

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

WKIK STUDIOS
DALLAS, TEXAS
MARCH 10TH, 2012

[As the closing notes to the "Sanford And Son" theme fade into nothing, the viewing audience is greeted by the sounds of "One More Saturday Night" by the Grateful Dead.

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

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

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

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to the smiling faces of two men.

One is clad in a dark navy suit, white dress shirt, and red and white striped tie. He sports nicely-styled salt and pepper hair and a well-groomed moustache. He grips a wireless mic in his hand, grinning widely at the camera. In his early 60's and the epitome of professionalism, this man is Gordon Myers.

By his side is... well, somewhat a bit more flashy. With a mic in one hand and a glitter covered briefcase in the other, this man is paunchy to say the least. He's got a decent sized gut pushing at the buttons on his lime green dress shirt underneath an eye-burning yellow jacket. His black hair is tousled in all directions like he hasn't run a comb through it in his life. His teeth appeared to have been whitened recently... perhaps several times even as he flashes a huge smile. He's in his early 40's... he's former manager "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde.

They're standing in front of a bluish gray standard television studio set where you can see the AWA logo splashed across the wall above a small television monitor. Wilde lifts his glittering briefcase with a flourish, slapping it down onto a wooden "desk" in front of them as Myers begins to speak.]

GM: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Nearly four years ago, I stood out here alongside my co-host, Bucky Wilde, and said it was great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance.

Four years later, it is my distinct honor and privilege to be here once more - in the WKIK Studios - to kick off our celebration of the Four Year Anniversary of the AWA. Bucky, we are LIVE here in Dallas, Texas and-

[Gordon grins, looking around the Studios.]

GM: ...well, it good to be home, isn't it?

BW: It's always a special night to be back here in the WKIK Studios for another exciting night of AWA action. Four years ago, Gordo, I'm not sure a single person in that locker room would have guessed that we'd still be standing here to bring to you the very best that our sport has to offer.

GM: The American Wrestling Alliance truly is THE Major League of Professional Wrestling bringing you the greatest superstars and the most exciting action on the planet. And tonight will be no different as former two-time National Champion Juan Vasquez will meet one of the men who assaulted him last summer at WrestleRock, Pedro Perez.

BW: Plus, we've got a new Longhorn Heritage Champion, daddy! "Red Hot" Rex Summers is here to tell the whole world how he won the gold and what's next for him as the champion.

GM: Our big Anniversary Show is now just two weeks away and I'm told that we've got several announcements to make tonight to fill out the lineup for that huge event that'll take place LIVE right here on WKIK but fans, right now, we're gonna go up to the ring for what should be a VERY interesting situation.

[As Gordon utters these words, we cut to a panning shot of the WKIK Studios. Smackdab in the center of the studio is your standard wrestling ring... red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom with the matching turnbuckles in the corner. The hard camera also shows a parade of flags on the back wall... everything from the USA to Canada to Mexico to Japan to the UK to Italy and some points in-between.

There are sets of bleachers set up on three sides of the ring, raising up several rows. Not very high but enough to see over the people in front of you. The fourth side of the ring is clear, leaving a direct view for the announcers still standing behind the announce desk we saw earlier.]

GM: For those of you who joined us on All Star Showdown, we saw Percy Childes make a direct challenge to the Chairman of the AWA's Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins, and I'm being told that in mere moments now, "Big" Jim is going to come out here and answer that challenge.

BW: It's decision time here on Saturday Night Wrestling, daddy! Is Watkins gonna man up and accept the challenge of Childes and Monosso or is he going to slink off to the back like the suit that he is?

GM: We're about to find out, Bucky. I tried to talk to Jim before the show tonight to find out which direction he was leaning but he was locked up in a

room and wouldn't talk to anyone. I understand he's had a very rough two weeks trying to decide what to do.

[Without warning, music, or fanfare, Jim Watkins strides through the entrance curtain into the smallish WKIK Studios. He's dressed in a red, white, and blue t-shirt that reads "NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER" across the front along with a set of blue jeans and cowboy boots.]

GM: There he is, fans... and he looks like a man who is certainly looking for a fight!

[Watkins pays no attention to the cheering crowd, making his way the short distance to the ring where he scales the wooden ringsteps, climbing through the ropes. He grabs an offered mic from ring announcer Phil Watson and settles in.]

JW: Two weeks ago, I was confronted with one of the hardest decisions I've ever had to make in my life. On All Star Showdown, Percy Childes picked up a microphone and as that no-good skinny runt is prone to doing, he ran his mouth about yours truly. He ran down the choices I've made as the Chairman... and ultimately, he and his boys ran me down as a person.

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: A whole lotta folks say that "words are wind" but I don't know I quite believe that, folks. Percy Childes reared back his Grand Canyon of a mouth and he threw a challenge down at my feet. Me against his madman, Monosso. In the ring... out of the ring... it didn't matter much to them... they just wanted a chance to put me in a hospital bed drinkin' my dinner through a straw. It's a match that you'd have to be quite a bit crazy yourself to even CONSIDER taking.

Well, folks, if you've followed my career at all, you know that I got enough crazy in me for a lot of people.

[Big cheer!]

JW: When I was eighteen years old, I left the town where I grew up - Tucson, Arizona - to move to Texas to follow my dream of becoming a professional wrestler. For a long time now, I've always said that Arizona was where I grew up... but Texas is where I became a man.

[Even bigger cheer! Watkins holds up his arm, showing it to the crowd.]

JW: I got Southern blood runnin' through these veins - Texas blood! And like I said two weeks ago, if there's one thing I know that's tried and true all over these great Southern states is... WE! DON'T! BACK! DOWN!

[The crowd ROARS at the thought of Watkins tangling with Monosso!]

JW: You're talkin' about the original Outlaw here - a name that I take as serious as Jay Dubba did and as Bobby does to this day. We have Outlaw

blood runnin' through our hearts and bodies... and occasionally, we spill
Outlaw blood all over the place. But we stand tall... we keep fightin'... and
we live up to that name with every breath we take.

[Watkins seems pretty worked up at this point, pacing a bit.]

JW: But in life, sometimes things change... and not always for the best. I
stormed into that meeting with the Championship Committee and I told 'em
I was takin' the match with Monosso and I told 'em where they could stick it
if they didn't like it!

[HUGE REACTION! Watkins waves an arm down to settle the crowd.]

JW: And then they told me the consequences. They told me I'd be out on
the street - out of a job. It's a hard damn time to be out of a job, folks...
especially in this industry. Everywhere you look across the United States,
you see people beggin' for work, tryin' to make ends meet, tryin' to put food
on the table for their families.

I walked out of that building two weeks ago certain that I'd walk back in
here tonight to kick Monosso's crazy ass all over the great state of Texas!

[Big cheer!]

JW: But then I got home, took a long look in the mirror, took a long look at
my wife... my kids... my grandkids... and realized what I was doing to all of
us if I did.

I'll be fifty-five years old here in a few weeks now... and as much as I've
loved every second standing in this ring throwing down with the scummiest
and toughest sons of guns to ever lace 'em up...

... I realize that I can't do that forever.

[The crowd groans with disappointment.]

JW: Sure, I might climb in here tonight and trade shots with Monosso. Heck,
I might even figure out a way to beat 'im. But then what? What's next? Do
I go back to the ring fulltime? Do I start chasing the gold? Do I get in there
with Dufresne or Summers and try to succeed in a young man's game?

I could, I guess... ten years ago? I probably would do exactly that.

But now?

[He shakes his head.]

JW: I'm sorry, y'all. But I just can't do it.

[The crowd boos from all around!]

JW: So, Percy Childes... you win, you sonuva...

[Watkins trails off.]

JW: You win. You ain't gettin' me in this ring tonight. I've got a job to do... I love doin' it... and it's too important to all these people in the building tonight and watchin' at home on WKIK for me not to be RIGHT here doin' it.

So, come on out here... get your tail out here and gloat away...

[Watkins paces for a moment, and then his request is answered... Percy Childes emerges at the top of the aisle, wireless mic in hand. The bald, short, pudgy manager is wearing a dark navy button-up long sleeve shirt along with navy slacks. A light blue tie, gold wristwatch, and his crystal-tipped cane round out his attire. He holds the mic up to his face, which sports a dark mustache and Van Dyke. The crowd boos relentlessly.]

PC: Gloat? About what, Jim? What am I supposed to gloat about?

[Watkins sneers, shouting in response.]

JW: You know I can't fight Monosso! That's what!

[Percy doesn't raise his voice an inch as he responds.]

PC: Well, then I wonder what you're going to do when he's in the ring punching you in the face, Jim. I'm not sure if you quite understood me last week. James Monosso is here, and he is GOING to demolish you. After all of the indefensible decisions you've levied against my men... you never gave Nenshou a title shot, but oh, Robert Donovan can have one! He's held the Longhorn Heritage Title half as long as Nenshou did and defends it half as often as Nenshou did, but he's American! So he gets his championship match! This is why Nenshou has been seen in Phoenix, Toronto, and Las Vegas, on television, scouting for a new home. And I know the front office is rather displeased at the embarrassment. But, well, they know who to blame.

And about Monosso. I pull him away, send him to tour Puerto Rico, because you desperately wanted to have a championship match go by... with a challenger who leapfrogged James in the rankings. So you reward us by dropping Monosso in the rankings, for doing you a favor. And then... the worst of all.

The Aces. You remember the Aces, don't you, Jim? They were granted number one contendership status and a title shot... oh, but two guys jumped out of the crowd, so let's take their title shot away, and let's give the next shot to a different team altogether. I couldn't even make that up. I guess it was because the Von Brauns are Southern, so they! don't! back! down?

Well... I! don't! care!

[The crowd jeers Childes for his mockery of Big Jim.]

PC: I've given the front office... not the Championship Committee, because that's under your fat thumb... the opportunity to make this right. Three simple requests, all of which are reasonable and just. Sign the contract entitling Nenshou to his former ranking, grant Monosso a championship match, and grant the Aces the championship match they were already granted, but without a Texas referee. If they had repaired the damage you've done, I would have called off the hunt. But... I'm afraid that we'll be taking matters into our own hands.

[The fans boo more, and one section of the crowd seems louder than others...]

JW: You want to go over my head, Childes? You want to go around the Championship Committee to get your way?

And now you come out here and threaten an AWA executive?

[Watkins nods with a slight smile.]

JW: That's good, Percy. That's real good. You come out here and attack me. You send your madman out here and attack me. That sounds good to me.

You know who else it sounds good to? It sounds good to all these great people here in Dallas, Texas!

[Big cheer!]

JW: Because they want to see you two out of a job and off their televisions!

[Another big cheer - but a section of the crowd still seems to be booing!]

JW: But I've got a better idea... yeah, I hear ya coming, Monosso...

[Watkins turns, pointing a finger at James Monosso who was indeed coming through the crowd towards the ring, having entered through an emergency exit.]

JW: You want a fight, Monosso?

[Monosso shouts something off-mic at Watkins.]

JW: YOU WANT A FIGHT?! YOU GOT ONE!

[BIG CHEER!]

JW: Because I got a phone call last week from someone who said they were MORE than willing to step up and kick your stinkin' teeth down your throat if I couldn't do it!

[Watkins spins, pointing at the entrance curtain...]

...and the crowd ROARS as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott strides through the curtain, a steely-gaze on his face. He's dressed in his street clothes - a t-shirt and jeans - and locks his eyes on Monosso who hasn't even gotten into the ring yet but now has a steel chair gripped in his white-knuckled hands. Percy Childes, looking slightly shocked, throws a crystal-topped cane out from his side in Monosso's direction.]

PC: JAMES! Stand down!

[Monosso stops, kneeling on the ring apron as he stares at Watkins and the "Hotshot" who has joined the Chairman and the Collector of Oddities in the ring.]

PC: A match against Stevie Scott? It wasn't long ago that nobody could get a match with him. Longest reigning National Champion in history. A win over him, and the number one contender slot would be assured.

We accept. James, put the chair down, and take the match.

[HUGE reaction at the thought of Stevie vs Monosso tonight! Monosso glowers, and does not look happy about this development. He points the finger at Watkins, hate in his eyes. "I'll find a way to get you!", we see him say, though the volume of the crowd makes it hard to hear. He then hurls the chair out of the ring in disgust.]

JW: Oh, and by the way...

[Watkins grins, pointing at Stevie.]

JW: This guy wanted a NO COUNTOUT...

[Big cheer!]

JW: NO DISQUALIFICATION!

[BIGGER CHEER!]

JW: FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE MATCH!

[HUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

JW: LET'S HOOK 'EM UP!

[Watkins bails from the ring as Stevie Scott dashes across the ring, throwing himself into Monosso, a surprise tactic that barrels Monosso back into the corner as referee Mickey Meekly comes diving under the bottom rope and signals for the bell!]

GM: My stars, Bucky! Stevie Scott is back!

BW: We thought he was done - we weren't sure if we've EVER see him again!

GM: And now, not only are we seeing him again in the ring but for some reason, he ASKED for a Falls Count Anywhere match with James Monosso!

BW: I'd say he must have a head injury to ask for that but it won't be so funny when he really DOES have a head injury after this match, Gordo.

[The crowd roars at the sight of Stevie Scott hammering away with clenched fists to the skull of Monosso in the buckles. He grabs a handful of hair, dragging Monosso into a side headlock, and throws fist after fist at the head of the madman. An angry Monosso shoves him off, rushing at him...]

GM: Clothesline ducked by the Hotshot!

[Scott whirls around, throwing himself into a double leg takedown, toppling Monosso down to the mat. The Hotshot quickly takes the mount, throwing haymakers!]

GM: He's droppin' big ol' bombs on the head of James Monosso, Bucky!

BW: What in the world has gotten into Stevie Scott?!

GM: I have no idea but these fans are loving it!

[Scott gets to his feet, burying a boot into the ribs of Monosso, sending him rolling towards the ropes. With Childes barking orders to Monosso, the Hotshot leans over, dragging him to his feet by the hair and shoving him back against the ropes where he grabs an arm...]

GM: Big whip by the former National Champion...

[Scott sets for a backdrop but eats a big boot to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Stevie Scott set too early and he paid the price for it there!

[Monosso grabs Scott with a handful of hair..

...and HURLS him over the ropes, sending him crashing down on the barely-padded concrete floor of the WKIK Studios!]

GM: OVER THE TOP AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR HE GOES!!

[The madman from Happy Valley steps through the ropes, shouting something in a nearby Jim Watkins' direction as he measures Scott...]

GM: What in the world is Monosso thinking of doing, Bucky?

BW: Whatever it is, it can't be good news for the Hotshot.

[Monosso waits a few moments for Scott to get to a knee before leaping off the apron, smashing a forearm down across the back of the head, knocking him right back down on the padding.]

GM: Monosso flattens him with that forearm off the apron! Oh my!

[Kneeling on the floor, Monosso looks up at Watkins, shooting a death glare in his direction as he grabs Scott by the hair with both hands...

...and SLAMS the back of his skull into the padded floor!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso showing no mercy there by smashing Stevie Scott's head into the floor!

BW: You expected him to suddenly show some mercy?

GM: Not really, no.

[Hauling Scott to his feet, Monosso grabs him by the arm...

...and FLINGS him brutally into the ring apron, the small of Scott's back SLAMMING into the hardest part of the ring!]

GM: Oh my! There is absolutely no padding there on that part of the ring, fans! Stevie Scott's spine was just DRIVEN into solid wood and metal!

[The Hotshot hobbles away from the apron, reaching around to clutch his lower back...

...and Monosso rushes forward, leaning over into a tackle, and SLAMS Scott's back into the apron again!]

GM: Good grief! So much impact there!

BW: And we may be seeing Stevie Scott regretting this, Gordo. There's no countouts, no disqualifications. James Monosso can do absolutely anything he wants out there against the Hotshot.

[Monosso scoops the hobbling Scott up across his chest, walking away from the ring with him.]

GM: A great show of strength on display by Monosso here... look out!

[Stepping past the padded floor towards the announce area, Monosso hoists Scott over his shoulder...

...and SLAMS him spinefirst down on the exposed concrete!]

GM: GOOD GOD, BUCKY! A bodyslam on the concrete floor! No padding there - no give at all! Just bone and muscle meeting solid cement here in the WKIK Studios.

[A gleeful Percy Childes shouts to Monosso who drops down to his knees, applying a press on the floor as referee Mickey Meekly drops down to count.]

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

[The crowd cheers as Scott raises a shoulder off the mat before Meekly can slap the concrete a third time. Meekly pops up, holding up two fingers as James Monosso pushes up off Scott. The madman promptly grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist repeatedly into the skull of Scott who throws his arms over his head, trying to cover up.]

GM: Scott's trying to protect himself but-

[Monosso shoves Scott, rolling him to his stomach...

...and then SLAMS his forearm down on the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That'll take some of the fight out of him, Gordo! Stevie Scott thinks he's a tough guy? Well, he in there with one of the toughest guys in our sport, daddy! Monosso may make Scott run home again after this one.

[Climbing to his feet, Monosso buries a pair of stomps in the kidneys of Scott, shouting something at the nearby Gordon Myers.]

BW: Did he just say he'll do that to you too, Gordo?

GM: The man is psychotic. Certifiably insane.

[Monosso leans down, pulling Scott off the floor by the back of his jeans. He drags him over to the announce area.]

BW: I'm outta here!

[Bucky Wilde does indeed scurry away as Monosso pulls Scott by the arm, whipping him towards the wooden podium...

...where Scott smashes into the wood, sending it and him toppling down to the floor, narrowly missing Gordon Myers!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Get him out of here, you sicko!

[Monosso glares at Myers as he stalks past him.]

GM: There's no call for this! You shouldn't-

[The madman leans down, grabbing the wooden podium.]

GM: What in the... don't you do it, Monosso! Don't even think about it!

[With a mighty lift, Monosso raises the wooden podium over his head.]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Please, can we get-

[Monosso lets loose a roar as he presses the podium high overhead.]

GM: No, no! This can't happen! Stevie, if you can hear me, get the heck out of there!

[Monosso walks towards Scott who is still down on all fours on the floor...]

GM: He's gonna-

[Suddenly, Scott springs up, throwing a right hand into the midsection of his attacker, causing him to drop the podium that promptly breaks apart into splintered wood on the floor.]

GM: Thank the stars for that! Stevie Scott just narrowly avoided what could have been a disastrous situation here at ringside at WKIK Studios, fans!

[Scott leans down, grabbing a piece of the broken podium, promptly raising it overhead...]

GM: Look out!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Stevie Scott splintering a piece of wood across the broad back of James Monosso, knocking him down to both knees. Scott throws the broken wood away, shouting to the crowd as he grabs two hands full of Monosso's stringy hair...]

GM: What's he going to...?

[Scott LUNGES forward, SMASHING Monosso's skull into the exposed floor!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Monosso lies motionless on the concrete floor as Scott kneels next to him, breathing heavily.]

"You want a fight, you sonunvabitch?! You got one now!"

[The camera cuts to ringside where Percy Chiles is in a bit of shock, shouting instructions to his downed man. Jim Watkins is on the other side of the ring, a grin on his face over what he just saw as Scott pushes up to his feet, immediately reaching around to grab his lower back.]

GM: Stevie Scott is hurting for sure but so is James Monosso after what we just saw here over by us. Bucky Wilde, get back in here!

BW: Is it over yet, Gordo? I went and got some iced tea real quick.

GM: Not by a long shot.

[Leaning down, Scott grabs a handful of Monosso's hair, dragging the madman up to his feet, walking him back towards the ringside area. He points to the ringpost as he pulls Monosso's head back by the hair...]

GM: Scott's got him over by the ringpost! He's gonna-

[But as the two-time National Champion attempts to smash his skull into the steel, Monosso brings up a foot, blocking the slam...]

GM: Monosso blocks it!

[A hard back elbow to the jaw stuns Scott. Monosso grabs a handful of hair in response...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST!!!

[Scott collapses in a heap on the floor, arms instantly up to cover his head as Monosso stands over him, leaning against the ring apron.]

GM: Stevie Scott's head just got SMASHED into that solid steel ringpost, fans!

BW: You could've heard that all the way down at the Coliseum, daddy!

GM: Scott is down on the floor and- what the heck is Percy doing?

[Percy Chides slides around the ringpost, talking to Monosso who nods before slamming boots down into the ribs of Stevie Scott. He leans over, dragging the Hotshot to his feet again...

...and then picks him up, slinging him across his shoulder.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Oh yeah, daddy! Finish him!

[Monosso backs up, aiming towards the ringpost again...]

GM: He's gonna put Scott's head into the post again! He's going to-

[The madman rushes forward, Scott up in powerslam position...

...but at the last moment, Scott slips off, shoving Monosso in the back with both hands, sending him crashing into the ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso hits the steel!

[Scott drops down to a knee, pulling up the ring apron.]

GM: Stevie Scott is under the ring, looking for something he can use against this madman, Bucky.

BW: There's a lot of dangerous stuff under the ring, Gordo. Hammers, screwdrivers, trash cans, ladders... all sorts of stuff.

[Scott finally comes out, holding a length of rope in his hands.]

GM: Stevie Scott's got rope and-

[The Hotshot loops the rope around the throat of Monosso, pulling back hard on it!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's strangling Monosso with that rope!

[The madman instantly fights it, trying to slip his fingers under the tightening rope around his throat.]

GM: He's choking the life out of Monosso with that rope and-

[The crowd groans and then boos as Childes DRIVES the edge of his crystal-topped cane into the lower back of Scott, knocking him down to his knees as a gasping Monosso drops down to the floor as well.]

GM: Monosso can't breathe and Scott just got his injured back attacked again!

[A smirking Percy Childes stands over Scott, shouting at Monosso...

...and then instantly backpedals as he sees Jim Watkins stalking towards him!]

GM: Jim Watkins is walking tall and he's comin' for Childes!

BW: He can't do that, Gordo! He can't lay his hands on a licensed manager!

GM: Tell that to Buddy Morton if you can find him on the unemployment line!

BW: That's different, Gordo! That's WHY Watkins was at ringside for that match! He's not out here in that capacity here tonight. He can't touch the man or he's gonna get fired for it!

[Childes seems to be making the same argument, boldly shouting at Watkins as the larger man approaches him...

...and Watkins stops with a slump of the shoulders.]

GM: I think Watkins thinks you're right, Bucky! He thinks he may not be allowed to lay a hand on Percy Childes here tonight!

[A smirking Childes returns to the other side of the ring where a red-faced Monosso has regained his feet, now gripping the rope in his hands as he hooks it around the throat of the kneeling Stevie Scott, pulling back on it!]

GM: He's choking the Hotshot now!

BW: Turnabout is fair play, daddy!

GM: I suppose you're right. Remember, all of this is legal in a match like this, Bucky. All of this is completely legal!

BW: Thanks to Stevie Scott and Jim Watkins!

[Monosso backs to the ropes, holding the choke with one hand...

...and then climbs up on the apron, still pulling on the rope as Scott struggles to get to his feet!]

GM: He's trying to hang him, Bucky! He's hanging Stevie Scott!

BW: The Hotshot had it comin', Gordo! He had it comin'!

[Gasping for air, Scott tries to get the leverage away from Monosso who makes matters worse by stepping up on the bottom rope...]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Come on what?! No one can do a thing about this other than Stevie Scott and right now, he ain't in a position to do jack squat about it, Gordo!

[Scott grabs at the rope around his throat, trying to inch his fingers between it and his windpipe. He succeeds just a bit, able to finally get a deep breath into his body as he wheels around...

...and PULLS the rope with both hands, sending Monosso into a flip before he SMASHES down on the thin padding!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Scott collapses in a seated position against the ring apron, still gasping for air as Monosso writhes in pain on the floor. A pair of quick camera cuts shows Jim Watkins and Percy Childes both wincing at what they just saw.]

GM: DID YOU SEE THAT, BUCKY?!

BW: Of course I did! And that's the kind of thing that shortens a career, Gordo! Heck, that's the kind of thing that ENDS a career! James Monosso's

body has been to hell and back over the course of his wrestling career and it just can't take much more of things like that, daddy!

[The crowd is still buzzing from the big move as Scott reaches up with both arms, dragging himself to his feet using the ring apron. He leans against the apron for several moments, trying to regroup before stumbling forward and collapsing into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[But Monosso FIRES a shoulder off the mat before the three count drops!]

GM: Shoulder up! Shoulder up at two for Monosso!

[Scott pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands. He tiredly leans over, pulling Monosso's head into a loose cradle with his left arm as he rapidly throws right hands to the head.]

GM: Stevie Scott thought he had him there - and I'm not sure I didn't think he did as well, Bucky.

BW: It was an absolutely devastating high impact counter by the Hotshot. Percy's looking real nervous right now, Gordo, and who can blame him?

GM: Scott drags Monosso off the floor... and shoves him into the ring!

[The crowd roars at the match being back in the ring...

...and then roars louder as Scott retrieves the steel chair that Monosso had thrown aside prior to the match starting. He slides the chair into the ring before rolling under the ropes himself.]

GM: Both men back in the ring now along with that steel chair!

[Scott quickly gets to his feet, picking up the chair and approaching the on-all-fours Monosso...]

GM: Uh oh... look out here!

[The Hotshot rears back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a BRUTAL chairshot across the lower back!]

GM: WHAT A SHOT!!

[Scott tosses the chair aside, rolling Monosso over and applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- OHHHHH!

BW: He can not be stopped! James Monosso is like a horror movie monster! Stevie Scott's gonna need a shotgun to stop him!

[A frustrated Scott pushes up to his knees, shaking his head back and forth before he climbs to his feet. The Hotshot backs to the ropes...

...and stomps his right foot!]

GM: He's calling for the Heatseeker!

[Scott holds the top rope with his left hand, waiting for Monosso to get to his feet...

...but Percy Childes reaches under the ropes, grabbing the Hotshot's leg with both arms, wrapping himself around the leg!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: NO COUNTOUT! NO DQ! ANYTHING GOES!

[Jim Watkins stands nearby, visibly fuming with rage at Childes' actions.]

GM: Watkins wants so badly to get in there and make Percy pay for this but he can't do it, Bucky. He just can't do it!

BW: I love it, Gordo! For weeks, that big hick stood out here and played the role of bully to anyone at ringside. Now he's gotta stand here and take it when Percy gets involved in this one!

[Stevie turns his body, trying to kick Childes off of his leg as James Monosso regains his feet...

...and picks the steel chair up off the mat!]

GM: NO, NO, NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A SHOT!

[The violent chairshot across the back drops Stevie Scott through the ropes, sending him tumbling out to the barely-padded floor. Percy Childes falls down as well, quickly scrambling to his feet and ordering Monosso to move in for the kill.]

GM: Stevie Scott is down again... and James Monosso is coming out after him!

[The madman steps out to the ring apron, chair in hand...

...and THROWS it down on Scott's prone form to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: This match is turning into a shade of something far, far worse than we thought we'd see here tonight, Bucky. Steel chairs, concrete floors - it's breaking down.

BW: Maybe Craven was right, Gordo. Maybe THIS is the future of the AWA!

GM: I sincerely doubt that!

[Monosso stands over the downed Scott who now has a steel chair laid across his torso. The madman slowly backs down the length of the apron, leaning against the steel ringpost and raising his right arm into the air...]

GM: What the... what is he doing?!

[Monosso comes barreling down the length of the apron, hurling his three hundred pound frame off the apron...

...and CRASHES down across the steel-chair covered chest of Stevie Scott with an elbowdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! HE FLATTENED THE FORMER CHAMPION!!

[Percy Childes dashes around the ringpost, shouting at Monosso to "COVER HIM! COVER HIM!"]

GM: Percy Childes wants Monosso to cover him but he can't do it, Bucky!

BW: That was a crazy dive, Gordo. It's a little bit out of Monosso's usual playbook but maybe he thinks he needs to break out the big guns to defeat a former two-time National Champion. But a dive like that? He could break an arm, he could crack his ribs or his elbow. Who knows what kind of damage was done right there!

[Monosso rolls off to the side, wincing as he grabs at the arm he delivered the elbowdrop with. Childes continues to scream at Monosso, ordering him to apply a pin attempt.]

GM: Childes still wants a cover but I don't think he's gonna get one!

[Scott rolls to his side, a trickle of blood now coming from the corner of his mouth.]

GM: Stevie Scott's mouth is bleeding, Bucky.

BW: That could be anything from him biting his tongue to internal injuries or... anything like that. It's hard to take a shot like he just did and keep on going but Stevie Scott is trying to find a way to do it. This is a different Stevie Scott than we've seen in the past, Gordo.

GM: It certainly seems that way.

[Monosso drags himself off the floor with one arm on the apron. His face is etched in pain as he grabs at his injured elbow.]

GM: Monosso's in a whole lot of pain and we don't usually get to see that, Bucky. He usually hides his pain - if he's feeling it at all.

BW: Some pain you just can't hide though.

[Monosso walks over, laying in a boot to the lower back of the downed Scott, forcing him to his stomach. He leans over, dragging Scott off the floor by the hair. He stands him up near the bleachers, steadying him...

...and then LEVELS Scott with a standing clothesline, sending him sailing backwards and crashing into the first two rows of seating, sending the fans scrambling to safety!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot!

[Having delivered the clothesline with his off-arm, Monosso glares at the fleeing fans as he steps up into the bleachers, delivering a stomp to the skull of the downed Scott. Monosso stands over Scott, measuring him...]

GM: Oh no.

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

[With a bellow, Monosso leaps into the air, knee aimed at the exposed skull of Stevie Scott...

...and CRUSHES his head beneath the knee, smashing his skull into the steel benches!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

BW: KING! KONG! KNEEDROP!

[Monosso kneels on the benches, trying to make a cover.]

GM: Monosso's going for a cover here - but he can't get it, Bucky. Scott's shoulders are in between those two benches - in mid-air - and they're not pinned down. The Falls Count Anywhere rules specifically say that the shoulders STILL have to be pinned down to the canvas... or the concrete... or whatever.

[An angry Monosso shouts at Mickey Meekly to make a count but Meekly quickly - and carefully - explains what Gordon just explained. Monosso pushes up off of Stevie Scott, tearing at his hair with both hands as he lets loose an anguished roar as Percy Childes shouts at him from the floor.]

GM: Monosso's losing his cool but Percy's trying to keep him on track.

BW: That's what a great manager does, daddy. He keeps his men going in the right direction.

[Monosso violently kicks at the ribs of Stevie Scott once... twice... three times, causing Scott to roll over the benches towards the guardrail at the end of the row. He doubles over, pulling Scott to his feet by the hair...

...and wraps both hands around the Hotshot's throat, pushing him back against the railing!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: He's trying to shove him over the rails!

GM: They're only a few feet off the ground there but-

[Struggling against Monosso's grip, Scott decides for another route.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! He kicked the man low!

[Grabbing the wild hair, Scott SLAMS Monosso's skull into the railing, sending him stumbling backwards. Scott moves in again, throwing a snapping jab to the jaw... and a second... and a third. Monosso stumbles backwards into the aisle as Scott waves some fans out of the way, stepping up onto a bench a few rows up...

...and then HURLS himself with a running start, flooring Monosso with a clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!!!

[The crowd roars as Scott takes a knee, grabbing a handful of hair, and hammers away at the skull of Monosso with right hands. Climbing back to his feet, Scott lays in a few kicks to the ribs, sending Monosso rolling back down the aisle, landing on the floor below. The former National Champion climbs down after him, looking out at the crowd as Monosso crawls away from the bleachers.]

GM: The fight is back out on the floor now... out on that exposed concrete... you've gotta be real careful there...

[Scott drags Monosso off the floor by the hair...

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

GM: What the-?!

BW: Oh my god.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Scott reaches down, hooking his arms around the waist of the madman from Happy Valley.]

GM: He's going for the piledriver on the concrete floor!

[Scott struggles and strains, trying to get Monosso up off the floor.]

GM: Can he get him up?

BW: Somebody stop him! Somebody-

[Percy Childes does exactly that, winding up with his crystal-topped cane...

...and SLAMS it across the back of Stevie Scott!]

GM: OHHHH!

[And Monosso immediately stands up, backdropping the Hotshot over and DOWN HARD on the concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHH! STEVIE SCOTT JUST GOT DROPPED!

[Stevie Scott writhes back and forth on the floor having had his back smashed twice in a row at top impact. James Monosso hangs onto the nearby railing, turning to face the Hotshot who is sprawled out on the floor.]

GM: Stevie Scott is down... this might be it, Bucky.

[The wild-eyed brawler approaches his downed opponent, dropping into a lateral press.]

GM: We've got a cover out on the concrete!

[The referee dives to the floor.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But at the last moment, Scott FIRES a shoulder off the concrete floor!]

GM: Incredible! Stevie Scott WILL NOT stay down, fans! Stevie Scott has returned and he is a man on a mission! He will not be denied here tonight as we kick off the AWA's Anniversary celebration!

[Monosso pushes up off of Scott, burying his head in his hands. He shouts something in the direction of Jim Watkins who has crept closer to watch the action unfold. The fans are buzzing, trying to cheer Stevie Scott on as Monosso gets back to his feet. The big man pulls Scott off the floor by the hair with both hands...

...and FLINGS him in the direction of the emergency exit, sending him crashing through the doors!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!!

[The crowd is ROARING as Monosso stalks towards the open doors, shoving aside an AWA security guard as he goes through them.]

GM: We've... fans, we've lost sight of James Monosso and Stevie Scott! We need to get our cameras out there in the... fans, we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find James Monosso and Stevie Scott trading right hands out on the streets of Dallas, Texas!]

GM: Fans, we're back! We're back on Saturday Night Wrestling and they're fighting on the streets of Dallas!

[A loud car horn is heard as James Monosso smashes Scott with a right hand, sending him falling back into the street. Monosso marches out after him, turning his gaze in the direction of the honking car...

...and reaches down, grabbing Scott by the arm...]

GM: No, no!

[Monosso uses the arm to FIRE Scott several feet...

...sending him CRASHING backfirst into the front of the car!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That guy's really wishing he hadn't honked at them now, daddy!

GM: You're probably right about that.

[Monosso hobbles towards Scott, again wrapping his hands around the throat and pushing him back onto the hood of the car!]

GM: Monosso's choking the man on the hood of the car!

[A desperate Stevie Scott reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes of Monosso and raking across his face!]

GM: Ohh! The Hotshot goes to the eyes!

[Violently coughing, Scott grabs two hands full of Monosso's hair, winding up...]

GM: OHHHHHHHH!

[...and SMASHES the madman's head into the car hood!]

GM: This is getting out of hand! The match says Falls Count Anywhere INSIDE the building!

BW: Does it? I never heard Watkins say that! As far as I know, this could be Falls Count Anywhere... period! They could fight on down to Houston... maybe keep on going down to Mexico!

[Monosso lies sprawled across the now-dented car hood, the driver now spilling out into the street and rushing away from the car as an angry Stevie Scott steps up onto the hood as well.]

GM: What in the world is Stevie Scott thinking about doing?!

[Scott buries a few off-balance stomps into the torso of Monosso before moving past him, stepping up onto the roof of the car...]

GM: Oh my god... oh my stars, Bucky...

[With a shout, Scott throws himself into the air, crashing down across the chest of Monosso with a big splash, causing the car hood to dent even more under the combined weight as the referee rushes towards the car!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The referee springs up, calling it only a two count as Stevie Scott looks at him in disbelief. Scott pushes up to all fours, Monosso rolling off the dented hood to the asphalt as Stevie Scott breathes heavily, trying to figure out his next move.]

GM: What a war these two men are going through on the streets of Dallas, Texas! LITERALLY on the streets, fans!

[Stevie Scott steps down onto the asphalt, glaring at the official as he leans down to drag Monosso to a seated position, pushing his face up against the car's headlights...]

GM: What in the...

[Scott backs off, then rushes back in, throwing up a foot at the last moment...]

...and KICKING Monosso's head into the headlights, shattering the plastic and the glass underneath!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: Can I say it?! Can I say it?!

GM: Say what?

BW: THIS! IS! EXTREEEEEEME!

GM: IT IS NOT!

[Scott drags Monosso away from the car, throwing him down onto the asphalt, a trickle of blood coming down the cheek of Monosso where the broken plastic and glass scratched him. The former two-time National Champion throws himself into a cover.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! And that's all! Just a two count on the streets of Dallas!

[A disbelieving Stevie Scott shoves up to his feet, reaching out to shove Mickey Meekly down to his rear on the street.]

GM: Oh! Watch yourself, Stevie!

BW: Don't worry about it, Hotshot - there's no DQ out there! Watkins saw to that!

[Stevie backs off, leaning against the hood of the car as he slaps his right leg...]

GM: I think Stevie's looking for the Heatseeker out on the street!

[More car honking sounds out from all around but the former champion ignores them as he waits for Monosso to climb to his feet...]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[But Monosso sidesteps it, somehow hoisting Scott up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry. The madman staggers back towards the building where Percy Childes is shouting from an open door.]

GM: They're right outside the building here... right out on the street outside the WKIK Studios...

[Monosso stumbles closer to the building...

...and then SURGES sideways, smashing Scott's upper back and head into the side of a metal dumpster!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Monosso grabs Stevie Scott, rolling him to his back as he applies a press.]

GM: Monosso with a cover for one! For two! FOR THR-

[But again, Scott FIRES that shoulder off the concrete, breaking the pin! Childes angrily screams at Mickey Meekly from the nearby doorway as a

tired Monosso pushes to a seated position, grumbling under his breath as he tries to climb to his feet.]

GM: Both of these men are putting each other through the wringer here tonight in this unexpected Falls Count Anywhere encounter... and now Monosso looks like- yes, he's bringing the fight back inside the building!

[Monosso drags Stevie Scott through the doorway by the hair, the camera shot quickly cutting inside the building where the crowd roars at the sight of the two warriors. Jim Watkins proudly applauds as well. Percy Childes is right behind them, badgering Mickey Meekly all the while as Monosso pulls Scott towards the bleachers...

...and SLAMS his skull into a metal bench seat, knocking Scott down to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! This is the kind of fight where BOTH men will need medical attention after this one, Bucky.

BW: Get the doctors ready... maybe the meat wagon too.

[Monosso grabs Scott by the ankle, dragging him away from the bleachers back towards the ringside area where Percy Childes has shoved Phil Watson out of his chair...

...and is dragging the wooden timekeeper's table towards Monosso who turns, directing traffic.]

GM: Wait a second here...

BW: EXTREEEEEEEEE!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Childes slaps the wooden table with an open hand, directing Monosso to put Scott across it.]

GM: Monosso has laid Stevie Scott out on that timekeeper's table! This could be bad, fans! This could be very, very bad!

BW: Don't tick off the madman, daddy!

GM: Monosso is climbing up on the apron, pulling himself up with the ropes.

[The big man leans against the ropes, looking down at the prone Scott who is draped across the table...]

GM: What's he got in mind here, Bucky?!

BW: PAIN!

[Monosso throws back his head in an anguished howl...

...and then a shout from Jim Watkins seems to stop him cold!]

BW: No, no, no! Ignore him! Put Scott through the danged table!

[Percy Childes is absolutely SCREAMING the same thing at James Monosso who has turned his focus, glaring at Jim Watkins who has climbed up on the ringsteps, just a few feet away from James Monosso.]

GM: Watkins has drawn Monosso's focus towards him, just before Scott was put through this table at ringside. Percy Childes is absolutely beside himself, fans. He is shouting at the top of his lungs at his man but Monosso is completely ignoring him!

[The temporary distraction is enough for Stevie Scott to drag himself off the table...

...and FLATTEN Percy Childes with a right hand to the jaw! HUGE CHEER!]

GM: OHHHH! DOWN GOES CHILDES!!

[Snatching Childes' crystal-topped cane off the floor, he winds up with it...

...and CRACKS Monosso in the back of the knee with it, knocking him off-balance.]

GM: Ohh! Right to the knee! What a shot with the cane!

[Scott winds up with the cane again...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A heavy blow over the head of the stunned Monosso knocks him flat, sending him crashing through the ropes into the ring. Scott tosses the cane aside as he rolls in, crawling for a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But the crowd collectively gasps as Monosso slips a foot over the bottom rope, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Foot on the ropes! Monosso got the foot on the ropes and Stevie Scott can't believe it! Stevie Scott is absolutely shocked at that!

BW: He thought he had him, Gordo. Heck, I did too!

[Scott climbs to his feet, reaching down for a handful of hair. He hauls Monosso up to a knee, dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's calling for the piledriver! Scott's signaling for the piledriver!

[The Hotshot lifts, trying to pick the big man up...

...but immediately sets him back down, clutching his lower back in pain as he staggers away. Monosso pushes to his feet, grabbing his opponent by the back of the jeans...]

GM: NO!

[...and ROCKETS him into the corner, sending him smashing shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Monosso sneers at the wounded Scott, stepping through the ropes to the apron...]

GM: He's gonna deliver that running kick!

BW: The Concussionizer!

GM: If he hits this, I think it's over, fans!

BW: If he hits this, Stevie Scott won't even remember he made a comeback, daddy!

[Monosso backs down the length of the apron, backing to the steel ringpost...

...and shouts something in Jim Watkins' direction before charging down the length of the apron...]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZ-

[Ever the ring general, Stevie Scott shoves himself backwards from the ringpost at the last moment, causing Monosso to whiff on the kick, smashing his own leg into the ringpost...

...which allows the Hotshot to scramble away, lashing out backwards with a superkick that catches the off-balance Monosso on the chin!]

GM: HEATSEEKER!

[Monosso goes sailing off the apron, crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: MONOSSO TO THE FLOOR!! MONOSSO TO THE FLOOR!!

[Stevie Scott collapses to his knees, clutching his lower back again as Jim Watkins shouts at him from the floor.]

GM: Jim Watkins is telling the Hotshot to make the cover! He's telling him to finish this off right now! Childs is down! Monosso is down! This is Stevie Scott's match to win right here and now!

BW: He's gotta pin the man first, Gordo!

[A hurting Hotshot lies down on the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor. Hanging onto the ring apron, he stumbles forward, moving closer and closer towards Monosso who is sprawled out on the floor...]

GM: Come on, Stevie!

BW: You're the most biased announcer in the business, Gordo!

[Scott stumbles away from the ring, falling to his knees into a sloppy cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But somehow, someway... James Monosso lifts the shoulder!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

BW: Incredible! Unbelievable!

GM: Stevie Scott thought he had this match won and I think every person in this building did as well! How in the world did James Monosso kick out of that? He got hit with the Heatseeker, got knocked off the apron to the barely-padded concrete floor... and STILL kicked out! Amazing!

[A frustrated Stevie Scott pushes to his feet, leaning down to pull Monosso up by the hair, and fling him back under the ropes into the ring. Scott rolls in after him, slapping the mat with both hands before he climbs to his feet. The Hotshot drags Monosso up, grabbing him by the back of the pants...

...and HURLS him into the ringpost shoulderfirst!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The Hotshot steps out to the apron, backing down the length of it!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Stop saying that!

[Scott slaps his leg, glaring at the stunned Monosso whose head is resting against the solid steel ringpost...

...and breaks into a sprint, charging down the apron...]

GM: CONCUSS-

[But Monosso springs out of the ropes, arm at the ready...

...and LEVELS Stevie Scott with a standing lariat from inside the ring, knocking Scott backwards where the back of his head smashes into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!!

[A furious Monosso reaches over the top rope, dragging a limp Scott to his feet by the hair, reaching over with his other arm to secure a side waistlock from inside the ring. Without hesitation, he powers Scott into the air...

...and DUMPS him on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DESCENT INTO MADNESS!

[Monosso promptly covers the motionless Scott as Meekly dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers the sound of the bell as a stunned Percy Chiles climbs the ringsteps, clutching the jaw that Stevie Scott punched as he shouts at a disheartened Jim Watkins who shakes his head in disappointment as he climbs up on the apron.]

GM: James Monosso wins it... but man oh man, did Stevie Scott ever give him one HECK of a fight! I'm not sure Monosso is getting up any time soon, Bucky.

[Chiles kneels down next to Monosso who has rolled onto his back, breathing heavily just a couple feet away from the barely-conscious Stevie Scott who has Jim Watkins kneeling next to him.]

GM: What a battle! What a war! I think... it looks like we might need some help out here for both of these men, Bucky. And this match wasn't even SCHEDULED to take place here tonight! Wow! What a start to this night,

Bucky... what a start to this Anniversary celebration! And how do we even go on from there at all?

[The arrival of some medical team members puts a damper on the crowd that is now buzzing with concern as they watch them work on the two combatants.]

GM: The AWA's medical staff is hard at work in there... we're going to- okay, we're going back to the locker room right now where we've got the now FORMER Longhorn Heritage Champion, Robert Donovan, standing by with comments.

[We fade away from the medical team working on James Monosso and Stevie Scott to a shot of the backstage area that reveals a large, somewhat disconsolate ex-champion seated in a plain metal folding chair, with his legs extended in front of him. The former Longhorn Heritage champ is still wearing a black tank-top with "HERITAGE" written in bright red across the front, but the title belt that had been draped over his shoulder for some time is obviously missing, and the fact that it's missing is just as obviously not settling well with the big man. Donovan's arms are folded across his chest, and he's sporting a nigh-customary glower.]

RD: So...for some reason people're walkin' on eggshells around me.

[A slight smirk appears on the big man's face.]

RD: Can't imagine why. Can't imagine why people might think I'm a lil' on the cranky side right now, why they might be better off avoidin' my company! No, sir, can't imagine it one damn bit...oh, except the entire reason I came to the AWA to begin with is sittin' on somebody else's waist, an' I got nobody to blame for it but...me.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: I'm sure that ain't what people expected to hear, but I ain't in the BS business, I've always done my best to say what I really feel an' what I see as the truth. I'm sure people think I'm ready to go find Rex Summers an' lay him out, but truth be told, I can't get angry about what he did. He said the exact words that he knew would get me to flip common sense the bird and go at him again after gettin' my bell rung by that piece of crap Dufresne -- and they weren't even his damn words, they were mine. What the hell was I supposed to do after that? Walk away? Hell no!

[Donovan unfolds his arms and shrugs.]

RD: ...an' that's why I can't get mad at Summers. I got a couple of things I'm gonna say to him right now, though, an' Rex, you damn well better be listenin'. For one, don't think you're gettin' off free -- I'll get my hands on you one of these days an' make you understand why, outta all those names you shoved into my face, I'm the only one of 'em still left standin'. I'll show you just how much Longhorn Heritage means to me, but it ain't gonna be

some random sneak attack, no nonsense. It'll be you, me, a ring, a bell, a referee, an' the worst ten minutes of your life...guaranteed.

Now, the second thing I wanted to tell you? Congratulations.

[Donovan scratches his chin briefly.]

RD: Ain't somethin' I thought I'd say to the man who took that belt off of me, but I always said I'd defend the title against anybody who had it in 'em to step up and take a shot. You took your shot, you looked me in the eyes an' you challenged me after probably the worst night o' yer life, an' you won. At least you didn't hire half the damn locker room to beat me to a pulp first.

[Donovan leans forward, placing his feet firmly on the ground, elbows resting on his knees.]

RD: Now, we get to move on to the fun part of this lil' conversation I'm havin' with myself an' the audience, the part where I actually get mad. The part where I let Calisto Dufresne know that while he won this round, the cost is gonna be more'n he can bear. See, Calisto, you may have relieved me of a championship, may have embarrassed and humiliated me in a way that I honestly didn't think was possible, but you made a hell of a big mistake in the process.

You left me breathin'.

[Donovan stands up abruptly, looming over the camera.]

RD: You left me upright, Dufresne! When you pulled this crap on the champ, you made sure he was gonna have to leave feet-first because you know you couldn't take the aftermath otherwise. When you pulled this garbage on Vasquez, you made sure he couldn't get up to get right on your tail, that it'd be months before he was ready to exact revenge on your sorry behind. I made that crack about you hirin' half the roster to do your dirty work for a reason, Dufresne, an' that reason?

[Donovan grins.]

RD: Friendly advice. It's gonna take all that an' more to keep me off of you now -- an' frankly, you can go ahead and give it a shot, Dufresne. I ain't any more scared of them than I am of you, an' in case you missed it, I've got a few friends in that locker room. There's plenty of people I can get riled up enough to go chasin' after your sorry paper-champion ass, so if you want to try to do to me what you did to the champ, go right ahead! All you'll be doin' is settin' in stone what I already know -- you don't want any part of me, so you're gonna take every piece you can before the Anniversary Show.

[Donovan rolls his neck, producing an audible crack.]

RD: All that's really left to say now is that there ain't no escape for you, Dufresne. I'm sure that, bein' the coward you are, when it finally comes time to hook 'em up you're gonna use every dirty trick in the book to make

sure you walk away with the title, whether you win or lose. Just know that I've been around the wrestling business since before I was old enough to walk, Dufresne, an' I grew up around some of the dirtiest sons of guns the industry has ever known! I know all the tricks, all the sneaky crap guys like you pull to make sure that even when they lose, they win. Ain't nothin' you can do to surprise me, Dufresne...

[Donovan laughs out loud.]

RD: ...'cept fight like a man.

[Donovan abruptly stalks away, and we cut 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 in the backstage area between Pedro Perez and the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson. Perez is dressed for action - at least he appears to be underneath a sparking red and white full-length robe that reads "THE FUTURE" across the back.]

JD: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where as you can see I've been joined by a man who... well, has a very tall order in front of him tonight when he takes on Juan Vasquez! Mr. Perez, your thoughts.

[Pedro Perez looks wide-eyed as he takes the mic.]

PP: Juan Vasquez. Juan Vasquez? That's who I'm facing tonight?

[Dane nods.]

PP: Ben, you told me I was facing some washed-up hasbeen whose career ended in a blaze of pain and suffering last summer at the hands of yours truly and a walking who's who of professional wrestling.

[Waterson smirks... and Perez snaps his fingers with a big grin.]

PP: I almost forgot. That's the same person!

[Perez and Waterson cackle at the joke.]

PP: Juan Vasquez thinks he can make a name for himself in beating the Future of this industry, Jason Dane.

JD: Excuse me but I think Juan Vasquez has already made quite the name for himself.

PP: Sure, sure... I can see how you might think that. I mean, he beat up on Stevie Scott around here a couple years ago, wore the National Title a couple times. Oh, and I guess he fought with... whashisname, Ben? The Brit?

ATTSBW: Rhodes.

PP: Right, right... he fought with Rhodes for a while.

[Dane looks incredulous.]

JD: Juan Vasquez has made a name for himself ALL OVER the wrestling world.

[Perez looks puzzled.]

PP: You mean, he's fought in Puerto Rico and Japan and stuff?

JD: He's a former World Champion!

PP: Yeah, but... do any of those REALLY count?

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: The fact is, JD... Juan Vasquez walks into Dallas tonight knowing he's a man on borrowed time. He came back at SuperClash, all full of P & V, ready to lay waste to everyone who was involved in what happened to him last summer at WrestleRock.

Annnnnnd... what's he done since then, JD?

[Dane starts to answer.]

PP: Nothing! That's what he's done... nothing! Okay, sure... he beat up a manager. Impressive... real impressive. You impressed, Ben?

[Waterson smirks.]

ATTSBW: Real impressed.

PP: Ben's impressed too, Juan. Oh, and he also beat up a couple of drunk rednecks in a bar somewhere. But the fact of the matter is, he has yet to climb into a WRESTLING ring and beaten any of consequence.

He's a former two-time National Champion and the Championship Committee is so impressed by him, he hasn't even cracked the Top Ten since coming back!

We're all real impressed, Juan.

[Perez cracks a grin.]

JD: So, are you saying this is going to be an easy night for you?

[Perez shakes his head.]

PP: Not at all. You see, during training this week, I hurt my-

[Waterson raises a hand.]

ATTSBW: I think we've said too much.

[Perez nods.]

ATTSBW: Juan Vasquez, tonight is the beginning of the end for you in the AWA.

Consider. Yourself. Warned.

[Waterson and Perez stride out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

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

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, standing six feet, four inches tall and weighing in at 272 pounds, hailing from Topeka, Kansas, please welcome...

...Leeeee Haaaarrrriigggan!!!

[Harrigan, a stout man with short brown hair and a long face is clad in red trunks and black boots. He sneers menacingly at the crowd who give him a few token jeers.]

PW: And his opponent!

[The sounds of Smashing Pumpkins' "Zero" kicks in to a big cheer from the crowd in the WKIK Studios.]

PW: From Charlotte, North Carolina... standing five feet, eleven inches tall and weighing in at 210 pounds... he is the CAAAAROLINA CRUSHER...

JEEEEEEEEEEEEFF JAAAAAAAAAAGGERRRRRRRRR!

[Jagger comes jogging through the entrance portal clad in a long pair of royal blue wrestling tights with "CAROLINA" written down one leg in white lettering and "CRUSHER" down the other. White wrestling boots with a blue "JJ" on them cover his feet, while his chest is bare. His medium-length brown hair is pulled back out of his eyes, revealing a young and eager face that carries a huge smile. The crowd provides a modest face pop as Jagger quickly makes his way towards the ring, slapping the outstretched hands of as many fans as he can reach.]

GM: Two weeks ago we saw young Jeff Jagger get a victory over his friend Scotty Mayhem here on All Star Showdown.

BW: Thanks to Playboy Johnny C! Maybe Jagger is getting a killer instinct and is starting to understand you gotta do whatever it takes to get the W, daddy!

GM: Bucky, you know well and good that Jeff Jagger had no idea that Johnny Casanova struck his friend with that loaded purse.

BW: I don't know any such thing!

[Jagger climbs into the ring as his entrance music begins to fade away. He sizes up Harrigan, to whom he is giving up a decent size advantage. Mickey Meekly calls for the bell and gets a response: Ding! Ding! Ding!]

GM: And we're underway! Let's see how Jagger plans to overcome the size advantage that Lee Harrigan possesses.

[Jagger approaches Harrigan and the two immediately come together in a collar and elbow tieup. After some jostling, Jagger manages to pull Harrigan down into a side headlock.]

GM: Jagger goes right into the side headlock, applying the pressure on the head and neck of Harrigan leaving the big man from Kansas looking for a way out...

[Harrigan backs to the ropes, then uses his power edge to shove Jagger off to the opposite ropes. Jagger rebounds back towards his opponent who is waiting with a hiptoss.]

GM: Jagger off the far side...

[The North Carolina native slips over the hiptoss, turning it into one of his own, tossing Harrigan down down to the canvas where he skids across the ring.]

GM: Nice reversal there by the youngster. Doesn't look to be showing any ill effects from his match last time out with Scotty Mayhem.

BW: Scotty Mayhem's a tough kid, Gordo, but I think he showed a bit of a sissy side in there with his good friend, Jagger. He didn't want to hurt him too much.

[Harrigan scrambles to his feet, backing himself up into the corner where Jagger promptly approaches, laying into his opponent with a few well-placed boots to the chest.]

GM: Jagger's got him backed into the corner, laying in some boots...

[Grabbing Harrigan by the arm, he drags him out of the corner, hooking an arm over his neck...

...and snaps him over with a suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution on the vertical suplex by Jagger!

[Harrigan instantly sits up, clutching at his back as Jagger quickly gets back to a vertical base. He circles around, dropping a leg across the throat of his burly opponent.]

GM: And that'll keep him down off the legdrop! Jagger's trying to keep the larger man off his feet...

[Again, Jagger is quickly back to his feet, reaching down and grabbing Harrigan's legs, looking around at the crowd, which begins to buzz with anticipation.]

GM: It looks like he's getting ready to go for the Last Rites! He's looking to finish Harrigan off already!

BW: Too early for that, daddy. This kid's green as the day is long if he thinks this is over already.

[But Jagger doesn't go for the Last Rites, instead stomping down on the midsection of Harrigan.]

BW: That was a low blow!

GM: It certainly looked like it was above the waist to me and the referee seems to agree with me.

[The Carolina Crusher reaches down and pulls Harrigan up by his short brown hair before sending him right back down to the mat with a European uppercut.]

GM: Hard shot to the jaw there! Jagger's got him down again... look out here!

[Jagger sizes up his fallen opponent, dropping down with a precision-aimed elbow right to the bridge of Harrigan's nose.]

GM: Ohh! That could break a nose in an instant, Bucky.

BW: The kid's showing a little bit more of a vicious side this week, Gordo. Nearly losing to Mayhem might have driven him closer to the edge.

[As Harrigan rolls around the mat clutching his nose, Jagger quickly pulls him up to his feet and scoops him up, dropping him unceremoniously back onto the mat with a bodyslam.]

BW: Actually, now that I think about it - I will give the kid this: He seems to be a little more focused since Skywalker Jones wiped the floor with him at SuperClash. Maybe he learned something from the great Sky. Walker. Joooooones.

GM: Jagger pinned Skywalker Jones in that match, Bucky.

BW: Doesn't mean he wasn't getting whipped, daddy!

[Jagger backs into a corner, boosting himself up onto the second turnbuckle and leaps off, once again landing with a precision elbow to the throat of Lee Harrigan.]

GM: He's dropping quite a few elbows here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling. A homage to his friend Scotty Mayhem!

BW: Or a message!

GM: Oh, stop it!

[Jagger pulls Harrigan back to his feet again before hoisting him up in a pendulum lift...

...and drops him down across the knee with a stiff backbreaker that has Harrigan howling in pain!]

GM: The backbreaker done to perfection! And that's got Harrigan in some serious trouble, fans.

[Jagger backs off for a moment, saluting the crowd as Harrigan uses the ropes to struggle up to his feet.]

BW: Jagger lost his focus there for a minute, messing around with these idiot fans.

GM: But he's right back in there, tossing Harrigan down with a snapmare... here it comes!

[Jagger quickly grabs Harrigan's legs once again. This time he's not looking to lay down any stomps on his opponent as he swiftly locks in the Last Rites deathlock!]

GM: Jeff Jagger has him locked in the Last Rites square in the middle of the ring!

[It's elementary from here, as Harrigan quickly taps the mat three times and Mickey Meekly calls for the bell. Ding! Ding! Ding! "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins comes on yet again as Jagger has his hand raised in victory.]

GM: Jeff Jagger wins again and continues his hot streak here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: A win over Mayhem two weeks ago, a win here tonight. I'm not the biggest Jeff Jagger fan but you have to wonder if he's slipping himself into position to break the Top Ten rankings, Gordo... maybe even earn himself a shot at the new Longhorn Heritage Champion, Rex Summers.

GM: Neither of those things would surprise me as good as this young man is inside that ring, Bucky.

BW: Now can we move on to someone a little more entertaining?

GM: Jeff Jagger is going to join us here at ringside right now with some comments.

[Jagger jumps out of the ring, heading over to the announce area where he shakes Gordon's hand while Bucky pretends to look the other way.]

GM: Jeff Jagger, congratulations on another well-earned victory. How are you feeling here tonight?

[A smile to Myers and towards the crowd from Jagger.]

JJ: I'm feelin' great, Gordon. Great to be back in the WKIK Studios. Nothin' wrong with the Crockett Coliseum, mind you, but it's kinda nice to come in here and be a part of an event here in the birthplace of the AWA, if ya' will.

GM: I completely agree with that. Now, let's go back to two weeks ago when you battled your good friend Scotty Mayhem on All Star Showdown. You won that match, but that victory was aided by some interference from Johnny Casanova.

[A scowl crosses Jagger's face.]

JJ: Yeah, I didn't really like how that all went down, to be honest with ya. I didn't see it at the time. I had no idea that Scotty got blasted by that snake Casanova. I just saw a guy who was down and had a chance to get a W and jumped on it. Simple as that.

GM: And have you spoken to Scotty Mayhem since then?

JJ: Of course I have, Gordon. He's my buddy. After I went back in and watched the tape o' what happened, I immediately called him up an' apologized for what happened. I didn't have a hand in it, but I didn't want it to go down like that, either. Scotty's a good man and deserves better than what happened out there two weeks ago. I told 'im I'd be willin' to give it

another go inside the squared circle so we can put a show on for these fans if he wants--

[Without warning, Scotty Mayhem and Big Mama come walking into view of the camera. Gordon Myers seems obviously surprised by this turn of events as the duo reaches the announce area. Mayhem is in a red spandex sleeveless shirt and black spandex pants. His white jammer glasses cover his eyes while he sports a red bandana that covers his wild hair. Big Mama stands behind him in a black skirt and a shiny silver top. Jagger nods at the approaching Mayhem who returns the gesture.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem, you weren't scheduled to be out here at the moment but... welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling nonetheless.

[Mayhem points a finger at his good friend as he speaks.]

SM: Gordon Myers, everybody saw what happened two weeks ago in our match, yeah. "The Intensity" versus "The Carolina Crusher". Everybody is ravin' about the match! Two of AWA's finest, battling it out in the ring man to man.

[Jagger nods in agreement. Mayhem adjusts his sunglasses and looks at the crowd as they agree as well. He nods his head as he continues.]

SM: But at the end of the match, as we all saw Myers, that piece of garbage, Johnny Casanova and his sidekick got involved in our business.

[Mayhem pauses and adjusts his sunglasses again, seeming to look for the right words.]

SM: But that is how it goes when two pieces of junk can't do what we can do in the ring, yeah! But brother, something has been bothering me for two weeks. I'm not gonna sugarcoat it, I'm not going to beat around the bush. I'm asking you man to man, friend to friend... I saw the tape and you expect me to believe that you never saw Casanova smash me with that purse?

[A look of irritation crosses the young North Carolinian's face.]

JJ: Look, Scotty. I called you as soon as I saw what happened and apologized. I told you I didn't see what happened and I meant it. I'm a man o' my word.

[Mayhem glares at his friend, slowly nodding.]

SM: I wanna believe ya Jeff, I really do, yeah. But it's hard for me to believe, that you didn't see Johnny Casanova smash me with that purse. I'm thinking you just might have "conveniently" forgot brother, yeah.

[Jagger looks less than thrilled at that accusation.]

SM: So let's be truthful, Jagger. You saw what happened. I'm not mad, but I need you to be a man about it and admit it to my face.

[Mayhem continuing on this line of questioning is clearly beginning to bother Jagger.]

JJ: I really don't know what you're gettin' at, Scotty. But maybe if you didn't wanna get hit with a loaded purse, perhaps you shouldn't have your...

[A glance at Big Mama.]

JJ: ...lady... gettin' involved in your business!

[The crowd buzzes as Mayhem takes a step back, rubbing his trimmed beard, the small shot at Big Mama obviously getting to the man with the short temper. He addresses Jagger again, this time getting right in his face.]

SM: Let me tell ya' something right here, right now, so there is no confusion. You can throw insults me, you can pretend you didn't notice the shot that you got you the win. But friend or no friend brother, you never insult my lady, you feeling me, man?

[Jagger and Mayhem go nose to nose, talking back and fourth. Myers looks nervous, like a brawl could break out at any moment. The confrontation is interrupted however as a gruff voice cuts through the air.]

Voice: I didn't mean ta break up yer' domestic....

[The boos are deafening as "Dirty" Dick Bass walks out with a cocky looking Casanova close behind. The two approach the announce area which is suddenly very crowded and tension-filled. Bass jabs a finger in the air at the two men who were arguing a moment ago.]

Bass: Jeff Jagger, I'm gonna make this short an' sweet, punk. The truth be told, I don't like you. In fact, I don't like anybody standing up there right now, except for you ol' Myers there. But that's more me feelin' pity for ya' then actually me likin' you.

[The boos rain down again as Jagger shrugs and Mayhem waves them on, challenging them to a physical confrontation. Bass smirks as Casanova chuckles.]

Bass: So Jeff Jagger, let's get down ta' business. You and I have a little unfinished business from two weeks ago. I think you may be confused a lil, son. You really think yer' gonna get away with puttin' yer hands on me? You really think I'm just gonna forget that you stuck yer' nose in my business? I never forget, boy! The fact is I've thought nothin' about smashin' yer face for two weeks. So this is how it's gonna go Jagger. You-me, at the Anniversary Show.... [shrugs] unless of course yer' yellow!

[Jagger looks fired up. He points a finger at Bass.]

JJ: It will be my pleasure to beat you like a rag doll at the Anniversary Show!

[The crowd cheers. Bass nods and points a meaty finger at Jagger again.]

Bass: Good boy! But remember this. It will take more than a loaded purse to beat me!

[Bass and Casanova begin to walk backwards towards the curtain when Mayhem grabs the mic from Myers.]

SM: I'll tell ya what, Bass, let's up the ante just a little bit! There is no doubt in my mind that Jeff has what it takes to beat ya' one, two three, yeah! But it's no secret that you always have to have your sidekick with ya. So let's even up the odds... that is, in your own words brother, if "Yer' not yellow."

[Bass doesn't look amused, shouting "What you got in mind, puke?" from off-mic.]

[Mayhem grins, knowing the hook is baited now.]

SM: It's simple, Bass. You say you can beat Jagger man to man?

[Bass is irate now, moving back towards the interview area to move the mic towards him.]

Bass: I could whip that boy's butt ANYTIME, ANYWHERE under any circumstances!

[Mayhem turns to Big Mama who nods.]

SM: Well, then you'll have no problem if I'm handcuffed to Johnny Casanova then to make sure there is NO interference!

[The crowd roars at the idea of that as Casanova instantly shakes his head, not agreeing to the stipulation. Bass, however, has no problem as he nods his head.]

Bass: You got it! I don't need anybody to help me whip yer' butt, boy!

[A fired-up Bass turns and walks through the curtain with a pleading Casanova close behind. The fans cheer as Jagger and Mayhem shake hands, evidently burying their disagreement for the time being.]

GM: That's official, fans! Jeff Jagger will meet Dick Bass in two weeks' time at the Anniversary Show with Johnny Casanova and Scott Mayhem HANDCUFFED to one another at ringside! That should be something else. Fans, let's go back to the locker room right now for a very special interview!

[We go backstage to Jason Dane, who is standing next to Alphonse Green. Green has a huge smile plastered across his face for some reason. Maybe it's because he's showing off a new bright green t-shirt, with "Gang Green" written in white in large block letters across the front (buy yours today!).]

JD: Folks, I'm here with one of the least likeliest battle royal winners that I can think of. Alphonse, All-Star Showdown was a huge night for you, and it looks like the events of that night have stuck with you since then, despite the result at the end of your match with Robert Donovan.

AG: All-Star Showdown was the night that I truly put my name on the map. With the support of all of my members of Gang Green, now numbering in the thousands, I outlasted nineteen competitors and won the Battle Royal. Me and Skywalker Jones, daddy, we put together a mat classic. People are still talking about our encounter as the last two men in that ring, fighting for a shot at the Longhorn Heritage Title. It was one for the ages, but in the end I came out on top, like the massive superstar that I am. If I wasn't around, Jones, you'd be the biggest, brightest star in the AWA, you have earned the Alphonse Green Seal of Approval, trademark Alphonse Green LLC.

[Green flashes a thumbs up to the camera as Dane shakes his head.]

AG: And as far as Robert Donovan goes, we tore the house down! All I've been hearing on the Alphonse Green fan site is how, despite the result, that Alphonse Green vs. Robert Donovan should be the unanimous Match of the Year. Wrap it up, wrestle-failures.

JD: Are you sure you should be proclaiming that? That match lasted barely six minutes.

AG: Maybe it did, but you have to admit that it was six minutes of action packed, intense action that you don't even see in these so-called thirty minute 'classics' that everyone once seemed to love. No sir, it was action that you can only find in an Alphonse Green match. I might not have come away with the gold that night, Dane, but rest assured.. the Greatest Light Heavyweight of All-Time, and the King of the Battle Royals, Alphonse Green, will be holding AWA gold at some point before the end of 2012. When I win AWA gold, my star will shine so bright that it will consume the entire world, it would be what the Mayans were talking about thousands of years ago!

JD: Oh..kay, well, we have more great AWA action coming up, back to you gu..

[Green holds up his hand, interrupting Dane.]

AG: Hold up there, Dane. The King of the Battle Royals has to make a proclamation for my subjects at home. We are not done.

[Dane lets out an audible sigh, muttering 'whatever'.]

AG: Alphonse Green, the King of the Battle Royals, has decided to be the first man to submit his name into the Memorial Day Rumble, to take place on the 28th of May, 2012. No matter what number I draw, I will outlast every single man that enters that ring, and I will get my rightful shot at the AWA National Title.

JD: Are we done?

AG: I suppose I should let the other members of the AWA have their fleeting shot at glory. Back to you, Bucky and whoever that other guy is.

[Green points with both index fingers as he boogies off camera. Dane is heard saying 'Hey, that was my line!' as we fade back to Bucky and Gordon.]

GM: King of the Battle Royal?!

BW: Can you deny it?

GM: Of course I can! He's won ONE of them!

BW: Well, on Memorial Day, daddy, you'll be singing a different tune when Alphonse Green wins the annual Memorial Day Rumble.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky. Fans, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Parts Unknown... The Shadow!

[A burly man in a black and grey mask and bodysuit raises a beefy arm to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A Native American warcry sounds over the PA system, bringing cheers from the crowd as Yuma Weaver comes tearing through the curtain.]

PW: YUUUUUUMAAAAA WEAAAAAVERRRRR!

[Weaver comes straight to the ring, diving under the ropes where the burly Shadow immediately assaults him, slamming a trio of boots into the ribs of the rising Weaver.]

GM: The bell has rung - we're underway!

[The Shadow rains down forearms and kicks on the still-rising Weaver who finally gets to his feet, blocking a right hand...

...and UNCORKING a blistering chop across the chest that knocks the masked man flat!]

GM: Good grief! What a chop by Weaver!

[Weaver measures the man, waiting for him to get back to his feet, and flattens him with another big chop across the chest, toppling him to the canvas. This time, he doesn't wait for the Shadow to rise, pulling him up by the arm and wheeling him around into the ropes...]

GM: He fires the big man in...

[And drops him again, this time with a back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Ohh, he takes him down hard!

[With a shout to the crowd, Weaver steps from the ring, quickly scaling the ropes...]

GM: Weaver's heading up top... he's gonna fly...

[And as soon as the Shadow regains his feet, Weaver leaps from the top, plummeting down, and SMASHING the masked man over the skull with a Tomahawk chop!]

GM: OHHH!

[Weaver throws himself into a lateral press, reaching back for the leg, and earning a three count just before the bell rings.]

GM: One, two, three - and just like that, he's got him, Bucky.

BW: Weaver's not gettin' paid by the hour, daddy.

[Weaver allows the official to raise his arm, saluting the fans before exiting the ring and marching over to the announce area.]

GM: And it looks like Mr. Weaver is about to join us here at ringside. Congratulations on your victory, young man.

[Weaver nods as he leans over the mic.]

YW: Thank you, Mr. Myers. It is a great honor to be standing here with you once again... but I wish I didn't have to stand out here in front of all these great fans in the mood I'm in.

GM: I'm guessing you're referring to what happened to you at All Star Showdown. A tough loss at the hands of Dave Cooper.

[Weaver shakes his head.]

YW: A loss I can handle, Mr. Myers. A loss is part of the sport. You win matches, you lose matches. I'm fine with that.

What I'm NOT fine with is Dave Cooper's lack of respect for the men who step into the ring with him. What I'm NOT fine with is seeing a man who calls himself "the Professional" and is a former champion in this company, beating up opponents after the bell... attacking men who aren't expecting it... making a disgrace of himself and all that he represents.

[Myers nods.]

GM: I'm told that you have challenged Dave Cooper for a rematch in two weeks at the Anniversary Show.

[Weaver nods in response.]

YW: I absolutely have. And he's signed the contract for it.

GM: A big announcement there.

[Weaver raises a hand.]

YW: But that's not all, Mr. Myers. My father was a firm believer in the idea that if a man did not show you respect... sometimes you had no choice but to BEAT that respect into him.

Dave Cooper, in two weeks' time... I WILL beat some respect into you...

[Weaver reaches under the hastily-reconstructed podium...

...and pulls out a leather strap with a focused nod at the cheering crowd.]

YW: ...with this!

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: Are you saying-

YW: In two weeks' time, at the Anniversary Show, I will meet Dave Cooper... in a strap match!

[Weaver turns, walking off camera as the crowd cheers again.]

GM: What an announcement! Yuma Weaver and Dave Cooper in a strap match! Oh my! Fans, we've got to take another break but before we do, let's go backstage where the Number One contenders to the National Tag Team Titles, The Aces, are standing by!

[Cut to the interview area backstage where Jason Dane is standing with the Aces. The Aces aren't dressed in wrestling attire. They're wearing matching purple button-down shirts, black dress slacks, and their masks. Dane is in his usual getup.]

JD: The Von Brauns have called off-

[Childe interrupts Dane.]

SC: I've had it. ENOUGH about the Von Brauns. Our business with them is FINISHED. How many times do we have to say that, Jason!?

JD: Yes, but it seems like they're not finished with you...

[Tyler interrupts this time.]

DT: Not finished with us? They had their chance, Jason! I'm SICK and TIRED of hearing THAT name.

[Danny Tyler pulls the mic away from Jason Dane.]

DT: In fact, I'm sick of these questions even being asked. You know what I want to talk about, Jason? I want to talk about the injustices going on in the AWA that involves the Aces, Jason. Not only is our match against the Lynch Brothers scrapped, we're not given our RIGHTFUL match. The Aces won the Number One Contendership at SuperClash three. Know how long that's been?

[Childes holds up four fingers.]

DT: FOUR MONTHS! Jim Watkins thinks a cage will keep us out? He's got another thing coming. We're tired of watching others get a shot at what we EARNED. We're through talking. The only way to get results is through actions.

[Tyler shoves the mic back to Dane. The Aces walk off the interview area, leaving Jason Dane to shake his head in frustration as we 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 area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a pair of blue jeans and a pink, tight-fitting polo shirt. His long blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and the National Title gleams proudly over one shoulder. A smug grin is plastered across the champion's face as Stegglet gets his cue to begin.]

MS: Fans, I'm here with the AWA National Champion, Calisto Dufresne. Calisto, I think you have a lot to answer for after last week.

[Dufresne cocks an eyebrow at Stegglet, a slight look of annoyance flickering across his face.]

CD: I have a lot to answer for? Let's get a few things straight, Stegglet. I am the AWA National Champion. I am the greatest athlete walking the planet today. I don't answer to anyone. That said, I would most certainly like to relive some of the fine moments from All Star Showdown two weeks ago.

[The smug grin returns.]

CD: Rob Donovan set his fate a month ago when he had the audacity to come out and attack the leader of this fine organization after he had just got done doing everything Rob Donovan hasn't done since becoming champion: compete honorably, compete at all really, and most simply...

...win.

Donovan knew he was living in my shadow. Calisto Dufresne is everything that Donovan wishes he could be and while he was mainly an annoying mosquito buzzing around my head for the past few months, laying his hands on the National Champion was going too far. Now you've tugged on Superman's cape.

MS: So you decided to conspire with Rex Summers to cost Rob Donovan the Longhorn Heritage Title?

[A contemplative look plays on Dufresne's face.]

CD: "Conspire" is a bit strong, I'd say. I merely pointed out to Rex, who lost his title and rightfully dismissed his inept manager, that there might be someone back in the locker room who could help set his course back towards glory. He took care of the rest.

MS: You're referring to Ben Waterson, I assume?

CD: The only thing you need to assume, Stegglet, is that in two weeks, I will put an end to Rob Donovan forever. I will show that oaf that I will continue to do everything he's not capable of doing.

Let's be clear: If I decided to defend the National Title at the last second against an unknown opponent - which I have done on numerous occasions previously, I might add - it would only take mere moments before I laid them out like I've done to City Jack, Juan Vasquez and anyone else who has stepped in my path to the pinnacle of this sport.

[Stormclouds begin to form across Dufresne's brow.]

CD: And that includes you, Robby. In two weeks, I will prove one of your statements to be eerily prophetic.

Calisto Dufresne, by hook or by crook, does whatever it takes, by any means necessary, to hold onto this gold.

Any. Means. Necessary.

[And with that, the National Champion storms off camera as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Arrogant as always, the National Champion, Calisto Dufresne, finds himself in a situation where he's gotta walk out here in two weeks and put the National Title on the line against a man who... to say he doesn't like Dufresne would be an understatement, Bucky.

BW: Who cares if Donovan likes Dufresne? The fact of the matter stays the same - Donovan is going to face the greatest professional athlete in the world, Gordo! He's older than Dufresne, he's slower than Dufresne, he's a heckuva lot DUMBER than Dufresne - and when it's all said and done, he's just not as good as Dufresne.

GM: Calisto Dufresne says - and we've seen this before - that he is willing to go through any means necessary to keep that title belt around his waist, Bucky, but Donovan's not exactly a Boy Scout either. He learned to be a man in this sport in the sacred grounds of South Laredo - he knows how to fight to win gold.

BW: This isn't a fight he's walking into, Gordo. It's a professional wrestling match! And there ain't no one better than Calisto Dufresne when it comes down to that.

GM: We'll see about that in two weeks' time at the big Anniversary Show - and I can't wait for that. Fans, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. Two guys are standing in the corner in matching silver tights, trying to stay loose.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 420 pounds... from Dallas, Texas... J.R. Jackson and Scotty Wolfe... the Silver Bullets!

[The two young men wave to the crowd, earning a small cheer.]

PW: And their oppon-

[Before a note of music can play... before a word of announcement can be uttered, Cletus Lee Bishop and Duane Henry Bishop come tearing out of the entrance curtain, sprinting down the aisle to the ring. Both men dive under the bottom rope, springing to their feet, and rushing the opposition as Phil Watson bails out and Marty Meekly signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Duane Henry immediately batters Wolfe back against the ropes, grabbing an arm to wing him across, and floors him with a flying forearm smash! Cletus Lee wastes no time in bullrushing Jackson back into the corner, throwing big knees up into the midsection of Jackson.]

GM: Cletus Lee is bringing the thunder, fans!

[Duane Henry backs to the corner, ignoring the protesting official as Cletus Lee steps aside and lets his brother barrel into the cornered Jackson with a running back elbow.]

GM: Ohh! Duane Henry hits him hard!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, he hauls Jackson out of the corner, firing him towards Cletus Lee who scoops Jackson up into a gorilla press, holding him high above his head...

...and flinging Jackson down to the canvas with a massive thud!]

GM: What a slam by Cletus Lee Bishop!

[Cletus Lee backs to the corner, slapping his leg...

...and DRILLS an incoming Wolfe with the charging big boot, sending him sailing through the ropes and back out to the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: The Bishops ain't messin' around tonight, daddy!

[The dazed J.P. Jackson regains his feet, stumbling towards Cletus Lee who buries a boot into the midsection, dragging Jackson into a standing headscissors as Duane Henry exits the ring, heading towards the corner...]

GM: What's going on here? The Bishops are looking for something big here!

[As Duane Henry steps up to the middle rope, Cletus Lee powers Jackson up, holding him high in delayed powerbomb position...

...which is Duane Henry's cue to come off the top rope, connecting with a dropkick that sends Jackson sailing backwards where he is DRIVEN into the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH! THAT'S IT! RING THE BELL!

[Cletus Lee marches forward, dropping to a knee where he places an open hand on the chest of Jackson as the referee dives to the canvas, very quickly counting to three.]

GM: Marty Meekly shows some mercy and this one is over, fans. The Bishop Boys have won it... and that's gotta be a very clear message sent to Violence Unlimited. The former champs are getting a rematch at the Anniversary Show in two weeks but you can bet that the Bishops will be waiting in the wings to see if their next match with VU will be for the National Tag Team Titles.

BW: Titles that the Bishops once held too in case you've forgotten!

GM: I certainly haven't... and I don't think anyone else has either. The Bishop Boys are certainly trying to get themselves at the top of the line to get a shot at the titles they used to hold. But they've gotta wait their turn and that turn comes after Violence Unlimited in two weeks... and of course, after the Number One contenders, The Aces as well! The champions, James and Jack Lynch, certainly have their work cut out for them over the weeks and months to come to keep those titles around their waists... in fact, we caught up with the Lynches a little earlier tonight to get their thoughts on all of this. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" of the backstage area where Jason Dane stands, microphone in hand.]

JD: As I am sure the AWA fans know, at our fourth anniversary show, we are going to see a match that promises to be nothing more than pure action. I am talking about Violence Unlimited taking on the current National Tag Team champions, the Lynch Brothers. Jack, James, if you two could join me?

[Coming in from offstage are the tag team champions. James steps out first, sporting the AWA Lynch Brothers t-shirt with the AWA tag team title just below it across his waist, and he is followed by his older brother Jack. Jack, as always, wears black from head to toe. His black hat is pushed back to show his face, and the golden tag team belt is slung over his shoulder.]

JD: Gentlemen, for the third time, you two will face Violence Unlimited. Twice now you have faced the former National Tag Team Champions, and twice you have defeated them. But neither victory was without controversy. Your thoughts as you stand on the verge of your third confrontation?

[Its Jack who speaks first.]

Jack: My thoughts? Well Jason, my thoughts are real simple. I can't wait. I can't wait to put all this "controversy" to rest. See, when we won these?

[Jack points to his belt, and to James'.]

Jack: Yeah, it was the Bishops runnin' in who won it for us. That was dirty, and that was the wrong way. But the Cup? I'm sick and tired of hearin' how that was a close win, and I'm tired of hearin' how we won that on a fluke.

We won that match... no, let me take that back, -Jimmy- won that match for one reason – guts. And I'll fight any man who says otherwise. No one better

think, for a moment, that we're here by accident. VU.... you're getting your shot. Straight up, man to man. You earned it, and we're givin' it to you.

But this isn't your chance at takin' these belts back. No, this is our chance to finally put to rest all the talk. And prove to the world what we've been sayin' all along. Tell 'em what that is, Jimmy.

[The Texan grin fades from the middle Lynch Brother, James.]

James: Since the day my brothers and I stepped into the AWA, we have backed up everything we promised. We talked out respect and honor... We recognized Violence Unlimited as the team to beat.

We said we were going to beat them.

And we did, twice.

[James holds up two fingers for more effect.]

James: Jack and I, also told every team in the back that we were going to defend these titles. We didn't leave our homes back in Texas to duck and dodge.

[James shakes his head.]

James: No, that's not the Lynch way. We are born and bred champions... And, Violence Unlimited you want a shot at Jack and I a third... fourth ... FIFTH time?

[That Texan smile returns.]

James: Well then, there is only one thing left to do.

Step in that ring.

[Dane nods as he speaks again.]

JD: Also, as I am sure you two are aware, the Championship Committee has determined that the risk of outside interference is too great considering what we've seen in the past from both the Aces AND The Bishops. Therefore, for the first time in AWA history, you will be defending the National Tag Team title INSIDE a steel cage! Your thoughts?

[Once more, Jack steps forward to answer.]

Jack: I already told ya, Jase. We can't wait. We want this thing in a cage so that we can make sure what happened at SuperClash doesn't happen again.

There's one thing though. And I hope the Championship Committee is listenin'. Because ya see, this can't be just any old cage. My brother and I have been talkin', and Jimmy, you tell Jason and everyone listening here what we decided.

[James steps to the mic.]

James: When the Lynches and VU get in the ring, its not going to be pretty. This is going to be a fight, plain and simple. And the fight between us - it's too big for a regular cage! It's too big for a cage like we've seen before! This thing needs to be a bigger cage! This thing needs to be a Texas-sized cage the likes of which the AWA ain't never seen before! Something big, tall, and bad enough to keep scum like the Bishops in their place but give us enough room to take the fight to each other like only we can.

[Jack nods his head.]

Jack: That's right. Like they say, everything is bigger in Texas. We want you to build us the biggest cage ever built. And VU? We're hopin' that you're ready for that. Because you can bet the Lynches are.

Jimmy and me? We want that cage to be huge. And we want to settle this once and for all. This is your third time against us Morton, Haynes. And they say the third time is the charm. Tell them, Jimmy, which two men are the charmed ones.

[James points down at the AWA National Tag Team golden championship belt around his waist.]

James: This is all the charm we need. We are going to walk down to the ring...

Enter the steel cage.

And skin our own buffalos.

[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 the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[But before Watson can proceed, "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson interrupts him, snatching the mic away from the ring announcer.]

ATTSBW: Before you fill the Studios with all your hot air, Watson, I've got something that needs to be addressed to all these people.

And that is the past, present, and future of Waterson International.

[The crowd jeers the wily manager.]

ATTSBW: From the moment that I arrived back in the AWA last summer, I've heard the questions.

How? How, Ben Waterson?

How could you go from being in charge of the greatest collective force that the world of wrestling has EVER seen - the Southern Syndicate...

...to Waterson International.

[Waterson shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: How, they asked... how could you go from managing the AWA National Champion and the AWA National Tag Team Champions to managing a rookie like Pedro Perez and a second-generation nobody like Alphonse Green?

They thought I'd lost my magic... some of them... some of them thought I'd lost my mind!

Even with my close relationship with Marcus Broussard and Calisto Dufresne, as long as they weren't a part of Waterson International, no one was impressed by what I was doing.

They thought that I was done... washed up... a has-been... finished.

[Waterson smirks, spreading his arms.]

ATTSBW: But look at me now, jack!

Look at Ben Waterson, the man who took the smoldering wreckage of the Southern Syndicate... Scott, Dufresne, Freeman, Rhodes, Von Braun, Bright... and turned it into Juan Vasquez being carried from the ring on a stretcher with the National Title gone.

I was a kingmaker... a KINGMAKER!

And yet, it wasn't enough.

[Waterson paces about the ring.]

ATTSBW: I signed Pedro Perez away from the Combat Corner - one of Michaelson's pride and joy... and turned him into the Future of this sport! You can laugh at him now, you can mock him to your heart's content... but when it's all said and done, you better believe that WE'LL be the ones laughing.

I signed Alphonse Green - a man with this business in his blood. A man who had given his all to you - the fans of the AWA - and received nothing but scorn and disrespect in response! He was BETRAYED by all of you! But I saw the potential... I saw what could be... and now, now you all see it too but it's too late! He has seen the right path to walk and that path is paved by Waterson International.

[A grin.]

ATTSBW: And then... then came Rex Summers.

Do you think it was an accident that I was out there to cave in Robert Donovan's skull with a briefcase? Do you think it was a coincidence that all the pieces of the puzzle were in place?

Buddy Morton's days were numbered from the day he stepped onto MY turf. Buddy Morton may have been some big name in PCW but in the AWA? In my house? He's a mere mortal walking in the shadow of GODS!

[More boos pour down on the manager.]

ATTSBW: Pedro Perez. Alphonse Green. Rex Summers. And this is just the beginning. So laugh at us if you want... take us lightly... believe that what we have to offer pales in comparison to what the Southern Syndicate brought to the table.

But I'm done... I'm done living in the past.

This is the future of the business... this is the future of the AWA... this is Waterson International.

[Pause.]

ATTSBW: Consider yourself warn-

[Suddenly, "They Reminisce About Us" kicks in to a HUGE cheer! Waterson's jaw drops, looking a bit panicked at the sound of the music...

...and of course, who that music represents.]

GM: Well, that shut him up!

BW: What right does Vasquez have to be out here, Gordo?! Ben Waterson was in the middle of addressing the fans of the AWA and-

GM: It's supposed to be a match right now!

[An annoyed-looking Vasquez marches down the aisle, walking up the ringsteps as Waterson backpedals across the ring, raising a finger to point at Vasquez. Referee Johnny Jagger steps in, blocking Vasquez' path as he steps through the ropes.]

ATTSBW: That's right, Jagger. Keep him back from me. I know all about you, Vasquez. I know all about you wanting to physically assault managers! What you did to Louis Matsui was a crime! It was a criminal act that should have you in jail somewhere!

[Vasquez doesn't respond.]

ATTSBW: I know why you're out here, Vasquez. I know what you want. You think this is your big night, right? You think is the night where you bury Pedro Perez six feet under and put him out of this sport forever! You think this is the night where you REALLY start to get some payback for what happened to you last summer!

Well, Vasquez... you're... WRONG!

[Waterson laughs at his bold statement as Vasquez can be heard asking Jagger what's going on.]

GM: What is he talking about, Bucky?

BW: If you shut up and listen, you might find out!

[Waterson raises the mic again.]

ATTSBW: You see, there's nothing that Waterson International would like more than to see you take on Pedro Perez here tonight, Vasquez! There's nothing I'd personally like more than to see Pedro Perez END your stinkin' career right here in front of all these idiots that worship you!

[That draws more jeers from the crowd.]

ATTSBW: But... unfortunately...

[BOOS!]

ATTSBW: UNFORTUNATELY...

[MORE BOOS!]

ATTSBW: That isn't going to happen, Vasquez! Pedro Perez, while in training earlier this week for this match, injured himself!

[The crowd is rabid now, really letting him have it. Vasquez glares at him, hands on hips.]

GM: Injured?! What's wrong with him?!

[Waterson nods at the jeering crowd.]

ATTSBW: That's right. He suffered a strain in his left upper dorsal cofibulary!

[More boos!]

GM: His WHAT?!

BW: His left upper dorsal cofibulary! That stings, Gordo... I've had that happen.

GM: This is ridiculous. Make the man compete!

[Vasquez seems to be saying the same thing - first to Johnny Jagger, then in a shout to Ben Waterson.]

ATTSBW: Settle yourself down, Vasquez. You see, Waterson International would NEVER cause all these fans to be disappointed and not get the chance to see you wrestle here tonight.

So, we went out... and we found a substitute opponent for you...

Someone you know quite well... an old friend should we say...

[Waterson is all grins now like the cat that ate several canaries.]

ATTSBW: You ready to meet him? Let's bring him out here!

[The crowd cranes their necks, looking towards the entryway...

...and then erupts in a mixture of jeers and laughter!]

GM: IT'S THE CUBAN ASSASSIN #6!

BW: It's been MONTHS since we've seen him! What a coup!

GM: What a crock you mean! This isn't a serious replacement opponent, Bucky, and you know it!

BW: No way, Gordo. This man is a former sixteen-time Cuban Heavyweight Champion! He's fought in... pretty much every promotion you can imagine him in! He was in Portland...

GM: Nope.

BW: ...Los Angeles...

GM: Wrong.

BW: ...St. Louis...

GM: False.

BW: ...Canada...

GM: Nuh uh.

BW: And so many others, I can't even remember! In fact, I think he's a former LWC Silver City Champion, Gordo!

GM: Would you stop?!

[The long-bearded, wild-haired Cuban Assassin steps through the ropes, shouting at the jeering ringside fans. He pauses, shaking hands with Ben Waterson before he steps out to the floor. The Assassin turns his focus on Vasquez, gesturing wildly at him.]

GM: There's the bell and what a disappointment this is, fans. We really were hoping to see Vasquez get his hands on Pedro Perez here tonight. Pedro Perez has had a lot coming his way for a long time now and Juan Vasquez was again deprived of the chance to get his revenge.

BW: Ain't it great?

GM: No!

[As the bell rings, Vasquez strides out of the corner, glaring at the Cuban Assassin who stands before him, still shouting and gesturing...

...and then JABS a finger into Vasquez' chest.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Without warning, Vasquez rears back and CRACKS the Assassin in the jaw with a right hand, a blow that swings him around...

...and allows Vasquez to SLAM his thumb into the side of the Assassin's throat, dragging him down to the canvas!]

GM: ASSASSIN'S SPIKE! ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!

[The Assassin flails for a few moments...

...and then his arms go limp. The referee quickly lifts and drops the right arm of the Assassin once... twice... and three times before signaling for the bell.]

GM: That's it! It's over!

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet, shoving the limp Assassin off of him to the canvas. The referee raises the former two-time National Champion's hand in victory as he locks his gaze on Ben Waterson once more.]

GM: Uh oh. If I was Waterson, I might head for the hills right about now.

[Vasquez gestures for the house mic.]

JV: I want Perez at the Anniversary Show.

[Big cheer!]

JV: And if he doesn't show?

[Juan raises a hand, pointing at Waterson.]

JV: I'm coming for you instead.

[The crowd ERUPTS as Waterson stands, staring wide-eyed at the former two-time champion who simply turns, walking away from the ring towards the back.]

GM: That's a challenge!

BW: That's a threat!

GM: Call it what you want but Juan Vasquez says he either gets his hands on Pedro Perez at the Anniversary Show or he gets his hands on Ben Waterson! Either way, I can't wait to see it! Fans, it was just announced to us moments ago that tonight's Main Event is going to feature two of the most exciting, high-flying, fast-paced tag teams in the entire wrestling world, The Rave and The Hive going at it - and surprisingly, Mark Stegglet decided that he wanted to get comments on this big showdown from The Hive!

BW: He WHAT?!

GM: You said it. Let's see how that turned out!

[We crossfade from the ringside area to the backstage interview section where Mark Stegglet is standing with three constantly-moving individuals.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... I'm back here in the locker room area with Queen Bee, Yellow Jacket, and Bumble Bee... also known as The Hive! Guys, you must be extremely excited because tonight, for the first time, you guys are in the Main Event of Saturday Night Wrestling! Your thoughts?

[Queen Bee looks at Stegglet, appraising him like a cocker spaniel would a small toy. Bumble Bee nudges Stegglet on the shoulder, leaning over the mic.]

BB: Bzzzzz buzzz buzzzzbuzzzbzzzz.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: I'm... not sure I understand.

[Yellow Jacket taps him on the shoulder, getting the mic in his direction instead.]

YJ: Bzzz buzz buzzz buzz bzzz, buzzz buzz buzzzzzybuzz buzzbzz.

[Stegglet looks completely lost now.]

MS: Fans, I'm having some difficulty-

[It's Queen Bee's turn to interject, hands on hips.]

QB: BUZZZ BUZZZZZ BZZZ BZZZ! BZZZY BZZZY BUZZBZZ!

[Stegglet nods slowly.]

MS: Okay, fans... that's it from the-

[Suddenly, "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno steps into view.]

MI: Perhaps I can be of assistance.

MS: I don't think so.

MI: No? My silly wee boy, are you completely ignorant of the fact that I, the world's smartest man, have completed EXTENSIVE fieldwork in the study of flying insects - namely the bees you see before you?

MS: I wasn't aware-

MI: Are you equally unaware that in my state as the world's smartest man, I am fluent in over six million forms of communication?

MS: Well, that can't possibly be tru-

MI: And are you congruently oblivious to the knowledge that the world's smartest man has often served his country loyally by acting in a translation capacity?

MS: Wait, wait, wait... are you trying to tell me...?

MI: That I can translate for these gentlemen and their fine... very fine... companion.

[Imbrogno makes eyes at Queen Bee who sheepishly turns away, showing her stinger to the world's smartest man.]

MS: So, uhh... well... what are they saying?

MI: Mr. Bumble Bee here says that they are greatly anticipating what should be yet another tremendous athletic duel with the men from the future.

MS: Are you-

MI: My dear friend, Mr. Jacket here states that when they have successfully triumphed against the men who can leap timespans in a single bound, they intend to turn their focus towards the golden prize that rests around the torsos of the brothers Lynch.

MS: He said ALL of-

MI: And of course, this lovely creature angrily reiterates both of her charges' statements and questions the wisdom of an announcer who can not understand the simple words put before him.

MS: Simple words?

MI: On the whole, young Stegklet, I say you have quite an education to put yourself through before you dare attempt to communicate with a higher life form again.

MS: You're saying I shouldn't try to talk to The Hive anymore?

[Imbrogno smirks.]

MI: No, dear fellow, I am saying that you should not to try to speak to me. Good day, sir.

[Imbrogno flashes a wink at Queen Bee before striding out of view.]

MS: That's our Main Event - still to come tonight - but right now, let's go right back down to ringside for a very special interview!

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where "Tom Sawyer" by Rush kicks in over the studio sound system and the fans (especially the ladies) go absolutely crazy!]

GM: And that music can mean the arrival of only one man, fans...

BW: Runt Stench!

GM: Travis Lynch!

BW: I just said that!

GM: Give me a break. Fans, Travis Lynch is the man who achieved a lifetime goal two weeks ago on All Star Showdown when he won the PCW World Heavyweight Title for the FIRST time ever!

[To another huge cheer, Travis emerges from the entrance curtain wearing a white polo t-shirt that can only be described as a size too small, blue jeans and his trademark cowboy boots. Around his waist proudly rests the PCW World Heavyweight Championship belt.]

GM: There he is, Bucky!

BW: Wearing a title belt for a dead promotion.

GM: You didn't seem to mind it when Rex Summers was doing it!

BW: Rex made me understand the error of my ways. That title is useless, pointless, and meaningless - oh, no wonder Travis Lynch has it. He resembles that remark.

GM: You're unbelievable.

[Travis pauses for a moment before breaking out in slight jog to the ring. As he nears the ring a few lovely ladies lean out into the aisleway and kiss him a few times on the cheeks before being escorted back to their seats. Travis smiles as he climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the ring, and grabs Jason Dane's hand in a hearty handshake, slapping him hard on the back.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the new PCW World Heavyweight Champion, Travis Lynch!

[The crowd roars madly once again as Travis takes the PCW World Heavyweight Championship belt off of his waist and thrusts it high into the air. He stands there for a moment, with a smile upon his face, soaking in the elation of the fans. Travis begins to speak as he places the title upon his right shoulder.]

TL: This right here...

[Travis slaps the belt with a grin.]

TL: ...is a dream come true, Jason. Since the first time I stepped foot into a ring that had "PCW" written across the mat, my sights were set upon this title... I knew it was my destiny to become the PCW World Heavyweight Champion just like Blackjack and Jack... but when the ol' man sold the PCW...

[Travis pauses, apparently a bit choked up by the memory of Blackjack telling him and his brothers that the PCW promotion was going to be sold.]

TL: I... I didn't think I would ever be holding this title.

[Travis pats the PCW World Title Belt.]

TL: Yet, the ego of Rex Summers provided me with my opportunity. Yep, that's right Jason, Rex's ego and the jealousy that runs rampant in his soul, had him on his hands and knees begging to be a member of the AWA so he could rub the noses of my family in that fact he still had the PCW World Heavyweight Championship belt.

I knew from the moment he first Heatchecked me into the mat that this belt was coming home. It might have taken a bit longer than I wanted but ...

[Travis looks at the title belt and his pearly white smile returns.]

TL: The PCW World Heavyweight championship is home!

[The crowd cheers as Travis looks back at the camera.]

JD: All Star Showdown was an emotional night for you, Travis. I mean to have your brothers carrying you on their shoulders, parading you around in front of the fans in the Crockett Coliseum.

TL: Emotional, that's an understatement, Jason. I mean you saw the tears coming down my face as I listened to these great AWA fans scream till their voices gave out.

[Travis looks out towards the crowd and sweeps his arm as if he is motioning to each and everyone.]

TL: I need to thank each and every one of you here in attendance and watching at home ... if it wasn't for your support, your love ...

[A high pitched "I LOVE YOU, TRAVIS!" comes from the crowd.]

TL: ...I wouldn't be here right now with this title belt. I was begging and pleading with Jim Watkins and the rest of the Championship Committee for one last chance to bring this baby home ... and if it wasn't for your letters, emails and phone calls, I'm not sure they would have given it to me ... so Thank You all!

[Another big cheer from the crowd!]

TL: And like I said not long ago, I didn't just do this for just me. Oh no... this was for the Lees, the Jagers, the Von Brauns, the Youngs... each and every family that has stepped into the squared circle before me. And most of all, each and every son and daughter in this business who helped forge the legacy of the PCW... who made the promotion what it was. Thank you all!

[The crowd cheers as Travis pauses for a moment.]

TL: And most importantly this was for the Lynches! It's for Jack and James, who have stood by me each and every night I step into the ring... For the ol' man, who still breathes and bleeds this business each and every single moment of his life... thank you and I love you all.

[Travis soaks up the cheers of the crowd as Jason speaks up again.]

JD: Now that the long quest for the PCW World Heavyweight Championship is over, I have to ask you Travis, what's next for you and that belt right there?

[Travis looks down at the mat for a second, reaching up to pat the belt again.]

TL: What's next?

[He nods, still patting the title belt.]

TL: Well, that's where things get difficult, Jason. You see, I'm proud of this championship belt for sure. You know that - everyone knows that. I'm as proud to be the PCW World Champion as I am to be a Texan!

[The crowd ROARS at that! State pride, woooo!]

TL: But...

[He pauses, taking one last moment to think about what he's going to say.]

TL: But I know that the time of PCW has ended.

[The crowd buzzes in surprise.]

TL: Oh, trust me... it's as difficult for me to say as it is for a lot of you to hear. I know that just like I grew up as a Lynch, living and breathing PCW for every moment of my life... a lot of you grew up watching PCW feeling the same way. I know that a lot of you cried as many tears as my family did when PCW went out of business last year. I get that.

[Lynch nods respectfully.]

TL: But I also know that I wouldn't be doing the PCW's illustrious legacy any favors by carrying around this title. It just doesn't have the same meaning anymore now that my pop's pride and joy is gone.

[More nodding as the crowd responds with a mixed reaction.]

TL: So, Jason, as overjoyed as I am to be out here holding this title belt over my shoulder... it's with a heavy heart that I officially put this belt away... that I retire the PCW World Heavyweight Championship once and for all.

[The crowd responds with another mix of cheers and jeers... a reaction that tilts heavily to the negative side suddenly.]

TL: We've all heard people say the belt of a dead promotion don't mean-

[Lynch suddenly cuts off, confused as he points a hand towards the entrance. The camera shot cuts, revealing the huge form of Bruno Verhoeven standing just beyond the entrance curtain.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Yes! Yes! It's the Butcher! Bruno Verhoeven is coming to save the day!

GM: Why?! Why is he out here?! Why would he interrupt this emotional moment for Travis Lynch, Bucky?!

BW: Why?! Because he's a six foot eight German wrecking ball and he don't need any other reason, Gordo!

[Verhoeven quickly reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron, and stepping over the top rope into the ring. His gaze is focused on a puzzled Travis Lynch, his face flaring up red as he stands just beyond the ropes, breathing heavily and drenched in sweat.]

GM: I don't get this... I don't understand it at all. What in the world is he doing out here?

[Verhoeven takes two large steps and snatches the mic away from a shocked Jason Dane.]

BV: What?

[Bruno shouts into the mic, his English heavily accented.]

BV: What is this? Little Lynch ...

[Verhoeven opens and closes his right paw rapidly.]

BV: ... talk too much! Talk talk talk!

Talk 'bout Lynch...

[The crowd cheers!]

BV: ...'bout PCW

[More cheers! Verhoeven looks around with disgust.]

BV: ...'bout Texas.

[As the crowd goes wild with cheers, Verhoeven takes a moment to glare at the ringside fans before he stares at Travis again.]

BV: But Texas? Weak!

[Verhoeven sneers at the jeering crowd.]

BV: PCW? Weak!

[Lynch is fuming now, shaking his head at the burly German.]

BV: Little Lynch?

[Verhoeven jabs Travis in the chest with a finger.]

BV: Guess!

[An angry Lynch slaps the German's hand away, fists balled up and ready for a fight. Jason Dane steps forward, trying to calm Lynch down as Verhoeven continues to speak.]

BV: Now you are champion? Nein, not right! This?

[The German reaches out, slapping the title belt on the shoulder.]

BV: This is title of the Butcher!

[The crowd jeers as Lynch shouts something off-mic at Verhoeven.]

BV: I challenge you! Make match! Become champion!

[A shocked Lynch takes a quick glance at the belt over his shoulder and then back at the monster Verhoeven. He grabs Verhoeven's powerful arm in his hand, pulling the mic closer.]

TL: How dare you call my father's promotion weak?! How dare you call the great state of Texas weak?!

[The crowd roars at Lynch standing up for his home state as anger seethes on the face of their hometown hero.]

TL: But you heard what I said, Verhoeven. This title belt is done... this championship is done. A title match for this belt will NOT happen.

[Verhoeven glares at the smaller man.]

TL: The legacy of PCW is being retired so that the memories remain-

[The powerful German rips his arm free of Lynch's grip, cutting him off.]

BV: What? You ... hide? Nein!

[Bruno violently shakes his head.]

BV: You do not hide _MEIN_ title belt! You do not hide PCW but _I_ will BURY it! I will SLAUGHTER it!

[Verhoeven is shouting at the top of his lungs now, his voice carrying over the booing fans. After his last words his right hand shoots out and grabs hold of the PCW Heavyweight Title Belt...

...which results in Lynch throwing a big haymaker to the German's jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand!

[Verhoeven gets rocked, flailing backwards as Lynch throws the PCW title belt aside, rushing towards the big German.]

GM: Another right! And another!

[An angry Butcher brings up a knee to the breadbasket, cutting off Lynch. Verhoeven throws a stinging right hand of his own, sending the Texan stumbling backwards into the corner. Verhoeven suddenly lunges forward, wrapping both hands around the throat of Lynch!]

GM: He's choking him! He's strangling Lynch!

[Lynch replies by trying to get his own hands around the throat of Verhoeven.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands, fans! We've gotta get some help out here! We've gotta take a break but don't go away, we'll be right back!

[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 from commercial break to the announce podium where we have the usual duo of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde. But they're not alone. No, pacing back and forth behind them is a bandaged Stevie Scott. Both Myers and Wilde appear to be a bit uncomfortable as Myers brings the show back.]

GM: Welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, and as you can see, we are joined right now by Stevie Sco-

[Abruptly, Stevie grabs the microphone away from Myers.]

HSS: Everyone knows who I am, Gordo. No need to introduce me.

[An early pause, as Stevie purses his lips together.]

HSS: You know what? Maybe there is. Because as you saw earlier, what you see before you tonight is not the Stevie Scott you're used to.

GM: If I do say so, it was a surprise to see you come out as the replacement for Jim Watkins.

[Stevie raises his eyebrows at Myers, then chuckles a li'l bit.]

HSS: Oh, you think that was a surprise? You ain't seen nothing yet, Myers.

[The two-time AWA National Champion jerks his head toward the camera with a bit of a...crazy?...look in his eye.]

HSS: BROUSSARD!

[An uncomfortable pause follows, his chest noticeably rising and falling with his heavy breath.]

HSS: Did you REALLY think you were done with me? Did you truly think that you could run Stevie Scott out of town that easy?

[A shake o' the head.]

HSS: Mistake number one.

You gotta remember, I ain't like you, brother. I don't tuck tail and run at the first sign of trouble. I don't take my ball and go running home to Mama Broussard for some milk and cookies.

Tell me something, Marcus. How much of a man are you?

[Stevie pauses, running his right hand through his hair.]

HSS: Would you be man enough to get into a pier six brawl with James Monosso? In a no-DQ, falls count anywhere crap-kicking slugfest? WOULD YOU BE?!?

Because I am.

I got in there with the craziest SOB this side of the Atlantic Ocean, and I fought his kind of fight!

Did I win? No.

Does it matter?

[He shakes his head emphatically this time.]

HSS: Not. On. Your. LIFE!

No...Marcus, the only thing that matters is that I showed I'm _crazy_ enough...that I'm _tough_ enough...and by God, that I am MAN enough to do what it is that I have to do.

Take a good look at me, Broussard. Cameraman, zoom on in for a tight mug shot here.

[On cue, the camera zooms in for a close-up of Stevie's face, still red with sweat and emotion.]

HSS: Take a good look at me, Marcus. You'll see that there's no _quit_ in these eyes. There's no _fear_ in these eyes.

You see, all you've served to do is piss me _off_, and wake me _up_. Wake me up to the fact that I am THROUGH messing around and resting on what I've done in the past. You want to talk about who's the greatest National Champion of all time until you're blue in the face? Go right ahead, big man. Because when I look at _my_ waist, and when I look at _your_ waist, you know what I see?

I see that neither one of us has any gold resting there.

So you want to live in the past? Be my guest. As for me, I'm done with it. I'm putting all accomplishments, all accolades, all awards aside and focusing on the war that we're in.

[Another pause, again running his right hand through his hair. He then smiles and laughs.]

HSS: You know, they say sometimes you have to lose some battles to win the war.

[Stevie points to the bandage on his head.]

HSS: Well, I may have lost a couple of battles along the way.

But the war?

[He grins a bit of maniacal grin.]

HSS: The war's just getting started. And believe me, Marcus...and I ain't forgot about _you_ either, Waterson...

There's gonna be a LOT of casualties along the way.

[Reaching up, Stevie quickly rips the gauze off his forehead and throws it on the floor. He turns on his heels and exits stage left, leaving a stunned Gordon and Bucky in his wake.]

GM: Stevie Scott seems to have...discovered a new side to himself as he continues this war with Marcus Broussard and Ben Waterson, Bucky.

BW: I know Stevie Scott quite well, Gordo... we used to be pretty good friends and I can tell you right here and now that I've NEVER seen Stevie Scott like that. Marcus Broussard may be in some trouble now.

GM: You can say that again. Fans, we can now make it official - Ben Waterson has agreed to produce Pedro Perez two weeks from tonight to take on Juan Vasquez in one-on-one action! No excuses, no way out - it'll be Vasquez versus Perez at the Anniversary Show.

BW: That show keeps getting better and better, daddy. No better way to say Happy Birthday to the American Wrestling Alliance than a good ol' fashioned night of violence.

GM: It's gonna be something else, fans, but right now, let's go backstage where another man who will be competing at the Fair Park Coliseum in two weeks is standing by!

[We crossfade to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing, mic in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is a man who went to a thrilling time limit draw back at All Star Showdown against "Showtime" Rick Marley and a man who will face Marley again in just two short weeks at the Anniversary Show - Eric Preston!

[The camera holds on Stegglet for a moment then slowly pans to Preston who is dressed in street clothes and is noticeably limping as he tries to get to Stegglet.]

EP: Couldn't have waited til I was there, Stegglet?

[Stegglet looks slightly uncomfortable as Preston arrives next to him.]

EP: Now, what is it exactly you want this time?

MS: I just wanted to get your comments on that fantastic match you had two weeks ago with Rick Marley and the-

EP: Fantastic?

[Preston shakes his head.]

EP: Tell me something, Stegglet. Did I get my hand raised after that match?

MS: Well, no. It was a time limit dr-

EP: Did Phil Watson grab his mic and shout out to the world, "Your winner of the match... ERRRRRRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSSSTON!"?

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: That's a pretty good impression. Maybe you have a job waiting for you after your wrestling days are over.

[Preston does not smile.]

EP: Did he?

[The smile fades from Stegglet's face.]

MS: No, no he didn't.

EP: So, what... pray tell... was so "fantastic" about it? Hmm?

[Stegglet doesn't immediately answer... and is saved from answering by a loud voice from off-camera.]

"PRESTON!"

[The camera pans slightly as "Showtime" Rick Marley walks into view. Eric Preston shakes his head again.]

EP: It's not enough that you want to make sure the camera's on you at all times out there in the ring... now you want it on you back here too? In case you haven't noticed, Marley... this is MY interview time.

[The dark haired cruiserweight raises both arms in a peaceful gesture, trying to show no ill intent.]

RM: Listen...I'm not here to start any more of a scene than we already had. You put up a hell of a fight out there the other week...and a time limit draw's nothing to be ashamed of.

Now, I know the Championship Committee wants us back out there in two weeks for the Anniversary Show to tear the house down again but...

[Marley lowers his voice a bit.]

RM: But, Eric... your knee doesn't look too good. Why don't we see if we can get them to-

[Preston interrupts.]

EP: What did you have in mind, Marley? Want to see if I can sit on the shelf and nurse a banged-up knee while you pass me in the rankings and try to take MY spot?

[Marley blinks in surprise as Preston glares at him.]

EP: You'd like that, wouldn't you? Just another shortcut for you to take in a career full of 'em.

And where the hell do you get off acting like you won? That match was a draw, hotshot. You couldn't put me down.

[Marley's face goes from confused to irritated.]

RM: You were down...and in another five seconds, you'd have tapped...and we both know it.

[Preston's glare doesn't move from Marley's eyes.]

EP: Never. Never would've happened.

[Marley opens his mouth to respond...then shakes his head.]

RM: You know what? Nevermind. Have fun in the hospital, kiddo.

[Preston nods slowly.]

EP: The match is signed, sealed, and delivered, Showtime. Two weeks from tonight. Anniversary Show. The AWA throws a big ol' party to tell the world that we're still on top of this sport. And to show the fans how much they love 'em, they're gonna put me and you back inside that squared circle for the whole world to witness.

And you know what, Showtime?

[A slight grin crosses Preston's stern face.]

EP: This time, you're gonna get exposed for the phony that you are. No one's gonna hand this one to you.

[Marley shakes his head as he walks away.]

EP: That's right, Showtime. Walk away. Run for it.

[Preston turns to look at Mark Stegget, pointing at Marley's retreating back.]

EP: Just like always, huh?

[And with that, we crossfade from the backstage area back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the Longhorn Heritage Championship. Introducing first, he is the challenger... already in the ring at this time... from San Antonio, Texas... weighing in at 185 pounds... FAAAAANTAAASTICOOOOO!

[A luchador sporting a blue and silver full length bodysuit, white boots with tassles hanging from the sides, and a matching blue and silver mask with

white fur lining does a breathtaking backflip off the top rope to get a big cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Oh my! This dazzling young man from SouthWest Lucha Libre has really had a strong showing at some recent arena events, Bucky.

BW: He does a lot of big dives and high flying junk... just the kind of thing to get the fans screaming and get Rex Summers drooling since sooner or later, that stuff always makes you hit rock bottom, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Back to PW!]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening big cat growl to Janet Jackson's "Black Cat" fills the air to a big burst of jeers from the WKIK Studios audience.]

PW: Hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-one pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager, the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson...

[More jeers!]

PW: He is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Chaaaaaampionnnnn....

"RED HOT"

REEEEEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMMMERRRRRRSSSS!

[The jeers intensify as the curtain parts and the dastardly duo of Waterson and Summers stride into view. Summers is wearing a full-length black robe with white sequins splashed all over it. Ben Waterson walks behind him, constantly looking over his shoulder.]

GM: It looks like Ben Waterson might be on the lookout for one, Juan Vasquez, after their encounter earlier tonight.

BW: And that's a downright shame, Gordo. Rex Summers deserves all the attention and focus that the Agent To The Stars can give him but now, because of that maniac Vasquez, Waterson has to deprive him of some of that.

[Summers seems to not have a worry in the world though, arrogantly striding down the aisle towards the ring. He slowly climbs the steps, waiting for Waterson to take a seat on the middle rope, holding the ropes open for the Sexiest Man Alive as he steps through them into the ring...

...and gestures for the mic.]

RS: Cut the music.

[And on cue, the music cuts out.]

RS: As I look out on this crowd here tonight in the sweathole known as Dallas, Texas...

[Big cheer for Dallas! Big jeers for Summers!]

RS: ...I see a lot of red and bloodshot eyes, Ben.

[Waterson smirks.]

RS: I see a lot of people who look like they've been up real late... I see a lot of people who look like they've been crying their eyes out over what happened to Robert Donovan two weeks ago at All Star Showdown.

But lemme give you a piece of advice. Wipe your eyes, dry your tears, drop some Visine if you need to. Do whatever you've gotta do right now to get those eyes as wide open as you can...

[He arrogantly smiles, gesturing to himself.]

RS: Because when this robe opens up and you see the grand unveiling this week of the Sexiest Man Alive, believe me... you'll want those eyes open nice and big to take it alllllll in.

[Another grin.]

RS: Hit the music.

[The music starts back up as Summers unbelts the velvet robe, Waterson standing behind him...

...and then shrugs it off, revealing his chiseled physique that is now topped off by a gorgeous, sparkling gold title belt around his waist. Summers puts his hands on the back of his head, swiveling his hips to the jeers (mostly) of the crowd as Waterson unhooks the title belt, handing it to the official.]

GM: Well, now that that little display is over.

BW: Little? Did you see those arms? The chest? The abs?

GM: I certainly did. The man has an impressive physique, there's no denying that, Bucky.

BW: AND he beat Robert Donovan two weeks ago as clean as a whistle! You can't deny that either!

GM: As clean as a... give me a break, Bucky. That was a setup from the opening bell. Alphonse Green, Calisto Dufresne, Ben Waterson - they were ALL in on it.

BW: You have some proof of that, Gordo?

GM: I have my eyes. They saw the whole thing go down.

[Summers turns towards Fantastico, running his hands up his well-oiled torso...

...and flicking the mixture of oil and sweat in the luchador's direction to the jeers of the crowd. And as the bell rings, Fantastico dashes out of the corner, landing a dropkick that sends Summers crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! What a dropkick by the challenger!

[Summers quickly scrambles back to his feet, rushing in...

...and getting a deep armdrag that takes him down to the canvas. Both champion and challenge scramble to their feet again just before Fantastico takes him down with another armdrag!]

GM: The luchador is moving quick and striking hard in the opening moments of this one, fans!

[Summers is up again as Fantastico rushes him, ducking under a clothesline attempt by the champion. He leaps up to the middle rope, blindly springing backwards...

...and flattening the Longhorn Heritage Champion with a crossbody block!]

GM: Oh my! Crossbody off the middle rope!

[The luchador rolls right off of it, knowing it's too early to try and pin the champion. He measures Summers as he climbs to his feet, rushing forward, leaping up, and wrapping both legs around the head of Summers, swinging around and around in a satellite headscissors...]

GM: LOOK AT THIS MOVE!

BW: That's gotta be illegal, right?!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring as Fantastico spins all the way through, depositing Summers down on the canvas where he immediately rolls out to the floor to confer with his new manager.]

GM: The challenger's got Rex Summers in some serious trouble very early in this one. Remember, the Longhorn Heritage title matches have a ten minute time limit unless a different one is agreed to so it's usually to the benefit of the challenger to start things off quickly - and he's certainly doing that right now, fans!

[Approaching the ropes, Fantastico grabs them with both hands, slingshotting himself over the top with a crossbody...

...that hits nothing but barely-padded floor as Ben Waterson SHOVED his man away!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Hahah! I love it! This flipping goof went to the high risk moves and paid the price! Great move by Rex Summers to avoid the dive!

GM: Great move by... what the heck are you talking about?! Ben Waterson CLEARLY shoved Summers out of the way of that dive, Bucky! Fantastico had Summers in his sights, Summers was dazed - he wasn't getting out of the way - but Waterson shoved him clear!

BW: I didn't see that at all.

GM: Of course not.

[Summers pulls the masked man off the floor by the mask, wrapping his arms around his waist...

...and SLAMS his spine back into the ringpost!]

GM: Good grief! That'll rattle you from your head to your feet, fans!

[Pulling the luchador off the steel post, Summers hoists him up into a bodyslam lift...

...and then presses him overhead, quickly releasing to drop him facefirst on the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh my!

BW: Look at the power there, Gordo! A press slam on the floor!

GM: Not exactly. He dropped the masked man facefirst on the ring apron, smashing his face into the hardest part of the ring.

BW: Who knows if his face is even in there, Gordo?

GM: Huh?

BW: He might be like one of those characters at Disney World - their faces aren't anywhere near the character's heads!

GM: What on earth are you talking about?

[Summers rolls the masked man into the ring, rolling in behind him. He climbs to his feet, laying in a few stomps to the back of the head before backing into the ropes...]

GM: Summers hits the ropes... ohhh! Diving elbow to the back of the skull! Goodness.

[The Longhorn Heritage champion rolls Fantastico onto his back, applying a lateral press... and earning a two count before the challenger kicks out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Just a two count there off the elbow. I don't know a lot about Fantastico but I'm sure it'll take more than that to put him down for a three count.

[Summers climbs to his feet, dragging Fantastico up with him. He smashes an elbow down across the back of the head, knocking the luchador to a knee. A second elbow hits the back of the neck, putting him down on both knees.]

BW: And a pattern becomes clear. Rex Summers starts to soften up the neck, looking to land that Heat Check, Gordo. And no one... and I mean, no one... gets up from the Heat Check.

GM: That has been the case in the AWA so far for sure. The Heat Check has claimed countless victims and unless things turn around for the luchador here, he may be the next one on the list.

[Pulling Fantastico up by the arm, Summers flings him towards the ropes, knocking him flat with a clothesline. He smirks, standing over the downed luchador with a single bicep pose.]

BW: I love it! Knock the guy flat and then pose with the arm you used to do it. And look at the definition on the bicep and tricep, Gordo. Incredible.

GM: Yes, we're all very impressed.

[Grabbing the mask, Summers hauls him back to his feet, flinging him with the mask into the ropes again...

...and this time using the left arm to drop him with another clothesline!]

GM: A clothesline with the off-arm! That's very unusual for a professional wrestler to do, Bucky. Most guys use their natural hand and arm to throw all of their arm strikes but Rex Summers is showing off here no doubt.

BW: Rex Summers isn't your typical pro wrestler - I thought you'd have figured that out by now.

[Summers soaks up the jeers of the crowd and the cheers of his new manager as he stands over the luchador flexing his left arm...

...and then dropping an elbow down on the chest, rolling into another lateral press.]

GM: Count of one! Count of two! Count of- no! The challenger gets that shoulder up again!

[Summers shows a little more fire this time when he gets up, immediately dropping a second elbow... then a third... then a fourth... then a fifth... then a sixth before rolling off and going into a set of pushups.]

GM: Oh, give me a break.

BW: Gotta get in a little workout time too. Rex Summers is a busy man with his new schedule as the Longhorn Heritage Champion.

GM: Speaking of which, I've heard absolutely nothing about Summers defending that title at the Anniversary Show. Is he a fighting champion or not?

BW: Of course he is, Gordo! He's defending the title right now, isn't he?

GM: He certainly is but I want to see that title on the line against the likes of Sweet Daddy Williams or Scotty Mayhem... maybe even a Skywalker Jones or a Dave Cooper!

[Summers climbs back to his feet, pulling the luchador back up with him...

...and getting a forearm thrown into his midsection!]

GM: Big shot downstairs by the challenger!

[A second forearm knocks Summers back a step or two, allowing Fantastico to climb to his feet...

...where Summers immediately drives a knee into the midsection a split second before HAMMERING him across the back with a double axehandle that knocks him flat!]

GM: Ohh! The challenger was trying to put something together there but Summers put him down hard again. Fans, we're over four minutes into this ten minute time limit right now so you can expect this to pick up even more here shortly.

[Summers reaches down, dragging Fantastico back to his feet, and pulling him right into a double underhook...]

BW: You don't gotta worry 'bout the time limit, daddy...

[...and SPIKES him down on his skull with a DDT!]

BW: ...'cause this one's all over!

[Summers rolls the luchador to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: One. Two. And there's the three.

[Summers blows a kiss to the nearest camera before climbing off the downed challenger as the bell rings.]

GM: Rex Summers makes his first successful defense of the Longhorn Heritage Title here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, putting down the luchador Fantastico with that Heat Check DDT.

[Ben Waterson joins his charge in the ring, giving the title belt back to him as the duo celebrates the victory.]

BW: And get a good look at what's going on in the ring. You better get used to it because you're gonna be seeing it that way for a long, long time to come, daddy.

GM: Let's take a look at the replay - it's our Midas Brakes Stop Of The Night!

[We cut to a slow-mo replay of Fantastico taking Summers down and out of the ring with a satellite headscissors.]

BW: There you see a fancy, flipping move by the luchador. Good stuff but it just delayed the inevitable because when you're a guy who relies on the high risk offense...

[Then we see Fantastico crash and burn thanks to Ben Waterson's well-timed push of his man.]

BW: ...it always comes crashing down in the end. That gave Rex Summers the advantage and he took control in a big way with this facedrop on the apron...

[Summers does a short military press before dropping his opponent facefirst on the ring apron.]

BW: But once things got back in the ring, Rex Summers showed the entire world why he's the man to beat in this Longhorn Heritage division...

[The champion snares the double underhook and SPIKES Fantastico's head into the canvas with a DDT.]

BW: The Heat Check DDT claiming yet another victim here on Saturday Night Wrestling. It's our Midas Brakes Stop Of The Night as Sexy Remy stops another opponent out cold, daddy!

GM: Your winner and still champion is Rex Summers and he'll be joining us here at the announce desk right after this!

[We're still looking at a freeze frame of Summers and Waterson celebrating 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.

And then back up to the announce area where Gordon and Bucky have been joined by two guests.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and with us right now as you can see is the NEW Longhorn Heritage Champion Rex Summers along with his new manager, Ben Waterson. Gentlemen, congratulations on an impressive defense of the title here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Waterson grabs the mic first.]

ATTSBW: Gordon Myers, I hope you were paying attention tonight. I hope you were paying close attention because what you just witnessed was the etching of a Page One in yet another volume of the professional wrestling history books! What you just witnessed was the dawn of a new era here in the world of professional wrestling! It is time for the Rex Summers Era and things will NEVER be the same!

[Myers steers the mic over to the new champion.]

RS: Gordon Myers, for far too long, Rex Summers has been treated like an afterthought around here. For far too long, I had to hear the whispers of the idiots in the crowd and the morons on the mic talking about my title belt being the ghost of a dead promotion. They said that I wasn't a true champion because the belt I wore around my waist represented the past.

[Summers hoists the Longhorn Heritage title up, slapping the face of it.]

RS: Well, look at me now, sports fans.

But the funny thing about it, Gordon Myers, is... what is the name of this belt?

[Myers looks puzzled.]

GM: The Longhorn Heritage Title.

[Summers nods.]

RS: Exactly. And the last time I checked, the Longhorn Wrestling Council is as dead as Premier Championship Wrestling is, right?

GM: Well, yes.

RS: That makes this belt the ghost of a dead promotion as well, doesn't it?

GM: That title belt represents the heritage of the LWC... the spirit! What it represented! It's not like you're carrying around the Silver City title itself! It's a completely different situation.

[Waterson snatches the mic back.]

ATTSBW: Look at Gordon Myers spouting the company press releases as always. But it's time for a reality check, Myers. This title belt is exactly what they mocked Rex Summers for carrying. It's the ghost of a dead promotion! It represents the past!

But yet, the AWA dotes on it and says how proud they are to pay tribute to the history of our great sport. But when the opportunity comes to pay tribute to a title... to a man... who is TEN TIMES what the LWC was and ever could be...

They spit in his face. They spit on his belt. They spit on him being a champion.

[Waterson is livid, jabbing a finger at the camera.]

ATTSBW: We say that THIS belt...

[Waterson slaps the title belt on his man's shoulder.]

ATTSBW: ...we say that it's not worthy of Rex Summers! We say that what it represents is not what Rex Summers is about. Rex Summers - along with the rest of the world - doesn't give a DAMN about the LWC.

[The crowd jeers that one!]

ATTSBW: Well, except these idiots here in Texas because it's their only claim to fame.

[Summers chuckles at that one.]

ATTSBW: This title doesn't deserve to be held by Rex Summers, Myers. And it's time we did something about it.

GM: Did something about it? What are you talking about?

ATTSBW: It's the start of a new era which means change is on the horizon, Gordon Myers.

[A smirk from the manager.]

ATTSBW: Consider yourself warned.

[And Summers blows a kiss at the camera before the duo walks off the interview area.]

GM: Fans, I have no idea what any of that was all about but it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following tag team attraction is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining! Introducing first...

["So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys kicks in to a mixed reaction from the WKIK Studio audience.]

PW: From New Seattle in year 2032... weighing in a total combined weight of 392 pounds... the team of Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG...

THE RAAAAAAAAAAAAVE!

[The crowd responds with a mix of cheers and boss as the two time-travelers come dashing through the curtain, headbanging for no particular reason, sending their rainbow-colored hair flying in every direction. They rush to the ring, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...

...and firing their rainbow streamers into the crowd from their wristbands, bringing a big cheer from the kids in attendance!]

GM: Jerby Jezz and... the other guy...

BW: Still won't say Shizz Dawg OG?

GM: I'm... not fond of saying it, no. But love them or hate them, they certainly have been gaining some momentum as of late here in the AWA tag team division - especially since that very close matchup they had with the Lynch brothers in that title match several weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: Senator Wilde believes it's only a matter of time now before The Rave capture the National Tag Team Titles and restore order to the galaxy.

GM: Huh?

BW: Stop the guy who has come back in time to kill the future leader of the resistance?

GM: What?

BW: Save the space-time continuum?

GM: That sounds... well, it sounds crazy but I believe that's what they've set out to do, yes.

[With the Rave still mounted on their respective turnbuckles, the ring announcer continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The horrific sound of a swarm of bees fills the air followed by a cartoonish sounding "There's nothing in here but BEES!" which is followed by the At Vance hard rock version of "Flight Of The Bumblebee" which whips the crowd (especially the kids) into a head-banging frenzy!]

PW: From Parts Unknown... at a total combined weight of 338 pounds... being accompanied by their manager, the Queen Bee... they are Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee...

THE HIIIIIIIIIVE!

[The crowd's cheers only get louder as the two masked men come rushing from beyond the curtain accompanied by their buxom manager. Yellow Jacket takes the lead - he's in a full-length bodysuit that covers his entire body from head to toe with alternating yellow and black stripes. His mask is a basic yellow mask with black "antennae" coming off the top. Bumble Bee is right behind him in a matching bodysuit that is primarily yellow but with a few black stripes to break it up. He sports a matching mask to his partner. Queen Bee brings up the rear, waving her arms to the cheers of the crowd. She wears a similar bodysuit with the chest area cut-out to reveal some cleavage... and yes, she also sports a matching mask.]

GM: Here they are, Bucky... one of the most popular teams in the entire AWA!

BW: I don't see why.

GM: Well, some might say it's their high-paced, high-risk offensive style... some say the colorful attire...

BW: Some say Queen Bee's gazongas.

GM: Bucky! The kids love these guys!

BW: Kids are dumb.

[Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket are focused on the fans, pumping their fists and waving their arms to the cheers...

...and completely missing the fact that Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG have pivoted their bodies, and are throwing themselves off the top rope in matching planchas onto both bees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! STEREO DIVES OFF THE TOP BY THE RAVE!!

BW: Now THAT'S how you get someone elected, Gordo!

GM: What?! Fans, this match hasn't even started yet! The bell hasn't even rung and The Rave just took to the air to try and get the early advantage over their opponents!

[Referee Marty Meekly gives both members of The Rave an earful as they slide back into the ring, doing some weird jig where they spin around and then jump rear-end first at each other.]

GM: Marty Meekly is really letting them have it. He's keeping them in the ring to try and get this thing started fairly. Fans, we've got to take our final commercial break of the night but we'll be right back with the rest of this big tag team Main Event so don't you dare go away!

[The camera cuts to the floor where a frantic Queen Bee is running back and forth, checking on her men 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.]

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"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.]

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[We slowly fade to black before coming back up to live action where Jerby Jezz has Yellow Jacket pinned back against the turnbuckles, his boot well-placed on the bee's throat as the referee administers a five count.]

GM: Welcome back, fans - while we were in commercial break, the match got underway and you can see that Jerby Jezz is taking some liberties with the rules right now.

[At the count of five, Jerby Jezz is physically pulled out of the corner by Marty Meekly. Jerby Jezz looks puzzled as he shouts, "I'VE GOT TIL SIXTEEN!"]

GM: Huh?

BW: The rules are a little different in 2032... and even more different if the match is under North Quebecian Statehood Rules.

GM: North... what?!

BW: We'll discuss it later.

[Dragging Yellow Jacket to his feet by the arm, Jerby Jezz fires him across the ring to the opposite neutral corner, sprinting in behind his prey...

...who grabs the top rope with both hands, kicking his body off the mat to allow Jezz to rush underneath him...]

GM: Jezz misses in the corner!

[And swinging back into the corner, both knees raised and SMASHING into the back of Jerby Jezz!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by Yellow Jacket!

[The fiesty bee kneels down, hoisting Jezz up on his shoulders in an electric chair lift, turning back towards the ring with him...]

GM: Yellow Jacket's got him up and-

[Ignoring a protesting official, Shizz Dawg OG rushes into the ring, delivering a boot to the gut of Yellow Jacket, forcing him to drop Jezz safely to the mat.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get him out of there!

BW: They're not too good with the whole "tagging" nonsense. It really is quite prehistoric, Gordo.

GM: It is not! It's the rules!

BW: Not where they come from.

[Each member of the The Rave grabs an arm, whipping Yellow Jacket into the ropes.]

GM: Yellow Jacket hits the ropes, off the far side...

[Where S-DAWG and Jerby Jezz take him high with a big double hiptoss...

...and bring him down across BOTH of their bended knees!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam there!

[Shizz Dawg and Jerby Jezz spring to their feet, celebrating their move...

...which gets them in perfect position as Bumble Bee springs off the top rope into the ring, catching both men with a split-legged missile dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BUMBLE BEE TAKES TO THE SKY!!!

[The referee instantly gets on Bumble Bee's case, trying to get him out of the ring as both members of the Rave roll out to the floor to regroup...]

GM: The Rave bails out to the floor... this might have been more than they had expected, Bucky, and-

[With the referee distracted, Queen Bee pulls herself up on the apron, quickly moving to the middle of it. She lashes out backwards, catching a shocked Jerby Jezz with a back kick to the jaw.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: What the heck is she doing, Gordo?! And why aren't you yelling at Meekly to get HER out of there?!

GM: I'm not sure what she's-

[Queen Bee suddenly leaps to the middle rope and shocks the fans with a breathtaking Asai Moonsault that knocks Jerby Jezz down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY QUEEN BEE!!

BW: Completely illegal! Totally a break of the rules! Ring the bell, ref!

[But the referee missed the whole thing as he puts a (presumably) smirking Bumble Bee out of the ring and back out onto the apron. He turns back to the action just as Shizz Dawg OG pulls Queen Bee off the floor by the top of the mask, shouting gibberish at her.]

GM: Let her go!

BW: Relax, I hear if an antenna rips off, it grows right back.

GM: Get your hands off her! No one should be putting their hands on a woman like that - no matter what she's done!

BW: She started it, Gordo!

GM: I don't care who started it!

[Shizz Dawg ducks down, hoisting Queen Bee up into a fireman's carry.]

GM: PUT HER DOWN!! PUT HER DOWN RIGHT NOW!!

BW: Hahaha! I love it, Gordo! These women like Queen Bee and Big Mama think they can do whatever they want, getting physically involved in these matches and not suffer for it because they're women!

GM: This isn't funny at all, Bucky! What the heck does he think he's doing?!

[Shizz Dawg turns towards the ring to shout at the official...

...and EATS two feet to the face courtesy of a Yellow Jacket baseball slide, causing Shizz Dawg to topple backwards where he sets Queen Bee down safely in the laps of the front row of fans!]

GM: Oh yeah! Yellow Jacket just bailed out the Queen Bee right there and it looks like our front row fans got a special treat!

BW: I bet it's not the first time she's sat on a paying customer's lap ifyaknowwhaddaImean!

GM: I do and you make me sick!

[Yellow Jacket grabs Shizz Dawg by his multi-colored hair, swinging him by it back under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...and gets waylaid with a big forearm shot across the back by a rising Jerby Jezz!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Yellow Jacket on his way back into the ring!

[Jezz ducks down underneath the bee, reaching up to grab his legs with both hands in a powerbomb position.]

GM: Wait! Wait! He can't do that!

BW: The heck he can't!

[Jezz struggles to bring the bee down off the apron as Yellow Jacket hangs on for his life to the top rope.]

GM: Yellow Jacket's trying to block the powerbomb to the floor!

[Jerby Jezz continues to fight for it, shouting something at the masked man.]

BW: Heehee... he just told Yellow Jacket that he was going to crush his stinger.

GM: Real funny. Hilarious. Hysterical.

[Climbing back to his feet, Shizz Dawg moves in to try to help his partner, throwing a pair of forearms to the side of Yellow Jacket's head.]

GM: OG is trying to break his grip...

[A clubbing forearm across the wrist seems to help, loosening the grip...

...which brings Bumble Bee in to intervene, charging across the ring!]

GM: Bumble Bee's in! He's trying to- no!

[The crowd jeers Marty Meekly as he cuts off Bumble Bee from helping.]

GM: Let the man by!

BW: Why?! He's in illegally!

[Bumble Bee suddenly ducks down, crawling through the legs of the official to a big cheer from the crowd. He springs to his feet, drilling Shizz Dawg with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Grabbing Shizz Dawg by the arm, Bumble Bee flings him towards the opposite ropes...]

GM: Look out!

[Referee Marty Meekly drops down to the mat, causing Shizz Dawg to have to leap over him.]

BW: Whoa!

[The rebounding Shizz Dawg rushes at the rising official...

...who leapfrogs over him, sending him charging towards Bumble Bee who attempts a high leaping knee that Shizz Dawg avoids with a baseball slide...]

GM: He ducks the knee and-

[The crowd ROARS as Shizz Dawg's feet SMASH into the back of Jerby Jezz' head, sending him sailing into the front row of fans!]

GM: He broke up his own partner's move, fans!

[Bumble Bee breaks into a sprint, rushing past a sidestepping Marty Meekly to hit the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and Yellow Jacket leaps into the air, splitting his legs to allow his partner to HURL himself between the top and middle ropes, crashing down onto a shocked Jerby Jezz!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES JERBY JEZZ _AND_ BUMBLE BEE!!

[The crowd is still roaring as Shizz Dawg scrambles to his feet, blasting Yellow Jacket in the side of the head with a forearm. He quickly hooks an

arm over Yellow Jacket's neck, snapping him over in a suplex onto the canvas!]

GM: Big snap suplex bringing Yellow Jacket from the outside in!

[Shizz Dawg pops back up to his feet, spinning around in a circle as he moves towards the downed masked man...

...and leaps up, dropping a twisting legdrop across the chest of Yellow Jacket!]

GM: Unusual offense by OG, putting the masked man down on the mat!

[Shizz Dawg opts against a cover (predictably) and launches into a series of stomps, driving Yellow Jacket out onto the apron with them. He climbs out alongside the masked man, reaching down to haul the masked man up by the antenna...]

GM: Both men are out on the apron now... over here on our side of the ring, Bucky.

BW: The referee has completely lost control of this one, Gordo. Do YOU even know who the legal man is at this point?

GM: No idea at all. These two teams are so quick, so wild in their in-ring style... it's hard to keep track of everything that's going on.

[With a handful of mask, Shizz Dawg delivers a series of hard kicks to the covered face, knocking Yellow Jacket backwards with his arms trapped over the top rope...]

GM: Yellow Jacket may be in some trouble here, fans.

[A big knife-edge chop from Shizz Dawg draws some cheers from the fans before he steps back into the ring, breaking into a sprint, hitting the far ropes where he bounces off...

...and THROWS himself into a high impact dropkick, his feet going through the ropes to catch the masked man in the small of the back, sending him sailing through the air and CRASHING down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A FALL THAT WAS!!

BW: And that was REAL close to knocking him out onto the concrete - the UNCOVERED concrete, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was... and you can see Shiz... err, the Dawg asking for a countout now. Is Yellow Jacket the legal man?

BW: I have no idea, you have no idea, no one has a clue - least of all Meekly.

[Shrugging his shoulders, Marty Meekly begins a ten count.]

GM: The referee is starting a count out here on Yellow Jacket several feet away from us... and here comes Queen Bee.

BW: Keep your dang stinger off him, lady!

GM: She's just cheering him on, clapping - trying to get these fans to clap as well. She wants him to get back in there and continue this match, the first Main Event EVER for the Hive.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. He took a pretty hard fall.

GM: He certainly did. And if the Rave were NORMAL pro wrestlers, they might have attempted a pinfall there but it looks like the Dawg is insisting on a countout again.

BW: Hey, the ref's count is up to five now...

[At the count of six though, Yellow Jacket struggles up to his feet to the applauses of the crowd. He stumbles towards the ring where an angry Shizz Dawg repeatedly kicks the bottom rope at the far side of the ring. He instantly wheels around, breaking into a sprint at the count of seven, rushing across the ring, and throwing himself between the ropes...

...as Yellow Jacket SPRINGS upwards, catching Shizz on the chin with an open palm strike that ECHOES through the WKIK Studios!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A SHOT TO THE JAW!!!

[The blow hangs Shizz Dawg OG out to dry hanging over the middle rope. Yellow Jacket pulls himself up on the apron, flipping the Dawg over onto his back. He delivers a big knife edge chop, causing the Dawg to rock backwards in the ropes...

...and gets slingshotted back upright into a second knife edge chop, rocking him back again.]

GM: It's the old rocking horse effect!

[Yellow Jacket turns to the crowd, holding up a finger to some cheers as he rushes into the ropes, rebounding off...

...and getting tripped up from the floor by Jerby Jezz!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Heck, as far as we know, he might be the legal man!

GM: Well, you could be right but since Shi- the Dawg and Yellow Jacket were part of the countout, I think the referee is counting them as the legal men.

[Jerby Jezz grabs Yellow Jacket by both legs, dragging him under the ropes where Bumble Bee smashes Jezz in the back of the head, staggering him. Jezz lashes out with an elbow back into the jaw of Bumble Bee, reaching back to grab him by the mask...

...and SLAMS his skull into Yellow Jacket's foot!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: And just like the Hive used the Rave against one another physically, now the shoe is on the other foot, daddy!

[With Bumble Bee doubled up, Jezz grabs Yellow Jacket's right leg, lifting it high...

...and SLAMMING it down on the back of Bumble Bee's neck in an axe type kick, knocking him down on the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

[Jezz steps over the downed Bumble Bee, dragging Yellow Jacket so that his shoulders are just barely on the edge of the apron...

...and then tugs him off, dropping him in a makeshift senton across the back of his own partner!]

GM: And Jerby Jezz continues to use his opponent's body against his partner!

[A nodding Jerby Jezz drags Yellow Jacket off the mat, throwing him under the bottom rope. He pulls himself up on the apron, signaling to his partner who ducks out from under the ropes, rushing over to pull the masked man up, quickly dropping him across the knee in a backbreaker...

...and holding him in position as Jezz, holding the top rope, somersaults into the ring, smashing the masked man across the throat with a legdrop!]

GM: OHHHH! What a doubleteam!

[But again, instead of pursuing a pin attempt, Shizz Dawg rolls Yellow Jacket under the ropes, onto the apron... and of course, right down on top of a still-stunned Bumble Bee.]

GM: Oh! Right down on his partner again... and again, the referee is going to start a ten count on Yellow Jacket.

[The official stands near the ropes, starting a count as the crowd again tries to rally the masked man back to his feet. Queen Bee sits on the ring apron,

clapping her hands over her head, also trying to cheer on the comeback of her team.]

GM: Queen Bee is clapping! The fans are clapping! But can they rally this young man back to his feet? Can they get Yellow Jacket up to his feet to continue the fight?

[An angry Shizz Dawg OG rushes across the ring to where Queen Bee is seated, reaching over the ropes to grab her by the antennae, dragging her to her feet to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: This piece of garbage is living up to his name, fans! He's got Queen Bee again and-

[Shizz Dawg hoists her over the ropes in a fireman's carry, walking across the ring with her draped on his shoulders. He comes to a stop in front of Jerby Jezz...

...who grabs her by the mask and plants one on her!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ROARS at Queen Bee flailing her arms and legs at being kissed by the man from the future. A smirking Shizz Dawg sets her down on her feet...

...just as Queen Bee lashes out with a kick to the groin!]

GM: OHHH! SHE KICKED HIM LOW!!

[A wincing Shizz Dawg swings around, clutching his nether regions...

...and Queen Bee leaves her feet, dropkicking him in the back and sending him crashing into a shocked Jerby Jezz, knocking them both down to the canvas!]

GM: Queen Bee drops 'em both!

BW: With a low blow! She kicked him right in front of the referee and he's doing NOTHING about it!

[Yellow Jacket slips back into the ring behind his manager, hoisting her up in a fireman's carry as well...

...and high-stepping across the ring to the roar of the crowd, pausing next to the Rave where he throws her up and over his masked head, dropping his manager down in a big splash on the chest of Jerby Jezz!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Jerby Jezz rolls out to the floor... Queen Bee's out as well.

[Yellow Jacket drags Shizz Dawg off the mat, wheeling around to whip the Rave member into the corner.]

GM: The Dawg hits the corner hard...

[The bee hoists OG off the mat, hanging him upside down in the tree of woe. He backs off to the opposite corner, waving his partner into the ring.]

GM: The Hive is in... OG is trapped upside down and-

[Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee break into a full sprint, charging from corner to corner, leaving their feet...

...and SMASHING all four feet into the face of the hanging Shizz Dawg!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a devastating double dropkick there!

[As Shizz Dawg crumples out of the corner, Yellow Jacket applies a cover.]

GM: Cover for one! FOR TWO!! FOR TH-

[But Shizz Dawg OG fires a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

GM: Just a two count! A two count only right there, fans!

[Yellow Jacket pulls Shizz Dawg off the mat, scooping him up, and slamming him down in the center of the ring. Bumble Bee rushes to his partner, leaping up to get wheelbarrowed into the air...

...and SLAMMED down across the stunned OG!]

GM: OHHH! ANOTHER DOUBLETEAM!!

[Bumble Bee stays atop Shizz Dawg this time, signaling for a count but the referee waves it off, pointing with both arms at Yellow Jacket.]

GM: Marty Meekly says that Yellow Jacket is the legal man and I believe he's correct about that, fans!

BW: Good call, referee!

GM: I'm not sure I've ever heard you say that, Bucky.

[Bumble Bee climbs to his feet, slapping his hands together as he heads towards the corner, taking his place on the apron as Yellow Jacket hauls Shizz Dawg off the mat.]

GM: Yellow Jacket with a big whip to the ropes...

[Shizz Dawg ducks under a leaping pump kick attempt with a slide, popping up to his feet behind him...

...and flinging rainbow streamers into his face!]

GM: What the-?!

[The surprising move temporarily blinds Yellow Jacket, spinning him around, and allowing Shizz Dawg to leap up, grabbing two handfuls of antennae...

...and SMASHING the back of Yellow Jacket's head into the mat with a split-legged faceslam!]

GM: OHHH! What a counter by the Dawg!

[Shizz Dawg rolls away, waving for his partner who has crawled back up on the apron. He slaps Jerby Jezz' hand, bringing him into the match as he immediately climbs the buckles...]

GM: Jerby Jezz is gonna fly, fans!

[Jerby Jezz leaps off the top, throwing his legs out...]

BW: NEW SEATTLE JAM!

[...and CRASHES down across the chest of Yellow Jacket with a legdrop!]

GM: OHHH! HE NAILED IT!!

[Jerby Jezz clutches his tailbone and then throws himself into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But a shout from Shizz Dawg grabs Jerby Jezz' attention, forcing him to break his own cover.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: It's not the right way to win, Gordo! It's not a countout!

GM: This is unbelievable, fans! This match could be over right now after that flying legdrop off the top rope but these two idiots don't want to make a cover!

BW: Idiots?! What right do you have to say that?! It's like insulting someone's religion, Gordo! They don't believe in it! Would you insult someone's religion?!

GM: Of course not! But that's hardly the same, Bucky!

[Jerby Jezz climbs back to his feet, dragging Yellow Jacket off the mat. He ducks down beneath him, hoisting the masked man up on his shoulders in an electric chair lift before slapping Shizz Dawg OG's hand, bringing him into the ring...]

GM: The tag is made and... what in the world?!

[Jerby Jezz approaches the corner where Shizz Dawg has scaled the ropes, leaning forward to hook a front facelock, slinging the masked man's arm over his neck...]

GM: What are they trying to do, Bucky?!

BW: I think this is a superplex attempt to the floor!

GM: No, no, no! He can't do that! He really can't do that! He'll break the man's back!

[Shizz Dawg OG is struggling, trying to get a good grip...

...but Yellow Jacket throws a series of right hands to the ribs, breaking Shizz Dawg's grip. A trio of hard shots to the skull of Jerby Jezz causes him to back off, still holding the masked man high...]

GM: Yellow Jacket's trying to fight his way out of this! He's in a bad situation and he's trying to get out of-

[The crowd roars in surprise as Shizz Dawg leaps off the top, snaring Yellow Jacket's head between his legs, and SNAPPING him off the shoulders of his partner and down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN!! WHAT DID I JUST SEE?!

[Shizz Dawg frantically drops to his knees, shoving Yellow Jacket under the ropes, rolling him out to the floor. OG's head goes through the ropes as he shoves Yellow Jacket off the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A RUNNING BOOT TO THE SKULL BY BUMBLE BEE!!

[Bumble Bee's big boot scores, dazing Shizz Dawg OG. He leans down, shoving the Rave member back down to the canvas. Grabbing the top rope with both hands, the masked man catapults himself over the top, crashing down on Shizz Dawg with a somersault senton!]

GM: OHH! Big backsplash on Shizz Dawg!

[Bumble Bee again attempts a cover but the referee waves him off, not allowing the illegal man to go for a pin...

...and completely missing Jerby Jezz rushing in, shoving the official aside, and DRILLING the masked man in the face with a low dropkick to the mush!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Man, there's a lot of high impact stuff goin' on in there, Gordo!

GM: There certainly is... and look at this, Bucky!

[The crowd buzzes as Jerby Jezz drags Bumble Bee off the canvas, hoisting him up on his shoulders in an electric chair lift again...]

GM: Fans, we're almost out of time! We've only got seconds left before we're off the air!

BW: What?! Not now!

[Shizz Dawg staggers to his feet, wobbling over to the corner where he slowly scales the ropes...]

GM: Shi- the Dawg is going to the top! He's going up to the top rope!

BW: They're gonna finish him off - time limit or not!

[With a dazed Bumble Bee seated on the shoulders of Jerby Jezz, Jezz approaches the corner, waiting for his partner to finish his long climb...

...but Bumble Bee starts firing back, throwing fist after fist to the skull of the man from the future!]

GM: Bumble Bee's fighting back! Fans, we're seconds away now! We're mere seconds away from-

BW: LOOK OUT!

[Jerby Jezz spins around in a bit of a daze...

...which brings him right in the range of Yellow Jacket who rushes across the ring, leaping off one leg, and LASHING out with a pump kick to the jaw...]

GM: OHHHH!

[...the impact of which sends Jezz falling backwards and allows Bumble Bee to snap off a reverse rana that SPIKES Jerby Jezz' skull into the canvas at a sickening impact!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! FANS, WE'RE OUT OF TIME!! WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE ANNIVERSARY SHOW!

[As Yellow Jacket crawls to attempt a cover, we abruptly fade to black.]