

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

WKIK STUDIOS
DALLAS, TEXAS
APRIL 21ST, 2012

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

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

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

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

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to 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, and welcome to another edition of the American Wrestling Alliance's Saturday Night Wrestling! And it's been quite the past month for the AWA, Bucky.

BW: That's right, daddy. A new National Champion crowned in Westwego, Louisiana... a champion who isn't even an active member of the AWA talent roster. The National Title - the top prize in our sport - being shelved by the front office and the Championship Committee. The announcement of a new World Heavyweight Championship... plus a ginormous sixty-four man tournament to crown that champ? Whew. It's never been a better time to be a fan of the AWA, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that and earlier tonight, I spoke with Jim Watkins and some of the names he told me that the Championship Committee has been in conversations with about joining the tournament... well, to say I was shocked would be an understatement. And right here, tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling, I understand that'll we be hearing the first names announced for this big event, Bucky.

BW: The first names in the field of sixty-four of the best competitors in the wrestling world will be announced throughout the night and if my sources are right, we're gonna blow some socks off here tonight in Dallas, daddy.

GM: Amen. Plus, we've got that huge Main Event pitting the very first man to hold the AWA National Title, Marcus Broussard, against the 2011 Steal The Spotlight winner, Sultan Azam Sharif in what should be an outstanding matchup.

BW: Both men looking the tournament square in the eye. Both men want to be the first World Champion. Plus, the Steal The Spotlight contract itself is hanging in the balance.

GM: In addition to that, we'll see the War Pigs' Sabre tangle with the Skullcrushers' Overlord in one-on-one action... and where those two are, you know their partners won't be far behind.

BW: Not to mention Jeremiah King.

GM: Plus, we'll see in action for the very first time Louis Matsui's newest charge - the enormous MAMMOTH Maximus! We're gonna have all that and much, much more but for now, let's head up to the ring for our opening matchup.

[During this discussion, 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.

The camera crossfades to show Phil Watson standing in the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada... he weighs in at 242 pounds... Brett Wilson!

[The well-built young man with Maple Leaf trunks, boots, and elbowpads scales the midbuckle for a polite response.]

PW: And his opponent...

Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.

[The smaller WKIK Studios doesn't give the proper space and equipment for the fancy entrance we're used to from this individual as he simply bursts through the curtain as "Saints Of Los Angeles" floods the PA system.]

PW: From Allentown, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is...

"SHOOOOOOOWTIIIIIME"

RICK

MAAAAAAARLEYYYYYY!

[The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt.

Marley pauses, staring out at the crowd...

...and then breaks into a sprint, diving headfirst under the bottom rope where he pops to his feet, marching across the squared circle to climb to the second rope, shouting to the fans as he raises both arms to them before backflipping back into the ring.]

GM: Quite the entrance there for "Showtime" Rick Marley, Bucky.

BW: More like "Showoff" Rick Marley. Is there really a need for all that stuff?

GM: All what stuff?

BW: The sucking up to the fans... the stupid backflip...

GM: You're talking about part of what makes Rick Marley Rick Marley, Bucky. His love for the fans and his love for the high flying style. Of course he'd want to pay tribute to both in his entrance.

[Referee Mickey Meekly has a few words for both men before calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[The two grapplers quickly come together in the middle of the ring as the much-stronger Wilson moves into an overhand wristlock.]

GM: Wilson goes right to the wristlock - I hear this young man has quite the technical background, Bucky.

BW: Is that right? What the heck is he doing here from Canada?

GM: Right now, I'd say he's trying to knock off Rick Marley and impress the Championship Committee... see if he can earn himself a slot in the World Title tournament. You would have to believe that Rick Marley not only will be in that tournament, Bucky... but he just might be one of the favorites!

BW: Not after the Unholy Alliance finishes with him.

[Struggling against the hold, Marley backs to the ropes, grabbing the top rope with his right hand...

...and executes a picture perfect standing backflip, completely removing the pressure from his arm before he throws the right forearm into Wilson's jaw, sending him staggering away.]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Marley!

[Marley approaches Wilson from behind, flinging him towards the ropes with an Irish whip.]

GM: Whip by Marley... leapfrog by Marley...

[Wilson hits the ropes behind Marley as "Showtime" stays in his spots and then blindly leapfrogs over a charging Wilson again.]

GM: A second leapfrog! Even more impressive than the first one!

[And when Wilson rebounds off the ropes for a third time, he runs right into a rana that snaps him over and down to the canvas to the cheers of the crowd! He quickly regains his feet though before a dropkick sends him sprawling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! A hard fall out to the floor here at ringside for the Canadian!

[Marley promptly regains his feet, backing up against the ropes where he throws his arms back over the top, leaning against it as he waits, measuring his floored victim.]

GM: Rick Marley looks like a man who is about to earn some more frequent flyer miles, Bucky!

BW: This could be a mistake. This high risk stuff is for suckers.

GM: Suckers like your pal Skywalker Jones?

BW: It ain't high risk if you know you're gonna hit it.

[As Wilson slowly staggers up, Marley breaks into a full sprint, leaping up and over the ropes with a breathtaking dive that brings the crowd to their feet!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A DIVE BY RICK MARLEY!!

[After a few moments, Marley regains his feet with a whoop to the cheering crowd. He leans down, dragging Wilson off the mat and shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Marley puts him back in... and he's headed for the top rope. Immediately back to the high risk district, Bucky.

BW: Gotta admit that he knows where his bread is buttered.

[Once up top, Marley looks out at the cheering crowd again, throwing both arms in the air for a moment before leaping from his perch, tucking his arms and legs in and...

...CRASHING backfirst down across the torso of Wilson!]

GM: OHHH! HE HITS THE HIGHLIGHT REEL!

[Marley promptly scrambles into a cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: There's one! There's two! And there's three! Rick Marley makes short work of his Canadian opposition here tonight in Dallas, Bucky.

BW: Marley was impressive in there tonight. That's a guy with some big momentum on his side heading into the World Title tournament and sometimes that's all you need in something like that to keep pushing you through it. A win tonight didn't hurt his cause either.

GM: And we're about to be joined by "Showtime" Rick Marley out here at ringside but before we do, Bucky, walk us through the replay of that one.

[We cut to a slo-mo replay where Rick Marley is leaning against the ropes.]

BW: This is where he's about to uncork that big dive to the floor - absolutely spectacular leap off the top rope onto a shocked opponent.

[We see said dive on the replay, graceful and elegant.]

BW: He puts the kid back in... goes up top... and finishes the Maple Leaf Moron with a big back senton off the top rope. One... two... and there's the three.

[We see the action unfold before us before crossfading back to live action where Marley has made his way over the announce position.]

GM: A big win right there for "Showtime" Rick Marley. But Rick, I'm gonna get right down to the exciting news. I'm sure it comes as no surprise to you considering the fact that you're a second generation competitor and a former World Champion in your own right. You've stood in the ring with everyone from Jason Keening to William Craven and come out ahead. In fact, you've won gold in just about every promotion you've ever set foot in. All of that while maintaining your status as perhaps one of the most underrated wrestlers in the world today. Considering all of that, it can come as no surprise that you've been named for the first entrant into the field of 64 for the tournament to crown the first AWA World Champion!

[Big cheer from the crowd! A beaming Marley raises an arm in thanks to them.]

GM: Congratulations for that, Rick, but I've gotta ask the big question here - why are you entering this tournament?

[Marley pauses, stroking his chin thoughtfully for a moment.]

RM: There's no short answer for that, Gordon, so you're gonna have to bear with me for a moment.

You see, there should be one reason and one reason only that anyone gets into that business...to be the best ever. To be at the pinnacle of the sport. To reach the top.

Not the best for your size...or 'pound for pound'...or whatever other code words they want to try to use as excuses.

The best.

Period.

Not the best for your era...as if our goals in that ring are any different than what you've seen out of combat sports competitors for the past three thousand years. The gear changes...the arena changes...but the goal?

It's eternal.

[Marley pauses, nodding for a moment.]

RM: So, it takes a certain amount of ego for someone to be willing to get into that ring. It's a way of wordlessly stating that you are convinced that you're better than not only the guy across the ring from you, but ANYONE that might end up across that ring at any point.

You don't spout your mouth off about it. The 'I'm the Greatest' bit was done by somebody already, and done well.

No. You go out and SHOW everyone.

You show them by your actions. You show them by your will. You show them by the way you move in that ring.

You show them not only IF you beat your opponent, but HOW you beat your opponent.

The fans cheer, the flashbulbs capture the moments and the reporters argue about your place in history...and for that privilege, you pay with your blood, your sweat and your tears.

You pay with hours spent in the gym.

You pay with long road trips where you don't see your family and friends.

You pay with aches and pains that would cripple most sane people...and you do it with a smile, and you do it gladly.

You see, we all know one simple truth: Wrestling is hard.

But it's also great...and it's the fact that it's hard that makes it great. If anyone could do it, it wouldn't be as important...it wouldn't be as special when you raise that gold over your head. It would be cheap.

[He pauses, looking into the lens for effect.]

RM: So...why am I joining this tournament?

[Marley smiles.]

RM: To show everyone what it is that I think...and to prove where I belong.

On top.

[With a grin, he claps Gordon on the back and makes his exit from the interview area.]

GM: Rick Marley, one of sixty-four men who will battle this summer to become the first ever AWA World Champion, fans. Can't wait to see who else is in? Stick around because we're going to find out Number Two right after the break!

[We fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring, ready to go.]

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall! In the ring at this time, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, weighing in at 257 pounds, MATT GINN!

[Ginn thrusts his arms in the air to little reaction, having failed to make a name for himself in the impromptu battle royale challenge on the last show.]

PW: And his opponent!

[The majestic strains of ELO's "Twilight" fill the studio, to the general confusion of the crowd.]

GM: Finally, we get to see this man in action!

BW: Who!?

PW: From Kawasaki, Japan, weighing in at 233 pounds, he is the current Tiger Paw Pro Champion, YOSHINARI TAGUCHI!

[A crew cut Japanese man, long and lean, similar in body type to Ginn, though slightly shorter and more muscular, in black, pant leg trunks and black boots accented by the round, golden Tiger Paw Pro championship belt around his waist, Yoshinari Taguchi walks briskly to the ring. He is smirking slightly, but makes no effort to interact with the fans.]

GM: Yoshinari Taguchi actually was on hand with us back in February as one of the champions hoping for a shot at Calisto Dufresne in a much less controversial open challenge for his AWA National Championship.

BW: Nobody would have known he was there if he didn't show up on that scumbag Petrow's online video.

GM: Bucky!

BW: What!? We still can't talk about what that traitor's done to us? That cat is long since out of the bag!

GM: Nevertheless, this is Taguchi's first appearance on _official_ AWA programming, and I've been informed that this time he **will** be getting a chance at AWA gold, as the official representative of Tiger Paw Pro wrestling in the AWA World Title Tournament!

[A stoic Taguchi quickly makes his way into the ring, unfastens his title belt, and hands it to the referee.]

BW: Well if you're so smart and connected now, what do you know about this man, Gordo?

GM: Not that much, I'm afraid, only that he has held that title for nearly a year now, and is a proponent of what I'm told is the "strong style" of wrestling.

[DING! DING! DING!]

BW: Looks like Matt Ginn is about to test how strong Dabuchi is!

GM: **TAGUCHI** is met head on with a series of clubbing forearms to the chest...with NO reaction whatsoever!

BW: That's four, five solid blows by a 250 pound man...and this guy is just looking at him!

[Matt Ginn steps back to reassess the situation, then dives in with a few reverse knife edge chops...receiving the same cold stare back in return! Ginn follows up with a kick to the gut that seems to awaken the strong stylist, who grits his teeth in anger as Ginn begins to regret what he has done.]

GM: And finally, here comes Taguchi with some offense of his own!

BW: And Ginn's not staring at these forearms, he's wincing in pain!

GM: Taguchi backs Ginn into a corner...

[SMACK! goes the flesh! "OHHHH!" goes the crowd!]

GM: HUGE chop with authority! And another! And another! And...oh my.

BW: We might find out if it's possible to chop clear though a man with your bare hand!

GM: This is just...referee up to four and Taguchi finally backs away after at least 12 or 15 of those chops! Matt Ginn slumped in the corner, but here comes Taguchi..._running_ boot to the face!

BW: That's called a yakuza kick out on the mean streets of Kawasaki!

[The kick seems to knock Ginn senseless, as he flops face first onto the mat. Quickly Yoshinari Taguchi floats behind and grabs at the leg.]

GM: Taguchi catching some kind of toe hold...and he jumps forward and grabs onto Matt Ginn's face while maintaining it!

BW: That's an STF, Gordo. Try getting onto YouTube and do some research every now and then!

GM: I don't think there would have been any way out except that Ginn was so close to the ropes that his flailing arms managed to hook onto them! Referee Mickey Meekly looking to break the hold, and Taguchi wastes no time going back to the legs and *dragging* Ginn into the center of the ring!

BW: It doesn't look like he's too disappointed at getting the chance to punish this kid some more.

GM: This time he grapevines the legs, could be an Indian Death Lock...and-oh my! He pulls Ginn right back in a bow and arrow type hold but he's got a facelock applied as well!

[Ginn instantly cries out in pain and wastes no time at all in giving up to the punishing hold.]

BW: If Ginn chopped as hard as he's slapping the mat now, he might have had a chance!

[Matt Ginn immediately taps out to this painfulme but Taguchi is in no hurry to release it, and ELO's "Twilight" begins playing and the referee reaches a count of four before he finally does so.]

PW: Your winner, as the result of a submission, the Tiger Paw Pro Champion, YOSHINARI TAGUCHI!

[Mickey Meekly attempts to raise the hand of the winner, but Taguchi demands his belt be returned to him first. Meekly hastily retrieves the belt, and Taguchi slings it over his shoulder as he finally allows his hand to be raised in victory, before immediately ducking out of the ring and heading down the aisle.]

GM: Well, that didn't even last a minute, but I think that Yoshinari Taguchi has already established that he can take a beating AND give one even better!

BW: He didn't give his foes much scouting material, but he gave them plenty to worry about!

GM: And it looks like Jason Dane is going to try and get a word with the Tiger Paw Pro champion.

[Rushing up to meet Taguchi halfway to the locker room, Jason Dane quickly cuts to the chase.]

JD: Yoshinari Taguchi, welcome to the AWA, and congratulations on your victory. Do you have anything to say to the fans and to your competitors in the AWA World Title Tournament?

[Taguchi looks coldly at Dane, grits his teeth, draws his thumb up to the left side of his throat, and slowly pulls it over to the right side in a slashing motion, then leaves Dane standing as he walks through the curtain.]

GM: A man of few words, but who's actions could make him a dangerous force to be reckoned with in the AWA World Title Tournament.

BW: He's the Tiger Paw Pro champion and believe me, for those of you here Stateside who have never seen the action in Tiger Paw Pro, it takes a special breed of athlete to compete there.

GM: And speaking of Tiger Paw Pro, one of our own, Jackson Haynes has opted to return to Japan after what we've seen happen to he and his partner in recent weeks. Two weeks ago on this very show, Haynes refused to speak to us after we announced that Danny Morton would be out for quite some time with both a concussion and a broken arm. In fact, many have speculated that Danny Morton may NEVER come back from these injuries.

BW: That's right, Gordo. The Oklahoma hick is done and his buddy tucked tail and ran from the Bishops before they could finish him off once and for all, daddy! I'm hearing that Haynes is moping all around Japan, beating up on guys much smaller than him. He's wrestling as a singles competitor over there... no more tag teams.

GM: So the question as it stands now is - have we seen the end of Violence Unlimited? We may not know the answer for quite some time. But right now, let's go back down to the ring for tag team action with the very team who put Danny Morton on the shelf - the Bishop Boys!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right-

[But before Watson can introduce the duo of Craig White and Jonny Stone, the sounds of Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" plays as Duane Henry Bishop comes barreling through the curtain, dashing towards the ring, diving under the ropes, and throwing himself into a full body tackle on White, knocking him back to the corner!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Stone immediately comes to the aid of his partner, raining down forearms across the back of the bulldog-like Duane Henry who continues to try to pummel his opponent into the mat.]

GM: Duane Henry Bishop's all over this young man from Toledo, Ohio!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Cousin Bo emerges, a big smile on his face as he gestures towards the back...]

BW: Here comes trouble!

[...and the massive Cletus Lee Bishop slowly stalks his way from behind the curtain, staring maniacally around the WKIK Studios at the crowd. He tugs at his own beard as Cousin Bo tries to settle him a bit...

...and then gestures at the ring where White and Stone have managed to get Duane Henry up for a double Irish whip.]

GM: Cletus Lee is headed for the ring!

[The big man pulls himself up on the apron behind their opponents, stepping under the ropes just as Duane Henry ducks a double clothesline attempt, sliding under the ropes to the floor as Cletus Lee rampages across, dropping both men with a running double clothesline!]

BW: Ohhh! Cletus Lee picked up the 7-10 split, daddy!

[Duane Henry snakes an arm under the ropes, hauling Stone out to the floor where he promptly slams his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: We've got fighting inside the ring, fighting outside the ring to boot. You just never know what to expect when the Bishop Boys are involved, fans.

[Back inside the ring, Cletus Lee has pulled Craig White to his feet, smashing an elbow across the forehead that knocks White back into the ropes where Cletus Lee easily wings him across again...

...and drops him with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: Ohh my!

BW: That'll take the wind out of your sails, Gordo!

GM: It certainly will.

[A quick cut to the floor shows Duane Henry repeatedly stomping Stone into the barely-padded concrete before he grabs the bottom rope, leaning into a boot choke.]

GM: Cousin Bo is telling Duane Henry to get in there and help his brother finish off Jonny Stone... but I don't think Cletus Lee needs any help at all, Bucky.

BW: I wouldn't think so. He's got this kid up again and... look out!

[The crowd buzzes as the six foot nine inch Cletus Lee Bishop hoists White over his head in a gorilla press walking around the ring a bit before hurling Stone down to the mat to a big thud.]

GM: Big press slam by Cletus Lee... and in comes Duane Henry now. These two are completely ignoring the officials who are trying to get things under control in there.

[Duane Henry dashes at his big brother who hoists him sky high in a second gorilla press, walking around a bit...

...and then DROPS him straight down on the chest of White!]

GM: Ohh! Nice doubleteam by the former National Tag Team Champions!

[The referee waves it off, refusing to count the pin attempt by Duane Henry who gets to his feet, angrily shouting at Marty Meekly...

...and then breaks into a dash, burying both feet in the face of Stone with a baseball slide!]

BW: Haha! That punk from the UK tried to stick his nose in there and I think Duane Henry just kicked the danged thing right off, daddy!

GM: You're loving this, aren't you?

BW: The Bishops in action is always one of the highlights of SNW for me, Gordo.

[Cletus Lee pulls a limp Craig White off the canvas, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Now what in the world is this, Bucky?

BW: I'm not sure, Gordo.

[The big man backs to the corner before hoisting White up, letting him rest upon his shoulders in powerbomb position...]

GM: He's got him up there! What's he gonna do with him?

[A quick shift in position puts White into a crucifix powerbomb position.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Clear the runway, daddy!

[Cletus Lee charges out of the corner, getting close to center ring before he lets White fly, sailing through the sky, and CRASHING down to the canvas below!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[White lies still on the canvas, chest heaving as Cletus Lee stands over him, a psychotic stare on his unblinking eyes.]

GM: Just cover the man for crying out loud.

BW: I've got a feeling we're not quite done yet.

GM: Duane Henry pulls White up, muscling him up onto his shoulders in a torture rack... look out here!

[Cletus Lee charges across the ring again, this time swinging his long leg up to catch White in the temple with a charging big boot - a blow that swings him out of the rack and DOWN into a sitout powerbomb by Duane Henry!]

GM: Doc Allan's Miracle Headache Elixir! And that devastating move just claimed another victim as Cletus Lee... oh, come on.

[The crowd jeers as Cletus Lee simply places a boot on the chest of the unconscious White to earn the mercifully swift three count.]

GM: Thank heavens that's over.

BW: Is it? They're heading our way.

GM: Oh, brother.

[The camera cuts to the interview area...

...where suddenly a rubber trash can comes sailing in from off-camera, hitting the back wall which thankfully stays standing as Gordon and Bucky scatter out of the way!]

GM: What in the... what's the meaning of this?!

[The Bishops stomp into view, Duane Henry immediately leaning over and throwing garbage into the air like he's looking for something. A grinning Cousin Bo shakes Bucky's hand as Gordon speaks up again.]

GM: Bo Allan, what in the world is going on here?

[Cousin Bo looks like the happiest man on earth as he lets out a hearty laugh.]

CB: Isn't it obvious? My cousins are looking for what's left of Violence Unlimited's career.

[Hearing the name of their enemies, the Bishops stop for a second and look at Bo, but quickly go back to what they were doing when they realize VU's not around.]

CB: They still insist on looking for them everywhere. But let's face facts, Gordon Myers, they're GONE! Morton's never gonna recover from what we did to him physically, and Haynes will never recover mentally. Not that he had much going on up there in the first place.

GM: How in the world can you be so casual about what you've done? Don't you have any remorse about it?

[Bo's eyebrows raise.]

CB: Remorse? The only remorse I feel is not breaking Haynes' arm too. Let's get one thing straight. Maybe a little something other teams around here are starting to notice. We are not here to fool around. We came here purely to break people. We want our titles back. If we have to hunt down the Lynches, we'll do it. We handed them the titles, and we can take them away just as fast.

[An irritated Gordon fires back.]

GM: But aren't your running buddies The Aces first in line for a title shot?

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: "Running buddies". That's real cute. Look, we worked with them one time and one time only. If they get the titles, fine, we'll come after them. Nobody's exempt from our wrath. Nobody.

[Bo brushes past Gordon, knocking him back a bit. The Bishops follow, leaving a trail of garbage in their wake. The dean of pro wrestling announcing simply sighs and looks off-camera.]

GM: Can we get somebody to clean this up? Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Fade to black.

we fade into the outside of a restaurant with a sign above it that reads "Cool Bar & Grille." Standing on the outside of the building are "Acme" Andrew Sterling and Dan "Cool Cat" Thomas. Both men are wearing t-shirts with "Cool Bar & Grille" written across the front and blue jeans.]

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

AS: You probably remember us from great matches such as Unholy War.

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

DT: And Escape from Disneyland. Okay. That last one didn't really happen.

[Sterling points at the camera.]

AS: We're still waiting on you, Token White Boyz! But, we'd like to announce the grand opening of the Cool Bar & Grille in Dallas, Texas. We're located just off of I-635 in Grapevine, Texas.

DT: That's pretty close to DFW! We've got great signature dishes! Like our Coolio Alligator Po' Boy.

AS: You can't forget our signature Angus Beef Steaks!

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

DT: Uh... we don't serve pancakes, dude.

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

AS: For you AWA fans who are hongry after a Saturday night full of action-packed excitement...

DT: Hongry?

AS: Yeah, when you're hungrier than hungry.

DT: Ooookay.

AS: At any rate, bring your AWA Saturday Night Wrestling ticket stubs, and you'll receive a free dessert with the purchase of any entree! Remember, that's the Cool Bar & Grille in Grapevine, Texas right off of I-635!

[We fade out.

And then back up to live action inside the WKIK Studios to the announce position which, thankfully, has been cleared of the Bishop Boys' mess.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and joining us at this time... he is the third man to be named to the field of sixty-four for the AWA World Heavyweight Title tournament - a true legend in the world of professional wrestling...

[The camera zooms out a bit to reveal the man in question, looking as surly as ever.]

GM: Hamilton Graham!

[Big cheer from inside the building!]

GM: Hamilton Graham, your reputation and your resume are without question. There are few who could even dare to try to compare their legacies with you. When the phrase "World Champion" is used, you are one of the first men who come to mind so it is only fitting that you are in this tournament. But I have to ask... at your...

[Gordon cringes a bit.]

GM: ...advanced age... why? Why put yourself into this field of sixty-four?

[Graham is obviously seething at Gordon's comment.]

HG: Advanced age, huh?

This is the perfect example of what my life has been like for the past few years, Gordon.

When I walk into a room these days - be it a hotel, an airport, or a locker room...

[His gaze grows colder.]

HG: ESPECIALLY a locker room... everyone falls all over themselves to tell me how great I am. They talk about my World Titles... they talk about how I should be a Hall of Famer... they talk about the legendary battles in St. Louis, Portland, Florida, Atlanta... and even right here in Texas.

I can see it in their eyes, Gordon. Just like I can see it in yours.

It's like meeting your childhood hero... and then seeing what's left of 'im.

[Graham pauses.]

HG: About two weeks ago, I was wrestling for a company in New Orleans. Smaller place. Fifteen, twenty years ago, I would've been headlining the Superdome but now, I'm stuck in an armory somewhere on the outskirts of town.

But the people there loved me. Worshipped me. They had those stars in their eyes that they were witnessing a page of the professional wrestling history book coming to life before their eyes.

This kid... this rookie... green as goosesh-

[He pauses, looking at an anxious Gordon.]

HG: Well, you know the saying, Gordon.

[Gordon nods with relief.]

HG: He was camped out by my locker the whole night. Asked if he could be in my corner so he could see me in person. And when I looked at him in that corner, I saw the stars in his eyes. It felt good, Gordon... I won't lie, it always does.

But after the show, he asked if he could take me out for a beer. I went... I don't turn down a free beer. Good kid, nice kid... wanted my opinions on every aspect of his game and on the business as a whole.

He told me how he'd gone with his pops to see me wrestle back in St. Louis. Said he was in the building for some of the wars I had with Terry Shane Jr. We laughed and drank and had a good time.

And then he dropped the hammer, Gordon.

[He grimaces.]

HG: The stars faded from his eyes and he said, "Mr. Graham, why? Why after all these years... at your age... do you still do it?"

Why?

The same question you ask me, Gordon... why?

[Graham runs a hand through his curly salt and pepper hair.]

HG: I asked him what he meant. He said, "Well, at one time you were the best in the world. You were selling out arenas all over the country. Everyone knew you were the best wrestler walking.

At one time, you were a World Champion."

Were.

[Graham shakes his head.]

HG: I got up, thanked him for the beer, and split his pretty lip with a right hand.

[He holds up the clenched right fist for emphasis.]

HG: You see, Gordon Myers... guys like you and me... we don't change with the times... we don't go out of style. We're classics. We're the guys that people ten decades from now people will still be talking about... forget ten years, ten decades, Gordon.

So for this young kid... this little punk know-nothin' to get in my face and tell me...

"You WERE the best of all time."

The hell with that, Gordon... I AM the best of all time! I AM the best wrestler walking.

And come Labor Day... when sixty-three other men have fallen to the wayside...

[Graham points a threatening finger at the camera.]

HG: I will be the World Heavyweight Champion once again.

[Graham brushes past Bucky, shoving him a few steps back as he stalks out of sight to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: A man of pure intensity who is never lacking for words - Hamilton Graham is in the tournament, fans... and you can never count out a man with the skill and talent of Hamilton Graham, no matter how old he is. Fans, let's go back up to the ring right now for more action!

[We crossfade to the ring where we see Phil Watson standing in the middle, and a man in red trunks and short black hair off to his right.]

PW: This contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time-limit! Introducing first in the corner to my right, hailing from Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, and weighing in at two hundred and twenty nine pounds, here is.. MARK HOEFNER!

[A scattering of boos is heard for the Pennsylvanian youngster. The boos, however, start to turn into cheers as a little hip hop tune that sounds a bit like "Pump Up The Jam" by Technotronic starts playing over the PA.]

PW: And his opponent...

Voice: YYYYYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BW: Didn't we get rid of this guy??

GM: Do not adjust your TV sets, B.C. is back on television!

PW:...from Alpharetta, Georgia, weighing in tonight at three hundred and sixty-six pounds, he is the Round Mound of Hip-Hop Sound, B.C. DA MASTAH MC!!

[The camera pans towards the aisle as the robust frame of the happy rapper himself, B.C. Da Mastah MC, dances into view. Of course, B.C. comes armed with his trusty microphone!]

BC: WHUSSUP, WHUSSUP, WHUSSUP??

BW: SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

PW: Bucky! Let's all have a little fun here!

[Fun is what the crowd is having as B.C. is bobbin' and weavin']

BC: I'M BACK! BACK AND ON THE ATTACK!
I AIN'T CUTTIN' NO SUCKA ANY SLACK!
I'M LOOKIN' GREAT AN' FEELIN' FINE,
AIN'T NOBODY GONNA STOP MY SHINE!

[Camera pans to the ring, where Hoefner is covering his ears. Let's assume Bucky is doing the same. BC pulls himself up on the apron and looks out over the people.]

BC: THIS DUDE, YEA, HE GONNA GIVE OL' BC A TRY
BUT I'M HERE TO MAKE THIS SUCKA CRY
AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' AGAINST YA, BRO
I'M GONNA MAKE THIS CROWD SCREAM YOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

[The crowd, obviously screams along. Bucky, of course can only scream..]

BW: NNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

BC: GO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!

[We can hear Gordon in the background Yo-ing along!]

BW: Don't encourage him!

[B.C. steps through the ropes, tossing the ref the mic. He removes his sunglasses, his gold chains, and skull cap, not taking his sight off of Hoefner. B.C. finally removes his jacket, showing off his bright red and purple singlet, with "B.C." written in gothic font across the front. He runs his fingers through his high top fade as Marty Meekly calls for the bell.]

GM: B.C.'s back on TV after a successful stint on our live events, and he looks focused here tonight.

BW: Maybe if he was focused on wrestling and not coming up with these crappy rhymes, he'd be a lot more successful!

GM: B.C. beckoning Hoefner to make the first move, and.. WHOA!!

[Hoefner charges across the ring, only for B.C. to grab him, and toss him hard across the ring! Hoefner is dazed as B.C. lumbers across the ring.]

GM: B.C, with a huge toss across the ring, and he's on the attack right off the bat here!

[B.C. pulls Hoefner to his feet, and tosses him over his head with a belly to belly suplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! B.C.'s not playing around!

BW: Maybe B.C.'s taking notice of big men like Mammoth Maximus coming into the AWA. He's gotta step up his game, Gordo. Maybe he's a bit smarter than I give him credit for!

[Hoefner pulls himself to his feet in the corner, and B.C. continues the attack, charging in and..]

BW: Nobody home!

GM: He missed the avalanche, but stopped himself before crashing into the turnbuckles! Hoefner doesn't know it yet..

[Hoefner turns around, hoping to see a dazed B.C. in the corner. Unfortunately for him, B.C.'s ready.]

GM: STANDING DROPKICK RIGHT TO THE MUSH!

BW: I'll never understand how he defies gravity like that.

[B.C. quickly moves over to the downed Hoefner, and pulls him to his feet. Hoefner starts shooting off right hands to the gut.]

BW: Hoefner's starting to fight back here, but..

GM: I don't think hitting B.C. in his ample gut is gonna work here.

[Sure enough, B.C. is grinning at Hoefner's futile effort, and grabs at Hoefner's right wrist. With one quick movement, B.C. picks up Hoefner, and takes him down with a huge Samoan drop! Instead of going for the pin on Hoefner, B.C. drags him to the corner, and sits Hoefner down. B.C. quickly races to the other side of the ring and shouts out to the crowd!]

BC: YOoooooooooooo!!!

BW: Enough with the Yo's already!

[B.C. starts swaying back and forth, pumping his fist and chanting "GO", and the crowd starts chanting along!]

BW: Maybe B.C. isn't as smart as I thought, he's wasting a lot of time here!

[Unfortunately for Bucky, Hoefner hasn't gotten the cobwebs shaken, and B.C. starts charging across the ring, turning around at the last moment, slamming his ample rear end into the face of Mark Hoefner!]

GM: MY STARS! B.C. just crushed Hoefner's face between his rear end and the turnbuckle!

BW: I hope that's not the last thing I see before I die, Gordo.

[B.C. looks out over the crowd and gives the universal "it's over!" sign with his arms. Grabbing Hoefner by the ankles, he yanks him straight up in the air, sending Hoefner crashing down back first on the canvas! He then turns Hoefner, so he's perpendicular to the turnbuckle. B.C. steps through the ropes near the turnbuckle, and looks out over the cheering crowd. With one wave of his arm, the hip hop beat from earlier starts to play over the PA!]

BW: For once I'd like them to play something else, like Barry Manilow or something, not this stupid tripe!

GM: It's not stupid if the fans enjoy it, Bucky! B.C. off the top rope..
TURNTABLE!! That's all she wrote for Mark Hoefner as Meekly counts to three!

DING DING DING

PW: Here is your winner, BC DA MASTAH MC!

GM: B.C. with a very impressive victory here tonight, firing on all cylinders since the opening bell! Seemed like he was sending a message to the AWA with that victory, Bucky!

BW: Was it 'Yo, your cupcakes ain't safe from me, boooyyyyyeeee?'

GM: Will you stop? Wait a minute, B.C.'s made his way over to Phil Watson and has asked for the mic.

[The camera pans over to B.C., and we catch him talking to Watson. Watson nods his head, and hands B.C. the microphone.]

BC: Thanks, Phil Dubbs!

[B.C. shoots a thumbs up to Watson, who returns the favor.]

BC: AAAAYYYYYY YYOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!! Sup??

[B.C. looks out over the cheering crowd, a smile crossing his face.]

BC: I made a promise earlier this year to all my lil' rappers out there in TV land that 2012 would be the year of B.C. Da Mastah MC, but other than wrestlin' at live events, entertainin' each and every one of you that paid good money to see the great superstars of the A-Dubbya-A, I haven't really carried out my promise, dig?

I haven't been able to grab th' brass ring, until now. There's th' AWA World Title tournament goin' on, an' ol' B.C. here, he wants to be a part of it. He wants to get down and dirty an' party like it's 1999 all over again. He wants ta take charge, ta be th' mastah of his own fate, much like he's the mastah on the mic.

[B.C.'s smile grows even wider as the crowd continues to cheer.]

BC: The AWA, they're lookin' to bring out a whole lotta old, an' even new names for this big ol' dance. Well, then, I'mma makin' this official right here an' right now. I'mma punchin' my dance card an' takin' my jolly ol' self onto that dance floor, cuz ain't no one boogie like me! Can I get a YOOOOOOOOOOOOO?

[The crowd obliges with one big ol' YYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!]

BC: GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!

[B.C. turns and hands off the mic to Watson, then boogies on outta here to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: This clown wants to be in the tournament?! Are you kidding me?!

GM: Why? I think that would be great! It'd really bring a different style to the tournament.

BW: You say that like it's a good thing, Gordo.

GM: So everyone's favorite rapping wrestler has declared himself for the sixty-four man tournament... but will the Championship Committee lock him into one of those coveted spots? We'll find out in the days to come but right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with yet another entry into the World Title Tournament!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: For weeks now, the talk of the wrestling world has been the sixty-four man tournament to crown the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion and just who will make up the field that will compete for that title. We heard the first three names out of that group - Hamilton Graham, Tiger Paw Pro Champion Yoshinari Taguchi, and "Showtime" Rick Marley. And now it's time to announce the fourth man entered.

At one time, he was one of the greatest cruiserweight wrestlers to ever lace a pair of boots. He has wrestled all over the world and has held multiple championships nearly everywhere he has compete.

Now, he is the leader and co-founder of Playboy Enterprises...

"Playboy" Johnny Casanova - welcome to the World Title Tournament!

[The former cruiserweight icon "Playboy Johnny Casanova, stands in front of a AWA backboard. The three hundred plus pounder is decked out in a sparkly silver tuxedo with sparkly black collars, matching colored bow-tie and a black stripe running down the side of his tuxedo pants. His bleached blonde hair is slicked back and 1970 style sunglasses cover his eyes. The always animated Casanova begins to speak, hands flying as usual as he speaks.]

JC: FINALLY THE DAY HAS COME, DADDY! Finally Johnny Casanova gets to strut his stuff and show the _WORLD_ why he is the best wrestler on the planet! Sixty-three other men lining up for tha' shot at MY title daddy?! Heck boys you might as well save yourselves the trouble because EVERYONE knows from the President of the United States of good ole' America, to the bums on tha' street that "Playboy" Johnny Casanova is destined to become the NEW AWA World Champion!

[Casanova runs his hands through his wet, slicked back hair. He starts doing a little jive.]

JC: I tell ya' boys, I'm excited! Da' women are lined up! Da' Twitter is blowin' up [sleazy chuckle] and they can't wait to snuggle with the "Playboy" and the big gold belt! A full YEAR I've waited for this shot! A full year watching dumpski's like Vasquez, Stevie Scott and those overrated _CHUMPS_ getting shots while the World's sexiest cruiserweight had to wait.

[points a finger at the screen]

JC: WELL NO LONGER! Here [spins around] Here daddy! It's an open field! Nobody holding me down, no political garbage. Just 63 other men trying to beat the best wrestler that EVER lived! No excuses, no pointing fingers, everyone has the chance to become the champ!

[smiles]

JC: Well I'll tell ya daddy, you're lookin' at the AWA World Champion! I should have been carrying around that National Title belt months ago and we wouldn't even be in this mess. But we can't go back in time and fix it. All we can do is look to the future! That future is ME! Johnny Casanova! The World's greatest cruiserweight! The World's greatest lover! But most of all daddy, and soon all of you will agree...

[smiles]

The World's greatest AWA World Champion!

[Casanova continues to grin as the shot fades to black.]

We fade in on the Aces each standing to the side of a table with the "PCW Then and Now" Blu-Ray DVD on it. Steven Childes stands to the left of the table, and Daniel Tyler stands to the right of the table. The Aces are wearing matching black button-down shirts, plum-colored pants, black dress shoes, plum ties, and face make-up to accentuate their color-scheme.]

SC: We'd ask you to buy the new "PCW Then and Now" DVD, but we don't believe in asking our fans to fork out their hard earned cash for a bunch of lies.

DT: Or one-hour and thirty minutes of Blackjack Lynch being a camera hog.

SC: We've seen such clips as Travis Lynch with the Iron Claw locked on Ebola Zaire.

DT: Or "Red Hot" Rex Summers being whipped by Delilah.

SC: Which is why the Aces want to offer the AWA fans this NEW DVD.

["Radiant" Raven moves into the shot. She knocks the PCW Now and Then" DVD off the table and puts up another DVD. It's obvious the cover on this DVD is homemade. The cover reads, "The Untold TRUE Story of PCW." She puts this new DVD onto the table.]

DT: The TRUE story of PCW. You'll see great clips such as these.

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied James Lynch being choked across the second rope by "Maniac" Morgan Dane. Cut to another shot of "Red Hot" Rex Summers hitting Jack Lynch with the Heat Check on an exposed arena floor. We cut to another shot of Lenny Getz rebounding off the ropes and hitting his Corkscrew Elbowdrop on Travis Lynch. We cut back to the Aces and Raven.]

SC: I couldn't help but notice, those Lynch boys were on the wrong end of a beating.

DT: The truth hurts, Steven. Not only do you get to see how horrible the Stench boys really are, but there's an added bonus to "The Untold TRUE Story of PCW!"

SC: What's that!?

DT: LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES OF BLACKJACK LYNCH!

SC: SAY IT AIN'T SO!

DT: IT IS SO!

[Steven Childes and Raven clap their hands happily.]

DT: In fact, we'll show you the ONLY two cuts where Blackjack Lynch makes an appearance!

[We cut to Blackjack Lynch being beaten on by a crazed Ebola Zaire. Then cut to another shot of Blackjack Lynch being pummeled in the corner by "Cute" Corey Kannen.]

SC: Man, I remember Corey telling me that story about beating the old man in the corner.

DT: That's not it! We save the best for last!

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring. It's obviously a still photo. He has a mic in his hand. There's a voice over, which is obviously Daniel Tyler's voice as he impersonates Blackjack Lynch.]

"BL": Ya know, it's with a great fondness I tell you PCW faithful, I'm closing down PCW. I've sold out to the AWA because I needed some quick cash to pay gambling debts. And because my sons are horrible wrestlers. They've received more beatings in this ring than I did in my lackluster seventy-year career! So, thanks for giving your cash to a narcissistic scam artist! Bye!

[Cut back to the Aces.]

SC: And now it all makes sense.

DT: It does! Everyone better hurry up and order "The Untold TRUE Story of PCW"! Those who act now will receive a free copy of the Android app, "Angry Lynchs!"

[We fade out.

And then fade back up to live action where we find "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson standing backstage alongside Mark Stegglet. Waterson has a large grin plastered to his face.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where as you can see I have been joined by Ben Waterson. Mr. Waterson, you appear to be quite happy on this night in Dallas.

ATTSBW: Happy? Why shouldn't I be happy, Stegglet? Give me one reason why I shouldn't be happy. Before you forget yourself - remember you are standing next to the greatest managerial mind in our sport. I am a man who represents the greatest collection of talent currently existing in our industry.

Why shouldn't I be happy?

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: What about Juan Vasquez?

[Waterson chuckles.]

ATTSBW: What ABOUT Juan Vasquez? Juan, ol' boy... don't forget that when Wrestlerock was said and done last year... when you were laying in a hospital bed praying for some morphine to take away the pain... I was the one standing on TV and begging you to come back.

And this? This is the reason why, Juan. This moment right here. The moment where I could stand out here in front of the entire world and say...

"I will end Juan Vasquez' career."

[Waterson laughs loudly.]

MS: Those are strong words considering the absolute... well, I'd have to call it hatred... that Vasquez has shown towards you and your men, Mr. Waterson.

ATTSBW: Juan Vasquez can hate me and the rest of Waterson International all he wants but the fact of the matter is that he knows he's on borrowed time, Stegglet. He's looked into the eyes of the Botswana Beast... he knows what drives a man like Ebola Zaire. Rage... bloodlust... the desire to hurt a man moreso than he's ever been hurt before.

Earlier today, I signed a contract on the behalf of Ebola Zaire. And that contract stated that on Memorial Day - at long last - it will be time to lay the career of Juan Vasquez to rest because at Memorial Day Mayhem, Vasquez goes one-on-one with the most savage animal the wrestling world has ever seen.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: About that... can you tell us why Percy Childes has decided to let you "borrow" Zaire?

ATTSBW: Percy and I may not always see eye-to-eye on everything, Stegglet, but we do appreciate a common interest in seeing the world at our feet. What better way to do that than to leave the AWA's greatest hero bleeding and broken before us?

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: You've been very quiet about the Westwego Incident.

[Waterson glares at Stegglet for a moment.]

ATTSBW: Suffice to say that there are moments in time that will live forever in the annals of wrestling history. What happened in Westwego is one of those moments. Not for any greater glory for the men responsible but for what comes next.

Those gentlemen looked down upon a setup of dominoes that looked simple enough. They looked like a single row where they could see the end result for starting them. But once they flicked the first one, it broke off into dozens upon dozens of branches, each intertwined with another, each spreading out into the darkness.

Those men know not what they've done. But I tell you here and now that they better hope those suspensions stick. Because if they don't, their day of reckoning will arrive.

And it will arrive at my hands.

[Waterson glares at the camera.]

ATTSBW: Consider yourselves warned.

[We fade away from a focused Ben Waterson 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...

[The rockin' intro to Metallica's "Sad But True" kicks in to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: From DEEEEEEtroit, Michican... weighing in at 320 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager Jeremiah King...

OOOOOOOVERRRLOOOOORRRD!

[The jeers pick up as the curtain parts and the weasely Jeremiah King makes his way into the WKIK Studios, jawing at the fans instantly. A moment later, the massive form of Overlord strides through the curtain. He's well-toned... muscled everywhere you can see. He wears a black leather mask with only eyeholes and nostril slits cut out. The mouth hole is stitched shut as he starts towards the ring when King places a palm on his powerful chest...

...and then gestures towards the curtain.]

GM: What's this about?

[The boos grow even louder as the face-painted powerhouse known as Devastation walks through the curtain.]

GM: Now, wait a second! This is a singles match - a one-on-one just like Jeremiah King and the Skullcrushers wanted! What's Devastation doing out here?

BW: He's the man's tag team partner! Why shouldn't he be out there?

GM: It's a singles match!

[The powerful duo makes their way to the ring, pulling themselves up on the apron to the jeers of the crowd. King climbs up between them, gesturing at both men as he shouts at the crowd.]

GM: You talk about aggravating individuals, this Jeremiah King has to rank pretty highly on the list, Bucky.

BW: I'd like to hear you tell him that...

GM: I have no problem with that.

BW: ...with the Skullcrushers with him.

GM: I'll... uhh... let's pass on that.

[The masked man steps into the ring, throwing his arms back in a roar muffled by the leather mask. Devastation mounts the midbuckle, raising a threatening arm in the direction of the locker room as the music fades...

...and is replaced by the opening line, about a minute deep, of "War Pigs" by Black Sabbath.]

#GENERALS GATHERED IN THEIR MASSES #
#JUST LIKE WITCHES AT BLACK MASSES #

[As the sound of Ozzy's voice continues to wail, the curtain tears open as the face-painted street brawlers, Hammer and Sabre, come charging down the aisle, diving under the ropes in unison...

...and springing to their feet where they go right after Jeremiah King!]

GM: GET HIM! GET THAT LITTLE-

[King bails out through the ropes, leaving the two powerhouse teams behind. Hammer wheels around, burying a boot in the gut of Devastation as he attempts a double axehandle.]

BW: What the-?! Hammer's not in this match!

GM: You wanted the partners out here? Now you've got 'em!

[Hammer grabs Devastation by the arm, flinging him across the ring...

...and connecting with a leaping shoulderblock, sending Devastation down to the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor. Overlord seizes the moment, connecting with a powerful clothesline to the back of Hammer's head, sending him sprawling through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohh!

[Sabre wastes no time in hammering a forearm down across Overlord's broad shoulders. A second blow follows... then a third...

...before Overlord slowly turns around, shaking his head at the powerful Sabre!]

BW: No effect, Gordo!

GM: How in the world can that be...?!

BW: Sabre's six foot two and two hundred and seventy pounds... and Overlord shook off those forearms to the back like they were nothing, Gordo! Nothing!

[Overlord lashes out with a boot to the midsection before raising his powerful arms over his head, smashing a double axehandle across the kidneys and knocking Sabre down to his knees.]

BW: But Sabre didn't shake off nothin' there! Overlord is six foot six and three twenty, daddy! And there ain't no fat there... that's pure power and muscle!

[Jeremiah King shouts to his charge from the floor. With a nod, Overlord leans down, hooking his massive hands around Sabre's throat...

...and hoists him up in a double choke!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[The referee instantly starts a five count, trying to get him to break the hold...

...and at the count of four, he flings Sabre halfway across the ring and down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief - this man is pure power personified, Bucky!

BW: I don't think you can truly appreciate the power of Overlord until you see him square off with someone similar in size to him. I mean, we thought the War Pigs were strong but the Skullcrushers are monsters compared to them!

GM: Overlord might even give Danny Morton a run for his money as the strongest man in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: Morton's gone, Gordo! That makes Overlord the strongest man in the AWA in my opinion!

[Overlord pulls Sabre off the mat by the arm, firing him into the nearest set of turnbuckles. He slowly stalks in, raising his arm back, and hammering a forearm down across the sternum!]

GM: That'll knock the wind right out of you, Bucky.

[The camera cuts out to the floor where Hammer is shouting encouragement to his partner. Overlord reaches out, grabbing Sabre by the arm again...]

GM: Here comes another whip... here we- reversed!

[Sabre sends Overlord CRASHING into the buckles to the cheers of the crowd...]

...and then mows him down with a running clothesline, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Overlord!

[Sabre backs into the corner, slapping his arm again...]

GM: Sabre's calling for another one! He's going for that clothesline again!

[But before he can, Jeremiah King slips an arm under the ropes, hooking the ankle of Sabre.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Spotting the interference, Hammer comes tearing around the ring, charging to clear out the manager...]

...but Devastation gets there to stop him, landing a big boot to the chest of Hammer to drop him at ringside!]

GM: Devastation takes down Hammer!

[With Sabre trying to free himself, Overlord drills him from behind with a forearm across the neck. He shoves Sabre facefirst into the corner, raising his powerful right arm...]

GM: Sabre's trapped in the corner and-

[Overlord snaps off a standing clothesline to the back of the neck... once... twice... three times... four times... five times.]

GM: He's absolutely crushing Sabre in the corner!

[Pulling Sabre from the buckles, Overlord scoops him up, slamming him down with a thunderous bodyslam to the mat!]

GM: Big slam out of the corner... and a big leaping fistdrop!

[Overlord applies a press, the referee delivering a two count before Sabre slips a shoulder up.]

GM: Just a two count there off the slam and the big right hand... but he's not done, dragging Sabre back to his feet again...

[But Sabre fires back, throwing a big right hand to the jaw. A second one sends Overlord staggering back. A third knocks Overlord into the ropes where Sabre grabs an arm...]

GM: Sabre fires him, no it's reversed!

[Sabre hits the far ropes, rebounding off...

...and ducking under a wild clothesline attempt by Overlord, hitting the ropes behind him.]

GM: Here comes Sabre!

[The War Pig leaves his feet, throwing himself into the air for a flying clothesline that drops Overlord to the canvas to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Sabre takes to the sky and he knocks Overlord flat!

[Jeremiah King pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Sabre...

...who makes a dive for King, just narrowly missing as King drops back to the floor, pointing at his head. The referee moves in, shouting at King as well.]

GM: Wait a second! Devastation's in the ring! Devastation's in the ring!

[Slapping his leg once, Devastation UNLOADS the big boot to the jaw of a turning Sabre, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Overlord starts to go for a cover when suddenly, Hammer hits the ring as well, throwing himself into a spear tackle on Overlord, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: HAMMER TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[The crowd is roaring now as Hammer throws right hand after right hand at the masked skull of Overlord as the official wheels around. He spots Hammer first... then Devastation as the face-painted powerhouse lowers the boom on Hammer from behind with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[The referee wheels around again, waving his arm just before the bell rings.]

GM: There's the bell... this one is all over!

[The referee slides to the floor as Devastation stomps the downed Hammer over and over. He moves to Phil Watson, talking to the ring announcer as Overlord regains his feet, joining his partner in a shower of stomps to the head and upper body.]

PW: The referee has disqualified BOTH men for outside interference! The official result is a DOUBLE DISQUALIFICATION!

[After a few more stomps, Overlord and Devastation are joined in the ring by Jeremiah King who raises the arms of both men!]

GM: Well, you can raise their hands all you want, Mr. King, but that does NOT mean that they won this matchup, Bucky.

BW: It may not go down in the record books as a win, Gordo, but they're the team still standing... and that makes them the winner in the eyes of a lot of people.

GM: Not in my eyes it doesn't. Fans, let's go backstage to Jason Dane!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where the AWA's intrepid broadcast journalist is standing alongside the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon! Mr. Sudakov, I understand congratulations are in order.

[Kolya nods with a slight smile.]

KS: Five minutes ago, Kolya was called into Jim Watkins' office and told that Kolya has earned spot in tournament.

JD: You are officially part of the field of sixty-four?

KS: That is right, Jason Dane. At long last, Kolya gets opportunity to get back to the top of the ladder... a chance to be... how you say... the top dog again.

Kolya is a former Mixed Martial Arts champions.

Kolya is a former AWA National Champion.

Kolya is the Russian War Machine.

[He lifts the right arm - the deadly weapon that makes up the Russian Sickle.]

KS: And come September, Kolya is... the World... Heavyweight... Champion.

[Sudakov walks out of view as Jason Dane looks on.]

JD: Add one more name to the list of sixty-four... former National Champion Kolya Sudakov. This tournament just gets bigger and better with every name announced. Fans, let's go back down to ringside for a very special announcement. Guys?

[We crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. While the focus of the AWA and much of the wrestling world has been on the new World Title and the upcoming tournament, we would be remiss in not mentioning the passing of a man who has meant a great deal to the world of professional wrestling - Jeremy Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes, while never a full-time AWA competitor, did have quite the influence over the AWA as he aided in the training of men like Raphael Rhodes and Shane Destiny. Jeremy Rhodes was an amazing competitor and a fantastic trainer and ultimately, he died doing what he loved - competing inside the squared circle. Our thoughts and prayers go out to the family, friends, and fans of Jeremy Rhodes in this difficult time, Bucky.

BW: The man was double tough and then some... and you could see his influence in every move that Raphael Rhodes, a longtime AWA superstar, made. He loved his uncle so much and this has gotta be a difficult time for him right now.

GM: Because professional wrestling has meant so much to Jeremy Rhodes and the entire Rhodes family, we thought it was only fitting to show the one match that Jeremy had here in the AWA... a National Title match against "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Right now, we take you back to the 4th of July in 2010 where a random drawing is underway to see just who will replace Raphael Rhodes in the title shot. As we join the footage, we find that Shane Destiny is the challenger... or is he? Let's take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "4TH OF JULY, 2010" where we see Jim Watkins, cowboy hat in hand at ringside as Shane Destiny and Stevie Scott stand in the ring, ready to do battle. Jim Watkins' voice is heard.]

JW: You won't believe it, I tell ya. I was cleanin' out my hat here, gettin' your name out, Shane. And I found one more slip of paper.

[Destiny glares at Watkins.]

JW: So, it turns out that you WON'T be challenging for the title here tonight, Shane.

[BIG CHEER! Destiny rapidly approaches the ropes, fire in his eyes.]

"WHAT KIND OF CRAP IS THIS, WATKINS?!"

[Watkins lifts his hands, begging off.]

JW: I'm sorry, Shane. I really am. I'm sure you'll get your shot someday.

[An irate Destiny is pacing the ring, refusing to leave despite the referee's orders.]

GM: So, if Destiny's not going to face the champ... then who the heck is?

[On cue, the PA system blares out "Supermoves" by Overseer...]

MC: From Manchester, England...

[Dramatic pause.]

MC: JEREMY RHOOOOODES!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jeremy Rhodes, a little bit thicker and older since the last time he was seen on American television, as he marches down the aisle towards the ring, eyes locked on the National Champion.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! He's the uncle of Raphael and Simon Rhodes!

BW: This is a scam! A sham! A hoax! Jim Watkins set all this up, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right. I think this whole drawing was to mess with Stevie's mind! Stevie's in shock!

[Rhodes wastes no time in getting to the ring, climbing up the ringsteps where he goes through the ropes.]

GM: Uh oh... look at this...

[Shane Destiny steps up, blocking Jeremy Rhodes from getting to Stevie Scott.]

GM: This could be trouble.

BW: These two aren't exactly strangers either, Gordo.

GM: They certainly aren't. Jeremy Rhodes TRAINED Shane Destiny! That's his mentor right there! But Shane Destiny's losing his shot at the National Title now.

[Destiny's shouting at Rhodes.]

"What are you doing here? This is MY shot!"

[But Jeremy Rhodes is looking beyond Destiny, glaring at Stevie Scott.]

"Damn it! Answer me!"

[Rhodes simply shoves Destiny aside, rushing across the ring at the National Champion. The referee and a few AWA officials force Shane Destiny out of the ring and back up the aisle as the bell rings to start the match.]

GM: It's Jeremy Rhodes filling in for his nephew Raphael and taking a shot at the National Title!

[Jeremy Rhodes launches right into Scott, battering him back into the corner where he lights him up with a chop across the chest.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: And as hard of a hitter as we think Raphael Rhodes is and Shane Destiny is, it's Jeremy Rhodes who taught them both to hit that hard, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Rhodes lashes out with another chop, leaving a red welt on the chest of the Hotshot.]

GM: Another brutal chop by Jeremy Rhodes! What a shock it is to see Jeremy Rhodes back in the States wrestling. When is the last time you saw him compete, Bucky?

BW: I can't even remember.

GM: Rhodes is forty-one years old, Bucky, but he's as tough as they come inside that squared circle.

[With Stevie trapped in the corner, Rhodes throws a jaw-rattling forearm to the jaw, knocking him down to a seated position in the buckles.]

GM: Oof! Knocks him off his feet with a forearm shot...

[Rhodes grabs the top rope, pressing his foot against the windpipe of Scott, pushing down on the throat.]

GM: He's choking him, Bucky! He's choking the champ!

[Ben Waterson screams in protest as the official starts his count.]

GM: Two... three... four... fiv- very close right there. He just barely broke the choke in time.

BW: This is about payback, Gordo. The National Title is on the line but Jeremy Rhodes wants Scott and Waterson to pay for what they did to his nephews. No doubt about that.

[Rhodes reaches down, hauling Scott off the mat by the hair, turning him around, and smashes his skull into the buckles!]

GM: Headfirst to the top turnbuckle!

[Keeping his grip on the hair, Rhodes pulls him into a side headlock, pressing his face against the top rope...

...and running across the ring, raking the face of Scott on the ropes!]

GM: Ohh! Ropeburn by Rhodes!

BW: That kind of move will rip the flesh right off of someone. In this case, it's the National Champion.

[With Scott staggering away, Rhodes bares his claws and rakes his fingernails down across the exposed back, sending a scream of pain out from the champ.]

GM: He raked the back!

BW: And if you thought the champ new how to play dirty, I think Jeremy Rhodes might be showing him exactly how it's done, daddy.

[Scott staggers to the far corner, clinging to the ropes as Jeremy approaches and buries a hard kick up into the midsection. He promptly pushes Scott's throat down on the top rope, hooking a three-quarter nelson on him and yanking down on the head and neck.]

GM: He's choking him again!

[The referee's count again gets dangerously close to five before Rhodes breaks it, tugging on the top rope to snap the Hotshot backwards and down to the mat.]

GM: Down goes the champ again!

BW: He's not ready for this. It's plainly obvious that Stevie's not ready for this, Gordo.

GM: Well, he'd better get ready or he won't have to ever worry about defending that title again. Jeremy Rhodes will be our new National Champion.

[With Scott down on the mat, Rhodes tugs his kneepad in place, dropping down with a knee to the skull.]

GM: Ohh! Big kneedrop to the head!

[Rhodes rolls off of Scott, wincing as he pushes back to his feet.]

BW: I've heard a lot of reports over the years that Jeremy Rhodes has bad wheels, Gordo. You could see him wincing right there as he dropped the knee and had to get up after it.

GM: Now the question is - did Stevie Scott or Ben Waterson notice?

BW: Hang on. Let me go tell them!

GM: You stay right there.

[Rhodes points a finger of warning in the direction of Waterson who is shouting to his champion. He kicks the ropes just in front of Waterson, threatening a backhand as the Agent To The Stars backs away.]

GM: Rhodes is willing to kick Waterson in the mush as well, Bucky.

BW: I'm not surprised at all. It's blood, Gordo. What wouldn't Jeremy Rhodes be willing to do at this point? His own nephews got brutally beaten down. Raphael lost this title shot with a banged up knee. Simon got hit with the piledriver - a spike piledriver - and who knows when - or if - he'll EVER be back. Jeremy's out for blood.

[The National Champion manages to get back to a knee as Jeremy shouts at Waterson. The Brit returns to the fray, moving in on the kneeling Scott. He creams him with a headbutt, knocking him back down to his back in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Good grief! And you can tell this man is a Rhodes for sure.

[With Scott down on the mat, Rhodes lifts his leg...

...and drives a stomp down on the stomach, forcing Scott to sit up promptly. Grabbing a handful of hair, Rhodes winds up and kicks Scott squarely in the chest, knocking him back down to the mat.]

GM: He's getting down there on the mat with him.

[Flipping Scott to his chest, Rhodes pulls the champion back by the hair, stretching him backwards...

...and POPS him squarely across the nose with a crossface forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh!

[Holding the hair, Rhodes delivers another crushing crossface.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky!

[The referee orders him to release the hair but Rhodes winds up, shaking his head, and delivers another forearm.]

GM: He's just battering him! Beating him across the face!

[Rhodes shoves Scott down to the mat by the hair, standing over him to the cheers of the crowd. Scott rolls to his back, a trickle of blood escaping his nose. The referee reprimands Rhodes for his brutal actions but Jeremy doesn't even acknowledge him leaning down to pull the champion up by the hair...]

GM: Both men back to their feet but Scott is very wobbly...

[Rhodes shouts out "LARIAT!" and rears way back with his arm. He uncorks a standing clothesline but Scott sees it coming, ducking down...

...right into a snapping DDT from Rhodes!]

GM: OHHH! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[But Rhodes doesn't even consider a pin attempt, rolling over to straddle Scott's back. He quickly pulls Scott back by the hair and sinks two fingers into the corner of his mouth, ripping back at the corner of it.]

GM: He's fish-hooking him! Rhodes is fish-hooking the champion!

[The referee is again on the scene, ordering a break. But Rhodes again waits til the four count before breaking his grip. He shakes his head at the protesting official, stopping to stomp on the kidneys of the National Champion.]

GM: Ben Waterson is shouting at Stevie. I don't even know if the champ can hear him right now. He hasn't followed a single one of Waterson's instructions.

BW: I think he's still in shock. There's no way he expected Jeremy Rhodes tonight, Gordo. Absolutely no way he thought this was happening.

[Rhodes drags Scott off the mat by the hair, turning him around, and driving a hard punch into the kidneys, causing the champion to fall forward into the corner. With Scott hanging over the top rope, Jeremy Rhodes throws a series of hard punches to the kidneys of his opponent.]

GM: He's pummeling him in the buckles!

[The referee steps in again but Rhodes shoves him aside again, dragging him out of the corner...

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

GM: He's going for the piledriver! He's trying to spike him just like he saw Stevie do to Simon Rhodes a week ago!

[Rhodes reaches down, trying to hook his hands together...

...but Ben Waterson leaps up on the ring apron, shouting at Jeremy Rhodes who shoves Scott down to the mat.]

GM: He's going for Waterson!

[Jeremy takes a big swing at Waterson but the Agent To The Stars manages to get out of the way just in time...

...and allows Stevie Scott time to get to his feet, throwing himself at the knee of the distracted Rhodes!]

GM: CHOPBLOCK!!

[The shoulder driven into the back of the knee of Rhodes takes the forty-one year old off his feet and down to the mat. He cries out, grabbing at his injured knee.]

GM: Stevie Scott took the knee out and-

[The crowd jeers as Scott stomps the injured knee, hanging onto the top rope as he leaps up and drops all his weight down in a stomp on the knee!]

GM: Scott's gonna stomp that knee THROUGH the mat, Bucky!

BW: I guess he saw that wincing after all.

GM: You may be right.

[Hanging onto the top rope, Scott steps up, pushing himself high in the air and dropping down with a kneedrop on the injured limb!]

GM: Ohhh!

[The referee steps in at this point, forcing the National Champion back...

...which allows Ben Waterson to reach under the ropes, wrapping his hands around the throat of Rhodes!]

GM: Waterson's choking him! Come on, referee!

[The referee's protests fall on deaf ears as Scott looks right past him, waiting til Waterson's choke is done before he moves back in, kicking Rhodes in the ribs. A second kick forces Rhodes out under the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Stevie's going out there after him...

[The Hotshot steps out on the apron, reaching down to pull Rhodes up off the mat. He lashes out with a chop of his own, knocking Rhodes back closer to the ringpost. A second chop splashes across the chest, forcing Rhodes to grab the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: They're fighting on the apron!

[A third chop stuns Rhodes just before the National Champion steps back inside the ring. He grabs Jeremy Rhodes by the arm.]

GM: What is he-

[From inside the ring, Scott executes an Irish whip...

...which sends Rhodes sailing off the apron and crashing down in a heap on the second base area!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

BW: What an innovative move by the champ! Have you ever seen that done before?

GM: I don't believe I have, no.

[A smirking National Champion steps out to the apron, pausing to shout at a vocal ringside fan. He drops down to the ground, kicking a downed Rhodes in the ribs. Reaching down, he pulls Rhodes up by the hair, leaning over to berate him.]

"Who the HELL do you think you are? This is my house! This is my title!"

[A hard slap across the face knocks Rhodes back down to the tarp. Scott delivers a pair of kicks to the ribs as the referee's count reaches three.]

GM: The count is up to three...

[Scott pulls Rhodes up by the back of the trunks, hooking a side waistlock.]

GM: Uh oh... look out here...

[The Hotshot hoists Rhodes up into the air, cradling the ankle...

...and DROPS the leg down across his own bent knee!]

GM: Ohhh! Shinbreaker by the champion!

[With Rhodes down on the floor, clutching his own knee, Scott rolls back into the ring and waves for the referee to continue the count.]

GM: The ref's count is up to five. Can Jeremy Rhodes beat the count?

BW: The Hotshot's in title defense mode. A win's a win, daddy.

GM: The count to six...

[Ben Waterson is outside the ring, berating Jeremy Rhodes as the veteran gets up to his feet, trying not to put any weight on the injured leg. As the count hits seven, he stumbles forward towards the ring. At eight, he falls into the apron, reaching up to drag himself up on the apron.]

GM: He's on the apron at eight!

[And Scott goes in to meet him, drilling him with a right hand. A second one connects as well and the Hotshot quickly hooks a front facelock, slinging Rhodes' arm over his neck.]

GM: The Hotshot's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[Rhodes reaches up with his free hand, raking his fingers across Scott's eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot!

[With Scott stunned, Rhodes grabs a handful of hair and jabs his extended fingers into the National Champion's windpipe.]

GM: He caught him in the throat and-

[Reaching over the ropes, he hooks Scott under the arm and reaches over to grab him around the head with the other arm...

...and HURLS the champion over the ropes to the floor, collapsing down to the apron in the process!]

GM: HE HIPTOSSED HIM OVER THE TOP, BUCKY!

BW: If that was concrete, he might have broken his back, daddy!

GM: These AWA superstars are taking advantage of being out here on this field tonight. We've seen some brutal, brutal moves that we wouldn't want to see on the concrete floor we're usually on but here on the field at FedEx Park, the sky is the limit!

[Ben Waterson rushes to his man's side, dropping to his knees to check on him as Rhodes sits on the apron, sucking wind.]

GM: Jeremy Rhodes is having a hard time getting a second wind, Bucky. He used up a lot of energy throwing Scott over the ropes to the floor. The man is forty-one years old, has bad knees, and hasn't wrestled on a regular basis in a long, long time.

BW: Sub in a bad back for those bad knees and you're talkin' 'bout Todd Michaelson, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Out on the floor, Waterson rolls the Hotshot to his stomach, rubbing his neck to try and revive him. Grabbing Scott by the arm, Waterson pulls him up to his feet, slapping him lightly.]

"Champ! Come on, champ! We've gotta get going!"

[But Rhodes isn't going for that, rolling his tired body off the apron and stumbling over to Scott and Waterson. He throws a right hand, knocking Waterson away as he grabs Scott by the hair, firing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The champ's back in - and so is Jeremy Rhodes!

[Rhodes drags Scott up to his knees, driving an elbowsmash down on the skull of the Hotshot. A second elbow connects before Rhodes drags Scott the rest of the way up, spinning him around.]

GM: Waistlock applied by Rhodes! He's going for a suplex!

[The Brit attempts to hoist Scott into the air for the German Suplex but the knee won't allow it. Rhodes is forced to release the anklelock, staggering away from his opponent. Scott falls forward into the corner, trying to recover.]

GM: The champ's in the corner and here comes Rhodes!

[Jeremy Rhodes does a short three-step dash, leaping up for a kneestrike...

...but Scott steps back, causing Rhodes to smash his knee into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHHH! HE MISSED!!

[Scott promptly dashes behind Rhodes, throwing himself into the knee once again!]

GM: Another chopblock! Scott caught him again!

[The National Champion quickly gets up, grabbing the foot of Jeremy Rhodes. He twists the injured leg around in a spinning toehold and then falls back into a figure four!]

GM: Figure four! The champ's got the figure four locked in on Jeremy Rhodes!

[Rhodes screams out in pain, writhing back and forth, looking for an escape.]

GM: The champ's got the figure four slapped on! He's torturing the leg!

[The referee leans in close, asking Rhodes if he wants to quit.]

BW: After the amount of punishment that the champ dished out to that knee, how long could Jeremy Rhodes possibly last?

GM: He wants to avenge his nephew, Raphael! He wants to avenge his nephew, Simon! He wants to-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd erupts in jeers as the referee calls for the bell, pointing to the National Champion.]

GM: Stevie Scott wins it!

[After a few more moments of punishment, Scott breaks the hold, rolling out of it. He climbs up to his feet, ordering the referee to raise his hand as Melissa makes it official.]

MC: Here is your winner and STILL AWA National Champion...

"HOTSHOT... STEEEEEEEVIE SCOTT!

[The National Champion happily accepts his title belt from the referee, holding it high in the air as Ben Waterson joins his man inside the ring, celebrating the victory as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

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

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

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

CJ: Them things!

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

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

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

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

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

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

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

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

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

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

We fade back in from black on a panning shot of Phil Watson standing in the middle of the ring just before 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... weighing in at 166 lbs...being accompanied by The Queen Bee and Yellow Jacket...

BUMBLE BEEEEEE!

[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.]

PW: And now, Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[The crowd roars with boos as Higgins steps into the ring, with the massive Hercules Hammonds looming behind him.]

BPH: THE SHOWCASE OF IMMORTALITY IS UPON US, PEOPLE!

[Booo!!!]

BPH: Ain't no reason to hate...'cause I know that by the end, you're always ready to appreciate!

[He cackles.]

BPH: So rise up! Clap your hands, stomp your feet, and give THE MAN some love! Weighing in at an impressive, impossible, improbable...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! It's a bird, it's plane...no, no! It's simply the greatest damn wrestler in allllll the land! Coming at'cha from Hot Coffee, Mississippi...it's...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath, now!]

BPH:
JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEE
EEEEESSSSSSS!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from the entrance dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chisled, bare torso. Skywalker Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, as Hercules Hammonds holds open the ropes for him and he steps through the ropes.]

BW: That's a man that looks ready to be a world champion.

GM: He's certainly got the talent to get there, but his maturity leaves something to be desired.

BW: Why do you always have to sip on the haterade, Gordo?

GM: ...You really need to stop talking to Buford P. Higgins, Bucky.

[Inside the ring, Jones takes the microphone from Higgins.]

SJ: Hold up! Before we get this thing started, I just gotta' ask...

[Jones looks Queen Bee up and down.]

SJ: What's a fiinnne piece of insect like you, doing with these chumps? Girl, Skywalker Jones thinks you should ditch these zeroes and get yourself with a real hero!

[Queen Bee looks around in confusion.]

SJ: What? You don't understand what I'm trying to say? Well, then let Skywalker Jones break it down for you.

[He leans in with a big grin at Queen Bee.]

SJ: BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ, little mama!

[Queen Bee seems horrified by what Jones just said, taking a step back and gasping...before hauling off and slapping Jones across the face!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: She slapped him!

GM: Whatever Skywalker Jones said to Queen Bee, it was the wrong thing to say!

BW: Something must've been lost in translation. There's no way a gentleman like Skywalker Jones would say anything offensive to a lady!

[Jones stumbles back, more shocked than hurt by the blow as an incensed Buford P. Higgins grabs the microphone off the canvas, getting into Queen Bee's face.]

BPH: Aw hell naw! You did NOT just do that! YOU DID NOT JUST DO THAT!

[Jones grabs Buford by the collar and pulls him back, with a furious look on his face, directing his personal ring announcer out of the ring, before turning to the referee.]

"RING THE BELL! RING THE DAMN BELL!"

"DING DING DING!"

[Jones shoots out of the corner, throwing a massive bomb at Bumble Bee, which misses by a mile. He gives chase to Bumble Bee, who runs up the corner and leaps over a charging Jones, rolling through and back to his feet. As Jones turns around, he's caught with a dropkick that sends him flying back into the corner!]

GM: You won't hear me say this often, but Skywalker Jones is at a distinct speed disadvantage in this match-up.

BW: It's that tramp, Queen Bee's fault! She physically assaulted Jones and threw him off his game!

GM: Well, he was the one that apparently offended her with his unwanted advances.

BW: A little pollination never hurt anybody, Gordo!

[Bumble Bee rolls through and leaps onto Jones, before falling back and launching the Combat Corner alum into the air with a monkey flip that sends him flying halfway across the ring!]

GM: OH! And a big monkey flip sends Jones rolling to the outside!

BW: He's gotta' regroup. He got caught up in the stupid bee's pace and he hasn't been able to get anything going in there.

[Buford P. Higgins is quickly at Jones' side, waving a towel at him to cool him off.]

BPH: "He's too fast! You gotta' slow it down, playa'!"

SJ: "Gotta' slow it down!"

[The two fistbump and nod in agreement...]

BPH and SJ: "SLOW IT DOWN!"

[...as Bumble Bee takes out Jones and Higgins with a baseball slide!]

GM: Oh my! Higgins and Jones both take a boot from Bumble Bee!

BW: What kind of sportsmanship is that!? Jones was in the middle of discussing strategy!

GM: The match is still going on. There was no reason for Bumble Bee to just stand there and let Jones off the hook.

BW: Honorless AND a threat to the future of mankind. These bees are nothing but bad news!

GM: Bumble Bee rolls Jones back into the ring and he looks ready to fly!

[Standing on the apron, Bumble Bee grabs the top rope, ready to springboard back in, but he's distracted by Buford P. Higgins, who angrily tosses his suit jacket at the masked wrestler.]

BPH: "THAT'S BULLJIVE, YO'! I'LL SUE! I'LL...AHHH!!!"

[Screaming like a little girl, Higgins is chased away as Yellow Jacket comes to confront him. However, the momentary distraction is enough, as Jones is back on his feet, nailing Bumble Bee with a wicked elbow shot. He then hooks Bumble Bee into a suplex position, looking to take him back into the ring the hardway...only he steps up onto the second rope while doing so...]

"THUUUDD!!!"

[...and brings the bee in with a modified superplex!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: A superplex, Gordo! Have you ever seen one done like that!?

GM: I can't say I ever have, Bucky. Skywalker Jones' certainly is one of the most innovative minds in all of professional wrestling.

BW: You got that right!

[Having both hit hard, the two lay on the mat for a few seconds, before Jones rolls over and then covers Bumble Bee, but the bee is able to slip his shoulder right before the three!]

GM: No! Only two!

[Not wasting any time, Jones quickly pulls Bumble Bee back to his feet, burying a knee into his midsection. He turns to Queen Bee and mockingly blows her a kiss, before whipping Bumble Bee into the ropes. He catches him on the rebound with a hip toss, but bounces him onto the top rope, using the momentum to send him rebounding back onto the canvas chest-first!]

GM: OH!

BW: Is that all you have to say? Call the action, Gordo!

GM: I'm not even sure how to describe what I just saw. We're always amazed by the unorthodox offense utilized by the likes of The Hive and The Rave, but Skywalker Jones is doing things I have NEVER seen inside a wrestling ring.

[Setting Bumble Bee up for another suplex, Jones lifts the smaller man high into the air, holding him there for a moment, before stepping forward and tossing him stomach first across the top-rope!]

GM: Bumble Bee's hung out to dry!

[Jones then runs into the ropes, rebounding off at full speed, before nailing Bumble Bee with a Yakuza kick right to the side of the head, sending the masked wrestler hard to the floor!]

GM: A BIG RUNNING BOOT TO THE HEAD AND BUMBLE BEE FALLS TO THE OUTSIDE!

BW: YAKUZZZZAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

GM: Please don't do that, Bucky.

[The crowd rises in anticipation, as Jones climbs the corner, expecting

him to execute one of his trademark dives. However, they quickly drown him in deafening boos, as he hops down onto the apron and towards Queen Bee!]

GM: Hey! Stay away from her!

BW: She started it! That jezebel hit him first, Gordo!

[Yellow Jacket quickly jumps between Queen Bee and Jones, but Jones doesn't even hesitate, before piefacing him and shoving him down hard to the floor!]

GM: Yellow Jacket came to defend Queen Bee, but Jones takes him down hard!

BW: Chivalry is dead, Gordo! If she wants to hit men and interfere in matches and think it'll never bit her in the thorax, then she's got another thing coming!

[However, Jones is suddenly spun around and rocked by a huge leaping enzuigiri from Bumble Bee!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A KICK!

[Jones is wobbly-legged, before dropping to his knees, where Bumble Bee follows up with a roundhouse kick to the side of his head!]

GM: AND ANOTHER! Skywalker Jones has been rocked!

[However, at that moment, Hercules Hammonds has climbed up onto the ring apron, distracting the referee as Buford P. Higgins comes up from behind on Bumble Bee, looking to deck him with his golden microphone!]

GM: Wait a minute! What are Hammonds and Higgins doing!?

BW: What's good for the goose is good for the gander!

[But as Higgins is about to strike, Bumble Bee turns around and catches his wrist! At the same moment, Yellow Jacket yanks Hammonds off the apron, causing the massive bodyguard to hit ring face-first!]

BW: Nooo!!!

[As Higgins is held in Bumble Bee's grip, Queen Bee then steps in and punts him right between the goalposts!]

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[With Higgins, Hammonds and Jones all down, all three members of The Hive proceed to roll into the ring, clapping their hands over their heads as the crowd begins to clap along!]

BW: What are these idiots doing!? This ain't a tag team match! This is a singles match between Skywalker Jones and Bumble Bee!

GM: The Hive have given Skywalker Jones and his entourage all they can handle and...oh my.

BW: Oh no!

[All three then point to each of the downed men on the outside, as the crowd quickly realizes what they have in mind.]

BW: You've gotta' be kidding me! No way! No how!

GM: They're pointing, Bucky! I think all three are going fly!

[Standing back-to-back-to-back in the middle of the ring, Bumble Bee points at Jones, Yellow Jacket points at Hammonds, and Queen Bee points towards Higgins! As the three men begin to rise to their feet, all three members of the Hive each run towards the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...as Bumble Bee dives onto Jones with a twisting plancha!]

GM: OH MY STARS...

[Yellow Jacket hits Hercules Hammonds with a somersault plancha!]

GM: ...and...

[And Queen Bee crushes Buford P. Higgins with a springboard plancha!]

GM: ...GARTERS!

BW: This is insane! How can Meekly let this happen!? He's lost complete control of this match!

GM: One of the most exciting things I've ever seen in an AWA ring and the crowd is still...*ahem* buzzing over what they just saw.

BW: Har har. You're a real comedian.

[Bumble Bee throws Jones back into the ring, where he grabs a handful of mini-fro and drives Jones into the canvas with a split-legged faceslam!]

GM: FACE-FIRST INTO THE CANVAS! This might do it! One! Two! NO!!! Jones gets the shoulder up!

BW: That was too close!

GM: Bumble Bee whips Jones into the corner...

[Big pop!]

GM: ...AND THERE'S THE STINGER SPLASH!

[Connecting with the butt butt, Bumble Bee watches as Jones stumbles out of the corner, before belly flopping face-first onto the mat. He then steps out onto the apron and slingshots over the ropes, falling across Jones' back with a somersault senton!]

GM: Big somersault backsplash and here's another cover! ONE! TWO! AND JONES KICKS OUT AGAIN!

BW: This really is a showcase of immortality, daddy! Jones is indestrucible!

[Looking frustrated, Bumble Bee pulls a dazed Jones to his feet and sets him up on the top rope. A leaping palmstrike makes sure to keep Jones in place, as Bumble Bee sprints to the opposite corner and revs up.]

GM: Skywalker Jones placed on the top rope, but Bumble Bee is going to the opposite side of the ring?

BW: What's this idiot doing!?

[Charging in at full speed, Bumble Bee proceeds to deadleap onto the top rope. He then leaps up into the air, scissoring his legs around Jones' head for a rana. However, Jones blocks the move, leaving him hanging upside down!]

GM: OH MY! Bumble Bee went for that headscissors, but Skywalker Jones caught him!

BW: Is he going to piledrive him from up there!? He'll kill him!

[Jones isn't nearly that cruel, instead, muscling Bumble Bee back up into a powerbomb position...and then tossing him off his shoulders...]

GM: OHHH!!!

[...and crotching him on the top rope!]

BW: He might've bent his stinger on that one, daddy!

[Bumble Bee tilts over and falls to the outside of the ring, as Queen Bee and Yellow Jacket move in to check on their fallen comrade. However, they don't notice Skywalker Jones ropewalking towards them like a highwire artist, until he stops and calls out to them...]

"BUZZITY BUZZ, SUCKAS!"

[...and then leaps, flipping through the air and wiping them all out with an almost out-of-control shooting star press!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: ZERO-G TO THE OUTSIDE!!! SKYWALKER JONES TOOK OUT THE HIVE WITH THAT BREATHTAKING DIVE!

BW: Listen to the crowd, Gordo...they're going out of their minds, here! That's the kind of excitement that can only be generated by a man worthy of the world title!

GM: Bumble Bee's performance has been nothing to sneeze at, either.

BW: Keep dreaming...this is a one-man show!

[The outside of the ring looks like the scene of an accident, with bodies strewn all over the place. Jones gets back to his feet slightly dazed, shaking out the cobwebs as he pulls Bumble Bee to his feet and tosses him back into the ring. Jones whips Bumble Bee into the corner and then charges in...]

GM: Jones with a head full of steam-NO! Bumble Bee gets the boots up!

[Jones is sent stumbling back, as Bumble Bee hops up onto the second turnbuckle. He then leaps off at Jones...]

"SMMMMAAAAACCKKK!!!"

GM: SUPERKICK!!! SKYWALKER JONES CATCHES BUMBLE BEE WITH THAT SUPERKICK IN MID-AIR!!! AFTER THAT KICK, HE MIGHT BE DONE!

BW: That's a Calisto-Killer, daddy! The same superkick that led to the dawning of a new era in the AWA!

GM: Would you knock it off? Don't tell me you buy that story?

BW: But Dufresne really WASN'T the same after Jones kicked him! The pieces all fit! It makes too much sense!

[The force of the kick sends Bumble Bee flying right into the corner into a seated position. Jones spots Bumble Bee and cackles loudly, before sprinting off to the opposite side of the ring, leaping over the top rope and landing onto the apron.]

GM: Wait a minute, what's he doing now?

BW: He's all the way on the other side of the ring, Gordo. You don't think he's going to...

GM: No...that's too far. That's WAY too far.

[However, the crowd seems to catch on to what Jones is planning to do next, rising out of their chairs for a better look. Jones grabs onto the top rope and throws his head back, screaming...]

"YOOOUUUTUUUBE!!!"

[...before leaping onto the top rope...]

BW: NO WAY! NO WAY!

[...and launching himself across the ring! Soaring through the air like a rocket in the sky, Jones thrusts out both of his feet as he flies right towards Bumble Bee seated in the opposite corner and Buries both feet into his face!]

GM, BW, and the Crowd: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[Jones lies there on his back for a moment, before kicking and beating the canvas with his arms and legs, letting out a loud "HELL YEAH!!!" before rolling out of the ring and doing a complete victory lap, high-fiving every hand stuck out along the way and completing his journey with a leaping chestbump with Hercules Hammonds!]

BW: Aren't you going to complain about Jones' excessive celebrating? You just looove to tell us what a horrible attitude he has!

GM: There simply isn't another athlete in professional wrestling like Skywalker Jones. He just went corner-to-corner with that dropkick. That was just...

BW: AMAZING!? RIDICULOUS!? ASTOUNDING!? He jumped across the dang ring, Gordo! Who does that!?

GM: Honestly, only one wrestler that I know of, Bucky.

BW: You got that right!

[Sliding back into the ring, Jones drags out the unconscious Bumble Bee and hooks the leg, counting along with the referee as his hand slaps the mat...]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! And this wild, crazy match is over!

BW: The Showcase of Immortality rolls on!

[On the outside, Buford P. Higgins isn't looking too well, still hurting from Queen Bee's kick to the family jewels. He brings the golden microphone up to his lips, but can only manage some pained squeaks, before Jones takes the microphone from him.]

SJ: Don't worry about it, Buford...I'll do it myself!

[He pats the ring announcer on the back.]

SJ: Your winner...the greatest, the best, THEE most amazing wrestler in ALLL of wrestling...your future AWA World champion...

[There's a couple of premature shouts of "Skywalker Jones!" from the crowd, but the cocky high-flyer is no Buford P. Higgins. No deep breath. No dramatic tension. Just a big, million-dollar smile.]

SJ: ME!!!

[We crossfade away from Skywalker Jones' grinning face to a backstage shot of the San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard, standing alongside Ben Waterson. Between them stands Jason Dane, mic in hand.]

JD: Joining me at this time are two men who have a big night ahead of them later tonight when you, Marcus Broussard, tangle with Sultan Azam Sharif with his Steal The Spotlight match on the line.

[The San Jose Shark grins, rubbing his hands together.]

MB: The Steal The Spotlight contract. You know, with everything going on with the World Title and the tournament, a lot of people have asked me why I even care about the Steal The Spotlight contract.

After all, it's just a matter of time before I'm placed into the tournament and when that happens, it's also just a matter of time before I become the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion just like I was the first man to become the AWA National Title.

So, when I have the World Title in my hands, what the hell do I care about Steal The Spotlight?

[Broussard points to Waterson.]

MB: I care because of guys like him. Brilliant minds who can use any opening to their advantage. I care because of guys like Adrian Bathwaite, Louis Matsui, and Percy Childes who could use that Steal The Spotlight contract to put their men in a position to challenge me for the World Title on their terms, not mine.

I care because when Juan Vasquez is tearing through the ranks of those who “wronged him”...

[Yes, he did finger quotes.]

MB: ...like yours truly, I just might want an ace card to throw down that says he’s gotta face me when I want and where I want.

This Steal The Spotlight contract is still important.

That means that you, Sharif, despite your best efforts otherwise... are still important.

And that means tonight... when you and collide in the Main Event... that match? That’s important too.

[Broussard grins.]

MB: Right, Ben?

[The mic swings over to Waterson.]

ATTSBW: That’s right, Marcus. The Steal The Spotlight contract is very important to our plans.

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: Your plans?

ATTSBW: I’ve ALWAYS got plans, Dane. And right now, my every waking moment revolves around making plans to bring the very first AWA World Title reign to Waterson International.

That’s epic. That’s history-making! That’s the kind of accomplishment that they NEVER can erase from the history books.

You see, Dane... love him or hate him, Mark Langseth has cemented himself into the wrestling history books with what went down in Westwego.

This man...

[He gestures at the San Jose Shark.]

ATTSBW: He cemented himself into the wrestling history books when he became the first man to ever wear the AWA National Title.

But now... we've got an opportunity to blow all of that out of the water, Dane.

It's the AWA World Heavyweight Title. The biggest prize of all time. And we're going to see the biggest tournament of all time to crown the winner.

You better bet your last dollar that Ben Waterson isn't about to let that go down without us holding the gold when everything is all said and done.

Bring it in, guys!

[Suddenly, the screen fills as the forms of Ebola Zaire, Alphonse Green, and Rex Summers walk into view.]

ATTSBW: When you look at this combined show of force, Dane, do you think that there is ANYONE out there who can stand up to it?

[He holds up a finger.]

ATTSBW: And if you add Pedro Perez, the Future of our industry, to the mix, you're looking at the top five guys who own the odds in their favor to walk out with the gold.

Perez, Green, Zaire, Summers, Broussard.

Waterson International.

And the team to beat this summer, Dane.

[Dane shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: You don't believe me, Dane?

JD: I didn't say-

ATTSBW: Fine. Then it's time to prove it. Next time on this very show, Waterson International is about to put forth a show of force. Pedro's still on the sidelines so it'll be Ebola Zaire, the Botswana Beast... Alphonse Green, the King of the Battle Royals... "Red Hot" Rex Summers, the Longhorn Heritage Champion... Marcus Broussard, the very first AWA National Champion.

My four...

[A grin.]

ATTSBW: ...against any four guys the AWA can scrape together to face them.

Hey Big Jim...

[Waterson pats the San Jose Shark on the shoulder.]

ATTSBW: Let's hook 'em up.

[Waterson strides off alongside Broussard, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: A four-on-four Open Challenge for the next Saturday Night Wrestling! Ben Waterson says that Waterson International is going to walk out of this tournament with the World Title in their grasp... and who is going to stop them? Let's go back up to the ring for the debut of MAMMOTH Maximus!

[We crossfade back 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, he is THE ENFORCER!

[A masked man with a blue bodysuit and red elbowpad throws an arm up to no reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

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

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him, as the bespectacled Louis Matsui, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a dark suit, as usual. Matsui rubs his hands with glee, pats his client on the shoulder and points to the ring. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd.]

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Louis Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entranceway. He begins to remove the helmet, with Matsui's assistance, to reveal a black mask with silver markings around the back. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke. He approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. Louis Matsui enters the ring after him and, as the music starts to fade, gives MAMMOTH Maximus some final instructions, before climbing back down to the ringside area and leaving his client in the ring to await the start of the match.]

GM: Look at the size of this guy, Bucky.

BW: I know this is your first time seeing this guy in action, Gordo, but I got Dane to let me borrow some of his Japanese wrestling videos and this guy is impressive. Darn impressive.

GM: I guess we're about to find out firsthand.

[The masked man rushes forward, throwing a right hand to the ample midsection of Maximus... then a left to the other side. Two more rights to the ribs follow.]

GM: The Enforcer is hammering away and-

[Maximus lashes out with a right hooking forearm, catching the masked man squarely on the temple, knocking him down to the canvas. The big man lets loose a roar as he stands over the masked man, arms outstretched to either side.]

GM: One shot! It's all it took was one shot to knock the masked man down to the mat. He's trying to scramble up, trying to stay away from the mass of Maximus...

[Another hooking blow clips the Enforcer in the ear, sending him staggering back into the ropes...

...where a gigantic clothesline lands, sending the masked man over the ropes where he crashes down to the floor below!]

GM: Ohh! All the way over the top to the floor!

BW: Impressed yet, Gordo?

GM: I'm getting there... and Louis Matsui has very openly told the world that he wants this man in the World Title tournament. He wants this guy in the field of sixty-four.

BW: Can you blame him? This guy is a monster! A warrior! You put him in the tournament and look at his track record in Japan and he's EASILY a favorite to win the whole thing!

[Stepping out to the apron, Maximus looks out at the crowd, shouting "THE BELT IS MINE! THE WORLD IS MINE!" before dropping down to a knee, stepping down to the floor.]

GM: The big man's out on the floor, moving after him...

[Swinging his heavy arm around and round, Maximus DROPS a heavy elbow down into the torso of the Enforcer!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: And when you're dealing with someone the size of Maximus, you have to think about how every single blow... every single slam... every single simple move you've ever thought about takes on so much more impact and force when he delivers it.

[Maximus regains his feet, dragging the Enforcer up by the eyeholes of his mask. He wraps his powerful arms around the waist...

...and SLAMS the Enforcer's spine into the ring apron before immediately stepping back and letting one fly, cracking the masked man in the temple and knocking him flat on the floor!]

GM: Another one of those brain-rattling hook punches!

[A few stomps lands before Maximus rolls the masked man back under the ropes. The big man pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes as the Enforcer regains a knee, throwing another right hand to the gut!]

GM: The masked man's not going down without a fight, Bucky!

BW: If it's a fight he wants...

[The Enforcer throws a haymaker that Maximus swats away and then a second that Maximus blocks by grabbing the right wrist...

...and YANKING the masked man into a short-arm clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: ...then it's a fight Maximus will give 'im, daddy!

[With the masked man down, Louis Matsui can be heard shouting "CRUSH 'IM!" from the floor. Maximus obliges, taking a two step jog and then leaping up...

...SMASHING the masked man under his four hundred plus pounds!]

GM: SPLASH!! HE SPLASHED HIM!!

[Maximus stays atop the masked man, attempting a cover.]

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

[But before the three count comes down, Maximus pushes up to a knee, pulling the Enforcer off the mat.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Haha! I love it! Maximus isn't done with him yet!

[Still holding the mask, Maximus climbs to his feet, pulling the masked man into a standing headscissors. He shouts to the crowd, "THE WORLD IS MINE!" before reaching down, wrapping his powerful arms around the torso of the masked man, hoisting him off the mat over his shoulder...

...and drops to a knee, DRIVING his opponent into the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: That oughta do it!

[Maximus plants an open palm on the chest of the masked man as the referee delivers a swift three count.]

GM: That's all she wrote, fans. A dominant debut by the man they call MAMMOTH Maximus!

BW: It's just the tip of the proverbial iceberg, Gordo. If he keeps throwing his size around and showing this level of ability, the competition in the AWA is in for a heap of pain and trouble!

GM: Speaking of trouble...

[The shot cuts to the broadcast position, where Gordon and Bucky are being joined by a jubilantly grinning Louis Matsui. Gordon holds up a mic to Matsui.]

LM: Now THAT, Gordon, is the first of many victims MAMMOTH Maximus will be claiming in the AWA. I hope the front office is sitting up and taking notes, because if they want to see a flawless performance in this much-vaunted World Heavyweight Title tournament, they need not look any further than this man right here...

[MAMMOTH Maximus strides into the shot, taking his place behind Matsui. Bucky extends a hand to the big man, which Maximus simply ignores.]

LM: Line the opponents up and, one-by-one, Maximus will drop them like a string of crazy ex-girlfriends and wives; I'm sure you know how it's done, Gordon. You see, I once led a monster to the brink of greatness... But he

didn't quite get there, because he decided to grow a conscience. This time, it will be different. This man has no fear!

MM: NO FEAR!

LM: This man feels no pain!

MM: NO PAIN!

LM: He fears no recriminations and he has no scruples!

MM: NO SCRUPLES!

LM: In short, he will stop at nothing to become the first AWA World heavyweight champion!

[Matsui slaps the big man on the shoulder, walking off in tandem as Gordon Myers looks on.]

GM: Could we have just witnessed the debut of the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion?

BW: I don't see anyone that can stop him, daddy.

GM: We shall see about that. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with tonight's Main Event so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

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

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to Jason Dane standing backstage alongside the Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, and Mr. Watkins, this was one heck of a night here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

JW: Sure was. Lots of great action.

JD: Now, the world is talking about the World Title tournament and so far here tonight, we've announced the first five names in the tournament. We've got "Showtime" Rick Marley, "Playboy" Johnny Casanova, and former National Champion Kolya Sudakov representing the AWA. We've got Yoshinari Taguchi representing Tiger Paw Pro. And last but certainly not least, the legendary Hamilton Graham.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: And I think that's a good cross-section of the names contacting the Championship Committee about competing in this tournament. You see current AWA superstars... you see competitors from around the globe... and you see one of the legends of our sport. This is the type of professional wrestler that we're hearing from in our front office, Jason.

JD: I understand that you've got a few more names to announce here tonight.

[Watkins grins.]

JW: Absolutely. But before I do, I want to announce that on behalf of the AWA locker room, I've accepted Ben Waterson's Open Challenge for an eight man tag team match next week.

And?

[Another smirk.]

JW: I've made it an elimination match with the winners gaining immediate entry into the World Title Tournament!

[Dane freaks out!]

JD: What?! That's HUGE news, Mr. Watkins! That adds even more importance to that big eight man tag in two weeks' time! Any clue as to who will be in the match?

JW: I've had a few people already ask me about it but I think we'll hold that under our hats 'til next week, Jason.

JD: Fair enough. But what about the names to add to the tournament? Who have you been holding out for us?

JW: Well, I think I want to end the night with us at a nice even eight. An eighth of our lineup announced sounds good to me. We've got five already so lemme give you three more.

First, we already know that Johnny Casanova is in the field of sixty-four but how about his Playboy Enterprises partner-in-crime? "Dirty" Dick Bass is in the tournament!

[Dane nods.]

JD: Makes sense. He's one of the toughest brawlers in our sport. He's a former Florida Championship Wrestling Heavyweight Champion... he was a mainstay in PCW as well. Let's take a quick look at some words from Dick Bass!

[We crossfade to Bass in front of a generic AWA backdrop.]

DB: Ya' know, I'm not a man of many words. I like to do my talkin' in tha' ring. When this World Title tournament was announced however, I was first in line to put my name in. Since I was knee high to a grasshopper my goal has always been to become a World Champion. My drive was to be tha' best wrestler in tha' World. Sure I've held titles before, but there is somethin' special about being a AWA champion. Even though I hate everyone in tha' damn back not named Johnny Casanova, AWA still has tha' best crop of talent in tha' business period.

So I figure what better way then to show tha' World I'm the best, then beating 63 other guys who think they are tha' top dog? What better way to prove without a doubt that Dick Bass is a legit World Champion, then by defeating everyone put in front of me to strap that piece of gold around my waist. I've waited patiently in line for my shot at a title. I've watched as guys less deserving then me got title shots because of their pretty hair and make-up. Well this tournament will seperate tha' men from tha' boys. Tha' contenders from tha' pretenders and you can bet your last damn dollar that Dick Bass will be standing on top of tha' mountain, tha' new, undisputed AWA WORLD Heavyweight champion

[smiles cruelly as he holds up "Delilah"]

DB: By any means necessary.

[Crossfade back to Dane and Watkins.]

JD: Dick Bass is certainly a man I wouldn't want to draw in the tournament. Who else ya got, Mr. Watkins?

JW: How about one of the most popular men in our sport, Jason? The man from Hotlanta, Georgia - Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Dane grins.]

JD: A former Southern Heavyweight Champion in SCW and as you said, one of the most popular men to ever lace a pair of wrestling boots. Let's hear from Sweet Daddy!

[We crossfade to a shot of Sweet Daddy Williams standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SDW: The best in the world is comin' for the big dance, they sayin'! They comin' from Japan... Mexico... Russia... China... Bangladore... Bali Bali... everywheres they do the 'rasslin', they's comin' to Texas.

They's comin' to Texas for the same reason that Sweet Daddy Williams has been an AWA original from Day One, baby.

[Williams holds up an index finger.]

SDW: Because the AWA has the best talent in the world, baby. Because the AWA holds the best rasslin' matches in the world, baby. And because when the summer ends, the AWA is only gettin' hotter, baby, with the crowning of the first AWA World Champion!

[Williams shakes his head, tugging his sunglasses down a bit so we can see his eyes.]

SDW: This ol' dog's never been a World Champ. I been 'round this business for a long, long time... I've won just 'bout every title there is to win. I've fought in cages, in barbed wire, with straps, with bats, with brass knuckles, and up on scaffolds!

But I ain't never won that big gold. I ain't never wore that big gold around my waist.

I got mirrors at my house. And when I wake up every mornin', I stare reality dead in its crooked little eyes.

[Williams slaps his hands together.]

SDW: I ain't got a long time left in this game. I ain't got forever ahead of me. I got now. I've got the moment.

And the moment is all it takes for this old son of a gun to walk out with a big ol' smile and somethin' golden to hold up my pants.

[We fade away from SDW and back to Dane and Watkins.]

JD: Sweet Daddy Williams joins the field of sixty-four! Mr. Watkins, you've got one more name to add to our list?

JW: I do indeed. This final competitor that I plan to announce here tonight is no stranger to AWA action. In fact, he spent a lot of 2011 in our rings trying to settle an old grudge.

In 2012, he comes for one reason.

To wear World Championship gold...

...again.

[Watkins pauses with a grin.]

JW: The eighth man to enter the field of sixty-four... and the man who will be right here in the WKIK Studios in two weeks' time to address the world as to why he's entering this tournament...

He is a former five time SOW Champion, a former UEW Champion, a former EMWC North American Champion, a former EMWC World Heavyweight Champion...

And a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame...

[Dramatic pause.]

JW: Jeff "Madfox" Matthews!

JD: Wow! Jeff Matthews is... well, he's everything you just said he was! He's a former World Champion! He's a Hall of Famer! And he's in the tournament to crown the first AWA World Champion!

[Watkins nods, obviously pleased with the announcement.]

JD: Fans, as the tournament field continues to come together, you can get all the news here on Saturday Night Wrestling or on the AWA website! Thanks for your time, Mr. Watkins, and now let's go down to the ring for tonight's Main Event!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. The match participants are already in the squared circle as well.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with TV Time Remaining and it is for the Steal The Spotlight contract. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... being accompanied the ring by Ben Waterson and representing Waterson International...

MAAAAAARRRRRCUSSSS BROUUUUSSAAAAARRRD!

[Broussard leans against the buckles, tugging on the ropes as Waterson whispers words of advice from out on the apron as the crowd boos the dastardly duo.]

PW: And his opponent...

SULLLLLTA AAAAAN AAAAAZAAAAAAM SHAAAAARIIIIIIF!

[There's more of a mixed reaction for Sharif who walks out of the corner, swinging his powerful arms back and forth to loosen up for battle.]

GM: These two men are about to square off with Sharif's Steal The Spotlight contract that he won back at SuperClash III on the line. Remember, the man who holds that contract holds the right to call his shot - to take whatever match he chooses at a pre-announced time and place of his choosing.

BW: It ain't a "anywhere, anytime" title shot but it's pretty close.

GM: And you have to wonder if Count Adrian Bathwaite who is conspicuous by his absence tonight is second-guessing his decision not to have Sharif use that contract earlier. Of course, the holder has until SuperClash IV to cash it in but Sharif's failure to use it earlier has really put him in an awkward position with the World Title Tournament coming up.

[The bell rings, the two men slowly stepping out...

...just before a handful of ringside AWA officials go tearing towards the locker room area, the crowd buzzing at the same time!]

GM: The crowd is reacting to something here... hold on...

[We abruptly cut to backstage where, from the motion of the shot, it's pretty clear the cameraman is hurrying to get a shot of whatever is transpiring. He rounds a corner and we can see security guards near an open door. And then we can see what they are dealing with...

...for "The Professional" Dave Cooper is trying to get past security.]

GM: Dave Cooper is trying to get inside the building!

BW: They better get more security fast... no telling when Robert Donovan will show up!

[As security desperately tries to get Cooper out of the door, the Royalty member is wildly swinging his fists and we can hear him shouting.]

DC: You think you're gonna keep me out of here? Hey, the whole AWA wants a piece of me... here I am! Bring it on!

GM: Somebody needs to do something -- that man is not allowed on any AWA show!

BW: Tell that to Cooper! He's not taking no for an answer! And he's right -- everyone in the AWA wants a piece of him!

[As security begins to push Cooper out the door, that's when another wrestler arrives on the scene. The fans cheer loudly when they see Supernova come into the picture.]

GM: Hold on... Supernova is back there!

BW: Oh man, security won't be enough to contain him -- you better get the men in the white coats to bring the straitjacket!

GW: BUCKY!

[Supernova comes charging in, trying to get at Cooper, as more security guards and a few AWA officials have arrived, trying to keep the two men separated.]

DC: Oh, look, a knight in shining armor come to save the day -- why don't you tell these soldiers of Watkins to just back off and let us go at it!

S: You want some of this? You don't want ANY of this, believe me!

[As Supernova lunges for Cooper, he's held back as security finally gets Cooper shoved out the door. They are able to close it, with a little difficulty, as Supernova manages to break free.]

S: Come on, let him back in... let me show him what happens when you thumb your nose at the AWA and its tradition!

[As security tries to keep Supernova under control, "Big" Jim Watkins has now arrived on the scene.]

JW: All right, all right -- that man is not allowed in the building, so make sure the entrances are doubly secured! Supernova, come with me and let's calm down.

[He then notice the camera.]

JW: And that's enough of the camera shots, please!

[The cameraman takes the hint and pulls away as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Well, that was... unexpected. You can see that the action in the ring fell to a halt right there. Are we... fans, bear with us one moment... okay, yes... we're going to take a quick break and then come right back for tonight's Main Event!

[Fade to black.]

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.

And then fade back up to live action where we find the bell ringing just as Sharif and Broussard lunge at one another, tangling up in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: We are back, fans, and it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling as these two magnificent grapplers go at it with Sharif's Steal The Spotlight contract on the line!

[The two superstars battle one another, looking for an early advantage. Broussard promptly grabs the arm, executing a picture perfect armdrag to take Sharif down to the mat.]

GM: Nice armdrag takedown by the San Jose Shark.

[Broussard pops up to his feet, throwing his arms apart and shouting, "Now THAT'S wrestling, people!" The crowd jeers as Sharif climbs back to his feet, glaring at his opponent.]

GM: Broussard with a little trash talk aimed at his opponent here tonight, Sultan Azam Sharif.

[The San Jose Shark reaches out, locking up in a second collar and elbow. Sharif uses his power advantage to force Broussard back against the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break. Sharif breaks at three, hammering a forearm down on the sternum of his opponent before grabbing an arm.]

GM: Sharif sends him across...

[The Irish whip brings Broussard charging back at Sharif who reaches out an arm for a clothesline...

...only to find the agile San Jose Shark hooking onto the arm, floating over the back of Sharif...]

GM: Nice count-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slapped him! He slapped Sharif right across the face!

[Sharif makes a lunge at Broussard, hooking his opponent around the legs and waist, hoisting him off the mat, and throwing him down with a double leg takedown!]

GM: Oh my! Sharif didn't like that!

BW: Can you blame him? He got the taste slapped out of his mouth!

[And as Broussard scampers to his feet, Sharif leaves his, connecting with a surprising dropkick that sends Broussard sailing through the ropes and out onto the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Ohh! Out to the floor he goes!

[An angry Broussard pops back to his feet, slamming his hands down on the ring apron.]

GM: And the San Jose Shark is HOT under the collar, fans!

[The first National Champion stalks around the ringside area as Ben Waterson quickly moves to talk with him. Sharif stands in the middle of the ring, gesturing for him to get back in.]

GM: Broussard's out on the floor, trying to regroup and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: Wait a second!

[The reason for the crowd's cheers becomes apparent as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott walks through the curtain dressed in street clothes of a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt that reads, "HOTSHOT" across the front. He's got a big grin on his face as Broussard angrily turns towards him, shouting "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?!"]

GM: Marcus Broussard asks a good question, Bucky. What in the world IS Stevie Scott doing here?

BW: Umm.

GM: Do you know something that I don't?

BW: Let's not open that particular oyster, Gordo. But what I can tell you is... yes, I know why he's out here.

[Scott raises his hands defensively, saying "I'm not here for ya, Shark" as he walks towards the announce desk.]

BW: I invited him.

GM: You what?!

BW: I invited him to sit in on commentary with us.

HSS: Yes you did and the offer was much appreciated, old friend.

GM: I thought you two weren't on good terms anymore.

HSS: We're not on the best of terms by a long shot. Buckthron here don't approve of my tactics and my philosophies these days. He prefers the down and dirty, piledriving son of a gun that ran the Southern Syndicate and treated the AWA like his own personal Tombstone.

BW: True dat.

HSS: What he doesn't realize is that there's more of that guy left than he knows. What he doesn't realize is that if Marcus Broussard will EVER answer my challenge for an I Quit match, he just might see that guy up close and personal from your boys' seat at ringside.

GM: Well, you certainly have stirred up Marcus Broussard. He seems pretty upset to see you out here.

HSS: That certainly wasn't my goal, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure it wasn't.

[Still turned away from the ring, Broussard angrily shouts at the Hotshot...

...which leaves him vulnerable as Sharif reaches over the ropes, grabs him by the hair, and hauls him up on the apron. Sharif promptly hooks a front facelock, looking to bring the San Jose Shark in the hard way...]

GM: He's gonna bring him in with the suplex and... oh! Broussard goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing Sharif by the back of the head, the first National Champion drops down off the apron, snapping Sharif's throat down across the top rope and sending him crashing back to the mat. Broussard turns for one more angry word aimed at Scott before rolling back into the ring.]

GM: Stevie, the thought just crossed my mind but you've made a challenge to Marcus Broussard for an "I Quit" match. If he were to win the Steal The Spotlight contract, he could change that stipulation to anything he wants to.

HSS: Gordo, I'd let him change it now if I thought it'd matter. Steel cage, steel chain, steal the bacon... I don't care. Get him in the ring with me and I plan on ending this war between us.

GM: But you'd prefer "I Quit?"

HSS: I can think of nothing I'd love more than to make him say "I Quit", Gordo.

[Broussard lays in a series of kicks to the ribs in the corner before leaning over, grabbing the middle rope, and laying in a series of shoulders into the torso.]

GM: The San Jose Shark's trying to take the wind out of Sharif's sails with those shots to the body... trying to break the man down...

HSS: It's gonna take more than a couple shoulders to the gut to take out Sharif.

BW: Oh, he's got more, Stevie. Believe me.

HSS: Hey, you've always been the world's greatest authority on Marcus Broussard.

[Straightening up, Broussard grabs Sharif by the arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Corner to corner whip... Sharif hits the corner hard...

[Broussard backs to the corner, slapping his arm before charging across the ring...

...and SLAMMING backfirst into the buckles on a missed back elbow!]

GM: OHH! Broussard misses the elbow!

[Broussard stumbles forward into the waiting arms of Sharif who pops his hips, hurling the Shark up, over, and down to the canvas with a big overhead belly to belly throw!]

GM: He sends the man flying halfway across the ring!

HSS: Broussard shoulda got some peanuts as high and far as he flew there.

[Sharif rises back to his feet, approaching the recovering Broussard and burying a hooked boot into the gut of his opponent.]

GM: Sharif's looking for another suplex here...

[But Broussard plucks him into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE! TWO! THR-

[Sharif FIRES a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

GM: Just a two count there but that was close, Stevie.

HSS: That's one of Broussard's greatest weapons - his arsenal of cradles and rollups. They're all incredibly well done and super difficult to kick out of. But guess what, Gordo?

GM: What?

HSS: You can't use 'em in an I Quit match.

GM: That's a great point.

BW: You're such a suckup, Gordo.

[As both men scramble to get to their feet first, Broussard scores with a European uppercut that sends Sharif falling back into the ropes. The San Jose Shark grabs the back of his head, landing a second uppercut that actually lifts Sharif off his feet, dropping him down into a seated position on the mat.]

GM: A couple of hard shots to the jaw by Broussard... look out here...

[The first National Champion plants his boot against the throat of Sharif, choking the air out of him!]

GM: Sharif's being choked! Get in there, referee!

BW: If Broussard accepts your challenge, how do you handle something like this, Hotshot?

HSS: That's the beauty out of me finding my inner bastard, Bucky.

BW: Err, I'm not sure we can say that on the air.

HSS: Oh, but I already did. Bastard. Bastardbastardbastard.

GM: Erm, what do you mean by that?

HSS: Well, since I'm now completely comfortable in being myself and letting the people decide if they want to cheer me for it... if Broussard wants to choke me, I'll choke him back. If he decides to waffle me with a steel chairs, I'll do it right back to him. And worse.

BW: Worse?

HSS: Oh, far far worse, Bucky.

[Broussard breaks at the count of four, stepping back allow the referee to check in on Sharif before he moves back in, pulling Sharif up by the arm, tugging him into a side waistlock...

...and dropping him down on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Another nice suplex there... and it looks like Broussard is going for a cover!

[The referee drops down, delivering a two count before Sharif lifts a shoulder in time.]

GM: Sharif's out at two there and-

[Broussard grabs Sharif by the back of the head, smashing forearms into the jaw until a four count backs him off. The San Jose Shark regains his feet, approaching the corner where he mounts the midbuckle, shouting at Stevie Scott.]

GM: If your goal being out here was to distract Marcus Broussard, I think you're succeeding, Stevie.

HSS: That's not my goal... well, not totally.

GM: Interesting.

[Sharif uses the ropes, pulling himself back to his feet as Broussard hops down to the canvas. He approaches Sharif...

...and gets a hooked boot in the gut!]

GM: Sharif fires back!

[With Broussard doubled up, Sharif pops him with a kneelift under the jaw that sends the Shark crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneelift by Sharif!

[Broussard promptly rolls to all fours, trying to get to his feet before Sharif attacks...

...and fails as Sharif wraps his arms around the torso in a gutwrench.]

GM: Wait a second... what in the world is he...?

[With a loud grunt, Sharif powers Broussard off the mat, holding the gutwrench with Broussard dangling a few feet off the canvas...]

GM: Oh my stars! Look at the power!

[Sharif turns slightly, an even more impressive feat considering he's still holding the gutwrench...

...and then POWERS Broussard over and down to the canvas with a suplex!]

GM: Gutwrench suplex and a beauty!

[Sharif pops back up, striking a double bicep pose as Broussard rolls to his stomach, trying to push himself up again...

...but Sharif approaches, reaching down to snare a rear waistlock!]

GM: Sharif's got him again! What is he-

BW: No way!

[The Iranian grappler powers Broussard off the mat in the waistlock, hoisting him all the way up...

...and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A SUPLEX!!

HSS: Sharif is deceptively powerful. You guys talk about Overlord and Danny Morton if they're the strongest in the AWA but Sharif is a heckuva lot stronger than you'd expect. He'll toss some guys around in there like they're absolutely nothing.

[Broussard rolls around on the mat, clutching his lower back...

...which sees Sharif roll him to his stomach, looking to apply the Camel Clutch!]

GM: Sharif's got him down! He's going for the Clutch!

HSS: If he gets it on him, it's over, Gordo. If there's one thing I know about Marcus Broussard, it's that he's a quitter when it counts. He'll quit against Sharif just like he'll quit against me when I get him into that I Quit match.

BW: IF you get him into that match.

HSS: You implying he'd duck me because he's a coward?

BW: I didn't say that.

HSS: You didn't deny it either.

[Sharif settles in, looking for the submission hold but Broussard rolls to his back before Sharif can apply the hold...]

GM: Broussard's looking for a counter, he's looking for a way out...

[Broussard lashes out, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Sharif!]

GM: Ohh! The Shark popped him on the jaw!

[With Sharif stunned off the right hand, Broussard pulls him into an inside cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Somehow Sharif shifts his weight, rolling Broussard onto his own shoulders.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The San Jose Shark escapes, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count... and I want to thank WKIK on behalf of all of our fans for allowing us to go overtime here tonight to bring you the conclusion of this matchup.

[Both men are in a scramble, trying to get up before the other. They both reach their feet at roughly the same time but Broussard is the first to act, throwing a knee into the midsection of Sharif!]

GM: Broussard cuts him off...

[Broussard promptly wraps his arms around the waist, setting for a waistlock suplex of his own...

...but Sharif is too close to the ropes, grabbing the top rope with both hands!]

GM: He's blocking it! Sharif is blocking the-

[Suddenly, Ben Waterson climbs up on the apron, distracting the official as Broussard breaks his grip...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and kicks Sharif right through the goalposts!]

GM: Low blow! A cheap shot by Broussard with the help of Ben Waterson and-

HSS: If you'll excuse me, gentlemen.

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott walks away from the broadcast position...

...and suddenly re-emerges on camera with a broom.]

GM: Where the heck did he...?

BW: It was over here! It was over here on the ground!

[Scott approaches Ben Waterson from the blind side, winding up...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Stevie Scott splinters the broom over the back of Ben Waterson, sending him crashing down to the floor where he clutches at his lower back.]

GM: Stevie Scott just took out Waterson! He took out Waterson!

[An angry Broussard stalks away from the hurting Sharif, shouting at Stevie Scott who throws down the broken broom handle, balling up his fists and challenging Broussard to bring the fight out to the floor!]

GM: Stevie's ready for him! Stevie wants this fight right now!

[Broussard leans over the ropes, shouting at the Hotshot...

..and gets ROCKED with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Stevie drilled him with a right hand!

[The San Jose Shark stumbles away, staggering across the ring where Sharif is waiting, hooking Broussard around the head, neck, and arm...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Sharif powers Broussard up into the air, swinging him around, and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous twisting uranage slam!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Sharif promptly pops up, flipping Broussard to his stomach as the crowd goes nuts!]

GM: He's going for the Camel Clutch! He's gonna sink it in!

[Sharif lifts the arms, looping them over his legs as he sits down on the back, reaching under to hook his arms under the chin!]

GM: He's got it! He's got the Camel Clutch applied in the center of the ring!

[The shot cuts outside to a gleeful Stevie Scott who grabs the middle rope, shouting encouragement to Sharif as he pulls back on the chin, cranking on the neck and back of his opponent...]

GM: Sharif's got that hold on deep and he's got no Ben Waterson to help him!

[The crowd is roaring as Sharif grits his teeth, pulling back as hard as he can. The camera cuts to Stevie again as he shouts, "QUIT! QUIIIIIIT!"]

GM: Stevie Scott's telling him to quit!

BW: That'll be enough to get him to not give up, Gordo!

GM: You think so? Look at the amount of pressure on the neck and back! Sharif's got him in serious jeopardy, Bucky!

[Stevie slams his hands on the canvas in rhythm as he shouts, "QUIT! QUIT! QUIT!"]

GM: Stevie Scott is imploring him to quit! Begging him to give up and-

[The referee wheels away suddenly, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell as does Stevie Scott who does a leaping fist pump.]

GM: He did it! Sharif made him give up! Sharif gets to keep his Steal The Spotlight contract!

BW: I can't believe it.

GM: Believe it or not, Sultan Azam Sharif is walking on air! And with a win that big, how can Sharif NOT get into the World Title Tournament, Bucky?

BW: He has to, Gordo... he absolutely has to. But I still can't believe he got Marcus Broussard to give up.

[As Phil Watson makes it official, Stevie Scott embarks on a victory lap, slapping the outstretched hands of ringside fans as Sharif celebrates his triumph inside the ring.]

GM: There's a celebration going on here in Dallas! Inside the ring... outside the ring!

[Sharif slowly exits the ring, making his way back to the locker room as Stevie Scott rolls under the ropes, Phil Watson's mic in hand.]

HSS: Hey, Marcus...

[Stevie grins at the crowd's cheers and then mockingly puts a finger to his mouth to ask for quiet.]

HSS: I don't know if you were able to hear it... you know, over your screaming and crying and all that...

[Another big grin.]

HSS: But you just quit...

[Pause.]

HSS: ...again.

[Big cheer from the crowd!]

HSS: For the past several weeks, I've been coming out here and trying to get you to agree to an "I Quit" match with me... but it turns out that EVERY match you're in these days is an "I Quit" match to you.

[Scott chuckles as Broussard rolls to a corner, clutching his lower back in pain.]

HSS: So, Marcus... one more time... I beg you to sign the match before I lose interest in having it!

[Another big cheer! Scott goes to drop the mic when a large section of the crowd starts a "YOU QUIT!" chant. Stevie grins broadly, pointing to that section of the crowd, urging them on as the WKIK Studios soon becomes a deafening roar of "YOU QUIT!" over and over again as Stevie Scott makes his exit up the aisle to the locker room, leaving an embarrassed Marcus Broussard standing in the corner, shaking his head.]

GM: The San Jose Shark has lost this one. Fans, it's been a great night of action here in the WKIK Studios but we're way out of time! For Jason Dane, Mark Stegklet, Bucky Wilde, and myself, we'll see you nex-

[Without much warning or fanfare, the sounds of Metallica's cover of "Turn the Page" hit the arena, bringing most of the crowd to their feet.]

GM: Um, this isn't anywhere on my schedule...

BW: Considering this man's mood lately, I don't think he cares about schedules...or fines, or suspensions for that matter!

GM: His mood is understandable, but I'm honestly surprised he didn't get suspended after putting his hands on Jim Watkins.

BW: Watkins deserved it! He's lucky Taylor was there to peel Donovan off of him, or somebody else would probably be filling the shoes of the head of the Championship Committee for awhile.

[The former Longhorn Heritage champ wastes little time as he strides to the ring with obvious purpose. He quickly clambers up to the ring apron and steps over the top rope, demanding a microphone in the process.]

GM: Oh, I hope the censors are ready.

[Donovan is handed a microphone by a ringside attendant, and he quickly steps to the middle of the ring.]

RD: I got no idea how much time I actually have to say this -- I didn't ask for this time, I wasn't scheduled for it, an' even if I had I'm pretty sure I'd have been told to cool my jets, because what I got to say ain't what anybody in the office wants to hear.

[Donovan pauses briefly.]

RD: Why didn't you let him in, Jimmy?

[The crowd has a pretty good idea who Donovan's talking about now, and cheers for the idea.]

RD: You afraid your boys ain't got what it takes to teach a lesson to that lil' snake in the grass? You concerned that whoever steps up to face 'im is gonna lose, maybe make you look bad?

[Donovan snorts audibly.]

RD: Lemme tell you somethin' Jimmy, as bad as Dave Cooper...yeah, I said his name, an' if you try to take any money out of my pocket for it, you an' I are gonna have words. As bad as Dave Cooper made this company look, as bad as he made _you_ look...you did ten times the job makin' us all look like jerks when you threw the National Title in the trash, Jimmy.

[Some of the folks in the crowd aren't happy about that, and they react accordingly.]

RD: I know y'all don't wanna hear that, an' frankly I'd rather not be put in a position to say it, but Sweet Daddy told 'em up front what he thought so I'd be one sorry friend if I didn't do the same. I know everybody in the office, from ownership on down agreed, Jimmy, but like I said, to us boys in the

back, you're the one that represents the office, so when they screw up, you pay. Y'all screwed up by throwin' AWA tradition in the trash, an' you screwed up again today by not clearin' a path for Dave Cooper to come in here an' get what he richly deserves.

[Donovan laughs in mildly bitter fashion.]

RD: An' ya screwed up again by leavin' me alone out here with a live mic...so when I issue an official, on-air challenge to Dave Cooper for a match at Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Crowd pop!]

RD: ...yer gonna have to come on the air yourself an' explain why you decided not to give us all..

[Donovan makes a sweeping gesture to the crowd.]

RD: ...an' every single person in that locker room...

[Donovan points down the aisle.]

RD: What every single one of us wants. You come out here an' you tell these fans, tell the world, and tell all the boys just why you refuse to serve Dave Cooper up to us on a silver platter, Jimmy.

[Donovan grins.]

RD: ...Or you give us...ALL of us...exactly what we're askin' ya for.

[With that, Donovan's grin abruptly fades. He throws the mic down with an audible thud and quickly stalks over to the ropes, stepping over the top, hopping down to the floor, and striding up the aisle as we fade to black.]