

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS
FEBRUARY 11TH, 2012

[We fade in from black onto footage from the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling where we find Anton Layton on the mat, Nenshou stomping away at his knee as Layton rolls into a fetal position. The Asian Assassin pulls the Prince of Darkness to his feet, dropping him across his knee in a backbreaker before he heads to the corner, springing to the top rope in a single leap...]

GM: THE MOONSAULT! Marty Meekly with the count... and this match is over.

[The bell sounds as we hear Phil Watson make it official over the PA as Nenshou climbs to his feet, stomping the leg again.]

GM: And Nenshou just continuing the onslaught! He pinned his man, stood up, and is after the leg again! And... NOW HERE COMES MONOSSO!

BW: I think it's safe to say whatever secret Anton thought he knew about James Monosso ain't gonna help him now.

[Nenshou has applied a spinning toehold, and is continuing to wrench the knee. The mad Monosso steps through the ropes, his tall wide-shouldered frame looming menacingly over the fallen Layton. Monosso beelines for Layton's discarded robe...]

GM: What is Monosso going after?

BW: Oh, no... OH, NO, GORDO... MONOSSO HAS THE GOLDEN SPIKE!

[The signature weapon of Anton Layton, the golden spike, is in the hands of the madman Monosso. James hoists it overhead like Norman Bates, and brings it down into the leg of Anton Layton!]

AL: AAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

GM: HE'S STABBING HIS KNEE WITH THE SPIKE! HE'S TRYING TO TEAR THE CARTILAGE IN HIS KNEE! TO SEVER THE TENDONS!

BW: Tryin'? He's succeedin'!

PC: Hoisted by his own petard, I believe the saying goes.

[The bell rings wildly out of control as Monosso digs the sharpened metal spike into the flesh of his former partner-in-crime.]

BW: An' once again, the AWA proves that ringin' a bell a whole bunch of times doesn't stop people from attackin' after a match.

GM: Layton's leg is bleeding, and Nenshou applying a legscissors submission for even more pain. Monosso off the ropes... THE KING KONG KNEEDROP TO LAYTON'S OUTSTRETCHED KNEE! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT THEY DID TO VERNON RILEY! WHAT THEY DID TO RON HOUSTON! AND THEY'VE TURNED ON THEIR OWN AND ARE DOING IT TO ANTON LAYTON!

PC: You sound upset, Gordon Myers. Are you unsatisfied that the wolves and thinning the ranks of its own pack?

GM: This is inhumane, no matter who does it to who! A SECOND KING KONG KNEEDROP! NENSHOU'S HOLD HAS HIS KNEE BARRED OFF THE GROUND, MONOSSO'S WEIGHT IS BENDING IT THE WRONG WAY! THEY'RE BREAKING HIS LEG!

[The shot freezes as we fade to a shot of the cheering Crockett Coliseum crowd. The fans are jammed into the bleachers, screaming their heads off as the show comes on the air. Very little has changed since our last visit to the Coliseum - we still have the elevated entryway leading from the entrance to the ring. There are raised interview platforms on either side of the ramp - one for your standard interviews and one set up for Todd Michaelson's Money Pit.

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

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

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

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! We are LIVE here in the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas - the home turf for the American Wrestling Alliance, THE Major League of Professional Wrestling! You just saw some horrifying footage from two weeks ago where the Unholy Alliance shattered and Percy Childes turned on his own!

BW: I think Percy made it pretty clear that Anton Layton was never REALLY part of the Alliance. He was a means to an end - an end that only comes about when Nenshou stands above all as the greatest professional athlete in our sport.

GM: Nensh- he doesn't even work here anymore according to Percy Childes! Percy Childes, that piece of garbage, says he's going to sell Nenshou to the highest bidder!

BW: Well, then the front office better pony up the dough to keep one of the hottest stars in our sport on the payroll, don't you think?

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, we'll be hearing from Percy Childes later tonight as well as finding out the condition of Anton Layton in a special update from our own Mark Stegglet who was dispatched to a nearby hospital here in Dallas earlier this week to get all the information. But what about our Main Event here tonight, Bucky?

BW: The National Title is going to be on the line again! What a fighting champion the Ladykiller is!

GM: Dufresne made the challenge two weeks ago - he wants to defend the title against another champion. We've been hearing for days now about the list of names who've put themselves in the drawing for tonight and when I was walking around backstage tonight, it's like a Who's Who of professional wrestling back there.

BW: Guys from the U.S., Canada, Japan, Mexico, and everywhere in between. Everyone wants a shot at the greatest prize in our sport and Calisto Dufresne is gonna give it to one of 'em right here tonight.

GM: I'm told that Jim Watkins will be doing that drawing will take place about halfway through the show tonight to give both champion and challenger a fair chance to get ready for the big title match. And speaking of "Big" Jim Watkins...

[The camera pans to show the Chairman of the Championship Committee seated at ringside, a big grin on his face as he waves to the camera.]

GM: Mr. Watkins has pledged to once again sit out here all night long to make sure that there's no managerial interference plaguing any of tonight's matches - and yes, I'm looking right at Percy Childes and that National Tag Team Title encounter pitting The Lynches against the Aces!

BW: You think Percy would interfere in that?

GM: In a heartbeat. Fans, we've got all that and much, much more here tonight but right now, let's go up to the ring for our opening contest!

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

PW: Wrestling fans, tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and weighing 243 pounds, this is THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

[And the Phighter is wearing something that won't go over well with Texans -- a Philadelphia Eagles Michael Vick jersey.]

GM: And the fans in Dallas are no fans of the Phighter.

BW: Hey, if the fans were honest, they'd admit they have something in common with him.

GM: What is that?

BW: They both are unhappy the Giants won the Super Bowl.

GM: I had to ask.

["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: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...
IS...
SUPERNOVA!

GM: Listen to this crowd! They love this man!

BW: Yeah, and they love Tony Romo -- a man who shares a lot in common with Supernova!

GM: How so?

BW: They're both choke artists! HA HA!

[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 slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade.]

GM: I know Supernova is coming off a couple of tough losses, but they did come against two of the best in the AWA.

BW: And Tony Romo lost to Eli Manning. What's your point?

[As Supernova reaches the ring and ducks between the ropes, the Phighter is quick to strike.]

GM: Look at this! The Phighter attacking before the bell!

BW: I swore I heard the bell ring.

GM: In your mind, maybe.

BW: Well, that's good enough for me.

[The Phighter pummels the face-painted wrestler, who hasn't even had a chance to remove his ring vest.]

GM: The Phighter backing Supernova into the corner... Irish whip to the far side!

[The Phighter turns to jaw to the crowd, yelling "COWBOYS SUCK!"

And that, well, was a big mistake.]

GM: Supernova out of the corner with a clothesline!

BW: You speak the truth and this is the thanks you get.

GM: This isn't a sports talk show, Bucky, this is a wrestling match!

BW: HEY! Don't you get smart with me, Gordo!

[Supernova doesn't bother taking off his ring vest, instead dragging the Phighter off the canvas and sending him into the ropes, and then lifting him overhead on the rebound.]

GM: Gorilla press! Look at the strength!

BW: Yeah, he can put on a good show for the fans but he can't finish, Gordo! Especially not against the likes of the AWA National Champion, Calisto Dufresne!

[Supernova then slams the Phighter down after several seconds, causing the South Philly wrestler to roll underneath the ropes and hold his back in pain. Supernova then whips his vest off and howls to the cheering crowd.]

GM: The Phighter's strategy to get the jump on Supernova backfired big time.

BW: Just gotta regroup, that's all.

GM: The Phighter getting back onto the apron -- but look at this. He's more interested in jawing at the fans.

[The Phighter responds to a heckler in the crowd with a "SHUT UP!" remark...

...and that proves to be another big mistake.]

GM: Supernova grabs the ropes and the Phighter comes in the hard way!

BW: You say the Phighter is more interested in paying attention to the fans, but that's all this goofball Supernova does!

GM: But not at the expense of losing control of the match... and Supernova is clearly in control. A quick scoop and a slam by Supernova!

[The Phighter again holds his back in pain as he sits up, but he gets no time to recover.]

GM: Supernova sets up the Phighter -- vertical suplex and a beauty!

BW: He may be in control against the Phighter but he's got a lot of work ahead to get back up the Top Ten rankings.

GM: I think Supernova is well aware of that -- right now, the Phighter had better get something figured out.

[As Supernova drags the Phighter up, he is met with a punch to the jaw by his opponent, then a thumb to the eye.]

BW: How's that for figuring it out?

GM: Yeah, dirty tactics on the part of the Phighter -- let's see if he can keep his mind on the match.

[The Phighter then uses an Irish whip to send Supernova into the corner, this time charging in quickly...

...but it proves to be a mistake anyway.]

GM: He missed! Supernova got out of the way!

BW: Phighter went chest first into the buckles! And Supernova is already in the other corner!

[Not for long, he isn't.]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

BW: All right, so maybe the Phighter doesn't have this figured out.

[And given that the Phighter is down on the canvas and Supernova is tying up his legs.]

GM: And there's the Solar Flare! Locked in the center of the ring.

BW: Yeah, the Phighter definitely doesn't have this figured out. But hey, Gordo, you're like a stopped clock -- even it's right twice a day.

GM: You truly are one of a kind, Bucky.

[Meanwhile, the Phighter has given up the, well, "phight" for the day as he has submitted to Supernova's Solar Flare.]

GM: There's the bell and this one is over... Supernova with another victory!

BW: Well, he may have beaten the Phighter but he's going to have to do more than that to get himself back up the ranks.

GM: Like I said, I'm sure he is aware of that -- we'll get a few words from this young man shortly, but first, let's get the official word.

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls again.]

PW: Here is your winner... SUPERNOVA!

[The face-painted wrestler then ducks between the ropes and heads up the rampway. We cut to Jason Dane at the interview platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to be joined by Supernova at this time.

[Supernova has now reached the interview platform, where he slaps Jason on the back.]

S: Jason, it's good to see you again, my friend!

JD: It's good to have you here tonight. Now, Supernova, four weeks ago, you lost a tough match to MAMMOTH Mizusawa. I understand you've been talking to the likes of Todd Michaelson and some of the other veterans in the locker room... could you possibly be seeking some advice on how to get yourself back on the winning track?

S: Jason, first of all, I make no excuses. MAMMOTH Mizusawa proved to be the better man that night and I still have nothing but respect for him as a wrestler. I know I've seen my position on the rankings slip but I'm not as worried about that as I am about what I learn from every match I have and what I can do to get better. They say that you learn more from a loss than you do a win, so believe me, I'm going to learn everything I can from those losses and do the right things to get myself back into title contention.

JD: But what, may I ask, were you talking to Todd Michaelson and these other veterans about?

[Supernova's face grows serious.]

S: Jason, when I came to the AWA, I felt fortunate to get an opportunity not just to wrestle for a great company, but a company that represents what I love most about wrestling. One of those things being the great fans that come to watch us night after night.

[That draws a positive response from the crowd.]

S: And another was the fact that the AWA wanted to get back to the traditions of what wrestling is really all about -- two men who use their talents to show what they can do. That's exactly what happened when I faced Mizusawa and it's a reason why I still respect him.

Don't get me wrong -- when I was growing up, I saw plenty of what the EMWC had to offer. And I won't deny its importance to the history of pro wrestling. But what always drew me in was when that company, from time to time, would have two men put on a wrestling exhibition and remind the fans what wrestling's roots were all about.

JD: A good point... the EMWC did have a certain... reputation, should we say?... but you could see the best in wrestling as well.

S: [nodding] And while I respect what the EMWC did for the industry, I believe that its place in history needs to be left there and isn't something that needs to be brought to the AWA on a regular basis. Because I appreciate what AWA stands for -- what wrestling's roots are really all about.

[He then turns to face the camera.]

S: And that brings me to what I talked to Todd Michaelson about... to what I talked to the veterans about... about how those here represent wrestling's roots and that, given the opportunities I got here, that I need to do my part to defend those roots.

So when I heard what William Craven had to say on The Money Pit two weeks ago, I wasn't too pleased. And, yes, those veterans in the back told me I'd be crazy to take that man on because that's a man who is dangerous -- they told me I knew what happened to Alex Martinez and the lengths Craven went to torture him -- heck, even Todd Michaelson himself said to me, "Supernova, you better be careful what you say, because Craven will want to hurt you just like he hurt Martinez. Don't do something crazy."

And what did I tell Michaelson in response?

[He turns back to Jason.]

S: I told him, Jason, that I respected what he had to say, that I knew everything Craven has done, but I reminded him of something important --

[He then turns to the camera again, getting a wild look on his face.]

S: THAT DOING SOMETHING CRAZY IS WHAT I DO BEST!

[That draws a loud crowd response.]

S: William Craven, you say you want to resurrect the violence here. You say you are a one-man revolution and things are only going to get worse from

here. Well, I say you've got a man who is not afraid to take that stand against you, to defend the traditions that AWA represents, to protect wrestling's roots and stand up for the men who have been working hard to keep them intact.

And you don't need to send your Minion my way to give me any message -- because I got your message and I already have my response.

[He flexes his arms and grunts before shouting...]

S: IT'S TIME FOR WILLIAM CRAVEN TO FEEL THE HEAT!

[Then he cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a loud howl, pounding his chest, that wild look still in his eyes. He turns to the crowd and plays up to the cheering fans.]

JD: Did I just hear Supernova issue a challenge to William Craven?! I have to say I didn't think anybody would step forward -- but now this man has! We'll be right back!

[We cut to commercial as Supernova again howls to the crowd.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

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

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where we're already off to a hot start with young lion Supernova laying down a challenge to William Craven who we will see making his in-ring debut here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling a little later.

BW: Does that kid have a death wish or something? After what Craven did to Martinez, how can ANYONE want to take a shot at him?

GM: It's a bold decision by one of the hottest rising stars in our industry. It was just a few months ago now that Supernova challenged Calisto Dufresne at SuperClash III with the National Title on the line and came oh-so-close to wearing that gold. But William Craven is a very different animal than the National Champion, Bucky.

BW: Animal is a good word to use. Psychotic beast is another I'd consider. Craven is on a whole different level in terms of savagery and unpredictability and I think Supernova may have just made the biggest mistake of his career, Gordo.

GM: Time will tell, I suppose, but right now, let's go up to the ring for tag team action!

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

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall. Already in the ring, at a total combined weight of 367 pounds, hailing from Anderson, South Carolina...here are Andy and Will...THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The thin brothers raise their arms to general indifference.]

PW: And their opponents...

#GENERALS GATHERED IN THEIR MASSEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS#

[Big pop! Black Sabbath's "War Pigs" cuts in at Ozzy's vocals, meaning only one thing...]

#JUST LIKE WITCHES AT BLACK MASSEEEEEESSSSSSSS#

PW: From Detroit, Michigan, at a total combined weight of 570 pounds...Hammer and Sabre...

THE WAAAAAAAAAAAAAR PIIIIIIIIIGS!

[And here they come, in a dead sprint from the back, the muscle-bound, face-painted, mohawk-sporting, black-leather clad Hammer and Sabre. They slide underneath the bottom rope, quickly get back on their feet, and dash across the ring to attack the Blue Brothers before the bell.]

GM: And here they are once again after making a surprise return in January, the War Pigs, fresh off a very successful stint in Japan.

[The Pigs have the Blue Brothers against the ropes, pounding away with kicks and forearm shots before sending them both for the ride to the far side...

...and nearly _decapitating_ them both on the rebound with vicious running clotheslines! POP!]

GM: BIG stereo clotheslines! The Blue Brothers will feel _that_ in the morning, Bucky.

BW: That's because the Blue Brothers are softer than a feather pillow. I'd like to see 'em try that on the, daddy!

GM: Me too.

BW: HEY!

[Andy rolls to the floor, leaving Sabre in the ring alone with Will Blue as Hammer steps to the apron outside.]

GM: Sabre in by himself now, again sends Will for the ride...and a BIIIIIG boot to the face sends Blue right back down to the canvas! Sabre over and makes the tag, now here comes the 290-pounder, Hammer.

[Hammer grabs Will by the hair, pulls him up and hoists him into the air in a military press. Once, twice, three times, four times, and five times does Hammer push him up and down before SLAMMING him down to the mat!]

GM: Big time press slam by Hammer! He just military pressed Will Blue like he weighed 50 pounds!

BW: He DOES weigh 50 pounds, Gordo.

GM: Hammer seems to have had enough of manhandling Will as he hurls him towards his own corner...and Andy tags in, though it's pretty clear he doesn't want to.

[Andy slowly climbs into the ring, where Hammer stands back and motions for him to come on. Finally, Andy approaches the massive Hammer and fires a couple of right hands into his abs. Nothing.]

GM: Andy Blue firing away into the mid-section of Hammer, but those punches have no effect. And now Hammer leaning over...inviting Andy to put on a side headlock it seems. Andy not sure if he- now he does.

[Predictably it doesn't work out too well, as Hammer immediately hoists him into the air and drops him to the mat with a belly-to-back suplex. Pop!]

BW: The Pigs having their fun here, just toying with the Blue Boys, but again...it ain't gonna be that easy once they get in the ring with someone like the Aces or the Bishop Boys.

GM: That remains to be seen, Bucky. Hammer pulls Andy up to his feet, sends him for the ride...HUUUUUUGE powerslam! Young Mr. Blue may be out cold after that move. Here's the tag to Sabre, and it looks like they're setting up for the Weapon of Mass Destruction.

[Indeed they are, as Hammer grabs Lars legs and slingshots him into the air, while Sabre leaps off the top rope...but this time instead of a flying clothesline, he connects with a flying dropkick! Huge pop!]

GM: And there it is, or something like it. Perhaps a variation, but either way this one is academic as Sabre makes the cover. One...two...three, and the War Pigs again victorious here on AWA Saturday Night.

PW: Here are your winners in one minute and 47 seconds...

THE WAAAAAAAAR PIIIIIIIIIIIGGGGSSSSSSS!

[BIG POP!]

GM: So the War Pigs making the most of their return to the States and to the AWA, destroying the Blue Brothers and making a statement in the process. In fact, here they come now.

[Hammer and Sabre walk into the camera view at the announce table, both grinning quite confidently.]

GM: Well, gentlemen, quite an impressive return to an AWA ring for you two tonight.

[As is custom, Hammer talks first.]

H: What you just saw up there is a snapshot image of what our twelve months of domination in Japan were like! It didn't matter who they put in

front of us, the outcome was just the same. The Blue Brothers may not be the cream of the crop in the AWA, but trust me when I say it wouldn't matter _who_ they put us in the ring with tonight...the end result would have still been _mass destruction_!

BW: You can't be serious. This ain't a joke over here, daddy! You got a lot of solid teams like the Aces, the Bishop Boys, Violence Unlimited...even as much as I hate to say it, the Lynches!

[The usual teeny-bopper Lynch pop follows. Hammer shakes his head.]

H: Bucky, we've been all over the world and we've yet to find a team that's stronger than us or better fighters than us! There ain't _nobody_ in the wrestling world that's stronger than us!

[Behind Hammer, Sabre shakes his head while striking a bicep pose.]

H: It don't matter who the Championship Committee puts in front of us! We don't care...anyone, any time, any place...we'll get in the ring with 'em and send 'em right back out with a bunch of bumps, bruises and broken bones. Tell 'em, Sabre!

[The camera shifts left to the leaner and taller Sabre.]

S: WEEEEEEELLLLLLLL, Gordon Myers, my brother from the Motor City here speaks the truth! One of the reasons we came back to the AWA is because we felt we had something to prove. Not to ourselves, but to all the tag teams in this supposed hot bed of tag team talent. They told us that the AWA was the place to be for tag team wrestling and since we're the best tag team in the world, we decided it was time to come back and PROVE it to everyone that doubts us.

GM: You certainly are a powerful and formidable duo, but we've also seen a tag team much like yourselves here two weeks ago in Devastation and Overload, the Skullcrushers.

[Sabre chuckles.]

S: They say imitation is the most sincere form of flattery, Gordon Myers, but me and the Hammer...WE AIN'T FLATTERED! It makes us sick to see two wannabes come in here trying to steal _our_ look, steal _our_ schtick. We don't take too kindly to that, Myers, and there _will_ come a time, Skullcrushers...

[He points at the camera.]

S: As long as you stay in the AWA, there _will_ come a time when we cross paths. And when we do, believe me when I say this...it ain't gonna end well for you two posers. We've made a living off of deviating septums, ripping out goozles, and knocking tartar off the teeth of anyone who's stupid enough to get in our way. So if you two rodeo clowns get in our way?

The result's gonna be the same for you.

[Hammer slaps Sabre on the shoulder as the two walk off-camera.]

GM: The War Pigs are back - and perhaps better than ever, fans! Right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by! Jason?

[We fade backstage at the Crockett Coliseum where, once again, Jason Dane stands flanked by the AWA's National Tag Team champions, James and Jack, the Lynch brothers. As always, Jack wears all black. For the moment, Jack has his cowboy hat tilted downwards, and is a half step behind Dane and his brother. James is dressed in his ring gear, wearing a white "Lynches" T-shirt.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon, and as you can see, I'm back here in the locker room area with the National Tag Team Champions, James and Jack, the Lynch boys! First off, congratulations to the pair of you for your successful defense against The Rave. But now, tonight, you two are set to defend your tag team titles against the number one contenders, The Aces. You and the Aces have been circling around each other for weeks. James, can I get your thoughts on the Aces?

James: We were raised to respect tradition and there isn't any more tradition in this biz then the Von Brau's, Jason. Where we come from, if you have a problem you face them like men. The Aces proved to the world at SuperClash that they aren't nothin but a pair of cowards.

[James shakes his head in disgust.]

James: Tonight, we are going to teach the Aces a lesson in respect. You want to do the Lynch name what you did to the Von Brauns? Jack and I, we have somethin' to say about that!

JD: Now, there is also the issue of Violence Unlimited. As you no doubt are aware, Violence Unlimited will get another shot at those National Tag Team titles at the Fourth Anniversary Show. Violence Unlimited have had two matches against you already, and both ended with a question mark. Some say, James, that you just barely eked out a victory at the Stampede Cup. How do you respond to that?

[James gives a big Texan grin.]

James: That they are right?

[Jason Dane is a bit taken back by the usual fiery Texan's response.]

James: When the best step inside that ring ... There are going to be "question marks". Violence Unlimited is good. They are the toughest son of a gun's we've ever stepped inside the ring with. While, we have had our heated exchanges in the past ... They very well could be the ones standing right here with the AWA titles around their waists.

But, we are ...

So that means after we teach the Aces a lesson in respect. We have no problem giving Violence Unlimited their earned rematch.

JD: And Jack, we all know the controversy surrounding your title win over VU. Jack, is it fair to say that you might be looking past The Aces and towards a rematch with Morton and Haynes?

[Jack steps forward, lifting his head to stare a hole into Dane.]

Jack: That ain't fair to say at all Jase. Look. Do we want VU? You bet your bottom dollar we want VU. But it ain't the Lynch way to put the cart before the horse. Tonight, we got The Aces. And believe me, we got plenty of reasons to want a piece of them. See, they've been running us down for awhile. Insultin' us. Jimmy, how does it make you feel to have them two saying such bad things about us?

James: Just like our dad used to say ... We've howdyed but we ain't shook ... For our non Texan fans. That's a little saying explaining that we haven't been formally introduced. Well, we plan to shake here tonight!

[Jack nods his head.]

Jack: That's about how I feel. So here's the deal: Yeah, VU is in our future. But only if we take care of business tonight. So Aces? You talk all you want. 'Cuz me and Jimmy? There's only two words we need to say to you. The words that define "Lynch."

[Jack grins.]

JL: Iron Claw. Says it all, don't it?

[And with that, we go back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[Cue the AWA Customer Care Center Hold Music. The crowd boos. Charles S. Rant emerges onto the elevated aisle followed by his supervisor, Jim.]

PW: Weighing in at two-hundred and one pounds and coming from the AWA Customer Care Center. He is accompanied to the ring by his supervisor, Jim. Here is... CHARLES S. RAAAAAAAAAANT!

[The duo head to the ring with Jim in the lead. His entrance music stops and a voice is heard over the PA.]

We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received

[This gets the crowd booing louder. The horrible hold music continues. Jim and Rant get to the ring. Rant steps through the ropes. Rant walks to one side of the ring and shakes his head. The hold music stops again.]

We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received

[Rant says to the crowd, "I'll get to your calls as soon as I can!" The hold music starts back up as James takes his spot on the outside of the ring. The hold music finally stops.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Silence, save for the buzz of the crowd, as a scowling MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a black singlet, black knee pads and black boots, steps through the entranceway. There are a few cheers, as he raises both arms in the air, before making his way towards the ring. Cut to a shot of Rant's manager, Jim, gesturing emphatically and complaining vociferously to referee Marty Meekly about Rant's chosen opponent tonight.]

PW: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan and weighing in at 420 pounds, he is MAMMOTH MIIIIZZZZZUUUUSAAAAWAAAAA!

[The Japanese giant strides down the ramp, but as he reaches the ring, he is verbally accosted by Rant's manager. Jim Watkins gets up from his chair to get the situation sorted, but Rant's manager simply raises his hands and we hear him yell, "I'm not touching him!" Mizusawa stands on the apron, watching the two Jims argue, when Rant comes charging and knocks the seven-footer off the apron.]

GM: Oooh! The giant might have taken a fall off the entrance ramp courtesy of Charles S. Rant! And Rant with a double axe-handle to the back of Mizusawa.

[Rant follows up with a series of clubbing forearms to the back. Mizusawa shoves him away, but Rant comes right back with a tackle, knocking the giant into the ring apron.]

GM: Folks, this match has not officially started, but Charles S. Rant looks like he wants to end it before the bell even rings.

BW: That's actually pretty smart strategy when facing the giant.

GM: Rant with a handful of hair! No! No! NO! He's trying to throw Mizusawa head-first into the ring post!

[Cheers as Mizusawa extends his leg to stop the forward momentum.]

GM: Mizusawa blocks it! Rant tries it again! Again Mizusawa blocks it... Mizusawa with a back elbow!

[And Mizusawa sends Rant hurtling towards the ring post. Thankfully, Rant still has some control of his senses, as he moves out of the way, his shoulder just grazing the post.]

GM: And now Rant has an angry giant stalking him...

BW: You gotta move, Charles! Move!

[Indeed that's what Rant does as he tries to keep the distance between Mizusawa and himself. His manager tries to distract Mizusawa again, but Watkins puts a stop to that and gets in Jim's face. Rant slips under the bottom rope, prompting Mizusawa to pull himself onto the apron. He takes one step over the top rope, but Rant kicks it into the giant's groin.]

GM: The referee is reading Rant the riot act for that low blow...

BW: But there's nothing he can do, because the match has not officially started.

GM: He could throw it out, declare it a no-contest...

"DING! DING!"

GM: And there's the bell and this match is officially underway!

BW: Meekly could throw the match out, but then he'd have Mizusawa to answer to. I don't think the giant would settle for anything less than a win by pin or submission.

[At this moment, the giant is still doubled over from the crotch shot. Rant comes charging in from behind him...]

GM: Chop block takes Mizusawa down to his knees! Rant hits the ropes... Bulldog! No! Mizusawa pushes him off...

[Instead, Rant hits the ropes on the opposite side and comes back with a dropkick to Mizusawa's face.]

BW: Textbook dropkick! What a beauty!

GM: Rant's doing a good job keeping a fast pace to the match. He hits the ropes again... Running clothesline rocks the giant, but he's still up. Rant with a flying knee! The giant is wobbling...

BW: Bulldog! This time the bulldog hits! And Mizusawa is down!

GM: Rant rolls him over! Cover! One! No! Just a one count.

[Rant gets up, yelling about the referee being out of position and, thus, slow to the count. He turns his attention back to Mizusawa and drops a vicious snap elbowdrop across his wide chest. Rant gets back to his feet and drops another vicious snap elbowdrop. And another. And another. And one more, before dropping into the pin.]

GM: Kickout at one! With authority!

BW: A select few men have found the secret to keeping the big man down and I don't think Charles Shyster Rant is going to be one of them.

GM: That's not going to stop him from trying. Rant has the giant turned over... Is he going for the step-over toe-hold facelock?

BW: He's having difficulty manipulating those hamhocks, that's for sure.

[Indeed, we see Rant having trouble twisting even one of Mizusawa's legs. He eventually gives up and instead lifts the leg and slams it knee-first into the mat. The giant lets out a roar as he rolls over, clutching his knee.]

GM: Rant is right back on top of him... What do you think, Bucky? A Boston Crab maybe?

BW: He's got both legs and I think he's trying to turn Mizusawa over onto his stomach. Trying being the operative word...

[Rant is struggling just trying to get Mizusawa onto his side. Mizusawa slaps the mat and forces himself back onto his back, tucks his legs and extends them suddenly, sending Rant flying backwards into the ropes.]

GM: Rant off the ropes! Elbow drop!

[Cheers as Rant makes contact with canvas.]

GM: Mizusawa moved! Mizusawa rolled out of the way!

BW: Stay on him, Charles!

[Charles S. Rant tries to, laying into Mizusawa with a couple of clubbing forearm shots. Mizusawa shrugs them off and shoves Rant backwards. The giant is on his feet as Rant hits him with a running clothesline. Mizusawa lurches against the ropes, but maintains his vertical base. Rant grabs hold of his arm and whips the seven-footer across the ring. Mizusawa hits the bounces off the ropes on the opposite side, just as Rant comes charging in...]

GM: Rant eats a big boot to the face! Big elbow drop! And another! And another!

BW: No man that big should be allowed to drop elbows that quickly!

GM: Mizusawa measures Rant up... He hits the ropes! MASSIVE LEG ACROSS RANT'S CHEST! Cover! One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: An emphatic victory by MAMMOTH Mizusawa... Folks, we're going to take a short break, but, when we come back, Mark Stegglet is going to try to get a word from the big man from Japan!

[A shot of Mizusawa getting his arm raised by referee Marty Meekly cuts to a black screen as the words, "ON DVD & BLU-RAY" fade in. Fade to a night shot of a rock wall and tower in an exotic locale, if the tropical foliage surrounding it is any indication. A gruff male voice is heard.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

YM: And we're going to take it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GVM: ROBIN!!! A little help!

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

VBSEM: Robin!

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

BB: Oh, Robin!

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

YM: What? Too much Cock Robin for you?

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

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

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

BB: That's for calling me Boob Lady!

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

GVM: We are not the only pirates around here!

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

PMJC: Robin!

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

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

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

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

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

Fade back to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by with... A smiling MAMMOTH Mizusawa? The giant pumps his fist to the fans' cheering and gives an approving nod.]

MS: Folks, we're back and I'm standing here with a man fresh off another victory, MAMMOTH Mizusawa. Mr. Mizusawa, with another victory and everyone else seemingly making a claim for the National title, the fans are wondering, what does MAMMOTH Mizusawa have in mind for MAMMOTH Mizusawa?

[Mizusawa is still waving to the fans as Stegglet finishes his question. MAMMOTH looks at the interviewer quizzically and shrugs.]

MS: Some people have been saying that in the absence of Louis Matsui, you don't quite know how to handle your career. First, where IS Louis Matsui?

[Mizusawa simply stares at Stegglet, open-mouthed. He shrugs.]

MS: And is it true what they say, that you don't quite know what to do without Lou-

[Mark Stegglet is interrupted by gravelly-voiced yelling from off-camera. A pot-bellied, barrel-chested man with shaggy, shoulder-length hair and a full beard comes striding into the shot. He looks to be in his early-to-mid forties and he is dressed in a pair of loose black pants, a white long-sleeved shirt that is unbuttoned to reveal part of his hefty man-boobs. The man has a pukka shell necklace draped around his neck and a golden ear-ring hanging from his left ear-lobe. Some might recognize him as the gravelly-voiced first mate from that Pirates of the Orient movie... As he gets closer to Mark Stegglet, we finally hear clearly that he is yelling, "Where's Louis Matsui? What are you going to do without Louis Matsui?" He walks right up to Stegglet and speaks into the proffered mic. His accent is not American. English, perhaps?]

GVM: Look at this man! He is seven-feet-tall! Four HUNDRED and twenty POUNDS of PURE POWER! And all you ask about is that rat Louis Matsui?

MS: [Taken aback.] I'm sorry... And you are?

GVM: Fancy that! A Stegglet not know who I am? Hasn't your Uncle Jon taught you your history, boy?

[Oh, did I mention how the man does not seem to stop pacing even as he speaks?]

GVM: I've been called a couple of things in my career! John Roberts... Captain Bart... Black Bart Roberts; that's another familiar one... But you can call me Buccaneer Bart! You see, Mark, when I first saw this kid, he reminded me a lot of, well, me... I know I'm much prettier than he is, but what I saw in him was hunger! Now, I know from hunger... I know this kid isn't half as hungry as I was back in the day... I know he's got his whole Japanese Zen show-no-emotion thing going for him, but I recognize hunger in a person when I see it! And when I got to work with Mizusawa-san on Pirates of the Orient, out now on DVD and Blu-Ray, I also got to see first-hand how driven, how talented, how hardworking this kid can be! Too bad he was being wasted playing hired muscle to the human-jellyfish halfwit Louis Matsui!

MS: Is that why you're here, then? To take over where Louis Matsui left off?

BR: Let me break it down for you before you derail my train of thought again, Mark! A train! That's what this kid is! Big as he is, athletic as he is, this kid is a machine! And all the tracks lead to the big prize! The National title! And I know there are a couple of loose cabooses out there who think they're headed right for that very prize! Well, I'm here to tell you that nothing's going to derail four HUNDRED and twenty pounds of high-speed Japanese machinery! You've got a champion who is more comfortable on yachts, but when was the last time you saw a luxury catamaran turn back a battleship?

MS: So, are you making a claim for the National title, too, on behalf of MAMMOTH Mizusawa?

BR: I'm not making a claim for anyone, Mark! Look at this man! Does he look like someone who needs to announce his plans to claim his shot at the big prize? NO! He's someone who can get in there and tear that belt right off the waist of whoever is wearing it at any point in time if he wants to! Big as he is, athletic as he is, his chance to fight for the National title, AGAIN, is a given. It is only a matter of when and where! Let the rest of them stake their claims if they want to; we prefer to SHOW what MAMMOTH Mizusawa can do and, sooner or later, that shot is going to be HIS! Either it's given to him, or he takes it when he wants to. And I'm going to help him any way I can! [Extending a hand to MAMMOTH.] Put her there, Mizusawa-san!

[Mizusawa takes Roberts' hand and pulls him into a manly hug, throwing one arm around Roberts' shoulders. They separate as Roberts then takes hold of Mizusawa's wrist and raises his arm to cheers from the crowd.]

JD: Well, fans, it looks like the Japanese giant is... under new management! What in the world will Louis Matsui's reaction be to this breaking news?

[As Mizusawa and Roberts pose for the crowd, we crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." We see the Longhorn Heritage champion reclining as much as one can in a steel folding chair, legs extended out in front of him, shoulders to the nearest wall. The Longhorn Heritage title is resting on his stomach, and it's clear the big man is ready for action. His fists are taped and he's wearing his wrestling boots, but more than that, there's a fire in the champion's eyes that suggests that, perhaps, somebody is about to get hurt.]

RD: Lot of people talkin' after last week...

[Donovan snorts.]

RD: Hell, just a lot of people _talkin'_ last week. Just talkin' and talkin', and not doin' a damn thing about anything they were sayin'.

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Don't worry, though, all those messages got heard loud 'n' clear...especially yours, Cooper. Kind of funny how you crawled back here, got to run your mouth that one time about how you, your ex-partner, and that other guy whose name I ain't supposed to say on TV got hosed. I mighta been one of the guys in the back, carpin' at the office suits about how I agreed with all three of ya, seein' if I could lean on the right people to find out the real reason y'all got let go.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: One problem, Cooper -- you all but spat in my face! I extended a hand to you, to Somers, to that other fella in honest friendship, and all three of ya told me in no uncertain terms where I could stick it. I ain't about to forget that, Cooper. Normally, I'd defend this title against any an' all comers, 'cause anybody with enough guts to challenge me for the belt probably also has enough guts to carry it.

[Donovan's gaze turns into a fairly steely glare.]

RD: You, though...you can take your lawsuit-happy ass right to the back of the line, Cooper, an' you can work to earn your shot. Plenty of guys ahead of ya in line, too, so once you do somethin' I should pretend to give a damn about, gimme a call, an' we'll go right ahead an' line up that title match.

[Donovan chuckles briefly, leaning back against the wall.]

RD: Now, onto the real potential challengers...I was a lil' sad not to hear directly from anybody last week. Maybe it's because nobody thinks the only other singles champ in the AWA is the number one contender... 'cept that tub of guts Childes much as said so when Nenshou was busy soilin' this championship, and he must have some sort of weird pull backstage. Much as Big Jim says he wants to lay down the law, crack down on all the evil-doers in the AWA...where were ya when that nutjob Monosso was turnin' Anton Layton's leg into a fine paste, Watkins?

[Donovan shrugs slightly, as if in apology.]

RD: I hate to be a guy that cries foul 'bout somethin' bad happenin' to a piece of human garbage like Layton, but what was done to him still ain't right. Worse 'n that's the fact that this has been done to another guy in the past, an' you _still_ ain't found the stones to can Monosso. Tell you what, Jim, when you're ready to put on your big boy pants and do somethin' permanent about that, you come let me know, okay? Maybe at the same time you can go ahead and let me know who the real number one contender to the National Title is.

[Donovan suddenly puts his feet down on the floor and leans forward.]

RD: Let me know, an' let everybody else that's danglin', wondering what's gonna happen next know too. We're big boys, Jimmy, we can take it if you wanna go ahead an' tell us that it ain't in the cards. Sooner I know what's happenin', sooner I can go about findin' myself a suitable challenger for this title.

[Donovan pats the Longhorn Heritage championship, then smirks.]

RD: ...or maybe I'll just throw a whole buncha random names into a hat an' pick one out. That'll keep things nice an' exciting, right?

[Donovan gets up, slinging the strap over a shoulder and walking off camera as we fade back to our announce team at ringside.]

GM: Now there's a man who doesn't seemed too pleased with the status quo around here, Bucky.

BW: Lemme see if I can get all that straight. He's mad at Dave Cooper?

GM: Right.

BW: He's mad at Calisto Dufresne.

GM: Sure.

BW: He's mad at Percy Childes, Nenshou, and James Monosso.

GM: Uh huh.

BW: AND he's mad at Jim Watkins.

GM: Correct.

BW: If I pull up my scorecard, that means that Donovan's got a whole lot angry mixed with a pile of whining... but not much else other than the Longhorn Heritage Title that he's decided to apparently sit on until someone tells him he can upgrade to a new model.

GM: That hardly seems-

BW: It's completely true! Donovan went on and on for months about how he needed to be the Longhorn Heritage Champion because of how much it meant to him to represent what the LWC stood for. Well, right now, that title might as well be the LWC Silver City title for as much as it's getting defended. Donovan is a paper champion! A phony! A fraud! He won the title and now he's content to sit on it until someone MAKES him defend it. Ya hear me over there, Big Jim?

[Bucky looks a bit surprised as Jim Watkins walks over the announce desk, picking up a mic.]

JW: Yeah, I hear ya, Buckthorn... and I hear you too, Donovan. The thing that strikes me about what I just heard from you is that I've been around this business a long time, Robbie... just like you. And I've seen a lot of seven footers come and go... just like you.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: But what I ain't ever seen is a seven footer who is content to sit on his hindquarters and wait for someone to give him what he wants.

[Bucky snickers at this.]

JW: You want a shot at Dufresne? At Monosso? At whoever the heck else suits your fancy? Go and get one. Don't sit around like a little kid waiting for mommy to tell him it's okay to have cookies after dinner.

[Watkins starts to leave but pauses, raising a hand.]

JW: Oh, and Bucky's right, I'm tired of not seeing that belt defended. So, in two weeks time, you WILL defend the Longhorn Heritage Title.

[Watkins again starts to leave but Gordon stops him.]

GM: Jim, if you don't mind me asking... who will the challenger be?

[Watkins pauses, a smirk slowly crossing his face.]

JW: Maybe I'll just throw a bunch of random names in a hat and pull one out.

[And with that, the Chairman of the Championship Committee walks back to his ringside seat.]

GM: Well, you heard the man! In two weeks, Robert Donovan's going to put that Longhorn Heritage Title on the line but we don't know who he'll be facing yet. Perhaps it will be the man in our next match so let's go to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where standing inside the ring is the thick figure of Troy DeMang, he flashes a smile and winks at a few of the women in the front row who shake their heads in disgust at him as he runs his hands through his dyed blond hair. The referee begins to run down the rules of the match to DeMang, who just gives him a sly smirk.]

BW: Troy DeMang already waiting in the ring for his opponent ... who is his opponent, Gordo?

["Tom Sawyer" by Rush hits the speakers.]

BW: Are you kidding me? All three STENCHES are wrestling tonight?

GM: Yes they are, Bucky, and tonight marks the first in ring action for Travis Lynch since he was robbed of the PCW World Title back at SuperClash 3!

[Watson takes the mic.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... Troy DeMang!

[Zero reaction.]

PW: And coming to the ring now... hailing from Dallas, Texas.

[Huge cheer!]

PW: Standing six feet, three inches, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and sixty pounds...

TRAAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNCH!!!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngster of the Lynch brothers, a sight that nearly drowns out the rock song playing over the PA system with the screams of the ladies in attendance. The well-sculpted youngest wrestling member of the legendary Lynch family is, as always, dressed in classic white trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. He's wearing kneepads and boots that are also white.]

GM: Here he comes, Bucky! The pride of Texas!

BW: The pride of... that's an awful thing to say about Texas!

[Lynch jogs out onto the ramp, looking out over the cheering crowd with a sheepish grin before breaking in a trot down the ramp, slapping the outstretched hands that can reach high enough over the railing. He steps through the ropes, raising his powerful arms in the air as the crowd cheers for their hometown hero.]

GM: Like I said, fans, this is the first in-ring competition for Travis Lynch since SuperClash 3 when Rex Summers and Buddy Morton conspired to ROB this young man of his family's legacy, the PCW World Title.

BW: You say the word "robbed" like Rex used a pistol and was wearing a rubber mask of Richard Nixon, Gordo. The fact of the matter is - this deadbolt of a dolt, Stench, was once again outsmarted by Rex Summers and Buddy Morton... a task that ain't exactly hard to do against the runt of the litter here, daddy.

[With Lynch in the ring now, DeMang strikes a double bicep pose to little enthusiasm from the jeering crowd. "That's it! Right there, baby!" he shouts in the direction of Lynch who shakes his head before striking a big pose of his own, driving the women in the crowd crazy...

...not to mention Troy DeMang who instantly lashes out by sticking a thumb into the eye of the youngest of the wrestling Lynch family. The referee reprimands him as he calls for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: See what I'm saying, Gordo. Only a complete goofball wastes time flexing in the ring instead of handling the business at hand.

GM: DeMang lands a cheapshot before the bell and now he's taking advantage of that thumb to the eye, firing Lynch off into the ropes... Lynch off the ropes, ducks a clothesline...

[Lynch keeps on running, bouncing off the ropes, and dropping the peroxide blonde to the mat with a thunderous shoulder tackle that gets a big cheer from the crowd.]

GM: And it's a big running tackle that puts DeMang down on the canvas!

BW: You can't try to match power with this kid. He may not have brains but he's got muscles in bunches, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does and he may be about to show off some of those muscles as he scoops DeMang back to his feet, hoisting him up... and ohhhh, what a slam!

[DeMang writhes around on the canvas, clutching his lower back in pain as Lynch raises an arm to the cheering crowd. He quickly backs to the ropes, bounding off...]

GM: Travis measuring his man here...

[Lynch leaps up, driving his knee down into the temple of the floored DeMang, rolling through it to a knee where he strikes another double bicep pose for the crowd earning the expected cheers.]

BW: This punk kid makes me physically ill, Gordo. If that was Rex Summers in there posing after every move, you'd be all over him as arrogant and a jerk. This idiot Stench does it and-

GM: He's giving the people what they want to see, Bucky!

BW: Who gives a DAMN what these idiot people want to see?

GM: They paid their hard-earned money to-

BW: To see Lynch pose?! If that's the case, then the old saying about a fool and his money being parted is more true than I ever thought possible. These nickel-and-dimers should find better things to spend their hard-earned tips from the Pizza Planet or the Booby Hatch on.

GM: The Booby Hatch?

BW: Pretty grubby little club over on Airport Drive. They got a heckuva breakfast buffet though but the talent is lacking for sure.

GM: The talent? What a horrible thing to say!

BW: Hey, just 'cause you've been married for forty years don't mean the rest of us don't like to take the newer models out for a test drive now and again, daddy.

[Lynch moves in on DeMang as the overmatched competitor tries to get back to his feet. He grabs a handful of hair to get him off the mat.]

BW: Come on ref - get him off DeMang's hair! Nice to see Blackjack passed his cheating ways onto his worthless sons!

GM: Because the thumb to the eye by DeMang to start the match was legal.

BW: Of course the Greco-Roman Thumb is legal, it's been passed down to the best of the best since ancient Greece.

GM: Give me a break. Travis with the arm and he sends him HARD to the corner!

[DeMang hits the buckles at high velocity, staggering out without the slightest clue where he is...

...which only gets worse as Lynch goes into a full spin!]

GM: Look out here!

[And DRILLS DeMang on the jaw with a left-handed discus punch that flattens the blonde.]

GM: Oh my! What a shot by Travis Lynch!

BW: A closed fist shot! More cheating from these Stench boys that Jim Watkins is just gonna sit out here at ringside and ignore. Unbelievable!

[With DeMang down on the mat, Travis raises his left hand in a clawhold to the roar of the crowd...]

GM: And here it comes, Bucky... one of the most legendary holds in the history of our sport...

[Lynch dives to his knees, wrapping his hand around the head of a dazed DeMang, shoving his shoulders down to the canvas.]

GM: The Iron Claw is applied! Travis Lynch locked his left hand on the head of troy DeMang and he's tightening his grip upon the temples!

BW: How can the referee even allow this? Travis Lynch should be disqualified for the closed fist! This ref needs to re-read the rule book or maybe if he's hit with it he'll learn how to ref!

[With DeMang's shoulders on the mat, the referee dives to the mat to count but before he can, DeMang slaps the canvas three times, causing Meekly to wheel around and signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: DeMang gave up! He couldn't take the pressure of that Iron Claw anymore, fans, so he called it a night and Travis Lynch picks up another impressive victory tonight here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

PW: Here is your winner ... TRAVIS LYNCH!

GM: And Travis Lynch picks up the win!

BW: You want to talk about robbery? Well, Travis Lynch just pulled off grand theft right there, Gordo. Troy DeMang was just robbed with a closed fist, a biased referee, and that stupid clawhold that I could break in a heartbeat!

GM: Boy, I'd love to see that!

BW: Luckily for these Lynches, the people need me here at ringside.

GM: Right. Fans, Travis Lynch is victorious and Jason Dane is down here at ringside to get a few words from this young man. Jason?

[We crossfade to another part of the ringside area where Lynch is exiting the ring, dropping down to the floor next to the AWA's head interviewer.]

JD: Travis, that was an impressive victory right there.

[Travis pats Jason on the back and smiles for a split second.]

TL: I told you two weeks ago, Jason, I went home to the family ranch and regained my focus, regained my fire. And that right there ...

[Travis points with his thumb over his shoulder to the ring.]

TL: That was the proof. I went into that ring and I took DeMang to the woodshed, Lynch style!

[The crowd cheers as the Texan brushes a few drops of sweat from his chest.]

JD: I have to believe that was a direct message to Rex Summers.

[Travis nods his head in agreement as he speaks.]

TL: You darn right that was a message to Summers ... heck it was a message to the entire AWA and Championship Committee.

[Lynch turns slightly so that his gaze falls on Jim Watkins at ringside.]

TL: You see Jason, it bothers me that Rex Summers is in the Top Ten of the AWA rankings when I beat him not once but TWICE! I beat the PCW World Champion TWICE and I'm not even ranked ...

[Travis runs his hands through his blond hair as he continues to speak.]

TL: But tonight, Rex Summers has a possible shot at Calisto Dufresne and the AWA National Championship?!

[A look of disgust crosses the face of Travis.]

TL: The thought of Rex Summers getting that shot tonight ... it makes me sick! Rex Summers, you've been carrying the PCW World Title around your waist since the day the old man sold the company and you've done nothing but drag the rich history of that title through the mud ... you cheated to beat Bass ... you've done nearly everything but throw the kitchen sink at me to scamper out of the ring with the title still around your waist!

[As Travis pauses Jason speaks up.]

JD: Travis, we've all seen Rex Summers use and abuse the rulebook to retain the title against you... but the fact of the matter is, he HAS managed to retain the title be it a disqualification or-

[Travis whips his head around to stare directly at Jason Dane.]

TL: And that right there is the reason I've been demanding the Championship Committee give me a no count out, no disqualification match against Rex Summers for the PCW World Title!

[The crowd cheers, loving the idea.]

TL: Cause then y'all witness Rex Summers locked once again in the Iron Claw.

[Travis makes the claw with his left hand.]

TL: Y'all get to hear him squeal like a pig as he realizes there is no place for him to go ... and y'all witness history as I raise the PCW World Title for the first time!

[The crowd continues to cheer as Travis Lynch raises his left arm into the air, as if he is hoisting a title high for all to see.]

TL: And Rex ... if you happen to have the chance at Dufresne tonight, oh you can bet your bottom dollar I will be rooting for you to walk out victorious 'cause there wouldn't be anything sweeter than taking home the PCW World Title AND the AWA National Championship!

[Travis slaps Jason across the back and walks away.]

JD: Travis Lynch is a man with a clear goal here in 2012 - and that goal is to get Rex Summers inside the ring with no countouts and no disqualifications with the PCW World Title on the line. So far, the Championship Committee hasn't really...

[Dane's words trail off as Jim Watkins joins him.]

JD: Mr. Watkins, a pleasure to be joined here by you but-

[Watkins waves him off.]

JW: This wasn't really why I came out here tonight, ya know? I was supposed to keep the peace, make sure everyone got a fair shake in their match, that kind of deal. I wasn't supposed to be making announcements and matches and all that.

But the kid's got a point, ya know?

[The crowd cheers!]

JW: The Lynch family and I go way back... in fact, the man who was like a father to me was one of ol' Blackjack's best friends so when a Lynch tells you that they think something isn't right... odds are high, they're tellin' it true, Jason.

JD: What are you saying, Mr. Watkins?

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: I'm saying that the Championship Committee has decided to give Travis Lynch EXACTLY what he wants!

[Big cheer!]

JW: Right here, in two weeks' time, in front of Travis Lynch's hometown fans...

[Another big cheer!]

JW: Travis Lynch will challenge Rex Summers for the PCW World Title!

[HUGE CHEER!]

JW: And that match will have no countouts... no disqualifications...

[The crowd keeps on cheering.]

JW: And I'M gonna be at ringside to make sure that useless sack of skin, Buddy Morton, keeps out of it!

[Another big cheer as Watkins claps Dane on the back before walking out of view as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

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

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

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

CJ: Them things!

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

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

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

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

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

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

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

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

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

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

And we fade back to live action where we find Jason Dane standing alongside the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a lime green polo shirt that clings to him so tightly that looks like it was purchased at Baby Gap and a pair of khaki pants. His blonde hair hangs down past his shoulders, over which rests the AWA National Title. He smiles confidently at the camera as Dane begins.]

JD: Calisto, welcome back to the Crockett Coliseum. You were gone two weeks ago on a vacation of sorts-

CD: A well deserved one at that. Being the leader of the free world ain't easy.

JD: Well now, I hardly think th-

CD: We all know you hardly think, Dane. That's why Stegglet usually gets the important interviews. But because I'm a kind and benevolent leader, I continue to give you the opportunity of a lifetime. To be all you can be and all that.

[A "you're welcome" smile from Dufresne as Dane looks a little upset.]

JD: But-

CD: But nothing. It's the least I can do for you. You don't need to thank me. Speaking of opportunities of a lifetime, though, perhaps we can stop talking about your career as a blogger and discuss matters of real importance – like my open invitation to all the lesser champions in the sport to come get a crack at this.

[Dufresne rubs the National Title lovingly as Dane looks exasperated.]

JD: That's what I've been trying to ask you the entire time! What are your thoughts on the men we've heard about thus far who have put their names in the hat? Yoshinari Taguchi, Gran Dragon, Smith Grant, Rex Summers and of course, Robert Donovan?

[A bored look flickers across Dufresne's face.]

CD: Never heard of 'em.

[Dane is taken aback a bit.]

JD: Surely you know Rex Summers and the Longhorn Heritage Champion Robert Donovan.

CD: How many times do I have to tell you, Dane? Calisto Dufresne does not concern himself with men who are not peers. Calisto Dufresne doesn't watch tape to prepare for matches. Calisto Dufresne runs from no man.

JD: But what about Jua-

[Dane is silenced by a murderous look from the champion.]

CD: I just said that Calisto Dufresne fears _no man._ Why do you think I had an open invitation to any champion in the world to take a crack at the greatest professional athlete in the world tonight? I only wanted the best of the best. Not a bunch of guys who _think_ they've earned a shot at greatness. I wanted men who have proven it. So, as that moron Watkins is always saying... let's hook 'em up.

JD: And what about the fact that James Monosso clearly has his sights set squarely on you?

[Dufresne's brows wrinkle in annoyance, but his eyes betray something else. Fear, perhaps?]

CD: My mother always said you can't outgrow crazy. And nowhere is that more clear than in ole' James Monosso. I like Percy Childes. He's a man with foresight. But he ought to know that now is not the time to push his luck. It's just not good business, Percy. Wait until I decide to hang up my boots in a decade, filthy rich and going down as the greatest champion in history. Then Monosso can have the title. Sure, he'll be collecting social

security checks, but I don't think that makes one bit of difference to that guy. Somewhere in that head of his, he thinks it's 1989 and he's in his prime. Save that chance for when it really counts Percy, and then he can rip off some Combat Corner graduate's arm and eat it for lunch or something. But not now. The Longhorn Title seems ripe for the taking, don't you think?

JD: Any final thoughts before your opponent is announced in a little while?

CD: Just that it's an honor to be here in front of my throngs of adoring fans doing what I do best – being the most fighting National Champion in AWA history. Whoever Jim Watkins draws out of that hat, you can rest assured that Calisto Dufresne will make it clear that the even though the rest of the roster held us back from being number one in 2011, when it comes to the very top of the talent pool, the AWA, just like Calisto Dufresne...

[A nod, a wink and a smile.]

CD: ...is unparalleled.

[With that, we cut back to Gordon and Bucky as Dufresne walks off camera.]

GM: That man simply exudes arrogance with each and every word that comes out of his mouth, Bucky.

BW: Again, you confuse confidence with arrogance. Calisto Dufresne is the most confident man you will ever meet - not just in wrestling but ANYWHERE in the world. He knows he's the greatest professional athlete in the world today. He knows that all those padded-up turkeys that played last Sunday ain't got nothing on him. And he knows that each and every time he steps into the squared circle, he is - quite simply - the best thing going today.

GM: We'll see about that. Remember, in just a short time from now, we will be having the drawing to see exactly who will be stepping into the ring with the Ladykiller in tonight's Main Event for the National Title. But right now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match. It is scheduled for one fall, and a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the ring. At a total combined weight of five hundred and seven pounds...

...ALEX WORTHY and J.P. DRIVER!

[The two young wrestlers answer to their names by raising their arms high. The reaction is moderate at best.]

BW: Hey, The Mechanics are back in action!

GM: Not too surprising, given their opposition tonight.

[Then, the opening loop of "So What'Cha Want" by the Beastie Boys starts up over the PA, and the lights dim down.]

PW: Their opponents... From New Seattle, in the year 2032... at a total combined weight of three-hundred seventy-nine pounds...
...JERBY JEZZ and SHIZZ DAWG OG... THE RAVE!

[Multi-colored spotlights and strobe lights flash all over the place as The Rave make their one-of-a-kind entrance. They are back to wearing their usual unusual attire, Shizz Dawg OG in dark green denim baggy pants with patches in various bright neon colors, and banana yellow-and-turquoise laceless 'moon boots', with numerous multi-colored bandanas on his arms. His left wristband is a brass-colored thick metal thing, and he is wearing orange goggles. His tag team partner, Jerby Jezz, wears baggy fire-engine-red denim pants with patches in various dark-but vivid colors, and deer-hunter-orange-and-violet laceless 'moon boots'. He seems to have wrapped his arm in multi-colored rubber bands, and he wears the same brass-colored thick metal wristband as his partner. He is wearing sunglasses with triangular rims in opaque colors... checkered orange-and-teal on one side and fuschia on the other. Both men look as serious as their bizarre attire and mannerism allow for.

There are two distinct factions in the crowd...those hardcore Lynch fans who are still lustfully booing, and those who appreciated The Rave's effort and are actually cheering for this abomination of fashion.]

GM: On the last show, these two men came up with a unique plan to go after the National Tag Team Championships, stood on the verge of actually succeeding, then threw it all away in maintaining their from-the-future charade.

BW: Are you nuts, Gordo!? Do you honestly think that any AWA competitors would willingly give up a chance to become champions? That more than anything makes me believe that they are **actually** from **the future**!

GM: Well regardless, The Rave have moved to the back of the line, and tonight is the first step towards proving that they deserve another chance at those titles.

[After entering the ring, Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG split apart to opposite corners, mount the turnbuckles and, in near perfect synchronization, shoot their rainbow colored streamers from their wristbands into the crowd.

But this time, the ritual provides a distraction _against_ The Rave, as Alex Worthy clubs Jerby Jezz in the back from behind, as J. P. Driver does the same to Shizz Dawg OG in the opposite corner. DING DING!

GM: And The Mechan-, er, Driver and Worthy, perhaps have not forgotten the humiliation they suffered in their last match against these two back in October.

BW: Well, the two-time future World Tag Team Champs wouldn't take humiliation lightly, would they?

GM: Series of forearms and punches into Jerby Jezz and The Dawg

BW: *SHIZZ* Dawg!

GM: ...OG. Both men looking to whip The Rave in to each other in the center of the ring, and OH MY!

[Worthy and Driver have forgotten that it's not a good idea to put The Rave in motion. Shizz Dawg OG drops to his hands and knees, providing a platform for Jerby Jezz to leap onto and catapult off of, springing into J. P. Driver with a *vicious* knee to the jaw that rocks him back into the corner, while Shizz Dawg quickly gets to his feet and hits a spin kick that sends Alex Worthy back into the opposite corner!]

GM: Now the situation is reversed, and it's The Rave laying in with the blows to the head. Both men with the whip...and Driver and Worthy crash hard in the center of the ring, stumbling backwards, Dawg and Jezz with dropkicks to the back, and Driver and Worthy crash again! Another stumble, two more dropkicks, and another crash!

BW: The Mechanics are in dire need of a tune-up!

GM: S-Dawg approaching the groggy Worthy from behind...*solid* clip to the left leg sends him down to a knee. Jezz off the ropes from behind, he leaps...

BW: You can't say that you've never seen this before Gordo!

GM: Legs around the neck, Jezz bridges back, and he has that bizarre submission hold locked in! S-Dawg runs over, *big* running clothesline that takes him *and* Driver over the top rope to the floor!

BW: And even I have to admit that Alex Worthy is no Jack Stench!

GM: Worthy slapping the mat with his hand, and the referee calls for the bell!

[DING DING! With the bell being rung, Jerby Jezz pushes off with his legs into a handstand, and gracefully rolls through to end up standing on his feet, Shizz Dawg OG rolling into the ring to join his partner and accept the decision of Marty Meekly]

PW: The winners of this match, by way of submission...
...JERBY JEZZ and SHIZZ DAWG OG... THE RAVE!

[Jezz and S-DOG have their arms raised to a mixed but loud reaction, though their own faces register little joy or enthusiasm. They both walk backwards towards the ropes, falling backwards over them, but flipping to

their feet onto ramp, and continue their mirthless backwards saunter all the way to the curtain.]

GM: The Rave, still without a pinfall victory to their name in the AWA...but if they can keep doing that Bucky, then they won't even need one.

BW: I guarantee you Gordo, Senator Wilde will make sure that these men do *not* make the same mistake twice!

GM: Haven't they made that same mistake many times already?

BW: Shut up, Gordo!

[And then, The Rave arrive at the broadcast position. They're in quite a somber state, almost fearful in their posture.]

GM: Gentlemen, interviews are done up at the stage at the top of the aisle.

SDOG: Filbritz it, oldcrep! Senator Wilde, we have a report!

BW: Sure, sure, you guys had me laughin' all the way to the bank when you told me the Giants won the Super Bowl weeks in advance. So who's winnin' the NBA titles this year?

JJ: Senator, there might not be an NBA titles! We had the future almost fixed, everything was poofrool and on the upcrush, but then there was distortion in the space-time continuum! Senator, we have a... a... a roilspur!

BW: A whodidwhatnow?

SDOG: Some jacksaw willbe followed us from the future to undo what we have doing in the pastnow to willam remake the future into what it wasbe when they undid what we willdid when we willdid it in the pastnow!

JJ: Shizz! Those timesliding tenses haven't been invented yet, Senator Wilde can't flow!

SDOG: We got sabotaged!

BW: What? Someone came from the future behind you to ruin what you're doing? To make it so... I don't become Senator?! Who would do such a thing?!

JJ: Only one scrubtaking loseweaker would be that gyzzrus! It must be someone sent by Senator Hoy...

SDOG: Don't say that name!

BW: ...

[Bucky turns purple with rage.]

BW: ...gg... rrr... fghhh...

JJ: That's right, Senator Wilde, he is a gurfug! But we gotta worry about who's out there timesliding after us! It's somebody in the AWA, but we don't have the whoclue on them yet! Keep your eyes out for timesliding and spatial distortion! If we don't rixx them out of the timeflow, the future willam be ruined FOREVER!

SDOG: Or a timecrash will shatterfy all of reality! Frally!

JJ: But don't you nightsquirm, Senator Wilde! Me and Shizz are going to reprivate everything and get it back to the flow!

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[The duo leaves, leaving a dazed Gordon Myers and a sputtering, enraged Bucky Wilde in their wake.]

GM: That was insensible. What kind of deranged mind can follow the things those fellows say?

BW: I AM GOING TO ARIZONA WITH A MACHINE GUN! I'LL FIX THIS MYSELF!

GM: Oh, bro-THER. Fans, the AWA tag team scene is hotter than ever. Already tonight, we've seen the War Pigs and The Rave in action and don't forget, in just a little while, we're going to see the Aces challenge the Lynches for the National Tag Team Championships! But there's another team that is starting to make some major waves in that division - they are currently the #3 contenders to the AWA National Tag Team Titles but last time on this show, we discovered that... well, perhaps there is trouble in paradise, Bucky.

BW: You're talking about when that back-stabbing vixen Big Mama sold her own mealticket down the river?!

GM: Well, I don't know if I would quite describe it like that. Fans, this story goes back about a month now when "Playboy" Johnny Casanova promised to unveil the latest member of Playboy Enterprises. And when he did, in the form of Bull Dawson, Big Mama declared that she had found a new addition of her own. Casanova immediately made a challenge - one on one - for two weeks ago. His choice, Dawson, against hers - the winner earning a spot in the Enterprises.

BW: But what Johnny didn't know is that that shedevil was gonna pull a fast one on him!

GM: Two weeks ago, the world was stunned when Big Mama revealed her find - "Mr. Intensity" Scotty Mayhem! Mayhem, a longtime rival of both Casanova AND Dick Bass down in Florida defeated Dawson and is now a member of Playboy Enterprises in a most interesting situation. Right now,

Jason Dane is going to speak with the members of Playboy Enterprises to see just where the group goes from here. Jason?

[We crossfade to the interview platform where Jason Dane is standing, mic in hand.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guests at this time...
"Playboy" Johnny Casanova and "Dirty" Dick Bass - Playboy Enterprises!

[The boos rain down as "Addicted To Love" begins to blare. Seconds later, Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass walk down to the ramp and to the platform to join Dane. Casanova is wearing a black sequin material suit with "Playboy" written in fancy white script across the back, white shirt and black bow tie. Dick Bass is dressed to impress as always, wearing normal blue jeans, black leather vest and black Stetson pulled low over the eyes. In his left hand he carries his bullwhip Delilah. Neither man looks to be in a good mood as "Playboy" fidgets at the platform, constantly running his hand through his hair.]

JD: Gentlemen, what a turn of events we saw at the last Saturday Night Wrestling when Big Mama, your... main squeeze as you call her... introduced your old enemy Scotty Mayhem as her choice to join Playboy Enterprises!

[The crowd cheers the memory of that event as a fuming, red-faced Casanova throws his arms out in front of him in a pleading manner.]

JC: BIG MAMA! My sweet pumpkin, what were ya thinkin' darlin'!? Was it somethin' I said?! Was it somethin' I did?! Was it the only fourteen karat watch I got ya instead of the twenty? Was it Dick Bass and the way he acted on the road!? I need to know!

[Grabs Dane by the suit collars.]

JC: I need to know, Dane! I need to know!

[Bass pulls back Casanova as Dane yanks from Johnny's grip.]

JD: Calm down, Johnny Casanova, or this interview will be over!

JC: I need to know, Dane! What'd she tell ya?

[Casanova holds up his hands and takes a few deep breaths, somewhat regaining his composure as he continues.]

JC: All your sugar daddy wants to know is why would you betray me like this? Why would you go and recruit the man I LOATHE unlike any man before? Why Dane, would she go out and purposely try and destroy Playboy Enterprises?

[Casanova shakes his head and runs his hands through his hair again as he turns from the mic.]

JD: Why don't you ask her, Johnny?

[Casanova spins around.]

JC: Because she isn't picking up the phone for her big daddy, that's why Dane! I've called her Blackberry, I've called her Android, I've emailed her a thousand times and NOTHING! I even signed up on Facebook, braving the thousands and thousands of women who have been just begging to be the Playboy's new friend, and it's a waste of time because she ain't answering my messages!

[Casanova shakes his head in frustration again as Bass tries to keep him somewhat calm. Dane speaks.]

JD: So what exactly is the situation Johnny? I mean is Scotty Mayhem a member of Playboy Enterprises or not?

[Casanova snarls.]

JC: NOT! He will never be a member of **MY** Enterprise, Dane! Sure I agreed to a match! Sure I shook my sugar plum's hand to seal the deal, but **NEVER** in a million years did I think she would betray me like that! Never since the day I laid eyes on my girl, did I think she would stoop that low. So I'll tell you something Dane, that piece of garbage IS NOT going have any part of Playbo-

[Dane suddenly grabs his ear piece.]

JD: Wait! Hol... hold on. Apparently we have a phone call here at the Crockett Coliseum. Yes, there's someone who wishes to speak to you right now, Johnny. Hello, caller... are you there?

[There is a moment of silence as Dane waits for a response. Casanova and Bass look around confused. Johnny can be overheard asking who it is.]

JD: Hello, are you there?

Voice: OHHHHHHHH YEAAAAAAAAAAH!!

[The undeniable voice thunders through the Crockett Coliseum bringing the crowd to cheers. Casanova's jaw drops but he quickly recovers and starts to pull off his suit jacket. Bass tries to calm him down.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, Scotty Mayhem is talking to us via cell phone. Scotty, you still there?

Mayhem: Oh yeah Dane, the Mayhem is still here, yeah!

[Casanova grabs the mic out of Dane's hand and points to nowhere in-particular.]

JC: Come out here and face me, you coward! Show your face and I'll run you out of AWA one more time!

[There is a moment of silence.]

Mayhem: Now why would I want to fight a fellow brother, yeah.

[The crowd is mixed at that response as Casanova is livid. Again he points off in no real direction.]

JC: You're not a part of Playboy Enterprises! We don't accept trash like you! I cancel the deal between me and Big Mama! Ya will never team with us, Mayhem, NEVER!

[Again silence till Mayhem speaks again.]

Mayhem: Well I'm sorry you feel that way, Johnny, I really am, yeah. But sorry to burst your bubble, big man, but I'm part of the Playboy Enterprises whether you like it or not. Cause ya see Johnny, you and Big Mama went and signed some piece of paper after the hand shake didn't ya brother, yeah. A little piece of paper that said whoever was to win between your guy and hers, would be the next member of Playboy Enterprises and guess who won brother? Yeah! Scotty Mayhem, dig it!

[Casanova begins to jump up and down on the platform, his rage no longer controllable. Dane has the mic back in his possession as Casanova shouts and goes into a fit. Bass doesn't look to happy either, but he keeps it under control well as he tries to talk to Casanova.]

JD: You mean he signed a contract, Scotty?

Mayhem: Oh Yeah Jason Dane! He signed right on the bottom line! The contract was signed sealed and delivered! Mr. Intensity is gonna light it up as part of Playboy Enterprises whether Johnny Casanova likes it or not, yeah! I don't care who I have to go through to win the National title, line them up Jason Dane and Scotty Mayhem will go through them like a hot knife through butter, YEAH!

[Casanova glares, his cheeks puffing in and out from his beet red pudgy face. He holds up his hands, trying to calm himself down. Beads of sweat trickle down his forehead as he pulls the mic up to his face, almost making Dane go for a spill.]

JC: Listen here ya piece of trash! That piece of paper may say ya got yaself into Playboy Enterprises, but as far as I'm concerned- you don't exist! But for fun Scotty Mayhem, how about I test your loyalty? How about I put you to the test to see just how dedicated you are?

Mayhem: Whatcha' got in mind brother, I'm all ears.

JC: Next Saturday Night Wrestling. You versus a wrestler of MY choosing. What do you think of that?

Mayhem: You name the time and place brother and Scotty Mayhem will be there! Mr. Intensity is gonna light up the joint like it's never been done before, yeah! You go pick the best you can find Johnny Casanova, and I'll show you and everybody else what The Mayhem is all about! Dig It!

JC: You got it dirt bag! Where's my Big Mama?! Is she there!

Mayhem: Yeah she's here brother.

JC: Put her on the phone!

Mayhem: Well ya see I would Johnny... but she's a little busy if ya know what I mean... we'll see ya in two weeks!!

CLICK

[As Mayhem's cell phone is hung up the crowd cheers at the dig as Casanova is beside himself. He throws off his suit jacket and stomps on it as Bass paces back and fourth, madder then a raged bull. Casanova storms off the platform with Bass in tow.]

JD: You heard it folks! The challenge has been issued and accepted! Scotty Mayhem will face a man of Johnny Casanova's choosing. I personally can't wait to see that one! Back to you Gordon!

[We crossfade back to ringside.]

GM: Wow! Scotty Mayhem getting under the skin of Casanova! He walked out of here hotter then a firecracker Bucky!

BW: Do you blame him?! First he has a man he HATES in Playboy Enterprises. Secondly, not only does Big Mama betray the man who got here but is now fooling around with Scotty Mayhem, that two timing-

GM: Easy there, Bucky. Don't say something you might regret. Besides, we don't know that, Bucky. Big Mama picked who she thought would be the best fit for Playboy Enterprises, and Scotty Mayhem is one heck of a athlete! As for her being a two time- well, whatever... we have no idea what the relationship is between those two.

BW: Really?! Read between the lines, Gordo! He said she was busy... what, folding his laundry?

GM: Maybe.

BW: Yeah, and I'm the king of Poland. She's a-

GM: That's enough right there. Either way, folks, in two weeks, Scotty Mayhem will face off against an opponent of "Playboy" Johnny Casanova's choosing. But right now, let's get back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from New Orleans, Louisiana, and weighing 225 pounds... this is MIKE WALKER!

[A young man with dark brown hair, dressed in simple white trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots briefly waves to the crowd.]

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

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

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

Cooper's eyes are hardened and reveal no emotion as he walks down the rampway, paying no attention to the fans. He steps between the ropes, but before Phil Watson can leave the ring, Cooper takes the mic away from him.]

GM: What in the world does Cooper want?

BW: Are you gonna tell him he can't say a few words?

GM: He said more than enough words last week.

[Walker looks puzzled as Cooper speaks.]

DC: Last time I was here, I sent a message to the entire AWA roster that they were all on The Professional's hit list. And did any of them bother to sign on the dotted line to face The Professional in the ring?

[He motions toward Walker.]

DC: Given that this is the guy standing in the ring with me, it's pretty clear everyone in the AWA is either scared to death to get into the ring with me or knows darn well that they can't measure up to what I can do.

[The fans jeer in response as now Cooper turns to face Walker.]

DC: But the fact is, I didn't come tonight to face somebody who just happened to walk off the street, show up in the front office and tell them he wanted a match.

[Walker does not look happy at that remark.]

DC: So given those circumstances, I'm gonna give you an option -- you can just walk right out of the ring, forfeit the match and tell those in the front office that you are sorry for bothering them.

Or you can get the whipping of your life, son.

So what's it gonna be?

[Cooper then tosses the mic to Walker, who bends to pick it up...

...and that's when Cooper strikes with a hard kneelift.]

GM: Oh, come on! He set up Walker!

BW: On the contrary, Walker didn't make his decision fast enough for Cooper.

GM: The bell hasn't even rung, Bucky... Cooper dragging a stunned Walker forward...

[Cooper lifts him up, as if going for a suplex, but then instead drops him face first to the canvas.]

GM: GOURD BUSTER! Cooper just laid out Walker!

BW: What a devastating move, Gordo! Walker should have walked out when he had the chance!

GM: Cooper never even gave him the chance... now a stomp to the back of the head!

[The referee tries to get Cooper to back off, but Cooper simply shoves the referee into the corner.]

GM: Now he's putting his hands on an official -- that's what got him and his former partner suspended!

BW: It was just a friendly tap on the shoulder, Gordon!

GM: You've got to be kidding me... oh no, what is Cooper doing?

[Cooper has dragged Walker off the canvas again, once more hooking him for an apparent suplex, but you can guess what's really coming.]

GM: NOT ANOTHER GOURD BUSTER!

BW: What a message being sent to everyone in the AWA, Gordo! The Professional is showing a killer instinct I've never seen from him before, but it's exactly what he needed!

GM: We need some help for Walker... the referee trying to stop Cooper, but Cooper shoves him again!

BW: Cooper's just teaching Walker a lesson... make up your mind what you want to do or he'll make it up for you!

GM: Cooper has Walker... no, not another gourd buster! He could cause some serious damage!

[Cooper lifts up Walker, dropping him with a third gourd buster...

...but then, he is quick to roll out of the ring and under the ropes, because "Big Chief" Yuma Weaver has just rushed into the ring.]

GM: Thank goodness for Yuma Weaver!

BW: Isn't that just like his kind to try to ambush Cooper.

GM: Bucky, Mike Walker could be seriously hurt... there was no call for what Cooper did and Weaver did the right thing by chasing him out. And for all of Cooper's talk, look how he wasn't willing to face off with Weaver!

BW: That's because he wasn't scheduled to wrestle Weaver! If the Big Chief was so brave, he would have signed the match with Cooper in the first place!

[Cooper, by this point, is heading up the rampway, raising his arms, a sneer on his face, as the fans boo in response. Weaver is bending down to check on Walker, with the referee also kneeling by Walker's side.]

GM: Hopefully this young man will be all right. I can't believe what Cooper just did.

BW: After what he just did, I doubt many in the AWA will want to face him in the ring.

GM: I seriously doubt that, Bucky... we'll be back in just a moment.

[Fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...

They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to a backstage shot of a fuming Yuma Weaver standing alongside Mark Stegglet.]

MS: We are back LIVE here in Dallas, fans, and with me-

YW: COOPER!

[Weaver angrily gestures at the camera.]

YW: You know what I dislike more than anything else, Mark Stegglet - disrespect! The kind of disrespect that flows out of Dave Cooper's mouth like the mighty Mississippi River!

It was two weeks ago that the AWA gave him the break of a lifetime and let him come back after deliberately trying to injure an AWA official...

...and how does he repay the front office for that?

[Weaver shakes his head.]

YW: He disrespects the front office... the locker room... and all of our great fans by making us listen to him go on and on about people who don't work here anymore!

And then tonight? Tonight, he disrespects that young man who had the courage to sign on to face him one-on-one in the ring by first telling him he wasn't worthy of a match... and then attacking him and trying to rob the man of his livelihood.

[Weaver runs a hand through his hair.]

YW: There may be a lot of people willing to let you do stuff like that, Cooper, but the Big Chief ain't one of them. So, if you're looking for someone willing to step into that ring with you...

[Weaver slaps his chest hard with an open hand.]

YW: You just found someone.

[The Native American strides out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Yuma Weaver lays down the challenger to Dave Cooper! Will the former National Tag Team Champion accept? We'll try to find out before we go off the air here tonight but right now, let's go out to my broadcast colleague, Jason Dane, who has a very special guest. Jason?

[We go to the interview platform to see Percy Childes standing by with Jason Dane.

Percy is wearing a dark grey sportcoat and pants, light grey undershirt, and navy-blue tie. The bald-headed goateed rotund manager is sporting his crystal-tipped walking stick and is smiling as Jason begins the interview. His mere presence elicits hate from the crowd.]

JD: Alright, with me at this time, a man who has his fingers in many pies. Percy Childes, last week you...

[Percy interrupts Jason, lifting up his cane in a 'stop' motion.]

PC: No. No, last week is gone. Now we have tonight. Tonight, the night when justice is done. When my Aces claim their birthright, the AWA National Tag Team Championships. When the stain of the Lynch family is wiped from the face of Texas, and the Childes family finally gleans the adulation that we're due.

[BOOOOO!]

PC: You'll change your tunes when you see Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler dominate your cardboard heroes! The Lynches have gotten by because of their daddy's old-boy-network influence in the state of Texas! Without that last name, they're nothing! And we'll prove it in this arena on this very night.

JD: 'Nothing'? They won the Stampede Cup! They beat the unstoppable Violence Unlimited! And none of that happened in the state of Texas, Percy Childes!

PC: Texas referees, Dane. But you see, I have done something about this. Mr. Jim Watkins has been very adamant lately about things not proceeding as he would like. And so I made a deal with Mr. Watkins. He can be reasonable, when concessions are made. And so tonight, you know there's going to be a big AWA National Championship match. And James Monosso was not invited.

JD: He said he'd make sure that nobody made it to the ring against the champion until he got his shot!

PC: They will tonight. You see, I sent James Monosso on tour in Puerto Rico. They love their violence in Puerto Rico. Can't get enough of it, really. And so James is there, picking up a huge paycheck. Jim Watkins will have his title match with no interruption here. And... my Aces will get a fair shake at the National Title. Win-win-win. Everyone who isn't named Lynch wins, and...

JD: What do you mean by that?!

PC: I told you, these Texas referees have given the Lynches everything. So all I required of Jim Watkins is that he bring a referee in from another

territory. Not a Von Braun, obviously, someone who can see. So he sent me a list and I chose one. A neutral referee, from Japan, Mr. Hideki Nagamura. And I promise you, Dane, tonight we'll see justice done, history made, and a legacy restored. This, I promise you.

JD: So... where ARE the Aces?

PC: Not giving interviews to the likes of you, as I've made abundantly clear already. They'll speak only to a high-class interviewer like Mr. Bucky Wilde. Until then, the public doesn't deserve to so much as see their faces. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have preparations to make.

JD: And what about Nenshou?! Last week, you said he wasn't under contract with the AWA... is he returning?

PC: Absolutely... if the price is right. But if you're looking for Nenshou, all I can say is keep your eyes open. He could show up anywhere. And I do mean ANYWHERE.

[With that, Percy exits. Jason turns to the camera.]

JD: Gordon, Bucky, it looks like Percy Childes is up to something, as usual. Back to you.

[We cut back to ringside.]

GM: I think Jason missed a question or three that he perhaps should have asked Percy Childes. Such as who are the Wi...

[Gordon's mic cuts out.]

BW: Oops, sorry Gordo. Heh, musta slipped, didn't mean to unplug you. So, tonight, the Aces are gonna get their shot at the National Titles. And without a biased Texas referee like those dumb Meeklys, I'm thinking history itself will be saved. Let's go up to the ring!

[As we crossfade to the ring, we find "The Future" Pedro Perez standing inside the squared circle alongside his manager, "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson. Waterson is pacing back and forth, fidgeting at his tie as he looks around the arena with a sense of nervousness. Pedro Perez is oblivious to all of this, standing in the center of the ring in a pair of glittering silver trunks, a floor length matching robe that is untied, revealing Perez' nicely-toned physique, and of course, a pair of dark sunglasses. He's got the house mic that he raises to his mouth.]

PP: Welcome to the Pedro Perez Is In The Building So Come Show Me Something, Punks! Open Challenge!

[The crowd boos.]

BW: That's catchy.

GM: Not sure it'll fit on a t-shirt.

[Perez continues.]

PP: It's been fourteen - count 'em, fourteen days - since I laid out this Open Challenge for anyone in the wrestling world to come on down to Dallas, Texas and face me to see how they measure up against the future of our industry and... how many have answered the challenge, Ben?

[A distracted Waterson doesn't answer.]

PP: Ben?

ATTSBW: Hmm? Oh, nobody answered the challenge, champ.

PP: That's right! Nobody answered the challenge! We got people coming here tonight from Mexico, from Canada, from Japan - all wanting to take their best shot at Calisto Dufresne - YOUR National Champion - but not a single soul had the courage to step up to the plate against the man who constantly revolutionizes what the best in the world is supposed to look like.

[The crowd jeers as Perez gestures at himself, shrugging off his robe and striking a single bicep pose.]

PP: Now, I know that there are a lot of proud guys in our locker room. Guys like Robert Donovan, Sweet Daddy Williams, Violence Unlimited - these are guys who would take issue to someone callin' them out.

Well, I don't know if you've noticed, boys... but consider this moment to be ME... calling YOU... out.

[Perez smirks at the reaction of the crowd.]

PP: So, why don't one of you get off your tails, get on your feet, and lumber your way down that ramp so you can have your personal brush with greatness right here in front of all these people tonight.

[Perez looks down the aisle, shouting something off-mic as he steps up on the middle rope, waving an arm towards the locker room...

...when suddenly the sound of buzzing bees fills the air.]

BW: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers - mostly from the kids in attendance - as The Hive's Bumble Bee comes charging through the curtain, throwing his arms into the air to even more cheers.]

GM: It's Bumble Bee! The smaller member of The Hive has apparently accepted the challenge of Pedro Perez, fans!

[Standing 5'7 and weighing in at 166 pounds, Bumble Bee wears yellow full-length tights that cover his entire body. The color is broken up here and there with a few streaks of black. His face is covered in a yellow mask with black "antennae" coming off the top. He dramatically puts his hands on his hips, posing that way for a moment before pointing threateningly at the man standing inside the ring.]

GM: Bumble Bee has accepted the challenge and these fans are loving it!

BW: He's a man dressed like a bee! How can these idiots get behind that?!

[Bumble Bee breaks into a full sprint, charging down the length of entrance ramp, and throws himself into a graceful dive over the ropes, hitting the mat, and rolling right up to his feet to another big cheer...

...right before an angry Pedro Perez attacks him from behind, smashing a forearm to the back of the neck that knocks the masked man down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Perez!

[Perez shouts at the official, ordering him to start the match as Ben Waterson exits the ring. Perez viciously stomps the back of the head and neck while shouting, "YOU WANT TO SHOW ME UP!?"]

GM: Perez is all over him - there's the bell to start the match. I'm not sure I would've started the match in this situation if I was Marty Meekly but nevertheless, it is officially underway here in Dallas.

[Perez hauls the masked man to his feet by the eyeholes on the mask, violently throwing him into the nearest set of buckles. He quickly moves in, throwing kicks to the midsection before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip coming up by the man who calls himself The Future.

[The whip succeeds, sending Bumble Bee sailing across the ring...

...where he runs up the turnbuckles, twisting as he flings himself back out of the corner, and knocking Perez flat with a dive!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A DIVE!

BW: Even I don't know what to call that one, Gordo! Some kind of twisting top rope somersault senton tackle!

GM: Whatever you say, Bucky! I'll take your word for it but I'm gonna call it "impressive!"

[Bumble Bee drags Perez to his feet by the hair, throwing forearms to the jaw that sends Perez stumbling back into the ropes where the masked man grabs an arm.]

GM: The bee fires him in...

[The masked man throws a wild clothesline, Perez ducking under it but leaping up to hook the arm with his own arms, floating over to the other side where he buries a knee into the ribs of the masked man.]

GM: Nice counter by Perez and-

[As Waterson shouts instructions from the floor, Perez throws two more knees into the ribs before hooking a front facelock, quickly swinging the bee into a neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution by Pedro Perez right there!

[Perez quickly applies a cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: Perez gets one! He gets two!

[But the masked man gets a shoulder up at two, breaking the pin attempt. An angry Perez gets back to his feet, stomping and kicking at the masked man, driving him out to the ring apron.]

GM: Pedro Perez to the ropes... off the far side...

[As he comes charging back, the second generation star drops into a baseball slide, driving both feet squarely into the ribs of Bumble Bee, knocking him off the apron to the floor as Perez pops up to a knee, throwing his arms apart and shouting, "HE'S SAFE! SAFE!" to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: Pitchers and catchers may report later this week but it looks like Pedro Perez is already an All-Star, daddy!

GM: Give me a break. Bumble Bee is driven out to the floor with that sliding dropkick and now Perez looks like he's heading out after him, Bucky.

BW: Of course he is! Unlike idiots like Travis Stench, Pedro Perez is a second generation star who knows what he's doing in there. He knows he needs to stay focused. He knows he needs to keep the fight on this buzzing pest.

[Perez steps out to the apron, measuring the masked man as he starts to stir on the barely-padded floor...]

GM: What's he gonna do here? Pedro Perez is not known for any kind of high risk offense, Bucky.

BW: He's not but that don't mean he doesn't have some in his arsenal, daddy!

[As Bumble Bee retakes his feet on the floor, Perez charges down the length of the apron, hurling himself off with a clothesline that flattens the masked man, knocking him down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Down to the floor they both go! What a move by Perez! And I do have to admit, Bucky, this kid gets better inside that ring every time we see him.

BW: That's all thanks to Ben Waterson, Gordo. He's got the kid in the gym with the finest trainers in the world. No more dealing with that numbskull Michaelson.

GM: Pedro Perez began his career training in the Combat Corner, Bucky!

BW: And look where it got him! Sidelined with an injury at the hands of people too strong for him to be in there with at the time. But now? Now I'd like to see Stevie Scott try to do that to Perez, Gordo!

[Out on the floor, Perez drags Bumble Bee off the floor by the arm, wheeling him around and sending him towards the ringside barricade.]

GM: Into the STEEEE-

[The crowd cheers as Bumble Bee deadleaps over the railing, landing on his feet in the front row. An angry Perez pursues, moving in quickly as Bumble Bee turns around and pops him on the jaw with a forearm!]

GM: Oh! He caught Perez coming in!

[We can hear Ben Waterson shouting instructions from nearby as the masked man grabs Perez by the hair, leaping up to drive a knee into the skull of his opponent. Perez staggers backwards several feet away from the railing.]

GM: Perez is out on his feet, Bucky!

BW: What the heck is going on here, Gordo?! This guy ain't on Pedro's level!

GM: Apparently he begs to differ!

[Bumble Bee deadleaps again, landing on his feet atop the railing...

...and SPRINGS off, flattening Perez with a crossbody tackle!]

GM: OHHHHHH! WHAT A DIVE!!

[Bumble Bee rolls to a knee, grabbing Perez by the hair and hammering away with forearms to the side of the skull. The masked man climbs to his feet, letting loose a big... well, buzz... to the crowd.]

BW: This moron is an embarrassment to the wrestling business, Gordo. These guys pretending to be bees... why can't they be serious, legitimate competitors like The Rave?

GM: Who claim they're from the future?!

BW: They ARE from the future! Senator Wilde decrees it to be so!

[Bumble Bee drags Pedro Perez off the floor to his feet, hurling him under the ropes into the ring before he climbs up on the apron. He swings an arm around to the cheers of the crowd as he grabs the top rope with both hands.]

GM: Look out here!

[Perez staggers up to all fours as Bumble Bee leaps into the air, springboarding off the top rope...

...and COMES DOWN HARD with a double stomp to the kidneys!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The member of The Hive flips Perez to his back, diving across his chest and tightly hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd GASPS with surprise as Pedro Perez kicks out before the three count comes down!]

GM: He got the shoulder up! Just a two count there but that would have been a pretty big upset in my estimation, Bucky!

BW: It would have been a HUGE upset! Pedro Perez is the future of this sport - Bumble Bee is some idiot who should get squashed on the windshield of life!

[Bumble Bee pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together in frustration as he climbs the rest of the way up, watching as a dazed Pedro Perez crawls to the ropes, pulling himself back to a knee...]

GM: The masked man's measuring him, Bucky!

BW: Do something, Ben!

GM: He can't! Jim Watkins is still out here to maintain law and order!

[The masked man breaks into a sprint, aiming a big kick at the cheekbone of the kneeling Perez...

...who somehow leans back, shoving Bumble Bee past him so that his foot and leg go flying between the top and middle rope, getting tangled up as Perez climbs to his feet.]

GM: He avoids the kick and-

[And a uncorks a HUGE standing lariat, flattening the off-balance Bumble Bee down to the mat!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Perez drops down into a press, grabbing the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again the shoulder comes up, breaking the pin attempt. Perez angrily grabs the masked man by the eyeholes of the mask...

...and SLAMS the back of his head into the canvas!]

GM: Oh! Good grief!

[Perez springs to his feet, throwing his arms up triumphantly in the air to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: What on earth... what's he celebrating? He hasn't won anything yet, Bucky.

BW: It's just a matter of time now.

[The former Combat Corner student pulls Bumble Bee off the mat by the antenna, hoisting him up, and slamming him down to the canvas in the center of the ring...

...and then drops to a knee, pointing to the ropes with both hands.]

GM: What is this?

BW: Oh, I think you know what this is!

[Perez breaks into a sprint, hitting the ropes at top speed as he rebounds off, throwing himself into the air, tucking his arms and legs, and crashing backfirst down across the chest of Bumble Bee in a senton!]

BW: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

GM: Give me a break.

[Perez gleefully rolls over, hooking a leg again.]

GM: He gets one! He gets two! He gets- and Bumble Bee is out at two!

[The crowd roars for the wrestling bee as his shoulder pops up off the mat in time. An angry Perez grabs him by the back of the head, throwing rapid-fire fists to the skull, and then shoving him back down to the mat. He climbs to his feet, looking out to Waterson...]

GM: Perez is looking for some advice here it appears...

[Perez pulls the masked man off the mat, ducking down to hoist Bumble Bee up over his left shoulder. He reaches back with his right arm, cradling the masked man's skull...

...and sloppily drops him down to the mat, smashing the back of his head into the canvas!]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS!! The trademark move of Juan Vasquez!

[Perez quickly hooks a leg.]

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

[The crowd EXPLODES but not for Bumble Bee who fails to kick out in time.]

GM: VASQUEZ!

[Pedro Perez pops to his feet, arms raised in the air in triumph for his earned three count...

...and gets SPEARED in the center of the ring, knocking flat on the mat!]

GM: VASQUEZ SPEARS THE HECK OUT OF PEDRO PEREZ!!

[The crowd is roaring for Juan Vasquez as he grabs a handful of hair, hammering away at Perez with right hands to the skull. The former Combat Corner student flails his arms and legs, trying to protect himself and find a way free of the former two-time National Champion's grasp.]

GM: Vasquez is all over him! Pedro Perez played a role in Vasquez' assault last year at Wrestlerock and you can bet that Vasquez hasn't forgotten that, Bucky!

BW: Watkins should do something! Vasquez has no right to be out there!

[Vasquez continues to hammer away with right hands, showing no mercy as the referee shouts at him to break off the assault. Fearing for his client, Ben Waterson reaches a hand under the ropes, grabbing Perez by the ankle and attempting to drag him from the ring...]

GM: Waterson's trying to get him out of the ring! He's trying to save Perez!

[Suddenly, Vasquez pops to his feet, turning to glare at Waterson who freezes dead in his tracks.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Get out of there, Ben!

[Vasquez marches towards the ropes, stepping through them as Waterson backs off, hands raised. The former National Champion drops down off the apron, pointing a finger at the backpedaling Waterson.]

GM: He's coming for Waterson! Juan Vasquez is coming for the Agent To The Stars!

[Waterson continues to back off, shaking his head as he tries to reason with his pursuer...

...which buys Perez some time to get back to his feet, staggering over to the ropes. He steps out on the apron, standing outside of Vasquez' view.]

GM: Juan can't see him! He doesn't even know he's there! He-

[Perez leaps off the apron, arms raised for a double axehandle...

...which makes him easy prey for a big haymaker to the midsection as Vasquez wheels around in time to catch him coming down!]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez caught him!

[Vasquez grabs Perez by the hair, pulling him up to his feet on the floor...

...and tugs him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: On the floor?!

GM: Juan Vasquez is going for a piledriver out on the floor! He's gonna end Pedro Perez' career right here and now, fans!

[The crowd is buzzing with a mix of concern and excitement as Vasquez leans over, locking his hands around the torso of his victim...]

GM: Wait a second!

[The camera catches Ben Waterson shoving Phil Watson out of his chair, grabbing the steel folding chair in his hands...]

GM: Oh no!

[Jim Watkins springs out of his chair, rushing to the side of the ring where the brawl is ongoing. He shouts at Vasquez, trying to convince him to break off the piledriver attempt...

...an act that buys Ben Waterson just enough time to strike!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The steel chair shot cracks across the spine of Vasquez, knocking him down to all fours on the floor. Waterson throws the chair aside as Jim Watkins approaches angrily, shoving the manager in the chest!]

GM: Whoa! We've got trouble out here on the floor!

[Waterson returns fire, shouting back at Watkins as Pedro Perez drags himself off the floor. He grabs his manager by the arm, gesturing wildly as Vasquez as the two turn to make their way away from ringside.]

GM: Ben Waterson smashed that steel chair over Vasquez' back and now he's running for it and Pedro Perez is running out of here with him! Look at these cowards!

BW: Cowards?! That maniac was trying to permanently injured Perez out here and who the hell knows what he would have done to Waterson if he'd gotten his hands on him!

GM: Jim Watkins is down here next to Vasquez, checking on him. We may need some help out here for Vasquez. Waterson really let him have it with that chair across the back!

[Watkins grabs Vasquez, who is down on all fours, by the arm, pulling him up to his knees...

...where the two-time National Champion angrily shoves him away!]

GM: Whoa!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, glaring at Watkins who looks puzzled.]

GM: We've got a situation here, fans. Juan Vasquez and Jim Watkins are NOT on the same page at all. Fans, let's try and get this settled down out here - let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by!

[We go backstage to Jason Dane, who is standing in front of the AWA logo, awaiting the arrival of his next guest.]

JD: At this time I'd like to introduce the new Overweight Lover himself, the Rappin' Rascal, B.C. Da Mastah MC!

[B.C. enters, giving Dane an up high and down low high five. He turn turns towards the camera and starts to wiggle a jolly wiggle. He puts his arm around Dane and mugs for the camera.]

BC: Hey homeboy, it's good ta see ya, dawg! I just gotta say one thing my man.

JD: What's that?

BC: There's only ever gonna be one Overweight Lover, my main man Heavy D, God rest his soul. I appreciate the sentiment, though.

[Dane nods his head as BC removes his arm from around his shoulder. BC licks his chops and rubs his hands, getting ready for Dane's hard hitting questions.]

JD: It's been some time since we've seen you on Saturday Night, but you've been making the rounds with public appearances on behalf of the AWA, and working live events with good success, think it's time to take it to the next level?

BC: But of course, J-Dizzle! It's been a thrill that helps pay th' bills. I'm gonna sound a bit, cliché, I think that's th' word. Word?

JD: Word.

BC: A'ight, s'all cool, my man. I'm feelin' the flow right now! [BC claps a loud clap, which startles JD a little bit.] Well, like I said, I'mma gonna get all cliché up in this joint, but 2012 is gonna be my year, dig?

[Dane nods.]

BC: I took notice that I was rated 82nd in the world this past year, an' it was an honor bein' included on that there list, but I can do bettah. JD, it's time to dance, dig? Two weeks from now I'mma gonna make my return to Saturday Night, I got my dance card filled and me and some poor sucka are gonna raise the roof up in that joint. We gonna have th' big fun in 2012, and who knows, maybe I make my way back up th' rankings!

JD: Lots of luck with that, there are a lot of big names ahead of you.

[BC nods in agreement.]

BC: Oh yea, dawg. It ain't gonna be easy, see? But, I think I can wiggle and wobble my way up the rankings, an' hopefully grab me a title shot at some point. Me and Cali-D, the National Champ, ya know I'd like to dance with that dawg once again if ya catch my drift.

There's Big Ol' R.D. himself, Robert Donovan, he's been fightin' the good fight for many years, an' it'd be an honor to step into th' ring with him and throw down, but there's this one guy that I gots my sights set on, yo?

JD: You don't mean Rex Summers?

BC: Bingo, Daddy-O. The Hip Swivelin' Haber-Dasher, Sexy REXy Summers. Ya know, he's gonna catch wind of dis an' say that I gotta earn me a title shot, and ya know, he'd be right. I'mma hopin' that next week I can take th' sucka I face out and get some attention from th' Championship Committee. It's a long road ahead, but ya know me Dane, I got th' ol' work ethic pumpin' through these big ol' veins of mine, ya feel me?

JD: Loud and clear, big guy! Best of luck to you, and I hope you have continued success in the AWA.

BC: Word up, PEACE!

[BC crosses his arms and flashes the V-sign with both his hands, then makes his way off camera.]

JD: BC's set his sites on the PCW World Champion Rex Summers, but can he climb the ladder to get his shot at him? Back to you guys!

[We crossfade back down to ringside where our announce duo is standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason, and it looks like everyone's favorite rapper is looking to take a step up in the wrestling world, Bucky.

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo... he ain't my favorite rapper. And the only reason he's yours is because your idea of rap music is when Johnny Cash does one of those songs when he talks more than sings.

GM: I'm not the biggest rap music fan - that's for sure - but I know that BC gets these fans up on their feet whenever he arrives. And speaking of getting the fans up on their feet, that's about to happen right now because the National Tag Team Title match is up next with the Lynch Brothers defending against the top challengers, The Aces.

BW: And I don't know about you, Gordo, but I'm beyond ready to see the Aces take those belts off the Stench Boys.

GM: The Aces earned their status of Number One Contenders at SuperClash III when they defeated the Blonde Bombers with a little bit of an assist from their new manager Percy Childes and-

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

GM: And it'll be very interesting to see how the Lynches come into this match, Bucky. Remember, they've been dealing with Violence Unlimited for the past few months and the Aces are a very different team. Where Haynes and Morton bring the power, Tyler and Childes base their offense on speed and their high flying abilities.

BW: That's because the Aces are a thinking man's tag team. They know where to target their opponents' weaknesses and with Percy Childes in their corner, you can bet that they know more of those weaknesses than anyone ever has before, Gordo.

[At twenty-two seconds into the song, "Delicious" Daniel Tyler emerges from the entrance portal increasing the boos. He holds his arms out to let his purple and black sequined cloak billow out behind him as he twirls around the entrance ramp letting the fans see "The Aces" across the back of the

GM: Wait a second, Bucky...

[The camera stays on the ring, showing the two men who are tussling with the Number One contender, revealing the same face on both attacker.]

GM: We've got a pair of twins in there attacking the- I think I recognize these two!

BW: You saw 'em on a wanted poster at the post office?

GM: No, but I think I- fans, I do not condone members of the audience getting physically involved with the show but- if these two men are who I think they are, that might explain something.

BW: Gordo, I don't like you knowing stuff that I don't know. Spill your guts!

[The confused crowd starts to cheer as the brawl continues, the two identical twins completely overwhelming the surprised Childes and Tyler as Percy continues to berate Jim Watkins who finally shoves past him, grabbing the mic away from Phil Watson who has bailed out to the floor.]

JW: Knock it off! Both of ya, get out of there!

[There's no response to Watkins except for more punches being thrown.]

JW: Fine. Have it your way. Security!

[At the bark from the Chairman, a handful of AWA security guards hit the ring, dragging the two identical twins off the downed Aces, pulling them away as Percy orders his man to roll out of the ring to the floor. The crowd is roaring as the rage-filled twins try to break away, screaming at Childes and Tyler from inside the ring.]

JW: Alright... can I get you two to control yourselves for a second?

[After a bit more struggling, the two men in the ring settle down, stopping their efforts to get away from security.]

JW: Good gravy, boys... I heard y'all were comin' but I didn't know it was tonight!

[Percy Childes, filled with anger, jabs his crystal-topped cane accusingly at Watkins with a "YOU KNEW ABOUT THIS?!" Watkins smirks, climbing up on the ring apron with the mic, nodding his head.]

JW: Yeah, Percy... I knew about this. I knew these boys were comin' but like I said, I didn't know it was tonight. If I'd know that, I wouldn't have-

[Childes shouts at Watkins again, this time something unheard by the mics.]

JW: Oh, can you shut your trap for a minute and let me do some business in here?!

[The crowd cheers as an angry Percy Childes slams his cane down on the apron, jabbing it in the direction of the ring.]

GM: Fans, I'm not sure if you folks can see the family resemblance at all but...

BW: Wait a second! Are you telling me...

GM: I am.

BW: These two are Von Brauns?!

[Percy Childes, apparently already knowing that, angrily shouts at the two twins in the ring who start towards him before security cuts them off. Steven Childes joins his uncle in screaming towards the ring as Daniel Tyler looks on with a shocked expression on his face.]

GM: Dallas, Texas - why don't y'all give a warm welcome to the youngest pups in the Von Braun clan... Caleb and Calvin Von Braun!

[The crowd roars in response - mostly because they like seeing someone/ anyone beat the tar out of the arrogant Aces. Watkins grins, nodding his head.]

JW: Alright, let's get down to business. I stood out here a few weeks back and I made a promise to the world. I said I was as sick to my gut at what these three (gestures at Childes and the Aces) did to Scott Von Braun as anyone.

See, Scott's an old friend of mine - we go back a long ways... and if I was a little bit younger, I might be the one in there lookin' to split someone's head to get some payback for him.

[Big cheer at the idea of that! But Watkins shakes his head, smiling.]

JW: But I'm not.

So all I can do is stand here in my suit and cowboy boots and say...

...let's hook 'em up!

[The crowd roars!]

BW: Why does he ALWAYS have to say that?! What the heck does that even mean tonight?! The Aces have a shot at the National Tag Team Titles right now and-

GM: If you'd be quiet for a second, I'm sure we'd-

BW: Don't you EVER tell me what to do, Myers! We may act all buddy buddy out here sometimes but I will slap the taste out of your mouth if you try to boss me around!

[The testy exchange at ringside is cut off by more words from Jim Watkins.]

JW: I told these boys that if they wanted a shot at the Aces, all they had to do was show up and ask... well, unless I'm guessin' wrong, I think this is them doing exactly that!

[The twins shout their agreement with that statement, earning more cheers from the crowd.]

JW: Earlier this week, my phone rang and it was...

[Watkins scratches his chin.]

JW: ...it was the answer to a prayer 'cause you all know how much I hate lawyers. But this particular phone call said that if I followed through on my promise and let Calvin and Caleb here take their shot at the Aces whenever the heck they showed up to do it, the Von Braun family would drop their lawsuit AND this whole boycott deal would go away to boot... and you KNOW I'm in favor of that.

[Watkins runs a hand over his scarred forehead.]

JW: Normally, I'm not a big fan of the ol' bait and switch. I told the fans we were gonna have a National Tag Team Title match tonight and I really like to live up to my word. But unfortunately, I gotta do the right there and call an audible.

There ain't gonna be a tag title match here tonight.

[The crowd boos that decision as the challengers predictably go nuts out on the floor.]

JW: But what you people are gonna get to see is the Aces gettin' their tails kicked by the people who wanna do it more than anyone in the world - the Von Brauns!

[Big cheer! The Aces are still fuming out on the floor and that announcement didn't improve their mood any.]

JW: But that leaves James and Jack Lynch without a match tonight and I definitely don't wanna do that.

So, how 'bout this, Dallas?

How would you like to see your hometown boys get a shot at the National Title here tonight?!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

JW: Alright! Then we're gonna toss their names into the drawing for the shot at the National Title right here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Another big cheer!]

BW: What!? He can't do that!

GM: He just did, Bucky! The Aces will have to take on the Von Brauns tonight! The deal has been made! Jim Watkins has agreed to this and now the Aces are going to have to cover the check that they wrote back at SuperClash when they attacked Scott Von Braun!

BW: This isn't right! This isn't fair! The Aces just got robbed of a shot at the titles! This was their night! They were going to be the cham-

[Bucky gets cut off as Childes and Tyler, shouting at Jim Watkins, are failing to pay attention as the Von Braun twins march across the ring, suddenly free of security, and grab the top rope...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Von Brauns propel themselves over the top rope, wiping out both members of the Aces with slingshot planchas!]

GM: OHHHH, WHAT A PAIR OF DIVES BY THE VON BRAUNS!!

BW: Just like a Von Braun, attack when they're not looking.

GM: I've heard you call that "opportunity" before, Bucky.

BW: The Von Brauns wouldn't know an opportunity if it slapped them across the face with a trout.

GM: Jim Watkins gave them a big opportunity a few weeks ago, and they're taking advantage of it now!

[A shell-shocked Mickey Meekly calls for the bell to officially start the match as Calvin Von Braun drags Steven Childes off the floor by the mask, shoving him into the ring under the bottom rope. He grabs the ropes himself, climbing back up on the ring apron and measuring the downed Childes before slingshotting over the ropes, dropping a leg across the chest to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: A nice rope-assisted legdrop from Calvin Von Braun!

BW: How can you tell these two inbred idiots apart?!

GM: I just can.

[The camera shot cuts outside the ring where Caleb Von Braun has Daniel Tyler propped up against the ring apron. Winding up, Caleb lights up Tyler's

chest with a series of knife-edge chops to the delight of the nearby fans who are roaring their encouragement.]

GM: Caleb Von Braun is going to town on Tyler out on the floor! These Von Brauns have been fired up and full of anger towards the Aces for what was done to the patriarch of the Von Braun family for months. And now, at long last, they're finally able to get their hands on the Aces!

[Caleb grabs Tyler by the head, dragging him around the ringside area, causing Raven and Percy Childes to bail out of the way...

...and then SLAMS Tyler's head into the ring apron to another big cheer!]

BW: And would you look at this? Like I've said all along, the Meeklys have it out for the Childes family. Mickey ain't doin' a thing to stop this carnage - he's just letting it all go.

GM: It's not favoritism, Bucky. There are a lot of emotions in this match for the Von Brauns. The official is going to have a real hard time keeping order and control of this one for sure.

[Still on the floor, we see Caleb slam Tyler's skull into the apron again while we see Calvin hammering Childes with right hands inside the ring. Caleb finally backs off at Mickey Meekly's orders, heading to his corner and leaving Tyler down on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: It looks like the official might be getting this off to a fair start as Caleb Von Braun is up on the apron, holding the tag rope.

BW: A fair start?! They were ambushed before the bell! And I thought I had a warped sense of fair play.

[Calvin finishes hammering away at Childes inside the ring, dragging the Ace up by the mask. Grabbing an arm, he whips Childes across the ropes, dropping down at Steven rebounds...]

GM: Steven over the top and off the far side...

[Calvin pops back up to his feet, leapfrogging the incoming Childes.]

GM: And it's Calvin over the top this time, trying to keep the smaller man off balance and-

[The crowd cheers as Calvin snaps off a standing dropkick, knocking Childes down to the canvas!]

GM: Nice execution on the dropkick by Calvin Von Braun! The Von Brauns are really taking it to the Aces right now.

BW: I'm not kidding. I need to know how you can tell these two apart.

GM: I'm a journalist, Bucky. It's my job.

BW: You haven't learned a new move in a decade but it's part of your job to be able to correctly identify rednecks? You know how I'll do it? The one in the ring right now is uglier. So, Calvin's the uglier one.

GM: Whatever works for you, Bucky.

[Calvin earns a two count off the dropkick before Childes kicks out.]

GM: Only a two count there for the Von Brauns.

BW: What exactly do you know about these guys? And for that matter, how many darn Von Brauns are there!?

GM: Some and lots.

BW: Don't get cute with me, Myers. I'm already tired of you tonight.

[Calvin again pulls Childes up by the mask, dragging him to the corner where he slaps his brother's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Caleb... and on the other side of the ring, I can see Daniel Tyler pulling himself up on the apron.

BW: Things just evened out, daddy.

[Calvin pushes Steven Childes to a neutral corner, whipping him across into the far turnbuckle. He rushes across the ring after the whip, landing a big charging clothesline before promptly dropping down to all fours as Caleb rushes across the ring, leaping off his brother's back, and landing a leg lariat on the cornered Childes!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam by the Von Brauns!

BW: Even I gotta give them credit for that one. That was very nicely done. These Von Brauns obviously aren't in their first dance here even though I've never heard of these two.

GM: It was a great doubleteam - and they've really kept the pace of this match up. The Aces are usually the ones who pick up the pace, putting the pedal to the floor and keeping the speedometer through the roof but tonight, so far, it's the Von Brauns who are bringing the fight hard and fast.

BW: That double team was illegal by the way.

GM: You realize the Von Brauns have five seconds to get and out of the ring just like the Aces do, right?

BW: And you realize that's only true if the Von Brauns can count that high. If they can't, they should only get as many seconds as they can count.

GM: You're unbelievable.

BW: What's unbelievable is Jim Watkins letting this total miscarriage of justice go down like this. I can't believe the Stench Boys got another free pass to keep those titles. It's Texas bias at its worst.

[Caleb grabs Steven Childes in a side headlock, dragging him out of the corner towards the middle of the ring. He grinds down on the headlock just before Childes wraps his arms around the waist.]

GM: Childes looking for a counter here... picks him up...

[But Von Braun blocks the back suplex by shifting his weight, taking Steven Childes down to the mat with a headlock takedown, continuing to hold the weardown hold on the mat, grinding away at the head and neck.]

GM: A nice counter to the counter there by Von Braun. Childes was looking for a way out but Caleb Von Braun found his way out of it by shifting his weight to bring him down to the mat.

BW: Looked like a handful of hair to me.

GM: Stevie Chil-

BW: Steven.

GM: Fine. Steven. He's wearing a mask, you know?

BW: Fine, he had a handful of mask to get him down.

[Having seen enough, an angry Daniel Tyler enters the ring, stomping a few quick times on Caleb to break the headlock. The referee rushes Tyler, shouting at him to get out of the ring as Caleb Von Braun rolls to a knee, glaring at Tyler...]

...and rushes him from behind as Tyler turns to exit the ring, throwing himself into a dropkick, knocking Tyler into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Von Braun sends Tyler into the buckles!

[Free from the headlock, Steven Childes regains his feet, charging Caleb from behind...]

...and runs right into a thrust kick to the mush, sending Childes sprawling backwards to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[The crowd roars as Calvin Von Braun rushes into the fray.]

GM: We've got all four men in the ring and this one is breaking down!

BW: Oh, and you notice that Mickey Meekly's just standing there and shouting. He's gonna let this one go as long as the Von Brauns want to have it this way. You know, maybe Steven and Daniel need to pay a visit to ol' Meekly and teach him the same kind of lesson that Scott Von Braun had to learn the hard way.

GM: Are you insinuating that the Aces should attack the Director Of Officiating for the AWA?!

BW: I'm saying that if biased officiating is going to play out like this, drastic measures might need to be taken!

[Calvin Von Braun drags Childes up to his feet as Caleb does the same with Tyler, pushing them both to neutral corners across from one another.]

GM: Look out here!

[A double whip sends the Aces crashing into one another, dropping down to the canvas to another big cheer from the crowd as Percy Childes loses his mind outside the ring, screaming at Mickey Meekly as the Von Brauns drag them back to their feet again.]

GM: Both Aces back to their feet now... and another double whip...

[As Childes and Tyler rebound off, they get drilled with stereo dropkicks to the mush that knock them flat as the crowd goes nuts.]

GM: The Von Brauns are all over them!

BW: With illegal doubleteams that this idiot Meekly won't put a stop to! And to make it worse, that cheating jackanape Watkins is out here and HE won't put a stop to it either!

[The Von Brauns regain their feet, nodding in unison as they dash to the ropes, leaping up to the second rope together, springing back...

...and dropping side-by-side legdrops down across the chest to another big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! And the Von Brauns are showing the Aces that they're not the only ones who have the high flying moves in their arsenal!

[Caleb Von Braun quickly applies a lateral press on Steven Childes as Meekly falls into position to make the count.]

GM: Cover for one! For two!

[But Danny Tyler rolls over, throwing himself onto the back of Caleb to break up the pin attempt.]

GM: Daniel Tyler may have just saved this match for his team right there!

[An angry Calvin Von Braun yanks Tyler off the mat, rearing back a right hand...

...but Mickey Meekly steps in, grabbing the arm!]

GM: He's blocking him!

BW: Finally, a good call by Meekly! Calvin Von Braun's been in the ring for a half hour! He's got no right to be in there and Meekly needs to toss him the heck out of the ring!

[Caleb Von Braun gets to his feet, glaring at Daniel Tyler just before throws a right hand to the skull of an off-balance Tyler!]

GM: Daniel Tyler is NOT the legal man, fans! Caleb Von Braun may be letting his emotions get the best of him here and this could be a very bad situation for him!

[With the referee still distracted by putting Calvin Von Braun out of the ring, Steven Childes rolls to his knees behind Caleb...

...and SLAMS his arm up into the groin!]

GM: OHHH! LOW BLOW! A CHEAP SHOT BY CHILDES!

BW: Hrm. I must've missed that one. I was distracted by Raven over here - beautiful young lady, ain't she?

GM: She creeps me out a bit to be honest.

[A furious Calvin Von Braun, having seen the low blow that the official missed, tries to rush back in but Mickey Meekly is fighting him off, keeping him back in the corner as Daniel Tyler grabs Von Braun off the mat, waving for his partner to join him.]

GM: Double team coming up...

[Tyler and Childes hoist Von Braun off the canvas, dropping him stomachfirst across their knees with a double gutbuster!]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, turn around in there!

[Calvin Von Braun is telling Mickey Meekly the same thing, screaming and gesturing at the ring as the Aces drag Caleb off the mat again, hooking a double front facelock...

...and snapping him over to the canvas with a double suplex to the jeers of the crowd! Tyler rolls out to the floor as Childes gets up, gesturing with his arms towards the jeering crowd.]

GM: I cannot believe the change in attitude that we've seen over the past few months from Steven Childes, fans. This is a man who used to love the fans, who used to do EVERYTHING for the fans, and-

BW: And where did it get him, Gordo? Lost in the smaller promotions here in the States, touring Japan for eggrolls and a handful of fortune cookies. Now he's one-half of the Number One contenders to the National Tag Team Titles and if Watkins hadn't robbed the Aces here tonight, he'd be one-half of the National Tag Team Champions!

GM: Childes back to his feet now, dragging Caleb up...

[Hooking a front facelock, Childes drags him back to the corner.]

BW: You want to see doubleteam action? You're about to see it at its finest and this is exactly why the Aces are the Number One contenders and why they're the next tag team champions once those cowardly Stenches give them that chance.

GM: They had the chance scheduled for tonight but-

BW: But Watkins found a way to protect his golden boys, I get it.

[Childes reaches back, slapping the hand of Daniel Tyler.]

GM: We're used to seeing the Aces with their quick tags and crisp teamwork but it's the cheapshots and shortcuts that we've never seen from them before. These fans don't like it one bit and who can blame them?

[Tyler quickly steps into the ring, hopping up to the midbuckle, and smashing a double axehandle down across the kidneys of Caleb Von Braun, knocking him down to the canvas as Childes exits the ring.]

GM: Nice doubleteam right there and Percy Childes certainly liked the looks of that one, Bucky.

[The camera cuts out to the floor where Childes gleefully applauds.]

GM: Tyler staying on the attack, dragging Caleb Von Braun off the canvas...

[Tyler promptly drags him into a double underhook, snapping Von Braun over to the mat. He rolls over to his stomach, pushing up to his knees. He cracks a grin at his work, gesturing at the downed Caleb Von Braun to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: A nicely executed butterfly suplex and Daniel Tyler certainly seems proud of his work there, Bucky.

BW: Why shouldn't he be? It was perfectly executed! And this is where the Aces are at their most dangerous.

[With Tyler taunting the crowd, Caleb Von Braun rolls to his stomach before pushing himself up to a knee...

...where Tyler instantly uses the bent leg as a step-up, delivering a hard enzugiri to the side of Von Braun's face, drawing a sympathetic groan from the crowd as Von Braun slumps back down to the mat.]

BW: Well, shoot, "Delicious" Danny just made me job a lot harder.

GM: How's that?

BW: After that kick to the face, that Von Braun may be even uglier!

GM: It was a brutal kick... but despite the fact that he should be going for a pin here, Tyler is taking another opportunity to gloat to the fans about what he just did to Caleb Von Braun.

BW: The Aces ain't done yet, daddy.

[Still gloating, Tyler leans down to pull Von Braun off the mat, quickly pulling him into a side waistlock, snapping Von Braun over and down hard to the canvas with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Right down on the back of the head! That might do it right there!

[From outside the ring, we hear a few shouts of encouragement from Percy Childes as Tyler rolls to his knees, looking on with a big grin on his face as Steven Childes shouts something from the apron.]

GM: Still no attempt at a pin... but it looks like you're right, Bucky. It looks like they're not done with Von Braun quite yet.

[Climbing back to his feet, Tyler slaps the hand of his partner who starts to scale the ropes as Tyler ducks down behind Von Braun, hoisting him up into an electric chair position.]

GM: Wait a second! Caleb Von Braun is dazed and now he's trapped way up high on the shoulders of Danny Tyl-

BW: Daniel!

[Childes leaps off the top rope, crashing across the chest of Von Braun with a flying cross body as Tyler falls backwards, bringing Von Braun crashing hard to the canvas!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM BY THE ACES!

[Tyler rolls out of the ring as Childes reaches back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd erupts in cheers as Von Braun fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: No! Just a two count!

BW: That was close, daddy. Extremely close.

[Childes shoots a glare at Meekly as he climbs to his feet, gesturing to the downed Caleb and slapping his hands together three times.]

GM: Looks like Steven Childes thinks it was a three count but the referee is waving him off. He says it was only a two count, Bucky.

BW: Looked slow to me too, Steven.

[Reaching down, he hauls Caleb back to his feet, shoving him back into the Aces' corner where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made to "Delicious" Daniel Tyler...

[They quickly move Von Braun to a neutral corner, double whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Ohh! Von Braun hits the corner hard!

[Childes goes first, breaking into a tumble, flipping across the ring, and smashing his elbow back into the heart of Von Braun!]

GM: Nice athletic move by Childes and-

[Childes drops down to all fours as Tyler dashes across the ring, springing off the back of his partner...

...and hitting nothing but the empty buckles!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[The crowd cheers as Tyler hits the mat, clutching his chest that slammed into the corner. Childes immediately springs to his feet as Caleb leans against the ropes, trying to stay on his feet...

...and POPS an incoming Childes under the chin with a superkick!]

GM: Ohh! He got caught right there!

[Not waiting for a tag, Calvin grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself over the ropes and catching a stunned Childes with a clothesline, taking him down to the mat!]

BW: He's illegal! Get him outta there, Meekly!

GM: All four men are in the ring! This is about to break down in a hurry!

[The Von Brauns pull Childes off the mat, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Childes off the far side and- WHOOOOOA MY!

[The crowd ERUPTS for a mile high backdrop on the small Childes!]

GM: Big double backdrop by the Von Brauns!

[Wheeling around, the twins spot a rising Daniel Tyler and leave their feet, connecting with a double dropkick that sends Tyler back down to the mat again!]

GM: Down goes Tyler again!

[Steven Childes scrambles, trying to get back to his feet with the aid of the ropes...

...and Caleb Von Braun charges, connecting with a running clothesline that takes both he and Childes over the ropes and out to the floor! Huge cheer!]

GM: VON BRAUN CLEARS OUT CHILDES!! He just took himself and Childes out of the ring with that clothesline which leaves Daniel Tyler in there with Calvin Von Braun and Calvin is NOT the legal man, Bucky!

BW: How can you tell?!

GM: I just can!

[Calvin pulls a dazed Tyler back to his feet, firing him off into the ropes. Von Braun digs deep, swinging a wild clothesline attempt that Tyler easily ducks, slamming on the brakes as he reaches back...

...and SNAPS Calvin Von Braun down to the mat with a reverse neckbreaker!]

BW: RAZZLE DAZZLE! Daniel Tyler nailed it!

[Tyler rolls over, applying a lateral press to the illegal man as he reaches back to hook a leg.]

GM: No, no! He's not the legal man, referee!

[But Meekly's lost track of that, diving to the canvas to count.]

BW: ONE!!

[Caleb Von Braun, on his feet on the floor, sees the situation and slides under the bottom rope to aid his partner.]

BW: TWO!!

[But Steven Childes reaches up, grabbing Von Braun by the leg and holding on for dear life, keeping him out of reach of the pinning predicament.]

BW: THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: Haha! I love it! So much for revenge for old man Von Braun! These idiots let their decrepit uncle down, daddy!

[Childes finally lets go, allowing Caleb to slide into the ring fully as Tyler rolls out under the ropes to the floor. Caleb Von Braun immediately begins arguing with the official about him being the legal man.]

GM: Von Braun, Caleb that is, says he was the legal man and he’s absolutely correct about that, Bucky.

BW: Here’s a quarter - call someone who gives a cr-

GM: BUCKY! Fans, you have to think that these two being identical twins backfired on them in this case as the official was completely unaware that he wasn’t counting the correct man down. Caleb was legal but in the end, it was Calvin who suffered the pinfall at the hands of Daniel Tyler.

[The ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

THE AAAAAAAACESSSSSSSSSS!

[“Dancing Queen” by Red Kross starts up as Childes and Tyler meet up outside the ring and raise their arms in victory. Percy Childes and Raven meet the Aces, Percy clapping his hands together with a big smile across his face as the quartet makes their way back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

BW: Score another one for the good guys!

GM: Oh please. Fans, we’ll be right back after a quick break!

[Fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You’re watchin’ AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we’re kickin’ it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out and we come back from commercial to the backstage interview area where Jason Dane stands across from AWA highflier "Showtime" Rick Marley.]

JD: Welcome back, wrestling fans. With me now is "Showtime" Rick Marley. Rick, you're moments away from teaming with Eric Preston, a man who you've had some unkind words for over the last few weeks. How can the two of you POSSIBLY co-exist, much less work together to wrestle two of the toughest men in this company: Sultan Azam Sharif and "The San Jose Shark" himself, Marcus Broussard?

[Rick shakes his head and shrugs.]

RM: By being professionals and doing our job, Jase?

You see, while me and Eric Preston may have our disagreements about certain things due to the fact that he's wildly misinformed...bordering on crazy, really...we both understand what it means once you set foot inside of that ring. At that point the frustration that he feels about getting stuck in long fights with sociopaths, while I'm able to wrap things up and keep them from turning into blood feuds...my frustration that he claims I don't earn my spot, even if it's completely off base--

[Marley pauses, frowning for a moment and holding up his finger, then nodding.]

RM: Let me try to re-phrase that. We both know that if we take our eye off of the ball against a guy like Shariff that's an Olympic gold medalist, or a guy like Broussard that would happily club his own mom with a chair to get ahead in this business that we're not only gonna lose, but we're gonna get embarrassed. Now, I don't know about Eric Preston, but I didn't come here to get embarrassed, Jason.

JD: Well, Rick Marley, surely you have to admit that Eric Preston has to be at least a bit skeptical about the sort of partner you'll be.

RM: Because I think he's full of crap and takes himself too seriously?

Hardly.

Jason, I am first and foremost a competitor...and one thing bothers me more than anything else that's happened in a long time, even if I don't like to show it.

I got pinned.

[Marley nods.]

JD: You did...by James Monosso...

RM: I'm aware of who did it. What you might not be aware of is that's the first time I've been pinned in ANY wrestling ring anywhere in over three years. As easy as it is to play it off...as easy as it is to point to other wins I've had here...I got pinned.

I lost.

[Marley shakes his head, looking at Jason seriously.]

RM: I. Don't. Lose.

Not in tag matches, not in singles matches, hell, not in matches on those video games that they sell at the merchandise tables. If there's a THUMB wrestling tournament that I get entered into, I'm damned well gonna take home that thumb sized trophy.

So...you ask how Eric Preston can trust me to do my job out there?

Simple...if I don't, I lose...and I sure as hell don't lose to the likes of Broussard and Sharif.

SO! Pay attention. Preston and I may not get along, but we'll do what's right.

Now...it's showtime.

[Marley heads off camera, leaving Jason Dane.]

JD: Encouraging words from Rick Marley...now let's see if he lives up to them. But before we go back down to the ring, let's take a look at something that happened here earlier today. Our cameras were backstage talking to Albert Showens for one of our Internet-only shows, learning about his judo background when... well, take a look...

[A graphic that says "Earlier Tonight" pops up on the screen as the camera fades to a hallway backstage. Leaning up against a wall, sandwich in one hand, and a newspaper in the other, is the young judo star Albert Showens talking to an AWA cameraman.]

AS: What show is this going to be on again?

Cameraman: It's on one of the YouTube shows.

AS: Oh, great. My mom still has trouble with the computer but hopefully she'll get a chance to- hey!

[Showens' attention turns off camera. The shot quickly pans to the right, revealing Alphonse Green leaning against a wall.]

AS: Excuse me, punk... that's my sandwich!

[Green, chewing on the sandwich, looks at Showens and shrugs.]

AS: I even took a bite out of that thing, you know..

[Green steps forward, glaring at Showens.]

AG: Hey, you snooze, you lose... hey, aren't you that karate kid guy? The guy who does kicks and stuff? Can you break blocks with your forehead?

[Showens rolls his eyes at Green's questions.]

AS: First of all, I practice judo, second...

[Green interrupts.]

AG: Ooh! Please tell me you do cool training montages set to 80s glam rock, getting yourself amped up for the big fight?

[Showens glares at Green.]

AS: [scoffing]: No.

[Green shakes his head.]

AG: Lame. You martial arts types are always so boring in real life. C'mon, son. Hell, you even fight in bare feet. What's that all about? Nobody who ever fights in bare feet is interesting. No wonder you've not been booked in awhile..

[Showens, showing annoyance, clenches his fists.]

AG: ..you're a bore.

AS: You know, you really are an annoying son of-

AG [interrupting]; Your FACE is annoying!

[Green flashes a smug little smile, pleased at his little 'master stroke' as Showens shakes his head in disbelief, before getting in Green's face.]

AS: You're absolutely right. I haven't been booked in awhile, until now.

[Showens jabs a finger into Green's chest.]

AS: You're scheduled for tonight, right? I'll take ya on. You know what, you can have the sandwich. The thought of me twisting you into a pretzel in that ring tonight more than makes up for losing a cheap catering sandwich.

[Showens brushes past Green and walks off camera. Green looks towards the camera, wondering what he got himself into. Green nods his head, and starts muttering something.]

AG: Mmm... pretzels.

[Green turns and walks away from the camera, looking for a vending machine, perhaps? We fade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside. Showens is standing at the top of the ring steps, and takes a bow towards the ring before entering.]

GM: What a piece of work! The nerve of that guy!

BW: I agree, Gordo! Showens was being quite a jerk. It's perfectly fine to share a sandwich with your co-workers!

GM: Are you kidding me? Green didn't even ask to take the sandwich! Anyway, let's go to the ring for our introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 10 minute time limit! Introducing first in the ring, from Colorado Springs, Colorado, weighing in tonight at two hundred and thirty three pounds.. ALBERT SHOWENS!

[Showens raises his arm to the crowd as they give a small cheer, which quickly disappears as the smooth voice of Freddy Mercury as the slow opening to "Don't Stop Me Now" begins playing over the PA.]

PW: And his opponent...

[As the slow opening ends and the main part of "Don't Stop Me Now" plays over the PA, Green bursts out onto the aisleway, Waterson behind him. The manager looks around, obviously concerned after what happened earlier in the night.]

PW: Coming down the aisle, accompanied by the Agent to the Stars, Ben Waterson. He hails from Windermere, Florida, and he weighs in tonight at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds, here is... ALPHONSE... GREEN!

[Green sprints down the aisle way, with a broad smile on his face, as the crowd expresses their displeasure. Green, blissfully ignoring the crowd, hops onto the apron. Green, on one knee, with his left arm holding the top rope, extends his right arm, the smile still plastered to his face as the boos rain down on him. As the song fades, Waterson begins talking on his cell phone, as we saw two weeks ago when he accompanied Pedro Perez to his promo.]

GM: Ben Waterson obviously feeling a little more relaxed out here. We've been told that Juan Vasquez was removed from the building by AWA security

after what happened earlier tonight. So, Waterson has the freedom to do... whatever the heck it is he's doing out here on the phone.

BW: He's a busy man. He's got a lot going on. Phone calls to make, e-mails to send.

GM: And after what happened earlier, you can see Jim Watkins really is keeping an eye on Ben Waterson. I spoke to Mr. Watkins during one of our breaks and he said the only reason he didn't throw Waterson out of the building is because he felt Vasquez crossed the line by going for that piledriver on the floor and Waterson was trying to save his client. But Waterson is on a strict zero tolerance policy in this one, Bucky.

[Green slingshots over the top rope as Johnny Jagger calls for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Green walks up to Showens, his hand extended for a handshake. Showens does not hesitate, grabbing Green and throwing him down to a cheer from the crowd!]

BW: What a jerk! What the heck do they teach Showens about sportsmanship in those judo classes anyway? Green was just wishing the man luck tonight!

GM: Green had it coming, if you ask me.

[Green makes his way back up to his knees, muttering something to Showens about how "they got off on the wrong foot." Green clambers back to his feet, and once again offers Showens his hand.]

BW: Green's got the patience of a saint, offering his hand to Showens once again! Green's a great guy, Gordo, you should start warming up to him, already!

GM: The guy's a weasel, Bucky. There always was something a bit off about Green, and his words and actions have proven me right. Someday someone's gotta put this guy in his place.

[Showens thinks about returning the handshake, and he does.. only to throw Green to the mat once again to the pop of the crowd! Green looks angry, and asks Waterson if he saw what Showens did. Waterson puts his hand on his cell phone, turns towards Green, and tells him "yeah, yeah, I saw it, just go get him already." Green climbs to his feet and races across the ring to lock up with Showens.]

BW: I can't believe the nerve of this guy! Green's being as sincere as can be, and Showens is just throwing Green's selfless act of kindness back in his face.

GM: Showens and these fans see how insincere Green actually is! I wouldn't trust that man to apologize, or wish an opponent well one bit! Meanwhile, both men are locked up in the center of the ring. Showens, using his size to his advantage, takes Green to the ropes.. and a clean break.

BW: About time we see something sportsmanlike from Showens..

[Green, still annoyed from getting thrown to the mat twice, slaps Showens right across the face!}]

BW: There ya go! Never refuse a man's handshake! That'll teach him a lesson!

[Green stays on Showens after the slap, raking the eyes. Showens turns around to protect his eyes, and Green rakes his fingers down Showens' back. He then does the Karate Kid Crane Kick stance as the crowd boos.]

GM: Green's trying to mock Albert Showens here but that's not even the right martial art!

BW: Who cares? Karate, judo, it's all the same!

GM: It most certainly is- oh yeah!

[Gordon's excitement is from Showens quickly recovering, and sprinting over to take down Green with a double leg takedown to the cheers of the crowd! Showens quickly grabs Green's right arm, and prepares to lock in a Juji Gatame, but Green quickly scrambles to the ropes and grabs them to get the potential hold broken. The ref begins his count, and Showens lets go at 4.]

BW: What a cheap move by Showens! Green grabbed the ropes and Showens wouldn't even let go of that dangerous arm lock!

GM: He had until the count of five to break the hold, Bucky. You know that as well as anyone.

BW: Now why can't you say this when Broussard or Dufresne do something like this? It's the same darn thing.

[While Gordon ponders a response, Green gets to his feet, shaking his arm to get a little bit of feeling back into it. Showens, who had backed off, moves in once again. The crowd boos as Green cheaply stomps on Showens' bare feet!]

BW: Next time, wear some boots!

GM: What a cheap shot but that's the risks one takes when one wrestles barefoot.

[Showens, hopping up and down, takes a kneelift to the jaw from Green. Showens staggers, but doesn't go down. Green measures, and kicks Showens in the midsection. Green hooks him in a front facelock.]

GM: We saw this neckbreaker variation a couple of weeks ago, and here we go...

[Green swivels back and forth a few times, then suddenly pauses. Green hooks Showens' leg, then spins once again, spinning him over into a fisherman's suplex type hold!]

GM: Impressive! Jagger counts, but only gets two as Showens barely kicks out!

BW: They used to call that the Moss Covered, uh.. hmm, it's some long name, but it's nice that you give Green some credit finally! Waterson's got this kid learning new moves every day!

GM: While we got to see Green bust out a great move, it appears that Waterson wasn't paying attention.

[The camera shows Waterson, looking animated on the telephone. Meanwhile, Green's pulled Showens to a sitting position and locks him in a chinlock.]

GM: So tell me, Bucky, do you know what's going on with Waterson? Do you have any idea of who he might be talking to?

BW: Well, Gordo, as one of the charter members of his fan club, Gang Green, I did get an opportunity earlier tonight to ask about who Waterson's been talking to.

GM: Gang Green, give me a break! Anyway, what did you find out?

BW: Nothing, I'm afraid. Green just told me that he asked Waterson, and Waterson told him that it really was none of his business. Green's not the type of guy that would press the issue, he'll find out as soon as we do.

[Realizing that Green's not going to get a submission from a mere chinlock, he pulls Showens to his feet.]

GM: Green fires off an European Uppercut, and another one! Showens is staggering a little bit. Green whips Showens to the ropes, and hits him with a jumping elbow smash underneath the jaw.

[Green jumps to his feet, doing a little strut, then he drags Showens to the ropes. Green drapes Showens' neck on the second rope, and starts choking him! Jagger starts up a count, and Green breaks at four, only to get right back on the attack. The camera shows a closeup of Showens' face, and Green decides that he's gonna have a little fun.]

AG: Wave hi to your mom, Albert! C'mon! Say hi! Say it!

[Green mockingly says "Hi!" as he forces Showens to wave to the camera.]

GM: What a disgusting.., c'mon ref, get him off of him!

[Jagger warns Green with a disqualification if he doesn't let Showens off the ropes. Green turns to Jagger and nods his head. As Jagger checks in on Showens, who is still draped over the 2nd rope, Green bounces off the far side ropes, and runs towards Showens. Jagger, seeing Green, quickly moves out of the way as Green leaps, bringing down his weight on the back of Showens' head. The momentum then takes Green straight out of the ring, where Green lands on his feet. Showens is in the ring, clutching at his throat!]

BW: Way the stick the landing, kid! How do you rate that, Gordo?

GM: I'm not gonna rate something like that!

[Green struts again on the outside, getting some notice from Waterson. Waterson, who appears to be on hold at the moment, looks over and nods in approval, then tells Green to get back in the ring. Green agrees and quickly slides into the ring. Green pulls Showens up to his feet, looks at Waterson, and hooks a front facelock. Green gives a thumbs up to Waterson, who gives one in return.]

BW: Looks like Green's gonna do the Moss thingie again while he's got Waterson's attention!

[Instead of doing that, he takes Showens over in a snap suplex as Waterson returns to his phone call. Green springs to his feet and points to the nearby top rope, and quickly scampers onto the ring apron. He climbs to the top, and raises both arms in the air..]

AG: GONNA FLY NOW! DUH DUH DUH! GONNA FLLYYYY NOW!!!!

[Bucky laughs as Gordon lets out a loud groan.]

GM: Oh good grief. That's from Rocky.. a movie about boxing. First Karate Kid, and now Rocky..

BW: They're all the same kind of movies to me, Gordo.

GM: No, they're not! Will you stop?

[After Green stops mockingly singing the theme to Rocky, he finally decides it's a good time to take flight. Green leaps off the top rope with a flying elbow.. only to find that Showens has rolled out of the way at the last second! The crowd cheers this turn of events as Showens starts to shake the cobwebs.]

GM: He missed! C'mon Albert! This is your time!

PW: FIVE MINUTES HAVE PASSED IN THIS MATCH, FIVE MINUTES REMAIN.

[After noticing the crowd cheering Green's failed flying elbow attempt, and distracted by Phil Watson's booming voice, Waterson is heard saying "I'll call you right back." After hanging up, he turns to the ring and sees that Green's down on the mat. Barking orders to get up, the first one to his feet.. is Showens!]

GM: Showens pulls Green to his feet, and whips him in.. BIG back body drop! This could be the beginning of the end for Alphonse Green if Showens can keep this up!

[Showens turns and pulls Green to his feet by his hair, hooks him, and takes him down with a thunderous tani otoshi! Showens quickly jumps on Green for the pin!]

GM: ONE! TWO... and no, Green just gets the shoulder up at two and a half!

BW: I tell ya, all this money Waterson's spent is all gonna go to waste if Showens keeps nailing these big throws. Green's gonna have to turn this one around in a hurry. Quick! Step on his feet again!

[Showens pulls Green up to his feet, and tries to whip Green to the corner. Green reverses, however, and sends Showens into the corner. Green, shaking the cobwebs off, sees that he has Showens in a bind.]

GM: Oh now what?

[Green starts doing a ninja like pose, then charges in. The crowd cheers, however as Showens moves, sending Green crashing into the corner!]

GM: Green fooled around and took too much time as his charge completely misses the mark!

[Showens seems pumped up as he ponders his next move. Green backs out of the corner, where Showens awaits, and Showens takes him over with a german suplex!]

GM: He's got the bridge! One! Two! No!

[The crowd groans in disappointment as Green kicks out at two. Showens slams his fist to the mat, slightly frustrated that he couldn't score the pin. Green scrambles to the relative safety of the corner, as Showens pursues. Showens drags Green to his feet, and we can hear Green say "Whatcha got now, ninja boy?" Showens pauses, and grabs Green by his hair, balling his right hand into a fist.]

GM: Showens is getting sick of Green making fun of his martial arts background! I hope he belts this kid!

BW: He's hesitating! That's not part of his judo training and he knows it! He can't hit him!

GM: Punching isn't a part of judo, but everyone has their limits, and it looks like Green hasn't crossed that line yet.

[Green, with the realization that Showens isn't going to punch him, breaks free of Showens grasp and tries a punch of his own, which wildly misses. Showens then charges off the ropes, and lunges for Green.]

GM: He's got.. NO!

[Green sidesteps Showens' lunge, then runs towards the ropes. Leaping up to the second rope, Green jumps off, and as Showens turns to see where Green went, is met with a huge kick right in the face!]

BW: THE GROUND CHUCK! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Waterson is heard barking out at Green to not fool around and finish him. Green turns towards Waterson, and nods his head. Green pulls Showens to his feet, and starts to set up for the Hunger Strike. Waterson points to the corner where he's at, and Green scales the ropes, finishing off Showens with the Hunger Strike as the crowd expresses their disappointment.]

BW: One! Two! Three! Green wins again!

"DING DING DING!"

PW: Here is your winner.. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[The boos start up as "Don't Stop Me Now" plays over the PA system. Green rolls off of Showens and out of the ring where Waterson greets him. Waterson appears to be telling Green things that he liked and didn't like about his performance, and Green is eating it up, nodding enthusiastically the entire time up the aisleway.]

GM: Green pulls off the victory against a very game Albert Showens this week. If only Showens didn't hesitate, despite his judo training.

BW: Sometimes you gotta have a killer instinct, and thanks to Waterson, Green's developed one. Maybe Showens oughtta get himself someone like Waterson, to bring out the killer instinct that he needs to succeed here in the AWA.

GM: Thankfully it appears that Green isn't going to address his audience as him and Waterson quickly make their way backstage... and that's a good thing because we've gotta get right back up to the ring for more action here on Saturday Night Wrestling but before we do, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by. Jason?

[Cut to the dark recesses of the Crocket Coliseum where a man sits on a short stepladder, back to the camera, features hidden by a harsh light hanging by a wire from overhead. Wearing a blue ring robe, it's sleeves raggedly cut away, William Craven binds his hands in his signature red gauze. He seems unaware of his surroundings as a second figure, features

fully hidden outside the glaring cone of light that surrounds the green man...]

JD: Mister Craven? A word please?

[Not flinching, not uttering a sound, Craven continues his pre-match ritual. Jason Dane, now recognizable by his voice, continues to edge forward.]

JD: Mr. Craven? Can you hear me? It's Jason Dane. We've met a few times before? When you were preparing for the Memorial Day Rumble?

[Still nothing. Craven's strip of gauze gets continually shorter. The camera zooms in and we can tell that the gauze is wet and below it is a bucket.]

JD: Mr. Craven? William?

[The last scrap of gauze is tucked into Craven's right palm, no glue apparently being necessary. Dane sets foot into Craven's light.]

WC: What would you have of me, Dane? Preparations are in motion...

[Stopping short, Dane stares at Craven, unsure of his next move.]

JD: You ... you heard what Supernova said?

[His head half-turning to give a sidelong glance to Dane, who flinches, Craven chuckles sardonically. It looks like Bill's put in a pair of slit-pupil contact lenses to enhance his reptilian appearance.]

WC: An object in space gives way to entropy and I am to interpret this as sage wisdom? Tell me ... what did the "supernova" say? Heh, aheh, is it a joke about a chicken and a road? Is ... is the chicken flat?

[Confused, Dane hunkers down, his weight on his heels.]

JD: Supernova. Uh, you do know that Supernova is a wrestler? He's contended for the AWA National Championship before. He WON the Rumble you were in back in May.

WC: Ah. Ah yes, of course. What is this man's real name?

JD: Well I'm not sure...

WC: Heh, aheh, the name of "Supernova" is then being used much as "the Dragon" used by me. Bravo to him, yes?

JD: Well he ... he accepted your challenge. Just minutes ago.

WC: What challenge?

[Beat. Dane sputters.]

JD: Your--your challenge? The one you made on the last Saturday Night Wrestling?

WC: You are confused. You confuse the prophecy of violence for some call to arms that must be heeded. The revolution is here. Simple fact.

[Reaching into the bucket, Craven draws out a sopping wet strip of gauze, about 8' long and allows it to loop loosely on the floor as he squeezes the red fluid out in sections. Dane takes a step back, looking down at the bucket.]

JD: Wh--no, no, you're right.

[Yes, what he's seeing is freaking Dane out enough to where the long-time interviewer is becoming somewhat incoherent.]

JD: No, Supernova issued a challenge, I think! He wants to fight you.

[Turning to plant his feet more directly towards Dane, Craven gives a shark-toothed grin.]

WC: Aheh. Well then ... if he wishes to know what it is to withstand me to my face, if he wishes to know what it is to do battle with the immortal spirit of Hardcore then he need look no further than my match tonight. If he is serious ... then he will come to the rescue, yes?

JD: R-rescue?

[Sneer from Craven as he flings a hand out in a wide gesture, splattering Dane with red liquid.]

JD: GAH!

WC: Now begone! I have little time to finish my preparations. Must ... make ready...

[Dane hastily departs as we crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing with the four participants in our tag team showdown already in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... they are the team of...

ERRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSTON!

[The former Combat Corner student raises an arm to the cheers of the crowd.]

PW: And his tag team partner tonight...

“SHOOOOWTIME”

RIIIIIICK MAAAAAARRRRLEY!

[Marley hops up to the midbuckle, waving his arms at the crowd to incite more cheers for the fan favorite before he drops back down to the canvas with a grin.]

PW: And their opponents... first, being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite...

[HUUUUGE BOOS!]

PW: He is the winner of the 2011 Steal The Spotlight...

SULLLLTAAAN AAAAZAAAAAM SHAAAAAARIIIIIF!

[The flag-waving Sultan gets a mixture of cheers and boos from the AWA faithful as he shouts something completely unintelligible at the fans.]

PW: And his tag team partner, being accompanied to the ring by his manager, the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson...

[More boos for the managerial force!]

PW: He is the first-ever AWA National Champion...

He is the San Jose Shark...

MAAAAARRRRCUSSS BROUUUUSSAAAAARD!

[Broussard leans in the corner, shrugging off the jeers of the crowd as Ben Waterson stands on the apron, consulting with his charge.]

GM: What a tag team encounter this is gonna be, Bucky.

BW: I guess.

GM: You don't sound so excited about this matchup.

BW: This matchup is one of those bizarre things that you see in the world of professional wrestling that I just don't get. I mean, obviously it's going to be a great match because these are four high-quality wrestlers in there. But these teams... you've got teams made up of guys who are scheduled to wrestle one another in singles competition in the near future! How can the Championship Committee expect this thing to NOT break down into a total mess by the end of it? None of these four men trust each other one bit and who can blame them.

GM: You make some valid points. We already know that Rick Marley and Eric Preston are going to collide in two weeks' time in a match that should have major Top Ten rankings implications. Plus, Sultan Azam Sharif has accepted a challenge from Marcus Broussard to put his Steal The Spotlight

victory prize on the line against five thousand dollars of the San Jose Shark's money. That match hasn't been scheduled yet but it should happen in the very near future as well, Bucky.

BW: That's what I'm saying, Gordo. With two situations as explosive as this, the Committee is just throwing these four in the ring and lighting the fuse. And Jim Watkins gets a ringside seat to watch the chaos unfold.

[With referee Mickey Meekly in the ring talking with both teams, the two sides both seem to be arguing about who is going to start the match for their respective units.]

GM: A whole lot of intense discussion here before the bell to see who is going to be in and who is going to be out.

BW: See? They can't even agree on who is starting the dang match!

[The referee steps in finally, pointing at Eric Preston.]

GM: It looks like Mickey Meekly is breaking up this stalemate. It's going to be Eric Preston starting for his team and for the other...

[Meekly points at the San Jose Shark.]

GM: Marcus Broussard! And what an interesting showdown this should be, Bucky.

BW: You've got the most famed graduate of the Combat Corner, Eric Preston, standing in there with a man who did some time as a trainer in that same facility. For all we know, these two might as well be teacher and student, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure whether or not their paths would have crossed there - we'd need to look into that but just look at the talent involved in this match. You've got the Number One contender to the National Title teaming with the Steal The Spotlight winner and Number Four contender to take on the Number Six contender and the Number Ten contender.

BW: And this may be a tag team match, Gordo, but you can bet that the Championship Committee has their eyes on this match and this could very easily affect the Top Ten rankings.

[The San Jose Shark edges his way out of the corner, turning to look back at Sharif who fires off a few words in his direction as Broussard gets out to the middle of the ring. Eric Preston and Rick Marley are trading words too as Preston moves out of the corner...

...and as the bell rings, Broussard and Preston go immediately into a collar and elbow tieup. The San Jose Shark doesn't waste a moment, twisting the arm around into a wristlock...]

GM: Broussard, ever the technician, goes immediately after the arm.

BW: And we may be about to get a sequel to two weeks ago when he absolutely schooled Stevie Scott on the art of professional wrestling.

[Broussard shouts something at Sharif as he slams his arm up into the underside of Preston's bicep in a European uppercut style strike and then immediately slams his overhead elbow down across the bicep as well, knocking Preston down to a knee...]

GM: A pair of hard shots to the arm! Broussard takes him off his feet...

[Raising his leg, Broussard presses the knee against the shoulder joint as he keeps his grip on the extended arm...

...and then SLAMS the arm down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! That could pop a shoulder right out, Bucky!

BW: It certainly could and don't think for a moment that Broussard doesn't know that. He'd have absolutely no problem putting this punk Preston on the shelf if it got him one step closer to the National Title that he believes belongs to him.

[With the shoulder pinned under his knee, Broussard cranks up on the trapped limb, putting extraordinary pressure on the pivot point. Preston cries out in pain at the hold as Rick Marley slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting at Preston.]

GM: Marley's shouting some encouragement in to his partner...

BW: I guess you can call it that. It doesn't sound too encouraging to me from where I'm sitting, Gordo.

GM: I suppose it's in the eye of the beholder, right?

[Marley angrily shouts at Preston again as Broussard cranks up on the trapped arm, shouting at the official to ask him.]

GM: The referee checks in - the answer is no though. Eric Preston is hanging on. It's going to take a lot more than that to get a submission out of someone like Eric Preston who has been through out-and-out warfare with Anton Layton and James Monosso.

[Broussard climbs to his feet, hooking an armbar but Preston easily makes it to the ropes, grabbing hold to force a break. An angry Broussard shoves Preston back against the ropes with both hands, pointing a threatening finger in his face as he steps back to the middle of the ring, waving Preston back out to the middle.]

GM: Broussard with a clean break there... kinda.

BW: Look at Marley, Gordo. He's shouting at Preston to tag him in.

GM: I don't think that's likely to happen yet.

[The Combat Corner graduate glares at Marley, hands on his hips. He shakes his head as he claps his hands together, moving back to the middle of the ring where he ties up with Broussard again...

...and again finds himself trapped in a wristlock as Broussard cranks on the arm. He again slams his elbow down across the arm... and again... and again.]

GM: Broussard's all over that arm! Really trying to do some damage to the left arm of Eric Preston and-

[Grabbing the arm deep, the San Jose Shark takes him off his feet with an armdrag, tucking the arm under his armpit as he applies a kneeling armbar on the canvas.]

BW: Well, I guess we know what Michaelson did and didn't teach his kids at the Combat Corner. Preston's getting absolutely owned on the canvas by the Maestro of the Mat, Marcus Broussard.

GM: The Maestro Of The Mat? Are you kidding me?

BW: I have to sit here and listen to you call Supernova a "young lion" over and over - humor me.

[Broussard wrenches back on the arm, glaring across the ring at Sultan Azam Sharif who is pacing back and forth on the apron, looking for a tag into the match. Count Adrian Bathwaite is giving Sharif an earful from his spot on the floor.]

GM: Sharif wants in there so badly. He's not exactly used to tag team wrestling. He's been in a few here in the AWA but it's not his cup of tea, Bucky.

BW: He won Steal The Spotlight, didn't he?

GM: That was a slightly different situation but I think both Sharif and Bathwaite would admit that tag team wrestling isn't their strong suit.

[Broussard asks for another submission but Preston screams a refusal. The San Jose Shark stands up, immediately releasing the hold. He "dusts off" his shoulders as he smirks at Preston who takes a knee near the ropes, clutching his arm in pain.]

GM: Preston's gotta figure out a way to get away from the mat wrestling with Broussard - I think he's just outgunned in that department, Bucky.

BW: Preston's a perfectly capable wrestler but he's no Marcus Broussard.

[A fact that Rick Marley seems perfectly happy to inform Preston of from his spot in the corner.]

GM: Rick Marley is letting loose a stream of trash talk in the direction of his partner tonight - the man who will be his opponent in two weeks' time on Saturday Night Wrestling - Eric Preston.

BW: And Preston don't look too happy 'bout that, Gordo.

GM: He certainly doesn't.

[Preston climbs back to his feet, wincing as he shakes out his arm. Broussard smirks at him, gesturing him back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: And it looks like Preston's gonna try it again here, fans.

BW: Glutton for punishment.

GM: Collar and elbow in the center... Broussard right back to the armtwist and-

[The crowd ROARS as Preston rears back and drops the San Jose Shark with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Oh yeah! He might not be able to wrestle out of the armbar but he sure got out of it right there!

[A shocked Broussard hits the canvas, scooting back on his rear end away from Preston who stands, fists at the ready for another punch.]

GM: Broussard may be the Maestro Of The Mat, Bucky, but he wants no part of Eric Preston and that right hand again!

[An angry San Jose Shark pulls himself off the mat, shouting at the official who warns Preston about the right hand...

...and then slaps the hand of Sharif with a shout of "YOU DEAL WITH HIM!"

GM: The tag is made - and in comes Sultan Azam Sharif!

[Sharif gladly steps through the ropes, slapping his muscular chest twice as he stares down Eric Preston. Preston nods, going right into another tieup with Sharif...

...but gets muscled back into the corner by the Steal The Spotlight winner who backs off and then buries a hooked boot into the midsection!]

GM: No clean break there by Sharif but knowing Bathwaite, he's probably convinced Sharif that that's the honorable way to compete, Bucky.

[Sharif grabs Preston by the arm, firing him from corner-to-corner to the neutral corner...

...where Preston leaps up to the middle rope, blindly springing backwards and popping an incoming Sharif under the chin with an elbow!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A MOVE BY ERIC PRESTON!

[A shocked Sharif tries to scramble to his feet as Preston is ready to meet him, slamming an elbow down on the back of Sharif's neck as he shouts something at Marley.]

GM: These two teammates are not getting along at all, Bucky.

BW: What a shock. No one could have possibly predicted that to happen!

[Preston grabs Sharif by the arm, wheeling him towards the ropes but the powerful Sharif reverses it, sending Preston into the ropes instead where Rick Marley slaps Preston's shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag by Marley!

[The Combat Corner graduate bounces off, leapfrogging over a backdrop attempt by Sharif. The former Olympian spins around, ready to attack as Preston grabs the other ropes, throwing on the brakes...

...which leaves Sharif with his back turned to Marley who steps through the ropes, measuring Sharif!]

GM: Marley's in! He's legal!

[And as soon as Sharif turns around, Marley deadleaps, hooking his legs around the head and neck of the Olympian, throwing him down to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: Oh my! Nice takedown by Rick Marley!

[Marley pops back to his feet, turning to face Sharif as he tries to get up off the mat...

...but Preston grabs him by the arm, spinning him around!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Hrm! Wow! Who would have seen this coming?

[Preston shouts at Marley, sticking a finger in his chest. The crowd "OHHHHs" as Marley slaps the arm away, returning the favor by shoving his accusing finger into the face of Preston.]

GM: This team may be falling apart right now, Bucky.

[Preston shouts at Marley again and then delivers a two-handed shove that sends him falling backwards...

...right into a backdrop suplex by Sharif!]

GM: Ohh! Sharif puts Marley down on the back of the head and neck!

[The Combat Corner graduate, obviously annoyed with himself, slams his arms down on the top rope before stepping out of the ring to stand at his spot in the corner.]

GM: Preston didn't mean to do that, I don't believe, Bucky. He wants to win this match and as much as he dislikes Marley and can't wait to take him on in two weeks, he's not going to intentionally cost his team the match tonight.

BW: You sure about that?

GM: I guess we're going to find out.

[Sharif puts the boots to the downed Marley to jeers from the crowd. He looks puzzled at their reaction, turning to Bathwaite who shouts for more. Sharif obeys, burying more hooked boots into the torso of "Showtime."]

GM: Sharif is all over him, stomping away with those illegal boots.

BW: Who says they're illegal?

GM: I'm convinced those boots are illegal, Bucky... and I'm sure Adrian Bathwaite knows it.

[Sharif leans down, dragging Marley off the canvas by the hair. He wraps his arms around the torso of Marley.]

GM: Sharif's got him hooked - a belly-to-belly perhaps, taking a page out of the playbook of Marcus Broussard.

[But Marley fights back, throwing a series of short right hands to the temple, loosening the grip...

...and then SLAMS his arms together on the ears of Sharif, breaking his grip!]

GM: Ohh! Marley breaks free!

[Marley quickly leaps straight up, lashing out with both feet in a dropkick to the chest that sends Sharif falling backwards into the neutral corner. A fired-up Marley kips up to his feet, marching into the corner where Sharif is standing.]

GM: Big whip by Marley... ohh! Sharif slams hard to the corner!

[Marley charges across the ring, throwing himself into the air...]

GM: CORNER SPLAAAAA-

[Sharif steps out of the buckles, catching Marley in his powerful arms. He swiftly walks out of the corner, absorbing a series of short punches to the skull as he gets a few feet out...

...and then LAUNCHES Marley overhead, crashing into the buckles with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Sharif turns around, shouting something to the crowd as he stands over the wrecked Marley who is writhing on the mat in pain. He gestures at Broussard who kneels down on the mat, huddling up with his manager, Ben Waterson.]

GM: Keep an eye on Waterson out there - you know Jim Watkins will be.

[The crowd jeers as the Sultan pulls Marley up off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down in the center of the ring. He pauses, shouting at Eric Preston before leaping into the air, dropping a big elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Sharif drops the elbow!

[He quickly rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: Sharif gets one! He gets two!

[Marley slips the shoulder off the mat at the count of two, avoiding the pinfall as Sharif gets back to his feet, gesturing to the San Jose Shark.]

GM: It looks like Sharif's going to make a tag here...

[Marching to the corner, Sharif aggressively slaps the hand of the San Jose Shark, bringing Broussard back into the ring.]

GM: In comes the former National Champion...

[Broussard comes in hot and heavy, tearing into Marley with a series of stomps and kicks to the head and chest. He backs off, diving forward to drive his elbow into the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow right into the throat!

[This time, it's Broussard's turn to hook the leg, earning another two count.]

GM: Just a two count off the elbow there as well. Rick Marley is a world-class competitor. It'll take a lot to put him down for a three count as well.

[The San Jose Shark leans down, dragging Marley to his feet where a well-placed European uppercut sends Marley falling back against the buckles.]

GM: Marley's in the corner - in comes Broussard.

[A series of kicks to the midsection by the San Jose Shark forces the official to step in, ordering him to back off.]

GM: Broussard steps back... but he moves right back in.

[This time, the San Jose Shark simply wraps his hands around the throat of Marley, choking him against the buckles as the referee and Eric Preston shout their protests. Broussard waits until the count of four before releasing the illegal hold, arrogantly walking away from Marley to gloat in the direction of Preston.]

GM: This guy really is too much, Bucky. Just so much arrogance.

BW: It's tough not to be arrogant when you're the best in the world at what you do, Gordo. Marcus Broussard, quite simply, believes that he is the greatest professional wrestler in the world today and that's a fact that's tough to argue.

GM: I thought you believe that Calisto Dufresne is the greatest professional athlete in the world today.

BW: It's a killer debate, Gordo. Is it Dufresne? Is it Broussard? They're 1-2 in my eyes.

[Broussard swings around, rushing back into the corner..

...where Marley slips his legs between the top and middle rope, leaning his torso back and swinging his legs up into the face of the charging Shark!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter by "Showtime" Rick Marley!

[Marley goes ahead and ducks through the ropes out to the apron, quickly scaling the ropes while a dazed Broussard tries to recover...

...and takes flight, tucking his legs deep to his chest before kicking out, flooring Broussard with a high impact dropkick!]

GM: Dropkick off the top and the San Jose Shark got rocked by that one!

[Marley again kips up to his feet, pointing out to the cheering crowd as he stalks across the ring to where Broussard is using the ropes to drag himself off the mat. Marley shoves him back to the corner, promptly hammering him with a forearm to the jaw.]

GM: Marley's got Broussard trapped in the corner, throwing that big forearm to the mush over and over!

[He grabs the arm, firing the first National Champion across the ring but the San Jose Shark is able to reverse the whip, sending Marley towards the neutral corner instead.]

GM: Broussard reverses the whip and charges in aft- look out!

[The crowd gasps as Marley rushes the corner, running up the turnbuckles and backflipping over the charging Broussard, landing on his feet behind him as Broussard runs chestfirst to the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Marcus hits the corner hard!

[Marley immediately leaves his feet, lashing out with another dropkick to the back of the staggered San Jose Shark, knocking him chestfirst into the corner again!]

GM: Back to the buckles off the dropkick!

[Quickly back to his feet, Marley grabs Broussard by the hair, pointing out to the cheering crowd and starts slamming his head into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FI-"

[But the attack is cut off when a quick-acting Broussard slams his elbow back into the ribs of Marley and then rakes his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Oh, cheap shot! Come on, referee!

[The official warns Broussard against the blatant eyerake as Broussard turns the tide, grabbing the hair of Marley and VIOLENTLY throwing him spinefirst into the buckles!]

GM: OHHH!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes gone, ten minutes remaining in the time limit for this one.

[Broussard throws a few kicks to the body before dragging Marley out of the corner by the hair. The San Jose Shark hooks a front facelock, slinging Marley's arm over his neck...

...and then thinks better of it, breaking the hold and hammering down with an overhead elbow to the back of the neck that knocks Marley down to his knees.]

GM: I'm not sure what happened there.

BW: You're not? Have you ever seen a Rick Marley match? You can't suplex Rick Marley without eating that Rewrite DDT, Gordo, and you better believe a ring general like Marcus Broussard knows that.

[A hard kick to the chest knocks Marley down to his back which allows the San Jose Shark to bounce off the ropes, measuring his man, and dropping a high impact knee across the forehead, rolling through the move to his feet. Broussard throws his arms apart, waving for the cheers of the crowd which most certainly do not come. A few more stomps follow before the first National Champion drags Marley to his feet by the arm, winging him towards the ropes...]

GM: Broussard sends him into the ropes... ohh! Hard back elbow to the jaw puts him down on the mat again!

[With a gleeful look on his face, Broussard backs to his own corner, jawing at Sharif as he hops up to the midbuckle, slowly raising his right hand as he raises his left, jerking a thumb in his own direction...

...and leaps off, burying the fist between the eyes of Marley!]

GM: High impact fistdrop by the man who was the first AWA National Champion - and there's a cover here by the Northern Californian!

[The referee drops to the mat as Broussard applies a sloppy cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Marley fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: No! Just a two count there!

[Grabbing Marley by the hair, Broussard hammers away with a series of right hands to the jaw before climbing back to his feet, dragging Marley up with him. He hammers away with a European uppercut, sending Marley falling back into the neutral corner again.]

GM: Broussard rocked him with that shot!

[A groggy Marley leans against the buckles, trying to recover as Broussard lights him up with a series of chops across the pectorals. Suddenly, Marley fights back, throwing a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by "Showtime!"

[A stunned Broussard backs off, eating two more haymakers from Rick Marley who casts a glance at the corner where Eric Preston has his arm outstretched, looking to get back into the match as Marley knocks Broussard back to the middle of the ring...

...but that momentary glance is all Broussard needs to bury a knee into the ribs of Marley, cutting off the comeback.]

BW: Haha! You can't take your eyes off Marcus Broussard, Gordo! Marley got ahead of himself right there and he paid the price for it!

[A well-placed kneelift sends Marley staggering back...

...and gives the San Jose Shark a chance to point at Preston, comparing his kneelift to Preston's Dream Machine with a chuckle as he moves in on Marley, throwing a kick to the midsection that knocks Marley back against the ropes.]

GM: Marley's in trouble again - he really needs a tag right now, Bucky.

BW: He sure does because the San Jose Shark is using and abusing him in there right now.

[Turning Marley around, Broussard pushes his throat down over the top rope, leaning his weight on the back of the neck.]

GM: Come on, referee! That's a blatant choke! Get off the man!

[With Marley struggling against the San Jose Shark, the first National Champion holds the chokehold until the count of four before breaking, raising his arms to indicate a clean break as the referee reads him the riot act. Grinning, Broussard backs off to the middle of the ring, taunting Eric Preston...

...and then wheeling around, charging the dazed Marley against the ropes!]

GM: Broussard charges him!

[But Marley drops down, pulling the top rope down with both hands, taking the San Jose Shark over the ropes, and down to the barely-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A MOVE BY RICK MARLEY!!

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

GM: How is that?!

BW: I don't- get me a rulebook, I'll find something!

[Marley gets back up, leaning against the ropes, breathing heavily.]

GM: And this is Rick Marley's chance, Bucky. He needs to walk across the ring and tag Eric Preston back into this match. He needs to make the tag right now, fans.

BW: He doesn't seem to be in any kind of hurry to do that.

[Ben Waterson kneels down next to Broussard, trying to get the San Jose Shark back to his feet...

...but as he does, he quickly bails the hell out as he sees Rick Marley deadleap to the top rope, springing off...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A DIVE!! WHAT A DIVE!! He leapt off that top rope with a somersault right down on top of Marcus Broussard and I think he just crushed the San Jose Shark under all his weight, Bucky! Incredible!

[Marley rolls off the downed Broussard, breathing heavily as the crowd continues to roar.]

GM: And it's moments like this that allow Rick Marley to call himself the Human Highlight Reel and for very few people to actually argue that point, Bucky.

BW: It was a crazy dive to the floor but it may have taken as much out of him as it did Broussard, Gordo. Moves like that are pointless if they do as much damage to you as they do to your opponent.

[Out on the apron, Sultan Azam Sharif shouts at his partner to get back to his feet. He paces down the apron, standing over Marley and Broussard to shout at them...

...which makes him easy prey for Eric Preston who dashes across the ring, connecting with a leaping shoulder tackle to the back of Sharif, a blow that sends the Olympian sailing off the apron, over Broussard and Marley, and down to the barely-padded floor as well to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: SHARIF GOES DOWN AS WELL!

[Preston pops to his feet to the roar of the crowd, throwing his arms back and echoing their roar...

...and then pointing at the corner!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Preston wants to fly too! That gloryhog!

GM: Eric Preston is heading to the corner, fans! He's climbing the ropes! You may be right, Bucky!

BW: MAY BE?!

[Preston reaches the top rope, the Combat Corner graduate pausing to soak up the cheers of the crowd as he stands atop his perch, waiting for Sharif to regain his feet...

...and then leaps from the top, sailing through the air and a sea of flashbulbs to completely wipe out Sharif with a crossbody dive!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH! PRESTON WITH A DAREDEVIL DIVE OFF THE TOP ROPE AND IT LOOKS LIKE A CAR WRECK OUT HERE AT RINGSIDE!!

[Surprisingly, after a few moments, it's actually Eric Preston who is the first one up to his feet, pumping a fist to the roar of the crowd. He cracks a grin as he leans down, dragging his own partner off the floor, and shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Preston puts his partner, Rick Marley, back into the ring... and now he's throwing Broussard under the ropes as well. Eric Preston obviously doesn't want this match to end indecisively here tonight.

[Preston marches across the ring, hopping back up in his corner where he slaps the buckles, shouting "COME ON, MARLEY!" to try and encourage his partner to get back into the fight.]

GM: Rick Marley should have made the tag, Bucky. He absolutely should have.

BW: But he's a gloryhog too. He likes hearing these convenience store employees chant his name so he does stupid things to make that happen.

[Marley grabs the ropes, tugging his dazed form to his feet, and turns towards the corner where Eric Preston is standing. "Showtime" nods slightly, staggering across the ring...

...and slaps the hand of a waiting Preston!]

GM: TAG!

[Preston slingshots over the ropes into the ring, meeting a rising Broussard with a right hand to the jaw, knocking him back into the corner. The fired-up Combat Corner graduate goes to work, throwing right hand after right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Preston's hammering away at Broussard in the corner!

[Grabbing Broussard by the arm, Preston fires him across the ring where the San Jose Shark SLAMS into the buckles before staggering out...

...and getting LAUNCHED through the air, crashing down hard with a skyhigh backdrop!]

GM: OH MY! What a move by Preston! So much impact on that one!

[Preston pulls Broussard off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...

...and getting plucked into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd groans with relief as Preston just BARELY slips a shoulder off the mat in time to break the cradle!]

GM: Whoa my! Eric Preston almost got caught right there! He got pulled down into an inside cradle and it was a near three count off of it.

BW: Never forget that Marcus Broussard is one of the best in the world at pinning holds like that.

GM: And he's very good at playing possum to catch you in those when you least expect it.

[An angry Preston buries a boot in the gut of a rising Broussard, cutting off any offense. Preston slaps his knee, dashing to the ropes behind him...]

GM: DREAM MACHI-

[Broussard quickly straightens up, avoiding the devastating kneelift and spinning around behind Preston, pulling him down to the mat with a backslide!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But again Preston JUST gets his shoulders off the mat before the three count!]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: We're down to the home stretch of this one, fans! Five minutes of action remain in this contest.

[Preston scrambles to his feet, catching a rising Broussard with a boot to the gut. He hooks the front facelock again, backing Broussard towards the ropes but the Shark wheels the other direction towards his own corner.]

GM: Broussard is so good at getting opponent to go where he wants them to go inside that squared circle.

BW: Maestro Of The Mat, daddy!

[Preston hoists the San Jose Shark into the air, depositing him on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Uh oh! Eric Preston's got something big in mind here, Bucky. Something high impact off the top turnbuckle!

[The Combat Corner graduate throws a couple haymakers to keep Broussard in place before starting to scale the ropes...]

...but as he does so, Sultan Azam Sharif gets up on the apron, angrily slapping the arm of his partner!]

GM: Sharif just tagged himself in!

[Sharif steps through the ropes, hammering a forearm into the back of Eric Preston before he can respond!]

GM: Ohh!

[An angry Sharif steps up to the middle rope, standing alongside his partner and Preston on the ropes. He wraps his powerful arms around the waist of Preston, lifting him up from his perch on the second rope...

...and brings him CRASHING down on the canvas with a back superplex!]

GM: BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX OFF THE SECOND ROPE!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Preston rolls all the way through to his stomach, his hands instantly shooting up to the back of his head.]

GM: Sharif absolutely WRECKED him with that suplex!

[Sharif climbs back to his feet, tugging Preston into position.]

GM: Oh my stars - he's going for the Camel Clutch! Preston let his focus stray for a moment and if Sharif gets this locked on, it's going to cost him the match, fans!

BW: I just checked with the timekeeper - we're down to four minutes, Gordo!

GM: It will NOT take four minutes to get a submission out of Eric Preston if Sharif gets the Camel Clutch locked in!

[Sharif slaps his pectorals as he settles in, hooking the arms of the prone Preston over his legs, and sits down, cupping his hands under the chin of the Combat Corner graduate!]

GM: THE CAMEL CLUTCH IS ON!

[The crowd buzzes with concern for Preston as Sharif sinks in the hold deeper, jerking Preston's head from side to side, turning up the pressure on the back and neck of the fan favorite.]

GM: We can hear Bathwaite shouting at Sharif from out here on the floor, telling him to snap Eric Preston in half!

BW: Sharif's gonna do it too! Ring the bell!

GM: It's not over yet! Eric Preston is fighting it - trying to hang on!

[Rick Marley is practically begging and pleading from the corner...

...and then decides to take matters into his own hands, stepping into the ring...]

BW: Wait a second! Hold on one second! Get Marley out of-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CASTING CALL! HE HIT THE SUPERKICK ON SHARIF!!

[The superkick knocked the Olympian flat to the roar of the crowd as Marley pumps a fist in triumph before being forced from the ring by the protesting official. The crowd begins clapping in rhythm, trying to inspire Preston to get across the ring and make the tag to a waiting Marley who is slapping the buckle in rhythm with the clapping...]

GM: Marley wants the tag! He needs the tag! We've got about three minutes left in this match!

[Preston inches closer to the corner, crawling on his hands and knees towards the corner where Marley is waiting for him...]

GM: The crowd is solidly behind Preston, trying to edge him closer to the corner where Rick Marley is waiting for-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[Marley slingshots over the ropes into the ring, charging across at top speed, and leaping up, connecting with a flying forearm that knocks Marcus Broussard off the apron to the floor!]

GM: HE CLEARS OUT BROUSSARD!!

[Swinging around, Marley grabs a rising Sharif by the arm, wheeling him around into the ropes. He catches the rebounding Sharif with a boot to the gut before rushing to the ropes behind him, bouncing off, leaping up, and SLAMMING his face into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG!! HE SMASHED HIM!

[Marley flips Sharif to his back, lunging across in a lateral press!]

GM: ONE! TWO! TH-

[But Sharif's shoulder flies up off the mat, breaking the count!]

GM: Sharif's out at two!

BW: We're closing in on two minutes left, Gordo! They're running out of time!

[Marley drags Sharif off the mat, pushing him back to the corner where he steps up to the middle rope, raising his right hand!]

GM: Marley takes the buckle! He's gonna hammer Sharif like a nail!

[The crowd counts along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Marley hops down off the middle rope, grabbing Sharif by the arm and firing him across to the neutral corner. He backs to the corner, pointing at Sharif with both hands...]

GM: HERE! COMES! SHOWTIME!

[Marley sprints across the ring, running up the ropes, and SNAPPING off an enzugiri to the back of Sharif's head!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[A dazed Sharif staggers out of the corner into a boot to the midsection. Marley tugs Sharif into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the Limelight! He's going for-

[But as Marley spins around for the three-quarter nelson bulldog, Sharif shoves him out to the center of the ring!]

GM: Sharif shoves him off!

[Sharif stumbles towards him, throwing a wild right hand that Marley ducks under, reaching up to hook the arm with his arms as it goes by. Marley kicks his legs up, hooking the other arm of an off-balance Sharif with them...

...and dragging him down to the mat in a crucifix!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Marley rolls from the ring, throwing both arms up into the air in triumph as Sharif angrily slams his arms into the canvas out on the floor!]

GM: With time running out, Rick Marley found a way to get Sharif's shoulders down to the canvas for a three count!

[Count Adrian Bathwaite is instantly in the ring, shouting at the official.]

GM: Bathwaite says Marley pulled the tights but I didn't see that at all.

BW: I'm pretty sure I did.

GM: Of course you did. But the referee didn't see it and his decision is final. Rick Marley and Eric Preston have won this match, fans, with a beautiful crucifix roll-up by "Showtime" Rick Marley and they just proved that even though they'll be meeting one-on-one in two weeks' time, they can still find a way to work together to win a match as important as this one.

[An angry Marcus Broussard storms off with Ben Waterson in tow, leaving a shocked Sharif still standing in disbelief as Marley exits the ringside area, arms still raised with the crowd cheering as we fade to black.

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.]

And then fade back up to live action where we find Phil Watson standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Alphonse Green has LEFT the building!

[The crowd boos the announcement as we crossfade down to ringside where Jim Watkins has joined Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Well, Mr. Watkins, we've had a fantastic night of action here in Dallas, Texas and I understand that you're about to make someone's night right here and now.

[Watkins lifts a black Stetson hat.]

JW: Inside this hat, Gordon, I've got the names of every man who put their name on the dotted line to be in this building tonight in hopes that they would be the one to land a shot at the National Title. Remember, they have to be a champion - either here or elsewhere - and I'm telling you boys that it's a crowded house back in that locker room. There's a whole lot of people lookin' for a shot at the gold... or maybe just a whole lot of people who wanna kick Dufresne's tail all over Texas.

[Watkins chuckles.]

JW: But now it's time to find out who's going to get the shot at Dufresne in the Main Event tonight... Gordon, if you'd help me out here...

[Gordon Myers digs his hand into the hat, rustling the names around, and finally pulling out a slip of paper. He unfolds it, reading it with a smile, and looks up...]

GM: JACK LYNCH!

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Jack Lynch is getting the shot at the National Title here tonight!

JW: I like the sound of that, Gordo.

BW: I'm telling you both right now that if Jack Lynch becomes the first double champion in AWA history, I'm quitting. I'll go work at Mama's soda bottling factory like she keeps asking me to do!

GM: Well, I don't think any of us want to see that but Jack Lynch winning the National Title is something that a whole lot of people would like to see! Mr. Watkins, you've done it again.

[Watkins beams.]

JW: The fates did it all, Gordon. But you can bet I'll be right down here at ringside to see that match go down.

GM: Jack Lynch challenging for the National Title right here tonight but that's going to come up a little later. Right now, we're going to go to some footage that was taped earlier this week. In fact, it took place shortly after the last Saturday Night Wrestling that saw Anton Layton brutally assaulted by the Unholy Alliance. If you recall, Layton's leg was the target of a very vicious assault by Nenshou and James Monosso - and we dispatched our camera crew and our own Mark Stegglet to a nearby medical facility where Layton was rushed to to try and get us an update on his status. Let's roll the footage!

[We crossfade to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO" that shows Mark Stegglet standing outside a hospital door.]

MS: Hello, fans, I'm Mark Stegglet on an AWA special assignment! Earlier tonight, the Unholy Alliance was violently shattered when Percy Childes sic'd Nenshou and James Monosso on the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton. The attack came at the end of a match between Layton and Nenshou and evolved into a brutal assault on the leg of Layton. Mr. Layton was rushed here after the attack with a serious leg injury and we're going to try and find out how serious right now.

[Stegglet starts to open the hospital room door when it opens for him - and a priest steps out.]

MS: Oh no.

[The priest looks oddly at Stegglet for a moment and then realizes what he must be thinking.]

Priest: Oh! No, no, young man. It's not like that at all. Your friend is certainly still among the living and should remain that way for quite some time.

[A relieved Stegglet nods.]

MS: My friend... right... yes. Father, if my... friend... is okay, can you tell me why you were in there?

Priest: Why, he asked me to visit him, young man.

MS: He asked...? Is this the right room?

Priest: Are you looking for Mr. Layton?

MS: Yes.

[The priest nods.]

Priest: You've come to the right place, my child.

MS: Father, if you... if you don't mind, could you tell me what you talked about?

[The priest shakes his head.]

Priest: I'm sorry, young man... I could not betray his confidence in that way. What we discussed is between us and his Lord and Savior.

MS: His Lord and Savior... right. Well, can you tell us anything about his medical condition?

[Suddenly, the door swings open again and a doctor steps out.]

Doctor: Can we keep the noise down out here please?

MS: Doctor, I'm Mark Stegglet with the AWA - can you tell me the physical well-being of Anton Layton?

Doctor: I'm afraid I can't do that. If Mr. Layton wants you to know that, he'll have to tell you himself.

MS: Well, can you tell me when he'll wrestle again?

[The doctor looks at Stegglet, a look of doubt on his face.]

Doctor: I'm not sure he'll- no, I can't. Good day, sir.

[The door shuts in Stegglet's face.]

MS: Not much information here at the hospital. A "no comment" from the doctor and... a priest?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: We'll try and get an update on the condition of Anton Layton in the weeks to come but right now, let's go back to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[We crossfade back to live action where we see Phil Watson standing in the ring.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. Fans, since the recording of that footage, we have learned that Anton Layton suffered a broken leg as well as what is being described as a major knee injury. There is no timetable for his return at this time however.

BW: Gordo... a priest?

GM: One of the most bizarre things I could imagine happening there, yes. Fans, speaking of bizarre, we are about to see the Saturday Night Wrestling in-ring debut of one of the most bizarre personalities in the professional wrestling world. This is a man who hunted Alex Martinez for nearly an entire year here in the AWA, culminating in a horrific assault at SuperClash III back in November. William Craven has arrived... and may God help us all. Let's go up to the ring!

[Cut up to the ring where Phil Watson stands alongside a dark-haired young man dressed in black decorated with red tassels.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen ... the next contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit...

WHUMP-ump-ump

[With the sound of a thunderclap, the lights go out, and the world is plunged into darkness. Wind can be heard, chimed in through the PA system.]

Thump-thump

[The sounding of a horrible heart is heard reverberating over the PA.]

#I'm over it!#

[Those words, screamed in a-capela by one David Draiman, precede only briefly an explosion of sound as "Forsaken" bursts out of the PA system and into the arena. The camera angle switches as tension builds; red spotlights brightly illuminating the entrance portal and the crowd waits.

Abruptly, an intense shower of blood-red sparks sprays out from before the entrance portal, threatening to set the whole arena on fire. Emerging from behind this flaming masterpiece emerges a cloaked figure amidst a billowing cloud of smoke.

Reptilian blue eyes highlight the shoulders of his black vinyl robe. Turning, he seems to, himself, stop the flames from shooting. His hooded head stares down at his gnarled hands, bound as they are in red gauze, clutching a wooden katana in them.]

#You see I cannot be forsaken,#
#because I'm not the only one,#
#We walk amongst you feeding, raping...#
#Must we hide from everyone?#

[As if in reply to the lyrics, the dark figure strides powerfully towards the ring as the lights die. Darkness closes back in, broken only by strobing flashbulbs as fans try to get a picture of what can only be one man...]

PW: Hailing from Detroit, Michigan! He weighs in tonight at 320 pounds! Ladies and Gentlemen, this is "ONE MAN REVOLUTION" WILLIIIAAAMMM CRRRAAAVEEENNN!!!!

[Coming to rest on the apron, Craven looks out at the crowd one time before ducking between the ropes. Thrusting his arms out before him, William slowly parts them, reaching out to his sides, the robe falling heavily into a heap on the mat, and revealing his serpent-tattooed, muscular torso. He then hands his bo'ken off to the timekeeper and stands, ready to compete.]

PW: And his opponent, already in the ring... He hails from Newton, New Jersey and weighs in tonight at 205 pounds, this is "DISCOUNT SUPERSTAR" MMMIIICKEEEYYY MMMEEEERRRCUUURRRYYY!!!

[The camera pans over towards the dark-haired kid standing near Watson. Mickey throws his arms up, leaping with the motion to celebrate being on television!]

DING! *DING!* *DING!*

GM: And the match is begun. Mercury looking for a handshake.

[Towering over Mercury, Craven looks down at his outstretched hand in seeming confusion at the motion. Cocking his head to one side he doesn't seem to understand the gesture of sportsmanship he's offered.]

BW: Okay, is this kid completely stupid or had he just never heard of William Craven?

GM: Both Mercury and Craven with roots in the Atlantic coast wrestling scene in the 1990's. I'm guessing that they've met before. Sadly, if he's thinking this is a reunion with an old friend I think he's sorely mistaken.

[A change of tone occurs as Bill grabs Mickey's hand, shooting him a sick grin. Mickey, clueless, pumps Bill's hand then collapses to his knees, screaming.]

BW: Ha! Predictable!

GM: Craven flinging Mercury into the middle turnbuckle--RUNNING kneestrike to the back of the head!

[Mickey flops on the mat, clutching at his skull while kicking his feet.]

GM: And the big, green monster drags his victim to the middle of the ring, pulling him up by the hair. Pulls him in-- OVERHEAD SUPLEX! The momentum took him all the way to the outside of the ring!

[Waiting on the inside Craven impatiently paces as the referee starts to count.]

GM: Mercury slow to recover.

BW: What do you expect, Gordo? One day he's splattering living legends, next thing he's in with this ... chump? Of course it's no contest.

GM: The referee has counted 7 and ... Craven grabbing the official?

[Gripping the referee's wrist tightly, Craven barks in his ear, shaking his head as the ref squirms, fear etching his face.]

GM: He's refusing to win by countout. I'm guessing Craven doesn't want his official AWA debut to go against his "Extreme" proclamation--his attempt to resurrect a hardcore Empire in AWA.

BW: Yeah, there's that, and William Craven doesn't want to be fed, Gordo ... HE WANTS TO HUNT!

GM: How long you been holding onto that Jurassic Park line, Bucky?

BW: Since the second I saw his green butt show up for the Rumble. Hey look, Mercury's as dumb as I thought he was.

[Rising to his feet, leaning on the ring ropes Mercury nervously surveys his opponent. Keenly aware of his physical disadvantage the "Discount Superstar" chooses not to rush in.]

BW: And now he's just standing there? Maybe he thinks that Craven's sight is based on movement?

GM: One more line from that film and you're going to owe the author royalties.

BW: I'd pay them, Gordo, but Michael Crichton's dead! Thanks for bringing it up!

[Stalking forward, Craven sees his potential victim's fear. Mercury ducks back outside, circling around, and the referee counts again.]

BW: What the--is he seriously taking a powder?

GM: Mercury's obviously more savvy than you're giving him credit for, Bucky. He's been at this since the late nineties.

BW: When'd he start? When he was born?

GM: He was 14.

BW: Close enough.

[Giving chase, Craven points up at the official, warning against a count. After a few seconds he does indeed start counting but, when he reaches two, Mercury slides into the ring and hits the ropes. Rebounding, he catches Craven full in the face with a basement dropkick! Face pop!]

GM: And Craven's nose gets flattened! He's reeling!

[On one knee, Craven shakes away the effects of the dropkick, absorbs a series of hard rights to the temple, then pushes Mercury off.]

GM: Shrugging the smaller man off as if he were an insect! The sheer power--

[Hitting the ropes again Mercury comes at Craven with a crossbody--]

GM: HIGH KICK! Craven just knocked him out of the air like he was nothing!

[Clutching his chest, Mercury is helpless as a sneering Craven, bleeding from his nose and mouth, snatches him up from the mat in a single motion to hold him aloft, shaking him like a ragdoll in an elevated crossface chickenwing. The heel heat starts up as the clearly overmatched cruiserweight submits.]

BW: DEAD ZONE! DEAD ZONE and Mickey Mercury is tapping like frat boys at a kegger!

DING! *DING!* *DING!*

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner as result of a submission ... "ONE MAN REVOLUTION" WILLIIIIAAAMMM CRRRAAAVEEENNN!!!

BW: He's not letting go. That's a death shake that a tiger shark would be proud of.

GM: The referee administering a five count. The extreme pressure on Mercury's neck and shoulder ... he's already unconscious.

[Reaching 5 the ref chooses to pry at Craven's arms. This, at last, gets Craven's attention as the big man drops his victim, turning towards the official with a sneer.]

GM: Uh-oh...

BW: When will referees learn not to touch the talent?

[Waving the big man off, the referee, ultimately, has to flee the ring. Turning back towards the motionless Mercury, Craven rubs his face in a kind of twitchy excitement.]

GM: What's he planning?

BW: I don't know but I can tell you this much; it won't be good for Mickey Mercury.

[Reaching down, Craven slaps Mercury several times in the face. Finally, the youngster rouses a little. Stalking around, just out of sight, he waits. More officials approach the ring, shouting up at Craven, but it does nothing. As Mercury reaches his hands and knees--]

GM: Craven measuring--AXE KICK! He kicked right through Mercury's head and knocked him cold again!

BW: That's the Executioner's Axe, Gordo. As much damage as that does to a man you may as well be decapitating him. Just ask Alex Martinez!

[Measuring again Craven's face goes from exultation to annoyance and, finally, to boredom. Pulling on Mercury he finds him completely limp. Three officials enter the ring, pleading with Bill to stop.]

BW: It's like when that tiger ate Roy while Sigfried begged the tiger to just eat tiger chow, Gordo. He's got the scent and this kid's going on the injured reserve list!

GM: I, what? Craven dragging Mercury away from the assembling referees ... puts him on the middle rope. What's he doing?

[Begging, the referees try to stop Craven without becoming physically involved. He, for all the world, seems incapable of understanding what they're saying as he looks back and forth between his handiwork and their frantic motion. With surprising speed the big man grabs Mercury by the ankles and flips him over the top rope, hanging him by the neck. The crowd explodes in fear, shock and anger as Craven moves quickly.]

GM: GOOD LORD! Mercury's not even stirring and you know the ropes have to be cutting off his--OH NO!!!

[Sprinting madly from off-camera Craven swings his bo'ken wide, scattering the assembled officials. Cackling madly, he shouts at a nearby camera--]

WC: Behold the next blow struck ... FOR THE REVOLUTION!

[--and proceeds to beat Mercury's unconscious body with rapid-fire shots from the wooden sword.]

BW: It's a fiesta! Mick's the pinata!

GM: This isn't funny, Bucky! Craven's lost it if he ever even had it to begin with! He's going to end this kid's career, maybe his life!

[Suddenly the noise in the room changes to that of face heat. A shape streaks, seizing the wooden sword from Craven's hands.]

GM: SUPERNOVA!

BW: Here we go! Finally Craven has a chance to hunt!

[Spinning about, Craven takes a shot from his own weapon, right between the eyes. Flopping on the cement, he gets up, is knocked down again, then scrambles over the guardrail. The fans subside, keeping well clear of the green monster.]

GM: You were saying?

BW: A ... strategic withdrawal?

[Supernova has one leg over the guardrail, ready to give chase when an official yells his name. Turning back he sees the referees struggling to free Mercury. Without hesitation Supernova slides into the ring and pulls the ropes apart, letting the officials lower him to the concrete.]

GM: Finally. Who knows what could've happened to this poor kid if Supernova hadn't come along.

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has reversed his decision. Your winner by way of disqualification is "DISCOUNT SUPERSTAR"
MMMIIICKEEEYYY MMMEEEERRRCUUURRRYYY!!!

BW: Sure doesn't look much like a winner to me, Gordo.

GM: That was one of the most horrific things I've ever seen as part of this company, Bucky. William Craven is a beast who is completely out of control - and thank heavens for Supernova! We're going to need some medical help out here for Mickey Mercury who technically will go down as the winner in this one but I'm sure he doesn't feel that way right now. Fans, let's go backstage to Jason Dane.

[The scene opens up to a shot of Jason Dane, standing between Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes. Morton is wearing his "PROFESSOR PAIN" t-shirt w/ huge airbrushed picture of his own face on it and a pair of jeans. Jackson Haynes is dressed in his floppy tri-cornered cowboy hat and his "THE HAMMER" t-shirt w/ huge airbrushed picture of his own face, underneath a leather duster. Jason Dane immediately turns to the camera and begins to speak.]

JD: Violence Unlimited! In two weeks, you take on the team that cost you the AWA National Tag Team titles at SuperClash, The Bishop Boys! Gentlemen, your thoughts going into the match?

JH: Dane, hand over the microphone! We ain't here to answer questions...we're just here to tell it like it is!

[Haynes holds out his hand, demanding the microphone, which Jason Dane quickly hands over.]

JH: Cletus Lee, Duane Henry...Violence Unlimited wants to speak to you directly, men to BOYS. And I do mean, BOYS!

[The wild-eyed Southerner is completely serious, with a stone-face expression and unblinking eyes boring right into the camera.]

JH: Ever since ya' came back, all we've been hearin' is your little runt of a cousin runnin' around flappin' his gums whinin' and moanin' 'bout how we got 'yer panties inna' bunch 'cause we accomplished so much while you was gone! Violence Unlimited won the Stampede Cup and ya' couldn't. WAA WAA! Violence Unlimited ran Rough N Ready outta' town when ya' couldn't. WAA WAA! Violence Unlimited whupped the entire tag team division so badly, that it made ya' feel jealous and inferior! WAAAA!

[Haynes whips his hat off and throws it to the ground.]

JH: TELL IT TO SOMEONE WHO CARES!

[He flips his wet, stringy hair from his face, getting visibly angrier by the second.]

JH: Ya' screwed us outta' the titles so we'd know your pain? So we could understand your "feelings"? FEELINGS!? Did the AWA suddenly turn into some teenager vampire romance!? Are you gonna' start paintin' your nails black and wearin' mascara???

[In the background, we can hear Danny Morton yell out, "AND LISTENING TO THE CURE!"]

JH: What the hell do you think this is, HIGH SCHOOL!?! Gimme' a damn break! This is wrasslin', ladies! We ain't got time for hurt feelin's and bruised egos! You want us to shut up? You want us to stop tellin' the world how great we are? The solution's real simple.

[Haynes points to his chin.]

JH: Break my damn jaw and MAKE me shut up!

[A disturbing grin.]

JH: If ya' can!

[Morton takes the microphone from Haynes.]

DM: Bishop Boys! If it was a fight that you wanted, then all you had to do was ask! We would've taken you on any time and anywhere you wanted!

[Morton shakes his head.]

DM: But you couldn't do that, could you? You had to cost us the titles. You HAD to attack us from behind time and time again. You couldn't come at us like men. You took the coward's way and now...

[Morton slaps himself in the face repeatedly, firing himself up.]

DM: YOU'VE MADE US MAD! YOU'VE GOT US ANGRY!

[He hauls off and shoves Haynes hard in the chest. Haynes responds by nailing Morton with right hand that he simply shakes off before turning back to the camera.]

DM: AHHAH!!!

[He pounds on his chest.]

DM: You've got us so amped up for this match, that it doesn't matter if they give you two weeks or two YEARS...you're never gonna' be ready! You're never gonna' be prepared! You're just gonna' stand there and take everything that we're gonna' dish out! And we'll keep on going and going and GOING and were not gonna' stop until we're satisfied with the beating we've given you!

[Morton puts his fists up, as Haynes takes the microphone back from his tag team partner.]

JH: Ya' see Bishop Boys, the difference 'tween you and us is simple. Ya' need to prove that you've still got that edge! You need to prove that you're still the killers that you once were! You need to convince the world that you ain't lost a single damn step!

[A still hyped up Danny Morton sticks his head in.]

DM: But Violence Unlimited...doesn't need to prove a damn thing!

[Haynes nods in agreement.]

JH: There ain't no doubt in anyone's mind that we're the toughest bastards walkin'! There ain't a single doubt in anyone's mind that we're the most dominant tag team in this or any wrasslin' ring! We proved it not by sittin' on our butts and complainin' about every damn thing that happens to us. We proved it, by goin' out there and beatin' everyone that stood in our way! And I'm tellin' you now, we'll beat The Bishop Boys! We're gonna' beat The Lynches! We will take back those titles that we never should've lost!

[In the background, Morton pumps his fists and yells out "YEEEEAAH!!!"]

JH: It's been a lovely comeback for ya', Bishop Boys, but in two weeks...

[Haynes bends down and picks his hat off the floor, placing it back on his head with a chuckle.]

JH: ...you're gonna' wish ya' didn't comeback at all.

[And with that, Haynes tosses the microphone back to Jason Dane as he and Morton exit. Fade out.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we crossfade back to a shot of Mark Stegglet standing by with the flashiest-looking trio in all of AWA. The footage is clearly marked "EARLIER TODAY" as we see Buford P. Higgins as always, dressed in his all-white suit and feathered fedora hat. Looming large behind him is the massive Hercules Hammonds, dressed in an all-black suit and black feathered fedora hat. And

standing front-and-center, wearing dressed in his pre-match attire consisting of a full-length furcoat, is the incomparable...Skywalker Jones.]

MS: Folks, tonight marks the return of Skywalker Jones to an AWA ring! Skywalker, we haven't seen or heard from you since SuperClash. The rumor was that you were emotionally distressed by your defeat in the Steal the Spotlight match at the hands of Jeff Jagger.

[Jones removes his sunglasses, to stare Stegglet straight in the eye.]

SJ: "Distressed"? Are you trying to make me laugh, Mark Stegglet? As if a man of Skywalker Jones' stature would actually sweat Jeffrey Jagger that much!

[He snorts at the thought.]

SJ: Nonono...I was BOYCOTTING the AWA because of their unfair treatment of Skywalker Jones at SuperClash! You think having little Jeffrey Jagger's corrupt daddy refereeing a match where daddy's little boy is involved isn't a conflict of interest? You think that on his best day that little Jeffrey Jagger can actually put Skywalker Jones down for the three count legitimately?

[Behind him, Hammonds and Higgins are shaking their heads.]

SJ: NUH UH!

[Higgins punctuates the statement with, "Not in a million years, playa'!"]

SJ: But Skywalker Jones had to come back! He had to! Skywalker Jones couldn't just sit at home and watch all these pretenders pop up, thinking the coast was clear for them to try and pass themselves off as being bigger, brighter and more exciting...

...than Skywalker Jones!

[He laughs in disbelief.]

SJ: You got that old relic Ricky Marley calling himself a "human highlight reel"! OH MY GOODNESS! Did we suddenly lower the bar for human highlight reels by twenty feet??? You got little Pedro Perez calling himself the future of this industry! Are you kidding me? Little Pedro from the Combat Corner? Him??? I didn't know the future of professional wrestling was gonna' involve setting ourselves BACK fifty years! And you got Eric Preston...the same Eric Preston that I schooled like a chump at the Combat Corner, thinking he's a title contender! It's unbelievable!

[Higgins pats Jones on the shoulder, assuring him that, "It's all a big joke, Skywalker!"]

SJ: With misinformation like this, I can't stay away from the ring, people! I can't stay away from the millions of fans begging Skywalker Jones to set the record straight! They DEMANDED that Skywalker Jones come back and show

the world exactly what it means to be the greatest! To be the freshest, flyest, FINEST thing to ever step into a wrestling ring! The fact is, the AWA _NEEDS_ Skywalker Jones to remind all you people, that his star shines brighter, burns faster, and lights up your world like no other!

[He turns to Stegglet with a big grin on his face.]

SJ: Now, can ya' dig that, Mark Stegglet?

[Stegglet slowly nods his head at Jones, who nods along with him, as he puts his sunglasses back on.]

SJ: Of course you can.

[And with that, Jones turns on his heel and walks off, with Higgins and Hammonds following behind as the scene fades out to reveal Phil Watson standing in the ring.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring...he weighs in at 245 lbs.. fighting out of Bedford, England... Johnny Palmer!

[A balding, slightly pudgy competitor with a pasty complexion raises his arms into the air to almost no reaction.]

PW: And now, ladies and gentlemen, Skywalker Jones' personal announcer... Buford P. Higgins.

[A sharply-dressed Buford P. Higgins steps through the ropes, with Hercules Hammonds standing close behind him. Higgins pulls his golden microphone from his back pocket, flashing a smile as big and bright as the diamond stud in his ear as he addresses the booing crowd.]

BPH: Did ya' miss us?

[BOO!]

BPH: No need to playa' hate, people! HAHA! 'Cause it's time to show your appreciation to the greatest showman on Earth! He was robbed at SuperClash and ever since, we've seen nothing but pretenders to the throne! But now, your king has returned! He comes at you in live and living color, weighing in at a BEYOND PERFECT...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He is our sport's PAST...PRESENT...AND FUTURE! The one and ONLY human highlight reel of professional wrestling! The often imitated, NEVER duplicated... undisputed ruler of the skies! Hailing from Hot Coffee, Mississippi... this is...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:

JOOONNNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from the entrance dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chisled, bare torso. Skywalker Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, as Hercules Hammonds holds open the ropes for him and he steps through the ropes. Jones then stops dead in his tracks, noticing the referee.]

BW: Wait a minute, daddy...that's Johnny Jagger! The very referee that screwed over Jones at SuperClash!

GM: He did no such thing, Bucky! Jeff Jagger pinned Jones fair and square right in the middle of that ring. If anything, it was Skywalker Jones's arrogance that cost him.

BW: Sure, toe the company line, Gordo...but we all know the fix was in!

[Jones is throwing a fit, before demanding Higgins hand over his golden microphone.]

SJ: WOAHH! WOAHH! WOAAHHH!!! Jeffrey Jagger's daddy, you're the referee for this match!?

[Jagger points to his referee badge, in an attempt to defend his own credibility.]

SJ: I don't care who licensed you, I know you've got it out for Skywalker Jones! I know, you cheated me at SuperClash and I know if given the chance, you'll do it again!

[Heel pop! Jones turns to Higgins and Hammonds, pointing towards Jagger.]

SJ: Watch him! Keep your eyes on the lookout for any funny business, 'cause I ain't gonna' give the Jagger family another opportunity to screw me over again!

[And with that, Jones tosses the microphone back to Higgins, who points two fingers towards his own eyes and then towards Jagger, screaming, "I'm watchin' you, playa!" as a flustered Johnny Jagger signals for the bell.]

"DING DING!"

GM: A bizarre beginning to our match, as Skywalker Jones declares that referee Johnny Jagger is holding some sort of grudge against him.

BW: Was he supposed to bite his tongue and not point out the elephant in the room? That whole family's jealous of Skywalker Jones!

GM: Oh, give me a break!

[Jones and Palmer circle each other, before Palmer shoots in for a collar-and-elbow tie-up. However, Jones easily ducks under before spinning around and slapping Palmer!]

GM: OH! A disrespectful slap across the face from Jones!

[Not wasting time, Jones then sends Palmer into the ropes. He drops down, as Palmer leaps over him and hits the far ropes, before following it up by leaping over him. As Palmer comes back, Jones leaps up again, this time nailing the Brit with a HUGE standing dropkick...where he uses the momentum to backflip over and land on his feet!]

BW: WOAHH!

GM: An amazing display of agility right there from Skywalker Jones!

[Jones follows it up with a snapmare. With Palmer in a seated position, he runs into the ropes and comes back charging at full speed, leaping into the air and driving BOTH of his knees into a seated Palmer's chest!]

GM: OH MY! Double knees to Johnny Palmer!

BW: I ain't ever seen a kneedrop done like that!

GM: Here's the count...no! Only two!

[As Jagger holds up two fingers, Jones leaps to his feet, shouting, "That was three! You're trying to cheat me again!"]

GM: Skywalker Jones is cursing out Johnny Jagger for what as far as I can tell, was a fair count.

BW: I dunno, Gordo. It seemed a little slow to me.

[Jones continues to berate Jagger, as Palmer gets to his feet and suddenly rolls Jones up from behind!]

GM: A roll-up by Palmer! ONE! TWO! NO! He was so close to stealing the win there!

[As Jones kicks out from the pin, he backrolls to his feet and hits a rising Palmer with a diving clothesline...before turning his attention back to Jagger.]

GM: And now he's accusing Jagger of a fast count! This is ridiculous!

BW: That was an interesting use of words, Gordo. You said Palmer almost "stole" the win. You're slipping up, Myers!

GM: There is no conspiracy!

[Satisfied with giving Jagger a piece of his mind, Jones pulls Palmer back to his feet and whips him into the far corner. Jones then spreads his arms like wings and makes a full circle, before running up and leaping off the second turnbuckle of the opposite corner and running at Palmer, nailing him with a spinning leg lariat that carries Jones over the top rope and onto the apron!]

GM: Jones looking to spring back into the ring...

[Palmer takes a couple steps out, before falling flat on his back. Jones then slingshots himself OVER the top rope and onto the adjacent set of ropes, landing on them with his thighs, before using the spring of the ropes to flip himself onto a prone Palmer with a moonsault!]

GM: OH MY STARS! I'm not even sure how to describe what I just saw!

BW: He pulled that moonsault out like a magician pulls a rabbit out of a hat, daddy! I ain't ever seen a moonsault done like that!

[Jones doesn't even bother to make a pin, immediately sliding out of the ring upon impact and running up to Higgins as the two exchange a leaping high-five!]

GM: And after that amazing move, we're once again reminded just how immature Skywalker Jones can be at times.

BW: Speak for yourself Gordo. Heck, *I* want to high-five him after that!

[Sliding back into the ring with a smile on his face now, Jones scoops up Palmer and slams him in front of a corner, before leaping up onto the top rope. He surveys the crowd, as the fans anticipate his next high-flying maneuver. Milking the moment, Jones holds three fingers, counting down, before he leaps off...]

BW: SHOOT THE MOON!

GM: AND THERE'S THE BACKFLIP LEGDROP!

[Jones lays back on Palmer and hooks a leg, glaring at Johnny Jagger and yelling, "COUNT!" as the referee slaps his hand onto the mat for the easy one, two, three!]

"DING DING DING!"

[Johnny Jagger goes to raise Jones' hand in victory, but he quickly pulls away, screaming "DON'T TOUCH ME!" as Hercules Hammonds quickly puts himself between Jones and Jagger. Higgins then raises Jones' hand himself, as a perplexed Johnny Jagger can only shake his head.]

GM: Skywalker Jones picks up the easy win, reminding us all just how talented he is, while also displaying the same atrocious attitude we've become so familiar with.

BW: Ah, Gordo...don't be a playa' hater!

GM: A what!?

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Your winner, as always...

Sky. Walker.

[Breathe in!]

BPH:

JOONNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[Jones makes his exit alongside Hammonds and Higgins as the referee kneels down to check on his downed opponent as we crossfade back down to ringside.]

GM: Well, fans, we're getting closer and closer to tonight's Main Event - that National Title showdown between Jack Lynch and Calisto Dufresne - but before we get to that, we've got the Money Pit.

BW: Seriously? Again? Didn't Michaelson learn his lesson two weeks ago? Didn't he learn that Bucky Wilde delivers the impact here in the AWA? Bucky Wilde breaks the big news! Bucky Wilde brings the big stories! Todd Michaelson just takes up airtime.

GM: I don't know about that, Bucky. You may recall two weeks ago when "Hotshot" Stevie Scott met Marcus Broussard in the night's Main Event and-

BW: Oh, I definitely recall that one! That's when the San Jose Shark proved to the entire world that he's the best thing running in this company and he send that pretender fraud packing.

GM: Stevie Scott did lose that match and at the conclusion... well, why don't you take a look for yourselves. This footage is from two weeks ago following that match. Roll the tape.

[We crossfade to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO" where we find a celebrating Marcus Broussard working his way back up the aisle while Stevie Scott sits on the mat, glaring in disappointment down after him.]

GM: Stevie Scott obviously very dejected after that loss to Broussard. He gave it everything he had but to be honest, Bucky, he was just overmatched in this type of a wrestling match against a competitor like Marcus Broussard.

BW: It's like tryin' to beat James Monosso at being crazy, daddy. Ain't gonna happen.

GM: And- wait a minute...here comes Stevie our way.

[A very visibly frustrated Stevie Scott eases into the camera view, standing beside Myers. He looks down, hands on his hips, and the only noise that can be heard for a few tense moments is that of the crowd. Myers extends the microphone, saying nothing, until Stevie finally breaks the silence. Speaking without looking up, he says...]

HSS: This isn't working.

[With his right hand, he rubs his forehead before finally looking up but not saying another word. Myers, in an effort to avoid uncomfortable silence, asks a question.]

GM: If I may..._what_ isn't working?

HSS: Everything.

[Now, the two-time AWA National Champion looks up, but at nothing in particular. He finally brings his gaze back down and speaks again while looking into the floor.]

HSS: Ever since I've come back, it's not clicking. I don't know...

[Another pause, a glass-eyed glance around the Crockett Coliseum.]

HSS: ...I don't know _what_ the hell is wrong with me.

[He shakes his head.]

HSS: I can't beat him, Gordon.

[Again Stevie shakes his head, this time with his hands on his temples, as if he is frustrated to have to admit his realization to the entire AWA.]

HSS: I can't do it.

At least...not like _this_.

[More awkward pausing. Myers again breaks the silence.]

GM: Not like _what_?

HSS: Like _this_. Like...like what everyone has seen from me since I came back. I've lost it, Gordon. Somewhere along the way, I lost it. My edge, my ability, my fire, my...I don't know. Just something...SOMETHING...it's not right.

[Another exasperated pause. Stevie runs his left hand through his hair rapidly.]

HSS: I just...

[A dejected shrugs.]

HSS: Maybe it's over. Maybe _I'm_ over. Maybe it's just time for me to...

[Stevie swallows, finding it hard to say the next two words that to him seem inevitable at this point.]

HSS: ...go home.

[And after that, he waits a beat...another beat...and walks away with his head hung low. Myers and Wilde only exchange a shocked look as we fade to black...

...and then back up to live action as "For the Love of Money" starts playing in the Crockett Coliseum and all heads turn to the section of the interview area reserved for the AWA's longest running wrestling talk show! A deep voice cuts over the top of the classic track...]

"Ladies and gentlemen...

TODD MICHAELSON!"

[The camera cuts to a "set" made of wooden walls that are painted and dressed to be a mock-up of a bank vault. There are also various stacks of (presumably) fake money and bags of money all over the ground. Sitting in the middle of it on a wooden stool, Todd Michaelson is dressed to the nines, a smile plastered across his face. The music fades.]

TM: Welcome to The Money Pit!

[The crowd cheers!]

TM: Tonight, my guest is a man who I have not always been on the same page with. He's someone that took a long time to gain any sort of trust among the locker room... but he's managed to do it at long last. But two weeks ago, this man shook the wrestling world when he said that it might be time for him to go home. Of course, I'm referring to the man about to step through that curtain - the two-time AWA National Champion...

"HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT!

[The crowd cheers the announcement of the former leader of the Southern Syndicate as Ugly Kid Joe's "Everything About You" kicks in over the PA system. All eyes turn towards the entryway, waiting for the arrival of the Hotshot...

..and waiting... and waiting...]

BW: Where is he, Gordo?

GM: I don't know, Bucky.

[Todd Michaelson turns towards the entrance... then turns back and says something to someone off-camera.]

GM: Todd seems confused as well. Stevie Scott is scheduled to be here although I haven't seen him tonight, Bucky.

BW: Neither have I.

[Michaelson does a throat-slashing gesture leading to the sound being cut off.]

TM: Let's try that again. Stevie did always have a flair for the dramatic. Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time... the one... the only...

"HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT!

[The music kicks in again to a big cheer as all eyes turn to the entrance...

...and again, after several moments, it becomes clear that Stevie Scott is NOT entering the Crockett Coliseum. Michaelson is looking agitated now.]

TM: Cut the damn music.

[Michaelson paces a bit, an annoyed expression on his face.]

TM: I'm not used to being stood up... but it appears that that's exactly what happened here tonight. Stevie Scott, I spoke with him by phone earlier this week and he said he'd be here... he said he owed it to the world to explain what's going on in his head after what happened two weeks ago... he said it owed it to all of you...

[He gestures to the crowd.]

TM: Apparently he changed his mind. So, I suppose for the first time ever, we do NOT have a guest here on the Money Pi-

[A voice rings out.]

"Not so fast, Michaelson."

[The crowd turns to see the source of the voice walking through the curtain, mic in hand. As impeccably dressed as he's been all night long, "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson is heading for the set of the Money Pit.]

TM: You? You're not supposed to be out here.

ATTSBW: You really think you can afford to be picky right now? You should be on your knees thanking me for coming out and saving your stinking show, Michaelson!

[Boos pour down on the arrogant manager.]

TM: Alright, well, since you're out here, I'm guessing you've got something to say.

ATTSBW: Of course I have something to say, you idiot.

[Michaelson seethes at that but says nothing.]

TM: I'm not in the mood for your games, Waterson. The floor is yours - say what you came to say.

[Waterson grins as he looks out over the crowd.]

ATTSBW: There are days in this business where people sit around and feel sorry for themselves... like my old friend Stevie Scott two weeks ago in this very ring.

And then there are days when we should all rise up as one and enjoy our moment in the sun. There are days when celebration is called for and this... this one of those days.

[Waterson nods at the jeering fans.]

ATTSBW: I can understand where you sub-human pieces of garbage might not see it...

[The crowd ROARS with boos for Waterson.]

ATTSBW: But the fact is, it is there! It is a day when you look at the landscape of professional wrestling and it's just a little bit better than it was yesterday. The air breathes easier, the food tastes better... and all because of Ben Waterson and Waterson International.

TM: What are you going on about now?

ATTSBW: Waterson International is the single-most influential entities in our industry, Michaelson. You know it, I know it, everyone knows it - it's just that nobody wants to admit it.

You look at Waterson International and you see a group of like-minded individuals with common goals and dreams.

And then you look back two weeks ago and you see one of our own, Marcus Broussard, help Waterson International accomplish one of those dreams.

[Pause.]

ATTSBW: Stevie Scott is gone. Done. Finished. And you have Waterson International to thank for it!

[The boos continues to pour down on Waterson.]

ATTSBW: Did you really think you'd win, Stevie? All those months ago when you and I parted ways, did you really think you'd be better off without me?

[He shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: Because to all of these people watching at home - and all of the people in the locker room - I think it was painfully obvious.

You were nothing before you met me, Stevie Scott. And when I finished with you, you were nothing AFTER I left you behind.

Or to put it in words that even your dimwitted skull can comprehend...

[A smirk.]

ATTSBW: I made you. And now I've broken you.

[He raises a finger.]

ATTSBW: But just like Vasquez before you, I want you to come back, Stevie. I'm begging you to come back. Because it's just not right that you just get to walk away.

I want to end you, Scott. I want to physically end you.

And I want you to know who was responsible for it.

So, take care, Hotshot...

[One more grin.]

ATTSBW: And I'll see you soon.

Consider. Yourself. Warned.

[Waterson strides off the set of the Money Pit to an overwhelming shower of jeers as we fade to black.

Fade to a shot of the PCW World Championship belt, slightly spinning to reveal every angle of it. A voiceover begins.]

"It was once the greatest promotion in the South."

[The shot fades into a still black and white photo of Travis Lynch smashing a right hand into the side of The Lost Boy's skull.]

"A place where rivalries ran deep."

[Jack Lynch hooks the famed Lynch Iron Claw on the head of Ebola Zaire, blood streaming from between his fingers.]

"And blood ran even deeper."

["Maniac" Morgan Dane has the edge of a steel chair seat jammed into the throat of a downed James Lynch. The voice of Dane is heard over the shot.]

"I never fought anywhere else that was quite like it."

[Larry Doyle smashes his cowboy boot over the skull of Rex Summers. Doyle's voice is heard.]

"When you were able to make your name in Texas, you knew you could carry that name anywhere in the sport with pride."

[Blackjack Lynch locks his own Iron Claw on The Mad Russian.]

"I wanted to build a company where wrestlers wanted to come work... and that the fans would line up to come see."

[The shot fades back to the PCW Title belt as the voiceover returns.]

"Premier Championship Wrestling - Then And Now. Coming soon on DVD, Blu-Ray, and Digital Download!"

[We slowly fade to black.

Back from commercials, we open on the ring where Phil Watson is already standing, both champion and challenge for the National Title match already in the ring as well.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is for the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... he is the challenger... from Dallas, Texas...

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Weighing in tonight at 250 pounds... he is one-half of the AWA National Tag Team Champions...

JAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNCH!

[The tall and lanky grappler raises his gloved right hand into the air to a big cheer from the AWA faithful. He removes his black cowboy hat, leaning over the ropes to hand it off to a ringside attendant before turning back to the ring, tugging at the ropes to loosen up.]

GM: Jack Lynch walked into the Crockett Coliseum tonight thinking he would be defending the National Tag Team Titles alongside his brother James against the Aces but that didn't happen. Instead, he has the opportunity of a lifetime here tonight to walk out of Dallas, Texas as the Number One professional wrestler in our industry, Bucky.

BW: I'm promising you here and now - if he wins the title here tonight, I will NOT be here in two weeks! I will immediately give my notice and get the heck out of Texas. You'll be calling next week's show all by yourself, Gordo.

GM: I think I'll believe that when I see it, Bucky.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in tonight at 245 pounds... he is the American Wrestling Alliance National Champion...

He is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUFRESNNNNNNE!

[Dufresne thrusts the National Title belt overhead with both hands, standing in a wide stance as the crowd pours down jeers all over him. After a few moments, he breaks off the stance, handing the title belt to the official who also holds it high overhead for a few moments, showing the crowd exactly what is on the line.]

GM: The AWA's Senior Official Johnny Jagger is the man in the middle for this one and this should be something else, Bucky.

BW: If by "something else" you mean a complete and total miscarriage of justice... if by "something else" you mean the latest example of the abuse of power being shown by Jim Watkins every week... if by "something else" you mean-

GM: I think we get the point. You're not happy about this match being made.

BW: No, I absolutely am not! And no one else should be either!

GM: I think you're in the minority in this building on that one, Bucky. These fans are overjoyed at the idea of seeing one of their hometown heroes challenge for the biggest prize in our sport.

[After a few last moment words to both men, Johnny Jagger signals for the bell!]

GM: And here we go!

[Jack Lynch immediately strides out of the corner, meeting Calisto Dufresne in the center of the ring. The two men jaw at one another for several moments, the tension getting higher and higher...]

GM: Boy, I'd love to be able to read lips right now.

[...until it finally gets physical with a hard shove to the chest by Dufresne!]

GM: Dufresne shoves him back!

[The Ladykiller strikes a quick double bicep pose, showing off his toned-but-not-overly-muscular physique to the jeers of the crowd. He shouts across the ring, "Let's see your idiot brother strike a pose like that!"]

GM: Dufresne getting a little bit personal with those verbal jabs now, mentioning Travis Lynch.

BW: Travis Lynch should be happy his name was even uttered by the greatest professional athlete in the world today. That's the closest he'll ever get to the National Title.

[Lynch strides back up, returning the favor with a shove of his own to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: This is starting to get a little bit testy out here, Bucky.

BW: Dufresne is fired up - and can you blame him?

GM: Jack Lynch seems pretty fired up as well.

BW: It's a shot at the biggest prize in our sport. If you can't get fired up for that, you shouldn't even be involved with the world of professional wrestling, daddy.

[Dufresne strides right back up to Lynch again, jabbing a finger into his chest. He pokes him repeatedly, his voice growing louder with every jab...

...until a well-placed right hand sends him falling backwards!]

GM: Lynch with a haymaker and we're off and running in this one!

[A second right hand sends the National Champion falling back into the turnbuckles where Lynch quickly grabs an arm, wheeling Dufresne across the ring to the opposite corner...]

GM: Dufresne hits the buckles hard - staggers out!

[And stumbles right into the waiting arms of Jack Lynch who powers Dufresne up into his arms, does a full spin to show him off to the crowd, and thunders him down to the canvas with a scoop slam!]

GM: Oh my! Big slam by the challenger!

[Dufresne quickly gets back to his feet, moving back in...

...and gets slammed down to the mat a second time!]

GM: A second big slam by Jack Lynch!

[Dufresne scrambles up again...

...and this time gets a big hip toss that sends him sailing through the air, crashing down to the canvas. Lynch measures his man, waiting for him to get back up again...]

BW: Get out of there, champ!

[But as soon as Dufresne retakes his feet, Lynch leaves his, connecting with a perfectly-aimed dropkick on the chin that sends the Ladykiller sailing through the ropes and out to the floor to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: The challenger just cleared the ring with that dropkick! He knocks the champion right out of the ring onto the floor and-

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: Jack Lynch is going out after him! He's seen enough of Dufresne's tricks in the past to let him have the time to regroup and come up with something. Who knows? Dufresne might have even taken a countout right there to save the title but Lynch is coming right out there after him.

[Leaning down, the big Texan drags his opponent to his feet...

...and gets a thumb stuck in his eye!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Dufresne!

[The National Champion quickly grabs Lynch with two handfuls of hair, and SLAMS his skull into the ring apron, sending him stumbling backwards before falling to a knee on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: And Dufresne uses that outside-the-ring brawling to put himself in control of the matchup.

BW: To look at him, you wouldn't necessarily think that Dufresne would be this skilled brawler but he's proven himself pretty good at taking the fight to someone when the action spills outside of the ring.

[Dufresne winds up, throwing a haymaker to the jaw that sends Lynch staggering backwards, falling into the steel ringside barricade. The Ladykiller moves in, throwing a kick to the midsection before straightening Lynch up and uncorking a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by the champion!

[The crowd groans as Dufresne repeats the attack, landing three big chops on the chest of the challenger before resorting to a blatant choke out on the floor.]

GM: He's choking the man!

BW: He certainly is.

GM: You condone this?

BW: Considering the situation he's been put in the last month or so in defending that title, absolutely! You've gotta do whatever needs to be done to keep that gold around your waist, daddy!

[The ringside fans are quite aggressive, screaming at the Ladykiller from point blank range. As he releases the choke, he straightens up, pointing at a particularly red-faced screaming front row fan with a, "SHUT YOUR MOUTH, REDNECK!" which earns him more boos before he spins Lynch around, draping his throat over the railing and pressing down on the back of the neck!]

GM: That's another choke - this time using the railing to help him!

[Dufresne grits his teeth, pushing down as hard as he can as the referee reprimands him from inside the ring. He finally breaks the hold, again shouting at a fan before turning Lynch back around. Dufresne grabs the challenger by the hair, rearing back with his right hand...]

GM: Big right ha- blocked!

[BOOM!]

GM: And Lynch fires back!

[The crowd roars for the challenger as he throws two more big right hands, sending Dufresne staggering away from him. The champion pauses, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs before he rushes back in...

...and gets LAUNCHED over the ringside railing, crashing down on the floor in a heap!]

GM: OHHHHH! BACKDROP ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!!

BW: The padding only surrounds the ring! That was solid, cold, unforgiving concrete, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was! Jack Lynch threw him all the way over the railing into the front row here at ringside with that defensive move!

BW: Defensive?!

GM: He was defending himself, wasn't he?!

[A slightly staggered Lynch pushes up off his knee to his feet, leaning on the railing for a few moments as the crowd all around him roars their support for the challenger. He slowly turns, leaning over the railing to grab a dazed Dufresne by the hair, pulling him to his feet.]

GM: Lynch brings him back to a vertical base.

BW: What the heck is taking Jagger so long to count these two out?!

GM: I'm sure Johnny Jagger is counting an even and fair count, Bucky.

BW: I don't think so! I could've counted to a hundred by now!

[Hooking a front facelock, Lynch slings Dufresne's left arm over his neck...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[With a roar, Lynch powers Dufresne up into the air, holding him high for a few moments...]

...and then brings him CRASHING down hard on the barely-padded floor!
HUGE CHEER!]

BW: THAT'S ENOUGH! RING THE BELL! This savage should be disqualified for that! He's just like his old man - a thief, a cheater, and a brute!

GM: I think Jack Lynch would be honored to be compared to his father - perhaps not in the way you just did though.

[From inside the ring, Johnny Jagger's count reaches seven as Lynch rolls back to his knees, nodding to the cheering crowd. He drags Dufresne up off the mat, shoving him under the ropes before climbing through them himself.]

GM: Both champion and challenger are back in the ring now.

[Lynch crawls towards the National Champion, throwing an arm across the chest.]

GM: The challenger covers! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[But the right shoulder of the National Champion comes flying off the mat at the two count!]

GM: No! It's not enough to keep the champion down for a three count! Jack Lynch is gonna need more than that, fans.

BW: I don't think Jack Lynch has enough to keep Dufresne down, daddy. It's a lost cause.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Back to his feet, Lynch backs into the ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaping sky high, dropping a huge knee drop into the chest!]

GM: KNEEDROP!

[Lynch applies another lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

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

[But again, the shoulder comes flying up off the mat!]

GM: No, no, no! Dufresne is out at two!

[Lynch pushes up to his knees again, shaking his head as he climbs to his feet, dragging the National Champion up with him, pulling him into a front facelock. He again powers Dufresne up into the air, holding him high, and brings him crashing down in another vertical suplex!]

GM: A TEXAS-SIZED SUPLEX BY JACK LYNCH!

[Lynch floats through the suplex, applying another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Dufresne fires the right shoulder off the canvas, leaving no doubt he was out at two. Lynch again gets to his knees, looking at Johnny Jagger who holds up two fingers. With a nod, Lynch climbs up to his feet, reaching down to pull the National Champion back up by the arm...

...and FIRES him into the closest set of buckles at an alarming impact!]

GM: Good grief! Dufresne's head and neck just SNAPPED back on that whip! A whiplash-type effect of the whip to the corner had on the AWA National Champion right there!

[Lynch runs in the few steps to the corner, connecting with a big running clothesline. He grabs the arm again, firing Dufresne to the opposite corner.]

GM: The challenger sends Dufresne across from corner to corner... look out here...

[The big Texan slaps his knee, leaning against the buckles before dashing across the ring, leaping into the air with his knee raised...

...and SMASHES his knee into the buckles as the Ladykiller LUNGES out of the way just before the flying knee could connect!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Lynch falls backwards, bouncing on one foot...

...and Dufresne DIVES at the leg, slamming his shoulder into the back of Lynch's knee!]

GM: OHH! HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED HIM, FANS!

[Having dropped Lynch with the spear to the knee, Dufresne throws himself into a cover, hooking both legs tightly.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THR-

[But Lynch slips a shoulder off the mat to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Fans, we're going past our time slot right now but I've just been informed by our producers that WKIK has committed to staying with this match until we have a winner. They want all of our viewers to be able to see the conclusion of this match as badly as we do.

[Dufresne pushes off the mat, grabbing Lynch by the back of the head...

...and SLAMS his skull into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne sends him facefirst into the mat right there!

[The Ladykiller climbs to his feet, raining down stomps to the back of the head that repeatedly slam Lynch's face into the canvas. An angry Dufresne shoves the official aside, backing into the ropes...

...and DROPS his knee down on the back of the skull, crushing Lynch's face against the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

[The National Champion flips his challenger to his back, leaning across in a cover.]

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

[But Lynch again pulls the shoulder clear from the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. An angry Dufresne gets to his feet, marching down to the legs of Jack Lynch where he promptly stomps the knee of the challenger.]

GM: And as soon as we saw Lynch hurt his knee on that charge to the corner, we should have known that the National Champion would try to take advantage of that injury!

BW: Of course he would! He's the greatest professional athlete in the world and you don't get to be that unless you do the things that other people aren't willing to do. Calisto Dufresne told Supernova before SuperClash III that he was willing to do ANYTHING to keep that title on his waist and you can bet he'll do the exact same thing to Jack Lynch.

[Lifting the leg off the mat, Dufresne snaps off a kick to the back of the knee once... twice... three times. He grabs the foot, wrapping it around in a spinning toehold...

...and then drops down his weight on the twisted leg! Lynch sits up, screaming in pain as he grabs at his leg.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to tear that leg apart right now!

[The Ladykiller grabs a handful of hair on Lynch, hammering away with right hands to the skull, knocking him back down to the mat. Dufresne gets back to his feet, keeping his hands on the ankle as Lynch tries to kick him off with the off leg.]

GM: The challenger's trying to fight him off! He's trying to struggle free!

[Dufresne suddenly drops an elbow down on the knee, causing Lynch to fall back to the mat, crying out in pain. The Ladykiller grabs the ankle, pulling back on the trapped limb.]

GM: Dufresne continues to go after the leg... ohh!

[Lynch tucks his free leg and then lashes out, smashing a boot into the cheek of Dufresne. A second kick breaks the hold, forcing the National Champion to scramble to get to his feet as Lynch tries to get off the mat, rolling to all fours...

...and getting a diving elbow to the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne hammers him right there!

[The National Champion stomps Lynch a few more times, shouting at the official who is reprimanding him. He leans down, dragging Lynch off the mat, shoving him back into a corner. He leans down, hooking the injured leg around the middle rope...

...and viciously starts kicking the leg!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get in there, referee!

[The referee instantly starts a count, reaching four before Dufresne backs off...

...and then eats a right hand from Lynch on his way back in!]

GM: Oh, what a shot!

[Lynch throws a second flat-footed blow, sending Dufresne down to a knee. The Texan unhooks his leg from the ropes, moving towards the kneeling champion...

...but Dufresne throws a right hand to the midsection. He promptly wraps his arms around Lynch's torso, ramming him back into the buckles!]

GM: Dufresne's desperately trying to keep Jack Lynch on the defense right now.

[The Ladykiller straightens up, throwing kicks to the body, then chops across the chest. Grabbing an arm, the champion rockets the challenger across the ring, smashing him into the corner!]

GM: Ohhh! Into the buckles he goes!

[Dufresne moves in, trying to bring the attack...

...but again, Lynch fires back with a right hand! A second blow on the jaw sends the Ladykiller back another step. Lynch steps out of the buckles, throwing a third haymaker that knocks the National Champion off his feet to the canvas where he promptly rolls out of the ring.]

GM: Dufresne's out to the floor, trying to-

[The champion surges forward, grabbing Jack Lynch by the ankle on the injured leg, ripping it out from under the Texan, pulling him so that he has a leg on either side of the steel ringpost...

...which gives Dufresne the chance to SLAM the injured knee into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That could snap a leg clean in half!

[Ignoring the protests of the official, Dufresne pulls the leg straight again, shouting "I'M GONNA BREAK IT!" in the direction of Jim Watkins...

...and SLAMS it into the steel a second time!]

GM: TWICE INTO THE STEEL! COME ON, REFEREE!

[An irate Dufresne wraps the legs around the steel, dropping back to dangle from Jack Lynch's legs.]

GM: What the... a figure four leglock around the ringpost?!

BW: You want to talk about ripping and tearing apart a man's knee, this could very well do exactly that, daddy!

GM: Jack Lynch is screaming out in pain! That knee is being obliterated by Calisto Dufresne right now!

[The referee is counting and counting fast, trying to get the Ladykiller to break the hold.]

GM: He's in a lot of trouble here, fans! Jack Lynch's challenge for the AWA National Title is in serious jeopardy!

BW: The heck with that, Gordo - I think this kid's career is in serious jeopardy right now!

[Dufresne finally breaks the hold, rolling back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The National Champion rolls in - quick cover!

[Jagger dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd breathes a sigh of relief as Jack Lynch lifts his leg, dropping it over the rope.]

GM: Lynch got a foot on the ropes! That breaks the pin!

[Dufresne pops up to his feet, arms raised over his head.]

GM: Dufresne thinks he won it! He thinks he got the pin right there and-

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger grabs the wrist, swinging the arm down. He shakes it off, pointing at Lynch's foot on the ropes.]

GM: No! It's not over yet!

[An angry Dufresne shoves Jagger hard in the chest, sticking a finger in his face. From the floor, Jim Watkins rises from his chair, shouting at the Ladykiller who returns fire with some words of his own.]

GM: Dufresne's completely irate! He thought he had the match won right there, fans!

[The National Champion wheels around, catching Jack Lynch trying to get back to his feet. From a knee, Lynch throws a right hand into the midsection. A second shot sends Dufresne falling backwards as Lynch climbs to his feet.]

GM: The challenger is up!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the back of the hair, rushing the corner...

...and SLAMS the skull of the Ladykiller into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes the champion!

[Lynch leans against the buckles, shaking his leg to try and loosen it up as Dufresne struggles to get off the canvas...

...and then rushes out of the corner, leaving his feet, and BLASTING Dufresne with a leaping lariat!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT! A TEXAS LARIAT KNOCKS DUFRESNE FLAT!

[Lynch rolls back, diving across the chest of the Ladykiller.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

[A fired-up Lynch takes the mount, grabbing Dufresne by the back of the head, and hammering away with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Jack Lynch is all over Dufresne! He's rocking the champion!

[At the count of four, Lynch climbs to his feet, wincing as he puts weight on the injured knee. With a nod to the crowd, the Texan leans down, dragging Dufresne back to his feet...

...but Dufresne lashes out with a kick to the knee, ducking down to single leg Lynch down to the mat. The Ladykiller quickly goes for a figure four leglock but Lynch plants his boot squarely on the rear, shoving Dufresne off hard into the corner!]

GM: OHHHHH! CHESTFIRST INTO THE BUCKLES!!

[Dufresne stumbles backwards...

...and gets pulled down into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: So close! He almost had him right there, fans!

[A fired-up Lynch gets back to his feet, falling back against the ropes, waving for Dufresne to get back to his feet...

...and rushes forward, leaping into the air as the National Champion rises!]

GM: KNEE! HIGH KNEE TO THE JAW!

[The leaping high knee flattens Dufresne, knocking him down to the canvas as Lynch drops to a knee, clutching the injured knee again, wincing in pain as he forces his way back to his feet...

...and holds his gloved hand high over his head to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! Jack Lynch is calling for the Iron Claw!

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz with concern.]

GM: Wait a second! It's Percy Childes! Percy Childes is standing at the top of the entrance ramp!

BW: What? Why?!

[Childes points down the aisle with his crystal-topped cane, pointing right at the ring...

...and the crowd roars as Jim Watkins pulls himself up on the entrance ramp, angrily walking towards Childes!]

GM: Jim Watkins ain't having any of this, Bucky! He said there's no managers going to interfere here tonight and he means it! Watkins is marching down the ramp towards Percy Childes!

BW: Why?! Percy hasn't done anything!

GM: Not yet perhaps! But the Ladykiller, the National Champion, is starting to stir and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch sinks the Iron Claw in on the skull of the AWA National Champion!]

GM: Lynch has got him! Lynch has got him!

[The crowd is roaring as Dufresne flails about, his skull being crushed underneath his fingers by the eldest of the Lynch boys!]

GM: The Iron Claw is sunk in deep and Dufresne's stuck in the middle of the ring!

[Johnny Jagger is right there in the middle of it, checking on Dufresne for a submission...

...when suddenly Percy Childes cracks a grin at Jim Watkins.]

GM: Dufresne is starting to fade! Calisto Dufresne is starting to-

BW: ACES!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler come flying over the ringside barricade dressed in street clothes. Childes is up on the apron as Lynch spots him, breaking his hold on Dufresne.]

GM: No! Jack Lynch breaks the hold! He's trying to-

[Lynch reaches over the ropes, clubbing Childes with a right hand, knocking him down off the apron while Daniel Tyler slides under the ropes, diving at the legs of Jack Lynch.]

GM: The Aces are coming after Jack Lynch!

[Referee Johnny Jagger quickly wheels around, calling for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell! That's a DQ!

[The crowd jeers as Tyler topples Lynch, hammering him with right hands to the skull. Childes slides back in, also hammering away at Lynch...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: THE LYNCHES! IN COMES JAMES! IN COMES TRAVIS!

[The Lynches tear past Percy Childes and Jim Watkins out on the ramp, hitting the ring hard and diving onto the Aces!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! The Aces and the Lynches are battling it out!

[Jack Lynch rolls under the ropes to the floor, dragging Steven Childes out with him, clubbing him with a forearm to the back of the neck.]

GM: They're out here on the floor now - out here right by us! The fight is raging and-

[The crowd ROARS as Travis Lynch hurls Daniel Tyler through the ropes, crashing down to the floor. James Lynch grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself over them down onto Tyler!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The match is over! The match got thrown out! We're being told that Jack Lynch has won the match by disqualification but-

BW: But the title can not change hands on a disqualification, daddy! I love it!

GM: This is terrible! Jack Lynch was on the verge of becoming the National Champion until the Aces got involved in the matchup! Percy Childes and the Aces just cost Jack Lynch the National Title! They just saved the title for Calisto Dufresne!

BW: Did they?

GM: You've got eyes don't you? What just happened here?

BW: Gordo, what if they weren't saving the title for Calisto Dufresne... but they were saving it for James Monosso?

GM: Are you... what are you saying?

BW: Percy Childes just kept the title belt on the waist of Calisto Dufresne... the man that James Monosso has put squarely in his sights in his quest to become the National Champion! You think that's a coincidence?

GM: Fans, we're almost out of time! We've got to-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS!]

GM: What the-?!

[The seven foot plus frame of Robert Donovan, as pissed off as we've ever seen him, comes stalking down the elevated rampway towards the ring. He storms past Percy Childes who steps aside gladly...

...and then stops, staring at Jim Watkins for a long moment.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Remember what Watkins said earlier about Donovan? That might not have sat well with the big man, Gordo!

GM: You may be right but-

[Donovan suddenly shoves past Watkins, walking the rest of the way down the aisle to the ring, stepping over the ropes...

...and grabbing a recovering Calisto Dufresne by the throat! HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GOT DUFRESNE! DONOVAN'S GOT DUFRESNE!

[A hard knee to the gut doubles up Dufresne, allowing Donovan to wrap his arms around the Ladykiller's torso in a gutwrench. With a powerful lift, he hoists the National Champion into the air...

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

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! WHAT A POWERBOMB!!

[Donovan glares at the motionless Dufresne down on the canvas...

...and then looks at referee Johnny Jagger.]

BW: What's he-?

[The Longhorn Heritage Champion drops down to a knee, planting his palm squarely in the chest of Dufresne as he shouts, "COUNT 'IM!" to the referee. Jagger looks puzzled but at a second shout, he dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Donovan gets to his feet, throwing his massive arms back with a roar as the bell rings.]

BW: That wasn't a match! That wasn't a legal count!

GM: Maybe not but we just saw Robert Donovan PIN the AWA National Champion in the center of the ring! We just saw Robert Donovan send a very clear message to the wrestling world! Robert Donovan... he wants the National Title!

[Donovan stands over the motionless Dufresne, glaring down at his unmoving form...

...as we fade to black.]