

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

WKIK STUDIOS
DALLAS, TEXAS
APRIL 7TH, 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! The AWA's Fourth Anniversary party has come and gone and to say it was a

controversial birthday weekend for the AWA would certainly be an understatement, Bucky Wilde.

BW: We're still not entirely sure what we can say out here, ain't that right?

GM: We've been advised to be cautious, yes.

BW: Well, I'm pretty sure we can say that we have a new National Champion... or should I say "had"?

GM: I believe "had" would be correct as "Big" Jim Watkins made it very clear that the Championship Committee and the front office have decided to abandon the National Title. It was far from an easy decision because the AWA treasures the lineage of that title - men like Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Kolya Sudakov, Marcus Broussard, Ron Houston... but when push came to shove, the AWA had a decision to make... a hard decision... and they made it. The National Title is no more but in its place rises a new title - a bigger title - the AWA World Heavyweight Title!

BW: We were told that there's gonna be a tournament for the title but we don't know a single thing about it yet, Gordo. The rumors on the Internet are going crazy!

GM: We've certainly heard some very "out there" rumors about this tournament and we're hoping to shed some light on that situation here tonight. And speaking of shedding light on that situation, my understanding is that at some point here tonight, Jim Watkins will be telling the entire world exactly what happened in Westwego, Louisiana two weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: That ain't all, Gordo. If my sources are right - and they always are - we're gonna see some amateur footage of that night as well! We received cell phone footage recorded by a fan in the building and we're gonna see exactly what caused this mess.

GM: I hope you're right about that, Bucky. Keeping with the chaotic feeling surrounding this promotion these days, some recent weather troubles have really done some damage to the Crockett Coliseum and it looks like we're gonna be right here at our old stomping grounds - the WKIK Studios - for the foreseeable future, Bucky.

BW: I'm fine with that. The less rednecks we can let in the building the better if you ask me.

GM: Nobody did.

[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.]

GM: It's gonna be an exciting night of action tonight here in Atlanta so let's head right up to the ring for tonight's opening matchup!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing alongside another individual already in the ring.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... he hails from Tulsa, Oklahoma... weighing in at 303 pounds... Burt Ellis!

[A bulky wild-haired man with a crazy tangled bright red beard lifts both arms, giving off a big shout as he waits for his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of KISS' "War Machine" marks new entrance music for the former National Champion who is about to stride into view.]

PW: From the former Soviet Union... weighing in at 262 pounds... he is the Russian War Machine...

KOLLLLLLLYAAAAAAA SUUUUUUDAKOOOOOOOV!

[Sudakov strides through the curtain to a big reaction from the AWA faithful. He pauses just beyond the entrance, a smile at the cheers on his face. Standing in his black MMA style trunks with a 50/50 of the Russian and American flags on the rear, Sudakov breaks out a big most muscular pose in front of himself to another big cheer before he heads towards the ring.]

GM: It's been quite a while since we've seen the Russian War Machine in singles action here on Saturday Night Wrestling, Bucky, but he looks to be in great shape.

BW: Kolya Sudakov, as always, is in phenomenal shape, Gordo. But you're right. It's been quite some time since we've seen him in this ring on a regular basis. Some have wondered if his fighting spirit just kinda withered after he finally got out from under Ivan Kostovich back at SuperClash III. Maybe we'll find out here tonight.

[Sudakov takes the long way into the ring, stopping to slap the hands of the ringside fans who are cheering the once-despised Russian. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron before stepping into the ring.]

GM: The big Russian stepping in there with the burly veteran from Oklahoma, Burt Ellis.

[The referee, Marty Meekly, signals for the bell to start the match as the two big men come together in a collar and elbow where Ellis promptly digs his fingers into the eyes, raking across hard!]

GM: Ellis immediately goes to the eyes to get an early edge!

[A big right hand to the mush knocks Sudakov down to a knee before raising his powerful arms over his head, smashing them down across the crown of the skull in a double axehandle.]

GM: A whole lot of brute strength coming out of Burt Ellis tonight, Bucky. He's a veteran of the scene in Oklahoma but never has really managed to break out of that area. But a win tonight over a former National Champion would certainly put him on his way.

BW: That's a tall order though, Gordo. Sudakov's a former Mixed Martial Arts star who made the successful transition to professional wrestling and has become one of the best in the world.

[Ellis pulls the Russian back to his feet, promptly scooping him up in a bodyslam attempt...

...that Sudakov easily counters by slipping out the back and landing on his feet behind the barrel-chested powerhouse.]

GM: Sudakov counters the slam... and goes for one of his own!

[The Russian War Machine hoists Ellis into the air, slamming him down to the canvas with a thunderous thud!]

GM: Oh my! What a slam by the Russian!

[Sudakov quickly moves in, grabbing the rising Ellis by the arm and winging him around into the corner. The Russian moves in, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and lashes out with a ferocious kick to the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Big kick in the corner!

[With the referee trying to back him off, Sudakov tears into the plump body of Ellis with a barrage of body roundhouse kicks. At the referee's count of four, Sudakov grabs an arm, flinging Ellis across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip sends Ellis to the corner hard... staggering out now...

[Sudakov ducks down, hoisting Ellis overhead and sending him crashing down to the canvas with a high backdrop. A fired-up Sudakov promptly backs to the corner, slapping his right arm...

...and charges across, connecting solidly with a running clothesline on Ellis, knocking him flat!]

GM: SICKLE!! SICKLE!!

[Sudakov promptly applies the press with both hands, extending up in a push-up as the referee counts three.]

GM: And that makes an easy three count for the big Russian. Kolya Sudakov is your winner in his return to Saturday Night Wrestling and it looks like he's heading over here right now to talk to us.

[The camera pans to the announce desk where our announce team waits for the former champion to arrive.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Sudakov arrives, barely having broke a sweat in the ring.]

KS: Thank you, Comrade Myers. It is good to be here with your honorable self.

GM: Why thank you. Kolya, it's been quite some time since we've seen you in singles action here on Saturday Night Wrestling. Where have you been and what have you been up to?

KS: For over a year, Kolya fought for his career every night. After SuperClash, Kolya felt like sitting on a beach.

[The crowd laughs at the idea.]

KS: Kolya came back, competed when needed... but Kolya needed to... how you say... clear his head.

GM: Well, something that's gotta be hard to get out of your head is what we saw happen two weeks ago in Westwego, Louisiana. You've heard what happened by now, I'm sure.

KS: Kolya only wishes he was in Westwego, Gordon Myers.

GM: I'm sure a lot of us wish you were there too. But nevertheless, we find ourselves in a unique situation here. The National Title that you once held is no more but a new World Heavyweight Title is on the way. Your thoughts on this situation?

[Sudakov shakes his head.]

KS: Gordon Myers, it was the proudest time of Kolya's life when he held the AWA National Title. It meant so much... it meant that Kolya was finally a pro wrestler that earned respect. Kolya would trade that time for nothing.

But a World Title?

[A slight smile.]

KS: Kolya like that idea very much. Kolya like the idea of being the best in the world and having the title to prove it. Kolya Sudakov - World Champion.

[A nod.]

KS: Kolya like the sound of that, Gordon Myers.

GM: It doesn't sound too bad to me either, Kolya, but there's bound to be a lot of top flight talent in this tournament from around the world.

KS: Kolya expect that. Kolya WANTS that! Bring the best... bring them all... they stand with Kolya, they go down.

Because the Sickle comes for them... comes for them all.

[He holds up his powerful right arm.]

KS: 2012 belong to Kolya, Gordon Myers.

[With a nod, Sudakov walks off set to leave the announcers behind.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov is a man who believes that the World Title is heading in his direction, fans! We've gotta take our first break but don't go away because we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 "Big" Jim Watkins is now standing between our announce duo, a stern look on his face.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and as you can see, we have been joined here at the broadcast position by the Chairman of the Championship Committee, Mr. Jim Watkins. Mr. Watkins, I hate to say it... but you look like a man who hasn't slept in days.

[Watkins softly chuckles.]

JW: Kinda feel that way too, Gordon. Let's face it - there ain't a whole lot of good things for me to be tucked into my bed dreaming about right now. What happened in Westwego has got the entire AWA scrambling to figure out what went down and that's meant a lot of late nights.

GM: But I understand that you HAVE figured it out now.

JW: We think so, Gordon. We're pretty sure we've finally uncovered all the nasty details to the plan that was put into place and executed that night. In fact, later tonight, we'll be showing an interview I did with Jason Dane earlier this week to explain what we know.

[Gordon presses the issue.]

GM: Are the rumors true? Do we have video from that night in Westwego that you'll be showing the world tonight?

[Watkins pauses... then slowly nods.]

JW: Yes we do.

GM: Well, that's certainly something that our fans at home will want to tune into. Mr. Watkins, I thank you for your time and-

[Watkins raises a hand to interrupt.]

JW: One more thing, Gordon, before you shoo me outta here. And that one more thing is Dave Cooper.

[The fans inside the WKIK Studios boo heavily.]

JW: Dave Cooper was strongly advised to stay away from the Anniversary Show until the exact extent of his role in the Westwego Incident was determined. This suggestion came down from the front office and was considered to be best - not only for the AWA but for Mr. Cooper, a contracted AWA competitor's, safety.

He chose to ignore that and caused a series ruckus at the end of the Anniversary Show.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: Therefore, on behalf of the AWA front office and the Championship Committee, I am announcing that Dave Cooper has once again been **SUSPENDED...**

[BIG CHEER!]

JW: ...pending further review of Cooper's actions and an opportunity for members of the front office and Championship Committee to personally carry out an interrogation of Mr. Cooper.

GM: Wow! So Dave Cooper, who honestly just got back from a suspension, has been slapped with another one?!

JW: That's right, Gordon. Right now, we feel that decision is for the best.

GM: I can't argue with that. Mr. Watkins, again I thank you for-

[But Gordon's signoff is interrupted again, this time by the arrival of AWA veteran Sweet Daddy Williams who is dressed in blue jeans and a white t-shirt that reads "RESPECT" in red letters across the front. The fans cheer but the usual bubbly fan favorite appears to be in no mood to celebrate as he marches to the desk, staring a hole right through Jim Watkins.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams has joined us out here at the broadcast desk. Sweet Daddy, you're not supposed to be-

SDW: I know, I know. I ain't scheduled to be out here right now and I apologize for that, Gordon. You know ol' Sweet Daddy ain't the kind of guy who likes to go around and mess up everyone's plans.

[A slight smile.]

SDW: But I've had a thorn in my paw for two weeks now and I just had to come out here and see if I could rip the dang thing out.

[Williams turns his focus back to Watkins.]

SDW: Jim, you and I have known each other a long, long time. We've traveled the roads together... we've stood side by side inside that ring together... we've watched each other's backs when things got nasty...

[A shake of the head.]

SDW: But this decision y'all made 'bout the National Title?

[Another shake of the head.]

SDW: I can't back that play, ya hear?

[Gordon interrupts.]

GM: What are you saying, Sweet Daddy?

[Williams pauses, hands on his hips.]

SDW: I'm sayin' that what went down in that meeting room two weeks ago was one of the biggest acts of cowardice I ever seen, Gordon.

[The crowd buzzes with surprise.]

GM: Cowardice?

SDW: That's right. Look, I'm all for a World Title. I believe that the AWA is the best wrestling promotion on the planet - I truly do.

But what I don't believe in is walking away from a fight.

And what happened in Westwego? That's a group of men walkin' right up, spittin' in your face, and askin' for a fight. That's what happened and instead of lettin' me... and the rest of the boys in the locker room... give 'em that fight...

[Williams points an accusing finger at Watkins.]

SDW: ...you throw the National Title in the toilet and rob us of our chance for payback.

[Watkins tries to respond.]

JW: Look, Virgil...

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: That ain't gonna fly here tonight, Jim. We ain't friends here tonight. What we are is a boss and one heckuva disgruntled employee.

Because just like a bunch of the guys in that locker room back there, I want my shot at Mark Langseth.

[The crowd audibly reacts to the name being dropped. Watkins looks steamed as he speaks up.]

JW: We asked you all to not mention them by na-

[Williams interrupts.]

SDW: I know damn well what our marching orders are. You want us to keep from saying their names like they's the damn boogeymen or something but they ain't, Jimbo. They're men... they're flesh and blood... and I just want you to know that there's a lot of people back there who agree with me.

Not a soul in the business who wouldn't want to be the first man to wear the AWA World Title... that's a fact.

But until that National Title comes home... until we get our chance to knock those three off their throne... until we get our shot at payback.

[One final shake of the head.]

SDW: Things just won't be right 'round here.

[And with that, the Atlanta fan favorite walks out of view, leaving a surprised Jim Watkins behind.]

GM: Some strong comments there from Sweet Daddy Williams. Mr. Watkins, any response to what we just heard?

[Watkins looks prepared to speak...

...and then simply walks away, shaking his head.]

GM: Well, fans... it seems that not everyone is pleased with the Championship Committee's decision to abandon the National Title and the men who currently have possession of it. This situation will be an interesting one to watch but right now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

[We crossfade up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing between two competitors who are loosening up for their match. One of them is a burly masked man who is tugging at the ropes with his arms. The other is... well, not burly... and seems to be warming up by doing cartwheels back and forth across his section of the ring.]

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

[Boos rain down on the masked man as he raises his arms, stepping up on the middle rope, and then threatens to backhand the entire audience at once... even children.]

PW: And his opponent... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 245 pounds... he is the self-proclaimed World's Smartest Man...

"Mr. Mensa"... MAAAAANNY IMBROOOOGNOOOOOO!

[There's a solidly mixed reaction from Mr. Mensa, some fans obviously taking some enjoyment out of his interaction with The Hive a few weeks back. Mr. Mensa can be seen speaking to Phil Watson who raises his mic again.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Imbrogno has requested your cooperation in providing a silent atmosphere for the debut of his latest poem.

[There's more boos this time but a handful of pretty strong cheers as Imbrogno takes the mic, lifting his Kindle to read from it.]

MI: My nickname's Mr. Mensa... I'm the World's Smartest Man...
But when it comes to wrestling insects, I'm the World's Biggest Fan.
With their high flying talents, they remind myself of...

[He shrugs.]

MI: ...Me.
But no doubt their greatest asset is the breathtaking Queen Bee.
She blinds me with her beauty... stuns me with her grace...
Oh, how one day I pray that I will get to see her face.

With me, she'd be cherished, adored, and held so tight.
The perfect wrestling couple, all would crumble at our might.
I'd climb the highest mountain, I'd swim the deepest sea.
If only she'd awake one day, roll over, and see me.

[Imbrogno dips into a deep bow before handing the mic back to Phil Watson who exits the ring as Mickey Meekly calls for the bell.]

GM: And here we go!

[As the bell rings, Imbrogno snaps off another cartwheel to his right, causing the masked man to take a couple steps back before rushing in, catching Imbrogno with a right hand on the jaw. A couple more land, knocking him back to the buckles.]

GM: The masked man starting off strong with a flurry of right hands... big whip coming up...

[The Irish whip sends Imbrogno across the ring where he runs up the turnbuckles, blindly backflipping over the charging Enforcer to safely on his feet...]

...and takes the larger man over the top with an overhead armdrag!]

GM: Nice takedown by Imbrogno... both men quickly back to their feet and oh my, a dropkick on the money by Mr. Mensa!

[As the Enforcer climbs to his feet, a second dropkick lands, sending the masked man through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! And the masked man goes out hard to the floor out here at ringside.

BW: Better keep your eyes open, masked man!

[Imbrogno proves Bucky to be correct as he dashes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off...

...and HURLS himself through the ropes, completing a full flip before crashing onto the stunned masked man!]

GM: Oh my! What a dive by Imbrogno!

[The World's Smartest Man regains his feet, pointing to his head for no apparent reason before hauling the masked man off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. He then pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing the top rope near the corner...]

GM: Look out here...

[Imbrogno slingshots over the ropes, landing on the middle rope on the side of the ring adjacent to where he was standing, promptly springing up to the top rope...

...and propelling himself backwards in a breathtakingly graceful moonsault, crashing down across the chest of the floored Enforcer!]

GM: Ohhh! What a graceful move by Imbrogno! And that'll do it.

[The referee delivers a swift three count to a decidedly mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Manny Imbrogno chalks up another victory here tonight in Dallas, Bucky.

BW: Every match is so important right now for every AWA competitor. With a World Title tournament hanging over their heads, a big winning streak right now might spring you into the tournament. And once you're in the tournament, ANYTHING can happen!

GM: I'd argue the matches aren't just important for AWA competitors, Bucky. You have to believe the Championship Committee will scour all

corners of the globe to bring the best talent in the world to the AWA to crown the first World Champion.

BW: You're absolutely right, Gordo. Some ham andegger in Taiwan is doing a few more squats in the gym tonight hoping that it catches the eye of the Committee.

GM: And speaking of men who will be looking to earn a slot in the tournament, how about the last man to wear the PCW World Title, Travis Lynch? Jason Dane is standing by the locker room of Travis Lynch right now to try and get some comments. Jason?

[Crossfade to the backstage area where we see Jason Dane standing next to a locker room door.]

JD: Ladies and gentleman, I'm standing outside of the locker room of Travis Lynch where I'm hoping to-

[Jason is interrupted by a thunderous crash and it is followed the sound of a slamming locker. A worried look comes across the face of Jason as he grabs the door and pulls it open. As the door opens the viewers see a locker room in disarray. There are clothes tossed all over the room, lockers are swung wide open and two lockers have fallen and are resting upon the wooden bench closest to them.

The camera pans the room and focuses on Travis Lynch, who has pulled his black duffel bag onto the wooden bench and he tosses one of his wrestling boots blindly towards the door where Jason Dane barely avoids it.]

TL: Where is it?! Where did it go?!

[A frantic Lynch is looking all over the place as Dane cautiously approaches.]

JD: Travis? Travis, what's wrong?

[Lynch glances up at Jason as he grabs his duffel bag, tossing it to the side where it bounces off the nearest locker and hits the floor with a dull thud. He slams one of the locker doors shut with so much authority that it just clangs and swings open again.]

TL: Where is it, Dane?!

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: Where is what?

[Lynch is completely beside himself at this point, still frantically looking around the room.]

TL: The PCW World Heavyweight Championship belt! Where the hell did it go, Dane?!

[Dane looks on in shock as Lynch lashes out, kicking a big dent in one of the metal locker doors.]

JD: Travis, I have no idea. Are you saying the title belt is missing?!

[Lynch glares at Dane with an impatient look.]

TL: What the HELL do you think I'm saying?! Yes, Dane... it's missing! It's gone! It's not here anywhere!

[Not waiting for a response, Lynch crosses the room, throwing a few pieces of clothing on the floor to the side. He sighs deeply as he sits down on the wooden bench, looking up at the ceiling.]

JD: Uhh... well... where did you last have it?

[Travis turns his head slightly to look at Dane with a "Are you kidding me?" expression on his face.]

TL: Seriously? You sound like my mother right now. It's got to be here somewhere... James... yeah... that's it, James has got to be playing a prank on me... 'Cuse me Jason I need to find James and get that title back before I do that new DVD commercial...

[Travis storms past Jason as the camera crossfades back to the announcers table.]

GM: It looks like Travis Lynch is having a little trouble locating the PCW World Heavyweight Title belt.

BW: What the heck is he doing with it here anyways?! I thought he said that title was dead!

GM: If you were paying attention, you would've heard him say he's filming a new commercial for the new PCW history DVD that the AWA has recently released, Bucky. Don't you think they'd want the title belt for that?

BW: Well.... where is it?

GM: A good question and one that we hopefully will get an answer to shortly. In the meantime, I understand that- what's that?

[Gordon Myers is clutching the earpiece further into his ear, looking shocked as Bucky Wilde does the same.]

GM: We've got a situation developing in the parking lot of the arena! Robert Donovan has been assaulted! Can we get-

[An abrupt camera cut shows the view of a camera as its holder runs through the backstage area, moving past members of the AWA locker room like The Rave and Bruno Verhoeven. Frantic voices can be heard from all around.]

GM: We've got our camera crew back there, trying to get out to the parking lot area.

[After several moments of confusion, the cameraman breaks through the back door into the parking lot of the arena. At a shout, the camera's view swings up, spotting Robert Donovan down on the asphalt in his street clothes, leaning against the side of a car as his attacker stands over him, continuing to kick Donovan's prone form.]

That attacker is Dave Cooper.]

GM: Cooper! That's Dave Cooper!

BW: What the heck is he doing here, Gordo?! Watkins said he was suspended!

GM: Apparently Cooper either didn't know or doesn't care because he's here in the parking lot of the WKIK Studios and he's attacking Robert Donovan who looks completely defenseless at this point!

[With AWA officials surrounding the scene, the cameraman has to push through the circle to get close enough to get a good view. At that point, we see Donovan's head has been split open, a nice stream of blood coming from it. A tire iron is a few feet away, presumably discarded by Cooper once he got Donovan down. Grabbing Donovan by the head, Cooper hammers the cut with right hands despite the shouts of protest from all around.]

GM: Cooper's all over him! He's attacked Robert Donovan in the parking lot and he's trying to take the big man out!

[Cooper finally stops throwing right hands, grabbing Donovan's head with both hands...

...and SLAMMING the back of his skull into the car door!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Donovan slumps down to the asphalt near an unconscious state. Dave Cooper stands over him, a grin on his face...

...but quickly bolts from the scene as the rear entrance to the WKIK Studios sails open, revealing the charging forms of Jeff Jagger, BC Da Mastah MC, Rick Marley, Sweet Daddy Williams, the Skullcrushers, and Marcus Broussard among several others.]

GM: Help has arrived and Dave Cooper is running away like a thief in the night!

[The cameraman breaks into a sprint after him, just barely catching sight of him again before he dives into a waiting limo on the streets of Dallas,

tearing out of view as the AWA locker room stands by helplessly watching his escape.]

GM: And for the second show in a row, Dave Cooper has struck Robert Donovan and then ran off like a coward! You want to be a big man?! You want to raise hell in the AWA?! Then stand and fight like a man, Cooper!

BW: Calm down, Gordon.

GM: I won't calm down! This guy and his buddies make me sick! I'm sick of all their... I'm sick of it all. Let's go to commercial.

[We abruptly cut to commercial where 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. It's a shot of our announce team, one of which is quite obviously still steaming mad.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and I honestly can't believe what we just saw.

BW: Seriously? Why not?

GM: Dave Cooper just viciously assaulted a man in the parking lot... and he's already been suspended for his actions in Westwego!

BW: His alleged actions. Besides, you're talking about a group of individuals who orchestrated a heist the likes of which hasn't been seen since George Clooney and Brad Pitt knocked over some casinos. Why WOULDN'T they continue to raise hell by doing what we just saw?

GM: Considering the show of force that Cooper has seen the last two times he's shown his face around here, you would think that they might have decided to leave well enough alone and stay the heck away.

BW: Obviously not.

GM: Obviously not. And I'm sure we're going to hear more about this throughout the night but right now, let's move on from this situation and into another bad one.

[Gordon makes a signal to the camera and his mic is suddenly heard throughout the building.]

GM: Folks, a few weeks ago we told you about the vicious, unprovoked attack on MAMMOTH Mizusawa by a man who goes by the name of American Mastodon, during a match for Tiger Paw Pro, while on a tour of Japan. We have learned that MAMMOTH Mizusawa is back home in Japan, recuperating from fractured ribs and a punctured lung as a result of the attack. We wish Mister Mizusawa a healthy and speedy recovery.

[The crowd claps appreciatively.]

GM: We also learned, at the Fourth Anniversary show, that a representative of the Mastodon has been in touch with the AWA front office and that he will be here tonight to explain his actions.

[Touching his earpiece through which, presumably, he is being fed information from the back.]

GM: I can confirm that that is indeed true and, in a few moments, we will be hearing from the Mastodon himself...

[The crowd jeers.]

GM: So, without further ado, allow me to introduce...

AMERICAN MAAASTODON!!!

[The crowd is abuzz as Tomoyasu Hotei's "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" begins to play over the house speakers. The curtains part, but the man who emerges is no six-foot-three superheavyweight. The short, squat figure, the dark blue suit, the glasses, the characteristic smirk; the crowd begins to really rain boos upon the returning Louis Matsui!

Matsui, of course, remains smirking as he saunters down the aisle. He reaches the ringside area, walks up to Gordon Myers and extends a hand. Myers shakes Matsui's hand hesitantly and brings the mic closer to him.]

LM: Miss me?

[More jeers, as the AWA fans do not appreciate the smugness.]

LM: What's wrong, Gordon? You look like you've seen a ghost. It's okay, all I took was a right cross from Juan Vasquez and survived!

GM: Huh? No... It's just that we were expecting the American Mastodon... We had his rep... Hang on...

[Matsui gives Myers a knowing look, nodding at him to continue.]

GM: It was you, wasn't it?

LM: IT WAS MEEEE!!! And after what that seven-foot stack of trash did to me, I can't say he didn't deserve it. You see, Gordon, I am usually a man of business, but the whole situation with Mizusawa was far from business! I thought doing business with the Japanese meant doing it with honor...

[Jeers!]

LM: Respect...

[More jeers!]

LM: And loyalty! I brought him to the cusp of greatness, but when I needed him most, the ingrate turned his back on me.

GM: Maybe he was just tired of your methods, Louis Matsui!

LM: MY METHODS MADE HIM, GORDON! My methods made MAMMOTH Mizusawa. And, now, my methods have unmade him. I bided my time and did what I did best: signed another talent to the Matsui Corporation. And who better to tear down the Japanese giant than a young American who has been leaving behind a trail of broken and battered Japanese bodies? And this time, Gordon, I used the business to settle the personal. You know him as Tiger Paw Pro's American Mastodon...

[The jeers are through the roof!]

LM: But not for very much longer! When I made the call to the AWA front office, it wasn't just to secure a one-night-only appearance; it was to negotiate his AWA contract! And with all that's been going on recently, I guess the suits realized they could do with someone like my client in the AWA ranks. As of today, my client is a member of the AWA locker room! In place of Mizusawa, it is my great pleasure to introduce to all of you...

[Myers is left open-mouthed as Matsui snatches the mic out of his hand.]

LM: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds, under the management of the greatest mind in wrestling, Louis Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIMUSSS!!!

[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 molded 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 Louis Matsui makes his way up the aisle. The music starts to fade, as Matsui takes his place next to his newest client and turns around to address the fans.]

LM: And make no mistake about it, folks, with everything that's been going on recently, MAMMOTH Maximus and yours truly, Louis Matsui, have got their eyes set on nothing LESS THAN the AWA World Heavyweight Championship!

[Black Sabbath starts up again, as Louis Matsui turns to leave, followed by Maximus.]

GM: This show never ceases to amaze me, fans! We just saw the return of Louis Matsui, firmly entrenching himself as the manager of the man who took MAMMOTH Mizusawa out of action - the man known as American- well, I suppose he's now known as MAMMOTH Maximus! And Matsui says they've set their sights on the AWA World Title! My oh my, this is turning into one heck of a night. Fans, let's go backstage where I understand Jason Dane is standing by with a special guest. Jason?

[We cut backstage, where we find Jason Dane standing next to one of the young, up-and-coming stars of the AWA, "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger. Jagger is clad in a pair of jeans a gray t-shirt with the sleeves cut off. His medium length brown hair frames a face that doesn't look very pleased. Dane gets the cue from the cameraman that we're live and begins.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Next to me I have "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger, who lost a controversial match to Dick Bass at the Anniversary Show. Jeff, what are your thoughts about the way that match ended?

[The scowl on Jagger's face deepens.]

JJ: My thoughts are that there's a reason I ain't never ended up in a tag team. I know I ain't got a ton o' experience in this business, but these last few months have got me questionin' whether two people can get inside the ring an' just hook 'em up without six other people gettin' in the middle o' things.

JD: I'm guessing by that statement that you're not pleased with Big Mama's interference in the match against Dick Bass, even if she were looking to help you out.

[Jagger looks exasperated.]

JJ: Jase, I don't need help inside that ring. I work harder than anybody in this locker room. I watch more tape, I spend more time in the gym than anybody I know. When I get in trouble inside the ring, I fall back on that, not some loaded purse!

JD: Even though Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass employ underhanded tactics, you're not willing to fight fire with fire?

JJ: I just told you, I don't need it. I got all the firepower I need right here.

[Jagger raises his fists up.]

JJ: I wanted Casanova and Scotty to be handcuffed to each other just so I could twist Dick Bass into a damn pretzel without interruption. Bein' that this whole mess I've found myself in is business between Scotty, Big Mama and them other two clowns, I certainly wasn't expectin' Big Mama to go swingin' that purse around at guys she supports.

JD: Well she obviously wasn't happy that Dick Bass shoved her down to the floor and wanted revenge.

JJ: You think I was happy 'bout that snake layin' his hands on a woman? Leave revenge in the hands o' people who know how to dish it out. I know what Scotty woulda wanted me to do an' I was in the process o' doin' just that - puttin' his lights out when I somehow ended up on the business side of what felt like a Mack truck.

JD: So what next?

JJ: I don't honestly know, Jason. I ain't talked to Scotty to get his thoughts on what happened, but this is gettin' downright ridiculous. These two want my help in puttin' Casanova and Bass down for the count, we've gotta get on the same page.

Otherwise I'm not gonna have much choice but to take matters into my own hands.

[With that, Jagger storms off camera and we cut back to a panning shot of the WKIK Studios where we see the hulking form of Bruno "the Butcher" Verhoeven standing in the middle of the ring. He is wearing his ring attire of urban camo slacks, black boots and black MMA gloves. His heavily tattooed arms are crossed. Sweat is running down his stone-faced features.

The young German beast is flanked by a middle-aged man that is dwarfed by Verhoeven's size. The pale caucasian with the spiked, black hair and the wired-rimmed glasses is dressed in a green, tweed sports coat and beige dress pants.]

GM: Fans, we are joined by Bruno Verhoeven and his ... ahem ... legal advisor Theodore Colville. I understand Bruno wants to comment on his loss at the Anniversary Show to one Travis Lynch.

[Colville gives a friendly nod to the announcers desk before he raises a mic to address the audience, his voice warm and friendly.]

TWC: Hello out there. My name is Theodore Winston Colville. I am employed by the law firm of Meyer, Winkle & Panday right here in the business district of Downtown Dallas.

[He mimes holding a phone to his ear.]

TWC: If you run into some trouble, give us a call.

[The crowd jeers the shilling shyster as they are not interested in a live-read commercial.]

TWC: At this point, I represent Mr. Bruno Verhoeven, aka "the New Butcher".

[Colville gives a client a wary sideways glance.]

TWC: A very brutal, nom de guerre, but that is not in my purview to judge.

Tonight, Mr. Verhoeven wants to release a statement about his contest versus Travis Lynch. Despite our earlier protests and demands, Mr. Lynch and AWA ignored the plea to reinstate the Premier Championship Wrestling World Championship and have grant my client the title shot he deserved.

Worse, Mr. Lynch utilized a blatant breaking of rules to harm my client and end their match. We have expert witness Gordon Myers on tape identifying the attack that hit my client in the jaw a "discus punch" and the rule book of the American Wrestling Alliance states under paragraph 17, clause A, third line that closed fists ... are illegal.

[Boos from the crowd. They do not need a lawyer to ruin their fun. Bruno just stands by, his facial expression unreadable.]

TWC: So, as you can see, in a match that did not satisfy our demands my client was cheated in plain view of the referee and other American Wrestling Alliance officials. My client cannot tolerate this. Right now, we demand Mr. Lynch to come out here to face these allegations.

["Tom Sawyer" by Rush begins to play throughout the studio and the crowd cheers madly for Texas' native son, as Travis Lynch emerges from behind the curtain and he does not look happy.]

GM: Travis still does not look happy about the fact that the PCW Championship belt has apparently been stolen right out of his locker room.

BW: First off, who just keeps a quote unquote prestigious title belt lying around in their locker room, and secondly I wouldn't be surprised if it was one of these Texas hooligans who stole it.

[Travis slaps a few of the fans hands on his way to the ring as he stares at the beast known as the New Butcher. Travis slides under the bottom rope and the crowd continues to cheer as he shifts his gaze towards Theodore Winston Colville.]

TL: So you calling me a cheat?

[Theodore shrugs his shoulders and nods in agreement as the crowd boos his reaction. Travis shakes his head side to side and thrusts his left hand into the air as the crowd cheers. A sneer flashes across the face of Bruno.]

TL: This is the most feared hand in this business, whether it be the Iron Claw or The Discus Punch! And if your client ...

[Travis points at Bruno.]

TL: ...can't take it... then maybe he should just find a new career.

[Travis lowers his hand as the crowd cheers in agreement with his statement. Travis stares up into the eyes of Bruno Verhoeven before Colville catches his attention once again by speaking.]

TWC: So you do not deny your defiance of the rules, Mr. Lynch? You seem to fail to realize the severity of your situation. I find it abhorrent that this crowd cheers you even as you flaunt your disrespect for the laws of this sport. Mr. Lynch, we want you to apologize. We demand that AWA strikes my client's loss from the records and we will only accept a title shot at the Premier Championship Wrestling World Championship as a settlement. Otherwise, we will appeal to every authority professional wrestling has to offer and the consequences for you will b-

TL: Quiet, boy!

[The crowd cheers as Travis looks directly at the New Butcher and begins to address him.]

TL: Y'all stand there and lecture me on the rules of this great business? I've had this sport driven into my mind since I took my first step ... And you of all people Bruno, you of all people should have no right ... no leg to stand on when it comes to lecturing others about the rules. Your family has made their name in this business based upon a blatant disrespect of the rules!

[The crowd cheers.]

TL: Is this what the mighty Verhoeven family has become? A mountain of a man letting others whine and cry for him ...

[Travis pauses and takes Verhoeven from head to toe.]

TL: At least Otto didn't hide behind the skirts of others ...

TWC: My client -

[Verhoeven grabs Theodore's tiny hand holding the microphone and holds him up to his face. His features are contorted into a red grimace of barely contained anger.]

BV: LYNCH ... VEAKE!

[Droplets of spittle fly from his face.]

BV: YOU ... SURVIVE ... ONCE!

[He holds up a single index finger before clenching his free hand into a fist.]

BV: NO MORE!

[Colville cranes his neck to speak into the mic.]

TWC: What my client means to express here is his desire to-

[Lynch interrupts.]

TL: Yap yap yap! This is Texas, boy! We don't talk ...

[That hangs in the air for a moment.]

TL: ...we fight!

[Verhoeven seems to oblige that request, lashing out with a wild right hand that Lynch ducks underneath. With a yelp, Theodore Colville scatters out to safety as the young Lynch throws a barrage of jabbing right hands that find their target, staggering the off-balance German...

...who replies by lashing out with a hooking blow to the ribs that stops Lynch short, turning him around and making him an easy target as Verhoeven lowers the boom with a kidney punch that knocks Lynch down to a knee!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Verhoeven's got a boxing background, Gordo. He ain't someone that a smart man would trade fisticuffs with!

GM: Travis Lynch doesn't seem too afraid to do it!

BW: Like I said.

[A clubbing forearm smashes home across the back of the head and neck, knocking Lynch down to the canvas. Verhoeven stands over Lynch, taunting the jeering crowd before slowly reaching down, dragging the Texan back up by the arm where he flings him towards the ropes...

...but Lynch charges back off the ropes, leaving his feet to connect with a flying shoulder tackle that staggers the new Butcher!]

GM: Ohh! He rocked him!

BW: But Verhoeven ain't going down, daddy!

[Lynch winds up, ready to throw another right hand...

...but the ring suddenly fills with a sea of officials that wedge themselves between the two combatants, dragging them apart from one another. Suddenly, Theodore Colville's voice rings out again.]

TWC: Mr. Lynch! Mr. Lynch!

[All eyes turn to ringside where Colville has produced a black duffel bag that was apparently left at the timekeeper's table.]

TWC: I am sad to see that you insist on continuing your brutal and out of control ways here in the American Wrestling Alliance. My client will be forced to push this issue further to get his rights. As any student of jurisprudence knows, in a property dispute in the absence of clear and compelling testimony or documentation to the contrary, the person in actual possession of the property is presumed to be the rightful owner. This is also known to the general public as possession is nine-tenth of the law.

[Colville grins as Lynch shouts "What the heck are you talking about?"]

TWC: What I'm talking about, young man, is this...

I present Bruno Verhoeven with ... Premier Championship Wrestling World Championship!

[Verhoeven has rolled to the outside just as Colville pulls the title belt out of the duffel bag.]

GM: Verhoeven's got it! Verhoeven stole the title belt!

BW: Or Colville did!

GM: That's right! One of them stole that title belt out of Travis Lynch's locker room and-

[The wild-eyed German grabs the title, raising it slowly over his head, his eyes fixed on a struggling Travis Lynch who is attempting to free himself from the grip of the officials inside the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch wants more of Verhoeven! He wants to bring the fight to the Butcher but these officials are holding him back!

[Colville claps for his client, the crowd jeering loudly, as Verhoeven slowly backs away towards the exit, still holding the title over his head as we fade 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 the announce position where Gordon Myers is shaking his head with disgust.]

GM: Unbelievable.

BW: Now THAT'S a DVD I want to buy! Where can I order it?!

GM: You're as bad as they are. James and Jack Lynch may have taken a bit of a pounding at the hands of The Aces at the conclusion of the Anniversary Show inside that cage but you can bet that when the Lynches get their hands on Childes and Tyler, it's going to be a violent night for the Number One Contenders. But speaking of that attack inside the cage, the Lynches weren't the only ones who were the victims that night. Violence Unlimited took their share - more than their share - of a pounding as well at the hands of the Bishop Boys.

BW: The Bishops decided that they were tired of hearing everyone talking about how great Violence Unlimited is and they decided to put an end to that topic.

GM: Breaking Danny Morton's arm in the process! Danny Morton has been sidelined indefinitely by AWA medical staff as they discovered a concussion along with the broken arm. Our own Jason Dane caught up with Jackson Haynes earlier tonight to find out his mental state after seeing what happened to his partner two weeks ago. Let's watch that clip right now...

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where we open to a shot of an expression-less Jackson Haynes, standing by with Jason Dane in the interview area. Haynes is dressed in street clothes; a powder blue polo shirt, a belt with a huge buckle, and dark blue jeans. He has his arms crossed over his chest, staring off into the audience as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, at the 4th Anniversary show, we witnessed a horrendous attack perpetrated by The Bishop Boys and The Aces, on the two teams involved in the main event, The Lynches and Violence Unlimited. I have with me now, one-half of Violence Unlimited...Jackson Haynes!

[Haynes doesn't even bother to look in Jason Dane's direction, still lost in his own thoughts.]

JD: Twice now, The Bishop Boys have cost you and Danny Morton matches against The Lynch brothers, each time, a match with the National tag team titles on the line. Your thoughts?

[After a moment, Haynes turns his head towards Dane and stares him down, the expression on his face remaining cold and unreadable. Realizing he's not answering, Dane changes direction.]

JD: Not only that, but there's a very strong possibility that The Aces and The Bishops conspired together. If they have indeed formed an alliance, how do you plan to fight against them?

[Still no response from Haynes, who continues staring a hole right through Dane.]

JD: Ummm...We've also received word that Danny Morton suffered a broken arm and a severe concussion as a result of the attack. Do you have any insight on when or if he'll come back?

[He just keeps staring, as Dane is becoming noticeably more uncomfortable by the second.]

JD: Well...uh...

[He squirms a bit.]

JD: With the uncertain status of Danny Morton's future, where do you go from here? Will you find another tag team partn-

[That seems to have gotten Haynes's attention, as he takes one step forward and intensifies his glare, looking down at Dane eye-to-eye. He seems ready to rip into Dane with one of his infamous diatribes, but instead, after a few tense moments, Haynes simply stands straight and turns his heel, walking away. Dane makes sure Haynes has vacated the area, before turning to the camera.]

JD: Ummm...back to you guys.

[He breathes a sigh of relief as we fade out and back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a 15 minute time limit.

BW: Not gonna need it, daddy.

[Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring, at a combined weight of 446 lbs., Phil and Bill, The Phillips Twins!

[Two similar looking men in white tights and boots each raise a hand to the audience, who respond with dead silence.]

GM: Twins? So which one's which?

BW: I think Bill is the one with the mustache. Not that it matters, Gordo, these guys are leaving in the ambulance.

GM: Why are you so adamant that these men are in trouble?

BW: Because...

[And then, the choppy guitar starts.]

BW: ...of these guys.

GM: Uh oh.

[Yes, that's right, Gordon. "Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel kicks in and the crowd's boos are almost deafening.]

BW: Watch your arms, boys!

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Oh, lighten up.

[The Bishop Boys come stomping out of the entrance together and the boos get even louder. Cousin Bo follows, looking around.]

GM: What's he looking for?

BW: That hothead Haynes, probably.

GM: If he's even still in the building. You saw that look on his face. Who knows where he went?

BW: Yeah, nice try. You know he's gonna try to avenge Morton. And he'll fail because The Bishop Boys are too much.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The Bishops hit the ring, sending The Phillips Twins scattering.]

BW: First smart move anybody's ever tried against The Bishops.

[Cletus Lee knocks the microphone out of the announcer's hand, sending him scurrying quickly out of the ring.]

BW: HA! He never even got to introduce them!

GM: Unbelievable. I wish someone would stop these two bullies.

BW: Well, it ain't gonna be Violence Unlimited, we know that.

[Gordon sighs as the bell rings. The Phillips Twins are arguing over who's going to start the match. Cletus Lee has no time for this, and he simply reaches over the ropes and picks Bill up by the head and flings him into the ring.]

GM: Good lord, Cletus Lee's strength never ceases to amaze me.

BW: Yup, he's one of the strongest men in the AWA.

[Cletus Lee throws Bill into the ropes and nails him with a forearm on the rebound. Bill flops backwards, landing on the back of his head. The crowd winces.]

GM: My goodness! Bill Phillips could be out of it already!

BW: When was he ever in it? Maybe in the parking lot before the show.

[Cletus Lee looks satisfied and tags Duane Henry in.]

GM: I notice Bo is still looking around the building.

BW: Hey, he's a smart manager. You never know where Haynes could come from.

GM: I told you, Jackson Haynes has probably left the building.

BW: Yeah, right.

[As Bill slowly crawls to his corner, Duane Henry drops down in front of him, staring right into his face.]

GM: What is he doing?

[The camera manages to catch Duane Henry talking.]

DHB: C'mon, Danny. You can do it. Just move that bum arm.

GM: Oh, for the love of... he's acting as if this poor man is Danny Morton!

[Bucky's laughing too hard to add any comment.]

GM: Oh great, now Duane Henry is grabbing his arm. This can't be good, Bucky.

BW: Depends on who you ask! They're gonna send Jackson Haynes a message in case he's got any ideas about being the big hero.

[Duane Henry pulls Bill towards the corner, holding his victim's arm against the top turnbuckle. The smaller Bishop sticks his boot up on the arm, pushing as hard as he can.]

GM: Oh, come on, ref, stop this. This maniac is trying to break another man's arm.

[Indeed, the ref starts a five count which Duane Henry beats just in time, wheeling around to drag his opponent by the hurting limb towards the Phillips' corner.]

GM: Now what in the world is this all about? Duane Henry Bishop is taking Bill Phillips to the corner and... oh brother.

[Duane Henry glares at Phil Phillips, an intense stare covering his face.]

DHB: You want some of this, Haynes?!

GM: This is ridiculous. These men are NOT Violence Unlimited.

[An argument that Phil Phillips quickly tries to make before tagging in and surprising Duane Henry with a left hand to the jaw, making him back off!]

GM: Big shot from the southpaw!

[The crowd cheers for the first time in the match as Duane Henry stumbles backwards.]

GM: YEAH! Go get him, Phil!

BW: Nice impartiality.

GM: I'll show some when you do.

[With his opponent stunned, Phil Phillips throws a nice looking dropkick, knocking Duane Henry off his feet and down to the canvas.]

GM: Oh my! Nice move by Phil Phillips! The underdog is trying to string together a rally right here.

[Phil is pumped up, yelling out to the crowd who yell back in approval as he turns towards the recovering Duane Henry.]

GM: Duane Henry's getting up slowly as Phil Phillips shows off some nice basic offense.

BW: Don't let the scrub get to ya, Duane Henry. Put it to him.

[As Duane Henry reaches his feet, Phil Phillips throws three more big left hands to the roar of the crowd, sending Duane Henry falling back to the corner. Phillips grabs him by the arm, firing him across the ring...

...and sending him crashing into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Duane Henry hits hard!

[The Bishop staggers out of the corner as Phillips winds way back, throwing another big haymaker...

...but Duane Henry ducks under it, avoiding the shot!]

GM: Left hand ducked!

BW: You absolutely do not try to upstage The Bishop Boys. When are teams gonna learn?

[Phil turns around in confusion just in time to see Cletus Lee charging at him. Phil's eyes go wide. WHAM!]

BW: That charging big boot! This has got to be over!

[Duane Henry never actually tagged out, so he grabs Phil and puts him in an Argentine backbreaker. Duane Henry angrily yells at his brother.]

DHB: DO IT! NOW!

[You don't have to tell Cletus Lee twice, as he hits the ropes behind Duane Lee and rebounds with another Charging Big Boot to Phil Phillips' skull. Duane Henry hangs on and swivels the opponent forward, hitting a seated powerbomb.]

BW: DOC ALLAN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR! Works every time!

[Duane Henry holds the pin attempt, waiting as the official counts.]

GM: There's a one... a two... and of course, a three.

[The bell rings as Duane Henry Bishop climbs to his feet, taking a moment to embrace his bigger brother as he enters the ring. Duane Henry launches a stomping attack on Phil Phillips, forcing him under the ropes to the floor as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the match, THE BISHOP BOYS!

GM: Well, Phil Phillips tried, but in the end, he becomes just one more man to feel the Elixir.

BW: Nobody gets up from it. No one has, and no one will.

GM: And...here come The Bishop Boys to our commentary position.

[Bo smiles, even as he looks around.]

CB: One more day, one more win. It's inevitable.

GM: Is that why you're looking around?

[Bo's eyes narrow.]

CB: Hey! You know Jackson Haynes is still here! I'm just keeping my eyes open for him.

GM: No, Mr. Allen, Jackson Haynes is not here. He's gone from the building.

CB: And probably the company too. He knows it's not smart to risk taking the most devastating finishing maneuver of all time.

[Cletus Lee starts throwing chairs around in the background.]

GM: Hey! Watch it! Mr. Allen, would you please stop him?!

[Bo looks to the sky for a second and ponders his answer. Pretty quickly too.]

CB: Nope.

[Duane Henry is flailing his arm about.]

DHB: Hiya, Danny! So sorry to hear you ain't feelin' too good. Mebbe if ya had a different partner, this never woulda happened.

[Duane Henry now mimes throwing a hat to the ground.]

GM: Y'know, you people are sick. I just can't take it anymore.

[Gordon puts his mic down on the table and crosses his arms.]

BW: Heyyyyy, that means more interview time for me!

CB: Finally, somebody with a brain in this company.

BW: Hehe. So, now that you've run Violence Unlimited out of town, what's next?

CB: I've said it before and I'll say it again. We are going to be the first tag team in this company's history to hold the National Tag Team Titles TWICE!

BW: Praise the lord. Anybody but The Stenches. But, I have to ask one thing. What if it's The Aces that hold the titles by the time you get your well-deserved match?

[Bo thinks for a second.]

CB: Y'know, I kinda respect The Aces. Percy's a heck of a guy to deal with.

BW: You mean you two planned what happened at the Anniversary Show?

[Bo nods.]

CB: Sure did. That being said, if and when they win the titles, don't think for a second we're just gonna rest on our laurels. We want... no, we NEED those titles. We need to show the world that we are the most dominant team in AWA history. If it's The Aces we have to face...

[Bo shrugs.]

CB: ...we won't be sorry about what we have to do. Gold rules over respect.

BW: And if The Stenches are still champions?

[Bo looks at Bucky funny and laughs.]

CB: Ah, you slay me, Bucky. That's a good one. On that note, we're gonna go find Haynes. We know darn well he's still here. Even if Myers over there says otherwise.

[And with that, Bo stops Cletus Lee from throwing any more chairs and gestures for them to leave. They follow behind, Duane Henry's arm limping the entire way as Gordon slowly rejoins the announce desk.]

GM: I can't believe you like those guys, Bucky.

BW: They kick tail and don't apologize for it. What's not to like?

GM: You're too much. Fans, while I was away from the desk, I was just informed that right here in two weeks' time on Saturday Night Wrestling, we're going to see the in-ring debut of MAMMOTH Maximus!

BW: Now THAT'S something to look forward to, daddy. That guy left a trail of broken bodies all over the Land of the Rising Sun and now he's gonna do the same thing here in the AWA on the way to becoming the first AWA World Champion.

GM: You really think he's going to win the tournament? We don't even know if he's IN the tournament yet!

BW: Look at the size of him! Do your research! The AWA front office would be colossal idiots to not put him in there.

GM: We'll see about that... and we'll see MAMMOTH Maximus in action for the very first time right here next time on SNW. Now, before we go back to the ring for more action, let's go back to Jason Dane who I understand is standing by with Mr. Intensity himself, Scotty Mayhem!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing alongside Scotty Mayhem who stands there wearing red knee high cowboy boots over red spandex pants. His sleeveless red spandex shirt shows off his well-toned arms as he adjusts his red bandana with "Mayhem" scrawled across the front. His intense eyes are covered by white jammer sunglasses as he nods his head at Jason Dane, twirling a finger in the air.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Scotty Mayhem, you requested this time... actually, you DEMANDED this interview so that you could get some things off your chest. No doubt you heard the comments from your good friend, Jeff Jagger, earlier this evening.

[Mayhem nods his head in agreement. The veins in his thick neck bulge as he begins to speak.]

Mayhem: Jason Dane, it goes a little something like this, yeah! Jeff Jagger is a little hot under the collar. Jeff Jagger is like a volcano ready to ERUPT after what happened on the Anniversary Show and Jason Dane, I couldn't agree more.

If there is anybody to blame for what happened - you're lookin' at him, Dane. I thought I had all the bases covered - yeah I did. I thought with that low life cuffed to the wrist of Scotty Mayhem, we would all see Jeff Jagger make a stool pigeon out of that piece of trash, Dick Bass, yeah.

[Mayhem looks around for a moment. His face red, veins bulging in his neck like it's actually hard for him to speak.]

Mayhem: But that's not how it worked out, was it, Dane? Oh no. You see Dick Bass had to put his hands on my number one lady! Dick Bass shoved down Big Mama and that got her blood boiling, Yeah! I drove it in Big Mama's head that in this business it's an "eye for an eye", yeah. So when Jagger had Dick Bass in that Carolina Clutch, she saw the perfect opportunity to return the favor, yeah. She jumped on the apron and was looking to even the score... but we all know what happened, don't we, Dane?

JD: We sure do! She ended up hitting Jeff Jagger and costing him the match!

Mayhem: You hit the nail right on the head, brother! She did end up costing Jeff Jagger the match! Her actions ended up costing Jeff a important win! But I take full responsibility for her actions, Dane, yeah.

JD: How is it your fault?!

Mayhem: It's simple, Dane. If I didn't drive it in her head to stand up for herself, we wouldn't be in this mess right now, oh no. If I didn't tell Big Mama that she had to make people understand she wouldn't be pushed around, then Jagger would have had his arm raised in victory! I took that away from him, it's all on my shoulders and I'm out here to say I'm sorry brother.

JD: Have you even been in contact with Jeff Jagger? Have you even tried in the past two weeks to reach him or were you waiting for tonight?

Mayhem: I'm a stand up guy, Dane! I let Jagger cool off for a couple of days because I know how it feels to be on the losing end of some important matches, yeah. I've been blowin' up his home phone, leaving messages on his cell phone, but haven't heard anything back. I know Jagger is a competitive guy. I know he is hotter then the Arizona sun right now at me and Big Mama and I don't blame him. But I wanted to make sure he knew how troubled and sorry I am about what happened, yeah. I wanted to come out in front of everybody and make a public apology.

[The crowd cheers and claps as Mayhem nods his head. Dane continues.]

JD: Jeff Jagger earlier tonight said that he was questioning his decision to team up with you and Big Mama...

Mayhem: He did, did he?

JD: Let me finish. He essentially said that he likes to go things alone. But you asked him for help, he got laid out by Big Mama and her purse and that if you guys want to get rid of Casanova and Bass, you have to be on the same page? How do you respond to that?

[Mayhem rubs his bearded chin, mumbling to himself. He adjusts his sunglasses as he begins to speak.]

Mayhem: What do I have to say to that, Dane? [pauses] That I couldn't agree more! I did ask him for help in getting rid of Casanova and Bass! I did ask him to team with Scotty Mayhem to throw away the trash. Big Mama did knock him senseless with a purse and like I said, yeah- it was all MY fault! We do have to get on the same page. Where is Jeff Jagger?

JD: I don't know... wait... where are you-

[Mayhem starts to exit, turning back slightly.]

Mayhem: I gotta' go find him, brother- yeah!

[The "yeah" is barely audible as Scotty Mayhem walks out of the camera's view.]

JD: There you have it, folks. Scotty Mayhem agrees with Jeff Jagger that if they're going to beat Playboy Enterprises, they have to be a unit - a team!

Hopefully they can work out their differences and get on the same page.
Bucky, Gordon - back to you at ringside!

[We crossfade back down to the announce area where our team is standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Scotty Mayhem and Jeff Jagger certainly do need to get on the same page to deal with Playboy Enterprises but you have to believe that somewhere in their minds, they're thinking about how they may fit into the Championship Committee's plans for the World Title Tournament. You have to believe that both men would give anything to be involved with it, Bucky.

BW: Oh, absolutely. If you don't have an interest in being in the World Title tournament, you've got no business being in this sport. The Championship Committee will get phone calls from wrestlers all over the world for this one - bet on it.

GM: Including the man who is about to walk out here and defend his own title... the only singles title currently recognized by the American Wrestling Alliance, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Rex Summers. That title is on the line right now so let's go up to the ring!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship! Introducing first, in the corner to my right... he is the challenger... from Mexico City, Mexico... Angel de Oro!

[The gold-suited luchador does a quick front roll across the ring, taking a knee and waving his arms for the cheers of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent... in the corner to my left...

["Red Hot" Rex Summers, still in his floor length plush robe marches across the ring and snatches the mic away from Phil Watson.]

RS: Shut your hole, Watson!

[The crowd jeers!]

RS: If these idiots in the back can't do me the honor of giving me my full entrance to the ring on television, the least they can do is make sure I don't have to suffer your ramblings while I'm perfectly capable of making my own introduction.

[Phil Watson backs away, leaving the center of the ring to the champion.]

RS: To the ladies of the world, feast your eyes on the man who is YOUR Longhorn Heritage Champion... representing Waterson International...

"RED HOT"

REEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMERRRRRS!

[Summers smirks at the crowd's reaction - mostly jeers but a solid response from the females in the building. He shrugs out of his robe, letting it fall to his feet as he swivels his gold title wrapped waist in the direction of the camera.]

GM: Rex Summers is certainly not lacking for confidence, Bucky.

BW: He's the only champion left standing, daddy! Can you blame him?

[As the bell rings, Summers promptly locks up with Angel de Oro, blasting the luchador across the face with a hard forearm shot, sending him falling back into the ropes where he promptly grabs an arm...]

GM: Summers with the whip... backdrop on the way...

[But the luchador turns his back to use Summers' own back to allow him to backflip over the top, landing on his feet to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Whoa my!

[As Summers wheels around, the luchador leaps up, scoring with both feet squarely in the chest, sending the champion stumbling back as Angel de Oro gets back to his feet, rushing forward to leap up, hooking Summers' head with his legs...

...and taking him over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: Ohhh!

[The luchador somehow manages to land on the apron, ready to continue the attack. He swings a suited arm around in the air, drawing cheers from the crowd as he turns his back to Summers...

...something that the veteran takes advantage of as he springs off the floor, grabbing the masked man by the ankles and YANKING his legs out from under him, causing Angel de Oro's covered face to SMASH into the ring apron!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: I love it, Gordo! That's exactly the kind of thing that a champion can do when it's go-time! Rex Summers is putting that title on the line here again tonight, showing the world that it don't matter if there's a National Champion... it don't matter if there's a World Champion... 'cause at the end of the day, there's him and he's all the champ we need!

[A still-annoyed Summers pulls the masked man to his feet by the back of his tights...

...and SHOVES him stomachfirst into the ring apron!]

GM: He slams the ribs into the apron! We usually see competitors use that apron to smash someone's back into but Summers went the other way with it, going after the ribs.

[Summers lands a trio of hooking forearms smashes into the ribs of the masked man before hoisting him up into atomic drop position...

...and then SWINGING him down and forward, DRIVING the injured ribs into the apron again!]

GM: Goodness! I don't think I've ever seen that done before! That's a surefire way to bust up someone inside, Bucky.

BW: It sure is and I wouldn't be surprised to see this kid from Mexico spitting blood here in a minute.

GM: Neither would I after that.

[Bracing the luchador against the apron, Summers DRIVES a forearm into the kidneys to the jeers of the crowd before shoving him under the ropes into the ring, narrowly beating the referee's count as he rolls back in himself.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now...

[Summers applies a quick press, making sure to press his forearm bone against the cheek of the masked man.]

GM: Summers covers for one... for two... but that's all!

[An angry Summers climbs to his feet, kicking the ribs repeatedly until the official backs him off...

...and he shoves past Mickey Meekly, dropping a knee down into the ribs!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Nothing illegal about that, Gordo.

GM: Maybe not but it's certainly uncalled for!

[Summers promptly drops down, smashing an elbow into the ribs and earning a second two count that the luchador escapes.]

GM: Another two count there for the champion.

[An angry Summers rolls into the mount, grabbing the eyeholes on the mask to pull his head off the mat...

...and then SLAMS the back of his skull into the canvas!]

GM: Rex Summers is showing the world his mean streak here tonight in Dallas as he attempts to successfully defend the Longhorn Heritage Championship.

[Summers rises to his feet, dragging the luchador with him. He pulls him up into a scoop, looking for a backbreaker...

...but the luchador uses his momentum against him, dragging him down into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans with disappointment as Summers manages to get a shoulder off the mat before the three count...

...and then LEVELS a rising Angel de Oro with a running clothesline that flips the luchador all the way over onto his stomach!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Now THAT’S a clothesline, daddy!

[Summers delivers a series of hard stomps to the head of the downed masked man, refusing to give him time to recover after the devastating clothesline. He leans down, pulling the limp masked man up by the back of the tights...

...and then delivers an equally brutal clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: A second big clothesline by Summers! Man oh man, he’s wearing this youngster from Mexico City out! Angel de Oro is an up and coming young competitor in our partner promotion, SouthWest Lucha Libre, and is making his first stateside appearance here.

BW: Maybe he should’ve stayed in Mexico.

GM: Right now, he may be thinking the same thing.

[Summers pulls a motionless luchador off the mat, tugging him directly into a double underhook...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: HEAT CHECK!

BW: That’s all she wrote, daddy!

GM: I believe you're right.

[Summers rolls the masked man to his back, applying a pressing cover with both arms extended...

...and blows a kiss in the direction of the camera as the three count comes down.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner and STILL Longhorn Heritage Champion...

"RED HOT" REEEEEEX SUMMMMMERRRRRS!

[Summers pushes himself up off the mat, accepting the Longhorn Heritage Title back into his hands. He holds the title belt in the air, swiveling his hips before he lowers it over his muscular shoulder, glaring at the downed luchador.]

GM: Rex Summers successfully defends the title over Angel de Oro and that certainly puts his name high up on the list of men looking to compete in the World Title tournament, Bucky.

BW: He shouldn't even HAVE to compete! They should just give him the title!

GM: I highly doubt that. But I bet he'd agree and he's on his way here to join us.

[The camera shot switches to showing the announce duo as the Longhorn Heritage Champion approaches.]

GM: Congratulations on a successful defense of your title, Mr. Summers.

[Rex Summers nods, slapping the title belt over his shoulder as he settles in to speak.]

RS: Thanks a bunch, Gordster. Now... you're the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is that right?

GM: I've been called that before, yes.

RS: And you've seen everything there is to see in the world of pro wrestling, is that right?

GM: Well, I don't know about-

RS: Tell me, Gordster. In your experience...

[He raises both arms over his head, crunching his abs to show off those muscles.]

RS: ...have you EVER seen a better body than this?

[Summers smirks as he swivels his torso, drawing jeers from the majority of the fans.]

GM: Mr. Summers, I would imagine you have something to say about the announcement of the new AWA World Title.

RS: Oh, you're absolutely right about that, Gordster. I've got one question that I want to ask the front office, the Championship Committee, Jim Watkins, Jon Stegglet... whoever the heck made that decision.

GM: Which is?

RS: Why waste everyone's time?

[Bucky chuckles as Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Dare I ask what you mean by that?

RS: It's simple, oldtimer. When all that stuff went down in Westwego, who were the singles champions in the AWA?

GM: I think it's pretty obvious who they were.

RS: Humor me, Gordon.

GM: Yourself and Calisto Dufresne.

[Summers snaps his fingers.]

RS: Exactly! The National Champion was good ol' Calisto Dufresne, a close, personal friend of my manager, Ben Waterson. And the Longhorn Heritage Champion AND former PCW World Heavyweight Champion was yours truly, "Red Hot" Rex Summers.

GM: Do you have a point?

RS: My point is that in the absence of Calisto Dufresne and his National Title, the AWA already had a top champion... and you're looking at him. The AWA already had someone wearing the gold like a real champion... and you're looking at him. The AWA already had someone who was a former World Champion and could just as easily still have that title today... and you're looking at him.

[Summers smirks.]

RS: So, the way I look at it, the AWA could have saved the whole wrestling world a lot of time by just getting that fancy new belt made and placing it around MY waist, Gordon.

Because when you look up and down this roster... heck, when you look up and down the talent out there in the entire wrestling world... it becomes crystal clear that there's only ONE man worthy of being the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

And you know what, Gordon Myers?

[Gordon shakes his head with a sigh.]

GM: I'm looking at him?

[Summers chuckles, patting Gordon on the back.]

RS: You catch on quick, oldtimer. You catch on real quick.

[Summers walks out of sight, patting the title belt slung over his shoulder.]

GM: Rex Summers, the Longhorn Heritage Champion - could HE be the man to wear the AWA World Title first? Only time will tell. Fans, we'll be right back after this commercial break!

[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 the announce area where Jason Dane stands with Percy Childes and all of Percy's charges: the Aces, Nenshou, and James Monosso.

Every one of Childes' men seems to have dressed for the occasion. Percy himself is clad in a formal suit, black jacket and pants, white undershirt, and a dark purple tie. The bald-headed, goateed manager is brandishing his crystal-tipped walking stick to give directions to stagehands, but seems in a level mood. The Aces are decked out in dark purple, silk button-down shirts, black dress slacks, and what appear to be fancy and expensive shoes.

They're still wearing their respective masks. Even Nenshou is wearing a crisp tailor-made suit, black jacket and pants with a white shirt and black-and-white tie. He's still got his hood on, which is black with red trim, and is also wearing black leather driving gloves. James Monosso... is wearing a "tuxedo" T-Shirt and midnight blue jeans. At least the jeans seem new, rather than the used/worn looking stuff we'd usually see him wear in street clothes. The stringy-haired madman has got a surly expression on his wide, cleanshaven, flat face.

Jason Dane begins the interview.]

JD: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and I have a lot of questions for you, Percy Childes.

PC: Jason Dane, I am quite sure that you've got a lot of questions. You seem to be slow on the uptake and easily confused, unable to piece together simple facts to make reasonable deductions. But since you're still smarter than most of the lowest-common-denominator fans we get at most AWA events...

[BOOOO!]

PC: ...go ahead and ask. I'm sure the people could stand to have things spelled out for them.

JD: How can you justify what Nenshou did to Eric Preston at the Anniversary Show? That black mist... he may be blinded for life!

PC: I can justify it easily; he was aiming for Rick Marley.

JD: You know what I mean! That's the second career you've potentially ended with... that poison! And now you mean to imply that you're still going to try and maim Rick Marley with that black mist?

PC: Actually, no. The black mist is very serious, Mr. Dane... very rare. It isn't like spraying Windex in someone's eyes... though that is effective too, isn't it James?

[Monosso nods and smiles briefly, for some reason.]

JD: What?

PC: The black mist is very exotic. The effects are more than simple blindness, but these effects are subtle and long-term. Suffice to say, it is difficult to manufacture or acquire, and there is a cultural significance that makes it improper and uncouth to use repeatedly. It is to be saved for only the most grievous, serious offenses. And you, Rick Marley, committed one of those when you dug too deep into the plans and the mind of Nenshou. But Nenshou commends you for your ruthless defense. Moving Eric Preston into the way of a career-ending attack was inspired. You rid yourself of a competitor and can pretend that it was an accident. Very shrewd.

JD: What? Eric Preston jumped in the way himself!

PC: Eyes-first? Really?

JM: Dumb kid always did lead with his chin.

PC: [shaking his head at Monosso] No, we know better. Rick Marley is a ruthless man with a number of career terminations to his credit. He evaded the black mist that was meant for him by sacrificing Eric Preston. But that is no matter. Nenshou has a myriad of ways to silence a man. And Mr. Marley will need all of that ruthlessness and experience if he hopes to survive my Nenshou's displeasure.

JD: And what of Marley's allegations that James Monosso is just a... *urk*

[Dane's question is cut off as Nenshou reaches over and presses his index and ring fingers on either side of Dane's Adam's apple, with the middle finger bent above like a finger in a ready position on a keyboard.]

PC: A _myriad_ of ways, Dane. That technique he is threatening can destroy those moneymaking vocal cords of yours. I'd change the subject.

JM: I won't.

[Percy turns to glare at Monosso as the fans give an excited "oooooooooh".]

JM: There's a World Title Tournament now. So all any of us gotta do is beat whoever gets in our way. Yeah, if I get eliminated, I'm gonna do what Percy wants to help Nenshou 'cause that's what I get paid for.

But that means somebody's gotta beat me. Somebody's gotta get in the ring, and need it more than I need it. And nobody needs it more than I need it! I don't know how I'm still walkin', but I am so I'm still fightin' for my life! They can't keep me outta that tournament. 'Cause if they do...

[James returns Percy's glare.]

JM: I'll know it was 'cause my manager didn't do his bit to get me in. An' if that happens, that kid you got can't vomit enough crap in my face to stop me from...

[Percy thrusts the crystal tip of his cane in Monosso's face... almost hitting him with it. The crystal ball comes to rest an inch from Monosso's eyes, and he stares unhappily at it.]

PC: ENOUGH! You'll be in it! Stop listening to Marley! In fact... change the subject. Talk about the hottest tag team in wrestling, and the uncrowned tag team champions.

JD: The Lynches? or Violence Unlimited?

DT: He means us, you lips with chicken legs.

JD: At the Anniversary Show, you two attacked the Lynch Brothers inside the cage.

DT: [interrupting] Everyone saw what happened, Jason. Let's skip past the what and get to the why. Before you ask the obvious question, how about you just stand there and hold the mic? None of us wants to hear you talk right now.

[Dane just stands there and holds the mic. The insult doesn't seem to phase him one way or another.]

DT: Did you get the message, "Big" Jim?

[Tyler points at the camera.]

DT: Do you understand that the Aces will keep doing that EVERY single time you schedule a match for the tag team titles that doesn't include the Aces getting the shot we earned and deserve?

[Big round of boos from the crowd.]

DT: Do you see this, Jason? The Aces go out and EARN our spot and all of these people boo. No one understands the idea of hard work anymore. No one understands fighting for what you're owed when someone thinks they can take it away from you. I blame these people, the fans of the AWA, and the Championship Committee for fostering this "Era of Entitlement." Take a look at recent events, Jason.

[Tyler shakes his head in disgust.]

DT: You have a man who comes out and wins the National Title and then runs away. I can't blame him. In fact, we're somewhat in the same boat. While he was never named as a top contender, he proved he deserved a shot at the title. Everyone kept over-looking him because he was [finger quote gesture] "past his prime and past his time."

[Tyler pauses for a moment.]

DT: That individual fights for what he feels he deserves. Instead of fighting back, the Championship Committee and Jim Watkins prove that they have no spines. I know what went down in that meeting room. Bill Masterson told us he wanted to fight and go after those men, but when he realized just how spineless his colleagues were, he gave up. Instead of sending someone like James Monosso after the title, they decide to create a new one.

[Tyler laughs.]

DT: I welcome you to the AWA, where the powers that be have as much heart as the entitled masses that fill their pockets every week.

JD: Are you saying the Aces condone what Roy... what those men did?

DT: Yes, I am, Jason. He is a principled man. He'll do what's right and give James Monosso a shot at the National Title. He is a fighting champion and realizes a champion is only as good as the challengers he takes on. James Monosso is at the top of the list, regardless of what the yellow AWA brass would have you believe.

JD: What if he doesn't defend the title? What if he dodges all challengers?

DT: He knows better than to duck Monosso. Let's just say, last time I checked, Uncle Percy had a lot more people on his side than the manager of that particular group. I'm sure they would hate to have themselves proven to be bourgeois dregs they really are after the Alliance beats them like scolded dogs.

[Tyler steps back from Dane as Childes steps forward.]

JD: Your thoughts, Stevie?

SC: Steven. My thoughts?

[Childes chuckles.]

SC: I'm glad the AWA had its heart ripped out, Jason.

[Big round of boos at that comment.]

SC: Because now these fans know what it feels like. See? For twenty years, Jason. For twenty years, I held my head high and did EVERYTHING the fans asked of me. I never charged for pictures. I was always happy to sign autographs even when it was on MY own time. EVERY single place I wrestled, Stevie Childes gave his all for the fans: Japan, Mexico, Peru, Australia, Russia, England, Jacksonville, Los Angeles, and even right here in Dallas.

[Childes shakes his head.]

SC: And at SuperClash Three, when I had a chance to right a wrong done to my family over thirty years ago. When I FINALLY had a chance to put that old bastard on the shelf for what he did to my father, Stevie Childes didn't stand up and hear the crowd roar their approval. Stevie Childes stood up and saw looks of shock and awe. Then? Then the crowd had the AUDACITY to boo me for what I did.

[Another head shake.]

SC: The crowd RIPPED the heart of Stevie Childes out. They stomped on it. They spit on it. Then they buried Stevie Childes. And out from the ground rose Steven Childes, thanks to a kind and caring man like my Uncle Percy. He reached his hand out and helped pick me up and dust me off. I can't forget what these AWA fans did to me.

[Another head shake.]

SC: No, and I WON'T forget what they did to me. Now when I get interrupted at dinner for an autograph or a picture, the fan is going to pay for my meal to get it. At every AWA promotional event, I will charge one-hundred dollars for an autograph and a picture. I want to remind them of what they did to me every chance I get, Jason. The best part? The best part is I'm going to rip out their hearts just like they did to me. That's why the Lynch Brothers won the match at the Anniversary Show. What better way to rip out the hearts of the Dallas fans than to beat the Lynch Brothers, the VERY pride of Texas, in Dallas for the National Tag Team Titles?

[Childes smiles broadly as the crowd boos.]

SC: And what better way to stomp and spit on the torn out hearts of these Dallas fans then give the Lynch Brothers a rematch for the title and beat them a second time in Dallas, Jason?

[Another round of boos.]

SC: They will know how it feels. EVERY single one of them will KNOW how it feels.

[Childes pauses and looks back at James Monosso. For the first time, Steven removes his mask. He's wearing make-up that accentuates his clothing color-scheme.]

SC: I want to talk to you, James. You've let Rick Marley trick you. He's making you believe Uncle Percy doesn't have your best interests in mind. That's not true, James. Think of all of this as a chessboard. We're the pieces, and Uncle Percy is the player. He's got his knight in Nenshou. He has his bishops in the Aces. He has the King. In the form of James Monosso.

[Steven makes eye contact with James, who really isn't reacting one way or another to this.]

SC: Rick Marley wants you to listen and pander to these fans, James. These fans want you to listen and pander to them. Believe me when I tell you, they don't care about you at all.

[The crowd boos.]

SC: They're nothing more than selfish sycophants who're as fickle as the wind. When your wrestling career is over, do you really believe these fans or Rick Marley are going to help you out?

[He shakes his head.]

SC: They won't. You'll be nothing more than a memory, back to living out of your car until someone takes enough pity on you to point you in the direction of a homeless shelter. Why? Because they're not your family,

James. WE are your family. The men that are standing here right now and Ebola Zaire. To prove that. Once you're ready to walk away from this sport, I have a job lined up for you in Jacksonville. My father wants you to come work for him, so you can put a roof over your head, food in your stomach, and enjoy life like a true legend of wrestling should.

[Childes nods... and this actually gets Monosso's attention. He's gone from an impassive gaze to a look of interest... almost sizing Steven up as he continues.]

SC: A nice income. A consultant's job WITH health insurance to take care of you for all the sacrifices you've made and everything you gave of yourself to our sport. You work from home. You set your own schedule. All of this is yours when you decide to leave wrestling, because the Childes family takes care of their own. You are one of our own, James. Never forget that. Rick Marley doesn't want you to see the forest for the trees. He wants to play games with your mind, make you question our loyalty to you. Ultimately, the only thing Rick Marley cares about is Rick Marley. Do you really think he wants to revenge for what you did to his never-was father?

[Childes shakes his head.]

SC: No. He wants to beat James Monosso so he can use that win as a reason to get a shot at any belt he wants. Remember who has your best interests in mind, James. Childes is the last name. Not Marley.

JM: Are you aware, Steven Childes, that I've spent eight years in mental institutions?

SC: Well... yeah.

JM: So I know psychobabble when I hear it. Spare me the lecture about how the fans don't care. I've been telling the world about itself since I've been in the AWA. I know them, better than any of you. Where you get my attention is when you talk about tangible things. If you hold up a job, a future... you better not be lying about that! Is he...?

[Monosso turns to look at Percy, who nods.]

PC: Steven is the one who has been negotiating that for us, James. I never made that promise to you before, because I couldn't offer it until now. It's set. Your future is set. You don't need to worry about what happens after wrestling; so long as you stay with us and help us do our business while you're still here.

JD: This seems awfully sudden. Awfully... manipulative.

PC: And we've run over our time. My apologies, Jason. We're done.

[The Unholy Alliance begins to file out, starting with the Aces, and then Percy. Jason makes one more attempt...]

JD: Gordon, Bucky, it sounds like the Childes' are saying whatever they need to in order t... AAH!

[Nenshou interrupts Dane by lifting his hood and spewing green mist all over his shirt. Jason steps back, startled and disgusted... Nenshou sneers at him and gives a quick 'throat-slit' motion, then presses his index finger to Dane's lips. Jason nods in a fearful understanding, and then the Japanese superstar exits, returning his hood to its position over his face as we abruptly cut to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet.]

Stegglet is standing by with the Skullcrushers and their manager, Jeremiah King. The Overlord and Devastation are both attired in their wrestling gear with their spikes and leather. King is decked out in a pair of black dress slacks, white button-down shirt, and tweed sports coat. Stegglet's wearing the same thing from earlier.]

MS: Jeremiah, you and your team have been absent the past few weeks. We heard that you had taken the Skullcrushers on a tour of Japan. Is this true?

JK: Yes, Mark. It is true that myself and the Skullcrushers had a tour in Japan for a few weeks. The War Pigs have done nothing but roar about dominating and conquering Japan since they arrived back in the States weeks ago. We've heard the stories. I took my two charges.

[Overlord and Devastation flex muscles.]

JK: I wanted to see what all of the fuss was about. Guess what I discovered, Mark?

MS: What did you discover?

JK: The War Pigs have been roaring for nothing. I saw wrestlers half the size of the Skullcrushers competing in the squared circle. These men were good wrestlers, Mark. Make no mistake about that. I have a scouting trip to Japan planned in the very near future. As the Skullcrushers competed and DOMINATED the tag teams in Japan, I realized why the War Pigs were so successful.

[Jeremiah King looks into the camera and smiles.]

JK: The Japanese wrestlers weren't prepared to deal with the brute force the War Pigs bring to the ring. They weren't prepared for the brute force the Skullcrushers brought to the ring.

[Another muscle flex from Overlord and Devastation. Overlord goes as far as making his pecs bounce.]

JK: The Skullcrushers have just as much brute force in the ring as the War Pigs. The War Pigs aren't prepared for a team that can match and surpass them in brute force. There is a key to all of this, Mark. That key is the Skullcrushers have a manager. A manager adds finesse to that brute force.

MS: We have yet to hear from the War Pigs in regards to the challenge laid out by you and the Skullcrushers, Jeremiah.

JK: The War Pigs are planning, Jason. Some might mistake their hesitation for fear, but they're not afraid of the Skullcrushers. They're simply planning for the Skullcrushers. They're not sure of how to take on a team that will meet them in the middle of the ring and bust heads just as well as they do.

[King smiles.]

JK: Hammer and Sabre are a great team, Mark. Make no mistake about that. A great team that was last year's model. The Skullcrushers are THIS year's model. New and improved over the older stuff.

[No sooner does he finish his sentence than does King's head swivel to the left, and he jumps back as the subject of his rant - The War Pigs - stroll into view. For a tense moment, no one says a word as King retreats behind his two behemoths. Standing nearly chest-to-chest, the four muscular wrestlers stare each other down before Sabre breaks the silence.]

S: This year's model?

More like this year's cheapest imitation!

[Hammer nods emphatically while King shouts off-mic.]

S: We appreciate all the smoke you're blowin' up our butts out here, Queen, but don't think for a minute we don't detect the sarcasm in those compliments you've been paying' us.

[Sabre smirks.]

S: Now, onto the challenge. You got one thing right, Queen, when you said that the War Pigs aren't afraid of the Skullcrushers. Me and the Hammer ain't afraid of _no one_, and that includes your two copycats here.

But, let's be honest, I don't think your boys are too afraid of us, either.

Yet.

[King shakes his head as Devastation and Overload both bow their chests up. Sabre slaps his longtime partner on the shoulder.]

S: As for our answer to your challenge, why don't you tell 'em, Hammer?

[The (slightly) larger of the two War Pigs nods, taking the microphone.]

H: We're not too big on one-on-one matches, boys, because we're a team. Been a team since we got into this business and figure we'll be a team until one of us dies.

But in this case, we believe we can make an exception.

[King rubs his hands together; Devastation and Overload exchange an anticipatory glance.]

H: As much as I'd like to get in there and bust one of your heads so hard that your grey matter splashes into the third row, my partner here seems to want to do it even more.

So on the next AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, we'll have the Sabre...

[Dramatic pause!]

H: Making mince meat of Overlord!

[Jeremiah King nods his head and forces a meek smile.]

JK: Good, good. After next week, you'll know exactly what you're in for when the Skullcrushers face the War Pigs for a second time!

[King motions for Devastation and Overlord to follow him off the interview stage but the Skullcrushers stand their ground. Mark Stegglet gets out from between the two teams, knowing that's not the place to be if things go down. After a tense standoff for a few seconds, the Skullcrushers relent and follow King out of view as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to...

Darkness....

The hiss of a match and the faint illumination of a single candle throws the chiseled physique of Mondo Beyond into sharp relief. The intense, faux stare

of the false eyes on his mask looking directly into the camera as the candle light reflects softly off the metal of the bank of lockers in the room.]

MB: "Do you see the light? When you rage against the darkness, you light a single candle. The single candle will provide the light that you need to see the way. I walk that path where only the ones who are called can tread and I do it without fear, for all those who have moved beyond walk there beside me! *SNORT* "

[Beyond's graveled voice wavers between calm and lucid to a snorting, angry sound. No rhyme or reason to the rising and falling of his speech, but the masked face betrays none of the emotion as she speaks.]

MB: "When the spirits called from the beyond, they did not say it would be easy! They said Mondo, you will take the reins of the warhorse and you will ride it into the valley where there are no paths. You will count coup on the heads of the enemy as they slumber in their own righteousness and you will show them... *SNORT* .. the error of their ways!"

[Beyond's voice trails off. A moment of utter silence as the masked enigma's faux eyes stare directly into the camera, and then with a savage, sudden movement he slams his head into the locker. The sound of bone smashing metal, and the camera reveals only the dent to the locker and the impassive hooded face of Mondo Beyond.]

MB: "The error is that you think you are protected by darkness. Your puny, festering soul offers you no succor from the wrath of the thousands of restless souls that speak to me from the great beyond! I will take my strength from them and from all those other Beyonders who believe in the power of the Third Eye ...

[Beyond forms a triangle by pressing the tips of his thumbs and index fingers together, pressing them against his forehead.]

MB: **SNORT!** ... and I will take you... *SNORT!** One. Step. Beyond.

[The camera closes in on the fake eyes of Beyond's mask, the leather reflecting the light of the candle, casting weird ripples over the ebony mask and then FADES TO BLACK to a graphic that reads "COMING SOON TO THE AWA!"...

...and then all the way back up to live action inside the WKIK Studios where the boos are loud as the "Playboy" Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass stand in the ring. The two are clad in their wrestling gear. Both men don't look to be happy as Casanova brings the mic to his lips.]

JC: SCOTTY MAYHEM! JEFF JAGGER! You two rodents want a piece of us?! We have beat you down like dogs for the past few months, but you still come back and try again! We heard you two chirpin' in da back about the Anniversary Show! Dick Bass gave that boy Jagger the beatin' of his life! It wasn't his fault my former sugar plum, Big Mama, decided to get involved and it surly wasn't his fault that she has bad aim!

[Casanova chuckles.]

JC: But thank you my sugar plum for tha' assist regardless! I knew you still loved me deep down!

[Casanova gets serious again.]

JC: But Dick Bass and da' Playboy are sick of listenin' to da' whinin' boys! Waa-waa-waa week in and week out. So we decided to come out here tonight and challenge you two rodents to a match! So get your carcasses out here so we can show the world just how pathetic you truly are!

[The crowd cheers at this announcement. Bass peels off his leather vest and black Stetson while "Playboy" bounces from foot to foot throwing jabs at the air.]

GM: My stars! What a match this is going to be. Reports from the back were that Scotty Mayhem and Jeff Jagger had left the building earlier tonight after we heard from them but perhaps we were mistaken.

BW: Your sources were dead wrong, Gordo! Those two must have kissed and made up!

["Rock Warriors" by The Rods begins to blare making the WKIK Studios audience go wild.]

GM: Here comes Scotty Mayhem and Jeff... what the heck!?

BW: HAHA! I love it!

[The crowd is on their feet cheering as the curtains part but that reaction quickly switches to boos as the studio audience catches a glimpse of what's going on. But the people at home are clueless until the camera suddenly tilts down and reveals two midgets.]

GM: Are you kidding me?

[One of the little people has a painted on beard along with a red sweatband on his head that has "Mayhem" scrawled across the front in black marker. He's also wearing a white diaper with a big black star on the front and "Mayhem" written across the back in black marker again.]

BW: It's Lil' Scotty Mayhem!

GM: This is a joke.

[Lil' Scotty twirls a finger in the air, pointing down the aisle as his partner steps through the ropes to join him - Lil' Jeff Jagger.]

BW: Look at the pants!

[Lil' Jagger sports blue long johns with "Carolina" going down on leg and "Crybaby" going down the other with little white "booties" finishing off the look.]

BW: That's the best I've ever seen Jagger, Gordo.

GM: I'm glad you find this funny, Bucky.

BW: Funny is the understatement of the year, daddy.

[The two start down the aisle, mocking the mannerisms of the two stars they are imitating to the jeers of the crowd. Suddenly, both men stop. Mayhem slaps his forehead as Jagger nods frantically, pointing with both hands down the aisle.]

BW: Looks like they forgot someone.

GM: Oh no. Not her. Please not-

[The boos intensify as the curtains part again, this time leaving a third little person in red high heel pumps, a red dress, and swinging a matching purse behind.]

BW: It's Little Mama! I love it!

[A blonde wig hangs to the shoulders of Little Mama who has thick blue makeup covering her eyelids and ruby red lipstick on her lips.

Oh, and there's probably about a week's worth of stubble on "her" face.]

GM: That's not even a woman, Bucky!

[Staggering down the aisle as "she" struggles with the high heels, the trio of little people come together as they head towards the ring. Little Scotty and Little Jeff reach the ring first, stepping into the fray right off the bat.]

GM: This is absolutely terrible, Bucky. What a disgusting display by Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass. In all my years this has got to be one of the most disrespectful things I have ever seen.

BW: [laughing] Look at Big.. I mean "Lil" Mama! Heck, she might be an improvement from the original!

GM: Would you stop?!

[In the ring, Casanova can't help but laugh. Bass even cracks a grin as the two little people continue to do the mannerisms of the wrestlers they are portraying. The crowd is jeering everything they see, a handful of empty water bottles and other trash sailing towards the ring where the Playboy Enterprises leader slaps a bottle away before speaking again.]

JC: Okay, cut the music!

[He points a finger at the two little wrestlers]

JC: Listen here, Mayhem and Jagger! We're sick and tired of hearing you two whine and cry to anybody who will listen on how you were robbed at the Anniversary Show!

[Lil Mayhem and Lil Jagger nod their heads and make motions for Casanova and Bass to "come get some!".]

JC: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Calm down their short fries! [smirk at his little joke] You'll get your chance in just a minute. But I just want to make it _perfectly_ clear to you _both_. That tonight were not going to hold nothing back! Dickie and myself are going all out tonight and the question will finally be answered on just who is the better men! You got it!?

[The two midgets nod!]

JC: Good! Ring the bell! Jagger, I want you first you little rodent!

[Casanova throws the mic aside as the smaller man balls up his fists, ready for a "fight."]

BW: This is going to be epic!

GM: Would you stop feeding their egos? You know this a farce, Bucky.

BW: What are you talking about? This is a dream match, Gordo! Finally we'll see who the better men are.

GM: Give me a break.

[Dick Bass' threats are strong enough to get someone to ring the bell, sending Casanova into a circle as Lil' Jagger matches his movements. Casanova shouts off-mic loud enough to be heard.]

JC: Come on, Jagger! Gimme your best shot, big man!

[Bucky bursts into laughter.]

BW: "Big man!" I love it! Did you hear that, Gordo?

GM: Yes, I heard it.

BW: You have no sense of humor.

[Casanova slowly lunges at Lil' Jagger for a tie up... but of course being about four feet taller he misses as Jagger ducks in an exaggerated fashion. Lil Jagger begins to run between Casanova's legs like a kid in a maze as Casanova mockingly tries to grab him.]

JC: Get back here! [swats at Lil Jagger] Come here! [swats at him again] So tired!

[Lil Jagger stops running between Casanova's legs as Casanova breathes heavily.]

BW: Jagger's wearing him down. Michaelson's taught him well.

GM: You're a real riot, Bucky.

[Lil' Jagger kicks and punches at Casanova, all his offense landing on the shin and thigh of the Playboy. Casanova shouts and screams as each blow lands, drawing jeers from the crowd who knows Casanova is mocking them.]

BW: Jagger's a hard hitter too!

GM: Somebody stop this.

[Casanova stumbles away, flailing his arms blindly as he walks.]

GM: This is the Major League of professional wrestling - not some side show for Casanova and Bass to run their silly little games in!

BW: Gordo, can you try and focus on the match? Jagger's got Casanova rocked and I'm smelling a... well, a SMALL upset!

[Bucky bursts into laughter again. Lil' Jagger reaches up, trying to grab Casanova by the arm. Then jumps to grab the wrist, pulling the Playboy over.]

BW: He's got him in BIG trouble now, Gordo!

[Jagger tries to throw Casanova into the ropes but the bigger man easily reverses it...

...right into Lil' Mama who takes a big swing with her purse, knocking Jagger upside the head with the bag!]

BW: Ohh! She caught him with the purse by accident!

GM: Sure she did.

[Lil' Jagger swings around in a full circle, flailing his arms in wild right hands...

...and then topples over, smashing facefirst to the mat. Casanova steps back, hands clasped to his mouth in shock as Lil' Mama does the same.]

BW: They flattened Jagger and didn't even realize it was happening! What is Jagger going to do now?!

[Lil' Jagger sits up on the mat, clutching the back of his head...

...and then falls back to the mat, kicking and stomping his legs while he swings his hands and arms into the mat as well like a child throwing a tantrum.]

BW: Heheheheh.

GM: This is ridiculous. Can't we put a stop to this?

BW: This is Match of the Year quality stuff here, Gordo! Can't you see that?!

[Casanova, breathing heavily, speaks again into the formerly discarded mic.]

JC: Hold it, hold it, hold it! We will NOT take a victory like this! Jagger, stop crying and tag in Scotty. We want this legit!

[Jagger stands up and wobbles over to his corner still holding his head. He tags in Lil Mayhem who jumps through the bottom and second rope twirling a finger and pointing at Casanova! Casanova mockingly begs off.]

JC: Please Scotty! No! I beg you!

[Mayhem shakes his head and runs at Casanova who turns and does the slowest super-kick in the history of the AWA. Lil' Mayhem takes the crushing blow under the chin as he slowly walks into Casanova's raised foot. He falls like a tree as Casanova quickly covers.]

JC: Hurry up and count, dang it! I dunno how long I can keep him down!

[The ref, who is confused, slowly drops down and makes the count.]

JC: WOOOOOO!! [wipes fake sweat from his forehead] We did it! I knew we could! What a tough "little" match that was! You two losers get out of here! We told you couldn't beat us!

[As Casanova and Bass high five and celebrate as the trio of midgets dejectedly head back to the locker room.]

BW: That was a close match!

GM: Would you stop?! Please don't humor these two.

BW: For awhile there I didn't know which way it was going to go, Gordo. I'm glad Casanova and Bass pulled it out though - it was a "tiny" miracle they were able to pull it off!

GM: You're as bad as they are, you know that?

BW: Why do you always fret over the little things, Gordo?

[In the ring, the celebrating stops as Casanova points at the crowd, still holding the house mic.]

JC: You saw first hand just how easy it was to defeat those two pieces of trash! We beat you at the Anniversary Show and _NOTHING_ would change no matter when you two wanted to get in the ring with us! We're the best tag team in the AWA! We're the best _WRESTLERS_ in the AWA so boys stop your cryin', stop whinin' because look at it this way - you got beat by the best!

[Casanova drops the mic as "Addicted To Love" begins to blare. Bass and Casanova mock the crowd as they climb out of the ring and head to the back.]

GM: Folks, I can guarantee Scotty Mayhem and Jeff Jagger won't be amused! If those two can hash out their differences and get on the same page like Jagger said earlier tonight, I can bet that Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass won't have such an easy time with the originals!

BW: Is that what you would call a "small" victory for Casanova and Bass?

GM: Would you get over yourself? You sound ridiculous!

BW: You're right I'm sorry, Gordo. I'll be the "bigger" man and apologize.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Let's go back to Jason Dane in the locker room area.

[The camera cuts backstage to rest on AWA Interviewer Jason Dane. The ever-present man has a mic in hand and stands across from "Showtime" Rick Marley, who appears to have been in better moods.

The dark haired cruiserweight has his hands on his hips and his jaw set as he stares down at the floor, waiting for Jason to speak to him.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the one and only "Showtime" Rick Marley, who I've heard has just gotten word from his last opponent: Eric Preston. What can you tell us, Rick?

[Marley closes his eyes, shaking his head and sighing before looking at Jason.]

RM: The word's bad, Jason. Really bad. Preston still hasn't gotten anywhere close to his full vision back yet. Doctor's aren't sure if he ever will.

The kid was good.

Real good.

Now he needs a cane to get around his own damned house.

JD: And to think that attack was intended for you...

[Marley stops, glaring at Jason Dane for a moment, then nodding.]

RM: Yeah it was. Nenshou and his little puppets decided that I was sharing some uncomfortable truths with people...they didn't really take kindly to that, so they tried to end my career.

Instead they took out a guy who ended up saving me.

[Marley goes quiet for a moment, taking a deep breath, then looking into the camera, his eyes burning.]

RM: I'm gonna make this real simple for you, Childes...and you Nenshou.

You're both done. Finished.

You're walkin' around dead and you don't even know it.

Bad enough that you tried to end me. Bad enough that you've been playing AWA like a harp from hell. Bad enough that you've gotten away with all of this crap for so long.

But now? Now you got it into my head that I owe anything I do from here on out to Eric Preston...so that rule I had about avoiding blood feuds and wars?

Gone.

Out the window.

You want to see what it looks like when Rick Marley goes to war? You want to find out what it's like to have someone coming after YOU, Nenshou, you painted freak?

Stay tuned. 'Cause it's gonna get ugly.

[Marley glares into the camera for a moment, then stalks off as Jason Dane looks on...and we fade back down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Houston, Texas... "Pistol" Pete Porter!

[The youngster hops up on the middle rope, firing finger guns in the direction of the crowd who cheer in response.]

GM: A nice reaction from this young man from Houston, Bucky.

BW: I hope he enjoys it while he can.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Soul Coughing's "Super Bon Bon" kicks in to a big negative reaction from the crowd.]

PW: He was the first EVER National Champion... he is the San Jose Shark...

MAAAAAAARRRRRCUS BROUUUUUSSAAAAARD!

[A dead serious Broussard marches through the curtain, heading straight for the ring. He's already down to his trunks and boots, forgoing any kind of pomp and circumstance on this night. The San Jose Shark rolls under the ropes, popping to his feet...

...and popping Porter with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[The referee quickly calls for the bell as Broussard pulls Porter down by the head, snapping him back with a European uppercut, sending Porter stumbling back into the corner.]

GM: Broussard with a pair of forearms puts Porter back into the corner...

[Grabbing the middle rope, Broussard lays in boot after boot to the ribcage of Porter as the referee counts, trying to back him off.]

GM: The referee's trying to get him off the man... count's to three... now to four...

[Broussard backs off at four, glaring at the official before coming right back in, throwing a hard back elbow to the jaw before grabbing Porter by the arm, winging him across the ring...]

GM: Hard Irish whip to the corner...

[Porter stumbles out of the corner into a boot to the midsection that doubles him up. Broussard swiftly hooks a front facelock, slinging the youngster's arm over his neck...

...and nearly snaps him out of his boots with a suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution on the snap suplex by Broussard!

[Broussard pops up to his feet, swinging his arm around a few times...

...and then DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the throat of Porter, leaving him gasping for air on the canvas!]

GM: Broussard with an elbow and- oh, come on!

[The referee starts counting, the crowd jeering as Broussard wraps his hands around the exposed throat, choking the air out of Porter!]

GM: That's a blatant choke, Bucky!

BW: Yup, sure is.

GM: You don't deny it?

BW: Well, you're talking about a guy who looks to be headed towards a confrontation with Stevie Scott where there are no rules. Scott's practically begging Marcus Broussard for an "I Quit" matchup and if that happens, the Shark can do whatever he wants, Gordo.

GM: That's true but this isn't an "I Quit" match, Bucky.

[A series of hard stomps sends Porter under the ropes to the floor where he drops down, rolling out after him. A few more stomps follow before Broussard hoists Porter to his feet by the trunks...

...and FIRES him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Broussard ignores the protesting referee, moving to the far side of the post to grab Porter by the wrist...

...and YANKS him into the post a second time!]

GM: Broussard's going after the arm - the shoulder! The referee's trying to back him off but-

[The San Jose Shark pushes Porter away...

...and PULLS him into the post a third time!]

GM: Come on! Ring the bell, ref!

[Broussard shoves Porter under the ropes, rolling in after him to break the referee's attempt at a ten count.]

GM: Both men back in - the referee's all over Broussard, telling him to stay off the man outside on the floor and-

[The crowd jeers as Broussard pulls Porter to his feet, grabs the arm under his armpit, and takes him down hard to the mat, yanking back on the injured limb in a Fujiwara armbar!]

GM: Armbar! Broussard's got the armbar locked in!

[Porter wastes no time, screaming out in pain as he rapidly slaps his hand on the canvas! The referee wheels around, waving for the bell.]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Broussard continues to lean back, cranking on the hurting arm and shoulder as the referee shouts at him to break the hold, starting a count.]

GM: Come on! The kid gave up already!

[The San Jose Shark holds on until the count of four...

...and then breaks, holding up his arms to prevent a reversal of the decision.]

GM: And finally, he releases the hold.

[A still-fired up Broussard climbs to his feet, ignoring the official who continues to reprimand him. Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner by submission...

MAAAAARRRCUS BROUUUSSAAARD!

[Broussard marches over to the ropes, signaling for the house mic.]

GM: It looks like the first man to ever hold the AWA National Title has got something to say... and he's gonna say it to the entire crowd here in the WKIK Studios tonight, Bucky.

[Broussard taps the mic a few times to ensure it's functioning before lifting it to speak.]

MB: Impressed?

[The San Jose Shark waits, soaking up the jeers of the crowd.]

MB: Don't be. This kid didn't stand a chance against the quality of athlete that you see standing in this ring before you right now. It was just a matter of time before I broke him down physically and then ripped his arm out of his socket with the Fujiwara.

Thanks, Jeff.

[Broussard shares a wink to the camera directed to his former stablemate.]

MB: He never stood a chance... just like that redneck punk Buddy Lambert back at the Anniversary Show. He never stood a chance either, getting trotted out by the suits to make everyone go, "Hey! I remember that guy!" before I made him realize why he ran out of the AWA with his tail tucked between his legs four years ago.

[The San Jose Shark flashes an arrogant smirk.]

MB: Which brings me to Mark Langseth.

[The crowd buzzes.]

MB: That's right. The front office can post all the notices they want in the locker room... they can have all the meetings they want to tell the boys not to mention his name but for those of you who aren't aware...

My name is Marcus Broussard...

...and I do whatever the hell I want.

[The crowd JEERS again!]

MB: Mark Langseth decided that he wanted to pull a fast one on the AWA. He and his boys wanted to pull off the grand theft of a lifetime by walking into Westwego, Louisiana a bunch of broken men with no futures... and walking out with the greatest prize in our sport.

Over the past two weeks, I've gotten the question from everyone I've come into contact with...

"Why? Why, Marcus?"

[He paces a bit.]

MB: The whole world wants to know why I was the first one to the car at the Anniversary Show. They want to know why I was the first in line to get my hands around the throats of Langseth, Cooper, or that piece of garbage Joe Petrow.

Why?

In case you've forgotten, I was the first man to wear the AWA National Title.

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction.]

MB: That title meant everything to me when I held it... and it's meant everything to me every single day I've woken up without it. Whether I was competing or not, my every waking thought revolved around how to get that belt back around my waist.

That's why Juan Vasquez could never trust me when I came back. I came back to help him with the Southern Syndicate but the entire time I was standing by his side, I was dreaming golden dreams. I was dreaming of being the National Champion again.

That title means you're the best in the world...

[Pause.]

MB: ...or it did until two weeks ago. The moment that Mark Langseth STOLE that belt, it lost that honor. The moment he and Cooper and Petrow snatched the title, spitting on the legacy that was built by guys like me and Vasquez and yes, even Stevie Scott... it lost that honor.

The National Title is dead.

But in its place comes the AWA World Title... and while not a single soul has fought for it yet, I trust this company enough to know that you can already declare that championship the greatest prize in our sport and know that you won't be lying when it's all said and done.

[A big cheer! Broussard looks a bit uncomfortable at that.]

MB: Spare me your cheers.

[BOOS! Broussard cracks a grin.]

MB: I don't say any of this to curry favor with you weak-willed sycophants who would change your allegiance quicker than you change your underwear if I cupped my hand to my ear in your direction.

I say this because one thing is crystal clear.

I was the first National Champion...

[Pause.]

MB: Which means it's only fitting that I be the first AWA Heavyweight Champion of the World as well.

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers!]

MB: That's why I was in Jim Watkins' office earlier tonight to tell him very clearly that Marcus Broussard has officially submitted his name to the Championship Committee for inclusion in what will - beyond a shadow of a doubt - be the biggest tournament of all time!

And believe me, when I look around at the rest of the names that might make up that field... believe me when I tell you that you ARE looking at the first AWA Heavyweight Champion of the World right here and now.

[A loud voice shouting over the PA interrupts Broussard... and before long, we realize that isn't shouting, it's singing. The vocal open to "Saz O Avaz" (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=df6x9AgAW-Y>) is the sound that is playing, and Broussard grows even more cross as he recognizes what this is, and what this means. The fans give a loud mixed reaction, as a mass of cloth emerges from the back: the reddish-brown bisht, and white kaffiyeh of Sultan Azam Sharif.]

GM: SHARIF! He is not scheduled to be here... he's supposed to be on tour in Europe!

BW: Adrian told me he wasn't due back until late May!

[Sharif approaches Broussard, who shoots him a hard look.]

MB: I don't know what steaming dunghole in the desert they dragged your worthless carcass out of, Sharif, but this is not your time to speak. This is MY time to speak. No one's seen or heard from you in weeks... and quite frankly, no one cares if that changes right now.

[Sharif gets handed a mic of his own.]

SAS: Men fahtlek, Mistair Marcoos Brusar, but I vas wrastling all ovair Asia un Eurupp, I wrastled in Bairlun Gairmeny, Hanovair Gairmuny, London Ainglun, un I vas in hotel in Brussail Beljem ven I see AWA, my Iranian fronds in Dallus Texas send me deh tapes. Un ven I see vat dot cowaird jehbronie Mark Lonset do, dot phony who steal from me AWA Nashunal SHampwonship already! I take next plane to Dallus Texas, I come five tousun miles to Dallus Texas, un I hear you talk about dot tournamunt!

[The crowd starts to buzz with anticipation. Broussard is hot under the collar now.]

MB: Yeah, a tournament. Do you even know what those are?

[Broussard looks quite pleased with himself but Sharif ignores the jab.]

SAS: Of course did I know vat those are! I am Ashun Game shampwon, Olympic shampwon, Pahv-

[A fired-up Broussard interrupts.]

MB: You never won a tournament in your life, you delusional idiot!

[More jeers!]

MB: I've done my homework on your, Sharif. You won a silver medal at the Asian Games. Silver? Real impressive. You know what a silver medal means, Sharif?

[Broussard pauses before dropping the punchline.]

MB: It means that you're a first place loser!

[The crowd jeers as Broussard chuckles to himself.]

MB: And you didn't even get past the prelims at the Olympics! You come out here for months calling yourself an Olympic champion...

[He pauses.]

MB: At least I THINK that's what you're saying.

[More jeers.]

MB: But the simple fact of the matter is you just don't know what a champion is!

So, allow me to shed some light on that darkened brain of yours. Just showing up does NOT make you a champion. Supernova? He's no champion. That steaming cowpile Travis Lynch? He's no champion. Jeff Jagger? He's no champion.

And you? You're no champion, Sharif.

You brag about where you've been and what you've done... which is absolutely nothing.

[The crowd is all over the arrogant Broussard at this point.]

MB: On the other hand, I have been a champion. I am a winner, Sharif. What the hell do you even know about winning?

[Sharif finally gets to respond.]

SAS: All Olympians are shampwons, Mistair Brusar, dot means I vin many tournamunt to get deh honair! So... how did you do in Olympic qualifucation?

You nevair evun make it qualifying! Dot vhy you are jealous ven I say dot I am Olympic shampwon, because all Olympian are shampwon! But you ask vat I won?

I von Steal Deh Spotlight, ven I made YOU submit!

[The fans cheer as Broussard reacts angrily to this statement, kicking the bottom rope.]

SAS: Mistair Marcoos Brusar, if I vas still in AmerEca ven dot cowaird Lonset steal deh shampwonship, he nevair vould hof steal deh shampwonship! He vould not hof make it to deh ring, un I vould hof broke his bock!

[Broussard shouts something off-mic.]

SAS: You ought to know, since it vas your bock you hold ven I made you submit!

[Again, Broussard reacts with anger, and the crowd cheers.]

MB: You want to talk about Steal The Spotlight? Let's talk about it because the last time your manager let you speak, we had a deal in place. Remember?

You put your Steal The Spotlight contract on the line against my ten thousand dollars! If you win, I write you a nice, big check to give back to your homeland.

But if I win, I get any match I want until SuperClash IV.

So while you were off on tour, running off to Europe and Asia and whatever other godforsaken places you were hiding in, trying to duck me after the match was made, I hope you managed to find your spine during that trip down Holiday Road.

Because I want my match...

...and I want it on the next Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The crowd ROARS in response to the challenge!]

SAS: It vas Mistair Count Batwaite who schedule me to tour deh vurld, un it vas Mistair Count Batwaite who want more money! But I diddunt need money! I ocept, un you can keep your money! I gonna prove dot Sultan Azam Sharif is deh REAL. You talk about who vas a shampwon, un who is gonna be deh shampwon of deh tournament... but I'm gonna prove it! I om deh best wrastlair in deh vurld, un ven I make you submit again, you gonna know it!

[With that, Sharif backs away, then turns with both arms raised, exiting the ring towards the locker room.]

GM: And if I just heard that right, Bucky, we've got a match made for two weeks from tonight! Sultan Azam Sharif will actually be putting his Steal The Spotlight contract on the line against the former National Champion, Marcus Broussard!

BW: What a match that's gonna be, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is! And what in the world is Count Adrian Bathwaite gonna think about this development?!

BW: Where is he?! How could he let this happen?!

GM: I have no idea but we've got a Main Event for the next Saturday Night Wrestling that just might tear the house down, fans! We've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 an AWA backdrop, in front of which stands a young man dressed in a ComiCon 2011 T-shirt, red wrestling trunks, kneepads and boots, and thick-rimmed eyeglasses. His short, black hair is slicked back.

He then speaks in a high-pitched voice.]

????: They told me that I was only good for editing the AWA Wikipedia page... but I'm good at more than that. A lot more. Why, I know the names of every wrestler that ever walked through the AWA's doors. I could tell you how many Marcus Broussard matches got four stars and up, how many times Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez wrestled each other, the attendance drawn for every grudge match between City Jack and Calisto Dufresne, and everything you wanted to know about Bucky Wilde, including just how many

of the guys he once managed sued him for breach of contract and how much he paid in legal fees.

[A nerdy laugh follows.]

????: It's no secret why they call me, Walter Warren, the Wrestling Wiki... but you can just call me Double-Double-W, because it sounds so cool.

But there's more to me than just how much I know about AWA trivia... or about Harry Potter trivia... or Marvel Comics... or all the differences between the Star Wars movies and the Star Wars novels.

I can also wrestle... in fact, I've been spending my time on every circuit from California to Florida to the Carolinas to the Great Lakes region, on up into Canada and down into Mexico, and I made it a point to memorize the seating capacity of every arena I was in... as well as to show everyone just how well I know the wrestling holds book inside and out.

[Which prompts a thumbs-up sign from the guy.]

WW: And The Fonz would indeed approve!

And I'm sure you great AWA fans will approve once I step in that ring tonight... and mark it down as the answer to the important question as to when 4-W made his debut... and show everyone I not only know all there is to know about keeping the AWA Wiki up to date, but that I can rise to the top of the AWA ladder!

[And now he raises up his fingers ala Mr. Spock, which can only mean one thing.]

WW: Live long and prosper!

[Indeed. Back to Gordon and Bucky we go.]

GM: Well, the AWA has certainly attracted some unusual characters, but I'm interested to see what this young man can do. Bucky, would you agree?

BW: That is NOT true!

GM: What, you don't agree with me he could be a good addition to the AWA roster?

BW: No, it is NOT true that any of my clients sued me for breach of contract! And I've NEVER owed legal fees in my lifetime!

GM: Well, it's up on the AWA Wikipeda page for all to see... or so I heard.

BW: WHAT?!

GM: [chuckling] Let's go up to the ring.

[And that's where we go.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Cleveland, Ohio, and weighing 240 pounds... Jake Jenkins!

[A blond wrestler dressed in black trunks is in the ring, an arrogant smirk showing as his name is introduced.]

Weird Al Yankovic's "White and Nerdy" then plays over the PA system as the man we just saw backstage makes his way to the ring.]

PW: And his opponent, he hails from Silicon Valley in California, he weighs 235 pounds... he calls himself Double-Double-W... he is "THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

GM: And here comes the man who thinks of himself as the encyclopedia of wrestling knowledge.

BW: I know his type... they make stuff up on Wikipedia as they go! Case in point, saying I ever got sued for breach of contract!

GM: Well, perhaps you can get on Wikipedia and get that corrected then.

BW: I tried, but they banned me. They remain in denial about the truth!

GM: Perhaps after this match, we can get a response from Mr. Warren about why.

BW: You don't need to ask why! Just trust me on this!

GM: Yeah, like I should trust a weatherman to give me an accurate forecast, right?

BW: Come on, Gordo! You know me!

GM: All too well, I'm afraid.

[The bell has rung and Warren, having removed his glasses and T-shirt, extends his hand toward Jenkins for a handshake.]

GM: Walter Warren showing sportsmanship here... and Jenkins just shoves him back!

BW: Yeah, that'll teach you to lie!

GM: Warren just shaking his head... now he circles Jenkins... a lockup follows and it's Warren with a side headlock.

[After several seconds, Jenkins is able to shove Warren into the ropes.]

GM: Jenkins trying a hiptoss... but Warren lands on his feet... nice hiptoss by Warren!

[Jenkins gets to his feet, but as he moves forward, Warren is waiting for him.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Warren... Jenkins to his feet... what a nice dropkick by Warren!

BW: OK, so the nerd can wrestle, but he's still a liar!

GM: Jenkins now rolling into the corner... look at this!

[Jenkins is making the signal with his hands for a time out, to which Warren again just shakes his head.]

BW: OK, so where's the sportsmanship now?

GM: Bucky, you know there are no time outs in wrestling.

BW: What, you're gonna take whatever this goofball wrote on his Wiki page as the gospel?

GM: I don't need a Wiki page to know there are no time outs, Bucky. Warren now following in... but Jenkins with a thumb to the eye!

BW: I guess this goofball forgot to brush up on his Three Stooges wrestling holds.

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

[As Warren rubs his eye, Jenkins follows up with a series of shots to the forehead, drawing warnings from the referee about closed fists.]

GM: Jenkins has Warren backed into the corner... now an Irish whip to the opposite side.

BW: Now go get him, Jenkins!

GM: Jenkins charges... but he misses! Warren saw it coming!

[As Jenkins staggers backwards out of the corner, Warren comes up from behind and grabs him.]

GM: Look at this... atomic drop by Warren but he hangs on to Jenkins... and takes him over with a back suplex!

BW: OK, that's a nice move... this goofball still likes to make stuff up about me!

GM: Warren now off the ropes... drops the elbow right to the chest!

[Warren pulls Jenkins off the mat, but is met with a fist to the midsection.]

BW: Jenkins isn't done yet!

GM: It appears not... Jenkins now with a kick to the midsection... he backs Warren into the ropes... an Irish whip.

[Jenkins puts his head down for a back bodydrop but Warren sees it coming.]

GM: Kick to the head by Warren!

BW: Yeah, I'll admit it, Jenkins telegraphed that move.

GM: Warren now grabbing Jenkins.. a quick Irish whip... and look at that belly to belly!

[Warren catches Jenkins coming off the ropes, taking him over with a belly to belly suplex. He then rises to his feet, slapping his right arm a couple of times.]

GM: Could this be it?

BW: What, he's making sure that's actually muscle in there?

GM: Warren running into the ropes... leaps over Jenkins as he goes to the opposite side.]

[As Jenkins rises to his feet, Warren leaps into the air and nails Jenkins with a flying forearm.]

GM: There it is! The 4-W-Arm!

BW: The what?!

GM: And there's the cover... and the three count! It's over!

[The official's hand slaps the mat three times, the bell rings and Warren rises to his feet.]

PW: The winner of the match... "THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[The referee raises Warren's left arm as the wrestler forms his right hand ala Mr. Spock and raises it to the crowd.]

GM: I'm quite impressed by this young man... he not only knows his wrestling trivia, he also knows quite a bit about how to wrestle.

BW: He may know how to wrestle, but the only wrestling trivia he knows is how to make stuff up!

GM: Well, here he comes... perhaps maybe you can ask him why he'd make something up about you.

[Indeed, Walter Warren has approached the commentator's position.]

GM: Walter Warren, welcome to the AWA... that was a very impressive debut.

WW: Greetings to you, sir.

BW: What's this about you telling people I got sued for breach of contract by any of my clients? How dare you make stuff up!

[Warren stares at Bucky for a moment.]

WW: You could always tell me a citation is needed.

BW: I would if you wouldn't ban me!

WW: Ban you... oh, so you are the user known as "BuckyWildeIsTooDarnHot" then?

GM: Well, are you, Bucky?

[Bucky looks a bit embarrassed, knowing his Wiki user name has just been revealed to the public.]

BW: I... uh...

WW: Then you were the one who spent hour upon hour editing the information about Robert Donovan to describe him as a double-weanie-wuss, then?

BW: HEY! That wasn't me!

WW: And you were the one who kept changing the Lynches entries to call them the Stenches and their daddy need to be castrated to prevent him from reproducing further?

BW: Well... maybe I...

WW: And I could go over every offense you have made to the AWA Wiki I have so carefully constructed, but let's just say you have edited the page of every AWA fan favorite solely to mock them, then edited your own page to proclaim yourself a future U.S. senator.

BW: But The Rave told me so!

WW: And that is why you were banned... and given that I cannot trust you to refrain from putting up any claims about what The Rave say will happen in the future, your privileges will never be reinstated.

[He turns back to Gordon.]

WW: I am truly humbled to be in your presence, sir... it has been a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

[With that, the man who calls himself 4-W departs the set.]

GM: It's been an interesting night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling and it's not over yet! Right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by!

[Crossfade to the backstage area where we open to a shot of Mark Stegglet standing by with AWA's most stylish trio. Buford P. Higgins as always, dressed in his all-white suit and feathered fedora hat. Looming large behind him is the massive Hercules Hammonds, dressed in an all-black suit and black feathered fedora hat. And standing front-and-center, wearing dressed in a pinstripe suit and sunglasses is...Skywalker Jones.]

MS: The wrestling world has been abuzz with the news of the creation of an AWA World title. I have with me right now, one man who undoubtedly has his eyes set on that prize...Skywalker Jones!

[Higgins steps up, with his golden microphone in hand.]

BPH: Nah! Nah! What the world REALLY wants to know is why a bonafide sleeping pill like Jeffrey Jaggar was wrestling on the Anniversary Show, while Skywalker Jones - his superior in every single, conceivable way - was left off the card! I'll tell you why, Stegglet!

'Cause they're still holding him back!

'Cause they're still playing favorites!

[Stegglet looks at Higgins, befuddled.]

MS: Who's "they"? And why would they have any reason to hold back Skywalker Jones?

BPH: Ain't it obvious?

[Buford laughs.]

BPH: It ain't no big secret why we're having a world title tournament, playa! The world at large wants you to think that it's 'cause of what went down in Westwego...

[Buford wags his finger.]

BPH: NUH UH!

[Shaking his head furiously, he continues on.]

BPH: Oh nononono NO! The beginning of the end happened much sooner than that! And because of that, Skywalker Jones is getting punished! Ya' see, Calisto Dufresne's downfall didn't come as a result of Mother Nature and some sort of grand conspiracy! The reason why the AWA was sunk into chaos...the reason why Calisto Dufresne ain't National champion no more?

[He turns and dramatically points to Jones.]

BPH: IT'S BECAUSE OF SKYWALKER JONES!

[Jones whips off his sunglasses and grabs the golden microphone out of Buford's hand.]

SJ: I brutalized that chump, people! Skywalker Jones hit him with the most devastating superkick in all of wrestling and that creampuff never recovered! That fool never regained full consciousness! For days after, Calisto Dufresne was walkin' in a haze! He was so rattled and shook, it was foregone CONCLUSION that the next jive turkey that stepped into the ring with Dufresne was gonna' take that title off of him!

[He buffs his nails on his suit jacket, laughing.]

SJ: Now, far be it for Skywalker Jones to take the shine off another man's victory, but the truth has to be known!

But that ain't why I'm out here right now! Skywalker Jones is out here to put everyone on notice! Skywalker Jones wants every jiggaolt to know that he's making his march straight to top right here, right now!

[Buford applauds him, yelling, "That's right! That's right!"]

SJ: Ten years ago, former world champion, Devon Case began his road to the World Title with his Showcase of Immortality! And now, ten years later, Skywalker Jones begins HIS road to the world title...

[He pauses and points to himself, all smiles.]

SJ: ...with HIS Showcase of Immortality!

[Jones nods with a smug, self-satisfied look on his face.]

MS: You're going to bring back the Showcase of Immortality!?

SJ: That's right, Stegglet! From now, 'til that sweet, sweet gold is around Skywalker Jones' waist, you're gonna' see your first, next and eternal world champion put the goods on display! A new move to awe and astound you every Saturday night! More breathtaking displays of athleticism than you can possibly comprehend! And it all begins tonight!

[Jones puts his sunglasses back on, beaming a huge smile.]

SJ: You're welcome.

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we crossfade back to Jason Dane, who is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is the self-proclaimed "King of Battle Royals" and "The Greatest Light Heavyweight of All Time", the leader of Gang Green himself, Alphonse Green. Green is dressed for competition, wearing his Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, his odd leather jacket, and a pair of shades.]

JD: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where I wanted to get a word with Alphonse Green. Mr. Green, it appears that-

AG: Hold on one second, Jay Dubbs. I bet you want to ask me about the Westwego Incident, am I right?

JD: Actually, I want to know..

AG: It was an unfortunate incident for sure. Imagine.. the greatest Light Heavyweight of All Time, not being there to dazzle all of my lovely fans out there, who surely need someone to put a little dazzle in their dark, and dreary lives. I would have been that ray of sunshine, piercing through the stormy skies coverin' that lonely ol' town out in the middle of nowhere, but instead, I was stuck and couldn't make do on my promise.

[Dane shakes his head as Green frowns.]

JD: We already know that you weren't there, I'm just..

[Green throws up his hand to silence Dane, who looks annoyed at yet another interruption.]

AG: I let my Gang Green down, and I let my boss down. Ya see, Ben wanted me there to team up with someone he had personally scouted. While I feel that it would take a special person for me to allow my spotlight to be shared, Ben feels that the Tag Team Championships are ripe for the pickin'. Since he's the boss, I wanted to find out if the guy he picked was as good as advertised. I guess he wasn't, 'cuz Ben called me up later and told me that apparently this guy sucked and wasn't Waterson International material. I know we weren't supposed to talk about the Incident, but I guess it's too late for that now! Oh, and I guess something else happened on that show. Sorry, I wasn't paying much attention.

[Green chuckles as Dane rolls his eyes in disgust.]

JD: I don't think that was the Incident that everyone's talking about! You weren't even there! Listen, if you would stop interrupting..

AG: Go on.

[Dane scowls.]

JD: I want to ask you, you're competing tonight? As far as I know, you haven't been scheduled to compete.

AG: Well, when I was talking to Ben after the Westwego Incident, he told me to "Seize The Day." You know, Caveat Emptor, and all that?

JD: I don't think that's the right Latin term...

[Obviously, Green isn't bothered by the fact that he mixed up his Latin terms, and continues on without missing a beat,]

AG: If I want to impress the Championship Committee, I need to grab the bull by it's horns. I will compete tonight for all of my fantastic Gang Green fans out there, so they don't feel like they've wasted their hard earned money, like the poor souls over in Westwego. I will get my name into that World Championship bracket, and take the Championship home to Waterson International!

[Green sprints off camera, as Dane looks in. He turns back towards the camera and shakes his head.]

JD: I just don't know anymore about this guy. Back to you, Gordon!

[We go back to ringside, where Gordon Myers has his head in his hands.]

GM: The nerve of Alphonse Green, making the Westwego Incident all about him! Bucky, this guy's getting to be too much!

BW: Take it easy, Gordo! The guy wasn't even there, he has no clue what was going on, so he wanted to apologize to his legions of fans for not showing up!

GM: He's delusional, Bucky. I'm looking forward to the day where someone puts him in his place and shuts the kid up. Anyway, before we go to our next match, this particular match is special.

BW: Yeah, in more ways than one!

GM: Will you stop? The story behind our next match is, Jim Watkins, the Chairman of the Championship Committee, put aside some of our lesser known wrestlers and wants to give them an opportunity to step up to the next level. He selected four men, who are now in the ring, and put together a tag team bout. He's keeping a close eye on this match, and could very well give one, or maybe more, of these men continued opportunities to move up the AWA rankings based on their performances tonight.

BW: Considering the success those four men have had in the AWA so far, they're going to have to put on a Match of the Year type performance. I have my doubts. I think I'm going to go grab a snack, do you want anything?

GM: You're gonna stay right here and call the match with me, Bucky. You already have your snack, anyway. Let's get to the ring for our introductions from Phil Watson!

[The camera shows the ring, where the four men are warming up, getting ready to put on a show for the Championship Committee.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is a tag team match, scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, in the corner to my right, at a total combined weight of five hundred and eighteen pounds, here are.. RASHAN HILL, and his tag team partner, MATT GINN!

[Hill strokes his flattop afro, and flexes for the crowd as they boo the two men. Ginn turns to the crowd and tells them to be quiet, only to be met with more boos.]

PW: And to my left are their opponents.. at a total combined weight of five hundred and fourteen pounds, here are.. JAMES REED, and BRUCE "WILD AND CRAZY" GUY!

[Reed hops on the second turnbuckle, fist pumping to the slight cheers from the crowd. Guy spots a lovely young lady in the crowd, and points to her with a big grin on his face. Guy pats Reed on the shoulder, before stepping out on the apron. On the other side, Hill, who is on the apron, tells Ginn some words of encouragement.]

DING DING DING

GM: We have James Reed and Matt Ginn starting it out for their respective teams, and here's a collar and elbow tie up. Now, Watkins chose these four men personally, as he had felt that they've been making an impression at our live events. It's the first time in awhile since we've seen these four men on television, so hopefully they've picked up a lot of in-ring skill.. ooh! Nice hip toss takeover by Reed!

[The crowd cheers as Reed takes Ginn over. Ginn slams the mat in frustration as he clambers up to his feet.]

BW: On a scale of 1-10, I give that hip toss a 4. Gonna have to do more than that to get noticed, big guy.

GM: Ginn on his feet, charging.. and gets taken down with a shoulder block by Reed!

[Reed does another fist pump as Ginn gets to one knee, shaking his head.]

GM: Reed's a big man, Bucky, it's gonna be hard to take him down by running into him!

BW: Oh big whoop, a shoulderblock! Let's see if he can take down the man that just stepped into the ring with one!

GM: Ginn tagged in Rashan Hill, who is a big man in his own right. Let's see if Hill has more success than his partner.

[Hill goes up to Reed, talking trash the whole way. Reed slaps one of his pecs, and dares Hill to take him down.]

GM: Little bit of trash talking going on between these two men, Hill bounces off the ropes, and tries a shoulderblock of his own, but it can't quite take Reed down!

[Reed howls, slapping his pecs again, and this time decides to try to take Hill down with a shoulderblock of his own, but Hill doesn't budge!]

BW: Shoulderblock, Shoulderblock, Shoulderblock. Let me know if this starts getting good, Gordo.

[Both men start talking trash to each other, and Hill reaches out and pokes Reed in the eyes.]

BW: That's a start!

GM: What a cheap shot!

BW: Hey, if you're gonna look to get noticed by the front office, you're gonna have to do more than a shoulderblock.

GM: I suppose that's true, but a big guy like Rashan Hill doesn't need to go to the eyes. Now Hill's hammering away on Reed..

[Suddenly, as Reed starts to fight back, Freddie Mercury's unmistakable voice is heard over the PA system as the crowd starts booing heavily.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.

GM: Oh, NO!

I feel Alllllllll--lllll---lllll-vvvveee

And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

Don't. Stop. Me..

BW: OH HO YES! Now it's getting good!

[Out steps Alphonse Green, who walks down to the ring, basking in the boos, telling the crowd how much he loves them. Reed and Hill pause and look at Green, confusion on their faces. Ginn, on the apron, looks like he's about ready to kill Green. Green makes his way over to Watson, and asks for the mic. Watson hesitates for a moment, before giving up the mic.]

AG: Alphonse Green is in the building!

[And the crowd boos that very fact! Ginn looks like he's about ready to go after Green, remembering a televised match back in October. Hill makes his way over to Ginn, restraining him.]

AG: Hi Matt! Everything going well? I want to thank you for helping make me a big star. It really is so good to see you!

[Green flashes a thumbs up, while the camera pans over to Ginn, who is seething.]

AG: But, it's even better for the crowd to see me. You see, this match needs a little pizzazz, doesn't it? A little touch of Green, eh?

[Green removes his leather jacket and sunglasses, putting them on the floor next to Watson.]

AG: As the Official "King of the Battle Royal"..

GM: Official??

BW: Quiet, Gordo, our King is speaking!

[Myers lets out an audible groan.]

AG: I am making a proclamation!

[Green makes his way to the ring, and climbs on the apron.]

AG: Gather around inside of the ring, my loyal subjects and listen with your own ears what I have to say. I have declared this match to be a "Battle Royal Challenge", where the winner of this impromptu battle royal gets to be in the World Title Tournament.

GM: Bucky! For goodness sake, he can't do this! He can't change the match let alone say that the winner gets into the tournament! He doesn't have the power to do that!

BW: I think Matt Ginn's ready and willing to accept the proposition!

[Obviously, since as soon as Green made the challenge, Ginn's been yelling "I ACCEPT!" repeatedly. The other three men are looking at him, puzzled.]

AG: Now, I was going to ask if you guys were up to the challenge, but I guess it's unanimous! Ring the bell, we got a Battle Royal going on!

[Green climbs into the ring, as Hill, Reed, and Guy look at each other in confusion. The confusion gives Ginn time to strike as the crowd cheers Ginn jumping all over Green!]

GM: Here we go! Ginn's getting payback for the embarrassment he suffered back in October! And look! Ginn's got help!

[The crowd cheers even louder as Reed, Hill, and Guy all join in on the fun!]

GM: I'll allow this if it means Green gets tossed and we can go back to the scheduled tag team match!

BW: Oh sure, allow it when Green's in trouble! But you know, this would be a great way to get noticed, by winning this battle royal and becoming the new "King of the Battle Royal!"

GM: That isn't an official title, Bucky, and this isn't even an official match, but maybe getting rid of this interruption could very well be a great way to get noticed!

[Green is hanging on for dear life as the four men try to push him up and over. Suddenly, it seems like Hill's elbow catches Reed's forehead. Reed staggers away, holding his forehead, and grabs Hill from behind, pulling him away from the action.]

GM: Looks like we got a little bit of a problem here, as Hill accidentally caught Reed in the head with his elbow.

BW: Sure, 'accidentally'! There's a lot on the line here, Gordo!

[While Hill and Reed are arguing over the elbow shot, Guy comes over to try to settle things down. Ginn looks back, shakes his head, and resumes trying to eliminate Green from the match. Ginn shouts "YOU'RE NOT EMBARRASSING ME AGAIN!" as he looks like he very well could eliminate Green all by himself!]

GM: We might get rid of Green after all! Ginn's almost got Green out! We might see a dethroning here tonight!

BW: I sincerely hope not, but it's not looking good! Now that Bruce Guy guy is coming over to help Ginn!

[Guy, realizing he's not going to calm Reed and Hill down, decides to help Ginn eliminate Green. However, the crowd boos as Ginn stops trying to get Green over the ropes. Ginn pulls over Guy away and shoves him, yelling out "GREEN IS MINE!"]

GM: And now Ginn's stopped? He wants Green all to himself! Get it together, guys, get Green out of there, and get back to the match!

[Guy gestures that he's trying to help, as Green starts to pull himself to the corner to get a chance to recover. Ginn wants to hear none of it, shouting "GET OUT OF MY WAY!", shoving himself past Guy. Guy grabs him by the shoulder, taking offense. Ginn spins around, grabs Guy by the hair, and quickly throws him over the top rope to the floor! The camera pans over to Watson, who looks over to the announce table, confused at whether he should announce the elimination.]

GM: You don't have to, Phil, this isn't an official match by any means! And it certainly isn't for a spot in the World Title tournament!

BW: Aw, you're no fun, Gordo!

GM: It looks like Guy is making his way backstage now, so I guess the match we were having before we were so rudely interrupted is thrown out now.

BW: But we have a battle royal going on! Look out below!

[Suddenly, being thrown over the ropes and landing by the announcers is Rashad Hill, who was thrown over the ropes, gorilla press style by James Reed!]

GM: What a show of strength by James Reed!

BW: Hill's no small man, Reed was able to toss him up and over the ropes like a child!

GM: Now we're down to three men in this unofficial match, and Ginn's quickly made his way back over to Green!

[Green, who was catching his breath, is quickly grabbed by Ginn, who whips him across the ring, running into the back of Reed. Reed, who briefly lurches forward, turns around, and sees Green downed on the mat. Green looks up at the much larger Reed, who cracks his knuckles. Green looks up at Hill, and Ginn, and appears to be begging for mercy. Ginn, however, tries to make sure to tell Hill "I'VE GOT GREEN! LAY OFF!" Reed, not listening, reaches over to pick up Green, who has the presence of mind to grab the front of Hill's trunks, pulling him towards Gill!]

BW: And that's why Alphonse Green's the "King of the Battle Royals!"

GM: That didn't really seem to do all that much! Reed was pulled into Ginn but neither men are feeling ill effects!

[Green pulls himself to his feet, pointing at his head. However, Reed, after bumping into Ginn, turns around and makes his way to Green. Ginn, taking offense to the fact that Hill bumped him, as well as wanting Green all to himself, spins Reed around and starts hammering away on Reed! Green, turning around, sees that Ginn's knocked Reed to the canvas, which gives him an idea.]

GM: Ginn's sent Reed to the mat after a flurry of punches! Now he's looking for Green..

[However, Ginn doesn't see that Green's already run towards the ropes. By the time Ginn realizes where Green is, Green's hopped up to the second rope, leaping off..]

GM: INCOMING!

BW: GROUND CHUCK!

[Green nails Ginn with his springboard kick to a round of boos! Ginn stumbles over to the ropes, appearing to be out if it. Reed makes his way to his feet, as Green crumples to one knee in the center of the ring. Reed, seeing Ginn prone against the ropes, quickly throws Ginn up and over!]

GM: Down to Reed and Green, now hopefully Reed can..

[Before Gordon can even finish his sentence, Green makes his way back to his feet, dropkicking Reed in the back of the head, sending Reed up and over the ropes!]

BW: THE KING RETAINS HIS THRONE!

[Green, after eliminating Reed, leaves the ring, and runs over to the timekeeper's table, ringing the bell repeatedly.]

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

GM: OH MY STARS! Will someone stop this already?

[Mercifully, after twenty more rings of the bell, Green moves over to Watson, and snatches the mic.]

AG: And the winner of the Alphonse Green Battle Royal Challenge, and official entrant into the AWA World Title Tournament.. IS ME! ALPHONSE GREEN! WHOOOO!!!

[Green tosses Watson the mic, and runs back to the aisle, trying to slap hands with his fans, who don't return the favor. Green makes his way up the aisle in triumph as the crowd continues to boo loudly.]

GM: Fans, Alphonse Green has ruined a night where four men could get their big break with this unofficial 'Battle Royal Challenge' garbage! It's not fair to these guys, and I hope the Championship Committee strikes this match from the records! I hope he's proud of himself, Bucky!

BW: I know I'm proud of the kid, Gordo! Green took a boring match between guys nobody wanted to watch, and may have just saved the show! He deserves a crack at the AWA World Championship and may have made himself an honest to goodness favorite to go very far in the tournament!

GM: I sincerely doubt that, Bucky.

[James Reed slumps up against the apron, pounding it in frustration before shaking his head in disbelief, making his way backstage to the support of some of the crowd.]

GM: James Reed's obviously upset at what's transpired here tonight, hopefully he gets a break from the Committee and a chance to get a measure of revenge on Alphonse Green down the line. So, Alphonse Green wins this impromptu five man Battle Royal but despite his claims, he will NOT earn a spot in the World Title tournament because of the victory.

BW: Bah.

GM: Fans, the next Saturday Night Wrestling is already bubbling over with what should be an incredible night of action as we already know that Marcus Broussard will tangle with Sultan Azam Sharif with Sharif's Steal The Spotlight contract on the line. Plus, Sabre of the War Pigs will take on Overlord of the Skullcrushers. Plus, I'm being told that we can expect the first participants in the upcoming World Heavyweight Title tournament to be announced. And the in-ring debut of MAMMOTH Maximus! We're going to

["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.]

GM: A "Showcase of Immortality"? Really? What does it even mean? And he's going to do this every show?

BW: You heard him, Gordo...all the way to the World Title!

GM: Sure. At any rate, Jones better not underestimate his opponent tonight. Rene Rousseau is a former three-time Canadian heavyweight champion.

BW: What's the American equivalent? Being the champion of Des Moines, Idaho?

GM: Oh brother.

"DING DING"

[Jones and Rousseau approach the center of the ring, where they tie-up, neither with an apparent advantage. Rousseau procures a side headlock, but is quickly shoved off into the ropes by Jones.]

GM: Rousseau into the ropes...spin kick by Jones ducked! Rear waistlock by Rousseau...but a go behind and rear waistlock applied by Jones...he lifts...no blocked...and Rousseau reverses into a waistlock of his own...he lifts...but Jones flips out and lands on his feet!

[Jones goes to throw a punch, which Rousseau blocks, hooking his arm around Jones' and then attempting to take him down with a backslide. However, Jones flips out once more, landing in front of Rousseau. He attempts a kick, but Rousseau catches his foot. Jones attempts an enzuigiri, but the Canadian vet ducks, sending the high-flyer falling face-first onto the mat!]

GM: OH! Fast and furious exchanges to open the match, but Rousseau seems to have Skywalker Jones well scouted!

BW: This is just the feeling out process, Gordo! Don't look too deep into it! Once he starts unloading the heavy artillery, the Canuck won't stand a chance!

[Quickly dropping down to the mat, Rousseau once again grabs a side headlock, keeping Jones grounded. Jones gets himself and Rousseau back to a vertical base, before burying a couple of forearms into the Canadian's lower back, once again shoving him into the ropes.]

GM: Into the ropes Rousseau goes...drop down by Jones...leapfrog by Jones... clothesline ducked...

"OHHHH!!!"

GM: BUT THAT DROPKICK BY JONES ISN'T!

BW: Did you see the height? The extension? He caught him right in the face with that one!

GM: One heck of a dropkick by Skywalker Jones and Rene Rousseau might be on dream street after that one!

[Jones immediately leaps to his feet and gets into Rousseau's face, berating him...]

"What now!? What now!? You can't hang with this, son!"

[...and then slapping him across the face! Heel pop!]

BW: Yeah, you tell'em, Jones!

GM: An absolutely disgusting display of disrespect by Skywalker Jones. This is as much a showcase of his horrible attitude as it is of his talent.

[Jones pulls Rousseau back to his feet, softening him up with a series of forearms, before attempting an Irish whip.]

GM: Rousseau into the corner...NO! He reverses!

[However, Rousseau reverses the whip, sending Jones hard into the corner. As he stumbles out, Rousseau picks Jones up and drops him down onto his knee with an inverted atomic drop! As Jones hops around in pain, Rousseau hits the ropes, taking Jones down with a hard clothesline! Pop!]

GM: And a clothesline takes down Skywalker Jones! Rene Rousseau building some momentum now...

[Scooping Jones up, Rousseau drops him across his knee with a backbreaker.]

GM: Big backbreaker and there's the pin...only two!

BW: It's going to take more than that to pin Jones. Just because you've hit a couple of moves doesn't mean you're anywhere close to winning this match, daddy!

GM: Rousseau whips Jones into the ropes...

[However, Jones suddenly handsprings forward, hitting the ropes upside-down and using the spring to shoot him back towards the former Canadian champion and nailing him with a back elbow!]

GM: OHHHHH!!! WHAT A COUNTER BY SKYWALKER JONES!!!

BW: He pulled that outta' nowhere!

[Rousseau rolls out of the ring to gather his wits, but Jones is already back on the attack, diving through the top and middle rope with both feet, sending his opponent sprawling to the floor!]

BW: Things are heating up now, Gordo!

[Jones held onto the top rope as he leapt through, preventing his fall to the outside. With a grunt, he skins the cat and pulls himself back over the top rope and into the ring. waiting for Rousseau to get back to his feet on the outside, he yells out towards the crowd...]

"HERE'S ONE FOR THE HIGHLIGHT REEL!!!"

[...before springboarding onto the top rope and diving onto Rousseau with a somersault plancha, the momentum of the move sending Rousseau flying into the front row...and Jones over it!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!!!

BW: The momentum took Jones over the first row of the bleachers!

[Where Jones has amazingly landed on his feet!]

GM: I can't believe what I've just seen! Skywalker Jones somersaulted onto Rene Rousseau and went flying into the crowd...but he landed on his feet! He landed on his feet!!!

[About two rows deep, Jones steps up onto an unoccupied seat and implores the crowd to cheer even louder...which they do!]

BW: That's a future World Champion, Gordo! That's a future World Champion! I can't say it any other way! Who else in the world could've done anything like that???

[Climbing back over the guardrail, Jones tosses Rousseau under the rope and back into the ring. With the crowd still buzzing, Jones climbs to the top rope, where he leaps onto Rousseau with a massive frog splash!]

GM: BIG SPLASH FROM THE TOP! That's got to be it! One, two...

[Shocked pop!]

GM: ...NO! Rene Rousseau somehow got his shoulder up! What heart by the former Canadian champion!

BW: Talk about unbelievable...how'd he kick out of that!? He got his back darn near broken in half when he got crushed against the bleachers and then he took that frog splash!

[Jones seems to be in shock, holding up three fingers to the referee's face, but is told that it was indeed only a two count. He slaps his hands down on the canvas in frustration, before kicking Rousseau into position. He straightens up and then leaps as high into the air as he possibly can...before hitting nothing but canvas!]

GM: The 40-inch vertical elbowdrop misses! Rene Rousseau's not out of this just yet!

BW: Come on, Jones! You can't lose after what we just saw!

[Rousseau gets to his feet, clearly still out of sorts. He boots a rising Jones in the midsection, before taking him over with a beauty of a gutwrench suplex. He pumps his fists and then whips Jones into the ropes, taking him down with a scoop powerslam!]

GM: Rousseau's got Jones reeling now! Here's the cover...One, two...NO!

BW: I can't believe what I'm seeing! He was dead to rites just a few moments ago! How is he on the verge of winning this match!?

[Rousseau grabs Jones' legs, attempting to turn him over.]

GM: And now Rousseau's going for his patented Quebec Crab submission hold! If he gets this locked on, this may spell the end for Skywalker Jones!

[Jones fights it, grabbing a handful of Rousseau's hair and pulling him towards him, before suddenly jabbing Rousseau with a thumb to the eye! Heel pop!]

BW: A brilliant move to break the hold! Yes!

GM: He thumbed him in the eye!

BW: And it was flawlessly executed!

[Rousseau stumbles around holding his eye, as Jones scrambles to his feet. He charges at the Canadian, but Rousseau sees him coming, taking the high-flyer down with a backdrop!]

GM: OH! Jones hits the canvas hard! Rene Rousseau's giving Skywalker Jones all he can handle!

BW: You don't have any idea how much Skywalker Jones can handle, Gordo!

[Pulling Jones to his feet, Rousseau attempts an Irish whip, but it's reversed. However, as he's sent towards the corner, he's suddenly yanked back towards Jones...]

"SMMMAAACCK!"

[...and right into a Yakuza kick that darn near takes his face off!]

GM: OHHH! What a kick!

BW: That's a short-armed Yakuza, Gordo! Considering this is a Showcase of Immortality, it's not just any move...it's a dang tribute!

[Jones is quick to capitalize, pulling Rousseau back to his feet and lifting him up for a suplex...before planting him into the canvas with a brainbuster!]

GM: A brainbuster suplex for Rousseau and I think that this may be the beginning of the end!

[Pulling Rousseau towards the nearest corner, Jones swipes his arms across his chest, indicating that "It's over!" He leaps onto the top rope in one motion, as the crowd rises in anticipation. Smiling, Jones cups his hands around his mouth...]

"STANDING! O!"

GM: "Standing O?"

BW: Don't you remember, Gordo? He said a new move every match until he's champion! This must be it!

[Facing the crowd, Jones suddenly jumps backwards off the turnbuckle and tucks his body in, executing an inward somersault as he crashes down onto the prone Rousseau with an inverted version of the 450 splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH...OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!!

BW: I'm speechless, Gordo...I can't even describe that! I ain't ever seen that!!!

GM: He's got the pin! One! Two! Three!

"DING DING DING!"

[Jones gets to his feet and immediately leaps up to the second turnbuckle, hyped up to the gills, as the crowd begrudgingly cheers him for his performance.]

GM: Skywalker Jones just hit that amazing inverted somersault splash that I guess he calls the "Standing O" for the win and indeed, that's what he's getting from this crowd! Unbelievable!

BW: Believe it, Gordo! You can say whatever you want about his attitude, but the man's nothing but pure talent and he just showed us right there! The Showcase of Immortality's off to a great start!

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Your winner, as if there was ever any doubt. The immortal, the amazing...

Sky. Walker.

[Breathe in!]

BPH:

JOOONNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[Jones has leapt onto Hercules Hammonds' shoulders, with his arms raised into the air, as the duo do a victory lap of sorts around the ring. He repeatedly shouts, "I'M THE GREATEST! I'M THE GREATEST!" as we fade out.

Fade to a shot of the PCW World Championship belt, slightly spinning to reveal every angle of it. A voiceover begins.]

"It was once the greatest promotion in the South."

[The shot fades into a still black and white photo of Travis Lynch smashing a right hand into the side of The Lost Boy's skull.]

"A place where rivalries ran deep."

[Jack Lynch hooks the famed Lynch Iron Claw on the head of Ebola Zaire, blood streaming from between his fingers.]

"And blood ran even deeper."

["Maniac" Morgan Dane has the edge of a steel chair seat jammed into the throat of a downed James Lynch. The voice of Dane is heard over the shot.]

"I never fought anywhere else that was quite like it."

[Larry Doyle smashes his cowboy boot over the skull of Rex Summers. Doyle's voice is heard.]

"When you were able to make your name in Texas, you knew you could carry that name anywhere in the sport with pride."

[Blackjack Lynch locks his own Iron Claw on The Mad Russian.]

"I wanted to build a company where wrestlers wanted to come work... and that the fans would line up to come see."

[The shot fades back to the PCW Title belt as the voiceover returns.]

"Premier Championship Wrestling - Then And Now. Coming soon on DVD, Blu-Ray, and Digital Download!"

[We slowly fade to black.]

And then fades back up to live action in the backstage area where we see Jason Dane and Juan Vasquez standing in front of an AWA backdrop. The former AWA National champion is dressed in a black skeleton hoodie and an old school Gary Grayson "American Nightmare" t-shirt. He appears a bit banged up after his encounter with Ebola Zaire at the Anniversary Show, but still acknowledges the crowd's cheers as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I have with me now, a man who's been on a path of vengeance since his return at SuperClash...Juan Vasquez! Juan, two weeks ago, you came one step closer to revenge when you defeated Pedro Perez, in what was one of the most vicious beatings we've ever seen in an AWA ring. Many can't help but wonder if it was necessary to go that far.

[Juan seems to be surprised by Dane's comments.]

JV: Seriously?

JD: Well, you literally beat him unconscious...and continued to do so even after the match was stopped.

[The former two-time National champion shakes his head.]

JV: Revenge isn't so simple and clean, Dane. In fact, it's a damn disgusting and complicated thing. But if you think for one second anyone should shed a tear for what I did to someone like Pedro Perez?

[Juan chuckles softly to himself.]

JV: Then you're just fooling yourselves.

[The expression on his face turns serious.]

JV: They deserve EVERYTHING that happens to 'em! Pedro Perez knew DAMN well, the consequences of what he did! He claims to have been my fan? He claims that I was his hero? Then he knew! He already knew just exactly how far I'm willin' to go! He knew how far I'm willin' to take this!

[Noticing Dane's discomfort, Juan wipes his hand down his face and composes himself.]

JV: You heard him. He came at me with the determination and resolve to end my career.

[A slight grin.]

JV: It was only right, that I did the same.

[Dane seems a bit startled.]

JD: And yet, after the match, it was revealed that Ben Waterson had obtained the services of the Botswana Beast, Ebola Zaire to fight you. In fact, Zaire came right at you and left you lying after a brutal assault.

JV: Good.

JD: Pardon?

JV: Good. I'm glad he did.

JD: How can you say tha-....

JV: For the last few months, I've been chasing shadows, Dane. I've been seeking out every single last one of those bastards that did me wrong, but they ran and they hid. But they knew. Waterson, Childes, The Unholy Alliance...they all knew.

They can't hide from me forever.

And that's why now...they're coming right at me.

[Juan's eyes narrow slightly and his expression hardens as he turns directly towards the camera.]

JV: So let 'em come.

[A sadistic, almost disturbing grin forms on the former champion. Something we've never quite seen on his face before in the AWA.]

JV: It'll just make things that much easier. Waterson, you think Ebola Zaire is going to save you?? Childes, you think your freaks can protect you??

[Juan shakes his head slowly.]

JV: Zaire'll slow me down. He'll slow me down...

[Juan pulls up his shirt, revealing his taped up ribs, a memento of his encounter with Zaire at the Anniversary Show.]

JV: ...but he ain't gonna' STOP me.

JD: And...what about Calisto Dufresne? You've mentioned Ben Waterson and Percy Childes, but Dufresne has apparently gone into hiding and hasn't been heard from sinc-

[Juan cuts him off.]

JV: I've said it before and I'll say it again...

[His expression turns to a vicious snarl as he turns to the camera.]

JV: NONE of you are safe.

[The camera holds on Vasquez' cold demeanor before slowly fading back to the announce area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Juan Vasquez is... to say he's a man on a mission would be a gross understatement, I believe, Bucky.

BW: He's a madman! A savage! He wants to break any and everyone who was in that ring at Wrestlerock last summer. Heck, it's nearly been a year now, Gordo! And he's still looking to take everyone out!

GM: He's determined. He's focused. And even with a bloodthirsty animal like Ebola Zaire in his path, he's looking for a fight at all times. But to be honest, Bucky, I'm not entirely sure I like this side of Juan Vasquez' personality.

BW: I'm not sure anyone does.

GM: Speaking of a different side to a personality, what about the change in personality we've seen out of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott - another former National Champion - in recent weeks? Stevie Scott desperately wants to get Marcus Broussard in the ring in an "I Quit" match and seems ready to stoop to any level to make that happen.

BW: He's a crazy man too, Gordo. Why would you want to get into an "I Quit" match with a technician like the San Jose Shark? Broussard will break him down, bend him up, and spit him out.

GM: We may find out if he can do that IF he accepts the Hotshot's challenge. But so far, that hasn't happened. Stevie Scott continues to try though and you can bet he'll try again right here tonight. Let's go up to the ring and see the Hotshot in action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first...

["Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent kicks in to a confused reaction from the crowd who doesn't recognize who this music is for.]

PW: He is from St. Louis, Missouri, and is a two-time AWA National Heavyweight Champion...weighing in at 234 pounds, here is...

"HOTSHOT" STEVIIIIIIIE SCOOOOOOOOOOTT!!!

[Stevie emerges into the aisleway, wearing his usual full-length airbrushed tights and red-and-yellow boots. He also wears a white t-shirt with red piping and the word "HOTSHOT" written angled across the front in yellow type with red trim. He sports a little bit of stubble and runs straight to the ring, slingshotting himself into the ring over the top rope.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Havana, Cuba, weighing in at-

[But Watson does not get to finish his introductions, because the Hotshot sprints past him and nails the Cuban Assassin #6 in the side of the head with a stiff forearm shot. The blow drives CA6 into the near corner, where Scott continues his assault with a flurry of kicks and punches.]

GM: And here we are seeing more of this new attitude from Stevie Scott, the two-time National Champion. He has the Cuban Assassin trapped in that corner and is simply tearing into him here, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, I'm not sure what to make of this new-look Stevie just yet. The jury is still out as they say. He gave Monosso one heckuva fight, but in the end he still got beat. And he hasn't proven he can beat Broussard either.

[Finally, referee Johnny Jagger steps in between Stevie and the CA6 after futility trying to talk Stevie off the attack. Jagger wedges himself in and pushes Scott away...momentarily, anyway.]

GM: Johnny Jagger trying to regain some semblance of control in this match...but he's been shoved back aside by the Hotshot, who picks right back up where he left off!

BW: Normally, I'd be callin' for a DQ for puttin' his hands on a referee, but I hate Jagger so I say, do it again and make it harder next time, daddy!

[Stevie joins his assault already in progress, driving a pair of boots into the abdomen of CA6. He then grabs a handful of hair and SLINGS him out of the corner in a modified snapmare, drawing a pop from the crowd.]

GM: Another vicious move by Scott in getting the Assassin out of the corner...OH MY STARS, and an even MORE vicious kick right in the back of the head of the Cuban Assassin #6!

[The CA6 grabs at the back of his head, falling backward to the mat and leaving himself prone for Stevie to hit the ropes and drive another hard boot into his sternum. Working quickly, the Hotshot pulls his opponent by his hair and drives a knee into his stomach. He then pushes him back into the ropes and sends him for the ride.]

GM: Here's an Irish whip by the Hotshot...the Cuban Assassin on the rebound, leapfrog by Stevie...here comes the Assassin again...

[Squatting down, Stevie waits for the moment to strike...

...and with the quickness he used to show, springs up and catches the CA6 in an Ace Crusher out of nowhere!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A MOVE BY THE FORMER CHAMP!

BW: My sources tell me he calls that the Hotshot Hammer...I'd heard he planned on unveiling it tonight.

GM: He certainly did, much to the detriment of the Cuban Assassin #6.

BW: They may need to call numbers seven and eight after that one.

[The CA6 lays flat on his back, unmoving, and Stevie kneels beside him, glaring at him as though he wants him to get back up.]

GM: Stevie not going for a cover here, although he's clearly got the Assassin defeated.

[A few more beats pass before the Hotshot gets to his feet, leans over and pulls CA6 up by his hair. The wobbly Assassin can barely stand, but he makes it long enough for Stevie to drive a boot to his stomach as a set-up to deliver ANOTHER Hotshot Hammer! Pop! This time, Stevie decides to end the match by making a cover as Jagger counts the inevitable 1, 2, 3.]

GM: Two Hotshot Hammers in a row for the Cuban Assassin #6! And that'll do it as Stevie Scott emerges victorious here tonight in short but impressive fashion.

PW: Here is your winner..."HOTSHOT" STEEEEEVIIIEE SCOOOOOOOTTTT!

[The crowd pops as Stevie stands up, gives CA6 a final stomp for good measure, and raises his hands in victory.]

GM: So Stevie Scott makes quick work of the Cuban Assassin tonight and unveils a new move in the process. Every week we get more and more of a glimpse into this new approach the two-time champion is using.

BW: It's definitely different, but is it effective? That's still to be determined. Me, I'm not sold yet.

GM: And here comes the former champion now for a few words.

[Indeed, Stevie walks into the camera view at the announce table.]

GM: Mr. Scott, congratulations on your win tonight and I must say, your new move that you call the Hotshot Hammer was quite impressive.

HSS: You like that move, Buckster?

BW: As much as it hurts me to say it, it was pretty impressive. Against a no-name anyway. We'll see how it holds up against better competition.

[The two-time National Champion smirks at Wilde.]

HSS: You can count on that, Buckthorn.

GM: Well, it is a distinct possibility you'll need that move should Marcus Broussard accept the challenge you made to him a few weeks ago.

HSS: SHOULD he accept the challenge...

[The Hotshot opens his arms.]

HSS: Come on, Marcus! What are you waiting for? Quit fooling around with Sultan Hazeem Whats-it. He may be a former Aayjan Games Shampwon or however he says it...but he ain't no former AWA National Champion, partner! And that's what this is about, right? Who's the greatest National Champion of all time? If that's what it's gotta be about, fine with me...whatever it takes to get you to say "yes", sign on the dotted line and get in that ring with me one more time!

GM: You say "one more time" of course referring to the previous time you met Broussard, and lost that match. What makes you think he won't beat you again?

[Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: Because I know things he doesn't, Gordo. See, our careers in this business...they go through phases. We have ups, we have downs, and sometimes we have to go back to the drawing board and come up with a new plan of attack. You can't be stubborn enough to stick with the same thing for a long period of time, because the field will catch up with you.

[He jabs a finger into his own chest.]

HSS: I'm living proof of that. As good as I was - and I was _damn_ good - Vasquez eventually got to me. And it became real clear along the way after that that I couldn't keep doing the same things the same ways and expect the same results.

Does that mean I've gone a little crazy? What do you think, Gordo? Am I crazy now? Hmm? Buckthorn? What say you?

[The veteran broadcasters look at each other, unsure how to answer the question. Luckily for them, Stevie keeps talking so they don't have to.]

HSS: Maybe I have, maybe I haven't. Maybe I've had a screw loose the whole time and just did a good job of hiding it from the rest of you. Maybe...

[He chuckles.]

HSS: Maybe, I'm just playing games with you, Marcus. Maybe I'm just getting into the vast empty space of your head and rattling around that tiny, pea-sized brain of yours. Maybe I want to make you think a little bit more than you'd like to, huh?

[Stevie pauses, violently running his right hand through his hair.]

HSS: You see, Marcus, I've adjusted. I've evaluated my strengths, my weaknesses, and I've come back in the best shape of my career. I've come back a new man, Marcus.

What about you?

[Another laugh, quick in tempo and in length.]

HSS: You're still the same old Marcus Broussard you've always been. Don't misunderstand me, Marcus Broussard is one of the best in the game. But you haven't changed with the ebb and flow of the day.

See, I showed my mettle by going toe-to-toe with the toughest SOB around in James Monosso. You? You stomp out on the Anniversary Show, kick and scream and demand a match because you were the first whatever, and you get...

[A shake o' the head.]

HSS: Buddy Lambert.

Now don't get me wrong, I love me some Buddy Lambert. But dude ain't wrestled in years and even in his heyday, he wasn't James Monosso. And you thought you were some big, bad dude trying to break his arm, didn't you? You think that was supposed to scare me? Intimidate me? Let me clue you in on a little something, Broussard. Lambert ain't James Monosso...

And Buddy Lambert ain't no STEVIE SCOTT!

[Big pop!]

HSS: You want to break a man's arm?

[Stevie shoves his right arm outward.]

HSS: Break my arm, big man! Break it into a hundred pieces! Snap it, crackle it, pop it, I'm begging ya! And even if you manage to do it?

You still won't hear the words "I Quit" come out of my mouth.

[The former champ glares into the camera for a couple of beats before turning and walking out of the camera view.]

GM: Whoa nellie... fans, don't go away 'cause we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jim Watkins, with Mark Stegglet. Stegglet is armed with microphone and Watkins, presumably, is armed with answers.]

MS: Mr. Watkins, in just a few moments, we're going to show the world your exclusive sit-down interview with Jason Dane to talk about exactly went down in Westwego but to say that it's been a chaotic couple of weeks would be a heck of an understatement.

[Watkins sighs audibly, nodding.]

MS: That said, with everything that's happening, what kind of plans does the AWA have to deal with Da...er...the only participant in the Westwego incident still under AWA contract?

JW: It's alright, kid. Everyone else is running their mouths tonight and ignoring what we asked 'em to do. You can say his name.

MS: Alright. How is the AWA going to deal with Dave Cooper who attacked Robert Donovan

[Watkins moves to respond, but is suddenly interrupted by an angry voice.]

"Yeah, Jimmy...what're you gonna do about Dave Cooper?!"

[Rob Donovan abruptly storms into the picture, looking none too happy. The ugly gash over his left eye and the dried blood on the side of his face, mute evidence of Cooper's attack earlier, may have something to do with this.]

RD: 'Cause if you ain't got an idea, Jimmy, I do, an' it's real damn simple! You schedule Dave Cooper versus Robert Donovan, an' you do it as soon as humanly possible. You give me five minutes with that piece of crap and I do you the favor of makin' sure at least that part of Royalty ain't ever a thorn in your side, or mine, or anybody else's ever again!

[Stegglet points the microphone back in Watkins' direction, who is shaking his head.]

JW: Rob, I know you're steaming mad and I don't blame ya one bit. But this isn't your call! I'm not gonna bring him back because you're hot under the collar! After what he pulled in Westwego, I'm not gonna even let him in the door until I'm satisf-

[Donovan angrily interrupts.]

RD: He doesn't give half a damn about gettin' in the door, Jimmy! Are you blind? You not seein' this stuff on my face?

[For emphasis, Donovan walks up to the camera man and puts his gashed eye almost right in front of the lens, making sure at least a few appetites are ruined.]

JW: I get it, Rob. I do. If it were me, I'd want his blood on my hands too. But I can't do it... not now... not yet...

[Donovan clenches his left hand, still at his side, into a fist briefly, then relaxes.]

RD: Okay, Jimmy, if you say so. Before I go get this thing stitched, though, there's somethin' you oughta know.

[Donovan reaches up, touching the gash over his eye briefly.]

RD: There was a time not that long ago when the inmates tried to run this asylum, an' I stood up for this place an' tried to make sure they didn't get away with it without payin'. I hate to sound like I'm threatenin' ya, Jimmy, but...

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: The wardens ain't doin' their jobs, 'cept this time, I ain't about to bail yer ass out.

[Donovan abruptly turns and leaves, vacating the premises as Mark Stegglet raises the mic in front of Jim Watkins who shakes his head slowly, sighing heavily into the mic.]

JW: Just roll the damn tape.

MS: You heard the man! We'll see you next time on SNW, fans!

[We crossfade from the shot of Stegglet and Watkins to a well-lit office somewhere - presumably in the AWA offices. It's a pretty generic room, framed pictures of AWA superstars and events hanging on the wall. Two chairs are in the middle of the room facing one another just like their inhabitants are.]

In one chair sits "Big" Jim Watkins, the Chairman of the Championship Committee, who looks like he'd rather be any other place in the world at the moment.

In the other, beaming as the camera cuts to a closeup is AWA intrepid reporter, Jason Dane.]

JD: Hello, fans, and welcome to this special edition of AWA Access - an "All Access" edition if you will. On this show tonight, I'll be tackling the very difficult situation that every employee of the AWA and for that matter, every fan of the AWA has been dealing with over the past two weeks - the Westwego Incident.

Ever since the video crept online, apparently shot by the members of the group that used to be known as Royalty, revealing what had happened at an arena event in Westwego, Louisiana... the questions have been pouring in. Phone calls, e-mails, Facebook wall posts, Tweets. The entire world wants to know what happened on that night in Westwego.

And tonight, with the aid of Jim Watkins, we'll try to answer those questions.

Mr. Watkins, thank you for joining me here tonight.

[Watkins reaches out, shaking Dane's outstretched hand.]

JW: I'd say it's a pleasure to be here, Jason, but I think under the circumstances, we both know I'd be lyin'.

[Both men chuckle softly.]

JD: Mr. Watkins... where to begin?

[Watkins sighs deeply.]

JW: I think... to truly understand what happened that night... we have to start at the All-Star Showdown a few weeks prior.

If you remember, Jason... Supernova was scheduled to appear on that night on an edition of The Money Pit alongside William Craven. But that didn't happen. Supernova didn't make it to that show due to bad weather causing some travel problems.

No one was mad at Supernova - not at all. But at the same time, we realized that this time of year, it was something we needed to be cautious of.

[A cut to Dane who nods.]

JD: The week of arena shows before the Anniversary event... whose idea was that?

JW: I couldn't even tell you, to be honest. But we all thought it was a heck of an idea. The AWA has struggled at times in keeping to our roots, Jason. In the past four years, we've had requests to hold events all over the world but we've tried to stick to our backyard as much as we can. Doing only one tour a year can be hard on some of the cities that our television runs in and

does well in so we saw this as a chance to do a few extra shows out of town and make some fans happy.

But as the week crept closer and closer, we saw that the weather was gonna be nasty, Jason... real nasty.

[Watkins nods, rubbing his chin.]

JW: And as the bad weather came in and the shows got harder and harder to get our guys to, a decision was made. We knew that going into the big Anniversary Show, it was the most important show of the week. So when the nasty stuff started coming down in Westwego, we made a call to the entire roster who was scheduled for that show.

If you were already in Westwego, you could stay and work the show. If you were anywhere near Westwego, go ahead and get to the show even if you weren't scheduled for it.

But if you weren't in the ballpark, get the heck home and get there in a hurry. We wanted to make sure that our top guys were in Dallas for the Anniversary Show no matter what.

So, what you had show up in Westwego is what we'd call a skeleton crew at best.

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: The National Champion was there.

JW: Yeah, he was. Not by our choice though. He was already in town when the call came in so the decision was made to let him stay since a title defense was advertised on the show and that would probably be enough to keep the fans there happy. But a lot of guys bailed on the show and came home including the guy who was supposed to face Dufresne for the title that night - Supernova.

JD: But it wasn't just a lack of wrestlers in Westwego that helped bring this Incident upon us, was it?

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: Nah, it got worse. We didn't just call in the wrestlers. We called the referees... the announcers... the backstage officials. Like I said, a total skeleton crew was left behind in case they couldn't get to Westwego. We were using local refs... local ring crew... local security... even a few local backstage guys.

JD: And that was the biggest problem, wasn't it?

JW: Yeah, it was. We didn't have hardly anyone experienced in the backstage area. I mean... no offense, but it was a small show in Westwego,

Louisiana. We weren't exactly worried about major fires needing to be put out. We thought the weather would wash away most of the crowd...

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: I've heard the whole thing called a "perfect storm" for Langseth and Petrow and Cooper but...

[Another shake of the head.]

JD: Alright, since you've mentioned them now... what happened next?

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: Well, as our guys got to the building and realized what was going on, there was some major reshuffling of the card. We ended up putting Calisto Dufresne up against Sweet Daddy Williams for the title.

The show was going pretty well actually... no problems... nothing of note really. We had a few phone calls with the backstage throughout the night and everything seemed to be cruising right along so we called it a night and told 'em we'd see 'em in Dallas.

That was a mistake.

[Watkins runs a hand through his hair.]

JW: We didn't know this then but it turns out that Langseth and Petrow were following the tour the whole week. Cooper, we believe, had tipped 'em off that something might go down... he'd heard the rumors that we were gonna pull guys from Westwego due to weather. We think he saw an opening for his boys to strike and so they were going from town to town, watching and waiting to see what developed.

So, when the call came down in Westwego, Cooper made a call of his own.

[Dane stops him.]

JD: Ultimately, Mark Langseth AND Joe Petrow both came through the crowd into the ring. Was arena security on alert for them?

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: Not anymore, no. We had security on alert for several months, keeping an eye out for both of them. But that order had been dropped for quite some time. Besides, considering the small crew we had in the building, that was a detail that would've certainly got overlooked.

JD: And?

JW: And they took advantage of it. Box office security camera footage shows them picking up two tickets from the box office - bought and paid for

on their own so it wouldn't show up in the paperwork for wrestlers' guests that we get.

JD: A smart detail to cover.

JW: No one ever called 'em idiots, Jason. Petrow knows what he's doing - that's for sure now.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Then what?

JW: Like I said, the show was going just fine. It was time for the title match. Sweet Daddy Williams was waiting behind the curtain... waiting to go to the ring...

JD: And?

JW: Take a look.

[A couple bad still photos pop up on the screen, showing Williams down on the concrete floor in the backstage area, a broken piece of wood lying on the floor next to him.]

JD: He was attacked?

JW: Yeah, he was laid out by someone.

JD: Any idea who?

JW: We can't get anyone to say that they saw it happen but the only one who had access to that area... the only one who we know for sure was part of this thing... was Dave Cooper.

JD: You believe Cooper assaulted Williams?

[Watkins grumbles.]

JW: The official statement by the AWA says that he was attacked by an unknown assailant.

JD: But?

JW: It was Cooper, Jason. I'd bet my life on it.

JD: Is that enough to suspend him? To fire him?

[Watkins reluctantly shakes his head.]

JW: 'Fraid not, Jason. He's in the clear on that one.

JD: Okay, so what happened next?

JW: The backstage area was going nuts. Sweet Daddy was being announced but he wasn't headed to the ring. He couldn't. They were trying to get medical help for him when Dufresne stormed past him, heading for the ring. We think he thought he could get a forfeit win.

[Dane softly chuckles.]

JW: He went to the ring and made the biggest mistake he could've made on that night. He laid out an open challenge to anyone in the building to come out there and face him.

JD: And from what I understand, the AWA has acquired footage of that moment and all that followed from a fan who was in the stands recording with their phone.

JW: That's right.

JD: Can we take a look at some of that footage right now?

JW: Roll it, kid.

[We crossfade to a pretty clear shot - but very shaky - of the ring. The person filming appears to be in the second level of seating. The shot shows Calisto Dufresne in the ring, speaking on the mic. The person filming speaks over him to another fan.]

Fan #1: What's he saying?

Fan #2: He says he doesn't have an opponent!

Fan #1: What?! They better find him one! I didn't come out in the rain to not see a title match!

[As they continue to discuss the situation, an angry Dufresne paces back and forth. They quiet down a bit as the Ladykiller raises the house mic again.]

CD: You know what? I'm gonna do what Donovan couldn't do! I'm laying down an open challenge! You look around this building... you find anyone... absolutely anyone... I don't care who it is... and you send 'em down here to face me for the title!

[We crossfade from that moment back to the AWA offices.]

JD: A moment that shall live in infamy, eh?

JW: Something like that.

JD: How did they know, Jim? How did they know he'd put down an open challenge?

JW: Like I said, Petrow knows his stuff. Langseth too. This isn't his first rodeo at some crazy plot to win a title. They saw what happened with Donovan and Rex Summers. They knew how steamed Dufresne was towards Donovan. They knew he'd do it... they knew he couldn't resist. Don't ask me how, Jason... they just plain knew.

JD: Okay. So, the challenge is issued... what's going on backstage at this point?

JW: Well, he caught everyone off guard. The wrestlers in the building were all falling over themselves trying to get to the curtain. The officials didn't know if they wanted to let the match happen so they were stopping traffic in the hallway.

JD: Would you have let the match happen?

JW: You know my motto, Jason. Let's hook 'em up. But remember, these guys aren't experienced backstage guys. They panicked. They didn't know what to do.

JD: Then what happened?

[Watkins gestures in the air as the video runs again.]

This time, we see Dufresne has thrown down the mic and is pacing back and forth across the ring, waiting for his opponent.

After a few moments, the crowd starts to buzz as they spot someone heading down through the crowd towards the ring.]

Fan #1: What's going on? Why's everyone freaking out?

Fan #2: Hell if I know. Hey, look! It's Cooper! Maybe he's gonna challenge him!

[The fan moves his phone to show Dave Cooper tearing through a side entrance from the backstage area, charging down the aisle towards the ring as the crowd gets progressively louder and louder.]

Fan #1: Look! Look over there!

Fan #2: Huh?

[At the frantic pointing, the camera shot roughly turns to find Mark Langseth leaping over the ringside railing, shoving down an AWA security official at ringside before rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

Fan #1: Holy [BLEEP!] It's Langseth, man! It's Langseth!

Fan #2: WHAT THE HELL?!

[Langseth immediately shouts at Dufresne, gesturing at his waist in the “I want the belt” gesture. A shocked Ladykiller looks back and forth, trying to find some help. The referee shrugs his shoulders, also looking around in panic.

We crossfade back to the offices.]

JW: You can see it, Jason. You can see it in their eyes. No one knew what to do. The referee, some local guy we were using - he says he didn't even know what was going on with Langseth. The one security guy who tried to step in got knocked down by Langseth and then ran up the aisle to try and find out what was going on. Dufresne says he thought that we had reinstated him as a surprise for the next night and decided to run his return one night early.

JD: And Dave Cooper?

JW: Dave Cooper was out there to physically intimidate the referee and the timekeeper into starting the match.

JD: Did he succeed?

JW: He did.

JD: Now, I'm told that we won't be showing the entire match because of a possible pending legal action against Mr. Langseth but can you tell us what happened?

JW: Langseth's one of the best professional wrestlers in the world - I won't deny that. And he caught everyone by surprise. Dufresne was completely thrown off his game. He didn't think there was anyone in the building to challenge for the title... and certainly not someone he had no clue about. He was a smart champion... he had a lot of people well-scouted... but he didn't have Langseth scouted. He wasn't ready for him, Jason - plain and simple.

JD: But he put up a heck of a fight.

JW: He did. I'll give him credit. Even with all the odds against him, Dufresne looked like he might pull it off.

JD: Until?

[Watkins grimaces.]

JW: Joe Petrow.

JD: Before we go there, what's going on backstage at this point? With all of those AWA competitors and employees and backstage officials, how did no one stop this?

JW: From our interviews - our EXTENSIVE interviews - with them all, it seems as though no one knew what to do. There just wasn't enough

veteran leadership in the building. They tried to find out. The sheer number of missed calls and voicemails received in Dallas that night would stagger an elephant. But hardly anyone answered... and those that did had to make their own phone calls to make sure they hadn't missed something. It was a helluva plan, Jason. A perfect storm indeed.

JD: Alright, you mentioned Joe Petrow.

JW: The pieces were all on the board. All they needed was the kingmaker to finish the job. He came through the crowd - a different part of the crowd - hurdled the railing where Cooper was holding back security...

[A still photo comes up on the screen - Calisto Dufresne being brained by an iPhone shot to the skull by Joe Petrow behind the official's back.]

JW: ...and Petrow did what he does best.

JD: And?

[Watkins shrugs.]

JW: The rest is history, Jason. Langseth got the pin and by then, the locker room knew something wasn't right. They'd finally gotten through to Dallas and the word started to spread. Langseth, Petrow, and Cooper ran for their lives through the crowd with a small piece of our locker room following them.

JD: And then the events of the video placed online by Royalty.

JW: You got it, kid.

JD: So, in the eyes of the Championship Committee, did Mark Langseth win the National Title that night?

[Watkins pauses, eyes closed for a moment.]

JW: The precedent was there - and you know they knew that as well - the referee's decision is final. He made the three count, he had the decision announced. Mark Langseth, on that night, was crowned the National Champion.

JD: And?

JW: And you saw what happened from there, Jason. Within minutes, I think every AWA employee was awake and trying to figure out what the hell had happened. Twenty-four hours later, in Westwego, we still weren't entirely sure but we knew enough to know we had to do something.

JD: Which led to the formation of the AWA World Title.

JW: That it did, Jason. That it did.

JD: Alright. The Westwego Incident is in the books... we've told and shown the world what happened. But what's next? What about the tournament to crown the first AWA World Champion?

[Watkins cracks a grin.]

JW: Finally, we get to the fun stuff.

The Championship Committee and the rest of the front office met for long and hard hours to figure out what we wanted to do. And after a whole lot of debate, we came up with our plan.

JD: Which is?

JW: The American Wrestling Alliance considers the AWA World Heavyweight Title to be the greatest prize - the biggest prize in our sport.

So we decided that if you're gonna have the biggest prize in our sport...

...you gotta have the biggest tournament of all time to crown that champion!

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: The Committee is on the hunt. Effective immediately, we're looking for the sixty-four best professional wrestlers in the world - in the AWA, in Mexico, in Japan, in Canada, in other promotions, wherever the best in the world are competing - to come to the AWA for the summer to compete in the biggest tournament of all time.

JD: Sixty-four?!

JW: Sixty-four! The sixty-four best in the world competing all summer long, whittling themselves down to the Final Four which will take place on our big end of summer Labor Day show. On that night, we will crown the new World Champion...

[He pauses.]

JW: AND we will know who will face him for the World Title at SuperClash IV!

JD: What?

JW: This year's annual Rumble is being postponed. Memorial Day Mayhem will still be happening but this year, it's gonna be jammed with tournament matches as we really dive onto that road to glory for one individual.

But on this huge Labor Day show, we're also going to be seeing the Rumble! The Rumble will take place immediately before the title match so any competitor other than the two finalists will be eligible to compete. And this year, the winner will not only receive a guaranteed World Title match...

...but that World Title match will take place at SuperClash IV!

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: That's a whole lot to absorb in one moment, Jim.

JW: I know, I know. The front office is excited as heck about all this. The Championship Committee is too. We're going to start announcing names for the tournament immediately following tonight's show and as soon as the field of sixty-four is locked in, we're gonna start this tournament off with all eyes locked on the end of summer!

JD: So, the tournament will run all summer during the big tour?

JW: Absolutely. It's the time of year when we get to go to the cities who've been supporting us all year long so we can't think of a better way to show our support right back at 'em.

JD: The Semifinals, the Finals, AND the Rumble all on Labor Day?

JW: It could be the biggest night in AWA history, Jason.

JD: Without a doubt, Mr. Watkins. Well, that was one heck of an announcement and I can't think of a better way to end the show here tonight, Jim.

JW: Neither can I.

JD: Fans, for Jim Watkins, I'm Jason Dane... so long everybody!

[Dane cracks a big grin as we fade to black.]