charles Shyster Rant...]

GM: Full nelson by Rant...ACCIDENTALLY DISCONNECTED!

BW: HA! Finally, he crushed Saw Knee's skull!

GM: Another game performance by Chris Choisnet comes up just short! Charles Rant rolling Choisnet over for the cover...one...two foot on the rope! THREE!

BW: He got him!

GM: No he did *not*! Mickey Meekly saw Chris Choisnet's foot on the rope, and he is waving off the count!

BW: Well tell that to CSR, because he thinks he's won!

GM: The referee is trying to do just that!

[A triumphant Charles Rant stumbles away from Choisnet to profess his greatness to the cheering crowd (Rant fails to recognize this as unusual). Mickey Meekly comes up from behind to spin Rant around to explain. Charles Rant instinctively raises his arm in the air...and the referee emphatically pulls it down...and which point Rant goes ballistic!]

BW: The referee made the three count, Gordo! He can't take that back!

GM: The referee was *making* the three count, Bucky. But he saw that Chris Choisnet somehow had enough left in him to put his foot on the bottom rope, and even though the referee couldn't stop the momentum of his hand coming down a third time, he *did* immediately clarify that it was not a three count!

BW: What a load of garbage, Gordo! This official has had it in for Rant from the start! I don't know what beef he has with our customer service department, but he needs to be fair and impartial!

GM: Charles Rant *needs* to get back to Chris Choynet, because he is giving him valuable time to recover!

[After about 30 seconds of heated argument, CSR finally waves his arms in disgust and makes his way back to Choynet, who has only just now made it back to his hands and knees.]

BW: Regardless, Jermaine might have a concussion from that blow to the head, so he's going to be easy pickings now!

GM: I think the crowd agrees with you, as their hopeful cheer has returned to stunned silence as they await the inevitable. CSR picks up Choynet for a bodyslam....INSIDE CRADLE!

BW: What!?

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

BW: WHAT!?!?

[Only the thrice clanging sound of the bell can pierce the bedlam, as Chris Choynet rolls out of the ring, with the referee following behind, leaving a stunned Charles Shyster Rant alone in the ring to wonder what just happened!]

GM: From out of nowhere, Chris Choynet snatches victory from the jaws of defeat! *Finally* Chris Choynet has won on national television!

PW: Here is your winner, CHRIS! CHOISNNNNNNNNET!

[The referee raises the arm of a grimacing Chris Choynet, still clutching his ribs with one arm but, finally coming to the realization that he has actually won a match on Saturday Night, he releases his grip on his ribs and the official for a big double fist pump and a roar of triumph!]

GM: Let's take a look at the replay...once again Charles Rant let his guard up, and Chris Choynet used his own momentum to trap Rant in this beautiful small package!

BW: He hooked the tights! He had both feet on the ropes! He used a foreign object! He chanted "Avada Kedavra!"

GM: He did nothing of the sort!

[Cut back to a shot of a few seconds of Rant, standing in the ring, pleading his case to Mickey Meekly, standing on the floor, before cutting back to a shot of Chris Choynet near the entrance, basking in the long overdue applause from the crowd.]

GM: The years of hard work and dedication have finally paid off with a victory...yes, a *victory*...for Chris Choynet! Fans, let's go back to the

locker room area where I understand Rob Christie, the new manager of the Samoan Hit Squad, is standing by with his men.

[A quick cut to the back reveals a large man, a larger man, and a still larger man. One of these men stands about 5'10" and weighs an undisclosed amount, is dressed in a nice, clean grey suit and is referred to as "The Robfathah" by his friends, and probably by some people who aren't friends. Looming behind him are Scola and Mafu, dressed in their ring attire, hair as wild as ever, and generally looking ticked off. Christie waits a moment while Scola and Mafu continue to give the camera separate death stares, then he chimes in.]

RC: Nobody saw this coming, did they?

[Christie chuckles.]

RC: Well, I'm sure the AWA's resident insider knew ahead of time that my new clients were the Samoan Hit Squad, and some folks in the office, but the folks in the locker room, and the people filling the seats out there? They didn't have a clue! Truth be told, I can't think of a good reason why they would. I mean, I have some history managing tag teams, but they looked much, muuuch different than the two men standing behind me.

[Scola and Mafu haven't moved, but a slight grin crosses Scola's face.]

RC: These men are no strangers to the AWA, but the last time around they were...oh, how to put this...unfocused. Without appropriate guidance. Allow me to reintroduce all of you to Scola and Mafu, the Samoan Hit Squad, a team that will be known as the most frighteningly destructive force in the history of the organization by the time is all said and done! They were scary before, but let's be realistic. If you want to demolish a building, you don't just close your eyes and swing a wrecking ball, you find yourself a trained, skilled operator and you hit the building precisely, with all of that force precisely directed to destroy whatever needs destroying.

[Christie suddenly steps backwards, reaching up and clapping Scola and Mafu on the shoulders.]

RC: You see this, AWA? This is my wrecking ball!

[That brings a disturbing smile to Mafu's face.]

RC: This is the only warning any of you are getting, so pay close attention. These are men of respectable, honorable heritage. Their grandfathers were wrestlers, their fathers were wrestlers, and they grew up among people who ate, slept, and breathed wrestling, and they taught their children everything they ever knew about wrestling! The Isle of Samoa has produced some of the greatest names the business of wrestling has ever seen -- and some of the most brutal, hard-hitting athletes the SPORT has ever seen! These men, Scola and Mafu, they didn't just learn how to wrestle from their fathers and grandfathers, they learned everything they could about how to hurt people,

how to hurt them physically, how to hurt them mentally, how to reach into an opponent and rip out their very soul!

[The Robfathah is getting mildly worked up over this, so Scola reaches backwards slightly and pats him on the shoulder.]

RC: You're right, Scola, no need to scare everybody away before you've had the chance to show them what all that heritage and all of that knowledge has to offer. This is a perfect situation -- a tag team division in turmoil, no clear cut number one contender, and frankly, nobody in that division strikes fear into the hearts of men the way the bundle of Samoan brutality behind me plan to.

[Christie laughs.]

RC: You all don't even see what's coming. These men are going to lay waste to every single team the AWA can throw at them, and in the end, they will be standing atop the battered, bruised, beaten, BROKEN BODIES of all of those men, and they will be the AWA's National Tag Team champions! Do you hear me, Bishop Boys? Did you catch that one, Lynch Brothers? Do you think the Longhorn Riders or the Antons understand what I'm saying?

[Scola and Mafu look at their manager and shake their heads.]

RC: No, you're right. They don't have a clue. They have no idea about the disaster that's preparing to berth in their midst, but that will all change very...

[Scola and Mafu look back at the camera.]

RC: ...very soon.

[Fade back 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...

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"Phil, I'm going to have to interrupt you for a moment."

[All eyes turn towards the source of the voice, Jason Dane, who is now standing on the interview platform. Dane is flanked on either side by the Aces, "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler. Standing behind Stegglet and Childes is the "Collector of Oddities" Percy Childes.

The Aces are dressed in t-shirts and jeans, no make-up, and sunglasses covering their eyes. Steven's hair is pulled back into a ponytail. Daniel is still sporting his bright red hair.]

JD: My sources are telling me there's no reason to have Phil Watson do these introductions - no reason at all. Is that right, gentlemen?

[Percy Childes smirks at Dane's courage.]

JD: No comment? Fine. After walking out on the AWA and its fans, after accusations of favoritism, after taking your ball and going home...

[Steven turns to face Dane directly and interrupts.]

SC: I'm going to stop you right there, Dane. You're no physical threat to me, but you're pushing the right buttons to turn this thing physical. So just stop talking, stand there, and hold the mic like a good investigative wrestling journalist.

[Steven turns back and faces the camera.]

SC: We didn't take "our ball" and "go home." We took the only action that was left to take. We headed to Japan where...

[Holds up pointer finger.]

SC: One, we get paid what we're worth.

[Holds up middle finger and pointer finger.]

SC: Two, we're treated with the respect we DESERVE.

[Holds up his ring finger along with the other two.]

SC: Three, the fans treat us MUCH better because the Asian culture RECOGNIZES how athletically gifted Daniel and I are.

[Some boos from the crowd. Steven takes off his sunglasses in disgust.]

SC: Can it! If ANY of you inbred, slack-jawed yokels treated us with a FRACTION of the respect we get in Japan, we wouldn't have been gone for four months.

[Bigger round of boos. Daniel Tyler cracks a smirk.]

SC: It's just divine providence I have an Uncle who looks out for not only OUR best interest, but the best interest for ALL of his clients.

[Tyler reaches over and pats Percy on the shoulder.]

SC: Oh, and one more thing. We're going to be out here for awhile, Dane. There's a lot we want to get off of our chests.

[Steven steps back as Daniel steps up, Dane moving the mic towards him.]

DT: Take our ball and go home? Pfffft. PUH-lease! Let's look at the facts, Dane. We're fast approaching the one year mark where Steven and I beat

the Bombers to become Number One Contenders to the AWA National Tag Team titles. Guess what?

[Dane doesn't answer.]

DT: WE STILL HAVEN'T RECEIVED OUR MATCH FOR THOSE BELTS!

[Tyler takes a moment to collect himself.]

DT: The Championship Committee can release ANY official rankings they want. The Aces won that number one spot, and we haven't had our title match or been beaten for tha-

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: You WALKED OUT of the promotion! You lost that spot when you did that!

[Tyler stops and glares at Jason DAnE. He takes off his sunglasses. If looks could kill, but Tyler continues to just glare at Dane as he continues.]

DT: As I was saying... the Aces ARE the Number One Contenders. Not only in the minds of every tag team in the AWA, but all the fans as well.

[The crowd responds with boos.]

DT: The Aces ARE the greatest tag team, past, present, and future. Throw out the name of ANY legendary team, and the Aces are on a tier above them, all our own.

[Steven steps forward, Dane moving the mic to him.]

SC: The tag belts are a secondary priority right now. Four weeks ago, Brian Von Braun reared his ugly head. He made a challenge to Percy with some thinly veiled threats in there. While Percy KNEW he had us at his disposal, he didn't make the call to Japan, Mark.

No. WE called Uncle Percy with a simple message, "We'll handle it."

[Percy taps the end of his cane on the stage and smiles broadly.]

SC: That's what family does, Brian. We're not there too late. We're there when needed. That's exactly what happened when you got put in the Childes Play. I didn't want to end you like I did your old man. I wanted to show SOME benevolence, and give you a chance to walk away. You didn't take it.

Know what? NOW you're going to pay for your blatant stupidity. You challenged the Aces to a match tonight. You get to choose your partner. Forgive me for keeping my ear in the sewing circle in the back, but rumor has it...

[Steven chuckles as he looks at Dane knowingly.]

SC: You haven't been able to find a partner.

DT: [off mic] Imagine THAT!

[Steven looks at his partner and then at Percy who simply shrugs.]

SC: I've heard, you've been begging and offering to pay people money. Too bad no one wants the Von Braun coffers of Washingtons.

DT: Hell, even that fat slob Williams didn't want any part of you!

[Steven laughs and stops suddenly. He looks at his Uncle and smiles.]

SC: I've got a GREAT idea. How about you ask a family member?

Not just ANY family member. How about you get your MOTHER to be your tag team partner.

[Dane audibly groans as Daniel Tyler busts out laughing.]

SC: The Aces would LOVE to put our hands on Mrs. Von Braun.

[HUGE round of boos for the blatant innuendo. The Aces bust out laughing. The boos quickly turn to cheers, and the Aces stop laughing, Steven pulling Percy behind the Aces as Brian Von Braun emerges into the shot. His hands by his side, fists clenched up, and that wild-eyed crazy look in his face. Dane steps over to BVB and puts the mic in front of him.]

BVB: Yeah. It's true I ain't been able ta find a partner.

[BVB's eyes move from Steven, to Daniel, to Percy, and back to Steven.]

BVB: Way I see it? You an' me got some issues, Steve. We got us a ring right over there.

[BVB points to the ring getting the crowd to cheer.]

BVB: We can go ahead an' work out some of our issues. Right. Now.

[BIG cheer from the crowd as Steven shakes his head no a few times.]

SC: [off mic] I'm not a singles competitor. I'm a tag team wrestler! Your challenge was a tag team match!

[Von Braun shakes his head.]

BVB: Ya got two choices, Steve. Either way ya end up in that ring there. Now. You can walk over there on yer own two feet. Or I can pummel ya, an' drag yer sorry carcass down there an' continue ta beat on ya. End result stays tha same, ya end up in that ring. How ya get there is yer choice.

[Another cheer from the crowd. Daniel motions for BVB to bring it on.]

GM: What is Von Braun doing?! He's walking into a surefire trap here!

BW: You know that old saying? Once a Von Braun, always a moron.

GM: That's not a- will you stop?!

[But before a physical confrontation can break out, another voice is heard from off-screen... a very familiar voice to AWA fans.]

"Hang on... hang on a damn second here..."

[The crowd cheers as the camera cuts to show the Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins, standing at the top of the ramp in his usual sportscoat, jeans, and cowboy boots... oh, and mic in hand.]

JW: Hold on just a second now.

[Watkins inserts himself between the two sides, hand pushing into the chest of Von Braun to step him back a bit.]

JW: We promised these people a match tonight, Brian...

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: ...and as much as I hate not making good on that, we promised them a TAG TEAM match.

[The crowd jeers that proclamation.]

JW: You came here tonight without a tag team partner when you got to the building. I told you that you had until match time to produce a partner.

[He points to his watch.]

JW: And by my watch, that deadline is passed, son.

[The crowd jeers again.]

JW: But what hasn't passed is the deadline to make a match for SuperClash IV.

[The jeers start to turn.]

JW: And the way I see it, after what these two backjumpers did to you, they owe you a shot at some payback.

So, if we can't make a tag match for y'all... I say we make ourselves a singles match for SuperClash with BVB takin' on Stevie Childes!

[The crowd ROARS at that idea! Percy Chiles, however, seems to have other ideas as he steps between the Aces, pulling the mic towards him.]

PC: How many times must you stack the deck against the Aces, Watkins? How many times must you arbitrarily and unilaterally decide to issue groundless dictates against these two men? It's always you, Watkins. You, by yourself, making these decisions with no input from the Championship Committee.

[Watkins turns to glare at Percy.]

PC: Brian was given a deadline to find a tag team partner tonight, and he failed. Rightfully so considering his colorful past. Now you want to give him a concession? A deadline extension? Do you really need another example of bias during your commissionership, Watkins?

No, you don't. Do you believe in redemption, Watkins? I do. Your path to redemption with the Aces can begin here tonight. How do you redeem yourself? Give Brian a concession, and give the Aces a concession.

[Watkins says something presumably colorful off-mic as Percy sneers.]

PC: Our concession is this: Brian can have a deadline extension to find a partner. If he can find a partner, then Brian and his partner can face the Aces in a tag team match at SuperClash.

If not?

[A smirk.]

PC: Then Brian Von Braun MUST face the Aces in a tornado style handicap match at SuperClash. For those not familiar with lucha libre tradition in Mexico, a tornado-style match means both Steven and Daniel can be in the ring at the same time.

[Boos from the crowd.]

GM: What?! He wants Von Braun to agree to a two-on-one handicap match?! A match where BOTH Aces can be in the ring together against Von Braun?! That's crazy!

BW: Hey, it's only if Von Braun can't find a partner! If he finds one, we're all good!

GM: We know very well he can't find a partner! He's been trying for two weeks and-

[Chiles interrupts.]

PC: Agree to these terms, Watkins, and start to reprove yourself to the Aces. You can not agree to these terms, put another mark against your record as

Chairman, and rob these fans of a chance to see the Aces wrestle. What will it be, Jim?

[Watkins glares at Childes, presumably about to respond when Von Braun steps forward, grabbing the mic.]

BVB: Deal.

[Watkins looks at BVB with hesitation.]

JW: You sure 'bout this, kid? I don't want to send you into a slaughter.

[Von Braun gives a slight nod, not taking his eyes off Percy Childes.]

BVB: We're Southern born an' bred, Jim. Ya know tha sayin'.

[Percy smiles proudly as the Aces grin like cats who shared the canary. Watkins hesitates.]

JW: Well... all right. Let's hook 'em-

[Watkins' catchphrase is interrupted by a cheer from the crowd.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: What's HE doing out here?!

[The cheers grow louder as fan favorite Sweet Daddy Williams slowly makes his way to the interview platform, causing things to get quite crowded now. Williams stares into the eyes of Von Braun as he approaches.]

JD: Sweet Daddy Williams, what are you-

[The Hotlanta native snatches the mic away from Jason Dane.]

SDW: I think you did enough talkin' for one week, don't you?

[The crowd cheers as Dane sheepishly steps back, letting Williams have the mic.]

SDW: When I was a young 'un, I used to drive my mama crazy every morning. Every morning she'd get up at the crack a'dawn and come into my room. She'd yank the curtains open to let the sun shine in and she'd shake me over and over, tryin' to get my sorry behind out of bed.

She'd take me down to the school bus stop... where I was runnin' late and missed the bus. Then she'd drag the car out of the garage and drive me to school.

Every single day I'd hear 'bout it.

"Boy, you're always late! You're never on time for nothin'!"

[Williams nods, looking around the men surrounding him.]

SDW: My mama was right.

After ya came to see me, I got to thinkin'... and the more I thought, the more I knew you were right.

I do love me a good fight.

[Williams grins.]

SDW: And lookin' at you lookin' at them... and lookin' at them lookin' at you...

[He nods.]

SDW: Yeah. This is gonna be a good one.

But if I heard Mr. Watkins right, I guess I'm too late tonight. There ain't gonna be a match.

[Percy Childes smirks arrogantly...]

SDW: But at SuperClash?

[It's Sweet Daddy's turn to smile.]

SDW: At SuperClash, we got all night long to beat the heck out of each other.

I told you earlier that I been down this road, Von Braun... that I knew where it led me...

[Von Braun nods.]

SDW: At SuperClash, I plan on bulldozin' a new road for you and me...

[Williams points at The Aces.]

SDW: ...right over their skinny rear ends!

[Watkins again throws himself between the two teams as the mic gets dropped and angry words are being exchanged on both sides of the platform!]

GM: We got ourselves a match, Bucky! The Aces vs Brian Von Braun and Sweet Daddy Williams at SuperClash!

BW: The man's brain cells are clogged with pancake syrup and jelly beans, Gordo! Von Braun would sell Williams down the river the first chance he gets if he thinks it'll benefit him!

GM: You may be right, Bucky... or we might just see the birth of another great tag team here in the AWA! I guess we'll just have to wait and see. Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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.

Fade back in to the standard backstage AWA backdrop, Mark Stegglet stands with a sweaty post-match Chris Choynet, who's face is an amalgamation of pain and excitement.]

MS: With me at this time, a young man we've seen many times on Saturday Night Wrestling, but this our first chance to conduct a post-victory interview with him, Chris Choynet!

[Owing to the historic nature of the occasion, Stegglet actually pronounces his name correctly!]

MS: Mr. Choynet, congratulations on a big, big victory!

CC: Thank you Mark. It's *so* good to be here!

MS: Walk us back through the finish, Chris! Charles Rant hit his Accidentally Disconnected face-crusher maneuver, a move that has always led to a pin for him. How did you come back from that?

CC: Well, *I*-

?: WHOHOO!!!

[The masked Futurestar flies into the shot, pouring a shaken can of beer all over the head of the surprised Choynet!]

FS: MR. BIG TIME CHRIS CHIN-WAA!!!

[After tussling Choynet's beer-soaked hair, Futurestar flies out of the shot, leaving Mark and Chris laughing in spite of themselves.]

CC: Man, that's cold!

[Choynet takes a moment to wipe the beer out of his eyes.]

CC: Anyway, I have to give credit to CSR's wrestling ability. I caught him unsuspecting at the start of the match, but he took my best shot, and after that he was all over me.

When he smashed my face into the mat, I got a splitting headache that I still have now. But somehow, through it all, a little voice inside me said "Do *not* lose to this loudmouth!" I couldn't kick out, but thankfully I did get my foot on the rope in time!

MS: And then that tremendous counter that won the match for you, was that instinct or a plan on your part?

CC: Well, he'd already slammed me three times in the match, so I had a good feel for his movement. So I knew where my body was going to be, so I knew that if I could just reach out at the right time, I could surprise him again. And this time I kept him down!

MS: So, now that win number one is in the bag, what does the future hold for Chris Choynet?

?: Excuse ze me, Chris?

[Into the shot walks a man that AWA fans haven't seen much of recently. the very attractive French-Canadian Rene Rousseau, rocking a full mullet and skin-tight pink polo shirt.]

RR: I just vant to say congraurations on ze very impressive win tonight!

CC: Oh, thank you Rene, thank you very much!

RR: You know, just now an idea has come to me that I vish to discuss with you. May I have a few moment of your time?

CC: Absolutely, I always have time for the three time Canadian champion! Are we done here, Mark?

MS: Um, I guess so! Thank you, and congratulations once again!

CC: Thank you, Mark!

[Rene Rousseau starts speaking with Chris Choisset, as both men walk off the set.]

MS: This just goes to show that anything can happen in the AWA! Let's go back down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: This next match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Already in the ring, from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 230lbs... Jackie Wilpon!

[Coming from his corner, the stringy haired, balding, shady looking character rubs his rather prominent schnozz.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Harsh guitars ring out across the speakers, drums and clanging cymbals right after as "Just Another Victim" from House of Pain and Helmet hits. Coming straight from the entrance area, without pause at all is a massive mound of a man. He strikes an absolutely frightening visage as though not very tall, he's wide and thick as they come. A pause in the middle of the aisle where he starts pumping himself up, his head bouncing to the beat, hands flexing, snarling the whole time. Spittle flying, the beast of a human being roars and stalks right to the ring.]

BW: Holy hannah, what is that?!

[The man is a specimen with a double wide back, tree trunk legs and veins coming out of veins. His head is shaven and he wears all red singlet. with black knee pads and wrestling boots.]

PW: ...making his AWA debut, weighing in at 285lbs...

BROOOOOOOOODYYYYYYY!

[Stalking into the ring he looks right at a very intimidated Jackie Wilpon, calling him on.]

GM: I have no idea who this man is, but just look at him! He is one scary guy!

DING DING!

[The bell rings, this Brody waving on Wilpon. He rubs his nose for good luck and charges in...

...only to take a boot right to the chest. Mind you it doesn't send him flying because Brody keeps it planted and stomps Wilpon right to the mat, standing on him with it!]

GM: Oh... oh dear, this is going to be a short match.

BW: Why? Why would you charge a grizzly bear?

GM: The referee down to count but Brody isn't finished. This monster newcomer reaching down... AND PICKS WILPON UP WITH ONE ARM!

[Or, more correctly, one hand across the throat. He lifts Wilpon to his feet and then clasps on with the other hand on the other side of his neck.]

BW: I am really glad I am retired right at this moment.

GM: Brody... he just lifted Wilpon right to the top rope and sat him on the top turnbuckle! This guy's strength is off the charts!

BW: Wilpon is fighting back!

[And his punch to the dome is ignored... well, not ignored, rather it makes Brody even angrier. His eyes snap open wider, his face turns into more of a snarl and he grabs Wilpon, pulling him off... and overhead!]

GM: Gorilla press by Brody and he's walking around! HE'S WALKING AROUND WITH A FULL GROWN MAN OVER HIS HEAD!

[The crowd, though watching an jobber and an unknown, are slightly buzzing at the show of power.]

GM: He's walking around the ring with him!

[Or rather... was! He brings Wilpon down and then thrusts him upwards, throwing him into the air and catching him on the way down...]

GM: POWERSLAM! HE DROVE HIM RIGHT DOWN!

[And it's all but done as the referee easily counts a three.]

DING DING!

BW: Well... that's a way to start your AWA career.

PW: YOUR WINNER...

BROOOOOOOOOODYYYY!

[The beast gets up off the pin, head trembling, eyes wide open. He stands over, looking at Wilpon before turning to the hardcam and screaming with a hoarse, deep voice: "JUST... ANOTHER... VICTIM!"

The camera holds on him for a lonnnnnng moment before fading to the backstage area.

A quick cut presents us backstage with half of the challengers for the Tag Team Championship at SuperClash, Robert Donovan, and he's not alone. He's standing next to Jason Dane, who is obviously waiting to conduct an interview.]

JD: All right, Rob, you told me earlier to ask you whatever, so I'm going to start with this: How did you and Jack Lynch get a rematch for SuperClash when your team actually lost?

[Donovan arches an eyebrow at Dane briefly, then chuckles.]

RD: Ain't wastin' any time, huh, Jason? Well, that one's pretty easy, to be honest. Jack an' I went to the Championship Committee, we just pointed out what had gone on with Cousin Bo on the outside, an' they decided that there should be a rematch, an' that we could get ourselves a little insurance against Cousin Bo to boot.

JD: James Lynch?

RD: The very man. I know he'd rather be the man standin' beside his brother, but this ain't James' fight, it's my fight an' it's Jack's fight. We both owe the Bishops, an' come SuperClash, we're both gonna carve what we're owed outta their hides, an' take their tag team titles to boot!

[Donovan glares at the camera briefly, then returns his attention to Jason Dane.]

RD: You done, Jason?

JD: Actually, I have a few more...

[Donovan's already nodding his assent before Dane finishes his sentence.]

JD: All right then. There are some people who believe that the Bishops have a pretty reasonable grievance, that one match against a team who hasn't beaten anybody is one thing, but a rematch is just too much. What would you say to them?

RD: Probably nothin' polite enough to repeat on TV, but I'll bite. Hell, maybe they even got a good point. Maybe that's why Jack an' I asked for a match tonight, so when we go on TV and beat the hell out of whoever the office decides to put in front of us the Bishops can finally stop cryin' about how we ain't even won a match yet. 'Course, knowin' the Bishops, especially that runt Bo, they'll just find somethin' else to whine about.

[Donovan shrugs.]

JD: Last question, Rob, and this one's not from me, but it's a question I've been asked more than once and it's...a little bit sensitive.

RD: Ain't a question you can ask that I'm afraid to answer, Jason, so let's have 'er.

JD: You and James Monosso are close to the same age, and have pretty similar career paths to this point. The World Champion tried to retire, and I'm sure you saw what happened when he did, but let's face it, Rob, your health isn't all that much better than his. How much longer do you think you can keep this up?

[Donovan's gaze turns steely for a moment, then he sighs.]

RD: ...I got no idea, Jason. I ain't a fan o' Monosso, but what he was able to do an' the crap he had to fight through to do it? I can't help but respect it. Respect it...an' be damned jealous 'cause even if he does wind up hangin' up the boots after SuperClash, he gets to walk...well, maybe...away from the AWA knowin' that he was the first man to hold the World Championship, he gets to walk away with a great big gold star on his legacy here, despite bein' a heinous bastard for most of the time we knew 'im. I haven't made any bones 'bout the fact that this is my last go-round, that once my time in the AWA is done I'll hang 'em up for good.

[Donovan's hands clench into fists, but remain at his side.]

RD: I ain't leavin' until I can leave with my head held high, Jason, an' right now I can't do that. I thought bein' the Longhorn Heritage champ would be enough, but the way I lost that left a nasty taste in my mouth, an' I couldn't walk away. Gettin' bounced out of the World Title tournament 'cause one man's ego couldn't take the fact that Joe Petrow made him look like a damned fool in front of the world, that just made the taste in my mouth even worse...an' I ain't avenged that, Jason. Until I leave some kinda mark on this place that it ain't ever gonna be able to forget, I can't walk away.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: I just can't.

[The big man wanders off, leaving Jason Dane by himself.]

JD: Um...back to you, Gordon.

[We crossfade back down to ringside where Gordon Myers is seated alongside Bucky Wilde.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Robert Donovan with some strong words towards the National Tag Team Champions - The Bishop Boys - the men he and Jack Lynch will face for the gold at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles. But what about the tail end of that interview, Bucky?

BW: The sob story about how he's an old man who needs to be put out to pasture?

GM: That's not exactly what he said but it's quite obvious that Robert Donovan knows his days in this business are numbered and he's approaching the point where if he's going to make a final impact on this sport, he needs

to get it done. We're going to see Lynch and Donovan, the challengers at SuperClash, in action a little later tonight but right now, let's go up to Mark Stegglet who has a very special guest. Mark?

[We crossfade to Mark Stegglet standing in the center of the ring.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... two weeks ago, the wrestling world was shocked when this man made his return to the AWA. Tonight, he tells us all why he's back.

Please welcome... ERIC PRESTON!

[The crowd ROARS to life as Stegglet points towards the curtain. The curtain flies aside moments later and Eric Preston marches through. Preston, dressed again in black jeans, shirt, leather jacket and dark shades, walks to the ring, fans grabbing at his jacket. Preston soon gets in the ring where Mark Stegglet is waiting for him.]

MS: Eric, welcome ba-

[Preston snatches the mic away.]

EP: If I wanted an interview, I'd have let Dane show up.

[There's a slight rustle of surprise in the crowd at Preston's treatment of Mark Stegglet.]

EP: I got this. The question on everyone's mind is pretty clear.

Why am I helping out Supreme Wright?

[Preston pauses, nodding at the crowd.]

EP: But, as usual, you people ask the wrong questions. The right question?

Why am I back in the AWA, after everything in the past?

Injuries, banishments, being forgotten by the same people who tried to build me up. I'm the same guy who had to pay his own way to AWA shows, because they forgot to send me tickets. Remember that?

Yeah. "Forgot".

[Finger quotes.]

EP: I wish I could tell you it was to unleash holy hell. That I'm back for bloody vengeance on those who put me on the shelf.

[Pause.]

EP: And I'd be lying if I said in the back of my mind, I didn't want vengeance. But not in the way you people think. I want vengeance.

But I want my vengeance by tearing down this ring.

[The crowd reacts negatively to that.]

EP: I want to climb up in the rafters of this place, rip down that AWA banner they fly so proudly in this sewer you people call an arena, wipe my...

[Preston smirks, casting a gaze "down South."]

EP: Wouldn't want the suits to get all worked up... not yet at least.

I wish I could tell you I was back to do all that but the truth of the matter is... it's even simpler than that.

[Preston holds up a finger.]

EP: I hate James Monosso.

[A big mixed response greets that statement. Preston looks around with irritation.]

EP: I hate everything that piece of trash stands for. I hate lookin' at him, I hate seeing him on TV and the very thought of him holding the AWA World Title makes me sick to my stomach. I want to vomit when I see that piece of trash hold that belt, it's a damn abomination.

And the very fact, the very fact that _YOU_ people-

[And now Preston points at the crowd.]

EP: ...the idea that you people have the balls to cheer that piece of garbage after everything he put ME THROUGH, after the road WE went down, it puts you in the same boat as him.

Trash.

[Now the crowd is really starting to let Preston have it.]

EP: So, am I coming back to wrestle in this ring?

That answer's simple too.

No. Hell no.

[The boos are really coming now.]

EP: Am I going to give you maggots the satisfaction of me tying up Monosso in knots and bashing his rotting teeth down his damn throat until he's crapping bloody chiclets?

Hell no.

[Preston shakes his head at the booing crowd. He walks to the corner, putting a foot up on the midbuckle as he glares at a few ringside fans.]

EP: You jackasses can bite me, you won't EVER see me lift a FINGER in this ring again. But you will see me coach up Supreme Wright on how to take down Monosso. There's only been one man to ever make that psych ward retread give up, and you're looking at him.

I broke James Monosso down. I weathered the storm. And the last time we met in the same ring, I choked his ass out until he was in La La Land dreaming about dropping the soap for Eric Travers.

See this right here?

[Preston digs in his pocket and brings out a plastic card, not unlike a driver's license.]

EP: Manager's license. Freshly minted.

I am now legally allowed and encouraged to be at ringside for all Supreme Wright matches, including his match at SuperClash.

And that means, in a match for the World Title on the biggest show of the AWA calendar, I will be in Supreme Wright's corner to make sure that James Monosso leaves SuperClash the same way he should leave Earth.

Bloody, not breathing, and no one giving a good [BLEEP] damn about him.

[Preston takes the shades off and throws them down.]

EP: Forget about that World Title, James, because that's gonna belong to Supreme Wright, you can be sure of that. But you knew, you already KNEW, that you were on a one way ride straight to hell.

Well I just hijacked the plane.

[Preston smirks.]

EP: Looks like we have one more ride together.

[With that, Preston throws the microphone down, picks up his shades and leaves the ring, as the crowd UNLEASHES on him a torrent of boos.]

GM: What the... what the heck has HAPPENED to Eric Preston?!

BW: I have no idea... but I kinda like it!

GM: You LIKE it?! He's bitter! He's angry! He's disrespected these fans... the employees of this company... the members of this locker room... all of us, Bucky! Fans, we have to apologize for some of the language of Eric Preston - we obviously had no idea that we would hear things like that out of

him. Preston was once a hero to these people. A fan favorite like few others. But now... now I don't know what the hell he is!

BW: He's a man cloaked in harsh reality! He's a walking reality check, Gordo. He knows how these idiot fans will cheer you one day and then chew you up and spit you out when they've outgrown you.

GM: This is all... I don't like it one bit, fans. We've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so stick around!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action to the announcers down at ringside.]

GM: We are back live here in the Crockett Coliseum as we stand just nineteen days away from SuperClash IV and, fans, up next on this night of Tag Team Turmoil, I understand we have a last minute addition to the card.

BW: What?

GM: That's what I've been told. Let's go to Phil for the introductions.

[Cut to Phil in the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next match is a tag team match, scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, at a combined weight of 412 pounds, Jimmy Spades and Rey Sol!

[Spades has a black mullet, black tights with a white spade on the back, and white boots, each with a black spade on them. Rey Sol is a very small man who wears a yellow mask, complete with golden crown on top that features a yellow sun in the middle of it. He also wears baggy yellow pants and gold boots, each with a yellow sun on them. He leaps to the top turnbuckle, salutes the crowd, then backflips off.]

BW: Rey Sol? What the heck does that mean?

GM: I believe it translates to Sun King if I'm not mistaken.

BW: Okay, so when did we start letting midgets in the company?

GM: Bucky! The term is "little person".

[Phil continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[A couple of seconds pass without any indication of anybody showing up.]

GM: Well, who is it?

BW: Are you askin-

[And then, the all too familiar choppy guitars start up, immediately drawing a huge negative reaction from the fans.]

GM: Oh, no.

BW: Haha! Yes!

[Why, yes, it's Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose".]

PW: ...hailing from Kingsland, Arkansas, at a total combined weight of 568 lbs., accompanied by Cousin Bo, they are the AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, Cletus Lee and Duane Henry...

THE BIIIIIIISHOOOOP BOOOOOOOOOYSSSSS!

[Cousin Bo steps out first, arms outstretched, as if he was expecting a better response. He just laughs at the boos and makes his way down the aisle. Duane Henry comes charging out, holding his title high in the air. He jaws at the fans around ringside. Finally, Cletus Lee comes slowly walking out, title over his shoulder, that ever-maniacal look on his hirsute face. As The Bishop Boys make their way to ringside, Bo quickly calls them together, apparently going over the game plan with them. As he finishes, Duane Henry steps through the ropes into the ring, while Cletus Lee grabs the top rope steps over the ropes into the ring. As for Bo? He grabs the title belts, and makes his way over to the commentators' table.]

GM: Well, it looks like we're about to be joined by Bo here on commentary.

BW: Hey! That's Mr. Allen to you!

GM: Of course. How could I ever forget?

[A ruffling sound is heard as Bo puts a spare headset on.]

CB: Hey, Bucky, how are you this evening?

BW: Just great now that The Bishop Boys are out here.

CB: Hehe, thought so. Hello, Myers.

GM: Um, hel-

CB: Hey, that's just great. Let's get to the match.

[Just like that, the bell rings. Cletus Lee steps over the top rope again, letting his "little" brother start the match. On the other side of the ring, Rey Sol points to himself, indicating that he wants to start the match. Jimmy Spades looks across at their opponents and all too willingly exits. Rey Sol starts to clap, trying to rally the crowd behind him. Surprisingly, he gets a decent response.]

GM: This young man is starting to get these fans behind them as they're about to do battle with the National Tag Team Champions.

CB: The best tag team in the world, mind you.

GM: The Stampede Cup early in 2013 may go a long way towards proving if that's true or not.

[As he gets to the center of the ring, Rey Sol puts his arm up for a test of strength. Duane Henry chuckles and raises his arm, which extends way beyond Rey Sol's grasp. Rey Sol leaps up, but can't reach. So, instead, Duane Henry just kicks him in the side of the knee, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: If you don't mind my asking, why are you even here, Mr. Allen?

CB: Hey, you didn't think you could have Tag Team Turmoil without your National Tag Team Champions, could you?

BW: Of course not. Now our night is complete, thanks to you.

[Duane Henry wails away on the back of Rey Sol's neck with clubbing forearms. He whips Rey Sol into the ropes...]

GM: Duane Henry taking control early on, shoots the smaller man in... ohh! A big flying forearm on the jaw on the rebound! Nicely done there by one-half of the tag team champions.

[With the masked man down, Duane Henry charges, leaping over him, hopping up to the middle rope, and throwing himself backwards in a moonsault press that smashes down hard on the chest of Rey Sol!]

GM: Oh my stars, there's that move again.

CB: It's _called_ an Asai Moonsault, you old twit.

BW: Yeah, Gordo, get it right.

[Duane Henry picks Rey Sol up off the mat, and fires him into the far turnbuckle. He follows, looking to crush his opponent in the corner, but hits nothing but turnbuckle as Rey Sol drops down.]

GM: Ohh! Rey Sol gets out of the way and Duane Henry hits the corner hard!

[Rey Sol scampers over and tags Jimmy Spades into the match for the first time. Spades quickly takes advantage of Duane Henry's daze, climbing to the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Spades is headed up top!

[...and takes flight with a fine looking flying bodypress. Spades goes for the pin but gets just a two count.]

GM: Just a two count there but this unknown team has got Duane Henry in a bit of trouble here, Mr. Allan.

CB: Oh, come on, Duane Henry, enough messing around!

GM: And if they're having this kind of trouble against Rey Sol and Jimmy Spades, just imagine what it'll be like on Thanksgiving night when they meet Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan in that big tag title rematch... this time with James Lynch in the corner to keep you in line to boot!

CB: Shut up, Myers. This is just a temporary setback. Besides, why do they need the other Stench? He doesn't have a manager's license. It's a conspiracy, I'm telling you.

GM: You just keep telling yourself that.

[Spades waits for Duane Henry to get up but is distracted by Cletus Lee reaching over the ropes. Spades backs off and tells the ref to watch him. The ref goes to admonish Cletus Lee who just stares at him.]

GM: Uh oh, turn around, Mr. Spades.

[That's what the rest of the crowd seems to be yelling at Spades just before he turns into a kick to the gut from Duane Henry. Duane Henry then hooks a front facelock, lifting Spades off the mat before SPIKING his skull into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! A big-time DDT by Duane Henry - shades of a Cattle Buster actually!

BW: But better!

CB: You better believe that. Now make that tag, Duane Henry.

[On cue, Duane Henry walks to the corner, slapping the hand of the big man as the crowd begins to buzz with concern for the smaller men across the ring from the champions.]

BW: Aw yeah, here we go. Time for the Redneck Wrecking Machine, daddy!

[Cletus Lee grabs Spades and whips him into the Bishops' corner. His brother, who was about to exit, gets grabbed by the back of the trunks...]

GM: What's he-?!

BW: Watch this, Myers.

[Cletus Lee uses his tremendous power to HURL his own brother towards the corner, smashing into a stunned Spades in a spear tackle that draws an astonished reaction!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: He just tossed Duane Henry into a spear in the corner!

CB: Hahaha, he sure did. That's the Bishop Boys for you, they always keep you guessing.

[Cletus Lee helps Duane Henry back up and directs him back into the Bishops' corner.]

GM: It looks like that move may have hurt Duane Henry almost as much as Jimmy Spades.

CB: Nah, he's just a little dazed. Luckily, The Bishop Boys were born with strong heads.

[And, hey, just to prove that very thought, Cletus Lee grabs Spades, traps his arms, and delivers his infamous headbutts.]

BW: Ah, the Trapping Headbutts. They're busting out all of my favorites tonight.

[As the referee makes the count to break the hold, Cletus Lee lets go, letting a limp Spades fall to the mat. Cletus Lee feigns taking a shot at the ref, who promptly falls down on his keister.]

CB: You see, Stench? You're not supposed to actually TOUCH the referee!

GM: And you're not supposed to touch the wrestlers!

CB: Hey, you didn't hear the threats Stench was directing at me!

GM: Good grief.

[Cletus Lee roars and raises an arm to the crowd who boo unmercifully.]

GM: Hey, he's not going to do what I think he is, is he?

[Cletus Lee picks Spades up, and applies a very familiar move, drawing HUGE boos from the crowd.]

GM: That's the Iron Claw! Cletus Lee Bishop is stealing Jack Lynch's signature move! This is a disgrace!

CB: Hey, I didn't hear you whining when Dave Cooper STOLE DUANE HENRY'S GOURDBUSTER!

[Cletus Lee quickly lets go, not wanting the submission victory.]

GM: Oh, come on, this match should be over.

CB: Don't worry, Myers. It will be soon enough.

[Noticing Rey Sol back on his feet, Cletus Lee shoves Jimmy Spades towards the corner, forcing another tag.]

GM: Rey Sol's back in and- oh my!

[Thinking quickly, Rey Sol slingshots himself to the top rope, leaping off for a hurracanrana...]

...but Cletus Lee is NOT going over for that, walking around the ring as Rey Sol hammers him with fists to the skull!]

GM: Rey Sol's trying to chop this big man down with all he can!

BW: Is this kid stupid or what? You don't leap onto a fresh Cletus Lee, and you sure as heck don't go after his head.

[Cletus Lee backs into a corner, gets a running start, then tosses Rey Sol to the mat where he violently bounces before coming to rest.]

BW: Tossing Powerbomb!

GM: This is just a massacre. Exactly what are your cousins trying to prove?

CB: Prove? They have nothing to prove. That's why they're the champs. I just want Stench and Donovan to watch real closely, because this is their future.

[Cletus Lee tries to pick Rey Sol up but he's now limp from the powerbomb. Instead, Cletus Lee heads to the corner and gestures for Rey Sol to get up on his own.]

GM: Uh oh, I think we know what's coming here.

BW: If the little jumping bean can get back up, that is.

[The fans are screaming at Rey Sol to stay down, but he gets back up very, very slowly at this point.]

GM: No, no, just don't do it, kid.

[Rey Sol is up, and Cletus Lee is dashing across the ring.]

"WHAM!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[After that last gasp, the fans are now silent.]

BW: The Charging Big Boot scores! Did you SEE how many times that Rey Sol kid flipped over?!

GM: That was just ghastly. Just end this farce already.

[Luckily, Cletus Lee gives the universal sign for "He's finished" and tags Duane Henry back in.]

BW: Okay, so which finisher do we get to see today?

CB: Y'know, Bucky, that's the beautiful part. You just never know.

[Duane Henry picks Rey Sol up in an Argentine Backbreaker.]

BW: Ah! My favorite!

[Cletus Lee hits the ropes behind Duane Henry, rebounds with another Big Boot to the skull, and Duane Henry holds on and swivels Rey Sol forward for the seated powerbomb.]

BW: DOC ALLEN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR!

GM: This one's academic.

[Gordon proves to be correct as the referee puts down a very swift three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners, the AWA National Tag Team Champions, THE BISHOP BOYS!

["Nothin' To Lose" cranks back up as the fans boo the Bishops unmercifully.]

GM: A quick but cringe-inducing victory for the champs.

CB: How did you like that? Stench? Donovan? Know that your end will be ten times worse. Then we can go find a REAL tag team to face.

[The ruffling sound is heard again as Bo removes his headset, joining the Bishops as they leave the ring, handing their belts back to them. The crowd boos as all three men raise their hands in victory before heading backstage.]

BW: Hehe, SuperClash is going to be awesome. No More Stenches!

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky. I have a feeling that Thanksgiving Night may be a big night for Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan who we'll be seeing in action a little later on here tonight. Fans, let's go backstage where I understand our own Jason Dane has gone to confront "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

[We cut backstage where we see Jason Dane, intrepid Internet journalist, knocking on a door. The door opens to reveal "Hotshot" Stevie Scott on the other side. An intense glare quickly turns to a smirk for the Hotshot.]

HSS: You got a scoop for me, Grantland?

[Dane pauses, perhaps trying to understand the "Grantland" reference, then as a look of confidence crosses his face, he nods.]

JD: You're on.

[Big pop from the arena!]

HSS: You'll get me Vasquez?

[Dane nods.]

JD: I'll get you Vasquez.

HSS: For real?

[Dane nods again.]

JD: For real.

HSS: Didn't know you had that kind of clout yet, kid. I'm proud of ya. So you've got it all worked out, yes? You've talked to his people, etcetera and so forth.

[Ah, therein lies the rub. The confidence turns to...not confidence? Something like that.]

JD: Umm...not...exactly. But I can still get it done. I can't miss out on this chance to show everyone that I've got what it takes to be a real player in this business.

[Stevie mockingly pats Jason on the head and smiles.]

HSS: Good for you, kid.

[But just like that, the smile turns to a cold stare as Stevie grabs Dane by the collar and gets all up in his grill.]

HSS: And if you KNOW what's good for you, kid...you better not disappoint me.

[Stevie stays in his face for a couple more seconds before slowly pushing him away, keeping his eyes locked on him the whole time. After a few tense moments, he releases his grip and slams the door in Dane's face. Dane looks more than a bit nervous as we fade back to the inside of the Crockett Coliseum.

A familiar cough rings out over the PA...closely followed by the opening notes of Metallica's "Bad Seed", which immediately sets the crowd to booing.]

GM: It sounds like we're about to be joined by the Longhorn Heritage champion...and he's not coming empty handed!

BW: Hehe, I wonder if that's the same ladder Glenn Hudson took a dive off of two weeks ago, Gordo!

GM: Considering what we know about Dave Bryant, I wouldn't be surprised, Bucky.

[Yes, it's the Longhorn Heritage champion, clad in black shoes, grey slacks, and a white dress shirt. He's also wearing a huge grin, and carrying a ladder. He doesn't do his usual taunting on his way to the ring...well, not until after he's reached the ring and slid the ladder under the bottom rope, that is. At that point, Bryant turns and raises both arms, mocking the audience response, then he laughs and steps into the ring, next to the ladder. He quickly makes his way over to Phil Watson and acquires the house microphone.]

DB: Miss me?

[Judging from the noise and occasional apparent epithets being thrown Bryant's way, the answer is a resounding no.]

DB: Oh, come on now, you're making me blush.

[Bryant chuckles and reaches down to pull up the ladder.]

DB: I suppose the rubes among you...which, judging from the looks of you all, is most of you, are probably wondering what this is for, hm? Maybe wondering why I left one for Glenn Hudson to find a couple of weeks ago so he could try to climb up and snag what's left of the Longhorn Heritage championship belt?

[Bryant briefly points the microphone at the crowd, then nods.]

DB: It's all right, the Doctor is here and he'll explain all your confusion away. You see, I came to a startling realization last week.

[Bryant pauses again, this time to set the ladder up in roughly the middle of the ring. He puts one foot on the bottom rung, then raises the mic again.]

DB: You see, this ladder is a great illustration of the current state of the AWA. Think of this ladder as the rankings system, with some random on the bottom rung, a different random on the second rung...

[Bryant begins climbing the ladder.]

DB: ...and so on, and so forth, until you get to the part of the ladder that really matters...

[Bryant reaches the top, straddling it with one foot on the second-to-top rung on either side of the ladder, grinning as the audience boos loudly.]

DB: Oh, so you do get it! Well, color me impressed. In case there's still those among you who need it explained, right now...

[Bryant points down to the rung right next to the top.]

DB: There are two men residing atop the AWA. At the very top you have the AWA World Champion...and since I value my physical well-being, I don't think I want to say much more about...him.

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: However, there is one other man standing atop the AWA's figurative ladder, looking down with disdain upon all who lurk below him...and that man, of course, is YOUR Longhorn Heritage Champion...

"The Doctor of Love", Dave Bryant!!

[Bryant raises one hand in victory.]

DB: Now, all that being said, why did I leave this ladder laying around for Glenn Hudson to find? Why did I take the chance that he'd actually take back MY property? Well, I wanted to give Mr. Hudson, the former champion, just one little reminder of what it must've been like when HE was atop the AWA. I wanted to see if I could maybe remind him that, for a time, he wasn't on the second rung of the ladder...he was the only singles champion in the AWA! He was THE champion of the organization, and the damned fool never even realized it. He had all the leverage in the world, all the prestige the AWA had to offer, and he threw it away!

[Bryant sneers.]

DB: Well, this isn't gonna be like my early days in California, Glenn! I came in here and took this place by storm just like I did THAT place, only this time--

[A familiar voice with an Australian accent drowns him out.]

GH: ONLY THIS TIME? What's that, Dave?

[The crowd give a mighty pop as we cut to the entrance ramp to see Glenn Hudson heading towards ringside with a spring in his step, microphone of his own in hand. The former champion is dressed plainly in a black t-shirt and denim jeans, looking ready to rumble.]

GH: Spit it out, mate. You're holding everything up. The show must go on.

[Now dangerously close to ringside, Hudson stops in his tracks.]

GH: Time waits for no man.

[A crooked smile, almost a sneer. He waits for the crowd to settle down before continuing.]

GH: I think the air could be a little thin up there, or at least your perspective is out of whack. You misinterpret what it means to be the Longhorn Heritage champion...

[Hudson holds his free hand above his eyes, as if visoring the glare as he squints into the faux distance.]

GH: ... and you definitely overestimate your position right now. I'm here to bring you back down to earth.

[A tense moment as the two stare daggers at each other, Bryant tensing as he considers if that was an immediate threat. Glenn continues.]

GH: The way I see it, you're just number two on paper. Perhaps in more ways than one.

[Small pop from those who follow. Hudson chuckles at his own joke, and Bryant responds with some mocking laughter of his own.]

GH: And me? I'm just another respected guy in that locker room. Truth is, we're both respected competitors in this business. We're both here today because this company, people we've worked alongside before, felt we still had something to offer. Respect gets your foot in the door. If you're a decent bloke... If you don't burn your bridges...

[Hudson gives himself a quick pat on the shoulder.]

GH: Respect can even get you a leg up. But respect doesn't stop the world from turning. At Homecoming, the two of us fought over Heritage, over Legacy... Over History. Those special moments we want to preserve forever. But as we reminisce, History passes us by. It never stops being written. What you did in LA, what I did in South Laredo... Who we ran with and who we bled with, it all happened a long time ago. The landscape always changes.

[He casts a glance downwards with a hint of regret.]

GH: When I decided to hang up my boots, there were men in the locker room just starting to build their reputations... Just starting to get a profile. In the decade that followed, some of those men became stars... and then superstars... and then became legends in this sport. It's no surprise that some of those legends wanted to become the first... AWA World champion.

[Big pop!]

GH: They weren't fighting to preserve history...

[Hudson shakes his head.]

GH: ... or to demean it. They were fighting simply to MAKE history. And Dave? That's why you and I still have some hard yards ahead of us. But we have no better place to start than SuperClash.

[Another big pop as the fans sense where this is heading. Glenn points towards the centre of the ring.]

GH: Make no mistake, I WILL climb that ladder... and as I near the top, I will stare legends in the eye. I promise you, what I did yesterday will be the last thing on their minds. But before that happens, I still have a debt to pay to history and I will pay it back with INTEREST! You and me, rematch for that Longhorn Heritage title!

[The crowd cheers for this idea, but Bryant's having none of that and decides to just talk over them.]

DB: All right, Hudson, all right! You wanna talk about making history? You want a rematch?

[Hudson nods somewhat condescendingly at the Longhorn Heritage champion, a grin on his face.]

DB: Fine!

[Bryant pauses, steadying himself on the ladder, which suddenly seems a less comfortable perch.]

DB: You talked about climbing the ladder? If you want what's left of your precious Longhorn Heritage title back, Hudson, that's EXACTLY what you're gonna have to do!

[The crowd buzzes excitedly at that, and Hudson looks unafraid.]

DB: At SuperClash, you'll have your chance at the Longhorn Heritage title, Hudson. You'll have it in the AWA's first ever ladder match!

[The crowd stops buzzing and starts outright cheering that notion!]

DB: How's that for history, Hudson? Not only are you gonna walk away minus the couple of pounds that remain of the Longhorn Heritage championship belt, you're going to go down in that history you so revere as the first competitor to LOSE a ladder match in the AWA!

[Bryant drops his mic, laughing out loud -- until Hudson slides into the ring and grabs the ladder, shaking it slightly, sending the Doctor of Love into a near-panic, begging his future challenger not to tip him over!]

GH: Yep, that sick feeling in the pit of your guts. That's what I felt a few weeks ago, mate, just before I fell ten feet down to the canvas. Well, that's just a preview for you, champ... because we've got ourselves a time, a place and a match!

[Pop! With that, Hudson backs far too slowly away from the ladder, not taking his eyes off Bryant as he drags the moment out. Satisfied, Glenn steps between the ropes to the apron, then hops down to the floor. Looking over his shoulder at his perched adversary, he thoughtfully adds --]

GH: You don't look very comfortable up there.

[With that, Hudson laughs and starts his way back up the aisle. He slaps some fans' hands along the way, sneaking in a peripheral glance back to ringside here and there. Bryant is slowly making his way down the ladder, looking just a bit uncomfortable until he plants his feet firmly in the ring.]

GM: Did I just hear that right?! Did Dave Bryant just challenge Glenn Hudson to the first-ever AWA LADDER match at SuperClash IV?!

BW: And Hudson accepted! Holy- that show keeps getting better, Gordo!

GM: Bryant vs Hudson with the Longhorn Heritage Title hanging from the rafters?! That's gonna be something else! A ladder match is the kind of thing that can redefine a career. There have been men who had their legacies locked in because of their performance in a ladder match.

BW: And there's been guys who've had their careers put on ice for good by falling off that thing. Don't forget that, Gordo. This match is incredibly dangerous and both of these veterans are risking their entire careers by stepping foot on that thing come Thanksgiving night in Los Angeles.

GM: It's gonna be one for the ages. In fact, this seems like a good time to go to our good friend Mark Stegglet who is standing by in the SuperClash Control Center! Mark?

[We crossfade to a shot of the SuperClash IV logo which we see for a bit before it fades to reveal a bank of television "studio" monitors with Mark Stegglet standing before them all.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! We are LIVE in the SuperClash IV Control Center to go over the lineup for this enormous show that will be taking place on Thanksgiving night at the legendary Los Angeles Sports Arena! It's the biggest night of the year for the AWA and when you see the lineup that's coming together for it, you know you're in for one heck of a ride.

[A graphic comes up showing The Aces on one side and Brian Von Braun with Sweet Daddy Williams on the other.]

MS: A lot of bad feelings in this one as Brian Von Braun has found his partner. It'll be he and Sweet Daddy Williams taking on Percy Childes' Aces at SuperClash IV.

[The graphic fades to show Giant Aso and MAMMOTH Maximus.]

MS: The Battle Of The Giants took on an even more personal nature earlier tonight when MAMMOTH Maximus brutally assaulted Giant Aso's manager, Buccaneer Bart Roberts. We still have yet to receive word on the condition of Roberts but I can guarantee you that Giant Aso will be a man on a mission come SuperClash.

[That graphic is gone as well, replaced by a shot of November and Skywalker Jones with a title reading "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

MS: Earlier tonight, we found out that November and Skywalker Jones will be captaining the two teams for this year's edition of Steal The Spotlight. We also found out that Chris Staley will be joining November's squad. I can now also tell you that Hannibal Carver has joined November's team while the newcomer Terry Shane the Third has joined up with Skywalker Jones.

Remember, those ten men will be battling it out elimination style until only one man remains - that man will receive the match of his choosing anytime in the next year.

And speaking of Steal The Spotlight...

[We fade to a new graphic showing Sultan Azam Sharif and Supernova on one side of the screen and the Royalty duo of Mark Langseth and Dave Cooper on the other.]

MS: Sultan Azam Sharif is cashing in the Steal The Spotlight contract he won one year ago at SuperClash III for a special six man tag team match to go down in Los Angeles. It will be Sharif joining forces with Supernova and a third man yet to be named taking on the team of Royalty and a third man that they also have yet to name. Remember, Mark Langseth's suspension will be lifted for that one night and after all he put the AWA through in 2012, you can bet that Sharif and Supernova will be looking to put him out of the AWA permanently at SuperClash!

[That graphic fades as well, replaced by Alex Martinez and William Craven.]

MS: It's a war that has raged throughout the AWA for over a year now... but will it end in what could be the most violent match the AWA has ever hosted? Former EMWC owner and SuperClash co-sponsor Chris Blue has declared that he has the power to schedule ONE match at SuperClash and this is the match he has chosen. But he also has declared it should take place as a BARBED WIRE match!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Later tonight, AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet will step foot on The Call Of The Wilde and reveal whether or not that match will actually happen.

[The graphic is replaced by Calisto Dufresne and Juan Vasquez.]

MS: Speaking of battles over a year in the making, it was way back at WrestleRock in the summer of 2011 when Calisto Dufresne took the National Title off Juan Vasquez' waist and tried to end his career in the process. Fast forward to now and Vasquez finally gets his shot at vengeance. However, this is not the same Juan Vasquez - this is a Juan Vasquez with an Unholy Alliance influence over him. This is a Juan Vasquez who will do ANYTHING to get that revenge. Calisto Dufresne may be in for a bad, bad night in Los Angeles.

[A shot of the AWA's three championships comes up on the screen.]

MS: Then we get down to the gold - the three big title matches capping off the night in Los Angeles.

First, it'll be the first-ever LADDER MATCH for the AWA Longhorn Heritage Title when Dave Bryant defends his newly-won gold against former champion Glenn Hudson! We just heard the challenge for this moments ago and I was just informed in my earpiece that the Championship Committee has sanctioned it!

Then, the National Tag Team Titles will be on the line when The Bishop Boys meet Robert Donovan and Jack Lynch in a Homecoming rematch. You may remember that many believe that Donovan and Lynch had that match won when Cousin Bo interfered. This time, the AWA is going to cut off that interference before it happens when they put James Lynch at ringside to keep Cousin Bo at bay!

[The shot of the titles fade to be replaced by James Monosso and Supreme Wright.]

MS: And in the night's Main Event, the AWA World Heavyweight Title will be defended for the very first time when James Monosso risks the title - and his very physical wellbeing - against the man who won the 2012 Rumble to earn his shot - the current Number One Contender to the World Title, Supreme Wright! And don't forget the wild card in all of this... Eric Preston has gotten himself a manager's license and will be parked in the corner of the challenger in Los Angeles. No one can forget the history between Preston and James Monosso and with Preston's comments earlier tonight, I'd say we just don't know what he might do at SuperClash IV!

Fans, it's the biggest night of the year. It's Thanksgiving Night! And it's SuperClash IV! Don't you dare miss it!

[We fade from back down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, hailing from Springfield, Oregon weighing in at 245 pounds, here is Willy Mack James!

BW: He has three first names.

GM: I doubt that matters in the grand scheme of things.

BW: Except for endless nickname possibilities.

["Rusty Cage" by Johnny Cash hits the sound system and from the back struts out Willy Mack James. James has a black top hat with a bright yellow ribbon around it pulled tightly over his heavily bearded face. He has a matching scarf wrapped around his neck along with a form fitting yellow jacket that hugs his thick frame and sparkling gold wrestling trunks. He slaps some hands down the aisle as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: This is my first time seeing James in action but he packs quite the heap of muscle on his frame.

BW: That scarf is ridiculous.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Static.

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

PW: Hailing from Independence, Missouri and being accompanied by MISS Sandra Hayes, weighing in at 212 pounds... Here is...

"THE SALIENCE" TERRY SHANE.

THE THIRD!!!

[A feminine silhouette appears in the entranceway first, hip cocked, hand placed on it. In the other hand which is raised up high is a tightly held branding iron. A branding iron that rightfully belongs to one Hannibal Carver.]

GM: It looks as though Miss Sandra Hayes still has Hannibal Carver's branding iron and I can't imagine that spells good news for anybody within a stone's throw. She certainly displayed that she knows how to use that last week when she drilled Hannibal Carver right between the eyes with it.

[The Siren embodies sex appeal this evening with a skin tight black cocktail dress. The sleeveless number features some conveniently located cutouts and hugs her in all the right places. Her jet black rat tail hangs over her right shoulder as she gestures with the branding iron to the entrance portal where the Saliency steps into view.]

GM: Miss Sandra Hayes is quickly making a name for herself in the wrestling circuit after what transpired last week. Hannibal Carver had flipped the switch on Terry Shane III during the No Escape Challenge only to have Miss Hayes lash out and strike him down with his own branding iron.

BW: You're forgetting this was in retaliation of Hannibal Carver kicking her in the face!

GM: That is most certainly NOT what happened. The Siren interfered on multiple occasions and Carver propelled his feet against the ropes in attempt to break free and they bounced into the Siren's face, knocking her back.

BW: Yes. Exactly what I said.

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

GH: As it was announced earlier this evening, both Terry Shane III and Hannibal Carver will be making an appearance at SuperClash IV amidst a legion of superstars in the Steal The Spotlight match. The very same match that the Sultan was able to win the last go around that granted him the opportunity to build this much anticipated six man tag match against Royalty.

BW: The Steal the Spotlight match is a perfect opportunity for a guy like Shane to put himself on the map and escalate himself up the ranks in the AWA.

[Finally, the duo hit the ring. Miss Sandra Hayes steps up first, setting herself up on the middle rope allowing Terry Shane III to step into the ring. After he does so, she gently removes his emerald robe, draping it over her and exiting the ring, but not before shouting some censored words at Phil Watson.]

GM: Poor Phil, Miss Hayes has had it out for him since Day 1.

BW: He made an unforgivable mistake by mispronouncing her name!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: We’re underway folks and Willy Mack quickly challenges Terry Shane III to a test of strength, raising both of his hands up.

BW: I don’t think this is the best idea for Shane.

GM: Shane seems to be up for the daunting task of trying to out muscle James as he obliges and locks up his right hand with James’ left.

[No sooner than they lock hands, Terry Shane III drives his boot into the midsection of Willy Mack, doubling him over. Still clenching his hand, he drapes his right leg over the back of Willy Mack’s neck, leaps up, and drives him face first into the canvas.]

GM: Shane never had any intention to try and out muscle James and he drops him with a well executed move right there. A lot of impact on that, Bucky.

BW: Forget the faceslam - I think he could have taken him in the test of strength!

GM: I highly doubt that.

[The Siren applauds on the outside as Terry Shane III lays the boots to the midsection of the downed James.]

GM: Quick, efficient, and with purpose... Terry Shane III is stomping the gold sparkles right off of James' body!

BW: I bet you never thought you'd say that.

[Shane drags James off the canvas, tossing him back into the nearest set of turnbuckles...

...and then charges forward before he can bounce back, blasting him with a European uppercut that nearly knocks James out of his boots!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot right there! Maybe not the same level of impact as Supreme Wright's running European Uppercut but there's a reason he's the Number One Contender to the title, Bucky.

BW: Are you really forcing me to talk about Supreme Wright during a Terry Shane match?

[Shane holds onto the middle ropes on either side of James, violently driving his shoulder into his midsection over and over.]

GM: Shane going to work on the body of Willy Mack James, trying to soften him up.

[Straightening up, Shane hooks a side headlock, charging from the corner to smash Willy Mack's face into the mat with a running bulldog!]

GM: Again with some good execution on the bulldog headlock... and Willy Mack is in a lot of trouble early on in this one. Terry Shane III continues to work quickly - not letting up at all. His father was very similar in the ring, maybe a bit more tactical with his approach, but he just stay glued to his competitors at all times. The Mauler once said Terry Shane Jr. was the toughest man he ever fought, not because of his strength, but because you never got a chance to catch your breath.

BW: Well the younger "trip" out here seems to be following in daddy's footsteps.

GM: Not in every way unfortunately.

[James tries to climb back to his feet but Shane kicks his right hand out from underneath him, causing James to fall back down. He quickly stomps on both hands of James causing the official to step in and warn Terry Shane III.]

GM: Completely unnecessary by Shane and -- Hayes! Miss Sandra Hayes is choking Willy Mack James while the official is warning Terry Shane III! The Siren continues to make her presence felt each and every time she is at ringside!

BW: It's self defense! James was clearly moving towards her and after what happened last week, Miss Hayes is clearly fearful of her safety and well being!

GM: Highly doubtful, Bucky! And you and I both know it.

[Finally the official turns away from Shane and just as he does the Siren lets up, going back to slapping the apron and encouraging the Salience. Terry Shane III drags Willy Mack by the right leg away from the ropes. Effortlessly he steps over James' leg with that of his own, spinning, and wrapping Willy Mack's leg around his.]

GM: Spinning Toe Hold by Terry Shane III! This isn't looking good for Willy Mack! He's about three feet away from the ropes and definitely out of an arm's reach.

BW: Willy Mack doesn't look like he can handle much more of this and –

[With Terry stretching the leg out of Willy Mack, the crowd begins to stir at the sight of Hannibal Carver walking out onto the ramp, mic in hand. He's dressed in his usual attire, albeit noticeably without his branding iron.]

HC: So...

[The Salience, noticing the crowd stirring and hearing this distinct Boston drawl, looks up... as quick as his eyes catch glimpse of Carver he lets go of Willy Mack and shoots to his feet. The Siren, well, she begins to scream.]

HC: From stealin' my property to Steal The Spotlight, eh? That was real cute, havin' yer little girl do all the heavy lifting for yeh, Shane. But don't worry, I won't call the cops... and the only court I'll be bringing yeh to is the squared circle. Laugh it up, but while everyone else is trying to steal the spotlight?

[Scowls.]

HC: I'll be putting yeh six feet underground.

[Shane starts to shout at Carver from a distance, slamming his fists over the ring ropes...

...which gives Willy Mack James the opportunity to drag him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

BW: James with a roll-up!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Kickout by Shane just in the nick of time!

GM: Both men are back to their feet, here comes Shane with the wildest of haymakers I have ever seen and he misses by a mile! Willy Mack ducks under easily and-

[The crowd roars as a ducking Willy Mack hooks the flailing arm of Shane and then the other, instantly clasping his hands behind Shane's head.]

GM: Full nelson by Willy Mack! This mountain of muscle has Terry Shane III in a world of trouble!

BW: Miss Hayes is up on the apron! She's yelling at James!

GM: The official is demanding that she steps down – Shane with a back headbutt to the bridge of James' nose! And another! He's free!

[With the action taking place in the official's blindside, Shane snares James' head and delivers rapid firing dirty knees to his face. Finally the official spins back towards them, stepping in as Shane shoves James towards the ropes. The referee shouts at Shane, wanting to know how he escaped while the official was distracted.]

GM: James to the ropes near the Siren!

BW: Watch out Miss Hayes!

[Prepared and ready to strike, Miss Hayes grabs the oncoming Willy Mack James by the head and then drops to the outside, snapping his neck against the top rope and sling-shotting him back the other way.]

GM: OH MY STARS! RING ROPE CLOTHESLINE BY MISS HAYES!

BW: The ref didn't see a thing either!

[Staggering back, James gets tied up around the head and arm by Shane who hoists him up in uranage position...

...and drives James downward, spiking his spine across his knee.]

BW: ABSOLUTELY DEVASTATING BACKBREAKER!!

[Moving quickly, Shane wraps his legs around the right arm of a downed Willy Mack and then hooks his arms around the left arm and neck.]

GM: NO ESCAPE! HE'S GOT THE NO ESCAPE LOCKED ON JAMES!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And a quick tap by Willy Mack James, chalk up a win for Terry Shane III!

[Shane promptly rolls out, casting an eye down the aisle towards Hannibal Carver who mockingly applauds the victory.]

GM: Terry Shane III shows a little more focus than perhaps we gave him credit for as despite the verbal interference by Hannibal Carver, Terry Shane III was able to capture the win... due in large part to the outside interference of Miss Sandra Hayes who is now, well, she's perched on top of the downed Willy Mack James holding the branding iron over her head. Despicable.

BW: That's one classy broad!

GM: When Carver and Shane meet in Steal The Spotlight, you can bet Sandra Hayes may be singing a different tune, fans. We've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with-

BW: With me! It's time for The Call Of The Wilde and to get that stuffed suit Stegglet to squeal like a pig!

GM: Don't go away, fans.

[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 fade back to live action where Bucky Wilde is standing inside the ring, mic in hand.]

BW: We're back, people!

[Bucky draws a bit of a mixed reaction for his attitude.]

BW: After a long night of action, it's finally time for the REAL reason you all bothered to tune in tonight. And it ain't to see inbred idiots like the Stench boys or that old fossil Williams!

[Ahh, that's more like it. Lots of boos this time.]

BW: It's to see me step in here with Jon Stegglet and get the TRUTH out of his lying mouth. So, let's not waste any time 'cause Steggy, you got some 'splain' to do!

[After a moment, one of the AWA's co-owners, Jon Stegglet, emerges from the curtain and starts making his way down the elevated rampway towards the ring. He's dressed in a plain black suit with a white dress shirt and red tie underneath. Stepping into the ring, the former play by play man gives a little wave to the cheering fans before reaching out to shake the hand of a waiting Bucky Wilde.]

BW: Alright, let's get down to it, Stegglet. You've got some questions that these people want you to answer for... and they want it right now!

[Stegglet looks a bit irritated.]

JS: Fine. You got me out here, Bucky. Ask away.

[Wilde looks a bit surprised, straightening his jacket and proceeding.]

BW: When it comes right down to it, I've got three questions for you, Steggster. First, two weeks ago, Chris Blue came out here running his mouth in William Craven's direction again and Craven nearly made him pay for it. At the end of it all though, he said that you gave him the right to make ANY match he wanted for SuperClash IV and that he was choosing to make Alex Martinez and William Craven collide in a BARBED WIRE match!

[Big cheer!]

JS: Is there a question in there?

[Wilde bristles.]

BW: Don't get smart with me. Of course there's a question in there. Is it true? Is that match happening?

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: To answer that, I think I have to go back a bit. Empire Sports and Chris Blue approached us earlier in the summer about co-promoting Blood, Sweat, And Tears - giving us the naming rights to that event in the process - in exchange for promoting the Best Of Blood, Sweat, And Tears video that was coming out. We agreed... it seemed like a good fit.

So when the decision was made to pursue having SuperClash IV in Los Angeles... an area completely outside the region we usually run in... we knew we would need all the help we could get in terms of marketing and promotion and building relationships and all that.

[Stegglet looks around the arena.]

JS: So, we approached them with an offer to co-promote that show as well. Chris was hesitant, to be honest. When he walked away from the EMWC several years ago, he walked away from the business all together and it's been very difficult to get him to be involved in anything since then.

As was revealed by another AWA employee this week, Chris WAS an original AWA co-owner and while I may take issue with how Mr. Dane exposed that news, it is the truth of the matter.

So, Chris has always had a soft spot for the AWA... and he agreed.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: Todd and Bobby and I had taken Chris out for dinner one night during the final negotiations and we got talking about old times and he made a request. He wanted to be able to schedule ONE match at SuperClash IV if he decided to.

Honestly, we all thought it would be a nice trip down memory lane... we talked about bringing in some EMWC talent for a little nostalgia...

But I never... NEVER... thought this was what he had in mind.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: But it's in the contract. A deal is a deal. And if that's the match he wants to make...

[Pause.]

JS: ...then that's the match we'll be having on Thanksgiving Night in Los Angeles at SuperClash IV!

[HUUUGE CHEER!]

JS: And one more thing... because of the inherently bloody nature of a match like that, our broadcast partners, WKIK, have opted out of presenting SuperClash IV... and for the second time, the AWA will be LIVE on Internet

Pay Per View for the biggest show of the year! No commercials, no time restrictions.

[More cheers.]

BW: Alright, we'll cross that one off the list. What about Jim Watkins?

[Stegglet grimaces.]

JS: What about him?

[Wilde shakes his head.]

BW: You're not getting off the hook with me, Stegglet. Jim Watkins was very clearly told that not only was he on probation with the front office but that he was expressly prohibited from having a physical interaction with an AWA competitor again. Now, later tonight, he's gonna sign a contract to WRESTLE at SuperClash.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: Let's be clear here. While Jim Watkins may be signing a contract to compete at SuperClash and while that may not be in the spirit of the ruling of our front office, it is also not in violation of the letter of that ruling since Joe Petrow is NOT an AWA competitor.

[Wilde interjects.]

BW: That sounds like a crock to me, Stegglet. A copout!

[Stegglet raises a hand.]

JS: That said... Jim Watkins has been advised that this situation does not sit well with the front office. He has also been advised that if he DOES sign that contract later tonight, he will be immediately SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY from his role as the Chairman of the Championship Committee.

[The crowd buzzes with concern over this announcement. Even Bucky seems shocked by this.]

BW: Are you... wait... did you just say...?

JS: What's wrong, Bucky? You wanted the truth, right? Well, the truth is that Jim Watkins crossed one too many lines and the front office thinks that his disregard for our rules and regulations might require... a change.

[Wilde's jaw drops.]

BW: Is Watkins fired?

[Stegglet glares at Bucky for a few silent moments.]

JS: I believe you had three questions. I'd use that last one now if I were you.

[Wilde shakes his head, trying to compose himself.]

BW: Uhh, alright... one more question...

[Bucky snaps his fingers.]

BW: Monosso! We just went through a tournament to crown a World Champion for months and now you people are willing to let him just walk away from the title?! If Percy Childes hadn't saved your skin, he would've done it too, Stegglet!

[Stegglet waits.]

JS: A question, Bucky.

[Wilde pauses.]

BW: I got a question for ya. Monosso's got a shelf life! He's got a moment where that contract with Percy Childes runs out and he's free to hang up the boots!

[Another pause.]

JS: And?

[Wilde looks annoyed.]

BW: What happens then?

[Stegglet stares at Bucky in silence...]

JS: I guess we'll all find out together.

[Stegglet turns and walks away, leaving a slack-jawed Bucky Wilde behind 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.]

We fade back up on a shot of the ring where four men are inside the squared circle. Phil Watson and Mickey Meekly stands between them.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... they are the team of Keith Kramer and Carlos Guerrero!

[There's not a lot of reaction for that new duo.]

PW: And their opponents... in the corner to my left... they are...

JAAAAAAACK LYNNNNCH!

and

ROOOOBERRRRT DONNNNNNOVAAAAN!

[The crowd ROARS for the team who will challenge for the National Tag Team Titles in a few short weeks.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and we're going right into this one. Robert Donovan said earlier that he and Jack Lynch had requested this match to tune up a bit for their title shot at SuperClash so let's see how they do against Kramer and Guerrero.

[As the bell rings, Carlos Guerrero charges across the ring, going right into a collar and elbow tieup with Jack Lynch. Lynch uses Guerrero's momentum against him, spinning him back towards the corner...]

GM: Lynch backs him into the corner... quick tag to Donovan...

[The big man steps into the ring, turning to face Guerrero who Lynch is still holding in place...]

...and HAMMERS home a big knee into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Big knee down low by Donovan!

[Grabbing Guerrero by the hair, Donovan hauls him out of the turnbuckles, scooping him up off the mat, slamming him down to the canvas.]

GM: Donovan slams him down... and another quick tag...

[Lynch steps into the ring, racing to the far ropes, bouncing back...]

...and leaps high into the air, dropping a big knee down on the chest of Guerrero!]

GM: Lynch gets a lot of elevation on that leaping knee, Bucky.

BW: He does... it's easy to jump high when you've got nothing in your skull.

GM: Very funny.

[Lynch climbs back to his feet, waving a gloved fist in the air to the crowd before he drags Guerrero up by the hair...]

...and hiptosses him across the ring, sending him crashing down to the canvas near his corner.]

GM: Looks like Jack Lynch is looking for a little more work here tonight... and look at this, Bucky!

[The crowd jeers as Cousin Bo Allan walks through the curtain with his cousins Cletus Lee and Duane Henry Bishop walking behind him.]

GM: The National Tag Team Champions, who we saw in action earlier tonight, they're out here on the elevated platform now.

BW: They ain't gettin' any closer, Gordo, so leave 'em be.

GM: Obviously out here to do some scouting... let's hope that's the only reason they're out here...

[An angry Robert Donovan turns towards the entrance, shouting at the Bishops and waving them towards the ring.]

GM: Robert Donovan doesn't want to wait, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? Donovan and I might not agree on much but the Bishop Boys ARE the reason he was eliminated from the World Title Tournament. We heard him talk earlier tonight about how important the World Title is to him and at SuperClash, he gets his hands on the men who cost him that chance.

GM: He wants them right now!

[Donovan is still shouting down the ramp as Lynch greets an incoming Keith Kramer with a series of gloved right hands. Lynch pushes Kramer back against the ropes, shouting down the ramp as well...]

GM: Irish whip by Lynch...

[As Kramer bounces off the far side, Lynch leaves his feet, scoring with a high knee to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Lynch holds up the gloved hand with a shout to the crowd who cheer in response...

...but an angry Robert Donovan reaches over the ropes, slapping his surprised partner on the shoulder.]

GM: Uh oh! Donovan doesn't want this one over quite yet!

[As Lynch questions his partner, Donovan steps in, grabbing Kramer by the throat...

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it! Donovan's standing over... no... he's pulling him up...

[Donovan slaps the hand of Jack Lynch hard, waving him into the ring.]

GM: What's Donovan doing here?

[The big man muscles Kramer up onto his shoulders in a torture rack. A quick cut down the ramp to Cousin Bo shows a bit of disbelief on his face as he can be seen mouthing "NO!"]

GM: Are they really-

[Lynch cracks a grin at his partner before dashing to the ropes, bouncing off to plant a big cowboy boot upside the skull of Kramer who Donovan spins out into a DEVASTATING POWERBOMB!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: What kind of joke is this?!

GM: No joke at all! The men who will challenge for the National Tag Team Titles at SuperClash IV just hit Doc Allan's Miracle Headache Elixir! A modified version of it mind you since Donovan didn't sit out in the powerbomb but a version of it nonetheless!

[Donovan rolls aside as Lynch drops to a knee, planting a gloved palm in the chest for an easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[An irate Cousin Bo shouts something off-mic towards the ring as Donovan again turns to invite the Bishop Boys to join them in the ring.]

GM: Cousin Bo can talk all he wants about Donovan and Lynch not being worthy challengers because of their inexperience as a team but I believe on any given night those two can walk out of any building in the world with the National Tag Team Titles, Bucky.

BW: Not a chance. A good tag team will always beat two good singles wrestlers... and we're talking about a GREAT tag team in the Bishop Boys. They're arguably the greatest tag team in AWA history, Gordo.

GM: The key word in that sentence is "arguably." I think tag teams like Violence Unlimited, the Lynch Brothers, and especially Kentucky's Pride might take issue with that.

BW: Two tag teams that the Bishops have beaten and two old hicks who are retired as a team. Thanks for proving my point, Gordo.

GM: I don't- oh, forget it. Fans, earlier tonight, Mark Stegglet joined us in the SuperClash IV Control Center to run down the lineup for the biggest night of the year but in just a few moments now, we'll be seeing one more

addition to that already stacked lineup when "Big" Jim Watkins signs the contract to face Joe Petrow in Los Angeles with their very careers on the line.

BW: Watkins just had a big rain cloud dropped on his head earlier tonight too thanks to yours truly digging it out of Stegglet. If Watkins signs that contract, he is being indefinitely suspended as the Chairman of the Championship Committee. That's it! Done! Gone! Kaputski!

GM: Suspended doesn't necessarily mean "kaputski", Bucky.

BW: Tell that to Mark Langseth.

GM: Point taken. Jim Watkins has a big decision to make and he has to make it right now. Let's go down to the ring for this very important contract signing.

[We crossfade back to the ring where a table has been set up with a stack of paperwork placed in the middle of it. A metal chair sits on either side of the table. After a moment, "Big" Jim Watkins comes striding down the aisle towards the ring to cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Jim Watkins looks... well, he looks conflicted, Bucky.

BW: His job is at stake here - can you blame him?

GM: Absolutely not. But what will Jim Watkins ultimately decide to do? He's gone so far down this path with Joe Petrow at this point - can he really just walk away and save his job?

BW: Or does he risk his job for one final shot to put Petrow out of the AWA forever?

GM: What once was all business has become very, very personal for these two men, fans.

[Watkins steps through the ropes. He sits down in one of the chairs, looking down at the piece of paper in front of him. After a few moments, Joe Petrow stalks to the ring in full businessman attire, carrying his own microphone and taking no heed of the boos all around him. He stops for a second to look quizzically at the fan carrying a "KYLE HOULDER CAN BEAT YOU! HE JUST DOESN'T WANT TO." sign, before quickly continuing down the aisle and into the ring.

With the hand not holding the microphone, he fumbles around in his breast pocket while he speaks.]

JP: Like I said, Jimbo, I know you don't like foreplay, so...

[From his pocket, he produces his own pen. Diving at the contract, he quickly flips to the last page, and hastily scribbles out his John Hancock!]

JP: I'm done! BUT [quickly holding up an index finger, as he stares straight into Jim Watkins eyes], before *you* do the same, I want you, [broadly gestures to the crowd] and everyone else here to understand *exactly* what you're going to be getting into.

First of all, this is *not*, as your flunky promotion team so lazily put it, a "Loser Leaves Town" match. You lose this match, you don't get to throw your homely old lady, delinquent kids, and all your worldly belongings into some Grapes of Wrath pickup truck, and head on down towards the next town!

Because our lawyers worked together to make sure that this contract is *ironclad*.

The loser of this match never wrestles again.

[Petrov pauses, letting that sink in before he continues.]

JP: The loser of this match never works behind a desk in a wrestling promotion ever again.

[Another pause.]

JP The loser of this match doesn't referee, doesn't announce, doesn't manage, doesn't sell popcorn in the arena, doesn't build and take down the ring.

The loser of this match is *out* of the wrestling business, FOREVER!

[The crowd buzzes a bit at the stipulations being made official.]

JP: Now...[holds an index finger towards an impatient Watkins] hold on a second, there's more. That's what the contract says. But the fact of the matter is, once I get you in the ring, I don't *need* that contract to make that happen.

You say that I'm only remembered for two things: Seven Tables of Fear, and the IIWF Championship. Which, apparently, you think you're too good for. But I'd like to take this opportunity to tell you two more things that I *should* be known for.

Chris Quigley. Brody Thunder.

Before I wrestled those two men, they both had long, distinguished careers. And they both stood out in one important way: neither of them had ever...EVER...quit in a match before!

[Petrov starts walking towards the table, to get a good close look at the man on the other side.]

JP: Both of them would go on to say the words "I Quit!" exactly one time in their careers. To *me*.

Both of those incredibly proud men thought that they were unbreakable. But I found their breaking point.

And the thing is...I didn't *really* hate either of those guys. So I broke them. Because I could. But then I stopped.

[Petrow now leans in close, less than a foot away from Jim Watkins, both men locked in a stare that would continue if the building caught fire]

JP: I hate you with every fiber of my being.

[Backs up slightly to give himself some space.]

JP: Big Jim, if you sign that contract, then on November 22nd, you won't be fighting the guy in the Brioni suit.

[Petrow whips off his suit jacket and throws it down to the mat, then reaches a finger into his tie.]

JP: You won't be fighting the guy in the Charvet necktie!

[Petrow quickly loosens the tie, wads it in a ball, and throws it over the top rope.]

JP: And you won't be fighting the guy that does Mark Langseth's dirty work!

[At this, a small but vocal minority of the crowd actually...cheers?]

JP: You will have the full attention of the man that did ALL those things I talked about earlier!

On November 22nd, I will find your breaking point. And I will break you.

But this time...I will not stop...until I leave you broken in every... way... imaginable.

And so...I give you one last chance. Either slink away with your tail between your legs, and I put the lawyers back to work, and you can keep on living your same miserable life.

Or sign the contract. And let me welcome you to *my* world!

[Watkins looks up at Petrow... then down at the contract... then back up at Petrow. He slowly raises his own mic.]

JW: Your world.

[Watkins chuckles.]

JW: You say it like I haven't been living in your damn world since the moment you stepped foot into MY world.

You want me to remember the names of Chris Quigley? Of Brody Thunder?

[Watkins nods.]

JW: I'd ask you to remember the names of the men that I stood inside this ring... that I traded blows with... that I spilled blood with.

I'd ask you to remember the names of men like Blackjack Lynch... like Hamilton Graham... like Terry Shane Jr... like Keith Adams... like Vladimir Velikov... like the man who was closer than blood, my mentor Blackjack Patterson...

I'd ask you to remember those names, Petrow... but we both know you're too self-centered and arrogant to know who any of them are.

[Petrow smirks at Watkins, nodding his head.]

JW: That limo in the parking lot? That yours?

[Another nod.]

JW: You got a TV in there?

[Another nod.]

JW: Then you heard what Jonny Stegglet came out here earlier and said. He says the front office is sick of me doing whatever the hell I want. He says that I've crossed too many lines.

Maybe he's right.

Maybe it ain't right for a suit to climb inside a Tower of Doom and bleed all over it fighting through it. Maybe it ain't right for a suit to jump a guy with his hands cuffed and beat him into the hospital.

[Watkins grins at Petrow.]

JW: But I came out here a few months ago and told these people that I was a Southerner and that Southerners don't back down from a fight...

...and then I backed down from a fight.

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: Ain't felt the same since then, I'll tell ya that. And the one split second when I did feel like myself again?

Yup... it's when I split your [BLEEP] damn head open.

[BIG CHEER! Petrow mockingly yawns at Watkins, waving for him to hurry up.]

JW: Jonny... I'm sorry... but... you gotta do what you gotta do.

[Watkins takes the pen in front of him and scratches out his name on the sheet of paper as the crowd roars!]

GM: It's official, fans! It's Watkins vs Petrow at SuperClash IV in a Retirement Match!

BW: I can't believe Watkins did it. He just gave away his job, Gordo!

[About two seconds after Jim Watkins hands back the contract and the deal is irreversible, Petrow turns his head, and a small shudder runs throughout his body.]

GM: That's... uhh, what's happening with Petrow?

BW: I think he's having a fit of some kind.

[SychoSYS turns his head, cocked a bit to the side, and looks at Watkins with a big, curious grin...]

GM: What a bizarre... and quite frankly, frightening... expression on the face of Joe Petro-

[...then he drops his microphone, turns around, sprints to a turnbuckle, runs up to the top, and does a complete somersault flip to the floor!]

GM: OH MY STA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The only person remotely in the vicinity of the falling Petrow is announcer Phil Watson, who catches Petrow's flailing dress shoe square on the temple. This does little to slow Petrow's fall as he splats to the floor, but it's enough to send Watson smashing into the metal guardrail that Petrow also bounces into, as the crowd breaks into a bewildered roar!]

GM: DEAR GOD, WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT!?

BW: I've seen that look before, Gordo. A long time ago. I think we're in big trouble!

[Not wishing to show any signs of pain, Petrow immediately drags himself up using the guardrail, briefly stepping on the now-bleeding Watson, then reaching down to grab the announcer's microphone, before hobbling to an upright position to address a dumbfounded Watkins, still standing in the ring.]

JP: HEY LOOSEY, I'M HOOOOOME!!

[Hauling himself backwards to keep his eye on Watkins at all times, slowly backs down the aisle (as EMTs rush the opposite way to attend to the fallen Phil Watson) in uncontrollable, hyperventilating, heaving laughter as we abruptly fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up on the ring where the six participants in the night's Main Event are already standing with no sight of a ring announcer.]

GM: We're back, fans... and I don't know what in the world we just saw but Joe Petrow ASSAULTED our ring announcer, Phil Watson, with a dive off the top!

BW: Phil's head got split like a melon on that railing too! He was gushing blood like crazy when they wheeled him out of here.

GM: Phil was taken from the ring on a stretcher, fans... we've got no ring announcer out here so in the back, they asked our six participants in the Main Event to come on out here. On one side, there's Grant Stone, Nenshou, and Juan Vasquez with Percy Childes in their corner taking on Supreme Wright, Calisto Dufresne, and the World Heavyweight Champion James Monosso with Eric Preston in his corner.

[As we get going with the Main Event, we see Childes giving instructions to his army while on the other side of the ring no one is speaking to each other.]

GM: Two very different teams out here tonight, Bucky.

BW: I don't think you can really call Monosso, Wright, and Dufresne a team, Gordo. They're three guys thrown together for one match that pretty much all despise each other.

[Childes taps the ropes with his crystal-topped cane as he speaks. Nenshou nods silently while Vasquez has a few words back to Childes. We cut across the ring where Calisto Dufresne waves off both his partners, stepping into the ring himself.]

GM: The former National Champion, Calisto Dufresne, is going to start it off for his team.

[Across the ring, Childes' final instructions results in Grant Stone stepping through the ropes.]

GM: And the mercenary, Grant Stone, will be starting things off for the Unholy Alliance.

[Dufresne looks more than a bit nervous now as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger gives some final words to both sides...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go, fans! There's a one hour time limit on this one but we've got about twenty minutes of airtime left here on WKIK. If the match is still going, we will keep our cameras rolling and bring you the conclusion on the AWA website later this week.

[Dufresne dances sideways out of the corner, trying to keep out of the reach of Grant Stone who just keeps walks straight towards him. The Ladykiller dances and dances, ducking and dodging...

...and then drops back to the corner, slapping James Monosso on the shoulder.]

GM: Oh, come on. What a coward Calisto Dufresne is!

BW: Call him a coward if you want. I call him smart. He's gotta stay in one piece physically if he's going to stand a chance to beat a fired-up Juan Vasquez at SuperClash IV so he wants no part of Grant Stone.

GM: Look at the expression on Stone's face now. THIS is the matchup he wanted.

[A quick cut to the floor shows Percy Childe looking absolutely gleeful.]

BW: It's the matchup that Percy wanted too, Gordo. This is what Percy paid for - the chance for Grant Stone to do some SERIOUS damage to James Monosso.

[The World Heavyweight Champion glares at his tag team partner and with a shake of his head, he steps through the ropes into the ring.]

BW: Is it just me or does Monosso not look too enthused about this idea either, Gordo?

GM: James Monosso's health is diminishing every time he steps into that ring, Bucky, and he knows that a battle with Grant Stone stands a chance of diminishing it a whole lot quicker.

[Monosso settles in, ready to take the fight to Stone. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation...

...when Supreme Wright reaches over the ropes, slapping Monosso on the shoulder to tag himself in.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Wright's out here to make sure Monosso makes it to SuperClash... apparently even if it means putting HIMSELF in danger against a man the size of Grant Stone!

[Wright quickly moves through the ropes, exchanging a brief staredown with Monosso before the official forces the World Champion back out to the ring apron.]

GM: Supreme Wright is now apparently going to start for his team. The Number One contender to the World Title who has a date with destiny on Thanksgiving Night in Los Angeles, fans.

[Wright moves quickly to the center of the ring, locking up with Grant Stone. The powerful Stone immediately brings up a knee into the midsection of Wright before hammering a forearm across the back, knocking Wright down to all fours.]

GM: Grant Stone is wasting no time in bringing his brand of high-impact offense to Supreme Wright.

[Grabbing Wright by the arm, Stone whips him into the Unholy Alliance corner.]

GM: Uh oh. Wright's in the wrong side of town here.

[Stone approaches the buckles, promptly wrapping his hands around the throat of the Number One contender.]

GM: He's choking Wright! A blatant choke in the corner!

[The referee's count reaches four before he forces Stone to release the choke, backing him towards the middle of the ring as he reprimands him for the illegal hold...]

...which gives Nenshou and Vasquez a chance to strike. A flurry of blows from both men have Wright crumpling down to a knee against the buckles.]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, turn around and look at what they're doing!

BW: Man, for someone who put up a big deal about having to join the Unholy Alliance, Juan Vasquez really fits in pretty well there. He and Nenshou just beat Wright down pretty effectively.

GM: Juan Vasquez has his moments where he seems like he doesn't like what Percy Childes makes him do... but he also has his moments where he seems like he likes it a little too much, Bucky.

BW: You can say that again.

[Stone rushes in towards the corner, raising his leg...]

GM: BOOT!

[But Wright shifts his weight, causing Stone to kick the middle turnbuckle instead. The miss throws him off balance and allows for Wright to make a lunging double leg takedown attempt, lifting the larger man up into the air over his shoulder...]

...and falling back with him, slamming Stone down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! What a takedown by Supreme Wright! With authority!

[Wright immediately floats over into North-South position, reaching for an arm...]

GM: Wright's looking for an armbar of some sorts here!

[But Stone, ever resourceful, digs his free hand into the eyes of Wright, forcing him to release the hold...]

GM: Stone's out of it... and he makes the tag!

[The crowd jeers solidly as Juan Vasquez steps through the ropes. The former two-time National Champion looks around, obviously agitated by the crowd's reaction. He shakes his head as Wright stumbles back to his feet, temporarily blinded...]

GM: Wright can't see anything and Juan Vasquez is-

[Grabbing Wright by the hair, Vasquez delivers a headbutt that sends Wright falling back to the corner...]

GM: Vasquez possesses one of the hardest headbutts in the wrestling business. We often talked of his headbutt wars with Raphael Rhodes several years ago and now Supreme Wright is reeling from that one.

[Vasquez grabs the top rope with both hands, stomping Wright in the chest... and again... and again... and again... getting harder and harder with every blow as the referee reprimands him...]

...and then physically DRAGS him off of Wright!]

GM: Whoa! What in the world has gotten into Juan Vasquez?!

BW: The influence of Percy Chiles, Gordo! Percy's in his head and he's turning him into the killing machine that he could've been for years if he wasn't too busy kissing babies and hugging old women!

[Vasquez turns towards Jagger angrily, cocking back a left hand that sends Jagger scattering backwards to avoid it. The two-time National Champion says something to Jagger before grabbing Wright by the leg, dragging him a few feet out of the Unholy Alliance corner before dropping an elbow across the throat!]

GM: Vasquez drops an elbow down... right in the throat. Normally that elbow would be a little bit lower down the torso... maybe into the chest area or even the ribcage but Juan Vasquez was aiming RIGHT for the throat on that one, Bucky.

BW: Just another example of Percy's influence. Why go for the ribs or the chest when you go for the throat? Make a guy choke when he's trying to breathe and you're a step closer to beating him.

[Vasquez drops a second elbow... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: Elbow after elbow after elbow!

[An angry Vasquez climbs to his feet, stepping the toe of his boot down into the eye of Wright...

...and then spins rapidly, digging the boot into the eyesocket!]

GM: Ohh! Come on, ref! Get in there and do something about that!

[Vasquez stalks towards the corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Nenshou who grabs the top rope with both hands, catapulting himself over the ropes...

...and SLAMMING his leg down across the throat of a downed Wright!]

GM: He comes over the ropes with a legdrop... and the Unholy Alliance is really doing a number on the man who will challenge for the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: This might be part of Percy's plan, Gordo. We know he doesn't like the title around the waist of Monosso... but you gotta think he doesn't like the idea of it being around Wright's much better.

GM: An excellent point.

[Nenshou springs back to his feet, looking across the ring at Monosso. He draws a taped thumb across his throat, gesturing at Monosso who steps into the ring to confront him. Referee Johnny Jagger races to stop him.]

GM: The referee's trying to keep the World Champion out of- look out here!

[Vasquez steps back in as Nenshou drags Wright off the mat. Each grab an arm, flinging the Number One contender into the ropes...]

GM: Wright off the far side and-

[A double back elbow up under the chin drops Wright and allows Vasquez to exit the ring before the official turns back around.]

GM: Supreme Wright is fighting a losing battle here against three other men. He needs to work as a team with his partners... he needs to get tags to James Monosso or Calisto Dufresne.

[Nenshou leans down, dragging Wright off the mat by the hair...

...where Wright suddenly slaps the hands away before SLAMMING an elbow shot into the side of Nenshou's painted face!]

GM: Ohh! Wright caught him good right there!

[A second elbow connects, sending Nenshou staggering back towards the ropes. Wright spins away, heading towards the corner...

...but Nenshou grabs him by the back of the tights, pulling him into a side waistlock, and dropping him on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Oh! Nicely done by Nenshou!

[Nenshou rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before Wright gets his shoulder up off the mat.]

GM: Two count only for the former Longhorn Heritage Champion.

[Nenshou climbs back to his feet, scoring with a few stomps to the upper body of Wright before turning back to Grant Stone, tagging the much-larger man into the match.]

GM: Stone's in and Wright's in even worse trouble now. This guy's scary dangerous, Bucky.

BW: He doesn't care about anything or anyone except his own pocket book. If someone gave him more money right now, he'd turn around and break Percy's neck.

GM: I believe you're right about that.

[Stone steps in as Wright rolls to a knee, trying to get to his feet.]

GM: Stone is- ohh! Wright with a solid elbow to the ribcage!

[Wright climbs to his feet as Stone backs off. He grabs the incoming Stone by the hair, slamming his elbow three times into the side of the head!]

GM: Wright's fighting back with those elbows!

[Stepping back, Wright throws a brutal kick to the side of the knee, forcing Stone down to his knees...]

GM: Downstairs goes Wright and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright snaps off a DEVASTATING roundhouse kick to the side of the head of the kneeling Stone, knocking him flat on his face on the canvas!]

GM: Wright knocks Stone down... he falls as well though...

[Down on his own knees, Wright turns towards the corner, crawling across the ring...

...and making a lunging tag to the World Champion!]

GM: IN COMES MONOSSO!!

[The big man comes rampaging into the ring, rushing across to drill Nenshou with a forearm smash that knocks him off the mat to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso knocks Nenshou off the apron!

[Vasquez tries to catch Monosso with a right hand from the apron but Monosso slaps it away, reaching out to grab Vasquez by the throat!]

GM: What the-?!

[From the corner, we can hear Calisto Dufresne shouting encouragement to Monosso as he lifts Vasquez off the mat...]

...and THROWS him down off the apron with a chokeslam onto a shocked Percy Childes!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MONOSSO THROWS VASQUEZ ONTO CHILDES!!

BW: That son of a- disqualify him, ref!

GM: For what?!

BW: He deliberately assaulted a legal manager at ringside!

[We cut to a scowling Eric Preston who is watching Monosso with a lot of displeasure on his face.]

GM: Eric Preston doesn't look too happy about what we just saw out of Monosso, Bucky.

BW: Preston hates Monosso more than anyone... ever.

[Pulling a dazed Stone off the mat by the back of the tights, Monosso wheels him around...]

...and FIRES him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Uh oh! You know what that means!

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation as Monosso steps out onto the ring apron, backing all the way up against the Unholy Alliance's cornerpost. He casts a warning glance down at Percy Childes...]

BW: Somebody's gotta stop this!

GM: He's gonna put Grant Stone in the hospital three weeks before SuperClash!

[Monosso goes barreling down the length of the ring apron, determined to kick Stone's skull into the unforgiving steel ringpost...]

GM: HERE! HE! COMES!

[Before he can connect, Nenshou springs into action, yanking the leg of Monosso to the side. Monosso falls sideways off the apron...

...and SMASHES his temple into the hardest part of the ring!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief!

BW: The Asian Assassin gets a little payback for his manager right there, daddy! Monosso was so focused on taking Stone out of the picture, he forgot all about Nenshou and he made him pay for it.

[The referee reprimands Nenshou, forcing him to back off as a barely-moving Monosso rolls to his back, revealing a nasty gash on his temple that has blood pouring out of it.]

GM: Uh oh. James Monosso has been busted wide open, fans!

[With the official starting a count, Nenshou braves further reprimand and shoves a bleeding Monosso under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: Nenshou shoves him back in...

[A dazed Grant Stone stumbles towards the corner, reaching out to tag in Nenshou who shoves his way past Juan Vasquez to get the tag. He quickly hits the ropes, burying a lightning quick elbowdrop into the heart of the World Champion!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou's on target with the elbow and there's a quick cover!

[The Asian Assassin makes a cover, getting a two count before the still-dazed Monosso slips a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Nenshou's all over Monosso!

[He promptly wraps his hands around Monosso's throat, choking him to the referee's dismay.]

GM: The referee's ordering him to break the chokehold... breaks at four... oh, come on! He locks it back on!

BW: That's smart, Gordo... and completely within the rules.

GM: Whether or not it's within the rules is questionable.

[Nenshou climbs to his feet after breaking a second time, burying kicks into the ribs of Monosso, forcing him under the ropes and out to the floor. The referee backs off Nenshou...

...which allows a pissed-off Juan Vasquez to yank Monosso to his feet, grabbing him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND JUAN VASQUEZ SENDS HIM TO THE STEEL!

[A quick cut shows Calisto Dufresne slamming an arm into the top turnbuckle, shouting encouragement at Monosso as the Madman from Happy Valley drapes his arms over the railing to stay off the concrete. Vasquez slinks away, re-taking a spot on the apron as the official looks suspicious in his direction.]

GM: The World Champion is again risking a countout here. Goodness, the blood is really streaming out of that cut on the side of his head, fans.

BW: They can see that, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure they can.

[A shout from Percy Childes results in Nenshou exiting the ring to go after Monosso. He drags the World Champion off the railing by the hair, tossing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Nenshou puts him back in... and he's rolling back in as well.

[Nenshou stomps the ribs a few times before turning to the corner and slapping the hand of Juan Vasquez.]

GM: Vasquez in on the tag and I hate to say it but Vasquez and Nenshou are working very well together at this point of the match.

BW: You hate to say it? I love to say it! I've never been a Juan Vasquez fan but if he keeps this up, I might turn right around on that.

[Vasquez hops up on the middle buckle, staring down at the bloodied Monosso before leaping off, landing backfirst across the torso!]

GM: Ohh! Backsplash off the second rope by Vasquez!

BW: Tommy Stephens ain't got nothin' on that!

[Vasquez flips over, applying a press...

...but ends up pulling Monosso's head up at two at a shout from Percy Childes. The former National Champion glares at Childes who cackles gleefully, ordering Vasquez to inflict more punishment on Monosso.]

GM: He picked him up... not by his choice, I think, but he did it nonetheless.

BW: When Percy says "jump", Juan says "how high", daddy!

GM: I'm not sure it's like that exactly but Percy Childes obviously is exerting a great deal of control over Vasquez.

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, pulling Monosso up with him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed by Monosso!

[Vasquez is fired off towards the ropes...

...where Calisto Dufresne slips along the apron, burying a knee into the kidneys of Vasquez! And the crowd... cheers?]

GM: What a bizarre world we've entered here in the AWA as of late. These fans here in Dallas just CHEERED Calisto Dufresne... and they did it because he slammed a knee into Juan Vasquez from the blind side. Incredible.

[With Vasquez hurting from the knee, Monosso grabs him by the throat for the second time in the match...

...and DRIVES him down with a short chokeslam!]

GM: Ohh! What a slam! Monosso doesn't get a lot of height behind that chokeslam but he DOES get a whole lot of impact, fans! And that might enough! Will that buy the World Champion enough time to make the tag to either Calisto Dufresne or Supreme Wright?!

[Wright kneels down on the apron, taking some advice from Eric Preston who is still in the corner...]

GM: Wright looks like he's ready but-

[Monosso crawls forward, slapping the outstretched hand of Calisto Dufresne!]

GM: The tag is made to the former National Champion!

[Dufresne starts stomping Vasquez repeatedly before pulling him off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the Wham-

[But before Gordon can even get the words out, Nenshou comes rushing in towards him...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Dufresne!

[The Ladykiller releases Vasquez and snaps off a picture perfect superkick to the jaw of an off-balance Nenshou!]

GM: OHH! What a shot that was!

[Spinning back towards Vasquez, he snares the front facelock for a second time...]

GM: Dufresne's got him hooked!

[Vasquez suddenly surges forward, rushing back to the ropes where Dufresne slaps the hand of Supreme Wright.]

GM: The tag's made to Wright... he's quickly in...

[And just as quickly, Calisto Dufresne exits...

...and starts walking towards the locker room!]

GM: Where the... where the heck is Dufresne going?!

BW: He's done, Gordo! He's out of here! He's had enough!

[The referee shouts at Dufresne from inside the ring but the Ladykiller is beating a retreat up the ramp as quickly as he can.]

GM: Dufresne just turned this into a handicap match! He's decided that he's done with this match. I think he wanted a chance to get at Vasquez when he was weakened but the moment Juan turned things around on him, Dufresne decided to retreat.

BW: Well, it might be a smart move tonight but at SuperClash, that ain't gonna be an option, Gordo.

GM: It's certainly not. Whether Dufresne likes it or not, Juan Vasquez WILL get his hands on the Ladykiller come Thanksgiving Night in Los Angeles and on that night, I don't think Juan Vasquez will simply let him walk away.

BW: He wouldn't let him walk away right now but Supreme Wright is doing a number on him!

[Wright came in all hot and fired up while the announcers bantered, hammering Vasquez with a series of short forearms, knocking him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Big kicks to the ribs... here comes the whip!

[Vasquez hits the opposite corner hard, giving Wright a chance to sprint across...

...and CRACK Vasquez on the chin with a running European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!?"

GM: Good grief! Vasquez may be out on his feet after that one, fans!

[A dazed Vasquez staggers out of the buckles where Supreme Wright seems to be waiting for him.]

GM: Wright is- he's got him up!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Wright hoists Vasquez up onto his shoulders in position for the Fat Tuesday gutbuster!]

GM: He's gonna-

[A desperate Vasquez slams the point of his elbow into the temple of Wright once...twice... three times before wriggling free to land on his feet behind the former Combat Corner student...]

GM: Vasquez slips out and-

[Preston shouts out "RIGHT HAND!" a split second before Vasquez throws the dangerous right cross...

...but Wright is ready for it thanks to Preston, sidestepping the punch, hooking an arm around Vasquez' neck while slipping a leg around the former champion's.]

GM: Ohh! Side Russian legsweep!

BW: A lightning quick move out of nowhere by the Number One contender!

[With both men down on their backs, Wright kicks off the mat, rolling into a North-South position where he hooks an inverted facelock on Vasquez...

...and flips him over into a dragon sleeper camel clutch!]

GM: OHH! Where did THAT come from?!

BW: Wright's quickly becoming known as one of the best submission grapplers in the game, Gordo. He's got holds coming out of nowhere time and time again!

GM: This might be it! Juan Vasquez might not have a choice but to subm-

[Grant Stone steps in, winds up...

...and BLASTS an unaware Wright with a clothesline to the back of the head which, of course, breaks the submission hold.]

GM: Stone breaks it up at the orders of Percy Childes and-

[The interference brings in a bloodied James Monosso, hammering a surprised Stone with rights and lefts, battering him back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Monosso's in and he's all over Grant Stone!

[Climbing off the mat, Juan Vasquez pulls Wright off the mat, waving for Nenshou to join him...]

GM: Nenshou's going up top! The referee's losing control of this one in a hurry!

[Vasquez holds Wright's arms behind him as Nenshou steps to the top turnbuckle...]

...and leaps off his perch, sailing through the air...]

GM: Flying chop!

[But Wright breaks free, causing Nenshou to SMASH his own partner over the skull with a chop!]

GM: Ohh! He missed the flying chop!

[The barrage of blows forces Grant Stone through the ropes and frees up Monosso who turns around, scooping up a stunned Juan Vasquez...]

...and pressing him overhead in a gorilla press!]

GM: What the-?!

[Wright grabs a surprised Nenshou around the head and neck, twisting around to drive him down with a uranage slam!]

GM: OHHH!

[With a clear path, Monosso backs to the ropes and shouts (with the crowd shockingly "singing along")...]

"GET OUT OF HERE!"

[...while rushing across the ring and HURLING Juan Vasquez over the top rope, sending him sailing through the air where he CRASHES violently down on the elevated wooden platform!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is absolutely roaring for Monosso as he whips around, sending his blood-soaked hair snapping around him...]

...and points at the dazed Nenshou!]

GM: Monosso's got Nenshou in a side waistlock... he's going to-

[Suddenly, Eric Preston leaps up on the apron, shouting at Monosso.]

GM: What the heck is he-?!

[An angry-looking Supreme Wright shouts at his “manager”, ordering him to get down off the apron...]

BW: Wright’s yelling at Preston! Monosso’s yelling at Preston! They’re both telling him to get down off the apron and let...

[Monosso, having shoved Nenshou down to the mat, approaches Preston angrily...]

GM: Uh oh! This can’t be good! We know the history between-

[Monosso suddenly reaches out, grabbing Preston by the throat with both hands!]

GM: He’s got him, Bucky! He’s got Preston!

[Wright tries to reason with his partner - the man he’ll face for the World Title in just about three weeks’ time - but there is no reasoning with the Madman from Happy Valley.]

GM: Monosso’s not gonna let go! He’s not about to-

[Suddenly, Wright CRACKS Monosso in the jaw with an elbow strike!]

GM: Ohh! Wright drilled his own partner!

[Monosso wheels around, glaring at Wright for an instant before coming for him, shoving him back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Monosso and Wright! Monosso and Wright!

[The World Champion hammers his top challenger with rights and lefts to the body... then moves up to the head, blasting Wright with a series of haymakers that knocks him down to a seated position on the mat.]

GM: Monosso’s all over him and-

[Letting loose a roar, Monosso wheels around away from Wright...

...and gets CRACKED under the chin with a leaping spinning back kick from Nenshou, sending Monosso back into the same corner. Nenshou grabs an arm, winging the champion across the ring...]

GM: Look out here! Handspring...

[Nenshou flings himself backwards, elbow aimed at the jaw!]

GM: ...ELBOOOOW!

[Monosso staggers out of the corner into a scoop by Nenshou just before he drops the big man across his bent knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker puts the World Champion down and-

BW: You know what comes next!

[Nenshou quickly moves to the corner, grabbing the top rope with both hands as he starts to climb...

...when suddenly Supreme Wright gets back off the mat to his feet, turning to SHOVE Nenshou off the top!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! NENSHOU HITS THE FLOOR HARD!!

[Spinning back towards the ring, Wright leans down, dragging his partner off the mat, lifting him up onto his shoulders...]

GM: He’s got his own partner up! This could be what we’re going to see in Los Angeles, Bucky!

[Wright carries the near-300 pounder to the middle of the ring...

...and then shoves him off over his head, dropping him down onto two raised knees!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY ON THE WORLD CHAMPION!!

[Monosso rolls to his back, clutching his torso as Wright climbs to his feet, standing over him...

...and making the “I want the belt” gesture to a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Supreme Wright just laid out his own partner... but you know, James Monosso may have had as much to do with that as Wright did, fans! Monosso helped turn this situation with Wright physical and we’re out of time, fans! We’ll keep the cameras running! If there’s anything we think you need to see, it’ll be on the AWA website this week! We’re desperately out of time so good night everybody!

[Fade to black.]